

IN THE LINE OF FIRE

By

Jeff Maguire

April 1992

FULL SCREEN - A PHOTO OF JFK'S MOTORCADE IN DALLAS, 1963.

1

SLOW PAN over PHOTOS and CLIPPINGS taped to a dimly-lit wall.

Shots of John Wilkes Booth...Lee Harvey Oswald...Sirhan Sirhan...
Arthur Bremer...John Hinkley...James Earl Ray...

Shots of their victims: JFK in Dallas...RFK lying on the floor of
the Ambassador Hotel kitchen...Martin Luther King Jr. down on the
motel balcony in Memphis... Images deeply ingrained in the
collective unconscious of a nation.

MOVING down to a table top: PHOTOS of the current PRESIDENT; on
the campaign trail...at his inauguration...making a State of the
Union address...playing golf.

There are also NEWS CLIPPINGS on the President's upcoming
campaign tours...hand-scrawled notes regarding the President's
habits and finally, there is

A PHOTO OF THE PRESIDENT on which someone has drawn a target over
his chest...

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SCREEN - A PIANO KEYBOARD

2

A melancholy jazz rendering of "I Didn't Know What Time It Was"
is played. Not bad.

INT. - BAR - LATE NIGHT

FRANK HARRIGAN is noodling at a piano in the corner of the near-
empty bar. He plays a few bars of another tune, hits a sour
note, moves to another song, breaking for a sip of Irish Whiskey.

FRANK is in his early-fifties, still ruggedly handsome though
decidedly frayed around the edges.

He's observed by a middle-aged woman named GWEN who offers a
casual smile. She was a beauty before tough times took their
toll. She's wobbly from drink.

GWEN sits down beside FRANK on the piano stool, trying to look
younger, sexier...

GWEN

That's nice...

FRANK

(continues playing)

Thanks...

GWEN

You look like a lonely man.

FRANK
(wry)
I am a lonely man.

GWEN
I'm a lonely girl.

FRANK smiles, plays a bar of "Mr. Lonely" on the piano.

GWEN
Maybe we could get together.

FRANK
Why?

GWEN
Maybe we could make each other
not be so lonely.

FRANK
(shakes his head, smiling sadly)
You put a lonely man, a lonely girl
together, you don't get two kids and a
station wagon in the suburbs.

GWEN
Is that what you want?

FRANK
No...

GWEN
So what do you want?

FRANK
(thinks a moment)
Give me your hand...

He takes her hand and lays it on the keyboard, spreading her
fingers out to form a warm melodic, though unusual, chord.

FRANK
Play this...then when I nod, play this-

He shows her another chord; the two chords together give a
feeling of serenity.

GWEN
That's pretty.

Now he plays over her chords, a sweetly minor melody that almost
brings tears to her eyes.

GWEN
That's beautiful...

FRANK
It is, isn't it? ...That's as
beautiful as it gets nowadays...

She waits for more attention, but FRANK takes another sip of
whiskey and plays another tune, lost in the music, lost to her...

INT. - LATE MODEL PONTIAC SUNBIRD - MORNING

3

ALPHONSO "AL" ALVAREZ, a pleasant-looking man in his late-
twenties, drives through suburban Virginia streets, pulling up at
a neat little elementary school which is busy with the arrival of
its well-groomed, mostly-white, student body.

While driving, AL speaks (with a slight Chicano accent):

AL
Hey, I know it's hard bein' the
new kid...but remember, you said
you were gonna be brave, right?

He turns to look into the empty backseat, then cranes his neck
down to the floor where someone hides under a blanket.

AL
Ricky...C'mon...I gotta go to work.

AL parks the car and gets out.

EXT. - SCHOOL

4

AL opens the back door. The heap beneath the blanket slides over
to the other side to avoid being grabbed.

AL
C'mon, Ricardo...Damn...

AL goes around to the other side of the car but the blanket moves
back over to the other side. AL tries the door. It's locked.
He opens the front door:

AL
You want a spanking? Cause I don't
have all day here-

No movement beneath the blanket. AL goes back to the other side
of the car, smiling to another parent who watches suspiciously.

AL finds both doors locked. And the kid is now locking the front
door on the other side.

AL
Ricky! No!

AL looks in at the KEYS IN THE IGNITION. Locked out. Al's six-year-old son now rises from the blanket, tears streaming down his face as he stares bitterly at his dad.

AL is wracked with guilt, beseeching:

AL
Ricky...Please...

AL glances at his watch and winces...He's in trouble.

EXT. - A FUNKY WASHINGTON D.C. STREET CORNER - DAY

5

FRANK HARRIGAN is reading Sports Illustrated, impatiently checking his watch, when a Jeep Cherokee pulls up.

FRANK angrily gets in beside AL ALVAREZ (who has switched autos).

FRANK
Where the hell've you been?

INT. - CHEROKEE

6

AL pulls away from the curb.

AL
Hey, I'm sorry...My kid didn't wanna go to his new school. My wife had to work early-

FRANK
Alphonso- You work for me, you be punctual...That's all.

AL
I don't work for you.

FRANK pulls a pistol from his jacket, waves it with mock menace, then hands it to AL who tucks it into his coat.

EXT. - MARINA ON CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

7

The CHEROKEE drives past shipyards before pulling into a marina full of impressive yachts.

EXT. - MARINA - DAY

8

The CHEROKEE pulls up at a slip where a large, handsome sailboat is docked.

FRANK gets out and is met by PABLO MENDOZA, a grinning Panamanian in a silk suit, gold chains around his neck. He's flanked by a large guy named HENDRICKS and a wiry little man named RAUL.

MENDOZA shakes hands warmly with FRANK.

MENDOZA
Frank! How you doin', my friend?

FRANK
Not bad.

MENDOZA
(to AL)
Alphonso, go with Hendricks and Raul.

AL
Right boss.
(pulls out Frank's gun)
Here...It's his.

While AL walks onto the boat with the others, MENDOZA inspects the gun.

MENDOZA
You don't trust me?

FRANK
I live in a rough neighborhood.

MENDOZA smiles, showing a gap in his front teeth.

FRANK
So where's your funny money, Pablo?

MENDOZA
Frank, we gotta problem...Worse kinda problem...

FRANK
Yeah, what's that?

MENDOZA studies FRANK who remains cool, unperturbed.

INT. - SAILBOAT - DAY

MENDOZA leads FRANK down into the living quarters below the deck.

MENDOZA
He kept askin' me questions about my counterfeiter, right? Too many questions. The man supposed to be workin' for me, not interviewing me, right? So I take a sniff-

MENDOZA sniffs the air like a rat, touching his nose:

MENDOZA -
My nose- it tells me, the guy
is a Secret Service agent...I have
some people follow him and sure enough...
I'm right...I'm always right, Frank...

MENDOZA looks hard at FRANK, then enters the galley, coming upon
AL, bound and gagged in a chair, sheer terror in his eyes.
HENDRICKS stands over him while RAUL watches, eating a bag of
chocolate chip cookies, drinking from a carton of milk.

MENDOZA
What d'you think I oughta do, Frank?

FRANK
Call your lawyer.

MENDOZA
No, I mean about him?

FRANK
Make sure the body doesn't wash up
on shore.

MENDOZA laughs, then extends a small ivory-handled pistol to
FRANK.

MENDOZA
I want you to pop him, Frank.

FRANK stares at him impassively. AL'S eyes flash with fear.

MENDOZA
See, I think maybe you're with him.

FRANK
You came to me, remember?

MENDOZA
So pop him, show me I'm an asshole.

FRANK
I'm a businessman.

MENDOZA
So pop him and let's do some business.

MENDOZA sucks on a gold crucifix that hangs on a chain around his
neck, running it in and out the gap in his teeth.

FRANK looks at AL who is sweating, tears in his eyes, then
reluctantly takes the gun from MENDOZA.

MENDOZA, HENDRICKS and RAUL watch as...

FRANK hefts the gun and regards AL's wide eyes...

MENDOZA runs the crucifix through his teeth...

FRANK puts the gun to AL'S head...

AL is shaking, terrified...

FRANK cocks THE HAMMER...

AL sucks against his gag for air, shuts his eyes...

FRANK pulls THE TRIGGER...CLICK! No bullet.

MENDOZA claps his hands gleefully and cheers.

MENDOZA
(taking his gun back)
Atta baby, Frank! I just had to
find out, man.

MENDOZA casually nods to HENDRICKS who moves toward AL, his
pistol showing inside his coat.

MENDOZA
You like omelets, Frank? I know
the best place. Chili and cheese...

MENDOZA starts out but FRANK remains, watching

HENDRICKS put a plastic bag over AL'S head.

AL struggles but can't move, can't breathe.

HENDRICKS smiles at FRANK like a craftsman proud to be observed
at his craft.

FRANK leans in for a closer look at AL'S twisted features beneath
the bag, then

FRANK calmly reaches inside Hendrick's coat, pulls out the pistol
and blasts HENDRICKS at close range.

FRANK whirls to fire at RAUL, hitting the milk carton as well,
milk splattering everywhere...

MENDOZA is behind FRANK, gun raised- He fires- Click!
He forgot: no bullets...

FRANK turns the gun on MENDOZA who recoils in terror at the glint
of pure hatred in Frank's steely eyes.

FRANK yanks the plastic bag from Al's head, then steps toward
MENDOZA as if about to shoot.

FRANK
You're under arrest.

CUT TO:

FULL SCREEN - A SECRET SERVICE I.D. BADGE BEING CLIPPED ON
by Al's still-shakey hand.

AL
You knew the gun was empty?

INT. - SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

FRANK and AL pass through the guarded checkpoint in the modern glass office building at 1800 G. Street in Washington. The place is clean and bright, alive with secretaries and agents coming and going with an air of no-nonsense efficiency.

AL
(continued from above)
You knew from the weight of the
gun the chamber was empty?

FRANK nods, then on second thought:

FRANK
Could've been one bullet...

AL stares hard at FRANK as they walk down a corridor, passing a room full of computer and communications equipment.

Another agent calls them from a room down the hall:

AGENT
Horrigan and Alvarez?

FRANK
Yeah.

AGENT
Debriefing in here.

While FRANK proceeds matter-of-factly past a parade of cold, anonymous faces, AL straightens up nervously.

CUT TO:

INT. - BAR - LATE AFTERNOON

FRANK is playing the piano between swigs of whiskey. AL sips his glass slowly, fear still bright in his eyes.

AL
So you've killed guys before, Frank?

FRANK

Yeah...

AL

It doesn't get to you?

FRANK

(softly, after a moment)

It would if I let it...

FRANK takes a drink, his expression revealing that it has gotten to him in the past.

AL

I don't know if I'm cut out for this work.

(choked-up)

Man, I was...so scared...

He looks toward

A TV OVER THE BAR - where the President is seen speaking in the Rose Garden, surrounded by cool, competent agents.

AL

Maybe if I was on the Protective Detail...
but this undercover stuff...

FRANK

(nodding to TV)

You don't think that's so bad?
You'll be there before long...On
your feet, concentrating eight
hours at a time, knowing if somebody
starts shooting you have to disregard
every natural instinct in your body-
straighten up to your full height and
hope to God the bullets hit you and
not the guy you're protecting...
That's just a different kind of scared,
Alphonso...like a hum in your ears that
won't go away.

AL

Then maybe I'm just wrong for this job.

FRANK

(softly, forcefully)

No...You're a good agent, Al. A good man.

AL

I appreciate you tryin' to make me feel
better, but-

FRANK
I don't say things just to make people
feel better.

AL smiles, finishes his drink. FRANK looks at his watch.

FRANK
You wanna go get somethin' to eat?

AL
No. I wanna go home and hug my
wife and kid.

AL rises, extends his hand to FRANK.

AL
Y'know, when I got into town,
a lot of guys warned me you were
a pain in the ass...

FRANK
That was nice of 'em.

They shake hands warmly.

FRANK
See you at the office.

AL
Damn, the office...Monroe wanted us
to check out some whacko...

He pulls a piece of paper from his coat pocket. FRANK takes it.

FRANK
Done.

AL
I'll come with you.

FRANK
Go home...Hug your wife. Tell her
the worst experience you'll ever
have as an agent is behind you.

AL
Thanks.

FRANK watches him depart, drains his glass and looks down at the
address on the paper.

CUT TO:

INT. - DARKENED HALLWAY OF APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

FRANK follows a fat Lithuanian woman down the hallway.

WOMAN
(thick accent)
I am not nosey lady...I don't snoop.
But smoke alarm is going off yesterday
...I get scared, but not so scared as when
I see what is there inside...

FRANK is tired, bored. She knocks on a door, still yaking:

WOMAN
Smoke was from crumbs in oven left on.

She knocks again. No answer. She unlocks the door.

INT. - APARTMENT - EVENING

13

The woman turns on the light and FRANK finds himself standing in the assassination shrine we saw in the opening. It catches him off-guard, startling him.

FRANK studies the photos of Booth, Oswald, Sirhan, Arthur Bremer, John Hinkley. The stuff on the walls, books, articles, video tapes. A file on the President's campaign schedule...The photo of the President with the target drawn on his chest.

There is also a scale model of a molded plastic car, sleek and futuristic, and a magazine devoted to the designing and building of such models.

FRANK examines the stuff while the WOMAN prattles on:

WOMAN
Thirty-one years I am in this country.
I love United States...I love our
President...his nice wife...The cute dogs...
I go to White House...Only United States
can just anybody go to the house of the
President and visit...so when I see this-
these killing things, I call police...They
say they call Secret Service...
(annoyed)
But two days you don't come-

FRANK answers without looking up from the materials:

FRANK
M'am, the President gets over 800
threats every month...We gotta check
every one. It takes time...You said
his name was McCauley?

WOMAN
Joseph McCauley...From Colorado Denver.

FRANK picks up A HANDWRITTEN SHEET OF PAPER which reads:

"THEY CAN GAS ME, BUT I AM FAMOUS.
I HAVE ACHIEVED IN ONE DAY WHAT IT
TOOK ROBERT KENNEDY ALL HIS LIFE TO DO."

The WOMAN reads over FRANK's shoulder.

WOMAN
What does this mean?

FRANK
Something Sirhan Sirhan said.

WOMAN
Who is this?

FRANK
He shot Bobby Kennedy.

FRANK points to

THE BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO ON THE WALL of Robert Kennedy lying on the floor of the Ambassador Hotel's kitchen, a pool of blood beneath his head.

The WOMAN makes the sign of the cross...FRANK turns toward

A PHOTO OF JOHN KENNEDY slumped over in his limo in Dallas- Secret Service agent Clint Hill runs toward him from the follow-up car where three other agents are standing on the running boards...

FRANK'S eyes narrow on the photo. Behind him, the WOMAN shakes her head sadly:

WOMAN
I still remember like yesterday...
I cry and cry.

FRANK continues to gaze at the photo.

EXT. - STREET IN FRONT OF APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME TIME

14

A MAN OF MEDIUM HEIGHT, powerfully built- we can't see his face in the lengthening shadows but we can tell he's looking up at

THE THIRD FLOOR WINDOW OF THE APARTMENT BUILDING

where the shade rises and FRANK is seen in the window, staring down on the city.

DOWN BELOW

THE MAN IN THE SHADOWS, confident of his anonymity, studies the face of the intruder in his apartment.

A list of data appears on the screen with the name JOSEPH McCAULEY, 32 BASIN DRIVE, DENVER, COLORADO highlighted.

INT. - SECRET SERVICE TECHNICAL DIVISION HEADQUARTERS - DAY

In a large room humming with computer activity, FRANK and AL look over the shoulder of portly JACK MAHER.

FRANK

That's the one-

MAHER

That's what I was afraid of.

MAHER uses a computer mouse to highlight: DECEASED, 6/4/88.

MAHER

Joseph McCauley of Denver died four years ago.

AL looks at FRANK who is thoroughly frustrated...

CUT TO:

INT. - APARTMENT HALLWAY

The Lithuanian WOMAN watches from the end of the hall while FRANK bangs on "McCauley's" door with AL behind him.

FRANK

Federal Agents...Open the door!

No response. FRANK uses the woman's key.

WOMAN

How can man be dead? I see his driver license-

AL

Criminals look for somebody their age who died...they send off for a duplicate birth certificate then use it to get a license.

FRANK and AL draw their guns as FRANK opens the door. AL watches nervously, waving the woman away.

FRANK looks inside, then lowers his gun with a numb expression. AL edges toward the door and finds

THE APARTMENT IS ABSOLUTELY EMPTY, except for the furniture (which came with the place) and

THE PHOTO OF KENNEDY BEING SHOT IN DALLAS left on the wall. The head of a Secret Service agent standing on the running board of the follow-up car has been circled.

AL studies the photo, focusing on the young Secret Service agent, then turns to FRANK, his tone hushed:

AL

That's you...

FRANK nods...

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - FINGERPRINTING POWDER SPRAYED ON BATHROOM FAUCET 1

INT. - BATHROOM - LATER

FRANK looks on while a technician named BRADY checks for prints.

BRADY

Not one print...A place doesn't get
this clean except by careful design.

FRANK glances toward the photo of the Kennedy assassination still on the wall.

INT. - AL'S CAR - NIGHT 1

AL drives while FRANK rides alongside him, brooding.

AL

All I can think is he saw you in
there last night or something...
Maybe recognized you from his
research... Kinda spooky...

FRANK is lost in thought.

AL

What was that Lyndon Johnson said?
"All somebody needs to assassinate
the president is a willingness to trade
his life for mine." ...You think this guy
would make that trade?

FRANK

I don't know, Al...I don't know the
first thing about him...

AL

He appears to be a loner.

FRANK
(edgy, combative)
He does, huh? What the hell's a
loner, Al?

AL
Y'know, I mean, the profile-

FRANK
The profile is bullshit.
You can't predict who's gonna be an
assassin.

AL
Hey, he was studying past assassins, right?
Sirhan studied the assassinations of McKinley
and Archduke Ferdinand...Bremer read up on
Oswald, Sirhan and Booth before he shot
George Wallace. One of the first sessions
at the Training Center, they told us-

FRANK
(bristling, defensive)
So what're you sayin'? You think
I should've waited around for him last
night?

AL
I didn't say that-

FRANK
(sarcastic, cutting)
I wish I'd had you with me,
Al, with your vast expertise.

AL
Hey, take it easy, willya?

FRANK
Secret Service investigates fourteen
thousand people a year. We keep
files on forty-seven thousand, constant
surveillance on four hundred- And not
one person from all our fuckin' lists
has ever tried to hit the President...
Hell, you go by those odds, just
checking the bastard out I eliminated
him as a potential assassin.

They ride in uneasy silence for a moment.

FRANK
Pull over up here...I'll buy ya a drink.

AL
I gotta get home to my wife.

FRANK
(softer now)
What's your wife's name?

AL
Ariana.

FRANK
Pretty name.

AL
Pretty woman.

FRANK
I bet she is...

INT. - FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

FRANK walks in, unfastens his belt, takes off his coat and shoulder holster, gets comfortable...

The one-bedroom apartment is small, far from immaculate. Generic furnishings except for a top-of-the-line stereo system which FRANK turns on, flooding the place with Charlie Parker and Miles Davis trading riffs back in the forties. Happy stuff.

FRANK empties his pockets on a table alongside of three bullets, a bunch of jazz CD's, some piano sheet music and a stack of magazines, all kinds of magazines, high brow and low.

The PHONE rings. He picks up, turning the stereo down with a remote control.

FRANK
Yeah?

MAN'S SOFT VOICE
Frank Horrigan?

FRANK
Yeah?

MAN'S VOICE
The Secret Service Agent?

FRANK
(surprised)
Who is this?

MAN'S VOICE
My god, I can't believe it's really you...You were part of history.

FRANK
Who the hell is this?

MAN'S VOICE
That was you, in my apartment last
night?

FRANK
(stunned)
McCauley?

MAN'S VOICE
Not my real name, of course.

FRANK
What is your name?

MAN'S VOICE
Why not call me Booth?

FRANK
Why not Oswald?

BOOTH
I don't believe he acted alone. Do
you?

FRANK
Where are you?

BOOTH
Not far...I've been trying to reach
you all night.

FRANK
I've been out lookin' for you. It's
been a long day.

BOOTH
I'm pretty tired myself Frank. You kept
me up all night moving my stuff.

FRANK
You did a helluva job...We only found
one good fingerprint.

BOOTH laughs appreciatively.

BOOTH
If you did, it wasn't mine, my friend.

FRANK
How much would it cost to get ya to
do my place like that?

BOOTH
This is very exciting, Frank...to be squared
off against an agent of your stature...
I feel like I know you.

FRANK
You do, huh?

BOOTH
The youngest agent ever to head
the Presidential Protective Detail...But
that was a long time ago. I'm surprised
you haven't retired, Frank. What's kept
you in the game all these years?

FRANK
Why don't we get together for a drink,
I'll tell you all about it.

BOOTH
I'd love to but I think the
less you know about me the better.

FRANK
Why's that?

BOOTH
Because I'm planning to kill the
President.

FRANK
Aw man, you shouldn't'a said that...
Threatening the President's a federal
offense...You can go to jail even if
you don't mean it.

BOOTH
Oh, I mean it alright.

The calm certainty in his voice makes FRANK shudder.

FRANK
What reason would you have for doin'
that?

BOOTH
I can't tell you...I can't tell you
but I know it's mine...That Beatles'
song, remember?

FRANK
What song?

BOOTH
A little help from my friends...I
can't tell you but I know it's mine.

FRANK
You gonna have some help from your
friends, Booth?

BOOTH
(laughs)
Frank, it's just a song. I'm not
planting clues.

FRANK
You willing to trade your life for the
President's?

BOOTH
"A willingness to trade his life for
mine." Lyndon Johnson, right?

FRANK is taken aback for a second...

FRANK
That's right, you've done some
homework.

BOOTH
I've read everything there is on the
subject, Frank, and I guarantee you,
I'm going to take the President's life.

FRANK hears the sound of a coin being deposited...a payphone...

BOOTH
I just can't get over the irony,
Frank.

FRANK
What irony is that, Booth?

BOOTH
You being intimately involved in
the assassinations of two presidents.
Fate has brought us together, Frank,
and I couldn't be more pleased.

FRANK is seething. He hears a siren over the phone.

Then FRANK hears the siren outside his window. His eyes light
up. He rushes to the window to see a fire engine going by a
block away.

FRANK
(to himself)
Shit...

Now he speaks calmly into the phone:

FRANK
Booth?

BOOTH
Yes, Frank?

FRANK
Hang on, one second...I got somethin'
cooking here- Hang on-

FRANK tosses the phone down and runs out.

20

INT. - APARTMENT STAIRWELL

FRANK tears down the stairs, nearly toppling a couple of young
lovers walking up arm in arm.

21

EXT. - STREET - NIGHT

FRANK sprints around a corner, pistol in hand, and finds

AN EMPTY PHONE BOOTH, the receiver dangling on its cord, spinning
as if just abandoned seconds before.

FRANK looks around frantically. Nobody.

DISSOLVE TO:

22

A BLACK AND WHITE STONE PARQUET FLOOR

Like a checkerboard where a game is being played out...Footsteps
echo...

INT. - EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING (ADJACENT TO WHITE HOUSE) - DAY

FRANK and AL walk through the ancient granite EOB. AL reads his
notes between glimpses at the historic surroundings.

AL
He was only there for three weeks.
Came and left at odd hours...Said he
was an engineer...Didn't leave a
big impression on anybody. Nobody,
not even the landlady could give me
a real good description. Always wore
a hat pulled low on his face...
Depending on who you talk to, he was
between five-eight and six-two...
between 165 and 180 pounds...

FRANK

Age?

AL

Between twenty-eight and forty-

FRANK looks at AL, shaking his head as they exit the building.

FRANK and AL walk out the east driveway, stopping at a guard booth to show their passes to a guard named BEN who is shocked to see FRANK:

BEN
Frank Horrigan?

FRANK
How are you, Ben?

BEN
It's been a helluva long time.
You been in New York all these years?

FRANK
(while walking on)
New York, Chicago, L.A....Wherever
there's crime and injustice...

BEN
Stop by later, huh? These agents
nowadays, they're no fun anymore.
All work and no play.

FRANK and AL mount the twelve steps that lead to the White House appointment gate. As they continue toward the White House, AL looks out at the iron fence along Pennsylvania Avenue.

AL
Looks like it'd be so easy to just
hop the fence-

FRANK
As long as you don't come down on the
other side, set off the underground
seismatic sensors that cover every
square foot.

AL
You ever thought about how you'd
do it if you were an assassin?

FRANK
Do what, Al? ...I wouldn't ask that too
loud around here.

(they share a grin)
First of all, I sure as hell wouldn't
make my try here. Not with video
cameras in every bush. Sharpshooters
up there on the roof, along with
surface-to-air missiles. Air and water
filtration systems inside. Sensing
devices hidden in every wall to detect
unauthorized movements...

AL
Safest place on earth.

FRANK
Teddy Roosevelt said it was the loneliest.

AL considers this as they enter the White House.

INT. - WHITE HOUSE CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

They head for the elevator. FRANK takes the place in, remembering his past here. AL straightens his tie, clearly impressed by the grandeur.

FRANK
Relax, Al...It's not like it's Yankee Stadium...

At the elevator, FRANK hits the "Down" button.

INT. - THE BASEMENT CORRIDOR

FRANK and AL get off the elevator and head toward W-16, the Secret Service's unpretentious basement office.

INT. - SAM CAMPAGNA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

SAM, jovial, solid, mid-fifties, is standing behind his desk going over presidential schedules and routes with BILL WATTS, MATT WILDER and LILLY RAINES.

WILDER is forty and easy-going; LILLY is thirty-five and looks like she could be a network anchorwoman; WATTS is thirty with a three-piece suit and an attitude.

WATTS
The busiest months of the campaign coming up...and we're covering the President, the Vice-President and six candidates...

WILDER
Guaranteed after next week's primary, at least three of 'em quit.

WATTS
We can't assume that...We've gotta bring in more field office agents.

The door opens. FRANK and AL enter.

FRANK
Hello Sam.

SAM
(shaking hands)
Frank...How are you? Y'know,
I'm a little miffed it takes
a crisis for you to come see me.

FRANK
I'll come anytime I'm ordered to,
Sam. You know that.

A bittersweet moment passes between them.

SAM
(shaking hands with AL)
You're Alphonso Alvarez?

AL
Yes, sir.

SAM
You know Matt Wilder?

FRANK
Sure do...He still owes me twenty
bucks from Super Bowl twenty-one.
(to AL, smiling)
Sonofabitch always bet on Denver.

Frank's sense of humor is not acknowledged or appreciated.

SAM
This is Bill Watts- And Lilly Raines.

FRANK
(shaking hands)
Bill...
(then, to LILLY)
Boy, the secretaries get prettier
and prettier...

LILLY
I'm an agent.

SAM
(somewhat amused)
Lilly heads the First Lady's detail.

FRANK
I knew that. I just wanted to
see if you have a sense of humor.

FRANK grins at her, then lowers his gaze to her legs while

SAM glances at a computer monitor on his desk, asking WATTS:

SAM
Traveler's in E-9?

WATTS studies the monitor which is the EXECUTIVE LOCATOR, giving the locations of the President, his family and the officials in the succession of power at all times.

WATTS
The meeting with the Egyptian
Ambassador-

SAM nods and turns back to FRANK.

SAM
So Frank, what's the deal on this guy-
(glances at a report)
I guess we're calling him Booth now,
right? What do we know?

FRANK
(suddenly serious)
He's dangerous.

LILLY
How do you know he's dangerous?

FRANK
I know things about people, Lilly.

The look he gives her makes her uncomfortable.

WATTS
Might I ask why you didn't take
appropriate steps to know more
that first night?

FRANK looks WATTS over, annoyed by his tone.

FRANK
We had kind of a busy day, Bill.

WATTS
(reproachful edge)
Too busy to investigate properly?

FRANK
Are we here to talk about Booth or me?

WATTS
We don't know anything about Booth,
do we?

FRANK
(to SAM)
Am I being paranoid or is he busting
my balls?

Tension bristles through the room.

SAM

Frank-

WATTS

Your report says you were only in
the room ten minutes-

FRANK

I didn't have a warrant.

WATTS

C'mon Frank, given your reputation in
your undercover work-

FRANK

(cutting him off)

What reputation is that, Bill?

SAM

Alright, let's get back on track here-

FRANK

What's my reputation, Bill?

WATTS

Let's drop it.

FRANK

No, let's not...What kinda hard-on
have you got for me, Bill?

AL shifts in his seat. LILLY is uneasy, yet intrigued.

WATTS

This isn't serving any purpose-

FRANK

Can I tell you something, Bill? I was
even younger than you when I had your
job, and I was almost as arrogant-

WATTS rises angrily, interrupting FRANK:

WATTS

I don't have time to waste on this.
I'm just trying to do my job. You try
and do yours, okay?

WATTS exits, telling SAM:

WATTS

Keep me posted, will you Sam?

When WATTS is gone, SAM turns to FRANK, exasperated:

SAM
So what do we do about this guy?

FRANK
(sarcastic)
Bill?

SAM
Booth.

FRANK
We're checking with people in
Colorado...police records...the
usual...Meantime, I want agents
tapping my phone, both here and
my apartment, round the clock.

LILLY
How d'you know he'll call again?

FRANK
We're pals now. He'll call...

SAM
Alright...Whatever you want.

FRANK
I want to speak to you privately.

SAM
(considers, then nods)
I'll meet you at Ebbett's in an hour.

FRANK
(rising)
Alright.
(to Wilder and Lilly)
Nice to see you, Matt.
Lilly, I had a really nice time.
(to SAM)
See ya Sam.

FRANK starts for the door, with AL following, nodding farewell.

SAM
By the way, Frank.
(Frank turns)
Watts is nowhere near as arrogant
as you were when you had Lancer's ear.

FRANK
(with a wink)
I know...I was just gettin' his goat.

FRANK exits with AL.

LILLY
God, is he for real?

WILDER
Nobody knows...He's been working
undercover so long, he prob'ly
isn't sure himself.

SAM
He's a damn good agent.

LILLY
You mentioned Lancer? President
Kennedy?

SAM
Frank was like one of Jack Kennedy's
little brothers.

WILDER
(telling tales out of school)
A direct result of the time one of JFK's
girlfriends got caught in the White House
and Frank claimed she belonged to him. He
got suspended a month without pay, but he
was hard and fast with Lancer forevermore.

LILLY rises, shaking her head while closing up her valise.

LILLY
(facetious)
Jack and Frank...Just a couple of
whacky Irishmen deceiving a nation...

SAM can't help but smile as LILLY leaves.

INT. - EBBETT'S GRILL - DAY

27

A polished wood establishment across from the Treasury Building.
No nonsense, just like FRANK and SAM who eat in a booth over
beers.

FRANK
(playful)
What reputation was that kid
referring to, Sam?

SAM
You know damn well. You're considered
a borderline burnout, with
questionable social skills.

FRANK
Yeah, but what do my enemies say
about me?

FRANK sits back with a grin.

SAM
You be careful, that kid wiields a lot
of power with the President.

FRANK
(pointed)
But you're still the boss, aren't
you Sam?

SAM
Why the hell don't you retire like
everybody else?

FRANK
I wanna be assigned to the President.

SAM
(stunned)
The Protective Detail? After all these
years? Christ, you're a dinosaur-
You'd have to be trained all over-

FRANK
This guy's gonna make a try, Sam. I
wanna be there.

SAM
I don't think that's possible, Frank.

FRANK
Bullshit...With the campaign going
full out, we always beef up the PD.

SAM
I can't put you on, Frank.

FRANK
Why not?

SAM
Watts'd fight me tooth and nail.

FRANK
Then fight back. You owe me thirty
years worth of favors, Sam. I've
never asked for one.

SAM
If you knew how many times guys like
me and Youngblood protected your job-

FRANK
I'm not gonna let you say no on this-

SAM
What about investigating Booth?

FRANK
Alvarez can handle it for now. I'll
work with him...He's a good man.

SAM picks at his food...as if looking for a way out.

SAM
You really wanna stand post again,
Frank? At your age?

FRANK
I think I still got a good pair of
shoes in the back of my closet.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WASHINGTON ROOFTOP - A HOT SPRING DAY

28

Several District of Columbia Police sharpshooters take positions
on a rooftop overlooking a main thoroughfare, readying their
high-powered rifles matter-of-factly.

A COP with binoculars surveys an adjacent rooftop where more
riflemen are in place, then swings his gaze down onto

THE PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE ROUTE - SEEN FROM ABOVE

Slowly coming into view are 5 Police motorcycles, 2 Police squad
cars, 1 unmarked Police car, 2 Secret Service cars, the
Presidential Limo, a second limo, the black van termed the WAR
WAGON, 2 more police cars and 3 more motorcycles.

ANGLE ON COP WITH BINOCULARS AND ANOTHER SHARPSHOOTER

soaked in sweat, looking down impatiently.

SHARPSHOOTER
They tell you where's he's going?

COP WITH BINOCULARS
Lunch at that Chinese Restaurant on K Street.

SHARPSHOOTER
(mopping his brow)
Couldn't just have takeout delivered...

EXT. - DOWN ON THE STREET - SAME TIME

29

THE PRESIDENTIAL BUBBLETOP LIMO motors down the avenue, cheered
by a large crowd and flanked by Secret Service agents walking
rapidly, including FRANK who is sweating, panting, the pace and
heat taking their toll.

Despite his condition, FRANK scrutinizes the crowd, employing the classic Secret Service "Look", the impenetrable stare. A scruffy GUY IN AN OLD ARMY JACKET nudges his way to the front of the crowd. FRANK turns the stare on him, making him so uncomfortable that he shrinks back.

Looking back at the guy, FRANK spots LILLY who walks behind him. Her "look" is not nearly as intimidating as Frank's.

LILLY focuses on A MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN who is in the front row, reaching into a canvas bag, looking around suspiciously.

LILLY raises her arm and speaks into a radio wrist mike. In seconds, TWO AGENTS DRESSED LIKE VACATIONING TOURISTS are alongside the MIDDLE-EASTERNER. They bump him and check his bag which contains nothing more than a camera. One of them shows his badge and apologizes while the other reports on his wrist-radio.

LILLY relaxes for a second, then anxiously surveys the sea of faces ahead.

The LIMO turns a corner, forcing the agents to break into a run.

FRANK wipes his clammy brow...worn down by the pace...

INT. - PRESIDENT'S LIMO - SAME TIME

30

WATTS sits alongside the agent driving. Looking out at FRANK'S struggle, WATTS smiles slightly.

EXT. - VIEW OF PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE THROUGH BINOCULARS

31

A highly-magnified view of the motorcade, focusing first on the presidential limo and then swinging over to FRANK.

Now the binoculars are lowered and we realize that we're watching from a long distance off, from the POV of

BOOTH, again in the shadows of a building so we can't see his face well, but we can sense his malevolence...

ANGLE ON FRANK

He draws a deep breath, eyes rolling slightly as if he might pass out. He looks up at the sun which burns out the screen as we

CUT TO:

INT. - SECRET SERVICE OFFICES IN EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 32

A BANK OF VIDEO MONITORS, covering the White House inside and out, is manned by agents.

A PARAMEDIC sprints through the room. The agents at the monitors turn to watch.

THE PARAMEDIC runs down the hallway, past SAM CAMPAGNA who is walking down the corridor, leafing through a report. SEVERAL AGENTS, including WILDER, hurry to follow the PARAMEDIC, alarmed voices murmuring "Horrigan..."

SAM
What's going on?

AGENT
Horrigan's had a heart attack, sir.

SAM
Jesus...

SAM chases after the PARAMEDIC, following him to the agents' lounge.

INT. - AGENTS' LOUNGE - SAME TIME

FRANK is collapsed in a chair, his feet propped on another chair, dead to the world when the PARAMEDIC rushes in and starts unbuttoning his shirt, waking him with a start:

FRANK
What the hell- Get offa me!

The PARAMEDIC jumps back in shock. FRANK looks up to find

SAM, WILDER and A DOZEN OTHER AGENTS, including LILLY, looking at him, some concerned, others suppressing laughter.

PARAMEDIC
I got a call there was a cardiac case-

SAM
You're alright, Frank?

FRANK
I'm fine...I'm on my goddamn break here.

Now FRANK gets the joke, fury turning to bemusement:

FRANK
Who's the wiseguy?

The other agents laugh. FRANK tells the PARAMEDIC:

FRANK
Stick around, there may be a gunshot wound for you-

SAM
(to all)
Alright, back to work...

As the agents clear out, SAM smiles at FRANK:

SAM
Serves you right, all the pranks
you and Brooks Keller used to pull.

SAM exits and the room is empty now but for FRANK and LILLY who
pours a cup of coffee.

FRANK
You know who was behind that?

LILLY
It may not have been a joke.
You were looking a bit peaked out
there on the route today.

He's intrigued by her.

FRANK
Tell whoever it was, I'm gonna pay
him back in spades.

LILLY
How can you be sure it was a him?

With a mysterious smile, she leaves. FRANK'S appetite is
whetted.

INT. - AL'S CAR - EVENING

AL is driving away from the Secret Service building. FRANK sits
alongside him, going through some papers, including a driver's
license photo from Colorado.

AL
That's your buddy, Mr. Booth. Lot
of good it does us.

THE LICENSE PHOTO shows a man wearing glasses, a blonde moustache
and a bad toupee. An incredibly obvious disguise.

FRANK
(deadpan)
Alphonso, we're up against
a master of disguise.

They share a grin. FRANK studies the photo, lost in thought for
a moment...then, a revelation. He looks up, spots a large
newstand up ahead:

FRANK
Pull over up here-

AL
Man, why don't you have a car?

FRANK
I just spent eight years in New York...
Besides, I like public transportation.

AL
Then why make me go outta my way
every night?

FRANK
Cause I like your company, Al.

EXT. - LARGE OUTDOOR MAGAZINE STAND - EVENING

AL watches as FRANK goes down the stand and picks up some
magazines devoted to designing and building car and airplane
models.

FRANK
I can't believe I didn't think of
this before...

CUT TO:

FULL SCREEN - THE FUTURISTIC CAR MODEL

that Frank saw in Booth's apartment, half in shadow.

INT. - A BASEMENT WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Alongside the model, "BOOTH" is at work, lit by a single desk
lamp that doesn't allow us to see his face. He is busy making a
small mold.

CUT TO:

FULL SCREEN - A PHOTO IN A MODEL-BUILDING MAGAZINE

FRANK
(over)
It's a whole subculture, Alphonso
...Shows, conventions, competitions.

INT. - FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

FRANK is talking on the phone, sitting on his bed in his
underwear, thumbing through the magazine.

FRANK
I want you to send out some field agents
to these things. Have 'em ask around.
Find out if there's any whackos- Anyone
who fits the profile. You know about
the profile, don't you Al?

There's a CLICK on his phone.

FRANK
Wait a second, I got another call-
(he presses the hook)
Yeah?

BOOTH ON PHONE
Frank?

FRANK
(sits up)
Booth? How ya doin'?

BOOTH
I'm fine, Frank.

FRANK
Hang on one second, lemme get rid
of this other call-
(he clicks the hook,
muttering)
Hello? Hello goddamnit?

AGENT ON PHONE
Yeah? We got it, Frank...Keep him on
till we get the A.N.I.

FRANK
(gets back to BOOTH)
Booth?

BOOTH
Trying to trace me, Frank?

FRANK
Y'know, I wish I'd thought of that.

BOOTH
You did, Frank, or you're not the
adversary I'd hoped for. Speaking of
which, how are you? I was worried
about you today.

FRANK'S pulse quickens.

FRANK
Why's that?

BOOTH
In the motorcade...I thought you were
going to pass out, Frank. You really
should get in shape if you're gonna
take on that kind of duty.

FRANK
I think maybe you're right.

BOOTH
I was watching your movie just now-

FRANK
What movie?

BOOTH
Dallas...November 22, 1963...

The color drains out of Frank's face...

FRANK
Yeah?

CLOSE SHOT - VIDEOTAPE OF KENNEDY ASSASSINATION - SLOW MOTION

BOOTH
(over)
You were in shape back then, weren't you?

CLOSE SHOT OF FRANK'S EYES - brimming with pain...

BOOTH
What happened to you that day?
You were standing on the running board of the car right behind Kennedy's limo-
There were two of you on each side, right? Only two or three feet from the limo when Kennedy took the first hit-
Yet Clint Hill was only agent who reacted-
The only one who ran to Kennedy...

CLOSE SHOT OF AGENT CLINT HILL RUNNING TO JACKIE KENNEDY'S AID

INTERCUT WITH:

FRANK'S EYES...

BOOTH
Somebody said he was only a few seconds too late to stop the second bullet, the fatal one and he'd come all the way from the opposite side- You were on the same side Kennedy was sitting- The same side as the Texas Book Depository- You must've looked right up at that building...
If you'd only seen the rifle; if you'd reacted to the sound of the gunfire...
A young man in good shape, you would've gotten there sooner than Clint Hill, maybe in time in to throw yourself on the President and take the second bullet yourself...It might've been you who died instead of Kennedy...if you'd done the job you were trained to do...Do you wish you'd succeeded, Frank?

FRANK
What's done is done, Booth.

INT. - BOOTH'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

37

From behind, we see BOOTH in an armchair, watching the videotape again and again in the otherwise unfurnished room.

BOOTH
I saw that article Esquire did for the tenth anniversary, about you and the other agents there that day... Pretty tragic stuff. They asked you about your wife. How she left you and took your little girl... You were so forthright, admitting you hadn't been easy to live with, your drinking problem... I was so moved by your honesty. The world can be cruel to an honest man, can't it?

INT. - FRANK'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

38

He struggles to stay cool, to hold back his anger.

FRANK
What about you, Booth? What's your story?

INT. - BOOTH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

39

He continues to play the videotape.

BOOTH
I can't tell you, Frank... I can't tell you but I know it's mine... I'll talk to you again soon, Frank... It's nice to have a friend.

INT. - FRANK'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

40

BOOTH hangs up, leaving FRANK angry, bitter, confused...

FRANK
Wait- Don't hang up-

FRANK clicks the phone's hook three times, barking:

FRANK
Where is he? Did you get him?

CUT TO:

EXT. - A WORKING CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

41

FIVE POLICE SQUAD CARS, lights whirling, are parked in front of a small nondescript house where the flickering light of a television can be seen through the drawn curtains.

COPS surround the place, including a pair who are banging on the front door.

COP AT FRONT DOOR
Police officers! Open the door!

INT. - HOUSE - A MOMENT LATER

42

The front door is smashed open and COPS rush inside, guns drawn, only to find

A TEENAGED COUPLE making love on a couch in front of the television, now frantically trying to cover up in front of the confused COPS.

CUT TO:

INT. - SECRET SERVICE TECHNICAL DIVISION OFFICE - NIGHT

43

JACK MAHER, the guy who ran the computer before, is seated at his desk with FRANK, AL and a young, thin, bespectacled agent named CARDUCCI who is visibly upset:

CARDUCCI
He must have manipulated the A.N.I.

FRANK
How could he do that?

CARDUCCI
If he had a device that altered the line's voltage slightly...He could fake the line's i.d., make it seem like he was calling from another number.

FRANK
This device, where could he get it?

CARDUCCI
He could build one if he knew how...
I could build one.

MAHER
Maybe he works for the phone company.

FRANK
So you can't trace him?

CARDUCCI
We could run a parity check-

MAHER
(enthused)
If he was on a line wired for digital switches-

FRANK
So you can trace him?

CARDUCCI
Not if he was on an analog line.

MAHER
Only certain parts of the city are digital.

FRANK
Damn it Jack- Give me a straight answer or my partner here's gonna shoot him in the foot!

He points to CARDUCCI who adjusts his glasses nervously.

MAHER
He calls again, you keep him on the line three minutes...We'll see what we can do, right Tony?

CARDUCCI
You might suggest to the police they don't knock down any more doors.

FRANK leans back unhappily.

CUT TO:

FULL SCREEN - A TAPE RECORDER PLAYING

a tape of the phone call. We come in on the part about Frank's marital problem.

INT. - SAM CAMPAGNA'S OFFICE - DAY

The place is crowded. SAM, WATTS, FRANK, AL, LILLY, WILDER, another agent named BARNES and WHITE HOUSE CHIEF OF STAFF HARRY SARGENT, a rude, short, heavyset man who is always sweating profusely and thinks he's king-shit.

The reactions vary. FRANK is icy, without emotion. WATTS is riveted but unsympathetic. AL and SAM hang their heads sadly. HARRY SARGENT looks at his watch impatiently.

Upset, LILLY keeps stealing looks at FRANK. At one point FRANK looks at her, eyes meeting for a sympathetic moment before she looks away awkwardly.

At tape's end, FRANK turns the machine off and looks at SARGENT.

SARGENT
Very intriguing but I don't understand
why you're playing it for me.

FRANK
I think you should cancel tomorrow night's
dinner at the Chinese embassy.

SARGENT
Out of the question.

FRANK
(indicating tape)
This guy's able to manipulate the phone
system. He builds remote control model
cars, maybe planes too. What if he's got
some knowledge of explosives?

SARGENT
If you guys do your job, there shouldn't
be any problem.

FRANK
It's too easy to smuggle weapons into
an embassy.

SARGENT
You think this guy's working for
the Chinese and that they wanna knock
off the President? Are you nuts?
The Chinese love him.

FRANK
Why is it that every White House staff
member-

SARGENT
(cuts him off, speaking
rapidly)
You got absolutely no reason to believe
this guy is any more dangerous than
thousands of other people who make idle
threats. But you want me to alter the
itinerary of the world's most powerful
man? And risk offending the world's most
populous nation? Isn't it possible this
guy pushed a couple buttons in you and
now you're overreacting just a little?

FRANK
I'm trying to protect your boss.

SARGENT
So am I...The latest polls show us
only five percentage points ahead. Our
opponents have already accused him of being
a wimp- I won't have people thinking
he's afraid to go out in public. Period.
(to SAM)
Next order of business.

FRANK fumes in his corner while SARGENT looks at SAM.

CUT TO:

INT. - BOOTH'S BASEMENT WORKSHOP

45

BOOTH is at work on his mold, mixing a honey-colored composite material to pour into it.

CUT TO:

INT. - CHINESE EMBASSY - NIGHT

46

An orchestra performs for a white-tie crowd which includes a score of Secret Service agents in formal attire.

FRANK and LILLY are among them, eyes darting constantly while

The PRESIDENT and THE FIRST LADY move among the crowd.
WILDER and WATTS are among the circle of agents insulating them while they press the flesh.

Several movie stars and celebrities are also in attendance.
The PRESIDENT and FIRST LADY begin to dance.

FRANK sidles over to LILLY who looks terrific in an evening gown.

FRANK
You look very nice tonight.

LILLY
Thank you.

FRANK
Good enough to eat.

LILLY
(mostly teasing)
Y'know, everytime I start to
sympathize with you, you say
something that really annoys me.

FRANK
Why sympathize?

LILLY
The tape of that phone call...When he
brought up your wife-

FRANK
Ex-wife.

LILLY
At any rate, I'm sorry...

FRANK
You and Booth...Boy, you know
you're living in crazy times when the
only people who sympathize with you
are a would-be assassin and a woman
you annoy... Care to dance?

LILLY
Perhaps some other time.

FRANK
I get outta work in a couple hours.

She shakes her head: negative. He studies her dress carefully.

LILLY
What're you doing?

FRANK
Trying to figure out where you
carry your firearm...

She gives him a look that could wither a fern but he's undaunted:

FRANK
Don't tell me, let me imagine...

FRANK moves off into the crowd. LILLY watches him with a smile,
then finds WATTS looking at her and puts her somber face back on.

FULL SCREEN - A PERSONAL CHECK BEING WRITTEN

41

in the amount of \$1,000, made out to the "California Committee to
Reelect the President."

INT. - AIRPLANE - DAY

The check is being made out on a tray table by a man wearing dark
glasses, a tailored business suit and a dark toupee: BOOTH.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT is going down the aisle.

ATTENDANT
We'll be landing in Los Angeles in ten
minutes...Seat backs up please...Tray
tables stowed.

BOOTH places the check in a stamped envelope which he seals.

CUT TO:

EXT. - STREET IN SANTA MONICA - DAY

48

BOOTH drives a rented car into the parking lot of a Wells Fargo
Bank office in Santa Monica.

FULL SCREEN - CASHIER'S CHECK

49

made out in the amount of thirty-thousand dollars.

BOOTH
(over)
I'd like deposit this in the new account.

INT. - BANK - DAY

BOOTH hands the check across the desk of bank officer PAM MYERS,
a cheery woman in her mid-thirties, a little overweight, too much
makeup. She types information into her computer.

PAM
And what name would you like on
the account?

BOOTH
Tritech Corporation...Here's the
address.

He points to a piece of paper. PAM pauses to blow her nose,
smiling at BOOTH, then returns to her computer.

PAM
(pleasant, small-talk)
What kind of business are you in,
Mr. Barnes?

BOOTH
Computer software.

PAM
(looks at address)
Up in San Jose?

BOOTH
Based there...We're opening an
L.A. office.

PAM
I like San Jose...Are you from there?

BOOTH
No.

PAM
Where're you from?

BOOTH
(impatient)
Minneapolis.

PAM
You're kidding! So am I.

BOOTH
(uncomfortable)
Small world.

PAM
I hated the winters...Nine months
out of the year I'd stay indoors
and pig out. I moved here and
lost forty pounds...What high
school did you go to?

BOOTH
(unprepared)
Hamilton.

PAM
Hamilton? Where's that?

BOOTH
Near New Brighton.

PAM
Near New Brighton? There's no Hamilton
High around there.

BOOTH
There was when I graduated.

PAM studies him strangely for a moment, then discreetly turns
back to her computer, shrugging:

PAM
Suit yourself...Maybe I'm confused...
Happens a lot.

Agitated, BOOTH glances down at her hands: NO WEDDING RING, then
across at her nameplate and a photo of her pet GERMAN SHEPHERD on
her desk.

PAM
Your permanent checks should arrive
in ten working days.

BOOTH
I'm afraid I need them sooner.

PAM
We can Fed-ex them in four days.

BOOTH
Thank you. Y'know, you have a very
pleasant way about you.

PAM
(looks up, delighted)
Why thank you, Mr. Barnes...It's nice
to be appreciated.

EXT. - BANK - LATER

BOOTH exits the bank, then turns and looks back inside where he
finds Pam watching him suspiciously. He waves cordially; she
forces a smile. He turns and walks off, concen showing on his
face.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WHITE HOUSE DRIVEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

A beautiful spring evening...LILLY is on her way to her car which
is parked in the White House driveway, a large late-model Buick.
On the way, she's intercepted by FRANK.

FRANK
Agent Raines, how'd you like to give a
colleague a lift home?

LILLY looks at FRANK for a long moment.

LILLY
Why do you keep flirting with me?

FRANK
You think I'm flirting with you?

LILLY
You know it can't possibly go
anywhere, so why keep doing it?

FRANK
Cause I know it can't possibly go
anywhere.

She can't resist a laugh.

FRANK
C'mon, gimme a ride, I'll buy you
an ice cream...No further obligation.

He puts up his hands, as if to show he's unarmed. LILLY smiles.

EXT. - STEPS OF THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL - NEAR DUSK

52

FRANK and LILLY sit on the steps and eat ice cream.

FRANK
I never worked with a female agent
before. How many are there?

LILLY
Ninety-seven at last count.

FRANK
Window-dressing.

LILLY
What?

FRANK
Ninety-seven out of two thousand.
You're window-dressing...It makes the
President look good to his feminist
voters.

LILLY
Do you make an effort to be so
obnoxious or is it a gift?

FRANK
Oh c'mon, Lil...Don't pretend you
don't know exactly what I'm talking
about. Hell, half the stuff we do is
window-dressing. How 'bout running
alongside an armored limo? It'd take
an anti-tank missile to put a dent in
the damn car. We're there for the
show. To make the President look
presidential. Ask Sam about when George
Bush first ran for President. His
campaign staff thought the agents he
was assigned weren't impressive enough-
They put in a request for a younger,
more muscular batch-

LILLY
I don't believe that.

FRANK
The Director told 'em to go to hell so
the sonsofbitches went out and hired
goddamn actors to portray agents.

LILLY

No way.

FRANK

I swear to God...When Bush was running for his party's nomination, before Reagan won and named him V.P. They hired these golden adonises to stand up there next to the real agents who were too short or too fat or too whatever...Ask Sam.

LILLY

So if I'm here to court the feminist vote, what demographics do you represent?

FRANK

White piano-playing heterosexuals over the age of fifty...There aren't many of us but we've got a powerful lobby.

LILLY laughs, looks at her watch, then rises.

LILLY

Time flies when you're being annoyed.

FRANK

Where you goin'?

LILLY

I have a date.

FRANK

With whom?

LILLY

None of your damn business. You want a ride?

FRANK

No...I think I'll stick around for the sunset...I like the way it makes Abe look.

FRANK looks back at Lincoln who is bathed in golden light.

LILLY

Bye.

FRANK waves. LILLY walks off. FRANK watches her carefully.

FRANK

(to himself)

If she looks back it means she wants me...Right Lilly? C'mon, Lil... Turn around....

LILLY keeps walking.

FRANK
C'mon...One quick backwards glance...
Give me a smug look and keep on going...
Better do it soon...

He's ready to give up when she sneaks a little glance over her shoulder. FRANK beams and waves. She looks away, as if embarrassed, and keeps walking.

FRANK lies on his back and looks up at Lincoln with admiration:

FRANK
I wish I coulda been there, Abe...
I'd've taken a bullet for you, no
questions asked...

ANGLE ON LINCOLN IN THE GOLDEN GLOW OF SUNSET

CUT TO:

EXT. - WELLS FARGO BANK IN SANTA MONICA - LATE AFTERNOON

53

PAM is in the bank parking lot, unlocking her Honda Civic, saying goodnight to a coworker. This is seen from the POV of

BOOTH who sits in his rented car parked down the block.

PAM pulls out into traffic.

INT. - LIVING ROOM OF SMALL HOUSE IN SANTA MONICA - EVENING

54

The GERMAN SHEPHERD we saw in the picture on Pam's desk is barking and leaping at the front door, straining on a long leash that runs back into the kitchen and out a dog door.

The front door opens. PAM enters and hugs the dog.

PAM
Hey, Rory...How ya doin' boy?
(bending to hug dog)
How's my baby?

Through the open doorway, we see the quiet, slightly funky Ocean Park neighborhood she lives in.

Then BOOTH fills the doorway and knocks gently, startling her.

BOOTH
Miss Myers? Sorry if I scared you.

PAM
Mr. Barnes? What-

BOOTH
I, uh, looked up your name in the
phone book.

PAM
(frightened)
I'm not listed-

BOOTH
I guess I better come clean...
I followed you...I've been trying
to get up the nerve to ask you to
join me for dinner. Being new in
town, I, well...I hate eating alone.

PAM
That's...That's very sweet of
you...but-

BOOTH
Also, I wanted to apologize for lying
to you...We both know I'm not from
Minneapolis.

PAM
I shouldn't ask so many questions-

BOOTH
Did you mention our conversation to
anyone else at the bank?

PAM
No...where you're from is none of my
business.

BOOTH smiles, steps inside. The dog growls, tries to get at him
but is held back by the rope that runs back to a dog door in the
kitchen.

PAM
Rory, settle down-
(now to BOOTH)
Look, Mr. Barnes-

Now another woman, SALLY, enters from a bedroom, surprising and
upsetting BOOTH.

SALLY
Pam, who're you talk-
(spotting Booth)
Oh, hi.

SALLY looks at PAM slyly, excited that she seems to have a date.

PAM
This is my roommate, Sally.
...Mr. Barnes.

BOOTH
Jim...Call me Jim.

SALLY
Nice to meet you...I'm just on my
way out.

SALLY starts for the door but BOOTH steps into her path.

BOOTH
Ladies, I'm very sorry...But
I can't let you leave.

SALLY
(with a laugh)
What?

BOOTH
(to PAM)
If only you weren't from Minneapolis...

The women are too confused, too scared, to move.

PAM
Look, I don't know what you want but-

The TELEPHONE RINGS - All three of them turn to look at it.
SALLY starts to get it. BOOTH lunges -

CLOSE ON THE DOG

The dog barks madly, straining against the rope.

SOUNDS HEARD: the phone ringing, a scuffle, a muffled cry, a
stacatto scream, a door closing...then the dog stops barking, and
sits and the room is silent except for a phone machine message...

SALLY ON MACHINE
Hi...This is Sally...
PAM ON MACHINE
And this is Pam...
SALLY
We're either out having fun...
PAM
Or home taking a nap...

The message continues as we pull back to see the DOG sitting
forlornly between the bodies of the roommates who lie on the
floor with lifeless eyes staring at the ceiling.

SALLY ON MACHINE
So leave your name and number...
PAM ON MACHINE
And your call will be returned...

At the BEEP, we

CUT TO:

The White House glistens in the sun, the symbol of the presidency, while over this we hear:

BOOTH

(VOICE OVER)

Frank? I hope you don't mind me calling you at the office. I was in the neighborhood-

The phone call continues as we

CUT TO:

FRANK is on the phone, surrounded by AL and several other agents, including

CARDUCCI and MAHER who sit before an array of electronic and taping equipment, gesturing for FRANK to keep Booth talking while they work to trace the call.

FRANK

It's always nice to hear from you, Booth.

BOOTH ON PHONE

I hoped you felt that way, Frank. We've got so much in common.

FRANK

We do, huh? Like what?

BOOTH

We're both honest, capable men who were betrayed by people we trusted.

FRANK

I wasn't betrayed, Booth.

BOOTH

Sure you were, Frank...The Warren Commission's report on the assassination- They called your procedures "seriously deficient". They criticized you and the other agents who were out drinking late the night before- As if Kennedy would be alive today had you been in bed at ten p.m. It's ludicrous-

FRANK swallows hard, looks over to find LILLY and SAM listening in on headphones.

FRANK

Maybe they were right, Booth...

BOOTH

No, Frank...You wanted Kennedy to use the bubbletop on his limo. He refused. You begged him to station agents on his bumpers and sideboards; he nixed it. He knew he wasn't all that popular in Texas- He knew there were at least a dozen different groups who wanted him dead...You know what I think? I think maybe he had a death wish...I think he wanted to die like his older brother Joe had...Joe was his father's favorite, right? I think he didn't care that his death would ruin your life- That your wife would leave you and you wouldn't be able to see your little girl for years- I think he was a selfish bastard. What do you think, Frank? ...Frank?

FRANK'S heart is pounding. He clenches the phone, ready to explode. He looks angrily at

CARDUCCI who frantically gestures for him to stay cool, to keep BOOTH on the line, just another couple of seconds-

LILLY is moved by FRANK'S show of self-control in the face of such humiliation.

FRANK

What about you, Booth? Who betrayed you?

ANGLE ON CARDUCCI AND MAHER

CARDUCCI

I don't think he's scrambling it-

BACK TO FRANK listening...

BOOTH ON PHONE

Some of the same people, Frank...But I'm going to get even. I'll have my day in the sun, Frank...Question is, will you have yours? I think you're in for a lot more pain...

FRANK is going nuts, covering the receiver while he barks in a hushed voice to the agents tracing the call:

FRANK

How much longer do I have to put up with this shit?

CARDUCCI

Jesus...He's right across the street- Lafayette Park!

FRANK gets a dial tone: BOOTH has hung up. FRANK and the others bolt for the door.

CUT TO:

57

EXT. - LAFAYETTE PARK - DAY

AN INTENSE POWERFULLY-BUILT MIDDLE-AGED MAN, wearing sunglasses and a baseball hat, stands at the side of the park furthest from the White House which is right across the street. It's BOOTH.

He casually watches FRANK and several other agents in the distance spread out to canvas the park. But since the park is a haven for the homeless, their task is formidable.

A PAIR OF AGENTS arrive at the park's pay phone, sealing it off while they dust for prints as

OTHER AGENTS question the homeless onlookers.

FRANK surveys the scene. Nearly everyone looks suspicious to him. Then he notices the man in the hat on the opposite side of the park watching him.

FRANK and BOOTH stare at one another for a moment before

BOOTH turns and walks off brusquely.

FRANK instinctively starts after him, walking a bit faster.

BOOTH glances back, then quickens his pace.

FRANK breaks into a sprint.

FRANK
(to himself)
That's him-
(now shouting)
That's him!

AL turns to see FRANK running and joins the chase.

BOOTH is running hard now, crossing the street just as A TAXI CAB zooms up, nearly hitting him- horn blaring- BOOTH picks his way through traffic.

FRANK arrives at the edge of the park, losing his man in the heavy traffic until he spots

BOOTH running down the block-

FRANK doesn't get a good look at him but notices that-

BOOTH sets his hand down on the hood of a passing car before disappearing around the corner-

FRANK, head and heart pounding, lungs aching, can't possibly catch up to his quarry but the car BOOTH set his hand on is speeding toward the agent. FRANK jumps into traffic, whips out his badge and forces the car to a screeching halt.

THE DRIVER cranes his neck out the window in shock.

FRANK
(between gasps)
Secret Service! I'm impounding this vehicle!
(turns to AL)
Booth put his hand on the hood!

AL runs to the driver who is totally confused:

DRIVER
What? For two lousy parking tickets?

FRANK bends, hands on his knees, catching his breath while guarding the hood of the car as if the President's life depended on it...

CUT TO:

FULL SCREEN - FINGERPRINT BEING DUSTED

58

FULL SCREEN - EXCESS DUST BLOWN AWAY

FULL SCREEN - ULTRAVIOLET LIGHT APPLIED REVEALING A VIVID PRINT

FULL SCREEN - THE PRINT IS PHOTOGRAPHED

INT. - SECRET SERVICE GARAGE - DAY

FRANK and AL watch BRADY the technician work on the print.

FRANK
He said he was betrayed by some of the same people...

AL
The government maybe? He could be a vet...Vietnam, Persian Gulf. Lots of those guys have grudges.

FRANK
Go find Sam- We take this to the FBI computer, I don't want them jerkin' me around for a week- Get us some papers, something that this is a while-you-wait job.

AL nods, rushes off, while FRANK studies the print carefully.

INT. - BASEMENT

We get our first good look at BOOTH who is balding, with blue eyes that burn with intensity as he works on his model, removing pieces from molds. He is constructing the parts of a dull honey-colored composite pistol... BOOTH studies his work, well pleased.

CUT TO:

FULL SCREEN - COMPUTER MONITOR

A HUGE FINGERPRINT is seen on the monitor.

INT. - FBI COMPUTER CENTER

An FBI TECHNICIAN works at a computer terminal in the busy high-tech center. He enters relevant information, then leans back while the machine whirs and a thousand different fingerprints are rapidly laid over BOOTH'S PRINT, searching for a match.

While he waits, the TECHNICIAN reads a paperback thriller in his lap. He doesn't notice at first when

THE MONITOR IMAGE flashes the word "CLASSIFIED - NOTIFY C-12".

Finally the TECHNICIAN looks up. Confused, he calls his supervisor:

TECHNICIAN

Chris? Something strange over here.

A SUPERVISOR hurries over, stares at the screen.

INT. - FBI WAITING ROOM - EVENING

FRANK is leafing through a magazine. AL is pacing. It's like they're in the waiting room of a maternity ward.

A door opens and the SUPERVISOR enters:

SUPERVISOR

Agent Horrigan? I'm afraid we've drawn a blank.

FRANK rises, spirits flagging.

FRANK

You're sure?

SUPERVISOR

We ran the print against everything we've got.

Frustrated, FRANK turns and exits. AL shrugs to the FBI man:

AL

Thanks...

The SUPERVISOR watches AL leave, wondering...

INT. - CORRIDOR - EVENING

62

AL catches up with FRANK who is seething, walking rapidly.

AL

That leaves out veterans, government employees, anyone with a record... We're back to square one, huh?

FRANK

Back to square one.

FRANK continues away from AL who's frustrated by Frank's sullen manner.

EXT. - ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE RUNWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

61

The PRESIDENT, his wife, his advisors and his Secret Service detail, including WATTS, LILLY and FRANK, are boarding Air Force One, cheered by an enthusiastic crowd of servicemen while

NEARBY

A TV CAMERA CREW records a NEWSWOMAN'S report.

NEWSWOMAN

Over the next six days, the President will meet and greet the people of seven midwestern states.

FULL SCREEN - TELEVISION SET

The NEWSWOMAN is seen with Air Force One behind her.

NEWSWOMAN

The grueling schedule of public appearances is designed to counter criticism that in devoting himself to foreign diplomacy, the President has lost touch with the concerns of average Americans-

INT. - BOOTH'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

6

BOOTH watches the evening news on the TV in his dingy little house while he dials a telephone.

ON THE TV, Harry Sargent is shown boarding Air Force One.

NEWSWOMAN ON TV
(continued from above)
The White House staff is confident that
by the time the tour concludes at a large
rally in Chicago, polls will confirm
the President has won back his
heartland constituents.

BOOTH turns down the TV when a woman answers the phone:

WOMAN ON PHONE
Potomac Travel Service.

BOOTH
I need to book travel from Washington
to Los Angeles. I'd like an open-ended
ticket since I may be making some midwestern
stops on my return.

WOMAN ON PHONE
What day would you like to travel to L.A.?

BOOTH looks back at

THE TELEVISION where FRANK is seen mounting the steps of the
President's jet.

FULL SCREEN - BOOTH'S EYES NARROWING

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF CAMPAIGN SWING/INTERCUT WITH BOOTH'S ACTIVITIES:

6

EXT. - DES MOINES, IOWA - DAY

THE PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE travels beneath a banner welcoming the
President to Des Moines - FRANK runs alongside the limo while it
rains.

INT. - DULLES AIRPORT METAL DETECTOR - DAY

6

BOOTH, in sweatsuit, glasses, Dodgers baseball cap and a few
days' stubble, removes a set of keys from his pocket and passes
through the airport metal detector. Reclaiming his keys, he
boards a plane to L.A.

INT. - AUDITORIUM - DAY

6

A RALLY AT IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY capped by a speech by the
President - FRANK is at the rear of the auditorium, listening to
orders over his earpiece, scanning the crowd, looking at the
President on stage and LILLY standing off to the side.

EXT. - L.A. STREETS - DAY

68

BOOTH drives a rental car through downtown L.A., past palm trees, graffiti, etc. He pulls up in front of an old, somewhat decrepit office building.

EXT. - OMAHA MOTORCADE ROUTE - DAY

69

FRANK, alongside the limo in sweltering heat, looks down at a manhole cover which reads OMAHA. A strip of official Secret Service tape has been placed over the cover: if it is broken, the route is no longer secure.

CUT TO:

INT. - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

70

BOOTH is unlocking a door which is marked: "TRITECH CORPORATION".

INT. - TRITECH OFFICE

71

The office is empty except for a beat-up desk and chair. Closing the door, BOOTH bends down to sift through a pile of junk mail that's been pushed through the door slot. He fishes out a cardboard box and opens it, revealing:

THE CORPORATE CHECKS he had ordered from Pam at the bank.

CUT TO:

INT. - A HANGAR-LIKE EXPOSITION HALL IN NEBRASKA - DAY

72

While the President poses for photos with a group of farmers and their prize-winning hog,

FRANK stands some distance away, seemingly keeping the other hogs away from the President, trying to wipe a wad of pig shit from his shoes.

CUT TO:

FULL SCREEN - A WELLS FARGO CORPORATE CHECK

73

being made out to the "The Republican Party California Fundraiser" in the amount of \$25,000.

CUT TO:

EXT. - ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA HOTEL - EVENING

74

A GROUP OF ENVIRONMENTAL ACTIVISTS is held back by police. They carry signs and angrily chant slogans protesting the President's failure to actively combat the greenhouse effect - the Presidential limo pulls up - FRANK and the other agents form a phalanx to steer the President past the demonstration.

Unlike many of the other agents, FRANK never wears sunglasses, preferring to stare down his suspects. He's staring hard when a man in the crowd surges toward the President. FRANK steps into his path, smiles at him and taps him in the testicles. The MAN winces and backs away while FRANK feigns innocence.

CUT TO:

FULL SCREEN - A STAMP BEING AFFIXED TO AN ENVELOPE

75

The envelope is addressed to the "Republican Party, California Headquarters."

INT. - LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

76

BOOTH, now wearing a different pair of glasses and a Milwaukee Brewers hat, drops the envelope into a mail slot and heads for an airport gate.

CUT TO:

INT. - ST. PAUL HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

77

FRANK is standing post in the corridor. An AGENT passes with a German Shepherd on a leash.

FRANK
(to the dog)
Any bombs today, boy?

The AGENT smiles and continues on. FRANK glances at his watch. The door to the President's suite opens and LILLY emerges.

FRANK
Well, Agent Raines.

LILLY
Agent Horrigan.

FRANK
How's the first lady, did she ask about me?

LILLY
Have you gotten to know them yet?

FRANK
I don't like to know the people I'm supposed to protect.

LILLY
Why not?

FRANK
I'm always afraid I'll decide they're not worth taking a bullet for.

He points down the hall to a YOUNG AGENT walking toward them.

FRANK
Here's my replacement...Can I
buy you a drink?

LILLY
I don't drink.

FRANK
Then come watch me...There's a
helluva piano player down in the bar.

LILLY considers, smiles, looks at her watch as the YOUNG AGENT
arrives.

YOUNG AGENT
Traveler's down for the night?

FRANK
Who?

AGENT
(looks at Frank in shock)
The President?

FRANK
Oh, yeah... Who's Traveler?

LILLY supresses a laugh.

AGENT
You're pullin' my leg?

FRANK
A good three feet.

FRANK pats the YOUNG AGENT on the shoulder and walks off with
LILLY.

CUT TO:

INT. - HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

FRANK plays "I Didn't Know What Time It Was" while LILLY leans
against the baby grand piano in the nearly-empty bar.

LILLY
Not bad...

He misses a couple of notes, recovers. She is impressed by his
playing, impressed by this side of him she hadn't seen.

FRANK
I've played for Presidents...I've
played with Presidents...Nixon
and I once did a pretty good duet on
"Moonglow".

LILLY
I heard he didn't think you smiled
enough.

FRANK
Who told you that?

LILLY
Idle talk.

FRANK
Not true...Nixon liked me...Always asked
how I was doin'...Joked around...Guy was
a loveable crook.

LILLY
So how'd you get in trouble?

FRANK
His Chief of Staff...H.R. Haldeman...
There was a rally in Boston, he told
me to get rid of some anti-war protesters...
I told him to stick it. It's a free
country...After that he got on me
constantly. Then one day, he says,
"I command you to smile more often."
I just stared at him...
(demonstrates stone-face)
And he says, "Y'know when I'm talking
to you, I am the President-" So I
say, "The President? You look more
like an asshole in a bad suit to me,
sir." I put in the "sir" just to burn
him up.

LILLY
Classy touch.

FRANK
Next day I was transferred to the
Foreign Dignitaries Protective Division
in New York. Which was interesting
cause I wound up guarding Fidel Castro
when he came to the U.N. One of our
most hated enemies, right? And I'm
supposed to take a bullet for the
sonofabitch...

He smiles at the irony.

FRANK

Couple years later, I find out at that same time, our cousins in the CIA were trying to knock Fidel off...Hell, I coulda done it easy if anybody'd asked.

LILLY

That's bureaucracy for you.

They exchange a grin. He plays a few more bars.

LILLY

How come you never wear sunglasses standing post, Horrigan?

FRANK

I like the whackos to see the whites of my eyes...A good glare can be more effective than a gun.

As if to illustrate, he levels his "look" on her- an intense, angry glare that could curdle milk.

LILLY takes it like a challenge and stares right back at him. But after a few seconds, she breaks down and giggles.

FRANK

You, on the other hand, need the shades.

LILLY looks down to collect herself, then glares back at him.

They gaze hard at each other, unblinking, icy...until a strange thing happens: ice turns to fire, eyes burning eyes in a now smoldering gaze...sensuous...provocative...till

FRANK leans closer to her, as if he might kiss her and she breaks off the gaze, breathless, awkward, maybe even afraid...

FRANK

Why Agent Raines...What're you afraid of?

LILLY

Making a big mistake...
Goodnight, Agent Horrigan.

She smiles politely and leaves while FRANK plays another melody. FRANK watches her walk off - she glances back for a moment - that's all he needs - he drains his glass, rises and strides off determinedly.

INT. - LOBBY - A MOMENT LATER

LILLY nods to an AGENT and boards an empty elevator just as

FRANK walks briskly into the lobby and steps aboard.

INT. - ELEVATOR - SAME TIME

80

LILLY and FRANK exchange a fiery glance. The door closes and he moves to kiss her. She pulls back for a split second, then gives in to the heat between them, kissing him passionately.

In the midst of the long embrace, rising heat, mouth-to-mouth, LILLY suddenly arches an eye toward the floor indicator over the door, with a hint of alarm.

INT. - CORRIDOR ON FLOOR ABOVE - SAME TIME

81

WATTS and WILDER are going over a computer printout, waiting for the elevator. The doors open, revealing

LILLY and FRANK, standing several feet apart, very cool, no sign of the passion that gripped them seconds before...

FRANK
(nodding, greeting)
Matt...Bill...

WATTS hands LILLY a computer printout.

WATTS
Updates on tomorrow.

LILLY
Thanks...Goodnight.

LILLY walks off down the hall alone while WATTS hands FRANK his printout.

FRANK looks over the report while WATTS and WILDER board the elevator, then FRANK starts down the corridor toward where LILLY is entering her room, shutting the door.

FRANK walks right past her door, then stops, turns, looks in either direction and returns to enter Lilly's room.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SCREEN - TWO HOLSTERED PISTOLS SLUNG OVER A CHAIR

82

In the dim light of Lilly's hotel room, we move down to see two BULLETPROOF KEVLAR VESTS lying on the floor alongside Lilly and Frank's shoes and shirts...then a TELEPHONE RINGS...once, then again, till Lilly answers it:

LILLY
(off)
Raines.....Alright, I'll be right down.
(she hangs up,
speaking to FRANK, off)
We're adding a stop in Milwaukee...

Now LILLY comes into frame, retrieving her vest which she quickly puts on over her slip, a portrait of frustration...

LILLY
This is...It's too damn complicated,
Frank...

She shakes her head, fetches her gun and goes into the bathroom to get her face together.

ANGLE ON FRANK lying on the bed, smiling gently in the dark.

FRANK
(to himself)
Ah, Lilly...

CUT TO:

EXT. - CONVENTION HALL IN MILWAUKEE - DAY

83

A HARD RAIN FALLS OUTSIDE A CONVENTION HALL where FRANK waits with an umbrella as the Presidential limo pulls up.

A short distance off, BOOTH stands in his Brewers hat (one of several in sight), beneath an umbrella.

FRANK rushes to the car, holding the umbrella for the PRESIDENT while getting soaked himself.

All the noise and cameras flashing is disorienting. The Secret Service Agents ring the President, their efficiency under such chaotic circumstances is astounding.

FRANK searches the crowd for a suspicious face...His gaze travels right over BOOTH and past him...

EXT. - AIR FORCE BASE RUNWAY - NIGHT

84

The PRESIDENT and FIRST LADY wave to a cheering Air Force crowd as they mount the steps to their jet, followed by FRANK, LILLY and several other agents.

INT. - AIR FORCE ONE IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

85

WATTS, holding a coffee cup emblazoned with the Presidential Seal looks into the crowded cockpit to ask the PILOT:

WATTS
ETA, Hal?

PILOT
Eleven forty-three.

WATTS turns away and heads toward the rear of the plane, joined by LILLY who carries a thick computer printout.

LILLY
Renaldi reports the route secured.
Chicago police counter-snipers are
already in position. Benson's at
the hotel and ready.

They move quietly through the forward part of the plane, past the President's private stateroom with TWO AGENTS posted on either side of the narrow corridor outside, trying to stay awake.

WATTS
Traveler asleep?

The AGENTS nod. WATTS and LILLY move on. The AGENTS slump against the bulkhead again.

WATTS and LILLY move through the jet's communications center which is full of equipment linking Air Force One with the White House, the Department of State, the Pentagon, Moscow, Peking...

HARRY SARGENT and TWO STAFFERS are working on a presidential speech. WATTS and LILLY pay them no attention as they pass:

WATTS
What about the Watch List?

LILLY
We've got twenty-three regional crazies
under surveillance. Chicago Police
Intelligence is handling nine more.

They pass into the forward galley where AN AIR FORCE STEWARD fills WATTS' coffee cup while LILLY takes a cup for herself.

WATTS
The hospital?

LILLY
(points to a map)
St. Anne's...Extra units of Traveler's
blood type on hand...Accessible to
the alternative route as well.

WATTS
Anything else?

LILLY
(looks over report)
That's it.

WATTS
Good.

WATTS returns to the front of the plane. LILLY walks back into

A PASSENGER COMPARTMENT

WILDER and another AGENT are catching some sleep while on the other side of the cabin

FRANK is wrestling with the child-proof cap of a cold remedy, a report on his lap.

LILLY sits beside him.

LILLY

Agent Horrigan...Under the weather?

FRANK

Sick as a dog, Lil.

LILLY looks at the report on his lap, reading the title out loud:

LILLY

Psychological profile of "Alias John Booth".

FRANK

A team of crack Secret Service psychologists pored over the tapes, the reports...analyzed his voice, his behavioral patterns...You know what they determined? He may intend to harm Traveler.

FRANK studies her as she skims the report. Smiling, he asks:

FRANK

So did you make a big mistake?

LILLY

What?

FRANK

In the bar...You said you were afraid of making a big mistake...

LILLY

It's not like we work for a brokerage house or an advertising agency... This job we do...Let's be realistic.

She looks at him, as if hoping he'll help her.

LILLY

I'm proud of the job I do, Frank.

FRANK

And you'd wouldn't wanna let a man come between you and your career.

LILLY
Do I have a choice? I mean, I can't
afford to think about how much
my feet hurt, much less...

FRANK
(wry)
So you're in love with me and it
scares you?

Taken aback by his boldness, she laughs, shakes her head...

LILLY
I don't know that I'd call it love...

FRANK
What if I was to quit my job for you?

His playful tone amuses her.

LILLY
Now why would you do that?

FRANK
Maybe I swore I'd never again let
my career come between me and a woman.

She smiles, thinks about this, till they hear:

PILOT OVER P.A.
Ten minutes to touch down in Chicago.

LILLY points to the speaker, as if to illustrate how futile a
relationship would be. She rises to go but FRANK catches her
hand, surprising her. She's even more surprised however by the
urgency in his voice:

FRANK
Keep alert tomorrow...It's a big crowd,
publicized in advance...Be careful.

LILLY nods, then departs while FRANK looks down at the report.

EXT. - CHICAGO CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

8

FRANK is waiting in drizzling rain as the President's limo
approaches. He blows his nose, tired, sick and nervous about

TWO LARGE GROUPS OF PROTESTERS: One anti-abortion, one pro-
choice. The police have sequestered them into separate areas,
behind ropes. Each group tries to drown out the other's chants,
waving signs like they were weapons. The volume and tension
mounts.

FRANK speaks into his wrist mike:

FRANK
It's a zoo here. Take Traveler to
the underground entrance.

Down the street, THE LIMOUSINE turns down a side street.

FRANK starts toward

THE ENTRANCE TO THE CENTER

87

where a throng of people have their tickets checked and pass
through metal detectors and bomb-sniffing dogs, manned by agents.

Among the crowd is A MAN WEARING DARK GLASSES AND A FEDORA - Is it
Booth?

FRANK stares at him, wondering. He starts toward him but is
slowed by a group of protesters. A placard accidentally swings
toward his head - he ducks it - but coming up, he's lost sight of
the man in the hat.

FRANK hurries toward the entrance, searching the crowd as the
rain starts coming down hard now. FRANK wipes the rain from his
face but not the fear that something is wrong.

CUT TO:

INT. - BACKSTAGE AT CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

88

In long shot, we see the PRESIDENT, surrounded by WATTS, LILLY,
WILDER and other agents, waiting with his wife and HARRY SARGENT,
going over his notes while a local politico makes an introductory
speech out on the stage.

WATTS and LILLY break from the President's circle and walk a few
steps to another group of agents just as FRANK arrives, soaking
wet, worried.

WATTS
Horrigan, you're outside right point.

FRANK
I think Booth may be here-

WATTS, LILLY and the others are alarmed.

WATTS
I thought you couldn't identify him?

FRANK
I can't...Call it a hunch.

WATTS
(annoyed)
With all due respect to your
psychic abilities, we've got forty
agents, sixty Chicago cops and
a bullet-proof podium out there-
I think we'll stick to the game plan.

FRANK looks dazed, sweating. LILLY puts her hand on his forehead.

LILLY
You've got a fever-

FRANK
Stay alert out there.

FRANK follows the group of agents out to his position.

INT. - CONVENTION CENTER - A MOMENT LATER

89

FRANK is in position, one of several agents on the floor ringing the stage. He scans the crowd, looking for hostile faces, looking for people acting unnaturally while

THE SPEAKER ONSTAGE drones on, his speech punctuated by cheers from the partisan crowd. (This is just political yacking, background stuff while we watch FRANK.)

SPEAKER
Our President has his sights set
on the future of this great nation-
And if we must endure some hardships
today, well, isn't it more than worth
it if we ensure the greatness of our
nation tomorrow?

During this, WATTS comes on stage and looks to each agent surrounding the hall's perimeter. When he has received nods from them all, he signals into the wings.

SPEAKER
(continuing)
I give you the man you sent to the
White House four years ago, and the
man you will return to the White
House in November-

The speaker continues but his words are lost in the din of cheering, whistles, A BRASS BAND blaring, stomping of feet -
ALL OVERWHELMINGLY LOUD -

FRANK tries to take it all in, monitor it, but there are

CAMERAS FLASHING IN HIS FACE -

And up above, SPOTLIGHTS beam down to where

THE PRESIDENT AND THE FIRST LADY start toward the podium while WATTS, WILDER and LILLY take up positions behind them.

FRANK is looking pale. We experience the dizzying effect of the frenzy from

FRANK'S POV - All the lights - the faces - something is wrong - that young man there, smiling, is that a gun in his hand? - No - but then there's a woman, fat and sullen; she's not cheering, why not? What's her agenda? Another woman off to the side- reaching into her purse- for what? She appears angry- Every face now looks grotesque, seems to harbor violence- Look up- near the spotlight- something sticking out- a rifle barrel? And that man, right next to the spotlight- What's he doing? Is he cleared? Is that a camera he's pointing?

ANGLE ON FRANK

blinking to clear his head, trying to stay calm but then

A BALLOON LOUDLY POPS somewhere and

FRANK'S afraid it's a gunshot - He's the only agent who is alarmed - He rushes toward the stage, shouting into his wrist mike, something we can't hear over the bedlam but we see its effect as immediately

WATTS, WILDER, LILLY and other agents swarm around the PRESIDENT and FIRST LADY, covering them with their own bodies.

THE CROWD gasps-

THE AGENTS search the crowd-

FRANK searches the crowd-

WATTS looks at FRANK angrily. FRANK shakes his head, speaks into his radio.

THE AGENTS relax their circle around the President who waves to the crowd which bursts again into cheers.

LILLY glances at FRANK who is clearly shaken...confused...

HARRY SARGENT also looks at FRANK, livid with rage.

IN THE CROWD

The cheering and whistling continues. Standing in the midst of it all is BOOTH, thoughtful and calm, no disguise today (he wasn't the man Frank saw earlier). He is a good distance away from the stage where

FRANK is scanning the crowd, his face pale.

FRANK, looking miserable, flu-ridden, is seated, surrounded by WATTS, WILDER and LILLY.

WATTS

You got me in deep shit today, Agent Horrigan...The President looked like a scared kid on national television. He's furious.

No response from FRANK.

WATTS

The White House Chief of Staff wants you tried for treason...

FRANK

I don't work for him.

WATTS

No, you work for me...That's my one consolation...I now have a good reason to drop you from my detail...

He checks his watch, looking at LILLY and WILDER:

WATTS

Downstairs for departure in two.

WATTS leaves the room. WILDER walks over to FRANK, hands him some money. FRANK doesn't understand.

WILDER

My Super Bowl debt...In case I don't see you again after this trip...Take it easy, huh?

WILDER says this without rancor, then exits.

FRANK is left looking at LILLY who is sympathetic.

LILLY

Y'know, if you'd just acknowledged that it was an unfortunate turn of-

FRANK

(cutting her off)

I won't apologize for doing my job.

LILLY

I didn't say you should. But the President was humiliated-

FRANK

He's still alive.

LILLY
We're here to safeguard his dignity
too.

FRANK
That's not my job-

LILLY
You don't mean that-

FRANK
I sure as hell do.

LILLY
What about when you got suspended
keeping Kennedy's girlfriend a secret?

FRANK
(surprised she knows)
That was different...He was different.

LILLY
Maybe you were different, Frank.

FRANK
I was different. And a lot of things
would be different right now if I'd
been as paranoid back then as I was today.

LILLY regards FRANK sadly, then departs. When she's gone, FRANK
buries his face in his hands, sick and tired...

EXT. - ROOFTOP IN WASHINGTON - AFTERNOON

91

With the White House and Washington Monument in the distance, TWO
D.C. POLICE SHARPSHOOTERS are in position on the roof overlooking

THE PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE on the street below, with its standard
5 Police motorcycles, 2 Police squad cars, 1 unmarked Police car,
2 Secret Service cars, the Presidential Limo, a second limo, the
black van termed the WAR WAGON, 2 more Police cars and 3 more
motorcycles.

EXT. - WHITE HOUSE - AFTERNOON

92

SAM CAMPAGNA waits among the TV crews and White House Press Corps
at the north portico as the motorcade pulls into the driveway.

INT. - WAR WAGON - DAY

93

FRANK sits amid a half-dozen flak-jacketed agents holding
automatic weapons and a ton of communications equipment buzzing
and whirring.

FIRST AGENT
Tim, there's that girl from the Post-
She wants you bad, bud.

SECOND AGENT
She just wants to use me to get
inside shit on Traveler.

THIRD AGENT
So give it to her.

SECOND AGENT
Unlike you, Tarrantino, I've got some
integrity. I'm not gonna trade information
just to get laid.

THIRD AGENT
Make somethin' up...She won't know.

SECOND AGENT
(reconsidering)
Yeah, I could do that...

FRANK looks out at

SAM who greets the President, then looks toward the War Wagon,
waiting for Frank while the Chief Executive is swarmed by the
press.

CUT TO:

INT. - DINING ROOM OF SAM'S SUBURBAN HOME - EVENING

94

Sam's pleasant-looking wife, LOUISE, supervises a MAID who sets
an extra place at the table in the fashionably appointed home.
LOUISE looks out toward

THE LIVING ROOM

where SAM and FRANK sit with drinks.

SAM
Why not retire, Frank? Live off
your pension. Hell, you don't spend money
on anything but jazz records.

FRANK
(firm)
I wanna stay on the Booth case.

SAM
(after taking a drink)
Alright...but as for the PPD, you
understand, I can't-

SAM shakes his head regretfully. FRANK lets him off the hook:

FRANK
I understand.

They drink in silence for a moment, then FRANK speaks softly:

FRANK
That thing in Chicago...I've
never been on the wrong side of a
judgement call before.

SAM
You had the flu for crissake...That's
been known to impair a man's judgement.

FRANK is clearly not consoled.

SAM
And, face it, you're too old for
this shit.

SAM'S comment to his troubled friend is affectionate but pointed.

INT. - FRANK'S USUAL BAR - NIGHT

95

FRANK is playing piano in the corner, his back turned to
THE BAR'S WINDOW

where BOOTH is seen, watching FRANK from outside.

CUT TO:

FULL SCREEN - FOUR ALKA SELTZER TABLETS FIZZING IN A GLASS

96

INT. - FRANK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

FRANK watches the Alka-Seltzers dissolve while he flops on his
bed, exhausted. The PHONE RINGS. He answers.

FRANK
Hello?

BOOTH ON PHONE
What happened in Chicago, Frank?

FRANK
Booth...

BOOTH
You panicked, didn't you?

FRANK
You were there.

BOOTH

Yes...Yes, I was...Y'know, watching the President, I couldn't help thinking, why would a man like you risk his life to save a man like that? It's a very strange job you have, Frank.

FRANK

What were you doing there, Booth?

BOOTH

Research.

FRANK

Why would a man like you risk his life to kill a man like that?

BOOTH

Have you got a psychological profile on me yet, Frank?

FRANK

I don't put much stock in them.

BOOTH

Nor do I...A man's actions do not equal the sum of his psychological parts. It doesn't work that way.

FRANK

How does it work, Booth?

BOOTH

It doesn't, Frank...It doesn't work. God doesn't punish the wicked and reward the righteous...Some people die because they've done wrong, others simply because they come from Minneapolis...This is not one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all...That is false advertising.

FRANK

If none of it means anything, why bother to kill the President?

BOOTH

To see a mark made. To punctuate the dreariness.

FRANK

Sounds like you need to get laid, Booth.

BOOTH
(laughs)
You're the same as me, Frank...I've
seen where you choose to live...
I've watched you alone in your bar...
All we've got left is the game...
That's why fate brought us together.
You're on defense- I'm on offense.

FRANK
So when do we play, Booth?

BOOTH
When? Every minute of every day, Frank.
Till the clock winds down. Take care.

FRANK
Wait- Booth?

BOOTH hangs up. FRANK stays on, dazed. CARDUCCI comes on:

CARDUCCI ON PHONE
Frank? He scrambled it again...I
missed him...

FRANK sets the phone down, considers...then unplugs it in
frustration and lies down on his bed, staring at the ceiling...

FULL SCREEN - A TAPE RECORDER

97

BOOTH
(on recorder)
Some people die because they've
done wrong, others simply because
they come from Minneapolis-

INT. - SECRET SERVICE OFFICES - DAY

FRANK shuts the tape recorder off and looks up at TWO YOUNG
AGENTS.

FRANK
Contact the Minneapolis Field Office...
Check into any murders, accidental
deaths, anything that might in any way
tie into this guy...

AL rushes into the room, excited.

FRANK
You're late, damnit.

AL
(ignoring the rebuke)
Frank? You just might be a genius.

FRANK
Not the kind that gets recognized
in his own lifetime.

AL
Remember you said to send guys out to
model shows? I think we should make
a trip to Atlanta.

FRANK looks at him expectantly.

CUT TO:

INT. - ATLANTA MODEL SHOW - DAY

98

VARIED SHOTS of a crowded convention of model builders in a huge
exposition hall with models of all shapes, sizes and materials;
boats, planes, cars... There are competitions, exhibits, booths.

A PAVILION WHERE COMPETITION MODELS ARE DISPLAYED

A man in a wheelchair named RIGER is using a photographer's
pressurized air burst cleaning device to dust his impressive
model car. Looking on are FRANK, AL and an agent named D'ORSO.

RIGER
(with southern drawl)
He said he hailed from San Antonio, but I
can't for the life of me remember his
name. As I told your colleagues the other
day, this was about a year and a half ago.
We got some liquor in us after
a show in New Orleans and the topic
of the federal government came up.
This fella, who'd been affable enough
until then, suddenly took on a real
nasty demeanor. Said the government
had betrayed him and he might have to
exact some measure of revenge.

FRANK
He didn't actually mention the President?

RIGER
No sir...but there wasn't much doubt in
my mind that whatever revenge he was
considering would not be something pretty.

FRANK listens thoughtfully, then turns to D'ORSO.

FRANK
Agent D'Orso, let's get a police artist
together with Mr. Riger here. I'd like
a composite sketch faxed to San Antonio
by the time Agent Alvarez and I arrive.

D'ORSO nods. FRANK looks around at the models on display.

CUT TO:

FULL SCREEN - COMPOSITE DRAWING OF BOOTH

99

Not a great likeness...

MAN'S VOICE

(over)

Nope...Can't say that he looks familiar.

EXT. - HOBBY SHOP IN SAN ANTONIO - DAY

AL and FRANK are seen through the shop window, showing the drawing to AN OLD COWBOY behind the store's counter who shakes his head: no help. This is seen from the POV of

A clean-cut middle-aged Anglo in a Brooks Brothers suit named COPPINGER who sits in a late-model sedan parked across the street, watching until

FRANK stares out the window, noticing COPPINGER who quickly starts the car and drives off. FRANK moves closer to the window for a better look.

CUT TO:

INT. - RENTED CAR - DAY

100

AL sets the drawing aside and crosses off the hobby shop's name from a computer printout. We see that several others have been eliminated as well.

AL nervously glances over at FRANK who keeps checking the rearview mirror while driving.

AL

It doesn't make sense...Why would
Booth be tailing us?

FRANK

(matter-of-fact)

To see how close we get?
To stop us if we get too close?

AL shudders at his partner's casual tone, looks at a map.

AL

Turn left.

CUT TO:

FULL SCREEN - A FUTURISTIC CAR MODEL ON DISPLAY

101

The car is among several handsomely-crafted models.

VOICE OF MEXICAN MAN
(over)
Don't look that much like him but it's
gotta be Chuck Leary...

INT. - SHOP

FRANK and AL look excitedly at GONZALEZ, the Mexican shop owner.

GONZALEZ
He's a helluva model builder...Haven't
seen him in about a year...You want his
address?

FRANK
(with a glance at AL)
We'd appreciate it. What can you tell
us about him?

GONZALEZ
He's a crazy sonofabitch.

CUT TO:

INT. - RENTED CAR - DAY

102

AL is directing FRANK through a suburban neighborhood to a house
whose curtains are drawn, the yard overgrown with weeds.

EXT. - HOUSE - DAY

103

FRANK knocks on the door. No answer. He starts around toward
the back of the house. AL follows. When they're out of sight,

COPPINGER drives up in his sedan, visibly concerned.

INT. - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

104

The room is dark, clean, nicely furnished, though impersonal.
Then a curtained window breaks - a hand reaches in to unlock it -
the window slides open and

FRANK climbs in, knocking over a table as he falls to the floor.

FRANK
Damn it...

On hands and knees, his eyes start to adjust to the darkness when
A PISTOL appears right beside his ear.

GUNMAN'S VOICE
(over)
Stay right there and don't move.

The GUNMAN, a big baby-faced guy in his late twenties, reaches
inside FRANK'S coat, removes his gun just as

AL falls into the room from the open window, freezing at the sight of the GUNMAN.

GUNMAN
Put the gun down...slowly.

ANGLE ON AL

who complies, his face white with fear...

ANGLE ON FRANK

who spots a TV remote control inches from his right hand - he puts his hand over it - presses the power button.

The TV goes on behind the gunman, startling him.

Taking advantage of the diversion, FRANK grabs the man's gun with one hand while delivering a sharp blow to his groin with the other. The GUNMAN drops in pain.

AL, breathing hard, trembling, picks up his gun.

FRANK yanks the guy to his feet, shouting, gasping for air:

FRANK
Who the hell are you?

THE GUNMAN trembles with pain and fear. Then, from the other side of the room, COPPINGER is heard:

COPPINGER
Let him go, Horrigan.

FRANK whirls at COPPINGER in shock, using the other guy as a shield just in case, shouting to AL who anxiously takes aim at COPPINGER-

FRANK
Al-

AL
(meekly)
I got him-

COPPINGER
We're on the same team, Frank.

FRANK
What team is that?

COPPINGER shows a badge. FRANK yanks his human shield over to look.

COPPINGER
CIA. Agent Coppinger.

FRANK

Shit...

(indicates man in his grasp)
Who's this?

COPPINGER

Agent Collins.

FRANK shoves the younger agent away with disdain.

FRANK

You here for Leary or me?

COPPINGER

Mr. Leary's one of our former operatives.

FRANK

Did you know he threatened to kill
the President?

COPPINGER

(awkward)

We didn't think he was serious till
you turned up that fingerprint.

FRANK

(livid)

But you knew? You and the FBI-

COPPINGER

We consider it an in-house problem.

FRANK

So the hell with the Secret Service-

COPPINGER

A public trial would compromise several
of our operations-

FRANK

(sarcastic)

Sure, what the hell? Presidents come and
go every four years. One dies, there'll
be another to take his place-

COPPINGER

I understand your frustration-

FRANK

My frustration? You pompous
sonsofbitches...What was it Leary did
for you boys? Run coke to support the
Contras? Sell arms to Iran?

COPPINGER glances at the younger agent and clears his throat.

COPPINGER
This is off the record- If asked,
I'll deny it...Leary is what we
nowadays call a wet boy.

FRANK
(utterly stunned)
Jesus Christ...

AL
What's a wet boy?

FRANK'S explanation is hushed, full of dread:

FRANK
"Wet work"...Blood...Leary's an
assassin...

COPPINGER
(upset)
One of the very best, I'm afraid.

And there, in that dark room, the stark realization of just what
they're up against comes down hard on the agents.

CUT TO:

EXT. - SMALL POND IN THE WOODS OF WESTERN MARYLAND - SUNSET

105

It's a gorgeous setting with the glassy surface of the pond
reflecting the blood red sky above and the lush woods surrounding
it. Then the surface is broken by the arrival of a REMOTE-
CONTROLLED BOAT...and right behind it, a second boat.

Suddenly, the air explodes with gunfire and the boats are blown
to bits, sinking within seconds of each other.

ON THE SHORE

Booth, whom we'll now rightly call LEARY, has been test-firing
his plastic gun. He inspects it, pleased, then looks up to see

TWO HUNTERS emerging from the woods, carrying rifles, surprising
LEARY. They arrive and ogle the strange plastic pistol.

FIRST HUNTER
Was that you shootin'?

LEARY
Yes.

FIRST HUNTER
What kinda gun is that?

LEARY
Something I made.

SECOND HUNTER
You made it? Can I see?

LEARY hands it to him.

SECOND HUNTER
Awful light...

FIRST HUNTER
(taking it)
Lemme see...What's it made of?

LEARY
It's composite...like plastic.

SECOND HUNTER
Pretty neat...Can I try it out?

LEARY
Go ahead...

The SECOND HUNTER takes it from the first and aims at a bird on the opposite bank. BLAM! The air is full of feathers.

SECOND HUNTER
Pretty damn neat.
(hands it back to LEARY)
Wouldn't be interested in sellin' it,
would you?

LEARY
No, I need it.

FIRST HUNTER
Yeah? For what?

LEARY
To assassinate the President.

LEARY'S statement is so matter of fact, his expression so dispassionate that the HUNTERS have to laugh, but the look LEARY offers quickly silences them. They're nervous now.

SECOND HUNTER
Why'd you wanna do that, mister?

LEARY
Why'd you kill that poor bird, asshole?

With that, LEARY raises the gun and blows them away, one after the other, without a moment's hesitation, without a second thought...

CUT TO:

Various shots of Leary spread out on a table: an i.d. photo; Leary as a high school football player, a college fraternity member, in a Cambodian jungle in fatigues, as a young army officer, as a bride groom. There are no recent shots.

CIA AGENT COPPINGER

(over)

Chuck Leary was one of our most effective contractors. But times and political climates changed... Cutbacks had to be made...Leary didn't take it too well...

INT. - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

FRANK is studying the photo of Leary at his wedding. FRANK is seated at a long table surrounded by SAM CAMPAGNA, LILLY, WATTS, AL, a Police Captain and two FBI officials.

CIA AGENT COPPINGER is passing out files to the others.

COPPINGER

He was a fish out of water...Couldn't adjust to civilian life. We knew he was volatile, perhaps dangerous to himself and others...We made some attempts to counsel him, to retrain him...We weren't successful...Then he disappeared...Since learning of his threat to the President, we've done all we could: tracked down his records, put his ex-wife under surveillance.

(turns to FBI OFFICIAL)

Maybe you folks at the FBI will have more luck.

POLICE CAPTAIN

(looking at Army photo, sadly)

I can't understand why a highly-decorated soldier wants to kill his Commander-in-Chief.

SAM

The President leaves for California in ten days.

FBI OFFICIAL

If we work together-

FRANK

(interrupts bitterly)

That'd be refreshing.

THE FBI OFFICIAL glares at FRANK before continuing:

FBI OFFICIAL
We've got his fingerprints, his photo-

FRANK
(indicating photos)
What makes you think he's gonna look
anything like this? There's nothing
here more recent than fifteen years ago-

COPPINGER
Men in his line of work stay out of
the camera's eye.

FRANK
Hell, he'd be in disguise anyway.
These are all worthless...
(to SAM)
Get the tech people to do some
photo alterations.

SAM
(to the Police Captain)
Captain Howard, tell your men he's a
counterfeiter...I don't want the
press getting wind of this.

COPPINGER
I hate to sound a sour note...But
if Chuck Leary really means to kill
the President, well, it's going to
be very difficult to stop him.

Anxious expressions all around the table. FRANK looks down at A
PHOTO OF LEARY.

Across the table, AL can barely contain his anxiety.

INT. - EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR - LATE AFTERNOON

107

FRANK and AL are leaving the meeting when LILLY calls from
behind.

LILLY
Frank?

FRANK turns, walks back to meet her while AL waits.

FRANK
Agent Raines?

LILLY
I guess your instincts were right.

FRANK
About you?

LILLY
(smiles)
About Booth...Leary.

FRANK
I'm frequently correct about people,
Lil...I told you that.

He stares at her, making her squirm a bit.

LILLY
I'm doing the advance work on the
President's California trip...You'll
keep me up to date, won't you?

FRANK
With pleasure.

She smiles again, turns and walks off. FRANK watches her.

LILLY resists the urge to look back at him.

FULL SCREEN - COMPUTER MONITOR

108

A PHOTO OF LEARY is seen on the monitor. Now the head is
enlarged, filling the screen.

FRANK
(over)
We need alterations on every
possible variable...

INT. - SECRET SERVICE TECHNICAL DIVISION OFFICES - DAY

FRANK, AL and JACK MAHER hover over a computer operated by a
young female agent named KOPIT.

FRANK
Eye color, facial hair, glasses,
weight changes, skin coloration...
keeping in mind the subject is
fifteen years older.

KOPIT begins to enter data.

FULL SCREEN - COMPUTER SCREEN

We see LEARY'S face metamorphosizing through the changes Frank
just described. The process is fascinating. Along the way, we
see a face that looks very much like Leary's.

CUT TO:

FULL SCREEN - COMPUTER PHOTO PRINTOUTS

depicting all the various looks that Leary may have affected.

FRANK is studying the photos while AL drives in silence.

FRANK

(thinking aloud)

As good as they are, they aren't much good...There's no life to 'em...The eyes end up dead...That's where you spot a man best...the eyes...
Shit...

(putting photos aside)

I want you to talk to some more model-builders...Find out about remote-controlled stuff...First thing tomorrow, go to-

AL

I'm resigning tomorrow.

FRANK

Why?

(no response, but Frank knows)

Cause you were scared in San Antonio? Christ, I was scared too. But you did your job, Al.

AL

I have nightmares, Frank...About that boat with that plastic bag over my head...I can't breathe... San Antonio just clinched it.

FRANK

The Service has counselors for that, Al...but don't quit...I need you...Okay? No more of this cockamamie talk-

FRANK cuffs him on the shoulder. AL broods.

FRANK

You hear me? Stay with me through this. Okay?

AL

(softly, unsmiling)

Okay...

FRANK

Cockamamie...There's a word your generation hasn't embraced...

AL looks at him like he's nuts.

FRANK
Liable to fade right out of the
language...It'd be a shame...It's
a good word...See if maybe you can
use it now and then, huh? Keep it
alive.

AL
Cockamamie?

FRANK
Yeah.

FRANK smiles at AL who can't help but laugh. Pleased, FRANK
looks out the window, muttering under his breath:

FRANK
Made you laugh...

CUT TO:

EXT. - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

110

TWO AGENTS sprint toward the Pennsylvania Avenue gate where
someone is shouting loudly. They pass

FRANK who is walking from the Executive Office Building. BEN the
guard leans out of his booth nearby to look down the driveway.

FRANK
What's that all about?

BEN
Leonard Nevsky.

FRANK
Leonard? That whacko still comes
around?

BEN
Twice a year...I doubt he even knows
who's President, but he swears he's
gonna kill him...Last time he had a
jar of cottage cheese he said was
plastic explosive.

FRANK
What a card...

FRANK grins and starts for the White House when AL shouts from
the EOB entrance:

AL
Frank! Leary's on the phone!

FRANK sprints toward the EOB.

FRANK rushes to the phone, followed by AL. Nearby, CARDUCCI and another agent are working on their equipment.

FRANK

Hello.

LEARY ON PHONE

How are you, Frank?

FRANK looks at CARDUCCI working with intensity.

FRANK

I'm feeling good...You wanna know why? Cause I'm one step behind you.

INT. - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

112

A crummy transient hotel in a crummy part of town. LEARY, unshaven and puffy, sits in front of a large plate of pasta and speaks into a phone connected to a small electronic device.

LEARY

Are you now? Pumping yourself up for the big game, Frank?

FRANK

I know who you are...I have a photograph of you, Chuck.

LEARY barely reacts.

LEARY

A scouting report?

FRANK

That's right...Call it off, Chuck. You call it off now, you prob'ly won't do time.

LEARY

You mean I could live a long and fruitful life?

INTERCUT BETWEEN FRANK AND LEARY for the rest of conversation:

FRANK

That's up to you.

LEARY

Did they tell you what I did for a living, Frank? Do you know what I did in the service of my country?

FRANK

Yes.

LEARY

I used to think this country was pretty special....I did everything I was told to defend it.

LEARY'S intensity builds into rage as he continues:

LEARY

I let them transform me into what they wanted me to be....I can't even remember who I was before they sunk their claws into me. Then one day, I'm of no further use to them. So they decide to terminate me. Did they tell you that, Frank? Did they tell you they sent a friend of mine to kill me?

FRANK looks over at SAM.

LEARY

I have a terminal illness, Frank. I know too much to be allowed to live. And that's a big problem for you, because most people who are smart enough to kill the President are also smart enough to know they can't get away with it, but you see, I don't care....One way or another, I'm a dead man.

FRANK

Let me bring you in, Leary...Let me see what I can work out.

LEARY

I appreciate your concern, Frank. But it's too late. We can't call the game now. I plan to die on my terms. Not yours, or theirs.

INT. - LEARY'S HOTEL ROOM

11.

LEARY hangs up, rises, puts on his coat, and collects his few possessions from a beside table, checking to be sure that a pistol (not the plastic one) is in the pocket.

INT. - SECRET SERVICE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

11

CARDUCCI hands FRANK a piece of paper.

CARDUCCI
St. Francis Hotel...Florida Avenue
in Northeast-

CUT TO:

INT. - AL'S CAR - DAY

11.

AL drives FRANK toward

THE ST. FRANCIS HOTEL seen in the distance where several Police cars have converged amid a frenzy of law-enforcement activity.

FRANK is looking toward the hotel when he notices

A MAN IN A HAT AND DARK GLASSES walking briskly down the sidewalk in the opposite direction of the hotel.

AL is driving past the man when FRANK shouts:

FRANK
That's Leary- Stop the car!

AL
Where?

AL slams on the brakes. FRANK jumps out and sprints toward-
LEARY who looks back at the sound of the brakes and now runs-

FRANK gives chase, gun drawn-

AL hesitates, unsure what to do-

LEARY looks back at FRANK then turns down a blind alley-

FRANK arrives in the alley seconds later - no sign of LEARY -
then he sees him climbing the fire escape above.

FRANK jumps for the fire escape landing but can't reach it.
AL arrives.

FRANK
Give me a boost!

AL boosts FRANK up to the landing. FRANK takes the fire escape's
rickety steps two at a time-

LEARY arrives on the roof five stories above-

DOWN BELOW, AL is climbing onto a trash can in order to reach the
fire escape landing-

EXT. - THE BUILDING'S ROOF

1

FRANK gets to the roof where he sees

LEARY leaping to the roof of an adjacent building, running out of Frank's sight behind a water tower.

FRANK chases him, gun ready, leaps to the next roof, breathing hard-

LEARY leaps to the next roof which is a greater distance away- He barely makes it, and disappears behind some ventilation ducts.

FRANK balks when confronted with the wide gap between roofs. He takes a deep breath, sets his gun into his shoulder holster, takes a few steps back, then runs and flings himself through the air- But he lands short-

FRANK'S HANDS come down on the edge of the decaying roof which crumbles beneath his weight. His body slams against the wall of the old brick building...barely able to hang on...

Dangling helplessly, FRANK looks down on the alley. There is a fire escape twelve feet below, but it's a good three feet off to the side of him...Could he make it?

He tries to pull himself up, kicking and scratching, but he hasn't got the strength left... Then, looking up, he finds

LEARY standing over him, one hand reaching down to assist FRANK while the other holds a gun on the agent.

LEARY
Take my hand, Frank-
(FRANK hesitates)
Take it...You don't, you'll die.

FRANK gazes up at LEARY'S OUTSTRETCHED HAND, then down at the PISTOL in his shoulder holster, considering...

ON THE ROOF OF THE NEARBY BUILDING

117

AL hides behind the base of the water tower, taking aim at LEARY, uncertain what action to take, gun hand trembling...

ANGLE ON LEARY AND FRANK

FRANK lets go with one hand and reaches for his pistol - He can't maintain his grip - He falls - But somehow, adrenaline pumping, he's able to grab the fire escape below, banging painfully against it and dropping down to the next landing on the floor below.

Up above, LEARY is about to run when he hears:

AL
Leary! Don't fuckin' move!

AL is standing on the adjacent roof, his pistol aimed at LEARY who puts his hands up, causing AL to relax slightly and take a breath...

which is all LEARY needs as he brings his gun down and fires repeatedly at AL, hitting him in the head, driving him backward, out of sight.

ANGLE ON FRANK

who can only watch in helpless horror from the landing of the fire escape. (There's no ladder leading to the roof.)

FRANK
(crying out)
Al! Al!

From his POV, FRANK can no longer see either man. He is left alone...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - LEARY'S HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

11

BRADY and another technician dust for fingerprints, look for clues. The search is clearly fruitless, until BRADY checks behind the phone table alongside the bed and pulls out

A SMALL PIECE OF PAPER with the handscrawled message:

"WF SKELLUM LA"

BRADY studies the paper, confused.

CUT TO:

EXT. - CEMETERY - DAY

11

Al's son RICARDO holds his mother's hand and watches as his father's coffin is lowered into the ground while

A MARINE BUGLER plays taps.

FRANK, SAM, WATTS, WILDER and LILLY are among the ranks of agents attending the funeral which is also crowded with members of the press and government officials.

FRANK appears numb... LILLY looks at him sadly.

A TELEVISION NEWS CREW is set up a short distance away and, as the bugler concludes, the NEWSWOMAN we saw awhile back steps in front of the camera to speak softly.

NEWSWOMAN

Since the investigation is an ongoing one, the Secret Service would not release any more details on the counterfeiter believed to have slain Agent Alvarez-

The funeral is breaking up when JACK MAHER arrives beside FRANK and hands him a blown-up photostat of the hand-scrawled note found in Leary's hotel room.

MAHER

We gold-dusted the paper and turned up Leary's prints...It's his handwriting, but nobody can figure what the hell it means. It's no code anybody's ever heard of.

FRANK

(sullen)

Thanks, Jack.

MAHER

One thing, I looked up "skellum" in the dictionary...It's from an old Dutch word that means "one deserving to die."

FRANK nods, pockets the paper and starts toward Al's wife, ARIANA, a striking woman who is surrounded by bereaved family members.

FRANK draws closer, as if on his way to say something, then he stops...

LILLY has been watching him. She goes to console him but

FRANK sees her coming and walks off briskly in the other direction.

LILLY watches after him.

CUT TO:

INT. - BAR - NIGHT

120

FRANK is in the corner of his usual bar, but not at the piano...sipping whiskey...melancholy...studying the blown-up photostat on which he has scrawled his own notes, trying to figure out it's significance, if any.

A PHONE RINGS in the background...A moment later, the BARTENDER calls him:

BARTENDER

Frank? You got a phone call.

FRANK gets up with surprise. Who knows he's here? He goes to the bar and picks up the phone.

FRANK

Hello?

LEARY ON PHONE

I'm sorry, Frank...It was self-defense-

FRANK is white hot with rage... The BARTENDER and a couple of patrons look on uneasily.

LEARY

It was him or me-

FRANK

Tell me about Skellum.

It's a calculated risk and FRANK waits to gauge the answer.

LEARY

(after a moment)

You're barking up the wrong tree,
Frank...Skellum's worthless.

FRANK

Why's that?

LEARY

Frank, give me some credit.

FRANK

You better pray I don't find you, Leary.

LEARY

You want to kill me, Frank?

FRANK

That's right.

LEARY

The irony's so thick, you could choke on it.

FRANK

There's no fuckin' irony, Leary-

LEARY

Think, Frank. The same government
that trained me to kill, trained
you to protect...Yet now, you want
to kill me, while up on that roof,
I wanted to protect you. They're
going to write books about us, Frank.

FRANK
I'm not interested in your bullshit
anymore, Chuck.

LEARY
Don't be a poor sport, Frank. If
you're gonna play the game, play
hard. If you're gonna cry about
it, take your ball and go home.

FRANK slams the phone down and walks out, watched by the
BARTENDER who pretends he hasn't overheard.

EXT. - WASHINGTON STREET - NIGHT

121

FRANK walks away from the bar, bitter and morose. He looks down
the block to where

A MAN stands at a phone booth. Could it be Leary?

FRANK walks closer, reaching into his coat, unbuttoning the strap
that holds his pistol down...But now the man at the booth turns
and it's not him...FRANK walks on, no outlet for his rage...

INT. - FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

122

FRANK is on the phone, a glass of whiskey beside him, a pad in
front of him, making notes.

FRANK
(into phone)
No one named Skellum in all of Los
Angeles? ...How 'bout Orange County?

Frank waits, checks note pad, circles "LA"...a voice on the other
end tells him the bad news.

FRANK hangs up, then turns his gaze to

A PHONE BOOK opened to a MAP OF U.S. AREA CODES

FRANK brings his pen down on the state of Louisiana, clearly
marked "LA". He picks up the phone again.

CUT TO:

EXT. - A STREET IN NEW ORLEANS - DAY

12

FRANK is driven by a local field agent, a black man named HARPER.

INT. - SECRET SERVICE SEDAN - SAME TIME

12

FRANK is studying a file on a twenty-seven-year-old black man
named "Wallace Skellum."

HARPER
Outside the fact that his middle name's
Henry with an "H" and not Fred with an
"F", the man has a lot worth paying
attention to. He served in the Persian
Gulf for fifteen months, came back to
find his job gone and his wife pregnant.
And he's pissed about it. Seems to place
some of the blame on the government.

FRANK
What'd he do in the Army?

HARPER
Cooked.

Disappointed with this fact, FRANK looks out on the street.

CUT TO:

INT. - WALLACE SKELLUM'S RAMSHACKLE FLAT - DAY

125

FRANK and HARPER sit quietly while SKELLUM raves and waves a
photo of Leary at them.

SKELLUM
You're damn right I'm angry. Stupid
fuckin' war in the middle of the
fuckin' desert cost me everything I
held dear. Now you people come
around talkin' to my friends and
neighbors like I was a fuckin' criminal.

FRANK
Why'd you go to Washington three
months ago?

SKELLUM
To talk to my fuckin' congressman
who kissed my ass and sent me home
with fuck-all.
(indicating the photo)
This man wants to kill the President?

FRANK
That's what he says.

SKELLUM
I never seen him in my life, but if he
wants some help you tell him to look me up!

FRANK
I doubt if he'd have much use for you,
Wallace...

FRANK rises and starts out, telling HARPER:

FRANK
Constant surveillance.

SKELLUM
(shouts as they leave)
Y'know if you pay me ten percent
of the money you spendin' to
investigate me, I'll catch
the sonfoabitch for you!

CUT TO:

INT. - SAM CAMPAGNA'S OFFICE - DAY

126

FRANK, SAM, WATTS, LILLY and HARRY SARGENT are present looking at
maps of California and downtown Los Angeles.

SARGENT
Cancel the California trip? We're in
the middle of a campaign-

FRANK
(livid)
This isn't about press exposure, or
public impact or good camera angles-

SARGENT
If the President wants to remain in the
White House, he can't hide in it.

FRANK
Then we've gotta change procedures.
Frisk anyone who can get closer
than fifty yards to him-

SARGENT
Frisk people at thousand dollar a plate
dinners?

FRANK
And we move him in plain unmarked cars...
No splashy limos.

SARGENT
You are way out of line, Horrigan-

FRANK
Hey, if I'm not out of line, the
President's dead- We can't rely
on normal procedures, cause
Leary knows 'em all and that makes
them by definition ineffective-
He knows 'em and he'll find a way
around 'em-

SARGENT
Maybe if we weren't still trying to
repair the damage you did in Chicago-

WATTS
Frank may have saved the President's
life in Chicago.

FRANK is shocked by WATTS' support. A look passes between them,
recognizing a new alliance.

SARGENT
Maybe, maybe not.

SAM
Talk to the President, Harry. Tell
him what we've told you.

SARGENT
I guarantee you he won't cancel this trip.
And he won't agree to anything that makes
him appear scared.

LILLY
What if we cancel the big public events
Keep the smaller ones...Keep the photo
opportunities.

SARGENT
You give me an excuse I can sell to the
public, I'll go along with it.

CUT TO:

INT. - SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

127

LEARY, his beard filling out, is stuffing himself on pasta,
chicken and rolls while watching the evening news.

NEWSWOMAN
In other news, the White House
announced that the Chief Executive's
trip to California next week will
be cut by three days so the President
can prepare for next month's summit
talks in Paris.

Alarmed by this news, LEARY rises, turns the TV off and makes a
long distance telephone call. He rubs his swollen belly, studies
himself in a mirror and affects a friendly smile:

LEARY
Yes, may I speak to Mr. Riggs,
please...You tell him it's Jim Barnes
of Tritech Corporation up in San Jose.
(continued)

LEARY
(continued)
....You bet he knows me. I've
contributed over fifty grand to
the Party.
(he waits a moment)
Pete? Say, I just heard the President's
cutting his trip short. This gonna have
any effect on us?Good...Good....
I'll see you there...Thanks.

LEARY hangs up, relieved, and starts in on the pasta again.

INT. - SECRET SERVICE OFFICES - LATE NIGHT

128

FRANK is alone at a desk in the darkened offices, poring over
files on Leary, still wrestling with the "WF SKELLUM LA" note,
studying the computer-generated photo alterations. Trying to
gain an edge...

Footsteps...LILLY approaches.

FRANK
Agent Raines...

LILLY
Sam said you asked to assist me,
coordinating the advance work in
Los Angeles...

FRANK studies her face; her reluctance is apparent.

FRANK
Why the long face, Lil?

LILLY
I think maybe you're too close to
all this.

FRANK
To what?

LILLY
To Leary.

FRANK
That's why I wanna be there.
I can spot him, anticipate him-

LILLY
I worry about the President-

FRANK
So do I-

LILLY
You said yourself you don't care
if he's humiliated-

FRANK
I say a lot of things when I'm
pissed off.

LILLY
You get pissed off a lot, Frank.

FRANK
Goddamnit Lilly- I'm not going to
L.A. to make a pass at you.

LILLY
(indignant)
I never said you were-

FRANK
No, but that's what you're afraid of.

LILLY
You are so goddamn arrogant-

FRANK
And you're so honest- So tell me your
reluctance has nothing to do with you
and me and I'll believe you.

LILLY
(after hesitation)
I don't know...Maybe, maybe it does.
But it's just one aspect of a situation
that could hurt our performance-

FRANK
I wanna work with you, Lil...Strictly
professional...Please...
(now, more vulnerable)
I'm a living legend...The only active
agent who ever lost a president...

She considers, taking a deep breath.

INT. - LEARY'S BATHROOM - DAY

12

LEARY is naked, inspecting himself in a mirror...pleased with his
new pot belly and beard which he now trims with scissors.

INT. - LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

13

LILLY disembarks from a jet and is met by an L.A. FIELD AGENT.
FRANK is with her.

MONTAGE INTERCUTTING ACTIVITIES OF SECRET SERVICE AND LEARY: 131

INT. - LEARY'S BATHROOM - DAY

LEARY dyes his neatly-trimmed beard black and applies a skin dye to his face, slightly darkening his complexion.

EXT. - STREETS IN DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY 132

VARIOUS SHOTS - Agents sweep beneath a bridge in search of bombs - Agents, aided by city workers, cart away a mailbox on the route (frustrating a well-dressed young woman who arrives with a stack of envelopes to go out) - An agent emerges from a manhole, gives the okay sign to another agent who caulks the manhole cover shut.

INT. - LEARY'S BATHROOM - DAY 133

LEARY dons a black wig and brown contact lenses.

INT. - SECRET SERVICE SEDAN ON L.A. STREETS - DAY 134

LILLY and FRANK insert color-coded lapel pins and go over a map of the President's route with a pair of agents from the Technical Security Division. FRANK points something out, impressing the others. He's all business, on edge.

INT. - LEARY'S HOUSE - DAY 135

LEARY is wearing eyeglasses, putting on an expensive suit.

EXT. - ROOFTOP IN DOWNTOWN L.A. - SUNSET 136

FRANK, LILLY, other agents and LAPD OFFICERS are pointing to the street below and to a map of the route, discussing counter-sniper roof positions.

INT. - DULLES AIRPORT - NIGHT 137

LEARY is boarding a plane bound, the sign says, for SAN JOSE.

FULL SCREEN - COMPUTER-GENERATED SLIDES OF LEARY 13

None of them quite capture the assassin's current look.

INT. - LAPD OFFICES - EVENING

FRANK and LILLY show slides to LAPD BRASS of Secret Service Watch List designees. Among the faces is a twenty-five-year old named PAUL RUBIAK whom we'll refer to later.

EXT. - BONAVENTURE HOTEL - NIGHT 139

FRANK and LILLY are dropped off at the Bonaventure.

INT. - HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT 140

FRANK and LILLY eyeball the Bonaventure's huge open atrium lobby with its many glass-enclosed elevators. FRANK is frustrated by the vast number of spots a sniper could perch.

INT. - SAN JOSE AIRPORT - NIGHT 141

LEARY walks through the airport calmly, deliberately.

EXT. - AIR FORCE BASE LANDING STRIP IN CALIFORNIA - MORNING 142

LILLY watches TWO LARGE MILITARY CARGO PLANES set down.

EXT. - LANDING STRIP - LATER 143

SERVICEMEN load tons of communications and surveillance equipment from one of the planes into a number of unmarked vans while

LILLY watches THE PRESIDENTIAL LIMO and three other limos rolling out of the cargo planes.

INT. - HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY 144

FRANK stands with the HOTEL SECURITY CHIEF, going over the photos of the most dangerous Watch List people, including Leary. Behind them, workers remove the furniture, televisions and phones from several hotel rooms.

EXT. - SAN JOSE SELF-STORAGE FACILITY - DAY 145

LEARY arrives at the storage facility in a rented car.

INT. - BONAVENTURE HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY 146

AGENTS bring tons of communications equipment and computer stuff into the empty rooms.

INT. - STORAGE BUILDING IN SAN JOSE - DAY 147

LEARY is alone in a long corridor of walk-in storage lockers. He unlocks a locker, turns on a light and enters.

INT. - LOCKER

148

Shutting the door behind him, LEARY reaches into some cardboard cartons. From one he withdraws a large wad of cash, an airplane ticket, a driver's license with a photo resembling his current look and several credit cards in the name of "James Barnes."

From another carton, he removes his disassembled plastic gun, which he tucks piece by piece into his coat.

INT. - BONAVENTURE HOTEL - THE PRESIDENT'S SUITE - DAY

149

FRANK and LILLY go over some notes while TECHNICAL AGENTS sweep the suite for bombs and bugs.

Walls are x-rayed with a flouroscope- AGENTS peer through its radiant green dust for anything larger than a cockroach.

INT. - LEARY'S STORAGE LOCKER - DAY

150

LEARY is carefully unscrewing the end of a HUGE WHITE JACK RABBIT'S FOOT on a keychain full of keys. Inside the rabbit's foot is a hollow chamber into which LEARY packs four bullets.

INT. - BONAVENTURE HOTEL - DAY

151

FRANK and LILLY go over lists of guests and employees with HOTEL SECURITY PEOPLE.

INT. - SAN JOSE AIRPORT - DAY

152

LEARY calmly approaches the airport's metal detector and x-ray machine. He smiles at the MAN and WOMAN working the checkpoint and places his carry-on bag on the conveyor belt.

When he passes through the metal detector, the alarm goes off. LEARY pulls out his RABBIT'S FOOT KEYCHAIN and puts it in the box held by the Man. He then passes through the detector again...No problem. The man gives him back his keychain. He collects his bag and continues toward his gate.

INT. - BONAVENTURE HOTEL ROOM - DAY

153

FRANK, LILLY, who is on the phone, and four other agents eat from room service trays and make notes on maps, charts and files.

FRANK turns a page of his pad and is confronted once again by "WF SKELLUM LA".

INT. - SAN JOSE AIRPORT - DAY

154

"3:55 - LOS ANGELES - DEPARTING GATE 32" reads an airport monitor beneath which

LEARY walks toward Gate 32 ahead.

INT. - BONAVENTURE LOBBY - LATE AFTERNOON

155

FRANK is on one side of the lobby. LILLY is on the other. Speaking into their wrist transmitter, they take a role call of all the Field Agents stationed in the massive lobby- It's astounding just how many there are: men and women of all races, some portraying guests, others employees.

In passing, we see a TOURIST videotaping his wife and kids in the lobby...

ANGLE ON FRANK who spots

A HOTEL BELLBOY waiting for an elevator, must be about twenty-five. He realizes FRANK is staring at him and fidgets nervously.

Alarmed, FRANK fumbles through his coat pocket, comes up with the Watch List photos...finds the one of PAUL RUBIAK- it looks just like the Bellboy.

FRANK
(into his wrist radio)
Watch Lister Paul Rubiak at
elevator nine!

FRANK rushes the guy who panics and starts to back away.

FRANK
(pulling his gun and badge)
Freeze! Secret Service!

FRANK takes his arm.

FRANK
Come with me please.

The BELLBOY pulls away angrily.

BELLBOY
Hey, I work here for crissake-
(FRANK grabs him)
Get your goddamn hands offa me-

The BELLBOY shoves FRANK who taps him in the balls, making him wince, then puts him against the wall, frisking him.

LILLY and other agents arrive.

FRANK yanks the bellboy's wallet and shows the driver's license to a young agent named CHAVEZ:

FRANK
Robert Stermer?

CHAVEZ
(checks computer printout)
He's a bellboy...He's been cleared.

FRANK returns the wallet to its angry owner.

FRANK
Sorry...Have a nice day.

FRANK turns away to find the TOURIST WITH THE VIDEO CAMERA taping him. One glare from FRANK and the man stops and walks off. FRANK exchanges a bemused glance with LILLY, unaware that

ACROSS THE LOBBY

LEARY has entered the hotel and is on his way to the front desk.

INT. - THE FRONT DESK - LATER

156

LEARY signs in as "James Barnes" of San Jose while

A DESK CLERK signals someone in the distance.

LEARY looks at a message board indicating that in two days the California Teachers Union is meeting in the California Ballroom.

LEARY looks past the board and spots

FRANK some distance off, badgered by the NEWS CREW which is being moved out of the building by CHAVEZ.

LEARY smiles faintly, then he's startled by a hand on his shoulder.

MAN'S VOICE
Well, finally we meet!

LEARY turns into the wide, beaming face of PETE RIGGS.

RIGGS
You are Jim Barnes?

LEARY
(smiling affably)
You must be Pete Riggs-

RIGGS
I was starting to wonder if you really existed, or if maybe you were an angel sent down to help the Party.

LEARY
I'm very much human.

RIGGS
Well then how 'bout we have a drink or two?

LEARY
Long as we toast the President.

RIGGS leads LEARY to one of the glass elevators. LEARY keeps stealing looks around the place, checking out FRANK who is talking to a pair of young technical agents.

RIGGS
They got a revolving cocktail lounge up at the very top. Helluva view-

LEARY
When does the President arrive?

RIGGS
Just in time for the dinner tomorrow evening...which reminds me-

He takes a packet out of his leather satchel, hands it to LEARY.

RIGGS
Here're your credentials and lapel pins. The Secret Service has been driving me nuts with this stuff.

They board the elevator.

RIGGS
So tell me, what exactly is Trittech Corporation about?

LEARY
Pete, I came to shake hands with the President, not talk about my business.

RIGGS
I don't blame you...I can't fathom any of that high tech stuff anyway. Real Estate's my game.

The elevator's doors close.

ANGLE ON FRANK

who is angrily shaking his earpiece at a pair of TECHNICAL DIVISION AGENTS while directly behind them-

AN ELEVATOR RISES - LEARY is on board, staring down at FRANK.

The elevator ascends the five floors of open lobby, then travels up the exterior of the building, affording a breath-taking view of the city all around. LEARY takes it all in...

LILLY is with TWO YOUNG TECHNICIANS who type the names of the hotel's guests and employees into their computers. FRANK enters with another list.

FRANK

Have you seen the list of school teachers coming in day after tomorrow? I thought we were cutting out the big crowds-

LILLY

We've run them all against the names on the watch list. They'll all be credentialed and screened for metal.

FRANK

How do we screen for remote-controlled airplanes? That's a big lobby down there.

LILLY

(slightly annoyed)

We won't exactly be undermanned, Frank.

FRANK looks at the guy operating the computer:

FRANK

What's the guy's name in charge of the dinner with the Party's fat cats?

TECHNICIAN

Peter Riggs. Chairman of the California Committee to Reelect the President.

FRANK thinks for a moment, starts out, then calls back:

FRANK

Call Burroughs at the LAPD, have him check to make sure no police uniforms are missing...And call the hospital, see if they've laid in that supply of B positive.

FRANK exits. LILLY rolls her eyes and tells the agents:

LILLY

It's been taken care of.

The lounge revolves slowly, thirty-five stories above downtown L.A. which is veiled by a dusky haze.

A GROUP OF PARTY FAT CATS, including RIGGS and LEARY are tossing down drinks, having shoved a couple of tables together.

LEARY

The average American businessman, he looks at a product, a marketing scheme, what have you...He sees the length and the width of it... The Jap sees the depth...The long-term effects. We're thinking about the next fiscal quarter...they're thinking about the next quarter century...Depth perception.

The others ponder this thought as FRANK arrives, standing directly behind LEARY.

FRANK

Mr. Riggs? Can I see you a minute?

RIGGS

Sure thing...Excuse me, fellas.

RIGGS takes his drink and moves off with FRANK.

ANOTHER GUY

Who's that?

LEARY

(matter-of-fact, sipping drink)
Secret Service agent.

ANGLE ON FRANK AND RIGGS AT ANOTHER TABLE

Sitting off by themselves, FRANK is looking over Riggs' list of dinner attendees. RIGGS impatiently looks toward his group.

FRANK

You know everyone attending the dinner personally?

RIGGS

Sure do.

FRANK pulls a stack of photos from his coat. Several of Leary are on top, though none that captures his present appearance.

FRANK

Ever see any of these people?

RIGGS
(looking through photos)
I went through all this with another
agent yesterday... I'm happy
to cooperate but I am kind of the
of the ring leader here-

FRANK
Thanks for your time.

FRANK watches RIGGS return to his group in the distance.

LEARY turns briefly and looks at FRANK...

INT. - FRANK'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

160

The TV is on, featuring a local weatherman. FRANK paces, intense, checks his notes, looks out the window at the sun setting over L.A. while on a rooftop below, Policemen and Secret Service Agents run a check.

FRANK leans against the window, lost in thought, till he hears on the TV:

NEWSMAN
Over at the Bonaventure Hotel today,
where the President will address the
California Teacher's Union the day after
tomorrow, a tourist with a home video
camera got a rare look at a Secret Service
agent in action.

FRANK turns to the TV where

ON SCREEN - FRANK is seen roughly frisking the BELLBOY, tapping him in the balls.

NEWSMAN
It seems the agent suspected a hotel
bellboy of being on the Secret Service's
Watch List of potential threats to the
President...As you can see, the agent
was all business-

ANGLE ON FRANK

who knows he's in trouble...

INT. - LEARY'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

161

LEARY is also watching the TV report with interest. But while he keeps his eyes trained on the television, he is busy assembling the pieces of his PLASTIC GUN down around his knees.

NEWSMAN ON TV
(continuing report)
Fortunately, the bellboy turned out
to be just that, a bellboy...He was
not detained and the agent apologized
for the misunderstanding.

When the gun is together, LEARY inspects it and checks his
watch...then breaks it down and starts over again...

INT. - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

162

THREE AGENTS are eating sandwiches, drinking coffee, in front of
a bank of monitors.

Behind them, LILLY is on the phone, upset, angry:

LILLY
(into phone)
Bill, he did what any one of us would
have...I was there...Yes, well we're
all a little overwrought, with Leary
out there someplace.....I don't
think that's fair to Frank....Is
this your decision or Harry Sargent's?
(her face falls, no more fight)
Alright.....Okay....

One of the sandwich-eating agents sits up in alarm, spotting:

A MONITOR SHOWING THE PRESIDENT'S SUITE - A man is seen entering
the suite in the darkness.

AGENT
Agent Raines? Somebody just entered
Traveler's suite-

LILLY rushes over to look at the monitor. She looks carefully at
the man, realizing that it's FRANK.

INT. - THE PRESIDENT'S SUITE - NIGHT

16

FRANK walks slowly through the suite, taking it all in. He is
looking out the window when LILLY enters.

LILLY
Frank? What're you doing up here in
the dark?

FRANK
Trying to think what else I can do
to stop him.

LILLY
Y'know, between the LAPD, the FBI,
Sheriff's Deputies and us, there's
two-hundred and twenty-nine people
protecting Traveler tomorrow?

FRANK
Lotta guns...Leary gets off a shot
we're all liable to die in the
crossfire.

LILLY
Bill Watts just called...

FRANK
(knows from her tone)
He heard about me and the bellboy...

She nods, silent for a moment.

LILLY
So did Traveler...You're to report
to San Diego tomorrow, to assist
in the advance work there.

FRANK doesn't know whether to laugh or cry as he looks down on
traffic below...

FRANK
Just like that...

LILLY
It's not like it's just you against
Leary, Frank...You have to some faith in
the rest of us.

FRANK thinks for a long moment before telling her:

FRANK
Thirty years I've been enduring
idiots on barstools with their
pet theories about Dallas...
How it was the Cubans, the CIA...
Right wing white supremacists,
the Mob...There was one gun...there
were five guns. But none of it was
important to me.

She looks at him, moved by his pain.

FRANK
Leary asked me if I wish I'd been able
to take the fatal bullet...It prob'ly
woulda killed me but maybe the
President would've lived...

He stares out the window, remembering...

FRANK

Christ, it was such a pretty day...
Rained all morning before the sun
came out, so the air was.....
I heard the shot...but it didn't
register...it, uh...
(he shakes his head, still
confused by it all)
I knew he was hit...I could see him-
But it was like I wasn't there...like
it wasn't really happening...
(looks right at her now)
There's a good chance that I'm alive
today only because I failed...
That's a helluva thing to live with...

LILLY stands next to him, putting her hand in his as they look
out the window...Just holding hands...

INT. - HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

164

A GLASS ELEVATOR RISES from the floor with one occupant: LEARY,
staring blankly, contemplating his act...

CUT TO:

EXT. - LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

165

An unmarked Secret Service sedan follows a sign for "Departing
Flights".

INT. - SEDAN - DAY

166

FRANK rides in sullen silence while CHAVEZ pulls up at a
terminal.

EXT. - AIRPORT TERMINAL - MOMENTS LATER

167

FRANK gets his carry-on bag from the backseat, checks his watch
and leans into the car to ask CHAVEZ:

FRANK

What's the phone number of the
San Diego Office?

CHAVEZ

Ukelele.

FRANK

Ukelele?

CHAVEZ

That's how I remember it. Y'know,
seven numbers, seven letters. You
just push U-K-E-L-E-L-E. Easy.

FRANK
If you can spell ukelele.

FRANK waves and walks to the terminal, muttering with amusement:

FRANK
Ukelele...

INT. - AIRPORT - DAY

168

FRANK is at a public phone. He presses "U", then "K", then has to think...He hangs up and pulls out a small notepad on which he writes u-k-e-l-e-l-e.

Then a revelation: he spots the letters WF SKELLUM LA on his pad. He counts the letters.

FRANK
Jesus...

FULL SCREEN - TOUCH TONE DIAL

The letters S-K-E-L-L-U-M being pressed.

ANGLE ON FRANK AT AIRPORT PHONE

FRANK is on the phone, anxiously studying the pad in front of him.

VOICE ON PHONE
Wells Fargo Bank.

FRANK circles the "WF" on his pad excitedly.

FRANK
Wells Fargo.

FRANK's mind races.

WOMAN ON PHONE
May I help you?

FRANK rapidly looks at his watch, looks at the AIRPORT FLIGHT INFORMATION MONITOR, looks down at his notepad, and decides:

FRANK
What's the address there?

CUT TO:

EXT. - AIR FORCE BASE - AFTERNOON

169

AN AIR FORCE BRASS BAND plays "Hail To The Chief" as the PRESIDENT and FIRST LADY descend the steps of AIR FORCE ONE, ringed by agents, including WATTS and WILDER.

WOMAN'S VOICE

I'm sorry...I'm not turning up any
of the names you gave me.

INT. - WELLS FARGO BANK - LATE AFTERNOON

The same bank where we saw Leary open his account with Pam Myers.
Several employees are gathered around FRANK and the woman at the
computer, MARGE. Various photos of Leary are being circulated.

FRANK

None of you recall seeing this man?

The employees shake their heads.

FRANK

(to MARGE)

Try to imagine him in a disguise...
A hat, a wig, maybe a moustache.

MARGE

I definitely haven't seen him, but
I've only been here a couple of weeks.

FRANK

Who was in charge of new accounts
before?

Faces fall all around.

MAN

Pam Myers.

FRANK

Where can I find her?

WOMAN

(with tears in her eyes)

She was murdered.

FRANK looks at the woman, stunned.

CUT TO:

INT. - LEARY'S HOTEL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

171

LEARY is putting the pieces of his plastic gun into special slots
in the cummerbund of his tuxedo. This done, he calmly sits down
in a chair and looks out the window at Los Angeles...

CUT TO:

EXT. - FREEWAY SEEN FROM A BRIDGE ABOVE - LATE AFTERNOON

172

Sirens blaring, THE PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE flies down the freeway - Police motorcycles and squad cars, Secret Service vehicles, Press van, three limos and, in the rear, a stretch Cadillac convertible with a customized tilted, reversed seat in which

A SECRET SERVICE MACHINE GUNNER reclines in case of air attack.

ON THE BRIDGE - SOME KIDS on bikes gawk and point and shout.

CUT TO:

INT. - WELLS FARGO BANK - SAME TIME

173

FRANK and MARGE are hovered over the computer screen. He speaks into a telephone as he checks his watch.

FRANK

Lilly, she was murdered by hand,
commando-style- And she's from
Minneapolis for crissake-

INT. - BONAVENTURE LOBBY - SAME TIME

174

LILLY is on a cellular phone amidst a flurry of activity.

LILLY

I told them that, but Harry Sargent
won't reschedule unless there's
proof that Leary's here...Traveler
is adamant about attending this dinner.
I also told them you're on your way to
San Diego, Frank...Don't make a liar
out of me. Please...Frank?....Frank?

No response. LILLY hangs up, frustrated and concerned.

INT. - BANK - SAME TIME

175

FRANK turns from the phone back to MARGE.

FRANK

How we doin'?

MARGE

The problem is, we don't log accounts
by the dates they're entered...It's
by name or number. It's gonna take some
time to do the search.

FRANK

I want you to fax me the list as soon
as possible-

MARGE nods. He writes down a fax number.

EXT. - BONAVENTURE HOTEL - DOWNTOWN L.A. - DUSK

176

UNIFORMED LAPD OFFICERS man barricades, having cleared several blocks in all directions of vehicles and predestrians.

INT. - BONAVENTURE LOBBY - SAME TIME

LILLY hurries toward the front entrance, calling into her wrist radio:

LILLY
All agents in position.

INT. - LEARY'S ROOM ON TWENTIETH FLOOR - DUSK

177

THE MOTORCADE, seen in the distance from high above, approaches.

LEARY watches while sticking a green octagonal pin into his lapel. Then, checking his looks in the mirror, he takes his engraved invitation from the bureau and leaves...

EXT. - SANTA MONICA FREEWAY - SAME TIME

178

FRANK is in a taxi cab, stuck in traffic.

FRANK
(to driver)
Go up on the shoulder and drive as fast
as you can.

The DRIVER looks back as if to tell FRANK he's nuts and finds him loading his pistol.

FRANK
Do what I tell you, damnit.

The DRIVER nods and obeys.

INT. - ENTRANCE TO HOTEL'S CATALINA ROOM - DUSK

179

RIGGS and several campaign contributors (all in tuxes bearing green lapel pins) wait in line for SECRET SERVICE AGENTS to pass hand-held metal detectors around their bodies before letting them through. The scene is busy, noisy.

AGENT CHAVEZ is looking at photos of Watch List crazies, passing by a shot of Leary just as

LEARY arrives and falls into line with RIGGS. While they wait, another CONTRIBUTOR sets off the metal alarm. The man smiles, drops a set of keys into a tray held by a waiting agent, is scanned again and passes through, followed by several other dinner attendees.

Now LEARY is checked and causes the metal detector to buzz. He pulls out his rabbit's foot keychain, hands it to the agent. Scanned again, there's no buzz. The keychain is returned to him and he enters the ballroom.

EXT. - HOTEL - SAME TIME

180

THE MOTORCADE appears, rounding a corner and approaching like some huge roaring beast.

QUICK CUTS OF THE PRESIDENT ARRIVING

LILLY speaks into her radio:

LILLY
Arrive, arrive.

Eight agents ring the car, keeping their hands in front of them, fingers slightly touching.

WATTS jumps out of the front seat, opens the President's door - Cameras buzz and whirl - TV crews jostle for the best angles -

The PRESIDENT and FIRST LADY are out, waving to a small crowd -

THE MAYOR and POLICE CHIEF of L.A. stand with several other officials on the red carpet leading to the hotel's entrance, all wearing yellow lapel pins.

The PRESIDENT and FIRST LADY arrive to shake hands with the local officials. They are followed by HARRY SARGENT, a military aide, the White House Press Secretary, a Marine carrying the attache case of doomsday nuclear codes, the Presidential Physician with his black bag and of course, the agents...

The procession moves inside, with WATTS at the President's side, one step behind.

INT. - BALLROOM - SAME TIME

181

The place is beautifully laid out for the banquet. A small orchestra plays a lilting version of "Hail To The Chief".

LEARY sits at his table with a pleasant expression while IN HIS LAP, BENEATH THE TABLE CLOTH, he pulls out the parts of his plastic gun...

INT. - HOTEL LOBBY - SAME TIME

THE PRESIDENT is moving through the lobby, waving at a small crowd.

ANGLE ON LEARY'S GUN

being put together beneath the tablecloth.

ANGLE ON LILLY

in the ballroom, scanning the crowd, looking right past LEARY.

ANGLE ON WATTS

guiding the PRESIDENT toward the ballroom entrance.

IN THE BALLROOM

The crowd rises to applaud and cheer as the PRESIDENT enters.

WATTS and the other agents are present, but in such well-to-do company they are not so obsessively protective. Besides that, they're exhausted from the long day...

LEARY holds his gun between his knees while he stands to applaud.

INT. - HOTEL LOBBY ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

182

FRANK comes bounding into the lobby, perspiring and out of breath. He gets his bearings, rushes toward the Catalina Room.

IN THE BALLROOM

183

The PRESIDENT starts up the aisle toward the dais, waving, shaking hands. Most of the crowd is seated again.

LEARY smiles while

UNDER THE TABLECLOTH - the gun is complete.

IN THE LOBBY

184

FRANK rushes up to CHAVEZ.

CHAVEZ

What're you doin' here, Frank?
A fax just came for you, I was
gonna give it to-

FRANK

(grabbing the fax)
Where's Traveler?

CHAVEZ

In the ballroom- The fat cat dinner-

FRANK rushes off urgently, perusing the names on the fax.

IN THE BALLROOM

185

The PRESIDENT is progressing toward LEARY until he stops to shake hands with RIGGS.

LEARY fumbles to open the rabbit's foot and extract the bullets. One bullet falls on the floor. He calmly bends to get it. No one notices: all eyes are glued to the President.

JUST OUTSIDE THE BALLROOM

186

While walking, FRANK goes over the names on the fax. He finds the entry: "TRITECH CORPORATION...JAMES BARNES, CHAIRMAN". FRANK yanks a printout from his coat pocket and runs his finger down the list.

FULL SCREEN - LIST OF CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTORS

FRANK'S finger lands on "Jim Barnes, President, Tritech Corporation".

FULL SCREEN - FRANK'S FACE TENSING WITH ALARM

INT. - BALLROOM

187

BENEATH THE TABLECLOTH - the bullets are being loaded.

The PRESIDENT is on the move again.

LEARY tries not to reveal the movements in his lap.

FRANK hurries in and surveys the crowd anxiously.

LILLY is stunned, worried for Frank.

SARGENT is furious, turning to WATTS in a hushed voice:

SARGENT

What the hell is he doing here?

WATTS

I don't know-

WATTS rushes to FRANK, as if to stop him.

WATTS

Frank, who gave you permission to-

FRANK

(cuts him off)

He's here-

WATTS

(skeptical)

Alright, take it easy-

FRANK

Get me a goddamn seating chart-
Find Jim Barnes-

FRANK rushes to the center of the room, eyes raking the crowd.

LEARY spots FRANK but remains cool.

BENEATH THE TABLECLOTH - the last bullet is loaded.

THE PRESIDENT continues toward LEARY.

FRANK takes in face after face...his gaze passing right over LEARY.

BENEATH THE TABLECLOTH - The chamber is snapped shut, the gun ready.

FRANK'S gaze comes back to LEARY, the only person at the table who is not smiling.

FRANK rushes at him, shouting:

FRANK

Gun!

WATTS, LILLY, OTHER AGENTS don't know if it's for real or not.

LEARY'S HAND rises from his lap with a napkin draped over it.

THE PRESIDENT is just a few yards away.

FRANK is running toward LEARY who raises his hand and now

FRANK arrives - just in time to leap in front of the PRESIDENT - just a few feet from the gun - BANG!

The bullet catches FRANK squarely in the chest - he goes down -

QUICK CUTS OF TOTAL BEDLAM:

THE CROWD shouts and screams and ducks while

WATTS and FIVE OTHER AGENTS form a wigwam around the PRESIDENT performing the drill they've trained for hundreds of times.

Agents appear everywhere, unveiling weapons that include automatic uzis pulled from nylon bags and attache cases. LILLY pulls her gun but can't get a clear shot at

LEARY who knocks his table over - More havoc -

WATTS and other agents lift the PRESIDENT under his arms and carry him toward the kitchen in a protective cocoon.

LEARY grabs the fallen FRANK, yanking him up, taking his gun and using him as a shield. FRANK'S shirt tears, revealing the black Kevlar bullet-proof vest that bore the brunt of the bullet.

FRANK is dazed from the impact, struggling for breath. LEARY drags him back against the wall, grabbing AN HYSTERICAL WOMAN and ANOTHER MAN along the way for cover.

LILLY and OTHER AGENTS have their guns leveled on the group - but are afraid of hitting one of the hostages -

IN THE KITCHEN

188

THE PRESIDENT'S COCOON doesn't slow for a second, rushing to a service elevator. Agents shout into wrist mikes.

IN THE BALLROOM

189

LEARY slides along the wall toward the lobby, careful to stay behind FRANK and his other two hostages, holding onto their coattails...

ON THE SERVICE ELEVATOR

190

WATTS, THE PRESIDENT and others are riding to the basement.

IN THE LOBBY

191

BEDLAM - SCREAMING - The phalanx of hostages, with LEARY crouched in the center, moves toward the glass-enclosed elevators. The WOMAN is sobbing. LEARY pushes her along.

AGENTS and COPS swarm everywhere - so do members of THE PRESS who add to the confusion, jockeying for camera angles -

LEARY keeps bobbing inside his tight circle of cover -

FRANK

The President's safe, Leary-

LEARY shoves FRANK toward the elevator while-

POLICE SNIPERS take positions up above, trying to get a shot-

IN THE BASEMENT

192

The PRESIDENT is rushed to his waiting limo which is under heavy guard.

IN THE LOBBY

193

PHOTOGRAPHERS flash photos, the noise spooking LEARY who waits for an elevator, pressed against the wall behind his hostages.

TV CREWS scramble for shots -

LILLY barks orders to other agents -

FRANK gauges his options, searching for an opportunity -

EXT. - THE HOTEL - SAME TIME

194

THE LONG PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE flies out of the hotel's underground entrance.

INT. - THE LOBBY

195

THE ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN - LEARY grabs FRANK around the neck and yanks him backward, into the elevator while

The SOBBING WOMAN passes out and the MAN runs for safety -

A SNIPER above has a chance- He takes aim-

But LEARY ducks behind FRANK as the doors close-

AN AGENT positioned behind the elevator opens fire with an Uzi-

LEARY is hit in the shoulder before he can spin FRANK around for cover- The rest of the bullets miss them but shatter the elevator's glass walls as the car rises.

LILLY anxiously watches the elevator rise up out of the lobby.

INT. - ELEVATOR

196

LEARY is still clutching FRANK around the throat, then shoves him against the other side of the car and presses the Emergency Stop button. The car jolts to a halt.

And now it's quiet, almost tranquil, wind blowing through the shattered glass walls high above the streets of L.A.

LEARY and FRANK lean against opposite walls, regarding each other, soaked in sweat, catching their breath. Leary's shoulder wound is bleeding.

FRANK

You made the gun? No metal...

LEARY nods proudly.

FRANK

But the bullets?

LEARY

Guess...

FRANK

I don't know...

LEARY

C'mon, Frank...Give me the consolation of thinking I lost to a genius... Don't tell me you just got lucky...

FRANK

I figured out Skellum, you sonofabitch.

LEARY smiles and tosses FRANK the rabbit's foot keychain.

FRANK shakes his head in admiration.

FRANK
Why'd you kill the woman from
Minneapolis?

LEARY
I had to...I feel badly about that.

FRANK
Up on the roof that day- If I'd
taken your hand, were you really
gonna help me?

LEARY winces in pain from his wound, then smiles again.

LEARY
That's something you'll never know.

A silent moment passes between them.

FRANK
So what now?

LEARY
(raising the gun)
Now I kill us both.

FRANK
Why kill me? I won.

LEARY
Would you rather wait thirty years-
Die in some lousy home for retired
civil servants? You should thank me.

FRANK
Why should I wanna lose thirty years?

LEARY
Cause you live a shitty life, you die
a shitty death...There's no point, so
why prolong it?

FRANK
I play the piano.

LEARY
That's not enough.

FRANK
How do you know? Can you play
the piano?

LEARY aims the gun right between FRANK'S eyes.

LEARY
That's not enough. That's doesn't
give your life meaning.

FRANK
(firm, calm)
I stopped you, Leary...That's
enough.

LEARY considers this, then nods.

LEARY
Alright...I'll grant you that...

Just as LEARY seems about to shoot, he lowers the gun...

LEARY
Fair and square...

With that, LEARY calmly walks out of the gaping hole in the glass
wall, into the void...

FRANK is numb.

INT. - LOBBY

197

The crowd looks up, crying out as

LEARY'S body plummets and crashes onto the glass roof of the
lobby high above.

INT. - ELEVATOR

198

FRANK stands very still, taking in the silence, while

ANOTHER GLASS ELEVATOR flies up adjacent to Frank's, bearing
LILLY and TWO POLICE SWAT TEAM MEMBERS with automatic weapons.

LILLY puts her hand against the glass of her car, as if reaching
out to FRANK...They exchange a long look till

Frank's elevator descends...The wind lightly ruffles FRANK'S hair
as he looks down at

THE ROOF OF THE LOBBY - FRANK'S POV

199

The car speeds directly toward LEARY who is grotesquely sprawled
on the roof...He seems to stare lifelessly at Frank as the car
rushes past him, descending to the

LOBBY BELOW where MEMBERS OF THE PRESS swarm with cameras.

DISSOLVE TO:

MEMBERS OF THE PRESS SWARM A GATE where

FRANK is coming off a jet, somewhat bewildered by the glare of TV lights and the questions shouted at him while some COPS clear a path.

REPORTER

Agent Horrigan? Why are you
retiring from the Secret Service?

FRANK

(playful)

I don't like desk work, I'm
too old to run alongside limousines
and thanks to you people putting my
picture everywhere, I'm useless for
undercover work.

FRANK shrugs, turns smile at LILLY who comes off the plane
carrying their bags as they move through the throng.

ANOTHER REPORTER

Did you know the President sent his
limo to pick you up?

FRANK

He did? Hell, I guess that's the
least he could do, huh?

EXT. - THE AIRPORT'S PASSENGER LOADING ZONE - AFTERNOON

201

FRANK and LILLY get in the PRESIDENTIAL LIMO, waving to the PRESS.

INT. - LIMO

202

FRANK sits back with LILLY.

LILLY

Feel like some ice cream? Long as
we've got the car for the day...

FRANK

Let me go change first.

INT. - FRANK'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

203

FRANK enters, followed by LILLY who eyes the mess...

FRANK

Make yourself at home.

LILLY

I don't think that's possible.

FRANK hits a button on his phone machine which is blinking with messages. While he goes into his bedroom, the machine rewinds, then plays back chillingly:

LEARY'S VOICE ON MACHINE
Hello Frank...

LILLY freezes in shock while the message continues.

FRANK returns from the bedroom, buttoning a clean shirt, listening blankly.

LEARY ON MACHINE
By the time you hear this, it'll be over. The President is, most likely, dead...and so am I...I wonder, Frank, did you kill me? Who won our game? Not that it matters, for among friends like you and I, it's not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game. And now the game is done and it's time to get on with your life...But I worry that you have no life to get on with, Frank-

While the message plays, FRANK finishes with his shirt and looks at LILLY who has tears in her eyes.

He goes to her, holds her reassuringly, kisses her lightly. Then, as the message continues, FRANK gently guides LILLY out of the room, closing the door on LEARY...

LEARY ON MACHINE
You're a good man, Frank. And good men, like you and me, are destined to travel a lonely road...

The message keeps playing over the next scene:

EXT. - LINCOLN MEMORIAL - EVENING

204

FRANK and LILLY sit against a marble column, arms around each other...

LEARY ON MACHINE
(continued over)
I wish you all the best, Frank...
And I hope that in years to come,
when you think of me, you'll do
so with fondness. Goodbye and good luck.

FRANK pulls LILLY closer, warding off a chill...

-end-