

SPARTAN

a screenplay by

David Mamet

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FADE IN:

EXT. WOODED HILLSIDE. DAY.

We see the drawn face of a young woman. Camera tracks with her as she runs through the thick woods. She is exerting herself heavily as she moves up a steep hillside. She looks behind her quickly, and continues.

ANGLE, we see a young man, and then another, running through the woods, out of breath. They are dressed in filthy BDU's, and show several days growth of beard. The leader stops for a moment, and looks around. The two men separate.

ANGLE, the young woman, who has come to a small ledge, over a ravine. She stops, panting, and bends over, to attempt to catch her breath. She looks around, and looks back, her back to a steep wall, a steep drop before her.

ANGLE, the first young man, having come up to the spot vacated by the young woman. In the BG we see his colleague. He looks down, and sees movement in the brush below him, in the ravine. He starts to descend, and then looks up.

ANGLE, the young woman, pulling herself up the steep rockface. The young man regains the ledge and looks up. Camera takes him around a bend in the ledge.

Standing here we discover ROBERT SCOTT. He is somewhat older than the two men, he is very fit, also dressed in filthy BDU's. He is making a note in a small notebook, which he closes. Now, the two men look across the ravine at the young woman, seen disappearing over a ridge.

SCOTT  
(quietly)  
...you better catch her...

The man looks around, and begins climbing up the rockface behind him, pulling himself up, hand over hand by the roots of trees. Several feet up, he falls on his back. He tries to work himself to his knees and winces in pain. He looks to Scott for help.

SCOTT  
...your Dad's napping on the sofa, your Mom's watching Let's Make A Deal, and God is Dead. What do you expect me to do...?

YOUNG MAN  
(very weakly)  
...I'm tired, Sir...Sir, there's no way...

SCOTT

There's always a way...Don't You  
tell me there's no way...

A pause, as the man tries again to get to his feet. Scott looks up at the young woman on top of the ridge and gives her a "hold" gesture. She stops, at his command. Scott nods, as if to himself, and then kicks the young man in the ribs. The man starts, his eyes grow, and he gets to his feet.

SCOTT

How 'bout that? That's called  
'Adrenaline'. You said you Wanted  
In.

He moves into the now-standing young man, and hits him, not heavily, but convincingly, several times.

SCOTT

This is where you get in. The  
mugger don't care. The shooter  
don't care...get up...Or I will  
beat you to death on this fucken  
hill...Now: you better Catch her...

He motions with his head. In the BG we see the young woman nod, and begin running again. We see her, for a moment, breast a hill, and disappear again...

ANGLE, on the young man, as he looks at Scott, empty, now, of self-pity, as if he just realized something.

SCOTT

(responding to his look.  
As if to say "That's right.")  
There's nothing but the mission...

The young man begins to climb the rockface.

HOLD on Scott for a moment.

INT. TRAINING FACILITY. DAY.

A large, hand-painted sign hangs on the cinderblock wall of the rough building. It reads:

These are the precincts of pain.  
A goddess lives here.  
Her name is Victory.

In front of the sign walks the young woman we saw earlier. She is exhausted, she has a towel wrapped around her neck. Camera takes her to Scott, who is holding a cup of coffee, and making notes in the small notebook we saw earlier.

She stands, waiting, as she finishes his note.

SCOTT

Well done.

YOUNG WOMAN (JACKIE BLACK)

A signal honor to work with you,  
sir.

SCOTT

Thank you, Sergeant.

He starts away from her, and she raises her hand slightly, to indicate she has something more to say. He turns back to her.

JACKIE BLACK

Sir: Day or Night. Black or White.  
You reach out for me. "Black,  
Jaqueline A. US 24191489."

SCOTT

I'll remember, Sergeant.

She nods, and walks off. Scott walks toward a mess tent. He is joined by George Blane, a very military-looking figure of an older man. He wears an informal fatigue outfit, mismatched jacket and trousers, without insignia. Scott is greeted by him, as they walk toward the mess tent. Scott shows the notebook to Blane, and Blane refers from the notebook to what we see are a group of eighty young men, in the mess tent, two of them the men we saw on the hill. Blane takes the notebook and walks off, as Scott enters the mess tent.

ANGLE HIS POV, Scott enters the tent. Several of the young men react to him. He nods to them. Among them, we see the young man Scott berated on the hill, who rises and comes over to Scott.

ANGLE, on Scott, who sits, as a uniformed man brings him a tinfoil tray with some food on it. Scott takes out a stiletto from his pocket, presses a button and the blade emerges. He begins to use it to cut up his meat. The young man from the hill, Anton, stands sheepishly near Scott, till Scott turns, acknowledging him.

Anton takes a card out of his pocket, the size of a credit card, old, creased cardboard: It reads, "Rogers Rangers, Rules for Engagement. 1782". There is a line drawing of a man with a musket, and we read, on the card, beneath it, boldtype rules for fighting guerilla style. Written on the card, in old faded ink, "SGT. Anton, M. US. 3149584, United States Special Forces." The young man (Anton) shows the card to Scott.

SCOTT  
 (of the card)  
 What's this then?

ANTON  
 It was my father's, sir.

SCOTT  
 He carry it Over There?

As they speak, we see, in an insert, the printed rules - "Dated 1759". "Rule 4: Tell the truth about what you see and what you do - there is an army depending on us for correct information. You can lie all you please when you tell other folks about the Rangers, but don't never lie to a Ranger or an Officer".

ANTON  
 Yes, sir.

SCOTT  
 He come back?

ANTON  
 Yes, sir. He did.

SCOTT  
 (nods. Pause)  
 Well, so.

Scott pauses again. As he looks at the young man, who is obviously unable to express his gratitude, and sense of occasion.

SCOTT  
 You carry that card, son. It  
 might save your life.  
 (Anton nods)  
 ...You could use it to light a  
fire, or something...

Blane's Aide calls the men to order.

BLANE'S AIDE  
 The Candidate Cadre will fall in  
 on the White Line...

The men start to come to their feet, and leave the mess tent.

ANTON  
 I just wanted to say, sir...That,  
 to meet you...

SCOTT  
 (rising, as he gives  
 the Ranger card back  
 to Anton)  
 You never met me. You've been up  
 for a week. You're seeing Snakes...

The exhausted men come to their feet, and into a line. They are happy, and joking with one another. In the BG we see those who failed the course, sitting apart, file onto a bus which has just pulled up.

ANGLE on a young man, who looks out of the window.

ANGLE HIS POV. Twenty or so similarly exhausted men, with dufflebags, are being shuffled onto the bus.

ANGLE, on the young man, Anton, as he exits the tent, who stands next to Scott, outside the tent. Scott stands next to an old, but pristine Mustang Cobra. He withdraws a small dufflebag from the front seat, and looks up to see Anton standing next to him.

ANTON  
 (looking after the  
 departing, failed men)  
 ...I can't imagine how they live  
 with it...

ANGLE on Scott. As he thinks a very brief moment, as if reluctant to become philosophical, and then turns back to Anton.

SCOTT  
 Make sure you can't imagine it,  
 cause, if you can, it's just one  
 step to doing it.

Anton shakes his head, sadly, at the spectacle of the failed men.

SCOTT  
 (pause)  
 ...they'll be back where they  
 came from by Morning, and all  
 this is just a Bad Dream.

ANTON  
 My name is...

SCOTT  
 Do I need to know?  
 (pause)  
 If I want Camaraderie, I'll join  
 the Masons.  
 (pause. Then, summing  
 it all up:)  
 There's just the mission.

Beat. Anton steps away.

BLANE'S AIDE  
 (as he glances down at  
 his clipboard)  
 Congratulations on completion of  
 this evolution. I know you would  
 probably like some sleep, but I  
 do not think you'd mind sparing  
 ten minutes for Induction.

The camera pans over the smiling faces of the eight very  
 proud young men.

ANGLE on Blane and Scott, off to the side.

Beyond them, we see the bus holding the failed candidates,  
 filling up.

BLANE  
 Thank you, Bobby.

SCOTT  
 Not at all, Sir...

BLANE  
 ...You going home?

SCOTT  
 ...weather permitting, Sir...

BLANE'S AIDE  
 (in the distance. As  
 camera tracks with  
 Blane and Scott)  
 ...as I call your names:  
 (he consults his clipboard)  
Grossler, Anton...

These two men steps forward.

ANGLE, on Anton, nodding to himself at the proudest moment  
 of his life.

ANGLE, CU Scott, looking at him.

Camera takes Blane and Scott into a cinderblock building which houses a shooting range. We see various housefronts, and storefronts, and targets. A long table along one wall holds a coffee urn. Blane draws two cups of coffee.

Through the open door we see Anton and Grossler, smiling, entering the building. Anton comes into the room, and smiles at Scott.

We see Scott look away, sadly. He shares a look with Blane, drains his coffee cup, crumples it, throws it away. Blane gestures to Scott, meaning, "Shall we begin?" Scott hesitates for a moment, and then nods.

FOCUS.

ANGLE, on Scott, in the BG, as Blane steps forward to address the two candidates.

BLANE  
 (over his shoulder, to  
 an Aide)  
 ...would you bolt the door,  
 please...?

Scott gestures to the Aide, "One Moment".

BLANE  
 (to the candidates)  
 ...are you tired, Gentlemen?  
 (the two young men smile)  
 This is the completion of the  
 evolution:  
 (beat)  
 Only one of you may join the  
 unit. The first man through that  
 door will be inducted.

He gestures at a far door in the room.

ANGLE, on Scott, as he looks at the candidates, as they get the picture.

Beat.

SCOTT  
 (to himself, quietly)  
 ...yeah...you wanted to know the  
 'secret knowledge'...

CU Scott as he looks, interrogating the two men, weighing them, as they look at each other. Beat. Grossler starts to advance on Anton, in a fighting crouch. Scott gestures to the Aide that that was what he wanted to see.

The Aide lets Scott out of the back door.

EXT. CINDERBLOCK BUILDING. DAY.

Scott, showered, in civilian clothes, a lumberjacket and jeans, comes out of the building, carrying a small, yellow duffle-bag. He opens the trunk.

He takes the yellow bag, and puts it into the trunk which we now see contains woodworking tools - old levels and planes and saws. He closes the trunk. We see the young woman from the first sequence, now in civilian clothes, conferring with a colleague. She nods at him, and he responds. As he starts to get into the car. A squad of exhausted men is marching past. As they come to a halt one of the men turns in the direction of Scott.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR

(to that man)

What the hell are you looking at?

There ain't nobody there...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER. DUSK.

A young worker in a hardhat, by a large gravel pit, at which we find several earthmovers, idle. He is standing by a high chainlink fence topped with barbed wire.

ANGLE HIS POV. Some half-mile away, the Mustang, heading in his direction on a rough road. The young worker opens the lock on the chainlink fence and swings it open.

We see a sign "McGarrity Construction Company" on the gate.

The young man walks back toward a construction trailer. We see a red light blinking on a telephone on top of a littered desk. The young worker enters the trailer hurriedly, and opens a cabinet which we see contains several assault rifles, and grenades. Another phone, its red light blinking, is found in the cabinet. The young worker picks up this phone quickly.

YOUNG WORKER

(into phone)

...Frontgate...

We see his face grow serious, as he begins to write on a pad.

INT. MUSTANG. DAY.

Scott, driving, comes around a bend.

ANGLE HIS POV. The construction trailer up ahead. We see the young worker come out of the trailer, and stand in the road giving a "Stop" signal to the car.

ANGLE EXT. THE CAR. We see Scott bring the Mustang to a stop, and get, inquisitively, out of the car. We see the young worker run up to him and hand him a sheet of paper. Scott takes the paper and begins to read.

He looks up, to ask a question of the young worker. We see the worker begin to respond, his body language saying "That's all I know." As he starts to speak his words are drowned out by the sound of a helicopter. Scott looks up.

ANGLE HIS POV. A helicopter, flying low.

ANGLE INT. THE HELICOPTER. A man in civilian clothes points out Scott, on the ground, to the Pilot. Through the canopy we see Scott and the construction canopy down below. The helicopter goes into a tight turn.

ANGLE Scott. Above him, the helicopter goes into its turn, and begins to descend in a field some fifty yards away.

ANGLE, the sheet of paper Scott holds. Is reads: "All hands." Over the throbbing of the helicopter, we see Scott giving directions about the car, to the young worker. Camera takes Scott to the trunk, which he opens, and from which he retrieves his gym bag. He hands the keys to the young worker, and takes off, running, to the helicopter.

ANGLE, on Scott, as he is pulled up aboard, and the helicopter takes off.

ANGLE, over the worker, watching the helicopter disappear.

INT. HELICOPTER. NIGHT.

Scott, asleep. As the helicopter banks low over the Charles River and Harvard College. A Crewman shakes him awake.

ANGLE, EXT: the helicopter descends into the field of a football stadium. A black suburban is waiting.

EXT. BOATHOUSE. CHARLES RIVER. NIGHT.

Seen through the windshield of a car.

ANGLE, a black, government Suburban pulls outside the boathouse. We see scaffolding being erected outside the main entrance.

Scott and several types in suits get out of the Suburban, and proceed toward the door, over which is hung a large, paint-spattered drape. A sign on a stanchion reads "Temporarily Closed For Repairs".

ANGLE, INT. THE BOATHOUSE. The group pushes through the drape, beyond which we see several men in suits, holding assault rifles.

An older government type, MILLER, followed by an AIDE, walks up to meet the group, the Aide motions to the armed guards that Scott is to be admitted, that he is "okay". Miller gestures to Scott that it will just be a moment. The Aide hands Scott a sheaf of papers, and leads him through the boathouse. We see the long skiffs up on their rests, the Charles River beyond.

ANGLE on Scott. As Scott looks through the papers. Around him we see communications equipment being hurriedly assembled.

ANGLE INSERT. The top sheet shows a color photo of a phenomenally lovely redheaded girl in her teens. As Scott talks, he leafs through the sheets to reveal several photos of her and a man, obviously her father, holding her hand. One is a print of a glossy magazine article.

SCOTT  
 (of the photo, nodding  
 to himself, as he reads)  
 "...Betty Coed, has hair of red  
 for Harvard..."

AIDE  
 (of the top photo)  
 It's not current.

SCOTT  
 Why not...?

ANGLE on them as they arrive at a small equipment room. Through the door we see a young government type, Gaines, his suitcoat off, his shoulder holster empty, being interrogated by several colleagues.

AIDE  
 It seems she got a makeover today.  
 We're working on it.

He hands a small log book to Scott, and points to an entry. Scott looks down the entries, and glances up, now and then, at the man being interrogated.

SCOTT  
 (reads)  
 4PM. Cut n' Curl...

AIDE  
 Gave her a crewcut, dyed it  
 platinum blonde...

SCOTT  
 (glancing up at the  
 man in the chair)  
 Met with her boyfriend at ten.  
 Then...?

The Aide shrugs, meaning, "That's it..."

SCOTT  
 ...he's on Post until he turned  
 her over to the Nightwatch...?

AIDE  
 He says he was...

SCOTT  
 Who else you got...?

Miller gestures to an associate, who comes forward, passing photos to Scott, as Miller goes to look through the glass at the young man being interrogated.

AIDE  
 ...we got the boyfriend, Michael  
 Blake.

SCOTT  
 ...where is he...?

We are shown a photo of an Ivy League preppy chap around 18.  
 He is on a sailboat.

AIDE  
 Was not in his dorm last night,  
 we're shaking the trees...And...  
 (Scott is passed  
 another photo)  
 Professor Gerald Sloane, notably  
 chummy with his female students,  
 of which she was one. Weekend  
 home, Martha's Vineyard...

SCOTT  
 ...for sure...?

AIDE  
Been there since Friday.

We see a photo, obviously from a school catalogue, of a youngish bearded man, in front of a blackboard. We see Miller in the BG finish his meeting and turn to the group.

MILLER  
I'm light. I'm light, people...I need another team on the Professor, I need an overwatch on the boyfriend...

The Aide hands him a sheet of paper, obviously a roster.

Scott, looking at the board. He puts down his head for a moment, and blinks his eyes, trying to clear his head.

MILLER  
You just come from the Cadre.

SCOTT  
Yes sir.

MILLER  
How long since you've slept?

SCOTT  
Not significant.

MILLER  
You take a team, and Bulldog. Are you up for it?

SCOTT  
(absently, as he looks over the materials he has been given)  
Sir, "this Marine pisses av gas and farts blackpowder, Sir."

MILLER  
Thank you for coming, Bobby.

SCOTT  
Are you kidding, sir...?

An Associate comes over and hands him a piece of paper. Miller shakes his head.

MILLER  
I don't have the bodies. Call em in...call em in...

ANGLE on Scott. CU. As he watches the interrogation of Gaines in the next room. The young man begins to pick up his coffee cup, and we see that it shakes.

ANGLE on Scott, as he gestures to Miller to look through the glass, at the young man being interrogated, who is now seen to be wiping his brow, and shaking his head. The young man tries to take a sip of coffee, and spills it, inadvertently, down his shirtfront. Scott exchanges a glance with Miller, and walks into the equipment room, to the interrogation.

The man being interrogated, the government type, Gaines, is in his early thirties. He is sweating and obviously frightened. An Aide comes and stands by Scott.

AIDE  
(whispering)

His post was Harvard Yard.  
Harvard Yard, Northeast Corner,  
Lowell House, across from her  
dorm. Nightwatch relieved him  
there, Midnight...

ANGLE, on Miller in the interrogation room. Miller nods to Scott, meaning "You know what to do."

ANGLE on Gaines, as Scott enters, the interrogators step back for Miller, who is obviously their superior. He motions them to continue.

Camera holds Scott throughout the following interchange, with the suspect and questioners seen reflected in the glass of the door.

INTERROGATOR  
Once more:

GAINES  
She, uh. She had lunch with her  
father.

INTERROGATOR  
Lunch with her father - you  
seconded to that detail?

GAINES  
No, sir. I just had her.

INTERROGATOR  
"...you just had her..."

GAINES  
I. Uh...uh. I had her all day.  
Tucked her in. At Ten. And she...

INTERROGATOR  
 ...yeah, "she had a tiff with  
 her boyfriend..."

GAINES  
 Yes. I...

INTERROGATOR  
 Michael Blake -  
 (he holds up a photo  
 of a preppy fellow)

MILLER  
 What was it about?

GAINES  
 I think it was about her...her...  
 (he makes gestures of haircutting)

MILLER  
 Her haircut...  
 (Gaines nods)  
 So it wasn't a serious...?

GAINES  
 No, no.  
 (pause)  
 No.  
 (pause)  
 And then I,  
 (he covers his mouth  
 as he speaks)  
 I held the post until relieved...  
 (he gestures at his  
 notebook, as if to  
 support him)

Miller motions at Scott.

MILLER  
 Well, then, we've got a little  
 problem.

GAINES  
 (shaking his head in denial)  
 I was there.

MILLER

(reading)

23.12 Hours, 19 May. Harvard  
Yard, Northeast Corner, Lowell  
House, reveals no Secret Service  
Presence, neither this post nor  
adjacent...

(he looks through his notes)

...a second tour, 23.30, reveals,  
similarly...

GAINES

I was there, Sir.

MILLER

(to Gaines)

Who's lying?

(pause)

You or him?

(pause. Gaines slightly  
averts his head.)

ANGLE on Miller, who gives an infinitesimal sign to Scott  
who steps forward and slaps Gaines across the face.

SCOTT

You son of a bitch, I've got  
fifteen years in, and three kids,  
and you're gonna sit there, and  
lie away my Pension...

He makes a move toward Gaines.

GAINES

I...

SCOTT

...don't you tell me you were  
there...

GAINES

I was On Post...

SCOTT

(as he moves towards  
Gaines seriously)

...you lying swine...Don't you  
tell me you were On Post!

Miller gestures to a couple of the types who take Scott out  
of the room and sit him forcefully, in a chair...cautioning  
him to stay still.

Miller now stands by him.

HOLD on Scott who uses the pause to review the documents he holds, the photos of the girl, of the Boyfriend, of the Professor. He picks up another glossy magazine showing the redheaded girl - the caption reads "America is Seeing Red".

INTERROGATOR

Shall I tell you what's gonna happen to you, when we find you out?

GAINES

...I...

(he gets up and walks,  
wearily, toward the  
windows, and turns)

I...Uh...

INTERROGATOR

Were you fucking her...?

(pause)

We're gonna find out...

GAINES

No, I...um...

INTERROGATOR

...Where Is She?

Scott turns, to Miller, who is seen, beyond the door, in conference with several government types.

Scott leaves the room, and is seen, on the outskirts of the conference.

MILLER

We've got until her Monday Morning Class, and then it's Meet the Press; and "Where is she...?"

(he shakes his head)

Who's got the Professor...? Where is he...?

AN AGENT

Martha's Vineyard.

MILLER

Who's got him?

AN AGENT

Jones and Shannon.

Throughout this section camera holds Scott. As he looks through the file, the various photos, and notations, and takes notes in as small pocket notebook, in which we also see the small cardboard card of "Rogers Rangers Rules of Engagement".

MILLER

(to the group)

Wake him up, shake him up. He don't want to talk...

(he holds out his hand, and an Aide puts some papers into it)

Here's what we have him doing with his Female Students, show 'em to his wife...The Photo...?

(one of the agents

brings in two photographs)

Here is the last known photo...of the girl.

HOLD on Scott, at the back of the group, taking notes. We see him holding several newsclippings. One of them shows the girl, and the headline reads "America is Seeing Red."

We see the photo blown up, of the ravishingly beautiful young girl with long red hair. It features a small, red enamel crescent earring. The second photo shows the same girl, in the same pose, but now her hair is short and platinum blonde and spiky. The agent opens two boxes and begins distributing the photos to the group.

MILLER

The lab ran it up, based on the testimony of the beauty shop. We have not told Boston or Cambridge PD, nor have we...

An agent comes up and hands him a sheet of paper.

AN AGENT

The Professor...

MILLER

(to the associate)

You had him in his home...

AN AGENT

Sir, we were in Error, we...

MILLER

Where is he...?

AN AGENT

Best guess puts him on his boat.  
Last seen out of West Tisbury,  
Martha's Vine...

MILLER

Find him. Put the guard on him.  
Get me an overflight.  
(generally)  
I'm light, I'm light, people.  
(he points to an associate)  
Shake the Trees. I'm light,  
here...I'm 25 men light. Get 'em  
in. Who's got the  
Coastguard...What's the name of  
his boat? Professor Gerald Sloane...

An Aide comes in, hurriedly.

AIDE

It's the boyfriend. He's moving...

Miller points at Scott, who rises.

SCOTT

I've got him...

MILLER

(coming over to Scott)  
...I've got two days to run in.  
Before the Press wakes up.

SCOTT

(as he responds to the  
inherent request in  
Miller's voice)  
Whatever it takes, sir...

Miller nods his appreciation.

Scott exits, and we HOLD on Miller giving orders to his group.

EXT. HARVARD YARD. NIGHT.

Two students, walking through the yard. They acknowledge a  
uniformed security guard, who walks, with his back to us.

A slight, Asian young woman, her arms full of books, walks  
toward the camera, hurrying. She indicates something, back  
over her shoulder, and the guard, who is in front of the  
camera, walking away, veers off in that direction.

EXT. VESTIBULE, HARVARD DORM. NIGHT.

A young man (MICHAEL BLAKE) is, furtively, working on jimmying open one of a set of mailboxes. He senses something, and turns.

ANGLE HIS POV. The Security Guard (Scott) standing just beyond a glass door, looking in at him. Scott enters, coming to camera.

SCOTT  
 Could I see your hands, son...?

The Boy, Blake, moves his hands away from his body, to show a screwdriver. Scott motions him away from the mailbox, which we see is in the process of being demolished. Scott reads the name on the mailbox.

SCOTT  
 L. Newton.  
 (pause)  
 You lose your mailbox key, Mr. Newton...?  
 (pause)

BLAKE  
 Um.

SCOTT  
 You a student here?

BLAKE  
 Yes.

SCOTT  
 Could I see some identification, please...? Mr. Newton?  
 (Scott takes out a walkie and begins to talk into it)  
 Ten-Twelve patrol, requesting...

BLAKE  
 No, please...please...  
 (pause)  
 Please, Oh, God.

He starts to advance on Scott, who draws a nightstick, and keeps him at bay.

SCOTT  
 Calm down, Son. It's gonna be what it's gonna be...

BLAKE

One minute, could I please talk  
to you for one minute...Look  
look look: I broke up with My  
Girlfriend...

ANGLE EXT. THE VESTIBULE. The young Asian girl, now walking  
with a male friend, pass in front of the vestibule. Beyond  
them we see Blake and Scott, as Blake motions to the mailbox,  
and moves to the mailbox and takes out a letter.

ANGLE INT. THE VESTIBULE. On Scott, as he watches Blake take  
a letter out of the jimmed mailbox.

SCOTT

(of the letter)

Laura.

(he rereads the  
nameplate on the mailbox)

Laura Newton?

(pause)

Laura Newton? Is that 'the' Laura  
Newton...?

BLAKE

We broke up. Alright? Laura  
Newton. They know who I am.

SCOTT

Who?

BLAKE

The Secret Service.

SCOTT

The Secret Service?

BLAKE

That's right, that's right. They  
know who I am. You...They've  
"cleared" me.

SCOTT

(gesturing to the  
jimmed mailbox)

They didn't clear you for this.

BLAKE

You, you hear me out, and, if  
you want to, Then...

(pause)

Okay? Okay???

(pause)

SCOTT  
I have to call it in.

BLAKE  
Please...please. Five  
minutes...That's all I want.  
Please. Please...She  
would...she...  
(his face brightens at  
the new idea)  
Maybe she's in her room!

SCOTT  
You tried the bell, you called  
her...

BLAKE  
(as it dawns on him)  
Maybe she's ill...

INT. CORRIDOR, HARVARD DORM. NIGHT.

Blake and Scott, as they walk up to a door. Scott knocks on the door.

SCOTT  
...Mzz Newton...?  
(pause)  
Mz Newton...this is Campus  
Security...

He begins to fumble with keys at his belt.

ANGLE INT. THE ROOM. Several agents, obviously involved in investigating the room, wearing plastic gloves, stop. One, silently, unlocks the door.

We see Scott enter the room, "miming" using a key, and turn on the light and look inside. We take him to her desk, where he finds several photos of her and her father - and a note on he desk, reading "Dear Dad-Thanks for coming-signed %-)".

We see the boy, Blake, out in the corridor, unable to see into the room.

SCOTT  
Mz Newton...?  
(pause)

ANGLE, in the hall, as Scott and Blake stand there, a young girl comes down the hall and stops, opposite her room.

YOUNG GIRL

Hey, Mike. Sprised to see you there.

(smiles)

That was some Vicious Performance...

She smiles brightly and goes into her room. Scott looks at Blake.

EXT. HARVARD YARD. NIGHT.

Blake and Scott sitting on a bench in the deserted yard. Scott holds the envelope and the letter, on which we see this symbol %-) and begin to read: "This is a sham. Your view of the world is not cockeyed, but corrupt. You cunt. And you deserve everything that is going to happen to you..."

BLAKE

...I was just...trying to retrieve the letter.

ANGLE, on Scott, as he looks at the letter.

SCOTT

...this is not very nice language.  
(pause, Blake looks away)  
How old is this girl?

BLAKE

She's...just turned 18.  
(Scott shakes his head, sadly. pause)  
I was mad.

SCOTT

(of the letter:)  
..."everything that's going to happen to her"...What was going to happen to her?  
(pause)  
You hurt her...?  
(pause)  
Did y'hit her, son...?

BLAKE

Hit her? No. I...  
(he gestures to the note)  
I called her...I called her a whore...I...

SCOTT

Why...?

The boy bangs his head. Scott, as he rises, brings Blake to his feet.

SCOTT  
 (as if realizing "This  
 is the question")  
 Where is she?

BLAKE  
 (as if the question  
 had not occurred to  
 him previously)  
 She must...she must...she must  
 have gone home...

SCOTT  
 Why...?

BLAKE  
 (gesturing around, quietly)  
 Because the Secret Service, isn't...

As they walk by a parked van, we cut inside the van. Where we see a Secret Service type. Through the windshield we see Scott gesture "Do Not Intervene."

ANGLE, on Scott and Blake, as they walk down the near-deserted Mass Ave.

SCOTT  
 (of the sign on the  
 letter, the "Picasso"  
 sign, that is %-}. He  
 turns the sign  
 rightside up to show  
 it is a 'cockeyed smile')  
 What is this sign?

BLAKE  
 It's how she signs her letters.  
 (smiles)  
 Cause she looks at everything  
 cockeyed...Like Picasso - she  
 said they called her "Picasso".  
 (pause)

SCOTT  
Who called her that...?

BLAKE  
 You know, her, her...  
 (remembering)  
 He saw her yesterday! Maybe  
 she's...maybe she's with him!

SCOTT  
 Why'd you fight with her, Son...?

BLAKE  
 (pause)  
 She, uh, she got her hair  
 done...She cut it off. She dyed  
 it blonde. I said she looked  
 like a slut...and...  
 (pause)

SCOTT  
 Beautiful young girl like that.  
 We've all seen her pictures.  
 What'd you care how she dyed her  
 hair?  
 (pause)  
 What'd you care...? Why's that  
 make her a slut...?  
 (pause)

BLAKE  
 She...  
 (pause)  
 Uh...

SCOTT  
 She seeing another fella...?  
 (as he moves closer, confidently)  
 ...just between us. Off-the-  
 record, son...

ANGLE, INT. THE VAN. We hear the conversation, and see the  
 tape machine moving.

SCOTT (V.O.)  
 ...I was young once, too.

BLAKE (V.O.)  
 I...

ANGLE EXT. THE VAN. Blake and Scott.

SCOTT

I know that nothing hurts worse than that. She seeing another guy...?

BLAKE

I...

(pause)

There's this, um...Teacher...I shouldn't, I, I shouldn't tell you this: She...

SCOTT

She sleeping with a teacher...?

BLAKE

She says she isn't. I said she looked like a slut. She wants to fuck old guys, she should go to The Regency. Go all the Way.

SCOTT

The Regency, what's that?

BLAKE

(as if everyone knows this place)

S'the Club, by the Fenway...it's like a joke at school, it's like a rumor: this or that girl, made a thousand bucks, went with a businessman for One Night... Look: it's a Lover's Quarrel. I said something I regret. I sent her a note which I regret, and I assure, you, Officer. If...

(pause)

If you would...

ANGLE. From inside the windshield of the van we see, through their body language, that Scott is "giving the boy a break", the boy is very thankful. Scott is admonishing him and the boy is contrite. Now Scott begins to walk away, and we see him minutely, signal to the van, we see the driver of the van pick up a phone and speak softly into it.

ANGLE, Scott, walking down a sidestreet. The boy in the BG, we see the young Asian girl, take up a tailing position some half-block back of the boy, as a car glides to the curb. And Scott gets in.

ANGLE, tight on Scott in the car, as he rubs his eyes, beyond exhaustion. The car pulls away.

He gives several instructions to the young man driving, and then leans back, eyes closed. He opens his eyes again, and we see him mouth, insistently, "The Regency". The driver nods.

INT. BOATHOUSE. NIGHT.

As Scott enters. The activity is more widespread than previously. An agent walks him into the fray.

AGENT

No morgue. No hospital. No note.

SCOTT

The parents?

Agent, nods, shrugs.

AGENT

The mother,

(makes a "drinking" gesture)

You know where she is...He's holding up...

(as an afterthought)

He was in town yesterday. To see her.

SCOTT

(as he shakes his head - to clear it)

He was?

AGENT

...we snuck him in, and out.

We see Miller, in the BG, in a hurried conference, nod at Scott.

MILLER

(looking at a chart)

"The Colophon - 36-foot sloop".  
Where is she...?

They walk off, an Aide talking to him.

AIDE

...the Coast Guard has a watch over this area:

(he points to the chart)

And they have scheduled the Colophon first...

Scott and the Agent stop in front of the interrogation room, where we see the agent, Gaines, a guard over him. Gaines is sitting, looking as if he had been weeping. The guard addresses Scott and the other agent.

GUARD  
He copped to it.

SCOTT  
He copped to what?

GUARD  
(of Gaines)  
Off-post - punched out early to  
go boffing his girlfriend.

Scott shakes his head as if to say "How about that..." The agent holds a photo of a very lovely Eurasian woman in a business suit, and shows it to Scott.

AGENT  
Hope she was worth it...

SCOTT  
Uh huh.

Scott stands wearily, watching several large men berating the seated Secret Service Agent. An agent appears with a tearsheet showing the ad for "The Regency Club". We see the ad for exotic young companions, and the address is Boston. Scott gives instructions to the Aide.

ANGLE INT. WASHROOM. Scott, having stripped off his shirt, is washing himself at the sink. The "Regency" ad, and a description of the club is pasted with water to the mirror before him. We read, in the mirror: "REGENCY. 243 Charles Street, Boston, Mass. Owners of Record..." Et Cetera. In the mirror we see the Aide bring a fresh shirt and a tie to Scott. Scott turns, as the door swings, and he sees, in the BG, ANTON, just entering the establishment.

ANGLE INT. THE BOATHOUSE. A Swat team is laying out its weapons and assault gear, on a long table.

HOLD on Anton, who is standing, unassigned, and looking it.

We see, on an improvised bulletin board, photos of the Boy, Blake, the Professor, and the Girl, blown up from a newspaper shot, and in various photos. As we watch an Agent walks up with a box full of photos, and tacks one up on the board. It is an altered shot showing the young girl with short, spikey platinum hair.

ANGLE on Scott, dressed in a clean shirt, a tie, as he takes a photo from the box. We see him put it next to the original, blonde photo, and look at both.

AGENT

We ran it up from a description  
of the colorist from the Beauty  
Parlor...

SCOTT

Gimme your coat.

The Agent takes off his suitcoat, and gives it to Scott, who puts it on.

ANGLE, on Scott, as he holds the photos, and the Regency description. He walks toward the door, through the mass of agents. He stops by Miller, who is on the phone, looking at a photograph of the Professor, as a tech hooks up a video feed of a house on the water, the Professor's house. A photo of a sailboat is tacked up. We read 'The Colophon' on its stern.

SCOTT

(to Miller)

I need five thousand dollars.

Miller gestures "Just a Moment", and then waves to an Aide, meaning "Do It".

SCOTT

How long do we have? Sir?

MILLER

(shakes his head)

It hits the papers, and we're done.

SCOTT

No...note? No...

Miller shakes his head, he holds up the "Regency" note...

SCOTT

(nodding)

I've got it...

(to Miller)

Can I have some backup?

Miller, gesturing around the room, meaning "what you see is what you get". All the occupants of the room are engaged on some task, save Anton, who sits alone on a bench. Scott looks at Anton, who glances at Scott, trying to keep the appeal out of his glance, "Please take me".

SCOTT

(to Anton)

We're scraping the bottom of the  
barrel here, aren't we?

ANTON

Yes. Sir.

Scott looks at Anton and shakes his head. He is summoned to the front of the room by a young woman, who is putting cash into an envelope. Scott comes over to her, and we see her filling out a slip of paper. She hands him the cash in the envelope, and the slip of paper.

YOUNG WOMAN

I need you to sign it.

SCOTT

You sign it.

(He scans the room again, shrugs, and motions to Anton)

Come on, Wallflower...

(Anton rises and walks over to him)

Scott turns to Anton.

SCOTT

Now: your mouth shut. Your eyes open, and form on me...Here's where we're going...

There is the sound of a gunshot. Scott and Anton instinctively take cover against the side of the building, drawing their sidearms.

HOLD TIGHT on Scott. As he looks through the half-open door.

We see several of the Swat men, taking up positions, one of them kicks open a door, and his partner enters. Pause. We hear the partner call "clear".

ANGLE, on Scott, as he re-enters the building, and proceeds, pistol out, toward the room.

ANGLE HIS POV. On the floor, we see the dead Secret Service Agent, a pistol in his hand.

We see Miller turn to his team. An Agent kneels to the fallen Secret Service Agent, and prods a small hideout pistol from his hand. Scott turns to leave, and sees Anton standing next to him.

SCOTT  
 Don't look at him. Don't look at  
 the Downed Man. He's dead...  
 (as he turns his back  
 on the scene)  
 Kick the fool overboard...

ANGLE on Anton and Scott as they leave. In the BG we see  
 Miller et al. Miller giving directions.

MILLER  
 ...who is the girl he went to  
 see? Get her in...The girl he  
 was fucking...Who's got the  
 Coastguard...

TIGHT on Anton and Scott as they exit the building.

SCOTT  
 I'd hate to be the Lucky Duck  
 who frisked him...  
 (beat)

ANTON  
 He was off-post when they  
 snatched the girl?

SCOTT  
 (as he looks at the  
 fallen agent)  
 Yeah. Well, apparently, he felt  
 bad about it...

EXT. REGENCY CLUB. NIGHT.

A garish neon sign, beneath which we see a couple exiting,  
 getting into their limo. Scott, in his sportcoat, walks up  
 to the large and threatening bouncer at the velvet rope to  
 the club. We see the bouncer bar his way, and gesture to his  
 watch, meaning "closing up".

ANGLE INS. Two one-hundred dollar bills are passed to the  
 bouncer.

ANGLE, Anton, in a cab across the street, looking on.

ANGLE INT. THE REGENCY CLUB. Several well-dressed couples  
 are leaving. A group of raucous, drunk businessmen types  
 push past them. Scott walks up to the bar. The Bartender is  
 beginning to ring out the cash register. In the BG we see a  
 manager eye Scott, and continue to direct the closing  
 operations.

BARTENDER

Closing up...

(he points to his watch)

Can't sell you booze after 3 AM.

SCOTT

(laying money on the bar)

No, no. I just came buy to pay  
you that money I owe you.

He gestures to the bills on the bar. The Bartender swoops them up, and gestures to the back bar, meaning "What'll you have?" Scott points to a bottle of Bourbon, the Bartender pours for him.

SCOTT

(as he drinks)

...how about them Sox, huh...?

BARTENDER

Yuh. Whaddaya gonna do...?

SCOTT

"Curse of the Bambino".

BARTENDER

...that's right.

(pause)

SCOTT

Nice place you got here.

BARTENDER

You from out of town...?

SCOTT

Yeah, you know, actually, I was  
just looking for my Daughter...

BARTENDER

(as he smiles)

...that's what you're looking  
for...?

SCOTT

...I. Uhh...

BARTENDER

...ask, because a lot of out-of-  
town guys, come in, lookin,  
someone else's daughter.

SCOTT  
No, I...Oh, no...

BARTENDER  
(smiling)  
You sure...?

SCOTT  
Abso, absolutely...

He brings out his case, with the photo of the platinum-haired girl. The Bartender comes over and glances at it.

ANGLE XCU on Scott as he looks incisively at the Bartender, who displays no flicker of recognition.

SCOTT  
...girl like that been in  
tonight...?

BARTENDER  
...pretty girl...

SCOTT  
None prettier.

ANGLE on Scott, who looks around the club. We see him eyeing the lovely young scantily clad waitresses, who return his looks with disdain. The Bartender, observing him, comes back to him.

SCOTT  
Yeah...I'm looking for a girl  
like that...

BARTENDER  
...You're sure it was your  
daughter...? B'cause, a lot of  
guys, come in here, guys your  
age, go home with some...some  
rather 'younger' girl...

The Bartender smiles.

SCOTT  
(as he leans forward)  
Well, why would a, one of these  
'younger girls'. What would they  
want to do with me...?

The Bartender leans close and hesitates. Scott takes out several more bills and passes them to the Bartender.

He hesitates a second, as if to say "You wouldn't fuck me, would you...?" The Bartender signs, "I am your man", the Bartender takes the bills and leans close and whispers to Scott, indicating someone over in a dark corner.

In this corner, as the lights are flicked up, we see a youngish man in very expensive casual clothes, an American, dressed like Eurotrash, sitting talking with the man we saw earlier was the Manager. As Scott approaches, we see the Manager, knowingly, drift off. Beat. The young man (ZIMMER) rises from the booth, and tugs himself into neatness, and stops, as if bemused by Scott.

ZIMMER  
'Howdy, Pard'.

SCOTT  
Hello. I wonder if you could help me...

ZIMMER  
(as he yawns and looks at his watch, as he pushes past Scott)  
I love you, Baby, but the season's over...

Zimmer starts for the front door, and Scott falls into step with him.

SCOTT  
(gestures at the Bartender)  
...my friend says that you're...you're sort of a 'matchmaker'...

ZIMMER  
Izzat what he says...?

Camera takes the two out of the front of the club, where Zimmer tips the bouncer, who his putting on his coat, preparatory to going away for the night. Zimmer begins walking into a parking lot, where we see several run-down employee's cars, and his, Zimmer's prime Mercedes. Scott tags along.

BOUNCER  
(as he walks away, to Zimmer, of Zimmer's car)  
I put her back in your space...

SCOTT  
I was looking for a girl...a young girl...

ZIMMER  
Aren't we all.

SCOTT  
My, my, my, my, my, my question  
was: why would a young girl want  
to go out with an older man like  
me? And, if you could "answer"  
that...

He takes out money from his pocket. Zimmer begins to speak  
slightinglly, dismissively to the 'hick'.

ZIMMER  
Look, Bub...

Zimmer starts to open his car door. He turns back to Scott,  
and we see, Zimmer's POV, Anton, standing behind Scott, at  
the doorway to an alleyway. Obviously backing Scott up.

ANGLE CU, Zimmer reacts infinitesimally, to the sight of Anton.

ANGLE XCU, Scott, sees him, and slams him against the side  
of the car. Zimmer reaches through the half-open door, and  
comes out with an automatic pistol in his hand. Scott kicks  
him in the stomach, Zimmer tries to raise the hand with the  
gun, and Scott throws him to the ground, the pistol falls on  
the concrete.

ANGLE on Scott as Anton emerges from the alley. Scott  
directs him to drag Zimmer into the alleyway, near a  
dumpster. Anton thrusts his hand into the car and starts to  
reach for the dropped pistol.

SCOTT  
Don't touch the piece, don't  
touch the piece, don't touch the  
piece, th'out your gloves on...

ANGLE INT. THE SMALL ALLEYWAY. As Anton now pulls off  
Zimmer's sportcoat, and begins emptying the pockets. Scott  
interrogates Zimmer.

ZIMMER  
...I think you broke my arm.

SCOTT  
(as he shows the photo  
to Zimmer)  
You seen this girl before...

ZIMMER  
(of his arm)  
...I think it's broken...

SCOTT  
You seen her tonight...?

Zimmer turns away from the photo.

ZIMMER  
...I think it's...

SCOTT  
(to Anton)  
Pull him up...

Anton pulls Zimmer to his feet. Scott puts a lock on Zimmer and breaks his arm. Zimmer screams.

SCOTT  
Now it's broken.  
(of the picture)  
What's her name...?  
(pause. He strikes  
Zimmer in the face)  
WHAT'S HER NAME...  
(to Anton)  
Break his other arm...

ZIMMER  
I DON'T KNOW HER NAME...

SCOTT  
You don't know her name, then  
who is she...?

ZIMMER  
Some, some 'girl'...

SCOTT  
Some 'girl', some 'pal' of yours?  
Where is she Now...?

Anton, tossing Zimmer's coat, comes up with a small medicine vial. He holds it up to Scott. Who takes it, looks at it, sniffs it. Pause.

SCOTT  
(to Zimmer)  
Oh no...  
(pause)  
Oh no...this isn't Rohypnol...  
(pause)  
Is it...?  
(pause)  
Izziz Rohypnol? Is this "Rho"?  
(pause)  
IZZIZ A ONE-SIDED CONVERSATION...?  
(to Anton)  
Whatzisname?

ANTON  
 (looking at his  
 driver's license)  
 Donny Zimmer.

SCOTT  
 Donny. Donny: where's the girl...?  
 (pause)  
 You dose her...?  
 (pause)  
 Where is she? Donny...?

Anton tossing Zimmer's clothes comes up with an envelope.  
 Scott takes it, and leafs through many bills.

SCOTT  
 ...what is this? Ten, what is it,  
 Fifteen thou...? For what...?

ZIMMER  
 I never saw that girl...

SCOTT  
 Oh, alright, then we've got to  
 let you go...

ANGLE CU, Scott.

SCOTT  
 Where'd you take the girl,  
 Donny...?  
 (pause. Silence. To Anton)  
 You touch his piece?

ANTON  
 No.

SCOTT  
 Good.

Scott gestures to Anton to let Zimmer go. Zimmer hesitates,  
 knowing he must not move. Scott holds the photo to Zimmer's  
 face.

ZIMMER  
 THAT'S NOT THE GIRL...THAT'S NOT  
 THE GIRL!

SCOTT  
 That's not what girl...?  
 (pause)  
 Where'd you take her...?  
 (Scott points to  
 Zimmer's pistol. To Anton)  
 Put your glove on. Pick up his  
 pistol. Two knees, the other  
 elbow,  
 (he points to the head)  
 Mozambique...

ANGLE XCU, Anton looking at Scott, to say "Really"?

ANGLE XCU Scott, nodding back, "Really".

SCOTT  
 You bet your life.

Scott starts to walk away. Zimmer begins screaming.

ZIMMER  
 Wait...Wait...Wait...

EXT. NORTH END, BOSTON QUIET STREET. NIGHT.

A large Mercedes is parked outside on the quiet street. A chauffeur reads the paper, he half turns, sleepily, at the sight of a man walking across the street.

ANGLE Scott and Anton pulling up in a Camaro.

ANGLE INT. THE CAMARO. Scott and Anton, as he turns off the motor. He looks over at Anton, who holds a piece of paper.

ANGLE THEIR POV. A townhouse across the street. A large Mercedes in the courtyard driveway. Beat. Scott and Anton watch, as a door starts to open.

SCOTT  
 ...okay, then...

Anton begins to respond, when Scott gets out of the car, motioning Anton toward the Mercedes.

ANGLE EXT. THE TOWNHOUSE. We see a middle-aged Businessman coming out of a side entrance, adjusting his clothes as he walks. As Scott walks nearby - we take him to a garbage pail, where he retrieves a small black bag - that is, as used to transport dog shit. He walks up.

ANGLE, on Anton, getting out of the Camaro. Behind him, around the corner, we see a dark van pull up. Anton motions the van to hold.

ANGLE, on Scott. As he walks up toward the Businessman, holding the black bag. He whistles once or twice for his dog, and then turns to see the Businessman.

SCOTT  
...beautiful night...

BUSINESSMAN  
(nods)  
'Less you got hayfever...  
(he gestures at the  
flowering trees)

Scott walks up to him, and pushes him back into the vestibule.

ANGLE TIGHT on Scott as he flicks open his switchblade, and holds his knife up to the Businessman's throat and whispers.

SCOTT  
...you left something back inside.

Beat. The Businessman looks frantically around, beyond him we see Anton taking his Chauffeur out of the car. The Businessman turns to the intercom and pushes a button. We hear a female voice answer, after a beat, "...yes...?"

ANGLE on Anton, holding a machine pistol, behind a corner of the wall.

BUSINESSMAN  
...I left my case inside.

There is a beat. And the far door in the vestibule is buzzed open. As it opens several men in Swat gear stream through the vestibule and up the stairs. Scott hands the Businessman over to an Agent, who takes charge of him, and camera holds on Scott, standing, wearily, at the bottom of the stairs.

He motions for Anton near him to hand him a cigarette. Anton does so. Scott lights up. From the top of the stairs we hear screams, sounds of breaking, yells, commands being shouted.

Beat. An Agent comes to the top of the stairs, looks down, and shakes his head. Beat. Scott turns and finds the handcuffed Businessman in his field of vision.

SCOTT  
...they got some young girls up  
there...?

Beat. The Businessman, terrified, is silent. Scott holds out the photo of the girl in the black hair.

SCOTT  
You see this girl...?  
(pause)

The Businessman looks at the photo. Scott gestures at Anton, and passes the photo of Laura Newton to Anton. And then looks as if to say "In or Out?" Anton hesitates a moment, and then strikes the Businessman.

ANTON  
Did you See This Girl...?

ANGLE on the Businessman, on the ground. Terrified. He looks back at Scott, as if unable to focus. Scott gives him a beat, nods, as if to say, "What would you expect", and starts up the stairs.

INT. WHOREHOUSE. NIGHT.

Scott enters the vaguely Japanese modern establishment. Several Swat figures are being stood down. They sit, sharing a thermos of coffee. One of the Swat team nods to Scott, and motions him to the direction he knows Scott wants to go.

Camera takes Scott past a room where two female Agents are holding five young women, who are supervised, changing out of "escort" wear, and into jeans and sweatshirts, "streetclothes".

ANGLE on Scott, as he enters what is obviously the "office" of the Bordello. One of the techs is sitting at a bashed-in computer, he is hooking it up to another laptop. He turns to Scott.

TECH  
...she was trying to scrub the  
thing...

Beyond them we see Miller. And a very attractive European-looking woman in her forties. In a room beyond two bodyguard types are handcuffed, watched over by a Swat officer.

Scott moves back to watch Miller interrogating the woman, the Madam, who speaks with a middle-European accent.

MADAM  
...an escort service. There is  
no impropriety, and there is no...

MILLER  
 (calling back to one  
 of his techs, who  
 consults a computer)  
 ...who is she?

TECH  
 ...Nadya Tellich, Serb. Green  
 Card, in...

Miller waves the rest of the information away. Miller shows her the photo.

MILLER  
 Have you seen this girl...?

NADYA  
 We see a lot of girls. They apply.  
 For the job, as Hostesses...

ANGLE on Scott, who stands by the Tech, who is trying to reconstruct the broken computer. It prints out a file, on which we see photos of various faces. Each girl holds a placard with a number on it.

ANGLE on Anton, who looks down.

ANGLE HIS POV. The wastebasket. In the BG we hear Nadya going on about the benefits of working as a Hostess. He motions to Scott.

Scott squats to the ground, and pours out what are revealed to be several polaroids of beautiful young women. He uses his knife to rearrange them without touching them. They are now alighted and we see the numerals twelve, thirteen, fifteen, on placards which they hold up.

ANGLE on Scott, as he walks back into the interrogation room, holding the sheet printed out by the computer.

NADYA  
 ...a contact for Personal  
 Services...They pay us so much  
 for each call, and...The girls  
pay us! We are just a -

MILLER  
 They show you proof of their age...

NADYA  
 Of course, of course, I...you  
 think I...What do you think, I...

SCOTT  
 (showing her the printout)  
 Where's Number Fourteen?  
 (pause)

NADYA  
 ...I don't understand you.

SCOTT  
 ...where's Number Fourteen?  
 (pause)

NADYA  
 (pause)  
 I want my Lawyer...

Miller takes the photos of Laura and shows the platinum-haired one to Nadya.

MILLER  
 ...is this the Girl? Is this her?  
 Was she in here?

NADYA  
 I, wait, I no...I...I want to  
 talk to my lll...

MILLER  
 (of the platinum-haired  
 girl)  
 Izzat her? It's her, isn't it.  
 She was here. Is that her...?

ANGLE, on Scott, as he steps away. He takes us through the Whorehouse. In the adjacent room we see a bank of video monitors, showing people in various sexual activities. On the screen for a moment comes the face of what looks like a very young girl indeed, camera swerves onto the face of the Businessman we saw outside the Whorehouse, he is disrobing,...

BUSINESSMAN (ON TAPE)  
 ...come over here, you little  
 bitch...That's right, get your  
 sweet ass over here...

ANGLE on Scott. As he looks to the Businessman, himself, who is seated in a chair, presided over by several agents, forced to watch the video. He turns his head away.

SCOTT  
 (to an Agent)  
 Make him watch it.

One of the agents turns the Businessman's head brusquely back.

BUSINESSMAN

I...I...listen...listen: I'm a wealthy man. I am, I am not-without-friends in, in the Administration...

(he takes out a business card and hands it to Scott)  
...whatever it takes to...

SCOTT

This here, sir. This is a piece of cardboard.

Scott holds the card. He shakes his head sadly. Scott nods to the Interrogator and Scott throws the card into the Businessman's lap.

INTERROGATOR

(as the Businessman starts to look away)  
Don't you look away, you son of a bitch...  
(he forces him to watch the video)

ANGLE CU, on Scott, as he looks disgusted. Anton stands on one side, looking to Scott for a cue as to how to react.

BUSINESSMAN

I...I...I...

SCOTT

(stepping in)  
"I-I-I" - What are you, Carmen Miranda...?

He holds the photo of the platinum-haired Laura Newton.

BUSINESSMAN

I...  
(he draws Scott close, turning from Anton to the "good" cop)  
Listen to me: I cannot. Be caught here. You write an amount on a sheet of paper...write it on my card...  
(MORE)

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)  
 (he takes out his  
 business card and hands  
 it to Scott)

SCOTT  
 No, Baby. Today we got the Barter  
 System. And you best pray to God  
 you got something to trade...

BUSINESSMAN  
 I...I...  
 (he takes out his wallet)

SCOTT  
 IT AIN'T MONEY. YOU SICK FATCAT  
 FOOL. WHERE IS THE GIRL...?  
 (he slaps the  
 Businessman, and Anton  
 pulls him off)  
 LEAVE ME ALONE, I'LL GET THE  
 TRUTH OUT OF HIM...  
 (he picks up the man's  
 business card)  
 Come in here, try to buy me off?  
 I've got Three Daughters...

Anton succeeds in pulling Scott off the Businessman. He drags him around a corner. We see the terrified Businessman in the background, as Anton tries to reason with Scott.

ANTON  
 ...maybe we'd...

ANGLE, on Scott, now appearing transformed, and easy. He gestures "shussh" to Anton, meaning "It is all an act". In the BG we see the Interrogator browbeating the Businessman.

SCOTT  
 (as he looks down at  
 the Businessman's card,  
 and shakes his head.  
 He moves back toward  
 the Businessman,  
 terrifying him)  
 ...I thought when you wanted to  
 pet little girls, you picked on  
 your Daughter...Ain't that what  
 you rich people do...now you  
 step off the Reservation and you  
 want to buy me?  
 (MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
 (he shows a photo of  
 the platinum-haired  
 Laura to the Businessman)  
Where Is This Girl...

The Businessman is terrified. He looks around the room in panic.

ANGLE on Scott, as camera takes him to where the Female Agent is interrogating the Young Whore. Anton follows.

YOUNG WHORE  
 (looking at the photo  
 of Laura Newton)  
 I...She was sick...she was Not  
 Very Well. She came in  
 here...and...and...

FEMALE AGENT  
 ...who was she...?

YOUNG WHORE  
I dunno...some young girl. I  
 dunno...They took her, I told  
 Nadya, she shunnt be here, they  
 took her...

FEMALE AGENT  
 Who took her?

YOUNG WHORE  
 I think that was her.

FEMALE AGENT  
 Was she here?

YOUNG WHORE  
 I think that's the girl...they  
 took her. The two, two  
 men...they...  
 (she draws the Female  
 Agent closer, frightened)  
 ...they gave her a shot...

ANGLE on Scott, as he turns back to Nadya.

NADYA  
 I am entitled to my rights, and  
 I am entitled to a phonecall to  
 my lll...

SCOTT  
 (brusquely)  
 Your lawyer ain't going to help  
 you...want to guess 'why'?  
 (he looks to Miller,  
 who nods, "Go ahead".  
 he takes the photo of  
 Laura with the red  
 hair, sharply, from  
 Miller and shows it to Nadya)  
 Y'understand the picture...

NADYA  
 ...ohmigod...

ANGLE on Miller, as he beckons Scott. Anton starts to come  
 and Miller signals him to stay behind.

SCOTT  
 He's with me...

Miller nods and the three walk out of the room.

ANGLE on Scott, as he and Miller retreat behind a door. Beat.

MILLER  
 (as it dawns on him)  
 They don't know who they've  
 got...they just snatched "some  
 Young Girl". When they find out,  
 they're going to have to...

Scott moves back to Nadya.

SCOTT  
 She was here. She was here, where  
is she...? WHERE IS SHE?  
 (Scott thrusts the  
 Laura Newton photo at her)  
 She was here -

NADYA  
 ...I...I don't know if this is  
 the...

SCOTT  
 She was here.  
 (pause)

NADYA  
 (very softly, as she  
 looks around, broken,  
 for sympathy)  
 ...they'll kill me.

SCOTT  
 Who did you call. How did they  
 know, to come get her?

NADYA  
 I...it's just a number, I...

Miller pushes a pad of paper and a pencil across to her.

ANGLE TIGHT on Scott. As he looks on. Beat. He nods, as if to say "We're getting there". There is the sound of a phone ringing, and an Agent comes in, and beckons Miller, who waves him away. The Agent indicates, "No, you have to take this call." Miller steps back from Nadya, not wanting to break the mood, and moves toward the phone. Scott moves to stand by the girl.

ANGLE on Scott as he pushes the paper toward her, again, forcing and willing her to put down the number.

MILLER  
 (softly. To phone)  
 ...hello...

INT. FOOTBALL STADIUM. NIGHT.

A helicopter is settling onto the playing field.

ANGLE. Two men getting out of a Suburban, across the field, run toward the helicopter.

ANGLE, a powerful-looking older man in a suit, BURCH, steps down from the helicopter, and an Aide greets him and leads him away from the helicopter. We see the Aide indicate the two men running toward them. Burch turns.

ANGLE HIS POV. Miller and Scott, who join with Burch, as they all move toward the stadium building.

INT. STADIUM BUILDING, LUNCHROOM. NIGHT.

ANGLE, on an assembly of the information of the chase. On a table, the photos of the Eurasian businesswoman, of Laura Newton, of the Regency Club. A disassembled machine pistol, and a cup of steaming coffee.

HOLD on Scott, looking at something, off. As he picks up the cup of coffee. Beyond him we see Anton, asleep in his chair.

ANGLE INT. LUNCHROOM. Burch, Scott, and Miller are found in the empty, stainless steel lunchroom, with them a clean-cut young man, STODDARD, obviously Burch's assistant.

BURCH  
...where's the girl...?

MILLER  
Sir, we believe she was abducted,  
from this club...  
(as Miller speaks he  
passes pertinent sheets  
of information to Burch)  
That she was taken to...that she  
was taken to a bordello...

BURCH  
...here in Boston...

MILLER  
Yessir, and, that...that...

BURCH  
Come on, let's hear it:

MILLER  
That she may have been...that  
she may have been delivered -  
for sale - that she may have  
been sent down the pipeline and  
overseas.  
(pause)

BURCH  
(pause)  
"...just some girl..."  
(pause)

ANGLE. HOLD on Scott. Sitting quietly, as he watches the two other men.

Stoddard takes out a cigar case. Looks to Burch, who nods his consent, and Stoddard takes out a black cigar, and lights it.

BURCH  
How certain are you she was the  
girl in the whorehouse?

MILLER  
 (shakes his head,  
 meaning "not positive")  
 ...we...

BURCH  
 Was the girl in the whorehouse?  
 (pause)  
 What about your other  
 leads?...the Boyfriend,  
 the...Professor...?

MILLER  
 ...sir.

STODDARD  
 The Professor, where's his boat?

MILLER  
 The Coast Guard is on the...

STODDARD  
 WHERE IS THE FUCKEN BOAT? IS SHE  
 ON THE BOAT...

ANGLE on Scott and Anton. As Anton comes awake to the sound of the shouting. Scott gestures him to keep quiet.

ANGLE on the two. As Anton wakes up. He picks up a sheet bearing the Picasso symbol, and starts to speak. Scott shakes his head, meaning "be quiet".

SCOTT  
 ...we just go where we're sent  
 and do what we're told when we  
get there...

He motions to be quiet - and to pay attention to the drama in the next room.

ANGLE INT. THE STEEL LUNCHROOM. As Burch and Stoddard interrogate Miller.

BURCH  
 You've got the fucken Service  
 Agent, shot himself...you're  
 you're telling me, your best bet,  
 some cocksuckers nabbed her,  
 took her, took her, they don't  
 know who she is. And they're  
 gonna sell her down the river...?

MILLER  
 Sir...

BURCH

The Detail Agent. Was he fucking her?

MILLER

The girl?

BURCH

The Secret Service Agent, was he fucking Laura Newton...?

MILLER

He was off-post, with his girlfriend.

(pause)

STODDARD

(as he holds up the "Picasso" letter from the Boyfriend, to read it. He reads:)

The Professor, the Boyfriend, "...you behave like a slut...", this is who you like...?

(he holds up the advertisement of the Regency Club)

Aah...fuck

(he holds up the photo of her hair)

She dyed her hair. What do they do, her hair grows out, what do they do when they realize who she is...?

(pause)

SCOTT

(under his breath, not realizing he's speaking)

They kill her.

BURCH

(reacting, as if to say, "That's the first sensible thing I've heard")

You're fucken A Right they kill her. Okay. Good.

(MORE)

BURCH (CONT'D)

Now: Let's talk some commonsense:  
(pause)

What can you do for me?  
(to Miller)

...who is that...?  
(Miller whispers to  
Burch. To Scott)

...Get in here...  
(Scott comes and stands  
by Burch)

Scott, and then Miller, looks at Burch's clean-cut and very fit assistant, Stoddard. There is a pause, and then Burch motions Stoddard to leave the room, which he does. Pause.

BURCH

(quietly)

...what can you do for me? What  
can you do for me - I need it  
now - I need it before the Press  
gets it on Monday. Cause they  
will kill her. The jackals start  
a feeding frenzy, and she's red.  
Help me.

Miller nods to an Aide, who comes forward, with a white scrap of paper. He hands it to Burch.

MILLER

Sir: This is the number of a  
public phone in Downtown Boston.  
(Burch nods)

It's a cutout, between the  
Bordello, and the abductors. A  
call is placed when they have a  
package to deliver.

BURCH

...you going to stake out the  
phone...?

MILLER

(nods)

We have a watch on the phone.  
More importantly: N.S.A. reports  
calls placed to that phone.  
Regularly.

BURCH

They can track calls to a payphone?

MILLER  
In this case they can.

BURCH  
How?

MILLER  
They were made from a Federal  
Prison.  
(he gestures to the  
Aide, who shows to  
Burch and the camera a  
photo of a smiling man  
in his forties, in an  
expensive suit. Of photo:)  
This is Eli Assani. He is a  
Lebanese National, serving life  
without, for kidnapping. He was  
the head man in a white slavery  
scheme.

BURCH  
And where is he?

MILLER  
He's in Lewisberg. We have a  
Plan...  
(pause)  
I hesitate to...

BURCH  
Give it to me...

ANGLE, on an Aide who comes in and passes a piece of paper  
to Miller, who reads it and looks up.

MILLER  
They've got some action on the  
Payphone...

Scott and Anton start to get to their feet.

EXT. COPLEY SQUARE, DOWNTOWN. NIGHT.

In the foreground we see a lonely payphone in the deserted  
square. It is festooned with ads for escort services. In the  
deep background we see the lights on in a corner bank  
building, and the cleaners at work.

ANGLE INT. THE BANK. One of the cleaners polishes the  
counter in the bank. He wipes his brow and looks outside.

ANGLE HIS POV. A sedan at the curb. Beyond it, a man,  
smoking a cigarette, stands near the payphone.

The man looks at his watch, looks around, throws away the cigarette, and continues to pace.

ANGLE, in the bank the "Cleaner" whispers into a lapel mike.

EXT. BOSTON STREET. DAY.

Scott, in the backseat of a car, apparently asleep. Anton, sitting in the front. Listening to the faint sounds from an earwig.

ANGLE, XCU. Scott, his head tilted back, looking through almost fully closed eyelids.

SCOTT  
...who's walking up on us...?

ANGLE, Anton, as he looks around, down at Scott, and then up, at a man in a suit, some thirty yards away, walking towards the car.

Anton, as the man draws closer, looks down at Scott, as if to say "How did you know"?

SCOTT  
(as he loosens his  
jacket, over his pistol)  
...who is he?

ANTON  
Boston. P.D.

We see Scott, relax for a moment. And then, putting Anton out of his misery.

SCOTT  
...always a reflective surface...  
(then, to himself, as  
if reciting a litany)  
"...in the city, always a  
reflection. In the Woods. Always  
a sound..."

HOLD. On Anton, as he digests this. BEAT.

ANTON  
...and in the Desert?

SCOTT  
You don't want to go into the  
desert.

ANGLE, EXT. The Phonebooth in Copley Square. We hear the phone begin to ring.

EXT. BOSTON STREET. DAY.

Scott and Anton, in the sedan. Anton listening on the earpiece. Anton brightens.

ANTON  
...they're moving...

Anton starts to put the car in gear, an Agent comes jogging down the street, out of an alley, and motions Anton aside, and gets into the car.

EXT. BOSTON HIGHWAY. NIGHT.

A shot of the helicopter, flying over the highway.

ANGLE, the sedan speeding down the deserted highway, the city in the background. The helicopter, flying away overhead.

INT. SCOTT'S CAR.

A Driver, Scott, and Anton. Listening to transmissions on the radio. As they drive Anton leans forward, his hands on the seatback of the front seat. Scott picks up one of Anton's hands, and turns it over.

SCOTT  
(of the hand)  
...what is this...?

ANTON  
(as he looks down, and  
then realizes the  
nature of the question)  
...it's a wedding ring.

SCOTT  
...take it off.  
(pause. While Anton  
hesitates, not comprehending)  
...the ring clicks against your  
riflstock, some sonobitch hears  
that noise, hundred yards out,  
and you're gonna get me killed.

Anton nods, and begins to work the ring off his finger.

ANGLE THEIR POV. Far ahead, the speeding sedan turns off the highway, onto a "feeder" road.

Anton and Scott in the backseat. As we see Anton take out a machine pistol from his "Go" bag, and check it. Scott looks at him. A chatter comes over the radio, and Scott addresses the two men in the front seat.

SCOTT  
...where's he going...?

The Driver hands a printout to the shotgun man, who reads.

AGENT  
One Five Four Nine, Alpha Sierra,  
Mass Reg. William Barak.  
Somerville, Mass...

SCOTT  
That's where he's going?

The Agent shakes his head, looks down at the paper.

AGENT  
Also, owner of Record, In Essex...

SCOTT  
Izzy going toward Essex?  
(Agent nods)  
...what sort of place is it...?

The Agent looks at the piece of paper.

AGENT  
It...it'd be a Beach house...

SCOTT  
Get me there.  
(to the Driver)  
Get on the net. Call 'em off.  
Everyone off. Just me.  
(of Anton)  
Just me and him.

DRIVER  
...sir...

SCOTT  
Nobody out there...  
(to Anton)  
Just. Him.  
(to the Driver)  
You indicate that you heard me.  
(beat. The Driver nods)  
Put it out.  
(the Driver begins to  
speak softly, relaying  
his instructions on  
the radio. Scott turns  
to Anton. Softly)  
How you doing bright eyes...?  
(Anton nods. Beat, as  
Scott looks him over)

SCOTT  
 ...breathe through your nose.

Anton looks at Scott inquisitively, not sure he has heard right.

SCOTT  
 It stills the heartrate.  
 (pause)  
 You got my back.

ANTON  
 Sir, Yes, Sir.

SCOTT  
 (to himself)  
 ...alright, then...

ANGLE the Sedan, on the deserted highway. HOLD. We see another car come screaming up behind it, doing one-ten, a red light on the roof, flashing.

ANGLE INT. THE SEDAN. A middle-aged man watches the other car come up, and disappear around a bend, going furiously fast.

EXT. ESSEX BEACH. NIGHT.

The margin of the scrubwoods, in the dunes. Scott and Anton, moving quietly through the woods. Scott points to Anton, indicating where he should stop.

ANGLE, Scott's POV. A run-down beach house on a deserted cove. The blue light of a television flickering through the window.

ANGLE, Scott peering through some scrubgrass. We see he holds a small handful of torn-off grass before and over his face, to break up his outline. He turns. To Anton, who stands next to him, holding a sniper rifle. He points out a position to Anton.

ANTON  
 ...you want me to Come Through  
 the Door...?

SCOTT  
 (as he checks his  
 weapons. He shakes his head.)  
Don't you go through the door  
 without an Overwatch.

He takes the small handful of grass and throws it into the air, watching the way the wind takes it. Scott gestures to Anton to take up a position beside a small run-down boat shed.

We see Anton do so, then Scott moves across the dunes, to a small skiff. Which lies just across a little cove from the beach house.

ANGLE, on Scott, as he moves down the dune, to the skiff. He opens his switchblade quietly, and severs the line holding the skiff to the dock. He gets into the skiff, and pushes it off, and we see it begin to drift across the little cove toward the beach house.

ANGLE, on Anton, kneeling, beside the old boat shed, as he assumes a prone position, and sights his rifle in on the beach house.

ANGLE, HIS POV. Through the sniperscope, the house, the television, flickering in an empty living room.

INT. THE WOODS.

Anton, acknowledging the command. He finds a vantage point, and assumes the prone position, covering the house with his rifle.

ANGLE on Scott, surveying the beach house.

ANGLE HIS POV. The dark beach house.

ANGLE on Scott, as he moves across the lawn, and to a back door. He removes his switchblade, opens it, and uses it to jimmy the screen latch. He replaces it, and takes out a set of lock picks, and begins to work on the door. We faintly hear the sound of a television.

ANGLE INT. THE BEACH HOUSE. We hear the sound of the TV and faintly, see a blue glow from a room or two down the hall.

ANGLE on Scott, entering the kitchen, where he looks down at the various dirty plates and cups on the table.

ANGLE on Scott, coming through the door. As he moves, flat to the wall. Camera follows him past the doorway, beyond which we see the TV on low. Scott looks in, and finds it empty.

ANGLE on Scott, as we follow him into the bedroom. It is empty.

HOLD on Scott, looking around.

ANGLE, as he comes back into the living room. He stops. We see something beyond him.

ANGLE HIS POV. A small boat some twenty yards from the house. Out near the water.

ANGLE, on Scott, as he starts to open the rear, sliding glass door which will lead him out to the boat.

Behind him, we see the MAN FROM THE SEDAN open the front door of the house, and begin to enter. Scott hears him, and turns.

MAN FROM THE SEDAN  
(as he sees Scott)  
...what the fuck...?

SCOTT  
...I heard the TV, so I came  
in...  
(pause)

The Sedan Man is put a bit off, as the comment makes no sense. Scott uses the moment to advance toward the man.

SCOTT  
...what the hell you got the TV  
on for, there's nobody here...?  
(the man puts up his hands)  
I don't wanna hurt you. Why would  
I hurt you? I just wanna know  
why the TV's on.

ANGLE EXT. THE BUILDING. Where we see the man, and Scott. We see the scene in green, through a sniperscope.

ANGLE, on Anton, looking through the scope.

ANGLE CU Anton, as he sees something in the scope.

ANGLE, in the house. Scott advancing toward the man.

SCOTT  
...I just wannit to know, I just  
came to ask you that question...

The man backs up, past a half-open glass French door.

ANGLE, on Scott, as he advances toward the man.

ANGLE, ANTON'S POV. Through the sniperscope. The faint traces of what might be the Picasso symbol.

ANGLE, on Anton, as we see him move the sniperscope and adjust its magnification toward the symbol. In a corner of the scope, we see another man, in a dirty white shirt, emerge, coming up the stairs from what might be the basement of the beach house. We see this man take in the scene in the next room, and secrete himself behind a wall.

ANGLE, on Anton, whose vision is blocked - Camera takes him to a position next to the white tool shed.

Scott, moving toward the Sedan Man, unaware of the man around the corner.

ANGLE through the sniperscope. We see the man in the white shirt ready himself behind the opening through which Scott will come. We see him raise a pistol.

ANGLE Anton, as he realizes he is behind the curve. As the man in the white shirt steps into the doorway Anton fires at him through the sniperscope. We see this man fall.

ANGLE, INT. THE HOUSE. The man in the Sedan, his hands raised, fetches down a small shotgun from the lintel over the door, and levels it toward Scott. Who draws and fires several rounds at him.

ANGLE INT. THE HOUSE. As the man goes down heavily. Scott comes forward to the dying man, and kicks the shotgun away.

Camera takes Scott warily into the next room, where he sees the man in the white shirt sprawled on the floor. Scott moves past him, and down to a door leading to the basement. Scott takes a long look down the basement stairs. We see a faint light, and a shadow moving across the light.

ANGLE on Scott, as he takes a deep breath, and bursts down the stairs, screaming.

ANGLE INT. The Basement. A rough, dirt-floored room. Scott standing alone. We see a bare bulb hanging from the ceiling, swinging slightly in the breeze from an open window.

SCOTT  
I'm Coming Up...

ANGLE, Anton, inside the house, in a covering position, watching out. Scott comes up the stairs.

SCOTT  
(to Anton)  
Call em in...

We see Anton take out a walkie and talk into it, Scott proceeds to the Sedan Man. He kneels by him.

SCOTT  
...where's the girl...? You're  
dying, pal. Even it up. WHERE IS  
THE GIRL... WHERE IS THE GIRL...

Scott pulls the dying, bloody man to him, and starts to shake him.

SCOTT  
You're dying. You're dying, man.  
Where is the girl...

Beat. The man begins to shudder, violently, and then stops, obviously dead. Beat. Scott throws the dead man down onto the floor. Beat.

ANGLE, on Anton, who turns to look back. He stares at the dead man.

SCOTT  
...well, you wanted to know...  
(pause. Scott kicks  
the dead man viciously)

Anton looks at Scott. Beat.

SCOTT  
(to himself)  
Yeah, everybody wants to know  
the Secret Knowledge...

Scott sits on a chair, by an old rolltop desk. On the desk we see a bunch of junk, old cigarette packets, empty. A box half-full of yellowing stationary. Scott prods the stationary with his knife. We read, in an insert: "Hanson Marine. Everything for the boat. Box 38 Essex, Mass." (and see, on the envelope, an old fashioned, stylized drawing of an old chriscraft-like power boat).

We hear the sound of a helicopter. And Scott turns, looking out of the window. He then turns back, to see Anton, who is standing, looking down at the man he shot. Anton, feeling Scott's gaze, turns to look at him.

ANTON  
...I...

SCOTT  
...tell it to the Chaplain.

Scott gets up wearily, and walks toward the door out onto the beach. We see a helicopter landing, and several men in BDU's, jumping out, and proceeding toward the house.

INT. STADIUM DRESSING ROOM. DAY.

Burch and his Aide. As Scott and Anton enter. Followed by Miller.

Burch motions Miller over, and they confer, looking at Scott and Anton.

ANGLE, on Scott and Anton, as they stand by a television, an Agent is watching, shaking his head.

BRUNETTE TALKING HEAD  
 ...apparently, had her hair restyled, and cut today, our Newsteam interviewed her stylist, and has reconstructed...

SCOTT  
 Ah, shit...

ANGLE. He is summoned, into the next room. By Burch et al.

Burch and his Aide. As Scott comes in with Anton, followed by Miller. Burch takes Scott aside.

BURCH  
 (looking at a TV in the BG silently, showing photos of Laura as a brunette)  
 ...here's the deal:  
 (pause. He holds up a photo of Eli Assani, the Businessman, both in a suit, and in his prison garb, with a number in front of him. His name, and "Lewisberg Federal Penitentiary")  
 ...this is the man.  
 (pause, to Scott)  
 ...you're covered in blood.

SCOTT  
 Sir, it ain't mine.  
 (Burch looks at Anton. Scott, seeing his glance)  
 On my team, sir.

BURCH  
 How deep is he?

SCOTT  
 (saying, in effect, this sums it up)  
 ...He's on the team.

BURCH  
 Yeah, well. He may have to be a  
 little more than On the Team...  
 (pause. After considering)  
 I've been speaking to the father.  
 (pause)

Burch walks a few steps away. Thinking. Scott looks at Anton, questioning.

BURCH  
 (pause)  
 What about if we had to go "off  
 the meter"?

SCOTT  
 ...With the Mission, sir.

Burch thinks for a moment. And then draws Scott aside. Burch glances over at the television, spewing information about Laura Newton, and shakes his head with disgust.

BURCH  
 (to himself)  
 ...I'm out of time...

He turns back to Scott. And gestures him into a small room, and closes the door.

BURCH  
 ...man to man.

SCOTT  
 The door's closed, Sir.

BURCH  
 I. Need. To Ask You. To do  
 something.  
 (he is hard-pressed to continue)

SCOTT  
 I am here to get the girl back.

Burch thinks a moment, he rubs his face, and shakes his head, and looks up as if to say "This is all we have, this is the best we have". Pause. He nods, as they do not move.

Burch takes out a photo of a bearded middle-eastern looking man in a business suit, and another, in a mugshot marked "Lewisberg Federal Penitentiary".

BURCH

This man...Placed a phonecall.  
Yesterday. From the phonebank at  
Lewisberg. To the Copley Payphone.

(pause)

Here's the cut-off-point...

(he looks meaningfully  
at Scott. Pause)

...here it is: This man, Eli  
Assani, is to be transported,  
tomorrow, Wednesday, with another  
convict. A Man on Death Row. For  
their medical procedures...Now:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

A Police Cruiser coming quickly down a two-lane, deserted road.

ANGLE INT. THE CRUISER. A road sign reads "Just Two Miles To  
'The Owl', Rest Stop, Restaurant, Gas-Diesel".

ANGLE EXT. THE OWL. Rest Stop. A run-down rural gas station,  
restaurant. Off to the side we see the cruiser coming down  
the road. As a roughly-dressed man runs out of the restaurant,  
carrying a full paper bag in his hand. The Cruiser, unseen  
by the man, pulls up to the gas pump, and the Trooper starts  
to get out of the driver's seat. When gunfire erupts from  
the restaurant. People are shooting at the fleeing man. A  
man opens the door of the restaurant and fires at the  
roughly-dressed man in a very urban leather jacket, who  
returns fire. Glass breaks in the windows of the restaurant.

The roughly-dressed man runs to his car, an 80's Pontiac,  
parked near the pumps. The man in the doorway fires again,  
and the windshield of the Pontiac blows out and a tire  
bursts. The roughly-dressed man returns fire, and the man in  
the doorway falls. The roughly-dressed man turns to see that  
the Trooper is out of his Cruiser, and is about to fire at  
him. The roughly-dressed man drops his satchel, and fires at  
the Trooper, who falls.

The paper bag has fallen to the ground and burst, and  
currency is spilling out of it, and being taken on the wind.  
The roughly-dressed man frantically begins to try to scoop  
it up and into his jacket.

ANGLE CU on this man, who we now see is SCOTT. He stands  
around, and moves to the fallen Trooper. He strips the keys  
from the Trooper's keyring, and looks up. Feeling someone  
gazing at him.

ANGLE HIS POV. In the car, two convicts, a Heavyset Man and  
ELI ASSANI, the middle-eastern man we saw in the mugshot. He  
is holding his neck, which is bleeding copiously.

We see the back window behind him, shattered by gunfire.

ANGLE on Scott, who gets into the car, takes the keys he took from the Trooper, and begins screaming off down the highway.

LOW ANGLE, showing the car taking a turn vastly too fast, the car careens up on two wheels, rights itself, fishtails, corrects, and disappears in the distance.

ANGLE INT. THE CAR. Scott driving steals a look back at Assani, in the back seat, whimpering.

SCOTT

Shut up.

The Police Radio chatters: "Two Twelve Sierra, come back...Two Twelve Sierra, come back, we have your request for Code Seven...please come back with your Twenty."

HEAVYSET CONVICT

Yeah, two twelve sierra took all the 20 he's gonna take...Oh, man, you left him there...

ANGLE on Scott driving. He looks behind him.

ANGLE, POV. In the rearview mirror. A dust cloud settling over the deserted highway.

ANGLE INT. THE OWL. Various techies, in the kitchen, monitoring the broadcast of the microphone in the Police Car, Anton among them. The Trooper comes in, taking off his bullet-proof vest, and sits to listen, where we find Miller and his Agents. The 'Restaurant Owner', who we now see is Anton, takes off his jacket and his bullet-proof vest and picks a slug, fired by Scott, out of the center of the vest.

HEAVYSET CONVICT (V.O.)

...yeah. You marked him Paid in Full...

ASSANI (V.O.)

...you got to pull over, you got to stop...I'm bleeding.

ANGLE INT. THE POLICE CAR.

HEAVYSET CONVICT

Yeah, he done ate from the tree of knowledge, our Sierra Two Twelve.

ASSANI

...help me...

SCOTT

Shut up.

ANGLE, EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. The car comes to a panic stop, fifty yards beyond a turnoff onto a dirt road. The car is put in gear, backs up, and takes the road.

EXT. FARM ROAD. DAY.

The car comes quickly up a small farm road, we see a run-down barn, and a farmhouse, washing on the line. Scott pulls the car into the barn, next to an old pick-up truck. He gets out of the car, we hear Assani in the backseat calling to him.

ANGLE, Scott, as he turns to Assani, who is pressing a blood-soaked shirt to his neck. Calling "Help me".

Scott opens the back door of the Cruiser, and the Heavysset Man gets out, and offers his manacled hands for release. Scott motions to Assani.

SCOTT

...drag him out...

(the man does so. Scott

motions for them to be quiet)

...got some business to do...

He takes his pistol and walks toward the farmhouse.

HOLD on Assani, and the other Convict, Assani is holding a rag to his bleeding neck.

ASSANI

...help me...

HEAVYSET CONVICT

...yeah, I heard yah...

ANGLE, on Scott, as he walks past a clothesline heavy with drying clothes, he is seen to go into the house. We hear a woman's scream, and then two shots are fired.

ANGLE INT. THE HOUSE. As Scott is found at a table in the kitchen next to which are various foodstuffs laid out. Inside the house we see a female techie, at a table by the wall, various communications gear in front of her. Scott begins loading up his pockets with food. The techie hands Scott a slate on which is written, in large block letters, "The helo is standing by, will assault in support when you have found the girl. On your command." Scott gestures for the slate, and writes on it, and hands it back. Scott nods, and walks out of the house.

ANGLE INSERT. The slate, on which we see Scott has written "Keep Your Distance!"

ANGLE, on Scott, as he walks back through the yard, pulling clothes off the line.

ANGLE INT. THE BARN. The two convicts, as Scott enters, and begins changing out of his clothes, and into the clothes he found on the line.

HEAVYSET CONVICT

Yeah, Baby. Pass some my way...

SCOTT

Sorry, my man...traveling light...

He turns to the Heavysset Man, and fires his revolver at him twice. The man falls, dead. Scott turns his revolver at Assani, who begins to scream.

ASSANI

Don't shoot me, don't shoot me,  
I have what you want. I HAVE  
WHAT YOU WANT. I CAN GET US OUT  
OF THE COUNTRY TONIGHT. TONIGHT.  
NO PASSPORT. FLY OUT.  
TONIGHT...OH GOD, DON'T SHOOT ME!  
I SWEAR ON MY MOTHER. LOOK AT ME:  
AM I LYING TO YOU? A SEA PLANE.  
TONIGHT. HELP ME. I SWEAR TO YOU.

SCOTT

Why in the world would I believe  
a lying convict like you...

ASSANI

Oh, ah, ah, but you do believe  
me...I see it...you do. I can  
get us out. Help me. I SWEAR TO  
YOU. HELP ME...and I will treat  
you like a brother...I...

Scott advances on him.

SCOTT

My brother used to beat me  
(he raises the cop's  
service revolver and  
cocks the hammer)  
Nice guess, though.

ASSANI

OH GOD NO!

Scott pulls the trigger, which falls on an empty chamber. Assani whimpers, as Scott goes into the Cruiser, comes out with a box of shells, clears the empties from the cop's gun, and begins loading it.

ASSANI

No, no. Listen to me...listen...make one call. One call - go in the house. Make One Call. ONE CALL. An Aviation Company. Tell...tell them...tell them the word I say, and they will say: THE PLANE WILL MEET YOU AT...

(Scott hesitates for a moment, and Assani attempts to capitalize on it)

Yes. Yes...

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK. DAY.

Scott is driving. The dash is littered with empty coffeecups, cigarette packs. He turns.

ANGLE HIS POV. Assani, sitting in the shotgun seat, a map in his lap, looking at him.

SCOTT

You a fag my friend?

ASSANI

No.

(pause)

I am not.

SCOTT

Then why the hell you looking at me?

ASSANI

I was thinking...how fucking surprised you're going to be.

(pause)

Because, Baby, you just did that fucken good turn, going to Make You Rich, Fat, and Happy...

SCOTT

...just get me on that plane.

ASSANI

Didn't they tell you...?

SCOTT  
All I heard's a voice on the  
phone...

Assani grins, as if to say, "Just Wait".

ASSANI  
...you like girls...?

SCOTT  
Better question, where you've  
been so long, do you like girls?

Scott grins, and Assani shares the moment with him.

ASSANI  
We have. You will have...the  
most beautiful...

SCOTT  
...most beautiful women, eh?

ASSANI  
Not women, Baby. Girls. You got  
to trust me, I'm the Doctor  
here...All young. All blonde...

SCOTT  
And this all takes place Where...?

ASSANI  
In Dubai. In Yemen...

SCOTT  
Well, that's a long way from  
Tiperrary, pal...

ASSANI  
...what do you have here...?

SCOTT  
Yeah, but I'm not cut out, to  
live in a fucken tent.  
(Assani laughs)

ASSANI  
If you think you can imagine  
luxury...I am here to tell you,  
my friend...  
(he smiles broadly)

SCOTT  
Well, may it Just Be So...

ASSANI  
When we get to Maskala...

SCOTT  
And, now, what's Maskala...?

ASSANI  
...when we get to Dubai, better...

SCOTT  
What's Maskala...?

ASSANI  
...that's where we clean them up.  
We ship them Rough, we make them  
Smooth, and everybody's happy.

SCOTT  
Well, then, you're a  
philosopher...huh...? How 'bout  
making me happy tonight...

ASSANI  
If there's a girl, in the  
pipeline, tonight, you shall  
have her, what do you say to that?

SCOTT  
...I say you're a stone cold  
whoremaster...

Assani joins with him in the joke, nodding his assent.

ASSANI  
No, no baby. Take it to the bank.  
The Arabs, Man. All the oil -  
all the money in the world. What  
can't they have? Booze and Pussy.  
How do they get it...?

SCOTT  
You the candy man? Is that it?

Assani begins to swoon. He puts his hand to his neck, and it  
comes away covered in blood, where it was cut by the glass  
fragment.

SCOTT  
Ah. Hell...

ASSANI

Yeah, no. I'm bleeding bad here,  
friend...

SCOTT

(he looks over)

Yeah, we just, we got to get  
some...yeah, you need, all we  
need, some tailoring tools.

ANGLE, Sedan. Holding Anton and several agents, listening to  
the broadcast from Scott's car.

SCOTT

Yeah, in my wishlist, we had a  
drugstore, get us some morphine,  
some...

ANGLE EXT. ANTON'S CAR. As it increases speed.

ANGLE INT. SCOTT'S CAR. As he tries to staunch the fellow.  
Scott steers with one hand. And turns off the highway at an  
exit, showing two miles to a town.

INT. SMALL TOWN PHARMACY. DAY.

Scott, dressed in the farm clothes that he took off of the  
line. Scott is buying supplies. On the counter we see  
bandages, hydrogen peroxide, etc. Behind the counter we see  
a newscast, showing a picture of Laura Newton, in long  
blonde hair, and a woman is doing a talking-head about fashion.

TV WOMAN

...America's Number One Redhead,  
"She Sets the Style, She Brings  
a Smile", she's Betty co-ed, in  
College, and she's off for what  
her father's office says is an  
"extended sailing weekend".

(the screen shows a sailboat)

With "person or persons  
unknown"...yo ho, yo Ho...she  
"old" enough for that, our  
"Little Red Riding-Hood", Cathy...?

Scott ignores the screen.

ANGLE EXT. THE STORE. In back, Assani is sitting in the  
pickup, a woman driving another beat-up pickup pulls into  
the lot, there is a shotgun in the rack by the rear window.  
Assani crouches lower, to prevent being seen.

ANGLE INT. THE STORE. As Scott is checking out. A policeman  
enters from the police car. We see it is Anton.

ANGLE. On Scott, as he moves to the back of the store, to meet Anton. Scott looks inquisitively at him.

ANTON  
(whispers)  
...the helo just went down...

SCOTT  
...don't whisper to me, Baby, it draws heat. What helo?

ANTON  
...the assault helicopter. You've got no backup, at the house.  
(beat. Scott nods)  
You'll be in there, alone, the first few minutes...

SCOTT  
Well, there you go, then.

ANTON  
You said "Never go in without an overwatch".

SCOTT  
That's all fine, lad, "But this is the fleet".

ANTON  
You know you deliver him in the door, you know they're going to waste you.

SCOTT  
...gimme whatever nine mil you've got...

Anton takes out the magazines in the pouches on his belt. And starts to strip off the rounds.

SCOTT  
...just gimme the mags...  
(Anton does so)  
...gimme your piece.

Anton takes the pistol from his belt. Scott checks it, and puts it in the small of his back.

ANGLE EXT. THE STORE. Assani, in the pickup, sees through a small window in the store.

ANGLE on Anton and Scott. Scott is walking away from him, and Anton puts a hand on him, and turns him back.

ANGLE INT. THE STORE. Anton gestures Scott to wait a moment. Scott waves, it is not necessary. He goes to the counter, and picks up the medical supplies. He starts toward the back door. He calls back, over his shoulder

SCOTT  
Thank you...

ANGLE on Anton, as we see something occur to him. He turns to the other officer with him, and asks a question, and we see the other officer hand Anton several magazines of ammunition.

ANGLE on Scott, as he is coming out of the back door.

ANGLE on Anton, as he follows him.

ANTON  
(calling)  
Mister...mister: you forgot your  
change...

ANGLE on Scott, as he turns back. We see Anton bringing the ammunition.

ANGLE on Assani, weak, holding the shotgun, as he supports himself along the wall, he peers around the corner, at Anton and Scott.

ANTON  
(sotto)  
...you better take care of  
yourself, because...

ANGLE, on Assani, who comes around the corner, and fires the shotgun at Anton, who falls. Scott screams "No".

ANGLE, on Scott, who drops the packages, and turns to Assani, who is jacking another round into the chamber of the shotgun. Scott draws and fires at him several times.

ANGLE on Scott, who kicks away the shotgun, and turns back to Anton, who is crawling on his back, out of the line of fire...

ANTON  
A...I'm alright...I'm alright...

ANGLE, on Scott, turning to look at Anton. And, then, back at the obviously dead Assani.

INT. SMALL TOWN HOSPITAL. DAY.

In a waiting room. Scott, who looks up, as Miller enters.

MILLER  
Your partner's going to be alright.

SCOTT  
I do not look at the downed man,  
Sir...

MILLER  
Yeah, well...

Miller nods, and starts to walk away.

SCOTT  
...Sir...?

Miller turns back, understanding Scott's request.

MILLER  
(sits, acceding to  
Scott's request)  
...Air Force Assault is airborne,  
five minutes out.  
(pause, Scott shakes  
his head sadly)  
Standing down's a bitch.

SCOTT  
I stand down when the girl's  
back, sir.

MILLER  
They'll get her out, if she's in  
there...  
(pause, as he looks at Scott)  
You did your part, what the fuck  
do you want, a Citation?

Out of the window we see a medical helicopter. Its rotors just starting to turn. We see two white-coated medical types, carrying bags, run toward the medical copter. An Aide comes in, and gestures to Miller that the copter is ready to go.

AIDE  
...sir...

Miller turns to leave. Scott stands wearily.

MILLER  
Where are you going.

SCOTT  
On the dustoff.

MILLER  
Forget it.

SCOTT  
Sir...? Sir...?

MILLER  
There's no room.

SCOTT  
I'm pleading with you, sir...

MILLER  
Let him hear the assault on the  
Net...

SCOTT  
I want to see the girl.

Miller shakes his head - at the door, turns back for one last word to Scott. And then he stops.

ANGLE. HIS POV. The television, in the next room, playing a news program. Scott looks inquiringly at Miller, who is transfixed by the television.

ANGLE the television. A "Breaking News" story. We see an overturned sailboat, and the talking head narrating: "...the tragic, the stunning...the...Jim, I don't know what to say..." The woman's co-anchor, obviously very shaken, takes up the story, and we see live footage of an overturned sailboat being towed into a harbor, then inserts of "Our Redhead" Laura Newton, and, after a moment, the Professor.

JIM (TALKING HEAD NEWSCASTER)  
The death, just reported, the  
death of Laura Newton. The... the...

ANGLE, on the TV. On two bodies being taken from the water by medical technicians.

ANGLE, the woman, as a shot of the political man we saw earlier in the newspaper, comes on the screen.

TALKING HEAD WOMAN  
...her father, on the eve of the  
campaign...  
(we switch to a video  
shot of this man,  
waving off reporters)  
Jim, can there be any doubt...

JIM

Tracey, the Secret Service, for obvious reasons, their records, the DNA, fingerprints... the... and, she had just been in the water a scant, less than four hours, the...apparently the boat swamped... she -

TRACEY

She was sailing with...?

JIM

With her professor, Professor...?  
(the video shows the Professor)

ANGLE, on Tracey, as she is overcome, and tries to steady herself.

ANGLE, on Miller, and the Troopers in the room. Miller looks away from the screen, to Scott.

TRACEY

...a Tragedy, such as this.

JIM

...particularly. Particularly, Tracey, coming, right at the start of his Campaign...

An insert of Laura's father, his sportcoat slung over his shoulder, comes onto the screen.

TRACEY

Will he delay the start of the Campaign?

ANGLE. On Scott. As he is found, standing, near the television. Off to the side, behind him, we see Miller, intently, on the phone, listening.

JIM

...his grief...

TRACEY

...he was very close to his daughter, wasn't he?

JIM

Well, indeed, he saw her, the day...that would be, the day before last. He was in Boston for the Strategy Meeting, and saw her then...

TRACEY

(sadly)

...and that would be the Last time...that...

ANGLE. On Scott. As he is looking at the television, he shakes his head minutely, as if in a dialogue with himself. He walks back to the interrogation room.

Scott sits heavily. Miller walks in and sits next to him.

MILLER

Her boyfriend called her a slut. She went off to prove it. Her and the Professor. Coked up, boat capsized...Both bodies washed up naked. Coast Guard dressed 'em up...full of Ecstasy...

SCOTT

...he killed her...

MILLER

(shrugs, meaning "who knows")  
He was fucking her, they're stoned...the boat capsized...

Miller looks down at the artifacts.

MILLER

(almost to himself)  
...so much death.

SCOTT

(philosophically, as if summing the whole thing up)  
...rock crushes scissors...

We see Miller leave, as Scott turns away, and lights a cigarette. Miller turns back.

MILLER

I'm sorry about your man.

SCOTT  
He isn't my man, Sir. He's a  
trainee.

Beat. Miller leaves the room. Scott hangs his head with weariness.

INT. GOVERNMENT TRANSPORT PLANE. NIGHT.

Anton, in bandages, in a bunk in the transport plane. Scott, asleep, in a chair near him.

ANGLE on Anton, as he comes awake.

ANTON  
...what time is it?

SCOTT  
What do you care...?  
(pause. We see that  
Anton is having  
difficulty formulating  
his thoughts)

ANTON  
I fucked up.

SCOTT  
...in what way was that?

ANTON  
(groggily, as he tries  
to move, to draw closer  
to Scott)  
...but I was trying to help.  
(Scott reacts to  
Anton's pain.)

SCOTT  
What? Do you want some more Dope?  
Whaddaya want, a Dr. Pepper...?

Scott takes a pill vial from Anton's jacket. Takes out a pill, and administers it to him.

ANTON  
...but I was trying to help.

SCOTT  
 ...yeah, well, that's when people  
 generally do fuck up. Wait for  
 that to kick in.

(Anton starts to lay  
 back, and then, as if  
 he is remembering  
 something, he draws  
 closer to Scott again.)  
 You're gonna take that fight to  
 bed for a while. You don't got  
 to do it all now.

Anton gestures Scott to draw close.

ANTON  
 (sotto)  
 I saw the sign.

ANGLE XCU on Scott as he turns away.

SCOTT  
 ...uh huh...

Scott turns away.

ANTON  
 (drawing him back, as  
 if saying LISTEN:)  
 I saw the sign...at the Cape. In  
 the House.

SCOTT  
 You saw-the-sign. What sign?

ANTON  
 ...when I dropped the guy. The  
 girl's Picasso sign...  
 (he draws the sign in  
 the condensation on  
 the plane's window)  
 She was there. At the Cape. The  
 girl was there.

SCOTT  
 The girl wasn't there. She was  
 on a boat. She fell off the boat.  
 She's dead.  
 (pause)  
 You did what you could. You did  
 what you were trained to do.  
 (pause)  
 You did what you could.

ANTON  
 ...I saw the sign...

SCOTT  
 (turning away)  
 ...then you are Truly Blessed.

INT. TRAINING FACILITY. DAY.

We see the Dojo, training room. Several exhausted young men in sweat stained fatigues watch a lecturer, with a knife in his hand, demonstrating a manoeuvre with a trainee.

Beyond, on the wall, we see the sign. "These are the precincts of pain. A Goddess lives here. Her name is Victory."

Beyond, through the open doors, we see Scott's Mustang driven up to a nearby building. A young man gets out.

ANGLE, INT. THE BUILDING. Scott, rested, clean, shaved, drinking a cup of coffee. Sitting across a desk from an Interrogator, who has several notes in front of him.

INTERROGATOR  
 ...from the house, a house, a holding facility, a compound? called Maskala. The girls are taken from Maskala, to the ...Royale Hotel, in Dubai.  
 (he closes the notes, as if completing his presentation)  
 As time passes, you may remember other aspects of...well,  
 (the Interrogator stands)  
 You've heard this speech before...

He extends his hand to Scott. Scott looks inquisitively at him, then pauses, then stands.

ANGLE EXT. THIS BUILDING. Scott exiting, as Blane comes out of his office. They walk through the compound. And to the camera, toward the Mustang.

SCOTT  
 ...would be most grateful, sir, to be included on the mission.  
 "At Such Time..."  
 (pause)

BLANE  
 ...on a mission to Dubai.

SCOTT  
Is it in contemplation, sir...?  
(pause)

ANGLE, on Blane, who looks at him to say "you know better than to ask."

SCOTT  
Yes, sir.  
(pause)  
If and When, Sir...

BLANE  
You need a rest, Bobby.  
(pause. as he extends  
his hand)  
Thank you, Bobby...

Scott puts down the small yellow duffle he carries, next to his Mustang. The young man who drove it in stands by, as Blane and Scott shake hands. Scott looks at the training facility.

ANGLE HIS POV. The lecturer, executing unarmed combat moves against a trainee, who holds a knife. The lecturer puts the trainee on his back.

Scott starts to walk toward this facility. He stands outside, by an open double-door, next to a water cooler, and draws himself a cup of water, which he drinks. As he watches the lesson.

He turns back, as he sees the young man who drove in the Mustang pick up the yellow duffle, to put it into the car.

SCOTT  
...please don't touch that.  
(Scott picks up the  
duffle and puts the  
strap over his shoulder)

ANGLE, Scott's POV, as he turns. We see the young female sergeant, Jackie Black, in the BG, walking across the area.

Scott nods at her. She nods back. Scott starts to get into his car, and then turns back.

ANGLE. SCOTT'S POV as the trainee on the mat gets up, and the lecturer gestures at the knife he has dropped on the mat.

LECTURER  
...pick it up.

The trainee picks up the knife. The lecturer shakes his head.

LECTURER  
 What are you studying here...?  
 I'm talking to you, son... What  
 are you studying?

TRAINEE  
 Sir, this Candidate is studying  
 knife fighting.

The lecturer pauses, looking down at the ground. Beat.

LECTURER  
 Hold your ground, son.

The Trainee goes into a knife fighting stance.

LECTURER  
 (pointing behind him)  
 ...you, and your friend...

The Trainee lets his attention drift for a second, in the direction the Lecturer has pointed. And the Lecturer screams, steps in, disarms the Trainee, throwing him to the mat. As the Trainee picks himself up the Lecturer turns to the class.

LECTURER  
 There are two ways to fight, you  
 can fight fair, or you can fight  
 to win.

The Trainee puts his hand to his head, and discovers he is bleeding. The Lecturer nods his permission, and the Trainee walks to a water cooler, next to which Scott is standing. Scott looks at the shamed Trainee.

SCOTT  
 Don't you study knife fighting,  
 son. You Learn to Kill. And then,  
 f'you meet some other fellow,  
 studied knife fighting, you send  
 him to hell.

ANGLE, on the Lecturer, who calls another Trainee up.

LECTURER  
 Next man:

A Trainee stands.

LECTURER  
 Now: I want to see some evil intent.

The Lecturer glances at Scott, and makes a small "have a drink" gesture. The Lecturer nods back "yes". Scott walks toward his car.

EXT. "CONSTRUCTION GATE". DAY.

The man inside the "construction booth" raises the barrier, and looks at Scott, who drives through.

INT. ROADSIDE TRUCKERS BAR. NIGHT.

The Lecturer (Grace) and Scott, in a booth drinking.

Pause.

GRACE

Hey, fuck it, Huh...?

SCOTT

I've always thought so.

Scott gestures for another round to the bartender. Who is serving some rough trucker types, two of whom are at the bar with a couple of very attractive young women. One is a stunning redhead, who looks back at Scott.

GRACE

How'd the puppy like it out there?  
He piss in the punchbowl?

SCOTT

He did okay.

GRACE

I heard he caught poison ivy.

SCOTT

He did okay. Why? You goin' out?

GRACE

What?

SCOTT

You recruiting?

GRACE

Why would I be recruiting?

SCOTT

You speak Arabic, huh...?

GRACE

That's what the Arabs tell me.

SCOTT  
 You, reason I ask: you going in  
 the Sandbox...?

GRACE  
 Ain't you overdue for some Down  
 Time?

SCOTT  
 I'm just saying:

Scott is distracted. He is watching the talking heads, on the bar TV talking about Laura Newton. We see the photos of her in high school, with her father in some African country, et cetera.

ANGLE. On Grace, watching Scott. Who shakes his head very sadly.

GRACE  
 Yeah. You Marines are a weepy  
 bunch of motherfuckers.  
 (Scott nods minutely  
 in acknowledgement.  
 And returns to watching  
 the television)  
 ...you get a chance to bowl in  
 that tournament...?

ANGLE on Scott. Caught in the image of Laura Newton, on the television.

SCOTT  
 (to himself)  
 ...beautiful girl...

ANGLE on the truckers, near the television, looking at Scott. One comes over to him.

TRUCKER  
 ...you say something, Mister...?

SCOTT  
 No, I was looking at the  
 television.  
 (pause)  
 I was talking to the television.  
 (he turns to look at  
 the girl)  
 That girl's too good-looking for  
 you anyway. What are you "rich"?  
 What do you, "own" something?  
 (MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(pause)

Or are you "funny" or  
something...?

(pause. Hold for a  
beat, on the confused  
face of the Trucker)

Siddown. Lemme buy you a drink.

INT. SLEAZY MOTEL ROOM. DAWN.

A sound of a truck, coming down the highway.

ANGLE, on the doorknob of the hotel room. We see several  
quarters stacked. As the truck sound comes closer, the  
quarters start to rumble, and fall off the doorknob.

ANGLE, on the floor, a glass ashtray. The quarters fall into  
the ashtray.

ANGLE, Scott, in bed, naked, comes awake, as the quarters  
hit the ashtray. He has a pistol in hand, and awakes with a  
start, screaming. He surveys the motel room, taking in his  
new surroundings. Beat. Next to him, the redhead from the  
bar, also naked, comes awake, frightened, looking at Scott.

ANGLE, on Scott, as he surveys the hotel room.

ANGLE HIS POV. On a dresser, a cheap imitation pewter bowl,  
an orange and a banana in it, on the table next to it, his  
switchblade, open, and the remains of a peeled apple. He  
looks at the knife, and at the girl.

SCOTT

You peel the apple?

She nods, not sure how to take Scott.

SCOTT

(as he starts to come  
down from the  
adrenaline rush)

...well. You should wipe off the  
blade.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(pause. Scott does so,  
cleaning the blade on  
a napkin)

Or else...

(as if explaining the  
simplest and most  
perfect axiom of the universe)

Or else, it "rusts"...

(a pause. He smiles at  
her. Pause)

D'I scare you...?

(he closes the blade  
and sits on the bed,  
shaking his head to  
clear it)

I'm sorry if I frightened you.

(pause)

EXT. SMALL TOWN RURAL MAIN STREET. DAY.

A three-store town, a couple of pick-up trucks parked in front of the country store. A large double log truck goes through the town. The girl looks for some topic of conversation, to bridge the awkward moment.

GIRL

...it's an odd knife.

SCOTT

Yeah. I got it from a Russian fellow.

GIRL

Was it a gift...?

SCOTT

No. As I remember, he seemed rather reluctant to part with it.

(pause)

It's just a knife.

EXT. SMALL RURAL VILLAGE. MAIN STREET. DAY.

A three store town. A couple of pickup trucks parked in front of the country store. Scott's Mustang parked next to them. A large, filled, double-length log truck speeds through the village. Scott, in his lumber jacket, is assembling various maintenance items on the checkout counter. A large paintbrush, several boxes of nails, a gallon of paint. The Proprietor, a good-natured fellow in his fifties, comes up to the counter to check Scott out.

PROPRIETOR  
How you been, John...?

SCOTT  
...workin hard...

PROPRIETOR  
...bet you have...

SCOTT  
How you, Billy...?

Proprietor pours Scott a cup of coffee from the pot on the back counter. He mixes in sugar and cream. Billy nods in response to Scott's question.

PROPRIETOR  
...one gallon goin to do it...?

SCOTT  
(pointing at him accusingly)  
...you been lookin' at my house...?

PROPRIETOR  
Nope, just trine a sell you some paint...  
(as he puts the cup down in front of Scott.  
Joking)  
...but, now you mention it...

ANGLE, On Billy, as he moves to a new customer, a farmer, who comes in, and nods at Scott.

NEW FARMER  
...John...

SCOTT  
Mr. Reese, how are you...?  
(Billy goes to take care of the new customer, and turns back to deal with Scott, who is waiting to ask a question)  
That new saw blade come in?

BILLY  
(as if just remembering)  
No, John. It did not. I beg your pardon. I know that's your baby...I'm gone call them up and get Right On That.

ANGLE on Scott, who sees something out the window, and moves toward the front of the store.

BILLY  
 (as an afterthought)  
 ...'spected you back a few days  
 ago...

SCOTT  
 (looking out the window,  
 absently)  
 I took the Long Way Home.

ANGLE Scott, who is looking, over his coffee, at something on the street. And we see, his POV, a very city rent-a-car which is now across the street. We see a man getting out of the car.

EXT. GAS STATION. COUNTRY VILLAGE. DAY.

We see the back of a man, next to the rental car, which is next to the Mustang. He turns, and we see that it is Anton, his arm in a sling, his face creased by pellet scars.

ANGLE, his POV. Looking at Scott, who has just snuck up behind him.

SCOTT  
 Could I see your Right Hand,  
 please...?

ANTON  
 There's nothing in my right hand.

SCOTT  
 Could I see it, please...?

Anton holds up his right hand. Scott relaxes, and comes forward. Anton gestures, meaning, "what was that about"? Scott takes Anton's right hand, by the wrist, and turns it over. He explains:

SCOTT  
 You put your wedding ring back on.

ANTON  
 (not understanding the  
 import of the question)  
 ...yes...?

SCOTT

Then I have to guess you're not  
"on assignment".

(pause)

You're in the wrong place, baby.

(pause)

How did you find me...?

Anton gestures at the "Oilchange" sticker on the Mustang's windshield.

ANGLE from INT. The Car. We see the sticker reading "Mike's Service Station, Bradford, PA". And beyond it, the actual old, tin sign of the garage, reading "Mike's Service Station".

ANGLE, on Scott and Anton.

SCOTT

Well, I guess I'm not as smart  
as I thought I was.

(pause)

ANTON

I need to talk to you.

A beat. Scott shakes his head, as if in a sad comment to himself. He sighs.

EXT. RURAL STREET. DAY.

Anton and Scott walking down the street.

ANTON

I saw the sign.

SCOTT

"You saw the sign". You were up  
for a week, you coulda seen Jack  
Ruby, you don't know what you  
saw...your first-time-out.

ANTON

I saw the sign.

SCOTT

...then, you tell me: you saw  
the sign, how is it, they found  
the girl, the DNA...why would  
they do that...? Her father? Her  
father would do that to her?

ANTON

...maybe he doesn't know...

SCOTT

Well. You're living in a  
fairyland of your Own Devising.  
You're seeing snakes.

(pause)

ANTON

Who's going to Dubai...?

(pause. Scott hesitates)

They've got a white slave ring,  
in Dubai, with American girls  
there - are they going in?

(pause)

Are they sending you in...?

(pause)

Ask them...

(pause)

SCOTT

You Got. To Leave it for your  
Bettors.

ANTON

Ask them.

SCOTT

Why would you want to know?

(pause)

Listen up, Pal. THEY don't go  
through the door. WE don't ask  
why. That's not a COST, it's a  
Benefit. Because we Got to Travel  
Light. You wanna lose sleep over  
it, get over it, or get out.

(hold. pause)

You wanted to go Through the  
Looking Glass. How was it? Was  
it more fun than Miniature Golf...?

ANTON

I want a favor.

SCOTT

Why would I do you a favor?

Two old ladies come down the small main street.

OLD LADY

Morning, John, who's your friend...?

SCOTT

Fella wants to buy my car.

The old ladies walk on. Pause.

ANTON  
I saved your life.

SCOTT  
Well what were they paying you  
for...?

ANTON  
Bobby, I saw the Sign...

SCOTT  
My name ain't Bobby.  
(pause)

ANTON  
I saw the sign.  
(he draws the Picasso  
sign in the dust on  
the window of the  
country store)  
I Saw it. At the beach house.  
(pause)  
I'm going back.

SCOTT  
Back?

ANTON  
To the beach house.

SCOTT  
They took it apart with a  
tweezers.  
(Anton shakes his head)

ANTON  
She was there. The Girl was There.  
I'm going back.  
(pause)  
I want you to do something.

SCOTT  
What would that be?

ANTON  
The Secret Service Agent. Offed  
himself.

SCOTT  
...he was off boffing his girl.

ANTON  
He shot himself with a hide-out  
pistol.

SCOTT  
Yeah?

ANTON  
Who frisked the sonofabitch?  
(pause)  
You ask them.

ANGLE, on Scott, obviously off-balanced by the question. Hold.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE BUILDING. DAY.

Stoddard, smoking a black cigar, and several "Bureau" types  
in the office. Scott is sitting at a conference table, as is  
Miller. Beat.

STODDARD  
Number one, the girl's dead.  
Number two, the hide-out gun the  
Agent shot with's registered in  
his 1020 for the past five years.  
The man who tossed him has been  
sacked. His name is none of your  
concern. Now: what the fuck are  
you doing here?

SCOTT  
Sir, I am not here to question...

STODDARD  
Well, then, what the fuck are  
you doing here...?

MILLER  
Sir, as he said, he is here to  
apprise you of a security leak...

SCOTT  
...and...

Miller gestures to him to shut up.

MILLER  
To call your attention to what  
may be a problem in discipline  
with this...

STODDARD  
 Granted. Granted.  
 (he stands)  
 Granted. Fine. Thank you.

SCOTT  
 And. Sir...If I may...

STODDARD  
 What is it?

SCOTT  
When the operation is staged in  
 Dubai...

STODDARD  
 What is this...?

MILLER  
 He...

STODDARD  
 ...what the fuck are you talking  
 about?

SCOTT  
 I am merely saying, when -

STODDARD  
Forget it. Walk away.

SCOTT  
 I...

STODDARD  
 Yeah...you're a pit bull. I said  
forget it. How do we contact Anton?

MILLER  
 ...Anton...

STODDARD  
 Your partner...He's gone to  
 ground...

Scott shrugs, as if to say, "Is that the way you want it?"

MILLER  
 Yes, sir...

STODDARD

And, wait, wait, wait, wait,  
what does this mean...?

(of Scott)

When and if, any operation is  
staged which may require your  
talents, I give you my word...

(Scott shakes his head,  
saying "I don't believe  
a word of it")

You impertinent motherfucker.  
What the fuck is with you, you've  
got on your "thinkingcap" all of  
a sudden...?

Stoddard gestures to an aide to call a number.

SCOTT

I'd like to finish what I started.

STODDARD

And I'm telling you to Stand  
Down. Where's the kid?  
(pause)

SCOTT

Is there no operation in Dubai...?

Stoddard shakes his head in exasperation.

The Aide hands Stoddard the phone. Stoddard answers. Listens  
for a moment, and then points at Scott.

EXT. GRAVESIDE. DAY.

A small photograph on an easel - it is an image of Gaines,  
the dead Secret Serviceman.

ANGLE, a small funeral. A Marine Honor Guard in attendance.  
Small suburban cemetery.

ANGLE on the Pastor.

PASTOR

...in the Service. In the Service  
of his Country. No less than had  
he died in Combat. George Gaines,  
a man who gave his life to  
service, to protecting those who...

ANGLE, an unmarked sedan. Scott, and a Driver. Looking on.

DRIVER  
...sucker did the Dutch.

SCOTT  
I heard it was a training accident.

DRIVER  
Nope, he Ate the Gun. Didn't you know?

SCOTT  
I've been out of town.

DRIVER  
Punched out early, off with the girlfriend, his Principal wanders off, winds up dead: hari-kari...

ANGLE, on Scott, as he sees something. Scott takes a book of matches and starts to light a cigarette.

DRIVER  
...rather you didn't smoke in here.

Scott gets out of the car.

ANGLE, on Scott, who takes out the Anton "Rogers Rangers" card. He motions the driver to pass him a phone and Scott looks at the number on the card and dials.

Beyond him we see, just at the limits of the gravesite. Holding himself apart. A young man in a raincoat. The young man turns at the sound of a limo driving up.

ANGLE Scott, looking at the limo. Out of the limo, which stops near the grave, we see Burch emerge. There is a susurrus among the crowd, which, visibly, straightens a bit, at the honor of Burch's presence. We see Burch walk to the gravesite, and have a word with the widow. Burch puts his hands on her shoulders and comforts her.

ANGLE, on Scott, looking at the man in the raincoat. We hear rifle fire, and Scott flinches.

ANGLE his POV. The Marine Honor Guard, rendering a salute. We see a Marine bear the flag to Burch, who presents it to the widow. He shakes several hands, and then moves off, back to the limousine. He beckons Scott over to him.

ANGLE, Scott and Burch, walking through the cemetery. Burch shakes his head. He hands Scott the program from the funeral, and reluctantly begins.

BURCH

I put myself in your hands.  
Didn't I...?

SCOTT

I do not follow you, sir.

BURCH

I reached out to you.

(pause)

I put my life into your hands. I entered into a conspiracy with you. To commit Murder. Because it needed to be done.

(pause)

I trusted you with my life.

SCOTT

I would never betray you, sir.

BURCH

(waving his assurances away)

I trusted you with my life. And yet you cannot trust me.

(pause)

There are things you have not been told. That's right.

(pause)

And now you're all out-of-line, "Play me or trade me..."

(pause)

ANGLE, on the two.

BURCH

(almost as if against his better nature)

There is an Arab World. To penetrate it makes trying to join the Mafia look like a walk in the park. How would you do it, Scott?

(pause)

We're dying. We're at war. And we have no intelligence. How would you do it? How would you infiltrate their clan structure? Where is the interface?

(pause)

It's at the whorehouse. That's where they go to get frisky, and that's where we listen to them.

(MORE)

BURCH (CONT'D)

For the few, priceless hints  
that we get from that fucking  
sandpile.

(pause)

Had the girl been there, we would  
have moved heaven and earth -  
you know we would, and, we would  
have got her out. She was not  
there. She got drugged up and  
fell off a boat, and drowned.  
She's dead.

(of the funeral)

That man,

(Burch gestures at the  
photograph-on-the-  
easel, of George Gaines,  
the Secret Service man,  
which stands by the  
head of the grave)

That man a sworn office of the  
Secret Service, went to get laid,  
and she died. And you are risking  
the lives of men and women in  
the field, because you won't  
take orders. How are you better  
than him? Yes. You had best look  
sheepish. What the fuck have you  
got to say?

SCOTT

No excuse, sir.

BURCH

You're goddam right.

(pause)

Now: where's this new kid who  
got you all bothered. Where's  
your partner?

SCOTT

...I'll call him off.

BURCH

The fuck you will. You've got  
nothing to say to him. He's gone  
to the ground. Where is he...?

ANGLE. Over the Honor Guard, packing up, we see Scott hand a  
scrap of paper to Burch, who makes one or two more points,  
to which Scott nods, submissively. Burch walks off. Camera  
follows the Honor Guard, down the path, toward Scott, who,  
passing, nods at them.

HOLD on Scott. As he watches the widow, at the gravesite, being walked away to a limo by the pastor. He feels someone behind him and turns.

ANGLE, SCOTT'S POV. A man in a raincoat, standing furtively, half-hidden by a tree, some distance off from the funeral, weeping. He holds a program for the funeral.

ANGLE on the man in the raincoat, the funeral beyond him. He is obviously distraught, a rather slight young man in his thirties. He looks at Scott for a moment, and then turns away.

ANGLE. On Scott. As he turns back to watching the end of the funeral. As the gravediggers begin their work. He sighs. And moves to a bench and sits. Looking at the gravediggers.

DISSOLVE.

EXT. DUSK. GRAVEYARD.

Scott, still sitting on the bench. The gravediggers, finishing their work, begin to walk off, joking with one another. Scott stands, and turns, about to start out of the cemetery. He stops for a moment.

ANGLE, HIS POV. The man in the raincoat, who is standing where last seen, looking at the burial. Walks toward the mound of earth, pauses for a moment, and then walks off.

EXT. BUS STOP. DESERTED, SEMI-INDUSTRIAL AREA, ACROSS FROM THE CEMETERY. DAY.

The raincoat man is standing waiting for a bus, at the bus stop, outside a working man's tavern.

ANGLE, on Scott, looking at the man, still weeping. Scott walks up to the man. Each holds a copy of the program from the funeral. The man looks down at the program, and then up to Scott.

SCOTT

(beat)

Terrible thing.

(the man nods)

Did you know him?

The man nods. Beat. He turns back to Scott, looking for sympathy. Anguished.

MAN

Did you know him...?

(Scott nods. Pause. Portentiously:)

Where did you know him from?

SCOTT  
 (pause)  
 ...you know.

MAN  
 (pause. Nods)  
 He wasn't in the accounting  
 office. You knew that...

SCOTT  
 Yes. I Did.

The man begins weeping heavily. Scott puts his arm around him.

MAN  
 I didn't think, he told anyone  
 what he did. Because...because...  
 (he looks for sympathy)  
 I...

SCOTT  
 A few of us knew.  
 (pause)

The man takes out a small photo in a leather case - we see  
 it is a smiling photo of the Secret Service Agent, Gaines.

MAN  
 And all he cared about was doing  
 his duty...that's all...that's  
 all... He used to tell me...  
 (the man is now overcome)

SCOTT  
 I'm so sorry.

MAN  
 He was supposed to see me that  
 night...After his  
 "shift"...We...His wife...

Scott nods his understanding.

SCOTT  
 Did she know? His wife. Did she  
 know?

MAN  
 How could she? How could  
 she...she didn't know him...  
 (pause)  
 Oh, the poor children...

The man begins shaking, and Scott embraces him to comfort him.

ANGLE, INT. THE WORKING MAN'S BAR. DAY.

Scott and the man, at the end of the bar. A few construction types enter. As Scott bends his head next to the man, speaking low.

MAN  
...he was going to come to me  
that night...after...

SCOTT  
...after his shift.

MAN  
...his shift - yes...

ANGLE, on a Burly Man, in construction clothes, who is standing next to them.

BURLY MAN  
...excuse me...

MAN  
...after, after he'd finished  
driving him...

SCOTT  
...him...?

BURLY MAN  
(as he puts a hand on Scott)  
I said...

SCOTT  
(as he turns to the  
man, who is backing  
his way out of the bar)  
...driving him..? Did you say  
"him"?  
(he reaches out to the  
effeminate man)

BURLY MAN  
Yeah. It's a man's world, pal -  
but you're in the wrong bar.

He turns Scott around, and pushes Scott deeper into the room, away from the other man, who is now going out of the door. Scott moves toward him and the Burly Man tries to stop him.

Scott strikes him several times, and starts toward the door, where, as he exits the bar, he sees the effeminate man, on the bus, and pulling away.

Scott starts to move toward the bus. There is a hand on his shoulder, and a second man from the bar is whirling Scott to face him. Scott shakes him off and starts after the bus. The second man restrains him.

SECOND MAN

...what the fuck did you do to my friend...?

In the B.G. We see the first man rise from the sidewalk, and move toward Scott. Scott struggles to follow the bus, when the second man assaults him. Scott is now fighting the two men, who manoeuvre him toward an alley.

As Scott's back is to the alley we see a Third Man emerge from the shadows, and throw a garrotte around Scott's neck.

Scott headbutts this man, who hauls Scott off his feet. Scott belts him again, and stomps on his instep. And turns into him. He elbows this man as the other two men advance toward him, in the alleyway. The garrotte man falls.

Scott kicks the garrotte man in the temple. And draws his pistol. Beat.

The men in the mouth of the alleyway retreat.

ANGLE. On the street. We see them get into a van which has just pulled up.

ANGLE on Scott. Standing. Shivering. As he looks around the alleyway. He moves back to the fallen garrotte man.

ANGLE. Scott standing over the man. He sees something and bends down.

ANGLE HIS POV. In the man's backpocket is a program from the funeral.

ANGLE, Scott standing, looking at the program. We hear the phone ringing. Scott puts the phone to his ear.

SCOTT

...where are you...? No. Tell me later. Look: LOOK: Forget the boat house. Look:

(pause)

Yes, tell me in...tel...look: tell me when...GET OUT OF THERE.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
GET OUT OF THERE RIGHT NOW. TELL  
ME WHEN YOU SEE ME. MEET ME  
"WHERE...WHERE THE GUY MADE THE  
PHONECALL" - ONE HALF-HOUR...

Scott stops speaking, and looks down at something.

ANGLE, his POV. Across the street. We see an unmarked sedan pull up and two men get out of the car. And begin to look around. One sees Scott, and motions to the other one, and they both start in his direction. They stop, for a moment, as if confused.

ANGLE, their POV. The street corner, empty of Scott.

EXT. BOSTON STREET. DAY.

Copley Square. Scott. Coming into the square.

ANGLE, the open-air phone stanchion we saw in the earlier sequence. It is festooned, as before, with ads for escort services and phone sex.

ANGLE, on Scott, getting, hurriedly, out of a taxi cab, on the outskirts of the square.

ANGLE, his POV, scanning the square for Anton. Scott looks at his watch, and he looks up.

ANGLE HIS POV. The figure of Anton, walking from the far side of the square, toward the phone booth.

ANGLE, on Anton, as he looks around him, and then proceeds toward the phone booth.

As Scott watches, a van pulls into the plaza, and heads toward Anton. Anton sees the van, and retreats, toward the streetside, where we see, the van has herded him toward another car. Three men get out of the car, one slugs Anton, and he is whisked into the car, and the car pulls away.

ANGLE, on Scott, on the far side of the square, looking on, aghast.

ANGLE Anton, in the backseat of the car, pointing back, as the car disappears.

ANGLE. CU. Scott, looking at Anton's gesture, and following, looking in the direction in which he was pointing.

ANGLE Scott's POV. The telephone kiosk. Scott walks into his POV, to the kiosk. He looks down at the pile of trash on the shelf.

He looks up at the various pornographic ads pasted around the interior. He sees that, stuck in one of them is the "Rogers Rangers" card, which Anton showed him earlier. He pulls it out of the ad to which it is stuck. He looks down at it inquisitively. We read in an insert: "Rule #11: Don't ever march home the same way.

Take a different route, so you won't be ambushed." He then sees that there is something else behind the ad. He tears the ad off the kiosk partition, and he is rewarded, as a folded envelope falls out from behind the ad. He picks up the envelope. We see that it is the old yellowed envelope from the beach house. It is printed "Hanson Marine - Everything For The Boat", and we see, on it, the drawing of the old power boat. We see Scott feel the envelope, shake it, tear off the end, and pour something out into his hand. We see his face, and then pan down to see the object in the envelope was the red crescent earring seen in all photographs of Laura Newton.

EXT. BOATHOUSE, ESSEX. DUSK.

A wind is blowing from the sea. Scott turns up the collar of his jacket. We see the house in the BG and Scott, walking along the patio, the sea beyond him. We see him stop and kneel, to the piling, from which he took the matchbook. He sifts through the sand and gravel at the foot of the piling. The wind blows up the dust, and Scott stands, it is evident he has got a speck in his eye, and he tries to extract it, blinking, and squinting. He turns his head.

ANGLE, HIS POV. Beyond the property line. Beyond the hedges and on what is obviously the next lot, an old, ramshackle dwelling, the small white toolshed.

ANGLE, Scott, looking at the toolshed, and gauging its proximity to the Essex House. He begins to walk toward it.

ANGLE. Scott. At the small white toolshed. He stoops, and we see he has picked up the shell, ejected by Anton's rifle. He stands, he takes out a small spotter's scope.

ANGLE. HIS POV. His shoulder, rubbing against the pollen-covered window in the small white shed, has uncovered a bit of a sign.

ANGLE. Scott, looking at the sign in the window. He rubs the pollen off, and we see emerge, on the inside of the window, drawn in the dust, the Picasso sign %-).

ANGLE XCU Scott.

SCOTT  
...ohmigod...

INT. SLEAZY HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Scott, wearing just skivvies, is asleep on the bed, an empty pint bottle of booze on the night stand. We hear the television on low, showing talking heads narrating the funeral of Laura Newton.

"Our Redhead, America's Sweetheart", et cetera. We see a photo of her in her signature red crescent earrings. Next to Scott, on the night table, the envelope, holding the same red crescent earring.

ANGLE, the line of light under the door to the hallway is occupied by a pair of feet.

ANGLE. A hand, dangling off the bed toward the floor. Below it, on the floor, the creased 'Rogers Rangers' card, and several days worth of newspapers.

ANGLE XCU Scott, on the bed. Unshaven. We see his eyes come open.

ANGLE on Scott's hand, as it snakes quietly past the Rangers card, on which we read: "Rule #15: Don't sleep past dawn - Dawn's when the French and Indians attack", and comes up with an automatic pistol.

ANGLE the door, as we see the door handle move slightly.

ANGLE on Scott, as he jerks open the door, his pistol at his side.

ANGLE HIS POV. In the doorway beyond, we see a Bellboy, holding a small paper bag, looking shocked.

Scott shoves the Bellboy back away from the door, and glances, both ways, down the hall.

SCOTT

What the hell are you doing?

BELLBOY

(showing the package)

I...I brought you...

SCOTT

Why're you screwing with the door...?

BELLBOY

I...I...

Scott drags him into the room.

SCOTT

Why're you screwing with the door...?

Scott frisks him roughly. The terrified Bellboy shows a "Do Not Disturb" sign, which he holds.

BELLBOY

I took the...I took the sign off...

(pause)

You had the sign on the door. F'they saw me...f'they saw me, knocking on a door, the sign on...they'd...

(Scott relaxes somewhat.

The Bellboy proffers the package)

An, I...I figured, you needed...

(he hands the package

to Scott, who takes out a pint bottle of booze)

You told me you wanted this at Ten...

SCOTT

...yeah. Thanks.

BELLBOY

(begins to calm down a bit)

...I don't know why you...

SCOTT

You're right, I'm wrong...I'm wrong.

He begins to look through his pockets. As the Bellboy stands, looking at the television.

ANGLE on Scott, the television beyond him. As he goes through the pockets of his jeans. He then goes through the pockets of his jacket, and throws various objects on the bed. Some coins, some scraps of paper. A book of matches, some crumpled cigarettes. He hands some bills to the Bellboy.

SCOTT

There you go, Pal. Hold on...

BELLBOY

(pause)

Sure. I just...I just wanted to help.

ANGLE, on Scott. As he rummages through the pile on the bed. The TV shows photos of Laura Newton, wearing her red crescent earrings.

Scott picks up a cigarette and the book of matches on the bed.

Part of the pile shows a tabloid paper - a photo of Laura, an insert of her father weeping at the funeral, and the caption "Goodbye, Baby". He bends down and picks up the Rogers Rangers card. And looks at it. He shakes his head. As we see the Bellboy leave the room. Beat.

INT. DARK, PANELLED CONFSSIONAL. NIGHT.

XCU on Scott, as he thinks for a moment, then speaks.

SCOTT

It's been...quite a while since my last confession. That...that "transpired". On the rear face of a hill, in a mortar attack.

(pause)

And I confessed that I was frightened.

(pause)

And I have to confess, I'm frightened now.

(pause. He smiles weakly)

'Nother "irregular Confession".

He raises a shotglass to his lips, and drinks. He makes a "another one" gesture. Pause.

SCOTT

...I'm about as frightened as I'm comfortable being.

(pause)

And that's why...I involved you.

(pause)

Which, I suppose, was shameful.

ANGLE, as a waiter comes, with a fresh drink. We see that we are in a very dark, quiet, smoky, panelled bar. The waiter leaves, and reveals, beyond him, Jackie Black, the female Sergeant we met at the training facility scenes. The waiter looks at her, inquiring silently, if she wants anything. She shakes her head.

JACKIE BLACK

Now: you did me the honor to  
Call me. Now: you tell me how I  
might help.

(pause)

There in't nobody here, but two  
people in Green.

(pause)

Scott, looks around, he takes up a tabloid newspaper, which has been resting on the seat of the booth. We see it is a "funeral" edition, concerning the death of Laura Newton.

We see the large, color photo of Laura, her red hair, and, in an insert, her father, at the gravesite, hiding his face. The caption reads "Goodbye, Baby". Scott leans over, and whispers to Black, his deepest secret.

SCOTT

(pointing at the paper)

...this girl's alive...

JACKIE BLACK

Then, you'd better go get her.

EXT. SANITORIUM. DAY.

Scott, shaven, neat, and determined, standing at a bus stop. Reading a newspaper. Behind him, a large iron fence.

ANGLE INS. The newspaper shows "The Tragic Death of Laura Newton", and photos of the accident. And a photo of a distraught woman in sunglasses, being held up by two friends.

ANGLE on Scott. As he looks across the street. Surreptitiously.

ANGLE HIS POV. A plainclothes car, with two people in it, looking vaguely in his direction.

ANGLE on the bus, as it pulls into the stop. We see various people start onto the bus. At the last moment Scott, at the back of the line, sheers away.

ANGLE, INT. THE PLAINCLOTHES CAR. The bus pulling away from the bus stop, the chainlink fence beyond it, and, beyond that, a vaguely institutional-looking Colonial building.

INT. SANITORIUM. DAY.

A nurses station, Scott moving through the area, just asking directions of an older woman, obviously a semi-invalid.

ANGLE INT. SANITORIUM. The woman is Mrs. Newton. She walks with a companion, she wears sunglasses, and starts out of the sanitorium. As Scott walks up, some yards behind her, following her out onto a roofed porch. The woman moves to the far end of the porch, obviously weeping. Scott enters the porch, and stands for a moment. Beat.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
...terrible thing, grief...

Scott turns to her, to see a lovely woman in her late fifties, sitting on a lounge chair, a robe over her legs, indicating the weeping woman.

Scott nods, and takes something from his pocket. He starts toward the weeping woman, but the other woman holds him with her voice.

WOMAN  
...you want to comfort them, but  
you don't know how.  
(pause)  
I always think it's better to  
Leave Them Alone...

Scott nods his acceptance of her wisdom, and begins to start toward the woman.

SCOTT  
(of Mrs. Newton, and  
the woman, talking to her)  
A relative?

WOMAN  
A psychic.  
(pause)

SCOTT  
Well.  
(pause)  
Can we blame her...?  
(he gestures, meaning,  
we get comfort where  
we can find it)

WOMAN  
That's right.

Scott begins to move toward Mrs. Newton. The woman on the lounge chair sits up.

WOMAN  
 ...who are you...?

SCOTT  
 (moving off)  
 United States Secret Service.

The woman moves her blanket to reveal a pistol which she holds.

WOMAN  
 Guess again, 'cause I'm the  
 Secret Service, and you follow  
 my directions or I will shoot  
 you dead. Spread your hands to  
 your sides, please...  
 (Scott spreads his  
 hands to his sides)  
 Open them...

He opens his hands to show the red crescent earring. We see the demeanor of the woman in back of him change, as she sees the earring. She comes up to Scott, and he turns around. She looks up, asking, mutely, what it means.

INT. SMALL SANITORIUM ROOM. DAY.

DONNY  
 (sotto, unable to stop  
 her invective)  
 ...the motherfuckers pulled the  
 Detail off of her...He was in  
 town. Her father was in town,  
 they pulled the Secret Service  
 Detail off her, to take him  
 tomcatting. He's been doing it  
 for years. That's what they do.  
 They turn the Secret Service  
 into a bunch of pimps. He took  
 her protection, she got snatched...

SCOTT  
 He'd let her die?

A female Agent knocks at the door and sticks her head in and Donny gestures "rotate".

FEMALE AGENT  
 ...leaving the post...

Donny gestures that she has heard. The Agent leaves and the door is closed.

DONNY

(meaning, "this is my surmise")  
The start of a campaign: Your  
daughter got kidnapped because  
you were out getting laid?

SCOTT

Her father would let her die...?

DONNY

Who knows if he knows. His  
'people' would let her die in a  
heartbeat.

SCOTT

...her mother...?

DONNY

(pause. She takes up  
the earring and she  
begins to weep. She  
looks beseechingly at Scott)  
I'm her mother...

She takes out a small, tattered, cheap earring box.

ANGLE INS. We see the empty place for holding two earrings,  
and a small arcade photo of a five-year-old Laura Newton,  
and this woman, Donny, fifteen years younger. They are  
hugging. Scott turns over the photo to read, in a childish  
scrawl, "Donny, you can keep the box, cause I'll never take  
them off". Donny starts to weep.

SCOTT

I need some money.  
(Donny looks up at him questioningly)  
I'm going to get the girl back.

DONNY

What can I do?

SCOTT

I need money. I need a lot of money.

DONNY

(of Mrs. Newton)  
I've been signing her checks for  
years.

SCOTT

Alright...  
 (he scribbles a figure  
 on a napkin)  
 Can you go this high, that's  
 what I need...

DONNY

(as she looks down at  
 the figure on the paper)  
 ...I...I don't...is there  
 anywhere else you...

ANGLE. Both look to the side.

ANGLE, their POV. One of the Secret Service Agents, looking askance at Scott. Does a double-take. And begins to raise his cuff mike to his lips to speak.

ANGLE, on Donny, as she sees this, and turns around.

ANGLE, her POV. The empty room. Scott vanished.

INT. NEW YORK CITY OFFICE BUILDING. DAY.

A very beautiful young woman in a business suit, in an elevator. The doors open and Scott, dressed in a suit, gets in. He turns to face the front. They ride up in silence.

The doors open on a mezzanine. There are several men at the end of the mezzanine. Scott starts to get out, and the girl tries to stop him. He shoves her roughly back into the elevator. Several of the men come toward Scott, and a large, portly businessman in his forties (AVI) calls them off. Scott comes forward.

AVI

Didn't they tell you not to come?

SCOTT

Well, I guess I wasn't paying  
 attention.  
 (pause)

AVI

Five years ago they told me you  
 were dead.

SCOTT

You want to gossip, or you want  
 to do business...?

Avi motions Scott to come with him.

ANGLE, Avi's hitters. One starts to take out a phone - Avi waves him to stop - HOLD on the hitters.

ANGLE, Avi and Scott, as they sit, near the edge of the mezzanine.

AVI  
Bobby; this is an American girl...?

SCOTT  
If that were so?

AVI  
If that were so, why don't your people go and fetch her...?

What if I'm speaking for them...?

Avi nods, meaning "yeah, sure".

AVI  
...they send a hitter to negotiate...?  
(pause)  
My question is: have you forgot your catechism...?

SCOTT  
And what's the answer?

AVI  
The answer is Go Home.

SCOTT  
Yeah, that's a good one.

AVI  
...you're at the Big Table here.

SCOTT  
I know where I am.

AVI  
Well, then, you better talk to me using the Decimal System.

SCOTT  
Your intel. Two men. Infil, exfil, hardware, and com.

AVI  
And com to what? I cannot give you.

SCOTT  
Well, you could, when you were  
in the Boy Scouts.

AVI  
Yes, but I am not in the Boy  
Scouts anymore. You heard the  
private sector?

SCOTT  
Yeah.

AVI  
Well. That's where you found me.  
And here's what it costs.

He writes a number on a sheet of paper.

SCOTT  
(looks at the paper)  
...you're out of your mind.

AVI  
No, you're out of your fucking  
mind, and you're out of your  
league, and my advice to  
you:...before some mercantile  
soul shops you.  
(pause. In disgust, he  
picks up the paper,  
crosses out what we  
wrote, and puts in a  
new number)  
...for this job, that's what it  
costs...

SCOTT  
...that's what it costs...?

AVI  
That's what it costs you.  
(pause)  
Go home, Bobby.

EXT. PALATIAL ESTATE. DAY.

We see a woman getting into a Range Rover, in the vast  
gravel drive outside of an estate.

A man comes out of the house, with a cup of coffee, hurrying  
out to kiss his wife goodbye. He does so. She drives off.

He finishes the cup of coffee, puts it down outside his door, closes the door, and looks quickly at his watch, and hurries to his Jaguar, which he puts in gear, and it starts down the drive.

We see it is the Businessman from the whorehouse.

ANGLE on another car, coming down the drive, which smashes into the Jaguar.

ANGLE on Scott, who gets hurriedly out of the car. He goes out to the Jag, and drags the stunned man from his car, and toward the house.

ANGLE INT. A SUMPTUOUS STUDY, PALATIAL ESTATE. DAY. Beautiful Greek and Roman artifacts line the walls, on lighted shelves. Scott drags the stunned and abraded Businessman into the study. Scott throws him into a chair.

SCOTT  
Remember me...?

ANGLE Scott, as he takes out the Businessman's card, and looks at it.

SCOTT  
...well, I guess you do have friends in High Places...I mean here you are home, n'all...  
(he picks up now one, now another piece of exquisite statuary, and smashes it to the ground)  
And now we're gonna see if you also got all that money that you spoke of.  
(he takes out a videotape box)  
This here's a Short Subject, if you know what I mean. Of you in Carnal Congress with an Underage Girl. A PROSTITUE, A MINOR, AND SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER...  
(he holds up another videotape)  
There's another...you know how cheap it is to make a copy...?

BUSINESSMAN  
...what do you want?

SCOTT  
I want what you promised me...

BUSINESSMAN  
 (as if reluctant to  
 impart the information)  
 ...I've, I've already made a  
 deal with...

SCOTT  
 Yeah, but you haven't made a  
 deal with me...So, today is Your  
 Lucky Day, cause you get to Do,  
 what Most Men only Dream of: You  
 get to make Another Human Being  
 Happy.

He brings over a telephone, and gives it to the Businessman.  
 Scott finds himself behind a large desk.

He looks down at photos of the smiling Businessman, in  
 various poses, with two young girls, obviously his daughters.

SCOTT  
 (softly)  
 You had your fun, now pay for it,  
 Jim. Get your bank on the phone.  
 We're going to transfer some money.

The Businessman pauses, then picks up the phone.

SCOTT  
 (to himself)  
 ..."how about that".

BUSINESSMAN  
 ...do you know how much trouble  
 you're in...?

SCOTT  
 Yes. And that's the difference  
 between you and me.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT STREET. DAY.

Scott, getting out of his car, rounds a corner. We see a car  
 coming down this street, rather quickly. Scott retreats into  
 a doorway.

ANGLE, HIS POV. The car blinks its lights three times.

ANGLE EXT. THE STREET. We see the car slow almost to a stop,  
 Scott emerges from his doorway. As the car's rear door is  
 opened, Scott gets in.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE. DAY.

Avi and Scott, at a small table.

AVI

Maskala is a suburban villa, in Dubai. The Friends of your Friend,  
(he gestures at a photo of Assani)

Operate there, if you will, a "halfway house". For the young women they have induced, coerced or drugged into spending their short lives. As the whores of Arabian tourists. Of late the girls have been, in the main, from the former Sov-Bloc. Now and again, a North American Girl, if she is exceedingly lovely,...blonde, usually blonde...

(he passes the photos of very beautiful young girls across the table, to Scott)

Will, unfortunately, find her way to Dubai. They travel drugged, they are -

(he searches for the word) - "tidied up", and sold. For some reason, most of them are sold to Yemen.

(pause)

The girls are generally held, in Dubai, until the end of the month.

(he checks his watch and looks significantly at it)

When the Merrymakers fly in to examine them. And take their purchases home.

SCOTT

...and then?

AVI

(shrugs)

That is "and then".

(pause)

This is a floor plan of the building where the girls are held, this is the security arrangements, this is the watch plan.

(MORE)

AVI (CONT'D)  
 (he checks his watch  
 and raises his eyebrows)  
 The girls are taken from the  
 house in Maskala, to the Royale  
 Hotel, I presume you will hit  
 them in transit...?

Scott opens another envelope which Avi has passed him. As he looks at the documents he pours out.

SCOTT  
 (reads)  
 ..."Jameson Construction"...They  
 know we're there...?

AVI  
 I hope not.  
 (he shows documents to Scott)  
 The conex container for the exfil,  
 also Jameson Construction.  
 (he gestures at the  
 materials on the table)  
 A passport for the Young Girl...  
 (he shrugs)  
 Between fifteen and twenty-five,  
 they all look alike.

SCOTT  
 (as he looks at the passport)  
 Is that your experience...?

AVI  
 Yes. It is. Nonetheless, we tried  
 to match it to a Current Photo...

ANGLE, on Scott, as he looks, questioningly at Avi. Avi takes a photo from his desk and passes it to Scott. It shows, through a long lens, blurry and grainy, a photo of what is obviously the platinum-haired Laura Newton, sitting on a bed, in a barred room.

AVI  
 ...she was there twelve hours ago.

SCOTT  
 Who took the photo?

AVI  
 (shrugs)  
 How would I know...?  
 (pause)

SCOTT  
What does the bonus cost?

AVI  
(shrugs)  
A gesture of Friendship. But. We  
thought: if you see some of the  
Yemenins -  
(he shows Scott candid  
photos of several  
middle-aged, bearded  
middle-eastern looking men)  
Any of these, in  
particular...would you say Hello  
to them?

Scott scoops up the documents, and stands.

SCOTT  
Who else have you done a favor  
for, Avi?

Avi shakes his head, and wags his finger, as if to say, "No,  
in all sincerity..."

AVI  
Bobby: the world runs on manners.

Beat. Scott takes an envelope, and hands it to Avi, who  
opens it. He opens his mouth to speak.

SCOTT  
The last third on exfil, in  
Geneva. Me and the Girl. As agreed.

AVI  
That's not what I was going to say.

SCOTT  
What were you going to say...?  
(pause)  
...the Last Third in Geneva...  
(he exits)

EXT. ROOFTOP, DUBAI. DUSK.

Scott, on a rooftop, behind a raised elevator housing. Scott  
takes out a pair of binoculars, and Scott leans around the  
elevator housing.

ANGLE HIS POV. Across the way, the window, and the ornate  
scrollwork bars, in which we, earlier, saw the photo takes  
on Laura Newton.

ANGLE on Scott, as he comes back behind cover, and nods to himself, picking up his yellow bag.

ANGLE EXT. DUBAI STREET. Scott, walking down the street, beyond him a building with an ornate scrollwork barred gate over its courtyard door. In the courtyard beyond, two Mercedes 600's.

As Scott walks past the trelliswork it begins to open. A delivery truck is ushered through the gate, by an armed guard. Scott stops, to let the truck pass.

ANGLE HIS POV. As he turns his head to the side.

ANGLE HIS POV. Walking from one outbuilding, across the courtyard, beyond the gate, accompanied by a minder, is Laura Newton. She is obviously drugged, disoriented, and is held up by the guard. He gets into a conversation with a woman, dressed as a matron, who comes out of the building they have just vacated. And she stands, for an instant, untended.

ANGLE on Scott, the gate open, as the gate guard ushers through the delivery van, and Laura Newton stands several yards away.

ANGLE XCU, Laura Newton, as she looks in his direction, and her eyes begin to focus, as if trying to make sense of what she is seeing.

ANGLE, her minder, who reacts to a change in her attitude, and looks at her, and, then, follows the direction of her gaze to the gate.

ANGLE HIS POV. The delivery truck coming through the gate, as the gate closes behind it. The street beyond it, empty.

ANGLE INT. THE COURTYARD. As the delivery truck pulls in, and Laura, escorted by her guard, is taken back into the main house. She turns to look back, groggily, wonderingly, at the street, and is pushed into the door. As she does so, we see the delivery truck pull up to the spot she just vacated, and the delivery man gets out and opens a rear door, on which we see scrawled, in the dirt, the "Picasso" symbol.

ANGLE EXT. DUBAI STREET CORNER. Scott turns the corner, and gets into a car, driven by Jones, which comes to the curb.

ANGLE INT. THE CAR. In the backseat, Scott, another man sitting next to him, SMITH, dressed as a construction worker. The man starts to speak. And Scott shushes him, takes out a notebook and a pencil, and begins to make notes.

EXT. CAR, DUBAI. NIGHT.

A deserted streetcorner. Various shuttered posh shops. Scott walking across the street.

ANGLE CU on Scott, as he paces, as he walks.

SCOTT  
...fourteen, fifteen, sixteen.

The camera takes him to the middle of the street. A right-hand turn, a tight corner. He looks to his left.

ANGLE HIS POV. Beyond him, we see, several streets off, the sign of the "Royale" hotel.

Scott beckons, and the man, Smith, comes out of the shadows. He and Scott walk to a small passageway, at the corner.

Camera takes them through the passageway, where we see Jones, standing by his car, in an alley.

SCOTT  
It's good.  
(to Jones)  
It's very good.  
(Jones nods his thanks)  
The charge takes the car out...  
(to Smith)  
We got the flashbangs fore and aft, You hit the driver, follow down the driver's side, the car ain't going nowhere, the muscle gets out, I cap em, I go with the girl.  
(he points to Jones.  
He points to the car.  
Jones nods. To Smith)  
You exfil on your own, we're on to the airport.

ANGLE, tight on Scott, and Jones.

SCOTT  
At the airport. When we hit the Conex. When you Seal Us In...you walk away.

JONES  
I understand.

SCOTT

I cannot have heat on it. Now: I know: that you want to protect the package. But: you have to walk away. And que sera, sera.

JONES

I won't look back.

INT. WAREHOUSE ROOM. NIGHT.

Scott, at a desk, looking over his plans. A photo of Laura Newton on his desk. Beyond him Smith and Jones are cleaning and assembling weapons. Scott takes out his switchblade and begins to hone it. Scott looks into the mechanism of the knife. Peers intently, turns it over and raps it on the table. We see a small seed fall out. Smith turns to the sound, and looks inquisitively at Scott.

SCOTT

(as he picks the seed up, answering Smith's unspoken question)  
...it's an appleseed.

Smith nods as if to say, "If you say so".

Scott reaches over to a box of Q-Tips, which sits on the table along with other cleansing paraphernalia, and dips one in the solvent bottle, and begins to clean the interior of his switchblade.

ANGLE XCU on Scott, as he cleans the interior of his knife. His face freezes...Scott leans over, and gestures at a tweezers as part of Smith's cleaning kit. Smith nods "okay".

ANGLE INSERT. The interior of the knife. A small, wafer thin electronic device adhering to the interior.

ANGLE on Scott. As he turns his back on the group. We see, in an insert. He holds the electronic device up for scrutiny, in the tweezers. He walks toward the windows of the warehouse.

SMITH

(as he cleans his firearms, generally, as if speaking of the universe)  
"Johnny Appleseed", eh?

SCOTT

...yeah, I'm just a Man of Peace...

We hear a car driving up, outside the warehouse. He looks out of the window.

ANGLE, HIS POV. Just seen, the nose of a small SUV, around the corner, three men, getting out of the car.

ANGLE INT. WAREHOUSE DAY. Scott walks into a corridor of the warehouse. He looks down an industrial staircase, and sees the door at the bottom begin to open, stealthily.

ANGLE, camera takes Scott to a small, filthy bathroom. He opens the door.

ANGLE, at the bottom of the stairs, Stoddard, with two henchmen, heavily armed, look up.

ANGLE THEIR POV. Scott walking into the bathroom.

ANGLE, a floor of the warehouse. Stoddard, and his accomplices, coming up the stairs to the floor, which holds Scott. There are several closed doors. One of the men consults a small hand-held 'GPS' unit, and points at one of the doors. The men take up position around this door. Stoddard nods, and they open fire through the door.

ANGLE, INT. THE BATHROOM. The men kick down the door, to find the small cubicle-like room empty. One of them looks around, and sees, and removes the small wafer-thin electronic device from the top of the cistern. He shows it to Stoddard, who throws it down in disgust. As he, followed by his men, exit the room.

ANGLE EXT. DUBAI STREET. NIGHT. We see the small SUV parked around the corner from the warehouse, a black clad driver, sitting in the car, watching the warehouse.

The door is wrenched open, and we see Scott, the small yellow duffle over his shoulder, drag the driver from the car, and clout him to the ground. Scott gets into the car, which begins to drive off.

INT. "MASKALA HOUSE" (THE HOUSE WITH THE ORNATE SCROLLWORK). DUBAI. NIGHT.

ANGLE, Laura Newton, drugged, listless, sitting on the bed in the small room. We hear a large explosion, and Laura gets up, and moves toward the door of her room. She hears another explosion, and shouts coming from outside her door. She is reaching for the handle of the door, when the door opens, and one of her Bodyguards opens the door, and addresses her.

BODYGUARD

...stay in your room, and...

He turns as another explosion is heard, coming from the interior of the house. As he turns we hear glass breaking, and see Scott entering through the window behind Laura.

The Bodyguard turns, and Scott raises a silenced pistol, and shoots the Bodyguard twice. The Bodyguard falls, Scott moves to him, and drags him inside the room. He raises his pistol gesturing "shush" to Laura, and moves her toward the window.

LAURA

...who...?

He uses the rope outside the window to improvise a sling, for Laura, and drapes it over her head, and under her arms. Scott picks her up, and holds her for a moment. She starts to speak. And he answers her question.

SCOTT

Stay by me.

He hesitates for a moment. We hear another explosion, he nods, as if to say "That's what we're waiting for", and passes her out of the window, and begins lowering her to the ground.

ANGLE EXT. THE BUILDING. Laura, on the rope, reaching the ground.

ANGLE INT. THE ROOM. Scott, as he turns to the sound of the door opening, two men come through the door, and he shoots them.

ANGLE EXT. THE BUILDING. Scott puts Laura into the SUV and gets behind the driver's seat. He puts the car in gear, and it begins to drive off.

ANGLE INT. THE CAR. Laura turns to face him.

LAURA

...they said they were going to take care of me...

SCOTT

I'm going to take care of you.  
You hold on, now.

(as Scott drives he  
reloads his weapons)

LAURA

(lazily)

Who are you?

SCOTT

...you remember, Baby, we went  
to high school together...

(pause)

You dropped your earring.

She shakes her head. Drugged. Trying to make sense of the proceedings.

SCOTT  
You're Picasso, right...? That's  
who you are...

He draws the Picasso sign on the windshield, she looks at it, having trouble focusing.

LAURA  
...they're going to send me to a  
Party.

SCOTT  
No, Baby, you're going Home.  
(pause)  
You're just taking the long way  
home.

ANGLE EXT. THE CAR. Moving through the streets. The airport just becoming visible in the background.

INT. BARE ROOM. DUBAI. NIGHT.

Laura, asleep, at a small cardtable. Out of the window we see an expanse of desert and scrub. Her head is down. Scott enters the room, he moves a chair in front of the door, moves to Laura, and manhandles her to a small cot, and closes the shutters to the window.

SCOTT  
...I told you to stay on the bed.

We see her wake and look around, trying to place herself.

ANGLE on Scott, as he takes out a notebook and begins to make notes in it.

SCOTT  
...you're going travelling.

LAURA  
...what...?

SCOTT  
...we're going to take a little  
trip.

She takes out a crumpled pack of cigarettes, and extracts the last one. She takes out a match.

SCOTT  
...put that away.

LAURA  
...I need a smoke.

SCOTT  
Y'can't smoke it. American  
tobacco. Smell. Carry. In the  
desert air.

He looks down his list, and nods. He takes a bandana from his pocket and hands it to her.

SCOTT  
Put that on. Over your head.

LAURA  
Whatsamatter, you don't like  
Blondes...?

SCOTT  
Whole world likes Blondes. That's  
why you're here. Put the bandana on.

LAURA  
(as she tries to light  
the cigarette)  
I need a smoke.  
(He takes it away from  
her, and crumbles it.)  
...gimme the fucken smoke.

He shushes her, and moves to the window.

ANGLE, EXT. The window. The first gleam of dawn. And, far off, a Muezzin is heard chanting morning prayers. Laura moves toward him, unbuttoning her blouse.

LAURA  
I could make you give me the smoke.

He slaps her lightly in the face.

SCOTT  
Keep it together.  
(he takes a small  
hypodermic kit)  
Keep it together, or I'm gonna  
give you a shot and carry you out.

She reacts violently to the sight of the needle. Beat. Then, she sits on the bed and cries self-pityingly.

LAURA  
Nobody Cares about me...

Hold. On Scott. And we take him back to a small shelf near the door. He takes down what we see is an ashtray, overfull with yellow-brown cigarette butts. He takes the ashtray to the small table, takes out his knife, and begins shredding the butts, and gathering the tobacco into a pile.

SCOTT  
...that's right...

LAURA  
...I'm just a whore...They  
wouldn't even come get me...

SCOTT  
They sent me...

Scott looks at the pile of tobacco. He extracts the "Rogers Rangers" card from his pocket and looks at it. We read, in an insert: "Rule #13: Every night, you'll be told where to Meet, if Surrounded by Superior Force".

ANGLE, on Scott, as he very precisely peels the card into two thin halves, and rolls one of the halves into a cigarette, using the reclaimed tobacco from the ashtray. He takes the cigarette to Laura. As a peace offering. She takes it. Beat.

LAURA  
Did my father send you?

SCOTT  
(as he lights her cigarette)  
...that's right.

LAURA  
(derisively)  
One man.

SCOTT  
One riot, one Ranger, you ever  
hear that?

ANGLE, on Scott, as he hears a car outside the window. He draws a pistol and moves to the window, and looks down. He gestures Laura to be quiet.

ANGLE EXT. The window. In the small, deserted street. A car pulls up. A man gets out, and looks around. Beat. Another man, and a woman, and two small children come out of the low house and get into the car, which drives away.

LAURA  
Leonides, the King of Sparta,  
when a neighboring state would  
beg for Military Aid. Would send  
One Man.

SCOTT  
...well, there you go.

LAURA  
...you ever hear that?

SCOTT  
No. I think we went to different  
schools.

He looks at her. Beat. She hands him the cigarette. And he  
takes a drag, and passes it back. He checks his watch.

SCOTT  
...put the bandana on.

LAURA  
(softly)  
Did you hear the one about the  
king who turned his daughter  
into Gold?

SCOTT  
Yeah - I heard that one.

Beat. She turns away, and cries.

LAURA  
...I don't want to go home.

SCOTT  
I didn't ask you.

EXT. DUBAI AIRPORT. DAY.

A long view of the airport.

ANGLE, a small delivery van we saw earlier. Parked in an  
industrial area.

ANGLE INT THE VAN. Laura, dozing in the passengers seat.  
Scott, sitting in the driver's seat, alert, watching.

ANGLE HIS POV. Seen beyond the corner of an industrial  
building, beyond a chainlink fence, the airport.

ANGLE INT. THE CAR. Laura wakes with a start, and looks around.

LAURA

I don't know where we are...

SCOTT

You just keep it together.

ANGLE Scott as he looks up to the sound of a plane.

ANGLE HIS POV. Directly over their heads, a small bizjet, on final, about to touch down.

ANGLE, the chainlink fence. Scott and Laura at the fence protecting the airport. Scott moves aside the pre-cut section of fence, and gestures him through.

ANGLE, inside the fence. Laura and Scott moving to the protection of a small hangar.

ANGLE, beyond them, we see the bizjet come to a halt, on the tarmac, and turn. We see blazoned, on its side, "Global News".

ANGLE, on Scott and Laura, now inside the small hangar. Scott moves to a small locker and extracts a set of coveralls, and a cap, and takes them to Laura.

SCOTT

(of the coveralls)

You put this on.

LAURA

(groggily)

...what...?

SCOTT

You...

A pause. He turns to the sound of a car.

ANGLE HIS POV. A car, on the tarmac. It comes to a stop by a private plane. Beyond this private plane, we see the "Global News" bizjet, being directed to a stop.

ANGLE, on Scott, as he watches the tarmac.

ANGLE HIS POV. Stoddard and several of his men, get out of the car which has stopped by the private plane. A man in fatigues emerges from the plane, and hands Stoddard a piece of paper. Stoddard begins giving this man directions.

ANGLE INT. THE CARGO HANGAR. Scott and Laura, who now has on the mechanics coveralls.

ANGLE Scott, as he looks out of the hangar door. To his right, the plane with Stoddard and his men, to his left, the "Global News" bizjet, its hatchway staircase, just descending.

ANGLE on Scott, as he looks at his watch. He turns to Laura.

SCOTT  
A little walk-in-the-park.  
(he points her to the  
News jet)  
See there...?

ANGLE EXT. THE NEWS BIZJET. Where a man in a safari jacket, and a woman emerge from the plane, and glare at the sun. We see this man consult his watch.

ANGLE, on Scott and Laura, as he walks her out of the hangar, and towards the news bizjet. In the B.G. We see Stoddard, and his men, at their plane. Another car pulls up to Stoddard, disgorging a man, who goes to conference with Stoddard.

ANGLE, these two men.

SECOND MAN  
(giving his report)  
...all of the passenger terminals,  
and all access-points to the  
Cargo and General Aviation...

LAURA  
(groggily, as in a dream)  
No, you know what my mistake was...?

SCOTT  
(as he looks around)  
...what was that...?

He stops and picks up a pair of "paddles" from their position, leaning against the nose wheel of a plane. They walk on. In the BG we see Stoddard and his crew, searching.

SCOTT  
...what was your mistake...?

LAURA  
(from a distance, as  
she begins to laugh,  
as at a great private  
joke; she stops walking)  
...you think we bring our  
troubles on ourselves...?

SCOTT  
I'm certain of it.

She starts laughing, getting hysterical.

SCOTT  
No, no...come on baby...come on,  
come on girl: just walk to the  
plane: Just Get On the  
Plane...WALK TO THE PLANE...

She starts to break free and Scott manoeuvres her into a small hangar area. She is struggling mightily. Scott has his hand over her mouth.

ANGLE. We see their feet moving through a pool of oil on the concrete floor - we see she loses her footing. We see Scott tighten his grip on her, and is furiously trying to calm her.

SCOTT  
Shussh, baby... shussh...  
shussh... it's going to be  
alright...

We see him work a small hypodermic kit from the pocket of his jacket. We see Laura see it, and her eyes grow wide.

SCOTT  
This's going to make Everything  
Alright...

Laura reacts to the hypodermic, which Scott is bringing toward her. And screams.

LAURA  
No!

EXT. THE HANGAR AREA.

We see Stoddard, and his men, about to get into their Jeep, stop, and turn at the sound.

ANGLE INT. The Hangar Area. Signs all over marked in Arabic and English - "Petrol - No Smoking!!"

As Scott lunges after Laura, the door, behind her bursts open, and Stoddard and an accomplice enter, placing Laura, in the midst of the hangar, between Stoddard and Scott. Who stands in front of a large tanker labelled "Aviation Gasoline".

STODDARD

Leave her Alone.  
 (to his men)  
 Don't shoot him, don't shoot,  
 you'll blow the thing sky high...

SCOTT

Laura...

STODDARD

Thank God we Found you. You know  
 me. I work for Mister Burch.  
 I've met you...

ANGLE on Laura, standing between the two men. She is completely confused. She looks from one to another.

LAURA

(drugged and groggy)  
 He said that he came to get me...  
 (she shakes her head  
 in disbelief. Then she  
 starts to walk a step  
 toward Scott, then  
 turns, and proceeds  
 toward Stoddard.)

STODDARD

That's right, Laura...Walk away  
 from him. Walk to the Plane...He  
 can't hurt you now. Walk to the  
 plane...

He points at his bizjet, outside, on the tarmac. Laura walks, unsteadily, in the direction pointed, and we see a female attendant, in a vaguely military getup, get out of the plane, and begin to walk toward Laura.

SCOTT

(screams)  
No...

He starts toward Laura. And Stoddard and his two men interpose themselves between Scott and Laura, who is approaching the plane. Stoddard's two men approach Scott. One draws a knife.

ANGLE on Scott, who hangs his head, wearily. He looks down at his empty hands.

ANGLE on the man with the knife, approaching him.

ANGLE on Scott, straightening himself, as if submitting to the inevitable, as the man with the knife draws closer. He makes a thrust, and covers. Scott steps toward him and spits at him, full in the face. The man with the knife recoils for a moment, and Scott disarms him, throws him viciously to the concrete floor, and stomps on him. Scott bends to pick up the knife the man has dropped, and turns to face the other man. As he does so, he slips on what we see is a large pool of oil on the floor. He goes down heavily. And the second man steps into him as he falls, drawing his pistol.

STODDARD  
DON'T SHOOT, DON'T SHOOT, DON'T  
SHOOT HIM IN HERE...

The man uses the pistol to cuff Scott, who is attempting to rise to his knees, behind the ear. Scott falls.

STODDARD  
Cuff 'im...

The man handcuffs Scott behind his back.

ANGLE on Scott shaking his head to clear it, as he now struggles to his knees.

ANGLE, his POV. Laura Newton, walking toward the bizjet.

STODDARD  
(to Scott)  
Yes...well...

SCOTT  
Let the girl go home.  
(pause)

STODDARD  
(to his henchmen)  
...wait till she lifts off, take  
him outside and shoot him.

SCOTT  
(as he speaks he moves,  
slightly, continuously,  
to get a better view  
of the girl)  
...why can't the Girl Go Home?

STODDARD (CU)  
Because she's dead.  
(pause)  
You had to know the Secret  
Knowledge. Didn't you?

SCOTT

What is the Secret Knowledge?

STODDARD

The Secret Knowledge is: There  
Is No Secret Knowledge.

(turns over his  
shoulder, to look at  
Laura, walking toward  
the plane)

You went Beyond What Was  
Permitted. And the Gods Are Angry.

ANGLE. On the tarmac. Laura, walking toward the plane, the petroleum storage hangar behind her. We see a vaguely military uniformed woman fall into step beside her and take her arm. Laura looks at her. We see Laura full face, and just the shoulder of the woman escorting her. Beyond them we hear the engine of the bizjet start up.

LAURA

...I'm so tired.

WOMAN

...I'm going to ask you to do  
Just the One More Thing...

Laura looks at her questioningly.

WOMAN

I'm going to ask you, now, to  
walk away from this plane, and  
come with me.

ANGLE, to show that the stewardess, who descended from the bizjet (the vaguely military clad young woman we saw earlier) is still on station outside of the bizjet, and that the woman who is walking and talking with Laura is Jackie Black, the young female sergeant we met earlier. Laura looks at her uncomprehendingly. Laura begins shaking her head pathetically, and protesting, drawing away from Jackie Black.

LAURA

No...leave me alone. No - I don't  
know you...

ANGLE, INT. The Petroleum Hangar. Day.

STODDARD

(to his men, as he,  
Stoddard, casts a  
glance outside, and  
then back)

Alright, take him outside...  
(the henchman hoists  
Scott to his feet)

ANGLE, on Laura and Jackie Black. Standing immobile. Laura looks down at something. She then looks up, her face transfixed.

ANGLE, on Jackie Black's hands, she holds the cheap jewelry box we saw earlier, and, in it. The photo of Laura and Donny, and the legend: "Donny you can keep this box, cause I will never take them off."

ANGLE XCU, on Laura, as she looks at Jackie, who now moves Laura away from the bizjet, and towards the assemblage of newspeople, who are on the tarmac, around the "global news" jet.

ANGLE, EXT. The Global News Jet. A female reporter, gossiping, with some of her crew, looks over in the direction of Laura and Jackie, and does a double-take.

FEMALE REPORTER

Oh, my God...

ANGLE, on Stoddard, his man, and Scott. As they leave the hangar. Stoddard looks around.

ANGLE, his POV. Inside the hangar, the fallen man, that Scott has killed. Stoddard goes back inside, to drag this man away. He looks up. And, as he does so, he sees Laura, walking with Jackie Black, toward the Global News Plane.

STODDARD

(yells)

Wait...!

ANGLE, on Jackie Black and Laura, walking toward the plane, where we see the crew hurriedly setting up a camera.

ANGLE, on Stoddard, as he draws his pistol, and fires toward Laura and Jackie. We see Jackie move to shield Laura, and then, struck by a bullet, she goes down.

JACKIE BLACK

(to Laura)

Keep walking...

ANGLE, on Scott, in the grip of Stoddard's henchman.

HENCHMAN  
 (to Stoddard)  
 ...do you want me to...?

In the moment he is distracted. Scott breaks the man's grip, and his arm. He knees the man, and kicks him to the ground.

ANGLE, INT. The Global Jet. The news crew reacts to the shot. Beyond them we see Jackie, fallen to the tarmac, and Laura, is walking toward the newspeople.

FEMALE REPORTER  
 Gimme an uplink Gimme an uplink...  
 GET IT ON THE SAT. Now Now Now...

Inside the jet we see various monitors, and one switches from an innocuous travelogue, to the scene at the airport, and the caption "Live". We see the shot is taken from inside the plane. We see Laura stumbling toward the bizjet, and see the female reporter run out of the plane, and move her to safety inside the cabin.

FEMALE REPORTER  
 (to the unseen cameraman)  
 On her. On her, get it on the  
 girl...Get us Out of Here...

The camera shifts to the image of Laura Newton, going out live. Behind her we hear the crew shooting commands, and see the door to the Global jet close, as the jet begins to taxi.

ANGLE, INT. The Petroleum Hangar. We see Stoddard, reloading his pistol. In the BG we see Scott step through his handcuffs, that is, bring them in front of his body. He takes a pistol from the henchman, who is writing on the floor. He raises the pistol and shoots the henchman. He turns on Stoddard.

SCOTT  
 The girl ain't dead, baby, you're  
 dead. You see: that's the  
 difference.

He walks toward Stoddard, who is fumbling, trying to reload his pistol.

STODDARD  
WAIT: WAIT. The girl's home. You brought her home. Now, listen to me, because I am going to tell you...now, you wanted to be "inside"...I am going to take you as far inside as you can go: Z'at what you want...? Is that what you want?

SCOTT  
 No, I just wanted to bring the  
 girl back.

He shoots Stoddard, who falls.

ANGLE, INT. The Bizjet, as it taxis. Laura Newton turns her  
 face to the sound of the shot.

ANGLE, her POV. Jackie Black, on the tarmac, Scott, kneeling  
 to the fallen Stoddard, and then running out of the hangar  
 toward her.

ANGLE, on Scott, running, as we see he has the key he has  
 taken from Stoddard, and is releasing his handcuffs.

ANGLE Jackie Black, bleeding, as Scott kneels to her, and  
 cradles her. Scott looks down. Black is weakening, and  
 obviously expiring.

JACKIE BLACK  
 ...is she safe?

SCOTT  
 That's right, she's safe.

JACKIE BLACK  
 (weakly, almost whispering)  
 ...well, then...

ANGLE on Scott, cradling her. Weeping, as he smooths her hair.

SCOTT  
 ...that's right, Baby...

FADE OUT.

SPARTAN  
 A Screenplay by David Mamet  
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