

CHAIN REACTION

(DEAD DROP)

by

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Story by
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THE SCREEN IS BLACK.

A large electric motor can be heard starting up... A low moan rising up to a steady throb.

FADE IN (BLACK AND WHITE)

A montage of old leather belts running between pulleys. The Camera follows the belts from pulley to pulley revealing an antiquated drive system for an OLD MACHINE SHOP.

RAY, THE OWNER, an ornery ex-army sergeant, finishes off a small firing pin. He has a hacking cough. His hand slips and he breaks the pin.

RAY

Dammit.

He removes the broken pin from the vise grip. His hands shake. He reaches under the bench and pulls out the remains of a bottle of Wild Turkey. Finishing it, he heads to his little rat hole of an office.

INT. RAY'S OFFICE

THE LATE 1960'S.

It's RAINING outside.

Ray tosses a shovelful of coal on his old fashioned pot-bellied stove and eases his aching bones into his chair.

He picks up a small, strange-looking pistol, puts a single bullet into the chamber, cocks it, and raises it to his head.

EDDIE (o.s.)

Ray? Sorry it took so long...

Ray puts the pistol down.

A soaked seventeen year old EDDIE GOLD enters. A bit pale and squinty, hair cut short for the late sixties. Rain spots his oversized AUTHENTIC BOMBER JACKET.

More importantly, he's got Ray's new bottle of Wild Turkey.

RAY

Don't sneak up on me like that,
Eddie. You know better.

EDDIE

Sorry.

Ray takes the bottle. Eddie notices the PISTOL on the desk. Seeing this, Ray gets up and puts the pistol in a box with a dozen more and heads for the door.

RAY

I'm heading out. S'pose
you'll be wanting to
stick around for a while.

EDDIE

Thought I'd get us caught up.

RAY (snorts)

Whatever turns your crank.

The boy turns to head into the shop.

RAY (cont.)

Sorry I yelled, Ed.

Eddie shrugs. Ray leaves.

EXT. RAY'S MACHINE SHOP - NIGHT

Ray limps to his old '41 Chevy pickup. Rain beats down on him. He gets in and drives away.

INT. RAY'S MACHINE SHOP - NIGHT

Eddie hasn't wasted any time. He's at the work bench, putting a new firing pin into a gun. He's much more efficient than Ray.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

Ray drives a country road in his pickup truck. The truck has no heater. Ray takes a big gulp of whiskey as he drives.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Ray's pickup cuts through the night along the coastal backwaters.

FROM NOWHERE AN ONCOMING TRUCK swerves into him, just missing! A CRATE flies out of the back of the truck and smashes open right in front of Ray's pickup.

Ray hits it, blows a tire, swerves and loses control--skidding sideways on the slick blacktop.

INT. THE PICKUP - SAME

Ray whips the wheel but can't get control as the pickup skids off the road near a

SMALL BRIDGE.

The pickup plunges into the frigid waters of a deep backwater creek and slowly goes under.

The errant truck backs up, hesitates, and then drives away.

RAY ISN'T GETTING OUT.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE BACK IN - BLACK AND WHITE

EXT. VETERAN'S CEMETERY - DAY

COLD AND RAINING as two groundskeepers shovel wet dirt onto Ray's grave.

IN THE BACKGROUND

A group of VIETNAM PROTESTERS march outside the cemetery.

Very few attend the funeral. A MINISTER, TWO V.F.W. REPS and Eddie.

OUT ON THE ROAD, a nondescript sedan watches. A purposeful figure in a DARK SUIT observes the gloomy burial. He gets out of his car.

AT THE FUNERAL

Eddie walks away silently. He's approached by The Suit.

THE SUIT
Eddie Gold?

EDDIE
Yeah.

THE SUIT
You worked for Ray Bailey?

EDDIE
Yeah.

THE SUIT
Shame about him.

Eddie nods. The Suit stares at the protesters down the street, clearly disgusted.

He returns his gaze to Eddie.

THE SUIT

He's got something that belongs to the Federal Government. You think you could help us?

APPROACHING THE SUIT'S CAR

The Suit studies Eddie as he watches the protesters.

THE SUIT

You'd go if you could, wouldn't you?

EDDIE

Couldn't pass the physical. Flat feet.

Eddie looks down to the ground. Ashamed.

EXT. RAY'S MACHINE SHOP - DAY

Set on a back alley. Shabby oily windows and no sign of identity. It's still raining.

THE SUIT pulls up with EDDIE. They enter the shop.

INT. THE SHOP

Eddie opens a wooden crate. The Suit looks inside the crate, unwraps one of many pistols, handles it, and seems pleased.

THE SUIT

Ray got a lot done.

Eddie pulls one out and checks the action.

EDDIE

(matter of fact)

I made 'em. Ray's been sick every day since July.

THE SUIT

You like to make things, do you?

Eddie smiles. Behind him The Suit notices the authentic bomber jacket: "J. Gold" sewn on the shoulder.

THE SUIT (cont.)

Beats hanging out at the house?

Eddie darkens, defensive.

THE SUIT (cont.)

Living on Veteran's Benefits. Must be a saint, your mother.

EDDIE

What do you know about that?

Eddie subconsciously pulls the bomber jacket into his lap. A protective gesture.

THE SUIT

Relax, buddy. We know a lot about you. I've seen all the test scores. Not just your physical.

Eddie begins packing all the guns back in the box.

THE SUIT (cont.)

What if I told you I work for people who will pay you a lot of money to do what you like? To build things? For your country?

EDDIE

I'd say keep talking.

The Suit laughs. He's a beautiful, easy man. He leans forward and speaks to Eddie softly.

THE SUIT

I can work with you, Eddie. We can help you. A steady income. Making things.
(he's almost whispering)
You can leave this place, Eddie. You and your flat feet.

The Suit reaches out his hand for Eddie. Eddie smiles hesitantly and shakes the man's hand. The Suit's grip is firm, and he doesn't let go.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP IN COLOR ON

Eddie, seated at a workbench. Twenty-five years working for the agency have treated Eddie well, but he maintains an intense, restless quality. A man only happy doing certain things. His father's old jacket hangs on a hook behind him.

He puts the finishing touches on a LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

WE PULL BACK to reveal EDDIE'S WORKSHOP:

Gepetto on LSD. High-tech machinery, gadgets galore. Computerized equipment, machine tools, optics research, space age metallurgy. Call it Mechanical Baroque: Year 2010.

Eddie sprays the painting with a clear substance.

EXT. THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS - DAY

A busy day at the nation's archives.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS - SAME

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN prints documents out off of a microfiche machine. The woman seems distracted, upset.

Among the documents we get a glimpse at a newspaper photo she's copying: A SIXTIES ERA PHOTO OF AN CHARRED CAR. Also, we see a NEWSWEEK MAGAZINE COVER--1969. All we can see of the cover is the letters "AU" written in large, grafitti style graphics across the magazine cover.

A YOUNG LIBRARY CLERK approaches as she's finishing with the microfiche machine, struggling to get the microfiche out.

YOUNG CLERK

Hey. Anything I can help you with?

WOMAN

No. I'm fine thanks. I'm getting to be an expert with this thing.

YOUNG CLERK

Seen you here a lot.

She smiles politely, preoccupied. AN OLD MATRONLY LIBRARIAN WATCHES THE SCENE DISDAINFULLY.

WOMAN

My boss likes research. I think I'll probably die in a library.

CLERK

He ever let you take a break?

He begins to casually pick through her articles. She grabs them up quickly--immediately closing off to him.

CLERK (cont.)

You work on the Hill?

WOMAN

Please. I'm sorry. I have to go. Maybe tomorrow, okay?

She smiles weakly and moves off. The clerk's eyes follow her out--AS DO THE EYES OF THE OLD FEMALE LIBRARIAN.

The OLD WOMAN picks up a phone and places a call.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Eddie drives by in a brand new Jeep.

EXT./INT. THE JEEP

He takes a dirt turnoff and drives up the road until he reaches a chain link fence. He stops and waits. The gate opens automatically.

Eddie drives further up the dirt road until he comes to an unmarked dead end at a small waterway.

THE LOW RUMBLE OF AN ENGINE

calls our attention to a section of steel grating automatically extending across the creek and creating a bridge. Eddie drives over it and continues up the road on the other side.

EXT. STONE FARMHOUSE - SAME

Old. Nondistinct. Decrepit. A beat-up old barn stands next to it. Eddie pulls up with his headlights off. He takes a black case from the jeep and gets out. He also pulls out THE FRAMED PAINTING. He approaches the barn.

CLICK! A latch unlocks. Eddie pushes open the old wooden stall door and enters.

INSIDE THE BARN

Dark, damp. The sound of wet hay beneath Eddie's feet as he feels his way along the wall until he comes to a dead end.

HUMMMM... A door slides open and Eddie steps into a dimly lit elevator. It descends out of frame.

IN THE BASEMENT

the elevator silently comes to a rest. Eddie moves across to a SUBMARINE DOOR. It's ajar. Something's not right. Something that Eddie shouldn't have to deal with.

He quietly pulls open the door, clutching the hard briefcase like a weapon. He enters a pitch black space. Stays close to the wall...

suddenly the LIGHTS COME ON BLINDINGLY BRIGHT.

Eddie shields himself for a blow.

WHIZZZZ!

And then nothing. No bullet, no blow, nothing. Eddie opens up his eyes to see:

THE SUIT,

older, a bit gray, but still with that spark. He's sitting at a table in front of a large cake with twenty-five candles in it. The "whizzing sound" before was a party horn, still perched between his lips.

WHIZZZZ!

THE SUIT
Happy anniversary, buddy.

Eddie's still trying to recover from a minor seizure. The Suit just laughs at him.

He gestures for Eddie to sit down. As he does we finally get a good view of

THE AGENCY TESTING CENTER

An enormous underground chamber with various humanoid targets set at various distances. Different artificial landscapes: a fake building, a small hill, a street--like a sound stage.

THE SUIT
Later if you want we can play
pin the tail on the fascist dictator.

EDDIE (smiling)
You went to a lot of trouble.

The Suit cuts Eddie a piece of cake and hands him a beer. He toasts Eddie with a glass of ice water.

THE SUIT
Just something small I whipped up.
We don't officially do this, you know.

EDDIE
Well if it's not official I
guess it's not really happening.

THE SUIT
I'm not even here.

EDDIE
You're probably eating cake with
all my co-workers here for this
special occasion.

The Suit opens up his arms and gestures to the empty room as if to say: "Just you and me."

EDDIE (cont.)

Maybe for an encore you can tell me your real name.

THE SUIT

Why? I'm the only one in the whole damn place who knows yours. Look...don't start with me again. I don't make policy.

EDDIE (smiling)

And who does?

THE SUIT (sighing)

Who knows? Be happy. We're on our own island, you and I. We're a sovereign state.

EDDIE (teasing)

So you make policy.

THE SUIT (grins)

No, no. Not trapping me. Eat your cake, Eddie.

Eddie nods and keeps eating.

INT. THE TESTING CENTER - A LITTLE LATER

Eddie and the Suit have finished eating cake. The Suit stacks the dishes. Eddie leans forward enthusiastically.

EDDIE

Now it's time for your present.

THE FIRING RANGE - MINUTES LATER

Eddie has hung the landscape painting on a wall inside a small windowed stall. A SPACE HEATER has been placed underneath. Eddie and The Suit stand outside the stall.

THE SUIT

You do the painting yourself?

EDDIE

Yes and no. It's a copy. An early Cezanne. Always was fascinated by his emphasis on the picture plane and different levels of depth.

The Suit looks at him, incredulous.

EDDIE

Step back. Here we go.

A GOAT is led into the stall, the door sealed behind it. Eddie flips a switch on the space heater. It begins to glow.

EDDIE

For the purposes of the demonstration I've sped up the whole process here. A fireplace would take much longer to heat up.

The two watch as the heater grows to bright orange. Very hot.

EDDIE

The whole thing can be adjusted for different temperatures and release times.

A strange thing begins happening. The painting begins to shift, or quiver a little. An illusion? The colors change slightly. The sky darkens. Suddenly the goat begins to stumble around the sealed stall. It falls to its knees and soon curls up on the ground. Unconscious.

The Suit looks at Eddie with his mouth agape.

THE SUIT

How long?

EDDIE

Six hours easy. Up to eight. Even better, it's organically balanced--no drugged feelings, no side effects.

THE SUIT

Does it have to be Cezanne?

EDDIE (shaking head "no")

Paint a room. Paint a car. Warm 'em up. Nighty night. Its completely inert until heated. Makes handling it easier and safer. Some day doctors will be using it for operations. Save on the trauma of general anesthesia.

THE SUIT

Trauma. Right.

The Suit shakes his head. He still can't get used to the way Eddie's brain works.

INT. THE TESTING CENTER--AT THE TABLE--LATER

The two men are sitting at the table. The painting in the distance.

EDDIE

I see things, you know. It's like having e.s.p.

The Suit raises an eyebrow.

EDDIE

It's like the cave, you know? Plato's cave? You see the room, the fire. Shadows dancing on the walls. The shadows form shapes... (he points to the gun) The shapes present themselves as answers. Sometimes to questions no one's asked yet.

The Suit stares at his prize possession, floating somewhere near the border of genius and insanity.

He walks back to his desk. The Suit pulls out an envelope and gives it to him. Eddie pushes his chair back to get up.

The Suit smiles, leans forward--stopping him.

THE SUIT

There's something I'd like to talk to you about.

EDDIE (studying him)

No way. No sir. Didn't we talk about this? I need a break.

The Suit is resolute.

THE SUIT

Last job. Swear to God.

EDDIE

This was the last job.

THE SUIT

It's very...challenging. Complicated.

EDDIE

There are other people. Give it to them.

THE SUIT

No, Eddie. There's no one else to do this. Not this fast. Not with this much...imagination. Please. I promise. After this you can take as much time as you want.

Eddie slowly sits back down, pointing his finger at The Suit--gesturing in silent frustration. The Suit always wins.

INT. A GOVERNMENT OFFICE - DAY

A MAN (50s) stands at his large window, staring out at the Washington Monument. By the decor in his office we can tell he's a Vietnam veteran and a politician--SENATOR NATE CULVER.

In fact, in his hand is a PURPLE HEART MEDAL. He unconsciously pokes at his finger with the open pin.

AT HIS DESK sits the THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN from the library. Haggard, upset. Trying to maintain her poise.

SENATOR CULVER

Jesus, Theresa. Jesus Christ.

She studies him.

THERESA

It's tearing you up. And me.

CULVER

What a shit storm.

THERESA

I'm scared.

He accidentally draws blood from his finger with the pin.

CULVER (cont.)

You should be scared.

EXT. EDDIE'S ISLAND - A BEAUTIFUL MORNING

A small private island off the Eastern seaboard connected to the mainland by one bridge. Eddie's home and haven.

EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - MORNING

A beautiful old home built in the middle of the small, wooded island, supported by years of fat government subsidies.

INT. EDDIE'S BASEMENT WORKSHOP - DAY

The same workshop where we saw him working on the painting.

Eddie sits at his workspace. In front of him is a series of one foot tall, flexible rubber figures. A hulk. A ballerina. High-tech, life-like dolls. Simple and child-like, a contrast to the rest of the space.

Eddie picks up a small remote control and presses a button. The hulk FLEXES his muscles.

EDDIE

Hello Thor.

He presses a button again. The model lets out a groaning noise and falls over. Eddie sighs.

The door opens, startling him. His wife ELLEN enters the room. Mid-thirties, open and quick, she's a perfect complement to a man as focused as Eddie.

ELLEN

The two-week transfer of power is officially complete. I handed Suzanne the official editor coffee mug along with the official editor ulcer. And if anyone tries to page me, I'm going to tell them to kiss my official ass.

He smiles and turns back to the dolls. She senses something. Studies him. She becomes grim.

ELLEN

Ed?

EDDIE (innocently)

Hmm?

ELLEN

What's going on?

Eddie doesn't respond. He's in trouble and knows it.

ELLEN

Goddammit, Eddie. Weren't you going to talk to him about leaving?

EDDIE

It's just that this project seemed--

ELLEN

--challenging? Important?
A great research opportunity?

She heads for the door.

EDDIE (yelling after)
Hey! Hey! You know why Hemingway
left his wife?

She sticks her head back in the door.

ELLEN (mocking)
Because she wouldn't accept
that when he was fucking the
cook he was actually working!

She slams the door.

EDDIE (lame)
No. That's not exactly...you've
got it a little mixed up...Shit.

EXT. A GEORGETOWN APARTMENT COMPLEX - EVENING

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (THERESA) pulls into her parking garage.

INT. PARKING GARAGE

Theresa exits her car, wary. Everything seems to move at
night. She makes her way through the garage.

THE STAIRWELL

Footsteps echo on the stairwell. A shuffling of feet.

HER HALLWAY

A door opens and closes behind her. Quiet on the carpeting.
She waits, moves on. Keys in hand.

She opens her apartment door and enters. Locks it behind her.

THERESA
Debi? You home?

She turns the lights on. Finally relaxed, she sifts through
her mail.

A shape appears in the doorway.

INT. THE GOLD BEDROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE ON THE CEILING: A FAN rides on a track, circling the
bed--distributing the cool air evenly.

Both Golds are awake. The news is on television. Eddie doodles in a notebook, his work illuminated by reading glasses which give off a luminous light like a deep-water fish.

ELLEN

You want me to tell you something funny that happened at the magazine today?

ELLEN (cont.)

Maybe we'll share a good laugh, and I'll forget how pissed I am at you. And then after we can make up and have sex.

Eddie turns towards her, his light illuminating her.

EDDIE

That'd be great.

ELLEN

Tough shit.

She turns away from him and watches television.

ON THE TELEVISION: A PHOTO OF THERESA BANKS

ANCHORMAN

--hanging herself, apparently despondent over an alleged affair with her boss, Senator Nate Culver.

The Senator comes on the screen, denying everything.

ELLEN

What a pig. I'd hang myself if I was sleeping with him.

EDDIE

What? Who's a pig?

ELLEN

Men.

Eddie sighs. It's going to be a long couple weeks.

EXT. RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER BRIDGE - DAY

A cold grey day. A lone fisherman casts his line from the bridge. As we get closer we see that it's Eddie.

A twenty foot boat comes trolling in from the Chesapeake Bay. A small wiry BLACK MAN in his late twenties pilots the boat, running it parallel to the bridge. He comes closer.

It's clear that Eddie's line is about to be tangled with the other man's lines. Neither man does anything to stop it and the two lines get wound around each other.

The boater slows his craft in order to untangle the lines.
CLOSE ON THE BOATER

As he attaches a bright yellow lure to Eddie's line and tosses it back.

THE BOATER

That's a helluva plug. Try it.

Eddie reels it in slowly.

THE BOATER (cont.)

You'll get the reaction you're looking for in about fifteen seconds.

EDDIE

How've you been?

THE BOATER

Great. Just won another grant.

EDDIE

Like you need the money.

THE BOATER

Creative ego. Feed the beast.

The boater smiles and guns his engine. He heads out to sea.

INT. EDDIE'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Eddie pulls on a protective "spacesuit" and sits down at a workspace. He bisects the yellow lure with a sharp knife, emptying a clear liquid into a test tube.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

--Eddie runs tests on the liquid.

--He tests an absorption fluid, watching it soak through an animal bone.

--Listening to classical music, Eddie daydreams in his chair while thinking through an engineering problem.

--Eddie writing on a COMPUTERIZED NOTE PAD (like a high-tech Etch-a-Sketch).

INT. ISSUES JOURNAL - DAY

A busy weekly journal in full gear. Ellen tries to focus on a highly detailed discussion of the upcoming cover art.

She's not there, though. Not even close

INT. GOLD KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eddie sits at the table building an enormous HOUSE OF CARDS. In fact, it's more like a whole downtown skyline.

He's lost in it, letting his mind run through the various alleys and corners.

ANGLE ON ELLEN standing in the doorway, unnoticed. It's clear that for as much as it hurts her, she loves him like this: almost childlike, possessed.

Still, he pisses her off to no end. She walks quickly into the room and brushes up against the table,

LEVELLING HALF THE TOWN.

Eddie tries to get a look at her face as she exits the kitchen as quickly as she entered. Never sure if she did it on purpose. He smiles and shakes his head.

Ellen heads upstairs. She enters

THE BEDROOM.

Pissed off, she begins undressing in front of the mirror. Something on the bed behind her catches her attention:

A ROSE ON THE PILLOW.

But it's not a normal rose. No, it's a rose fashioned out of GREEN AND RED ELECTRICAL WIRE. Eddie's apology.

She smiles and heads back down the stairs.

THE KITCHEN

Ellen enters--but Eddie's gone. His cards are all that's left. She walks to his workshop and finds THE DOOR LOCKED.

INT. EDDIE'S WORKSHOP - ANOTHER DAY

ANOTHER SERIES OF SHOTS

--Eddie uses computerized machine tools to fabricate a slim cylindrical object.

--testing a thin wick's ability to secrete the fluid.

--Assembling the finished product into something that appears to be a simple felt tipped PEN.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Eddie pulls over to the side of the road in his Jeep. He gets out and approaches a telephone pole.

Eddie TIES A BLUE RIBBON around one side of the pole.

INT. GOLD DEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ellen sits on the couch in their immense den. On the coffee table is A BOUQUET OF ELECTRICAL WIRE FLOWERS in a vase.

Above the mantel is a LARGE MODERN PAINTING. Perhaps Pollock. As we watch it, its colors and shapes change. Now we're looking at a Degas. Seconds later, Mark Rothko.

ANGLE ON ELLEN: She's pointing a remote control at the painting. It's actually a highly refined full color LCD screen hooked to an internal CD-ROM. It's a visual library--not something you can pick up at Sharper image. Yet.

She appears to address the constantly changing painting:

ELLEN

Do you remember a year ago when I got really pissed? Remember? There were...card houses all over the goddamn place. You were locked in your shop or your mind, or wherever. I was here every night.
(Gestures towards the painting)
Pretending you'd painted all these for me.

ANGLE ON EDDIE, standing in a corner, watching her.

He approaches her from behind the couch, slips his arms around her and kisses her neck.

She leans her head back and kisses him, pulling him over the couch. They become passionate, old lovers reunited. As they pull each others' clothes off Eddie takes the remote control from the floor, hitting the RANDOM button.

They make love as masterpieces bleed one into another,
century into century, one artist to the next...

INT. AGENCY TESTING CENTER - DAY

Eddie and The Suit sit at a table with the shooting range in the background. Eddie's on some sort of creative high.

EDDIE

It's really quite simple once you find the right chemical which would theoretically induce reaction. In this case, a heart attack. The venom from a tree toad in Peru. Now here's the art of it...Here in the delivery method.

Eddie takes out two vials of liquid, one clear, one red.

EDDIE (cont.)

This contains strawberry extract. This clear one, a chemical known as H383. It has a remarkable property.

He mixes the two together. Then he takes an eyedropper and draws some of the mixture. He gestures for The Suit's hand. The Suit puts out his hand and Eddie drips a drop onto it. The Suit immediately TASTES something.

THE SUIT

Strawberries!

EDDIE

Whatever you mix it with is absorbed through the skin and into the body. So...a little H383, a little tree frog.

Eddie pulls out a felt-tipped pen and opens it up.

EDDIE (cont.)

Two separate capsules inside that mix when you push in right here. Put it on a steering wheel, doorknob. Wet. Dry. It still works.

THE SUIT

The possibilities seem endless.

EDDIE

More than you can imagine. I'm thinking of running a few tests using insulin as the second chemical.

The Suit smiles patronizingly.

EDDIE (cont.)

See if there's a way to control the dosage for diabetics. Ellen's father's a diabetic. Again, to find a way to regulate dosage and delivery consistently, there's the rub.

THE SUIT

You are my own Michaelangelo.

He hands Eddie cash payment. Smiles.

EDDIE

Not for long.

THE SUIT

I know, I know. Take your vacation.

EDDIE

At the very least.

THE SUIT

Excuse me?

EDDIE

I'm tired of all...this. I just don't know anymore.

THE SUIT

You're a little burnt out. Fine. That's what vacation's for. Take a month. All right?

EDDIE

Okay.

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Through a curtain of hard rain one can make out the faint outline of the Capitol Building.

INT. SENATE LOBBY - SAME

An absolute mob scene. Senator Culver (seen on t.v. earlier) is led towards the Senate chambers by several U.S. MARSHALS. He is swallowed up by reporters, flash bulbs, mini-cams. The belly of the media beast.

REPORTER 1

---you have an affair, Senator?

REPORTER 2

--describe your relation--

The marshals try to hold back the crowd. A losing battle. Reporters are close enough to touch him. In fact, one of them does. Briefly.

As others clamor to get closer to Culver, we see the man purse his lips as if he's tasted something sour.

HE STARTS TO FLUSH.

GASPS.

AND DROPS DEAD ON THE FLOOR.

People scream for ambulances, scream for air, scream for someone to do something. Anything.

INT. AN APARTMENT - EVENING

A BLACK HAND reaches down and presses "RECORD" on a VCR. As we widen out we recognize THE BOATER, aka THE CHEMIST, who gave Eddie the frog poison. He's a boyish man dressed in sweats. He's watching CNN.

BERNARD SHAW

We continue our coverage now
of this morning's breaking story.
Our own Erik Arneson was there.

The Chemist looks down to his watch and sets the stopwatch.

ERIK

Thank you Bernie. I am standing
outside the Senate chambers where
Senator Nate Culver, 52, died of an
apparent heart attack. Culver was
scheduled to testify about his
relationship with aide Theresa
Banks, who killed herself earlier
this month.

The screen cuts to a replay outside the Senate chambers.

ON THE SCREEN: An anonymous reporter shoving his way in and bumping Culver.

The Chemist freezes the tape and begins "rocking and rolling" the image back and forth, back and forth, trying to get a good view of the reporter's contact with Culver.

The Chemist starts his stop watch and plays the tape from the contact point between the reporter and Culver.
The Chemist stops the watch as the witness hits the ground.

The watch reveals: "00:13".

THE CHEMIST

Oh man. Fuck these people.

INT. EDDIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ellen and her mother DARLENE SHELTON watch as Eddie administers to Ellen's father, ALAN SHELTON. Various syringes and equipment are sprawled on the coffee table.

Eddie has A "POISON" PEN in his hand. He's about to rub in on Alan.

EDDIE (laughing)

No, it's not going to hurt! This from a man who sticks a needle in his leg three times a day.

ALAN

I'm used to that.

Ellen and Darlene laugh.

EDDIE

It's a low insulin dose. Then we'll do a blood test.

ALAN

So I still get a needle.

Everyone laughs as Alan teases Eddie. The PHONE RINGS. Eddie puts down the pen and picks up the portable. He listens for a second, serious. He hangs up.

He looks at Ellen. She knows that look in his eye.

EXT. RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER BRIDGE - DAY

Eddie fishes off the bridge. The Chemist walks up and sets his gear next to him. He is visibly upset.

The Chemist drops a videotape into Eddie's tackle box.

THE CHEMIST

Check it out and get back to me. You'll understand when you see it.

Eddie begins packing up his fishing gear.

EDDIE

I hope you're wrong. I do.

INT. EDDIE'S BASEMENT WORKSHOP - LATER

Eddie's watching the tape over and over again. He's also got a stopwatch out. Even watching the tape in slow motion, you never actually see the anonymous reporter brush a pen against the witnesses' hand. Still, The Chemist may be correct.

INT. GOLD DEN - ANOTHER EVENING

Eddie and Ellen sit on a couch and read. Actually, Ellen reads while Eddie uses a screwdriver on the open back of the CD-ROM remote control.

Every few seconds the painting on the mantel switches--this time into HYBRIDS of two and three paintings. Eddie playing mix and match with the masters.

Ellen stares at A PICTURE OF CULVER SURROUNDED BY REPORTERS along with the Washington Post headline:

"DID THE MEDIA HARASS A SENATOR TO DEATH?"

Ellen puts the paper down on the table where Eddie can see it. He studies it, Culver's eyes seem to follow him like the Mona Lisa. Of course Eddie can't make this one go away.

He puts down the remote control and begins building one of his trademark houses of cards on top of Culver's picture. Ellen watches him.

ELLEN

Here's an idea. Try it for one second. Relax.

He knocks over the first floor of the card house.

INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Eddie lies on his bed. ELLEN gives him a back rub. This could be going somewhere...

THE PHONE RINGS

Eddie's grabs the portable phone.

EDDIE

Hello?

THE CHEMIST (V/O)

Where the fuck were you?

EDDIE

What do you mean?

THE CHEMIST

You know what I mean. I left
signals for you two days
in a row. I'm coming over there.

Ellen can feel Eddie's back tense. She stops rubbing it.

EDDIE

No you're not.

THE CHEMIST

The bridge.

EDDIE

Fine.

Eddie hangs up the phone. Turns over and looks at her.

ELLEN (covering concern)

If you promise to be back in
an hour I might do a little more
rubbing.

EDDIE

I gotta do this. Sorry, El.

He kisses her. But she's not very responsive.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Chemist looks a bit more frazzled than last we saw him.
Eddie stares out at the water while the Chemist paces.

THE CHEMIST

Do you think I'm some punk
little kid? Am I some crazy geek who
believes in U.F.O's and Bigfoot?

EDDIE

I'm sorry for not getting back
to you. That was unprofessional.

THE CHEMIST

What's unprofessional is Americans
whacking good old Americans
underneath the fucking Washington
monument.

EDDIE

It's not conclusive. You know that.

THE CHEMIST

That's a cop-out and you know that.

The Chemist leans against the bridge.

EDDIE

Look at this like a scientist.

THE CHEMIST

We killed a United States Senator.

EDDIE

We did no such thing. We do research.
We create. We're like guides to new
worlds, archaeologists of the future--

THE CHEMIST

A United States Senator.

EDDIE

You don't blame the water if
someone drowns. Water is life.

The Chemist is unconvinced.

EDDIE (cont.)

Do you know how many people's
lives may be saved with this
new technology?

The Chemist gives a half-hearted snort.

EDDIE (cont.)

You have no vision. Too much
time staring in a microscope.

Eddie looks out at the water. The Chemist waits.

THE CHEMIST

You know I'm right. Even if
you don't want to admit it.

EDDIE

Maybe. Maybe so.

Eddie smiles thinly at the Chemist. He turns to leave.

THE CHEMIST

Hey.

Eddie stops.

THE CHEMIST (cont.)

Even God took a day off to
look at what he'd made.

Eddie acknowledges The Chemist with a nod.

INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - ONE A.M.

Eddie lies in bed next to Ellen. She sleeps on her side facing him. He strokes her hair, trying to calm himself. No dice. Unable to sleep, Eddie pulls on some sweats.

INT. THE WORKSHOP - SAME

Eddie stares at an AQUARIUM, watching a fish dart back and forth. He flips a switch. The fish goes dead and sinks to the bottom, revealing a hook attached. A new lure...

INT. EDDIE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Eddie stares out the window at the woods and water surrounding his house. The trees move with a night breeze.

EXT. GOLD PORCH - MORNING

Eddie fiddles with the back of a small remote control. Pushes a button.

ZELDA, the beautiful dancer doll, raises up onto one foot and pirouettes around the porch. Her flexible rubbery legs look almost lifelike as they perform. Soothing.

Ellen walks outside and lowers herself into a chair opposite him. Tastes a cup of coffee on the table.

ELLEN

Eh. Cold.

Eddie rotates the cup around and presses a trigger on the handle. A humming sound. Soon steam begins to rise. He sips.

ELLEN (cont.)

You want to go fishing today?

Eddie shrugs.

ELLEN

You want to talk about it?

EDDIE

Every goddamn day.

She sips the coffee. Studies him. He stares into the yard.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Eddie drives by in his Jeep and pulls over to the side of the road.

He pulls out a piece of ribbon and ties it around a familiar telephone pole.

CUT TO:

A QUICK GLIMPSE OF A MAN BEFORE A GUN SHOT TAKES HIM DOWN.
THE BRIEFEST FLASH OF GUNFIRE AS A SILHOUETTE IS BLOWN AWAY.
EDDIE WATCHING THE CARNAGE.

Actually, not carnage. Target practice.

INT. TESTING RANGE - DAY

The suit finishes up a rapid-fire succession of perfect shots. He pulls off his goggles and ear plugs.

THE SUIT

They make me qualify every year.
In the war we were in units.
Regulars. Now they're called cells.
Cells. Like prisoners. In Brooks
Brothers. Rather be out fishing like
you. Maybe you can take me some day.

The Suit gestures for Eddie to join him at the table overlooking the firing range.

THE SUIT (cont.)

But I can't imagine you came here
to talk about fishing.

EDDIE

No, I didn't.

THE SUIT

No shit. Is there a problem?

EDDIE

I'm not sure.

The Suit tries to read Eddie. He's uneasy with Eddie's silence, not used to being the subject of an experiment.

THE SUIT

Look. If there's an issue you know
you can talk to me. You feeling
isolated, alone? I understand that.
We can work with that. You and I.
There are no superiors. No boss. I do
not have a boss. I have a paycheck.

Eddie nods, thinking.

EDDIE
But you're my boss.

THE SUIT
I'd like to think it's less formal
than that.

EDDIE
You're my friend?

The Suit's troubled by Eddie's line of questioning.

THE SUIT (cont.)
Look. If there's a "problem"
problem--a capitol "P" problem--
it has to be dealt with.

EDDIE
Ominous.

The Suit laughs that great, comfortable laugh of his.

THE SUIT
It wasn't meant to be. Now
is there anything serious?
Something we need to deal with?

EDDIE
I'm leaving. I'm finished.

The Suit stares at him. No more jokes.

EDDIE (cont.)
I need time...for my own work.
For myself.

THE SUIT
I'm not sure you realize what
you're saying. People don't
just "quit".

EDDIE
I just did.

THE SUIT
Listen to me Eddie. As your friend.
Take a month, take two, take valium
for all I care. But don't quit.

Eddie stares at the Suit, studying his mentor. He pushes back
his chair, turns and walks away without looking back.

The Suit watches Eddie leave.

EXT./INT. EDDIE'S JEEP - LATER

Eddie drives home from the farmhouse, brain reeling, trying to get a handle on what he's just done.

INT. THE AGENCY TESTING RANGE - SAME

The Suit sits at his desk drinking ice water. Tapping his pen. He's disturbed.

A MAN sits across from The Suit. We see only his outline.

MAN (o.s.)

You've got a very large problem.

THE SUIT

Shut up.

EXT. GOLD PORCH - EVENING

Eddie and Ellen sit on the porch.

ELLEN

I guess I never thought you'd really do it.

EDDIE

Neither did they.

They continue to sit and stare.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - ANOTHER DAY

Eddie and Ellen drive on the road near their house. Groceries in the car.

ELLEN

So I need you to start fileting the chicken when we get back. I need to get showered...

Eddie's distracted by a telephone repairman up a pole which leads to his island.

INT. EDDIE'S HOME WORKSHOP - DAY

Eddie rifles through a drawer until he finds a small instrument.

He unscrews the phone mouthpiece and attaches the metering device to it and flips it on.

It BUZZES loudly. He shuts it off and removes it.

INT. GOLD BEDROOM - DAY

Ellen dries after a shower. Eddie enters in a rush, but then tries to compose himself and act casual.

ELLEN

You've got that look again.

EDDIE

Totalitarianism.

ELLEN (shrugging)

I vote "no".

Eddie holds up the bug.

EDDIE

Too late.

Ellen pulls her robe tight, suddenly feeling very exposed.

EXT./INT. TELEPHONE TRUCK - NIGHT

A telephone truck sits silent on the roadside. The camera moves inside where the "repairman" monitors the surveillance equipment.

Suddenly a LOUD SCREECHING causes the man to tear the headphones off. The screeching gets higher and louder until its practically deafening. The technician frantically flips switches on the equipment as he realizes what's about to happen.

The awful sound stops. The tech smiles with relief and sits back in his chair.

SCREEEE-BOOM! Fifty thousand dollars in technology blows its collective fuse. The agent covers his face in dismay.

INT. EDDIE'S BASEMENT WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Eddie sits at his workbench, disconnecting A JAMMING DEVICE from his telephone.

EXT. GOLD PORCH - NIGHT

Eddie and Ellen sit in the dark watching bugs fly into the deadly blue light of a bug zapper.

Next to him is an empty six pack. Ellen drinks a beer.

The two seem mesmerized by the glowing blue zapper.

ELLEN

I'm just saying...I don't want to be spied on. Please.

EDDIE (a little drunk)

Whatever you want. I'm your prince. Never expose you to harm. To protect, to serve...To have and hold...

ELLEN

You get very poetic when you drink, hon.

EDDIE

I'm not drinking. I have drank.

ELLEN (correcting)

Drunk.

EDDIE

Drank.

ELLEN

Who's the editor, you or me?

EDDIE

Me.

ELLEN

No. You're mister secret agent.

Eddie leaps up from his seat, knocking over the beers.

EDDIE

Hey! Hey! Don't--Don't say that! That's not--that's not right!

ELLEN

Sorry.

EDDIE

I don't like that. (then, softer)
I am a source. Water, a spring.
Natural. I am not a secret.

He slumps back into his chair. She looks at him, concerned.

INT. THE CHEMIST'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Chemist stares out his window at a GRAY VAN parked below in the lot. In one hand he holds A SMALL MICROPHONE BUG. In the other he holds his DISSECTED TELEPHONE.

The Chemist RIPS the telephone cord out of the wall.

He opens his window and throws the phone down TWO FLOORS.

It CRASHES in front of the van. He walks to his wall phone and takes the receiver from the cradle. Begins pounding the wall with the receiver. It won't break. Breathless, The Chemist leans on the wall.

The phone dangles off the hook.

INT. AGENCY CENTER HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Suit walks briskly down a hallway trailed by other agents, including the tech in the van. The Suit is laughing wickedly.

THE SUIT

So here's a goddamn quiz for you. Here's one of your little white collar decision-making test questions: Who's more dangerous? The man with the faculties to destroy a whole vanload of equipment? Or the man with the faculties to throw the fucking phone out two stories and nearly hit our agent?

INT. THE FIRING RANGE - CONTINUOUS

The Suit and agents enter the testing area/office.

TECH AGENT

The more sophisticated of the two.

ANOTHER AGENT

I gotta go the other way: the more unpredictable of the two.

THE SUIT

The answer is: "C". None of the above. Clearly the most dangerous man is the goddamn field agent who can't even make it through one day without being detected. That's the asshole I'm afraid of.

He walks away from the humiliated tech agents.

INT. THE FIRING RANGE - LATE NIGHT

The Suit sits at his desk, studying photos of Eddie and the Chemist. Eddie and Ellen. He gets up and goes to the range.

Ducking under the rail, he walks the mock-up range. A man wandering his own private city.

He slides past a BAD GUY TARGET and through a FACADE DOORWAY.

Inside, a small, well-worn COT. The Suit lies down. Finally loosens his tie.

THE SUIT

shit.

EXT. THE GOLD BOAT DOCK - DAY

Eddie has a ladder against a tree. He's putting the final touches on a video camera hidden among the branches. He aims it towards the boat landing. In the background, Ellen watches for a minute before she heads inside.

Eddie climbs out of the tree and pulls the watchman from his pocket. He turns it on and moves in front of the video camera's sight.

INSERT THE WATCHMAN SCREEN: Eddie stares up at himself from the small screen. He waves at the camera, saluting himself. There's a spring in his step--it's his creative energy flowing through him like a drug.

He tunes the watchman again and the channel changes to the KITCHEN as we see Ellen sitting down at the table. Eddie quickly flips through other channels as we get a guided tour through the Gold house and the surrounding property.

Eddie's pretty pleased with himself. He clicks off the watchman and heads up the front walk.

INT. THE KITCHEN - SAME

Ellen wanders the kitchen, opening drawers, looking under appliances. She's spooked by the experience with the bug.

INT. EDDIE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

One work light on. Electronics gear spread everywhere. Eddie's feet stick out from underneath his jeep. He slides out and stands, wiping his hands with a rag.

He picks up another one of his watchmans and flips it on.

It's the DRIVER'S VIEW FROM THE FRONT OF THE JEEP. He hits another button and

THE HEADLIGHTS FLIP ON illuminating the garage. He flips them on and off, creating a strobing effect on the inside of the garage door.

He turns off the watchman/control device.

ANGLE ON A LARGE FREEZER

as Eddie pulls out a LARGE BLOCK OF ICE and sets it on a table next to an ICE PICK. He puts on GOGGLES and eyes the ice up and down.

ANGLE ON THE DOORWAY: ELLEN watches Eddie.

ELLEN

I remember once in junior high some of the guys came running into the girls' bathroom and jerked open all of the stall doors. Pulled 'em off their little hinges. In front of my stall was Timmy Grant jumping up and down. "I see Ellie naked! I see Ellie naked!" I don't think I peed at that school for the rest of my time there. Two years.

She looks at him seriously.

EDDIE

Tell me what you need.

ELLEN

I can't just sit around.

He hesitates, then nods.

EXT. GOLD DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Ellen pulls her BEAUTIFUL LEXUS out of the garage and drives across the bridge.

EXT. ROAD - A LITTLE LATER.

People wait at a bus stop a quarter-mile up as Ellen trails behind a bus. She accelerates and pulls in front of the bus.

INSIDE HER CAR - ANGLE ON THE DASH

Ellen pulls a wire that's been jerry-rigged under the dash.

ANGLE ON HER LEFT REAR TIRE

as THE TIRE BLOWS.

As the bus pulls into the stop, Ellen's limping car slows down and stops right in front of the bus. She SLAMS the door and angrily checks out her flat.

ON THE ROAD

An UNMARKED CAR with TWO AGENTS drives by, noting her flat. They laugh.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CAR

Eddie slips out the back door and rolls onto the ground. He uses Ellen's car as a shield to make his way to the bus where he gets on and pays the toll.

BACK TO SCENE: Ellen begins changing the flat.

INT. THE BUS - SAME

Eddie, carrying a backpack and dressed in dark green khakis, watches Ellen. He smiles and takes a seat.

EXT. COUNTRY BUS STOP - LATER

Eddie disembarks the bus and heads into some brush by the roadside.

EXT. THE BRUSH - A LITTLE LATER

Eddie sets up near a dirt road. He's indistinguishable in the brush. Out of his backpack he pulls a camera with a telephoto lens and mounts it on a small tripod.

He looks THROUGH THE VIEWFINDER and we see:

THE AGENCY FARMHOUSE. Completely quiet. Eddie checks his watch. Plenty of time to wait.

EXT. THE BRUSH - EARLY EVENING

Eddie still waits, watching the farmhouse. Finally, a door slides open and a car pulls out. Eddie quickly snaps a couple photos. He checks the viewfinder: it's not The Suit but A BLOND MAN. He pulls himself further into the brush.

A few seconds later another car pulls out. Eddie checks the viewfinder--it's The Suit. He clicks off a few photos. He angles the camera to get a shot of the license plate: there's no plate there.

Eddie reaches into his bag and pulls out

A METAL TUBE ATTACHED TO A PISTOL GRIP.

He checks to make sure its set.

The Suit's car rolls closer to Eddie's spot.

Eddie aims at the car, but at the last second turns ninety degrees and shoots across the road.

A FINE WIRE TIPPED WITH A SLIGHT ARROW sinks into a tree.

In the middle of the road a coin-size metal object is suspended at the same height as the grill of The Suit's car.

As the car runs into the wire, the small object attaches magnetically onto the front of the car. The wire snaps and falls away. The Suit notices nothing.

EXT. THE ROAD - SAME

The Suit pulls out onto the road. License plates snap down into position where seconds ago there were none. Eddie notices this as the car pulls away.

EDDIE

Nice touch. I like that.

EXT. THE BUSH - SAME

Eddie packs up his gear and heads back through the trees.

EXT. THE BUS STOP - EVENING

Eddie gets off the bus and is picked up by a waiting Ellen.

EXT. THE SUIT'S CAR - MOVING

The Suit pulls into a busy shopping mall.

INT. MALL FOOD COURT- LATER

A mall packed with people doing after-work shopping. The Suit sits at a table, sipping coffee. In his hand is a SMALL BLACK CYLINDER, no bigger than a cigarette.

He points it at a YOUNG MAN at a nearby table.

YOUNG MAN

Well screw her if she can't--

He points it at a MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

MOTHER

Because you had popcorn at the movie, that's why. Don't--

We notice for the first time AN EARPIECE in The Suit's ear. The black wand is a miniature shotgun microphone. He's eavesdropping.

He aims at a PASSING TWENTYSOMETHING COUPLE

PASSING COUPLE

I can't believe Sidney's
gonna go out with that guy?
What is she thinking?

The Suit goes back to the young man.

YOUNG MAN

--well, your mother's a lunatic--

The Suit takes a sip of his coffee, content to listen to this conversation. Content to simply eavesdrop on other lives, other times. The camera pulls away as the sounds blend.

INT. EDDIE'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Eddie and Ellen study a computer display map. A flashing line across the map indicates The Suit's course. Eddie takes notes on The Suit's route home. Ellen points to part of the screen.

ELLEN

Why is this part darker?

EDDIE

The tracking signal is based both in location and time. We can figure out both distance and also how long it takes to get to any point. That part there shows that the car was stopped for about an hour. I'd say the mall.

She kisses him hard on the mouth. Eddie grins like a child.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A beautiful old Victorian house surrounded by a tight little lawn fenced in by trees and ivy.

On one side of the house is another Victorian; the other side is bordered by a dirt alley which separates two properties and cuts through the block. Eddie watches as The Suit leaves his house.

EXT. CAPITOL HILL - DAY

The Chemist heads in to a large office building.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - MORNING

The Chemist sits in a plush government office. A Nebbishy looking man in his forties pours him some coffee. He looks like your local librarian and speaks with a quiet calm.

NEBBISH

First, I need you to relax.

THE CHEMIST

I'm trying, man. I am.

NEBBISH

This may be new to you but we're quite familiar with your type of predicament. That's not to say we take it lightly. But we're fully equipped to provide you with twenty-four hour protection.

The Nebbish pulls a tape recorder out.

NEBBISH (cont.)

First we'll take down your statement. And then we'll personally escort you back to your house to gather up your things. We find people make better adjustments to new surroundings when they can at least have their own pillow.

The Nebbish laughs gently. The Chemist manages a smile.

EXT. A SMALL DARKROOM - MORNING

Eddie puts wet photos up on a line. Photos of The Suit plus photos of the BLOND MAN whose car had pulled out before The Suit's. EDDIE studies the pictures of the BLOND MAN.

A terrified look comes over his face.

INT. EDDIE'S WORKSHOP - MINUTES LATER

Eddie pops the NATE CULVER TAPE into his VCR. He fast-forwards to a certain spot. Freezes on

AN IMAGE OF THE BLOND MAN BRUSHING UP AGAINST NATE CULVER RIGHT BEFORE CULVER BEGINS TO SWOON.

Eddie begins tapping keys on his computer. Enlarging and enhancing the close up of the Blond Man on the screen. A definite match.

EDDIE (introducing)
Abel, Cain. Cain, Abel.

Eddie gets up and begins putting on a jacket as Ellen enters.

ELLEN (cont.)
Where are you going?

EDDIE
Warn a friend.

Ellen stares at the tape. At the blond man.

EXT. THE OCEAN - LATE AFTERNOON

A faint speck in the distance. As it approaches we recognize Eddie's boat. He cuts the throttle as we see him checking the coordinates on the fishfinder/radar.

Eddie does a survey of the area with binoculars. Nothing. Eddie sits down at the tiny desk and writes a short note. He puts it into a watertight oilskin bag and returns to the deck.

He takes out a remote control unit and punches a few buttons.

HISSESSSS. An inflatable buoy comes to the surface ten yards from Eddie's boat.

He motors over to it and retrieves it. There's a water-tight container attached.

He opens it, prepared to slip his note to The Chemist inside. Instead he finds a note from The Chemist:

"By the time you get this
I'll either be a hero or
a corpse. Either way I'm free."

Eddie deep-sixes the note, his face pale.

EDDIE
You're gonna be a corpse.
And so am I.

He hits full throttle and gets the hell out of there.

EXT. GOLD BOAT DOCK - EARLY EVENING

Eddie ties off the boat, takes a deep breath and heads back to the house as casually as possible. Always aware of the chances of being watched.

ELLEN
I would have...I would--

EDDIE
Ssshhhh. Don't say it. Please.

They continue to embrace.

INT. THE STUDY - MINUTES LATER

With rubber gloves on, Eddie slips the manila envelope full of A.U. information into a plastic bag. Seals it up. He places it into his duffel. As an afterthought, he throws in the Thor and Zelda dolls.

INT. THE DOWNSTAIRS - MINUTES LATER

Eddie and Ellen pour gasoline all over the house. Eddie empties his can. With Ellen watching he pulls out

HIS DECK OF CARDS.

Ellen smiles weakly as he ceremoniously lights a card on fire...

EXT. THE FRONT YARD - MINUTES LATER - DAWN

Eddie helps Ellen limp through the carnage of the front yard.

In the background their house begins to go up in flames, smoke darkening the morning sky.

FADE OUT

INT. STUDY - SAME

A room off of their bedroom stuffed with the Gold's books, Eddie's models, etc. Ellen's on the phone.

ELLEN

Well so get a rewrite! What's such a big deal? Fine. Have her call. Yea--

She sees Eddie walk past the study towards their bedroom.

ELLEN (cont.)

Fine. Do that. Gotta go. Bye.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Ellen enters. Eddie's fussing in the closet.

As Eddie puts on his jacket A GUN drops out of the pocket and hits the floor. Ellen sees it.

ELLEN

Where the hell did that come from? Eddie?

Eddie picks up the gun and begins to put it in his jacket.

EDDIE

Nowhere.

ELLEN

Don't you even dare put that in your pocket. That's not you. Find some other way.

Eddie stares at his wife. Places the gun down on the table.

ELLEN

Thank you.

EDDIE

Pack a bag. Go down to the workshop, bolt the door and watch the monitors.

ELLEN

This is my goddamn home.

EDDIE

Wait here for two hours. If I don't show up, get out of here as fast as you can.

ELLEN

If you're not back--

Eddie kisses her on the cheek. It's so overly casual we know he's scared to death.

EDDIE

And honey? If anyone else comes here--you might want to shoot them.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

Eddie drives like a bat out of hell.

INT. THE GOLD BEDROOM - SAME

Ellen has a suitcase open on the bed. Stuff everywhere. She can't decide what to take and what to leave.

She can't even believe she's doing this.

ELLEN

Goddamn you Eddie Gold. Bring this into my house. This...plague.

She picks up a copy of ISSUES JOURNAL. She opens it, looking at the inside cover for her name: ELLEN GOLD, EDITOR. She begins to cry angry tears. She packs the magazine.

EXT. PAY PHONE BY A 7-11 - NIGHT

Eddie pops a quarter in the slot and punches a number.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CHEMIST'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Chemist pulls clothes out of his closet. Packing his bags. The Nebbish stands in the other room, pacing.

RING...

He stops and considers the phone.

RING...Eddie waits on the phone.

EDDIE

Pick up. Pick up.

The Chemist begins walking towards the phone.

THWAP!

A TINY DART STICKS IN THE CHEMIST'S NECK.

RING...

The Chemist turns to see what hit him. THE NEBBISH stares right back at him--holding a small dart gun.

RING...

The Chemist hits the deck.

The Nebbish carries him to the back of the T.V. set.

RING...

He pulls the tiny tranquilizer dart from his neck. Unplugs the television and removes the back cover.

The agent takes a burned out picture tube from his bag and installs it in place of the perfectly good one.

RING...

He places The Chemist's hands in the back of the television, making contact with the high voltage transformer.

The Nebbish injects him with an antidote. As soon as the Chemist revives, the agent plugs the set back in,

ELECTROCUTING THE CHEMIST.

THE PHONE STOPS RINGING.

The man calmly begins unpacking The Chemist's bags and putting his clothes away.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Eddie's Jeep streaks down the road.

EXT. THE GOLD'S BRIDGE - NIGHT

Ellen wraps the gun in a shirt and throws it off the bridge.

EXT. CHEMIST'S APARTMENT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Eddie pulls up to a mob scene in the parking lot. An ambulance, cop cars, neighbors. Eddie gets out of the car, careful to try and stay in the shadows of the parking lot. He flags down an old woman passing by.

EDDIE

Excuse me. Can you tell me what happened?

OLD WOMAN
Julian Williams died.

EDDIE
He died?

She walks away. Eddie flags down a paramedic.

EDDIE
What happened to Mr. Williams?

PARAMEDIC
Mr. Williams?

EDDIE
Man in 2C.

PARAMEDIC
Oh. The handyman.

EDDIE
Handyman?

Eddie's eyes keep searching the crowd, looking for enemies

PARAMEDIC
Electrocuted himself.

The Paramedic shakes his head and walks away.

EDDIE
(calling after him)
His T.V.?

PARAMEDIC
Huh?

EDDIE
Was he fixing his T.V.?

PARAMEDIC (nods yes)
Like I said. Handyman.

The Paramedic shrugs and keeps walking, clearing a path to reveal

THE DEAD CHEMIST, being carried to the ambulance.

Eddie stares at The Chemist.

If the man was alive their eyes would have met.

EXT/INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Eddie drives as fast as he can, trying to contain his emotions. Not doing too well. Tears come.

EDDIE (nervous mantra)
I am the source. Water. The
wellspring.

IN HIS REAR VIEW MIRROR

A HUGE TRACTOR TRAILER BEARS DOWN ON HIM.

Eddie swerves back and forth, trying to shake the trailer. Not sure if the big rig is after him.

THE SEMI PULLS UP NEXT TO HIM AND BEGINS TO DRIFT INTO HIS LANE, FORCING HIM OFF THE ROAD.

EDDIE SWERVES OFF THE ROAD and BUMPS to a stop in a shallow culvert.

HISSS!!! SCREEECH!!! The truck locks up its brakes and skids to a stop.

A TRUCK DRIVER gets out and jogs towards Eddie.

INT. EDDIE'S JEEP - NIGHT

Eddie doesn't know what to do. He can't even get his seat belt unbuckled. He reaches for the gun but remembers he left it at home.

He sees A METAL WRENCH peering out from behind the seat. He quickly grabs it and hides it in his lap under his coat.

THE TRUCKER approaches the window.

Eddie tenses with the wrench. The trucker peers inside.

TRUCKER
Jeez, you all right? You need
an ambulance? I'll call on the
C.B. Damn. Musta dozed off. Never
done that in eighteen years...

The trucker fumbles in his pocket for a cigarette, lights it.

EDDIE
It's fine. Forget about it.

He starts the Jeep and pulls back onto the road. Breathes deeply...

INT. AGENCY TESTING CENTER - SAME

The Blond Man stands over The Suit, who sits at the desk. The Blond is the man who earlier spoke with The Suit.

BLOND MAN
Make the call, Chief.

The Suit appears to be distracted.

BLOND MAN (cont.)
It's been a good run. Close it down.

The Suit snaps his head up.

THE SUIT
Are you policy? No, you're not
policy. You're the trigger finger
on the arm of policy. And you're
fucking itchy.

The Blond Man waits. Finally, The Suit relents.

THE SUIT (cont.)
Bring them in and take them down.

This gets a smile from the Blond.

INT. EDDIE'S WORKSHOP - LATER

Ellen watches Eddie back his car into the garage on the t.v. monitor. Two bags are packed.

A key in the lock. Eddie enters the workshop.

EDDIE
We're out of here in five
minutes. Come on. I need your help.

Eddie rummages through his workshop, throwing some things into a backpack. Ellen doesn't move.

ELLEN
This is my house.

EDDIE
Not anymore. C'mon.

He grabs her by the arm but she shakes him off. She stands by herself and picks up the bags defiantly.

EXT. THE GOLD DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

AS SEEN THROUGH A PAIR OF BINOCULARS: The electric garage door and Eddie's Jeep pulls out.

The light from the garage casts the Golds in silhouette.

The Jeep drives across the bridge and out onto the road.

It roars by A SEDAN parked by the roadside. After a few seconds the sedan speeds off behind them.

AS SEEN FROM ABOVE:

The Jeep is tailed at a distance by the unmarked car.

EXT. THE GOLD GARAGE - SAME

Ellen's car starts up and slowly pulls out, careful not to turn on the lights.

The car pulls across the bridge, gets to the road AND TURNS IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION OF EDDIE'S JEEP.

INT. ELLEN'S CAR

Ellen drives while Eddie sits next to her in the front seat.

In Eddie's lap: A WATCHMAN.

INSERT THE WATCHMAN: A highway hurtles towards the screen.

Eddie manipulates controls attached to the watchman.

INT. EDDIE'S CAR - SAME

TWO BODIES ROUGHLY CARVED OF ICE sit upright in the front seats--dressed as Eddie and Ellen. The car seems to drive itself.

INT. ELLEN'S CAR - SAME

The Golds put miles between themselves and their pursuers. Eddie concentrates on the watchman screen.

EXT./INT. THE UNMARKED SEDAN - TWO MINUTES LATER

The agents follow the Jeep, careful not to get too close. They watch the taillights through binoculars.

The Jeep begins to accelerate.

AGENT 1
Shit. He's made us.

They accelerate to match the Jeep's speed.

INT. ELLEN'S CAR - INTERCUT

Eddie uses the controls to guide it on the winding highway.

ON THE WATCHMAN SCREEN: A BRIDGE OVER A WATERWAY LOOMS AHEAD.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - SAME

The Jeep takes a turn at high speed. The tires squeal.

AGENT 1
He's losing it.

The Jeep catches the dirt on the road's shoulder.

AGENT 2
I don't see--

The Jeep flies off the road just as it reaches the bridge--
FLIPPING into the water.

INT. THE UNMARKED SEDAN - SAME

Agent 1 scrambles for a cellular phone and presses a number.

AGENT 1
Snow White this is Sleepy.
Target just took a swan dive
off the fucking bridge.

EXT. THE WATER - SAME

The Jeep sinks into the water. The ice mannequins begin to
MELT...

INT. ELLEN'S CAR - SAME

Eddie puts away the Watchman and leans back in his seat. He
can't help but look a bit pleased with himself.

EDDIE
Well let's hope that bought
us some time. Could be forty years.
Maybe it's forty minutes. Probably
could have done a better job hiding
the steering--

ELLEN
I threw the gun off the bridge.
I threw your goddamn gun off the
goddamn bridge.

Silence.

ELLEN (cont.)

You want to tell me where we're going?

EDDIE

Just keep driving. Not too fast.

ELLEN

Anywhere specific?

No response. Ellen suddenly SWERVES and PULLS THE CAR OVER.

ELLEN

I think you should be more specific.

EDDIE

Please drive the car, El.

ELLEN

I'll drive when I know where I'm going. And I don't mean destination. It's just you and me now. And if you don't start talking there isn't gonna be a "me".

Eddie fiddles with his bag in front of him.

EDDIE

Please start driving. Drive and I'll tell you.

Ellen pulls the car out onto the road. Eddie leans his head against the window, feels the rhythms of the car and the road. Mustering strength.

EDDIE

Julian Williams.

ELLEN

I don't know the name.

EDDIE

I don't know anybody's name.

THE CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS OUT as Eddie tells Ellen the story of The Chemist's death. And Senator Culver's. The sound of his voice falls to nothing; the car speeds for an untold place.

EXT. THE BRIDGE CRASH SITE - NIGHT

A rescue scene. Divers, paramedics, the works. A nondescript sedan. A TOW TRUCK drags the Gold's Jeep out of the water by its back end and sets it down on the bank.

A LITTLE BALDING MAN approaches the Jeep and begins poking around. No one pays him much attention.

He plays with the brake and gas pedals. They don't have the normal amount of tension.

The little man climbs into the tow truck and raises the back end of the Jeep up, exposing the undercarriage, exposing

A STRANGE WIRING JOB ALMOST HIDDEN AMONG THE ENGINE. Excited, he moves to the front of the Jeep and quickly unscrews one of the headlights revealing

A SMALL VIDEO CAMERA.

He laughs aloud and scampers back to THE NONDESCRIPT SEDAN. Knocks on the window.

THE WINDOW ROLLS DOWN -- REVEALING THE SUIT.

LITTLE MAN

They ain't gonna find nobody.
Perhaps too much training for
this one?

The Suit smiles almost proudly and rolls back up the window.

INT. THE SUIT'S CAR

The Blond sits next to him.

THE BLOND

We coulda used this guy during 'Nam.

THE SUIT

We did.

EXT. DAVE'S AUTO PAINT - EVENING

A small auto body store off the main road. Eddie pays cash to DAVE, the proprietor.

INT. DAVE'S AUTO PAINT - LATER

Dave spray paints Ellen's Lexus a new color. Ellen sits on a sofa in Dave's office. Wincing at the new paint job.

Eddie sits in a back room working intently.

A CLOSER LOOK

shows Eddie touching up his license plates with detail paint. Changing the numbers.

A TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - DAWN

Eddie drives as day breaks. He's drained, scared but glad to be moving again.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Ellen grabs a bite to eat. Eddie and his half-eaten lunch sits across from her. He bends the fork and spoon, twisting them together.

When he wraps the napkin around the spoon we see that he has created a rough version of his Zelda and Thor dolls. They appear to dance together.

ELLEN
Everything okay?

EDDIE (re silverware)
A tarantella.

He turns back to his creation.

ELLEN
Honey?

EDDIE
Ibsen's "A Doll's House". They dance the tarantella. Death dance. Before Nora leaves.

ELLEN
I never meant that. I'd never leave.

She takes his hands, trying to get him to stop for a second. Looking to carve a moment of peace.

EXT. ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

Ellen drives as the Lexus winds its way along a beautiful coastline highway. The car continues through a tree-lined section, blocking the view of the water. As the trees clear we see

K-O-A- CAMPGROUND

Hundreds of cars, RV's, tents. The perfect hiding place. The Golds turn in and drive up to

THE ENTRANCE GATE

where AN OLD MAN sits in a booth, controlling admission to the park.

AT THE ENTRANCE BOOTH

The man writes up a ticket for the Golds as Ellen hands him cash. He hands her a receipt.

OLD MAN

Spot 79 W.

Ellen throws the receipt into Eddie's lap, who's fussing with the map. The receipt gets lost amongst the trash in the car.

OLD MAN

Will you be needing a tent?

ELLEN

Yes, please.

He brings forth a large ORANGE NYLON SACK.

KOA CAMPGROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

The Golds drive the car down the road and TURN RIGHT, not noticing a sign differentiating between the "E" SECTION to the right and the "W" SECTION to the left. They go the wrong way.

A minute later Ellen pulls the car into 79 E--the wrong spot. Neither one notices.

EXT. KOA CAMPGROUND SPOT 79 E - LATER

Eddie and Ellen finish putting up the tent. They've worked up a good sweat. Eddie grabs his bag.

EDDIE

I'm gonna hunt down the shower.
Run over to that R.V. place, as well.

He walks off down a footpath towards the center of the grounds.

THE CAMPGROUND - MINUTES LATER

Eddie walks by a couple trying vainly to start their car. The husband has his head under the hood.

Eddie peeks his head in and casually adjusts something. He motions for the woman to try it again.

The car starts right up. Eddie walks off--the whole event couldn't have taken more than fifteen seconds.

EXT. SPOT 79 E - LATER

Ellen wanders near another campground where an OLD WOMAN sits over a Coleman stove.

OLD WOMAN

Coffee?

ELLEN

Sure.

The woman gestures for Ellen to come over. Ellen sits down at the woman's picnic table. She notices a NORFOLK NEWS paper on the table.

WOMAN

Interested in back home?

ELLEN

Excuse me?

WOMAN

Your license plates. We're from Virginia, too. Norfolk.

ELLEN

We're just outside, actually.

Ellen flips through the paper. The woman begins to prattle...

WOMAN

Twenty four years in Virginia for Max and me. Always like these campgrounds when we can get to 'em. Clean. Lots of folks like yourself...

The woman's voice begins to fade as Ellen notices

A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE AND PHOTO

detailing the crash of their Jeep. She races through the article until she gets to the section which reads:

"RELATIVES WERE NOTIFIED LATE LAST NIGHT THAT THE COUPLE WAS PRESUMED DEAD."

ELLEN

Oh my God. Mother.

OLD WOMAN

Excuse me, dear?

Ellen's visibly shaken.

ELLEN

I'm sorry. I forgot. I
need to make a phone call.
Pay phone?

OLD WOMAN

Just down that path there.
Is there anything I can do--

ELLEN

No no. That's all right.

She hurries away.

THE PHONE BOOTH - LATER

Ellen checks her watch and dials a number.

ELLEN

Darlene Shelton, please.
(beat) Hello? Mom? No--relax.
It's me. Really. It is. No.
We're fine. What are you doing at
work? Well I'm glad I caught you.
(crying) Stop crying Mom.
No. I can't explain. No, don't
call Dad! No. But Mom--listen.
You can't tell anyone you've talked
to me. No. Just Dad. No. I can't
call you at home, okay? Okay?
You've gotta pretend, Mom. Swear
to God. Yes. Swear to God! Please.
I've gotta go. I love you. Bye.

Ellen hangs up the phone. Sits down on a bench. Tries to keep
the tears back.

ANGLE ON A RINGING TELEPHONE

A HAND PICKS IT UP.

WE PULL BACK:

THE SUIT sits at his desk, looking tired and old. His
loosened tie and drawn face indicate a man being worn to the
nub. The Blond Man stands next to him.

The Suit talks on a phone.

THE SUIT

You've got to be kidding. Perfect.
We got people down there. Thank you.

He hangs up. The Suit looks up at Blond Man, who smiles.

BLOND MAN

Guess "your boy"'s not as good
in the field as I thought.

THE SUIT

Let's wrap this thing up.

The Blond Man leaves the room.

THE SUIT (cont.)

Asshole.

The Suit runs his hand through his hair.

EXT. KOA CAMPGROUND PERIMETER - LATER

A freshly showered and dressed Eddie walks along the roadside
towards

STARLITE USED R.V.'S,

an R.V. lot a couple hundred yards up the road from the
campgrounds.

KOA CAMPGROUNDS SPOT 79 E - SAME

A shaken Ellen returns and picks up her bag. She sees the
woman at her picnic table.

ELLEN

If my husband comes back would
you tell him I went to the showers?

The old woman nods "yes".

EXT. STARLITE R.V.'S - A BIT LATER

Eddie and SALESMAN LARRY come down out of a used R.V.

LARRY

And as you see a family of six
could live comfortably for months...

EDDIE

Is there a discount for cash, Larry?

LARRY

Now I'm not much of a haggler--

EDDIE

Neither am I. But I'd like to
pay cash, Larry. That's not a
problem, is it?

Larry grins and begins walking towards his office.

EXT. KOA CAMPGROUND SHOWERS - SAME

The pre-dinner rush has hit the showers. They're all full. A woman stepping into a shower stall notices Ellen .

WOMAN

There's another set over on the "W" side of the camp that's not usually crowded.

ELLEN

Thank you.

INT. STARLITE R.V. OFFICE - LATER

Larry hands a contract to Eddie. Eddie signs it.

LARRY

All right, Mr. Newsome. Now you understand you've got ninety days on these temp plates.

EDDIE

Of course.

Larry pulls some temporary plates off of a big stack. He writes the number into the contract.

EDDIE (cont.)

Didn't you say you were going to find me that extra set of keys?

LARRY

Oh yes. One second.

Larry gets up and heads through a door to the back office.

As soon as he leaves, Eddie takes his temp plates and pushes them back into the stack.

He grabs another set. Larry returns.

LARRY

Here we are. Now it's my legal obligation that I go through a couple more safety features regarding the operation of this vehicle...

EXT. KOA CAMPGROUND PERIMETER - LATER

Eddie waits in a line of cars for entrance to the park. A bit of a hold-up.

AT THE FRONT OF THE LINE

AN AGENT IN CASUAL CLOTHES show pictures of Eddie and Ellen to the old man at the gate.

The old man goes through his file, showing them a copy of Eddie's receipt: description of car, license number, and designated park space: 79 W.

The agent returns to the car and he and his partner drive into the park.

INT. CAMPGROUND SHOWER

Ellen's found the alternate shower site and is enjoying her first shower in what seems like weeks.

EXT. CAMPGROUND ENTRANCE BOOTH

Eddie has reached the front of the line, unaware of what has happened minutes earlier. He looks into the booth--it's empty. He waits.

MEANWHILE AT CAMPGROUND SPOT 79 W

Eddie's correct spot. The agents pull up and find it empty. They park in it, confused.

EXT. CAMPGROUND ENTRANCE BOOTH

Eddie's still sitting at the front of the line. Finally, the attendant's door opens...

IT'S A NEW ATTENDANT.

NEW ATTENDANT

Sorry sir. Always a bit of a slow down when we change shifts.

EDDIE

That's all right. I'd like to put this by my other vehicle, if that's possible.

ATTENDANT

Name?

EDDIE

Newsome.

The attendant pulls up Eddie's file.

ATTENDANT

No problem. You're in 79 W.
We'll just put you in 81 W.

EDDIE

W? Are you sure?

ATTENDANT

Absolutely. Just take a left
at the turn--

EDDIE

A left? I think my wife and
I parked on the wrong side.

ATTENDANT

Well you're going to have to
move. Just drive the R.V. over
to 81 and then go get the other
car. Sorry.

EDDIE

No, no. Our fault.

Eddie smiles, shakes his head and drives on.

When he gets to the turn he takes A LEFT this time.

He pulls around the bend, counting the numbers as he goes:
75, 76, 77... Suddenly he looks up and sees

A CAR IN SPOT 79.

He slows up and watches, puzzled.

AT THE CAR

The agents get out--looking like your average campers.

IN THE R.V.

Eddie's about to go talk to them when he sees

THE GLIMPSE OF A GUN IN A SHOULDER HOLSTER.

He tries to control his breathing as he slowly drives the
R.V. past the agents.

AT THE CAR

The agents cannot see Eddie from where they stand. They begin walking briskly along the roadside, checking license plates. The road eventually curves around to the E section...

AT SPOT 79 E

Eddie drives up in the R.V. and parks in a nearby vacant spot. He sits in the seat for a minute, thinking, surveying. Deciding it's clear, he gets out and heads for the campsite.

AT THE GOLD TENT

Eddie pulls the tent open: no Ellen. He grabs their belongings and stuffs them in bags.

A SHADOW OUTSIDE THE TENT

VOICE

Excuse me?

Eddie turns, panicked. It's the old lady from next door.

OLD LADY

Are you looking for your wife?

EDDIE

Do you know where she is?

OLD LADY

She went for a shower. You could wait over with us.

EDDIE

Thank you, but I think I'll go see if I can meet her.

He walks away, trying to control his fear until he can get out of her sight.

EXT. THE CAMPGROUND ROAD

The two agents continue their search of license plates.

AT THE SHOWERS

Ellen is already dressed.

ON THE CAMPGROUND PATH

Eddie hurries to the showers--the first set--not the ones where Ellen is.

Eddie stands outside of the women's showers--feeling exposed and unable to act.

EXT. THE CAMPGROUND ROAD - SPOT 79 E

The agents have reached the Gold campground and identify it by the car's license plate. They search the tent--nothing.

They approach the OLD WOMAN with photos...

EXT. FIRST SET OF SHOWERS - SAME

Eddie stops a woman coming out of the showers.

EDDIE

Excuse me? I'm looking for my wife.

WOMAN

There's no one else inside. Did you check the other showers?

She points off through the camp. Eddie rushes off.

AT THE SECOND SET OF SHOWERS

Ellen leaves--heading back on the path towards the campsite--towards the agents.

IN THE CAMPGROUNDS

The agents head to the interior of the camp, showing photos.

AT THE SECOND SET OF SHOWERS

Eddie arrives and finds them deserted. He's near frantic. He begins doubling back, picking his way through the tents, clotheslines and fires.

It's getting dark.

IN THE CAMPGROUNDS

Ellen comes into open ground--within eyesight of the agents. She steps behind A CLOTHESLINE before they turn and see her. She turns around a corner

AND RUNS SMACK INTO EDDIE.

ELLEN

Eddie--what are you doing out here--

EDDIE

They're here.

A bolt of realization hits Ellen. She knows why they're here.

ELLEN

Oh my God.

They cut behind some trees and begin making their way back to their camp.

THE AGENTS are now randomly searching through campsites, sensing that something is wrong. They, too, begin making their way towards Eddie's camp.

BEHIND A TENT

The Golds crouch like commandos.

They scurry IN BETWEEN CARS.

They're almost back to the R.V.--they make a break for it.

AN AGENT COMES INTO IMMEDIATE VIEW

THEY DUCK INTO A TENT BEFORE HE SEES THEM.

OUTSIDE THE TENT

The agent catches something in his peripheral. He turns and walks slowly through the campsite. He stops near the tent.

INSIDE THE TENT

Eddie holds his hands over the mouths of TWO TERRIFIED ELDER CAMPERS. Ellen makes hand motions--trying to calm them down.

OUTSIDE THE TENT

The agent moves on.

INSIDE THE TENT

Ellen watches out the mesh window--waiting until he's gone.

OUTSIDE THE TENT

Eddie and Ellen slide out and SPRINT the last fifty yards to the R.V. They jump in and take off--trying to be casual.

ON THE CAMPGROUND ROAD

The R.V. cruises slowly past one of the agents--Ellen crouched as low as she can.

They make it out of the campgrounds.

EXT. THE HIGHWAY - MINUTES LATER

The R.V. cruises down the road, the Golds barely breathing.

EXT. DESOLATE WOODED AREA - NIGHT

The R.V. is parked half-hidden.

INT. R.V. - SAME

Eddie is taking apart the R.V. compass and putting it back together again.

Ellen's been crying.

EDDIE

Look. You made a mistake. It's understandable. Stop crucifying yourself.

ELLEN

It's just--I should have known. I shouldn't have called. And I knew it. If I'd a thought for a second.

EDDIE

I should have reminded you. But it never crossed my mind. I never think about...things like that.

The two lapse into silence.

ELLEN

I'm sorry. I really am.

Eddie turns to her.

EDDIE

So am I.

Eddie reaches across and rubs the back of her neck. Tries to calm them both down.

EDDIE (cont.)

Do you know what I was thinking about?

ELLEN

I wouldn't want to guess.

EDDIE

Sleeping on top of the covers. Bags packed.

ELLEN
We'll manage.

EDDIE
They'll find us. Eventually
they'll find us.

ELLEN
What do you want to do?

EDDIE
I want to go back. Find out
what's happening. Find a real way
out. So we can start over.

Ellen nods, understanding. Eddie taps his finger on his head.

EDDIE (cont.)
It's not so great always. Being
in here.

She nods again.

ON THE ROAD

As the Golds drive a two-lane highway up the coast.

INSIDE THE R.V.

Ellen sleeps as Eddie drinks coffee and drives non-stop.

EXT. FANCY HOTEL - NIGHT

Eddie pulls the R.V. up to the valet and wakes up Ellen.

ELLEN
Huh? Where are--Eddie!
This is the Royal!

A valet opens up her door and begins unloading luggage.

EDDIE
No one says you have to
hide out in a rat hole.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LATER

Eddie parks the r.v. in a back corner.

INT. BEAUTIFUL SUITE - A BIT LATER

The lap of luxury. Eddie picks his way through a fruit
basket. He's reading the paper.

Ellen watches him from an easy chair.

ELLEN

How long before they figure out we're here?

EDDIE

No way to tell. But it's best to do the riskiest things first.

He tears something out of the paper.

ELLEN

Such as?

EDDIE

I thought I'd turn over a new leaf by doing something stupid.

EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY - DAY

A figure walks across the grounds. Eddie.

INT. SCIENCES BUILDING - DAY

Eddie finds his way into an auditorium. It looks like a lecture. But on closer examination we realize that it is

THE CHEMIST'S MEMORIAL SERVICE

Eddie takes a xeroxed program from an usher. The program is decorated with all sorts of scientific symbols and photos of the Chemist--a tribute to his life and his genius.

AT THE PODIUM

a student extols the virtues of the Chemist. It's irreverent but still sad.

Up close we can see Eddie's crying. We can also see

TWO MEN who don't seem to fit in with the rest of the mourners. Their eyes scan the crowd instead of watching the service.

Eddie sees them, too. He quietly slips out.

INT. THE AGENCY TESTING CENTER - DAY

The Suit holds court over his agents.

THE SUIT

This is my country.
 (gesturing to the room) This
 is America to me. And you
 are the hard-working citizens
 who are supposed to make this
 country work.

No one makes eye contact with him.

THE SUIT (cont.)

A recreational vehicle. Well.
 I can see how that would
 slip through your grasp. (beat)
 If you were a fucking idiot!
 (beat) Gentlemen. Please. Someone
 find me the r.v. For an appetizer.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NORFOLK OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A large glass building, home of "ISSUES JOURNAL".

INT. ISSUES JOURNAL OFFICE - DAY

SUZANNE BARNES, 40s, leaves the office for the bathroom.

INT. THE BATHROOM - SAME

She enters and is about to go into a stall when she sees

ELLEN hiding in the corner. She almost screams but Ellen
 grabs her mouth, gestures for her to be quiet. Pulls her into
 a stall. Suzanne's hysterical--her close friend is alive.

ELLEN

Please don't ask because
 I can't tell you.

She nods, just happy to see Ellen breathing.

ELLEN (cont.)

I need your help.

INT. THE SUBWAY - DAY

Eddie rides the train.

EXT. THE SUIT'S HOUSE - DAY

Eddie watches as A CLEANING LADY leaves The Suit's house.

EXT. THE DIRT ALLEY - A LITTLE LATER

Eddie enters the alley from the opposite end. After a hundred yards he reaches THE SUIT'S BACKYARD.

Keeping in the cover of the trees, Eddie slips over the low fence and sits down. Again, he waits.

EXT. THE SUIT'S BACKYARD - LATER

Sure that no one has seen him, Eddie makes his way across the backyard. He quickly picks the lock on the back door and lets himself in.

INT. THE SUIT'S KITCHEN - SAME

The kitchen is extremely neat and well-decorated. If one didn't know better, they'd think it was a showplace not somebody's home.

Eddie stands in the middle of the kitchen, not really knowing what to do. It's strange, being this close to his mentor.

He goes to the refrigerator, pulls out a piece of steak marinating on a plate. Puts it back.

A SERIES OF SHOTS: EDDIE SEARCHING THE HOUSE

Drawers, closets, the bedroom, the bathroom, everywhere. Eddie can't find a single personal effect with The Suit's name on it. Nothing that allows him any leverage.

He digs through the trash in the kitchen. Not a single envelope. Frustrating.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - GEORGETOWN

Ellen knocks on a door. DEBI, 20s opens it.

DEBI

Yes? Can I help you?

Ellen offers one of SUZANNE'S BUSINESS CARDS.

ELLEN

Can I talk to you about Theresa Banks?

A pained look comes over Debi.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - LATER

Debi's been crying.

DEBI

So, like, I don't have a clue, you know? She dated lots of guys, worked her ass off. But who'da thought?

ELLEN

Did she seem unusually attached to Senator Culver?

DEBI

Not like you'd think. It was really like a father/daughter thing. He'd been in Vietnam. Theresa's dad had died there. I wouldn't have believed it if the note hadn't have been there.

ELLEN

But it was there.

DEBI

I...found it. Found her.

She starts to cry again.

DEBI

Sorry. I've been a wreck. Haven't even taken back her stuff for her.

She gestures to a pile of books--all marked "LIBRARY OF CONGRESS".

EXT. THE APARTMENT COMPLEX - LATER

Ellen struggles down the stairs carrying all of the books.

INT. THE SUIT'S STUDY - SAME

Eddie sits at The Suit's desk, papers everywhere. Useless papers. It's decorated with some of those tacky cut crystal and rock paperweights you'd get at the Grand Canyon.

Eddie picks one up, rolling his eyes with disgust and frustration. He puts it down too close to another and bumps it. The melon-sized rock tips over--a bit of an extreme reaction from such a small bump.

Eddie picks up the big rock--it feels light. He turns it around until he finds what he's looking for and TWISTS IT.

THE ROCK OPENS IN TWO PIECES. Inside is a folded up piece of yellowed paper.

Eddie opens it--it's an OLD MAP OF THE U.S. WITH NUMBERS AND LETTERS WRITTEN ALL OVER IT.

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Eddie and Ellen pour over A XEROX COPY OF THE MAP.

EDDIE

So it looks like a couple different codes here. First, you've got these numbers here.

Eddie points to "78195".

EDDIE (cont.)

Each of them is next to a city. Some cities have a couple sets. And then most of them have these initials: "A.U." That's all over the place.

Ellen flips through the library books.

ELLEN

Something on the Black Panthers. The Weathermen. The Student Movement during Vietnam. Looks more like a college research paper.

EDDIE

Don't forget the Senator loved to play up that Vietnam vet thing. Not that he'd need her to research it for him.

ELLEN

Maybe. These are all domestic problems--he wouldn't have been around for this stuff.

Eddie nods as he plucks a card out of one of the books:

A CARD ADDRESSED TO DEBI FOR THERESA'S WAKE.

EDDIE

Looks like we missed the wake.

Ellen looks at the card.

EDDIE (cont.)

Still might be nice to pay a visit to Theresa's mom tomorrow. She lives in town.

Ellen tucks the card away.

EXT. THE SUIT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Suit pulls up in his car.

INT. THE SUIT'S HOUSE - SAME

The Suit enters, hanging up his coat. He's about to walk into his living room when he senses something is wrong:

FOOTPRINTS ON THE FRESHLY VACUUMED CARPET.

Immediately on alert, The Suit takes a gun out of his briefcase and searches the house: nothing.

He moves to the desk and opens the rock. The map is still there. He pulls a portable phone out of his briefcase--makes a call.

THE SUIT

I want you to pull back your search for that r.v. into the metro area. He's here.

He hangs up. Puts the map in his briefcase.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie is setting up A VIDEO CAMERA and aiming it out the window. He focuses it across the street on another building. Turns it on.

Finished, Eddie leans against the window as Ellen paces around the room.

EDDIE

What's up?

ELLEN

Nancy Drew. I was thinking about Nancy Drew. Solve the mystery, get out of danger. We find out why Culver was killed, who ordered it. We get to live happily ever after. Nancy Drew.

EDDIE

Who's Nancy Drew?

ELLEN

You must be kidding. You never read Nancy Drew as a kid?

Eddie looks at her as if to say: "Why would I?"

ELLEN
You're like the Elephant Man,
you know that?

INT. BANKS LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pictures of Theresa Banks dot the landscape of a middle class living room. A family still in mourning. JANET BANKS holds Ellen's fake business card as SARA BANKS, 15, serves coffee to Ellen.

JANET
Well I appreciate trying
to do Theresa a fair turn,
I do. It's just--

She takes hold of Sara's hand.

JANET
Please leave us alone, Sara.

The girl leaves.

ELLEN
I know this isn't something
you want to dredge up. But
if she said anything to you
which may have suggested a
different version of the story--

JANET
No. I told you no.

ELLEN
She doesn't seem like the type--

JANET
Do they ever?

Ellen sees Sara through doorway, staring at her. Disarming.

ELLEN (distracted)
Excuse me?

JANET
Well they never seem like the type.
Theresa was a Brownie, actually.

Janet seems to drift, lost in the memory of her daughter. Ellen notices Sara again, looking at her with more than curious attention.

EXT. THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS - INTERCUT

Eddie climbs the steps carrying Theresa Banks's books.

INT. THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS - SAME

Eddie approaches a woman at a desk.

EDDIE

I'd like to return these.

The woman flips through the books.

WOMAN

Special Collections. Upstairs

INT. SPECIAL COLLECTIONS - LATER

Eddie enters a smaller room of stacks. He puts the books on a counter in front of an old man.

The man begins SCANNING them through into a computer.

THE SCREEN READS: BANKS, THERESA. ID#97349373 OVERDUE

Eddie wanders the room, looking for anything which may relate to Theresa or the Senator.

OLD MAN

These are very overdue.

EDDIE

Excuse me?

OLD MAN

They're very late. It's gonna cost your office. Lemme pull up the file here.

He presses a button and

INT. ANOTHER OFFICE - SAME

AN OLD WOMAN works at a computer--the SAME WOMAN we saw watching Theresa in the library. She hears a BEEPING SOUND.

She presses a few buttons. The screen reads:

"BANKS, THERESA. FILE ACTIVE"

She picks up the phone.

EXT. BANKS HOUSE - SAME

Ellen thanks Theresa's mother for her help--woeful as it was. She walks down the steps, turning back to see

SARA STARING AT HER THROUGH THE WINDOW.

Ellen gets into the rental car. Disturbed.

INT. THE AGENCY CENTER - SAME

An annoyed Suit watches as a junior agent cleans his gun.

THE SUIT

What're you doing?

JUNIOR AGENT

Cleaning my weapon.

THE SUIT

Kind of like a priest buying condoms, isn't it?

JUNIOR AGENT

Excuse me?

THE SUIT

Think about it, son.

The agent is saved the answer by another agent bursting through the doors.

AGENT

May have something. Banks's file went active at the LOC.

THE SUIT

Pretend I speak English.

AGENT

The library called. Your books are in.

The Suit nods.

INT. THE LIBRARY - SAME

The old man finishes up the paperwork on the overdue books.

OLD MAN

You know her, did you?

EDDIE

Theresa? Yes.

OLD MAN
Just terrible. Wonderful girl.

EDDIE
She spent a lot of time here?

OLD MAN
Almost every night. Mostly periodicals.

EDDIE
Really? Anything specific?

OLD MAN
She was obsessed with death.

EDDIE
Death?

OLD MAN
Gruesome stories. Fires. Car crashes. Explosions.

EDDIE
You keep a record? Of requests or anything like that?

OLD MAN
Just what's on her card. Lemme take a look for you.

He presses a few buttons.

OLD MAN (cont.)
Hmmm. System's a bit stubborn. Her file doesn't seem to access. Did just a minute ago.

Eddie notices the OLD WOMAN (who called The Agency) staring at him from a back office, trying to look casual.

EDDIE (quickly)
You know that's quite all right. Maybe another time.

OLD MAN
Are you sure?

Eddie nods, backing away from the desk. He turns and makes for the room exit.

The woman watches him leave and then slips out of her office to try and follow.

OUT IN THE HALLWAY

the woman slips out but can't see Eddie because of the other library patrons.

In her hand is a SMALL SILENCED PISTOL.

INT. ANOTHER PERIODICAL ROOM - SAME

Eddie quickly walks around the perimeter of the room. He finally finds what he's looking for: A POSTED FLOORPLAN FOR EMERGENCIES.

INT. THE ENTRANCE TO THE LIBRARY

FOUR MEN, INCLUDING THE BLOND, ENTER.

They try to look casual as they split up and begin searching the massive library.

INT. STAIRWELL

Eddie sprints down the stairwell and through a door INTO THE LIBRARY STACKS

Rows and rows of books. Stretching almost to the ceiling.

UP IN THE HALLWAY

The librarian/agent hears a door slam. She moves to the stairwell, palming her gun.

IN THE STACKS

Another agent enters the room as the old woman agent enters from another door. They begin sweeping the aisles.

THROUGH A CRACK IN THE STACKS

Eddie sees the old woman stalking him. He moves away from her towards the other exit. Towards the other agent, who we now see is barely concealing a SILENCED NINE MILLIMETER PISTOL.

He moves in Eddie's direction.

Eddie sees the vague shape of the agent through the stacks, but has no idea if the man is friend or foe.

Eddie ducks down and quickly heads in the opposite direction.

THE AGENT COMES UP TO THE END OF HIS AISLE AND TURNS DOWN EDDIE'S AISLE.

Nothing.

The other agent moves out of her row into Eddie's row. The two agents see each other. Panic in their eyes as they realize they may have lost him.

BUT AS THE CAMERA PANS UP we realize that Eddie hasn't escaped the room. Instead,

HE'S LYING ON HIS STOMACH ON TOP OF THE TALL BOOKSHELVES.

From his view he can see both agents. He almost hyperventilates. And worse, one of his legs slips off the shelf and he kicks a book, knocking it close to the edge.

The agents begin to move away. But now Eddie's got this book teetering on the edge of the shelf. He can barely see it but he knows it might fall.

Gently, painfully, he tries with his foot to push the book back into its spot.

The agents have almost finished their search of the area.

The book almost falls--but Eddie manages to get it back in.

The agents leave the stacks. Eddie regains his composure and climbs back down the monstrous stack.

THE MAIN ENTRANCE ROTUNDA - MINUTES LATER

Eddie hides behind a cart of books while scanning the area. He can spot at least one suspicious man in the rotunda.

Eddie watches people come in and out of the library through the metal detectors.

But wait. They're not metal detectors. They're BOOK detectors.

He pushes the cart into the rotunda, keeping his head down. As he passes near the gates he shoves the cart slightly and lets it roll towards the gates.

He continues to walk briskly across the wide open rotunda.

The cart of books rolls into the electric eye of the detectors, knocking books off in the electric field.

ALARMS SOUND!

An employee runs towards the gate, as does the agent. The employee pulls the cart out but the spilled books keep the alarm going off.

The agent knows something is happening but he's not sure where. He runs outside to look as Eddie FOLLOWS him out--slipping into the crowd as the agent looks the other way.

INT. THE SUBWAY - MINUTES LATER

Eddie sits on a train, about to have a nervous breakdown.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BANKS HOUSE - SAME

Ellen's still sitting in her car. She's been waiting for a while. Finally Mrs. Banks exits the house, gets in her car and drives off.

Ellen hurries to the door and knocks. Young Sara answers.

ELLEN

Hello Sara.

SARA

Hi.

ELLEN

Did you have something you wanted to say?

INT. SARA'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The room is a mixture of child and teen, revealing the transition years of young adulthood.

Ellen sits on Sara's bed holding a Barbie doll and admiring the vintage Barbie house Sara has placed in front of her on the bed.

ELLEN

It's beautiful.

SARA

It was Theresa's. She gave it to me.

ELLEN

You've kept it up wonderfully.

SARA

She gave it to me last month.

Ellen's eyes widen.

SARA (cont.)

She said if anything happened to her that I should put it in a box and mail it here.

Sara holds out a piece of paper.

ELLEN

Jenny Culver? The Senator's daughter?

SARA

But then I heard all this
bad stuff about him and Theresa.
And then he died.

ELLEN

So you didn't send it?

Sara shrugs, ashamed of herself. Ellen reaches out and touches her arm. The girl is near tears.

SARA

Theresa and I used to use
the doll house for secrets.
We hid them inside so my
mother wouldn't find them.

ELLEN

I can understand why you'd want
to hold on to it.

Sara shakes her head "no". She reaches into the dollhouse and lifts up the carpet in the bedroom.

ANGLE ON: A thin envelope concealed underneath.

Sara pulls it out and hands it to an incredulous Ellen.

INT. THE AGENCY FARMHOUSE - DAY

The Suit among the shooting targets, resetting them by hand.
A way to think--like Eddie and his card houses.
Agents talk to him as he weaves amongst building facades.

AGENT

On the bright side, at least
we know he's interested in Banks.

THE SUIT

We could have guessed that.

AGENT

The wife saw the roommate.

THE SUIT

We *should* have guessed that.

The agent proudly holds up THE ISSUES JOURNAL BUSINESS CARD with SUZANNE'S NAME ON IT.

AGENT

And we know how they've been getting to people.

The Suit smiles.

EXT. LARGE HOUSE - DAY

An American flag flies outside at half-mast. Eddie's at the door. He speaks to a woman in her fifties.

INT. SENATOR CULVER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eddie picks through the Senator's Vietnam memorabilia as HIS WIDOW (the woman in her fifties) rambles on about the heroism of her dead husband.

WIDOW CULVER

...and how they could slander a man who got the Purple Heart and the Medal of....

Eddie tries to stay interested even though he knows this is getting him nowhere. Something's here but he can't figure it.

INT. AGENCY FARMHOUSE - LATER

A computer expert sits at a terminal with The Suit over his shoulder.

EXPERT

They used Barnes' credit card to rent a car. We're getting the make and place of rental. God knows what else they've got access to.

The Suit leans over and taps the terminal with his finger.

THE SUIT

I'll tell you what they've got access to...information.

SAME SCENE: LATER

Fingers tapping on keys. Scrolls of words on a computer screen. We are still AT THE COMPUTER TERMINAL. The Suit seems more anxious. The expert types breezily.

THE SUIT

Sure you can get in?

EXPERT

Almost there... Are you sure they're going to look here?

THE SUIT

I would. He would.

The expert spins around in chair.

EXPERT

That's three x's straight across. Tic-tac-fucking-toe. Whattya want me to add?

The Suit looks down at the FOLDED MAP IN HIS HANDS. On a corner of the document you can see the initials "A.U".

THE SUIT

Just a name.

CUT TO:

A laser printer printing off a list of names. Suzanne Barnes takes the list of names and slips it into a manila envelope.

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Ellen and Eddie sit at the table. In front of them is:

THE CONTENTS OF THE DOLLHOUSE ENVELOPE:

A KEY AND A PIECE OF TRACING PAPER WITH TWO SETS OF NUMBERS WRITTEN ON IT:

1--43, 8--22

The large card house on the floor gives testament to the fact that Ellen and Eddie have been at it for a while.

EDDIE

I think it's safe to say that these numbers somehow would have told Culver where to use this key.

ELLEN

Great. We've got a piece of tracing paper only two people would understand.

EDDIE

Both of them dead.

ELLEN

And we've got a map with numbers
only one person understands.

EDDIE

And he wants to kill us.

This last part does not sit well with Eddie. Not at all.

INT. THE FARMHOUSE - SAME

An agent enters as the Suit works at his desk.

AGENT

Traced the rental car. It's out
of a hotel downtown.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LATER

The Suit and three other agents stare at EDDIE'S R.V. parked
deep in the parking garage.

THE SUIT

Let's sweep the place.

The agents march in unison out of the garage. And as we pull
back we realize

THIS ISN'T EDDIE'S HOTEL.

In fact, it's the one across the street.

INT. THE AGENCY CAR - LATER

The disappointed agents drive back towards the command post.
The Suit deep in thought.

AGENT

Must have just missed him.

THE SUIT

The whole thing seems a bit
convenient, don't you think?

INT. EDDIE'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME

The video camera is plugged into the back of the hotel t.v.
Eddie and Ellen study the faces of the four agents as they
exit the parking garage. Streetlights illuminate them
clearly. He gets up and returns to the table, looking at the
map.

ELLEN

I hope Suzanne's okay.

EDDIE
She'll be fine.

INT. ISSUES JOURNAL - NIGHT

It's late and most everyone's gone home. Suzanne watches as the cleaning lady finishes with the women's bathroom. After the woman leaves, Suzanne enters and slides the manila envelope under the heavy trash can.

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

Suzanne exits the building and heads for the train.

ANGLE ON: A man on the street who walks by her and LIFTS HIS HAT as he goes by.

ANGLE ON: Two men in a car who sees the signal identifying Suzanne. They pull out into the traffic, speeding up as she

STEPS INTO THE STREET--NEVER SEEING THE CAR DRIVING WITH ITS LIGHTS OFF AS IT SMASHES INTO HER AND SPEEDS OFF.

The MAN WITH THE HAT rushes out into the street, screaming for help.

MAN IN HAT
Oh God! Hurry! Someone get
an ambulance!

He leans over her checking to make sure she's dead.

He also frisks her quickly, ensuring she's not carrying any important information destined for the Golds.

Satisfied, he slips off into the growing crowd.

INT. THE FARMHOUSE - LATER

The Suit lies on his cot, trying to catch a few minutes rest. The Blond Man interrupts.

BLOND MAN
Barnes is done. She was clean.
That was quite a risk, you know.

THE SUIT
I thought you'd appreciate the
brutality of the whole thing.

BLOND MAN
But if she hasn't already made
the drop it's a fucking waste.

The suit nods, he knows that's a possibility.

THE SUIT

She made it. I've got a good feeling.

BLOND MAN

Nice to know you're making major decisions using woman'intuition.

The suit's about to jump down his throat when the blond man smirks and leaves. The Suit lies back on the cot. He's getting old and knows it.

EXT. PARK ACROSS FROM ISSUES JOURNAL - DAY

Eddie and Ellen, dressed as joggers, pay a young girl some money. The girl heads across the street towards the magazine. The Golds do a turn around the park.

EXT. THE PARK - MINUTES LATER

Pretending to stretch out, the Golds await the arrival of the young girl. She arrives, carrying the MANILA ENVELOPE.

She hands it over in exchange for more cash.

YOUNG GIRL

No wonder you won't go in.
It's so crowded in there. All those police.

ELLEN

What are you talking about?

YOUNG GIRL

One of their bosses or something got killed. Cops are up there looking for witnesses and stuff.

Ellen is stricken. The Golds know it must be Suzanne.

EDDIE (to the girl)

Thank you very much for your help.

The girl shrugs and leaves. Ellen collapses in Eddie's arms.

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The two enter. Ellen flops down into the chair. Distraught.

Eddie kneels down next to her, reaches to stroke her hair. She pushes his hand away--pissed at him, the Suit, the whole fucking lot of them.

He pulls back. She gets up and goes to the bathroom.

INT. HOTEL ROOM/BATHROOM - LATER

INTERCUT

Eddie sits outside the partially closed bathroom door. It's not locked but he respects her space.

In front of him is a single card tower, like a skyscraper.

Inside the bathroom, Ellen sits on the floor.

EDDIE

My mother used to tell me
my father was a superhero.
Before he died. Whenever I
asked about him, she'd say:
"Don't worry about Dad--
he's Superman." Or Spiderman,
or whoever I was into then.
That type of thing was just
getting big.

Ellen picks her head up. She's never heard this story before.

EDDIE (cont.)

When I was in high school, after my
father died, I wrote a paper on the
origin of superheroes.

ELLEN

So where'd they come from? These
superheroes?

EDDIE

A lot of them were created by
Jewish cartoonists as a reaction
to World War II. Feelings of
powerlessness, fear. Their demons.
They created to fight their demons.

Eddie stares at his tower of cards. He gives it a flick and
knocks it down. He turns to see Ellen has opened the door and
come out. She smiles sadly at him, clearly moved.

She sits down next to him. He reaches out to stroke her hair.
This time she welcomes it. Tears come.

INT. HOTEL ROOM- LATER

Eddie studies the list Suzanne compiled. Ellen sits across in
the table, eyes red, but composed.

Eddie pushes the list over to her, his finger on a name.

ELLEN
Albert Utley.

EDDIE
Albert Utley.

EXT. MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

The Golds slowly cruise by in a new rental car. Ellen drives, while Eddie pulls on his disguise: a Vietnam veteran's jacket, a pillow for a gut, and a long wig and beard.

EDDIE
There's seven agency employees with the initials "A.U.". But only one who's been there long enough to have his initials written on a twenty-five year old map. I go to the door like I'm collecting for some charity, identify him and leave. Later we follow.

ELLEN
That's all?

EDDIE
That's all. (beat) Drop me off here.

She pulls the car over and he exits, walking back in the other direction.

Eddie angles up a walkway, pretending to limp severely. He knocks at the door. Seconds later it swings open, revealing a kindly man near fifty years old.

EDDIE
(fumbling with a slip of paper)
'Scuse me. Is this the Utley's?
Are you Al Utley? I'm collecting for--

UTLEY
Sure I'm Al. Hold on partner.
(unlocking the screen door)

Eddie stares at the man. He looks a bit familiar.

UTLEY (cont.)
I'm a 'Nam vet myself. Lemme grab my wallet.

He turns back into his house.

UTLEY (cont.)

Step on in. I seem to have misplaced it.

Eddie takes a step into the house. Something's wrong. Suddenly he realizes what it is--this guy's face--it's from the videotape outside the hotel. He's one of the suit's men!

Just then Utley wheels around, a silenced pistol in his hand. Eddie throws himself through the screen door just as the man FIRES at him, GRAZING his shoulder.

IN THE CAR

Ellen watches as Eddie rolls off the porch and takes off across a neighboring yard.

She guns the engine and takes off in his direction.

Utley can't get a clear shot and takes off after him on foot.

A car with two agents in it takes off after Ellen as she squeals through the residential section, looking for Eddie while at the same time now avoiding the agents.

Utley jogs through a yard unable to find Eddie. He stands in the middle of a lawn.

Utley sees A SHAPE and turns to shoot: almost firing at a LARGE DOG which amiably trots across the lawn and crawls into his dog house.

Utley runs on while

INSIDE THE DOG HOUSE

Eddie shares a cramped space with the huge sheepdog.

BUT INSIDE THE CAR

Ellen's frantic. She can't find Eddie, she can't shake these guys if she doesn't try to leave the neighborhood. But she can't leave Eddie here.

She whips around another corner, finding herself back in front of Utley's house. And he's out front--firing at her car!

He hits her side window, almost making her lose control. The agents' car gains on her, at her bumper now.

Ellen can't get any distance and almost smashes into a huge elm tree as she bounds up onto a sidewalk and then

SMASH!

In her rear view mirror Ellen sees a METAL TRASH CAN CRASH THROUGH THE AGENTS' WINDSHIELD, sending them careening into another tree.

She looks back to see

Eddie burst through a hedge and sprint to her car, climbing in as they pull away. A bleeding Eddie watches in the mirror as the two agents extricate themselves from the car.

INT. THE SUBWAY - NIGHT

Eddie holds a rag to his shoulder as Ellen clutches the other arm tight. They're both scared as hell.

INT. THE HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Eddie patches up his slight wound with a first-aid kit. Ellen sits on the floor, leaning on the wall.

ELLEN

So there's no Al Utley.

EDDIE

Anyone coming and asking for Al Utley was to be killed. He knows I've got a copy of the map and he's using it against me.

Ellen traces patterns with her finger in the floor tile. Trying to maintain composure.

ELLEN

And that means Suzanne got killed for nothing.

INT. THE FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Only a skeleton crew at the shooting range. The Suit sits by himself, sipping ice water. He rises from his desk and heads out. The Blond Man watches him leave.

INT. AGENCY BASEMENT - LATER

A dark storage room full of files. Even spooks have records. The Suit leafs through the contents of a large expandable file. But he's not reading them, he's preparing to SHRED THEM in a PAPER SHREDDER.

Some of the papers seem to be reports, but a lot of them are newspaper articles--many look like the same types Theresa was pulling off of microfiche in the Library of Congress.

Various photos of terrorist violence split into dozens of strips as they go through the shredder.

The suit pulls out the NEWSWEEK MAGAZINE that Theresa had copied--the one with the "A.U." on the cover. As it goes through the shredder we see the caption: "AMERICA'S DEADLIEST RADICALS".

The suit looks up to see The Blond watching him from the doorway.

BLOND MAN

Like fighting a shadow, isn't it?

The suit continues to shred.

BLOND MAN (cont.)

You should have killed him long ago, when you had the chance.

The suit stops his work, flipping through some of the pages.

THE SUIT (distant)

Did you know that Kennedy and I were the same age? Shit. Even he didn't know what was going on. He and LBJ, like parents of a family out of control. A dysfunctional family. These groups--children throwing rocks at their elders like a goddamn tree fort fight. They were tearing the country apart.

THE BLOND

And what was a little more tearing, then? If you can't beat 'em...?

THE SUIT

You weren't here, were you?

THE BLOND

No. I was there.

The Blond disappears from the doorway as The Suit contemplates his work.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Ellen sits curled up in a chair, wearing Eddie's Vietnam jacket over a t-shirt.

She looks like she hasn't slept much. Eddie sits at the kitchen table with the map and tracing paper in front of him. He taps the key on the tracing paper, thinking.

ELLEN

I wonder when her funeral is. It wasn't in the paper.

EDDIE

We can't go to the funeral.

ELLEN

I know that. But maybe some day. Maybe some day I'll be able to go to the cemetery and tell her how sorry I am. What we did.

Eddie looks up at her, a curious look on his face. He picks up the tracing paper.

ELLEN

Why are you staring at me?

EDDIE

I'm not. I'm staring at that shirt.

He folds up the tracing paper and puts it in his pocket.

EXT. VIETNAM WAR MEMORIAL - DAY

Eddie and Ellen stand in front of the black marble war memorial, watching as veterans rub the names of their fallen comrades into TRACING PAPER.

Eddie approaches, bearing both the piece of paper with the numbers on it and also a fresh piece.

He looks at the first set of numbers: 1--43. He walks to the first row of names on the memorial and counts forty three names down: JAMES FURMAN. He traces it.

He looks at the next set of numbers: 8--22. He traces the twenty-second name in the eight row: LAWRENCE WASHINGTON.

EXT. A PARK BENCH - DAY

Eddie and Ellen pour over an Arlington city map.

EXT. CITY INTERSECTION - DAY

The couple stands at the corner of WASHINGTON and FURMAN.

They stare at the ARLINGTON FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

INT. THE BANK - LATER

A clerk helps Ellen open a safety deposit box. Ellen pulls out a large manila envelope.

INT. THE FARMHOUSE - SAME

The Suit takes target practice. He stops in the middle of his round. A junior agent notices.

THE SUIT

Why'd he need to bring that
r.v. into the city? He could
have dumped that thing anywhere.

The Suit heads to his desk, deep in thought.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ellen pours over xeroxes of newspaper clippings while Eddie sits in the chair, reading a few handwritten pages in Theresa's neat, flowing handwriting.

ANGLE ON THE NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS AS ELLEN READS THEM ALOUD:

"American Underground calls for Vietnam Withdrawal."

"American Underground Claims Bombing of Draft Office."

"Death of Police Officer Blamed on Radical American
Underground"

On and on. Twenty-five year old articles, all pertaining to the American Underground.

ELLEN

The American Underground. I
remember these guys. Didn't
they car bomb some lawyer who
was prosecuting draft dodgers?
I hated these guys. And I
was against the war. A.U.

Eddie brings over the map, picks up one of the articles.

EDDIE

December 4, 1968. Chicago. Bombing.

He finds Chicago on the map. The handwritten number is 68412.

EDDIE

This is the date right here.
It's just backwards.

ELLEN
Jesus Christ.

Ellen picks up another article.

ELLEN (cont.)
San Francisco. July 10, 1969.

She finds it on the map. It matches.

ELLEN (cont.)
He's got a record of all the
American Underground killings.

Eddie reads from Theresa's notes.

EDDIE
Theresa was researching public
backlash over the action of
radical groups during Vietnam.

ELLEN
Why that?

EDDIE
The Senator liked to play
up his Vietnam associations
to veterans groups, remember?
Big vote getter, he figured.
Anyway, Theresa goes overboard.
She stumbles over an old conspiracy
theory which supposedly implicates
the government in radical violence.
She decides to take it seriously.

ELLEN
The government sponsors the
American Underground in order
to discredit the anti-war movement?

Eddie nods, holding up the map.

EDDIE
The government was the American
Underground.

She fingers the articles, disbelieving.

ELLEN
They did this?

EDDIE

Someone must have caught wind of
Theresa's interest in the A.U.
Remember I told you about my
friend at the Library of Congress?

Ellen takes the map from Eddie.

ELLEN

But what about all these? 1974,
1976, '77. All these through
the eighties? The war's over.
What's A.U. doing here?

EDDIE

We're going to have to find out.

EXT. ISSUES JOURNAL - NIGHT

Ellen and Eddie stand hidden in the park across the street.
Eddie has BINOCULARS and is watching something by the
building:

A BUM SITTING AGAINST THE FRONT DOORS.

Just then the bum pulls off one of his gloves to light a
cigarette. Eddie sees the FLASH OF A WEDDING RING. He smiles.

EDDIE

Looks like they left one just
in case we came back. Is there
another way in?

ELLEN

Kind of.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The Golds climb up an incredibly old and poorly maintained
fire escape.

EXT. A FIRE ESCAPE WINDOW - LATER

Eddie expertly jimmy's open a window.

INT. ISSUES JOURNAL - CLIPPINGS MORGUE

Eddie and Ellen pour through old magazine and newspaper
articles in the magazine's extensive clippings collection.

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The couple enter and dump a bundle of articles onto the
table.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The map is taped to the wall. Covering it is newspaper and magazine articles, obituaries and headlines. A veritable collage of murders, accidents and explosions. Some political figures, some businessmen, philanthropists, etc. A cross-section of America's prominent and influential. Mostly all killed in "accidents."

Eddie and Ellen look like they've witnessed all of them.

ELLEN (overwhelmed)
To kill this many people. In your own country. To... "hit" them. For political, financial, Jesus, whatever reasons. A domestic hit squad. So many "accidents".

Eddie stares at the blow-up of a wrecked car. The car in front of it catches his attention. Specifically, the BUMPER STICKER on the car: "AU + H2O = Goldwater in '64"

A concerned look comes over Eddie. He begins rummaging through the papers until he finds the object of his search:

THE CHEMIST'S WRINKLED MEMORIAL SERVICE PROGRAM.

ELLEN (cont.)
And to cover it all up by killing more people.

Eddie turns the memorial program over in his hands. On the back is various chemical symbols in memory of the deceased's skills. Included is A PERIODIC CHART--showing the chemical abbreviations for the elements.

Showing one in particular: AU: GOLD. As in *Eddie Gold*. Eddie flashes back to where he found the map: inside a fake mineral. The Suit's private joke with himself.

ELLEN
All this to protect murderers.

Eddie hands her the periodic chart and the Goldwater photo.

EDDIE
All of this to protect me.

She sees the implications, gasps. These are all Eddie's kills. All from his own inventions. HE is the unwitting hub of the American Underground. He and the Suit.

He points to a random article.

EDDIE

This is me. I killed him.

He points to another.

EDDIE

This is me, too. I killed them.

Ellen goes to him.

ELLEN

Don't do this.

He shakes her off. Starts smashing his fist into the map.

EDDIE

And him. And her. And I killed this one, too. And this one!

He rips the map off of the wall, screaming.

EDDIE (cont.)

I killed every goddamn one of them!

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Eddie stares out the window. Ellen sits on the bed, packing everything up. He's been talking a while.

EDDIE

Things come to me. Full-formed. Like thoughts. But they're...things. Objects.

EDDIE'S POV: Out the window in the dead of night he sees a sedan pull up in front of the hotel opposite his.

EDDIE (cont.)

It's all about the source. The wellspring. The fear that it may dry up. That the ground may crack. And me with it. Where would I be?

He sees The Suit and three other agents get out. They begin looking around, eventually up to his hotel.

EDDIE (cont.)

We've gotten to the bottom of it. And you know what's there? Not the evil empire. Not "enemies of state".

EDDIE (cont.)

Not "foreign threats". It's husbands and sons and daughters. (quoting) 'It's Americans whacking good old Americans under the fucking Washington monument.' Conclusive.

ELLEN

Don't do this to yourself.

Eddie watches as the agents cross the street to their hotel.

EDDIE

It's time to go, El. Exodus.

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - MINUTES LATER

The Golds carry their stuff down the stairs. He doesn't let on to Ellen that the agents are close by.

EXT. HOTEL SIDE EXIT - NIGHT

They slip out a door into an alley, cutting around behind the hotel.

INT. THE HOTEL - SAME

Agents quiz the bellhops and night managers about the Golds. They get a room number and head up.

The Suit stands in the lobby, wondering if he's too late.

EXT. STREET - SAME

The Golds calmly walk across the street into the hotel parking structure where the r.v. was originally parked.

Seconds later they emerge in their car and drive off, leaving The Suit standing in the lobby with a confused bunch of agents standing next to him.

INT. THE HOTEL LOBBY - SAME

The Blond Man walks up behind The Suit and speaks quietly in his ear.

BLOND MAN

What now, Mr. President?

THE SUIT

You're an incredible asshole, you know that?

EXT/INT. THE CAR - MOVING

Eddie drives.

ELLEN

We're ghosts. No one knows we exist. We're already dead. We can make it out.

EDDIE

Yeah. Sure. We'll make it.

EXT. A TRUCK STOP - LATER

Eddie pulls into the truck stop and kills the engine at a gas pump. He puts his head on the wheel, clearly exhausted.

ELLEN

You want me to get it for you, hon?

He nods "yes". A zombie.

Ellen opens the door and gets out, moving around to the pump.

As soon as she does Eddie's head pops off the wheel, he guns the ignition and, as a horrified Ellen looks on, takes off down the road!

ELLEN

Eddie! Damn you--you stupid--
Jesus, Eddie! It doesn't matter anymore--God. No.

He's not coming back.

EXT. THE ROAD - NIGHT

Eddie speeds towards his destination. Grim.

INT. THE TRUCK STOP - SAME

Ellen sits alone at a booth, drinking coffee.

EXT. EDDIE'S ISLAND HOUSE - NIGHT

Eddie has returned home. The big house is dark and dead. The private island, deserted.

ANGLE ON THE SURROUNDING WOODS

Barely visible, Eddie watches his house. Satisfied that it's not occupied, he sneaks around back and lets himself in the back way.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - VARIOUS ROOMS - NIGHT

The place has been trashed. Searched and trashed. Eddie walks slowly through the house, devastated.

INT. EDDIE'S WORKSHOP - SAME

Eddie enters to find all of his equipment gone. His computer screens smashed. Nothing left.

Eddie begins searching around under the junk. He spies

A PORTABLE WATCHMAN which has fallen under a desk. He turns it on. The screen shows THE STUDY.

Eddie flips through a couple fuzzy channels and finds a view of THE DOCK, and then a view of THE KITCHEN. It works.

He puts it down and heads back out of the house.

INT. ALL NIGHT GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Eddie's shopping cart is filled with lighter fuel, monofilament, bleach, ammonia, boxes and boxes of kitchen matches, charcoal lighter fluid, flour, flashbulbs, and a half dozen kodak instamatics.

He takes it to the checkout counter.

INT. EDDIE'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Eddie sets down his bags of groceries. He pulls out an old tool kit with the name "Ray Bailey" painted on the side.

He begins pulling his odd assortment of supplies out of the bags and ripping open the packaging.

INT. THE TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Ellen sees a truck pull up to the fuel pump. She hustles outside and begins talking to the driver.

EXT. EDDIE'S ISLAND - NIGHT

By the light of a flashlight Eddie lays monofilament trip wire attached to contraptions made of cameras and butane.

EXT. A PATH IN THE WOODS

Eddie hides a thin metal tube in the brush. Again, he attaches trip wires. Eddie gets down on his stomach and tugs on the wire.

FWAP! A ten penny double-head nail shoots from the tube and buries itself two inches deep into a tree next to the path. Test completed, Eddie resets the trap with another nail.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Wires criss-cross the bridge. Bottles of gasoline hang underneath.

INT. EDDIE'S SHOP - NIGHT

Eddie picks up the phone and dials a number.

MAN (v/o)

Yes? Is someone there?

Eddie lays the phone on the desk without hanging it up.

MAN

How did you get this number?

Eddie walks away from his workbench, leaving the phone off the hook. As he walks away we see he is wearing HIS FATHER'S FIGHTER PILOT JACKET.

INT. THE FARMHOUSE - SAME

A half dozen agents stare at the MAN as he holds the phone.

THE SUIT

The island?

THE MAN

The island.

EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eddie sits inside, alert with nervous energy.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

A truck drops Ellen off on the side of the road. She gets her bearings, cuts across the road and begins jogging off through the trees by the roadside.

EXT. EDDIE'S BOAT DOCK - A LITTLE LATER

Water laps against the pilings. The FAINT SOUND OF AN OUTBOARD MOTOR.

ANGLE ON THE NIGHT SKY

"The Hunter" constellation overhead. Is that the SOUND OF A HELICOPTER in the distance?

INT. EDDIE'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Eddie's sits at his desk. A noise. The sound of a helicopter. He picks up his Watchman and runs upstairs.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Eddie looks out the window and can barely make out

A MATTE BLACK HELICOPTER AS IT BOBS THROUGH THE DARKNESS

INT. THE HELICOPTER. - SAME

A pilot guides the HIGH-TECH helicopter toward Eddie's island. Next to him sits THE SUIT. The radar arrays on the dash do advanced ground contouring using infra-red.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - SAME

Eddie scans his Watchman and finds

A BLACK 4X4 CARRYING FOUR AGENTS APPROACHING THE BRIDGE

We recognize THE LIBRARY AGENT, THE CAMPGROUND AGENTS and THE NEBBISH

Eddie flips to another channel and sees

AN INFLATABLE ZODIAC OUTBOARD BOUNCING OVER THE WAVES PARALLEL TO HIS DOCK

EXT. EDDIE'S BRIDGE

The GAS BOTTLES sparkle like amber in the moonlight.

INT. THE 4X4

The agents pull out GAS MASKS but don't put them on.

EXT. THE BRIDGE

THE JEEP'S BUMPER HITS THE TRIP WIRE.

WHOOM!

The gas bottles chain react and engulf the outside of the truck in flames.

INT. THE 4X4

The Nebbish riding shotgun in the front seat bails out.

THE DRIVER
Don't open it!

Too late. The flames roll in the open door as the man jumps for it.

The driver wraps his hand in a jacket and quickly pulls the door shut. He floors it across the bridge.

The burning man runs for the water.

Skidding to a stop, they all jump out and roll in the dirt--careful of the flames. They sprint back towards their buddy and the cover of the water.

The 4x4 explodes.

INT. THE STUDY

Eddie watches somberly as the flames rise.

AT THE BRIDGE

An agent grabs the burning man and rolls him down the hill into the water.

The others slide down the bank and take a defensive position. One of them pulls off his pack and takes out a first-aid kit.

AGENT 1
(to the man cradling the
burned Nebbish) Morphine.

LIBRARY AGENT
(looking at the dying man)
Don't waste it.

BURNED NEBBISH
Please.

But he's dead before anyone can answer. Three remain: the new Agent (DALLAS) and the campground agents: OMAHA and MEMPHIS.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Ellen jogs towards their house.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT/INTERCUT WITH BRIDGE

The pilot agent (CHEYENNE) talks to the men at the bridge.

CHEYENNE
What's goin' on down there, Omaha?

AGENT OMAHA

Denver's gone Code Delta. You
hear me up there, Cheyenne?
Denver's gone Delta.

AGENT CHEYENNE

Roger that. Secure the bridge
and get Denver outta there.

Agents Omaha and Memphis drag the dead man out of the water
and put him in a bag. They store him in the burnt 4x4.

INT. HELICOPTER

AGENT CHEYENNE

Providence, are you out there?

THE ZODIAC INFLATABLE

as the boat zips back and forth off shore. Agent Providence,
answers the radio.

AGENT PROVIDENCE

We read, Cheyenne.

AGENT CHEYENNE

You and Jersey make your approach,
Providence.

TWO AGENTS WAIT IN THE BOAT

AGENT PROVIDENCE

Roger, Cheyenne.
(turning to the other agent)
We're on.

AGENT JERSEY frowns--it's THE BLOND MAN.

BLOND/JERSEY

Let's get this over with.

FROM ACROSS THE BRIDGE

ELLEN watches as the 4x4 burns out. There's an eerie silence.
She notices the agents on the bridge.

AT THE BRIDGE

The three remaining agents move to the house.

FROM ACROSS THE BRIDGE

Ellen begins making her way across the still smoking bridge. She keeps low and in the dark--watching the three agents.

EXT. THE BOAT DOCK

The inflatable boat quietly drifts into the dock.

THE BLOND is at the helm.

Providence tosses a line over a piling on the dock.

WHOOOSH!

A nail-dart is driven an inch into the man's forehead. He falls into the water.

ANGLE ON THE BOAT

THE BLOND stands alone in the boat. Slowly he reaches over the side and pulls the body out of the water. Dead.

The Blond wheels the boat up and eases it to some rocks. He jumps off and carefully picks his way ashore, watching for more traps.

EXT. EDDIE'S ROOF

Agent Omaha is at THE CHIMNEY. He reaches into his backpack and pulls out a gas canister. Yanks the pin.

It plunks into the fireplace and rolls into the room. It starts hissing out gas.

INT. THE STUDY

Eddie hears the can hit the fireplace. He tunes his watchman to the living room and sees the can on the floor. He hurries to his bedroom and goes into the closet.

EXT. EDDIE'S FOOTPATH

The Blond finds a trip wire attached to a butane blow gun. He disconnects it and continues.

IN THE HELICOPTER

The Suit and the pilot SCAN the woods with INFRA-RED. They see The Blond picking his way slowly through the path.

THE SUIT (on radio)
What's going on down there,
Providence, Jersey?

BLOND/JERSEY

Providence took the big Delta,
down here. Place is booby-trapped.
Fucking crazy geek.

The suit laughs to himself.

THE SUIT

That crazy geek sure has made
you a little nervous, Jersey.

ON THE PATH

The Blond bristles at The Suit.

BLOND/JERSEY

Doin' what I can, sir.

IN THE HELICOPTER

The suit frowns at the Blond's insolence.

AT THE BRIDGE

Ellen crouches down onto the island side of the bridge. She moves under the bridge and down the bank--heading for the surrounding woods.

Suddenly she slips on a rock and splashes into the water.

IN THE YARD

AGENT DALLAS hears the splash.

DALLAS

What the fuck?

He grabs his silenced M-16 and takes off back towards the water. Agent Memphis stays by the bridge.

AT THE WATER

A soaked and panicked Ellen pulls herself out of the water, and begins sprinting up the bank.

Dallas sees her as she crosses his field of vision running for the woods.

DALLAS (cont.)

Hey! Hey! Stop!

He brings his rifle to his shoulder and tries to find her in the sight. She dives into the heavy brush.

DALLAS (cont.)

Dammit!

He reaches for his radio but then decides to run after Ellen.

IN THE TREES

Ellen crashes through branches. She comes to a path but decides not to take it. Instead, she continues in the trees.

IN THE TREES - SECONDS LATER

Dallas comes to the path and is about to take it when he sees broken branches heading off the other way. He runs after her.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS WINDOW

OMAHA makes a precision cut of a window glass and lets himself in silently.

Wearing his gas mask, he begins picking his way through the house.

INT. EDDIE'S DEN - CONTINUOUS

Omaha slowly turns a corner and peers into the room. The gas mask makes it difficult to see.

OMAHA'S POV: Something is moving slowly near the gas canister. Near the fireplace.

A brightness. Eddie's face appears to his right!

Omaha whips around, FIRING at:

A SELF-PORTRAIT OF VAN GOGH ON THE LCD PAINTING.

ANGLE ON A DOORWAY: Eddie stands in SCUBA GEAR and MASK with a SPEAR GUN.

He throws down the remote control and SHOOTS Omaha in the leg with the spear gun.

OMAHA SCREAMS IN PAIN.

Purely on instinct, Omaha turns to shoot but catches the spear shaft on the couch. He goes down in pain--firing wildly.

Eddie runs down the hall and for his workshop.

INSIDE THE WORKSHOP

Eddie deadbolts the lock and tries to find a place to hide.

EXT. EDDIE'S FOOTPATH

The Blond approaches slowly. Pissed.

INT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE EDDIE'S SHOP

Omaha's leg drips blood. He ties a shoelace around it as a tourniquet.

He pulls himself to the door and shoots the lock off, knocking it open with the M-16.

INT. EDDIE'S SHOP

Eddie hides under a workbench. He gathers up all of his old tools--wrenches, hammers, pliers.

Omaha fires a clip into the ceiling for effect. Plaster rains down around Eddie.

Omaha CRAWLS along the floor. Eddie can see him through the legs of the tables and chairs. Just a few feet away. He waits for Omaha to move into an opening and

THROWS THE HAMMER AT HIM--SMASHING HIM IN THE HEAD.

Eddie runs to Omaha and jumps on him--wrestling the gun from him. The gun skids across the floor.

The two go hand-to-hand. A big mistake on Eddie's part. The experienced Omaha reverses him and begins choking him.

Eddie kicks the spear shaft protruding from his leg.

Omaha's screams can be heard through the gas mask--the gas mask which Eddie promptly pulls off of him. Omaha goes for Eddie's scuba mask but Eddie manages to scramble away.

Omaha passes out before he can reach the mask.

Eddie sinks back to the ground, trying to catch his breath. He sees that the oxygen on his tanks are almost empty. He picks up Omaha's gas mask. He goes to the workspace and grabs his watchman.

ANGLE ON THE WATCHMAN SCREEN: Agent Memphis has advanced from the bridge and circles the perimeter of the house.

Eddie changes the channel and sees:

SOMEBODY SPRINT ACROSS THE SCREEN AND DIVE THROUGH THE WOODS.

Puzzled, he tries to find the person on other cameras--he can't.

CUT TO:

A CAMERA POSITIONED IN THE WOODS

as Agent Dallas becomes the second person to run past in the last thirty seconds.

IN THE WOODS

Ellen's beginning to lose her breath. She can't shake this guy -- and it's a hard go of it through the brush.

ELLEN'S POV: the path to the house is ten yards to her right. She decides to take it and heads straight for it.

RIGHT BEHIND HER

Dallas breaks through the bramble and notices that she's moved onto the path. He smiles.

ON THE PATH

Ellen's running like a madwoman. She can barely keep her feet on the twisty path.

AGENT DALLAS IS THIRTY YARDS BACK

The winding path keeps him from getting a good shot at her.

ANGLE ON THE PATH AHEAD OF ELLEN: A barely visible TRIP WIRE stretches across the path at ANKLE LEVEL.

Ellen's sprinting right for it. She can sense the agent right in back of her. She can't keep it up much longer.

DALLAS LEVELS HIS GUN AND FIRES A COUPLE ROUNDS.

ELLEN COVERS HER HEAD AND KEEPS RUNNING.

She's ten yards from the trip wire. Five.

MORE SHOTS RING OUT.

Ellen dives on the path--in the process propelling herself OVER THE TRIP WIRE.

She lands and wrenches her ankle badly.

ELLEN
Oh God, no.

She can hear the agent almost on her.

With all of her strength she pulls herself up onto her elbows and crawls on her belly across the path.

Desperately she drags herself toward the brush.

She looks back for the agent

AND SEES THE TRIPWIRE.

She hesitates--then changes direction back to the path. Ensuring he'll stay on it, as well.

The agent tears around a corner--he heard her fall and smells blood.

He catches sight of her as she limps on the path. He sprints forward and catches the trip wire across his leg.

BOOM! A flash goes off--a butane bomb attached to an instamatic camera triggering device.

UP THE PATH

Ellen hears the explosion and freezes. Nothing further. She looks back and sees that

ON THE PATH

Agent Dallas lies dead.

NOW IN THE BUSHES

Ellen tears off part of her soaking shirt and wraps her injured ankle.

THE SOUND OF THE HELICOPTER gets her attention.

She dives for cover.

INT. EDDIE'S GARAGE

Eddie pulls a car battery off the shelf. He empties the battery acid into a mason jar.

EXT. EDDIE'S WINDOWS

Agent MEMPHIS enters silently through the windows.

INT. EDDIE'S KITCHEN

Eddie closes the doors to the kitchen and opens the gas on the burners.

He places the mason jar full of acid on the top edge of the door leading into the kitchen from the den.

He picks up a coil of rope and heads for the kitchen door next to the stove.

INT. THE HOUSE

Memphis begins a tense search of the house. He pulls out a small instrument and waves it through the house. He removes his gas mask. The gas has dissipated.

OUTSIDE THE BACK KITCHEN DOOR

Eddie is behind a tree some twenty yards from the back door. He's taken his gas mask off. He watches the empty kitchen on his watchman. He holds the rope tightly in his hand.

IN THE HELICOPTER

The suit catches a glimpse of someone (Ellen) on the radar. He gestures for the pilot to swing in that direction. In doing so, he misses seeing Eddie in the backyard.

INT. THE KITCHEN/DEN DOORWAY

Memphis stands just outside the door. He pushes through--head swiveling left and right.

The BATTERY ACID SPILLS ALL OVER HIM--PARTIALLY BLINDING HIM.

OUTSIDE THE BACK DOOR

Eddie sees the agent on his watchman and yanks the rope.

THE BACK DOOR JERKS OPEN REVEALING A MAN IN THE DOORWAY.

The blinded agent begins spraying the kitchen with gunfire, unaware that he's firing at CLOTHES ON A HANGER. Bullets flash off the metal stove--sparking it.

BOOM! the gas-filled kitchen goes up in a millisecond--blowing the agent to bits.

IN THE HELICOPTER

The Suit and Pilot hear the explosion. They see Eddie run into the house.

IN THE WOODS BY THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE

Ellen hears it. She begins running for the house.

IN THE HELICOPTER

The two men see Ellen staggering. They bear down on her.

IN THE BACKYARD

Eddie puts his gas mask back on and runs back through the destroyed kitchen.

IN THE DEN

Eddie sees the discarded gas masks. He takes his off. No gas. He goes upstairs to the study.

INT. THE STUDY

Eddie looks out the window and sees THE HELICOPTER blaze by-- hunting something. Too close.

ON THE GROUND

Ellen pushes through the brush, trying to avoid the lights of the helicopter.

IN THE HELICOPTER

They track their subject with infra-red.

INT. THE STUDY

Eddie looks around frantically. Trying to find something to use on the helicopter. Anything

ON THE GROUND

Ellen tries to take cover near the house.

IN THE HELICOPTER

The Suit looks through infra-red binoculars.

INT. THE STUDY

Eddie looks to the ceiling and sees

A BEAUTIFUL WWII GAS POWERED MODEL AIRPLANE hanging from the ceiling.

He begins rummaging frantically through a cabinet.

ON THE GROUND

Ellen ducks under a house eave, not knowing where to go.

IN THE HELICOPTER

THE SUIT
Jesus Christ, it's his wife.

THE PILOT
You want me to take her out?

The Suit hesitates. Not prepared for this. He stares at her. The pilot trains the helicopter's guns on her.

THE PILOT
I can get her. What do you want?

THE SUIT (angrily)
I heard you! (beat) Set it down.
We'll grab her and use her.

The helicopter pilot raises his eyes in surprise. Is the old man losing his nerve?

A sharp look sends him back to his instruments. He quickly closes in on Ellen.

IN THE STUDY

Eddie has hooked the plane up to a battery and filled it with fuel. Looks at his watch. Flips the prop. Not charged yet.

ON THE GROUND

Ellen's battered by the wind of the approaching copter.

IN THE STUDY

The model plane finally fires up.

Eddie launches it out the window and quickly takes command of its remote control.

IN THE NIGHT SKY

The model plane streaks toward the helicopter as it descends on the house.

THE HELICOPTER gets closer. It hovers over Ellen.

THE MODEL GETS CLOSER.

ON THE GROUND

Ellen wants to run but the tracking lights blind her.

IN THE SKY

ZING! The MODEL AIRPLANE smacks into the tail rotor and knocks a blade off.

The helicopter starts to spin out of control.

INT. THE HELICOPTER

THE PILOT

Shit! We lost the tail.
We're goin' in!

The pilot struggles to fly the spinning helicopter over a corner of the house. It barely misses.

THE HELICOPTER SPINS BACK TOWARDS THE FRONT YARD

It catches a tree, snapping off the back rotor. The pilot struggles to keep it upright. The copter careens into the house and CRASHES into the ground.

INT. THE STUDY

Eddie watches the copter begin to catch fire. He turns away.

AT THE COPTER

The Pilot's dead. The Suit's still alive. He struggles to free himself from the copter.

Finally he pulls himself free of the wreckage. Injured, but moving towards the house.

INT. THE STUDY

Eddie scans his watchman but doesn't find anyone in the house. He begins rummaging through his bag, pulling out

A MANILA ENVELOPE.

INT. THE DOWNSTAIRS

The Suit carries a gun and limps towards the upstairs.

INT. THE GARAGE

The Blond pads silently through the garage, gun drawn. He heads for the door into the house.

WHAM!

He goes down in a heap as ELLEN steps out of the shadows holding the business end of a CAR JACK.

INT. THE STUDY

Eddie's exhausted. He flips on his watchman again.. It doesn't work this time.

He opens up the back and takes out the batteries, flips them around and puts them in. It still doesn't work.

He hears noises downstairs. Eddie puts the watchman down and takes deep breaths. He's out of gadgets. Out of ideas. He leans against the wall, half turned against it.

VOICE

You know Eddie, I think
I did underestimate you.

Eddie looks up to see THE SUIT limps slowly into the room, pointing a gun at Eddie's head.

He can't even respond.

THE SUIT

I shouldn't have kept you
all to myself. My own private
toymaker. You'da made a helluva
field agent. Better than me.

EDDIE

Thanks for the confidence.

The Suit closes to about five feet, careful to keep out of arm's distance. Eddie's eyes seem elsewhere...

THE SUIT

Never realized you had so
much anger. I underestimated
your anger.

In fact, Eddie's watching:

THOR, THE TWELVE INCH ROBO-DOLL, AS IT WALKS SILENTLY AND RESOLUTELY TOWARDS THE SUIT.

THE SUIT (cont.)

But can you kill a man, Eddie?
Can you do it face to face?
That's the true test now, isn't it?
Not many people can. Unfortunately
for both of us, I'm one of them.

The suit points the gun. He hesitates--just long enough for THOR to walk headlong into his ankle and grab it!

The Suit whips around as Eddie lunges from the wall and smashes into his mentor with all his might--driving the weakened man backwards into the opposite wall.

The stunned Suit loses the gun. Eddie grabs it and leaps on top of him--his eyes dark.

Eddie tosses aside the DOLL REMOTE CONTROL he'd been hiding. He continues holding the gun--if a bit shakily.

EDDIE

You've made me into this. You.

THE SUIT

Then do it. Come on.

EDDIE

I've murdered for you.

THE SUIT

You created for me. For yourself.

EDDIE

You lied to me.

THE SUIT

No Eddie. You lied to you.

Eddie stares at The Suit, trying to decide what to do. The Suit plays his final cards.

THE SUIT (cont.)

You've broken the cell. No one knows about you. I've protected you. You're free.

For a moment Eddie thinks this could actually be true.

EDDIE (soft)

You'd kill me.

Eddie brings the gun closer to The Suit.

THE SUIT

But can you kill me?

Eddie stares at the Suit--doubting whether he can do it when

BLAM!

The Suit's head snaps to the side, a bullet in the head.

Eddie turns and sees

THE BLOND MAN, HOLDING A GUN ON HIM.

Eddie slowly puts his gun to the floor and stands up. Bleeding from the forehead, the Blond moves over to Eddie.

BLOND MAN

Funny thing is, Mr. Gold.
I don't think the old bastard
could have killed you, either.

Eddie's eyes dart to the bookshelf. The Blond notices.

ANGLE ON: A MANILA ENVELOPE STICKING OUT BETWEEN BOOKS.

The Suit gestures for Eddie to move back as he grabs the envelope. He opens it up with one hand and pulls the contents out: the accumulated evidence regarding the American Underground. The Blond smiles.

BLOND MAN

This would have made a nice
present for somebody. Too bad.

Eddie glances at his watch.

EDDIE

I put a lot of work into it.

The Blond's face begins to flush. He starts to look sick, dizzy. Panic in his eyes.

He drops his gun. Falls to his knees. Eddie kicks the gun away.

Out of his pocket he pulls: A FAMILIAR FELT-TIPPED PEN.

EDDIE

I even wrote the reports with
my own personal pen.

A look of resignation from the Blond as he DROPS OVER DEAD.

Eddie turns his attention to the Suit, a sadness crossing over Eddie's face.

An exhausted man only beginning to understand everything that has happened. He turns for the door and sees

ELLEN, STANDING IN THE DOORWAY

with a GUN trained on The Blond. Shaking furiously.

They collapse in each other's arms.