

THE PATRIOT

Written by

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INT. HOUSE OF CONGRESS - DAY

We're close on a congressman as he sleeps during testimony recited off screen.

MAN'S VOICE

For decades, a varying number of intelligence officers working "non-official covers," or "NOC's" have been installed in multinational corporations. Banks. Oil companies. Construction firms. NOC cover, however, is among the most dangerous field work as agents are provided limited support systems and are left largely to fend for themselves in the world's most violent surroundings. We should examine the program's benefit versus cost. Thank you for your attention.

EXT. CITY SQUARE, LUXEMBOURG - NIGHT

A YOUNG WOMAN in a suit walks through the old city square - AGATHE ALBANS. She comes over austere and at odds with her late night surroundings (European partiers drifting around); unlike them she's headed somewhere with a clear intention.

EXT. MCMILLAN INDUSTRIAL PIPING, MILWAUKEE - DAY

JOHN (34, business suit) runs across the wide vista of a Midwestern industrial foundry and company headquarters.

INT. RECEPTION, CONFORMITY STANDARDS DEPT. - MCMILLAN INDUSTRIAL PIPING - LATER

John stands at a reception desk of this large industrial engineering and manufacturing corporation, speaking with the company receptionist LORI (20s).

LORI

You're twenty minutes late.

JOHN

I'm new to Milwaukee. I caught the bridge. It stays up forever.

LORI

Yeah. That happens. There's paperwork.

(MORE)

LORI (CONT'D)

Just say it took you a while. And  
come back after you interview.  
There are a couple other things we  
have to complete...

INT. BOARD ROOM. MCMILLAN PIPING - LATER

John sits at a long, old board table, in the midst of his  
interview, in the company of 11 higher ups at McMillan - the  
lead three MR. THORMS, his right hand man MR. CLARET and MS.  
BERNICE WILTERS.

MR. THORMS

With Bell-end Socket Welds?

JOHN

...On the outer farcs. Inside I  
don't like them.

MS. WILTERS

What do you like inside?

JOHN

Dell Yard 50's. Because of thermal  
expansion with nickel alloys.

MR. CLARET

How many fillet welds would you use  
in that scenario, John?

THEN SOMETHING HAPPENS. Claret tossed around "fillet welds"  
like everyone in the room ought to know all about them. Like  
he just said "Wednesday" or "subway train." BUT JOHN HAS ZERO  
IDEA WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT.

JOHN

...I would use two.

MR. THORMS

*Two hundred?*

JOHN

I'm sorry. Man. Of course.

The interview's gone off the rails. There's uncomfortable  
silence. Because John blanked on something basic.

MS. WILTERS

John... walk me through a scenario  
where you've contracted for cap  
ends.

(MORE)

MS. WILTERS (CONT'D)

You've got cracked "L" quadrants and 40,000 gallons coming down the line. What do you tell the engineer?

JOHN

He's going to have to tie down his Baker Knots at every Lawrence Crease beside the first and last.

MR. CLARET

Well, I *hope* he doesn't tie down his Bakers because then he'd open his truss underbelly and crack every uncracked quad in the line. Wow. Let's try that one again.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

The interview concluded, John leaves the boardroom for the hallway. It's clear things took a poor turn; he's passing the window wall beyond which we can see the boardroom. And as John walks past it, he can pick up what's being said inside.

MR. THORMS

Great recommendations. He's got a strong CV. But I like the little Asian guy better. This guy seems a little weird.

MR. CLARET

Yeah. And he was five minutes late. That Stephen Chu was right on time.

Concern crosses John's face.

INT. LOBBY CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

John walks up the corridor back to the reception lobby. But before he reaches the reception room, John sees a YOUNG ASIAN GUY (STEPHEN CHU) in a suit leaving some last paperwork and materials with the receptionist.

Next, rather than continue to the reception desk, John takes the short left to the door where Chu went.

EXT. MCMILLAN INDUSTRIAL PIPING, MILWAUKEE - LATER

Stephen Chu leaves the headquarters building; it's quiet out there, so Stephen enjoys a celebratory private fist pump - it indicates he thinks he kicked ass in the interview.

Then he walks off. The frame's empty until John exits the same door and heads off the same direction as Stephen.

EXT. GATE ENTRANCE, MCMILLAN COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

The compound rests at the end of a quiet Milwaukee neighborhood street. From the bordering street corner, you have a view of the entire massive compound in the distance. Here, John catches up to Chu as the two head toward the street from the McMillan property.

JOHN

Hey. Did you just interview for the process engineering job?

STEPHEN CHU

Yeah. You?

JOHN

Yeah. How did it go?

STEPHEN CHU

Great. How about you?

JOHN

Okay. Not great. I blanked on a couple things. A couple basics.

STEPHEN CHU

Hey, it happens, man. Don't beat yourself up.

JOHN

Do you think you'll take it? If they offer? What are you thinking?

STEPHEN CHU

I have some other offers, but this is a pretty strong opportunity here. So I'm pretty jacked.

JOHN

Yeah, good for you...

Chu walks away from John. John lingers behind a moment. Then John walks up to the street corner where Chu waits to cross the street. John's a short distance behind Stephen Chu. So Chu can't see him. So he doesn't notice, as a UPS truck drives past them, John give him a shove out onto the street, out in front of the truck. The truck strikes Stephen Chu. The frame freezes. THE TITLE SEQUENCE BEGINS.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A vista of an empty field. Then we watch a pair of helicopter blades roll across the frame like tumbleweeds. Script appears: *Nine Days Earlier*

EXT. NATIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON D.C. - SAME

Congressman EDWARD ALLERTON, 36, delivers a speech at the National Library. Behind Edward stands a group of superficially-textbook American kids culled from somewhere for window-dressing; each holds a book.

EDWARD

...not just three years. Three long years. You shouldn't have to lobby so hard for what's right. But I'm glad to say our *Books for Tots* tax benefit is now on the books.

FIRST JOURNALIST

That must be a good feeling to sponsor a bill that'll keep kids reading.

EDWARD

The tops. Hey. It's like putting it all the way in, Rich. You know?

THE COLLECTION OF JOURNALISTS LOOKS A LITTLE THROWN BY EDWARD'S PUBLIC AND OBVIOUS REFERENCE TO FULL-BLOWN FUCKING.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

There's nothing like it. And it's in this spirit that we're going to move forward. With optimism and pride. The children are our future. They should have--

SECOND JOURNALIST

(not letting that go)  
Putting *what* all the way in?

EDWARD

...I'm sorry?

SECOND JOURNALIST

You said finally passing the public library bill was like "putting it all the way in."

Edward is caught off guard. He now realizes he's been dramatically inappropriate.

EDWARD

...oh, okay, nothing.  
 (to the crowd, escaping)  
 Thank you for coming. Don't ever  
 forget the children who are our  
 future. Teach them well and then  
 they'll take us up on their  
 shoulders, up to the top areas!

Edward claps a few times. No one else does. So it's sort of odd that he clapped. Then Edward just leaves the podium. His phone has begun to ring. He answers.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Hey, Dad.

MAN'S VOICE

Edward, can you cancel your plans  
 this weekend? Something's happened.

INT. TOM ALLERTON'S OFFICE, STATE DEPARTMENT, D.C. - SAME

TOM ALLERTON, 68, finishes this call, leaving his office for the hallway - leaving us a view of the nameplate on his office door - *Director of Intelligence, Department of--*

Tom watches the office TV (CNN) with professional interest. At his side Secretary of State WILMA WATERS. On screen: an Islamic cleric CANTAR WALLEY, 45, speaks to a collection of JOURNALISTS in a hotel conference room in Iran.

The news channel split-screen shares images from the helicopter crash introduced earlier. Text runners along the bottom of the screen read "*crash alters Iran Spring election.*"

JOURNALIST

Is this not an opportunity to adopt  
 more moderate social and religious  
 positions? Mr. Harmed's death  
 leaves a large number of supporters  
 to whom his moderation appealed. He  
 was expected to win the election.

More TV text runners - "*controversial cleric now in lead.*"

TOM

...I want to send someone over. As  
 soon as we can implement. To get in  
 front of this election.

SECRETARY WATERS

Who?

TOM

We have few officers who've worked Iran over any meaningful term. There's just one. He speaks Farsi. Arabic. He has an established network of contacts in the urban north of Iran. He's led targeting teams. He has NOC time in engineering covers. He's going to have to go in Non Official. But there's a concern.

SECRETARY WATERS

Because?

TOM

It's my son. And it's complicated.

SECRETARY WATERS

In what way?

Tom thinks about how to characterize it all.

TOM

In one way... well, he records folk music under an assumed name. Because he says it helps him deal with his feelings. For example. That's one way.

Secretary Waters looks back at Tom; she's a seasoned diplomat but she's never heard this one before.

SECRETARY WATERS

For-- are you serious?

TOM

Yeah. The songs (they're pretty good. I'm his dad, so maybe I'm biased, but they're pretty good.) But they're becoming more honest. Too. Which, that's probably good for folk singers in general but not good for ones who work in intelligence. But he's suited for this job. And he's excellent. He's just a... I don't know. Not like everybody else. And he's had a tough year. And I'm worried about him. I'll explain.

SECRETARY WATERS

...How close are they?



TOM

To what? To a practical nuclear capability? It's going to happen. This winter. If they want it to happen.

Tom looks back at the TV. It's a split screen; we're looking at three bodies laying beside the helicopter chassis.

TOM (CONT'D)

The guy in the field there didn't want it to happen.

The other split - coverage of this cleric leaving the hotel.

SECRETARY WATERS

*...and this one?*

The cleric encounters a swarm of Islamic supporters. They're up and down the sidewalks, they have a chant going. When they see Walley they erupt with the energy of a group under his charismatic spell. We cut out on Tom's expression, communicating, that this man presents a glaring danger.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK, AMSTERDAM - SAME

A burned-out-looking guy JOHN ALLERTON, 34, sits in a park, tuning an acoustic guitar; he's wearing a faded 70s concert t-shirt - The band *America*. THOUGH HE LOOKS NOTHING LIKE A BUSINESSMAN (HAS LONGISH HAIR, BEARD, YOUTHFUL), HE'S THE BUSINESSMAN USING THE NAME JOHN LAKEMAN FROM THE SHOW'S OPENING. Script appears: *Amsterdam*. After a couple bars of guitar, John begins to sing.

JOHN

*In June 2011 the U.S. learned that Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad sanctioned a new "third generation" nuclear centrifuge with an ability to enrich up to six times faster than the old P-1. Egyptian Nobel laureate Mohamed ElMashad was hired to create the necessary uranium by forcing gaseous hexafluoride through semi-permeable membranes. I was tasked to target kill ElMashad in Hurghada, Egypt. A pretty nice town. Kind of a family tourist town. Like an Egyptian Myrtle Beach picture.*

We begin a run of images John alludes to:

First, a portly Egyptian dad type, parasailing, waving down at his family and guide in the motor boat that's pulling him on the Red Sea.

Next, the screen is just white, then we realize it's because we're close on an older guy making a hotel bed and he's wafting the sheet (white) down onto the mattress. Just as we glimpse his face (as the sheet lowers) - his head more or less explodes. And as he drops on to the bed, we see John standing behind him; John just shot him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

*...but the target turned out to be kind of an old male hotel maid. The evacuation team parked on the wrong street.*

Next, we're watching two American guys, standing in downtown Hurghada beside a parked Honda Civic; they're arguing, looking at their watches, looking around for John, realizing they're awaiting him on the wrong street. The argument turns into shoves, then a meager grappling match. We hear police sirens in the distance.

JOHN (CONT'D)

*I was arrested in Egypt, was the subject of white torture which is sensory deprivation geared toward the detainee losing all sense of identity. I escaped by killing my guard with a meal utensil.*

Back in Amsterdam, John sings the last "verse" of his song.

JOHN (CONT'D)

*I've shown signs of increasing mental instability. I'd like to see my wife, but after a targeting, teams are required to spend 3 months in a 3rd party country before returning to the U.S. So I've just been wandering around Amsterdam getting baked and looking at birds. Why aren't there male hotel maids in other countries? You never see that. I just thought he was the guy I was supposed to kill and that he was just cool and made his own hotel bed.*

The tune is through. John just sits there, peacefully.

INT. EDWARD ALLERTON'S AUDI, MOVING - LATER

Congressman Edward Allerton drives through D.C.; oddly, a six-year old black kid rides in back - EFRAM. Each is wearing a t-shirt that reads *D.C. Big Buddies. Making Buddies. Making a Difference*. Camping gear rests in the passenger seat.

EDWARD  
(excited)  
You ready to camp, man?

EFRAM  
Yeah.

EDWARD  
Yeah. Man. I was too. But we can't.

Efram registers, despite Edward's upbeat demeanor, that they're not going camping.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
Yeah, I'm sorry. Something's come up. Pretty serious.  
(sees Edward is sad)  
... Efram, do you know what a patriot is?

EFRAM  
Yes.

EDWARD  
A patriot is someone who could take it easy and hang out, chill out, go camping or something. But then something happens, like a helicopter crash. And their dad asks them to cancel their plans because Israel's going to be blown to total shit. Anyway, that's why I had to cancel the camping. Because I'm a huge patriot. So... sorry.

Efram just quietly listens, but we gain the sense the trip meant a lot.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
Your mom's away. She was expecting you and me to hang for a couple days. So I'm going to drive you to your grandma's house. Cool?

Efram has put a brave face on and nods.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Hey, I get it. You're really missing a lot. I used to camp all the time with my dad and brother. Those were like the best times in life. Really formative times. So... yeah.

This was supposed to make Efram feel better. It has not.

EXT. PLAYGROUND, ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, D.C. - SAME

Tom Allerton visits ALICE ALLERTON, 35, midway into her supervision of some developmentally-challenged teens performing hopscotch.

TOM

I'm sorry to have to come by your work. But it's important.

ALICE

Is John okay?

TOM

He is. But Alice... Alice, I know you expected John home at the end of the month....

ALICE

...are you sending him somewhere else, Tom? He's not coming home?

TOM

He'll be home. For a day. Or two. Then I'm sending him back to work.

There is the sense that this matter (John going away) is the great hardship of Alice's life - she was expecting to see John soon. She just found out she won't. But she handles it well, like she's accustomed to it.

ALICE

...Is he okay?

TOM

His last job was involved... I know you hoped to have John home. I know you two had a... well, a challenging year. Last year. I should have come around more this summer, had you over for a beer or something.

ALICE  
Have me over next week.

Tom smiles back at Alice.

TOM  
Is there anything I can do for you  
two?

ALICE  
You know what..? I think we just  
need a couple days off. I think we  
just need to go for a drive or  
something? I don't know. Could it  
be that simple?

TOM  
I was married for forty-two years.  
Yeah, it could be that simple.

Tom has smiled at Alice once more. Then he grows deliberate.

TOM (CONT'D)  
It's not going to happen for a  
while.

Alice nods; it's a part of her life.

ALICE  
Take care of him okay?

TOM  
Plan to.

JOHN, 11 HERE, ON THE BACK OF A HUGE LIVE BULL (VIDEO IMAGE)

EXT. BULL PEN CHUTE (BUCKING CHUTE), TEXAS - PAST

The Allerton family ranch. This is home video of young John astride a bull much too big for him, in the chute, waiting to ride the bull out onto a dirt field - it's a practice space, we see no one else in view. But we hear audio of 14-year-old Edward (he's setting up this video camera on the back of the chute - our perspective).

JOHN  
Are you filming?

EDWARD (O.S.)  
Do you know how many rules you're  
breaking? One. You're not supposed  
to ride Bodacious.

JOHN  
Just press *record*.

EDWARD (O.S.)  
Two. We're not supposed to fuck  
around with Dad's camera. We're not  
even supposed to touch it.

Then something unexpected happens, the bull bucks. John slips off. Now he's trapped in the chute with the violent bull. John's pressed against the chute wall. The bull's going berserk. Edward jumps down into the chute at the same moment the bull kicks the back wall which sends the camera down into the chute as well. The camera perspective is now ground level. It's being kicked up and around by the flailing back legs of the bull. We see, in quick glimpses though, Edward risking harm to himself to shield John then find a way to throw open the chute door. But before the bull flees into the open, it kicks the shit out of the camera some more. It's gone flying ten feet away.

It comes to rest in the dirt. Some times passes, then we see young Edward's face, bent down, looking into the lens.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
...fuck.

Then John's face leans in as well.

JOHN  
Thanks, man.

EDWARD  
I told you not to do it. Are you  
okay?

JOHN  
...yeah.

Edward hugs John; it's a brotherly and moving gesture.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
That thing's fucked. I'm dead.

EDWARD  
...we'll tell him Me-Maw did it.

JOHN  
...*Grandma?*

EDWARD  
Yeah, that's one good thing about  
her having Alzheimers.

JOHN  
Don't tell Dad, man. Ever. Okay?  
Promise?

EDWARD  
Yeah.

JOHN  
What about the video?

EDWARD  
No way that thing still works.  
He'll never see it.

INT. TOM ALLERTON'S STUDY - NIGHT

Present day, Tom (Edward and John's father) sits in his quiet study, watching this very tape, watching the very moments just after Edward rescued his younger brother, listening to their boyhood conversation, 20 some years later.

INT. TOM'S CAR/EXT. REAGAN NATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Tom's stopped at Departures at Reagan National. Edward sits in the passenger seat. Tom removes a small notebook page from his suit pocket and hands it to his son.

TOM  
This is John's address. Get John.  
Tell him I need him. Come home.

Edward nods. He begins to leave the car. But Tom takes gentle hold of his arm to keep him there another moment.

TOM (CONT'D)  
...I'm worried about him. He's been  
gone a while.

EDWARD  
I'll get him home.

TOM  
...hey. I wanted to ask you... No  
reason. Just sometimes it crosses  
my mind, when you and John were  
younger, Eddie... I just always  
wondered... Did my 92-year-old  
mother really remove from its case  
and then just completely fucking  
demolish my Sony VX-3 video camera?

EDWARD

...Yes.

TOM

And you're sure you or John weren't just fucking around with it, doing something stupid.

EDWARD

...no, Me-maw did it. She was country strong.

Tom looks over at his son. Somehow, this is the right answer. It's given Tom some important comfort - Edward promised, then kept, across a long period of time, John's confidence.

TOM

Go bring your brother home. Take care of him if you need to.

EXT. STREET, AMSTERDAM - LATER

John pedals his older-looking bike down an Amsterdam back street. He's wearing his faded 70s concert t-shirt - *America*. We get a closer look as we track alongside him - a lost soul, listening to some music on his headphones.

And next we watch a POV montage (John's POV) of the birds of Amsterdam. It's just a series of birds in the city, flying, landing, flocking, it's beautiful but probably more interesting if you're high (as John is).

Last, we watch a small "V" of robins fly past, panning with them, and remaining in John's POV, they take us to a close up of Edward Allerton's face, staring right back at us (John).

EXT. JOHN'S FRONT STOOP, APARTMENT BLDG, AMSTERDAM - SAME

A cut takes us out of John's POV. We see John sitting on his front stoop. Edward has recently walked up in front of him. Edward is here now, has found John. And now the brothers are seeing each other for the first time in months.

EDWARD

Want to go for a walk?

INT. EFRAM'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE, D.C. - SAME

A small and poorly-tended apartment living room, where young Efram sits on the floor watching TV. His grandmother sleeps longways on the sofa.



Efram's watching *Mary Poppins*, specifically the scene where she flies with the kids using her umbrella. Efram watches the program with calm interest. Some time passes. Then he rises.

INT. APARTMENT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Efram walks up to the door. There's a little bin there that holds a closed, yellow umbrella. Efram looks at it for a while. Then he takes it out.

EXT. ROOFTOP, EFRAMS'S GRANDMOTHER'S APT BUILDING - SAME

Efram made it to the roof. He's standing at the edge. He holds the open umbrella, seems like he's trying to determine whether it would be a good idea to step off. Then he does. Immediately, his umbrella collapses. And he drops instantly from sight falling under the horizon of the rooftop.

EXT. PARK, AMSTERDAM - LATER

Edward and John have come to a large public park. They're walking alone up the park's paved thoroughfare.

EDWARD

They hold their election in four months. Our guy died. The guy in front now is Cantar Walley.

John is aware of this; his expression conveys that he knows Walley and regards this seriously.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Dad needs you in Iran.  
(answers his ringing cell phone)  
Congressman Edwar--.

A WOMAN HAS BEGUN SCREAMING AT EDWARD IMMEDIATELY.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Hey. Hold on. I can't understand you.

(listening)

Okay. Man. Well, we'll hope for the best on that one. That's sad news, no doubt, and I'm glad you came back up, to tend to that, as I went to an undisclosed area for national matters. Where I am now.

(listening)

I'm in an area. I am on...

NOW THE WOMAN'S YELLING AT HIM IN AN UNUSUALLY UNPROFESSIONAL MANNER FROM THE OTHER END - there are swears.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

All right.

(listening)

All right. I'll come.

(listening)

I said I'd come home, Carol. I'm coming right now. Jeez.

Edward finally just hangs up.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I got to go. My Little Buddy broke his legs and ankles. That was his mom. My little special friend? I left him in the care of a healthy, immediate family member, too, so it's surprising something happened. Dad needs you home tonight. You got the message.

JOHN

..I don't know.

EDWARD

What do you mean you don't know?

JOHN

I'm competing tonight.

EDWARD

In what?

JOHN

Mechanical bull contest. It's how I make extra money. I'm saving up to go on a bike trip. Long trip. They're really big here. For some reason. Mechanical bulls. Five thousand bucks. If I win.

EDWARD

It's different this time. You just bring a bag of money from A to B, John. Then make sure it gets doled out right. Over a few months. That's it.

JOHN

It's never easy like that. It gets messed up--

EDWARD

Dad says he needs you. That's pretty easy, right? To understand?

JOHN

I'm leaning toward just staying here, ride this fake bull, get that money, have Alice come out and bike with me, across Spain. Look at some Spanish birds.

EDWARD

You're so weird. Cantar Walley's a terrorist. And he could be the President of Iran. It's about the physicist you missed on. And he said he wouldn't call you if he didn't need you.

Edward walks away. John is left behind to think his decision over - he's embroiled in an escalating conflict, whether the timing is detrimental to him personally or not. You can read on his face that he knows all that.

JOHN

But this one tonight..? Bull ride. This is the final. There's not another money ride for six months. If I lose, I won't have the money for the trip. So I don't know. Maybe I'll go back. If I lose tonight.

EDWARD

What are you saying? World peace depends on the outcome of a Dutch mechanical bull riding contest? You freak? Who do you compete against anyway?

JOHN

It's a pretty international city. Guys from all over. That's why I'm wearing this *America* shirt. I don't really like *America*. The band, I mean. The country's okay.

EDWARD

Are any of the other competitors from Texas? Like you?

JOHN

No.

EDWARD  
So you usually win.

JOHN  
Yeah.

Edward starts walking away. Then he turns back.

EDWARD  
(checking his watch)  
What time is this thing? And are there any hot European girls there usually? Because I can maybe squeeze that in before my flight.

INT. BAR, AMSTERDAM - LATER (NIGHT)

A wiry Brit sits atop a full-size, black mechanical bull in the center of the bar. The place is packed. The Brit has a Union Jack fashioned to the back of his shirt. He's got his hand in the air in the pre-ride "I'm almost ready to go" hand gesture. Patrons remain silent in anticipation.

ANNOUNCER  
From the United Kingdom... Tony Splinters.

The crowd cheers. John and Edward sit at the bar, looking on.

Soon, the Brit signals *start*. "*London Calling*" begins. The bull starts whipping around. Despite his cocksure expression, the Brit's body language shows he's not quite a natural; he's gripping too tightly, has a boxy, spastic relationship to the bull's movement. But he's never thrown. So when the bull stops, he tries to pump up the room like he just accomplished something.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
Tony Splinters....

The place becomes quiet again as John walks to the bull. He gets on it with practiced ease. People begin to lean forward. Edward watches from the bar.

John (in his *America* T-shirt and a *Mack Truck* trucker ball cap) sits atop the bull. His calm demeanor versus the Brit's agitation showcases the essential qualitative bull-riding difference between an Englishman and American Westerner.

## ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, from the United States  
of America, from the state of  
Texas... John No Last Name Given.  
John Something.

After a second, John throws off a little signal to start her up. The accompanying music begins with a dance mix version of Jimi Hendrix's "*Star Spangled Banner*" then, when the bull really begins moving, morphs into "*America, Fuck Yeah*" from *Team America*. John's great up there - it comes easy to him.

The crowd's feeling the groove of it. They begin serious cheering. Edward looks on with dissipating hope for the security of his country.

Then something happens. John starts to get a little lost mentally. His focus shifts off the bull ride somewhere else. He's being visited by the complicated calling of loyalty, patriotism and sacrifice. So his ride begins to lose focus, and soon, the film segues into slower motion.

Then Edward watches John sway out of rhythm with the bull, then simply give up, let go of the saddle-hold, then allow himself to slowly slip off the back of the bull so that he may further serve his country. Edward watches all this happen, impressed, and admiring, at this moment, of his younger brother.

## INT. ALICE ALLERTON'S HOME - DAY

John's wife Alice has awakened just a little earlier, is walking back from the kitchen in a robe, holding coffee and the morning paper. As she passes her front door on her way to the living room, the front door opens and scares the hell out of her, so much so she's screamed and dropped her coffee.

JOHN

Man, I'm sorry. Hey.

She sees John standing there in the doorway. His hair's cut. He's cleaned up. He's staring at Alice, smiling.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I should have knocked or rang the  
doorbell or something.

She doesn't say anything. She just walks over to him and starts kissing him.

INT. JOHN AND ALICE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Alice and John are in the early stages of long-delayed reunion lovemaking. The scene is appropriately serious, for a time, until when we hear just outside their window the chipper and wholesome Good Humor ice cream song: It grows nearer and begins to accompany their intimate moments. It's throwing John off.

JOHN

This is-- I can't. You're so beautiful. But this-- it's not a great um accompanying...

The Good Humor song keeps playing.

ALICE

Yeah, it's too chipper and wholesome.

JOHN

I'm just going to try to work through this little tune.

John tries to return to their former intimacy. The tune just keeps going. It's impossible to work with.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm struggling, to stay sexy. For you. Here.

ALICE

Yeah, that's not sexy. Not you. The jingle thing.

JOHN

It's parking like right out front here. Fuck.

John peeks through the window. Out at the street and the Good Humor truck. Two red-haired kids are at the window, trying to decide what to order.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What are you doing, guys? Order... It's been three months. I'm just going to work through it.

ALICE

Good.

They begin to kiss again. Then John's father Tom appears in the bedroom doorway.

TOM

John?

(noticing the two in bed)

Dear lord I'm sorry.

(leaving the door way)

The door was open. I'm very sorry.

John and Alice smile at each other. Their intimate time together is over, before it really got started.

EXT. JOHN AND ALICE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

John and Tom are strolling down the sidewalk. Each one is holding a Good Humor Chipwich ice cream sandwich.

JOHN

Thanks for the Chipwich.

TOM

No problem. I'm very sorry. About intruding--

JOHN

It's okay. What's up?

TOM

I just wanted to see you. Before we got started today. To see if you're okay.

JOHN

Yeah.

TOM

Yeah what?

JOHN

Yeah, I'm okay.

John gives his dad a little smile. Tom stares at him for a while, then he smiles back similarly.

JOHN (CONT'D)

When do we get started?

TOM

This morning? That okay?

John doesn't want to start "this morning." But he does.

JOHN

Yep.

TOM  
 ...I would have given you a hug  
 earlier, but you were nude.

JOHN  
 Yeah.

TOM  
 (going in for a hug now)  
 Now I'm holding a Chipwich, so it's  
 not going to be a great one...

JOHN  
 That's okay.

John also is inhibited from giving a fulsome hug because he's holding a Chipwich. But they do it anyway.

EXT. TOM ALLERTON'S ESTATE, VIRGINIA - LATER

Later that day, John and Tom sit on the back porch, talking.

TOM  
 To get in and out of Iran without  
 tracks... there's an accreditation  
 program for foreign workers. The  
 widest field is oil engineering.  
 Our best bet's McMillan - an  
 industrial pipe company that's able  
 to work there. They don't know  
 you're with the department. You'll  
 have to do the work.

JOHN  
 I have to interview for it?

TOM  
 You have a CV and two  
 recommendations from Penn. And we  
 have someone in their  
 administration. The interview ought  
 to go in your favor.

The tennis court in the distance is being used by Edward in an effort to instruct Efram how to work his new small electric wheelchair - they're doing test runs in the distance.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Cantar Walley has a good chance in  
 this election.



Tom hands John a report. Once in hand, we glimpse, as John does, its title:

**Cantar Walley Resolved to Strike At Israel With Short Range Nuclear Weapons...**

TOM (CONT'D)

The report says he's lacking one thing. The short range weapons. Iran's program, if they reactivate it, is maybe three months away. The only reason they're not armed now-- are you ready for this? The physicist, the one we missed on, he hasn't been paid yet.

Tom smiles wearily.

TOM (CONT'D)

He agreed to ten million. He won't take their Rials because it's the world's least valued currency. And we've been able to stall them from exchanging that amount into another currency for two months. We've frustrated every potential large-scale transaction out of their state-run agencies, private companies, and NGOs. But it's a tourniquet. It's temporary. They'll find a way to get it to him soon if their government wants him to have it. We need you to help move things our way over there the next four months so they don't. Because they're that close.

INT. TOM'S STUDY - LATER

They moved to Tom's study. We see on his TV Tom's been watching more of the home videos. It's paused on a shot of young John and Edward playing pee-wee baseball back in Texas.

In the study, looking over, John smiles at it.

JOHN

What are you...? You've been watching these?

TOM

Yeah. Been missing you. Been watching them.

JOHN

Bull one's on there. You weren't supposed to know about that.

TOM

Yeah, well... I know about it.

John presses play on the remote. The video resumes playing. They talk further as they watch. We hear the following over images of the young boys playing ball.

TOM (CONT'D)

Get this job. You'll be in Iran mid September as part of the company. You'll see that our investment gets where it's intended.

JOHN

What's first?

TOM

I'm giving you a garment bag with eleven million Euros in it. This unit of McMillan works a triangle. Milwaukee. Luxembourg. Iran.

JOHN

Luxembourg?

TOM

Iran banks in Luxembourg. It's how western companies are able to work with Iran. They wash it through Luxembourg. Bring the money there when the company goes later this month. You're going to give it to an Iranian designee. So he can start distributing it in Iran. We're going to start buying this election. For our guy. It's going to eleven regional religious leaders and, in the north, two generals. You know a handful of them. From your time there.

Tom looks at John with some kindness and conveys the sense he knows John might not be at his best just now.

TOM (CONT'D)

That's why it has to be you.

JOHN

I get it.

A moment passes.

TOM

The Luxembourg portion ought to be a snap. It's nice and quiet there.

John and Tom look out the window at Edward and Efram on the tennis court.

TOM (CONT'D)

That's his son probably, right?

JOHN

Probably yeah.

A moment goes by as they watch Edward cheer Efram for a wheelchair 360.

EDWARD

Cool 360, man.

Then Tom faces John.

TOM

You interview at McMillan in Milwaukee Wednesday. I'm assuming it'll go smoothly.

EXT. STREET CORNER, MILWAUKEE - DAY

We're back in the present setting of the story- in the moment just after John Lakeman - prospective industrial piping engineer (whom we know now is John Allerton State Dept. intelligence officer) - shoved the prospective Asian piping engineer out in front of a UPS truck. We've entered the moment just at impact - so we're greeted immediately by the young Asian thrown across two lanes of traffic. When the UPS truck passes the frame, we see that John is already gone from the corner.

INT. RECEPTION, MCMILLAN INDUSTRIAL PIPING - MOMENTS LATER

John has returned to the reception desk. Lori smiles at him.

LORI

How'd your interview go?

JOHN

Fine, thanks.

After a moment, Lori nods over to lobby security guard JACK BIRDBATH (50) beefy, Irish cop mode (giant, meathead) - walking into the stairwell nearby.

LORI  
(whispering)  
That's Jack Birdbath. He used to be a cop. He shot a nine-year-old Puerto Rican in the back. Yeah, so he's disgraced. So...

John doesn't know quite what to make of that news.

JOHN  
You mentioned there were a couple other things?

LORI  
Yeah, can you fill out a W-9? And do this?

She places a small drug test specimen cup on the desk top. A quiet moment passes. Because John's been surprised by this phase of the process. And he's paused longer than a guy who has nothing to worry about. John's pausing so long he seems like a guy who's got something to worry about in this regard.

LORI (CONT'D)  
The men's room is up on three.

She's pointed down the western hallway to the elevator bank. So John takes the cup and walks down the western hallway.

INT. ELEVATOR - LATER

John rides up, looking at the cup like he's trying to figure out a way to get around this and can't. It's an unusual, but desperate situation.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

John walks up to a urinal. There's another employee at the one beside his, unassuming salesman DENNIS MCCLAREN, 38. They nod to one another.

DENNIS  
What's up?

JOHN  
Hey.

John settles in. Then something crosses his mind. He faces Dennis.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Hey. I'm John. Lakeman. I just interviewed in process engineering.

DENNIS  
Cool. Hey. Dennis McClaren. Conforming. Some sales.

JOHN  
(\*whispering)  
\*Cool. Hey... can I talk to you about something?

Dennis looks over at John; it's a little peculiar this overture for a conversation at the side-by-side urinals.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
\*I'm in a situation, and... hey, can't you not pee? For a sec? Dennis?

DENNIS  
*...I'm sorry?*

JOHN  
\*My name's John. But my last name's not Lakeman. I *am* interviewing for a position here in Process Design, but I'm also an intelligence officer for the-- Don't pee. Please.

Dennis continues listening; obviously he feels like this is peculiar.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Are you peeing, Dennis?

DENNIS  
No...

JOHN  
I need this job because I have to work in accredited construction in Iran to oversee department efforts there. I won't pass this urine test. So I need yours. Not just me. The country. The USA.

DENNIS  
*...The USA needs my pee?*

JOHN

\*Yeah. It's weird. I know. But yeah. So okay. Will you pee in my cup, Dennis? Then don't tell anybody? Ever? I don't know what else to say. We're in a situation. I don't know what else to say.

Dennis continues staring at John. A pretty long time passes.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Moments later, John's back in the hall right outside the men's room. He's holding the little cup which is half full now. Dennis walks off a distance down the hallway. THEN JOHN HEARS A THICK CLANGING SOUND FROM BACK IN THE MEN'S ROOM. John opens the door to see in there.

MEN'S ROOM

What John sees is a security guard's nightstick dropped on the bathroom floor in one of the stalls. Then John sees someone in the stall pick it up. Then lobby security guard Jack Birdbath exits the stall - he's been in there all the while John tried to coax Dennis into helping him. The two make awkward eye contact - Jack has maybe conveyed through his expression that he heard what just transpired, but possibly not.

INT. TOM ALLERTON'S KITCHEN - DAY

As Tom makes coffee he holds a conversation with Edward, standing across the kitchen.

TOM

You're having lunch with Tim Peetnam. He chairs the Foreign Affairs subcommittee on Terrorism, Non-proliferation and Trade. He's going to ask you on. I asked him to. I want you near John when he's in Iran. And Luxembourg I guess. For now. You'll be able to come and go. On that committee. As an attache.

Edward's trying to be cool about it in front of Tom but he really likes the sound of "attache."

INT. WASHINGTON RESTAURANT - LATER

Edward and Subcommittee chair Congressman TIM PEETNAM, 64, lunch at a done-up D.C. restaurant.

TIMOTY PEETNAM

You know, your dad and I came up together in Congress. 25 years later your dad's still admired from both sides of the aisle. When he moved on to State, I was very pleased you ran for his seat.

EDWARD

It was an honor.

TIMOTHY PEETNAM

I'd be pleased to have you on the subcommittee. If you're anything like your dad you're going to make a difference. I was hoping you'd take an attache role on non-proliferation.

EDWARD

With pleasure. I'm looking forward to making a difference on that front. As an attache.

TIMOTHY PEETNAM

I served with your dad in Army Infantry 5-2 as well--

EDWARD

Do I get a badge?

TIMOTHY PEETNAM

...I'm sorry?

EDWARD

Do I get an attache badge?

TIMOTHY PEETNAM

I don't-- no, I don't think we have those.

EDWARD

What if I got my own?

TIMOTHY PEETNAM

Well, it would be weird. But I guess you could. I don't know.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT, MILWAUKEE - EARLY MORNING

In his small apartment's living room, John discusses a black suit bag (garment bag) that is, at this moment, being left with him by a YOUNG AFRICAN-AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER (we've seen blocks of Euros in it as it was zipped close).

JOHN

And you know where we're flying out of?

YOUNG INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

You know the 500 Euro bill is the preferred currency of the underworld?

JOHN

Yeah. I asked you a question. I asked you if you know where we're flying out of.

YOUNG INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

You're flying out of terminal 6B. Corporate terminal. At Milwaukee airport.

JOHN

The private terminal.

YOUNG INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

Yeah. There's no screener. You just get on.

JOHN

You're sure?

YOUNG INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

You know why the underworld likes that bill? The 500? The Euro?

JOHN

You can transport more with less heft. And I asked you another question you didn't answer. You're sure they fly private?

YOUNG INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

I am.

JOHN

If I have to check it for some reason, they do random screens of bags at intervals.

(MORE)



JOHN (CONT'D)

So someone could see into this bag on the other side. Even if I check it. That could happen if I let it out of my hands. There's a lot of money in this bag.

YOUNG INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

Carry it on the plane, John. You'll have no problems. You're flying private. And your father told me to tell you-- *keep it safe. We can't just send more bags. It's not the 1980s. This bag has to get where it's going.*

INT. PARKING COURTESY VAN, MILWAUKEE AIRPORT - LATER

John's among his day job colleagues at McMillan, traveling with them from long-term parking to their terminal; he's sandwiched between superiors Thorms and Claret. The group's making piping small talk. John seems focused on other matters, though. He's got the black garment bag with him.

MR. THORMS

What's the latest on the Asian kid?

MR. CLARET

I think he has to learn how to talk all over again. Or something. Wilters said he's learning how to squeeze and grip. From scratch. Stuff like that.

MR. THORMS

Should have looked both ways.

We see others from McMillan on board, among them urine-donation co-worker Dennis McClaren.

VAN DRIVER

(pulling to a stop)  
Private terminal.

John rises. But no one else does. John's thrown (other passengers disembark but no one from McMillan).

JOHN

Are we-- Aren't we leaving out of the private terminal?

MR. CLARET

No. Straight shot to Luxembourg and back.

(MORE)

MR. CLARET (CONT'D)  
We only fly private when we have multiple legs. That's regular company policy.

MS. WILTERS  
Yep. Straight shots we fly commercial.

John just keeps standing there.

MR. CLARET  
Commercial's not good enough for you, Lakeman?

JOHN  
...of course.

MR. CLARET  
Well, then sit down so we can get to our flight, son.

This man Claret has it in for John a little - liked the Asian guy better and isn't warming to John much. You can feel it.

INT. UNITED TERMINAL, SECURITY - LATER

Later, the group has reached the terminal. John's got the black garment bag. They're in line in a regular, fully-scrutinized security entrance to a commercial terminal complete with an x-ray carry-on screener and line of passengers. John's experiencing something particular to his work - he must choose between awful alternatives.

JOHN  
I have to check this bag. It's getting a little heavy. I'll be right with you.

INT. CHECK IN/TICKET COUNTER, UNITED TERMINAL - LATER

John's just checked his bag; he looks like he's got a world of concern on his back over its safety...

INT. PLANE, FLYING - LATER

They're flying overnight. All the McMillan team (and the remainder of the passengers) sleep. John is the only one awake.

INT. AIRPORT, BAGGAGE CLAIM, LUXEMBOURG - LATER

John and his colleagues wait for their bags near a baggage carousel in the capitol. Everyone seems to have their bags except John. He's waiting for the black suit bag to come through. It's not coming. There's nothing on the carousel, it just keeps circling around. Script appears: *Luxembourg*.

EXT. AIRPORT, LUXEMBOURG - LATER

John's seeing the others into a transport van. He intends to go back into the airport.

JOHN

You guys get settled. I'm going to try to track down my bag.

MR. CLARET

Jump in, John. I wanted to crunch our numbers on the way to the hotel. They'll send the bag along.

JOHN

I'd feel better if gave it another quick look.

MR. CLARET

...all right. Have it your way.

John closes their van door.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM - MOMENTS LATER

Moments later, John's at the "no entry" door behind baggage claim. No one's around and he goes right in.

INT. CORRIDOR, BAGGAGE LOADING - CONTINUOUS

John's running down the rear hallway.

INT. BAGGAGE LOADING - MOMENTS LATER

John has run up to the loading dock door in time to glimpse a PORTUGUESE WORKER leaving the rear of the airport center on a motorbike. He's got the black garment bag with him. John looks on.

INT. LOADING DOCK, AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

Nearby, John's found something he's looking for - the mounted dock schedule where workers sign in and out. He sees the name *Barros D.* signed out moments before. At that instant, someone yells at John; John's been confronted by a guard working security back there.

JOHN

Bathroom?

The guy doesn't understand this.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I was looking for... I'm sorry.

John waves as a means to apologize once more then hustles into the hallway he just came down.

INT. JOHN'S HOTEL ROOM, SOFITEL HOTEL LUXEMBOURG - LATER

John's sitting on the edge of his small bed, speaking quietly on his cell phone (the man on the other end is RON).

JOHN

Barros D. Luxembourg City. Employed at the airport.

RON (O.S.)

Okay. Hang on.

John waits quietly.

RON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

David Barros. You have a pen?

JOHN

Yeah. And tell me if there's an alarm at the address.

RON (O.S.)

There's no crime there, right? He probably won't have an alarm. Guy's front door might even be open. He has five brothers by the way.

JOHN

Are you gonna- I don't need his biography. I need the address.

RON (O.S.)  
 They all *live* at that address,  
 John. I thought you might want to  
 know there could be six dudes in  
 the house. They're Portuguese.  
 Portuguese constitute most of the  
 labor force in Luxembourg.

JOHN  
 Can I have that address, Ron?

RON (O.S.)  
 Lot of Portuguese guys know  
 jujitsu. That's not just a fun  
 fact. I'm trying to give you your  
 reconnaissance. Address. 77  
 DeChamplaine 3D.

John writes this down. There's a knock at the door.

JOHN  
 Thanks, Ron.  
 (calling out)  
 Come in.

Dennis McClaren (who John was forced to take into his  
 confidence for his urine) enters John's room.

DENNIS  
 Hey, man.

JOHN  
 Hey.

DENNIS  
 I'm just staying down the hall.  
 3203. Yeah. So. What's up?

JOHN  
 Nothing much.

DENNIS  
 Cool.

Dennis just stands there. John just looks at him cause he's  
 standing there.

JOHN  
 So what's up? What are you--

DENNIS  
 (more quietly)  
 Are you doing some cool shit?

JOHN

*Am I what?*

DENNIS

Cool intelligence um... while you're here? Because I can help. I was in R.O.T.C. I just wanted to tell you.

JOHN

Dennis, I just look at some numbers. Sometimes. It's like accounting.

DENNIS

John, you can't really tell because I have to wear a suit all the time, but I'm ripped. Maybe I could be a big help. That's all.

John doesn't say anything. Then Dennis takes his shirt off. He's ripped. John stares at him.

EXT. SOFITEL HOTEL, LUXEMBOURG - LATER

It's night. John has left the hotel and begun to walk off into the city. He comes past the oldest and the most normal-looking McMillan executive Mr. Thorms who is out on the sidewalk on his cell phone.

MR. THORMS

I know it's kind of last minute, but do you have any Japanese girls?... Great. Just-- maybe to accompany me to dinner?... Okay great. Or to maybe whip the back of my legs with a Twizzler, or some such.

Thorms sees John passing, realizes John has overheard, but rather than seeming embarrassed, Thorms just smiles, winks and makes the "shhh" gesture meaning keep it on the lowdown.

John nods and walks farther off. Then we see Dennis McClaren (shirt back on) leave the hotel and follow John off.

EXT. STREET, LUXEMBOURG - MOMENTS LATER

A block from the hotel, Dennis, walking up, joins John stride for stride.

JOHN

Dennis. I'm just going for a walk.  
To get my head together for the  
meeting tonight.

Dennis gets it and nods. John starts walking away again.

EXT. SIDE STREET - LATER

Later, John's walked halfway up a darker side street. Then he turns and finds his colleague Dennis still tailing him, illuminated in the distance under a street lamp.

JOHN

Dennis? Get away, man. You did your  
part.

DENNIS

I peed in a cup.

JOHN

You did a great job. Good work,  
man. You really helped me out. Now  
you're really kind of fucking me up  
here. I like you. But go away,  
right now. I like you. But  
seriously go away.

DENNIS

Whatever...

Dennis has walked closer to John.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

John, I have two kids? They're  
okay. I mean they're-- yeah,  
they're okay. But, man, my wife and  
my job? Come on. *That's it? For my  
whole life? Piping?* Can I be a  
spotter or something? For whatever  
you're doing?

JOHN

*Spotter?* That's not even a thing.

DENNIS

Something.

JOHN

Dennis, I'm going to stab you in  
the thigh. If you don't leave.

DENNIS

Yeah right-- Oh fuck!

JOHN HAS JUST STABBED A KNIFE INTO DENNIS'S QUAD MUSCLE.

JOHN

Don't go to the hospital.

DENNIS

Screw you, man. *What?* You stab me then you fucking prohibit me from going to the hospital? Well, what am I supposed to do?

JOHN

Stop following me. First. Then go apply pressure to it, then bandage it up. I don't know.

DENNIS

Jeez all right, jerk. You're a real jerk, John. Ow. Fuck.

John watches Dennis limp out of the street lamp light. Then John continues going where he was headed.

EXT. WEST SIDE, LUXEMBOURG - LATER

This is the west end, where the guest workers live.

INT. SMALL HOME KITCHEN - LATER

David Barros (the airport worker who took John's bag) sits at his kitchen table, at dinner. He's reading a newspaper. The black garment bag rests on a bureau beside him. If he'd raise his head, he'd see John out in his yard, just outside the sliding glass doors that open into the kitchen ten feet ahead of Barros. John has a metal garbage can raised above his head. He's going to throw it through the glass door windows then rush Barros through the open space of broken glass.

But just as John's about to do this, a thought crosses his mind. And he lowers the can. Then he walks off, out of sight.

Some time passes now during which David Barros continues to eat quietly. More such moments pass until (in this same wide shot) we see that his small home's front door (just off the kitchen) just opens and John just walks right in.

Barros hasn't looked up. It's not until John has walked all the way up to the kitchen table and spoken that he becomes aware John's there. The bag's on the bureau right there.



JOHN

(\*subtitled German)

\*This is my bag. I'm taking it  
back, that's all.

John is showing the young man his knife. John reaches the bag, checks it, lifts it and, maintaining his calm, begins to back out of the room.

Because he's backing out, however, he doesn't see Barros's five brothers enter the room he's nearing from the bedroom doors behind John.

Nearing them, though, John feels their presence and turns just as they crowd in on him.

Soon, he's fighting five guys, while holding a garment bag and a knife.

One of the largest of the men forces John to the ground.

The guy's doing jujitsu on John. Has him in a choke.

John's unable to breathe or free himself. So he puts his knife in the guy's side; The guy still won't release John, so John does it again; it's quickly become a grave struggle. John has to use the knife more times than the guy's going to probably survive.

Then John's able to rise from under him. And he keeps the others off him by keeping the knife out in front. Then John's able to make for the opened front door.

INT. BAR, SOFITEL HOTEL, LUXEMBOURG - LATER

Meanwhile, McMillan exec Mr. Claret waits with a French businessman MAURICE CLAIRE at the bar. Maurice checks his watch. He seems a little put upon.

MR. CLARET

I'm sorry. I don't know where he  
is. We said 9:30.

EXT. LUXEMBOURG, OLD TOWN - SAME

John's hustling through the old city. He's an odd sight among the evening foot traffic because he's in a hurry. Additionally, his dress shirt is covered in blood. He catches the eyes of some Luxembourgers, surprised at this energy and his appearance.

EXT. ALLEYWAY LUXEMBOURG - LATER

John is leaned against an alley wall, off the street, out of the light. He's got all that blood on his dress shirt. He's got the garment bag. He's on a cell with Ron.

JOHN

I'm okay. Yeah I'm just-- I'm covered in blood. I can't walk through Luxembourg--

RON (O.S.)

All right. Stay there. We'll get someone over there. Give me an address...

EXT. ALLEYWAY, LUXEMBOURG - LATER

John's sitting tight in a doorway down the alley, waiting it out. He's on a cell call. He looks a little wrecked.

ALICE (O.S.)

Hello...

JOHN

Hey...

ALICE (O.S.)

John..?

JOHN

Yeah. Hi.

ALICE (O.S.)

Hi. Are you okay?

JOHN

Yeah. I'm pretty far away. You sound so close.

Some time goes by (we see police patrolmen headed toward the alley entrance, in the distance, though John hasn't noticed them yet).

JOHN (CONT'D)

Have you been turning the alarm on at night?

ALICE (O.S.)

*Have I been turning the alarm on?*

JOHN

When I walked in Monday morning the alarm wasn't--

ALICE (O.S.)

I don't like alarms, John. They scare me. They're so loud.

JOHN

Alice, they're supposed to be.

ALICE (O.S.)

That's why you're calling? The alarm?

JOHN

Yeah. Promise me.

ALICE (O.S.)

All right.

JOHN

Promise me.

ALICE (O.S.)

I promise you I'll think about turning--

JOHN

(laughing)

Just turn it on. Okay, I have to go. Alarm. Bye.

JOHN HAS TO GO BECAUSE HE SEES TWO POLICE PATROLMEN APPROACHING THE ALLEY. Luxembourg beat cops. They have cool little hats; tailored pants with piping. They look like male background dancers in a musical. But they're shining a light down the alley. They're turning that way, toward where John's trapped. Just then, however, a third MAN approaches them. He's in shadow.

MAN IN SHADOW

Hi. I was hoping you could help me.

LUXEMBOURG BEAT COP

What can I do for you?

MAN IN SHADOW

I'm an attache. By the way. Here's my attache badge.

The guy flashes a badge.

MAN IN SHADOW (CONT'D)

Yeah, someone just-- It was fucked up. Someone just bumped into me and took off with my briefcase. With all my attache shit in it.

(pointing)

Like a block east. I really need that stuff. As an attache.

LUXEMBOURG BEAT COP

(pointing east, heading off)

On Bonnevoire Street?

MAN IN SHADOW

Yeah. Two minutes ago. Fuck him up. Thanks.

The cops are gone. The man turns into the alley, walking closer to John (closer to camera); we see, soon, that it's John's brother Edward. He has a small bag with him.

EDWARD

(reaching John)

Hey, man.

JOHN

Hey.

EDWARD

(opening the bag)

There's a clean shirt in here.

INT. BAR, SOFITEL - SAME

Meanwhile, Claret and Maurice Claire continue to await John. Claret's pissed.

EXT. LUXEMBOURG - LATER

John sprints through the streets of Luxembourg, bound for his piping meeting, carrying the garment bag, in his clean shirt.

INT. BAR, SOFITEL - LATER

John hustles into the bar, but the conference mixer is long over. The man he was meant to meet has gone. Only John's superior Mr. Claret remains there. He's glaring at John.

MR. CLARET  
 (little drunken)  
 Got your little suit, guy? You're  
 forty minutes late.

JOHN  
 They sent my bag to the wrong hotel-

MR. CLARET  
 You were supposed to go over our  
 entire shipping order tonight.  
 Okay? With Denon. It ships  
 tomorrow. You're off to a shitty  
 start here, son. I don't mind  
 saying. That's not the McMillan  
 way.

JOHN  
 ...It won't happen again.

Claret just walks off. John's control over the complicated  
 aspects of his life is slipping.

EXT. SMALL CITY PARK, LUXEMBOURG - LATER (NIGHT)

Later, well into the night, John has wandered off to a small  
 park near the city's river. He's alone. He looks a little  
 messed up mentally - just staring at birds gathered on the  
 thoroughfare near his feet. Then after a little while, Edward  
 walks up.

EDWARD  
 (quietly)  
 Hey...

JOHN  
 Hey...

Edward sits down. He lets some time pass.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 I probably killed someone tonight.  
 Where no one kills anyone.

Edward can see in his expression that John is undergoing a  
 considerable amount. Edward tries to find a way to give his  
 younger brother some relief.

EDWARD  
 ...remember Joust? The video game?  
 The 80s video game? Yeah. They have  
 it. In this arcade I spent like six  
 hours in this afternoon.

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Also, Frogger, Phoenix, Defender and Centipede. It's great. They have all these classic 80s standups. It's like being eleven.

INT. VIDEO ARCADE, LUXEMBOURG - LATER

Later, in the arcade, Edward and John are distinct among the crowd of Luxembourgish teens. They're currently having fun playing Robotron. What begins next is a brief montage during which the brothers enjoy one another's company and this brief escape from their peculiar grown-up demands, their pleasant expressions intercut with iconic screen graphics of 80s video games like Donkey Kong, Dig Dug, Q-Bert, and Space Invaders.

WE'VE RETURNED TO THE SHOT THAT OPENED THE SHOW. THE SHARP-LOOKING 25-YEAR-OLD WOMAN, WALKING WITH PURPOSE ACROSS LUXEMBOURG.

EXT. BARROS HOME, LUXEMBOURG NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

This woman AGATHE ALBANS walks up to the Barros home - now a crime scene. It's taped off, patrol cars out front. And there are some gathered reporters trying to gain a sense of what's gone on. Agathe, instantly composed and official, crosses through the yellow tape and shows a uniformed cop her detective badge.

AGATHE ALBANS

(\*subtitled German)

\*Detective Agathe Albans. Homicide.

They let her through. She pushes past the reporters, into the house.

AGATHE ALBANS (CONT'D)

\*Move the reporters back. Off the yard. Across the street.

She watches the reporters moved off. Something crosses her mind in a flash. She speaks to a second detective stepping up into view - KARL WHERT.

AGATHE ALBANS (CONT'D)

\*Karl, tomorrow I'd like the names of everyone who buys, online tonight or tomorrow, a new subscription to the Luxembourg paper. At some point tomorrow.

INT. BARROS HOME - MOMENTS LATER

The police work the crime scene, gathered where the dead Barros lays. So no one sees Agathe Alban enter and take in her first murder scene. The first murder in Luxembourg in 20 years. The look on her face is like she just walked out onto the field at Yankee Stadium. She may have spent the better part of her life wanting to solve a murder.

INT. SOFITEL HOTEL, LUXEMBOURG - EARLY MORNING

John, on a new day, the next day, cleanly dressed, shaved, walks past the Sofitel front desk on his way out of the hotel (he's carrying the garment bag).

FEMALE DESK CLERK

Mr. Lakeman? Someone left a note.  
This morning. For you.

It's a small envelope - the name *Lakeman* handwritten on it. That's all.

INT. TRAIN CAR, MOVING, LUXEMBOURG - LATER

Later this morning, John's on a train headed out of the city. The sun's coming up. He's got the garment bag. He's on a cell call. Meanwhile John's staring at the note (now open) he picked up from the hotel earlier. Handwriting. It's a hard-to-peg foreign language (also there was a baggage claim ticket stub included in the envelope).

We're close on the note, panning down it as we hear the following:

RON (O.S.)

Yeah, it's Portuguese. The note says "*The cost of not killing you, Lakeman, or talking to the police about you, Lakeman, is the garment bag. The Barros Brothers.*"

At the bottom, there is a little drawing of five Portuguese guys standing in a row, shirtless and tough-looking, with kind of poorly-drawn but clearly-communicated vengeful expressions, all in tight little, binding black shorts.

RON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I was right. I'm looking at the photo of the note you sent. Those are little jujitsu pants on those guys.

Now we're close on John. He's engaged in an enterprise of unexpected mounting difficulty. His face shows it.

EXT. SUBURBAN PARK, LUXEMBOURG - LATER

John has met MIKHAM CANDAHAR in a suburban neighborhood park, the man Tom Allerton has entrusted with the 11 million Euros. They're standing by some monkey bars. Mikham's got the bag now. Then they begin walking off from one another.

INT. AIRPLANE, FLYING - NIGHT

The McMillan Piping team flies home. The older guys are up talking piping. John's sleeping.

INT. DINING ROOM, TOM'S HOUSE - LATER (NIGHT)

Edward has joined Tom for dinner at Tom's old dining table. We can see John's wife Alice and Efram in the neighboring kitchen. They're cleaning up, laughing about something.

TOM

...I'm going to ask a lot of you.  
Feels like. This year. Edward.

EDWARD

Yeah, Dad. About John?

TOM

Yes.

EDWARD

Then yeah. For sure.

TOM

Why "for sure?"

EDWARD

Because it's family.

TOM

So that's "for sure." "You'll do everything?" In that case?

EDWARD

Yeah.

TOM

I can count on that?



EDWARD

Yeah. Go ahead. Count on it.

Then Tom looks across the long, wooden table. We cut to his perspective - Efram and Alice in the kitchen. Then he looks at Edward. And he imparts with his aspect that he knows Efram is part of this family. And he knows that Edward isn't doing fully right by the young man.

TOM

That's an important word to me,  
Edward.

Edward is smart. He gets all this. He gets that his dad is saying "I know this is your kid."

TOM (CONT'D)

Because the rest of it's bullshit.

Tom rises to leave the table.

INT. GUEST ROOM, TOM'S HOUSE - LATER (NIGHT)

Efram's sleeping over at Tom's. He's tucked into the guest room bed. He's reading *Where the Wild Things Are*. Then Edward knocks and opens the guest room door and stands there and smiles easily at Efram.

EDWARD

Hey, man.

EFRAM

...Hi, Edward.

Edward nods. He looks at Efram for a while.

EDWARD

Hey, you remember I was telling you  
how my family... when I was a  
kid... me and my brother? My dad?  
We'd camp all the time?

EFRAM

Yeah.

EDWARD

...well, we still have... there's a  
lot of gear. In the basement.

EXT. BACKYARD, TOM'S PROPERTY - LATER (NIGHT)

Tom has a pretty modest house, but he has a lot of property. In the back acre, at night, Edward and Efram are in the last phase of pitching a tent - the cool part where they raise the middle bar, and the whole thing lifts up.

INT. TENT - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT)

Edward and Efram lay in the darkened tent in thirty-year-old *Dallas Cowboy* sleeping bags. Efram's laying close to Edward.

EFRAM

...Edward?

EDWARD

Yeah, little buddy?

EFRAM

My mom talks to you like you're my dad.

EDWARD

Yeah, she.... Yeah. She sure does.

EFRAM

Are you?

EDWARD

...It's getting late. We should go to sleep.

EFRAM

Because it would be okay. I like you. And I would like it. So it would be okay.

Further time passes. Edward is torn here over the right thing to do. You can read it on his face.

EDWARD

Hey... want to hear a bedtime story?

EFRAM

Ok.

EDWARD

Ok, once upon a time, there was this congressman who really liked to dance. I don't know, let's call him "Cool Rick." Cool Rick went out dancing in an area D.C.

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
 club and he met... let's call  
 her... well, let's call her "your  
 mom." And your mom was a great  
 dancer. And she did things Cool  
 Rick didn't expect. As he got to  
 know her. Like make him laugh. And  
 have a baby. But Cool Rick is the  
 congressman for assholes who are  
 stupid as shit in a shitty town  
 named Bridgerose, Texas. And they  
 don't like guys like Cool Rick who  
 have children when they're not  
 married. So--

EFRAM  
 (understands what Edward's  
 getting at, you can see  
 he's kind of pleased)  
 So you had me. You and Mom?

A little while passes. Efram has an idea.

EFRAM (CONT'D)  
 Stop being a congressman maybe.

EDWARD  
 (meaning go to sleep now,  
 I still want to be a  
 congressman)  
 Shhh.

EFRAM  
 That could be something we could  
 do.

EDWARD  
 Shhh. Night night.

EFRAM  
 Or I can call you Dad when we're  
 alone.

This cuts through to Edward. A long time passes. But he  
 doesn't respond.

INT. MCMILLAN INDUSTRIAL PIPING, MILWAUKEE, PROCESS  
 ENGINEERING DEPT. - MORNING

The next morning, as work is underway regularly around  
 McMillan, John walks past Dennis's cubicle.

JOHN  
 Hey, man.

DENNIS

Hey...

Dennis watches John start to walk off. Then Dennis stops him.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

John? Hey. Did something happen? In Luxembourg? I checked the paper. Last night. Online. I read someone was killed.

JOHN

The Luxembourg paper?

DENNIS

Yeah. The *Wort*.

JOHN

Did you-- did you sign up for it? Did you have to pay and sign up?

DENNIS

Yeah, like half the article was free. I had to get a monthly for the other half. But John-- I went to the hospital. That night. That's why I brought it up.

This is what Dennis has been trying to say - he did what John told him not to back in Luxembourg. John's expression shows concern.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I went. It was too close to my dick. I think you grazed one of my testicles. And I just freaked. And I went. And I know you told me not to. But I didn't know you were gonna stab a Portuguese guy. And a detective called me this morning. From Luxembourg. This lady. Because I got stabbed the same night. In Luxembourg.

There is so much coming at John right now, right away.

INT. ELEVATOR, MCMILLAN INDUSTRIAL PIPING - LATER

John rides the elevator with Mr. Claret - the exec who he's disappointed and who has it in for him.

JOHN

I wanted to apologize, Gene, for the Denon meeting. In Luxembourg. I know we're going back on the fifth. I assure you I'll make a better impression on Denon then.

MR. CLARET

I'm not sure we're going to bring you back to Luxembourg, Lakeman. I'm not sure you're still on the travel squad, son. We'll see. Maybe you'll stay here and get your piping in order.

Claret leaves the elevator. The doors begin to close. Then a hand stops them. They reopen. We see Stephen Chu standing there, escorted by a young OCCUPATIONAL THERAPIST. They board. Stephen looks at John.

STEPHEN CHU

(like he's had recent heavy head trauma)

Hello, my name is Stephen.

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPIST

Slow down, Stephen.

STEPHEN CHU

Hello, my name is Stephen. We met before.

JOHN

We did. Yeah. What are you..?

STEPHEN CHU

McMillan asked me--

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPIST

Slow down.

STEPHEN CHU

McMillan asked to me come in and do some work on the process engineering slates. Due to some inefficiency.

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPIST

Good.

STEPHEN CHU

You're a process engineer, right? I don't remember much of our conversation. I had an accident.

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPIST  
 Stephen'll get his memory back over  
 time. If he does his exercises and  
 finishes his full therapy program.

They reach their floor. She leads Stephen off.

STEPHEN CHU  
 Later, man.

JOHN  
 Later.

The doors close. John is alone now. We watch him consider  
 this new root of instability.

EXT. PARKING LOT, MCMILLAN PIPING - LATER

The workday done, John walks toward where his car's parked,  
 among the other hundred or so in the McMillan lot. It's the  
 end of the day. His phone rings.

JOHN  
 Hello.

TOM (O.S.)  
 ..not quite the in and out we  
 expected.

JOHN  
 Not really.

A long while passes.

TOM (O.S.)  
 John, the Cleric is exercising a  
 stronger... well, John, I think  
 this guy's hands are on the wheel.  
 Already. There. There's a strong  
 indication. Our guy? The bag? Gone.  
 He never landed in Iran. We can't  
 locate this guy. He doesn't seem to  
 have left Luxembourg. He's not  
 doing what we asked him. The plan  
 is... well, it's away from the  
 hand. As the bull riders say. We've  
 lost control.

John stays quiet.

TOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 The money's not headed where we  
 thought. And something else.  
 (MORE)

TOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 ElMashad? Physicist? Waiting for his ten million euros? He just bought a plane ticket to Luxembourg. Where there's a garment bag somewhere. With eleven in it. We might have just paid him what he wants to have them ready to go. You have to go back. He arrives the 6th.

JOHN  
 We go back on the 5th. I'll be there.

John has to make up some ground workwise to assure this; another matter of private concern.

TOM (O.S.)  
 I think the Cleric's behind this. Already. He played us. John. ElMashad and that bag can't get together.

JOHN  
 Yeah.

TOM (O.S.)  
 We'll talk soon.

John hangs up, begins to get into his car. Then he sees Mr. Claret standing five feet away, glaring at him again.

MR. CLARET  
 That's my spot. My man. By the way.

JOHN  
 Oh. I'm sorry. Won't happen again.

Claret nods. But he doesn't seem reassured. In fact he seems to be relaying to John with his expression that he'll be watching John closely for future such fuckups. Then he wanders off to his car.

EXT. JOHN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

John drives from the lot of McMillan. He turns left and leaves the frame. He has left in sight: A clear view of the huge brick industrial building of *McMillan Piping, Milwaukee Wi. Est 1903*. It's three blocks long. CREDITS BEGIN.