

The Dying of the Light

by
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A PET (positron emission tomography) image of a cross section of the human brain. The skull shaped oval, outlined in lime green, is filled with darker shades of green and blue. Bright bleeding patterns of red, orange and yellow form around the inner edge of the skull, forming a halo effect.

A narrator speaks:

VOICE OVER

This is a cross section of the brain of the protagonist of our story. Normal brain activity is shown in blue and green. Yellow indicates the presence of amyloid plaque and tangles which attach to the brain's neurotransmitters, blocking and inhibiting brain function. Although our protagonist does not know it yet, his brain is dying.

CUT TO:

A green Ford Taurus sits parked down the road from the entrance to "The Farm," the CIA's oft-described but officially denied training facility in the Virginia Tidewater District. Ahead is a fence topped with concertina wire. A Humvee mounted with a .50 Caliber machine gun, beside which stand two armed men, waits behind the electronic gate. The only sign reads: "USG Facility. No trespassing. Deadly Force is Authorized."

Behind the wheel of the Taurus sits EVAN LAKE, 64, a professionally fit career employee of the US military and the Central Intelligence Agency.

He drums his fingers against the dashboard as he counts to himself:

LAKE

...nineteen, seventeen, fifteen,
thirteen, eleven, thirteen,
fifteen, seventeen, nineteen...

Evan removes a folded paper from his jacket, opens it. Under the heading "Values" typed notes outline a speech. On his lapel he wears the CIA Distinguished Medal lapel pin.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

Having refreshed his memory, Lake tucks the paper back into his jacket, starts the car and drives towards the guarded entrance.

CUT TO:

3 INT FARM AUDITORIUM DAY

3

MIKE WARNER, 62, staff instructor speaks to the fifty or so assembled trainees. Ages 25-35, they come from all across America, all races, all backgrounds.

WARNER

...every year at this time, my pleasure, an honor really, to introduce former Deputy Station Chief Beirut, Station Chief Afghanistan, Near East DDO, holder of the Donovan Award, Distinguished Intelligence Medal and the only living recipient of the Intelligence Star, Evan Lake. Evan...

Applause as Lake steels himself (...nineteen...seventeen...thirteen...), then strides onto the stage, executes a 90 degree turn, studies the upturned faces, speaks in a booming voice:

LAKE

What the hell are you doing here? Haven't you heard! The CIA fell from the Berlin Wall and All the President's Men can't put it back together again. It's broke! Not reliable. Not trustworthy. Can't stand up to the White House. Best and brightest retired or quit. What in the name of Jesus Christ nailed to the cross are you doing here?

The trainees stare in stunned silence. Lake drops the intensity down a notch, resumes:

LAKE (CONT'D)

Because you heard the call, that's why--your future spread out before you like a cruise ship buffet, you were teaching in a classroom or working in a kitchen or training in the gym and you heard the call.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LAKE (CONT'D)

For some it was adventure, for some mystique, for all it was 9/11, you heard the call and it was the call of duty and love of country.

(voice building)

Why? Because you have values. Why you left your homes and loves ones, why you gave up careers, work in secret, why your lungs gasp for air at 6am, your veins screaming like hot iron--values.

Don't listen to the TV talking heads, the newspaper know-it-alls, the Hollywood idiots, the latte-biscotti layabouts. They're background noise. Chatter. They exist on the edges of every endeavor which requires selfless service and loyalty and deep in their cowardly hearts they wish they were you.

CIA has taken some hits, some body blows, some deserved, we've been down on the canvas, but we're on our feet again, because we have no choice, because our country needs us and because we got, what?

(beat)

Values.

CUT TO:

Evan and Mike Warner walk past a row of deceptively rustic buildings as trainees, wearing sweats, jog past in criss-crossing patters. Ahead, additional trainees, tired and sweaty, climb from an open truck. Lake walks with a slightly halting gait, whether from age or injuries it's hard to tell.

WARNER

Thanks again, Ev, we appreciate it.

LAKE

You think they believed a word of it?

WARNER

I did.

LAKE

You were always an easy touch.

(CONTINUED)

WARNER

Won't be here next year to hear it,
though. On my way out. Short time.

LAKE

You're not that old, you're younger
than me--how old are you?

WARNER

Sixty-two. Service Level-13, 60%
pay grade.

LAKE

You'll miss it.

WARNER

Miss what? Running drills, filing
reports, getting the "look": He
still around? What's he doing here?
It's their world now.

LAKE

God help us.

WARNER

I got a second grandchild on the
way, a house in the woods, a wife
who wants to travel. I'm looking
forward to it.

Evan smiles, shakes his head as he nears his parked car.

CUT TO:

Lake's car heads north.

CUT TO:

Ev fiddles with the FM dial as he drives. He's trying to find
a station, but seems to keep missing it. Frustrated, he turns
off the radio. He pulls to the side of the freeway, stops,
turns on his flashers.

He stares blankly ahead as a memory comes from the past:

CUT TO:

7

INT BEIRUT CELL 1985 NIGHT

7

Evan Lake, twenty years younger, sits naked, strapped and shackled to a chair. Behind him hangs a yellow and green Hezbollah flag. A harsh light shines on his face and torso.

Across from him, in semi-darkness, next to a mounted video recorder with a small blinking red light, sits MAHAMMAD BANIR, 30, his interrogator. To the right of Banir a Hezbollah militiaman stands with a machine gun; two others are positioned to Lake's left and right.

Lake has been in captivity for some time. His torso is emaciated, his face haggard, devoid of color. Bruises, some old, some new, spot his body.

Between Evan and Banir is a low table upon which torture instruments have been set out. Hammer, pliers, knives, chisel, soldering iron, syringe, truncheon; on the floor sit connected car batteries with wires and clips.

BANIR

Where shall we start today? The beginning? Who are you?

Evan's voice is weak. He struggles to maintain an authoritative tone:

LAKE

Charles Ruchowsky. I am a trade representative for Spirix Systems. We specialize in micro technology, you can check--

BANIR

A good cover. Mr. Lake. Not good enough. We know who you are. We have photos of you meeting with you CIA counterparts.

LAKE

I am a trade representative for--

BANIR

This doesn't end! It ends when you are dead. Weeks, months from now. Or it ends when you tell me what I want to know. Then you can leave today.

LAKE

We specialize in micro technology, small tools, electronic devices--

(CONTINUED)

BANIR
(Arabic)
Shut him up!

One of the soldiers besides Lake steps quickly over, SMASHES his face with the butt of his gun. Evan's head jerks back. Blood streams from his mouth.

BANIR
The CIA has a "double" in my organization, perhaps even close to me. His name is all I ask. Then you are free to go.

LAKE
Our Headquarters are in Hamilton, Ohio...

BANIR
Why do you want to die for this worthless person? Why go through so much pain? Don't you have anything to live for?

Banir stands, turns off the video camera, steps over to the torture table. Lake chokes on something. The object comes from the back of his throat, hangs on his lip: a broken tooth.

BANIR
I went for a year as a medical student at the University of California, San Diego. But of course you know that. You've done your research. If you were a reasonable person we could have a tea and talk about America, Thorton Hospital, Scripps Memorial, the San Deigo Chargers.
(picks up syringe)
You are a crusader and you want to die like a crusader. Not today! Today you suffer like an infidel.

Lake's eyes widen as he watches Banir pick up a vial of clear liquid, insert the needle.

BANIR
You remember this? What it feels like when your veins scream, when your bowels want to explode? What is your name?

7 CONTINUED:

LAKE
My name is Charles Ruchowsky.

Banir sticks the needle into Lake's arm, injects him. His SCREAMS reverberate.

CUT TO:

8 EXT CIA HEADQUARTERS PARKING LOT DAY 8

Lake's Taurus pulls into a numbered space in one of the large parking areas which surround the McLean Virginia headquarters of the Central Intelligence Agency. In the distance, when the weather is clear, the Washington Monument can be seen over the DC skyline.

Lake gets out of his car, removes a lanyard and security pass from his jacket pocket, loops it around his neck as he heads toward the main entrance, remotely locking his car as he goes.

CUT TO:

9 INT CIA ENTRANCE DAY 9

The imposing and oft-filmed entrance to the main building. Two-story columns and a wall of glass surround the large granite CIA seal embedded in the floor.

Evan greets the guards, runs his laminated pass through one of the scanners. A Guard nods, Ev moves ahead, passing the star-encrusted wall memorial to employees "who gave their lives in the service of their country."

CUT TO:

10 INT DIRECTOR'S OUTER OFFICE DAY 10

The DIRECTOR'S SECRETARY fields calls while Evan Lake waits in a functional upholstered chair. Institutional art hangs on the walls. Evan sets down one magazine, picks up another, peruses it. Sips his glass of water. Checks his watch.

SECRETARY
He knows you're here.

LAKE
No problem. I've got all the time
in the world.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

LAKE (CONT'D)
(holds up magazine)
Boating. Always interested me.

She smiles, goes back to work.

TIMECUT: The inner door opens. Executive Director JAMES CLIFTON, 65, emerges from the inner office, spots Lake:

CLIFTON
Evan, come in.
(to Secretary)
Hold my calls.

SECRETARY
Unless...

CLIFTON
Unless.

CUT TO:

11 INT CLIFTON'S OFFICE DAY 11

Director Clifton gestures to the sofa:

CLIFTON
Have a seat. You need anything,
water, coffee?

LAKE
I'm fine.

The office walls are hung with symbols and mementos of the Agency's storied history. Two flags, the American and the Agency, flank his desk. James Clifton, patrician mien, soberly attire, coiffed gray hair, exudes institutional power, all the while pretending to be your next door neighbor.

CLIFTON
(sits)
Was talking to somebody down at the
Farm. Said you gave a barn-burner
this morning.

LAKE
You know...

CLIFTON
What's on your mind?

(CONTINUED)

LAKE

I've got a birthday coming up in a couple of weeks. Two years ago I applied and was granted a two year exemption to the Agency's mandatory retirement at 62. Several months ago I applied for another exemption. I haven't had any response. I've gone through proper channels but can't seem to get anyone. I'm sorry to bother you with this...

The Director stands, steps away from his chair. This is not a conversation he wishes to have.

CLIFTON

How long have you been in government service?

LAKE

Marines six years, Agency thirty six.

CLIFTON

Service level 5, 42 years, median salary last three years, 84%...

(does the math)

That's 110 thousand a year. Hell, I'd retire for that much.

LAKE

I doubt that, sir.

CLIFTON

Kick back, take it easy. We'll still have use for you. Temporary Duty. Something comes up, you can consult, give your speech at The Farm.

LAKE

But I'd be retired.

CLIFTON

Yes.

Mutual pause.

CLIFTON

What are you doing now?

LAKE

Working with the DDI on an inter-Agency history of the Beirut station, 1980-1990.

CLIFTON

How long have you been doing that?

LAKE

About a year.

CLIFTON

And before? What were the grounds for your previous exemption?

LAKE

We were mopping that Zogulu mess in Turkey.

CLIFTON

Oh, yeah.

(beat)

Ev, you've been an inspiration to me--I'm not afraid to say it--and to every man or woman who has worked for this Agency.

(nods to himself)

Okay. Let me look into it. I'll see what I can do.

LAKE

Thank you, sir.

CUT TO:

Evan Lake sits in his cubicle in the central floor area of the Department of Operations. A spacious cubicle, but a cubicle nonetheless. Across the room, the exterior wall is lined with identical offices.

Open books, official papers and notes are spread across Lake's desk; he types on a computer flatscreen. His framed service medals hang on the wall besides various letters of commendation.

MILT CIRUS, 30, exits the elevator, scans the room, heads for Lake's cubicle. Ev looks up, nods as he approaches.

LAKE

Milt.

(CONTINUED)

MILT

How'd it go?

MILT

Not so good. The Director's going to "see what he can do."

Milt makes the "jerk off" gesture.

LAKE

I should have taken the hint when they moved me from an office to the bullpen. But I'm still here.

Milt studies him:

CIRUS

You all right?

LAKE

Yeah, sometimes things get to me more than they used to. Little shit. I have to tamper down, get it under control. Like this...

He stretches his right hand out, the hand with the missing mangled fingers.

LAKE

Put the dictionary on my hand.
(Milt looks around)
The book there, it's called a dictionary. We used them before we had spellcheck.

Cirus groans, sets the desk dictionary on the flat of Ev's outstretched hand. Lake holds it rock steady. Lake flicks the book upwards, grabs it with his other hand.

LAKE

There are two sorts of people in this world. Men of action and everyone else.

MILT

If there's anything I can do...

LAKE

I know you think you owe me, but you don't. You did your job and I did mine.

12 CONTINUED:

MILT

If you say so. Take care.

Milt motions good bye, walks off. Ev returns to work.

CUT TO:

13 EXT FAIRFAX CONDOS NIGHT 13

A condo community of red brick "townhouse style" apartments.

CUT TO:

14 INT LAKE'S CONDO NIGHT 14

Evan Lake sips sake and eats Japanese takeout in his bachelor apartment. The darkened living area is decorated with artifacts from his career. Shelves of books upon books on International Affairs in general, Mideast politics in particular. One wall features decorations and commendations, a number of them foreign, as well as photos: Ronald Reagan, smiling, posed, shakes Ev's hand as he hands him an award. A partially burnt American flag hangs in a frame across from the flatscreen TV.

Lake sets his chopsticks down, takes a sip of sake, and, running his tongue around his mouth, stands, walks over to the credenza. He removes his wallet and pocket cash, sets them down. He reaches into his mouth and removes the bridge which holds two replacement teeth, places it on the credenza beside the folded money.

His mind goes back.

CUT TO:

15 INT BEIRUT CELL 1985 DAY/NIGHT 15

A harsh light swivels toward Evan Lake. Time has past: hours, days, weeks--hard to tell. Mahammad Banir speaks from across the small room:

BANIR

I have been patient. But that has its limits. Today I am bored. Bored with you, Mr. Lake...

Lake's mouth is slack-jawed. Blood covers his teeth and tongue, blood drips from the right corner of his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

On the cement floor, by his bare foot, lies a bloody extracted tooth. Evan, barely audible, attempts a reply:

EVAN

My name...Charles...

BANIR (CONT'D)

...bored and sick of your stupid Mr. Rambo attitude, bored with your suffering. I have given you an easy way out. I have not asked you to humiliate yourself, to beg, or cry, or read statements. I have only asked you for a name. Your "asset." But it's gone on too long. I don't care so much anymore. So I will take it to the next level.

(beat)

You have anything to say?

Lake raises his eyes, makes eye contact, says nothing. Banir instructs the militiamen in Arabic.

After a moment one of the Hezbollah guards brings in a small metal table, sets it to Evan's immediate right. The guards loosen Lake's right arm, place it to the top of the table.

The Table is fitted with a leather wrist strap and five individual wire straps, one for each finger. Banir glances at the torture instruments as the militiamen fasten Lake's right hand and fingers--one by one--to the thick metal table top.

BANIR

I would not as a norm dirty my hands doing something like this. But for you I make an exception.

Banir picks up a ball pein hammer from the table, steps over to Lake.

BANIR

Mr. Lake?

Ev says nothing. Banir SMASHES the hammer head onto his little finger. The SOUNDS of crushed flesh and metal on metal mix with Evan's SCREAM.

Banir looks at the mangled finger, STRIKES again. Lake's head lolls to the side as his scream diminishes. Banir barks an Arabic instruction to a guard who picks up a container of vinegar water, splashes it in the prisoner's face.

15 CONTINUED:

15

Lake abruptly regains conscious, looks at Banir who STRIKES again, this time crushing the ring finger.

More vinegar water, more screams, Banir STRIKES again but as he does--

An EXPLOSION shakes the room. It's very close. Banir and the militiamen stop what they're doing, look from side to side when--

A SECOND EXPLOSION blows open a wall. Sunlight streams through the dust and debris.

CUT TO:

16 EXT LAKE'S CONDO DAWN

16

First light breaks over the red brick townhouses. An empty tableau.

CUT TO:

17 EXT INTERSTATE 95 DAY

17

Freeway signs pass by as Lake's green Taurus heads north: Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia.

CUT TO:

18 EXT "HUP" DAY

18

The imposing Thirties brick superstructure of the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania in downtown Philadelphia.

CUT TO:

19 INT PENN NEUROLOGICAL INSTUTUTE DAY

19

An interior sign directs visitors to the Neurological Institute.

CUT TO:

20 INT NEUOROLOGICAL WAITING ROOM DAY

20

Evan Lake, wearing a jacket and tie, sits in the generic space. Framed posters promoting serenity and harmony hang on salmon colored walls.

(CONTINUED)

Ev shuffles through a stack of magazines on the coffee table, eyes the clock, the DESK NURSE at her station, sits back. Across the room sits a COUPLE in their late Sixties early Seventies. The woman, suffering from mid-stage dementia, seems anxious, confused, frightened. Her husband, holding her hand, pats it, whispers soothingly. Lake looks away.

NURSE
Charles Ruchowsky.

It takes Evan a moment to recognize his name.

NURSE
Mr. Ruchowsky?

He stands, walks over to her.

NURSE
Dr. Clayborne will see you now.

He starts for the inner offices; the Nurse calls him back:

NURSE
Mr. Ruchowsky.

LAKE
Yes?
(she shuffles papers)
Is there a problem?

NURSE
Just some confusion I think. This
is your third visit, right?

LAKE
Yeah.

NURSE
We sent an invoice to Blue
Cross/Blue Shield and everything
seemed to be all right, but now
we've got a message that they can't
locate your account. Is this the
correct information?

Ev examines the form he filled out on a early visit.

LAKE
I juxtaposed these two numbers, I
think. 8-6, not 6-8. That must be
it.

NURSE

We made a copy of your card.

LAKE

(looks at photocopy)

That's not the right card. It was a mistake, they issued a new one. Can I call you with it when I get home?

NURSE

Just fax over the new card, can you do that?

LAKE

Of course, I'll do it first thing.

NURSE

Good. You know where the Doctor's office is?

Lake nods and heads for the inner office door.

CUT TO:

21 INT CLAYBORNE'S OFFICE DAY 21

Ev sits across the desk from DR. CLAYBORNE, 50. Behind Clayborne, in backlit boxes, are a series of PET brain scans, frontal and lateral, one of which opens the film.

CLAYBORNE

A definitive diagnosis is not possible, Charles, but based on the PET scan and an evaluation of the memory exercises we conducted, it appears you suffer from the early onset of Alzheimer's Disease.

It's the news Evan expected--and feared.

LAKE

Shit.

CLAYBORNE

It's very early...

LAKE

So what is it? Eight years and I'm dead?

(CONTINUED)

CLAYBORNE

The norm is between eight and fifteen.

LAKE

How long before I can't...I can't...

He can't even say it.

CLAYBORNE

From what we see so far, and given the fact that you are relatively young, it's possible it's not Alzheimer's but Frontotemporal Dementia.

LAKE

That's better?

Clayborne's expression indicates just the opposite:

CLAYBORNE

FTD is more aggressive. Did anyone come with you today?

LAKE

No.

CLAYBORNE

Family is very important in a situation like this...

LAKE

My folks died when I was in college. I have no brothers or sisters. Never married. No children. My work was my family.

CLAYBORNE

I've spoken with Dr. Gross, Nathan Gross, in the Special Care wing. After we're finished, pay him a visit. He's expecting you. It's early yet but it's good to be well informed. There are marvelous support groups and social services and web services here in Philadelphia, in fact wherever you go. There's no reason to be alone in this.

LAKE

Anything...special I should be on the lookout for?

CLAYBORNE

Well, the sort of things you'd expect, the things you've brought up already. If it's Frontotemporal Dementia the mood swings will be stronger, the tendency to roam-- that's when you find yourself someplace else and you're not sure how you got there--starts earlier.

LAKE

Aricept?

CLAYBORNE

Aricept is the most widely prescribed medication and most beneficial. There's Exelon, to a lesser degree Razadyne. Aricept is a cholinesterase inhibitor. It doesn't stop the progress of the disease. It lessens its effects. It seems to work for a year or two, then it's less effective. You may want to use it later rather than earlier. That's your decision.

LAKE

You can prescribe it now?

CLAYBORNE

Of course.

LAKE

I'll take it.

CUT TO:

Evan Lake follows signs to the Special Care Unit. He checks the staff directory, finds Dr. Gross' name.

Looking to his left, he notices a door labeled, "Special Care Unit, Inpatients." Lake, deciding not to visit Gross, heads the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

23 INT SPECIAL CARE UNIT/DAY ROOM DAY 23

Evan, name tag in place, walks softly down the corridor, as if entering the great unknown. A nurse pushes a man in a wheel chair past him. Continuing down the hall, he reads the multiple names plates beside the doorways.

Nearing the end of the hall, Lake arrives at the Day Room. A spacious open room with a row of windows overlooking the Schuylkill River and the Philadelphia skyline. He steps inside.

Eight or so patients sit in reclining chairs facing away from the windows. They stare blankly into space. The "Alzheimer's stare." One has unsuccessfully attempted to curl into a fetal position.

A DAY ROOM NURSE approaches Lake, notices his name tag.

NURSE

Yes?

LAKE

(remembering a name he
read earlier)

John Randall.

NURSE

Oh yes.

She turns towards a black man at the end of the row of chairs. Lake, quickly picking up on this, turns to the man-- JOHN RANDALL, 70, and smiles.

NURSE

You are?

LAKE

Just a friend. An acquaintance.

NURSE

From the Marine Corps?

Lake nods. The Nurse walks Ev over:

NURSE

John, you have a visitor. It's
Charles...

(checks Lake's nametag)

...Ruchowsky.

(to Lake)

Just pull up a chair.

(CONTINUED)

Evan sets a simple chair beside Randall, sits down. Randall wears an old bathrobe and slippers. A bib has been fastened around his neck. The lack of dentures makes his jaw slack.

LAKE

John. It's Charles.

(beat)

It's a pleasant day today.

Randall looks at him, uncomprehending. There is nothing behind the eyes. A body without a person.

LAKE

Are you comfortable?

(adjusts his arm)

There. Is that better?

Drool oozes from Randall's lips. Ev reaches over, wipes it off with the bib.

LAKE

This is a very nice room. Plenty of light. The Nurse, she seems nice.

Ev looks around. No one pays them any attention. He turns back to Randall, looks into his eyes: through a glass, darkly, the future.

LAKE

Would you like me to sing you something? Would you like that?

No response from John Randall. Lake bends toward him, softly begins to sing:

LAKE

"From the halls of Montezuma,
To the shores of Tripoli,
We fight our country's battles,
In the air, on land, and sea,
First to fight for right and
freedom,
And to keep our honor clean,
We are proud to claim the title,
Of United States Marines."

Randall has no reaction. But Evan Lake, master of suppressed emotion, is doing all he can to keep it together.

CUT TO:

But Ev just sits there. He can't bring himself to go back to work just yet.

LAKE
I forgot something. I'll just turn
around.

CUT TO:

25 INT LAKE'S CUBICLE DAY 25

Milt turns to JIM, 30, who labors on a spreadsheet in the adjoining cubicle.

Who? JIM

MILT
Evan Lake.

JIM
The old man? He hasn't been here
all day.

MILT
You know where he is? Did he call
in?

Jim looks up, shrugs:

JIM
I'm busy.

(CONTINUED)

MILT

You should get to know him...

(checks Jim's security
pass)

Jim. One day you'll look back and
say "I used to work right next to
Evan Lake and never got to know
him."

Milt walks off without waiting for a reply. As he goes, he
removes his cell phone, punches in a number.

CUT TO:

INT BOOKSTORE DAY

Evan Lake's phone rings as he peruses books in the medical
section of the Tyson's Corner Barnes and Noble. He checks the
screen: Milt Cirus calling. He puts the phone back in his
pocket without answering.

TIMECUT: Lake carries a stack of books to the CASHIER. He
looks both ways to see if anyone he knows is watching. He
sets the books on the counter: "The Alzheimer's Cope Book,"
"The Forgetting," and, appropriately, "Alzheimer's for
Dummies."

He's about to make an explanation to the Cashier but realizes
she couldn't care less--they're just books to her.

CUT TO:

EXT LAKE'S CONDO NIGHT

Two laughing couples exit a townhouse, headed for a car and a
night out.

CUT TO:

INT LAKE'S CONDO NIGHT

Evan sits at the desk reading, yellow highlighter in hand.
Notes--web addresses, phone numbers--are hand written on a
legal pad besides his coffee cup.

Paging through "Alzheimer's for Dummies" he comes to the
section on Frontotemporal Dementia. He highlights the "fast
facts":

--Affects 15 in 100,000 people.

--Four times more common in men.

(CONTINUED)

--Average age at onset: 30 to 65. Death occurs 3 to 17 years from onset.

Evan stands, looks around the room. He is a man of action. What can he do? He notices the photo of President Reagan handing him an award. Lake walks over, removes the photo, turns it around, rehangs it face to the wall.

His phone rings. Evan glares at the screen: Milt Cyrus again. He doesn't answer.

He stops at the closet, removes a lockbox, carries it to his desk. Taking a moment to remember the combination, Ev unlocks the box, opens it. Inside sits a Browning Buck Mark Field pistol, an extra cartridge and box of ammo. He checks the cartridge: it's loaded.

Lake takes the gun, cartridge and ammo over to the bookshelf, removes several volumes and hides the pistol behind the row of books. Replacing the books (Time-Life series, "This Fabulous Century"), Ev goes to the desk and writes a note with a black Sharpie on white paper.

Lake returns to the bookshelf, tapes the note to the Time-Life book spines. The note reads:

Dummy!
The gun is here.
It's Loaded.

His mind goes back:

CUT TO:

CHAOS. Cordite, dust and debris fill the room. One of the militiamen, hit, lies groaning on the floor while Banir and a second guard flee amid the sounds of air raid sirens.

The third guard--ALI--spots Lake on the floor, half tied, half loose from the chair and table. Ali rushes over, frees Lake.

LAKE
Ali.

Ali is Lake's "asset." Ali grabs a coat for Lake as he helps him outside. Evan, reaching down, retrieves the "Talkman" portable phone from the debris.

CUT TO:

30 EXT WEST BEIRUT 1985 DAY 30

Evan stumbles with cut bleeding feet through the rubble as he and Ali search for cover. The sounds of sirens are joined by a Mideast chorus of gunfire and screams.

Fumbling with his bleeding hand, Evan manages to punch a number into the Talkman. A military voice answers.

LAKE

*Evan Lake. Alive. Hassan/Fidae.
Action.*

Spotting Hezbollah soldiers amid the smoke, Ali grabs the phone and pushes Lake forward. GUNSHOTS hit the walls to the right. A jet flies low overhead as Lake and Ali tumble behind a makeshift bunker.

Peeking out, he sees Banir join the amassing militiamen. One points his direction. Banir follows as the soldiers approach.

Lake looks at Ali: he's dead. Somehow he's been shot.

Banir and the militiamen draw closer. Lake hears shots to his right: more soldiers. He's trapped.

Just then, A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS. The street where Banir and the others stood a moment before is now a fireball. Debris crashed down on Lake and he passes out.

CUT TO:

31 EXT METRO 29 DINER DAY 31

A faux art deco diner in Arlington Virginia.

CUT TO:

32 INT METRO 29 DINER DAY 32

Early afternoon. Evan Lake sits alone in a booth in the upscale (meaning it serves alcohol) diner on Lee Highway. He's having a liquid lunch.

A WAITRESS delivers another scotch and soda, retrieves his empty glass.

WAITRESS

Sure you don't want lunch?

(CONTINUED)

LAKE
I'm fine. Thank you.

His cell phone rings again. Milt Cyrus. This time he answers.

MILT O.S.
Evan?

LAKE
Yeah?

MILT O.S.
Where have you been? I've been
trying to reach you.

LAKE
I'm having lunch.

MILT O.S.
You haven't been in your office. I
left messages.

LAKE
I know.

MILT O.S.
Something has come up.

LAKE
What?

MILT O.S.
I don't want to talk about it over
an open line. Where are you?
(Lake doesn't answer)
Evan?

LAKE
Yeah, okay.

MILT O.S.
Where are you?

LAKE
Metro 29. It's on Lee--

MILT O.S.
I know where it is. I'll be right
over.

Lake closes his phone, takes another drink.

TIMECUT: Milt enters, spots Lake in his booth. Cirus joins him, taking note of the smell of scotch.

MILT

Evan.

LAKE

Yep.

Lake isn't drunk but it's apparent he's been drinking. Milt takes his scotch and soda, calls the Waitress:

MILT

Get this man something to eat. And
a cup of coffee.

Cirus slides into the booth as the Waitress comes over:

WAITRESS

What do you want?

MILT

Two burgers, plain. And a couple
coffees.

She walks away. Evan takes a moment before speaking:

LAKE

That wasn't very sociable.

MILT

What's going on? What's wrong?

LAKE

Nothing.

MILT

You want to talk about it?

LAKE

(changing subject)

What's so goddamn important? This
"something" that has come up?

MILT

It's a long shot, but you should
know.

LAKE

Go on.

MILT

There's a possible hit on Banir. Khartoum. Over the last year there have been three requests for Deferiprone, that's not too unusual--

LAKE

It doesn't effect the anemia, just the iron deficiency.

MILT

But the same source--the doctor's name is Amin, the patient is Ali-Hariri--is now requesting Decitabine, which is only used in clinical trials for--

LAKE

Mediterranean anemia.

MILT

Thalassemia. Which is hereditary, which we know Mahammad Banir carries even though he's been dead twenty years--

LAKE

His father died of it. Where's this from again?

The Waitress brings their coffee.

MILT

That's just it. It's a local doctor in Khartoum, not a specialist, just a corner shop GP making requests to the Bois-Cert Clinic in Lusanne.

LAKE

I knew he didn't die.

MILT

This doesn't mean Ali-Hariri is Banir.

LAKE

He's a carrier. This means it's moved to the intermediate stage. He can lay low, he can become invisible, but sooner or later the disease will flush him out.

32 CONTINUED:

MILT

A long time ago you asked me to establish a running trace for requests from unlikely places for medication related to Thalassemia. Nothing has panned out before. This is probably a dead end.

LAKE

But you had to call me four times in three days.

MILT

I thought you should know.

LAKE

What's Lusanne's response?

MILT

Nothing yet.

LAKE

Banir's got it. And it's come out. It's in his blood.

CUT TO:

33 BLOOD SLIDE

33

Viewed through a darkfield microscope: red (small compact) and white (larger more defuse) blood cells float among platelets in a black sea of plasma.

VOICE OVER

These are the blood cells of the antagonist of our story. The red cells suffer from a lack of hemoglobin and an excess of iron. The symptoms are fatigue, jaundice, and diarrhea, leading to an enlarged spleen and bone deformity. There is no known cure.

CUT TO:

34 EXT KHARTOUM DAY

34

A sprawling city of three million in central Sudan at the confluence of the Blue and White Nile rivers.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

To the south of the city center lie the slums and, beyond, the refuge camps swollen by the fighting in Darfur.

CUT TO:

35 EXT KHARTOUM SLUMS DAY

35

Decaying mud and brick buildings line a dirt road. Open sewers run on either side. Street merchants and beggars mix with thugs and devout Muslims.

CUT TO:

36 INT BANIR'S HOUSE DAY

36

Everything about the main room bespeaks poverty: dim 30 watt bulbs, worn carpets, open wires, dilapidated furniture. On the walls: an Islamic calender, Palestinian flag and a velveteen cloth featuring the last three Surahs of the Qur'an.

Mahammad Banir sits stretched in a battered barcalounger watching Sundanese television. His condition has deteriorated. He seems an old man: his beard unkempt, his skin yellow, hair thin, arms thin and his legs bent and bowed. Herbal medicines and a pitcher of water rest on the small table beside him. Frankincense burns in a brazier.

Along the opposite wall, a row of bookcases chockablock with volumes in English and Arabic. Books on tables, windowsills, stacked on the floor. Mostly history, politics, religion.

MAHMOUD, a young bearded radical, sits at a Formica table in the adjoining room as he surfs Islamic web sites on a Mac laptop. A satellite dish, attached by cable, is mounted outside the window. Behind Mahmoud, two objects--modern, out of place--stand out: a refrigerator and a rolling stainless steel IV stand. Medical supplies are stacked above the fridge.

AASIM, 30, Banir's assistant, enters, shutting out the noise and sun-baked brilliance of the street as he closes the door. Aasim kisses Banir's hand as they exchange greetings in Arabic. All dialogue between Banir, Mahmoud and Aasim is in Arabic unless otherwise noted.

BANIR
Where is the doctor?

(CONTINUED)

AASIM

He wasn't there. He went to Gedaref. He was supposed to be there but he wasn't. They said to come back tomorrow.

BANIR

Any word from Switzerland?

AASIM

They said come back tomorrow.

BANIR

Bring him with you.

AASIM

Yes, Shaykh Banir.

A muezzin's amplified call to prayer echoes from outside. Banir looks at his watch.

BANIR

It's time for prayers. Help me.

AASIM

Yes, Shaykh Banir.

Aasim calls curtly to Mahmoud. Together they help Banir onto his feet, lead him to where a prayer rug faces Mecca.

Banir kneels, places a white taqiyah cap on his head, and begins to pray.

CUT TO:

Aasim and Mahmoud walk down the street. Aasim steps around a beggar in the street, continues.

MAHMOUD

My goal is jihad. I did not heed the call in order to be a nurse.

AASIM

God has many tasks for us.

MAHMOUD

If I went to Afghanistan I could send my family some money.

37 CONTINUED:

AASIM
Stop whining.

MAHMOUD
I can't even use Shaykh Banir's
name--

AASIM
(admonishing him)
Never use that name where others
can hear! There will be money soon.
The first of the month.

CUT TO:

38 EXT CIA HEADQUARTERS DAY 38
Langley, Va.

CUT TO:

39 INT DIRECTOR'S OUTER OFFICE DAY 39
Evan Lake, dressed in tie and jacket, sits in the same chair
as before. He takes the last sip from the logo-embossed
coffee cup which has been provided for him.

The Secretary looks up from her work:

SECRETARY
The Director has a full schedule.
The DI's in there now and then
there are calls to return.

LAKE
(checks his watch)
I'm scheduled for 11 o'clock?

SECRETARY
If you want to go back down I'll
call you when he's free.

LAKE
I don't mind. Besides, if he sneaks
out I want to try to get a word in.

She nods, picks up the ringing phone.

Lake's mind goes back:

CUT TO:

40

INT MILITARY DOCTOR'S OFFICE 1986 DAY

40

Evan sits in what appears to be a psychiatrist's office. The THERAPIST, however, wears a military uniform. A US Government calendar gives the month and year.

A cane rests on Lake's leg. He right hand is bandaged.

THERAPIST

You know DARPA has been researching the use of artificial soldiers, you know, robots in combat. If all the soldiers were like you they wouldn't need robots.

LAKE

I'll take that as a compliment. I'll admit, though, recovery has its boring side. I'll still waiting for reassignment.

(no response)

I gather from your silence that you want me to continue unprompted. You know, of course, that the only thing that stands between me and reassignment is your approval.

THERAPIST

What do you wish to do when you return?

LAKE

Go wherever they need me. My experience is in the Mideast. My cover is blown but I can always be a station officer. There still is some unfinished business.

THERAPIST

That's what I wish you would talk about.

LAKE

Mahammad Banir is alive. They say he's dead. Killed in the explosion. But he's not.

THERAPIST

(checking notes)

There was a body.

(CONTINUED)

So what? I didn't see any head. I didn't see Banir's head.

There are many ways to serve your country.

I'd like to continue with the Agency. It's what I'm good at. It's my life.

If you wish to return to work at CIA, I would strongly recommend that you put the matter of Mahammad Banir behind you. Accept the fact that he's dead. Whatever revenge you seek has been accomplished. It's time to move on.

41 INT DIRECTOR'S OUTER OFFICE DAY 41

Mr. Lake. Director Clifton can see you now.

42 INT CLIFTON'S OFFICE DAY 42

Have a seat, Evan. Close the door.

Sorry about the hold up. You said it was a matter of crucial importance. This is not about the exemption application, is it?

(CONTINUED)

LAKE

No, sir.

CLIFTON

What is it?

LAKE

I have come across intelligence which leads me to believe that Mahammad Banir is alive and living in Khartoum.

CLIFTON

Go on.

Evan prepared his remarks but is unable to inhibit his enthusiasm. He grows more excited as he speaks.

LAKE

Banir was believed killed during a bombing raid in Beirut, 1985. The evidence was circumstantial. Intelligence intercepts lead the Agency to conclude that Banir was dead. He disappeared from our radar. CIA closed the books on him. Not a word from or about him has been heard for twenty-five years. Until now. Banir has a hereditary blood disease, thalassemia. If not apparent in childhood, it can lay dormant until midlife or later. There have been recent intercepts of e-mail requests for medicine used primarily in clinical trials for this anemia. These e-mails originated in Khartoum.

CLIFTON

What is the source of these intercepts?

LAKE

The source is confidential.

CLIFTON

Lake, I'm the Director of the fucking Agency. Nothing is confidential. Who's the source?

LAKE

If the source became known, the source would be in danger.

(CONTINUED)

Director Clifton is not pleased with Lake's insubordination. But he has some other fish to fry. Clifton steps over to his desk, picks up Lake's personnel file, looks it over.

CLIFTON

This is the same Mahammad Banir who held you captive for seven weeks in 1985.

LAKE

Yes, sir.

CLIFTON

What do you propose?

LAKE

I would like to set up a task force, establish Banir's whereabouts, extract him, return him to the United States for trial.

CLIFTON

"You" would like to set up a task force?

LAKE

(corrects himself)

I meant the Agency, sir.

Evan Lake, for all his intelligence and savvy, still doesn't get it. Doesn't see what a hole he's digging for himself.

CLIFTON

Thalassemia? There's no cure for it, right?

LAKE

No.

CLIFTON

Then why don't we just let the man die? Assuming that he's alive, assuming that these intercepts from your confidential source are correct, assuming that they in fact indicate the presence of a man who hasn't been heard of in twenty-five years.

Lake fidgets. He feels nothing but scorn for the director.

LAKE

Because it is not the policy of this Agency nor is it the policy of this government to allow killers to go free simply because they are sick.

Clifton nods. He's heard and seen enough. He picks up the phone and speaks to his Secretary. After a moment the door opens: DR. SANJAR, 60, enters.

CLIFTON

This is Dr. Sanjar, he's the head of the Office of Medical Services. Please sit down, doctor. Evan, sit.

They face each other in the sitting area. Clifton looks at Lake, speaks softly but firmly:

CLIFTON

Did you really think you could travel 150 miles, have three visits at a neurological clinic under a false identity, give blood, leave fingerprints, and not have us find out about it?

Lake maintains a poker face: he's busted.

SANJAR

I've spoken with Dr. Clayborne at HUP. He has forwarded your files and medical records.

CLIFTON

You don't need to worry about payment or privacy or quality of care. CIA takes care of its own.

SANJAR

The OMS has a state of the art facility. In addition we coordinate our efforts with AFRH here in Washington so that any services available to the Armed Forces are available to us.

CLIFTON

We'd like to make this as easy as possible for you. I've been talking to the DDO.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLIFTON (CONT'D)

We'll have a retirement dinner, the press, everyone will come, heck, the President will be there--

LAKE

Banir. What about Banir?

CLIFTON

Mahammad Banir is dead, Evan. Has been for twenty-five years.

Clifton glances at Sanjar.

SANJAR

We're concerned about these mood swings you've been experiencing. Several of your fellow intelligence officers have reported--

LAKE

Banir, damnit!

CLIFTON

Calm down.

LAKE

(stands)

You're fucking this up! Just like you've fucked everything else up. Fucked up Iran Contra, fucked up Ames, fucked up 9/11, fucked up WMD, fucked up Irag--damnit, can't you squirrel-heads ever get anything right?

Sanjar and Clifton are both on their feet.

SANJAR

Mr. Lake...

LAKE

(to Clifton)

I've forgotten more about this Agency than you'll ever know, I could put your ass on a plate, fry it and feed the press for the year!

(goes to the door)

Who put you up to this? Who's got their hand in your pocket now?

Lake storms out.

CUT TO:

43 INT LAKE'S CUBICLE DAY

43

Evan, composed, sits at his cubicle. He looks around. Jim glances up, quickly returns to his work. Lake looks at the word document on his computer screen. He types "Hezbollah and Economic Structure of NGOs, 1988-1999" then stops. There doesn't seem to be any reason to continue.

Two armed uniformed CIA SECURITY OFFICERS approach his cubicle.

1ST S.O.
Agent Lake?

LAKE
Yes.

1ST S.O.
The Director has asked us to
collect your security badge.

2ND S.O.
Please stand, sir.

Lake stands. All work stops. Every ear and eye is on Lake and the SOs.

1ST S.O.
You may collect your personal
possessions then we have been
instructed to escort you out of the
facility.

Evan looks from one to the other. He slowly reaches to his neck, removed the lanyard, takes a final look at his pass, hands it to the First Security Officer.

2ND S.O.
Please place everything you'd like
to take on the desk for inspection.

Evan opens the top drawer. Inside are personal items: after shave, deodorant, a sewing kit.

LAKE
You want to check my aftershave?
Maybe there is some secret poison
in it?

1ST S.O.
There is no need to be snippy, sir.

(CONTINUED)

You want my shit, my files, my life? Here, take them! You like medals? Here's a couple for you. This is what they give assholes like me who give their lives for their country!

Evan grabs his Intelligence Star and THROWS it at the 1st S.O. It bounces off the officer's chest. Lake reaches for the Donovan Award and the Distinguished Service medals, throws them across the room as the Security Officers step forward, grab him by each arm.

Milt Cirus, coming towards Lake's cubicle, stops dead in his tracks.

Once the S.O.s have Evan firmly in control, they turn him about, walk him toward the elevator.

Milt watches Evan as he passes. Lake's eyes stare forward as he goes.

CUT TO:

EXT LAKE'S CONDO NIGHT

Rain falls on the townhouse complex.

CUT TO:

INT LAKE'S CONDO NIGHT

Tableaus in a forlorn landscape. Bed made with a military tuck, an open hard bound book beside a bottle of Aricept, snapshots from better times and, in the reflection of glass protecting a burnt American flag, Evan Lake: alone in a darkened room, drinking, thinking, listening to music ("Not Dark Yet"?).

Sound of a car door. Footsteps approach. The doorbell rings. Evan gets up, pulls the curtain back, peeks out the window. Milt Cirus, half protected from the rain, stands at the door carrying a plastic shopping bag.

Evan returns to the room, turns on a lamp, pulls down the gun location sign ("Dummy!") taped to the bookshelf, flips the framed Reagan photo face side out, and opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

MILT

Here's your stuff. I hope you don't mind. I didn't want to leave it there.

(beat)

Can I come in?

LAKE

Yeah, come in.

Lake steps back as Milt enters, eyes straining to see in the still dark room. Ev closes the door, flips on an overhead light.

LAKE

You want something to drink?

MILT

What you having?

LAKE

Sake.

MILT

Sounds good.

They walk towards the kitchen.

LAKE

It's cold.

MILT

No problem.

Cirus places the bag on the kitchen table as Evan retrieves a drinking glass from the cupboard, sets it beside a bottle of sake. He peeks inside the bag, sits.

LAKE

I screwed up pretty bad today, huh?

MILT

No going back.

LAKE

So much for the retirement party.

Lake pours Milt a drink.

LAKE

They're not going to do nothing about Banir. They treated me like I was some sort of crackpot.

(CONTINUED)

MILT

That's the other reason I came. We intercepted another communication--this one from Lausanne to Khartoum. The reply. Jules Thierry, he's the doctor at Bois-Cert, he replied, saying Decitabine is a restricted drug and can only be administered in control conditions. He asked the doctor in Khartoum, Dr. Amin, for more information about his patient, medical history, etc. Presuming the patient met the criteria, he would be invited to Lausanne to participate in the Thalassemia trial.

LAKE

Banir's desperate.

MILT

If it is him.

LAKE

Can we hijack the account?

MILT

(nods)

I routed the IPO so that it comes directly to an account I've set up. We'll receive the Khartoum e-mails, reply. Dr. Thierry will assume the patient was discouraged, gave up. Any other e-mails, we'll simply route to the proper recipients.

LAKE

Can you plug me into this?

Milt nods, removes a memory stick from his pocket.

MILT

Where's your laptop?

Lake gestures to the desk in the main room. Milt goes over, opens the laptop, activates it. Ev stays in the kitchen a moment. He removes his medals from the shopping bag, places each of them individually, carefully, on the table top, angled against the wall.

He walks into the main room, watches Milt work.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

LAKE
Clifton asked what was my source
for the intercept.

MILT
But you didn't tell him.

LAKE
What do we do next?

MILT
We wait for Banir's reply.

CUT TO:

46 EXT KHARTOUM STREET DAY 46

An open truck carrying soldiers belches exhaust and dust.

CUT TO:

47 INT BANIR'S HOUSE DAY 47

Mahammad Banir, reclining on the barcalounger, is shrouded in shadow. Beside him, a rolling IV stand catches a glimmer of light. Plastic intravenous hoses stretch from blood and plasma bags to a transfusion needle in his arm.

DR. AMIN, 40, speaking, stands silhouetted by light from a window. Aasim stands to the doctor's left. Mahmoud watches from across the room.

AMIN
...they are requesting a detailed
medical history--

BANIR
You know that is not possible.

AMIN
The Bois-Cert is an FESCC
accredited clinic.

BANIR
You write Dr. Thierry. You explain
to him that we have supplied him
with all the information he needs,
that it is not possible for me to
travel. We can supply whatever he
needs here. Any facility, bone
marrow transplant, chemotherapy.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BANIR (CONT'D)

Invite him to be your guest. To begin treatment which you will continue.

AMIN

It's very unorthodox.

BANIR

I have made it easy for you. I have written, in English, a message for you to send to Doctor Thierry. Aasim will accompany you to your office and mail it for you. Understand?

AMIN

Yes, Shayhk.

BANIR

As-salamu Alaykum.

AMIN

Salam Alaykum.

A burst of harsh sunlight illuminates Banir as Dr. Amin and Aasim exit. After a moment, he calls to Mahmoud:

BANIR

Mahmoud.

MAHMOUD

Yes, Shaykh.

BANIR

Come here.

Mahmoud walks into the shadow, approaches. Banir whispers:

BANIR

Closer. Come closer.

Mahmoud bends to hear.

BANIR

Closer.

As Mahmoud's head nears his, Banir violently reaches out with his left arm--IV tubes and all--GRABS him around the neck, forces Mahmoud to his knees, his head to Banir's chest. With his right hand Banir pulls a razor sharp knife that had been tucked in the chair's cushions, presses it against Mahmoud's throat.

47 CONTINUED:

Mahmoud pleads for mercy.

BANIR

Aasim says you are complaining
about money.

MAHMOUD

No, Shayhk.

BANIR

Open your mouth.

(Mahmoud trembles)

Open it--or I'll cut it open!

Mahmoud slowly opens his mouth. Lowering the knife, Banir reaches into the chair, removes a roll of dinar, STUFFS the money deep into Mahmoud's throat. Mahmoud GASPS for breath.

BANIR

You are following the will of God.
Never question. Submit to the will
of God.

CUT TO:

48 INT LAKE'S CONDO DAY 48

Another day. Milt Cyrus, wearing a white shirt and tie, works at Lake's laptop while Evan, dressed more casually, paces.

MILT

This is him? This is Banir talking?

LAKE

"I put myself at your mercy and
Christian charity." That's just
like that fucker. That's him. I can
hear him now.

MILT

(typing)

As the man said to the long-legged
girl, "Let's see where this leads."

(beat)

Maybe we can get Banir to Lausanne.
We could arrange a snatch there.

LAKE

He won't go. Will not. But we'll
ask him one more time. Dangle the
bait. Thierry never received this
message, right?

(CONTINUED)

MILT

For now, you and I, we're Dr. Thierry.

LAKE

Thierry asks him to come again. Banir refuses again, offers some inducement.

MILT

Then what?

LAKE

Whatever Banir offers, we up it. He offers salary, airfare, expenses, we say okay--plus fifty, no seventy-five thousand Euros in a private numbered Swiss bank account.

MILT

He'll go for it?

LAKE

If he's desperate enough.

MILT

You really think it's him, don't you?

LAKE

Yeah.

MILT

There's something I still don't get.

LAKE

What?

MILT

If this is really Banir, why hasn't anyone heard from him in twenty-five years?

LAKE

(takes a moment)

Because I poisoned the well.

Milt waits for Ev to explain.

LAKE

When I escaped and grabbed a phone. A big old bulky Talkman.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LAKE (CONT'D)

A Hezbollah phone. They suspected they had a double, an important one--that was the bug up Banir's ass. So I gave 'em a double. I patched together bits of Banir's voice from earlier intercepts, mixed them in with some other shit. Then Joey Eckstein--he's dead now--Joey plants the phone in the rubble at the bomb site. Hezbollah finds it, decodes it--bingo, Banir's the double agent. I figured they'd kill him. Maybe they tried. Banir went dark, totally dark. CIA figures he's dead, Hezbollah figures he's dead. But I had my doubts.

The doorbell sings. Milt gets up.

LAKE

Don't answer it.

But Milt's already looking out the front window. He spots someone:

MILT

It's Sanjar from OMS.

LAKE

Shit. Go in the kitchen.

Cirus, concerned, steps away as Evan opens the front door. Sanjar stands on the doorstep.

LAKE

Dr. Sanjar. I'm real busy right now. I don't have the time.

SANJAR

Evan, I don't want to leave it the way it was left the other day. It wasn't handled right.

LAKE

It's all right.

SANJAR

No, it's not. May I come in?

LAKE

I don't have time right now.

(CONTINUED)

SANJAR

I'm not going to let you push this
aside. We want to help you.

LAKE

It's under control.

Ev motions to close the door. Sanjar inches forward.

SANJAR

I'll leave, but only on one
condition.

LAKE

What's that?

SANJAR

You come and see me. You come by my
office. We'll sit down, have a
talk. Doesn't have to be tomorrow.
Whenever you feel like it.

(waits for response)

Agreed?

LAKE

Agreed.

SANJAR

I'll see you then.

LAKE

See you then.

Lake closes the door, exhales. Milt Cirus stands in the
kitchen doorway, watching.

MILT

You going to tell me what that was
about?

LAKE

It's nothing.

MILT

This goes back to that day in the
diner, doesn't it?

(no reply)

I think you owe me an explanation.

LAKE

Can't a man have any privacy?

MILT

I'm risking my job here. I'm dancing outside the lines trying to help you out. But there's another program running, something you won't tell me about. You gotta be straight. You owe me that much.

Evan sighs. Milt's right, of course. Sooner or later it's going to come out.

Lake goes over to a stack of books behind his reading chair, pulls a large format paperback from the bottom of the stack. He carries the book to the desk, drops it down, walks away.

Milt steps over, looks at the title: "The Alzheimer's Cope Book." He looks at Ev standing at the opposite side of the room.

LAKE

Early onset. Not so bad now. Little things, things I can hide. But that train only runs one way. Everything up here...

(gestures to forehead)

..is rotting. Bit by bit, it slips away. Three years, it'll be all gone.

Milt searches for something to say:

MILT

Geez, Ev, I'm...

Evan holds up his hand, as if to say, "no need."

MILT

What can I--

LAKE

You asked. You have the answer. Subject closed.

MILT

But why Banir?

LAKE

I want to do something. I want to do something worth remembering before I forget.

(beat)

Now I want you to do something.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

MILT

What?

LAKE

Set up that bank account in
Switzerland.

CUT TO:

49 INT BANIR'S HOUSE EVENING

49

Aasim and Mahmoud help Banir up from his prayer rug. He's able to walk to his chair. But Aasim and Mahmoud stay close, in case he falls.

AASIM

Who does he think he is? 75,000
Euros!

BANIR

He's a crook, that's what. I
wouldn't trust him if he wasn't.

AASIM

Can we get that much money?

BANIR

I'll have to go to The Source. He
won't like it but there is no
choice.

(sits)

I'll write the message, the bank
details. Go to the internet cafe,
send it from there. He'll want some
time. I don't have time. He'll do
it.

(to Mahmoud)

Turn on the TV.

CUT TO:

50 EXT HIGHWAY 267 DAY

50

Evan Lake drives the green Taurus west. He doesn't realize it but the car is weaving in the lane. Hearing a siren, Evan checks the rear view mirror: a highway patrol car flashes its lights.

Lake pulls to the shoulder, retrieves his registration and driver's license as a STATE TROOPER approaches, eyeballing the car's interior.

(CONTINUED)

TROOPER

License and registration, please.

Ev hands them over. The Trooper examines them, one then the other.

TROOPER

Do you know why I pulled you over?

LAKE

(tugs at his seat belt)

I'm wearing my seat belt.

TROOPER

You were weaving in the lane. Have you been drinking?

LAKE

No, sir.

The Trooper looks him over. Something doesn't feel right.

TROOPER

Just a moment.

The officer goes back to his patrol car to phone in Lake's license. Evan attempts to remain cool but is concerned. He didn't know he was weaving.

The Trooper returns.

LAKE

Maybe it's something wrong with the tires.

TROOPER

Would you please step out?

Evan unbuckles, opens the door, stands. The officer closes the door.

TROOPER

Mr. Lake, we're going back to the station. Please get in the patrol car. I'll drive you there. Place your keys under the seat.

Now Evan is puzzled--and worried. He does as told, follows the Trooper.

LAKE

What have I done?

(CONTINUED)

The officer opens the passenger door for Lake. This is unusual. If Evan's being arrested, why is he being put in the front seat? The Trooper climbs in the driver's seat, starts the car.

Before engaging the gear, the Trooper turns to Lake, explains:

TROOPER

By state law anyone diagnosed with Alzheimer's must surrender their driving privileges. Your name has been entered into the data bank. If it's an error, it will be corrected at the station.

(drives into traffic)

Another officer will bring your car. If there's someone you would like to pick you up you can call from the station. If you have a cell phone, you can call now.

Lake, deeply embarrassed, watches as the officer accelerates down the highway. Ev reaches for his cell phone.

CUT TO:

Lake and Cirus exit the State Police Station in Tyson's Corner walk to the Taurus parked out front. Milt, carrying the keys, gets behind the wheel. Ev rides shotgun.

CUT TO:

They ride a bit before speaking. Evan breaks the silence:

LAKE

Getting old ain't no fun.

MILT

You okay?

LAKE

I'm okay.

MILT

The money's in the bank.

(Lake: huh?)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

MILT (CONT'D)
Seventy-five thousand Euro
deposited today at Banque Cantonale
Vaudoise in Lausanne.

Evan replies as Milt's voice pre-laps from the upcoming scene.

CUT TO:

53 INT LAKE'S CONDO DAY 53

Evan stands at the window as Milt, working on the laptop, fills the time:

MILT
...back in the old days, the
Marshals would follow a trail by
looking for hoof prints, broken
branches, by smelling horseshit.
There days the trails are numerical
and they're stored in computers.
Wherever you go, you leave a
marker.

Milt pulls up a photo:

MILT
Here he is.

Ev looks over Milt's shoulder. A head shot of a white haired, mustached 60ish man in a white coat with a laminated medical badge.

MILT
Dr. Jules Thierry, Bois-Cert
Neurological Clinic.

LAKE
The clock's running.

MILT
Even looks a little like you.

LAKE
The hair's different. Skin color.
Moustache.

MILT
Have you thought about how you're
going to do it?

(CONTINUED)

LAKE

(ironic smile)

Go to Lausanne, collect the money,
go to Khartoum, grab the bad guy,
use the money to charter a plane,
set her down at Andrews Air Force
Base.

(beat)

No, not in detail.

MILT

I applied for and received a three
month hardship leave of absence
from the Company. My mother-in-law,
Alaska. Health crisis. She's cool
with it. So's Julie.

LAKE

What did you tell them?

MILT

Nothing. That's the beauty of this
job. Just say "classified."

LAKE

You coming?

MILT

You can't do it alone.

LAKE

We'll need passports, ID, papers,
the whole magilla. I'll contact
Mike Warner at The Farm. It's
easier for him to do it there. He's
a short-timer. He'll go for it.
You're on leave. I wouldn't want to
risk doing it here anyway.

MILT

He can set up the disguise?

LAKE

(nods)

We'll need a little time. Have
Thierry reply to Banir. Tell him
you're out of the country at a
conference, a little vacation.
You'll be back in eight days,
collect the money, arrange
transportation. That will buy us a
week.

(CONTINUED)

MILT

He won't get suspicious?

LAKE

(smiles)

Wonderful things can happen when you plant seeds of suspicion in a garden of assholes. I want Mike to run some drills. The basic stuff, passport control, interrogation, leading/following, bang and crash. Spycraft 101.

Milt gives him a look: Evan needs this?

LAKE

Today, when I was pulled over I was sitting in the car with the red lights flashing behind me and the Trooper walking up and my heart started pounding. Me, I've been in some scrapes, but there I was like some recruit, sitting on Highway 267, my heart pounding. Yeah, I could use a refresher course.

CUT TO:

The view pans from the distant CIA training facility to a nearby motel. Evan Lake's green Taurus is one of several cars parked outside.

CUT TO:

Adjoining motel rooms have been reconfigured for training exercises.

--In the BATHROOM, Milt Cirus assists as Mike Warner makes the final touches to Ev's moustache. All in all, a very good likeness to M. Thierry. A wig of the right style, volume and color. Lake's skin has been lightened, wrinkles and crevices filled in.

WARNER

You go out in the next few days, wear sunblock. The good doctor is an indoor type.

(CONTINUED)

Milt takes photos of Lake's disguise from various angles.

--The ADJOINING ROOM has been rearranged to resemble an interrogation area. Mike, wearing a foreign looking military cap, sits across from Dr. Jules Thierry (aka Evan Lake) while Milt, holding a gun, stands against a wall. Warner peppers Evan with questions in JUMP CUTS:

WARNER

Who is your upper employee?...
(French) I forgot your daughter,
she is in school?...This disorder
is called Hughes Syndrome?...
(French) Have you traveled to
Israel?...What type of cars you
drive?

--Evan sits on the bed in the OTHER ROOM, tired, his head in his hand. Milt, beside him, puts his arm on Ev's back.

MILT

It's never as rough in reality as
in training. That's why we do it
this way.

LAKE

It's the fucking short term stuff,
it's a killer. Ask me about high
school, I'll remember, but this...

MILT

I'll be with you. We'll go over it
every night.

--Back in the ADJOINING ROOM, Warner lays their papers out on the table: multiple passports, ID cards, driver's licenses, credit cards, medical certificate, laminated Bois-Cert employee card, Sudanese visas, cell phones.

Evan holds up his right hand, displays his missing fingers:

LAKE

What about this?

WARNER

It's listed on your papers. A
childhood accident. A metal
container fell on your hand. But
just for walking around...

Mike goes to a shoe box, removes a prosthetic device designed to fit over Lake's hand and fill in the missing fingers.

55 CONTINUED:

WARNER (CONT'D)
...you might want to use this. It's
not going to fool anyone up close
but from a distance it could be
useful.

Milt helps Mike attach the device to Evan's hand.

CUT TO:

56 INT BANIR'S HOUSE DAY 56

Aasim enters, steps over to Banir. He looks up from his book:

BANIR
Has he collected the money?

AASIM
No. He is still at the convention.
After the weekend.

Something about this bothers Banir. He calls over:

BANIR
Mahmoud.

Mahmoud, deferential, joins them.

BANIR
Go there. To Lausanne. Watch him.
Make sure he is the one on the
plane. If he tries to cheat us,
kill him.

Mahmoud, honored to be entrusted with such an important task,
bows:

MAHMOUD
Yes, Shaykh.

BANIR
(to Aasim)
Is there someone in Switzerland who
can get Mahmoud a gun?

AASIM
I'll find someone.

BANIR
Have you made Dr. Thierry's flight
reservations?

(CONTINUED)

AASIM

I'm still waiting for him to reply.

CUT TO:

57 EXT VIRGINIA WOODS DAWN

57

Evan Lake, wearing outdoor clothes, practices on a firing range near the farm. Mike Warner randomly triggers various bad guy silhouettes which pop up without warning from this direction or that. Ev has to quickly react, spin and FIRE his Browning Field pistol. He hits most targets, misses some.

Ev, out of bullets, catches his breath, steps back. Milt, using a Glock automatic pistol, steps into his place. Mike starts the target before Milt has time to prepare. Milt spins, commences FIRING.

CUT TO:

58 EXT MOTEL DAY

58

Milt and Mike emerge from the motel office carrying takeout coffee cups. Warner slows, stops, turns to Milt:

WARNER

It's not too late, you know.

MILT

For what?

WARNER

Don't let him do this. What purpose does it serve?

Milt doesn't reply.

WARNER

Evan I understand. You? This is a rogue operation. Completely outside the lines. No support, no approval, no backup. A dozen things can go wrong and one of them will. You have a career--

MILT

I've taken a leave.

WARNER

If this becomes known...

(CONTINUED)

MILT

(explains)

Cairo 2002. I was a rookie, fresh from the factory. My first clandestine op. Completely in the dark, working for a NGO health organization. My asset was a double. I was working him, he was working me. I took a chance. I wanted to force him our way. It backfired. His handlers grabbed us both. Later I found out they killed him. Me they just held. But nothing happened. I'd fucked up and the Agency wasn't doing a thing. Evan Lake was the station chief in Islamabad. It wasn't any of his business but he found out about it. He came to Cairo, snatched one of the asset's handlers--walked into his government office and grabbed him--set up a swap. Just like that. I was busted out of field work, sent back to Langley to ride a desk. Six months later Evan was relieved of his station post, sent home. The assumption was that he'd retire, but of course, he didn't. I owe him my life.

WARNER

Everyone has a story like that.

MILT

Yeah, but this one's my story.

CUT TO:

Evan, Milt and Mike pack their gear and possessions into suitcases, prepare to leave.

Warner closes a case of surveillance devices.

WARNER

It's just basic DS&T toys. Send them separately. You get a call from area code 616, don't answer it. That's a red alert. I'll be right here. This motel.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

WARNER (CONT'D)
(reaches into his pocket)
One more thing.

He removes a small box, opens it. Inside is a dental bridge with a small capsule fixed in back.

WARNER
You bite down. 5 seconds. You won't feel a thing.

LAKE
Keep it.

WARNER
You never know. What is it you Marines say, "Always Prepared"?

LAKE
That's the Coast Guard.

WARNER
Take it anyway.

Mike hands it to Milt who places the box in his pocket.

CUT TO:

60 INT BWI AIRPORT DAY 60

Evan Lake, dressed as a business man, and Milt Cirus, wearing tourist clothes, queue separately for a flight to Zurich.

CUT TO:

61 INT AIRPLANE DAY 61

Ev relaxes in business class as Milt, passing him without comment, enters the economy section.

CUT TO:

62 EXT ZURICH INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT DAY 62

Their plane lands.

CUT TO:

63 EXT DHL ZURICH DAY 63

Milt exits the DHL office with a package. He places it in the truck of the Opel rental car, gets behind the wheel, drives off. Lake rides shotgun.

CUT TO:

64 EXT MOVENPICK HOTEL DAY 64

A four star establishment in central Lausanne. Across the street, down the block, preparations are being made for the "Festival de la Cite," an arts summerfest performed on stages throughout the city's center.

CUT TO:

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65      INT      MOVENPICK HOTEL ROOM      DAY      65
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Evan Lake stares into the mirror as Milt adjusts his wig in the sitting room of their functional suite. Their suitcases lay open on the single beds.

Wife? MILT

LAKE
Claudine.

MILT
Date of birth?
(before Ev can answer)
Not yours, hers.

Evan is thrown for a second, but comes up with a date:

LAKE
January 14, 1950.

Children? MILT

CUT TO:

66 INT CREDIT LYONNAISE BANK DAY 66

Evan, in Jules Thierry disguise, waits at the counter as the CLERK counts stacks of 500 Euro notes, places them in an envelope. Lake places the envelope in his briefcase.

(CONTINUED)

CLERK

Avez-vous besoin d'aide, Dr.
Thierry?

LAKE

Non, non. Merci beaucoup.

Carrying the briefcase in his right hand (with the prosthetic fingers), Lake heads for the door. His cellphone rings. He answers with the left hand.

LAKE

Oui.

MILT O.S.

Change of plan. You've got company.
When you get out, walk north a
block and a half. There's a
Barclay's. Go inside, wait.

LAKE

D'accord.

CUT TO:

Stepping outside, "Dr. Thierry" turns right, heads north.

Two blocks away, Milt, at the wheel of the Opel, watches through a miniature monocular spyglass as Evan heads up the street. Lake passes several "street artists" carrying their costumes.

A young Egyptian man in a futbol shirt who had been pretending to study a store window display, turns his head, follows Lake. It's Mahmoud, now clean shaven.

Milt waits until Lake enters the Barclay's. Mahmoud stays outside. Cyrus places another call to Evan:

MILT

Stay in the bank ten, fifteen
minutes. Put the money in the
briefcase. When you leave, toss the
Lyonnaise envelope in a trash
container. There's a haji in a Real
Madrid shirt down the block. 8
o'clock. Lose him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

MILT (CONT'D)
 It shouldn't be too hard. He's not
 a pro. I'll meet you back at the
 hotel.

CUT TO:

68 EXT MOVENPICK NIGHT

68

Late. Sporadic traffic.

CUT TO:

69 INT MOVENPICK ROOM NIGHT

69

Evan Lake, in briefs and T-shirt, sits on an unmade bed as
 Milt paces. Ev looks up from his book: "Blood Disorders."

MILT
 ...I followed him back to his
 hotel. His name is Mahmoud
 Nasrayalah. Egyptian passport. I
 ran a check but nothing came up--

LAKE
 Clean as seventy virgins. That's
 how he got through security. That's
 why Banir chose him. Did you see
 him make a call?

(Milt shakes head)
 We assume Banir knows Thierry has
 the money. Book the flight. Pull up
 the e-mail we prepared for the
 Sudanese doctor, what was his name?

Milt sits at the desk.

MILT
 Amin.

LAKE
 You didn't scare him off, did you?

MILT
 Who?

LAKE
 Mahmoud.

(CONTINUED)

MILT

I don't think so. I made up a cock
and bull story for the hotel clerk,
Kismet...

(Lake quizzical)

...the name of the hotel, a two
star deal in Turktown--you all
right?

LAKE

Yeah, just tired.

MILT

(activates laptop)

I had to lay some money on the
clerk so you can't be sure. I think
we're cool.

Lake stands, looks out the window: workmen erect a music
stand in a town square while others unload chairs from
trucks.

LAKE

(about e-mail)

Date it. Ship it. Let's get Dr.
Thierry on a plane to Khartoum in
the next three days. You asked for
the Hilton?

MILT

(nods, concerned)

Mahmoud has his instructions. He's
gonna track the doctor, I know it--
he gets in his face, then what
happens? We could make that haji
disappear.

LAKE

No, it's all good. Banir has gotten
confirmation from his guy--the
doctor is for real. I don't want to
make any waves here. Can't risk it.
The job here is to get to Sudan.
Mahmoud follows the doctor, we
follow Mahmoud. If Mahmoud tries to
make contact with the doctor, well,
then we'll take that as it comes.

(changes subject)

Do you have the...dental bridge
that Mike Warner gave us?

MILT

Yeah. It's here.

(CONTINUED)

LAKE

Give it to me.

MILT

(reluctant)

What do you--?

LAKE

Now.

Milt acquiesces, goes over to his suitcase, removes the box Mike gave him. He gives it to Evan.

Lake removes the dental bridge, drops it to the carpet. He lifts his leg and, with a STOMP, smashes the poison capsule.

CUT TO:

The muezzin's call fades as Banir, having finished his morning prayers, sits at a table on the rooftop, writes in his journal. In the distance, smog and dust rise from the city skyline.

Aasim and Dr. Amin join Banir, exchange greetings.

AASIM

Dr. Thierry contacted Dr. Amin last night. He's coming in two days.

BANIR

Allah be praised.

AMIN

Allah be praised.

BANIR

What will he do?

AMIN

He wants to go over the tests and treatments we've done, the entire history. Then he'll see you. Whatever he needs, we can arrange it.

CUT TO:

71	EXT	KISMET HOTEL	DAY	71
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Mahmoud steps out of the Kismet Hotel, passes a Turkish restaurant, and, checking the route map, waits for the municipal bus. Milt, seated in the Opel, watches from down the block.

The bus stops, Mahmoud looks both ways, enters. Milt presses a button on the cell phone, speaks into the Bluetooth earpiece. The bus pulls away. Milt looks around, checks the mirrors.

CUT TO:

72	EXT/INT	BUS	DAY	72
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The bus, heading out of the center, stops. Evan Lake, wearing jeans and a baseball cap and a Bluetooth headset, enters the bus, takes a seat. He pulls a folded Herald Trib from his back pocket, reads it as he watches Mahmoud.

CUT TO:

73 EXT LAUSANNE STREET DAY 73

Milt, listening to his earpiece, pulls through a side street, swings behind the bus as it enters a residential area. He checks the rear view mirror. The same blue Ford which has been behind him at the Kismet is behind him again.

CUT TO:

74 INT BUS DAY 74

The bus stops near the entrance to the Bois-Cert Clinique. Mahmoud exits. Lake, staying on the bus, speaks into his earpiece.

CUT TO:

75 INT BOIS-CERT DAY 75

Mahmoud, looking and feeling out the place, sits in the waiting room. Glancing up, he eyes each passing doctor.

Milt, dressed in a pale blue security shirt and dark tie, steps out of the men's room, walks down the corridor to the waiting area.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

MILT
 (French)
 Excuse me, sir, who are you here to
 see?

Mahmoud confused, doesn't answer.

MILT
 May I see your identification?

Mahmoud, anxious, glances at the front entrance.

FROM INSIDE A SECOND FLOOR OFFICE. The real DR. THIERRY,
 meeting with a colleague, glances out the window. Outside, on
 the sidewalk, a security guard watches as a young Egyptian
 man walks away. The security guard, watching the man walk
 away, turns, reaches into his pocket, withdraws a cell phone.

CUT TO:

76 EXT KISMET DAY 76

Turkish businessmen emerge from the restaurant, passing city
 employees hanging decorations.

CUT TO:

77 INT KISMET HOTEL ROOM DAY 77

Lake, in jeans and baseball cap, goes through Mahmoud's
 spartan room. A rolled up prayer rug and Qur'an rest on the
 bureau. Evan, opening drawers, checking the closet, looks for
 any additional clues about Mahmoud's purpose.

Lake's cell phone rings. It's Milt.

MILT O.S.
 He was poking around so I sent him
 on his way. He's probably headed
 back your way.

LAKE
 Nothing here.

Lake signs off, restores Mahmoud's meager possessions to the
 rightful positions. As he is about to exit, the room phone
 rings.

Ev hesitates, then steps over and gingerly lifts the receiver
 to his ear. An Arabic voice speaks:

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

BANIR O.S.

Mahmoud?

Lake holds his breath, not making a sound.

BANIR O.S.

Mahmoud?

Evan listens to the faint breath at the opposite end of the receiver and FEELS A PRESENCE.

CUT TO:

78 EXT/INT MILT'S CAR DAY 78

Milt negotiates suburban traffic. His cell rings. Checking the screen as he drives, Cyrus reads the incoming number: a 616 area code.

He doesn't answer. Checking the rear view mirror, he notices--or thinks he notices--the blue Ford. He places a call, listens through his earpiece.

LAKE O.S.

Yeah.

MILT

Check out of Movenpick. There's a Minotel near the train station.

CUT TO:

79 EXT MINOTEL ALAGARE DAY 79

Afternoon. A three star hotel on a pedestrian street. A nearby banner list the "Festival de la Cite" schedule, its many attractions--music, street theater, concerts, etc--and points directions.

CUT TO:

80 INT MINOTEL ROOM DAY 80

Lake and Cyrus share a no frills single room.

MILT

I got a 616 area code call. I ditched the rental at a muni parking lot, wiped it down. It could have a GPS on it somewhere.

(CONTINUED)

LAKE
You reach Mike?

MILT
(nods)
At the motel. The Company went
through your condo in Fairfax.
That's why he called. They're
looking for you.

Ev gives Milt a look which implies, "And you?"

MILT
I called home. They're not on me
yet, but it's just a matter of
time. Where's the cash?
(Evan indicates briefcase)
Someone has been following me. I
thought he might be after the haji,
but, no, he--a single op--was
following me. A blue Ford Focus.

CUT TO:

Mahmoud, pacing, speaks on the phone in Arabic:

MAHMOUD
I was at the hospital. Some guard
came and told me to leave.

BANIR O.S.
Why did you go there?

MAHMOUD
You trust him too much. He has the
money, he can do what he wants.

BANIR O.S.
You follow orders, that's all.
Where were you at one o'clock?

MAHMOUD
At the clinic. When do I get my
gun? You promised--

CUT TO:

82 INT BANIR'S ROOM DAY 82

Banir, seated, speaks into a cell phone:

BANIR
You were not in your room? Not at
this number?

MAHMOUD O.S.
No.

BANIR
I called. Someone answered the
phone.

A mutual pause. Banir looks at Aasim. Mahmoud breaks the
silence:

MAHMOUD O.S.
Maybe it was a maid.

BANIR
No, it wasn't.

CUT TO:

83 INT MINOTEL ROOM DAY 83

Evan stands at the window:

LAKE
When I was in Mahmoud's room, in
the hotel room, the phone rang. I
picked it up.
(Milt waits)
I didn't saying anything but I
heard it. A sense of something. The
breathing. It was Banir. He's
alive.

Cirus goes to the briefcase, takes out the cash envelope,
counts out ten 500 euro notes.

MILT
Give me your cell. I'll get some
throwaway phones, new car rentals.

Ev hands him his cellphone.

MILT
I think we're okay as far as our
friend in the blue Ford goes.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MILT (CONT'D)

The only way for him to get to us would be to follow Mahmoud. Mahmoud could take him to Thierry and then anything could happen. Stay here, I'll be back.

Milt turns to leave.

LAKE

Wait. You can access Homeland Security, right?

(Milt nods)

When you get back, send a message to Interpol, FTF, give them a BOLO, a description of Mahmoud, his name--throw in an alias--say he may be en route to Zurich. FAF will contact Fedpol. Maybe they'll pick him up, play Twenty Questions. Get him out of our hair--boom, we head for the airport.

CUT TO:

INT PARKING STRUCTURE EVENING

Milt parks the new rental, a black VW sedan, gets out, looks around. He wears a padded stomach, loose fitting shirt, dark black hair and moustache. He locks the car remotely, heads towards the exit.

CUT TO:

EXT MINOTEL ALAGARE EVENING

Last light silhouettes the buildings as Milt enters the lobby.

CUT TO:

INT MINOTEL ROOM EVENING

Milt enters, locks the door. One look tells him Evan is not there. The room is empty.

CUT TO:

87 EXT LAUSANNE PARK EVENING

87

MONTAGE as Milt searches for Evan:

--on the sidewalks

--in the electronics shop

--in a luxury hotel lobby

Walking through a pocket park wedged between intersecting streets, Cirus spots Evan Lake sitting alone on a bench. Ev stares off into space, a blank look on his face.

From a distance, an echoing African drum band can be heard rehearsing on a stage.

Milt is about to call his name, then notices Ev's expression. He walks up beside him, sits down. After a beat, he says:

MILT

I asked you to stay in the room.
It's not safe to go out not in
disguise.

Lake looks at Milt, speaks haltingly. It's not so much that Lake is befuddled as he is embarrassed.

LAKE

I needed to get some...I couldn't
find any so kept walking. I must
have got turned around. But the
thing was...
(ashamed)
I couldn't remember the name of the
hotel.

Milt takes out a pen and notepad, starts writing:

MILT

It's the Minotel Alagare. Not far
from here. This is your new cell
phone number. Below it is mine.

Milt rips off the note from the pad, reaches in his pocket, retrieves a cell phone, hands the note and phone to Evan.

MILT

The jet lag. A little sleep, you'll
be fine.

(CONTINUED)

LAKE

They have a name for it.
"Sundowning." It happens at the end
of the day. Nobody knows why. You
get anxious, confused. I had to get
out. Go somewhere.

MILT

You take your medication?

Ev avoids Milt's gaze. He forgot.

MILT

You feel better now?

LAKE

Yeah, I just...slipped. Lost track.
I'm all right.

MILT

Can I ask you something personal?
This may not be the right time.

LAKE

Hell, fire away. Ask whatever you
want.

MILT

Back then, way back then, when you
were in Beirut, when you were a
captive.

LAKE

That I can remember.

MILT

Banir just wanted a name, right? He
thought there was a double in his
group, he thought you know who it
was. Why didn't you give him a
name? It didn't matter which name,
any name? From what I heard you
refused to say anything. It just
pissed him off even more. Hurt the
man's pride. If you'd given him a
name, he probably just would have
said, "Good," and let you go.

Lake takes a moment to answer. It's not the first time he's
considered this question.

(CONTINUED)

LAKE

Self respect. I didn't want to be the man who gave up a name under questioning.

(beat)

It's the same reason I haven't killed myself.

Milt nods, stands.

MILT

Let's go back. The hotel's this way.

Lake, now fully oriented, stands, looks around:

LAKE

I know where the damn hotel is.

Evan heads out of the park toward the pedestrian street. Milt falls in beside him, walking step for step as the street lamps come on and the drum beats grow louder.

LAKE

Let's contact Interpol.

CUT TO:

Evan Lake and Milt Cyrus share a full length mirror, analyzing their wardrobe and disguises. Evan is dressed as Dr. Thierry, Milt as the dark haired man in the oversize shirt.

LAKE

I always wanted to be in the school play.

MILT

(as Austin Powers)

Groovy, baby.

Milt reaches into the lockbox they picked up from DHL, puts the loaded Glock into his padded stomach. Evan places an Avicet tablet in his mouth, washes it down with water then attaches his automatic to his holster.

CUT TO:

89

EXT KISMET DAY

89

Evan and Milt sit in the black VW. In one direction, Kismet; in the other, the blue Ford Focus. In an adjoining plaza, workers clean up from last night's concert as mimes perform on the sidewalk.

Lake checks his watch. 12:30.

MILT
Sleeping late.

LAKE
Waiting for something.

MILT
Here we go. Finally.

Mahmoud, checking his watch, exits the hotel, walks over to a pay phone, checks his watch again, waits. Using the monocular spyglass, Milt checks out the OP at the wheel of the Ford Focus.

MILT
Can you believe this guy in the Ford? A newbie. Greener than a Mick's asshole. It's like they said, "Why's Evan Lake in Switzerland? Let's get somebody with nothing else to do to take a look at him."

The payphone rings. Mahmoud quickly answers.

After receiving phone instructions, Mahmoud hangs up, goes to the bus stop. When the bus arrives he gets on. The blue Ford Focus follows.

Lake gets out of the passenger seat, heads to where other cars are parked.

CUT TO:

90

EXT LAUSANNE STREETS/BOIS-CERT AFTERNOON

90

Milt follows the blue Focus which follows the bus which follows the same route as before, heading out of town toward Bois-Cert clinic.

Milt calls Ev:

(CONTINUED)

MILT
Mahmoud is looking for a return
visit.

LAKE
Roger.

As Mahmoud walks from the bus stop towards the Bois-Cert entrance, Lake pulls around the corner in an identical black VW, parks directly in front of the clinic, makes as if to urgently enter, has a "change of mind," gets back in his car, drives off.

This throws both Mahmoud and the blue trail car. Mahmoud goes back to the bus stop, looking for a cab. The blue Focus follows Lake in the VW.

Milt SWINGS his black VW around, playing a game with the blue follow car. In, out, one this way, the other that, exchanging places until, magically, both VEER off and the Op finds himself suddenly alone and outfoxed.

CUT TO:

91 EXT KISMET AFTERNOON 91

The sun is low over the lake as Sunuthar ("Swiss Epic Folk Metal") plays on a nearby bandstand. A motley group of fans, drunks and curious dance, drink and look on.

The blue Focus waits, as before, down the block from the hotel. Milt and Lake, no longer in their cars, sit on benches in opposite directions. Lake has changed to street clothes. Milt wears a sport jacket and tie.

Mahmoud steps out of the hotel. Milt speaks into his earpiece:

MILT
Round two.

Mahmoud heads with purpose toward the Festival de la Cite stages.

LAKE
He's got the Rendezvous Walk. Let's
go.

The Op gets out of the Focus follows Mahmoud. Adjusting their vectors, Milt and Lake track Mahmoud at oblique angles.

(CONTINUED)

Passing through mimes with huge eyeball heads Mahmoud enters a row of food and souvenir stands.

Lake notices something out of the corner of his eye. Mahmoud has another interested observer. A SWISS UNDERCOVER COP, scanning the crowd, checks a folded black and white print out photo.

Lake is about to say something to Milt when he notices Mahmoud stop at a currywurst stand, look around.

LAKE

He's meeting someone.

MILT

3 o'clock.

A YOUNG ARAB, clean cut, wearing a knapsack, works his way through the crowd, spots Mahmoud, who, pretending not to notice, orders a currywurst.

The Arab steps beside Mahmoud, places an order as well. When the dirndl-wearing waitress turns to fill their orders, the Arab, looking away, speaks sotto voce to Mahmoud.

Mahmoud, following instructions, unzips the Arab's knapsack, pulls out a pistol wrapped in McDonald's bag. The music, rhythm louder, more demonic, whips up the crowd.

Suddenly, all the players are alert. The Op spots the gun shaped bag, RUNS forward. Milt and Lake make flanking sweeps. The Swiss Undercover calls to a PARTNER.

The Op reaches for a weapon as he runs. The Arab spots him first, fumbles for his own pistol. He's a harder case than Mahmoud, a veteran of scrapes such as these, determined not to be captured. The Arab sees the Op's gun, hears the Ops voice--he doesn't hesitate: he FIRES. The Arab's first shot goes high, the Op manages to get a single shot off before a second bullet HITS him in the chest.

PANDEMONIUM. One Undercover Cop, gun drawn, YELLS as his partner barks commands into a walkie-talkie. Milt and Lake, pistols pressed to their sides, PUSH their way through the panicky crowd.

The Arab, bleeding from the top of his shoulder, runs one direction while Mahmoud, holding a bag-covered pistol, runs the other, smashing through the currywurst stand, sending curry sauce and weiner slices on the now screaming dirndl-wearing waitress.

CONTINUED:

The Undercover Cops, joined by uniformed officers, close in on the Arab as Evan and Milt pursue Mahmoud.

The Sunuthar musicians, in a frenzy themselves, stop playing one by one as they realize the head-banging bodies flying across the bandstand are not fans but instead police, undercover cops and a bleeding terrorist.

In the opposite direction, Mahmoud, still struggling with the McDonald's bag, WEAVES through a Commedia Dell'Arte troupe. Looking over his shoulder, he sees Cirus and Lake drawing ever closer.

Freeing his gun, Mahmoud attempts to aim it at Milt when Evan, KNOCKING OVER a harlequin, blindsides Mahmoud, flips him onto his back. Mahmoud's gun FIRES as he falls.

Milt jumps on Mahmoud's torso. Mahmoud, seeing the situation is hopeless, SCREAMS in Arabic, giving up, pleading for mercy.

This draws the attention of Armed officers and security guards. Lake must make a split second decision: let Mahmoud be captured and talk or kill him. He yells at Milt:

LAKE

Run! Now!

Milt, head down, drives his way through the crowd. Evan stands, makes a quick MOTION with his left hand, runs off.

Mahmoud notices the amputated finders of Ev's hand as he runs, just before the SPURTING BLOOD from his cartoid artery blurs his vision.

The Swiss police, searching the crowd, cordon Mahmoud's body, YELLS commands.

But Milt and Lake are lost in the chaos.

CUT TO:

INT MINOTEL ROOM NIGHT

Lake, in the bathroom, wearing boxers, dries the freshly washed bloodied pants with a hotel hair dryer. Milt, lit by neon signs from the outside window, packs their stuff in suitcases. A DHL box lies open waiting to be loaded.

MILT

Do you think they'll put it together?

(CONTINUED)

LAKE

Well, with Jackie Klutz, whoever he was working for, with a bullet in his chest--whether he lives or dies, yeah, it'll come back to me. I'm not so sure they got you in the picture yet. Maybe you should go back.

MILT

Ev, you need me. You can't do this alone.

LAKE

(checks watch)

I don't like being here, even with aliases. Let's head back to Zurich, hang loose. When's the flight.

MILT

7 am.

Milt holds a plastic hotel laundry bag. Ev stuffs bloodied towels inside.

MILT

That was a nice piece of driving today--for a guy who's had his license pulled.

LAKE

Like the old days. Driver's Ed.

MILT

Where was that?

LAKE

Mashalltown High School. Marshalltown, Iowa. Back when it used to be a city. Back when America used to be a country.

CUT TO:

Lake and Cirus, in separate lines, pass through security.

CUT TO:

94 EXT ZURICH INTERNATIONAL EARLY MORNING 94

An EgyptAir flight departs.

CUT TO:

95 INT BANIR'S ROOM EARLY MORNING 95

Mahammad Banir, in the barcalounger, transfusion needle in his arm, listens to unanswered ringing from the opposite end of his cell phone connection. He disconnects, looks over to Aasim who sits at the laptop.

BANIR

No answer. What about the contact,
the man with the gun?

AASIM

No answer there either.
(reading computer screen)
There's a story in the Lausanne Le
Matin. No details. A potential
terrorist incident. Several dead or
injured, but no names, no pictures.
A news blackout.

BANIR

Could it be...?

AASIM

I don't know.

BANIR

When does the plane land?

AASIM

A couple hours.

CUT TO:

96 EXT KHARTOUM AIRPORT DAY 96

The EgyptAir jetliner descends.

CUT TO:

97 INT KHARTOUM SECURITY INTERROGATION DAY 97

A wheezing air conditioner struggles to move air around the
water-stained rectangular room.

(CONTINUED)

International visitors, exhausted, wait in fiberglass stacking chairs while others are questioned at tables and counters.

Lake, aka Dr. Jules Thiery, sits across a table from a uniformed SENIOR IMMIGRATION OFFICER. Across the room, Milt stands at a counter before a YOUNG OFFICER in a wrinkled shirt. The Senior Immigration Officer deferentially examines Lake's medical papers and credentials as, across the room, Milt struggles to explain:

MILT
"Ecumenical Children's Relief
Fund," the offices are in
Milwaukee, Wisconsin, USA...

Across the room, Evan removes his finger prosthetic, WIGGLES his remaining fingers for the Senior Immigration Officer, amusing the Officer to no end.

CUT TO:

Lake exits the Interrogation Room, looks around, sees nothing recognizable. He takes a seat, waits for Milt. Down the corridor Aasim sits waiting, watching.

When Milt enters the corridor, Ev stands. Not acknowledging each other, they head independently for the baggage carrousel. Aasim follows Lake.

CUT TO:

Lake looks around, spots a driver holding a "Dr. Jules Thierry" sign, raises a hand to acknowledge him. Milt walks past, heads for the taxi stand. Aasim, circles around, introduces himself to Evan as he speaks with the driver:

AASIM
Dr. Thierry?
(Lake nods)
I am Aasim. So glad you could come.
I will take you to Dr. Amin's
office.

CUT TO:

100 EXT KHARTOUM STREETS DAY 100

A Toyota minivan carrying Aasim and Lake works its way through the streets. Everything seems a Third World shade of brown: brown sand, brown streets, brown buildings, brown skies. It is, as travel literature used to say, "a land of contrasts": modern buildings tooth-and-jowl with slum shanties, Mercedes with ox carts.

The Toyota stops outside a medical clinic festooned with signs and advertisements in English and Arabic.

CUT TO:

101	INT	KHARTOUM CLINIC	DAY	101
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Lake, Aasim and Dr. Amin sip tea in Amin's tidy office. The noises of the street echo from outside. A wall chart depicts the areas and incidence of malaria in the greater Khartoum area.

Lake, assuming his most medical mien, reads from Banir's file.

LAKE
When did M. Ali-Hariri have his
last transfusion?

AMIN
Three days ago.

LAKE
When is he scheduled for another?

AMIN
Three days.

Lake glances at Dr. Amin. Six days. Not very encouraging.

LAKE
Here at the clinic?

Amin looks at Aasim.

AASIM
Saiyid Ali-Hariri is being treated
at his own residence.

LAKE
I will see him here?

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

AASIM

Dr. Thierry, we went over this in our correspondence. Ali-Hariri will not be able to come to Lausanne. He is not able to leave his residence. You requested and received additional payment in light of this circumstance.

LAKE

Of course. Let me go through everything tonight. These are for me, correct?

(Amin nods)

Then, tomorrow, I'll visit M. Ali-Hariri.

(to Amin)

You are coming?

Amin smiles blandly.

AASIM

Dr. Amin will not be able to join us. I will pick you up at the Hilton at 9 am.

CUT TO:

102 EXT DHL OFFICE LATE AFTERNOON 102

Milt exits the local DHL office carrying a package.

CUT TO:

103 EXT KHARTOUM HOTEL NIGHT 103

An International Style brown box set amid lit palm trees.

CUT TO:

104 INT LAKE'S HILTON HOTEL ROOM NIGHT 104

Evan Lake works at the laptop on his hotel desk. Banir's medical records are spread across the desk, laid out in neat rows on the carpet.

He references the "MedHelp", a website which, for a fee, offers "live real time conversation with over thirty medical specialists."

(CONTINUED)

Lake types a question in to the designated box: "...my cousin, whom I'm visiting in Africa, suffers from beta-thalassemia. To maintain his hemoglobin he receives transfusions. I am attaching the records I have received..." He signs the inquiry "Charles Ruchowsky," sends it off.

Ev stands, goes to the mini-fridge, collects a bottle of water.

Returning to his computer, he reads the web doctor's reply: "...Dear Charles, Your cousin suffers from an advanced condition. How much Deferal is he presently taking? Please send..."

A KNOCK of the door. Evan looks over, sees a slip of paper inserted under the door. He gets up, collects the paper, reads it.

CUT TO:

Evan Lake, wearing cargo shorts and a polo, takes a moment to inhale the acacia blossoms as he nears the enclosed swimming pool area, spots Milt standing at the water's edge, lit from below by a aqua glow. He joins him.

MILT

I didn't want to use the phones.

LAKE

Banir's assistant, Aasim, who will be taking me to see him tomorrow morning, 9 o'clock, was at the airport when we arrived.

MILT

Let's walk.

Passing the lit tennis courts, they nod to the armed guards at the security kiosk, exit the hotel grounds. Continuing down the Nile Ave, they walk along the river:

MILT

How do you plan to do it?

LAKE

It's been so long. I've thought about it so long, I'm not sure. Maybe I'll let the moment guide me. I have a syringe and medication. One is quick and painless.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LAKE (CONT'D)

There's also a strychnine derivative. Excruciating. Takes over an hour. Maybe I'll just get up close to him, slice him, let his blood wash over me.

MILT

Somebody once said, Revenge is like taking poison and waiting for the other person to die.

LAKE

The guy who said that?
(beat)
He was wrong.

MILT

What about this Aasim?

LAKE

Not sure.

MILT

I'm not comfortable letting you go alone.

LAKE

What you going to do, come in singing "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon" and save the day?

MILT

If I have to.
(pulls something from his pocket)
This is a goodie from Mike Warner's DS&T kit. We can just put it right in your wig. I'll hear whatever you're hearing and saying and get a GPS as well. You going to carry a weapon?

LAKE

(shakes his head)
Aasim frisked me at the airport--
after I'd come through security.
He'll do it again tomorrow. I'll be able to carry a belt blade of some sort, but that's about it.

Milt starts to say something but falls silent.

105 CONTINUED:

105

MILT
So that's that, then.

LAKE
Yeah, I'll call you after.

MILT
Don't forget to take your
medication.

CUT TO:

106 EXT HILTON DAWN 106

The hotel golden in first sunlight as a muezzin calls the faithful to prayer.

CUT TO:

107 INT LAKE'S ROOM DAWN 107

Milt helps Evan prepare for the day: moustache, wig, tie, prosthetic--and a razor sharp blade which runs parallel to his belt. Lake places his bridge in his mouth as Cirus inserts the miniature microphone under his hairline.

Milt goes into the bathroom, closes the door, places the bluetooth receiver in his ear, presses a code on the phone. Lake speaks--"Testing, one, two, three."

Cirus rejoins Lake as he removes an Aricept from the prescription bottle, washes it down.

CUT TO:

108 EXT HILTON DAY 108

Dr. Jules Thierry (aka Evan Lake) waits outside the entrance, briefcase in hand.

A taxi pulls up, Aasim gets out, greets Lake. Aasim apologizes, asks Evan to extend his arm and legs. Aasim thoroughly pats him down, apologizes again and opens the cab door.

Milt watches from behind the wheel of a Suzuki rental car as the taxi drives off. He shifts his weight, tugging his sport jacket, obscuring his shoulder holster and pistol. He listens to their conversation as he starts the engine:

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

AASIM O.S.
Did you sleep well?

LAKE O.S.
All right.

AASIM O.S.
The heat can take some adjustment.

CUT TO:

109 INT/EXT TAXI/KHARTOUM STREETS DAY 109

Aasim examines the contents of Lake's briefcase (papers, medical supplies) as Evan looks out the window, watching as the taxi works its way south from the center, moving, block by block, from the cosmopolitan veneer of the capitol deeper into the heart of Saharan slums and refugee camps.

The taxi driver hits the horn as the cab pushes its way through beggars and merchants.

CUT TO:

110 INT BANIR'S HOUSE DAY 110

The taxi pulls to a stop on a dusty street lined with trash and graffiti. It's the first time we've seen the exterior of Banir's residence and, in truth, there is nothing much to see. Just a crappy third world house on a crappy third world street.

Aasim and Lake get out and the taxi drives off. Aasim goes to the door, opens it for Dr. Thierry.

CUT TO:

111 INT BANIR'S ROOM DAY 111

It takes a moment for Evan's eyes to adjust to the darkness. Across the room, backlit in incense, Banir, wearing an elegant galabya, sits upright in a chair. His hair is neat, his face clean-shaven.

BANIR
Asalam aleikum.

LAKE
Salam aleikum, Saiyid Ali-Hariri.

(CONTINUED)

BANIR

Dr. Thierry, thank you for coming.
Forgive me for not standing. Would
you like some tea? Aasim, bring
some tea and biscuits.

LAKE

Mind if I sit?

BANIR

Please.

Evan takes a seat as Aasim goes for tea.

LAKE

Dr. Amin has provided me your
records, your treatment history.
Last night I was in contact with
several of my colleagues.

Aasim returns with a tray with three glasses of tea and sugar
cookies. Ev thanks him, sips the tea.

LAKE

I noticed three months ago you were
scheduled for a bone marrow
transplant but I found no record of
the procedure. Was there a problem
with the donor?

AASIM

It was too dangerous.

BANIR

No sibling donor was possible. Nor
were there any immediate cousins.

LAKE

It is risky, but an unrelated donor
can be found based on HL, B and DR
histocompatibility. The Bois-Cert
Clinique can assist in finding such
a donor. We have a large data base.
It should have been done before--
more dangerous now but there is no
choice. At present, transplantation
is the only possible curative
therapy.

BANIR

It can be done here?

111 CONTINUED:

111

LAKE

Yes.

(looks around)

Excuse me, I'm not such a young man
myself. Where is the toilette?

AASIM

Back and to the right.

LAKE

So sorry.

BANIR

No problem.

Banir sips tea as Lake goes in search of the bathroom. After
a moment, Evan calls out:

LAKE

There is a problem with the toilet.

Aasim looks to Banir, gets up.

CUT TO:

112 INT BANIR BATHROOM DAY

112

Aasim hears Lake fiddling with the plunger, steps inside the
small room...

And is HIT immediately with a martial arts stroke, a "phoenix
fist" to his temple. Having blindsided Aasim with his left
hand, Ev uses his right hand to suppress any sound from his
mouth. Aasim is out cold.

CUT TO:

113 EXT KHARTOUM STREET DAY

113

Milt, parked a block away, listens.

CUT TO:

114 INT BANIR BATHROOM DAY

114

Lake places Aasim on the toilet, closes the door and locks it
with the skeleton key.

CUT TO:

Lake returns to the main room, speaks to an imaginary Aasim:

LAKE

Yes, thank you, that would be nice.

Lake speaks to Banir as he sits:

LAKE

I have to be honest with you. Your condition is more serious than I imagined. Your long term chances for survival are not good. Neither are the short term chances. In fact, they are hopeless.

(beat)

That is because I am not a doctor.
My name is not Jules Thierry and
your name is not Ali-Hariri. Your
name is Mahammad Banir.

Evan Lake takes off his wig and moustache, stares at Banir. Then, slowly, he loosens the finger prosthetic on his right hand, removes it. He holds up his hand, displays his missing and amputated fingers.

Banir takes it all in.

BANIR

Charles Ruchowsky.

LAKE

Evan Lake.

BANIR

(looks towards bathroom)
And Aasim?

LAKE

He'll be all right. The young man in Lausanne, Mahmoud, he wasn't so lucky.

BANIR

You found me...?

LAKE

Through the blood. The request for
Decitabine. I knew you were alive.

(CONTINUED)

BANIR

Because it was you who sent me into hiding. You had created that story about me, spread it. I've been hiding twenty-five years. Here and there, rooms like this. I would have gladly given up a few fingers for my freedom.

(beat)

Is my health really hopeless?

LAKE

Yes. You'll die of anemia. Just like your father.

BANIR

He was younger than I am. He was an intellectual, a professor. I've been reading quite a bit myself.

LAKE

(looks at bookshelves)

Yeah.

BANIR

How are you going to kill me?

LAKE

I haven't decided.

BANIR

So we have time. We can have the conversation I wanted that time years ago. I thought you would be interesting to talk to. Exchange ideas. But you would only repeat your fake name. Why was that?

LAKE

I was making a point.

BANIR

What was the point?

LAKE

I'm not sure.

BANIR

What do you do now, what does your "Company" have you do after sending you home from Cairo?--yes, I heard about that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

BANIR (CONT'D)

You are an Intelligence Analyst?
Perhaps you've read some of my
writings?

LAKE

I didn't know you were still
active.

BANIR

I contribute to a number of
websites, not under my old name of
course. Are you a religious man,
Mr. Lake?

LAKE

Not really.

BANIR

I think you are. America sees
itself as a religion. Like Islam.
I've written about this. Not that
different. A "Way of Life." Have
you ever been to Greeley, Colorado?
You know what I'm talking about?

LAKE

(nods)

Sayid Qutb, 1948. Colorado State
Teachers College. Said Greeley was
like "paradise on earth."

BANIR

But all he saw was jihiliyya,
decadence. Promiscuity, pop music,
disrespect for parents, women's
independence. He was repulsed. He
went back to Cairo and a movement
was born. The Muslim Brotherhood.
My father knew him.

LAKE

Nasser executed him.

BANIR

But it was too late. The fires were
started. Fundamentalism. The
Prophet's message was social
justice. Hope. That's why it spread
so fast. That's what caught my
imagination. I was a student of
Franz Fanon, Regis DeBray.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BANIR (CONT'D)

The fight for the liberation of the Arab people from their colonial oppressors, for better schools, better jobs, more freedom.

(beat)

Sayyid Qutb and his new believers changed all that. Are you a believer? Do you still believe?

(Lake doesn't answer)

I don't. My faith was taken from me. An exile in his own land. Preaching freedom while everyone searches for chains. Why is that?

LAKE

People are afraid. Nothing frightens more than freedom. We want to be told what to do. We hate the uncertainty, the unknown. Islam hates it. So does America. When I was young I thought my father was a strong man. He was in the military, a disciplinarian. A man's man. Now I realize he wasn't strong. He was afraid. That was why he acted tough.

BANIR

So we have that in common.

LAKE

Qutb did not have to come to Egypt to sell fear. It sells in America. We're quite good at selling it.

BANIR

The only hope for Islam today is dissent.

LAKE

No one listens.

BANIR

There are monsters, I know that. But not so many as people think, not so many as to be truly dangerous. The dangerous people are those who follow orders.

LAKE

Do you think it made any difference? What you and I did?

BANIR

Not really.

Evan exhales. The wind is seeping from him.

LAKE

This is not why I came here. I didn't come to Switzerland, to Sudan, to wear this silly hair--to have this conversation.

BANIR

Are you sure?

(pause)

You are sick too, aren't you? I can see it in your skin.

Evan studies Banir, acknowledges his question:

LAKE

You have a disease of the blood. My disease is in the brain.

BANIR

What sort of disease?

LAKE

I'm forgetting things.

BANIR

We have much to forget. You and I.

From outside: the call to prayer.

BANIR

It is time for prayers. Will you help me?

LAKE

No, I won't do that.

BANIR

What are you going to do?

LAKE

I am going to leave.

BANIR

Just like that.

LAKE

Just like that.

115 CONTINUED:

115

BANIR

Ma'a salaama.

LAKE

Ma'a salaama.

Lake collects his wig and moustache, places them inside the briefcase, nods to Banir and walks out the door.

CUT TO:

116 EXT MILT'S CAR DAY

116

Milt, having heard the conversation, starts the Suzuki, searches for Evan.

CUT TO:

117 EXT HILTON POOL SUNSET

117

The sun reflects off the Nile as Lake and Cirus sip drinks poolside. Two children splash in the shallow end of the pool as their PARENTS, western tourists, watch. And, from a distance, the muezzin's lilting voice.

LAKE

I hate this time of day.

MILT

What are you doing to do?

LAKE

Go home, I guess. So should you.
You'll have to leave the Agency.

Milt doesn't have a problem with that.

LAKE

They'll try to put it together but
they don't have enough. They got
two and two but they won't get
four. Come up to the room, I'll
give you some of this money. Take a
slow trip home, see some sights--

PISTOL SHOT. A red splotch blossoms across Milt's chest as he falls towards Evan. Milt's eyes go blank.

Blood from Milt's wound spills against Evan's chest--another GUNSHOT sounds. A bullet WHIZZES past Evan's ear as he crouches, using Milt's body as a shield.

(CONTINUED)

The Father jumps into the pool to protect his children as the Mother, runs for help.

MORE GUNSHOTS, more bullets: one in Milt's back, another clipping Lake's thigh. Lake, scoping the scene, pulls Milt's Glock from his shoulder holster as he rolls to the edge of the pool, TUMBLES amid gunshots into the water holding Milt.

The Father ushers his terrified children from the pool area as hotel employees approach, then back off. Milt Cyrus' body floats in the pool, staining the water red.

UNDERWATER: Evan Lake, holding his breath, shaded by Milt's floating body, takes a moment to compose himself. He grips Milt's Glock in his maimed hand. Red tendrils of blood drift downward from the water's surface.

Then, suddenly, he RISES.

Evan has taken his brief moment underwater to locate his attackers, determining which way to fire first. His torso, above water, turns as five staccato SHOTS scream from the gun barrel.

A YOUNG SUDANESE ASSAILANT, Aasim's partner, HIT twice in the chest, is blown backwards.

Aasim, also hit, BLEEDS from the shoulder as he turns to run. Lake, getting off another shot, extracts Milt's car keys from his floating body, and hefts himself out of the pool.

Time is short. Hotel security is MOBILIZING, an alarm is RINGING, Aasim is FLEEING through the landscaped arboretum of exotic cacti, African lilies and tree fuschias.

Aasim stumbles as he looks back and there is Lake, panting, approaching, gun hand outstretched. Aasim, falling, scrambles on his hands and knees.

Evan doesn't even stop as he FIRES into Aasim's body--once, Twice, three times--continuing past, exiting the arboretum. Down the block is Milt's car. Lake heads towards it.

CUT TO:

Night, noise and lights as the streets of south Khartoum come to life. Evan Lake, pressing forward, steers the Suzuki through the street vendors, pedestrians, traffic and beasts of burden.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

He's lost some blood, sweat beads on his forehead, drips into his eyes. He struggles to retain focus as he HONKS, turns hard around a corner.

Ahead: Banir's house. Lake parks, grabs the Glock, gets out. He stops to check the Glock, pops the cartridge. Empty. No more bullets.

He loosens his belt buckle, goes inside.

CUT TO:

119 INT BANIR'S ROOM NIGHT

119

Evan Lake, soaked through, water dripping from his trouser cuffs, steps into the darkened chamber. Glow from the TV screen reveals Mahammad Banir's silhouette on the barcalounger. Banir turns to face Evan.

BANIR
Asalam aleikum.

Evan raises the Glock, points it at Banir's head, pulls the trigger. CLICK. The hammer falls on an empty chamber.

LAKE
Salam aleikum.

BANIR
You are wet.

Lake tosses the empty Glock on a chair.

LAKE
Why did you try to kill me?

Banir thinks. He could give any number of answers.

BANIR
You were a loose end. I didn't want
to leave a loose end. Come here.
(whispers)
Come here. I want to tell you a
secret.

Evan reaches behind his loosened belt, frees a thin razor sharp blade. He steps forward, holding the blade against his left forearm like a prison shiv.

BANIR
Closer.

(CONTINUED)

Readying his blade, Evan steps beside Banir's chair, bends over.

Banir's right hand flashes from its resting position, grabs Ev's blade hand with an iron grip. Using his left hand, Banir pulls his knife from the chair cushion, STABS Lake in the side.

Evan HOWLS, falling sideways, his legs giving way as he pulls Banir and the barcalounger with him. They FLOUNDER on the floor. Lake reorients his belt blade, SLICES Banir across the chest and arm.

Banir's knife SLASHES back. Lake's blade falls from his hand.

They are locked in a death grip, each's man's blood mixing with the other's to the degree it's not possible to tell whose blood is whose.

Their knives are out of reach. Evan, stretching out his right hand, reaches for his blade but his amputated fingers are unable to grasp it. Banir lifts his head up, SINKS HIS TEETH into Lake's cheek, removing a chunk of flesh. He spits out the flesh with a great bloody grin.

Evan, now atop Banir, PRESSES each index fingers into Banir's eye sockets, pushing deeper as Banir SCREAMS.

An eyeball SQUEEZES out of Banir's left eye socket as Evan thrusts his index finger even deeper into the skull cavity, into Banir's brain itself.

Banir CONVULSES, then it's over. He's dead. Evan pulls his bloody finger from Banir's eye socket with a sucking sound and, using his left hand to brace himself, pulls himself to his feet.

Blood soaks his side and thigh as Evan stands, looks around the room. He turns to leave.

CUT TO:

The Suzuki drives south, deep into the desolate desert night. Moonlight silhouettes the dunes, mountains and nomadic mud structures.

Evan Lake's bloody fingers stick to the steering wheel. Blood soaks the car seat. A long haul truck approaches from the south, its headlight raking the dunes, momentarily blinding Evan.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

Ev, his concentration slipping, drifts to the opposite side of the road. The oncoming truck responds with a BLAST from his air horn. Evan, suddenly fully conscious, JERKS the Suzuki into the proper lane.

The truck rockets past the Suzuki, buffeting it like a branch in a storm.

Ahead, in the distance, another truck approaches. It's headlights cross Evan's face. Lake, concentrating, watches the truck's ever brighter headlights...

...as the Suzuki slowly eases across the white line.

CUT TO:

121 TV SCREEN

121

Breaking news on CNN. An ATTRACTIVE FEMALE NEWS READER looks into the lens as a breaking news banner runs across the bottom of the screen. Behind the NEWS Reader, on blue screen, are images of the CIA seal and a youthful head shot of Evan Lake.

NEWS READER

...Evan Lake, the only living recipient of the CIA Intelligence Star, died last night in a car crash on a highway fifty miles south of Khartoum, capital of Sudan. Lake, 64, was the subject of intense international interest in 1985 when he was held captive and tortured for three weeks by Islamic terrorists in Beirut. He escaped, calling in the air strikes which killed his captors. CIA Director James Clifton spoke this morning...

CUT TO:

122 INT DIRECTOR CLIFTON'S OFFICE DAY

122

James Clifton sits on the sofa going over paperwork with two AIDES. Three TV news stations--Fox, CNN, BBS--play on wall screens. The First Aide nudges Clifton when the Director's face appears on the CNN monitor. The Second Aide turns up the volume.

Clifton, outside a Senate hearing room, speaks for assembled cameras.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

CLIFTON (ON TV)
...Our enemies think they can
frighten us with bombs and threats.
Evan Lake is a lesson to them all.
America has something greater than
fear. It has values.

123

THE END

123