

**BURN AFTER READING**

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**FADE IN**

**1 EXT. EASTERN SEABOARD - AERIALS - DAY 1**

High in the air----so high we can see the curvature of the earth. The eastern seaboard stretches away, flecked with clouds.

As we dissolve in closer the picture bleaches of color. We are looking down at the city of Washington, D.C.

Dissolve closer still: a black-and-white aerial photograph of a neighborhood in suburban D.C. dominated by a sprawling building. Computer type quickly bleeps on:

C.I.A. Headquarters  
Langley, Virginia

**2 INT. CIA - HALLWAY - DAY 2**

We track at floor level, following the well shined shoes of someone walking down the well polished hallway.

**3 INT. PALMER'S OFFICE - DAY 3**

We hear a door opening and a silver-haired man rises behind his desk. A nameplate on the desk identifies him as Palmer DeBakey Smith.

**PALMER**

Ozzie. Sit down.

Osbourne Cox, entering, is a middle-aged man in a striped shirt and bow tie.

**OSBOURNE**

Palmer. What's up.

**PALMER**

You know Peck, and Olson.

The two men, sitting on chairs facing the desk, nod at Osbourne, who is surprised to see them.

**OSBOURNE**

Peck, yes, hiya. Olson, by reputation. Hi, Osbourne Cox.

**OLSON**

Yeah, hiyah.

2.

**OSBOURNE**

Aren't you with...aren't you, uh...

Palmer jumps in:

**PALMER**

Yeah, that's right. Oz, look. There's no easy way to say this. We're taking you off the Balkans desk.

**OSBOURNE**

You're----what? Why?

**PALMER**

In fact we're moving you out of Sigint entirely.

**OSBOURNE**

...What? No discussion, just----you're out?

**PALMER**

Well, we're having the discussion now Oz. This doesn't have to be unpleasant.

**OSBOURNE**

Palmer, with all due respect----what the fuck are you talking about?

A beat.

**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

... And why is Olson here?

Another uncomfortable beat.

**PALMER**

... Look, Ozzie----

**OSBOURNE**

What the fuck is this?! Is it my----I  
know it's not my work.

**PALMER**

Ozzie----

**OSBOURNE**

I'm a great fucking analyst! Is it----

**PALMER**

Oz, things are not going well. As you  
know.

3.

**PECK**

You have a drinking problem.

Stunned silence. Ozzie turns to look at Peck.

At length:

**OSBOURNE**

I have a drinking problem.

**PALMER**

This doesn't have to be unpleasant.  
We found you something in State. It's  
a, uh...

He gropes, uncomfortable.

**PALMER (CONT'D)**

... It's a lower clearance level.  
Yes. But we're not, this isn't, we're  
not terminating you.

**OSBOURNE**

(quietly)  
This is an assault.

**PECK**

Come on, Ozzie.

**OSBOURNE**

This is an assault. I have a drinking  
problem? Fuck you, Peck, you're a

Mormon!

**PECK**

Ozzie----

**OSBOURNE**

Next to you we all have a drinking problem! Fuck you guys! Whose ass didn't I kiss? Let's be honest!

Palmer nods at Olson.

**PALMER**

Okay, Olson----

**OSBOURNE**

Let's be fucking honest...

Osbourne gets to his feet, agitated.

4.

**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

... This is a crucifixion! This is political! Don't tell me it's not!

He storms out the door.

**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

... I have a drinking problem!

The door slams. Palmer Smith looks at Olson. Olson arches an eyebrow.

4 **INT. COX KITCHEN - DAY**

4

**OSBOURNE**

Bow tie loosened, he stands at a kitchen counter.

His shoulders twist as he does something below frame: we hear the crackle of ice cubes wrenching loose from a tray.

Behind him we see the apartment door opening. Katie, an attractive middle-aged woman, enters, taking her key out of the door, but stops, surprised to see Osbourne.

**KATIE**

You're home.

Osbourne continues making himself a drink.

**OSBOURNE**

Hang on to your hat, honey. I have  
some news. I----

**KATIE**

Did you pick up the cheeses?

**OSBOURNE**

Huh?

**KATIE**

Were they ready? I didn't know you  
were coming home this early.

**OSBOURNE**

(blank)  
The cheeses.

Katie rolls her eyes.

5.

**KATIE**

I left a message for you to stop at  
Todaro's. The Magruders and the  
Pfarrers are coming over.

**OSBOURNE**

The Pfarrers? Ugh. I----what did  
Kathleen say?

**KATIE**

What?

**OSBOURNE**

When you left the message?

**KATIE**

She said. She would give you. The  
message.

**OSBOURNE**

Well she, I don't know, I guess we had  
bigger news today. My day didn't  
revolve arou----

**KATIE**

So you didn't get the cheeses.

**OSBOURNE**

Well, since I didn't get the message,  
no, I didn't get the cheeses. But  
hang on to your hat, I----

**KATIE**

Oh for fuck's sake, Ozzie, you mean I  
have to go out again? All right,  
well, you better get dressed.

**OSBOURNE**

Honey, we have to talk.

**KATIE**

Not right now. They'll be here in,  
what, less than an hour.

**5 INT. COX LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

**5**

A hand hovers, hesitates.

**VOICE**

Is this a, uh, goat cheese?

**OSBOURNE (OFF)**

Chevre, yes, that is a goat cheese.

Pink Revision 8/14/07 6.

Wider shows the cocktail party, meagerly attended but in full swing. Besides Osbourne and Katie there is Harry Pfarrer (who has just inquired about the cheese), bearded, forties, rugged; his wife Sandy; and a shiny-faced young couple, Doug and Tina Magruder.

Osbourne holds a cocktail tumbler.

**HARRY**

Because I have lactose reflux. But I  
can----

**OSBOURNE**

You're lactose intolerant?

**HARRY**

Yes, but I can----

**OSBOURNE**

Or you have acid reflux? They're two

different things.

Harry looks at him coldly.

**HARRY**

I know what they are.

**OSBOURNE**

Then you misspoke yourself. So I----

**HARRY**

Thank you for correcting me.

**KATIE**

You should try the chevre, Harry.  
It's very good.

**HARRY**

Yeah. I can eat goat cheese.

He eats a piece, cupping one hand under his mouth.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... I was just explaining to your  
husband here, I have a condition----

Katie tries to separate the two men by including Doug  
Magruder.

**KATIE**

Harry works with the Marshalls'  
Service.

\*  
\*

Pink Revision 8/14/07 6A.

**DOUG MAGRUDER**

Ah. I'm on the legislative side, I  
work with Senator Hobby.

\*  
\*

Pink Revision 8/14/07 7.

**HARRY**

Used to work for Treasury, but I  
didn't go over to Homeland Security.  
I'm with the Marshalls.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

**OSBOURNE**

If you want he'll show you his great  
big gun.

**HARRY**

Very amusing. The gun is actually no big deal. Twenty years in the marshall's service and I've never discharged my weapon.

**OSBOURNE**

Sounds like something you should be telling your psychiatrist.

**HARRY**

What? I don't have a psychiatrist.

**DOUG MAGRUDER**

Boy, I guess my job is pretty undramatic. I'm on the legislative side. What do you do Mrs. Pfarrer? Do you also carry a gun?

Harry laughs.

**HARRY**

Sandy writes children's books.

**SANDY**

I write children's books----

**HARRY**

Oliver The Cat Who...Who..arghh----Who----

Choking on piece of cheese, coughing

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

...Who Lives In The Rotunda. Excuse me.

**TINA**

Those are wonderful! My nieces and nephews----

8.

**HARRY**

Yeah, it's a beloved series. You wouldn't believe her fan mail. Unghh. Are you sure this is goat cheese?

**KATIE**

Why don't you let your wife tell them about her own books, Harry?



**HARRY**

I'm sorry----was I----

**KATIE**

Here, come in the kitchen, help me  
with the crudités.

**6 INT. COX KITCHEN - NIGHT**

**6**

They enter.

**HARRY**

Goddamnit. He knows, doesn't he.

He looks down at the floor. He stamps.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... Nice floors.

**KATIE**

Knows what?

Harry is looking around the kitchen, taking in the fixtures.  
Absently:

**HARRY**

About us, he knows about us. Little  
prick.

**KATIE**

Don't be an ass, he doesn't know a  
thing.

Harry is staring down at the linoleum again.

**HARRY**

What is that, forbo?

**A6 EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

**A6**

A car drives by.

**9.**

**7 INT. HARRY'S CAR - NIGHT**

**7**

Harry driving, his wife next to him.

A long beat.

Finally:

**HARRY**

What a horse's ass.

**SANDY**

I don't know why we see them.

Harry shrugs.

**HARRY**

Well, she's all right.

**SANDY**

She is a cold, stuck-up bitch.

Harry opens his mouth to reply, considers, doesn't.

They drive.

**8 INT. COX MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

**8**

**KATIE**

She is staring, in front of a mirror, face covered in cold cream, one hand arrested on the way up to daub on more.

**KATIE**

You quit?!

Osbourne is buttoning a pajama top.

**OSBOURNE**

Uh-huh.

**KATIE**

Well----Thank you for letting me know!

**OSBOURNE**

I tried to tell you this afternoon.

**KATIE**

You tried? You tried? And then----  
what, the aphasia kicked in?

**OSBOURNE**

Our guests came. We----

**KATIE**

Why?! For fuck's sake, Ozzie!

**OSBOURNE**

I'm just----I don't know. I got so tired.

**KATIE**

You're tired.

**OSBOURNE**

Tired of swimming against the current.

**KATIE**

Uh-huh.

**OSBOURNE**

Independent thought is not only not valued there, they resist it, they fight it, the bureaucracy is positively----

**KATIE**

Did you get a pension, or severance or something, or----

**OSBOURNE**

I didn't retire you know, I, I quit. I don't want their benefits.

**KATIE**

But I suppose my benefits are all right, I suppose you can live with those, is that the idea?

**OSBOURNE**

It's not like that's the only way to make money.

**KATIE**

Yes? Yes? What're you gonna do?

**OSBOURNE**

I'll do some consulting.

**KATIE**

Consulting.

**OSBOURNE**

Yes, to help while I----I've always wanted to write.

**KATIE**

Write. Write what.

11.

**OSBOURNE**

I've been thinking about it. A book,  
a sort of, sort of memoir.

Katie stares at him in the mirror.

A beat.

She bursts into laughter.

**9 EXT. YACHT/AT SEA - DAY**

9

**THE BRIDGE**

A small yacht. Osbourne stands at the wheel, a light wind in his face, as the boat sails under motor power.

After a beat he moves to the front of the boat.

An old man sits on a bench on the prow facing out into the wind. He has snowy hair and a stern Yankee face. He wears a tweed cap. He doesn't much react to Osbourne's approach.

**OSBOURNE**

You okay there, Dad?

The old man remains silent, staring. Osbourne sits next to him and idly tucks in the plaid blanket resting over the man's knees.

**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

... Dad, I left my job at the  
Agency...

The old man stares out into the wind.

**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

... I, uh... I'm sorry. Dad,  
government service is not what it was  
when you were in State. Things are  
different now. I don't know, maybe  
it's... it's... the Cold War ending;  
now it seems like it's all bureaucracy  
and no mission...

The old man stares out into the wind.

**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

... I'm writing a memoir. I think it's going to be pretty explosive. But I don't think you'll disapprove. I don't think you'll disapprove. Katie has had trouble accepting it.

**(MORE)**

12.

**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

But... sometimes there's a higher patriotism, Dad. So we'll... Yes, change is hard. It's hard on Katie. But we'll be okay. We'll be okay. Life is change. This is good. We were all blocked up, Katie and me. This is, this is a blessing in disguise. I'll go into training, you know. Lay off the sauce. Like you did. You managed to do it. Finally. And then I can concentrate on, you know. New beginning. And this'll all have been for the best. Don't you think Dad?

The old man stares out into the wind.

Osbourne snuffles.

**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

... Cold.

He taps the old man on the knee and rises.

**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

... I guess we should head back.

10 **EXT. PIER - DAY**

10

**LONG SHOT THRU THE WINDSHIELD OF A CAR**

The sailboat docked at the end of a marina. Osbourne is pushing the old man in a wheel chair down the pier away from the boat.

**A MAN'S VOICE**

We've seen this...

**THE MAN**

White hair, bushy eyebrows, a florid face. He is in a law-book lined conference room. He wears an expensive suit, suspenders, a white shirt with blue collar and cuffs. He is Bogus Terikhian.

**TERIKHIAN**

... I know this kind of man. We've seen this.

13.

Wider on the conference room shows that Katie Cox sits at the table, along with Terikhian, another lawyer, and an assistant.

**TERIKHIAN (CONT'D)**

... Mrs. Cox, you can't let this man take advantage of you. And he will. He will.

**KATIE**

Yes. This is my fear. He's trying---- he says----he's trying to pull himself together, but...

**TERIKHIAN**

Look, sure, I----I'm obliged to tell you you should try to salvage things. And you should. People turn themselves around. Not unheard-of. But. You---- you haven't broached the possibility of divorce yet?

**KATIE**

No.

**TERIKHIAN**

Well that's good. Because first you should get all his financials. Before he's forewarned. Because here's a man, here's a man, practiced in deceit, this is almost, you could say it's his job, practiced at hiding things, and there is no reason, it is not improper, there is no reason for

you not to get a picture of the household finances. Paper files, computer files, whatever----this is your prerogative. You can be a spy too, madam. Do this before you put him on alert. Before the turtle can draw in his head and his, uh...

He waggles his hands, groping for the word.

**TERIKHIAN (CONT'D)**

... Feet.

He shrugs.

**TERIKHIAN (CONT'D)**

... And hopefully everything will work out. He will reform. But! If not: forewarned is forearmed.

14.

**12 INT. COX HOUSE - DAY**

12

Osbourne is splayed on an easy chair, wearing a bathrobe over pyjamas. He stares at the ceiling, motionless, arms outflung, like Marat in his bathtub.

A long still beat. A clock ticks.

Abruptly Osbourne raises one hand to speak into a microcassette recorder.

**OSBOURNE**

We were young and committed and there was nothing we couldn't do. We thought of the Agency less as... less as...

The thought, such as it was, peters out. Osbourne rises and wanders around the room, glassy-eyed.

He suddenly raises the microcassette again.

**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

... The principles of George Kennan----a personal hero of mine----were what animated us. In fact they were what had originally inspired me to enter government service. Like the State

Department's China Hands of yore, or,  
in a different forum, in a different  
venue, in a different medium, in,  
um... "Murrow's Boys," the fabled----in  
a different----

He suddenly stops, head cocked, listening.

Faintly, a ringing phone.

**13 INT. COX BASEMENT STAIRWAY - DAY**  
**13**

At the cut Osbourne is thundering down a steep carpeted  
stairway. He inclines his head to clear the ceiling that  
juts over the bottom half of the stairwell.

The phone is louder here.

**14 INT. COX BASEMENT - DAY**  
**14**

A semi-finished basement with cheap paneling and a low  
dropped ceiling of water-stained Johnson-Armstrong tile. The  
ringing phone is on a cheap government-surplus desk. The  
answering machine, with Osbourne's voice, picks up:

**15.**

**MACHINE**

You have reached The Cox Group...

Osbourne, robe flapping, shuffles hurriedly in his slippers  
toward the phone.

**MACHINE (CONT'D)**

... We can't answer your call right  
now. Please leave a----

**OSBOURNE**

(heavy breathing)

Hello.

He eases into the chair, having swiped up the phone. A  
listening beat.

**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

... Yes?... Oh, no... No, call her  
number... No, upstairs...No she's not,



but leave it on her machine.

15 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - LATER  
15

We are looking over Osbourne's shoulder----he is still in his robe----as he sits hunched on an ottoman, looking at a daytime game show.

A few beats of the show.

Roaring laughter from the studio audience. Mild chuckle from Osbourne in the foreground.

16 INT LIVING ROOM - DAY - STILL LATER  
16

Ticking clock. Osbourne paces with the microcassette recorder. He raises it with a thought, draws a breath, and then stops, and looks off.

The ticking grandfather clock: ornate hands on an ornate clock face Two or three minutes to five.

Osbourne stares for a long beat.

17 INT. COX KITCHEN - DAY  
17

OSBOURNE

Shoulders twisting as we hear ice clattering out of a tray.

He pours coke sizzling onto the ice.

16.

He pauses for a long beat.

He takes a bottle of rum out of a cabinet.

He pours some into a hatch-marked shot glass.

He looks at it. The amber liquid tops the hatch mark. He conscientiously pours the overage back, murmuring:

OSBOURNE

Single...

He dumps the shot into the Coke.

**18 EXT. SAILBOAT - DUSK**  
**18**

As before, the boat, docked at the end of the marina pier, is seen in long shot through the windshield of a car.

Closer on the boat. As water laps against pilings and the boat gently bobs and creaks, we hear, muffled, the sounds of a couple having sex. When it builds to climax we cut:

**19 INT. SAILBOAT - DUSK**  
**19**

Minutes later. We hold on a door for a quiet beat, then we hear the gurgle of water, and then the door opens. Harry Pfarrer emerges from the small bathroom, buckling his belt.

In the bedroom which he emerges into Katie Cox is just finishing dressing.

Harry looks at his watch.

**HARRY**

I should try to get a run in.

**20 INT. COX HOUSE - DUSK**  
**20**

Katie is letting herself in.

**KATIE**

Ozzie!

Quiet.

**21 INT. KITCHEN - DUSK**  
**21**

Katie enters and sees a note on the counter paperweighted by a plate of used lime wedges:

Honey,

At Fenninger's. Reunion committee  
dinner.

See you later.

**22 EXT. POTOMAC BRIDGE - DUSK**

**22**

Long-lens, hand-held, point-of-view seeming: Harry Pfarrer is jogging in his Treasury sweats.

Closer on him. Brow furrows. He spins, jogs backwards, looking.

His point-of-view: nothing unusual; traffic on the bridge, no pedestrians particularly close.

Harry, mildly puzzled, slows and stops. He turns again.

Point-of-view up the bridge: empty.

Harry starts jogging again.

**23 INT. COX BASEMENT - NIGHT**

**23**

We are tracking toward the desk in the corner, at which Katie sits. She cracks open a CD case and loads the CD into Osbourne's computer. A suspense drone builds as we track in.

Katie starts typing, then suddenly stops. She holds still, listening for noises in the house. Nothing. She resumes typing.

We hear male voices beginning to swell in song. The voices continue after the suspense drone snaps off, at the cut to:

**24 INT. FENNINGER'S - NIGHT**

**24**

A musty steakhouse. On the walls are hunting-scene prints and steel engravings of English country houses.

A placard resting on a chair outside the Georgian Room:  
**CLOSED FOR PRIVATE PARTY.**

From inside the room, male voices:

**VOICES**

Tune every heart and every voice...

18.

25 **INT. FENNINGER'S - GEORGIAN ROOM - NIGHT**  
25

A dozen middle-aged men around a long table, each holding high a glass.

**MEN**

... Bid every care withdraw. Let all  
with one accord rejoice...

The men are sweaty, tie-loosened, dinner-stuffed and boozy.

**MEN (CONT'D)**

... In praise of Old Nassau...

Close on Osbourne as a rotund middle-aged classmate fills his glass to brimming. The two sway unsteadily with the music..

**MEN (CONT'D)**

... In praise of Old Nassau my boys,  
Hoo-rah, hoo-rah, hoorah!

All swing their glasses side-to-side in rhythm:

**MEN (CONT'D)**

... Her sons... shall give... while  
they... shall live...

Glasses are thrust high with a ringing finish:

**MEN (CONT'D)**

... In praise of Old Nassau!

26 **INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY**  
26

**A WOMAN'S ASS**

Bare. Pale. Middle-aged.

Someone with a marker is drawing on the flesh to illustrate:

**DOCTOR (OFF)**

We take all the chicken fat off your  
buttocks, here... and here... And the

upper arms. And a little off your  
tummy...

The camera is arcing around a standing, naked, middle-aged woman, to reveal the doctor sitting on a stool in the examining room, facing her. He reaches forward again with the marker.

19.

**DOCTOR (OFF) (CONT'D)**

...And we do breast augmentation with a tiny incision here... and here.

**PATIENT (OFF)**

Uh-huh. And what about the thigh area?

**DOCTOR**

Well we can do liposuction there as well, but that area will respond to exercise. Buttocks and upper arms begin to store more fat when you get up around forty, the body just tells it to go there, but the thighs will respond to toning exercises.

**PATIENT**

Uh-huh. I know, I can work out on my arms til the cows come home, but...

**DOCTOR**

Uh-huh. And of course there are also genetic factors.

**PATIENT**

The Litzkes are big.

**DOCTOR**

Uh-huh, well everything's----

**PATIENT**

My mom had an ass that could pull a bus.

**DOCTOR**

Wow. Well that's a predispo----

**PATIENT**

Father's side too, although Dad tends to carry his weight in front of him.

**DOCTOR**

Uh-huh.

**PATIENT**

In the gut area. Derriere, not so much.

**DOCTOR**

Okay.

The continuing track around is also booming up to reveal the face of the patient, Linda Litzke.

20.

**LINDA**

And what about the face, you know, the window to the soul.

**DOCTOR**

Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Very well put. Well your eyes are one of your best features. But we can do something about the incipient crow's feet.

**LINDA**

Baby crow's feet. Little chickling's feet. I mean chicks. Chickie chickie chickie.

**DOCTOR**

Ha-ha, yes, again, well put. You have a way with words. We cut here...

He marks.

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

... And we pull the skin tight, like stretching the skin over a drum. Not too tight, though. We don't want that "worked-on" look. You need sufficient slack for the face to remain expressive.

**LINDA**

Yeah, I don't wanna look like Boris Karloff.

**DOCTOR**

Uh-huh! Heh-heh, so you don't want a

sex change!

**LINDA**

No, I'm all woman!

27 **INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY**  
27

Doctor and patient, now dressed, sit on either side of a desk.

**DOCTOR**

So Linda, what we're talking about here is four different procedures.

(ticks them off)

The liposuction... The rhinoplasty...  
The facial tuck, which I would strongly recommend over the chemical peel----

21.

**LINDA**

Yeah, I don't want to get anything burned off.

**DOCTOR**

And why should you. With that lovely skin. And lastly, the breast augmentation. Now we can also do something about the vaccine scar----I don't know if you wear sleeveless dresses much----

**LINDA**

Not with these ham hocks!

**DOCTOR**

Yes, well once they're nice and svelte, post-op, you----

**LINDA**

Well I don't know. Is the vaccine thing----can you counsel me on this? I don't know, is it unsightly? I see it a lot, a bunch of people have it.

**DOCTOR**

Absolutely! Some women don't mind it at all! Personal taste!

28 INT. HARDBODIES - DAY  
28

Linda Litzke, in a Hardbodies polo shirt with "Linda" stitched on the breast, leans out of her semi-enclosed office on the gym floor.

LINDA

Chad!

29 INT. HARDBODIES - GYM FLOOR - DAY  
29

Chad Feldheimer, trainer, fortyish and well-muscled, has a gym patron up on a table and is helping him stretch a leg back.

PATRON

Ow!

CHAD

I'm sorry, was that too much?

22.

PATRON

I felt a straining... a tightness in the... in the front of my ass...

CHAD

Well you're pretty tight. You have to feel it or----

LINDA

(on the public address)  
Chad Feldheimer. Office.

CHAD

I'll be back in a minute. We'll work on opening those hips.

30 INT. LINDA'S OFFICE - DAY  
30

Linda is tapping at her computer as Chad enters.

LINDA



I got a batch from BeWithMeDC dot com.

Chad perches on the desk, chewing gum as he gazes at the screen.

**CHAD**

Oh wow. Any good?

**LINDA**

I don't know yet, just looking... How do you open this?

**CHAD**

Click on, uh... yeah...

**LINDA**

Oh my god!

**CHAD**

What?

**LINDA**

Oh my God, what a loser!

She clicks.

**LINDA (CONT'D)**

... Loser!

She clicks. Chad is laughing. Linda scowls.

23.

**LINDA (CONT'D)**

... Loser!... What is this! They should call this Mr. Saggy dot com.

**CHAD**

Cripes.

**LINDA**

Loser!

**CHAD**

Did you have to send a picture?

**LINDA**

No, only guys do. I submitted a verbal profile, turn-ons, turn-offs, et cetera. I'm really looking for someone with a sense of humor.

**CHAD**

That guy----wait----that guy wasn't bad.

**LINDA**

Him?

**CHAD**

No, before.

**LINDA**

Him?

**CHAD**

Yeah. He uh, he might not be a loser.

**LINDA**

How can you tell?

**CHAD**

That's a Brioni suit.

**LINDA**

Oh yeah?

**CHAD**

Shit yeah.

**LINDA**

(dubious)

Does he look like he has a sense of humor?

**CHAD**

He looks like his optometrist has a sense of humor.

**24.**

Linda slaps his arm.

**CHAD (CONT'D)**

... Huh-huh-huh. What does he do?

**LINDA**

State Department.

**CHAD**

That's cool.

**LINDA**

His hair is... what is that?

**CHAD**

Plugs.

**31 INT. GYM - NEXT DAY**  
**31**

Linda is showing someone around the floor.

**LINDA**

This is the cardio area. A lot of machines here so that, believe me, there's never a wait. What you're seeing now, this is our busiest time, and there's still a couple of open treadmills I see, three Stairmasters---- I call it the Butt-Blaster----couple of LifeCycles----Hi, Chad.

Chad is working with a medicine ball and a heavy young woman.

**CHAD**

Hi Linda. Did you call that guy?

**LINDA**

Not yet! Chad is one of our trainers. I've just started internet dating and I got my first look at the, uh...

**CUSTOMER**

What service?

**LINDA**

BeWithMeDC dot com?

**CUSTOMER**

Nice.

**LINDA**

Have you used them?

**25.**

**CUSTOMER**

No----two friends did and they're both hooked up. With really special guys.

**LINDA**

That's fantastic.

Linda is leaning forward at her desk, phone wedged between ear and shoulder, one hand up at her forehead.

After a long still beat:

**LINDA**

Yes!

Another still beat.

**LINDA (CONT'D)**

... English!

Beat.

**LINDA (CONT'D)**

... Agent!

Beat.

**LINDA DRIVING**

... Agent! Agent!

Beat.

**LINDA**

... Yes, hi, this is Linda Litzke, should I give you my account number? You have it up? Okay. I was informed that I needed pre-approval for these surgeries, and then... Yes, it was denied.

Listening, then:

**LINDA (CONT'D)**

...No, those are four different operations... It's very complicated; I'm reinventing myself, it's a whole new look so it isn't just one thing, however, it's all approved by my doctor... But---madam! This is not---my job involves, you know, public interface! This is not...

Her jaw sets. She controls her fury. Quieter:

**LINDA (CONT'D)**

... Yes I do understand. Could I speak to your supervisor please?

**33 INT. TED'S OFFICE/LINDA'S OFFICE - DAY - MINUTES LATER 33**

We are on a long lens point-of-view, from several cubicles over, of Linda, now slumped at her desk, head in her arms. We faintly hear her sobbing.

Reverse shows Ted Treffon, middle-aged, balding, the soulful manager of Hardbodies. He looks at Linda, puzzled and a little alarmed. He tenses as if to rise but doesn't, and hovers uncomfortably, unsure of whether to intrude.

**34 EXT. WASHINGTON MALL - DAY 34**

Linda walks down the promenade dressed in a smart pant suit.

Her moving POV passes over a couple in conversation, an old woman feeding the birds, a man in a business suit reading a newspaper.

She passes the man and turns around. He has looked up from the paper and is staring at her. He wears aviator-shaped glasses with clear plastic rims. He may have hair plugs.

**LINDA**

Alan?

**MAN (ALAN)**

Are you, uh... Linda?

**35 EXT. CIRCLE THEATRE - DUSK 35**

A poster advertises Totally Stoked! with Dermot Mulroney and Claire Danes.

**36 INT. THEATRE - NIGHT 36**

On the screen, Dermot Mulroney, dressed in a tuxedo, cranes his head to look steeply up and off.

Linda sits next to Alan in the half-empty theatre, nervously watching the screen.

**DERMOT (OFF)**

First you tell me that you can't  
commit, then you----WOULD YOU GET DOWN  
**FROM THERE!**

Linda laughs raucously, then catches herself and looks at Alan.

**37 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

37

The couple sit across from each other at a small table. They pick at their food.

**38 INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT**

38

The couple are making love in the dark room on a frilly comforter. Alan, still wearing his glasses, wheezes asthmatically.

**39 INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - LATER**

39

Alan is snoring. After a long beat Linda gets up and puts on a robe. She bends down near the bed and picks something up out of Alan's trousers.

**40 INT. LINDA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

40

She sits into a chair near the window in the dark room and opens Alan's wallet. A Discover card, driver's license, a condom. A photograph of Alan holding a large bluefish.

She unfolds a piece of notepaper.      Written in a feminine hand  
in pencil:

Please pick up:

Plunge

Honey Nut Cheerios.

**LINDA**

Oh for Pete's sake!

She catches herself, looks around.

The snoring, off, continues.

She looks out the window.

The lights of the freeway twinkle.

28.

41 INT. YACHT - NIGHT

41

We are in the bedroom. The boat rides gently at anchor.

Harry has an arm around Katie, in bed. Both stare at a point in space.

After a beat that is silent except for the faint sloshing of water against hull:

**HARRY**

... and then, you know, you grow up. I guess that's what's happened with me. You just... people change. We married when I was, what, in my mid-twenties. A kid. We were kids. Twenties. You think it's forever. Then, you know, you're older----you begin to feel your mortality, you start to think, well, there's no more time for dishonesty. Subterfuge. You go, I'm not that person. The choices you made, you can't, just through inertia----

**KATIE**

I'm thinking of divorcing Ozzie.

Harry doesn't react----a careful, studied non-reaction. After more sloshing:

**HARRY**

... I'm just thinking, Whoa. I mean, frankly, I'm thinking, Whoa. I, I, I guess that's what I should be thinking about too. With Sandy.

**KATIE**

That's what you were just saying.

**HARRY**

Yes! Absolutely! And you should be getting rid of that bozo. No question about that. I agree.

**KATIE**

So if I were divorced----

**HARRY**

Well yes, if you were uh, you know, yes. Yes, I should settle things. With Sandy. Because of you and me. It just takes, courage, you know. To inflict that pain. Scary stuff.

**(MORE)**

29.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

Scary stuff. You're a brave lady. Well, of course, it would be easier for you.

**KATIE**

Why's that? I don't see that.

**HARRY**

(chuckling)

Well you know, because he's such a dope.

(sobers)

But Sandy, she's... a good lady. A very special lady.

**KATIE**

She's a cold, stuck-up bitch.

**HARRY**

Well that's... a little----

**KATIE**

You and I should sort things out. I've told you that this is not just frivolity.

**HARRY**

No, that's understood. You've been very straight.

**KATIE**

I thought I was loud and clear.



**HARRY**

Absolutely. Not just fun and games.

Awkward beat. The sloshing of waves. Harry nods.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... Absolutely.

**42 INT. HOME DEPOT - DAY**

**42**

Harry Pfarrer pulls a length of metal tubing from a shelf. He sights down it, examines the gauge, hefts it.

He slides it back in and pulls a length, wider gauge, from the shelf below.

**30.**

**43 EXT. HOME DEPOT - DAY**

**43**

Long lens, hand-held, point-of-view seeming: Harry is pushing a red shopping cart through the parking lot. Standing in the cart are lengths of metal tubing that he steadies with one hand as he pushes.

**44 INT. LINDA LITZKE'S CUBICLE - DAY**

**44**

Linda has a hand cupped to her forehead and the phone pressed to one ear.

**LINDA**

English!... Agent!... Agent!...

After a short beat she hits a button on the phone console and cradles the handset. From the speaker we hear:

**RECORDED VOICE**

---important to us. Please stay on the line for the next available agent.

Music.

Linda listens for a moment, then abruptly lifts the handset and slams it back down.

45 INT. HARDBODIES - TED'S CUBICLE - DAY  
45

**TRACKING IN ON TED'S CUBICLE**

Ted Treffon, the soulful manager of Hardbodies, stands with one hand on the back of his chair----which Chad occupies----and one hand on the desktop, looking over Chad's shoulder at a computer screen that Chad is scrolling down. Standing behind both men is a short Mexican Indian man, also in a Hardbodies uniform.

**CHAD**

Holy shit...

**LINDA**

Ted, can I talk to you about our Mickey Mouse health plan?

Ted continues to stare at the computer screen in mounting alarm. He responds absently to Linda:

**TED**

Uh-huh... Hang on...

Yellow Revision 8/24/07 31.

**CHAD**

This is some heavy shit.

**LINDA**

Is that my date list?

**CHAD**

No... fuck...

**LINDA**

You know, I'm trying to reinvent myself, and these procedures, which are so incredibly not cheap, this Micky Mouse HMO is saying they're not, they're... What is this?

She is looking at the screen.

**CHAD**

I can't believe this... This is like... intelligence shit.

**TED**

I am not comfortable with this.

**LINDA**

What is it?

**CHAD**

This is, like, I can't believe this  
shit I'm seeing.

**TED**

Manolo found it.

**CHAD**

Manolo found this, like, CD just lying  
in a locker. Locker floor. Ladies'  
locker room.

**MANOLO**

Jus lie-een there.

**CHAD**

And I'm like, whoa, someone's music or  
what, so I come in here and it's these  
files, man.

**TED**

I am not comfortable with this. \*

Yellow Revision 8/24/07 32.

**CHAD**

Like it's talking about SigInt, and  
signals and shit. Which, Signals  
means code, you know.

**MANOLO**

It was jus lie-een there.

**CHAD**

Talking about like, section heads  
here, and their names and shit. And  
then these other files are just, like,  
numbers. Arrayed. Numbers and dates  
and numbers... And numbers. I think  
that's the shit, man. The raw  
intelligence. \*

**TED**

I am not touching this. I want this  
out of here.

**CHAD**

Wul... Throw it out?

**LINDA**

You can't do that! You should put a note up in the ladies' locker room.

**CHAD**

Put a note up? Highly classified shit found, Signals intelligence shit, CIA shit? Hello! Did you lose your secret CIA shit? I don't think so.

**TED**

Look, you figure it out, I am not comfortable with this. I want this out of Hardbodies... \*

As he backs out of the office:

**TED (CONT'D)**

... We're running a gym here!

Chad swivels around.

**CHAD**

Look, Manolo...

He zippers his lip.

**CHAD (CONT'D)**

...you didn't find this.

33.

**MANOLO**

I found it on the floor there.

**CHAD**

Yeah, I know, but

**MANOLO**

Right there on the floor there. Lie-  
een there.

46 INT. HARRY'S CAR - DAY

46

**CLOSE ON A REAR-VIEW MIRROR**

A dark blue Ford Taurus, three or four car lengths back on a

quiet Chevy Chase street.

Harry Pfarrer glances at the rear view mirror. Behind him we see the steel pipe from Home Depot laying across the top of the back seat of the station wagon.

**47 EXT. CHEVY CHASE HOUSE - DAY**

**47**

Harry is just getting out of the wagon which is parked in the driveway of the suburban house.

**48 INT. HOUSE - DAY**

**48**

Harry is struggling through the front door with the length of pipe.

We hear his wife call down from upstairs:

**SANDY**

Harry? Is that you?

**HARRY**

Yeah, yeah, it's me.

He takes the pipe, opens the staircase door to the cellar, sets the pipe inside on the upper stair, and closes the door behind him.

**49 INT. CELLAR - NIGHT**

**49**

Harry is at a workbench welding a length of trimmed pipe to a short piece of hardware clamped in a table vise.

His home shop is in a caged-off section of the basement. There is also haphazard storage.

Yellow Revision 8/24/07 34.

One shelf holds stacked boxes labeled with magic marker:  
"Oliver in the Oval Office," "Yea and Nay for Oliver,"  
"Point of Order, Oliver!"

Harry loosens the vise and takes out the piece of hardware. He drops it, a small bearing-mounted clip, onto a length of pipe held horizontal in another vise. He experimentally

slides the clip along the length of pipe: it slides smoothly back and forth, nicely balanced.

50 INT. MONKEY DAVE'S - NIGHT

50

Linda Litzke and Ted Treffon, the soulful manager of Hardbodies, are at a table in the yuppie bar Monkey Dave's. To a waitress:

**LINDA**

Absolut Saketini, please?

**TED**

Just a Tab.

**LINDA**

You know, it wouldn't cover all of it, but if I got some advance on my salary I could at least get the surgery ball rolling.

**TED**

Whoa! There's a payroll company, you know. They don't just advance people money. They just don't do that. I mean, sure, I could say, Yes, I

\*

authorize it, but that's not going to mean anything to them.

**LINDA**

Well why do they have us on a cockamamie health plan? I need these surgeries, Ted!

**TED**

You're a beautiful woman! You don't need

**LINDA**

Ted, I have gone just as far as I can go with this body! I----

**TED**

I think it's a very beautiful----it's not a phoney-baloney Hollywood body----

Yellow Revision 8/24/07 35.

**LINDA**

That's right, Ted, I would be laughed out of Hollywood. I have very limited breasts and a gi-normous ass and I have this gut that swings back and forth in front a me like a shopping cart with a bent wheel.

**TED**

Oh come on!

**LINDA**

I am trying to get back in circulation. I have appetites and so forth, and, uh----

**TED**

Well there's a lot of guys who'd like you just the way you are.

**LINDA**

Yeah----losers!

**TED**

Well, I don't know. Am I a loser? Lemme tell you something. I wasn't always a manager at Hardbodies. I, um...

\*

He looks at her, appraising. He decides.

**TED (CONT'D)**

Let me show you something.

\*

He reaches into his wallet. He pulls out a picture:

A snapshot of a soulful man in a dark robe and a high caftan standing on a curb in front of a large stone building.

Linda shrieks:

**LINDA**

Omygod----is that you?!

Ted nods gravely.

**TED**

Fourteen years, a Greek Orthodox priest. Congregation in Chevy Chase.

**LINDA**

Well jeez, that's a good job!

**TED**

Mm-hm.

**LINDA**

What happened?

**TED**

Well...

He looks at the picture for a sad beat, then shrugs. He stuffs it back in his wallet.

**TED (CONT'D)**

... It's a long story. Anyway, lotta ways I'm happier now. My point is... my point is... it's a journey.

**LINDA**

Well that's my point! I don't want to stay where I am! I want to find someone to share my journey!

**TED**

Well, sometimes, you know, you don't look in your own back yard, you're never gonna see----

**LINDA**

That's right! That's why I've started this internet dating!

**TED**

Uh-huh, but I'm saying, maybe you don't have to, you know... to----

**LINDA**

Look Ted, I know you can't authorize an advance on my salary but you can put in a request, can't you?

**TED**

It's not going to do any good, Linda.

**LINDA**

Ted, have you ever heard of the power of positive thinking?



51 INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT  
51

It is night. Linda sleeps in a darkened bedroom under the frilly comforter. We hear a distant banging. Finally the banging stops and a moment later the telephone rings.

Linda stirs, wakes and reaches for the bedside phone.

LINDA

Hurrow----

She removes an appliance from her mouth.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Hello?... Where are you?... Okay.  
Just a second.

52 INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT  
52

We hear a door being buzzed open. At the top of the staircase an apartment door opens and Linda appears in a robe.

Her POV down the steep staircase: Chad Feldheimer is walking up towards the landing dressed in a black lycra bicycle unitard with lime green flames. He holds a bike wheel in one hand and a plastic squirt bottle in the other.

He looks up, foreshortened.

CHAD

Omygod.

53 INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER  
53

Chad enters with his bicycle wheel and squirt bottle. Linda shuts the door behind him.

CHAD

Omygod.

LINDA

Chad, you know what time it is?

CHAD

Uh-huh. So, like, I couldn't tell you

this on your totally unsecure phone,  
but I know who the guy is.

He leans his wheel against the wall and sits on a low chair  
that brings his knees up near his chin. He looks smugly at  
Linda.

38.

**LINDA**

The guy?

**CHAD**

The guy, the secret guy.

**LINDA**

Is he high up?

A beat. Chad stares.

**CHAD**

Um. I don't know if he's high up.  
Probably. I mean, I know his name,  
not like his rank.

**LINDA**

What is it?

**CHAD**

Osbourne. Cox.

**LINDA**

Never heard of him.

**CHAD**

Oh, like you're so plugged in to the  
intelligence community.

**LINDA**

I'm just saying, to the layman----

**CHAD**

Well I think like the quality of the  
intelligence dictates how high up he  
is.

**LINDA**

Uh-huh.

**CHAD**

Not what we know.

**LINDA**

Uh-huh.

**CHAD**

And I also got his----do you have any water? I gotta hydrate.

**LINDA**

I have tap water

39.

**CHAD**

Are you kidding?

**LINDA**

How did you find out who he is?

**CHAD**

Sources.

**LINDA**

What do you mean sources?

**CHAD**

Do you have like Gatorade? Anything besides, like, Maryland swamp water?

He rises and heads for the kitchen.

**CHAD (CONT'D)**

... You know how far this is from my place?

**LINDA**

How do you know his name?

**CHAD**

I have this geek friend, Ernie Gallegos? He does computer stuff, hooks up people's computers and programs their VCRs'n shit? So he examines the files and he pulls off the digital watermark that tells what computer they were created on. Fucking child's play for Ernie.

**LINDA**

Uh-huh.

Chad opens the refrigerator and starts rummaging.

**CHAD**

I also have his telephone number.  
That was a little harder.

**LINDA**

Omygod!

Chad straightens up with a bottle of orange juice which he rolls across his forehead.

**CHAD**

Shall we give him a tinkle?

Yellow Revision 8/24/07 40.

**LINDA**

Omygod, why?

**CHAD**

Because he's gonna wanna know that his  
shit is secure. You know, he's gonna  
be relieved. He might even be so  
relieved he gives us a reward----I would  
be very fucking surprised if he did  
not.

**LINDA**

Oh, wow.

**CHAD**

Very surprised. Like, you know, the

\*

Good Samaritan tax. Which is not even  
a tax, really, since it's voluntary.

**54 INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

**54**

Chad is looking at a crumpled piece of notepaper and punching numbers into a wall phone. In the background we see Linda watching him from the living room couch.

A beat.

We hear the call ring through.

The click of the connection being made, and Chad silently gestures, with an upward sweep of his hand, for Linda to pick

up her extension.

**CHAD**

Hello?

**55 INT. OSBOURNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**  
**55**

He has the phone pressed groggily to his ear.

**OSBOURNE**

Hello?

**CHAD**

Osbourne? Osbourne Cox?

**OSBOURNE**

Yes----uh----Who is this?

**CHAD**

Are you... uh... Osbourne Cox?

**41.**

**OSBOURNE**

Who is this? What time is it? Who  
are you?

**CHAD**

I'm a Good Samaritan. I'm sorry I'm  
calling at such an hour, but I thought  
you might be worried.

**OSBOURNE**

Worried?

**CHAD**

About the security. Of your shit.

A beat.

**OSBOURNE**

What on earth are you talking about?  
Who am I speaking to?

Katie stirs in bed.

**KATIE**

Who is it?

**CHAD**

Your files----your documents. I know these documents are sensitive. But I am perfectly happy to return to you your sensitive shit. At a time of your choosing.

**OSBOURNE**

What documents? What are you talking about?

**CHAD**

... Osbourne Cox?

**OSBOURNE**

(explosive)

Yes! Yes, I'm Osbourne Cox! Who the fuck

**CHAD**

Settle down, Osbourne.

**KATIE**

Who is that?

**OSBOURNE**

What documents are you talking about?

Yellow Revision 8/24/07 42.

**CHAD**

(referring to his notepaper)

OK. "The bureau chief in Belgrade we all called Slovak the Butcher. He had very little report with his staff, and his despatches were marked by----

\*

**OSBOURNE**

Ra-por, very little rapport with his staff, you fucking moron! How did you get----

**CHAD**

Don't blow a gasket, Osbourne. I have----

**OSBOURNE**

How did you get a hold of that!

**CHAD**

It's not important where I----

**OSBOURNE**

You're in way over your fucking head!  
Who the fuck are you? You have no  
idea what you're doing!

**CHAD**

Oh! Why so uptight, Osbourne Cox?  
I'm just a Good Samaritan, like, a  
traveler on the road who has happened  
upon----

**LINDA**

We're going to return it, we just  
thought----

**CHAD**

Linda, I'll do it!

**OSBOURNE**

Who's this?!

**KATIE**

Ozzie, what is going on.

**LINDA**

Like a Good Samaritan tax----

**OSBOURNE**

Who the fuck----

43.

**CHAD**

You know, this is a major  
inconvenience for us and we thought,  
you know, a reward----

**OSBOURNE**

So it's money! So it's money!

**CHAD**

Well, yeah, uh... why not? I mean,  
this is not----am I out of line here?

**OSBOURNE**

All right, you two clowns listen to me  
very very carefully. I don't know who  
you are, but I warn you most  
emphatically----

**LINDA**

You warn us? You warn us? You know  
what, Mr., Mr. Intelligence? We warn  
you! We'll call you back with our  
demands!

She slams down the phone.

**CHAD**

Hello? We just----

**OSBOURNE**

Who, who----

**LINDA**

Chad! Don't play his game!

**OSBOURNE**

Hello! Hello!

**CHAD**

(into the phone as he  
hangs it up)

Sorry.

He walks back into the living room shaking his head.

**CHAD (CONT'D)**

... Geeze...

**LINDA**

The nerve of that guy!

**CHAD**

... I am very fucking surprised he did  
not give us the reward.

44.

56 **THE COX BEDROOM - NIGHT**

56

Osbourne sits on the edge of his bed in the dark room,  
shaking his head.

**KATIE**

What in God's name is going on?

**OSBOURNE**

There's some clown----a couple of clowns  
----somehow got a hold of my memoir----



**KATIE**

Your what?

**OSBOURNE**

Stole it or----I have no idea how they got it----

**KATIE**

Your what?

**OSBOURNE**

My memoir, the book I'm writing.

**KATIE**

Why in God's name would they think that's worth anything.

**OSBOURNE**

Well they----I... I've no idea how they got it.

57 INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT

57

Chad paces, shaking his head.

**CHAD**

But it doesn't sound like he's gonna play ball.

**LINDA**

Oh, he'll play ball! We just have to let him know who's boss.

**CHAD**

Well, that's----he sounds very senior. I think this is some senior guy who has screwed the pooch, big-time.

Blue Revision 8/1/07

45.

**LINDA**

Yeah, that's why we got him, you know, we've caught him with his thing caught in a big fat wringer.

**CHAD**

Yuh-huh.

**LINDA**

And us in the driver's seat. This is our opportunity, like, you don't get many of these. You slip on the ice outside of, you know, a fancy restaurant.

**CHAD**

Yuh-huh.

**LINDA**

Or this happens.

**CHAD**

Right.

**LINDA**

And right now this has happened.

**CHAD**

Yup. It sure has.

**LINDA**

This could put a big dent in my surgeries.

**CHAD**

Big time.

**58 INT. PFARRER CELLAR - DAWN**

**58 \***

**SANDY PFARRER**

We are dutch on her as she leans down a staircase, one hand on its rail, calling to be heard over the buzz of a bandsaw:

**SANDY**

Honey!

No answer. The bandsaw whines higher, cutting through steel. Louder:

**SANDY (CONT'D)**

Honey!

Blue Revision 8/1/07 46.

The whine hums down.

**HARRY'S VOICE**

Huh?

**SANDY**

My cab is here, I'm off.           Mystery man.

Her point-of-view: down the stairs, oddly cropped by the angles of dropped ceiling and walls, we see Harry's lower body as he throws a drape over his project. He emerges from the shop cage and closes its mesh door and padlocks it.

**SANDY (CONT'D)**

... What is that thing?

**HARRY**

Oh baby.           Top secret.

He comes up the stairs, pushing goggles onto his forehead.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... You're gonna knock 'em dead.

At the top of the stairs he kisses her.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... How many cities?

**SANDY**

Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles,  
Chicago.

He picks up her bag and they go out.

**HARRY**

Why do they always have you do  
Seattle. Not a big market.

**SANDY**

I don't know, lots of independent  
bookstores. Rains all day, what are  
people gonna do.

**HARRY**

I can think of a couple of things.

**SANDY**

You can think of one thing.

They are walking to a black Town Car idling curbside.

Pink Revision 8/14/07 47.

**SANDY**

It better be the Peninsula. The money  
I make for them. Are you gonna be  
okay?

**HARRY**

I'll be sad. But I'll be okay.

**SANDY**

Not too sad..

**HARRY**

Just the right amount.

He kisses her.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... I am crazy about you, baby.

He slams the car door after her. As the car pulls out his  
look travels with it and then lingers up the street, caught  
on:

A Ford Taurus, parked, dark.

Harry hesitates, then starts walking up the street towards  
the parked car.

When he has taken several steps the ignition is turned in the  
car. A shape briefly visible in the driver's seat is lost  
when the headlights flash on. The car pulls out from the  
curb into a U-turn and drives away.

Harry watches the tail lights recede.

60 **INT. LAW FIRM - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

60

**CLOSE ON A THUMB AND FINGER**

Twisting a gold cufflink like a worry bead. Wider shows the  
attorney Bogus Terikhian at a conference table in a book-  
lined room.

**BOGUS**

\* Tony Bennett, Toni Morrison and Zoe  
\* Caldwell. It was marvelous. First  
\* time I've attended the Kennedy Honors.  
\* Jane Alexander is a client. Old  
\* friend of Zoe's. What an actress.  
\* Anyway...

He leans forward and presses a button on his phone console.

Pink Revision 8/14/07 48.

**BOGUS (CONT'D)**

... Connie, could you bring in your  
copy of the Cox financials?

**61 INT. LAW FIRM - OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

**61**

The secretary rummages through a gym bag that has the  
Hardbodies logo. There are gym clothes among the odds and  
ends. She picks up her handset.

**SECRETARY**

I thought I had it here on a disk----I  
don't know where the disk is. I'm  
sorry, I'll have to run another off my  
hard drive.

**62 INT. LAW FIRM - INNER OFFICE - DAY**

**62**

Bogus is leaning back, expansive.

**BOGUS**

Tony sang "The Best Is Yet To Come."

\*

Mr. Bennett.

He projects toward the phone:

**BOGUS (CONT'D)**

Yeah, okay.

**BACK TO KATIE:**

**BOGUS (CONT'D)**

So. We've drawn up the papers and are prepared to execute service on Osbourne if you so elect, Mrs. Cox. Our missiles are pointed at his capital, so to speak, and we await only your word. But, be mindful, madam: once these missiles are launched, there is no recalling them. We are not picking daisies. We are declaring war, and hostilities will then impose their own logic. I think you understand what I'm saying.

**KATIE**

It'll piss Ozzie off.

**BOGUS**

Mm-hm.

49.

**KATIE**

Mr. Terikhian, I have given my husband second chances galore. There are limits to my charity.

**BOGUS**

Of course. But since we are at the point of no return, I always urge my clients at this juncture to give it one more day of reflection.

**KATIE**

Yes. Understood.

**63 EXT. WASHINGTON MALL - DAY**

**63**

Linda walks down the promenade, dressed in a smart pant suit.

Her moving POV passes over people relaxing in the park: a mother with a stroller, kids running with a ball. Her look settles on the bench that formerly held her first date, now occupied by:

A man spitting sunflower seeds. Harry Pfarrer.

The point-of-view arcs past him as Linda gives him the once-over.

She doubles back.

**LINDA**

Harry? I'm Linda.

**64 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

**64**

Harry and Linda eat with appetite as they talk.

**HARRY**

Yeah, I did the whole bodyguard thing for years. My guy was in State, the Secretary in fact, so of course I traveled a lot.

Harry talks into his sleeve-cuff as if into a radio transmitter:

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

..."Ironside is leaving the building." We called him Iron Ass.

Linda cackles.

Pink Revision 8/14/07 50.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... Not to his face, of course. Not to his ass, either!

Linda cackles again; Harry smiles.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... Ah, he was okay. But, Personal Protection----that's a young man's game.

**LINDA**

You wanna try these dumplings? They're delicious.

\*

**HARRY**

Sure...

He reaches but hesitates.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... Does it have shellfood in it?

\*

**LINDA**

Shellfood? \*

**HARRY**

`Cause I have this sensitivity. I, uh, \*  
go into anaphylactic shock. My larynx \*  
swells up, closes off the----Ah what the \*  
hell. \*

He spears a dumpling: \*

**HARRY (CONT'D)** \*

Live dangerously---- \*

Through a mouthful: \*

**HARRY (CONT'D)** \*

... Can't always wear a condom.

Linda cackles.

**LINDA**

That's right! Not always!

**HARRY**

Anyway, my job's more administrative \*  
now, not so much PP. Personal \*  
Protection. Though I still carry the  
gun.

**LINDA**

Omygod, really!

Pink Revision 8/14/07 50A.

**HARRY**

(still chewing, he shrugs)  
It's no big deal. Never discharged  
it, twenty years service. Security  
blanket now. I don't think about it----  
course, you're not supposed to think  
about it;

**(MORE)**

Pink Revision 8/14/07 51.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

in a situation where your man is  
threatened the training kicks in.  
Muscle memory. Reflex----Those are  
outrageous.



He stabs another dumpling off Linda's plate.

\*

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... Wanna swap?

**LINDA**

No way!

**65 INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**65**

Linda swings the door open, leading Harry in.

Harry talks as he looks appraisingly around the apartment.

**HARRY**

----but there was just a hell of a lot of political infighting, petty, petty, shit, and then basically the old man stepped on Goldberger's throat. Nice...

He is evaluating the place. He stamps on the floor.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... Wide-plank pine?

**LINDA**

I guess.

Harry is taking off his coat.

**HARRY**

Listen, full disclosure here Linda...

He holds up both hands and waggles the fingers.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... I'm not wearing a wedding ring but I am married. Took the ring off, what, eighteen months ago when we agreed to separate. Agreed to disagree. That's about the only thing we ever agreed on.

Linda cackles.

**LINDA**

Thanks for telling me. I really do appreciate it, Harry.

**HARRY**

Well, full transparency, the only way to----

As Linda passes he grabs and embraces her. Linda reacts to his gun in the shoulder holster:

**LINDA**

That's not gonna go off, is it?

**HARRY**

Well let's go in the other room and find out! Grrr!

66 INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

66

**TED TREFFON**

The soulful manager of Hardbodies.

**TED**

That's great. That sounds... exciting.

Wider shows Linda in the manager's cubicle.

**LINDA**

He's very very communicative. Very accessible. He has a sense of humor. And he agrees one hundred percent about my surgeries.

**TED**

Well, I----

**LINDA**

He thinks my ass could be smaller. I mean, not in a mean way, he kidded about it----he's got a terrific sense of humor.

**TED**

That's good, but... but... Linda, what do you really know about this guy?

**LINDA**

I told you, he's in the Treasury  
Department and he----

53.

**TED**

But he could be one of these people  
who, you know, who cruises the  
internet----

**LINDA**

Yeah, so am I!

A rattling knock. Linda looks over:

Chad Feldheimer, in his trainer's polo shirt, is knocking on  
the cubicle window. He gestures urgently for her to come  
out.

67 **EXT. SERVICE ALLEY - DAY**

67

Behind Hardbodies. Linda and Chad emerge from the health  
club through a heavy back door.

**LINDA**

No, you can't go like that! You gotta  
wear a suit.

**CHAD**

Well----you mean----go home and change?

**LINDA**

Yeah!

**CHAD**

I was gonna ride my bike. Do I have  
time?

68 **INT. DOWNTOWN RESTAURANT - DAY**

68

Harry and Katie are at a downtown D.C. restaurant in the  
middle of lunch.

**KATIE**

----which to my mind is all the more  
reason to lower the boom on Ozzie.

**HARRY**

Mm.

**KATIE**

That's it? "Mm"?

**HARRY**

I'm just... wondering if it's the right time.

54.

**KATIE**

Of course it's the right time. Why wouldn't it be the right time. Does it threaten you?

**HARRY**

No no. No, you and me are rock solid. That's why I, uh, I think we can afford to be big. We can think about Ozzie, whether maybe we should let him get himself together a little before you hammer him with, um----

**KATIE**

Is that how you see me, "hammering" him?

**HARRY**

Of course not, but----

**KATIE**

Weren't those your words?

**HARRY**

Yes, but----

**KATIE**

I don't "hammer."

**HARRY**

No, uh-huh, of course not. But, I'm saying----I'm no friend of the guy. You know that. I think he's an arrogant little geek. But for Christ sakes, you and me have all the time in the world, and he just lost his job----

**KATIE**

He didn't lose it, he quit.

**HARRY**

Yeah. Most of the people who "quit"  
in this town were fired.

Katie looks at Harry, reckoning. He returns her look with an  
open one.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... I feel sorry for the guy. And  
he'll be easier to deal with when he  
doesn't feel... cornered.

55.

**KATIE**

Maybe. As long as we're talking about  
Ozzie and not you.

**HARRY**

Of course we're talking about Ozzie.  
Baby, I stand by you whatever you do.  
I adore you.

She nods, thinking, still gazing at him. Her cell phone  
chirps and she reaches into her purse.

**KATIE**

Please get the check.

She flips open the phone.

**KATIE (CONT'D)**

...Yes?... Yes?... Is there blood in  
his stool?...Yes, soon.

She looks at her watch, rises.

**KATIE (CONT'D)**

It's after two. I have to get back to  
work.

Harry rises to kiss her.

**HARRY**

I love you so much.

69 INT./EXT. COX'S CAR/STREET - DAY

69

**CLOSE ON A WATCH**

Showing 2:20.

Wider shows Osbourne Cox, sitting in a car parked on a downtown street, consulting his watch.

He looks up, irritated, and glances around. His look is arrested by:

The side-view mirror. It shows a man approaching on bicycle along the sidewalk wearing a suit and a bike helmet. The man dismounts several paces behind the parked car, locks his bike to a fence separating the sidewalk from a small park, and takes off his helmet. It is Chad.

He walks along the sidewalk to the car, opens the passenger door and sits in with his bike helmet clamped under one arm.

**56.**

**CHAD**

Osbourne Cox?

**OSBOURNE**

And you, I take it, are "Mr. Black"?

**CHAD**

Yes I am. You have the money?

**OSBOURNE**

The fifty-thousand dollars.

**CHAD**

That's what was agreed upon, Osbourne Cox.

**OSBOURNE**

All right. Let me explain something to you, "Mr. Black." You know who I am; I know who you are.

**CHAD**

(smug)

Perhaps. But appearances can be----  
deceptive.

**OSBOURNE**

Yeah. What you're engaged in is  
blackmail, which is a felony. That's  
for starters.

**CHAD**

Appearances can be----deceptive. I am a mere Good Samar----

**OSBOURNE**

Secondly, the unauthorized dissemination of classified material is a federal crime. If you ever carried out your proposed threat, you would experience such a shitstorm of consequences, my friend, it would make your empty little head spin faster than your Schwinn bicycle over there.

Chad chuckles.

**CHAD**

You think that's a Schwinn?

**OSBOURNE**

Now give me the fucking floppy or the CD or whatever the fuck you have it on, and I will----

57.

**CHAD**

As soon as you give me the money, dickwad! I'm not----Huhgf!

Osbourne has punched him in the nose.

Chad stares at him, stunned.

His nose starts bleeding.

**CHAD (CONT'D)**

... You fuck!

**OSBOURNE**

Give it to me, fuck!

**CHAD**

You fuck! You fucker!

He opens the car door and gets out, hand to his nose.

He slams the door.

70 **EXT. STREET/COX'S CAR - DAY**  
70

As Chad goes over to his bike Osbourne leans across the front seat and cranks down the passenger window to bellow:

**OSBOURNE**

I know who you are, fucker!

He pulls out.

**CHAD**

You're the fucker!

There is the honk of a car horn----not Osbourne's.

Chad looks, surprised. Linda is pulling up. Her passenger window rolls down.

**LINDA**

Where's the money?

**CHAD**

He hit me!

**LINDA**

Where's the money?!

**CHAD**

He didn't give it to me

58.

**LINDA**

Oh, for----Get in!

Chad does.

**CHAD**

That fucker!

71 **INT. LINDA'S CAR/EXT. STREET - DAY**  
71

He is thrown back against the seat as Linda floors it. Recovering:

**CHAD**

... Hey----what're you----



Linda is coming up fast behind Osbourne's car in traffic.

**CHAD (CONT'D)**

Oh shit!

The crash of impact----ramming Osbourne.

**72 INT. OSBOURNE'S CAR/EXT. STREET - DAY**

**72**

He recoils from the impact.

**OSBOURNE**

Holy fucking----you fucking morons!

**A72 HIS CAR-TO-CAR POV**

**A72**

The follow car is speeding up again----but it doesn't hit him. It swerves out, screeching, to pass, and Linda angrily flips him the finger as she speeds by.

**73 INT. LINDA'S CAR - DAY**

**73**

**LINDA**

That'll give him something to think about.

Chad is chuckling. Suddenly he sobers.

**CHAD**

Wait, wait! We gotta go back!

Linda's jaw is set. The car is ripping through traffic.

Yellow Revision 8/24/07 59.

**LINDA**

I knew this would happen.

**CHAD**

We gotta go back! My bike!

**LINDA**

It's on to Plan B.

**CHAD**

It's just a Kryptonite lock----you can  
open those fuckers with a Bic pen!

**LINDA**

Heavens sakes----

**CHAD**

Where we going?      My bike!

**LINDA**

Some people!

A skidding turn sends his weight against the door, and the  
car lurches to a halt.

**CHAD**

... What is this?

**LINDA**

Russian Embassy.

**A73      INT. LINDA'S CAR/EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - DAY**  
**A73**

**CHAD'S POV THRU WINDSHIELD**

The hulking embassy building.

**74      INT. EMBASSY RECEPTION - DAY**  
**74**

Linda stands before a reception desk. Chad is just behind  
her, his shirt front spotted with blood and his head tipped  
back with one hand pressing a hankie to his nose. His bike  
helmet is clamped under his other arm.

**LINDA**

I told Mr. Krapkin I might be stopping

\*

by?

**CHAD**

Is there a men's room?

60.

**75      INT. MR. KRAPOTKIN'S OFFICE - DAY**  
**75**

Linda and Chad sit in, Chad with a moistened hand-towel now pressed to his nose.

Behind the desk sits a sixtyish Russian functionary with the beetle-browed sphynx-like look of the Brezhnev-era bureaucrat. This is Krapotkin.

**KRAPOTKIN**

----Not exactly. I am assistant cultural attaché. The organs of state security are not allowed to function within the borders of your country.

**LINDA**

... The organs of state security?

**KRAPOTKIN**

Yes.

**LINDA**

But if I had, oh, say, secrets of a highly, um, secrets that would interest the organs of state security...

She trails off, nodding encouragingly at Krapotkin. Krapotkin looks blankly back.

A long beat.

**KRAPOTKIN**

Yes.

She rummages in her handbag and pulls out the diskette. She holds it aloft, wagging it for Krapotkin.

Krapotkin stares.

Linda sets the diskette on the table and slides it across.

**LINDA**

... This is just a taste.

After a beat of looking at the proffered diskette, Krapotkin leans forward to take it. Linda smiles. Krapotkin turns the diskette over a couple of times, looks sadly up.

**KRAPOTKIN**

May I ask the source of this...

Linda slowly shakes her head, eyes locked on Krapotkin.

**LINDA**

No you may not.

**CHAD**

Very high up.

**LINDA**

Chad!

**CHAD**

I'm just saying he's high up!

A large drop of blood has gathered at the tip of Chad's nose.  
It now drops onto his shirt.

Silence.

Finally:

**KRAPOTKIN**

PC or Meck?

**LINDA**

Um. PC.

\*

**KRAPOTKIN**

Could you wait please?

He rises.

**LINDA**

Well----

She looks anxiously at her watch.

**LINDA (CONT'D)**

... I have a date----

Krapotkin leaves.

When the door closes behind him:

**LINDA (CONT'D)**

The fish. Has bitten.

\*

\*

**CHAD**

What? Oh, yeah. Yeah, he seems cool.

\*

A long beat. Linda looks at her watch.

Chad sighs.

**CHAD (CONT'D)**

... That fucker really hit me.

62.

**76 INT. MR. KRAPOTKIN'S OFFICE - DAY - MANY MINUTES LATER**

**76**

Chad is slumped back with his head tilted back. Linda looks at her watch.

The door opens. A man in a suit:

**MAN**

Could you accompany me please?

**LINDA**

Well----okay...

**77 INT. EMBASSY HALLWAY - DAY**

**77**

The three people----Linda, Chad, the man in the suit----walking. Linda gazes around; Chad has his head mostly back.

**78 INT. ANOTHER EMBASSY OFFICE - DAY**

**78**

Vladimir Putin glares down from a framed photograph on the wall. Chad and Linda are sitting before yet another man, even blander than the first.

**NEW EMBASSY MAN**

Can you tell me where this material comes from?

Linda makes a pantomime of zipping her lip.

The man looks at her impassively.

**CHAD**

Name, rank and serial number.

The Russian's focus shifts to the man with the bloody nose:

**NEW EMBASSY MAN**

Excuse me?

**CHAD**

We, um... we know our rights.

The man stares at him.                      A beat.

**LINDA**

This is just a taste.

The man's look swings back to the woman for another staring beat.

At length:

Yellow Revision 8/24/07 63.

**NEW EMBASSY MAN**

There is more material?

**LINDA**

There's a lot more.                      But we need to be paid.

**NEW EMBASSY MAN**

You are not ideological.

A beat.

**CHAD**

I don't think so.

**LINDA**

Look, I have a date.

**NEW EMBASSY MAN**

Hm?

Linda holds up her watch and taps at it:

**LINDA**

Date.

The man sighs.

**NEW EMBASSY MAN**

... We will examine the material.                      How do I contact?

**LINDA**

We work at the Hardbodies in  
Alexandria.

**CHAD**

I'm at 1442 Westerly----

**LINDA**

Chad, not your home address!

Beat.

**NEW EMBASSY MAN**

So... I call Hardbodies, I ask for...  
Chad?

**LINDA**

No. Linda.

\*

79 INT. LINDA'S CAR/EXT. HARDBODIES - DAY

79

64.

**TED TREFFON**

Point-of-view from a car pulling into Hardbodies. Ted  
Treffon, the soulful manager, stands on the sidewalk in front  
of the gym, squinting into the approaching car, his arms out  
to either side, palms up: what the hell is going on?

80 INT. TED'S CUBICLE - DAY

80

Minutes later.

**TED**

A line to check in, towels piling up.

**LINDA**

I'm sorry.

**TED**

Manolo running around like crazy----what  
happened to your nose?

**CHAD**

I just----

**TED**

This is not acceptable at Hardbodies.  
You two know better than that.

**LINDA**

Yes we do. I'm sorry, Ted.

**TED**

This is no way.

**CHAD**

It was unavoidable. This won't happen  
again.

A considering beat.

**TED**

But you won't tell me what's going on.

**LINDA**

We can't. I... I... Ted, I know this  
is terrible, but----I have to run. I  
have a date.

Ted looks at her dolefully.

**TED**

You're changing, Linda.

Blue Revision 8/1/07 65.

He shakes his head.

**TED (CONT'D)**

... Very sad.

**81 EXT. COX TOWNHOUSE - OSBOURNE'S CAR - DAY**

**81 \***

The car is parked in the driveway of the Cox townhouse, its  
back crumpled.

Reverse shows Katie, looking at it, furious, her jaw set.

**82 INT. COX TOWNHOUSE - DAY**

**82 \***

Katie marches in the door.

**KATIE**



Ozzie! Goddamnit, Ozzie, what have you done to the car?!

Silence.

**83 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**  
**83 \***

Katie enters.

**KATIE**

Ozzie!

Osbourne, lightly sheened by sweat, is in the easy chair in his robe, his microcassette recorder under the hand splayed across his chest. Amber fluid puddles a glass on the side table. Osbourne snores softly.

Katie's fury mounts. She visibly fights it down.

**KATIE (CONT'D)**

... All right. All right.

**84 INT. PFARRER BATHROOM - DAY**  
**84 \***

In Harry Pfarrer's house. Harry stands before the mirror humming as he meticulously trims his eyebrow hair with a Hoffritz scissors.

We hear his phone ringing, then the answering machine:

**HARRY'S VOICE**

Sandy and I aren't here to take your call. Please leave a message.

Blue Revision 8/1/07 66.

After a beep:

**KATIE'S VOICE**

Can I see you please. Harry, please call me. I'm very upset.

Harry continues to hum, trimming his eyebrows. The machine beeps off.

85 INT. PFARRER LIVING ROOM - DAY

85 \*

Harry walks into the living room. He takes some as-yet-unfolded packing boxes and strews them with studied randomness across the floor. As he does so we hear a cell phone chirp.

Harry fishes the phone out of his pocket and holds it at arm's length, squinting at the number. Still humming, he stuffs the phone back in his pocket.

86 EXT. STREET/CIRCLE THEATRE - NIGHT

86

Linda meets Harry with a kiss.

LINDA

I'm sorry----am I late?

HARRY

No no, doesn't start for five minutes.

He is escorting to a movie theater entrance.

HARRY (CONT'D)

... You haven't seen this, have you?

LINDA

Oh! No, no I haven't.

Our follow-move brings in a light box displaying the one-sheet for Totally Stoked! with Dermot Mulroney and Claire Danes.

As they tail out of frame:

HARRY

I hear it's terrific.

87 INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

87

On the screen, Dermot Mulroney, dressed in a tuxedo, cranes his head to look steeply up and off.

67.

DERMOT

First you tell me that you can't  
commit, then you----WOULD YOU GET DOWN  
**FROM THERE!**

Along with Linda, Harry laughs raucously, tossing popcorn  
into his mouth.

**88 INT. HARRY'S CHEVY CHASE HOUSE - NIGHT**  
**88**

The door swings in and Harry and Linda enter. Harry refers  
to the boxes littering the floor:

**HARRY**

Pardon our dust, I, uh----the ex is in  
the process of moving out. Damn! I  
told her I wanted to expedite this.

**LINDA**

Uh-huh.

**HARRY**

We, uh, you know you try to act like  
an adult.

**LINDA**

Oh, it's never easy.

**HARRY**

Oh! Come on downstairs. Do you like  
surprises?

**LINDA**

Well, I'm very open to new  
experiences...

**89 INT. PFARRER BASEMENT - NIGHT**  
**89**

The overhead light is switched on.

As Harry and Linda come down the stairs:

**HARRY**

I gotta tell ya----I saw an ad for this  
in a gentleman's magazine----twelve  
hundred bucks. I take a look at this  
thing, I think, Jesus, you gotta be  
kidding----I'm a hobbyist, this is  
basically nothing but speed-rail, I

could probably go to Home Depot and whip this up myself for, like, a hundred bucks...

68.

He sweeps the drop-cloth off his project.

It looks like a rowing machine, though with a higher seat. Its function is obscure.

**LINDA**

... What is it?

**HARRY**

(smug)

What is it. You sidddown, feet in the stirrups, and...

He pushes the seat with his foot. It slides forward then back, forward and back, rocking. On its forward arc a dildo emerges from the center of the seat's pipe-track, angled toward the seat-bottom which is cleft to accommodate its entrance.

A long beat as the seat squeaks back and forth, the dildo rhythmically bobbing up and down.

At length:

**LINDA**

Omygod!

Another couple of cycles.

**LINDA (CONT'D)**

... It's fantastic!

**HARRY**

Isn't that somethin'? Hundred bucks all-in if you don't count my labor. And the, you know----cost of the dildo. Those things are not cheap.

**LINDA**

Uh-uh.

**HARRY**

But I lack the, uh, I'm not set up to mold hard rubber.

Both stare at the rocking love seat:

Squeak. Squeak. Squeak.

90 INT. BAR - NIGHT

90

69.

**CLOSE ON OSBOURNE**

Sitting in a bar booth, staring, incredulous.

**OSBOURNE**

... The Russians?

Across from him, a man of Osbourne's age.

**MAN (HAL)**

Uh-huh.

**OSBOURNE**

The Russians?

**HAL**

Uh-huh. Russian Embassy, yeah.

Osbourne stares.

**OSBOURNE**

... You're sure?

**HAL**

Hey, the guy was not hard to follow.  
As you know.

**OSBOURNE**

Why the FUCK would they go to the  
Russians?!

The man responds only with a shrug and a commiserating head-shake.

**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

... Why the FUCK...

Osbourne struggles to compose himself.

**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

... I'm sorry. Thank you, Hal.

**HAL**

Hey. No problemo.

He leans in, voice lowered.

**HAL (CONT'D)**

... Ozzie, I hate to be the paranoid old spook, but those two guys seem very interested in you.

Osbourne looks.

70.

**HAL (CONT'D)**

...You haven't gone poofy on me, have ya Oz?

There are two men with drinks at a booth. At Osbourne's look one of them, who has been staring, looks hastily away.

**OSBOURNE**

(sharply)

Can I help you?

The man meets his look again. He smiles, rises, ambles over.

**MAN (PROCESS SERVER)**

Sorry to stare, I just couldn't place the... You're Princeton, aren't you? My year? '73?

**OSBOURNE**

(softening)

Yeah.

**PROCESS SERVER**

I just didn't remember your...

Osbourne extends a hand.

**OSBOURNE**

Osbourne Cox.

**PROCESS SERVER**

Thought so.

He smiles as he deposits a large manila envelope in Osbourne's extended hand.

**PROCESS SERVER (CONT'D)**

... Served...

He nods toward his companion, watching from the booth.

**PROCESS SERVER (CONT'D)**

... and witnessed. Have a good evening.

The man walks off; his friend hastily knocks back the rest of his drink and rises to follow him.

Osbourne stares stupidly at the envelope in his hand.

**HAL**

Ouch.

71.

91 INT. COX'S CAR/EXT. COX'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

91

**THRU A WINDSHIELD**

Night. Rain.

The car corners into a driveway and its headlights rake the front of the Cox townhouse, which is dark. A couple of pieces of luggage and several cardboard boxes are stacked on the stoop, most of them protected from the rain by the eave but some not.

**OSBOURNE'S VOICE**

What the fuck?

**OUTSIDE**

The car stops. Osbourne emerges, runs through the rain to the front stoop. Rain drums against cardboard.

**OSBOURNE**

What the fuck?

He puts his key in the lock and----it doesn't turn.

**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

... Fucking...

He nudges a cardboard box with his toe.

He looks up at the dark house, squinting against the rain.

Linda and Chad sit at the counter, Linda drinking a large protein shake, Chad idly twirling a straw wrapper around one finger.

**CHAD**

Why did you tell him we could get more stuff?

**LINDA**

Well maybe we can.

**CHAD**

That's all Manolo found! That was everything! What're we, gonna tell Manolo to scoop some more secret shit off the locker room floor!

**LINDA**

Hey!

Yellow Revision 8/24/07 72.

**CHAD**

What.

**LINDA**

I don't like the snideness! Nor the negativity!

\*

**CHAD**

(abashed)  
I'm sorry.

**LINDA**

I'm just trying to work this thing! If I'm going to reinvent myself I need those surgeries. And those surgeries cost money! This is not just fun and games!

**CHAD**

Yuh-huh. I'm sorry.

**LINDA**

So let's figure this thing out!

**PUBLIC ADDRESS**

Chad, your Berry Blast is ready.



**LINDA**

We know who he is

**CHAD**

Right: Osbourne Cox.

**LINDA**

So we can find out where he lives,  
right?

**CHAD**

Um. I guess.

**LINDA**

You should change. Into your suit.

**CHAD**

Why?

**LINDA**

So you don't look out of place in the  
neighborhood. There are certain  
elementary things.

**CHAD**

His neighborhood?

Yellow Revision 8/24/07 73.

**LINDA**

Yes. We'll remove the laundry marks  
and labels. And you should not be  
carrying ID.

**CHAD**

Laundry marks?

\*

**LINDA**

Deniability.

**CHAD**

Okay.

**PUBLIC ADDRESS**

Chad, your Berry Blast is waiting.

93 EXT. COX TOWNHOUSE - DAY

93

**LONG LENS POINT-OF-VIEW**

A car is pulling into the driveway. Katie Cox emerges from the driver's side.

Reverse shows Chad, in his suit, watching from a parked car across the street.

Now Harry Pfarrer emerges from the passenger side wearing a brown pin-striped suit. Encumbered by something bulky he follows Katie up the walk.

It seems to be some kind of pillow or cushion under his arm, but very large, and wedge-shaped. Katie is letting herself in; Harry gives a furtive glance around----as Chad sinks back in his car seat----before entering with the wedge-cushion.

The door closes.

Chad relaxes, straightens up. A beat. He looks idly around. He notices:

Another car, parked on the same side of the street, further up. Someone is just straightening from a slouch to become visible over the driver's headrest.

Chad looks, puzzled.

**94 INT. CAR/EXT. COX TOWNHOUSE - DAY - LATER**  
**94**

Chad is sucking the dregs of his Jamba Juice up a straw when a noise brings his look around:

**74.**

The door to the townhouse is opening. Katie emerges, in a change of clothes. Harry follows in sweats.

They get into her car. It pulls out.

Chad watches it go up the street. He is about to open his door but pauses, seeing:

The parked car up the street. Katie's car having passed, it now pulls out and follows at a discreet distance. Both cars disappear.

Chad opens his door and gets out. He is crossing to the townhouse when he notices another car parked on the other

side of the street. A man sits in the driver's seat, smoking.

Chad proceeds on to the house. There is a barred garden-level door tucked under the stoop. Chad checks out the caging on the door. He looks up the façade of the house.

95 INT. KATIE'S CAR/EXT. POTOMAC BRIDGE - DAY  
95

It pulls over at one end of the Potomac bridge that we have seen before. Harry emerges.

**HARRY**

What's the odometer say?

**KATIE**

Five.

**HARRY**

About five or approximately five? I  
mean----about f----

**KATIE**

For fuck's sake, Harry, it's five  
miles. Five point two.

**HARRY**

Okay, fine----I gotta do at least five.  
Five and a deuce is okay.

**KATIE**

I'm surprised you have any energy  
left.

**HARRY**

You kiddin'----pull around the corner  
we'll do it again in back!

75.

**KATIE**

You are very coarse.

**HARRY**

No, back of the car. I didn't mean a  
rear-entry, uh----

**KATIE**

Ach. I'm late----

The car squeals away, leaving Harry on the shoulder.

96 **EXT. COX TOWNHOUSE - DAY**  
96

Chad is cornering the house on the driveway side, appraising. A low wall separates driveway from back garden. Chad gives a quick glance around.

97 **EXT. COX TOWNHOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY**  
97

Chad vaults the wall to land in the garden.

The garden steps down to a back door. Chad checks out the windows in back, then goes to the door. It is locked. It has a large window.

98 **INT. COX TOWNHOUSE - BACK WINDOW - DAY**  
98

We can see Chad's form outside the door. Its pane is tapped once... twice... it breaks.

99 **EXT. POTOMAC BRIDGE - DAY**  
99

**HARRY JOGGING**

He spins, jogs backward.

His point-of-view: a car, traveling slowly. Following?

Harry cuts across a park lawn.

100 **INT. TOWNHOUSE BASEMENT - DAY**  
100

Chad is nosing around the basement. He notices Ozzie's office set-up.

101 **EXT. STREET NEAR PARK - DAY**  
101

**HARRY**

Emerging from the park onto another street. He looks around and, satisfied that he has lost the tail, jogs on.

**102 INT. COX TOWNHOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY**  
**102**

Chad is looking at the screen of Ozzie's computer.

He fishes a CD out of his suit pocket, feeds it into the computer.

**103 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY**  
**103**

**HARRY**

Jogging, entering a residential area.

**104 INT. COX TOWNHOUSE - DAY**  
**104**

Chad is emerging from the basement. He is looking idly around, heading toward the front door when a shape materializes in its frosted glass sidelight.

Chad freezes.

There is scraping at the lock.

Chad quickly mounts the stairs.

**105 INT. COX TOWNHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - DAY**  
**105**

Chad freezes, listening.

The downstairs door swings open, shut.

Footsteps.

A tread on the stairs: Chad scurries into the first open door.

106 INT. COX TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY  
106

Chad hotfoots into a closet and eases its door most of the way shut. The footsteps mount the stairs. Chad peeks out.

His POV: The bed, bedclothes rumpled. In the middle of the bed, a wedge-cushion.

77.

Beyond, the open bedroom door shows a slice of hallway and stairs. Harry arrives at the top of the stairs. He nudges back a drape on the window at the top of the steps. He looks down one way, then the other. He lets the drape fall back and seems to relax.

Harry enters the bedroom. He strips off his shirt and steps out of his pants on his way into the bathroom off the master bedroom. He leaves the door open.

Chad reaches gingerly for the closet door to close it but stops abruptly as we hear the shower turned off and the curtain whipped back. Harry emerges from the shower. He rinses off, humming "Born Free," and walks into the foreground pulling on shorts and shirt and a pair of dress pants that was draped across a bureau.

Chad shrinks back into the closet as Harry approaches. Harry stops, just outside the cracked door.

Through the crack we see only the white of his shirt. Abruptly Harry turns his back to us and recedes into the room and bends to pick something off the floor.

Chad leans in ever so slightly to see, but draws back again as Harry approaches.

Chad looks over to his right: on a hanger, the brown pinstripe coat that matches Harry's pants.

The closet door is thrown open.

**CHAD**

Nuhhh!

**HARRY**

**AHHHHHHHHHH!**

Harry jerks up the gun which he's pulled from the shoulder holster in his other hand and----BAM----shoots Chad in the face.

The gun bucks. Unused to the recoil and still screaming, Harry staggers back and trips over the edge of the bed and drops the weapon.

He crabs briefly backward and then flips over and scrambles off on all fours. In the hallway he rises and tramples down the stairs.

78.

107 INT. COX TOWNHOUSE - BOTTOM OF STAIRS - DAY  
107

He stops at the bottom of the steps, panting. He looks back up the steps, trying to control his heavy breathing so that he can listen.

A long silence.

HARRY

... Hello?

No answer.

He looks around.

108 INT. COX TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY  
108

Harry enters. He opens a drawer, closes it, opens another.

109 INT. COX TOWNHOUSE - FOYER - DAY  
109

Harry enters from the kitchen and starts slowly mounting the stairs, a chopping knife in one hand.

HARRY

... Hello?

110 INT. COX TOWNHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - DAY  
110

Harry tops the stairs. He pauses, looking at:

The bedroom door, ajar.

Inside, his gun lies on the floor.

Harry takes cautious steps toward the door.

He pauses at the cracked door. Suddenly:

**HARRY**

Hungh!

He plunges through the door and runs for the gun and scoops it, dropping the knife.

He stands and spins, panting.

His point-of-view: the closet. Its door ajar. Legs protrude into the room as if Chad, hidden within, is sitting with his back against the closet wall contemplating his next move.

**79.**

Harry walks cautiously over. With a bare foot he experimentally waggles one of Chad's feet. Limp.

Harry nudges the door.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... Hello?

It creaks fully open.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... Omygod. Omygod.

Chad's face is a powder-burned, chewed-up mess.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... Omygod who are you. You fucker.  
Omygod.

He gingerly crouches down.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... You fucker...

He tries to avert his eyes as he feels in Chad's suit pockets.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... Omygod, my god... Ungh...

He comes away with a wallet and hastily stands.



**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... Omygod...

Inside are a few dollars and nothing else: no credit cards, driver's license; empty.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... What the fuck...

He leans back in, trying not to look, but for some reason feeling obliged to return the wallet.

As he opens the suit coat to slip it back in the inside pocket he notices:

The suit label has been cut away.                      He fingers the raveled fringe.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... Oh my fuck...

He straightens up again.

80.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... I killed a fucking spook.                      You  
fucker...

He gazes down at the body.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... What are you doing here, you  
fucker.

**111 INT. CIA HALLWAY - DAY**

**111**

We track at floor level, following the well shined shoes of someone walking down the well polished hallway.

**112 INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DOOR/PALMER'S OFFICE - DAY**

**112**

We are low, outside an office door. The shoes enter frame and the door is swung inward, away from us, to show Palmer DeBakey Smith seated behind his desk.

He looks up.

**PALMER**

Olson. What's up.

The door slams shut.

**113 INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DOOR/PALMER'S OFFICE - DAY**  
**113**

Some time later. Our camera position is higher.

At the cut the door swings open and Palmer Smith strides out, grim-faced.

**114 INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY**  
**114**

Tracking behind his shoes down a different piece of hallway.

**115 INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - ANOTHER DOOR/CHUBB'S OFFICE - DAY**  
**115**

Palmer Smith's back enters and he swings the door open. A silver-haired man looks up from his desk where he is leaned back, eating orange sections off a paper towel on the desktop.

**MAN**

Palmer. What's up.

81.

**PALMER**

Not quite certain, sir, but it's...  
messy.

He seats himself facing the desk. A desktop nameplate identifies his superior as Gardner McC. Chubb.

Palmer hands a folder across, grimacing.

**PALMER (CONT'D)**

... Kolyma-2 tells us that they have  
computer files from an ex-analyst of  
mine, Osbourne Cox.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Kolyma-2?

**PALMER**

Our man in the Russian Embassy.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Mm.

**PALMER**

It was brought to them by a woman  
who----

**GARDNER CHUBB**

The Russians?

**PALMER**

Yeah. It was brought in by Linda  
Litzke, an associate of a guy named  
Harry Pfarrer. Picture's in the  
folder. With Pfarrer's.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

The Russians.

**PALMER**

Yeah.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Who's Pfarrer?

**PALMER**

Treasury agent who's been, um,  
screwing Mrs. Cox. Must be how they  
got the files. Or maybe Ozzie knows  
about it, they all seem to be sleeping  
with each other.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

All right. Spare me.

82.

**PALMER**

Yes sir. But this Treasury guy----it's  
gotten... complicated. He just shot  
somebody in Ozzie's house.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Shot----your analyst?

Palmer shakes his head.

**PALMER**

Ozzie wasn't there. Our man surveying hears a gunshot, sees the Treasury guy wrestle something into his car, follows him; he dumps a body in the Chesapeake Bay.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Well----what'd he do that for?

**PALMER**

Don't know sir.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Oh for Christ sake. Anyone fish the body out?

**PALMER**

Mm-hm.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Russian? American?

**PALMER**

Don't know. Scrubbed of ID.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

And this... Linda...?

**PALMER**

Linda Litzke.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

She's Treasury?

**PALMER**

No, we're----um... fuzzy on her.

Gardner Chubb is flipping bemusedly through the contents of the folder.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Well----so----we don't really know what anyone is after.

83.

**PALMER**

Not really, sir.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

This analyst, ex-analyst, uh...

**PALMER**

Cox.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Yeah. What's his clearance level.

**PALMER**

Three.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Okay. Okay, no biggie...

He reaches the folder back to Palmer.

**GARDNER CHUBB (CONT'D)**

... for now just keep an eye on everyone, see what they do.

**PALMER**

Right, sir. And----we'll interface with the FBI on this, uh, dead body?

**GARDNER CHUBB**

No! No, we don't want those idiots blundering around in this. Burn the body. Get rid of it. And keep an eye on everyone, see what they do. Report back when, um, I don't know. When it makes sense.

116 INT. YACHT CABIN - DAY  
116

**A HOPPING MAN IN A UNITARD**

His hands are on his hips. He is darkly Mediterranean and very fit. He smiles into the camera as he hops in time to upbeat music, kicking a leg out on each beat.

**MAN**

To the left!... Repeat!... To the right!... Repeat!... And in!... And out!... And higher!... Repeat!...

Wider shows that the man is on TV leading the viewer in exercise. The viewer, in this case, is Osbourne Cox, on his boat.

He follows along in his underwear in the cramped quarters belowdecks. Boxes and luggage are strewn about, half-unpacked.

He pants as he exercises:

**OSBOURNE**

I'm bigger... I'm back... I'm better... I'm back... than ever... I'm back... fuckers... I'm back...

**MAN ON TV**

... And good!... Repeat!... Now bend!... And bounce!... . And lower!... Repeat!... And up!... And back!... And up!... Repeat!

117 INT. TED'S OFFICE/LINDA'S OFFICE - DAY

117

**LINDA**

We are on a long lens point-of-view, from several cubicles over, of Linda slumped at her desk, head in her arms. We faintly hear her sobbing.

Reverse shows Ted Treffon, the soulful manager of Hardbodies, looking at her, unsettled.

**CLOSE ON LINDA**

We are in her cubicle now, her weeping bumping up at the cut.

A tap against the cubicle window brings her head up.

Ted Treffon opens the door.

**TED**

Linda. You okay?

**LINDA**

I'm fine, Ted, I'm sorry.

He sits at the chair alongside her desk.

**TED**

You don't look fine.

**LINDA**

No no, I'm... I'm...

**TED**

You won't tell me what it's about.  
You never let me in, Linda.

85.

**LINDA**

Oh, I know you're trustworthy, I  
just... don't want to endanger other  
people with----I mean, it's a path I've  
chosen, it's not, you have to isolate,  
you know, a firewall.

Ted sighs.

**TED**

Uh-huh. Well, I don't know what to  
think. You both go AWOL on Friday;  
today Chad doesn't bother to come in  
at all----

**LINDA**

I know, Ted.

**TED**

Linda, I can't run a gym this way.

**LINDA**

I know, Ted.

**TED**

I'm going to have to fire him.

**LINDA**

No! No no no, Ted! Just, just. . . .

**TED**

What?

**LINDA**

Give me twenty-four hours!

**TED**

To what?

**LINDA**

To, um... I don't know, twenty-four  
hours!

**TED**

Linda----

**LINDA**

Just give me twenty-four hours to solve this thing!

**TED**

Linda. I have to tell you. A man was here earlier asking about you.

Yellow Revision 8/24/07 86.

Linda looks at Ted for a beat, thinking.

**LINDA**

Foreigner?

**TED**

Linda, are you in some kind of trouble? Is Chad running from something?

**LINDA**

Ted, we know what we're doing. Let me ask you this: did he know my name.

**TED**

Whuh----yes, he was asking about you. Employment history, et cetera. Real jerk. I told him to get lost.

She takes his hand.

**LINDA**

Thank you, Ted.

Ted swallows. He looks down.

**TED**

Well, we...

Linda still has his hand. He tries to cover his reaction to the physical contact.

**TED (CONT'D)**

... we just don't give that out at Hardbodies.

The phone beeps. A voice comes through the intercom:



**VOICE**

Linda, there's a Mr. Krapotkin on line  
two.

\*

**LINDA**

Omygod!

She punches a button on the phone.

**LINDA (CONT'D)**

... Hello? Mr. Krapkin?

\*

**VOICE**

Linda?

Yellow Revision 8/24/07 87.

**LINDA**

Yes?

**VOICE**

This is Ilan Krapotkin. Russian  
embassy. Returning your call.

**LINDA**

Yes, yes!----hang on. Ted, I'm sorry.  
This is private.

Looking at her, Ted sighs. He shakes his head sadly, rises  
and goes. Linda pushes the door of the cubicle shut with her  
foot.

**LINDA (CONT'D)**

... Hello. Is this a secure line, Mr.  
Krapkin?

\*

Beat.

**KRAPOTKIN**

Heh-heh.

Another beat.

**LINDA**

Mr. Krapkin?

\*

**KRAPOTKIN**

Yes?

**LINDA**

Is this a secure, uh----

**KRAPOTKIN**

You are joking?

**LINDA**

No! I----I'm terribly worried about my associate. My----my----you know... Chad.

**KRAPOTKIN**

Yes? Why is that?

**LINDA**

Do you have him?

**KRAPOTKIN**

Do we have him?

**LINDA**

Is he----I don't know what the term is, did he, "go over"?

Blue Revision 8/1/07 88.

**KRAPOTKIN**

Um...

Linda glances up. Outside her cubicle window Ted waits; at Linda's look he turns palms up: What's going on? Linda holds up a finger: one second.

**LINDA**

Do you know where he is?

**KRAPOTKIN**

Is he not... at Hardbodies?

**LINDA**

No, I----look, can I come in and discuss this?

118 INT. COX TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

118 \*

Harry Pfarrer stands at the kitchen counter chopping carrots. He is intensely focused and chops very, very quickly, producing slices in high volume.

Reverse shows Katie Cox in a chair in the living room, frozen in a look up, a file of papers forgotten in one hand as she

gazes over half-glasses at Harry. His chopping continues unabated.

After a long look and much chopping:

**KATIE**

You seem distracted.

**HARRY**

(still chopping)  
Do I?

**KATIE**

Very distracted.           The last two days.

**HARRY**

Nn.    Work.

The chopping continues.

Katie's eyes shift down to the countertop, back up to Harry. Another beat.

**KATIE**

... That's enough carrots, don't you think?

89.

**HARRY**

Huh?

**KATIE**

For the salad?

The chopping stops.

Harry slaps the knife down.    He stares at Katie, jaw grinding, for a beat.

**HARRY**

You know: you're really a very negative person.

**KATIE**

... What?

Through grit teeth:

**HARRY**

I've tried. To ignore it.    And stay

upbeat.

Katie, unused to backtalk from Harry, is stunned. She returns in a manner as hard as his:

**KATIE**

Harry: stop the foolishness.

**HARRY**

Stop the foolishness?

**KATIE**

Yes. And behave. You are not talking to one of your...

Her fingers form quotes:

**KATIE (CONT'D)**

... "shithole buddies."

Harry glares at her, vibrating with rage. Her look at him is equally hard.

Harry abruptly turns and stomps up the stairs.

Brief tromping on the second floor. Katie sits in puzzled suspense.

Footfalls descend the staircase.

Blue Revision 8/1/07 90.

Harry reappears at the foot of the stairs with his wedge-cushion tucked under an arm. He flings the front door open, goes out, slams it shut.

**119 EXT. COX TOWNHOUSE/INT. HARRY'S CAR - DAY**

**119 \***

Harry stomps to his car in the driveway and flings in the cushion. He gets in, seething. After a beat he pulls out his cell phone and dials.

A ring. Pick-up. A female voice:

**SANDY**

Hello?

**HARRY**

Honey. It's so good to hear your

voice.

**SANDY**

Something wrong, Harry?

**HARRY**

No. Yes. Can you come home?           Your  
baby needs you.

A beat.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... Can you please come home?

**SANDY**

Harry, you know I----

**HARRY**

I can show you your present.           It's  
finished.

**SANDY**

Oh Harry.     I can't just leave the book  
tour.

Harry sags.

**HARRY**

Yeah.

**SANDY**

There are two days left.           There's  
still Seattle.

**HARRY**

Yeah.

Blue Revision 8/1/07 91.

**SANDY**

I love you, Harry.

**HARRY**

Okay.     Yeah. Love you too.

He folds the phone, miserable.

As he pockets it his attention is caught by something in the  
side-view mirror:

The car parked across the street.     A man's shape in the

driver's seat.

**120 EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY**

**120 \***

Harry, jaw set, gets out of the car and starts down the drive.

The parked car starts.

**HARRY**

Hey! Fucker!

The car tries to pull out but is closely hemmed in by cars front and back; it will need a couple moves.

Harry runs back to his own car, starts it, throws it into reverse and backs straight down the drive toward the frantically shuttling car.

He t-bones it.

**VOICE FROM WITHIN CAR**

Fucker!

Harry, amped, throws his car into drive, pulls halfway up the driveway.

**HARRY**

Fucker! Fucker!

He again throws the car into reverse.

The man in the other car abandons his attempt to pull out and scrambles frantically toward the passenger side.

Harry again smashes into the car.

Blue Revision 8/1/07 92.

**121 EXT. STREET ACROSS FROM TOWNHOUSE - DAY**

**121 \***

The other man emerges from the far side. He flees down the sidewalk as fast as his weight will permit, pocket change jingling, yelling as he runs:

**MAN**

Fucker!

Harry runs after him, calling:

**HARRY**

Who do you work for?! Who do you work  
for?!

Pounding footsteps.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... Tell me!

The overweight man does not have Harry's stamina: Harry  
closes, leaps, and tackles.

He crawls up the man's body, hand-over-hand, panting:

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... Who do you work for? CIA? NSC?

The other man is panting much harder:

**MAN**

Tuchman Marsh!

This stops Harry. He isn't sure what he's heard.

**HARRY**

What?

**MAN**

Tuchman Marsh!

**HARRY**

... Tuchman Marsh?

**MAN**

Yes!

**HARRY**

Your name is... Tuchman Marsh?

**MAN**

Tuchman Marsh Hauptman Rodino!

93.

Harry stares at the man underneath him. The gasping man  
explains:

**MAN (CONT'D)**

... I work for them!

**HARRY**

You... work for Tuchman Marsh.

**MAN**

Yes!

**HARRY**

Which is a law firm.

**MAN**

No! A rock band!            Yes, it's a law  
firm!

**HARRY**

Well... why are you following me?

**MAN**

Divorce action, numbnuts!

Harry is blindsided.    He stares.    He slowly sits up,  
digesting:

**HARRY**

My... my wife hired you?!

The freed Tuchman Marsh man also sits up, still panting  
heavily.

**MAN**

No. Your wife hired Tuchman Marsh.  
Tuchman Marsh hired me. I work for  
Tuchman Marsh.

**HARRY**

You're----you're----a divorce detective.

**MAN**

Not just.            Credit, missing persons,  
whatever.

**HARRY**

But this is divorce.

**MAN**

("duh")  
Well... yeah.

Harry rises and walks stiffly, zombie-like, up the street.



The man watches him go.

After a few paces Harry stops and sits on the curb. He starts weeping.

The man, still breathing heavily, calls out:

**MAN (CONT'D)**

... Jesus---grow up, man! It happens to everybody!

Harry's cell phone chirps. He fishes it out and unfolds it, sniveling.

**HARRY**

Yeah?

**VOICE**

Harry, it's Osbourne Cox.

Harry stares, trying to fit this in. Osbourne prompts, after a silent beat:

**VOICE (CONT'D)**

... Harry?

**HARRY**

Yeah?

**OSBOURNE**

Harry, could I get your wife's number? This is Osbourne Cox, could I trouble you for your wife's----

**HARRY**

You can't tell her anything she doesn't already know, fucker.

**OSBOURNE**

What?

Harry again stares: maybe he has this figured wrong.

After a silence:

**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

...Is this... Harry Pfarrer?

**HARRY**

You want... Sandy's number?

Echoing up the street:

**MAN**

Can I use your phone? To call a tow?

122 INT. OSBOURNE'S BOAT - DAY

122 \*

Osbourne paces the cramped cabin belowdecks, a phone to his ear. He is unshaven, wearing a robe.

Filtered rings, then a connection:

**SANDY'S VOICE**

Hello?

**OSBOURNE**

Sandy?

**SANDY**

Yes?

**OSBOURNE**

Hi, it's Osbourne Cox, how are you.  
Hi.

**SANDY**

... Hi.

**OSBOURNE**

Hi. Sorry to call out of the blue but I have a, well, a publishing question and I thought you might be the person to ask, I have this manuscript, something to do with my professional experiences, not to go into too much detail but I think it's pretty explosive stuff and I think that it could merit a fairly wide readership handled properly and it isn't quite finished yet but there's a situation where I'm worried about it leaking now and maybe excerpts being published or on the internet, whatever, without my permission, and a lot of the impact being, um, blunted, so I'm actually anxious to bring it to market sooner than I'd planned----I mean, like now, in fact----so I was thinking, I know you,

and you seem to do well, so I was wondering if you were happy with your publisher. The people you use.

A long beat.

96.

**SANDY**

You've written a children's book?

**OSBOURNE**

No! No no, a, a kind of a memoir, but ----doesn't your company have an adult arm? Or isn't it, uh, the children's arm? Of a regular publisher?

**SANDY**

Pappas & Swain do children's literature.

**OSBOURNE**

Uh-huh. I see. So they don't----okay... Are you well?

**SANDY**

Very well thank you. And you.

**OSBOURNE**

Yes. Good. Okay, well, thank you Sandy.

**SANDY**

Yes. Good talking to you.

Disconnect.

Osbourne yanks the rubber band off a bundle of mail.

**OSBOURNE**

Bitch.

123 INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - HALLWAY - DAY  
123

Two pairs of footsteps echo down a long hallway as Linda Litzke is escorted by a solemn Russian staffer.

124 INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - ANOTHER ROOM - DAY  
124

A waiting room. A long beat; Linda sits waiting.

A door opens. Mr. Krapotkin emerges.

Linda stands to go to the inner office but Krapotkin motions her back down.

**KRAPOTKIN**

Yes, madam. Can we help you?

97.

**LINDA**

What kind of Mickey Mouse embassy are you running?! I've been waiting here for fifty-five minutes, and I'm----

**KRAPOTKIN**

I am so sorry, madam. An urgent matter.

**LINDA**

Well this could be urgent too, since, you know, Chad has been missing for forty-eight hours now and----

**KRAPOTKIN**

I don't know the whereabouts of Chad, madam.

**LINDA**

Well he was gathering information for you when he----

**KRAPOTKIN**

We're not interested in such "information". It was drivel.

Linda is dumbfounded.

A silent beat.

**LINDA**

... Dribble!

Krapotkin fishes something from his pocket.

**KRAPOTKIN**

Would you like your disk back?

**LINDA**

... Dribble!

Krapotkin stands with the disk extended toward her.

**KRAPOTKIN**

I'm so sorry I can't help you.

Linda recovers from her astonishment and is moved to outrage:

**LINDA**

I'll tell you what's dribble! You  
listen to me, Mr. Krapkin! I am----

Blue Revision 8/1/07 98.

**125 INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - HALLWAY AGAIN**

**125**

Looking the opposite way.

We hear two pairs of footsteps. They approach for several beats and then Linda and her escort enter frame and recede, footsteps echoing. The staffer's hand is on Linda's elbow.

As we hold on their backs and they continue to walk, Linda jerks her arm away; the staffer regrabbs it. She jerks away again.

**LINDA**

Cut it out.

**126 OMITTED**

**126 \***

**127 OMITTED**

**127 \***

**128 INT. OSBOURNE'S BOAT - DAY**

**128 \***

An exercise show plays on the TV, unwatched. Osbourne sits at a little table looking at a notice torn from a windowed envelope.

**OSBOURNE**

... What?

He brings the notice close, squints at it.

**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

... What the fuck?

He quickly shuffles through the rest of the mail, pulls out another envelope, rips it open.

Blue Revision 8/1/07 99.

**A MINUTE LATER**

Osbourne paces, drink in hand, staring at another piece of mail.

**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

What the fuck?

**A MINUTE LATER**

Osbourne is back at the table, drink half-consumed, listening at the phone.

**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

... Yes... No... Yes, I want to know why the check for my slip fee was returned for insufficient funds... Slip fee, for docking my boat, the check was returned... No, m'dam, it's not zero, I have about forty thousand dollars in that account... When? ... When?... But she can't do that---no, yes, technically it may be a joint account but she doesn't use it, it's not her money... No! No! What access, it's not possible! Without my permission? What about the, my, the, our savings account? My savings account?... I don't know the fucking number! You think I memorize the fucking numbers on my fucking bank accounts! Moron!... Hello?

**A129 EXT. PFARRERS' CHEVY CHASE HOUSE - DUSK (FORMERLY SCENE 126)**

**A129 \***

We are looking at the exterior of the house in wide shot.

\*

Peaceful neighborhood. Birds chirp.

\*

From inside the house, though, we can faintly hear sobs,  
punctuated by sounds of exertion. Each gasp of effort ends  
in a dull clang.

\*

**B129 INT. PFARRER BASEMENT - NIGHT (FORMERLY SCENE 127)**  
**B129 \***

The wracking sobs bump up loud at the cut inside.

\*

Harry is weeping as he demolishes the love seat with a  
sledgehammer.

\*

Blue Revision 8/1/07 99A.

**129 INT. HARDBODIES - TED'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY**  
**129 \***

Ted stares, horrified.

After a beat:

**TED**

No-o-o-o-o-o way. No way. Whoa. No  
way, Linda...

She sits opposite him in his office. Ted shakes his head.

**TED (CONT'D)**

... No.

**LINDA**

But Ted, I can't do it, I don't know  
anything about computers.

**100.**

**TED**

Linda, the whole thing is crazy. It  
was crazy the first time, and you want  
to do it again? Break into the man's

house? And why would----why would----you  
said the Russians didn't even want  
this stuff!

**LINDA**

My world is bigger than that, Ted.  
There's other people. There's the  
Chinese.

**TED**

Linda, these surgeries----

**LINDA**

It's not just the surgeries, Ted!  
It's not just the money! We can use  
it as leverage! To get Chad back!

**TED**

What do you mean "get him back"!

**LINDA**

Information is power, Ted! Hel-lo!

**TED**

What do you mean "get him back"! You  
don't know where he is!

**LINDA**

Somebody has him. And we can----

**TED**

You ask the police to help you find  
missing people! And you----

**LINDA**

I can't take it! I can't take it! I  
can't take it! You know I can't do  
that! We're operating off the map  
here, Ted! This is way higher than  
the police, it's higher than that!

**TED**

Linda, I----

**LINDA**

I need a can-do person, Ted! I hate  
your negativity! I hate all your  
reasons why not! I hate you! I hate  
you!



Weeping, she storms out.

Ted stares, shell-shocked.

**130 INT. BAR - DAY**

**130 \***

In close shot, Ted sits onto a bar stool.

Dim bar, tinkling piano.

**BARTENDER'S VOICE**

What'll it be.

Ted stares straight ahead. A long beat.

He finally focuses on the bartender, off. He swallows.

Another beat.

**TED**

Seven & Seven.

**131 INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**131**

Night. Linda is asleep in her bedroom. The buzz of the  
in-house intercom.

Linda stirs, wakes and reaches for the bedside phone.

**LINDA**

Hurrow----

She removes an appliance from her mouth.

**LINDA (CONT'D)**

... Hello?

**FILTERED VOICE**

It's Harry.

**132 INT. LINDA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

**132**

Minutes later. Harry is gazing off, slack-jawed, haunted.

After a beat:

**HARRY**

You think a marriage is... and then  
you...

The thought drifts off. A sad shake of the head.

102.

Linda enters, handing him a drink. She sits opposite.

**LINDA**

But this was a long time coming.

Harry looks up, surprised.

**HARRY**

Was it?

He catches himself. His gaze wanders back to the haunted,  
empty spot.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... Well, yeah... right...

**LINDA**

You're depressed, Harry.

**HARRY**

(hollowly)

I am depressed. I gotta exercise. I  
haven't run in three days... butt-  
crunches... anything... Do you think I  
could stay here for a little while?

Linda starts quietly weeping.

This focuses Harry's attention. He looks at her as if just  
now noticing her.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... What? What's wrong, baby?

**LINDA**

It can't always come from me, Harry!  
I'm not that strong!

Harry moves next to her and puts an arm around her.

**HARRY**

What's wrong, baby? Harry's here.

**LINDA**

You're not here for me! I need a can-do person! You're all... defeated!

**HARRY**

I'm sorry, baby----

**LINDA**

Chad is the only can-do person I know and he's gone, Harry, he's gone.

103.

**HARRY**

I'll be good. I'll be better. I just need to exercise. Are there pedestrian paths around here?

He squeezes her shoulder, takes a gulp of the drink.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... Who the fuck is Chad?

**LINDA**

Could you help me find him? He's a friend from work. You know law enforcement people, right? You could call, unofficially?

**HARRY**

Wait a minute, what's his name? What happened?

**LINDA**

Chad Feldheimer. He just disappeared. He hasn't been at work or at home for two days.

**HARRY**

Okay.

**LINDA**

He----

**HARRY**

You know his social security number?

**LINDA**

Huh? NO! I----

**HARRY**

It's okay. That's okay. What's the  
last place you saw him?

**LINDA**

(snuffling)

I don't know! He just disappeared!  
The last place I saw him was the Jamba  
Juice on K Street. And he's gone.

Harry squeezes her shoulder again.

**HARRY**

Okay baby. We'll find your friend.  
Missing person. Piece of cake.

104.

133 INT. PEDIATRIC EXAM ROOM - DAY  
133

**AN EPIGLOTTIS**

Illuminated by a small light. It quavers. The tongue  
starts to rise and the mouth starts to close.

**WOMAN'S VOICE**

No, stay open...

Wider: a pediatric examining room decorated with colorful  
prints of cartoon characters and clowns.

Katie Cox, in a white smock, has a tongue depressor in a five-  
year-old's mouth and a light-sight in one hand. She  
withdraws both as the child finishes closing his mouth. The  
child's mother stands by.

Katie grasps the child by the upper arm.

**WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)**

... You have to let the doctor look in  
your mouth.

The child keeps his lips pressed together.

**WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)**

... Now you listen to me, young man.  
You do as I say or I'll ask your  
mother to leave the doctor's office

and the two of us will sort out what's  
what.

The child looks at her fearfully.

The wall phone bleeps.

Katie rolls to it on her castored chair.

**WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)**

... Yes.

She listens briefly.

**WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)**

... With a patient.

She hangs up.

**134 INT. OSBOURNE'S BOAT - DAY**  
**134**

Osbourne, in dressing gown and pyjamas, is barking into the  
phone:

**105.**

**OSBOURNE**

Yeah? The same patient she's been  
with since YESTERDAY? BULLSHIT!

**FILTERED VOICE**

Dr. Cox has suggested you call her  
attorney----

**OSBOURNE**

Yeah, RIGHT! Tell her I got the new  
fucking keys!

He slams down the phone.

**135 EXT. BOAT DECK**  
**135**

The hatch is thrown open and Osbourne emerges from below.  
There is a large built-in toolbox just by the hatch. He  
yanks it open and pulls out a hatchet.

**OSBOURNE**

New keys...

136 DOCK  
136

Osbourne strides grimly down the dock in his bathrobe, hatchet in hand.

137 INT. "GOOD MORNING, SEATTLE" SET - DAY  
137

Sandy Pfarrer is sitting in an armchair on a morning show living room set surrounded by a dozen eight-year-olds sitting on the carpet. Hosts Del and Connie sit next to her in swivel chairs.

**SANDY**

(reading)

And it was just then----at that very moment----that Oliver sneezed----

**DEL**

Can we just----I'm sorry to interrupt but we have to let the folks at home see this illustration! Can we just get a shot of that...

He is holding the book open, face out on his lap.

**DEL (CONT'D)**

There----there it is. Oliver. Interrupting the filibuster with----

106.

**CONNIE**

That's wonderful!

**DEL**

Wonderful! The book is "Point of Order, Oliver!" and the talented author is Sandra Pfarrer. We're gonna go to a station break and then be right back with Bud Fraighling, the Sultan of Salad, and Part Two of our special interview with Dermot Mulroney. So keep it where it is!

Del and Connie and Sandy all wear smiles that stay fixed a

beat too long. Then Del relaxes and turns to Sandy.

**DEL (CONT'D)**

...Great segment.

**SANDY**

Thank you.

**DEL**

Yeah, you know we thought it might be fun if you joined us with Bud Fraighling and help make the Fiesta Salad, when we move over.

**CONNIE**

Over on the kitchen set.

**SANDY**

That wasn't discussed.

**DEL**

Oh, sure! No! Only if you want to! Your segment went great, we just thought----

**SANDY**

I'm sorry, I made plans.

**DEL**

Okay, great!

**CONNIE**

Great to see you again, Sandra!

She gives them a cold smile as a technician finishes unclipping her lavalier and she leaves.

Connie looks at Del and mouths "Bitch."

107.

138 **EXT. COX TOWNHOUSE - DAY**

138

Osbourne's crumple-backed car roars up. It cuts a corner of the lawn and squeals to a halt in the drive. Osbourne emerges, still in robe and pyjamas, with the hatchet.

He goes to the front door and bashes at the knob with the blunt end of the hatchet.

**OSBOURNE**

New... fucking... keys... How's this  
for access...

Hardware starts to fall off and jangle onto the stoop.  
Osbourne tries the sharp end of the hatchet a couple times,  
decides he prefers the blunt end.

**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

... How's this for motherfucking  
access...

More things fall off. The knob wobbles in the door.

Osbourne pushes the door open.

**139 INT. STUDIO - HALLWAY - DAY**

**139**

Sandy Pfarrer is accompanied by a bright young PR woman.

**PR WOMAN**

That was way out of line. We were so  
unbelievably clear with them: just an  
Oliver segment.

**SANDY**

It's fine.

**PR WOMAN**

Del and Connie are such putzes.

**SANDY**

It's fine. Thank you. We're  
finished.

**PR WOMAN**

Huh? Well, okay. Great, uh----

Sandy, entered her dressing room, is already shutting the  
door on her.

**108.**

**140 INT. STUDIO DRESSING ROOM - DAY**

**140**

Inside a man lounges reading a magazine. He looks a little  
like Harry but younger.



**SANDY**

Thought that would never be over.

The man rises and kisses her.

**MAN**

Mmm. Me too.

**SANDY**

Let me scrub this crap off my face.

**141 INT. COX TOWNHOUSE KITCHEN - DAY**

**141**

Osbourne opens a cabinet, muttering:

**OSBOURNE**

Just for starters...

He takes out liquor bottles and starts putting them in a packing case on the kitchen counter.

**142 EXT. WASHINGTON MALL - DAY**

**142**

People sit on benches eating lunches. Harry Pfarrer is on the bench where he and Linda met, once again spitting sunflower seeds.

Linda walks up. They greet each other with a kiss.

**HARRY**

Hello there sunshine. You look great.

**LINDA**

Well you seem better.

Harry does indeed seem more like his old self.

**HARRY**

Yeah, I snuck in a little gym time this morning. And our exercise last night didn't hurt!

Linda is shocked but secretly pleased:

**LINDA**

Harry!

**HARRY**

Boy, I am through banging my head against the wall. I am gonna start doing what's right for me.

**LINDA**

That's how I believe, also. You have to do what's right for----

**HARRY**

Yeah! Hell yeah! I mean I had a shock recently, and I realized you know, life is not infinite. No one's immortal.

**LINDA**

No one's immortal.

**HARRY**

You have to get from each day its full, uh, squeeze the juice from every day because there but for the grace of God----

**LINDA**

Exactly. The important thing is to maintain a positive outlook. Always up. Always ebullient.

**HARRY**

That's right, don't sweat the small stuff...

Linda chimes in:

Linda and Harry

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... and it's all small stuff.

Harry reaches for Linda and she slides closer. He puts an arm around her.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

This is where we first met. Remember?

**LINDA**

Of course I do.

**HARRY**

You never know what the important days  
are, until... until, um...

110.

The thought drifts away as his gaze fixes on something. With  
his look still fixed:

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... I told myself I was gonna stop  
being paranoid, but... is that guy  
looking at us?

Linda follows his look.

On a bench a short distance away a middle-aged man with  
aviator glasses and hair plugs is staring at them.

**LINDA**

(hastily)

No, no.

A slightly overweight woman stops tentatively in front of  
the man in the aviator glasses and they start to talk.

Linda turns to Harry.

**LINDA (CONT'D)**

... Have you found out anything about  
Chad?

**HARRY**

Nothing yet, I've made a couple calls.  
I don't think it'll take long.

**LINDA**

Really?

**HARRY**

Oh yeah, there are so many data bases  
now it's a joke...

Relaxing now that he sees the man in aviator glasses engaged  
in conversation, Harry warms to his theme.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... Back when I was in PP there was  
still some art to finding people. Not  
any more. And now with the cell  
phones? Pretty soon they're gonna  
know where everyone is. Everyone. At

any given moment. I mean it's almost  
the reality now. You would be amazed.

**LINDA**

Uh-huh.

111.

**HARRY**

Did he----when you left the Jamba Juice  
----did Chad say anything about where he  
might be going?

**LINDA**

Oh, I know where he was going.

**HARRY**

Oh yeah?

**LINDA**

A residence in Alexandria. On  
Hillsboro Drive.

Harry has stopped chewing. He is staring at her.

Linda feels obliged to fill the silence.

**LINDA (CONT'D)**

... 2055 Hillsboro.

Harry stares. Linda doesn't know what to make of his fixed  
stare.

**LINDA (CONT'D)**

... It's, um. The residence of a guy  
named Osbourne Cox.

Harry is beginning to look sick.

A long silence.

Then, quietly:

**HARRY**

Who are you?

Now Linda stares, unsure of what to make of the question.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

... WHO ARE YOU?

Linda's eyes widen. She is a little frightened.

People nearby turn to look. It is a scene.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**  
... **WHO DO YOU WORK FOR?**

Harry reaches up. He grabs her by the shoulders and shakes.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**  
... **WHO ARE YOU? REALLY?**

112.

Linda is at sea. She answers in a small voice:

**LINDA**  
I'm ... just ... Linda Litzke.

Harry stares at her.

A long beat.

He leaps to his feet and looks around in a panic.

His point-of-view, sweeping the park. Nearby, the man with plugs, though talking with his date, is looking at him again. Farther away, a man sits in a curbside sedan. Watching? Hard to say.

Harry turns and runs. Linda gapes.

**LINDA (CONT'D)**  
... Harry!

**143 INT. COX TOWNHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

**143**

Osbourne sets the packing box heavily down on a bureau in the upstairs bedroom. The box is a third loaded up with liquor bottles. It also holds a mixed drink which Osbourne now takes out. The ice cubes clink as he sips, poking through things in the bureau.

One drawer holds scarves and accessories and a large case. He opens the case and starts dumping jewelry from it into the cardboard box.

Suddenly:

**OSBOURNE**

Ow! Fuck!

He yanks his hand back and shakes it. He looks at the ball of his thumb. He sucks it.

He carefully picks a brooch out of the jewelry case and flings it across the room.

He resumes dumping jewelry into his box.

He suddenly stops:

A faint knock. The front door.

Osbourne waits.

The knock repeats.

**113.**

Another beat.

The front door creaks open.

Osbourne carefully sets down his drink. He steps quietly to the closet and pulls a small cedar chest off a high shelf.

**144 EXT. WASHINGTON MALL/INT. LINDA'S CAR - DAY**  
**144**

Linda flings open the door to her car parked on the street bordering the mall. She gets in and turns the ignition.

Pulling into traffic she checks her rear-view, and her look snags on:

A dark four-door sedan pulling out a few cars back. It falls in behind her. Its driver is a man in sunglasses. He reaches up and touches fingertips to one ear.

Linda frowns. She looks forward, glances again at the mirror.

Another dark car pulls into the lane next to the first. Its driver is also a man in sunglasses.

145 INT. COX TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY  
145

Downstairs, Osbourne rounds the corner from entryway to living room, a handgun at the ready. His drink is in his other hand. Ice cubes clink as he moves.

The living room is empty.

Osbourne advances cautiously. A quick sidelong look at the kitchen.

Empty.

He proceeds to the basement door.

146 INT. LINDA'S CAR/EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY  
146

LINDA DRIVING

She gives worried glances at her rear-view.

The light ahead turns yellow, red.

Cars ahead stop. Linda stops.

A rhythmic thudding sound. It almost makes her car vibrate.

114.

She looks around. She rolls down her window, sticks her head out, looks up.

A black helicopter hovers overhead, rotors thudding. A black-clad body leans partway out. The person seems to be looking down.

Linda draws her head back in.

LINDA

Oh for Pete's sake.

147 INT. COX TOWNHOUSE - BASEMENT  
147

Osbourne is slowly descending the stairs, gun and drink in either hand, gun up, ice cubes clinking.

The basement comes slowly into view.

Someone stands behind his desk, at the computer.

Osbourne descends further. He stops on the bottom step and stares at Ted Treffon, the soulful manager of Hardbodies. Ted stares at him.

A long silence between the two men.

Then, quietly:

**OSBOURNE**

And you are... my wife's lover.

**TED**

No.

**OSBOURNE**

Then what are you doing here.

Silence.

Osbourne takes the last step down. He advances slowly, gun trained on Ted.

Osbourne's look, holding on Ted, changes.

**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

... I know you. You're the guy at the gym.

Ted licks his lips.

**TED**

I'm not here representing Hardbodies.

**115.**

**OSBOURNE**

I know what you represent. You represent the idiocy of today.

Ted shakes his head.

**TED**

I don't represent that, either.

**OSBOURNE**

Oh yes. You're the guy when I went to ask about that moronic woman.



**TED**

She's not----

**OSBOURNE**

You're in league with that moronic woman. You're part of a league of morons.

**TED**

No.

**OSBOURNE**

Yes. You're one of the morons I've been fighting all my life. My whole fucking life. But guess what. Guess what. Today I win.

**BANG.**

**TED**

Ah!

Ted is shot in the upper chest.

He grabs a three-hole punch from the desktop and flings it at Osbourne and charges.

**OSBOURNE**

Oh!

BANG----another shot goes off.

Ted barrels into Osbourne, knocking him over----

**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

... Oooph!

----and goes on past him, lumbering up the stairs.

Osbourne gets to his feet.

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**OSBOURNE (CONT'D)**

... Stop! Intruder!

**148 EXT. COX TOWNHOUSE - DAY**

**148**

Ted staggers out of the house, a hand pressed to his chest. He has reached the front lawn when Osbourne emerges, robe flapping, pursuing with the hatchet.

**OSBOURNE**

Intruder!

He quickly catches up to Ted and whacks at him.

**TED**

Oh!

Osbourne whacks him down. He keeps whacking at him.

**149 INT. CHUBB'S OFFICE - DAY**  
**149**

Gardner Chubb is behind his desk.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Wait.

Palmer DeBakey Smith is seated across from him. He freezes.

A beat.

Gardner Chubb rubs his forehead.

**GARDNER CHUBB (CONT'D)**

... Wait a minute. Where's the treasury guy? Pfarrer?

**PALMER**

Right now?

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Right now.

**PALMER**

In a detention room at Washington Dulles.

\*

**GARDNER CHUBB**

... Why?

**PALMER**

He was trying to board a flight to Venezuela.

**(MORE)**

**PALMER (CONT'D)**

We had his name on a hot list, the INS pulled him. Don't know why he was going to Venezuela.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

You don't know.

**PALMER**

No sir.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

We have no extradition with Venezuela.

**PALMER**

Oh. Uh-huh. Well----what should we do with him?

**GARDNER CHUBB**

For fuck's sake, put him on the next flight to Venezuela!

**PALMER**

Yes sir. Okay.

Gardner Chubb is weary.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Okay. So the gym manager is dead.

**PALMER**

Yes sir.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

The body is----

**PALMER**

Gone, sir.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Okay----

**PALMER**

But----there was a, uh... snag...

**GARDNER CHUBB**

What.

**PALMER**

Well. This analyst, Cox, was

attacking the gym guy. It was broad daylight, on the street. Our man there didn't know what to do. He felt he had to step in.

118.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Yes?

**PALMER**

He, uh... He shot the analyst. He shot Cox.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Good! Great! Is he dead?

**PALMER**

No sir.

Gardner Chubb grimaces.

**PALMER (CONT'D)**

... He's in coma. They're not sure whether he'll make it. They think, they're pretty sure he has no brain function.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Okay. Okay. If he wakes up we'll worry about it then. Jesus, what a clusterfuck. That's it then. No one else really knows anything. Okay.

**PALMER**

Um. Well sir, there is...

**GARDNER CHUBB**

What.

**PALMER**

Um...

**GARDNER CHUBB**

What.

**PALMER**

There is the woman. The gym woman. Linda Litzke.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Oh yeah. Fuck. Where is she.

**PALMER**

We picked her up. We have her.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Can we, uh----

119.

**PALMER**

She, she, she says she'll play ball if we pay for some... I know this sounds odd----some surgeries she wants. Cosmetic surgery. She says she'll sit on everything.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

How much.

**PALMER**

There were several procedures. All together they run to, um----

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Pay it.

**PALMER**

Yes sir. Should I pay it out of, should it be from----

**GARDNER CHUBB**

One of the black accounts, I don't give a shit. The January fund. Whatever.

**PALMER**

Okay.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Jesus. Jesus fucking Christ.

He shakes his head.

**GARDNER CHUBB (CONT'D)**

... What did we learn, Palmer.

**PALMER**

I don't know, sir.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

I don't fucking know either. I guess we learned not to do it again.

**PALMER**

Yes sir.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Although I'm fucked if I know what we did.

**PALMER**

Yes sir. Hard to say.

120.

We pull back from Gardner Chubb, shaking his head.

**GARDNER CHUBB**

Jesus. Jesus fucking Christ.

150 **EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - AERIAL - DAY**

150

We pull up, back through the clouds, away.