

ENEMY OF THE STATE

by

David Marconi
and
Aaron Sorkin

Current revisions by
Henry Bean and Tony Gilroy

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EXT. OCCUQUAN PARK - LAKE - 6:45 AM

1 *

A chilly December dawn. A 1968 Mercedes 280 coupe pulls up near the boat ramp, and a man gets out followed by an energetic golden lab. The man is U.S. REP. Phillip HAMERSLY (Rep-Tex), an old-school politician with few convictions.

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Hamersly tosses an old tennis ball, and as the dog runs after it, he follows. But the moment he does, he notices a Lincoln Town car parked up alongside the lake, engine idling. He is more exasperated than surprised.

HAMERSLY

Goddamnit.

He stalks over to the Town Car. BRIAN REYNOLDS sits in the back seat talking intently into a cell phone.

Reynolds sees Hamersly, holds up one finger, smiles. It is the smile of a man for whom human relations are almost always instrumental and rarely comfortable. He has intelligence, energy, and a powerful sense of moral purpose, a gravity that most of his rival, young hot-shots wouldn't even dream of faking.

HAMERSLY

What the hell are you doing here? This is not the office. This is my private--

REYNOLDS

(has gotten off the call)

Five minutes.

HAMERSLY

No! I said no Tuesday. I said no last week. And I'm gonna say no until...

REYNOLDS

Five minutes, Mr. Chairman. Then I'll go.

Hamersly sighs helplessly. He knows what he's going to hear, doesn't want to hear it, but respect must be paid.

*

Reynolds slides over to make room. Hamersly grumpily climbs in. Reynolds driver (PRATT) walks away to let them speak privately.

EXT. PARK/INT. TOWN CAR

2

REYNOLDS

Coffee?

*

HAMERSLY

I don't want any fucking coffee. I want to play with my dog.

EXT. PARK GATE - SAME TIME

3

Two BICYCLISTS pedal up to the gate; morning work-out. A FRIENDLY PARK WORKER (BINGHAM) appears.

*

FRIENDLY PARK WORKER

Sorry, guys... The septic tanks are being pumped out.

They turn their bikes and keep going up the highway.

EXT. PARK/INT. TOWN CAR - SAME TIME

4

REYNOLDS

I'm not asking you to vote for it. I know you can't. Just release your people. No party line, let them go the way they want.

HAMERSLY

Telecommunications Security and Privacy Act... Privacy Act? Invasion of privacy more like it.

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REYNOLDS

Congress goes home in two weeks. In January there'll be a whole new House. This could be our last chance to get it passed.

*

HAMERSLY

You read the Post? See what they said? "This bill is not the first step to the surveillance society. It is the surveillance society." I'm not gonna sit in Congress and pass a law that allows the government to point a camera and a microphone at anything they damn well feel like.

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REYNOLDS

Phil, that's liberal hysteria. We still need a warrant or a presidential finding before we can put a tap on you or anyone else... Look, I don't care who bangs who or what Cabinet officers get stoned. This is the richest most powerful nation in the world. And therefore the most hated. You and I know what the average citizen doesn't -- that we are at war 24 hours of every day.

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HAMERSLY

Yeah, yeah...

*

REYNOLDS

Do I have to itemize the number of American lives we've saved in the past twelve months alone with judicious and almost invariably legal use of surveillance intelligence?

HAMERSLY

Brian, cut the crap: I've got three major employers in the Austin area that could be put out of business by this bill.

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REYNOLDS

I promise to get you funds equal to or greater than whatever those companies gave to your last--

HAMERSLY

I'm not talking about campaign contributions dammit! I'm talking about my constituents being out of work! The economy of the whole district. Jesus, man, wake up. National security is not the only thing going on in this country. This conversation is over.

*

*

He starts to get out of the car. Reynolds puts a hand on his arm.

REYNOLDS

I beg of you, Phil, don't. Please... I've been there for you in the past, haven't I? There've been times, personal situations when you needed my assistance, and my confidence.

*

HAMERSLY

Are you blackmailing me, you ambitious little shit?

REYNOLDS

I'm sorry we can't find a common ground on this one, Congressman. You're a good man; the people of your district are lucky to have you representing them.

*

Oddly gracious. Hamersly climbs out of the Town Car. Reynolds exhales heavily and looks down at his hands as...

EXT. PARK - LAKE - 6:45 AM

(OMITTED 5-6)

7 *

...Pratt grabs Hamersly from behind, pins his neck in the crook of his elbow, inserting a hypodermic syringe into the back of his ear. Reynolds turns away, pressing his eyes closed with two fingers.

Pratt, holding Hamersly under both arms, guides him toward the Mercedes. Hamersly's face contorts in confusion and fear. He gasps for breath, tries to clutch at his chest. He's having a heart attack. The Lab bounds alongside, barking. *

INT. MERCEDES

8

Pratt sets him behind the wheel, gently folds his legs into the car and places them by the pedals. Hamersly's face has gone a greyish blue. He is dying.

Pratt opens a vial of pills, presses it into the congressman's hand, lets it fall. Pills spill in Hamersly's lap. Pratt shifts the Mercedes into neutral and begins to roll it down the boat ramp into the water. He closes the driver's door. Hamersly twitches a few times and stops. The car now rolls on its own.

EXT. PARK - LAKE - DAY

9

Pratt is trying to catch the Lab which keeps running away from him.

PRATT

Here, boy. Here...

REYNOLDS

(standing by the Town car)

It's a girl, David.

Pratt is now calling, "Here, girl..." without effect. Reynolds watches the Mercedes sink slowly into the water. He turns his back to Pratt, still haplessly chasing the Lab.

REYNOLDS

Forget it, David. Let's get out of here. *

As the town Car pulls away, the Lab stands on the boat ramp looking at the nearly submerged Mercedes and whimpering.

EXT. DEAN'S LAW FIRM - DAY

(OMITTED 10-11)

12 *

Pedestrians and auto traffic move by--

OLDER WORKER #1 (V.O.)

I mean fighting management, okay I can accept that...

INT. LAW FIRM - CONFERENCE ROOM 1 - DAY

13

Three UNION WORKERS (two in their 40's, one mid-20's), sit with JERRY MILLER, a young associate with the firm. The YOUNG WORKER sports an angry blood streak in his right eye and heavy facial bruises. *

OLDER WORKER #1

...But this is our own Goddamn union leadership trying to railroad us into signing this sweetheart contract... The bastards got goons down there, day and night, tuning up my people...

(indicates young worker's face)

JERRY

That's a Hobbs Act violation... And probably a RICO.

Just then ROBERT DEAN enters--

DEAN

Ooo... a Hobbs and a RICO. Don't stop... Sounds like you need a labor lawyer.

He shakes with the older men, whom he's met before...

OLDER WORKER #2

(a little dense)

You are a labor lawyer.

DEAN

Then you came to the right place.

As Older Worker #1 says, "Nice to see you," Dean introduces himself to the Young Worker, whom he hasn't met before.

DEAN

(shaking with the young worker)

Robert Dean. Tell me what happened...

YOUNG WORKER

We were in Brennan's two nights ago. I go to take a -- I'm in the bathroom, these two fucking guidos jump me...

DEAN

I'd prefer you call them Italian-Americans.

YOUNG WORKER

(nods, acknowledging the correction)

Yeah... Well, they were really going to town on me. It could've gotten serious, but then Larry Cash came in and went after 'em.

OLDER WORKER #1

Larry's in St. Luke's with a broken jaw and a ruptured kidney.

JERRY

Bobby, this is becoming a criminal case...

DEAN

It'd take months to follow that out. These folks are living with this every day. Martha...

(MARTHA appears in the doorway)

Send a case of Bushmills to Larry Cash at St. Luke's. And some flowers to his wife, Brenda. They're in the Rolodex.

(turns to the workers)

I'm your lawyer, and I am in the process of taking care of these guido motherfuckers. You go home and don't worry.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

(OMITTED 14-15)

16

RACHEL (V.O.)

How's the trout?

DEAN (V.O.)

It tastes like fish.

INT. RESTAURANT- CONTINUOUS

17

Dean and RACHEL at a booth, eating.

RACHEL

It is fish.

DEAN

I mean it tastes like every other fish I've ever had. Every fish tastes the same.

RACHEL

(exasperated with him)

Do you like fish?

DEAN

Not that much.

She glances around the restaurant, opens her briefcase, puts a small, fat manilla envelope on the table. He looks inside: a videotape.

RACHEL

Brill's note said this was everything you would need to convince Pintero.

DEAN

When do I get to meet him?

RACHEL
Pintero?

DEAN
Brill.

RACHEL
Never.

DEAN
That wasn't the answer I was hoping for.

RACHEL
What answer were you hoping for?

DEAN
Soon. Sooner than never.

RACHEL
Brill talks to me, I talk to you. Why do
we have to go through this everytime?

DEAN
It makes me nervous hiring someone I
don't know and I can't meet.

RACHEL
So don't hire him.

He hands her an envelope.

DEAN (cont'd)
Ten thousand. I don't know if it's
Brill's prices going up or your
commission.

RACHEL
I take a straight 15 percent. Brill's
fee varies with risk. Maybe you'd be
more comfortable using someone else.

DEAN
Other than Brill?

RACHEL
Other than me.

DEAN
What's wrong with you?

RACHEL
Someone with whom you don't have quite so
complicated a history.

DEAN
I like our history. I like you.

RACHEL
I like you too.

She just looks down, conceding the point.

DEAN
I just want to make sure I'm not breaking
the law in some way.

RACHEL
You're not.
(off his look)
I wouldn't let you.

TV: A VIDEOTAPE IS PLAYING - RESORT POOL AREA

18 *

A SURVEILLANCE CAMERA from a window watches the pool area of a resort hotel. BIG ROUGH MEN drinking, laughing, horsing around with younger, SEXY WOMEN. A mob scene. Jagged ZOOM IN on a MAN'S FACE: fleshy, pitted, handsome in a broken cement way.

DEAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
That's Carl Matlock, President of local
238. And over here...

INT. SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

19

Day, but it's almost totally dark in here. We see a half-dozen human SHAPES watching the TV. The CAMERA PANS CRUDELY to another face:

DEAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
...Dave Early, Secretary-Treasurer of the
national... Hugh Simic, administers the
pension fund...
(another PAN, another FACE)
...And that's you, right?

ON PINTERO, big, tough, smoking a cigarette, watching himself. He does not like what he's seeing. He points a remote at the TV; it goes off.

PINTERO
That ain't me.

Lights come on, and we are in a room with Pinterro, Sal, Frankie and two other mobsters. Dean sits apart.

DEAN
Really? That's great news. Because the
conditions of your parole specifically
forbid you from socializing or having
contact of any kind with union officials.
So if this were you, you'd be going back
to prison for another fifteen years.

Dean smiles pleasantly, pops the cassette out of the VCR, sets it in his open attache case.

DEAN

So I'll just drop the tape off with the Federal prosecutor, see if they can figure out who it is...

*

PINTERO

What the fuck do you want?

DEAN

My clients want to vote this contract up or down, on their own say, without outside influence... If they get that, this tape will go into my private collection along with the Zapruder film, the porno from Hitler's bunker. No one else'll ever see it.

Pintero walks right over to Dean -- who tries hard to sit there calmly -- and picks up the tape from the attache case.

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PINTERO

You got copies of this thing?

*

DEAN

Yes, sir.

*

*

PINTERO

Who made it? You make it?

*

*

DEAN

I'm an attorney. I don't make videotapes.

PINTERO

Listen to me, you fucking eggplant. That video might save your asshole clients and it might not, but it doesn't save you.

DEAN

I don't know who made it.

*

PINTERO

How'd you get it?

*

DEAN

Through an acquaintance. Who knows the maker.

PINTERO

The eggplant's got an "acquaintance."
Who's your fucking acquaintance?

Dean says nothing and sits quietly. Which seems somehow to placate Pintero, who subsides slightly.

PINTERO (cont'd)
(quietly terrifying)
I want to know who made that videotape.
And I want to know in a week. No
excuses.

He walks out. The others watch Dean as he efficiently -- but
without hurrying-- packs up his attache, slips on his coat
and heads for the door. *

EXT. SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

20

A young mobster sees Dean out. On the stoop, the old mobster
grabs Dean around the shoulders, startling him. *

OLD MOBSTER
Smile... for the FBI. *

Confused, Dean looks around, sees the mobster grinning up at
a second-story window across the street, looks up at the
window as: A series of FREEZE FRAMES of Dean and Mobster
separated by sounds of a camera MOTOR DRIVE... Together, then
separating, the Mobster giving the finger to the window...

INT. ACROSS THE STREET - SECOND FLOOR WINDOW - SAME TIME

21

Two FBI AGENTS, a black man, a white woman.

FEMALE FBI
Who's the brother?

MALE FBI
Doesn't look Italian, does he?...
(different tone)
Table Harvest to one-oh-one, you got a
grey suit heading east. Give him a loose
one, see if you can get his plates...

EXT. SOCIAL CLUB - STREET

22

A mix of FILM from their POV and FREEZE FRAMES from a
different SURVEILLANCE POV show Dean getting into his BMW...
Then collapsing in a paroxysm of fear and rage. Then
collecting himself... driving away. The sequence ends with
TWO SHOTS of his license plate, the second completely
legible.

EXT. PARK - LAKE - DAY

23

A tow-truck is pulling Hamersly's Mercedes out of the water.
The body has already been taken away, but the area is still
crowded with ETs, news crews, various law enforcement types.

ON FRIENDLY PARK WORKER (BINGHAM), making himself useful and
keeping an eye on everything. He looks up as he notices... *

EXT. ACROSS THE LAKE- CONTINUOUS

24

An old Volvo approaches the opposite shore from what must be a different park entrance. Friendly Park Worker watches, curious, as a figure in an ORANGE SKI VEST, shorts and hiking boots hops out and opens a lidded, locked wooden box sitting two feet off the ground near the opposite shore line. Friendly Park Worker whips out binoculars.

*

BINOCULAR POV

Orange Vest (male, 28, athletic in a grungy left-wing way) lifts a hi-tech VIDEO CAMERA out of the box. He ejects a CASSETTE, pockets it, fits in a fresh cassette. The binoculars TILT DOWN to a metal plate on the box: NATURE CONSERVANCY.

*

*

FRIENDLY PARK WORKER
(to himself, freaked)
Jesus Christ.

Orange Vest is replacing the cassette in yet ANOTHER CAMERA. Friendly Park Worker starts to run around the lake, but quickly realizes that he is cut off by an estuary that feeds the lake.

FRIENDLY PARK WORKER (cont'd)
(into cell phone)
I need a 10-27 on a hunter green '83
Volvo, Maryland tags Tom, Tom, Frank,
three one two and a 10-28 on the
registered owner.

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EXT. NSA HEADQUARTERS - LATE AFTERNOON

25

VOICE
Daniel Zavitz... 1631 Sherbourne. DOB:
3/12/67...

*

INT. NSA HEADQUARTERS - LATE AFTERNOON

26

Hicks, worried, hurries down the hall, comes to the open door to Reynolds' office. Reynolds is sitting at the far end of his dark couch, a telephone to his ear as usual. He senses Hicks because he holds up one finger.

INT. NSA HEADQUARTERS - REYNOLD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

27

REYNOLDS
(into phone)
Dick, do not give me "optimistic
numbers." I hate optimism. I want to
know what we have guaranteed, in the bag,
aren't going to change their minds...
Thank you... Yes, thank you...

He hangs up and looks to Hicks in one motion.

HICKS

We may have a problem at the lake.

COMPUTER SCREEN- DANIEL ZAVITZ'S MARYLAND DRIVER'S LICENSE
WITH PHOTO, ADDRESS, ETC.

HICKS (V.O.)

He's a nature photographer with some government grants. One of them is for monitoring migratory patterns of Canadian geese. Or lack thereof.

(beat)

He has a motion-activated digital video camera with a compound lens. Aimed directly across the lake at the boat ramp.

This is such hideously bad news words are unnecessary. Beneath Reynolds' "deal with it" pragmatism is an almost ironic sense of fate being against him.

REYNOLDS

I need two techs with full electronic capabilities. Two humpty-dumpties. Fiedler. And call Kramer to get us some ex-military cut-outs.

HICKS

How do we describe the project?

REYNOLDS

(picks up a phone, dialing; to Hicks)

We call it a training Op. Falsify FBI approval.

HICKS

That's good.

REYNOLDS

They can't know anything about it. And I need a wire on our birdwatcher. Roger, what are you doing right now?

HICKS

Give me Kent Island.

EXT. KENT ISLAND - SAME TIME

(OMITTED 28)

29

Misty forest sweeps down a hill to the Chesapeake Bay. A road leads to high-voltage security fence and guard shack. Beyond, several windowless concrete structures bristle with microwave antennas and satellite dishes. A sign reads:

KENT ISLAND RESEARCH FACILITY
RESTRICTED AREA
NO LOITERING

CAMERAS PROHIBITED
Violators Subject to Arrest and Prosecution in accordance
with Article 1 Section 10 of the Internal Security Act

SUPER: SA SIGINT INTERCEPT STATION - KENT ISLAND, MARYLAND

INT. TECH ROOM - KENT ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

30

Banks of high-tech digital recorders turn incessantly as a
TECHNICIAN (FIEDLER) holds a phone to his ear.

HICKS' VOICE
I need an intercept on Daniel Leon
Zavitz: 202-555-8937...

FIEDLER
What kind of authorization do we have?

HICKS' VOICE
We're calling it a P-1 training op. FBI
approval.

Fiedler throws switches, punches up numbers, the tap is made.
We hear what's on Zavitz' line.

INT. NSA OFFICE - DAY

Two jarheads -- KRUG & JONES -- hand Hicks their papers. As
Hicks scans them, PRATT and BINGHAM -- already there, signing
documents, check out the newcomers. Subtle macho posturing
on both sides.

BINGHAM
Nice haircut.

KRUG
Krug and Jones, Sir. We were with the
Marine Expeditionary Unit. Kramer sent
us.

HICKS
Thirty months in the Federal Penitentiary
at Marion, Illinois for a GBH-1 on your
Master Sergeant...? What was that about?

JONES
The guy was an asshole; he deserved it.
(Krug nods his agreement)

EXT. SOUTHEAST CAPITOL DISTRICT - SUNDOWN (OMITTED 31-32)

33

An old building needing rehab. A SIDEWALK VENDOR does brisk
business. We DRIFT to an apartment window above.

T.V. NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
 Phillip Hamersly, the Texas Republican
 who chaired the powerful Commerce
 Committee is dead today of an apparent
 heart attack...

INT. DANIEL ZAVITZ'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

34

Mountain bike on the wall, triathlon trophies and pot plants
 on the window, an Allen Ginsberg poster.

Zavitz views the Biowatch tape on his computer. GEESE land
 on the lake -- fly away -- the image keeps jumping ahead... a
 LINCOLN TOWN CAR appears across the lake... A FLASH OF
 GEESE... Hamersly's Mercedes pulls up... The murder plays in
 eerie fits and starts... Only as Pratt drags Hamersly to his
 car does Zavitz begin to understand what he is seeing. Even
 so he can scarcely believe it until...

TV NEWSCASTER
 ...Police are labeling it in accident but
 promise a full investigation...

ZAVITZ
 (stunned, amazed)
 Fuck a duck...

He doesn't even realize he has stood up, knocking his chair
 over backward. Giddy, he grabs the phone, punches numbers
 with one hand while the other hits computer keys. ZOOM IN on
 REYNOLDS...

LENNY'S VOICE
 (answering phone)
 The Awful Truth.

ZAVITZ
 (into the phone)
 Lenny... You are not going to believe
 what I have in my possession...

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - SUNDOWN

35

A radical, fringe newspaper. LEONARD VOGEL, mid-50's, long
 graying hair, sits in front of a computer, phone to his ear.

LENNY
 Zavitz... long time. Tired of chasing
 chipmunks around the park?

ZAVITZ
 Lenny, shut up, I--

LENNY
 You know, I put a bird feeder in the
 yard, but the damn squirrels keep--

ZAVITZ

Lenny, I've got the Phil Hamersly murder on videotape.

LENNY

Hamersly died of a heart attack.

ZAVITZ

Negative, negative. Hamersly was professionally fucking wasted under the direction of some anal retentive with what looks like a serious vitamin B deficiency.

INT. TECH ROOM - KENT ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Mind-boggling technology, high-tech recording equipment, DAT records spinning silently. Hicks and Fiedler listening.

LENNY (O.S. SPEAKER)

How do you happen to have come upon--
(realizing, giddy laughter)
Your bloody geese...

ZAVITZ (O.S. SPEAKER)

They laid a golden egg.

LENNY (O.S. SPEAKER)

Oh man! Do you know what we could do with... How soon can you get it here?

ZAVITZ (O.S. SPEAKER)

I'm copying the tape now.

LENNY (O.S. SPEAKER)

Come straight here.

INT. REYNOLD'S OFFICE - NSA

REYNOLDS is talking on the phone.

REYNOLDS

...It's all there in the report... in the appendix...

His cellular starts to bleat. Still talking, he clicks on the cellular, we HEAR static as two encrypted lines find digital compatibility. Meanwhile he finishes the first call.

REYNOLDS (cont'd)

...Look, I could tell you why I think it's right, but why don't you ask Congressman Albert directly?... I've got to take this... Thank you, Mark. Call if you have any questions.

Even before the phone hits the cradle, he's on the cellular:

REYNOLDS (cont'd)
Go ahead.

INT. TECH ROOM - KENT ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

38

The technician Hicks spoke to earlier is simultaneously listening to taps and talking on the phone.

FIEDLER
(into phone)
Zavitz is speaking to a LENNY VOGEL, a former anti-war activist who publishes a variety of left-wing newsletters on various political subjects... He's taking the tape now to Vogel's offices.

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EXT. CONNECTICUT AVE./INT. DEAN'S BMW - SUNDOWN

A40

Dean cruises slowly in Christmas season traffic, sipping a mocha cappuccino and talking on the cellular. Over this we hear:

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DEAN (INTO CELLULAR)
I'm not coming in for the rest of the day. I need something to take my mind off it...

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*

REYNOLDS (V.O.)
Put a tap on Vogel.

*
*

TECHNICIAN (V.O.)
It's already done.

*
*

DEAN (INTO CELLULAR)
(spots Trashy's up ahead)
... I think I'll do some Christmas shopping.

*
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INT. ZAVITZ APARTMENT - SUNDOWN

40

Zavitz, ski vest on, waits impatiently for the computer to finish copying. A KNOCK at the door. He starts to answer, hesitates:

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ZAVITZ
Yeah, who is it?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Danny, it's Ruthie, from downstairs.
They disconnected my damn phone again.
Can I use yours?

*
*

ZAVITZ
Uh... mine's not working either. Maybe it's a problem with the line.

He looks at his computer: not ready yet. He grimaces.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ZAVITZ'S APARTMENT-CONTINUOUS (OMIT 41) A42

RUTHIE (the local speed freak) at Zavitz's door, looks back at PRATT on a flight of stairs behind her. She gestures helplessly. Pratt makes KISSING NOISES. KRUG, behind him with ELECTRONIC PICK, smiles.

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RUTHIE (TO ZAVITZ)
Could you lend me some change for the pay
phone, man? I gotta call Dr. Mike.

*
*

INT. ZAVITZ APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

42

ZAVITZ
(exasperated; eyes on computer)
Just a second.

He starts to get up, reconsiders, reaches over to open A SERVICE DOOR just a crack.

ZAVITZ POV: Ruthie at his door, signaling to someone behind her on the stairs to wait a minute. Zavitz closes the door silently and -- goes to his front windows...

EXT. ZAVITZ APARTMENT

43

IN THE WINDOW OF A STORE ACROSS THE STREET -- THE REFLECTION OF HIS OWN BUILDING'S FRONT ENTRANCE..

BINGHAM & JONES politely keep a handful of tenants from entering. They have walkie-talkies to their ears.

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*

INT. ZAVITZ'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS (OMITTED 45-46)

44

Zavitz backs away from the window in a panic. Grabs his phone... dead. Fax line... also dead. Then he notices... A TINY FIBER-OPTIC WIRE snaking under his service door. His impulse is to panic, but he overcomes that, looks away to keep the camera from registering that he's seen it. THE COMPUTER BEEPS.

SNORKEL CAMERA POV: Zavitz crossing toward the computer, he pushes the chair out of the way, partially blocking the camera's view.

NORMAL POV: Zavitz pops out the disk, grabs a Gamemaster, opens a small side window. A fire escape goes past the window. Zavitz, fit and limber, slips out the window and climbs quickly up the fire escape.

INT. BUILDING, THIRD FLOOR, ZAVITZ'S DOOR- CONTINUOUS

47

Pratt uses an ELECTRONIC PICK to open Zavitz's door. Krug bursts into...

*

INT. ZAVITZ APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 48

...He rushes to the open side window, looks out.

JONES
(into headset)
308, he's rabbitting. Give us real time
imagery coverage of LAT 38 (degrees) 55
(minutes)/LONG 77 (degrees) 0 (minutes).

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*
*

EXT. BUILDING - FIRE ESCAPE - DAY 49

Zavitz races up an iron fire escape and vaults onto...

EXT. BUILDING - ROOF - DAVIS DAY 50 *

...the roof. He races across the roof. We begin to realize what an athlete he is. In the sky above him is a HELICOPTER with TV station call letters painted on the underside.

DAVIS (V.O.)
305 to 308. We've got eyeball.

*

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 51

Davis and the pilot are not news people, but NSA.

*

EXT. BUILDING - ROOF - CONTINUOUS 52

Davis' POV: Zavitz running across the roof, Krug on his heels. Off to one side we also notice: a FIRE in progress and HEAR the sound of approaching FIRE ENGINES, AMBULANCES, etc...

*
*

DAVIS VOICE
He's jumping...

*

EXT. ROOF NEXT BUILDING NORTH - DAY (OMITTED 53-54) 55

Zavitz lands hard, rolls on the gravel, is up and running. Behind him, we see Krug can't make the leap. He runs for a staircase.

*

KRUG (V.O.)
He jumped. He's across Eighth Street.

*

EXT. NORTH END OF NEXT BUILDING - DAY 56

Zavitz descending another fire escape. At the third floor, he finds an open fire door and runs through...

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME (OMITTED 57-59) A60

Krug racing north, listening to communication through his headset about Zavitz's whereabouts. An AT&T REPAIR VAN rolls down the street at a brisk clip.

*
*

INT. PHONE SURVEILLANCE VAN - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

60 *

Seth, leader of the manhunt, and a YOUNG TECH study a bank of MONITORS displaying multiple VIEWS of the neighborhood, including the chopper and SAT AERIAL VIEWS with shots of the fire.

*

SETH

Where is he, 311, 305...?

*

DAVIS (V.O.)

(in helicopter, over radio)

He went down into the building.

*

PRATT (V.O.)

(overlapping, breathless;
radio)

I'm there, I'm there...

INT. BAR - FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

61

Zavitz bolts across the bar and out the door.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

62

As Zavitz comes out the door, Pratt is almost on him.

PRATT

(into headset)

Got him.

But Zavitz sprints right out into traffic, dodging cars. Pratt can't match it. He sees Zavitz reach the far side and go in AHMAD'S TV & APPLIANCE...

*

PRATT (cont'd)

I'm behind. He's into AHMAD'S TV.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

63

Hicks scanning monitors. The helicopter shows Ahmad's.

DAVIS (V.O.)

I got it...

*

INT. AHMAD'S TV APPLIANCE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

64

An astonishing chaos of junk... As Zavitz bursts into the shop, Ahmad immediately begins to apologize... Krug runs straight through the store and out the back...

*

EXT. ALLEY BACK OF STORE - NSA SPY SATELLITE POV

65

Zavitz appears below.

BINGHAM (SAT V.O.)
He's out the back.

*

EXT. ALLEY BACK OF STORE

66

Zavitz turns right. He sees: Pratt, Krug and Jones with headsets. Zavitz spots the rear entrance to Trashy's and goes inside.

*

INT. TRASHY'S - SUNDOWN

67

An upscale ladies' boutique specializing in intimate apparel. WOMEN walk around modeling merchandise. Dean, a shopping bag in each hand (Toys R' Us), briefcase under one arm, is trying to affect an air of a studious shopper.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
May I help you?

DEAN
(startled)
What?!

The woman is a SALES CLERK who has been in this situation before.

SALE'S CLERK
Do you see anything you like?

DEAN
I'm married, I have a wife.

SALE'S CLERK
That's fine.

DEAN
I'm here as a Christmas present. To get a Christmas present.

SALE'S CLERK
For your wife.

DEAN
Of several years.

SALE'S CLERK
You'd like to buy your wife some lingerie.

DEAN
I have her permission.

SALE'S CLERK
Would you like to look at some Christian Dior?

DEAN

I don't have much experience with this.

SALE'S CLERK

Is that so.

DEAN

Don't get me wrong, I have experience.
From a certain perspective. I just don't
want to do anything... foolish. Maybe
it's a little late for that, huh?

SALE'S CLERK

(just smiles)

What size?

DEAN

(pause)

Now you're talking about my wife, right?

SALE'S CLERK

Of several years.

DEAN

Eight. Size eight.

SALE'S CLERK

I'll be right back.

DEAN

Thanks.

The SALES CLERK goes around the corner to the rear area.
ZAVITZ, hurrying through the women's dressing area,
desperately looking for an exit... ZAVITZ moves toward DEAN
who, all of a sudden, recognizes him.

DEAN (cont'd)

Zavitz...

Zavitz freezes, looks up. Dean confirms his suspicion.
Zavitz stares at him blankly.

DEAN (cont'd)

Danny Zavitz... Bobby Dean. Resolved:
the United States should unilaterally
disarm forty percent of its nuclear
stockpile. You were pro, I was con. You
won. Debating Society finals. 1988.

*

ZAVITZ

Bobby Dean...

DEAN

(big smile, claps him on the
shoulder)

There you go...

Zavitz looks around in a panic that Dean misinterprets.

ZAVITZ
(spotting Hicks who hasn't seen
him)
Help me, Bobby.

DEAN
You mean legal stuff? Here..

He whips a business card out of his shirt pocket.

DEAN (cont'd)
Are you okay?

SALE'S CLERK (O.S.)
What do you think of this one, sir.

Dean turns to see the SALES CLERK accompanied by a size eight model in black lingerie.

DEAN
Hello. I love it...

SALE'S CLERK
Becky's wearing the black sheath with
matching garter from Dior's line.

Dean is definitely fascinated by this, yet also preoccupied with Zavitz.

DEAN
(trying to turn back to Zavitz,
but it's tough)
Great. Fine... Wow... Just one... Becky,
don't go any--... I'll be right back...
Daniel?

Dean looks around... Zavitz is gone.

DEAN (cont'd)
(turning back to Sales Clerk
and Becky)
There was a guy right here.

He doesn't even notice Pratt hurrying past him toward the door. *

EXT. TRASHY'S - SUNDOWN

68

Zavitz bolts out the door. Turns left, sees Jones, Krug and Bingham. Turns right, runs as Pratt pursues. We hear SIRENS... Three doors down, a helmeted messenger squats to lock his mountain bike to a street sign. Zavitz simply yanks the bike out of the messenger's hands. *

He runs into the street, throws the bike down on its wheels, expertly shifting gears as the messenger, Pratt and now Hicks, too, give chase.

Zavitz reaches the spot where the road from the underpass merges with the smaller parallel street he's on. He tries to cut through traffic hoping to jump the median.

...But there is a fence along the median, he can't get through. So he turns a sharp 180-degree left back down into the underpass, riding directly at oncoming traffic.

...To his left, Pratt, then Krug and Jones, vault the retaining wall and pursue on foot. The SIRENS ARE LOUDER. *

Zavitz sees the opening he's looking for, veers a hard right. He doesn't even notice... the HOOK & LADDER FIRE ENGINE coming at him on the intersecting street at 60mph. The FIRE ENGINE DRIVER sees Zavitz when he's twelve feet away. There's no chance to do anything. The Engine flattens him and, unable to stop, rolls over him. We see Zavitz and the mountain bike twisted horribly among the eighteen wheels...

EXT. TRASHY'S - SUNDOWN (OMITTED 69-70) 71

Dean exits the store, sees the commotion to his left.

DEAN
What happened?

BYSTANDER
A guy on a bike got creamed.

Dean heads that way as if sensing some connection to this. Dean sees the obviously dead Zavitz. He doesn't even notice PRATT casually frisks ZAVITZ's body... And pull out the business card Dean gave him. *

INT. DEAN'S BMW - CONTINUOUS (OMITTED 72-73) 74

He pulls into the garage of his picture-perfect home, turns off the engine, sits in the car, still shaken. Finally he gets out.

INT. DEAN'S HOME - DEN - NIGHT 75

Dean strolls in, laden with shopping bags and briefcase, finds a familiar tableau: His 8-year-old son, ERIC and Eric's friend, DYLAN, sit in front of a big-screen TV, glued to a video game. A NANNY lounges nearby, lost in a magazine. *

DEAN
Excuse me, am I in the wrong house?
Isn't there an 8-year old boy around
here, good-looking, about yea-big,
allegedly my son...

ERIC
(eyes never leave the TV)
Hi, Dad.

DYLAN
Hi, Mr. Dean.

DEAN
Hi, guys. How are you doing, Maria?

NANNY (MARIA)
(glancing up from magazine)
Hello, Mr. Dean.

ERIC
Are those my Christmas presents?

DEAN
Some of them.

ERIC
Can I see 'em?

DEAN
Sure, go ahead. Take a look.

ERIC
Seriously?

DEAN
In your dreams.

ERIC
Dad...

DEAN
(to Dylan)
You staying for dinner?

DYLAN
Is it okay?

DEAN
You got any money?

ERIC
He's kidding. I'm gonna sleep over at
Dylan's, okay?

DEAN
If it's okay with his folks.

ERIC AND DYLAN
Yeah!

DEAN
Where's Mom?

ERIC
In the kitchen yelling at the TV.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

76

A wall-mounted TV is showing CONGRESSMAN ALBERT being interviewed on a news show about the anti-terrorism bill. CARLA watches the TV with one, the stove with the other.

CONGRESSMAN ALBERT (TV)
Look, Jim, after Oklahoma City, nobody was worrying about civil liberties, they were worrying about dead and injured children. We have simply got to be able to deal with terrorist attacks before they occur.

CARLA
(to the TV)
There goes 4th Amendment Rights...

DEAN
(entering)
Hey.

CARLA
Listen to this fascist gas bag.

DEAN
Uh oh.

Over the following, Dean brings milk, orange juice, and a banana over to the blender. Carla, eyes still on the stove and TV, slides him a tin of protein powder which he adds to the blender.

CONGRESSMAN ALBERT
Our concepts of law and security have to adjust to changing technologies and changing geopolitics...

DEAN
He's got a point.

CARLA
Bobby!

DEAN
Not a very good one, but--

Turns on the blender for a few LOUD seconds, then...

CARLA
You want your phone tapped?

DEAN
(drinks from the blender)
I'm not planning to blow up the country.

CARLA
How do we know until we've heard all your
dirty secrets?

DEAN
Trust me.

CARLA
I know, we'll just tap the criminals. We
won't suspend civil rights for the good
people.

DEAN
Good idea.

CARLA
And who decides which is which?

DEAN
I think you should.

CARLA
You should take this seriously. *

DEAN
You're taking it seriously enough for
both of us. *

He gives a kiss, a good one; then, steps back, as if a little
dizzy, presses the cold blender pitcher to his forehead. *

CARLA
What's the matter?

DEAN
You remember Daniel Zavitz. He was at
Georgetown with us. We were in the
debating finals in '88. He won. *

CARLA
Vaguely.

DEAN
I saw him today.

CARLA
How is he?

DEAN
Dead. He got run over by a fire engine
just about in front of my eyes.

CARLA

Jesus...

DEAN

I ran into him in... in this store. He was already freaked out.

CARLA

About what?

DEAN

I don't know. He wanted my help, but before he could explain, he ran out the door. A minute later he was dead.

CARLA

Oh, baby...

She holds him. He appreciates it, holds her back.

DEAN

And that's not even counting the gangster who threatened to kill me this afternoon.

CARLA

Very funny.

DEAN

You think? I'm gonna change for dinner.

CARLA

So what'd you get me?

DEAN

A toaster. And no terrorist talk at the table. You're spookin' the kids.

REYNOLDS (V.O.)

"And he cast Satan into a bottomless pit..."

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - NIGHT (OMITTED 77)

REYNOLDS

"... and shut him up and set a seal on him so that he should deceive the nations no more till the thousand years were finished. But after these things he must be released for a little while."

Reynolds smiles, enjoying the ironic complexity of the end.

A WOMAN

Revelations.

REYNOLDS

That's right, Mrs. Burdick. What I like here is that the Bible does not explain itself. Why must Satan be released for a little while? We're not told... Mr. O'Brian...

*
*

MR. O'BRIAN

(a scientist)

Well, perhaps he's saying that evil is a fundamental aspect of the world. There's a suggestion of Manicheism in that, but...

*
*
*
*
*
*

Reynold's cellular rings. He answers, gets up. O'Brian trails off.

*
*

REYNOLDS

(heading for the door)

No, go ahead, I'll be right back.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

79

Reynolds comes out of the classroom, phone to his ear. JONES and KRUG wait for him. Over the phone we hear CONNECTING HANDSHAKES as the lines seek digital compatibility.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TRASHY'S - CONTINUOUS

80

The store is now closed.

INT. TRASHY'S SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

81

HICKS talks on the cellular as PRATT questions the SALES CLERK. Nearby, a monitor shows time-coded surveillance tape of Dean's encounter with Zavitz. Finally a confirming tone.

*

REYNOLDS

Yeah.

HICKS

Zavitz is down. And Lenny, the guy from the paper.

*

REYNOLDS

Tell me about the tape.

*

HICKS

We found the original in Zavitz's apartment.

*

Reynolds sees Krug and Jones flexing nearby. Their restless energy exhausts him. He rubs his eyes and looks up at the ceiling before he says...

*
*

REYNOLDS
The original?

*

HICKS
There was a copy.

*

REYNOLDS
Any more good news?

HICKS
He never made it to the newspaper, but
there was a private sector contact.

REYNOLDS
Who?

HICKS
Several indiscriminates and one primary:
(holding the card Dean gave
Zavitz)
Robert Dean, a D.C. labor lawyer. Lives
in Georgetown with his wife, Carla Dean,
also an attorney. She's with the ACLU as
it happens.

REYNOLDS
I guess he could've given it to Bob
Woodward directly. Maybe we dodged a
bullet.

*

He's being sarcastic. Hicks knows it and says nothing.

REYNOLDS (cont'd)
We've got to take possession of Mr. Dean.
God knows I hate doing this at
Christmas...

HICKS
I'll call Fiedler.

Reynolds agrees to that simply by hanging up. Hicks dials
another number. Reynolds goes back into Bible study. Krug
and Jones exchange looks -- they're bored.

*

*

*

EXT. SPACE

82

SAT IN SPACE. Revolves toward CAMERA.

EXT. SPACE

83

SAT POV. Looking down at earth. Then a POWER OF TEN ZOOM
down into --

EXT. NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY - NIGHT

84

A massive complex surrounded by razor wire and surveillance
cameras.

HICKS (V.O.)
(through phone)
Fiedler... We need a complete FINCEN,
EPIC, and DRD workup on a Robert Clayton
Dean, SS 386-26-0901...

*
*

SUPER: NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY, FORT MEADE, MARYLAND

PUSH IN on one building that's several blocks long. It's
roof bristles with antennas, dishes, domes...And on it is
painted: NSA BLDG. 27... A poster reads:

*

THE KEYHOLE-12 SERIES
IN GOD WE TRUST, ALL OTHERS WE MONITOR

*

On another poster: a man's running shadow in a target bull's-
eye with a caption reading:

YOU ARE A SECURITY TARGET

FIEDLER (V.O.)
(through phone)
Training op, huh...

HICKS (V.O.)
(through phone)
Pull up keyhole data files...

*

INT. NSA HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

85

TIGHT ON A MANILA FOLDER stamped:

TOP SECRET - UMBRA
HANDLE VIA COMINT CHANNELS ONLY
HAND CARRY - NO COPIES

A SKINNY MAN clutches the folder, walking by endless cubicles
of high-tech industriousness. He stops where an ANALYST
types on a terminal near a retinal scanner. The ANALYST
opens the folder, sees a request for a PRIORITY WRAP on
ROBERT CLAYTON DEAN, followed by a Social Security number.
The ANALYST enters the number. Above him a poster reads:

IN A DIGITAL WORLD
NUMBERS DON'T LIE - PEOPLE DO

COMPUTER SCREENS show the harvesting of DEAN's electrical
identity. Tax returns, credit card purchases, video rentals,
law school transcripts, ATM transactions, Dean and Carla's
driver's licenses and passports with photos also appear.

*

HICKS (V.O.)
...and prioritize his phone bill and tell
me who he's calling...

Phone bills scroll past at high speed. Keys are punched, the
calls are re-grouped by number.

The top twenty numbers are instantly identified, we see the names to which those numbers are registered. Then the driver's licenses of those individuals appear. With photos. When Rachel's appears we hear Fiedler react:

FIEDLER (V.O.)
Ooh man, check this one...

HICKS (V.O.)
Who?

FIEDLER (V.O.)
Rachel F-for-you-know-what Banks. God, would I love to have her ruin my life.

HICKS (V.O.)
Do a cross...

Rachel's data appears, flying past faster than we can make out. Fiedler interprets:

FIEDLER (V.O.)
They were at Georgetown together. Second year they have the same address, same phone number. They remain close, many calls regardless of marriage. Oh, here we go...

HICKS (V.O.)
What?

Scrolling past paired bank statements for Dean and Rachel.

FIEDLER (V.O.)
...Dean, over the past eighteen months, has four, five, seven cash withdrawals of four thousand, five thousand and up... and up. And each time, the delectable Ms. Banks makes large cash deposits of her own within a day or two.

HICKS (V.O.)
Blackmail?

FIEDLER (V.O.)
Well... her deposits are not the same but... -- let me figure this out -- Ahh, yes, they're exactly, exactly 15% of the amount Dean withdrew.

HICKS (V.O.)
So who's her partner?

FIEDLER (V.O.)
I'll scan his other priority calls.

HICKS (V.O.)
And hers.

Fiedler's MONITOR: ENTER LINE

Eyeing DEAN's folder, she enters the phone number and commands "ENTER", "RECORD". The telephone tap is instant. A VOICE GRAPH appears in-sync with CONVERSATION now coming over the speakers.

DEAN (O.S.)
(mid-conversation, over speakers)
... Sure, I could've taken it to the Justice Department, and three years from now maybe they'd have put Pintero back in prison. But by then our clients...

*
*
*
*

INT. NRO - VIDEO LAB - SAME TIME (OMITTED 86-87)

88 *

ANOTHER ANALYST facing three monitors watches Zavitz's escape as captured by a traffic camera, an ATM and the security unit inside Trashy's.

INT. NRO - IMAGE ENHANCEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

89

TWO TECHIES huddle by a monitor overseen by FIEDLER. The monitor shows the Trashy's surveillance tape of the ZAVITZ/DEAN meeting.

FIEDLER
--and two ATM cameras. This is the one showing promise, though. It's the security camera from the underwear store.
(to TECHIE)
Freeze there.

The Techie hits a command. Zavitz and Dean freeze.

FIEDLER (cont'd)
Times ten.

The Techie boxes the area to be enhanced. He types commands. The boxed area increases ten-fold.

FIEDLER (cont'd)
Focus on the drop.

The enlarged view shifts to Dean's gift bags. The picture's fuzzy. Someone passes by, blocking the view at a crucial moment.

FIEDLER (cont'd)
Enhance, then forward, frame by frame...

More keystrokes. The computer takes over, clarifying the image with passes of resolution. HICKS inches closes as the image of the bag inches forward.

*

FIEDLER (cont'd)

Just before the view's blocked, Zavitz reaches in his jacket for something. When the view returns, there's a shape change in Dean's bag. See the shadow variance? We reverse imaged it--

FIEDLER points to another screen displaying a digitally enhanced image of the shadowed object and its approximate shape.

FIEDLER (cont'd)

The shadow's wrong. Zavitz changed the configuration of Dean's packages.

Reynolds steps forward. His eyes are red. It's been a long night.

REYNOLDS

Is it a tape?

FIEDLER

Hard to say for sure, these things are--

REYNOLDS

Can the computer take us around to the other side?

FIEDLER

It can hypothesize... Jimmy, rotates us, uh, seventy-five degrees around the vertical.

More keystrokes and the computer simulates a rotation in three-dimensional space. Again, the shape of the bag changes.

INTERCUT various and repeated views of the bag and its changing shape with Reynolds, FIEDLER and Hicks talking.

REYNOLDS

What do you think it is?

FIEDLER

It looks smaller than a tape.

HICKS

Zavitz had digital compression equipment in his apartment. He could've downloaded to a data card, something to put in his pocket and run with. Then dropped that in Dean's bag.

*

FIEDLER

Or maybe the bag twisted in Dean's hand,
or something moved in front of the light
and altered the shadow. Maybe it's
nothing.

REYNOLDS

Maybe it's everything.
(heads for the door)
Let's get it and find out.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

90

Eric and Dylan are at the front door putting on their coats
and scarves.

CARLA

Let's go, let's get this show on the
road.

DEAN

(to Eric)
Call in the morning when you want me to
get you. Don't feel any rush. If you
want to stay at Dylan's for the rest of
the week, or 'til the end of the Century
or something, we're okay with that.

*
*

He gives Carla a look meaning they might put the Eric-free
house to good use.

CARLA

Dad's kidding. He's gonna miss you just
like me.

DEAN

In fact, exactly like her.

She gives him a look: don't be bad. But of course she likes
it.

CARLA

(to Dean)
I'll just drop them off and be right
back.
(he's pleased about that; to
Eric)
Don't forget your backpack.

Eric grabs his backpack, and the three of them head out the
door...

EXT. DEAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

91

A sedan is parked halfway down the block from Dean's house.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

92

PRATT and BINGHAM watch Eric and Dylan pile into RANGE ROVER that Carla has backed out of the garage. The Range Rover drives off.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

93

Dean pours himself a glass of wine and takes it to his desk. His wife's fluffy, white Pomeranian, Porsche, snarls at him as he enters his study. He regards the dog with loathing, but masters the impulse to abuse it.

*
*

He opens a thick envelope, sets a stack of interrogatories neatly on the desk, puts the envelope in a wastebasket. As he sits... Dean takes a sip of wine, and just as he's setting it down, the Pomeranian snaps, and Dean drops the glass, spilling all over the interrogatories and ruining them.

*
*

DEAN (cont'd)
God damn! That was cruel! That was a
vicious thing.

He's desperately trying to blot it up when the DOORBELL RINGS.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

94

Dean opens the door. Pratt and Bingham are standing there.

DEAN
Yeah?

PRATT
Mr. Dean?

DEAN
Yeah.

PRATT
This is Detective Bingham, I'm Pratt.
We're with D.C. Metro? Sorry to bother
you at home... We'd like to talk to you
about Daniel Zavitz.

DEAN
(the memory hits him again)
Zavitz, Jesus...
(steps back to let them in,
stops:)
Could I see your badges?

PRATT
Sure...

He pulls out his badge, and Bingham complies as well.

DEAN

Come on in...

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

95

They come into the living room and sit.

DEAN

I didn't really see the accident. I have no idea whose fault it was or...

BINGHAM

We're not here to talk about the accident, Mr. Dean.

DEAN

Oh, I thought--

PRATT

We're handling a different aspect of the inquiry. Mr. Zavitz seems to have been involved in an extortion scheme.

DEAN

Zavitz?! You're kidding.

BINGHAM

Did you represent Mr. Zavitz as an attorney?

(as Dean shakes his head no)

So you're not constrained by attorney-client privilege.

DEAN

That's right.

PRATT

We believe Mr. Zavitz may have passed sensitive materials to you.

*

DEAN

What kind of materials?

*

*

PRATT

That's what we're hoping you'll tell us.

*

*

DEAN

He didn't pass me anything.

*

BINGHAM

We think he did.

PRATT

Possibly without your knowledge.

DEAN

Sorry to disabuse you.

PRATT

How can you be so sure?

Beat. Dean smiles.

DEAN

I changed when I got home. I emptied my pockets.

PRATT

What about your packages?

Over the following, we MOVE IN on BINGHAM'S buttonhole, eventually noticing the fish-eye lens of a tiny CAMERA focusing on Dean's Patek Phillipe WRIST WATCH, SHOES, Hermes BELT BUCKLE...

DEAN

Look, Zavitz didn't give me anything. He didn't hand it to me, slip it in my pockets or secrete it in any of my bodily orifices. Whatever it is, I don't have it.

PRATT

What if something slipped in among the purchases without your realizing--

DEAN

It didn't.

PRATT

Could we look at them?

DEAN

Not without a warrant.

BINGHAM

How did you happen to be at Trashy's tonight?

DEAN

I went to buy lingerie. That's still legal, right?

PRATT

Buying it for your wife?

DEAN

No, for myself. I do a little cross dressing on the weekends. It calms me.

BINGHAM

We thought it might be for Rachel Banks.

Dean stops short, turns to Bingham.

DEAN

I don't know what's going on with Zavitz,
but that was way, way out of line... you
understand?...

INT. PHONE SURVEILLANCE VAN

(OMITTED 96)

97 *

Now we PULL BACK from the fish-eye, and it becomes a monitor
image in the surveillance van where Seth and Jamie wait. As
the dialogue continues, an INK NEEDLE measures Dean's voice
stress levels.

*

*

INT. NSA HEADQUARTERS - SECURE TECH ROOM

98 *

Back at NSA offices, seeing all the monitors from the van and
hearing that conversation. Pratt and Bingham are in
attendance.

*

*

PRATT (ON TAPE)

Possibly without your knowledge.

DEAN (ON TAPE)

Sorry to disabuse you...

HICKS

(as the tape continues)

He's arrogant and subtly contemptuous.
Voice stress points suggest he's anxious.

REYNOLDS

What else could it be?

FIEDLER

Maybe he's cheating on his wife. Or his
taxes. Or his mother's dying. Or he's
going through drug withdrawal...

REYNOLDS

Or he could be hiding something.

*

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

(OMITTED 99)

100

Dean takes the packages he bought today out of the closet.
He empties them onto the bed: lingerie, toys for Eric...
lots of stuff. He goes through it carefully. He finds
nothing. He turns the shopping bag inside out. Still
nothing.

*

*

*

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

A101 *

Dean says, "Thanks" and hangs up the phone. He sits on the
bed, trying to think. The front door SLAMS. He jumps.

*

*

CARLA'S VOICE

(Ricky Ricardo in heat)

Honey, I'm home...

Dean quickly puts the gifts back in the bags, the bags back in his closet. But he doesn't feel so sexy anymore.

INT. DEAN'S LAW OFFICE, CORRIDOR - DAY

101 *

A small celebration is in process. Dean, Jerry, Martha, and a half-dozen others. DAVID SILVERBERG, the head of the firm comes in.

SILVERBERG
Mr. Unintimidated.
(embracing Dean)
Did you really go in there alone and face
down Pintero?

DEAN
More guts than brains, huh?

SILVERBERG
If it works, don't fix it.
(as someone hands him champagne
in a plastic glass, notes
bottle label)
I hope the firm isn't paying for this.

JERRY
The construction workers sent it.

DEAN
(taking Silverberg aside)
You know, David, if that union had a real
insurgent movement, and we represented
the insurgents...

Silverberg looks at Dean and smiles: he loves this kid.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

102 *

The rooms are empty, the house dark. A SCRATCHING sound. The front door opens (light from the street) but no lights come on within. Pratt, Krug and Jones enter. Porsche (a fluffy white Pomeranian) stands guard - ferocious growl.

JONES
My mom had one of these. Here, little
one.

Porsche attacks and bites Jones on the hand.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM (OMITTED 103-104)

A105

Hands destroying all computers, video recorders-- anything electronic that may be containing a disk. Other hands photographing the mobile phone, beeper, Mont Blanc pen, shoes, belt buckle, pants.

Hands continue to trash the house. All of Dean's shoes, except for one pair get thrown into the bathtub, water running. Paint is sprayed over all of Dean's suits and clothes in his wardrobe closet -- except for one complete suit and one leisure outfit. We see wires and bugs being attached to various pieces of clothing.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

105

Carla's RANGE ROVER comes down the street.

INT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

106

Carla driving, Dean in the passenger seat, Eric asleep in back. They ride in silence for a while. Then:

CARLA

Tell me something.

DEAN

Uh oh.

CARLA

How did you find out that Pintero was associating with union officials?

DEAN

Field work -- lots and lots of field work.

CARLA

By whom?

DEAN

You mean his name?

CARLA

Bobby, it isn't that guy Rachel knew?

DEAN

Oh, baby, please. Why does it have to always come back to that?

CARLA

Bobby, I'm just asking -- I just want to know!

DEAN

Rachel is not an issue anymore, you know that.

They pull into the driveway. Carla looks at him, accepts his answer. Gets out of the car. Dean, carrying Eric over his shoulder, hears:

CARLA (O.S.)

Oh, my God--

Dean runs to the door, then sees inside: the house covered in spray paint. We stay outside and TRAVEL down the street as we hear, a 9-1-1 BEEPING. A RING. Then a voice:

*
*

911 VOICE
(through wires)
Police emergency...

DEAN'S VOICE
(through wires)
This is Robert Dean at 3225 Sutton...

We spot a CABLE VISION VAN and move in on it as:

DEAN'S VOICE (cont'd)
...I want to report a break-in.

INT. PHONE SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS (OMITTED 107) 108 *

Seth and Jamie watch Dean on a monitor that sees him in his living room. He's pacing up and down, talking on the phone..

*

DEAN
Yeah, from the looks of it, it's just kids, vandals, but it's a real pain in the--

CARLA'S VOICE
Ah, geez...

Dean runs out of camera range.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - MASTER BATH - NIGHT (NORMAL FOOTAGE) 109

Dean and Carla look down at his suits and shoes floating the tub.

DEAN
(into cordless, disgusted)
Yeah, it's kids...

He backs out into the bedroom as he continues on the phone, looks into his closet, brings out a suit on a hanger...

DEAN (cont'd)
At least they missed one...

The camera moves in on the bedroom TV.

EXT. POTOMAC - DAWN 110

Several TWO-MAN SKULLS break the water...

JERRY (V.O.)
How do you know it wasn't Pintero?

*
*

DEAN
I don't. It's just kind of frivolous, so
I'm hoping it was just kids.

*
*
*

FIND and FOLLOW DEAN and JERRY rowing with all they've got.

JERRY
Come on, man...row!

INT. BOATHOUSE/LOCKER ROOM - SAME TIME

111 *

TWO HANDS (Pratt and Bingham) deftly pick the lock, pull out Dean's Patek Phillipe, his Mont Blanc pen, his cell phone. The hands pull from their own supplies three Patek Phillipe watches, check them against Dean's; one matches exactly. Check the back of Dean's -- no engraving -- and expertly switch Dean's wrist band onto the replacement.

*

They then compare Dean's Mont Blanc to three Mont Blancs they have brought with them.

EXT. POTOMAC - SAME TIME

112

DEAN and JERRY are approaching the boathouse.

DEAN
... They took the espresso machine, the espresso machine, Jerry! Which makes sense, you know, because the crooks probably wanted to make themselves a little latte before fencing the stereo.

*
*
*
*
*
*

JERRY
Did they take your clothes?

*
*

DEAN
No. They threw the suits and shoes in the tub and spray-painted my wardrobe.

*
*
*

JERRY
You've got a bunch of Zegna suits, they didn't take 'em?

*
*
*

DEAN
No.

*
*

JERRY
Usually they take clothes.

*
*

DEAN
Why don't you give 'em a call.

*
*

JERRY
What about jewelry?

*
*

DEAN
They didn't take the jewelry. They
thrashed the computers and the big-screen
TV, and they took my blender.

JERRY
The blender?

DEAN
I love my blender.

JERRY
They didn't take the silverware?

DEAN
No, but they took my blender. I liked
that blender. I take it personally.

As he finishes dressing, he straps on his wrist watch, checks
himself in the mirror, shoots his cuffs.

INT. BOATHOUSE - MORNING

113

Dean and Jerry have showered and are now dressing. During
the following, Dean buckles his belt, repockets his phone.

JERRY
I was like that. I didn't break and
enter, but I did... stuff.

DEAN
We all did stuff... I just wish they
hadn't taken the blender.

JERRY
What's the big deal about the blender?

DEAN
I don't know. I liked that blender. I
take it personally.

As he finishes dressing, he straps on his wrist watch, checks
himself in the mirror, shoots his cuffs.

DEAN (cont'd)
The only suit they left, it's three years
old...

INT. LAW FIRM/CORRIDOR - DAY

(OMITTED 114)

115

Dean going down the corridor, sees a man ahead and calls to
him:

DEAN
Mike...

MIKE turns. Dean hurries to catch up. Mike looks like an ex-cop, which is what he is. He handles "investigations" for the firm.

DEAN (cont'd)

Mike, I want a background on Daniel Zavitz. Recently deceased. He was with me at Georgetown. I don't know much else.

MIKE

That'll be enough.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

A117 *

Dean enters, turns on his computer. It BEEPS, BOOTS and loads. We follow the network interface cable down to the floor, along the fold in the carpet where the cable lies and THROUGH THE WALL into:

INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

117 *

.. where Jones and Jamie (in MAINTENANCE WORKER uniforms) have set an OUT OF ORDER sign by the door, which Jones guards as Jamie goes through an airvent INTO THE WALL.

INT. INSIDE WALL - CONTINUOUS

A118 *

A profusion of CABLES. Bingham grabs the light blue "soapy" Plenum cable and with a CIGARETTE LIGHTER melts away the insulation. He attaches his won FOREIGN CABLE to the network cable and the other end into a "conducting box" and attach that to a monitor.

Jamie can now see the content of Dean's computer screen as he punches in his password. M-I-N-G-U-S.

JAMIE (HEADSET)

402, this is 401. Password's "MINGUS, Mike, Ida, Nancy, George, Union, Sam."

EXT./INT. PHONE SURVEILLANCE - CUT TO SETH IN VAN

B118 *

INT. TECH ROOM - DAY

118

Reynolds, Hicks, Fiedler, Pratt and Bingham stand around a secure conference room.

HICKS

Either he's getting ready to do something with it. Or he doesn't know he has it.

FIEDLER

Or he doesn't have it.

REYNOLDS

You know what I've seen? I've seen killers walk free because the eye-witness was an alcoholic. I've seen sex-offenders kick back 'cause their victim was a call girl. Credibility. It's the only currency that means anything on this kind of playing field. Dean's got the tape, and he's going to come out. And when he does, I want his credibility. I want people to know he's lying before they hear what he says...

*
*

BINGHAM

We could take his wife and kid. He'd give it up for them.

*
*
*

REYNOLDS

You crazy? Then you'd have the police and the FBI all over this. Put taps on his twenty most frequently called numbers. The union situation has mob written all over it. And he's definitely vulnerable on Rachel Banks.

*
*
*

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

119

A big, understated, WASP place. Cars and limos flood the entrance way for some large event. We follow Dean's BMW.

REYNOLDS (O.S.)

I want to know about his wife, his parents, his gambling problems, his urine samples, his porno rentals, his traffic tickets and his friends from the old neighborhood who are in prison serving long sentences...

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

120

A fund-raiser for Congressman Alvin Morse. Lots of PEOPLE IN FORMAL WEAR getting seat assignments from the hospitality table. CARLA and DEAN (both looking fabulous) have been shunted to one side as an embarrassed HOSTESS (24) searches for their card.

*

CARLA

What do you mean you can't find it? I sent in the RSVP in September. Plus the campaign contribution. We got a note thanking us.

HOSTESS

Just a second, please...

She hurries off. Carla stalks up and down, steam hissing out of her ears. Dean remains calm.

DEAN
Don't say it.

CARLA
I want the check back. I'm not donating
fifteen hundred dollars to be treated
like... I want the damn check back, and I
want it back tonight...

Senator's flack, RICHIE heads their way.

RICHIE
Bobby, could I speak to you...?

Puzzled, Dean follows him into a corner. CARLA comes, too.

RICHIE (cont'd)
We're giving you your money back.

CARLA
What??

RICHIE
For the dinner tickets, your contribution
to the Senator's campaign, and three
months' interest. We're cutting the
check in the morning, I'll have it
messengered over.

CARLA
Why are you giving it back??

RICHIE
We don't want it.

DEAN
Why not?... Why not, Richie?

RICHIE
All these rumors about you...?

DEAN
What rumors?

RICHIE
Come on, Bobby... The FBI asking
questions... all that..?

DEAN
FBI...

RICHIE
Sit tight; it'll blow over, everything
does.

DEAN
Sit where? I don't have a table.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY (OMITTED 121-122) 123

The Washington Times on his desk, we see the head: FBI INVESTIGATES LABOR LAWYER'S MOB TIES. Dean is on the phone, animated.

DEAN (INTO PHONE)

Jerry, I want to sue their moonie asses right back to Korea. This is flagrant, they never even called to ask my version. They've got no Sullivan protection...

SECRETARY

Mr. Dean... Rachel Banks.

DEAN

Let me take this; I'll come down after.
Hi. What's up?

INT. RACHEL'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS 124 *

She has the Washington Times story in front of her.

RACHEL

I got a call from my firm this morning. They told me not to come in.

DEAN

Why you?

RACHEL

There're new reports, saying I'm tied to the mob, too, via our "association." Bobby, do you know how hard I worked to get this job?

DEAN

Ah, Jesus...

DEAN'S SECRETARY

Mr. Dean, Silverberg and Blake want to see you in the conference room.

INT. DEAN'S LAW OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 125 *

SILVERBERG

I just got off the phone with a source I trust. A Grand Jury is being convened to look into your labor practice as far back as the electrical workers strike.

DEAN

A Grand Jury...??

BLAKE

They claim you helped create a shell company for Sam Vollotti in Zurich and that through your continuing relationship, the Peitso family has been able to exert influence and provide false witness to discredit our case.

DEAN

Oh, well that's true.

SILVERBERG

You're admitting it?

DEAN

Yeah, except for the part about setting up a company in Zurich or knowing someone named Sam Vollotti or having any relationship whatsoever with the Peitso family.

SILVERBERG

Robert--

DEAN

David, this is Pintero coming back at me. Gimme a week and four guys from litigation.

BLAKE

Tell us about Rachel Banks.

DEAN

Tell you what? She was my girlfriend my second year of law school. We keep in touch, throw each other some work. That's it.

BLAKE

Did you have an affair with her four years ago?

Dean stares at him in disbelief.

DEAN

Did you ever cheat on your wife, Jack? Ever beat off in the shower? Have homosexual thoughts?

SILVERBERG

Bobby that's--

DEAN

None of my fucking business? You're damn right it's not.

(gets up, starts to the door,
comes back)

*

DEAN (cont'd)
I love my wife, I love my son.
Absolutely. No equivocations. And
that's none of your business either.

SILVERBERG
We'd like you to take a leave of
absence... until we've sorted this all
out.

INT. DEAN'S HOME - EVENING

126 *

DEAN
Carla...!?

Carla's friend JENNY heads him.

DEAN (cont'd)
Jen, where is she?

JENNY
Don't go in there. She doesn't want to
talk to you...

DEAN
Why not?

JENNY
Because she's reading the paper, asshole.

INT. CARLA'S DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

127 *

Carla, eyes red, has a copy of the Post, including a photo of
Dean kissing Rachel on the cheek at the restaurant the other
day.

DEAN
Carla...?

CARLA
How could you let me find out like this?

DEAN
I'm finding out like this. None of it's
true. I never--

CARLA
(showing him the photo)
This isn't true? You weren't there with
her?

DEAN
God, they must have taken it off the
security camera at the restaurant...
(sighs, a confession)
I had lunch with her. We have lunch
about once a month. She is my contact to
Brill. You were right.

CARLA
You lied.

DEAN
I never actually said I--

CARLA
Oh, what is this, Bobby? Some technicality so you can beat the perjury rap? You're fucking her.

DEAN
I am not... I have to see her for business, and I knew if I told you--

INT. PHONE SURVEILLANCE VAN (JAMIE) PIN-HOLE CAMERA POV of the room. A128 *

CARLA
Robert, you had an affair with this woman. We went to a fucking counselor for a year. Now you're lying about seeing her. What am I supposed to--

DEAN
Carla, I just lost my job...

CARLA
You got fired??

RESUME NORMAL ANGLE

DEAN
Involuntary leave of absence. I'm smeared all over the papers with mob connections, money laundering schemes. Can't you just trust me right now on Rachel?

CARLA
HOW IN GOD'S NAME CAN I TRUST YOU?
I want you to leave.

DEAN
Carla...

CARLA
No. I can't think. You've got to leave so I can think.
(turns away, hands over her ears; screams)
LEAVE...

INT. PHONE SURVEILLANCE VAN - JAMIE - LISTENING *

EXT. WASHINGTON - NIGHT

128 *

SAT POV: Dean's BMW traveling down a street.

CLOSE ON: TRACKING TRANSMITTER attached to underside of car.

*

INT. HYATT HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

129

Dean stands at the registration desk. A YOUNG DESK CLERK (Asian, female) has just handed him back his credit card.

DEAN

Declined...?? It's a brand new card.

YOUNG DESK CLERK

Maybe it's not connected yet.

Dean slides her his AmEx Platinum. She runs it through the slot. They both wait.

YOUNG DESK CLERK (cont'd)

I'm sorry.

A BELLHOP (17, male, black) has been watching, now avoids Dean's eyes.

DEAN

(looking around)

My suitcase--

YOUNG DESK CLERK

Sir?

DEAN

My suitcase. I had a suitcase right here.

EXT. ATM MACHINE - NIGHT

130

Dean stands at the ATM window, waiting for cash. The machine spits out his card. The monitor reads: INSUFFICIENT FUNDS

DEAN

(pounding the machine)

Goddamnit!

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT

131

A weathered sign reads:

All Rooms \$39.95

An O.S. TV DRONES the latest AT&T COMMERCIAL.

TV ANNOUNCER

Have you ever tucked your kid in from a
phone booth? You will--

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

132

CLOSE ON AN OLD COLOR TV. The COMMERCIAL ENDS. A NEWSCASTER
returns to deliver the late-night news.

NEWSCASTER

In Richmond today, Senate Intelligence
Committee Chairman, Steven Albert, paid a
visit to promote the ten-billion dollar
Anti-Terror Bill.

The newscast cuts to tape of STEVEN ALBERT, late 60s,
delivering a speech to community leaders.

*

CONGRESSMAN ALBERT

*

...We have seen that a kind of violence
that used to happen only in "other
countries" now happens here. Has
happened. And surely will again.
Therefore we must do whatever is
necessary to protect ourselves from...

During this, Dean comes out of the bathroom, pays no
attention to the show. As he passes in front of the
television--

--the PICTURE GOES STATIC. And the signal DRIFTS to another
channel with the movie "PSYCHO". As he flops on the bed, it
DRIFTS again, now to a FOOTBALL GAME. Dean hardly notices.
He lies there as the sounds of newscast, movie and game
mingle meaninglessly. We end on Dean, lying on his back,
rubbing his eyes... the NEWSPAPER with the photo of him and
Rachel next to him on the bed.

*

CONGRESSMAN ALBERT (cont'd)

*

...There are many kinds of freedom, and
we must decide which of them...

EXT. BELLMOTH STEEL - DAY

133 *

Establishing.

*

INT. BELLMOTH STEEL - SAME TIME

134 *

Dean is in a front room talking to Sal and Frankie, two of
Pintero's underlings he met last time.

SAL

I'm sorry. I'm not sure I understand.
You wanna fuckin' what?

DEAN

I want to speak to Mr. Pintero about what is happening to me. I called and they said he was here.

*
*

He indicates the back room, where Pintero can be seen at a desk.

*

FRANKIE

(to Sal)

What is happening to him?

They look at Dean. He'd rather talk to Pintero, but..

DEAN

Somebody's trying to ruin my life-- my reputation, my marriage, my credit...

FRANKIE

So?

DEAN

I thought maybe Mr. Pintero could tell me who's doing it. And then we could work out an arrangement so it'll stop.

FRANKIE

Well, Mr. Pintero would like to help. But he won't.

DEAN

Why not?

FRANKIE

Because he -- and all of us -- have paid out hundreds of thousands of dollars to shyster lawyers like you because of shyster lawyers like you. So we'd just as soon sit back and sip a cocktail and watch you get fucked over by as many people as possible. Anything else?

DEAN

Yeah, actually, "shyster" is usually a term reserved for Jewish attorneys, whereas I believe someone like myself is called a fucking eggplant.

SAL

Get the fuck out.

DEAN

Right.

EXT. CITY SQUARE - BALTIMORE - DAY

135

HIGH ABOVE an old city square with an obelisk in the center. Various PEOPLE scattered about in the mild December noon. A group of 20 kids (10 to 12 year-olds) singing Christmas Carols. We see a tall figure (DEAN) approach a smaller figure (RACHEL) sitting on the edge of the fountain. He sits beside her.

*
*
*

RACHEL

You're late. You said eleven, "sharp."

DEAN

Sorry. Christmas traffic.

RACHEL

Not that I have so much else to do...

(looks around)

You know, it's not really so smart, us being seen together in public.

DEAN

Do we have anything to hide?

RACHEL

Unfortunately not...

As they talk, we MOVE AWAY FROM THEM, around the fountain, while we continue to hear their conversation clearly:

RACHEL (cont'd)

...Oh, by the way. I got a call from the IRS this morning. They say my lifestyle exceeds my income.

DEAN

You're being audited?

RACHEL

For the last four years.

DEAN

My firm will represent you. Free of charge.

We find a DRUNK (JONES) slumped against the fountain, a rolled up Racing Form in his hand. We peer into the darkness of form: a microphone.

*

RACHEL

You don't work there anymore, Bobby.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

136

Seth and Jones listening through headphones. Fiedler supervising.

*

MONITORS show a high-wide VIEW OF THE SQUARE and closer shot on Dean and Rachel walking. A third monitor shows a DR. KATZ cartoon.

ON THE MONITORS: Rachel gets up, Dean follows. They pass a MAN WITH BINOCULARS (Jamie) looking at seagulls. *

SETH
They're moving.

BINGHAM'S VOICE
No shit, Sherlock.

HIGH VIEW OF SQUARE: ON A ROOF TOP A CAMERAMAN (Bingham) and BOOM MAN scramble for an angle on the moving PAIR below. *

EXT. HARBOR CENTER - DAY

137

CLOSE ON A SURVEILLANCE CAMERA on a pole, sweeping, making automatic lens corrections.

RACHEL (O.S.)
We're screwed, Bobby...

We drift down to the harbor walkway, a green belt with quaint hotels and bars on one side, the Chesapeake Bay on the other.

RACHEL (cont'd)
...Once they push you out like this, you never get back in. Especially us.

DEAN
We'll get back.

RACHEL
How?

DEAN
Tell me about Brill.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

138

RACHEL
(on monitor; through
headphones)
No. I can't do that.

FIEDLER
Did he say Bill?

WOMAN WITH BINOCULARS (O.S.)
Brill. With an R.

Seth types "Brill" into a computer, and begins to pull up people with that name.

DEAN
(on monitor; through
headphones)
Rachel, he's the key to this.

EXT. THE PARK - CONTINUOUS

139

RACHEL
What?

DEAN
Ever since I got that tape, my life's
been falling apart.

*

INT. NSA OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

140

Hicks on a head-set listening to this, pumps his fist.

HICKS
All right! I knew he had it.
Dean's got the tape.

*

REYNOLDS
(looks up from phone call)
He said so?

Hicks nods.

EXT. HARBOR CENTER - CONTINUOUS

141

RACHEL
Who cares about the tape, Pintero?

DEAN
I don't know. Let me ask Brill.

RACHEL
Forget it.

DEAN
What're you gonna do. Sit here in the
park? You want your job back? You want
a life?

RACHEL
I don't have a life. And I'm in love
with a married man.

DEAN
I'm sorry.

RACHEL
What makes you think it's you?

DEAN
It's not me?

RACHEL
You're a moron, you know that?

DEAN
Yeah, I know it.

He smiles... and after a moment, so does Rachel.

SETH (O.S.)
I'm losing sound.

EXT. ROOF TOP - CONTINUOUS

142

Krug's walking a dog, while Pratt's in the window and Bingham's on the roof. CAMERAMAN and BOOM MAN can no longer see Dean and Rachel.

*
*

BOOM MAN
(into head set)
We don't have line of sight.

FIEDLER (O.S.)
(through headphones)
Shit. Mr. Rafferty?

*

EXT. HARBOR CENTER - CONTINUOUS

143

The MAN WITH BINOCULARS is training them on Dean and Rachel. BINOCULAR POV: Dean and Rachel moving about each other, talking, but we can't hear and can barely see.

*
*

MAN WITH BINOCULARS
I'm sorry. I can't really see their lips.

*

RACHEL
When I need to reach Brill, I chalk the mailbox at 39th and Charles.

EXT. A RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

144

Rachel, walking to a mailbox. She casually makes a diagonal slash on the box with chalk, drops a letter inside.

RACHEL (V.O.)
When he crosses the mark...
(driving past mailbox, a chalked X)
...I make the drop. The location's always the same time and place.

EXT. PORT OF BALTIMORE - DAY

145

Establishing. Wharves, ships, seagulls. A water-bus chugs dockside as PASSENGERS board for the trip across the inlet. DEAN stands in a ticket line.

RACHEL (V.O.)
The 3 PM ferry to Gibson Island. *

DEAN (V.O.)
You never see him in person?

RACHEL (V.O.)
He's the cautious type.

EXT./INT. FERRY - DAY

146

Dean walks the deck alone. The ferry BLOWS its departure horn.

RACHEL (V.O.)
The drop is behind Seat 74. I leave something, he picks it up later.

The ferry churns water. Dean takes a set; he has a newspaper. Across the deck is Seat 74. A middle-aged drunk comes up the aisle, tries to sit in Seat 72, but stumbles backward, lands in 74 and stays there. Dean smiles. *

DEAN (V.O.)
Any idea what he looks like?

RACHEL (V.O.)
He's underground, Robert. He's gonna look like whatever he wants.

A MONTAGE of different people occupying Seat 74: the DRUNK dozes... a TEEN-AGED BOY with glasses chats with FRIENDS... a lean ELDERLY WOMAN reads a book. She sees Dean eyeing her, smiles nervously. Dean returns to his paper.

RACHEL (V.O.)
He's not going to like you tracking him down.

Dean still sits. Seat 74 is empty. The ferry docks for the night. The final passengers TWO NUNS, disembark.

INT. FERRY TERMINAL - LATE AFTERNOON

147 *

Dean walks down the ramp. It's dark in the empty terminal. Dean detours into:

INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

148

Empty. Dean stands at the sink, water running. He glances at the door. He splashes water on his face. When he looks up... A MAN (tall, lean, ageless) is standing next to him. DEAN starts...

MAN
Easy... Sorry it took so long. I had to make sure you weren't being followed.

DEAN

Brill?

"BRILL"

(sweeping a frequency locator
over Dean's body)

Brill's dead. He died of small pox when
he was two. He's buried in a Kansas
field. My name doesn't matter.

(the needle reacts at Dean's
foot)

Let me see your right shoe.

DEAN

My shoe?

The man nods. Dean takes off the shoe. The man flips open a
knife, pops off the heel. INSIDE HEEL - a hollow compartment
contains a miniature TRACKING DEVICE. "Brill" removes it,
returns the shoe.

"BRILL"

A beacon transmitter. Thousand yard
range. They're close. *

DEAN

How'd they get it in there?

"Brill" flushes the tracker down the toilet.

"BRILL"

Come on, let's go.

EXT. FERRY TERMINAL - NIGHT

149

Establishing. A closed farmer's market by the terminal.
Several parked cars, one a CAB. "Brill" gets behind the
wheel. Dean starts to get in the passenger side.

"BRILL"

No. In the back, like you're a customer.

As Dean climbs in back, "Brill" starts the engine, looks
carefully around, flips on the meter and guns into traffic.

"BRILL" (cont'd)

What happened?

INT. CAB - NIGHT

150

Driving through traffic. Dean is finishing his story...

DEAN

...and overnight everything's gone:
wife, job, bank accounts... my place in
the world.

"Brill" eyes the mirror. A CHEVY PICK-UP appears several car lengths behind.

"BRILL"

You said Zavitz was behind an extortion scheme?

DEAN

They said he was behind it.

"Brill" weaves in and out of traffic, checking the mirror: the Chevy pick-up is also weaving, keeping up with them.

"BRILL"

And you were the last one to talk to him.

DEAN

Yes.

"BRILL"

What did he say to you?

"BRILL" whips the cab around a corner, accelerating.

DEAN

Nothing. He said, "Help me, Bobby."

"BRILL"

Help him with what?

DEAN

He never got to that.

"BRILL"

What'd he give you?

DEAN

Nothing.

"Brill" makes a hard turn. The car ahead stops short, and "Brill" veers around it. Dean looks back, sees the Chevy.

"BRILL"

Listen, you gotta come clean. If you bullshit me, I can't help you. Didn't he give you anything: a name, address, a phone number?

DEAN

No, nothing...

"Brill" takes an impossible left into another alley. The Chevy follows. "Brill" is good. The guy in the Chevy is better.

DEAN (cont'd)

Who is that?

"BRILL"
I don't know.

Another corner, even faster. *

"BRILL" (cont'd)
Shit... He's just trying to get our
attention.

DEAN
He's got mine.

"Brill" is getting rattled. He pulls a hand-radio.

"BRILL"
(into radio)
209 to anyone. I need some help here.

DEAN
Who are you calling?! I thought you
worked alone.

"BRILL"
(driving hard)
Just shut up a second.

He brakes for a red. The Chevy RAMS him, driving the cab out
into the intersection. A car going the other way, clips
their front end, turning them sideways. The Chevy zips past,
DEAN getting a close look at the DRIVER -- a big, imposing
man... An impulse: Dean starts to get out of the cab... *

"BRILL" (cont'd)
Stay where you are.

"Brill" points a pistol at him through the pay window. Dean
slams the divider closed. "Brill" shouts in pain, drops the
gun. Dean leaps out and runs, vanishing down the street. *

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 151

Dean running down the street, trying to use his cellular,
can't get a tone. He ducks into a HOTEL.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE/STUDY - NIGHT 152

Carla looking at a half-dozen shiny, 8x10 black and white
photos of DEAN and RACHEL in the square. A courier envelope
lies among them on the desk. The PHONE RINGS. Carla picks
it up:

CARLA
Hello?

DEAN'S VOICE
Carla, don't hang up.

CARLA
Robert... You know what I'm looking at?

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

153

Dean on a pay phone.

DEAN
Carla--

CARLA
Photographs of you and Rachel,
purportedly taken today. Is this true?

DEAN
How did you get them?

CARLA
Who cares how I got them? By messenger.
Were you with her? Is it true?

DEAN
Yes, but not the way you... Carla, please
just let me--

CARLA
(over him)
Robert, I went to the grocery store. My
ATM and credit cards didn't work. I
couldn't buy food.

DEAN
I know. Mine either, I--

A HAND breaks the connection. A GUN in Dean's side, and a
BIG MAN he can't quite see ushers him rapidly across the
lobby.

*
*

DEAN (cont'd)
Hey, what the... who are -- you?

MAN
Shut up.

He jams the gun. Dean winces. The Man steers him onto an
elevator with a MARRIED COUPLE.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

154

The 4 button is lit. The man presses 24 (the top floor).
The doors close. As they go up, the Man's face is turned
away, but Dean can see that it's the driver of the Chevy.
The car stops at 4; the couple gets off. As the doors
close...

DEAN
What the fuck is going on?

MAN

I'll tell you what's going on.

He sticks his gun in Dean's face and kicks his legs out from him. He goes face down. Dean drops to the floor. The man frisks him, removing his PHONE, PAGER and FOUNTAIN PEN. The Man's movements are rapid, enraged. He pops open Dean's cellular and pops out a tiny ELECTRONIC BUG. Dean watches, puzzled...

*
*

The man empties a bag of chips on the floor, puts the BUG, PAGER and FOUNTAIN PEN into the foil bag, twists the top closed. He pulls off Dean's shoes... rips the upper off the sole of the left shoe, revealing wiring sewn into the seam.

INT. PLUMBER SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

155 *

Seth, Jamie and Fiedler watching monitors and MTV. Jamie observes TWO BLINKING LIGHTS moving on a grid.

*

JAMIE (INTO HEADSET)

*

We lost one and three. Four and five are going up...

SETH (INTO HEADSET)

He's getting help.

EXT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

(OMITTED 156)

157 *

The MAN continues to de-bug Dean.

*

MAN

We had an arrangement. No contact. You broke the rules. You know how many Federal agents you had following you on the ferry?

DEAN

Federal agents??

MAN

(rolls out the little bug)
Who are you working for?

*

DEAN

What???

The Man yanks the slide, puts the gun to Dean's forehead. Dean freezes. This guy would shoot him, no question.

MAN

Is this about me? Am I the target here?
Do they know me?

DEAN

You?? Who are...?

MAN
(cocks the gun)
Do they know me?

Dean has no idea what's going on. The Man's anger eases slightly.

MAN (cont'd)
You're either incredibly smart or
incredibly stupid.

Dean wants to hit him, but the man has a gun, so he says nothing. The elevator arrives at the top floor.

EXT. ROOF - THE DOOR OPENS

A158

The man pushes Dean across the roof toward an array of satellite dishes.

MAN
How did you find the ferry? Who set that
up for you?

DEAN
You're Brill.

BRILL
Did Rachel tell you, or are you...?

DEAN
Yes. Rachel. Who was that other guy?

BRILL
What did he say? Exactly.

He checks his watch, checks the sky, pulls some licorice from his pocket and eats it quickly.

DEAN
That he was Brill.

BRILL
Did he say it, or did you say it, and he
picked up on it? Come on, think...

DEAN
I said it.

BRILL
Goddamn! See, this is why I have rules.
This is...

He exhales, tries to calm himself...

DEAN
Is this about Pintero?

Brill almost laughs, holds up the bug.

BRILL

You think the mob uses devices like this?

DEAN

What is it?

BRILL

This is a GPS Satellite tracker. It pulses at 24 gigahertz.

*
*

DEAN

I don't know what that means.

BRILL

It's like a Lojack, but two generations ahead of what the police have.

*
*

DEAN

I don't know what --

*

BRILL

Do you speak English?

DEAN

Not that well.

BRILL

You're kind of a jerk, aren't you? It means the NSA can read the time off your wrist watch.

*

DEAN

Cut all this bullshit. Shoot me or tell me what the fuck is going on!

*
*

INT. TECH VAN - CONTINUOUS

158

SIGNALS ARE SCRAMBLED - FIEDLER and SETH flipping out, flipping switches. Lots of FRANTIC TECH CHATTER...

SETH

(singing, to "La Cucaracha")
"I'm getting nothing. I'm getting nothing." Where did he go? Somebody's jamming our frequencies...

FIEDLER

Try the filters.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

159

BINGHAM, PRATT, and JONES charge into the hotel. They pound elevator buttons. Doors open and there are Dean's shoes, alone in the elevator car, surrounded by potato chips.

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - CONTINUOUS

160

BRILL

The National Security Agency conducts
worldwide surveillance, phones, faxes,
satellite communication... They're the
only people in the country, including the
military, who could possibly have
something like this.

*

DEAN

Why are they after me?

*

BRILL

I don't know, and I don't want to know.
(starts to leave; looks into
the sky)
Here they come...

DEAN

What?

Dean sees a NEWS CHOPPER approaching from the south.

BRILL

You're transmitting. They've still got a
signal on you.

*

DEAN

Where?

*

BRILL

It could be anything: belt, zipper,
collar... Get rid of your clothes. All
of them.
(again he starts to go)

DEAN

Wait. What do I do now?

BRILL

Nothing. If you live another day, I'll
be impressed.

He takes a step. Dean grabs him. Brill turns, ready to hit
him, then feels a twinge of sympathy for the sap.

BRILL

You have something they want.

*

DEAN

I don't have anything.

BRILL

Maybe you do and don't know it. Just
stay away from Rachel and stay away from
me.

BRILL (cont'd)
You go near either one of us again, I'll
kill you.
(starts to go)
And get rid of the watch.

DEAN
I can't. My wife gave me that watch for
our--

BRILL
(without looking back)
Then keep it.

Dean sees the helicopter coming. He curses, takes off the
watch and throws it over the side of the building.

SETH (O.S.)
Well, either he just committed suicide,
or he's waking up...

Dean sees the HELICOPTER pass overhead. The same one that
followed Zavitz, with the station CALL LETTERS.

HELICOPTER VOICE (O.S.)
I got him on the roof.

The roof door BANGS CLOSED. Dean turns, Brill is gone. He
runs to the edge of the roof and looks down. DEAN'S POV:
Several vehicles pull up around the building. MEN jump out
and rush into the building. Dean backs away from the edge.
Krug, Jones, Pratt and Bingham run down the hotel hallway. *

ANGLE: SAT TRACKER Showing the roof of the hotel...DEAN
looks around. Bolts for the stairway.

INT. TECH VAN - CONTINUOUS 161

FIEDLER, SETH, and JAMIE looking at an ARCHITECTURAL
RENDERING of the hotel on a monitor... constant RADIO CHATTER-
- SIX SENSOR MONITORS above-- FOUR ARE DOWN, BLANK. Now a
LIGHT appears on the grid. *

FIEDLER
Here we go -- we're back on line...

INT. HOTEL BACK STAIRS - 10TH FLOOR - (WIRE FRAME INTERCUTS) 162 *

PRATT and KRUG tearing up to intercept-- *

INT. HOTEL BACK STAIRS - 21ST FLOOR 163

Dean racing down, three stairs at a time. 20th floor...
19th... 18th... He stops. HEARS the others charging up from
below. What to do??

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR, 17TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

164

Dean bursts through the fire door, runs past endless DOORS.
He sees an envelope under one. Grabs it: a FAX for Mr. Wu.

DEAN
(knocking on door)
Mr. Wu... Mr. Wu...

The door is opened by Wu, a Chinese businessman in his
eighties. Mr. Wu speaks twenty words of English, three of
which are:

WU
(taking fax)
Thank you very--

DEAN
You're welcome, thank you.
(as Wu reaches in his pocket;
Dean pushes past him into the
room)
No, no tip. If I could just come in for
a--
(nodding to Mrs. Wu, locks
door...)
Hey, how you doing? I'm with the hotel
hospitality and evaluation and--

INT. PLUMBERS' SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

165 *

Fiedler & Seth watching monitors.

*

FIEDLER
He's on 17. First room east of--

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

166

Bingham and Krug come down the hall following Pratt who's
wielding a SCANNING DEVICE...

*

INT. WU'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

167

DEAN
--make sure you folks are having--

A KNOCKING at the door. DEAN turns.

PRATT (O.S.)
Mr. Dean? Mr. Dean, I'd like to talk to
you for a second if I could. Straighten
this all out...

DEAN
(to the Wu's)
How do they know where I am?

The Wu's don't understand the question, but know they're being addressed.

DEAN (cont'd)
(tearing off his suit jacket)
My clothes...

PRATT (O.S.)
Please open the door, Mr. Dean. Let's
not involve the hotel guests, okay?

The Wu's watch mutely as Dean strips off his suit coat, shirt
(we see the cuff links pop to the carpet)... looking for
bugs.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - 17TH FLOOR 168

Jones produces an ELECTRONIC PICK and starts working the
door.

JONES
My hand is fucked. I think I got rabies.

Krug takes over.

KRUG
(gesturing)
I thought you used your left hand.

INT. TECH VAN - CONTINUOUS 169 *

Fiedler, watching monitors.

FIEDLER
--I've got separating signals -- he's
ditched the belt buckle.

EXT. BALCONY OUTSIDE WU'S ROOM - NIGHT 170

Dean, half naked in the December cold... still stripping. He
tosses pants off the balcony-- watches them fall and fall...
He scrambles from balcony to balcony until he finds... an
empty room.

INT. EMPTY HOTEL ROOM 171

Dean pulling off everything but his socks and shorts--

INT. WU'S ROOM - NIGHT 172

Pratt, Bingham, and Jones enter quickly. The Wu's, sitting
quietly together on the foot of the bed, watch impassively
as... They scoop up Dean's things-- including cufflinks--
tear through the room and out onto the balcony.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY 173

Dean in the hotel bathrobe, running as fast as he can --
Pratt and Bingham see him from the far end of a long corridor
and start after him.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY/INT. HOTEL SUPPLY ROOM (OMITTED 174) 175

Dean bangs into the supply room. Slams the door. He wedges
a MAID'S CART between the door and the wall, barricading the
room. He notices that the carts are supplied with linens,
glassware, ashtrays, matches, mini-bar refills. *

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY OUTSIDE SUPPLY ROOM 176

Pratt, Bingham, and Jones try to force the door, can't.

HOTEL SUPPLY ROOM 177

Dean is dousing a HAND TOWEL with numerous TINY BOTTLES of
cognac and rum. We hear the NSA guys BANGING on the door.
Dean lights the hand towel; it bursts into flames. The
burning towel on a broom handle, he holds it up towards the
ceiling, trying to set off the SMOKE ALARM.

INT. HOTEL SECURITY ROOM 178

Rinky-dink in contrast to the NSA equipment we've seen, just
some SURVEILLANCE MONITORS and TWO SECURITY OFFICERS. But
now BELLS ARE RINGING. FIRE on the 17th floor--

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY 179

Pratt, Jones, and Bingham running toward the RINGING ALARM.

INT. SUPPLY ROOM 180

Dean fanning the FIRE with a towel -- pleased with his own
resourcefulness.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE (OMITTED 181) 182 *

FIRE TRUCKS and EMS VANS WAILING onto the scene. FIREMEN
leap off the trucks before they've stopped and--

INT. SUPPLY ROOM 183

The FIRE HAS SPREAD to a supply of TOILET PAPER. DEAN starts
to cough from the SMOKE, and is now trying to PUT IT OUT with
Evian even as he hears a BANGING on the door and VOICES from
the hallway--

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY/SUPPLY ROOM DOOR 184

Jones, Pratt, and Bingham still unable to open the door as --
HOTEL GUESTS are starting to panic.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 185

FIREMEN and COPS rush through the lobby --

INT. SUPPLY ROOM 186

Filled with SMOKE. Dean has a towel over his head, is pouring Evian onto the towel -- choking.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - SUPPLY ROOM DOOR 187

Bingham trying to bash in the door with a FIRE EXTINGUISHER as Jones and Pratt usher GUESTS toward the fire stairs.

INT. SUPPLY ROOM 188

Dean, desperate to get out, tries to pull the maid's cart out of the way, but Bingham's efforts on the outside have wedged it more firmly into door and wall. Now BOOKS OF MATCHES explode into FLAME. Dean hurls himself away from this, rolling up in a ball on the floor.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - SUPPLY ROOM DOOR 189

TWO HOTEL SECURITY GUARDS running toward the supply room--

SECURITY GUARD #1

What are you doing? Get to the stairs -- we gotta evacuate.

PRATT

Our buddy's trapped in there.

INT. TECH VAN - CONTINUOUS 190 *

Fiedler listening in-- but it's chaos--

FIEDLER

What's our status, guys? Do we have retrieval?

(chaos over the line)

Please talk to us. We're feeling neglected.

KRUG

Good.

*
*

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY/SUPPLY ROOM DOOR 191

Pratt, Jones, and Bingham watch, a little confused, as the HOTEL SECURITY GUARDS try futilely to muscle the door. And then...

FIREMEN roar down the hall-- all business.

FIREMAN #1
Outta the way! Move it!
(to Hotel Security)
Get these people -- all of you --
downstairs. Right now. Go!!

HOTEL SECURITY GUARD #1
There's a guy trapped in there...

One FIREMAN forces the Hotel Security and the NSA men towards
the stairs...

INT. SUPPLY ROOM 192

An AX SPLINTERS THE DOOR. A FIREMAN reaches through, pushes
the maid's cart out of the way. Opens the door. Fireman
finds Dean curled in the corner, picks him up.

EXT. STREET/INT. EMS AMBULANCE - NIGHT (OMITTED 193) 194

As the EMS workers lift Dean into the ambulance--

KRUG & PRATT *
(jog over, showing BADGES) *
Hang on... we've been looking for this
guy for seventy-two hours...

EMS WORKER
Give him some room, he's suffocating...

A LOCAL COP looks at Krug's badge.

LOCAL COP
D.C. Metro... you're out of your
jurisdiction, officer.

INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS 195

Dean in back, covered with soot, receiving OXYGEN, watching
with one eye out the open rear door as...

KRUG
Give me a break.

LOCAL COP
He isn't going anywhere. Just follow us
down to St. Elizabeth's. I'll keep an
eye on him.

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 196

The ambulance drives off. Krug runs over to waiting NSA
CARS. He hops in with Bingham. Pratt and Jones are in the
other. They take off after the ambulance.

INT. AMBULANCE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

197

Dean taking big gulps of OXYGEN as the ambulance weaves through traffic, SIREN WAILING. Out the rear window he sees: TWO CARS FOLLOWING. Car one: Bingham & Pratt. Car two: Krug and Jones. The ambulance slows for a toll booth. Dean sits up, concerned. A PARAMEDIC tries to ease him back down:

PARAMEDIC

Whoa, fella. Take it easy...

The Paramedic calls to the Local Cop.

PARAMEDIC

Officer...

The local cop tries to help the paramedic hold Dean down...

DEAN

No, I'm sorry. I really gotta just... get... out... of...

He pulls the cop's PISTOL, points it at the cop's head.

DEAN (cont'd)

Stop the ambulance!

The ambulance has just cleared the toll booth. It jerks to a stop.

DEAN (cont'd)

Thank you.

He jumps out the door.

EXT. TOLL BOOTHS/MOUTH OF TUNNEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

198

Dean, in bathrobe and stocking feet, running down a ramp into the tunnel. Behind him we see the NSA cars come AROUND THE TOLL BOOTH on an emergency lane.

SAT SURVEILLANCE WIRE FRAME PERSPECTIVE: DEAN IS ILLUSTRATED A199 BY THERMAL IMAGING. *

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

199

Dean running down the slope. A footpath comes up on his left, rising a few feet above the roadway. The FIRST NSA CAR (Pratt driving) passes Dean, pulls IN FRONT of him and slows. The SECOND NSA CAR (Bingham driving), pulls alongside, trapping Dean against the wall of the footpath. They are not trying to kill him. Dean grabs a vertical pipe of the footpath railing and pulls himself up onto the path. The NSA cars SCREECH to a stop. Dean runs along the pathway, finds a DOOR and goes through it.

INT. TUNNEL AIR-CONDITIONING UNIT 200

Dean runs through here and out another door into --

INT. NEON TUNNEL 201

A wide tube lit with NEON LIGHTS, the curved bottom filled with about a foot of water. Dean tries to run where the water is high-stepping through the cold water. He sees a FAN OF LIGHT glance off the tile walls, looks back over his shoulder... TWO PAIRS OF HEADLIGHTS coming toward him. He sprints, but the cars overtake him. One NSA CAR (Bingham) hits the brakes and suddenly AQUAPLANES on an angle past him, wedging itself into the curve of the wall. Dean tries to go around it, but the second NSA CAR (Pratt) swerves to again sandwich him between it and the other. Dean turns back the other way, sees an IRON LADDER descend from the ceiling. He goes up it as fast as he can, his bare feet slapping wetly on the cold rungs.

INT. TUNNEL - TOP OF IRON LADDER 202

With an effort, Dean pushes off a MANHOLE COVER and leaps out to find himself...

INT. SOUTH-BOUND TUBE 203

AN 18-WHEELER flicks past inches from him. He runs...

LADDER -- Bingham and Jones racing up toward the now open manhole. They look up, duck back down. LOTS OF TRAFFIC.

JONES
Let's go, damnit!

INT. SOUTH-BOUND TUBE/EXT. TUNNEL MOUTH 204

Dean running, someone yells to him.

VOICE
Hey, what are you doing, man?

Dean looks. It's a MAINTENANCE WORKER on a big STREET SWEEPER on the roadway shoulder. Dean runs over. The MAINTENANCE WORKER helps him up onto the sweeper only to find... DEAN POINTING THE COP'S GUN AT HIM.

DEAN
Look, I'm sorry. I'm actually an attorney, and I'd never do this except I'm kind of in extremis here, okay?

MAINTENANCE WORKER
(hands up)
Whatever you say.

DEAN
No, no wait... I don't want you--
(stops apologizing)
All right. Fine.

EXT. SAME - THREE MINUTES

205

Pratt, Bingham, Jones, and Krug find the Maintenance Worker huddled inside his truck's cab wearing only his skivvies. *

PRATT
Fuck!

INT. REYNOLD'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT (9PM)

206 *

Reynolds, in running shorts and a U-2 T-shirt, empties an untouched bowl of Rice Krispies into the dispose-all, rinses the bowl, puts it in the rack, the secure cellular to his ear as usual. He's talking to Hicks at NSA. *

REYNOLDS
I don't really understand why this is so difficult.

HICKS' VOICE
He shed the sensors. He's clever... and he's had help. *

REYNOLDS
Maybe it's the real Brill.

He turns off the kitchen light, carries the phone into the living room, picks up some children's toys, turns off this light.

HICKS' VOICE
There are twenty-three Brills in the Baltimore-D.C. area. None of them checks out. We're running it through the EPIC computers. *

Reynolds wearily climbs the stairs. He stands in a doorway, looking into a darkened child's room.

REYNOLDS
Do you think we're being set up?

HICKS' VOICE
Somebody in the agency?

REYNOLDS
I'm not sure. It just tastes a little off.

HICKS' VOICE
I know what you mean.

He turns out the hall light, goes into

INT. REYNOLD'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY (OMITTED 207) 208

Where his wife, EMILY (mid-30s, attractive, wearing sweats), sits at a small desk, working at a lap-top, judicial opinions all around her. Reynolds lies on the bed, head and knees propped up. On TV Charlie Rose is interviewing Twyla Tharp; the SOUND IS OFF.

REYNOLDS

Let's raise the stakes. Make things a bit more serious for Mr. Dean. We'll both think about how, okay?

HICKS' VOICE

Good.

Reynolds breaks the connection, lies there thinking.

EMILY

(scanning shelves of legal texts)

What do you know about admiralty law?

REYNOLDS

Almost nothing.

She finds a law book, start flipping through it.

EMILY

You should go to sleep. It's your turn to get up with the kids.

Reynolds glances at the alarm clock. *

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 209

Carla cleaning up breakfast dishes, hears her dog BARKING. Looks out the window, sees it sniffing around the garage in back. Puzzled, she pulls a coat over her nightgown, grabs the garbage from under the sink and goes out into the yard.

EXT. DEAN'S HOUSE, BACK YARD - DAY 210

The dog leaping at her feet, kicks open the side door into:

INT. GARAGE - DAY 211

As she comes in, SOMEBODY GRABS HER from behind. She gasps, but before she can scream a HAND is over her mouth and--

DEAN

(whispers in her ear)

The house is bugged... Electronically bugged. Everything you say in there, they can hear, maybe even see-

CARLA

I told you they could do this. I told you they had this kind of capability and that with this anti-terrorism it would be just another --

*
*
*
*

DEAN

Carla... Carla... maybe now isn't the best time for the I-Told-You-So speech.

*
*
*

He lets her go. She turns to look at him. He's wearing the Maintenance Worker's COVERALLS and PARKA. He's filthy with soot, smoke and blood.

CARLA (cont'd)

Bobby are you -- What happened? Your head--

DEAN

(holds her hands, whispering)

No, no, I'm... I'm fine, I'm just...

Listen to me, please. Okay, please? The truth...?

(she nods)

I never--since the problem?-- I never touched Rachel, in that kind of way, I never even... thought about it... And I love you, only you. Except Eric I love him, and your folks, even your Dad sort of... but that's all... Okay?

CARLA

Okay.

He holds her, grateful for that.

DEAN

That night, when I saw Zavitz hit by the fire truck...? He was running. He was scared. And these same people-- I know it now--that were chasing him, now they're chasing me.

*

CARLA

Oh, Bobby, Jesus..

DEAN

You ought to get out of the house, baby. Go to Philadelphia, to your folks, and--

CARLA

No! This is my house. Nobody's kicking me out of my house. I picked those drapes.

DEAN

(smiles, tenderly, pulls her to him)

I don't think anybody wants the drapes, Carla.

(kissing her)

I think the drapes are okay.

Then he's kissing her hair and her mouth-- She warms a little-- And now they're kissing more-- desperate and lonely and tense and--It's crazy, but they're aroused. He opens her coat and runs his hands over her body. She moves against his hands. He stops...

DEAN (cont'd)

The nightgown... That's one of the gifts I got you. That's for Christmas, not--

CARLA

I was lonely. I missed you.

DEAN

You're as bad as Eric. This whole family thinks they can just root around, open things whenever they want, before it's even--

(stopping as it hits him)

That was the night, when I got home with the presents... and Eric said... Oh, man!

CARLA

What?

DEAN

Where's Eric?

CARLA

I had him stay at Dylan's cause of...

(looks at her wrist; but no watch)

They're probably about to go to school. Do you want me to--

DEAN

No, I want you to stay here. Did you get any money?

CARLA

From Jen.

DEAN

I need some. And clothes and Maria.

(as she starts to go, thrusts the policeman's gun in her hand)

And, baby, take this.

*
*
*
*

CARLA
Bobby, Jesus, what is this?

DEAN
Take it, please. Just so I know you have
it. In case.

A heavy moment as the extent of their mutual danger is
silently acknowledges, frightens them and draws them closer
together.

EXT. FRONT OF DEAN'S HOUSE/INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

212 *

A different surveillance CREW watching the house. They see
Carla moving around behind the front windows.

JAMIE (HEADSET)
Carla's home; she's sending the nanny out
with something for the kid. Please
advise...

HICKS' VOICE (RADIO)
Stay put. We have Warren at the school.

JAMIE (HEADSET)
Let me follow the nanny, man. She
doesn't shave her legs. Women like that
are hot.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND REAR GARAGE - DAY

213

The Jeep Wagoneer pulls out of the garage and turns left.

INT. WAGONEER - CONTINUOUS - DAY

214

Marie driving, no one else visible in the car.

DEAN'S VOICE
Is anyone following us?

MARIE
(glances in mirror)
No, Mr. Bobby.

IN BACK Dean under a dog blanket, pull it back to get some
air.

DEAN'S POV - LOOKING UP FROM UNDER THE CANVAS

DEAN'S VOICE
Drive fast. I want to get him before
they get to school.

MARIE'S VOICE
There they are, Mr. Bobby.

DEAN'S VOICE

Pull up. Tell them to get in the car.

MARIE'S VOICE

Eric, Dylan, get in the car, please.

(as they start to object;
sharp)

Get in the car right now. In back.

We hear them clamber in. The car starts to move.

DEAN'S VOICE

Eric!

ERIC'S VOICE

Dad...???!!

DEAN'S VOICE

Don't turn around, don't look. Sit where
you are. Face forward...

ERIC'S VOICE

But Dad...

DEAN'S VOICE

(softer, gently urgent)

Don't please. It's important. It's
like... it's like in The Fugitive. You
can't let on that you see him... me.

*
*
*
*

With difficulty, Eric and Dylan sit where they are, facing
forward.

DEAN'S VOICE (cont'd)

So, how've you been? I missed you.

ERIC'S VOICE

(facing forward)

I missed you, too, Dad. Where did you
go?

DYLAN'S VOICE

Hi, Mr. Dean.

*
*

DEAN'S VOICE

Hey, Dylan.

(answering Eric)

I've been really busy with a new case.
Different kind of matter than I'm used
to, but... exciting. I'll tell you about
it soon.

*
*

ERIC'S VOICE

Are you and Mom getting a divorce?

DEAN'S VOICE

No. Don't be ridiculous. We're never getting a divorce. We had a fight. That happens sometimes, but it's nothing to worry about, okay?

ERIC'S VOICE

Who won the fight?

DEAN'S VOICE

Men don't win fights with women, son. I'll tell you about that sometime, too. Now listen, I've got to ask you a question, and it's massively important that you tell me the truth. No matter what you did, I swear to God I won't be angry. This is a total Get-Out-Of-Jail-Free card. Ready?

ERIC'S VOICE

Yeah...

DEAN'S VOICE

Before I left, you remember that night I brought home some Christmas presents and you asked could you--

ERIC'S VOICE

I just looked in the bag, Dad. And I wouldn't have taken it except it was already open.

DEAN'S VOICE

I understand. You're clear. But I need the thing. I'll get you a better one, but--

ERIC'S VOICE

Dad...

DEAN'S VOICE

What's the matter?

ERIC'S VOICE

It's broken.

DYLAN'S VOICE

(defending his friend)

It's not Eric's fault, Mr. Dean. It never worked. The screen just scrambles when you turn it on.

DEAN'S VOICE

(still no idea what it is.)

Let me see it.

Eric looks to Dylan. Dylan whips open his BACK-PACK and rummages through a stunning collection of eight-year-old's crap: shin guards, orthodontic retainer, wadded up homework, comic books... Dylan reaches the Gamemaster over the back of the rear seat without looking back. Dean's arm reaches up and takes it and brings it...

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

215 *

Dean walks through a residential neighborhood near Hopkins, trying to look relaxed. Ahead is the mailbox. He glances right, casually MARKS THE SIDE WITH CHALK as he drops a letter in the slot.

To be safe, he keeps walking in the same direction. Ahead is a condo complex he knows. Then he sees something--stops--crosses the street for a better look...

DOWN THE STREET - PLUMBER'S SURVEILLANCE VAN. He looks down the van to the condo complex.

ON THE PLUMBER'S SURVEILLANCE VAN - across from the condo complex.

COP VOICE (OVER)
(telephone)
Eighth precinct...

DEAN (OVER)
(a timid voice)
My name is Leon Newman, we live at 454
Beaumont Terrace--
(continuing into--)

EXT. CORNER PAY PHONE - LATE AFTERNOON

216

Dean on the phone.

DEAN
...There's a van, a plumber's van, parked
in front of the house. They've been
there all day, and I'm not trying to get
anybody in trouble, but it looks like
they're doing drugs in there, I mean,
they are...

INT. PLUMBER'S SURVEILLANCE VAN - EVENING

217 *

A CREW we haven't seen before watching Rachel's house. They're eating, watching TV in one monitor, listening to a POLICE SCANNER:

SCANNER VOICE
...31 Alice, check out a plumber's van at
454 Beaumont for a possible [violation
code].

SETH (SURVEILLANCE GUY)
Oh, eat me. That's us.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS - EVENING 218

PLUMBER'S VAN pulling away as-- a SQUAD CAR comes around the corner as--ACROSS THE STREET, Dean slips into the condo complex.

EXT. RACHEL'S CONDO - BACK ENTRANCE - DAY 219 *

Dean listens through the door, hears nothing. He KNOCKS softly.

No reply. He tries the knob. It's open...

INT. RACHEL'S KITCHEN - EVENING 220

Dean enters. The place is still.

DEAN
Rachel...?

He moves through the LIVING ROOM. A lamp has been knocked to the floor. He comes to the doorway to the bedroom and stops. DEAN'S POV: Rachel lies on her stomach, naked on the bed.

DEAN (cont'd)
(desperate for it not to be true)
Rachel....

No response. He knows. He wants to run, but stops himself. He comes to the bed, leans over to see her face (turned away from the door), the eyes open, fixed, the neck purpled with strangulation marks. He does not cry or gasp. He simply pulls the covers up over her, but not over her head. He sits beside her, a hand on her shoulder, rocking her gently. He's sad and weary and has no idea what to do. Then he sees...

...ON THE NIGHT TABLE: one of the monogrammed cufflinks he dropped in the Wu's hotel room. Careful not to leave fingerprints, he puts it in his pocket. Now, alert, he moves around the apartment, looking for anything else of his that might have been planted there.

ON THE DESK - documents with his name. Dean shovels them all into a garbage bag, wiping off prints with a towel as he goes. A PHOTOGRAPH catches his eye: a LITTLE GIRL (Rachel) and HER FATHER on a fishing boat with ANOTHER MAN. Dean looks closely: The other man is Brill.

EXT. FERRY PIER - DAY (OMITTED 221) 222

The ferry is loading. Brill drives into an adjacent parking lot in an El Camino. A moment after he stops, Dean jumps in the passenger side.

BRILL
I said stay away from me. *

DEAN
Just drive, damn it... *

Dean's paranoia plays into Brill's; he drives out of the lot. *

EXT. ROAD/INT. BRILL'S CAR - DAY

223

The car moving fast. Dean comes up onto the seat.

BRILL
What happened?

DEAN
Rachel's dead.

Brill slams the brakes, veers to the side of the road. He's so upset he will not even look at Dean.

BRILL
How do you know?...

DEAN
I saw the body.

BRILL
I told you not to contact her. I told you I'd...

He trails off, looks out the side window, shaking his head a little as if he's seen too much to be surprised by such things.

BRILL
(quietly)
Get out of the car.

DEAN
(pulling out Gamemaster)
I think I found what they were looking for. Somebody slipped it in my--

BRILL
(quieter and scarier)
Get out of the car.

Dean gets out, but leans back through the open door.

DEAN
Brill, we--

Brill drives off.

INT. BRILL'S CAR - DRIVING FAST - CONTINUOUS (OMITTED 224) A225

Brill driving, takes his foot off the accelerator... the car slows... he steers onto the shoulder.

EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - CONTINUOUS - DAY 225

Dean watching. After what seems an eternity, the BACK-UP LIGHTS come on, and it REVERSES back down the shoulder toward him. When it stops --

BRILL
Give me the toy.

Dean doesn't, so Brill gestures for him to get in.

INT. BRILL'S CAR - MOVING - DAY 226

They ride in silence for a while; then Brill says:

BRILL
How well did you know her?

DEAN
I knew her very well.

BRILL
You know why they killed her?

DEAN
To make it look like it was me. They'd planted my stuff all over the--

BRILL
(of course, but...)
First, if you're wanted for murder, you'll be easier to find. Second, to discredit you in case you ever go public against them. It has nothing to do with Rachel. Nothing.

Dean hands him the Gamemaster. He looks it over briefly as he drives. He gives it back to Dean. He's still torn up. He spots a Handy Gas and pulls into...

EXT. HANDY GAS/CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY 227

Brill parks away from the pumps and goes inside without a word, leaving Dean. Dean sits there, mildly surprised.

INT. HANDY GAS/CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY A228

Brill cruising the snack shelves, his choices are careful yet impulsive: doughnuts, pretzels, bottled water, ginger snaps. Then he notices a display of bulk candy.

EXT. HANDY GAS/CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY B228

Dean approaches a pay phone. He starts to punch numbers, stops, thinks. Hangs up. Looks to see how much change he has.

INT. JEN'S HOUSE - DAY 228

Carla's friend, JEN, answers a ringing phone in her kitchen.

JEN
Hello?... Oh, it's you, asshole. What
are you calling me--

EXT. HANDY GAS PAY PHONE - CONTINUOUS - DAY 229

DEAN
Jen, it's Bobby. I know you hate me, but
I need you to help Carla. Go over, don't
call, go over and tell her... Rachel
Banks is dead. The papers'll make it
sound like I killed her, but I didn't.

INT. JEN'S HOUSE - DAY 230 *

Jen listening. Dean's voice coming through the phone.

DEAN'S VOICE
...Don't call. Go over there, get Carla
and Eric out of the house...

We go INTO JEN'S PHONE and THROUGH FIBER OPTIC CABLES to...

INT. CABLEVISION VAN - CONTINUOUS 231 *

A MONITOR SCREEN on listing: PEOPLE and PHONE NUMBER: Dean's home lines, work lines, Carla's work lines, various other friends and relatives. The one for JENNIFER LANDREAUX is HIGH-LIGHTED and BLINKING. We hear:

DEAN'S VOICE
...take them to Union Station, put them
on a train to Philadelphia. To her
parents. If they need more money...

SETH punches keys. A monitor shows: CALL ORIGINATING: 410-555-9802. More keys: a REVERSE DIRECTORY. The number's ADDRESS appears:

SETH
The call's coming from...

INT. NSA HEADQUARTERS - SECURE TECH ROOM - CONTINUOUS 232 *

HICKS
...3728 MacLean, Baltimore...

Fiedler sits in the b.g. Projected on a wall is an IMMENSE STREET MAP OF BALTIMORE. A TECHNICIAN enters the address. The map ZEROES IN BY SECTORS to that exact address. *

HICKS (cont'd)
...between Hood and St. Anne's. *

EXT. HANDY GAS - CONTINUOUS 233

DEAN
...and tell them I love them.

He hangs up, starts into the store only to find Brill coming out, eating nonpareils from a paper bag. They walk to the car.

EXT. HANDY GAS - TEN MINUTES LATER (OMITTED 234) 235

A BLACK SUBURBAN drives into the station. PRATT and BINGHAM jump out. *

INT. HANDY GAS - CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS 236

Pratt and Bingham approach the TEENAGER behind the register, showing their badges. The kid is surprised.

PRATT
We'd like to take a look at your security tapes for the last twenty minutes.

INT. NSA HEADQUARTERS/OPERATIONS ROOM - 20 MINUTES LATER 237

Reynolds enters fast. Hicks explains what's on the monitors.

HICKS
This is coming in right now from Pratt.

ON THE MONITOR: BRILL in the convenience store, picking out the nonpareils, approaching the register.

REYNOLDS
Freeze it.
(FREEZE on Brill)
Process it for face recognition... Do we see which way the car went? *

PRATT'S VOICE
(through speaker phone)
No, the shot's too tight. The kid at the register thinks it was south... We got make, model, color, but the plate's a phoney. *

REYNOLDS
(to Hicks)
Order imagery coverage on that sector. *

HICKS

Already done. We don't have any time
scheduled on the bird, so it's gonna take
a couple of hours to get the photos.

*
*

EXT. BRILL'S COMPOUND - DAY

238

Brill drives through a gate, a roll-up door rises and he
backs the El Camino into a parking bay.

*
*

DEAN

Planning a quick get-away?

*
*

BRILL

Yeah. Ever since you showed up on the
ferry.

*
*
*
*

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

239

The ground floor is vast and open. An ORANGE CAT climbs the
stairs ahead of them.

INT. WAREHOUSE, THIRD FLOOR -DAY

240 *

Another cavernous space with a 15x15 cinder block chamber
suspended in the center. Next to it is what looks like a
dentist's waiting room: couch, coffee table, magazines (Field
& Stream). On the wall is a 6-FRAME PHOTO OF BUILDING IN
IRAQ being demolished. And next to it a WALL-SIZED
TECHNICOLOR SCENE of a stream in the Canadian Rockies, with
an idealized FLY FISHERMAN in the act of casting...

Brill has just started up a little generator; his impulse is
not to answer personal questions; but then he tries to be
"friendly..."

INT. THE JAR - CONTINUOUS

241

A windowless cell packed with state of the art MACS and
disassembled TECH EQUIPMENT and NSA OBSESSION. Dean opens
drawers, finds fishing flies, fly-tying gear. Brill resents
the snooping, but Dean's so ingenious he's unthreatening.
The only decoration is a framed, wallet-sized PHOTO OF RACHEL
hanging from a shelf. The orange cat slinks about
everywhere. As Dean snoops...

...Brill is at a work bench, opening up the Gamemaster. The
screen scrambles, as before.

BRILL

*

(inspecting Gamemaster innards)
I call it the jar. No phone or utility
lines going in.
(pride and paranoia)
Self-contained. Unplugged from the
world.

BRILL (cont'd)

Nothing for a wire bug to piggy-back in on. That leaves only transceivers, and it's easy to signal-sweep for those. I don't know, maybe you think I'm a little paranoid...

(tweezering out a circuit board)

...but I think the rest of you are a little naive.

As he carries the circuit board to another machine, pulls a book off a shelf -- The Puzzle Palace -- gives it to Dean. Dean flips through it as Brill attempts to download the circuit board's contents.

BRILL (cont'd)

The government's been in bed with the entire telecommunications industry since the 40's. They've infected everything: banks, computers, phones, mail...

(about the circuit board)

It's some kind of simple encryption.

(hitting keys, back to the subject)

The more technology you use, the easier for them to keep tabs on you. It's a brave new world.

(hitting more keys)

At least it better be.

(as the board begins to download)

There it goes...

DEAN

Is this just a conspiracy theory?

Brill eases the cat out of his way, focused on his work.

BRILL

It isn't theory with me. I'm a former conspirer. I was twelve, my dad had a grocery store, and he thought his partner was stealing, so I figured out how to tap his phone. I loved listening to the guy and him not knowing I was there. Like I was invisible.

DEAN

Was he stealing?

BRILL

Yep...

DEAN

You're one of them, aren't you? You didn't just pick this up in a book...

BRILL

I used to work for the NSA. I was a traffic analyst. I listened to international calls, calls from foreign nationals...

(pulls a disk, puts it in a lap-top)

We could tap any kind of airway intercept. Cellulars and pagers your kid could do. That SAT tracker in your phone? I designed one of the first ones in that series.

As he talks, Zavitz's VIDEO IMAGES begin to appear on the computer screen. At first all we see is the lake in the park... geese...

BRILL (cont'd)

(commenting on the images)

The wonderful world of nature...

(back to the subject)

Hard-lines we'd get off relays as they were fed into ground cable. Now, with calls bouncing off satellites, it's a breeze.

(puzzled about the images)

What is this, some kind of environmental study?... Ah ha...

He trails off as Hamersly's Mercedes appears on screen.

DEAN

(about surveillance rap)

You can't listen to every call in the country. How do you know which ones to--

BRILL

Fort Meade has eighteen acres of computers-- underground. They scan for target words: "bomb," "President," "Allah." When a computer finds something, it bounces it to comparative analysis... And that was twenty years ago. With digital?

DEAN

Why'd you leave?

BRILL

Phil Hamersly, Republican of Texas. Opponent of the anti-terrorism bill.

Brill and Dean exchange looks: this is heavy. Brill FREEZES, FOCUSES in on and ENLARGES the image of Reynolds. He finds a disk, sticks it in a DIFFERENT COMPUTER and pulls up an NSA upper-level PERSONNEL CHART. Finds Reynolds on it...

BRILL

(reading)

REYNOLDS, Thomas Brian. Born: 9/11/65,
BA and PhD: Harvard, Episcopal School,
on loan from State Dept. since '96...

(rueful)

These are the scary ones. Non-
professionals.

INT. NSA HEADQUARTERS - TECH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

242 *

Fiedler in b.g. Darkened room; on a screen: satellite
surveillance footage.

HICKS' VOICE

They're in an El Camino.

REYNOLDS' VOICE

There it is.

He stands-- a black silhouette against the screen-- points to
a moving vehicle about to exit the bottom of the frame.

HICKS' VOICE

John, give us LAT 30 (degrees) 64
minutes/LONG 72 (degrees) 29 minutes.

New footage replaces the old.

REYNOLDS

It's coming in from the top left.

His finger follows the path of the car. We see it enter
Brill's compound.

AERIAL SCRAMBLE. Hockney-like effect. MOVE IN ON this, the
image HARDENING until we find ourselves.

EXT. COMPOUND - SUNSET

243

One black Suburban pulls up at the front gate. Pratt gets
out, looks around while Bingham remains inside. We see Pratt
inadvertently trip one of the SENSORS. In the 2nd car, a
Bronco, Jones drives with Krug in the passenger seat.

INT. THE JAR - CONTINUOUS

244

A soft BEEPING begins. Brill and Dean both look up.

BRILL

When was the last time you contacted
anybody you knew?

DEAN

When we stopped for gas.

BRILL
(slow, patient, enraged)
Didn't I tell you not to use
telephones...

DEAN
I called my wife's friend. Nobody's
bugging her.

BRILL
Oh, really? What'd I tell you? *

DEAN
I didn't use my name. *

BRILL
What'd I tell you? *

DEAN
I called from a payphone. *

BRILL
What'd I tell you? *

DEAN
You told me no calls. *

BRILL
I told you no calls. *

He indicates a bank of SIX SMALL MONITORS which show various
surveillance images of Pratt, Bingham, Jones, Krug and
Suburbans entering the compound.

Brill is already moving. He hits a switch which starts a
SMALL RED FLASHING LIGHT... He grabs the PHOTO OF RACHEL,
then the CAT, stuffs both in a BACK-PACK, slings it over his
shoulder, pops the VIDEO DISK (Reynolds image stays on the
screen), grabs a SONY WATCHMAN, and goes out the door without
even looking in Dean's direction.

DEAN
Hey, wait... *

INT. WAREHOUSE - THIRD FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

245 *

Brill's WATCHMAN scans the surveillance images. He sees
PRATT and BINGHAM coming up the open staircase. KRUG and
JONES outside. Brill goes through a DOOR we hadn't even seen
until he opened it. Dean hurries after him. *

INT. WAREHOUSE - HIDDEN STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

246

Brill and Dean going down fast. Brill drops the VIDEO DISK.
Dean, coming after, scoops them up, stuffs it in his jacket
pocket.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS 247

Pratt and Bingham, guns out, move swiftly. They look into...

INT. JAR - CONTINUOUS 248

Reynold's face is still on the computer screen. They don't notice the FLASHING RED LIGHT flashing faster. *

INT. WAREHOUSE - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS 249

Brill into the EL CAMINO, Dean following: *

DEAN
Hey, am I part of this?

Brill is already starting the engine. Dean jumps in as the car races out under a RISING DOOR.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - SUNDOWN 250

The El Camino, on low-profile tires, races toward the rear of the property. Krug and Jones pursue in a Suburban. Jones on RADIO.

INT. JAR - CONTINUOUS 251

Pratt can't find the murder video disk. His radio CRACKLES:

JONES
Subjects exiting rear of building. *

Bingham notes the BLINKING RED LIGHT speeding up.

BINGHAM
Oh, fuck. Pratt get out...

INT. SECOND FLOOR - OUTSIDE JAR - CONTINUOUS A252

Pratt and Bingham running away as... the JAR BLOWS UP.

INT. WAREHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS 252

Pratt and Bingham race down the stairs as the SECOND FLOOR EXPLODES behind them.

EXT. REAR OF BUILDING/INT. EL CAMINO - CONTINUOUS 253

Dean looking back: a THIRD EXPLOSION completely levels the building.

DEAN
What the hell is happening?

BRILL
I blew up the building. *

DEAN

Why?

BRILL

Because you made a phone call.

The El Camino speeds toward an IRON BAR dead ahead, Jones and Krug closing on them in the Suburban.

EXT. FRONT OF BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 254

Pratt and Bingham jump in the other Suburban and drive the other way, out the front, as the building slowly rains back to earth.

EXT. REAR OF BUILDING/INT. EL CAMINO - CONTINUOUS 255

Dean sees the IRON BAR COMING...

DEAN

Jesus Christ, Brill, what are you--

It's right there. He ducks. Brill grits his teeth and floors it.

The IRON BAR SCRAPES PAINT OFF THE EL CAMINO ROOF, but the car speeds through, Brill SMILES TO HIMSELF, glancing back at... Krug and Jones's SUBURBAN hitting the brakes, skidding sideways and bouncing off the bar. As--

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - SUNDOWN 256

The El Camino and the SECOND SUBURBAN flying along BETWEEN TWO SETS OF TRACKS, FREIGHT TRAINS on either side going in opposite directions. The other SUBURBAN--Pratt and Bingham--tries to ram them into the FREIGHT on their left.

INT. EL CAMINO - CONTINUOUS 257

Brill pulls a sawed off shotgun from under the seat. Hands it to Dean. Dean acts like he's been handed a snake.

BRILL

It's pump action.

Dean: you're crazy. Then the Suburban bangs them again. SMOKE pours out of the El Camino engine. Angry and frightened, Dean sticks the shotgun out the window, pumps and pulls.

EXT. TRACKS - CONTINUOUS 258

Pratt ducks. The pellets score the driver's door, the Suburban drifts right, hits a coal car, FLIPS END OVER END and then BARREL ROLLS nearly landing on top of the El Camino.

FLAMES are shooting out of the El Camino engine.

INT. EL CAMINO - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

259

Flames in the car: an electrical fire. Then GASOLINE starts POURING IN under the dashboard. Brill glances down.

BRILL

The fuel line broke.

*

Dean reaches under the dashboard, his sleeve becoming drenched in gasoline, and an instant later it BURSTS INTO FLAME. As Dean desperately tries to beat it out, Brill skids to a stop. Dean leaps out, tears off the jacket and stamps out the flames.

*

A HELICOPTER APPEARS OVERHEAD.

AMPLIFIED COPTER VOICE

THIS IS THE POLICE. PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPONS AND STAY WHERE YOU ARE...

Dean fires the gun at the copter which sweeps away. The copter sits at a safe height -- spotting for the second Suburban.

*

*

*

EXT. COAL FIELDS - CONTINUOUS

260

Brill and Dean running across the coal fields, a THIRD CAR chasing. Ahead: TWO FREIGHTS coming at each other on adjacent tracks. They race for the open space between the trains, just make it through. The trains cross, the car is blocked. They go on, the helicopter pursuing.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CLOVER LEAF - MULTIPLE LEVELS - CONTINUOUS

261

HELICOPTER POV: Four tiers of freeway, lots of traffic. Dean and Brill out of sight.

HELICOPTER VOICE

I don't see them.

EXT. FREEWAY STACK - CONTINUOUS

262

Dean and Brill on the lowest level, black from coal dust, hiding from the helicopter.

*

BRILL

Where's the disk?

Dean looks at his scorched coat. A sudden dread. He peels open the pocket; the DISK has melted into a homogenous, black goo.

DEAN

Ah, fuck. Fuck!

Brill just stares, unsurprised-- fate has been cruel to him before. But not to Dean who still struggles against it.

*

Brill picks up the shotgun. For a second Dean wonders if he is going to use it on him. But Brill walks right into the middle of traffic on the approach ramp and points it at the DRIVER (40, a well-dressed smoothie) of a black Mercedes.

BRILL

Get out of the car.

The Driver gets out, backs away. Brill gets behind the wheel. Dean walks up, yanks on the passenger door. He gets in.

EXT. HELICOPTER POV - 30 SECONDS LATER

263 *

A FIGURE (the driver) running across open ground near the freeway.

HELICOPTER VOICE

I think I got one of them...

INT. NSA HEADQUARTERS - REYNOLDS OFFICE - NIGHT

264

The Handy Gas SURVEILLANCE PHOTO OF BRILL appears on a monitor with lots of DATA alongside.

HICKS

His real name is Edward Lyle. Graduated from Drexel University. Enlisted in the army, 1953. Rapid promotion, excelled at intelligence and communications... Joined NSA in '65...

REYNOLDS

Of course.

HICKS

...he was in the agency until 1980 when he vanished and went underground. Hasn't been seen since.

REYNOLDS

A little skittish. That's good.

HICKS

...Lots of black bags... lots of deleted... Familiar with explosives, obviously. On his last assignment, he went into Iran, late '78 after this Shah.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

265

On Brill in a booth, cleaning himself with napkins. In the corner, the diner's empty, except for a mother sitting with her two kids.

BRILL

(as if picking up the story)
...We were helping their secret police
supply weapons to the Afghani rebels.
Fighting the Soviets...?

DEAN

You were working with fundamentalists?

BRILL

This ~~was~~ before they took the Embassy.
The Ayatollah hadn't tilted yet, so we
were courting him with technical
assistance.

DEAN

I was in seventh grade.

BRILL

My buddy and I were on the northern
border monitoring Soviet military
transmissions. Kind of fun, actually. I
liked the Iranians.

(a brief memory of pleasure)

Then back in Tehran, the hardliners
seized the Embassy. The country changed
overnight. The people we'd been working
with turned on us. I got out; my partner
didn't.

(beat)

By the time I got home, the whole mission
was a press disaster waiting to happen--
aiding and abetting the new enemy. So
the Agency forgot I existed... Someone
tried to kill me once. Maybe it was
them. I didn't wait around to ask.

(deep breath)

I loved the agency, I loved the work, the
people, it was my whole life.

DEAN

Your partner was Rachel's father.

BRILL

Yeah. The idea was, the idea always was,
if one of us got out, we looked after the
other one's family. Rachel was all he
had.

(as if just realizing it)

He looks at Dean, wondering what he's thinking. Dean
listens, attentive, sympathetic, non-judgemental.

BRILL (cont'd)

So, she became my promise to him.

Brill catches a waitress eye, asks for another slice of pie.

DEAN
Maybe you still can in a way.

BRILL
(shaking his head)
No. And neither can you. You're a threat now, just like I was.

DEAN
A threat to who? To them?

BRILL
To your friends. To your family. To everyone you know and everyone you meet. That's why I went away and didn't come back. You ought to go away, Robert.

DEAN
Leave my wife and kid? Give up my whole life? No! It's my life. I want it... I worked hard for it.
(pumping himself up)
I mean fuck these guys... they're just guys like us. Like you anyway... They're not the whole government. Are they the whole NSA?

BRILL
(conceding)
No, they're not even a sanctioned operation. This must be one or two guys with some cut outs and some--

DEAN
See, they're guys. They're guys. They jump into their pants, both legs at the same time, just like we do. So we can turn this around on them. We can fuck them up.

Brill glances up and looks at the mother as she feeds one of her kids.

BRILL
(listening for the first time)
Go on...

INT. BRILL'S APARTMENT - DAWN

266

An anonymous place. In the dish drain we see: one dish, one glass, one knife, one fork... Brill sets out milk for the cat, stuffs a cookie in his mouth, rolls the refrigerator away from the wall, pulls off a sheet of paneling. Opens a WALL SAFE, crams three packets of \$100 bills in his pockets.

Brill moves quickly through the living room where DEAN scans BOOK SHELVES holding 800 volumes on the intelligence community. A PHOTO of Brill with George Banks and a handsome IRANIAN WOMAN-- all three smiling at the camera. CLASSIFIED ADS for MASSEUSES, certain ones circled, taped by the phone...

BEDROOM: Brill throwing clothing -- uniforms, etc.-- into a valise. He pulls out computer equipment, a tool box. Brill's movements are quicker, lighter than they've been.

LIVING ROOM: Brill picks up the cat, goes out the door where Dean, a valise and boxes are waiting. He looks back inside for a brief farewell, then closes the door, leaving us inside.

EXT. USED CAR LOT - DAY

267

Brill puts the valise, etc. into the trunk of a used Oldsmobile. He gets behind the wheel. Dean shows him a newspaper folded to a story: "ATTORNEY SOUGHT IN DEATH OF COLLEAGUE." Dean's picture beside it. Brill smiles sardonically and drives out of the lot.

REYNOLDS (O.S.)
With Boynton, that's eighteen
Democrats...

INT. NSA HEADQUARTERS - REYNOLD'S OFFICE - DAY

268

Reynolds on a regular cellular; Hicks in background.

REYNOLDS
...Clearly bipartisan. Helprin has an op-
ed piece coming out Monday supporting us.

CONGRESSMAN ALBERT (O.S.)
The votes a week from today... Unless the
sky falls in, we're home free...

EXT. RADIO SHACK - DAY

269

In a mini-mall.

BRILL (V.O.)
Series and Parallel Phone Transmitters,
Quick Plant Audio Transmitters...

INT. RADIO SHACK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

270

Brill naming items as he drops them in a basket. This is his world and he loves it.

BRILL

... Contact Mic, Spike Mic, Tube Mic,
Beeper Buster Pager Intercept System,
Bushwacker Signal Intercept System, ICOM
R8500 Intelligence Receiver, Beacon
Transmitters, 10 Gig Burst Transmitter...

*
*
*
*
*

They turn. An ENTIRE WALL OF TELEVISION SETS is showing the same newscast. A clip of CONGRESSMAN ALBERT giving a speech. Dean and Brill both sense the possibilities here.

*

INT. OLDSMOBILE - DRIVING - NIGHT

271 *

Dean drives; Brill ties a fly. Or tinkers with a laptop and peripherals. Something goes wrong, and Brill MUTTERS irritably to himself. Dean looks into a grocery bag on the seat between them.

*

DEAN

You want pretzels, a cupcake or an apple?

BRILL

Cupcake.

Brill consumes it rapidly, the sugar calms him.

BRILL

How many kids do you have?

Dean is surprised-- it's the first time Brill has asked him a personal question-- but he answers matter-of-factly.

DEAN

One.

BRILL

(working)

A boy or a girl?

DEAN

A boy. Eric. He's eight.

Brill nods, digesting that. Dean smiles to himself as he drives.

BRILL

What do you know about locking on
cellular phone signals?

*

DEAN

I know my phone number, and I know the
number for SportsPhone. Beyond that--

BRILL

Great. You're going to be a lot of help.

*

INT. OLDSMOBILE - DRIVING - DAY

272 *

Now Dean drives; Brill has an open lap-top connected to a cellular.

BRILL

A modified cell phone interfaced with a lap-top creates an enormously powerful tool.

*

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN-- A STREET MAP appears with positions of the network's relays. LINES indicate in-progress cellular calls and their locations.

*

BRILL (cont'd)

This is every call on the network. I can lock on and position anyone I want and follow the hand-offs in real time.

*

*

Brill dials his computer a new line. TONES and COMMANDS fly by as the computer modems into another system.

DEAN

What is that?

*

BRILL

AmeriTech's data-base.

(pointing to screen)

There's Congressman Albert's home address and his cellular's ESN. Now we just re-program our phone with his ESN, and you know what we've got?

*

*

*

CONGRESSMAN ALBERT (O.S.)

*

(mid-conversation)

--we just landed. Tell me, how's Deb?
How're my grandchildren?

EXT. FREEWAY - MARYLAND - DAY

273 *

A customized RV zips down the highway.

CONGRESSMAN'S WIFE (O.S.)

*

Melissa has a fever. When will you be in the room?

The MUFFLED sound of an ELECTRICAL DRILL. We are:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY (OMITTED 274-276)

277 *

Dean stands on a chair, drilling into the ceiling, the drill wrapped in a bath towel.

Brill opens a bag of electronic gear. He dumps the ELECTRONIC BUG from Dean's cellular out of the potato chip bag. Again, we feel Brill's skill and pleasure in this work. He's coming back to life.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

278

Empty. Evening light GLINTS on the drill bit coming up through the floor. It withdraws. A FIBRE OPTIC CABLE snakes up in its place.

BRILL (V.O.)

The important thing about installations
is numbers.

*

INT. SAME - A FEW MINUTES LATER

279

Brill now in the suite, black bag open on the floor, very focused:

BRILL (V.O.)

They may find one, but they're not going
to find them all... Unless you want them
to...

Brill hides a minicam in a lamp; bugs the phone with the
ELECTRONIC BUG from Dean's cellular; going into an adjoining
room.

*

*

TV. VIEW OF THE SUITE: EMPTY. BORING. THEN THE DOOR OPENS,
THE CONGRESSMAN ENTERS. WE ARE:

*

*

INT. DEAN AND BRILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

280

They've been eating take-out; now they watch the TV as the
Congressman bids his staff goodnight. The door closes. The
Congressman goes to the bar and fixes two drinks. A KNOCK.
The Congressman opens the door to an adjoining room. Christa
enters wearing a silk robe. He hands her a drink, kisses her
neck.

*

*

*

BRILL

You can't watch this, you're too young.

He turns off the TV. Dean's incredulous.

DEAN

No way...

He turns it back on. The Congressman and Christa are
embracing awkwardly. There's a horrible fascination to it.

*

BRILL

I used to think there was no human
encounter I could not record.

*

*

*

The Congressman and Christa have begun to undress. Dean
turns the TV off.

*

*

BRILL

What's the matter?

*

DEAN

I keep thinking, what if somebody were watching me like that.

BRILL

Now you know how Pintero felt.

INT. CHRISTA'S ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

281

A clock reads 1:28. The connecting door opens, Christa comes in. She closes the door, climbs in bed, grabs the remote. She clicks on the TV. FEEDBACK SCREECHES from the set. She changes channels, but the SCREECHING continues. She turns off the set, and it still SCREECHES. She grabs the phone:

CHRISTA

Can you send someone up, I'm having a problem with my TV... It's screeching and I--

Christa is noticing that the TV DISTORTS in sync with her voice.

CHRISTA (cont'd)

It's screeching, and I can't turn it off.

INT. CONGRESSMAN ALBERT'S ROOM - DAY

283 *

The Congressman is on the phone. And he is burning.

CONGRESSMAN ALBERT

How the hell do I know what it is? I'm just a fucking Congressman... A security expert said it's like a PX-73, but much more sophisticated... Damn right, I'll send it down... That's not the... Well, then who the hell put it there, Jim? ...Neither do I... Fine, but I want to know fast.

EXT. TELEPHONE POLE - DAY

284

A weird-looking ELECTRONIC DEVICE clipped to a power line feed. We see the OLDSMOBILE parked directly below. FOLLOW the power line to...

EXT. REYNOLDS' HOUSE - DAY

285

...MOVE AROUND the house to the open FRONT DOOR where a young HISPANIC MAID (22, pretty) holding a BLONDE CHILD is talking to a REPAIRMAN. The repairman is BRILL; he wears one of the UNIFORMS we saw earlier in his valises.

BRILL

Are you having a problem with the electricity?

HISPANIC WOMAN

Electricity...? Oh, si, yes... The
lights went out...?

*

She steps back to let him in.

INT. REYNOLDS' STUDY - DAY

(OMITTED 286)

287 *

A man's room with lots of photos and the DEVICE we've seen before for secure cellular calls. Brill sets down a BLACK BAG.

BRILL

(smiles at Hispanic Woman)

Thank you.

She smiles, leaves. As he works on the phones, Brill notes the PHOTOGRAPHS: Reynolds with Emily and their two small children.

INT. REYNOLDS' STUDY - DAY

(OMITTED 288-291)

292

Reynolds holds his daughter in his lap and she's watching cartoons on the study TV.

INT. REYNOLDS' STUDY - LATER

A293 *

His daughter takes the remote and starts inadvertently CHANGING CHANNELS. Shows flash silently by. Suddenly a passing channel catches Reynolds' attention. He takes the remote from his daughter, flips back to:

TV: REYNOLDS AND DAUGHTER APPEAR ON TV WATCHING IT

Reynolds is stunned. He raises his arm to see if it's a live image. It is. Meanwhile, his daughter reaches for the remote.

DAUGHTER

Mine... mine...

He won't give it to her. He picks up his phone and dials.

REYNOLDS

Hicks, they're fucking with us. Get Fiedler over here right away.

INT. SAME - AN HOUR LATER - LATE AFTERNOON

293

Fiedler and Bingham lay out an array of bugging devices on Reynolds' desk.

*

FIEDLER

These are the ones they wanted us to find. And they're ours.

*

Reynolds, Hicks and Fiedler share a look. This is bad. Reynolds' wife looks in, greets Hicks familiarly, Fiedler less so...

EMILY

Brian, could I see you a second?

Reynolds excuses himself and...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

294

Emily is showing him something in a bank statement.

EMILY

There's a hundred and forty thousand dollars here I don't know anything about.

REYNOLDS

What are you talking about? An extra hundred forty? Look, it's right here. Two separate seventy thousand dollar deposits on... the same day?

EMILY

Yes, I see the deposits, thank you. What I'm saying is, I have no idea where they came from.

Reynold's cellular starts CHIRPING in the other room. Emily gives him a look: phone calls are obviously an issue.

REYNOLDS

Look, Emily, this is your private account. I have no idea what goes on in...

He trails off as a horrible thought occurs to him. He puts his hand to his forehead. A SECOND CELLULAR CHIRPING has replaced the first. It stops right away. Hicks appears.

HICKS

That was Shaeffer. He wants to see all department heads at 0-eight hundred.

EMILY

(to Reynolds)

You're going in on Sunday? That's just great... Oh and, by the way, who's Christa?

Reynolds is puzzled. Emily shows him a vase of yellow and red roses. There's a card: "Brian -- Thanks for everything. Eternally Yours, Christa." Reynolds looks up as if to say: I have no idea what this means. But Emily walks away, unpersuaded.

INT. NSA SECURE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (OMITTED 295-296) 297

TIGHT ON THE BUG from Congressman Albert's suite. It's in the hands of SHAEFFER, the NSA Director who chairs the meeting of the TWELVE DEPARTMENT HEADS. The vibe is tense. *

SHAEFFER

(fingering the bug)

I want the entire history of this device from birth to abortion on my desk in two hours. I want the name of the Tech who made it, I want to know who checked it out from inventory, who authorized its use and for what purpose. And--most--important--how on God's green earth it got into Congressman Albert's hotel room. *

He looks around the room; everyone tries hard to appear dumbfounded. Reynolds massages his forehead. He doesn't notice the DOOR OPEN...

SHAEFFER (cont'd)

Listen, people. Everyone here knows where this is going...

Reynolds sees HICKS at the door, catching his eye. Reynolds cannot believe it, obviously this is urgent.

SHAEFFER (cont'd)

...If this was a legit OP--and I can't see how it possibly could be--then so be it. But if it was somebody's unilateral wet dream, that somebody is going to prison.

Reynolds slips out, trying not to notice Shaeffer's livid glare.

INT. REYNOLDS' OFFICE - A MINUTE LATER - DAY 298

REYNOLDS

(picking up phone)

Yes? *

BRILL'S VOICE (PHONE)

Mr. Reynolds?

REYNOLDS

Who is this?

BRILL'S VOICE (PHONE)

I have that videotape you were looking for.

REYNOLDS

Can we discuss this in person?

BRILL'S VOICE (PHONE)

Be at the corner of Third and Iowa at
three o'clock.

REYNOLDS

(glances at watch: 2:45)
I have something right now. I can't be
there until four.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A299

Brill, half undressed, is taping a microphone to his chest
while explaining to Dean.

BRILL

We've got to get a confession out of him
and on tape, and we have to do it fast.

He gives Dean a Casio watch.

DEAN

Ah, man, you shouldn't have. This
must've cost twelve, thirteen bucks easy.

BRILL

They'll expect me to be wired, so they'll
sweep me. When they're done, I'll
signal...

(runs a hand through his hair)
... and you turn the mic on. Turn it on
now.

(Dean throws a switch; a red
LED lights up on the
microphone)

Off.

(Dean turns it off)

But to be safe, they'll also scan for a
frequency and try to track it to you.

(looks out window, all around)

If they're good -- and these guys are
probably very good -- in a location like
this they can find you in six minutes.
So six minutes after the tape starts --
no matter what's happening -- you walk
out this door.

EXT. THIRD AND IOWA - DAY

299

A Town Car driven by Krug pulls up, Reynolds steps out,
surprised to find himself at a POLICE PRECINCT. Directly
before him is the station PARKING LOT filled with POLICE MEN
and SQUAD CARS at shift change.

Reynolds looks up and down the street, he checks his watch:
4:05. He stands patiently, hand crossed before him.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, there...

He looks. Behind the chain-link fence surrounding the
PRECINCT LOT he sees... BRILL IN FULL COP UNIFORM. Hat, gun,
the works...

REYNOLDS

Edward Lyle...?

(smiling; about the set-up)

Very clever.

BRILL

(smiles his thanks; then,
indicating the Town Car)

Why don't you call your friends over.

Pratt, Bingham and Hicks are standing by the Town Car;
Reynolds signals and Pratt walks over..

INT. HOTEL ROOM/OFFICE - SAME TIME

300

Dean looking through a TELESCOPIC VIDEO CAMERA at the scene
below. Beside him is a tape recorder and small speakers.
And a box with a switch. He's waiting to hit the switch--

EXT. THIRD AND IOWA - SAME TIME

301

Pratt waving a RADIO SENSOR over Brill's body: thorough and
fast.

PRATT

He's clean.

Reynolds nods; Pratt walks away. Brill takes off his hat,
RUNS A HAND THROUGH HIS HAIR--

INT. HOTEL ROOM/OFFICE - SAME TIME

302

That was the signal. Dean HITS THE SWITCH. The speakers
come alive, and we hear--

REYNOLDS (RADIO)

"Do you have the tape?"

BRILL (RADIO)

"Yes."

REYNOLDS (RADIO)

"Here?"

DEAN

No, he doesn't have it here, you moron.

REYNOLDS (RADIO)

"Then what is there to talk about?"

BRILL (RADIO)
"Money."

DEAN
Money...?

EXT. THIRD AND IOWA - SAME TIME

303

REYNOLDS
I was wondering why I hadn't seen it on
CNN... You have watched it?
(as Brill nods)
What's on it?

BRILL
Nothing. Some geese.
(smiles at Reynold's
irritation)
You should get more training on this kind
of encounter. The agency has lots of
programs.

REYNOLDS
As soon as I have some time.

BRILL
You'll never have time. You'll be
running the place before you know how to
do a simple operation.

REYNOLDS
(without sarcasm)
I'm sorry.

BRILL
It shows the death of Congressman
Hamersly-- several angles-- all faces
readily identifiable.

REYNOLDS
And how much do you want for it?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DEAN - SAME TIME

304

DEAN
What??

BRILL (RADIO)
"One point six million dollars. And my
file cleared."

DEAN
Are you serious?

REYNOLDS (RADIO)
"Are you serious?"

BRILL (RADIO)
"I want my life back."

DEAN
Oh, fuck me.

He's up and pacing; is Brill selling him out?

EXT. THIRD AND IOWA - SAME TIME

305

Brill slips a paper through the fence to Reynolds. Reynolds unrolls it, sees a carefully laid out SET OF FIGURES...

BRILL
My 1980 salary with cost of living increases for the past eighteen years, plus interest, plus the retirement package for a G-14...
(points to the total)
...comes to one point six two five. I rounded it down.

REYNOLDS
(repressing a smile at this detail)
And for this I get the tape and Mr. Dean?

BRILL (RADIO)
"Actually, it's Dean who has the tape."

DEAN
(very nervous)
What's going on here?

EXT. THIRD AND IOWA - SAME TIME

307

REYNOLDS
So what does he want?

BRILL
He wants to know why you killed the girl.

REYNOLDS
What girl are you talking about?

BRILL
I tried to explain it to him, but I couldn't figure it out myself.

REYNOLDS
Are you getting self-righteous on me?

BRILL
No, no, I'm just--

REYNOLDS

'Cause I've seen your file. It's not exactly a beacon of light.

BRILL

I agree. It's just that here--I mean you kill Hamersly, okay. I wouldn't have, but I can see the argument. But why the girl? Just to help find some schmuck who barely knows you're after him?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DEAN - SAME TIME

308

DEAN

Schmuck??

BRILL (RADIO)

"We never dealt with domestic. With us it was always war."

*
*

EXT. THIRD AND IOWA - SAME TIME

309

REYNOLDS

Well, you won the war. Now we're fighting the peace. It's a lot more volatile. We used to have enemies, nuclear stand-off, detente. Now we've got ten million crackpots out there with sniper scopes, saran gas and C-4.

BRILL (RADIO)

No, I know, it's a nightmare, but--

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DEAN - SAME TIME

310

DEAN

(worried that Brill's fading)
Brill, come on, man, get him to say something...

*
*

REYNOLDS (RADIO)

"Ten-year-olds go on the net and download encryption we can barely break. Not to mention instructions on how to make a low-yield nuclear device."

Brill sees Bingham cross the sidewalk and whispers to Pratt.

*

EXT. THIRD AND IOWA - SAME TIME

311

REYNOLDS

Privacy's been dead for 30 years because we can't risk it. The only privacy left is the inside of your head. Maybe that's enough... You think we're the end of democracy? I think we're democracy's last hope.

REYNOLDS (cont'd)
You know the rules, Brill: there's always
going to be power. You can have
surveillance or storm troopers. Which do
you want?

Brill stares at him for one strange beat, then turns and
walks away, leaving Reynolds surprised and angry.

BRILL
(into his sleeve mic)
You should not be there anymore...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DEAN - CONTINUOUS

312 *

Even before Brill started, Dean was heading for the door. He
opens it to find Krug on the other side. Krug slams him with
the barrel of the gun. Dean drops.

BRILL (RADIO)
"... But if you are, get out. He's
playing with us. Get out and follow
procedure..."

KRUG
(into sleeve radio)
We tracked it. I got him.

Jones comes in, starts to bag up the equipment.

EXT. STREET - HOTDOG STAND - SAME TIME

Brill having just a hotdog, already wolfing down as -- A CAR
pulls up alongside, the door opens; Pratt points a silenced
gun at him.

BRILL
You going to shoot a captain on the
street. You wouldn't make it a hundred
yards.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

316

Dean sits on a chair. The door opens, Pratt ushers Brill in,
directs him to another chair. Reynolds steps into the van
and sits opposite Brill, ignoring Dean.

REYNOLDS
(about Dean)
Tell him to give me the tape.

BRILL
What guarantees do we have that--

REYNOLDS
None.

BRILL

Does everyone here know that you killed
Bill Hamersly and Rachel Banks?

An uncomfortable silence. Reynolds reaches out to Pratt who
puts a gun in his hand. Brill is aware of that, but goes
on...

BRILL (cont'd)

(to the NSA guys, about
Reynolds)

This guy is on the way down, and he's
taking all of you -- (with him.)

Reynolds shoots Brill through the hand... Brill screams and
rolls around in agony smearing blood all over.

FIEDLER

(to himself; disgusted, afraid)
Ah, Christ.

Hicks looks over sharply. Fiedler masters himself. Seth and
Jamie see that and exchange glances. Reynolds helps Brill
up, gives him a towel for his hand.

REYNOLDS

(to Brill; but also Dean)
Rachel Banks is not the issue. Hamersly
is the issue. And it was right to kill
him. Now where is the tape?

He puts the gun to Brill's head. No one in the van doubts
that he'd shoot. He straightens his arm...

DEAN

I'll give it to you.

REYNOLDS

(relieved)
Thank you.

BRILL

What are you doing, you moron, that's our
only leverage.

DEAN

(dead serious)
Don't call me a moron.
(to the driver)
Go to Washington and Fourth.

As the van begins to move, Reynolds' cellular BLEEPS.

REYNOLDS

(into phone, surprised)
Yeah... Emily! No, nothing. What's the
matter?... Why not?...

REYNOLDS (cont'd)
Did you try the American Express...?
(no patience for this)
...Look, I can't... deal with this right
now.

We hear Emily's ANGRY VOICE for a moment, then Reynolds just
turns off the phone. An awkward silence.

DEAN
Credit cards don't work?... Boy, that's a
pain in the ass, isn't it?

EXT. STREET/INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

317

Moving along a run-down street, Dean peering out.

DEAN
Pull over here.

The driver does. Reynolds, Hicks and the others look out.
This is not the sort of neighborhood they expected.

REYNOLDS
Where is it?
(as Dean points)
The restaurant??

Curious, Brill looks out the window. When he sees that they
are outside Pintero's Social Club, he can barely restrain a
smile.

DEAN
So let's go get it.

REYNOLDS
You go in with Pratt and bring it out.

DEAN
No, if I come out with the tape, I'm
dead. I go in with you, you see the
tape, you sign off, you let Brill go,
then you leave with the tape.

REYNOLDS
How do I know you didn't make copies?

DEAN
You think I want copies??? That tape is
the bane of my fucking existence. I want
it and every copy in the world at the
bottom of the Chesapeake Bay. I want
that thing out of my life.

REYNOLDS
(convinced)
All right. You, me and Pratt and
Bingham.

REYNOLDS (cont'd)
(to Fiedler, about Pratt)
Get one of those little cameras on him.

As Fiedler fits a keyhole camera in Pratt's shirt pocket,
Brill catches Dean's eye. A BIG MOMENT between them.

BRILL
(under his breath)
You could be a decent agent.

DEAN
How's your hand?

Brill looks at it, shrugs: not great. Dean says aloud:

DEAN
Is there any food here?

SETH
Just chips?

He offers a bag. Dean takes it, gives it to Brill. Brill
eats a desperate handful, looks up at Dean.

BRILL
And you're not a bad mother.

Dean laughs, surprised.

REYNOLDS
Let's go...

A last look between Dean and Brill; then Dean steps out of
the van.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE - CONTINUOUS (OMITTED 319-323) 318

MONITOR: Dean, Reynolds and Pratt walking toward the social
club.

AGENT #1
What is this?

AGENT #2
Hey, isn't that that guy?... Remember the
eggplant? *

AGENT #1
Something's weird here. Can you get the
plate on that van? *

Agent #2 picks up binoculars.

EXT./INT. FRONT DOOR OF SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS 324

Dean, Pratt and Reynolds step into the restaurant. A VERY
OLD BARTENDER is standing behind the bar. *

VERY OLD BARTENDER
You got the wrong door.

DEAN
I'm sorry. Is Mr. Pintero here?

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS 325

Everyone waiting, silent, tense. Brill eating chips.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE - CONTINUOUS 326

Agent #2 has run the van plate through a computer.

AGENT #2
Guess what... It's a government vehicle.
... Shit. Are we getting aced here? *

They're pissed. Agent #1 grabs a phone.

INT. SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS 327

Pintero with Sal, Frankie and two other BIG MEN. *

PINTERO
(to Dean)
You. What are you doing. Is this FBI? *

DEAN
No, Mr. Pintero, it's not FBI. This is
the man you said you wanted to meet.

PINTERO
This is him?

DEAN
Yes, sir.

PINTERO
You made the tape?

REYNOLDS
What?

Dean signals Reynolds to cool it, play along.

PINTERO
Did you make the videotape?

REYNOLDS
Make it?...

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

328

The SCENE INSIDE THE SOCIAL CLUB can be SEEN and HEARD on monitors via Pratt's key-hole camera. Everyone is glued to this when...

BRILL
I'm going to be sick.

Fiedler opens the back door. Brill stumbles out, gags loudly.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE - CONTINUOUS

329

AGENT #1
... like some intelligence agency. If
they're doing a sting, Tony, this is
cluster fuck. And if not, they're in
there consorting with mobsters.

Agent #2, looking out the window, sees: a CITY POLICEMAN
(bloody towel to his hand) puking.

AGENT #2
Hey, catch this...

AGENT #1
(carries phone to window)
Oh shit... Tony, they got a city cop in
the van. He's bleeding and puking all
over himself. Let's get some agents over
here and fucking ream these guys!

Outside: HICKS and FIEDLER hustle Brill back into the van.

INT. SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS

330

DEAN
He wants the tape back.

PINTERO
I don't give a shit what he wants.

REYNOLDS
Is he your friend? Ask him to give us
the tape.

PINTERO
I am not his friend. It's not his tape.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS (OMITTED 331-334)

A335

Everyone following this on monitors via Pratt's buttonhole.
Brill is laughing his ass off.

REYNOLDS (MONITOR)
Whose is it?

PINTERO (MONITOR)
It's mine. I bought it.

INT. SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS

B335

REYNOLDS
You sold it to him?
(to Pintero)
Listen to me...

PINTERO
Fuck you. Who are you? You know what
you did to me?

The memory of it so enrages Pintero, he SMACKS Reynolds
across the face. It's like being hit by a bear. Reynolds
staggers backward. Guns come out everywhere on both sides.
Yet Reynolds remains calm.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

C335

Everyone watching.

BRILL
(to Hicks)
This is going to be bad. You better get
in there, or there're going to be dead
bodies all over the place..

INT. SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS

D335

REYNOLDS
I'm with the Federal Government.

PINTERO
The Federal Government made the tape?

DEAN
... I can go to the FBI, come back here
with warrants, take whatever I want,
arrest whoever I want. But if you give
me the video -- (tape, we'll go away).

PINTERO
The only one who's gonna get arrested
here is you. And it's gonna be for
felonious cocksucking with an attempt to
swallow the evidence.
(coming at Reynolds again)
So go get your fucking warrant, and until
then, get the fuck out of here.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE - CONTINUOUS

335

THEIR POV: HICKS, KRUG and JONES heading toward the social club with weapons out.

AGENT #2

Look at this... Oh, man, what do we--

AGENT #1

(phone to ear, on hold)

Tony said stay here, we're staying here 'til they show up.

EXT. SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS

336

Hicks trying to control the pumped-up Krug as they approach...

INT. SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS

337

REYNOLDS

Put your guns away, please.

PINTERO

You put yours away.

REYNOLDS

All right, I'm putting it away.

(he does)

Now what will it take for us to get the tape?

PINTERO

The end of the world.

REYNOLDS

(to the NSA men)

Let's go. We're leaving.

(as Pratt and Bingham hesitate)

Put your guns down. Now!

One MOB guy is mocking Bingham, making kissing noises. Bingham hates it, is reluctantly lowering his gun when -- KRUG BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR BRANDISHING A SEMI-AUTOMATIC and shouting:

KRUG

EVERYBODY DROP YOUR--

Startled, the VERY OLD BARTENDER blows Krug back out the door with a shotgun and bends down to reload. And with that...

Dean dives behind the bar as--

--EVERY GUN IN THE PLACE GOES OFF. Bullets careening like lines in a crazy drawing, through... windows... knees... jaws... light fixtures... eyeballs. FIVE SECONDS OF SCREAMING HORROR AND COMEDY, blood, death and the ridiculous...

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS (OMITTED 338-339) 340

They hear the GUNFIRE, see only TERRIFYING CHAOS from Pratt's camera. Brill-- fearing the worst-- just looks down.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE - CONTINUOUS 341

The GUNFIRE more distant. An FBI SWAT TEAM arrives on the street.

INT. SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS 342

The VERY OLD BARTENDER stands up, reloaded, and finds the whole thing over: the room filled with smoke, death and pain.

Now FBI SWAT AGENTS cautiously appear, picking through the debris. They find Pintero wounded... Reynolds dead... When they turn him over, Dean is underneath, alive and unhurt.

EXT. SOCIAL CLUB - LATE AFTERNOON? EVENING? (OMITTED 343) 344

Crawling with LAW ENFORCEMENT TYPES. Dean looks into the back of the surveillance van. It is filled with government agents -- none of whom we've seen. Brill's gone, and where he was sitting... an empty POTATO CHIP BAG.

DEAN
Brill... Where's Brill?

Agents turn. They have no idea what he's talking about. He wanders away, encounters FBI AGENT #2 and TONY (an FBI SWAT).

DEAN (cont'd)
Either of you see a guy in a cop uniform?

AGENT #2
You mean a cop?

DEAN
Well, yeah... a cop. He was in that van...?

AGENT #2
Oh yeah, with the hand. I saw him before. I don't know where he is now.

They all look around. Dean walks down the street, looking in the faces of the real cops. No Brill.

PULL BACK to a LONG VIEW of the whole scene, police cars, crime tape, Dean still looking for Brill. Then the SHOT FADES.

EXT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

345

Establishing.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

346

TWO FBI AGENTS opposite Seth and Jamie; they're listening to a tape.

REYNOLDS' VOICE

"... And it was right to kill him. I'd do it again, gladly, whether I got caught or not. Now where is the tape?..."

FBI AGENT

(stops tape)

Why did you record it?

JAMIE

We were there for technical assistance. We had no idea what we were doing until two minutes before we heard that. We decided to... make a record.

FBI AGENT

What did you think was going on?

SETH

We were told it was a training op.

EXT. CAPITOL STEPS - DAY

348

Congressman Albert has microphones thrust in his face.

REPORTER'S VOICE

Does this mean the anti-terrorism bill is dead, Congressman?

CONGRESSMAN ALBERT

In this form, yes. We'll redraft it for next session. We need to monitor our enemies. But we also have to monitor the people who are monitoring them.

CARLA'S VOICE

Yeah, and who's going to monitor the monitors of the monitors?

INT. DEAN'S HOME - EVENING

349

Dean, Carla and Eric watching the news on TV.

DEAN
Mom's going to.

CARLA
No, Dad. Dad's been away. It's time for
him to do lots and lots of monitoring.

ERIC
Are you guys going to get into an
argument?

CARLA
We're just practicing up. Time for bed.

Dean gives Eric a kiss, they go out. Dean cruises channels:
one meaningless show after another until he finds:

THE BRILL CHANNEL: DEAN SEEING HIMSELF ON HIS TV

Just as Reynolds did. He's surprised only for a second.

DEAN
Brill...? Brill is that...?

There's a very slight delay so that the words and gestures
come out on the TV like an echo.

DEAN
You know how sick it is that you do this?
(no response)
It's the end of the world as we know it.

And we hear "They Might Be Giants" singing "Spy" as Dean goes
on talking to his own image-- and to Brill-- on TV.

ON THE TV: The screen splits into four. We see different
views of the Dean home: Eric reading in bed, Dean and Carla
crossing paths in the kitchen... and one image of Brill's
orange cat, wandering about, coming to a pair of SLIPPERS
FEET that may well be Brill's curling around the ankles and
purring itself to sleep.

THE END