



THE ACCOUNTANT

REVISED 9.13

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Car horns BLARE, brakes SCREECH. A busy street interrupted.

FEDERAL AGENT (V.O.)
(faint; distant)
Wait, let me call it in!

Muted pops of GUNFIRE. The fast clip of wing tips on pavement, labored breathing, running.

FADE IN:

EXT. QUEENS SIDEWALK - DAY

AGENT'S POV -- a quick glance, two LARGE MEN face-down, dead, fresh blood pooling around their heads.

Our PARTNER in front, gun drawn, runs to the sound of...

GUNFIRE, louder, coming from inside the...

EXT. RAVEN SOCIAL CLUB

Four stories of ugly brick.

INT. RAVEN SOCIAL CLUB

An unseen GUNFIGHT, men SHOUT, run. Chaos.

AGENT'S POV -- rolled shirt cuffs, trembling hands clutch a PISTOL as its barrel sweeps back and forth. The sound of our own frightened breathing.

PARTNER (O.S.)
Fuck this. Let's go.

Our frightened Partner hugs a wall, eyes the entrance door.

PARTNER
Uh-uh, not me--

Partner exits. A shotgun BOOMS. We react, swing our gun to the sound, a stairwell.

INT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR

AGENT'S POV -- blood-spatters stain the walls. BODIES. An open door, a room at the end --

FRIGHTENED MAN (O.S.)
Stop! You're not hearing me. I wasn't even there! I didn't touch that old man--

A THWACK. THUMP. Quiet.

AGENT'S POV -- inching along the wall to the doorway, pistol tight against our chest. We fight in vain to control our rapid breathing. Ready... ready...

CLICK.

OS a .45 cocks, loud in our ears, an inch away.

Our breath stops.

FADE TO BLACK.

YOUNG BOY (PRE-LAP V.O.)
(whispered chant)
Solomon Grundy born on a Monday...

FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Modest. A wrap-around porch... the quiet shade of an old-growth coastal forest. A government-issue Ford sedan in the small gravel parking lot fronting the cabin.

YOUNG BOY (V.O.)
Christened on Tuesday, married on
Wednesday...

A newly carved wooden sign protrudes from the ground, reads
"HARBOR NEUROSCIENCE."

INT. CABIN - WAITING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: *Brookings Harbor, Oregon 1988*

A child's hands sift quickly through a pile of hundreds of puzzle pieces, feeling, searching, discarding... finding one.

YOUNG BOY (O.S.)
Sick on Thursday...

JUSTINE, 10, severely autistic, long tangled hair, sits cross-legged in a child's arm chair... she grunts, squirms, arms flap. A frustrated PRETTY NURSE kneels in front of her, works the child's Keds onto little bare feet.

PRETTY NURSE
Justine, please, your father wants
shoes on you.

The Nurse ties a sneaker, turns, stares at something os.

YOUNG BOY (O.S.)
Worse on Friday...

A YOUNG BOY, 10, glasses, kneels on an area rug, working an unseen puzzle. He rocks back and forth, back and forth.

YOUNG BOY
Died on Saturday...

Seated in a chair behind him, his LITTLE BROTHER, 7, swings his legs, casts bored eyes about the room.

AUTISM DOC (V.O.)
Yes and no, ma'am. Asperger's Syndrome is a form of autism.

Young Boy's eyes ping-pong from the unseen puzzle to the remaining pieces. He continues to rock, chant.

YOUNG BOY
Buried on Sunday...

AUTISM DOC (V.O.)
...perceived as socially awkward, kids are often labeled as "geeks", "nerds" or "freaks." Most have difficulty understanding non-verbal cues; gestures, maintaining eye contact, touching. As a result many struggle with childhood friendships. As an adult, relationships can be difficult. He may suffer from depression--

YOUNG BOY
That was the end of Solomon Grundy.

YOUNG BOY'S FATHER (V.O.)
He has no friends, just his younger brother--

YOUNG BOY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
(near tears; resentful)
I'm sure moving from base to base can't help any. Doctor, why all the rocking?

Young Boy's eyes flit to the staring Nurse, making eye contact for a split second before returning to the puzzle.

AUTISM DOC (V.O.)
It's called "stimming." Short for self-stimulation. He does it to comfort himself. To focus. You and I tap our fingers, chew our nails, grind teeth. His is simply more obvious. Perfectly natural behavior.

Little Brother notices Nurse staring at his big brother. *He doesn't like it, doesn't like her.*

YOUNG BOY
Solomon Grundy born on a Monday.

The pile of puzzle pieces has decreased significantly--impossibly.

AUTISM DOC (V.O.)
 ...obsessive personalities, overly sensitive to light and loud noises. You may find he has highly advanced cognitive skills, math for instance, music. Einstein, Isaac Newton, Picasso and Van Gogh are believed to have had Asper--

Little Brother looks at Nurse, catches her eye.

YOUNG BOY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
 (rope's end)
 "Einstein"? You talk like you're glad he has this Aspergers.

AUTISM DOC
 Ma'am, your son is a unique, remarkable young man--

YOUNG BOY'S MOTHER
 Who refers to himself in the third person! It's embarrass--

YOUNG BOY'S FATHER
 Enough.

YOUNG BOY'S MOTHER
 We came to your-- to here, because we heard you specialized in, in... this. You must have a cure? A treatment? Drugs? Something?

Nurse stands, task finished. She gives Little Brother a sympathy-smile, acknowledgement of a long-suffering sibling.

YOUNG BOY'S FATHER (V.O.)
 Is our son capable of living a normal life?

Little Brother's stare burrows into the walking Nurse, eyes cold, predatory. A malevolent smile slowly forms.

AUTISM DOC (V.O.)
 Define normal.

Nurse's smile fades. Her throat dries, she looks away.

YOUNG BOY
 Sick on Thursday, worse on Fri--

Young Boy's eyes dart, suddenly alarmed, searching the floor, the space around him, anxiety rising, panic.

Justine GRUNTS, flaps a hand in the direction of a chair, Little Brother clues in, follows her eyes to an errant puzzle piece.

Little Brother snags it, hands it to Young Boy. Relief.

Young Boy snaps the piece into place. He cuts his eyes in Justine's direction, a small smile of thanks.

Before him, a completed 1,000 piece puzzle, FACE DOWN.

CUT TO:

EXT. DATED STRIP MALL - MORNING

Parking lot, mostly empty. Kim's Nails. Mandarin Garden Chinese Food. Al's Laundromat. ZZZ ACCOUNTING.

SUPER: *Plainfield, IL... twenty miles South of Chicago... Present day*

INT. ZZZ ACCOUNTING

Clean. Small. A matronly RECEPTIONIST sits behind a desk, immersed in a paperback romance novel.

FRANK (O.S.)

I know people think farmers make all sorts of money, what with food prices so high. But between insurance, fertilizer costs...

A nameplate reads "Christian Wolff, CPA."

White shirt, tie, pocket protector, glasses -- CHRIS WOLFF -- 30, handsome, sits at a desk, rocking slightly; he fixates on the tax forms scrolling down a CRT monitor.

Across from him sit FRANK and DOLORES RICE, 60s, sun-weathered Midwesterners. The Rices worry.

Dolores chances a quick look at her frustrated husband.

FRANK

Ah, the hell with it.

He works the Dekalb hat in his calloused hands. Dolores looks at Chris, a plea in her eyes.

Chris averts eye contact.

DOLORES

What if -- just temporarily mind you -- we put this year's taxes on our credit card?

Frank EXHALES, shaking his head, unmanned. Dolores puts a comforting hand on her husband's forearm.

Chris notices the touch and shifts, uncomfortable. He double-clicks a mouse and the 1040 is replaced with STREAMING VIDEO of a STORAGE LOT.

The rocking stops.

Double-click and the 1040 returns.

CHRIS
(eyes on monitor)
Mrs. Rice...

DOLORES
"Dolores."

Chris reluctantly makes eye contact, double-clicks. NIGHT VISION VIDEO of an AIRSTREAM TRAILER inside a large dark space. Sunlight glints off her necklace, catches his eye.

CHRIS
Did you make your necklace?
Dolores?

He stares at the homemade necklace, the play of light. Dolores raises a hand to her chest, disappointed.

DOLORES
That obvious?

A confused Chris double-clicks, focuses on his monitor.

CHRIS
We think it's quite lovely.

Frank, thinking he's part of the "we", allows a weak smile. She smiles politely, not buying it.

CHRIS
Ever sell one?

He double-clicks, the Airstream interior appears.

DOLORES
Sell? Oh, at church fairs now and again, nothing to brag on. Why?

CHRIS
You may have what the IRS refers to as "a home-based business."

Sensing a life preserver, Frank stirs.

Double-click. Tax forms.

CHRIS
When you make your jewelry, what room do you tend to use?

DOLORES
I don't... Just wherever I happen to be, I guess, in front of the TV, at the kitchen table...

Chris fidgets, the wait for her to conclude painful.

DOLORES
Sometimes I'll spread my beads out
in the dining roo--

CHRIS
Your home is two thousand, three
hundred and twenty-five square
feet. Current IRS code allows us
to reduce your taxable income by a
percentage of your work space
relative to the overall size of
your house.

DOLORES/FRANK
(simultaneously; confused)
What?

CHRIS
Mr. Rice, what is the approximate
size of your dining room...
(pointed)
Mrs. Rice's office.

DOLORES
Oh, I can't say as I'd call it an--

Chris GRUNTS his exasperation. Dolores, taken aback, looks
to her husband.

Seeing Chris' play, the farmer straightens.

FRANK
At least two--

Chris SHAKES HIS HEAD, stares at his desktop.

FRANK
Three hundred square feet!

Chris settles, adjusts his glasses.

CHRIS
Let's discuss your company car.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

The Capitol... White House... Lincoln Memorial... Treasury.

INT. TREASURY - FINANCIAL CRIMES DIVISION - DAY

MARYBETH MEDINA, early 30s, Hispanic, attractive,
conservative business suit, trails a fast-walking bulldog of
a FEMALE ADMIN.

SUPER: *Financial Crimes Enforcement Network... Department of
the Treasury*

High tech. Glass-walled offices. Busy. Rows of desks, shirt/tie wearing men, women in business suits... speaking on phones... flat-screen monitors... streaming financial data.

They approach the alpha-dog corner office. Through glass walls she sees Deputy Director RAY KING, late 50s, fit, crisp white shirt, tie, pacing, talking.

INT. RAY KING'S CORNER OFFICE

The Admin deposits an anxious Marybeth in the open doorway. Ray glances over, crooks a finger at her. She enters.

BANK PRESIDENT (V.O.)
 (over speaker phone;
 irate)
 Mr. King, you've wandered so far
 outside your legal purview...

Marybeth fidgets, scans the room; framed headlines featuring Ray from the *Post*, *Times*, *Journal*. An aura of power.

BANK PRESIDENT (V.O.)
 As president of Southern Trust
 Bank, I intend to protect my
 customer's privacy--

Ray looks at her, she meets his gaze, holds it.

He plucks the phone from the receiver, speaker killed.

RAY
 (into phone; controlled)
 Stop talking, please. You have a cavalier attitude for the president of a bank with such a piss poor capital cushion. Now, I want a record of every transaction Abayed has had in the last two years; deposits, withdrawals, cashier checks, credit cards. Birmingham or Bahrain, it's now Treasury business. If I don't have those S.A.R.s in twenty minutes my next call's to Marty over at the F.D.I.C. in which I'll be comparing Southern to the Bank of Kabul.
 (listens)
 No, here's the threat; you explaining to the press the term "critically undercapitalized." I want what I want. Immediately. Thank you.

He hangs up, drops into his chair, studies her.

RAY
 "Medina." Am I saying that correctly? "Medina?"

She moves forward, hand outstretched.

MARYBETH
Yes, sir. It's a real honor.

He makes no move to shake, nods at a chair facing his desk.

MARYBETH
(withdraws hand; sits)
If I may, I've read all your case files, Deputy Director King.

He ignores her, turns to his monitor, displayed text.

MARYBETH
Impressive work. Very.

RAY
Marybeth Ascension Medina.
Graduated University of Baltimore cum laude with a degree in criminal justice. Two years Baltimore P.D., two at Homeland, the last five as an analyst at Treasury.
(beat)
You did the heavy lifting on Healy's case last month.

MARYBETH
(surprised; pleased)
Well... I worked on it, yes, but Agent Healy--

RAY
May be the thickest Treasury agent to ever shit between two shoes.
(beat)
That caught my attention. What caught yours?

She hesitates, collects herself, wary of the spotlight.

MARYBETH
Higher than normal cash deposits, heavy exchange house clientele... cross-border wire transfers. The usual unimaginative suspects.

RAY
Why haven't you applied for promotion to agent? You're already doing the work.

MARYBETH
I'm good at what I do. I enjoy it.

Ray swivels the flat monitor so they can both view it.

RAY
You're a liar. Medina.

MARYBETH
Excuse me?

RAY
(clicks mouse)
What a tangled web we weave when
first we blah, blah, blah.

Monitor: a rough TEENAGE MARYBETH glares in a MUG SHOT.

INT. ZZZ ACCOUNTING - DAY

Chris stands by the open door, eyes down, the relieved Rices leaving. The receptionist sits, novel open, waiting.

FRANK
I meant what I said, you're welcome
out to the place anytime. You fish
any? We got a two-acre pond thick
with bass and catfish.

CHRIS
No, we don't fish. Sometimes we do
a little target practice.

FRANK
(surprised)
Hell, farm's a perfect spot if you
want to do a little plinkin'.

Frank extends a hand which Chris one-pumps, releases.

FRANK
Take care, son.

Chris produces a smile, weak but sincere.

They nod to the receptionist and leave. Chris closes the door, watches the couple through the sidelight.

ZZZ RECEPTIONIST
My daughter is meeting me for
lunch. I think you two would--

CHRIS' POV: The Rices walk to their car. Dolores looks over her shoulder, spots Chris, mouths "THANK YOU."

He steps away from the sidelight.

CHRIS
We brought--

ZZZ RECEPTIONIST
"We brought lunch." I know.
(sighs)
(MORE)

ZZZ RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
 You're an odd duck, Christian
 Wolff.

INT. RAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Marybeth's mug shots stare sullenly from Ray's monitor.

RAY (O.S.)
 Ward of the state of Maryland's
 foster care and juvenile detention
 system from the age of eleven to
 eighteen. Assault and battery,
 attempted murder, solicitation --
 ouch -- weapons charges...

Marybeth frozen in her seat; day, career, life unraveling.

RAY
 What must it be like to be you?

MARYBETH
 Those records were sealed.

RAY
 (thoughtful; clicks mouse)
 Looking over your shoulder,
 wondering when your past will
 surface to bite you in the ass.

Monitor: Identifying marks photos... scars across her back,
 arms, beneath the hairline on her scalp... an actual size .45
 PISTOL TATTOO low on a hip, barrel angled at her crotch.

Ray squints, mouse clicks, crotch and pistol fill the screen.

Marybeth's wet eyes dart to the windows, she reddens.
 Trembling hands smooth the hair over an old wound.

RAY
 Nine millimeter?

MARYBETH
 (standing; wipes eyes)
 Forty-five.

RAY
 (hard)
 You better plant your ass in that
 seat, young lady.

Eyes shining, she glares at him, a hint of the old Marybeth.

RAY
 Lying on a federal employment
 application is a felony. I'm the
 only thing standing between you and
 significant jail time.

Standoff for a tense beat. She sits. He clears the monitor.

MARYBETH

What do you want?

Ray bends, opens a low drawer, retrieves a fat file. He straightens, thumps the bulging file on his desk top.

RAY

You like puzzles, Marybeth Medina?

CUT TO:

INT. RAY'S OFFICE - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

A GRAINY PHOTO: four men; three of Middle-Eastern descent. The fourth, nearly out of the frame, blurry, a Caucasian man, 30s, dark hair, glasses.

RAY (O.S.)

Already enhanced. Taken in Antwerp three years ago by an undercover Interpol agent. Their target's far right.

Marybeth holds the photo, inspects it as she sits hunched over the opposite side of Ray's desk. The file open.

MARYBETH

(squinting)

Is that-- Zalmay Atta?

RAY

(nods; impressed)

Go on...

MARYBETH

Ran the largest opium pipeline in the world. Ties to Karzai's government, the Taliban... Pakistani tribal elders, he was considered untouchable.

RAY

And now?

She hesitates, mindful of her own situation.

MARYBETH

Twenty-five to thirty, Red Onion state prison.

He motions to the file, impatient.

RAY

Look at the rest. What do you see?

She flips through the file... grainy photos of non-smiling lethal-looking men of various nationalities.

MARYBETH

I remember most of these arrests.
They were huge.

RAY

Focus. Not all are arrests.

She looks again. First photo, second, third, fourth... wait. Back to the Antwerp shot. Every photo, in the background, the same Caucasian man, 30s, glasses, dark hair. Chris?

MARYBETH

It's the same man.

Ray's eyes light, pleased, an obsession surfacing.

RAY

"Lou Carroll." For what it's worth.

MARYBETH

Louis?

RAY

Doesn't matter, it's an alias.

Another photo... Asian men in focus. In the background the Caucasian man, glasses, dark suit, briefcase, walks away.

RAY

Columbia, Tel Aviv, Hong Kong, even a sighting in Tehran. But all describing the same guy: "an accountant," "our accountant," "the accountant."

MARYBETH

"Accountant"? What, like "CPA accountant"? You're kidding.

He gathers his thoughts, the explanation important to him.

RAY

Hypothetically. Say for a second you're running the Sinaloa Cartel.

MARYBETH

I'm Joaquin "Shorty" Guzman.

He suppresses most of a "not bad" smile, rolls on.

RAY

The cartels count their cash by weighing it in eighteen wheelers. But one sunny Mexican day, your in-house money-scrubber tells you you're thirty million light.

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

That money could have been siphoned off through half a dozen different leaks. So who can you trust to do the forensic accounting, track your stolen cash? Deloitte and Touche? H&R Block?

(holds up a photo)

No, you somehow, someway contact an individual capable of walking in cold, un-cooking years of books and getting out alive.

She digests this, the enormity of that feat settling on her.

RAY

Recall what objects were strung from the Mexican side of the Paso del Norte bridge three years ago?

MARYBETH

Half a dozen severed heads.

RAY

Shorty G., plugging leaks. Leaks found by...

He taps a photo on the desk, "Lou Carroll".

MARYBETH

(skeptical)

We think it's the same person? This Carroll.

RAY

What you need to know, is I do.

MARYBETH

The language barriers alone... he'd have to speak five, maybe six--

RAY

Everybody speaks English, it's the international language of money.

MARYBETH

(flashes a photo; soft)

Not in Yemen.

RAY

Four agents have worked on this. All came away with the same non-conclusion: Smoke. Doesn't exist.

(pointed)

Bullshit. I retire in seven months. Before I do I want to know who he is. How he does it. Who survives this kind of clientele? The secrets this guy has...

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)
 (switches gears)
 I won't tolerate deception, Medina.

MARYBETH
 No, sir.
 (uncertain beat)
 What exactly do you want--

RAY
 Report directly to me. No other
 casework, no other Treasury
 personnel involved. Enter my
 office with facts not pet theories,
 hunches, gut feelings, instinct.
 At the end of the month one of two
 things will have occurred;
 resolution of this case--

Ray clicks his mouse, her mug shots pop on the monitor.

RAY
 Or we'll update your photo.

EXT. CHRIS' RANCH HOME - SUNSET

Middle-class suburb of cookie-cutter 1970's ranchers. End of
 a cul-de-sac. A Ford F-150 pulls into a driveway.

INT. BARREN TWO-CAR GARAGE

Chris parks the pickup truck in the usual spot.

Above the other spot, a tow chain hangs from a large pulley
 connected to a rafter-high 4X6 beam. Suspended from the
 chain, what appears to be a TARP-COVERED TRANSMISSION.

The garage door closes.

INT. CHRIS' HOME - NIGHT

Spartan. Disposable. Stock photos of staged model families
 smile out from picture frames. Furniture immaculate.

INT. KITCHEN

3 burners, 3 hot skilletts. 3 pancakes bubble, 3 pieces of
 bacon sizzle, 3 eggs fry.

Chris, T-shirt and shorts, opens a cabinet. 1 plate, 1 bowl,
 1 glass. He takes the plate and glass.

INT. DINING NOOK

Silence.

Chris sits at his table, preparing to eat. He BLOWS TWICE on
 his fingers -- lightly. Picks up his fork.

INT. CHRIS' HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chris, t-shirt and boxers, sits in the center of a queen-sized bed, legs extended. He rolls a cut-down BROOM STICK up and down scarred shins. Up. Down. His mind elsewhere.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL BACK YARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Young Boy rages, strains against his Father. The man kneels, strong arms wrapped around his son, squeezing, rocking.

YOUNG BOY'S FATHER

Fight. That's it. Burn off that energy. Burn it. Burn it.

YOUNG BOY

We don't want to move! Don't want to move! To move!

Young Boy keens, tries in vain to break free. They rock.

YOUNG BOY'S FATHER

You need to learn how to calm yourself. What works. Use it to stay in control. Solomon Grundy, born on a Monday, christened on Tuesday...

(Young Boy starts to calm)

Feel the squeeze. The pressure. Calm. Good boy. Solomon Grundy, born on a Monday, christened on Tuesday--

RETURN TO:

INT. CHRIS' HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

His digital clock rolls 10:00. He suddenly turns to his nightstand. To the prescription bottle: "ZOLOFT 50 mg. CHRISTIAN WOLFF... take 1 pill every night at 10 pm." He swallows one dry.

INT. RICE HOME - DAY

BINOCULAR LENS POV -- A FAT CANTALOUPE perched atop a sun-bleached fence post comes into focus, a SMILEY FACE inked on it. Three posts, three smiling cantaloupes.

FRANK (V.O.)

(chuckles)

Somebody's seen too many westerns.

DOLORES (V.O.)

Leave the boy be already.

FRANK (V.O.)
 He must be... what? A mile out?
 Not on my best day c--

The CANTALOUPE SILENTLY VAPORIZES IN A YELLOW MIST. Three seconds later, a distant ECHOING CRACK.

EXT. RICE FARM - DAY

Chris, jeans and sweatshirt, prone position, earplugs in. He stares down a Leupold scope on a .50 CALIBER BARRETT SNIPER RIFLE. KA-BOOM! The heavy weapon bucks. KA-BOOM!

INT. RICE HOME

BINOCULAR LENS POV -- The last canteloupe EXPLODES.

A mile of farmland blurs by as the lens searches, focuses: Chris stands at the edge of the timber, gun in hand, staring at the lens. He raises a hand "good-bye", turns.

At a window, Frank lowers binoculars from stunned eyes.

DOLORES (O.S.)
 Wouldn't kill you to go out and
 give him a few pointers, y'know.

EXT. STORAGE LOT SECURITY GATE - SUNSET

Window down, Chris' pickup idles up to a guard shack. Inside, a bored GUARD nods toward the truck.

GUARD
 Watcha got there, Mr. Wolff?

Chris looks in the direction of the nod, considers the fat rolled rug leaning against the passenger seat. He turns...

CHRIS
 Fifty-caliber sniper rifle inside
 an eighteenth century Turkish rug.

The guard gives a lazy "whatever" smirk. The gate lifts.

INT. CHRIS' PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Chris eases the truck down a wide lane bordered by storage buildings. He looks right, left, in his rear view mirror, watching, wary.

Chris' POV: fifty identical 14-foot-high overhead doors on each side.

Hidden between his legs, Chris holds a .357 Colt revolver.

EXT. STORAGE LOT-UNIT - DAY

A closed galvanized metal overhead door.

INT. STORAGE UNIT

Dark. Interior lights glow from the windows of a 34-foot AIRSTREAM TRAILER.

INT. AIRSTREAM -- SERIES OF SHOTS

Low classical music from mini wall-mounted Bose speakers.

Strands of Christmas tree lights sparkle along upper blonde wood walls. The lighting diffused, warm. Home.

DINING AREA. A laptop open on the table. A framed RENOIR hangs on a wall. A tiny CAMERA high in a corner.

TOY HAULER AREA. Tie-downs leash a CONFEDERATE WRAITH MOTORCYCLE. A CRAFTSMEN tool chest. On wall racks: the Barrett, scoped DAKOTA T-76, pistol-grip MOSSBERG 12 GAUGE, KALASHNIKOV with banana clip.

INT. AIRSTREAM - BEDROOM

An original "Star Wars" LIGHT SABRE mounted on the wall... on the handle, a signature in black marker: *George Lucas*.

Light from a Tiffany lamp on a bedside nightstand.

The bed-- a homemade contraption -- atop a mechanical frame; a queen mattress curled over on itself lengthwise to form a shape not unlike a hollowed out log. Chris tucked inside.

Chris lies snug in the bed, studies a poster on the opposite wall; ADULT FACES, subtle expressions-- surprise, anger, confusion. Joy. Chris mimics joy, puts a hand to his mouth, feels his smile. Lets it fade.

He works a remote control and a small motor whirs, rotating the bed upward, mattress flattening. On his back now, eyes resting on a large framed JACKSON POLLOCK mounted flush to the ceiling.

He daydreams, lost in chaotic swirls of viscous paint.

INT. DETENTION CENTER-ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Dark. Small. Institutional.

BUNK BEDS. Bottom bunk, beneath a thin sheet FRANCIS SILVERBERG, 80s, bare-chested and frail, instructs.

FRANCIS

(New York accent)

You're not listening to the inflection. In. Flec. Tion. I say--

(stage melancholy)

"I'm another year older, I don't think I'll ever get out of this place." Then you say...?

In the top bunk, Chris, t-shirt, mulls the question.

CHRIS
You're probably right.

FRANCIS
What? No! That's what you say?
"You're probably right?"

CHRIS
Given your age, it's unlikely you'll--

FRANCIS
Two years together. Every night.

FRANCIS
I give you a PhD in black money but can't...

He trails off. Silence. Chris considers his friend's tone.

CHRIS
You're frustrated.

FRANCIS
(pleased; loud)
Yes! Yes! I'm frustrated!
Excellent! Finally!

Chris smiles. A BANG on the door. They ignore the intrusion. Francis quiets, turns reflective.

FRANCIS
Friday would've been Esther's and my fiftieth. We were so poor. She couldn't afford a gown, borrowed a blue suit that her cousin wore when she worked the cosmetic counter at Woolworths. Blue. But as Esther liked to say--

FRANCIS
"I was worthy of white."

CHRIS
"I was worthy of white."

Francis laughs; at the memory, his repetition. Chris smiles, pleased to have made Francis laugh.

FRANCIS
Boy, was she worthy. I think it's why our engagement was so short, my balls were a lovely shade of blue.

Chris puzzled by the shade of Francis' testicles.

FRANCIS
My Esther. She'd have liked you.
So very much.

Chris considers this for a long beat.

CHRIS
Why?

FRANCIS
Why what?

CHRIS
Would she have liked us?

Francis recognizes the flash of depression, feels for him.

FRANCIS
One day you'll see an opportunity
to slide out of here. Memorize the
names I gave you? The numbers?

CHRIS
Yes.

FRANCIS
They'll get you started, give you
work. Try to find one person to
help you, to trust. One. You'll
have to rely on word of mouth, your
reputation, for new business.
Don't try to separate saints from
sinners, we're all sinners. People
keep secrets, numbers release them;
if the secrets are too big, killing
you to keep them may be the cost of
doing business. There's honor
among thieves but it helps if they
know you'll scorch the Earth if
they fuck with you... remember the
Mad Hatter.

CHRIS
We remember.

Francis pauses, his mood softens, reflective.

FRANCIS
Try not to make the same mistake I
did; always keep moving. Got it?

CHRIS
Yes.

FRANCIS
And you're gonna have to toughen
up, learn how to protect yourself.
Your generation's too soft.

CHRIS
We've got that covered.

FRANCIS
(chuckles)
Sure you do.
(MORE)

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 We're all just dashes on
 headstones, kid. "Life is lived
 between the numbers." Famous Jew?

CHRIS
 Kafka?

FRANCIS
 Francis Silverberg, putz! Miami
 Beach, 1983! Eulogizing the late
 great Meyer Lansky!

Francis HOWLS, shoves the bottom of Chris' bunk. Chris
 smiles. LOUD BANGING at the door.

GUARD (O.S.)
 HEY! Lights out, in there!

FRANCIS
 HEY! Fuck you, out there!

Francis turns on his side, settles in with a SIGH.

FRANCIS (O.S.)
 I got a new handler today. A
 little dull. Worries me a bit.
 We'll see. G'night, son.

Chris concerned. He wears boxers, no sheet, around an ankle:
 a DIGITAL MONITOR, its red light blinks.

CHRIS
 Good night, Francis.

RETURN TO:

On the nightstand, Chris' MOBILE RINGS. He sits up,
 instantly alert. He connects, pauses...

CHRIS
 (into phone)
 Go.

On the other end of the phone a COMPUTER KEYBOARD CLICKS.

BRITISH FEMALE (V.O.)
 (over phone; flat)
 Enough with the dramatics.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRSTREAM - DINING AREA (LATER)

Chris sits, laptop open on the table. He watches the screen,
 the images change constantly, rapidly:

CHRIS
(into phone)
What about Zurich? Saudi Arabia?

B&W PHOTO: 1960s M.I.T. Engineering class, ONE MAN CIRCLED.

BRITISH FEMALE (V.O.)
(over phone; even tone)
The Swiss are cheap, they're on a
net ninety schedule. Dubai's one
thing but we're too conspicuous in
The Kingdom. I vote Chicago.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPING: 1970s, LAMAR BLACK, a young Silicon
Valley greaser in a garage-workshop.

CHRIS
We're not sure we like it.

BRITISH FEMALE (V.O.)
There's an uptick in online
chatter. People searching for you.

CHRIS
What people?

POLAROID: a small storefront shop: "CREATIVE ROBOTICS."

BRITISH FEMALE
The unfriendly kind. It would be
interesting to try a legitimate
client for once. No cartels, arms
brokers, money launderers,
assassins. I like safe. I like
you safe.

CHRIS
There's honor among thieves.

FORTUNE ARTICLE/PHOTO: 1980s, Lamar and his older sister RITA
pose with a prototype robot.

BRITISH FEMALE (V.O.)
There's honor among Illinois
electronics manufacturers.

VIDEO of clean-room manufacturing.

BRITISH FEMALE (V.O.)
They'll pay with a cashier's check
and they're in your current
backyard; no risk of movement.
You'll meet?

PHOTO: Vegas Consumer Electronics Show: STEVE JOBS and Lamar.

CHRIS
We'll meet.

BRITISH FEMALE (V.O.)
One last piece of business.

YOUTUBE: a Humvee convoy in Iraq disappears in a massive fireball as an I.E.D. DETONATES.

CHRIS
Just the Renoir.

BRITISH FEMALE (V.O.)
I don't have a buyer for the
Renoir. The Pollock we can move.
Will you ever let it go?

Chris quiets, the images on his laptop screen grim.

PHOTOS: Iraq/Afghanistan war vets lie in hospital beds, faces cut, burned, their shortened arms and legs bandaged.

PHOTOS: sutured STUMPS of a dozen amputated arms-legs.

CNN: a rehab patient's prosthetic fingers pick up a DIME.

BRITISH FEMALE (V.O.)
Hello?

Chris looks away, focuses on the Renoir, takes comfort in it.

CHRIS
Drop the price. We could use the
deduction.

BRITISH FEMALE (V.O.)
Heavy sigh. Go to work you aspie
dreamboat.
(disconnects)

EXT. CREATIVE ROBOTICS - DAY

A granite "CREATIVE ROBOTICS" sign on a tree-lined campus leads to a large ultra-modern glass structure.

The sound of two people walking fast, talking fast...

ED (V.O.)
Bad idea, worse timing. Not one of
your brother's better ideas.

RITA (V.O.)
(annoyed; hard)
Deep breath, Ed. Companies hire
outside auditors every day.

INT. CREATIVE ROBOTICS - MANUFACTURING FLOOR

Electromechanical arms slide computer chips onto circuit boards, automated arms solder.

ED (V.O.)
 From Pricewaterhouse, Rita. Ernst
 and Young! What kind of "auditor"
 comes recommended by an Albanian
 war criminal?

INT. CREATIVE ROBOTICS - LOBBY - DAY

Chris, suit and tie, pocket protector, stands compliant, arms
 outstretched. A SECURITY GUARD waves a metal-detector baton
 over him.

RITA (V.O.)
 Apparently, the kind who produces
 results.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

RITA BLACK, 60s, handsome and EDWIN "ED" CHILTON, 60s, large,
 no smile, sit together, face Chris across a large table.

RITA
 No C.V.? Project list?

CHRIS
 No, ma'am.

RITA
 Client list?

ED
 (snorts)
 Anything?

CHRIS
 Newsletter?

ED
 You have a newsletter?

CHRIS
 No, sir.

Rita cracks a smile. Chris stares back, parrots the smile.

ED
 Uh, Mr. Wolff, I half suspect we're
 wasting your time.

CHRIS
 We're certain you're not.

ED
 (defensive)
 And you know this how?

CHRIS
 We're on the clock.

Rita's smile reaches her eyes.

Chris lifts his briefcase onto the table, pops locks, lid.

ED

(insincere laughter)
Well, shit, I hope we're not
wasting ours then.
(changes tactics)
Kidding aside, I think if you saw
our books you'd run for the hills.

Chris silently mouths the expression, confused.

ED

We have an incredibly complicated
accounting system.

Chris stirs, senses a challenge. A PUZZLE.

ED

Depreciation schedules on hundreds
of different items, charge-backs,
full-time and contract employees,
Department of Defense classified
accounts... a numerical shit-storm--

He's in.

CHRIS

We'll need your books for each of
the last ten years, a complete list
of vendors and clients for that
same period, bank statements and
two dry erase boards. Extra large.
It's all here.

Chris pulls a sheet of paper from a folder, slides the
itemized list to Rita.

ED

Whoa now. This was all brought to
my attention only last week. A
junior cost accountant stuck her
nose where it didn't belong and
obviously had no idea what she was
looking at. Lamar's overreacting,
there is no missing money!

RITA

Never hurts to be sure.

She traps Ed with a confrontational look.

CHRIS

(reads; to Ed)
This org chart shows you as the CFO
for the last fifteen years.

ED
That's right.

CHRIS
The books for the last fifteen.

The air is sucked from the room. Ed turns hostile.

ED
Well, you're awful Goddamn blunt.
Chris glances at him, unfazed by Ed's anger.

ED
I'm Lamar Black's oldest friend.
I've been by his side since he was
turnin' out RC robots Radio Shack
called crap. I wouldn't take a
dime without his say so.

CHRIS
You're angry.

ED
This is bullshit.
Rita stares at Chris, holds a hand up to Ed.

RITA
You charge a retainer of one
hundred thousand plus two and a
half percent of all tracked funds?

Chris maintains eye contact, nods.

ED
"Tracked?" Not recovered?

CHRIS
We're an accountant, not a repo-
man.

ED
(sotto; sarcastic)
"We're an accountant"?

RITA
Unusual way of making contact with
you, Mr. Wolff.

He blinks at her, not reacting to her tone.

RITA
I.T. tells me the address was
probably routed through Moscow.

She studies him. Nothing. Considers her words.

RITA

We custom made prosthetics for Mr. Haradinaj's youngest daughter. Maybe you're aware -- she lost both legs to a car bomb in Kosovo. He told my brother you were nothing short of supernatural. His word.

(meaningful beat)

Tell me, what type of accounting does one do for a former KLA warlord wanted by The Hague?

Silence. The question hangs. Chris looks away, then back.

CHRIS

We don't discuss client business.

She stares at him for a beat, satisfied.

INT. TREASURY - FINANCIAL CRIMES DIV. - DAY

A wall clock reads 4:03, the division hums with activity.

At her bullpen desk, Marybeth stares at her monitor, scrolls through profiles of the THUGS in the Accountant file.

Faces flash, words, figures pop: *Terrorist. Hawala. \$20 million. Extortion. \$45 million. Organized crime. Smurfing. \$70 million. Narcotics kingpin. Murder.*

She pushes back, anxious, looks around the beehive.

MARYBETH'S POV -- every person busy, on the phone, computer, engaged. Ray paces in his office, phone pressed to the side of his head, giving someone hell. Pressure.

She pulls back to her desk, determined. Clicks her mouse, brings up the ANTWERP photo, locates the Accountant.

She MAPS his face, SLIDES THE DIGITAL IMAGE to a desktop folder. Opens her e-mail, types in the "to" box: SORKIS@DHS.GOV.

INT. CREATIVE ROBOTICS - PROSTHETICS LAB VIEWING ROOM

Chris looks through one-way glass as a WHITE-COATED DOCTOR works on one of two prosthetic arms on a seated shirtless (and armless) MAN, 20s.

The prosthetic is Terminator-high-tech.

Chris turns as LAMAR BLACK, 60s, enters the viewing room. Lamar, in khaki pants, plaid shirt, oozes decency, warmth.

Lamar stands next to Chris, watches the lab.

The doctor removes one arm and walks to a side bench. The patient looks off-balance without the arm, incomplete.

LAMAR
 What do you think that young man is
 thinking right now?

Chris watches the man sit on his stool, stare into space.

LAMAR
 Why do I still feel my arm? How
 did everything go so wrong so fast?
 (sympathetic beat)
 Where did I go?

Silence as the two study the man.

CHRIS
 (serious)
 Can someone please turn up the
 heat?

Lamar grins, turns to Chris, impressed. He extends a hand.

LAMAR
 Christian Wolff, I presume.

CHRIS
 Mr. Black.

LAMAR
 Lamar.

INT. CREATIVE ROBOTICS - RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT - DAY

Techs manipulate robotic arms, legs, joints. A prosthetic-
 armed patient picks coins off a table with robotic fingers.

Chris and Lamar walk and talk.

LAMAR
 Are you aware of Creative's three
 income streams, Chris?

CHRIS
 Consumer electronics, next
 generation prosthetics, unmanned
 military applications. The
 consumer division matured three
 years ago after twenty-five years
 as your largest producer. Now the
 prosthetics and Department of
 Defense contracts are one and two.

LAMAR
 (smiles)
 Do you know why the prosthetics
 division is increasing?

CHRIS
 Medical advancements.

Lamar looks at him, waiting.

CHRIS

In Vietnam, the survival rate of a soldier with a catastrophic injury was one in twenty. Now, if an I.E.D. hits a convoy in Afghanistan, twelve hours later they're in a hospital in Germany. Then there's an increase in obesity causing a spike in diabetes, which often leads to amputations. Landmine proliferation, accidents--

Lamar stops walking, turns to Chris.

LAMAR

You're unusually well informed.

Chris blinks at Lamar, doesn't respond to the compliment.

LAMAR

I never married. Never had kids. This company is my child. I was blessed to have a sister in a position to provide start-up capital, but money has never been my motivation. I'm not a religious man, Chris, but I can see the hand of God in what we do. We have a social purpose. Whatever you need to do your job, you let me know.

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY - TECH CUBICLE - NIGHT

The sound of someone typing fast.

SUPER: *Department of Homeland Security*

SORKIS, a tech, Lebanese, 20s, gamer-style, headset on, sits and stares at the center of 3 desk monitors.

SORKIS

(into phone; defensive)
It's an algorithm I designed and don't tell me how to do my job.

His fingers pound the wireless keyboard on his lap.

On a side monitor: Marybeth's unsmiling face superimposed on a VIRTUAL POLE DANCING STRIPPER.

Center monitor: the ANTWERP PHOTO, BEING MAPPED WITH GEOMETRIC PLANES.

On the last monitor: CALL OF DUTY/BLACK OPS.

INT. TREASURY - FINANCIAL CRIMES DIV. - SAME

Empty except for Marybeth at her desk, phone to an ear.

MARYBETH

(into phone; irritated)

Why are you running *any* algorithms, Sorkis? As you can plainly see, I *already* mapped and smoothed it. All you have to do--

SORKIS (V.O.)

(over phone)

I plainly see you fat-fingered it with an archaic 3-D model. And you don't run this through Treasury's data base because?

MARYBETH

Because Homeland has everybody's files; NSA, the Bureau, Spooks... we don't have dick around here.

SORKIS (V.O.)

Did you just say "di--

She disconnects, stress getting to her.

INT. CREATIVE ROBOTICS - CHRIS' OFFICE - MORNING

Chris, in a suit, carrying a briefcase, steps inside a converted conference room.

Two large dry-erase boards fill a wall.

Lined on a long table, tall neat stacks of files.

A plate of carefully arranged doughnuts, napkins, coffee.

SNORING. Hidden by the files, a woman, 20s, business suit, sits slumped forward, head down on the table, sleeping.

Chris watches her for a beat, unsure how to proceed.

CHRIS

(clears throat)

Hello?

She shifts, her snoring slows, stops, starts.

CHRIS

Excuse me? Hello. Ma'am?

Nothing. He looks at the doorway, no assistance.

He studies her for a beat. Pretty. He gently rocks her shoulder. Mostly-asleep, she swipes his hand away.

Chris circles, uncomfortable, deciding. He leans over, his mouth to an ear, prepares a gentle whisper...

CHRIS
(shouts)
GOOD MORNING!

DANA CUMMINGS, bolts up. Bookish-attractive, wild-eyed and dripping drool. She gets to her feet, unsteady.

Chris steps back, out of his element.

DANA
(self-conscious; groggy)
Hello. Good morning. I'm Dana.
Dana Cummings. You're the
consultant? Mr. Wolff?

CHRIS
Chris.

She wipes her mouth, pushes tangled hair out of her face.

DANA
(shaking hands)
Sorry. Chris, then. I'm Dana.

CHRIS
Cummings.

DANA
Uh-huh. That's right.

Chris remembers to smile, glances at the reports.

DANA
I made copies of all the files you
wanted. Cross referenced them for
you alphabetically and by year.
Maintenance put in the boards.

CHRIS
Thank you.

Awkward. He scans the room, searches for a compliment.

CHRIS
Must have taken you all night.

Bleary, she gestures no big deal. Silence as he waits, reluctantly scours her face for a clue what to say, do.

CHRIS
Are... were you...?

DANA
Was I...?

CHRIS
Waiting for...

Searching. Painful.

DANA CHRIS
For? You to...? Us to say...?

CHRIS
(blurts)
What do you want, Dana Cummings?

DANA
(flinches)
Oh, Mr. Black thought I could be of
some help to you. I first spotted
the missing... what I think are
irregularities, I mean...
(collects her thoughts)
Some things just didn't make sense--

CHRIS
We'll find it.

DANA
Right. Sure. You want to come
to... make your own assessment.

Awkward. His eyes bounce around the room and back to her.

DANA
If you'd like, if it would be
helpful I mean, we could have
lunch, and I could answer any
questions you might have.

CHRIS
We brought lunch. Thanks.

DANA
(grins)
You have a mouse in your pocket?

CHRIS
(puzzled beat)
No. We do not.

DANA
Uh, you said "we." I was just...
(regroups)
I bring my own lunch, too. Okay.
Well, if you need anything, I'm
down in Accounting.

Embarrassed, she backs out of the room.

DANA
Some doughnuts there for you.

He nods, bounces eye contact, produces a polite smile.

DANA
Absolutely no problem.

She turns, glad to be leaving, exits.

He walks to the door, closes it, relieved. He turns to the blank boards, energy building, eager to get started.

INT. TREASURY BUILDING - PRESS ROOM

Press conference in full swing. Cameras, REPORTERS.

The SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, 60s, mans a podium emblazoned with the Treasury insignia. Flanking him, Ray, and a half-dozen agents.

Marybeth stands in a crowd at the rear of the room.

TREASURY SECRETARY
(pointing to a reporter)
Yes, Helen?

REPORTER 1
(stands)
Sir, how did you first discover Al-Qaeda was funneling money into these charitable fronts?

TREASURY SECRETARY (O.S.)
Why don't I turn this over to the head of the task force and the man most responsible for these arrests. Financial Crimes Deputy Director, Raymond King.

Cameras click, reporters SHOUT questions. Ray grips the podium top, at ease, in command. The room quiets.

RAY
Folks, there's no mystery here.

Marybeth's MOBILE VIBRATES inside her purse.

RAY (O.S.)
Nothing fancy. Just a team effort comprised of long hours of good old-fashioned investigative work. Questions.

The room ERUPTS with shouting reporters.

INT. TREASURY BUILDING - HALL - DAY

Marybeth bangs out of the Press Room, answers her mobile.

MARYBETH
 (into phone; brusque)
 Give me something, Sorkis.

SORKIS (V.O.)
 (over phone)
 Ordinarily I'd jump all over--
 (background noise spikes)
 Oh! God, that gives me the heebies
 every time!

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY - TECH CUBICLE - SAME

Sorkis hidden by a cluster of standing TECH GEEKS who crowd his cubicle, all staring at his monitors.

AUDIO: car tires SCREECH, horns BLARE.

FEDERAL AGENT (V.O.)
 (at a distance; shouts)
 Wait, let me call it in!

The group hushed, shocked faces. IMPRESSED faces.

INTERCUT MARYBETH WITH HOMELAND

MARYBETH
 (slowing)
 Who is that? Where are you?

SORKIS
 I matched the face in your Antwerp
 photo to a surveillance video in
 the NYPD database.

TECH 1
 (awed; low)
 Again. Play it again.

Sorkis, headset on, stares at his monitors. All three screens synced for a B&W SURVEILLANCE VIDEO.

DON (aka Partner), a middle-aged plain-clothes cop, enters the frame, runs across the busy street, gun in hand, towards the Raven. He glances back at the camera. END VIDEO.

SORKIS
 (into headset)
 M.B., babe, you gotta see this.

Sorkis double-clicks his mouse.

MARYBETH
 (stops walking; urgent)
 The NYPD? What did you find?

RAVEN FOOTAGE. Taken from across the street, an occasional passing van or truck blocks the footage.

A slender man in a white shirt -- back to the camera -- walks toward the Raven's entrance. Flanking the Raven's double doors, two large ENFORCERS.

The Enforcers exchange glances, push off the building, move to block the man.

Enforcer 1 extends an arm toward the man.

The Techs grimace, BRACE.

IMPOSSIBLY FAST -- the man grabs Enforcer 1's straightened arm, jerks him close, his free hand darting to the big man's neck... PIVOTS around him... a MINI-VAN passes.

Enforcer 1 sinks to his knees, shocked, clawing at the STEAK KNIFE BURIED IN HIS THROAT.

Enforcer 2 fumbles desperately under his jacket for a gun.

The man closes fast. Too fast.

Enforcer 2 bails on the gun, loops a vicious roundhouse.

The man ducks the swing, comes up with sharp jab to the Enforcer's throat, stumbles him.

Enforcer 2 clutches his shattered larynx.

The man grips Enforcer 2's head, forcing him down, snapping his own knee up into the Enforcer's face. CRUNCH.

OS: brakes lock, TIRES SCREECH, HORNS BLARE.

Reaching under the slumping Enforcer's jacket, the man EXTRACTS A PISTOL. The body hits the pavement.

The man checks the gun's slide for a chambered round.

The man moves to the door.

A brief pause as he pushes the bridge of his glasses up, enters the Raven.

FEDERAL AGENT (V.O.)
(at a distance; shouts)
Wait, let me call it in!

From inside the Raven, the muted sound of TWO QUICK GUN SHOTS. Silence. And then a FULL-BLOWN GUNFIGHT.

MARYBETH
SORKIS! Talk to me. What the hell
do you have?

Sorkis rewinds the footage. A mini-van reverses.

SORKIS
 Nine dead Corleones and a fifty
 three-point-three percent
 probability.

On the center monitor the KILLER'S FACE frozen mid-pivot. *It could be Chris.*

SORKIS (O.S.)
 What in God's name are you into?

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

Skyline of Canary Wharf.

SUPER: *London, England*

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Mostly empty. Clip of expensive shoes on concrete. A HEDGE FUND boss - 30s, fit, handsome - walks, presses his key fob, a car alarm beeps. He frowns at a sight os.

HEDGE FUNDER
 (sotto; Brit accent)
 Son of a bitch.

He reaches his reserved spot; a plain sedan parked inches from the driver's side of his Aston Martin.

CUT TO:

INT. ASTON MARTIN

Hedge Funder drags a leg over the center console, folds himself into the driver's seat just as BRAXTON "BRAX" - 30s, handsome, suit jacket, slacks, no tie - slides into the passenger seat, closes the door.

Brax points a suppressor equipped .45 at Hedge Funder.

HEDGE FUNDER
 Fuckin' great.
 (weary; pulls wallet)
 I'm late, sport, let's move this
 along shall we? I've roughly
 fifteen hundred on me.
 (displays a watch)
 Audemars Piguet, forty thousand.
 The car's worthless to you, you
 can't unload an Aston Martin. Not
 a One-77.

BRAX
 (American accent)
 Daniel Simmons, founder, CEO of
 Simmons Capital, third largest
 hedge fund in the U.K. Hello.

HEDGE FUNDER
American. Shocking. I have kidnap
insurance, you obviously know that.

BRAX
Why would I know--

HEDGE FUNDER
You fucking people amaze--

Brax' free hand snakes -- SLAPS the man across the face.

Hedge Funder startled by the quickness, power of the strike.

BRAX
When you interrupt me I think
you're not interested in what I
have to say. That or you think
what you have to say is more
important. Which is it?

HEDGE FUNDER
That gun make you feel like a big
man does it?

Brax rests the gun on the dash, whips his hand, SLAPS Hedge
Funder. The financier gasps, head swivels.

Hedge Funder's eyes water, then focus, blood trickles from a
split lip. He glances at the free gun on the dash.

Brax watches, pushes the gun an inch closer to the man.

BRAX
I'm part of a small but potent
department of a private security
force. We have a client; a
European manufacturing concern.
You're shorting their stock while
simultaneously spreading false
rumors regarding the health of the
company. The resulting decline of
their stock price has made you
millions at my client's expense.
They've been forced to lay off
hundreds of employees; third
generation metal-workers. People
with families. Pensions are being
rendered worthless because of you.
You'll stop now.

HEDGE FUNDER
Which company?

Brax shakes his head, doesn't answer.

HEDGE FUNDER
Look, genius, how do I know who to--

Brax extraordinarily fast -- SLAP! -- Hedge Funder's head jerks from the shot to the mouth. Hard glance at the gun.

HEDGE FUNDER
I only meant-- We hold short
positions on dozens of
manufacturers!

Hedge Funder watches Brax edge the .45 closer.

BRAX
I suppose if you're spreading false
information on more than one,
you'll have to stop shorting all of
them.

HEDGE FUNDER
That's ridiculous, I can't--

SLAP! SLAP! Brax rocks him, quick, vicious. Hedge Funder's face burns, tears well. He looks around for help.

BRAX
Security's not coming. They're no
longer ambulatory.

He stares at Brax, tries not to look at the gun. Fails.

BRAX
I'm not judging you. Doesn't
matter to me how a man makes a
living. In fact, here's a stock
tip, take the sting out: CLN;
Coleman Company. Hundred years
old, camping equipment, lanterns--

HEDGE FUNDER
I know who--

Hedge Funder catches himself, clams up. Brax lets it go.

BRAX
They make a wonderful cooler.
Durable, stylish. Little ice, a
few sodas, sandwiches, keeps cold
for days. As a kid I would always
know when it was time to move when
my mom -- who was tighter than bark
on a tree -- got out the Coleman
and started emptying the fridge.

Brax relaxes, remembering. Hedge Funder uses the moment to steal a look at the gun.

BRAX
We'd take that cooler into the
Negev Desert for days.
(MORE)

BRAX (CONT'D)

The men we were with -- Shin Bet, the Mossad, a few Delta, occasionally Jordanian special forces -- they brought sniper rifles. But then they weren't ten and twelve years old either.

Brax slides the gun directly in front of Hedge Funder.

BRAX

Maybe you're faster. Maybe you can find the safety before I take it away from you. Hey, maybe the safety's already off and you can just point and squeeze. Or maybe in all the ruckus I pull the shiv tucked into my belt.

Hedge Funder's eyes dart to Brax' waist line.

BRAX

Plastic composite. Undetectable at airport security. Surgical sharp but strong enough to punch a hole through the roof of this fancy toy of yours. But maybe I'm bluffing.

Decision. Hedge Funder sinks back in his seat, cowed.

BRAX

Chin up. You made two-hundred ninety-six million last year. Ably navigated the hazards of arbitrage, futures and commodities markets. A success by any standard.

(relaxes; leans back)

About a week from now your testicles will descend. You'll rationalize your inaction this evening; tell yourself I caught you off guard, convince yourself you made the only play possible under the circumstance. That things would be different if we met on the street. But mainly you'll find it hard to live with the fact that you've abandoned tens of millions based on a stylish threat and the palm of my hand. Then you'll call your chief trader and tell him to resume your financial mischief.

Hedge Funder lunges for the gun -- freezes -- a short BLADE at his throat.

BRAX

(close; intense)

At which point I'll materialize out of thin air with a Coleman full of ice and a pair of rubber gloves. I'll open you up, dump your bowels on the floor and make a quick hundred grand harvesting what's left.

Hedge Funder trembles, tears run down his cheeks.

Michael Buble's voice fills the car -- "*I've got the world on a string, I'm sitting on a rainbow*" -- Brax' mobile.

Brax retrieves his phone with his free hand, stares at Hedge Funder, answers.

BRAX

(into phone)

Brax here... Forget it, you know I've a vacation scheduled.

(winks at Hedge Funder)

If I'm in and out in twenty-four hours... E-mail me the usual, and make it O'Hare, Midway's a sewer.

Brax disconnects, pockets the phone.

BRAX

I'm an avid reader of the Journal. I expect your cooperation to be reflected there. We good?

Hedge Funder swallows, blade against his Adam's apple. Nods.

Brax sheathes his knife, collects his gun, exits the car.

We hear the sedan start, see through the driver's window as it pulls away. Slow. Hedge Funder hangs his head, sobs.

EXT. CREATIVE ROBOTICS - LAKE SIDE - DAY

Ducks paddle across a man-made pond, circled with trees.

Dana sits on one of two park benches facing the water. An insulated carry-all next to her, she eats a yogurt.

Chris, sack lunch and thermos in hand, approaches the benches. She turns just as he sees her, slows. She inches her carry-all closer to her, making room.

Frustration slides across his face, solitary routine compromised. He beelines for the empty bench, unpacks lunch.

An awkward beat for Dana, then --

DANA

Any progress?

He half nods, half shrugs, then turns from her, blows twice on his fingertips.

He unwraps a sandwich, takes a bite, watches the ducks. He glances at Dana, back to the ducks.

She cuts her eyes to him then the ducks.

DANA

So, how did you get into the whole financial consulting thing?

He swallows, hesitates, then grinds out a response.

CHRIS

According to Department of Labor statistics, accounting services are among the top growth professions.

She nods, unsure how to reply to this odd sterile answer.

CHRIS

The actuarial sciences should also continue to see high demand.

DANA

Uh... okay.

She spoons some yogurt, hesitates, waits for the customary follow-up question. It doesn't come.

DANA

I like, I like balance. But I really enjoy finding things. Things that are hidden. On purpose. Not that I get to do a lot of that--

He SIGHS, wanting her to get on with it.

Dana stopped by the sigh, confused. Surely not.

DANA

My father, he was an accountant. Had the whole schtick; little amortization book, green eye-shade--
(laughs; back on track)
This dorky pocket protector he--

Both suddenly aware of Chris' pocket protector.

He looks at it, then to her, unfazed. She stammers--

DANA

Not, not a nice one like yours. That one you've got, that's really... something.
(winces; trailing off)
(MORE)

DANA (CONT'D)

He, uh, he talked me into--
encouraged, he encouraged me.

Silence for a long beat. The ducks QUACK for scraps.

She struggles to fill the dead space.

DANA

I wanted to study art. At the Art
Institute of Chicago. But...

He stops eating his sandwich, looks at her. He holds her
gaze, for the first time interested.

DANA

"Art won't pay the mortgage, young
lady." Dad's tastes ran more to
Dogs Playing Poker.

CHRIS

We like *Dogs Playing Poker*.

DANA

No, I, I like *Dogs Playing Poker*,
too, it's just, you know, it's not,
real art.

His blank stare throws her, she abandons her point.

DANA

I took accounting at the University
of Chicago. "Where fun goes to
die."

They sit in silence for a beat, Chris considers her words,
watches the ground.

CHRIS

Why?

DANA

Why what?

CHRIS

Does fun go to the University of
Chicago to die?

She pauses, not knowing if he's screwing with her or not.

DANA

It's just an express--

CHRIS

No. We're kidding.

She reddens, laughs, brief eye contact between them, smiles.

CHRIS

Why not do what makes you happy?

DANA

(beat; rationalizes)
We do a lot of good here.

Chris nods his understanding.

DANA

My first week, I went down to the prosthetics lab. Mr. Black was working with a man, a boy really, maybe nineteen, twenty tops.

(somber beat)

A Marine. Skin and bones. Both arms amputated at the shoulder. Depressed, wouldn't eat.

He watches her remember, sees the emotion rise.

DANA

He put his arm around that boy and said, "Son, we can build you the fanciest arms you ever saw, but if you don't start eating every thing your mother puts on your plate I'll put my foot straight up your a--

CHRIS

Surface area.

She clears her throat, embarrassed, her eyes wet.

DANA

Pardon?

CHRIS

The more surface area for the prosthetics to attach to, the better they work.

DANA

Surface area? What are you--

CHRIS

(enthused)

The Marine. Mr. Black wanted him to gain weight in order for his new arms to fit effectively.

She stares at him for a dumbfounded beat before zipping her carry-all. She stands, forces a tight smile.

DANA

Call me if you need anything.

He watches her leave. Returns to the ducks. Pleased.

CHRIS
Surface area. Smart.

INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - REAL TIME CRIME CENTER - DAY

Audio: A GUNFIGHT. Men curse in anger, shout in fear.

SUPER: One Police Plaza, New York City

Marybeth, headphones on, listens, absorbed by the audio violence. She sits to one side of a desk manned by...

DON, 50s -- same guy on video -- stocky, shirt and tie, stares at the spiking audio waves on his desk monitor. He tap-tap-taps a pencil on his desk, annoyed, restless.

The floor busy. Noisy. A mostly male, shirt-and-tie crowd.

Over her headphones: the gunfire stops, silence. Then--

FRIGHTENED MAN (V.O.)
(over headphones; static)
Stop! You're not hearing me. I
wasn't even there! I didn't touch
that old man--

The audio ends.

DON
That's it. Anything else?

She slides the phones off her ears and around her neck.

MARYBETH
Help me understand. The subject
shivs the fir--

DON
Steak knife. From Amighetti's.
Catty-corner cross the street.

MARYBETH
In front of which you and your
partner were parked, listening to a
bugged Raven Social Club.

Don nods, stares at his desk, tap-tap-taps his pencil.

MARYBETH
Unofficial headquarters of the
Gambino crime family.

Another nod.

MARYBETH

He kills a second man, takes his weapon, enters -- for all intents and purposes, an armed fortress -- and kills another seven men. Using their weapons. Alone.

DON

That's what I'm telling you.

MARYBETH

(incredulous beat)
Who does that?

DON

Not my problem.

She can't accept this, opens her mouth to say so--

DON

I worked the Organized Crime Task Force. Whoever this guy was, he wasn't Organized Crime. It was just him, and he ran the table on all our organized criminals.

MARYBETH

And you weren't a little curio--

DON

Place was a toilet. Somebody wants to work the flusher, fine by me.

MARYBETH

(tiring of Don)
Now, you're an officer of the law. Don. And, if I recall the video footage correctly... armed.

He smiles to himself, shakes his head... here it comes.

MARYBETH

You saw two men die. Watched their assailant arm himself, walk into a building you were surveilling, turn it into the corner butcher shop--
(blows across her palm)
Pull a Keyser Soze, and all you can think to say is "fine by me?"

Don wheels his chair close to her, looks around the room, leans in, conspiratorially. She leans in, closer.

DON

(whispers)
Fuck. You.

Inches apart, their eyes lock, neither blink.

DON
 (low; intense)
 This guy dismantled two mob enforcers -- known murderers -- in under five seconds. No huffing and puffing. No rolling around on the sidewalk. He bled them out and strolled into a den of stone-cold killers like he was the Fed-Ex guy.

He reaches into a bottom drawer, pulls out a file folder.

DON
 I have a wife, agent. Three kids. We drive to Gulf Shores every July. Not a great life, but it's mine.

He pulls a short stack of photos from the file, holds them up to her, one by one: GRAPHIC KILL SHOTS of Raven victims.

DON
 Steak knife in the throat. Nasal bones in the brain. Head-shot. Head-shot. Head-shot.

He stops, stares... the photo in his hands extra gruesome.

DON
 Somewhere along the line, got his hands on a cut-down twelve gauge.

Shuffles the deck, another photo, another dead mobster.

DON
 Anthony "Little Tony" Benedetto. Acting capo of the family. Both orbital ridges splintered. Forensics lists cause of death as massive blunt force trauma.

She looks from the photo to Don, puzzled.

DON
 Kicked him. Once.

He returns the photos to his desk drawer.

DON
 So you tell me, Treasury Barbie: who does that?

He stands, pulls a pack of cigarettes from a shirt pocket.

DON
 Both you and Bloomberg can kiss my ass. I'll be outside.

MARYBETH
 Why didn't you pursue this guy?

DON
 (dumbfounded)
 What exactly do you do over there?
 Talk to King, you guys shut it
 down.

Confused, she watches him leave.

INT. CREATIVE ROBOTICS - CHRIS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Open briefcase contains files. Laptop. Pens. Tape. Two rows of dry-erase markers; a dozen RED, a dozen BLACK.

All the LEDGERS open, spread out over the tables. Chris stands, bending over a ledger, running his hand quickly down the page, hunting. He flips the page, scans it, faster now... stops. He RIPS THE PAGE OUT.

Chris stands, stares straight ahead, two markers -- red and black -- in his shirt pocket. Adrenaline flows, he rolls his sleeves up, undoes a shirt button, tucks his tie in.

In his mind, the faint notes of MUSIC from a hundred different sources, disjointed, growing louder.

He pulls the markers, one in each hand. Practiced thumbs pop the caps. In front of him, two pristine dry-erase boards.

The music coalesces, a specific BEAT emerges, swells.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

With two large BOLD SWIPES of the black marker he forms an accountant's classic "T" account.

Numbers and names go up. Ambidextrous, credits in black marker, debits in red.

A ledger page in one hand, marker clenched between teeth, he furiously transcribes figures onto the board.

Ripped ledger pages drift to the floor, accumulate.

Outside: workers file out, hit the parking lot, head home.

The board fills with thousands of numbers, names. His actions energetic, JOYOUS. Numbers stream sideways, up, down, angled. CHAOS. Chris talks to himself, voice modulating, singsong, fast, slow. Happy.

CHRIS
 Earnings before interest, tax,
 depreciation. Earnings before
 interest. Tax. Depreciation.
 Tax. Depreciation. Tax, tax, tax.

Ragged ledger pages taped to the walls.

Outside: nightfall. A single office window illuminated.

His left hand connects a board-length red line to a set of figures, the right hand does the same with a black line.

He LAUGHS, whips a spent marker across the room, advances on the board, eyes it, twisting, bending, searching for fresh perspective, the way in. LOVING it.

The music builds.

INT. MARYBETH'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kitchen table. Unopened bills. Half-eaten T.V. dinner.

FRIGHTENED MAN (V.O.)
(over laptop; static)
Stop! You're not hearing me. I
wasn't even there! I didn't touch
that old man--

Marybeth t-shirt, jeans, sits at the small table, stares at the screen of a laptop: DIGITAL AUDIO SIGNATURES.

She finger-swipes the pad, REWINDS. Digital waves spike to the sound of gunfire, screaming. She deletes each signature wave, listens to static. Nothing.

Tired, she leans back in her chair, eyes closed. She doesn't see the WHISP of an audio spike on the monitor. Then--

A VOICE. Faint, ghostly. Her eyes snap open. She bangs her chair forward, hits REWIND, presses the UP volume key, holds it. Her ear to a tiny speaker... a voice, barely audible.

CUT TO:

INT. MARYBETH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

She cables her laptop to tall speakers. CRANKS IT.

A LOUD HISS. She paces, hands in her hair. ANYTHING!
Freezes as a WHISPERED CHANT FILLS THE ROOM--

CHRIS (V.O.)
Solomon Grundy born on a Monday.

INT. CREATIVE ROBOTICS - CHRIS' OFFICE - MORNING

Dana stands in the doorway, staring. Stunned.

The dry-erase boards (and a portion of wall) packed with red and black. Thousands upon thousands of numbers, names. The numbers collide, flow across the boards, some writ large, some small. Strangely BEAUTIFUL. A veritable FINANCIAL JACKSON POLLOCK.

Chris stands where both boards meet, lost in thought, repeatedly CIRCLING the sole empty space available.

DANA
(soft)
Chris?

He turns to her, his unshaven face brightens.

CHRIS
Come take a look!

He's across the room in a snap, grabs her wrist, and half walks, half drags a surprised Dana through hundreds of strewn ledger pages to the boards.

She looks at his hands, his shirt, stained from marker. The destroyed annual reports.

CHRIS
It'll jump right out at you.

She's confronted with indecipherable boards.

DANA
(confused nod)
Uh-huh.

He moves quickly to the bottom far left hand side of the boards and a CIRCLED figure. Raps his knuckles on it.

CHRIS
Creative ten years ago. Earnings before interest, tax, depreciation.

He moves right, another circled figure, raps his knuckles.

CHRIS
Nine years ago. Sales increase, profit declines. Declines?

Dana stares at him, at the board. Amazed.

He moves about the board, underlining various numbers.

CHRIS
No large capital investments dragging profits down. No spike in raw materials, labor costs, tax.

Continues to move, raps a third circle, and a fourth.

CHRIS
Eight years ago, seven. Sales up, profits up, but not at a comparable rate. X no longer equals Y.

Her eyes race, trying to keep up but failing.

He SLAMS circled figures on the second board.

CHRIS
Six years ago, five, four, three!
We're making money, but there's a
drain, a slow leak. And--

He hustles the length of both boards, underlining figures.

CHRIS
Here. It. Is.

She studies the name scrawled near the number.

DANA
Cambridge Manufacturing.
(beat)
I've signed those checks.

CHRIS
Purchase order authorized by?

DANA
Ed. Mr. Chilton.

Chris shrugs, only mildly interested in Ed, starts to speak--

DANA
But we pay them every quarter.
I've seen the parts. They're
electronic assemblies for the
consumer division.

CHRIS
You saw somebody's parts, probably
decoy scrap from Taiwan, Juarez.
(taps several figures)
Notice anything?

Her eyes ping-pong - nothing. He hints, taps the second number in an underlined figure, a "3."

She studies. He TAPS again, harder.

DANA
Second number in each is a three.

CHRIS
Human error. Most people, when
asked to pick large numbers at
random, rely on certain patterns.

She stares at the board, touches his arm.

DANA
(smiles; looks at him)
I was right?

Momentarily thrown by her touch, he recovers, steps away, struggles to re-establish eye contact, blinking.

CHRIS

We're guessing you reviewed income statements from two years ago. You saw Cambridge had been paid an amount for parts that exceeded what Creative was producing at the time. Call. No one will answer.

DANA

(dumbfounded)

I studied those ledgers for months. It was only one fiscal year.

(beat)

You went through ten. Overnight.

He moves to the center of the boards and the EMPTY CIRCLE.

CHRIS

(excited)

None of this is even the most interesting part of the--

RITA (O.S.)

(sharp)

Cummings.

Rita in the room, staring at the boards, taken aback.

RITA

I believe you're needed in whatever area I'm paying you to be needed in.

Dana checks Chris with an embarrassed glance, heads for the door, giving Rita an apologetic smile on the way out.

Rita slowly approaches the boards, looks at Chris.

RITA

And?

Chris points to circled figures, quickly adding in his head.

CHRIS

One million, three hundred forty five... two million, three hundred ninety seven... four million...

He ticks off the remaining eight circles as if they were elementary school math, doing impossible figures in seconds.

CHRIS

Twenty million, seven hundred ninety nine thousand.

(uncharacteristic)

And some change.

Rita stiffens, nods.

RITA
Your best guess?

CHRIS
Mr. Chilton.

She squares up to him, confrontational.

RITA
And?

CHRIS
You or Mr. Black.

She looks at him for a beat, the boards, turns to go.

RITA
You'll have a report for me?

He looks at her, away, then back, nods.

INT. ED CHILTON'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Ed, pajamas and bed-head, shuffles across the large room. In bed, his wife sleeps.

INT. BATHROOM

Ed yawns, stands in front of his toilet, urinating. The sound of his urine stream stops, starts, stops.

INT. BEDROOM

Ed heads back to bed. A faint NOISE outside the room. He stops, listens.

INT. LIVING ROOM

A huge river-stone fireplace anchors the home of a wealthy man. Light from a plasma TV left on, volume low. Ed, in a long bathrobe, frowns at the TV.

He kills it, heads for the--

INT. KITCHEN

Light spills out from an open Sub-Zero. Ed rummages in the fridge for a snack.

BRAX (O.S.)
(low)
You'll have the lemon meringue pie.

Ed whirls around, frightened. Brax and two THUGS.

Brax waggles the barrel of a silencer-fitted hand-cannon at the interior of the Sub Zero.

BRAX

And those two bottles of insulin.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN (LATER)

Grouped on the kitchen table-- a wedge of lemon pie on a plate, two vials of insulin, a syringe.

Brax and a nauseous Ed seated at the table, face each other over the pie, medication. Thugs stand in the bg.

BRAX

(checks watch; low)

I would think you'd appreciate being treated like an adult.

Bile rises in Ed's throat. Brax motions to THUG 1, silent familiar shorthand.

Thug 1 places a waste-basket next to Ed. The CFO retches into it, recovers. Brax signals for water.

BRAX

You administer an accidental insulin overdose, die with dignity, in the comfort of your home, your wife the beneficiary of, I assume, a generous insurance policy.

Thug 1 delivers water and a paper towel. Ed takes a shaky drink, wipes his mouth.

BRAX

I'm a master of the suicide scene but we'll need the appearance of an accident if you want your wife to collect on the policy. If we lay hands on you you'll fight, squeal, she wakes up...

(shrugs)

Then my hands are tied. One accidental death is just that. Two? I could stage a murder-suicide but you don't fit the profile and quite honestly, sir, I have neither the will nor the inclination to do so. No, I'll have little choice but to rock and roll a simple home invasion, violate your wife a dozen different ways, kill you both and burn this place to the ground.

At the mention of his wife, Ed's eyes well with tears, hands involuntarily plead with the devil in his kitchen.

THUG 1
(normal tone; grins)
Any chance I go first, boss?

Ed stifles a sob, cuts panicked eyes to the kitchen entry.

Brax turns in his seat, pins Thug 1 with a look that radiates menace even in the dim light. Thug 1 averts his eyes.

BRAX
(back to Ed)
Okay, settle down, nobody's touching your wife. Aside from what it would say about me as a person, physiologically it's a non-starter. No disrespect, I'm sure Mrs. Ed floats your boat but my taste leans to twenty-year old stripper.
(sincere)
So, I apologize. Sometimes I think I say shit just to sample what comes out of my mouth.

Ed exhales, a grateful smile, chance of a reprieve.

No go. Brax pulls his .45, uses the barrel to push the syringe to within a couple inches of Ed.

BRAX
I will, however, park a forty-five in her brainpan. I honor my commitments. That's who I am. A concept you and your sticky fingers obviously struggle with. Make a decision, sir.

Realization dawns on Ed, resignation.

INT. CREATIVE ROBOTICS - CHRIS' OFFICE - DAY

A MAINTENANCE WORKER, bucket at his feet, dutifully cleans numbers off the wall.

The dry-erase boards gone.

Chris stands, stares at the board-less wall. On edge, his puzzle gone.

LAMAR (O.S.)
Why do you do this, son?

Chris turns. Lamar stands watching him, his eyes red, puffy.

CHRIS
We're good at it.

Lamar nods, considers the response. Not convinced.

LAMAR
Little doubt about that.

He pulls a check from his shirt pocket.

LAMAR
The balance of your contract.

He sets it on the table, rubs his eyes, anxiety building.

CHRIS
Mr. Chilton is dead. And that makes you sad.

LAMAR
Very sad--

CHRIS
We haven't finished.

LAMAR
Ed was a diabetic for the last thirty years. You think he didn't know how to check his own blood sugar? No, whatever unresolved issues remain, my friend was poisoned enough by them to kill himself. As far as I'm concerned whatever he did is forgiven.

He extends a hand. Chris looks at it, accepts, then grips Lamar's forearm with his free hand, forces eye contact.

CHRIS
Sir. Please. We need to finish.

Lamar is momentarily taken aback, searches Chris' face, then realizes the depth of his need.

Movement at the door, the two turn. Dana stands in the doorway, pale.

DANA
I'm sorry, I'll come back--

LAMAR
Come in, dear. We're finished.

He removes himself from Chris' hold, moves to the door.

LAMAR
(sympathetic smile)
Mr. Wolff, you're very good. But, I hope our paths don't cross again.

Lamar leaves, pausing to squeeze Dana's shoulder.

DANA
 (to Chris; shaken)
 I heard what Mr. Black said. Do you think it's true? That Mr. Chilton killed himself? It, it can't be.

CHRIS
 (distracted; sincere)
 It's difficult for us to say why people do what they do.

DANA
 But, doesn't it bother you?

CHRIS
 Doesn't what bother us?

DANA
 That we're somehow, I don't know... responsible. If I hadn't--

CHRIS
 Why apologize for the truth?

Dana is halted by his apparent indifference, disappointed.

DANA
 Good-bye, Chris.

Chris looks at her, searching for the right words.

She walks out. He stares at the doorway, glances at the empty wall.

INT. TREASURY BUILDING - RAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Ray at his desk, transfixed by the images on his monitor-- Raven surveillance. The Raven killer turns -- freezes.

MARYBETH (O.S.)
 (excited)
 That's him, that's the accountant.

Marybeth sits in her usual chair, facing Ray.

RAY
 Where did you get this?

MARYBETH
 (bracing)
 A friend at Homeland.

He holds the Antwerp photo, compares it to the monitor image.

RAY
 (hesitates)
 You spoke with the officer in charge?

MARYBETH
 Seems unhappy in his work. Said to ask you why we stopped an investigation into someone who just killed nine men.

Ray stands, walks to a tall file cabinet, slides open a middle drawer, fingers the folders, pulls an age-yellowed tabloid-size 1968 LIFE magazine.

RAY
 We were investigating the men he killed, not the killer.

MARYBETH
 The mafia?

He flips through the pages as he walks to his desk, folds it open, hands it to her. She reads--

Marybeth's POV: the heading: LA COSA NOSTRA. A B&W photo of two older men flanked by a younger man, names captioned.

MARYBETH
 (reads; impressed)
 Carlo Gambino and Meyer Lansky.

RAY
 The third guy.

The third man; a young Francis, handsome, smiling.

MARYBETH
 "Unidentified man?"

RAY
 Francis Silverberg. He kept the books for the Gambino family for forty years. They were doing five hundred million tax-free dollars a year. In the sixties.
 (beat)
 He was Treasury property.

MARYBETH
 How?

RAY
 What's your mafia I.Q?

Low. She gestures noncommittally, Ray grins, interprets.

RAY
*Godfather, Goodfellas, first two
 hours of Casino?*

She smiles, off the hook, warming to Ray.

RAY
 Name Albert Anastasia ring a bell?

MARYBETH
 Vaguely.

RAY
 Head of Murder Incorporated.
 Nicknames: the Mad Hatter, the Lord
 High Executioner. Anastasia also
 ran the Gambino family before it
 was the Gambino family. His under-
 boss was Carlo Gambino. You see
 where this is going.

MARYBETH
 For Albert, poorly.

RAY
 Anastasia was kill-crazy, paranoid,
 murdered mobsters and civilians
 alike. A liability to the brains
 running the show -- Lucky Luciano,
 Meyer Lansky -- but too powerful to
 risk killing. Francis was
 Anastasia's accountant, cooked the
 books on all his rackets;
 extortion, loan-sharking, gambling,
 prostitution, right down to
 expensing the shave and haircut
 Albert treated himself to every
 other week at the Park Sheraton
 Hotel.

Marybeth studies Francis' image; intelligent, decent.

RAY
 Anastasia got it in his head that
 Francis knew too much about his
 operation, arranged to have him
 clipped by unrecognizable out-of-
 town hitters. A cash retainer was
 paid to the Patriarca brothers out
 of Boston which Francis dutifully
 noted in his ledger.

Marybeth listens, absorbed.

RAY

A week later, in the fall of fifty-seven, two masked men walked into the Park Sheraton barbershop and pumped six bullets into Albert Anastasia. The last words the Mad Hatter ever heard were--

(Boston accent)

"So long, bean counter." Quote and dropped 'R' supplied by the barber who had just obscured Anastasia's face with hot lather.

MARYBETH

(amazed)

They thought he was Francis. He switched the hit.

RAY

Murder remains unsolved. But nobody ever fucked with Francis Silverberg again. Gambino took over with Francis as accountant and became the most powerful mobster in New York. Lansky and Francis laundered money all over the world. Then in the Spring of 2000 Francis walked into New York's FBI headquarters, sat down and started talking. The acting boss of the family, Big Tony Benedetto thought Francis' age made him vulnerable to prosecution. Ordered a hit. Francis sniffed it out. He was taken into protective custody...

She stares at him, absorbed.

RAY

...given immunity. The Bureau convicted Big Tony and two dozen other mobsters on Francis' testimony. Then the Towers came down and everything changed. The Patriot Act allowed us to detain him indefinitely. F.B.I. farmed him out to Treasury to develop a link between mob money-laundering fronts and arms shipments to terrorists.

MARYBETH

Who has him now?

FLASH TO:

INT. BASEMENT

Poorly lit. Cinder-block walls. A blood-smeared nail gun balanced on a saw horse.

RAY (V.O.)
Bureaucracy. Paperwork mistake, I don't know. One day he was just processed out.

Francis, naked from the waist up, slumps in a straight-back wooden chair, hands nailed to the chair's arms. Blood streams from his scalp and pulped face, the gray hair on his heaving chest matted with sweat, blood.

RAY (V.O.)
His fortune gone on his wife's cancer treatments, no family, no friends. No options. Big Tony's kid, Little Tony -- real original -- had him in less than four hours.

Around him, FOUR MOBSTERS stand, laughing. A BLOW TORCH is lit. Francis strains against the nails. Cries.

RETURN TO:

MARYBETH
Jesus.

RAY
Anyway, with Little Tony dead in the Raven slaughter, Treasury called off the investigation, shut down all wiretaps. Buried our fuck up with Francis. Tied it off.

The story hangs in the air, Marybeth stares at the LIFE.

MARYBETH
Name "Solomon Grundy" mean anything to you?

INT. ZZZ ACCOUNTING - DAY

Chris, unshaven, eyes red, sits alone, behind his desk. He stares into space, rocking back and forth, thinking.

OS a phone RINGS.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
(sotto; startled)
Oh! Scared me to death.
(into phone; answering)
ZZZ Accounting. May I help you?
(listens)
Hold please.
(to Chris; loud)
(MORE)

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Mr. Wolff! Guy wants to know if we
 handle 401K roll-overs.

He continues to rock, staring straight ahead.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
 Mr. Wolff?

CHRIS
 (subdued)
 Monday morning. Eight-thirty.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
 (to customer)
 Sir? Yes, we do.

INT. CHRIS' RANCH HOME - BASEMENT - NIGHT

A STROBE-A-SCOPE fills the dark room with disorienting
 pulsing light. Deafening HARD ROCK plays.

Chris -- shorts, no shirt -- hangs beneath an overhead I-
 beam, fingertips curled around the beam's lip. He rips
 through pull-ups; upper legs held parallel to the floor, a
 cinder block suspended between bare feet. Abs contract,
 veins cord.

He is extraordinarily muscled.

On his back, beneath a shoulder: a group of three nickel-
 sized starburst scars.

Eyes squeezed shut, he WINCES in pain.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The nightstand clock rolls 10:01.

A beat.

Chris hurries in, soaked in sweat. He beelines for his
 bottle of PROZAC.

He sits on the bed, stops.

He considers the bottle, the pills inside. His grip
 tightens, resentment mounting. He ROARS in FRUSTRATION,
 fires the bottle at a wall.

The bottle CRACKS open, capsules scatter.

He squeezes his head between his forearms, fingers laced over
 his head. He moans, rocks back and forth in pain.

EXT. FARM ROAD - DAY

Chris' pickup slows at a gravel driveway. He wheels in,
 passing a MAILBOX reading "RICE."

EXT. RICE FARM - DAY

Parked at the base of a giant sycamore, Chris sits on the open gate of his pickup, Sharpie in hand, putting the finishing touches on the third smiley-face canteloupe.

His Sharpie trails off mid-smile, mind elsewhere. He lays back.

CUT TO:

INT. YOUNG BOY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The room a disaster. A plywood floor, loose carpet nails, fabric remnants, a roll of duct tape. Beds overturned.

Two wooden poles protrude from a wall-mounted homemade martial arts dummy made from the carpet, bound by duct-tape. Young Boy strikes the wooden poles. Drenched in sweat, exhausted yet hyper-focused, his quick hands wrapped, bloody.

Little Brother lies on a mattress, reads a *Batman* comic. Cuts his eyes to--

Their Father steps in, surveys the mess, his face clouds.

LITTLE BROTHER

Don't look at me.

YOUNG BOY'S FATHER

Did I or did I not tell you to take care of your brother?

LITTLE BROTHER

Wrapped his hands didn't I?

YOUNG BOY'S FATHER

When?

LITTLE BROTHER

I dunno. Coupla hours ago.

(off Father's look)

Maybe longer.

YOUNG BOY'S FATHER

(re: wooden poles)

That our broom?

YOUNG BOY

(focused; striking)

We needed it.

Father looks about the ruined room, watches his oldest son.

YOUNG BOY'S FATHER

Bend your knees.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM ROAD - DAY

A dark late-model sedan slows at the Rice mailbox, pulls in, gravel popping beneath tires.

EXT. RICE FARM - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Chris lies in the truck bed, staring up, calculating.

CHRIS' POV -- the canopy of sycamore leaves dance.

The music he heard at Creative, fills his mind, but slow, tracking with the leaves.

A breeze blows, the limbs bend, leaves swirl, twist, fall.

Chris' eyes track left, right, searching for an answer.

INT. RICE HOME - DAY

The two thugs who assisted Brax with Ed sit at the kitchen table, hunched over plates of apple pie, eating.

THUG 2

What the hell's he doin' out there
anyway?

A frightened Frank and Dolores sit together at the table. Frank's mouth swollen, a smudge of blood beneath a nostril.

Dolores fingers the homemade necklace at her throat.

THUG 1

(to Dolores; chewing)
You. Call the book-keeper in.

Trembling, she searches Frank's face for help... he nods.

DOLORES

(to Thug 1; tentative)
He's too far... He won't--

THUG 1

Now.

She rises, walks to the door. Thug 2 follows, gun drawn.

EXT. FRONT YARD

Dolores stands, shields frightened eyes from the sun, looks at the timber line. Thug 2 close behind her.

DOLORES

(calls out)
Christian! Chris!

THUG 2
 (jabs her with his gun)
 Again. Louder.

INT. RICE HOME

A helpless Frank watches his wife out the open door.

THUG 1
 (grins; watching Dolores)
 Older women give me such a hard--

PUFF! Thug 2's head disappears, VAPORIZED. His headless body kneels, falls forward. As it hits the ground, the report of a distant RIFLE CRACK.

Thug 1 stunned, a forkful of pie frozen midway to his mouth.

EXT. UNDER THE SYCAMORE

Chris coolly stares down the scope on the big BARRETT .50 CALIBER balanced on the hood of his pickup.

INT. RICE HOME

Thug 1 reels, chair falling. He pulls his pistol, angry, scared, confused. He levels the gun at a ducking Frank.

FRANK
 Please! Don't...

EXT. FRONT YARD

Dolores stares at the decapitated corpse, horrified.

INT. RICE HOME

Thug 1, unsure of his next move, bolts for the door. He BRAKES HARD, points an unsteady gun at Dolores.

THUG 1
 Get... get your ass in here! MOVE!

Crying, Dolores enters the house. Frank reaches her, holds her close.

The thug circles, at a loss.

He looks at the pair, tears Dolores SCREAMING from Frank.

FRANK
 Stop it! Leave her be.

The gunman jams a hand into his pocket rips out car keys. He drags her to the open door, peers out at his sedan.

THUG 1
 (to Dolores; snarls)
 When I say move, you better--

THUNK! BOOM! THUNK! BOOM! The sedan rocks as fifty-caliber slugs punch baseball-sized holes through the engine block.

Thug 1 stares in disbelief. The car steams, his retreat cut off. He SLAMS the door shut.

THUG 1
 FUCK! OH, FUCK ME! Think, think, think.

Panicked, he swings his gun toward the shrinking Rices.

THUG 1
 We're all going! Old man, get out there! Bring your car around to that back window. Go, Goddammit!

Frank stumbles to the door, exits. Thug 1 waves his gun at Dolores, motions her to him, impatient. He snatches her close, backs them to a rear window, eyes the open door.

THUG 1
 (breathless; furious)
 Everybody thinks they're tough with a gun. I get my hands on--
 (opens the window)
 I'll show that pussy what t--

WHOOMP! He's VACUUMED out the open window. Dolores looks around, suddenly alone. The house still.

EXT. BACK YARD

Chris' arms encircle a prone Thug 1's thick neck. Chris exerts pressure, whispers in the terrified big man's ear.

CHRIS
 Say "yes" when you hear the name of your employer. Practice.

THUG 1
 (gasps)
 Y... yes.

CHRIS
 Solntsevskaya Bratva. Camorra. Gambinos. Juarez Cartel.

No answer. Chris frowns, squeezes, the man purples.

CHRIS
 You've a clear understanding of the rules?

Thug 1 GASPS, forces a small nod.

CHRIS
Treasury?

THUG 1
My pants pocket... left.

Chris removes an arm, digs into the man's pocket, comes out with a small photo of... DANA.

THUG 1
Do you both. That's all--

CHRIS
If we let you go, will you continue to try to kill us?

THUG 1
(trick question?)
No?

CHRIS
Okay.

Chris releases. Thug 1 scrambles up, sucking air. Chris forces eye contact. Thug 1 misreads weakness, pulls a spring-loaded blade, snapping it out, lunging. Chris snags his wrist, breaks the arm, sinks the blade into the man's chest.

The dying man searches Chris' face as he's eased to the ground.

INT. CHRIS' PICKUP TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

Chris rockets down a crowded Chicago highway. One hand on the wheel, he holds his mobile sideways, eyes the screen:

CHRIS
(quick; into phone)
Kill Christian Wolff. Transfer all domestic accounts offshore.

Video-stream of the STORAGE LOT. He thumb-wipes the screen: AIRSTREAM INTERIOR. RAPID CLICKING OF A COMPUTER KEYBOARD.

BRITISH FEMALE (V.O.)
(over phone)
Current vehicle?

CHRIS
F-one-fifty.

BRITISH FEMALE (V.O.)
Virus to triple Z?

The pickup moves to the fast-lane shoulder, ACCELERATES.

CHRIS
Wipe everything.

HORNS from slower traffic. Inches from the concrete median.

BRITISH FEMALE (V.O.)
 And. Done. In the D-O-T database
 now. Reassigning the license and
 vin. Let's see, I have "George
 Boole" or "Charles Babbage" in the
 queue--

He barrels down on a car slowing for a TOLL WAY, squeezes
 around. The speedometer pegs 90. He blows through the toll.

CHRIS
 Boole. Obviously.

BRITISH FEMALE (V.O.)
 Silly of me. What else?

CHRIS
 Directions.

CLICKING ebbs, resumes.

BRITISH FEMALE (V.O.)
 Don't. You're too hot. Only the
 trailer. You don't have much time.

EXT. STORAGE LOT- SECURITY GATE - SUNSET

Chris SCREECHES to a stop in front of a startled Guard.

SECURITY GUARD
 Whoa! In a hurry, Mr. Wolff?

Chris ignores him, grips the wheel, the muscles in his arms,
 neck bunch as he stares straight ahead, out the windshield.

The security bar lifts. Fifty yards from his trailer, his
 life.

SECURITY GUARD
 Mr. Wolff? You al--

Chris EXPLODES, shaking the wheel, snarling, screaming.

CHRIS
 SHE IS NOT OUR PROBLEM!

INT. DANA'S APARTMENT BLDG. - LOBBY - DAY

Dana, hair down, jeans and a t-shirt, enters the elevator,
 carrying a bag of groceries, purse over a shoulder.

Two large MEN enter the elevator. They move to the rear of
 the car, push no buttons. She hugs her groceries.

The elevator doors close.

INT. HALLWAY

Dana exits the elevator with a nervous glance over a shoulder. MAN 1 smiles, follows. MAN 2 stays, holds the elevator.

She shifts the groceries, anxious, rummages in her purse.

Man 1 reaches under his jacket.

Chris barges through an EXIT door, looks down the long hall, SPRINTS.

Man 2 sees Chris, draws a gun.

Dana pulls her keys, sees Chris running, turns. Man 1 levels a gun at her. She's paralyzed with fear. Groceries fall.

Man 1 sees Chris, switches targets. Too late.

Chris wrenches his gun hand up -- PHHT! A SILENCED ROUND pierces the ceiling.

Dana futilely tries to key her lock, hands shaking.

Chris drives his instep down on the inside of Man 1's knee, snapping the leg... he GASPS in pain... the gun falls.

Man 2 races down the hall, gun leveled.

Chris bends for Man 1's gun... PHHT! PHHT! shots furrow the floor between him and the weapon. Man 2 closing fast.

Chris straightens, spins a crippled Man 1 around to face his partner... instantly wraps Man 1 in a FULL NELSON and drives him down the hall toward Man 2.

Man 1 SCREAMS, his shattered leg bending unnaturally with each step. Chris shields himself, forces the man's head side to side, like a METRONOME.

Fifteen feet apart...

MAN 1
(to Man 2; in agony)
Stop! You'll hit--

Ten feet apart...

Man 2 stops, aims. Chris and his groaning partner almost on top of him. The muzzle of his gun tracks Chris' head.

NOW -- Chris reverses head motion -- PHHT!

Man 1 drilled in the forehead. Chris thrusts the dead weight onto Man 2, slamming him into the wall.

Man 2 shrugs off the corpse, brings up his gun, Chris grabs the arm. PHHT! PHHT! Shots divot drywall.

Man 2 drives an elbow into Chris' face, snaps his head back. Chris hangs onto the gun hand.

The gun neutralized, the men fight, all knees and elbows. Man 2 uses his greater weight, drives Chris across the hall, slams the back of his head into the wall.

A dog furiously BARKS from one of the apartments.

Chris wraps up Man 2's free arm with his own, tightens his neck muscles and uppercuts the top of his head beneath the larger man's chin, dazing Man 2.

Chris follows with a savage head-butt, the man's nose bursts, driving him back. Chris spins him, controlling the gun hand, the muzzle lining up with Man 2's forehead.

MAN 2

No, wait--

PHHT! PHHT! Chris double-taps him. FIGHT OVER.

Amid spilled produce, a nearly crazed Dana still fumbles with her keys, focused on opening her door.

He hesitates, puts a hand on her shoulder. She SCREAMS.

He jerks his hand back. She turns to him, crying. He gathers himself, unsettled by her tears, pressured by time--

CHRIS

Dana. We must go.

INT. CHRIS' PICKUP TRUCK (MOVING VERY FAST) - DAY

Chris drives, Dana in the passenger seat.

DANA

(near hysterics)

No! I don't need you to protect me! We're going to the police! That's what normal taxpaying people do! Slow down!

CHRIS

An hour ago, two men tried to kill us. Fifteen minutes ago, two men tried to kill you. Creative is our only common denominator. Whoever took that money wants us dead.

DANA

(talking over him)

No, no, no, no, no, no.

CHRIS

We have one option; disappear.

DANA

That's not an option for me! I can't just walk out on my life!

CHRIS

The police can't protect you from someone who had an extra twenty million dollars at their disposal.

DANA

I thought Ed took it! He is dead!

CHRIS

(on edge)

No one person removes that much.

DANA

(incredulous)

That bitch!

CHRIS

We haven't determined that.

DANA

You said "had."

CHRIS

We did.

Limit reached, she FREAKS--

DANA

What the fuck is up with this "we" shit?! What are you-you-you talking about, "had"?! Had! What had?!

He RECOILS, winces at her volume.

CHRIS

Whoever took the money was putting it back.

She sinks back in the seat, confused, overwhelmed. Silence. She glances at his near sleeve, fixates on the blood spots.

DANA

Who were they? Those men?

CHRIS

Ex-military probably. The kind used to soft targets.

DANA

Soft?

Chris glances at her. She gets it.

DANA
What will she do now?

CHRIS
Call the other kind.

INT. O'HARE INTL. AIRPORT-GATE - DAY

Brax sits, reads the Wall Street Journal. He scans the stock index, locates his target, smiles.

AIRPORT INTERCOM (V.O.)
Flight 121 to Turks and Caicos now
seating our first class passengers.

*"I've got the world on a string, I'm sitting on a rainbow.
Got the string around my finger, what a world, what a life."*

CUT TO:

INT. O'HARE INTL. AIRPORT-JETWAY - DAY

Brax strolls, mobile phone to an ear. Irritated.

BRAX
(into phone)
Since when did accountants become
difficult to ventilate?
(surprised; amused)
Dead? Christ, what did he do, hit
them with an adding machine?

Brax listens, slows, grin fading. He stops, his face empty, oblivious to the luggage-toting travelers edging around him.

BRAX
Give me the client's number. I
want to hear more about this
accountant.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - DAY

Dana stutter-steps backward as Chris roll-slams the overhead door down. Dark. Light sneaks in from the imperfect seal under and around the big metal door.

She follows him to the trailer door. He jerks it open, steps up, turns on her.

CHRIS
You wait here.

He disappears inside, the door slams shut on a speechless Dana. Lights pop on within the trailer.

INT. AIRSTREAM - MAIN CABIN

Chris, in a black fidget, hustles toward his bedroom.

INT. STORAGE UNIT

Nerves frayed, Dana hugs herself, paces, walks to the trailer, looks in a window. She resumes pacing.

INT. AIRSTREAM - BEDROOM

Chris SLAMS the door shut, pulls a bulging duffel from his closet, dumps it onto the bed.

INT. STORAGE UNIT

Dana stops pacing, shakes her head. This is ridiculous. Heads for the trailer door.

INTERCUT DANA AND CHRIS

Chris unzips the duffel, double-checks the contents; clothes, cash, laptop, silencer-equipped pistol.

Dana walks the trailer, scans her surroundings. Christmas tree lights, speakers...

He digs a bottle of meds out of the duffel, shakes it to confirm the amount.

She looks around, pulls open a drawer; knives, forks, spoons-- LOOSE DIAMONDS. She slides the drawer shut. Pulls the pantry drawer out-- shrink wrapped Yen, Euros, dollars. Shoves it shut.

He glances to the closed door, concerned. He rifles an open drawer full of neatly arranged PASSPORTS.

Her face pressed to the port-hole window of the trailer's Toy Hauler room. A view of the gun racks, the PISTOL GRIP SHOTGUN, KALASHNIKOV, scoped Dakota.

He slips into a clean shirt. A quick look around the room... takes the Light Sabre down, hides it in the closet.

Dana inspects the Renoir. *Is this real?* Her fingertips brush the canvas, down, his SIGNATURE. She recoils, the piece shifts slightly. She bangs the table, turns--

Looks down the barrel of a silenced 10 mm Glock, Chris on the other end. She freezes.

DANA
(disintegrating rapidly)
Who are you?

He swallows, hesitates for a beat, torn by the desire to rid himself of the intruder in his sanctuary.

CHRIS
You shouldn't be in here.

He quickly lowers the gun, points to the kitchen seat.

CHRIS
Right there! Sit right there!

She sits, he starts to leave, turns on her again.

CHRIS
Do not move!

DANA
My apartment. Those two men...

CHRIS
We've benefited from military
training.

He walks, she ignores orders and bolts up, follows.

DANA
Whose military?!
(then; low)
It was nothing for you.

He groans, exasperated by her inability to follow directions.

CHRIS
We don't approve of violence, but
when it's in self defense we call
it intelligence.

Moving quickly, he enters.

INT. AIRSTREAM - TOY HAULER

Chris moves quickly around the motorcycle, Dana on his heels.
He takes the SHOTGUN from the rack.

DANA
That painting, those diamonds--

CHRIS
Payment.

He pulls open a tool chest drawer... SHOTGUN SHELLS. He
takes a box as an increasingly frantic Dana watches.

DANA
Payment? For what?

CHRIS
Services rendered.

DANA
 What kind of accountant gets paid
 in Renoirs?!

CHRIS
 Our kind. We like Renoir.

DANA
 And those guns, why do--

He heads back.

INT. AIRSTREAM - MAIN CABIN

Chris motors, Dana following, crowding. His irritation meter
 redlining, he rubs his head with his free hand.

CHRIS
 All tools. All math. Ballistics.
 Windage, elevation, velocity,
 loads.

He brakes -- Dana nearly slamming into him -- adjusts the
 Renoir. He continues into--

INT. AIRSTREAM - BEDROOM

DANA
 Math? I see, guns don't kill
 people, math kills people?

Chris works the shotgun and shells into the duffel.

CHRIS
 We can't hit a man with Fermat's
 Last Theorem at a thousand yards,
 so, no, we'd say guns kill people.

DANA
 Sarcasm? Is that sarcasm?

CHRIS
 No. It is not.

DANA
 (unhinged; yells)
 WHY AREN'T YOU MORE UPSET?!

He zips the duffel, turns, gives her his full attention.

CHRIS
 It's the cost of doing business.
 But at this moment we need to move
 our home to a safe spot. Now.
 Decide, Dana.
 (beat)
 Are you safer with or without us?

She gapes at him, the painting on the ceiling catches her eye. She looks up, stares. He follows her gaze.

DANA

Tell me that's not an original
Pollock.

CHRIS

(confused by the request)
What is wrong with you?

INT. TREASURY - FINANCIAL CRIMES DIV. - NIGHT

Alone, Marybeth sits at her desk, staring dry-eyed at her monitor. MUG SHOTS OF DOZENS OF MEN scroll. Louis "Lou" Carroll, Lew Carol, Louis Karel.

She rubs her tired face, getting nowhere. She tap-tap-taps her fingertips on her desktop. Types ALBERT ANASTASIA.

Black and white photo circa 1957: detectives in suits/hats take notes. At their feet, white sheets cover the face, lower body of a dead Anastasia, his bare-chested corpse on the tile floor of a barber shop.

The mobster's lifeless hand inches from a pool of blood.

Desk phone RINGS. She jumps. Picks up.

MARYBETH

(into phone)
Marybeth.

FBI LINGUIST (V.O.)

(over phone; female)
Ms. Medina, Tara Schneider, FBI
Language Services.

MARYBETH

Any luck?

FBI LINGUIST (V.O.)

Interesting audio file. Solomon
Grundy's a nursery rhyme, dates
back to the mid 1800s. Your voice
has four of the six intonation
patterns we use to define American
English.

MARYBETH

There a "but" in there?

FBI LINGUIST (V.O.)

But, difficult to confirm with a
rhyme. Out of curiosity, was your
subject a trauma victim?

MARYBETH

Not that I know. Why?

FBI LINGUIST (V.O.)
 You indicated on your submission
 this event occurred in a high
 stress environment?

MARYBETH
 Exceptionally.

FBI LINGUIST
 The verse was repeated a total of
 four and a half times with zero
 variation in pitch span, tempo,
 volume, or articulatory precision.
 Zero.

MARYBETH
 And that means what to me?

FBI LINGUIST
 We often see this type of
 repetitive chanting in children who
 have been exposed to trauma or
 persons with neurodevelopmental
 disorders.

MARYBETH
 "Neurodevelopmental disorders?"

FBI LINGUIST (V.O.)
 Fragile-X syndrome, autism.

Marybeth hangs her head, tired, getting nowhere.

MARYBETH
 American then.

FBI LINGUIST (V.O.)
 Good luck.

She hangs up, resumes tapping her fingers, has a thought...

GOOGLES "Lou Carroll". Nothing. Types in "Louis Carroll."
 "DID YOU MEAN LEWIS CARROLL?" pops up. Sigh.

Double-click.

A sketch from *Alice in Wonderland*: the MAD HATTER, followed
 by a B&W photo of a slender man, Charles Dodgson circa late
 1800s, his alias: LEWIS CARROLL.

Text stands out: "AUTHOR OF ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN
 WONDERLAND." "ASPERGER'S SYNDROME."

She clicks the ASPERGER'S link. Page after page of Asperger
 articles. She clicks one.

"AUTISM SPECTRUM DISORDER" pops. Marybeth straightens in her
 chair, attention caught. She clicks back to Lewis Carroll,
 scans the text: "PSEUDONYM," "FICTITIOUS NAME".

"MATHEMATICIAN."

INT. TREASURY - I.R.S. - NIGHT

Dark. Large. Cubicles. Overhead fluorescent lights off.

Faint FOOTSTEPS.

A lone light shines from a cubicle in the middle of the room.
SOUND OF AN ADDING MACHINE.

A male IRS AGENT, 50s, starched white shirt, tie, flips through a file with one hand, works an adding machine with the other.

FOOTSTEPS approach. Stop.

He looks up with sunken bloodhound eyes, a humorless smile.

IRS AGENT
(sarcastic)
And how may the I.R.S. help you?

EXT. HAPPY TRAILS RV LOT - NIGHT

Chris' pickup exits the lot. The Airstream parked, blending in among two hundred RVs.

DANA (V.O.)
Where do we go from here?

CHRIS (V.O.)
We get a place for the night.

DANA (V.O.)
(surprised; self-conscious)
Oh. What, like a, a safe-house?

CHRIS (V.O.)
Something like that.

EXT. PENINSULA HOTEL - NIGHT

Elegant low-key lighting illuminates its sign. Uniformed valets front its entrance.

INT. PENINSULA HOTEL - CHECK IN

Chic. Exclusive. Expensive. Behind a Japanese businessman, Chris, duffel at his feet, stands next to Dana.

DANA
(low)
I can't afford this.

CHRIS
 "Travel and Leisure" gives it a
 97.5, the Four Seasons a 95.3.
 (pleased beat)
 Our treat.

INT. I.R.S. - NIGHT

Marybeth and the IRS Agent sit side-by-side behind his desk,
 staring at his monitor. He works his mouse...

IRS AGENT
 In the U.S., two hundred four men --
 last name any standard derivation
 of Carroll -- reported over five
 hundred thousand dollars in any of
 the last seven years.

MARYBETH
 Go a million plus.

He types in the new specs, hits ENTER.

IRS AGENT
 Thirty five.
 (scrolls down)
 Of those, seven are between the
 ages of twenty-five to forty-five.

They both follow the tax forms.

MARYBETH
 Of those seven, only one has an
 income stream that's cash heavy or
 can be readily laundered. And he--
 (bangs the enter key)
 Died three years ago.

The IRS Agent leans back, weary. He checks his watch.

IRS AGENT
 "Sometimes it's useful to know how
 large your zero is."

She hands him several sheets of paper.

IRS AGENT
 What's this?

MARYBETH
 Names of the one-hundred most
 famous mathematicians.

She nods at him to get started. He stares, unmoving.

IRS AGENT
 What's in it for me?

MARYBETH

We find him? I'll do whatever I
can to get you out of here.

He squints at the monitor, hands poised over his keyboard.

IRS AGENT

First name?

INT. PENINSULA HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT

Large. Luxurious. Stunning view of downtown Chicago.

A low fire crackles in the fireplace.

A sterling silver room-service tray holds the remains of
dinner: hamburgers, fries, milk-shakes in tall glasses.

In the center of the tray, long-stemmed orchids in a vase.

DANA (O.S.)

None of this makes sense. Why go
to the trouble of skimming money if
you're just going to put it back?

Chris paces, Dana sits on a long couch.

CHRIS

For the last two years, the amount
of invoices submitted by Cambridge
decreased.

DANA

Scared of getting caught?

CHRIS

(shakes his head)
At the same time, sales increase
dramatically in the consumer
division but no inventory turns.

DANA

Price hike?

CHRIS

(frustrated; irritated)
Prices of consumer electronics--
Go down, not up. Down.

DANA

Down. Sorry. Sorry.

He sits next to her, rubs his legs, thinking, thinking.

She kicks off her shoes, tucks her legs beneath her. She
looks at him, reluctant to interrupt his thoughts.

DANA
 Those paintings? In your trailer.
 They're real, aren't they?

CHRIS
 Yes.

DANA
 The people who paid you with them.
 They didn't buy them at auction.
 Did they?

CHRIS
 No.

She nods, accepting.

DANA
 By the way... thank you.

His concentration falters, breaks, he looks at her.

DANA
 At my apartment. Thanks.

He nods, interrupts eye contact.

DANA
 (struggles)
 How did you...? You know...

She pantomimes firing a gun with her thumb and forefinger.

CHRIS
 Our mom left us when we were ten.
 Father was an officer in the Army.
 Psychological Operations. Bangkok,
 Munich, Tel Aviv, Jordan. Thirty-
 two homes in seventeen years.

She watches him stare into the middle distance, remembering.

CHRIS
 He worried. He was afraid.

DANA
 Of?

CHRIS
 What would happen to us without
 him. That one day he wouldn't be
 there for us. So we learned
 things. From specialists.

He glances at her, then away. Opening up difficult.

CHRIS
 If we can't master something, can't
 solve a puzzle...
 (beat)
 We have a, a problem.

He quick-checks her face to gauge a reaction... she smiles.

DANA
 When I was a senior? In high
 school?
 (out on a limb)
 I wanted a special dress for prom.
 I know what you're thinking--

She looks at him, face devoid of emotion.

DANA
 Maybe not. Anyway, I told myself
 spending a few hundred dollars on
 some satin bridesmaid knockoff I'd
 wear once and to an event I thought
 was silly in the first place--

CHRIS
 Impractical.

DANA
 Aha! See? You get it. But Vera
 Wang on the other hand, she made a
 black strapless classic you could
 wear to all sorts of future events.

CHRIS
 An investment.

DANA
 Yes! Where were you when I was in
 high school?

CHRIS
 Israel. Maybe North Carolina.

Becoming accustomed to him, she's back on track.

DANA
 Only problem? Six hundred dollars
 they wanted for that dress!

She waits for the usual empathy face. Nothing.

DANA
 I didn't have it, so--

CHRIS
 You asked your parents?

DANA
 No, hang on--

He starts to hazard another guess.

DANA

Wait.

Chastened, he waits. She gathers herself, dives in.

DANA

Blackjack. You know, twenty-one?

He starts to question, she sees it coming--

DANA

Never played a hand. Went to the library, checked out as many books as I could find on strategy.

She stands, enthused, gesturing.

DANA

I turned the Naperville North math club into a little Vegas! I could tell you when to hit, stand, split, re-split, then moved on to card counting, shuffle tracking, even hole carding.

She flops down on the couch, close to him. He notices.

DANA

I took my last hundred and eighty-three dollars and drove down to Harrahs in Joliet.

She squares up to him, he squirms with the nearness of her.

DANA

I know what it means to obsess, Chris. To want something so entirely it becomes part of you.

CHRIS

The dress meant that much to you?

DANA

It wasn't about the dress. I wanted to walk into that gym and have people say "wow." I just, I just wanted to fit in. You know? Belong. Everybody does.

Their eyes meet. He knows, understands.

DANA

Lost all but twenty bucks in ten minutes. Fed the rest into nickel slots on the way out and won seven hundred dollars.

He smiles, his eyes dart from her eyes to her lips.

DANA
Paid for the limo.
(beat)
Wore the dress just the one time.

CHRIS
Why only once?

DANA
Never had a reason. In college my
idea of fun was quiz bowls, art
museums, speed math. Not
sororities and such.

CHRIS
Speed math?

DANA
You know, what's...
(dreams up a number)
Two-hundred ninety-eight thousand,
five hundred sixty seven times, I
don't know... ninety-two. The goal
was to see how fa--

CHRIS
Twenty-seven million, four hundred
sixty eight thousand, one hundred
sixty four.

She stares at him for a dumbfounded beat.

DANA
That's so incredibly sexy.

She blushes, nervous-laughs, both avoid eye contact.

DANA
I'm sorry, I... How do you do that?

He searches for the words, wanting to share.

CHRIS
We see it.

She waits for the explanation, patient...

CHRIS
Each number has its own shape.
Like a musical note. They form
patterns.
(thoughtful beat)
We can hear them. A rhythm, a
beat. Some fast, some slow. All
familiar. Always there.

She's entranced, drawn to him.

DANA

Chris, why did we come here?

CHRIS

(unconvincing)

They respect our privacy.

DANA

The Holiday Inn Express in Aurora respects our privacy too.

CHRIS

We like nice hotels.

She starts to speak, he cuts her off--

CHRIS

They're clean, quiet, no one bothers us, good water pressure--

(beat)

We thought you'd like it.

She puts a tentative hand on his. He lets her. Encouraged, she touches his face, strokes his cheek. He compels himself to make and keep eye contact. She leans in--

CHRIS

Crazy Eddie and the Panama Pump.

Stop. He bolts up, relieved and renewed. His puzzle solved.

CHRIS

Crazy Eddie Antar! Ran a chain of electronics stores on the East Coast back in the '80s, Crazy Eddie's. Started skimming money almost from the day his first store opened.

DANA

I'm not following you.

CHRIS

He deposited millions in skimmed money into bank accounts in Tel Aviv then laundered them through Panamanian shell companies that drafted money into his stores.

DANA

Why? Why would he take it out just to put it back?

CHRIS

He started skimming and hiding like anyone else does, to avoid taxes. But after several years, he had a better idea.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

As soon as he stopped taking money his profit margin rose. When the laundered funds from Panama hit the books it looked like it was raining cash.

She stands, turned on by his problem solving, his enthusiasm.

DANA

Public perception.

CHRIS

(nods; smiling)

Eddie took the company public at eight dollars a share. A year later it was trading at seventy-five. He put twenty-five million back in and made ten times that.

They meet in the center of the room, close.

DANA

Rita's taking Creative public. But why would she hire you in the first place if she thought you'd figure it out?

CHRIS

We'll ask.

DANA

"We" as in you and I? Or...?

EXT. MARINA CITY TOWERS - NIGHT

The corncob-shaped twin towers, sixty-five stories high.

INT. CHRIS' PICKUP TRUCK

Parked a block from the Towers. Chris, ear-piece in, alone, gloved hands screw a suppressor onto his semi-automatic.

BRITISH FEMALE (V.O.)

You're really pissing me off, you know that? Leave. Chicago. Now.

CHRIS

If we don't act, Dana will die.

BRITISH FEMALE

You don't know that. Please.

CHRIS

Francis knew it.

INT. RITA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rita, in a nightgown, reading glasses, sits at a small desk studying financials. A slight NOISE outside the room.

She opens a drawer on the desk, pulls a .38. She deftly pops the cylinder, checks the loads, wrist-snaps it shut.

INT. HALLWAY

Rita thunders down the darkened hallway, gun in hand.

RITA
(loud; grins)
Please, God, let somebody be in my
apartment that doesn't belo--

PHHT! A silenced round slams into her forehead. She drops.

In the darkness, a mobile phone lights up as it's flipped open. The owner brings it to his ear. BRAX.

INT. LAMAR'S HOME - KITCHEN

Lamar sits at a granite counter, humming, typing on a laptop interfaced with a PROSTHETIC HAND. A finger twitches--

His mobile RINGS.

LAMAR
(into phone; avuncular)
Yes, hello?

BRAX (V.O.)
(over phone)
Done, you sick twist.

The line GOES DEAD. Lamar exhales, returns his phone to his pocket, leans on the counter.

He cries. Softly at first, then, overcome with grief, sobs. The tears quickly subside.

He clears his eyes, wipes his nose. He focuses on his laptop, begins to type, tinker with the hand, humming.

EXT. MARINA CITY TOWERS - STREET LEVEL - NIGHT

Chris stands on the curb ready to cross the street. He sees a man exit the Towers, walking fast, staying in the shadows.

Possible recognition plays across Chris' face.

Chris paces the man on the opposite side of the four lane street. Traffic passes between them.

On the other side, Brax walks, his peripheral vision catching Chris' figure on the opposite sidewalk, behind parked cars.

Brax stops.

Chris stops.

Brax resumes his pace, grins to himself. PHHT! PHHT! -- snaps off two NO-LOOK rounds across the street. A car window shatters. ALARM sounds. He looks...

Chris is gone.

Brax pauses, impressed with the vanishing act.

INT. RITA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dark. Rita's lifeless body lies on the floor, eyes open, dime-size hole in the forehead.

Chris squats next to her, forearms on his legs, gun held between his knees. He blinks back eye contact as he closes her lids with a gloved hand.

IRS AGENT (PRE-LAP V.O.)
(exhausted; typing)
Last one... Wolff, two "F's",
Christian.

Her eyes closed, he looks at her face, rises quickly.

INT. I.R.S. - EARLY MORNING

IRS Agent enters the name, stares red-eyed at his monitor. At his side, Marybeth slumps in her chair, list in hand.

IRS AGENT
Two-hundred forty-five men. Four
with incomes over a million. And--

She straightens in her chair, hopeful.

IRS AGENT
All over the age of sixty. Sorry.

She melts, sleep deprived, pressured, at her breaking point.

IRS AGENT
Didn't you mention that your guy
was an accountant?

He highlights two names. She slowly lifts her head.

IRS AGENT
Two Christian Wolff's list their
occupations as CPA's. Both make
over four-hundred thousand.
(types)
The first Christian Wolff owns
Wolff Accounting, 121 south street,
Scottsdale, Arizona.
(MORE)

IRS AGENT (CONT'D)

(types; enters)

The other Christian Wolff--

(puzzled)

ZZZ Accounting? Wabash way,
Plainfield, Illinois. Not exactly
a smart Yellow Pages move.

She lurches over him, commandeers his keyboard, pulls up
GOOGLE EARTH, fingers pop keys. The Earth rotates--

Above the U.S., then Illinois, descends: ZZZ Accounting seen
from an overhead view. She types, street level view.

Marybeth's POV: ZZZ Accounting. Kim's Nails. Mandarin
Garden Chinese Food. Al's Laundromat.

MARYBETH

Who filed the returns for Kim's
Nails, Wabash Way, Plainfield?

He scoots his chair to an adjacent work station, types. She
kneels at his monitor, stares with screen-burned eyes.

IRS AGENT

ZZZ Accounting. Could just be the
neighborly--

MARYBETH

Mandarin Garden, Wabash.

IRS AGENT

ZZZ Accounting. Al's laundromat--
(types; beat)
ZZZ Accounting.

MARYBETH

(emotional)

Tell me they're all registered as
partnerships.

She waits, breath held. Sound of him typing... then quiet.

IRS AGENT (O.S.)

Every one. Managing partner...
Christian Wolff.

INT. FINANCIAL CRIMES - EARLY MORNING

Faint sound of a vacuum cleaner. Deserted save for a lone
cleaning woman in the bg.

Ray, Brooks Bros. suit, strides through his empire, folded
Washington Times in one hand, Starbucks in the other.

INT. FINANCIAL CRIMES-RAY'S OFFICE

Ray, sans jacket, lowers himself into his chair, starts his
morning routine. He opens the Times, sips his coffee--

BAM! His door bangs open, startling him, spilling coffee. Marybeth steams in, clothes wrinkled, circles under her eyes.

RAY
Jesus H. Christ, Medina!

MARYBETH
Christian Wolff!

She circles the desk, slaps a list down on his desk.

MARYBETH
Christian Wolff, last year ran
\$447,543 through his accounting
firm--

RAY
Slow down. Who is Christian Wolff?

MARYBETH
The Accountant.

For the first time, Ray appears off balance, he recovers.

RAY
Four-forty seven? No, no, chump
change.

MARYBETH
(hovers over him)
Agreed. But he ran another
\$287,765 through Kim's Nails,
\$345,112 at the Mandarin Garden,
and -- you'll love this -- \$756,999
through Al's Laundromat. Al's
Laundromat?! Are you kidding me?
He's playing with us!

Ray skeptically reviews the list.

RAY
"ZZZ". Why--

She straightens, paces, punchy from lack of sleep.

MARYBETH
Because he doesn't care about
traffic, it's a front, all these
companies are in the same strip
mall south of Chicago! "Christian
Wolff," "Lou 'Lewis' Carroll."
He's using names of famous
mathematicians as cover!

RAY
There are famous mathematicians?
(reads)
(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)
Charitable deduction to Harbor
Neuroscience Institute? One point
five million dollars?

MARYBETH
I don't know, why do these whack
jobs do anything?

RAY
Let me know how that rationale goes
over with the judge you ask to
issue the warrant.

MARYBETH
I got him.

RAY
All that's still less than what?
Two million? And he's giving away
almost all of it?

MARYBETH
What if he's taking other means of
payment... drugs maybe--

RAY
(warming to it)
Diamonds.

She looks at him, expectant. Ray turns it over in his head.

RAY
Freshen up fast. We're going to
Chicago. Move it.

She bolts out the door, energized.

He drops heavily into his chair, thinks for a beat, gnaws a
thumbnail, wipes at his coffee stain.

INT. PENINSULA HOTEL - SUITE - EARLY MORNING

Chris, jeans and jacket, sits on the edge of an easy chair,
rocking back and forth. He watches Dana sleep.

FLASH TO:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A DOZEN KIDS cluster -- 10, 11, 12 years old -- a SLAP!

BULLY (O.S.)
C'mon, pussy.

Young Boy picks broken glasses from the ground, stands... his
nose bleeding, he faces--

BULLY, 12, thick in the chest, brow.

BULLY

Not so smart out here are you?

Bully slaps Young Boy in the side of the head. Young Boy tries to side-step, walk away. A second Bully blocks his way, herds him back.

BULLY

How 'bout some of that "we" and "us", huh? I can't get enough of your batshit weirdness.

LITTLE BROTHER (O.S.)

He's not weird.

Knot of kids parts as Little Brother steps in, passes Bully and stands with his older brother.

LITTLE BROTHER

And he's not gonna hit you because he promised our father he wouldn't.

BULLY

Guess your old man's as big a fag as he is.

LITTLE BROTHER

Yeah, that's not it. See he broke a kid's skull in Berlin.

Young Boy puts his broken glasses on, blinks.

LITTLE BROTHER

Put a grown-up in the hospital in Thailand.

(to Young Boy)

Thailand?

Young Boy wipes his nose, glances up, averts his eyes.

LITTLE BROTHER

(to Bully)

Let's call it Thailand.

Bully rotates his shoulders, prepares to brawl.

BULLY

Let's see what he's got.

Little Brother smiles, turns to his brother. The world reduced to the two of them.

LITTLE BROTHER

It's never going to change. You know that, don't you?

Young Boy looks at his younger brother, eye contact easy.

LITTLE BROTHER

(to Bully)

In Vietnam I watched a murder of crows -- that's a "flock" to you illiterates -- surround a lamb. Then the meanest crow pecked out the little lamb's eyes. The lamb went into shock, laid down, and the crows ate it alive.

The crowd of children exchange uneasy looks.

BULLY

So now I'm a crow picking on your little lamb brother?

Little Brother lunges forward, spears a thumb into one of Bully's eyes.

Bully SCREAMS, the crowd flinches, shrinks back. Little Brother whips his other thumb into the kid's remaining eye as the Bully drops, crying. CHILDREN SCATTER.

Little Brother straddles the prone Bully, grabs a fistful of hair. A bloody fist cocked, lips curled, he hisses--

LITTLE BROTHER

No, motherfucker, I'm the crow, you're the lambs.

He punches, savage, little arm like a piston. He glances up at his older brother.

LITTLE BROTHER

It sucks, but sooner or later, everybody hates different.

Little Brother continues his work.

Young Boy's eyes well with tears, he gazes through broken lenses, watches alarmed teachers sprint towards them.

RETURN TO:

Chris' rocking slows, stops. A yearning in his eyes, sadness.

CUT TO:

Chris carefully places a folded sheet of paper next to a sleeping Dana. Gently touches her face. Touches his fingers to his own face. He takes a long last look at her.

INT. PENINSULA HOTEL - SUITE - MORNING

Dana sits on the side of the bed, eyes red, open sheet of paper in hand. She stares straight ahead... at nothing.

Written on the sheet of paper: "I'm leaving. Goodbye Dana."

INT. CHRIS' RANCH HOME - DAY

Marybeth snaps on a pair of latex gloves, holds a wrinkled pair out to Ray. He shakes his head, scopes the room.

RAY
Won't matter.

Three FBI AGENTS wearing FBI jackets and latex gloves, roam.

RAY
Thanks for tying it down, Pat.

FBI AGENT-IN-CHARGE
We've been here twenty minutes,
might as well be twenty hours.

MARYBETH
Computers?

FBI AGENT-IN-CHARGE
(shakes his head)
No bills, magazines, TV, dirty
dishes. If somebody did live here,
they've got no reason to come back.

Ray wanders, looking around, pensive.

MARYBETH
Phone?

FBI AGENT-IN-CHARGE
Works. Registered to Christian
Wolff. Phone company has no record
of outgoing or incoming calls, not
even tele-marketers.

FBI AGENT 1 (O.S.)
(loud; from the kitchen)
In here.

INT. KITCHEN

VELCRO SEPARATES. FBI AGENT 1 carefully retrieves a pistol
from the open cupboard. Agents watch.

FBI AGENT 1
.357 Colt Python. Serial numbers
gone.

Agent 1 flips the cylinder open, looks.

FBI AGENT 1
Hydra-Shok Magnums.

Marybeth looks at Ray. He seems in a trance, ignoring the gun, fascinated by the cabinets' spare contents.

EXT. CHRIS' RANCH HOME - DAY

Ray and Marybeth survey the property. He turns to the common ground, the woods beyond.

MARYBETH
This is our guy.

RAY
Why would a man who's been up to
his elbows in cash, live here?

The automatic garage door lifts.

INT. GARAGE

The agents file in, look around. The space bare but for--
The TARP-COVERED OBJECT suspended from the rafter beam.

MARYBETH
It's the smart move. Given his
clientele, he figures blending in
will extend his shelf life.

Ray jerks a thumb over a shoulder toward the common ground.

RAY
The woods would bother me. No
protection if--

An agent pulls off the tarp: a huge 6-BARREL MINI-GUN
suspended in mid-air, pointed at Ray and Marybeth.

FBI AGENT-IN-CHARGE
Jesusmaryandjoseph.

Agent 2 pushes the heavy gun. It glides smoothly across the
garage, links of 7.62 mm ammo uncoil, trail behind.

RAY
Don't see that every day.

EXT. WOODS (EDGE) - DAY

A prone SNIPER 1 blends with brush, eye to his rifle scope.
His POV: Lake Michigan frames an isolated glass and brushed-
steel mansion.

SNIPER 1
(into earpiece)
Nope, all clear.

EXT. LAMAR'S BOAT HOUSE - DAY

SNIPER 2 set up behind a tarp covered boat, scopes the rear of the estate.

MERC LEADER (V.O.)
(over earpiece)
Bobby?

SNIPER 2
(into earpiece)
Nothing but blue skies, boss.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Soaring vaulted cathedral ceilings, floor to ceiling windows.

MERC LEADER grins, glances at an anxious Lamar staring out a picture window. Four other MERCS lounge on furniture, load clips, work slides on suppressor-equipped pistols.

MERC LEADER
(into earpiece)
He'll wait for night. If at all.
(disconnects)
Gotta tell ya, Brax. Your call surprised me. After our little dustup in Tikrit, I kinda thought you'd be gunnin' for us.

Brax aims a remote at a high-end stereo system, music changes, classical, advertisement, country, rock.

BRAX
Who knows what remains of the day?

LAMAR
He's only an accountant. You should be watching his home.

BRAX
I recommended you leave the country. You declined.

An angry frightened Lamar turns on Brax.

LAMAR
He's a number-cruncher!

He turns back to the window, regretful, frustrated.

LAMAR
I could see it in his eyes. The freak wasn't going to let it go.

Brax tenses at "freak", turns the music off.

INT. CHRIS' RANCH HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A frustrated Marybeth leans against the couch, thinking.

FBI AGENT-IN-CHARGE (O.S.)
No problem, Ray.

OS the front door SHUTS. Ray enters the room, drops onto the couch, exhales.

RAY
I was old ten years ago.

Ray slouches, loosens his tie, kicks his shoes off, puts his feet up on the coffee table. His aura dims.

RAY
What's your story, Medina?

MARYBETH
You know my story.

RAY
I know what the court said.

MARYBETH
Hypothetically?

He nods, patient. A long beat, a painful memory. She sits.

MARYBETH
I was a soldier in a Baltimore street crew. At seventeen I might have pistol-whipped my sister's hypothetical pimp within an inch of his life. Somehow he wound up in the trunk of my hypothetical car. I kept him there for three days.

Tension in the air, silence for a beat.

RAY
Regret it?

MARYBETH
Only that I did it in the parking lot of a 7-Eleven with functioning security cameras.

Ray doesn't respond, waits for the real answer.

MARYBETH
My sister's now a dental hygienist in Annapolis. Married, three kids. No, I don't regret it.

RAY
That's a rough hypothetical.

Enough. She turns a cold stare on him, cuts his strings.

MARYBETH
With all due respect, Deputy
Director King... what the fuck do
you know about rough?

RAY
Well, hell, Marybeth, you tell me--

EXT. RAVEN SOCIAL CLUB - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Horns HONK, brakes SCREECH.

FEDERAL AGENT (O.S.)
(at a distance; shouts)
Wait, let me call it in!

Muted pops of gunfire.

Fast footfalls on the pavement. Guns drawn, backs to us, two men run, pass two dead thugs on the sidewalk, pooling blood.

INT. RAVEN SOCIAL CLUB (FLASHBACK)

LOUD GUNFIRE. A fear-stricken Don grips his gun, looks across the hall at his back-up -- RAY KING. Ray licks his lips, advances.

DON (O.S.)
Fuck this. Let's go.

Ray looks, sees a terrified Don eyeing the entrance door.

DON
Uh-uh, not me--

Don exits. BOOM! A shotgun blast. Ray automatically swivels to the sound, both hands grasp an unsteady gun held in front of him. A warren of rooms.

Don hesitates, considers following, but instead runs for the entrance door.

Ray looks up. From the second floor SHOUTS OF PANICKED MEN, RUNNING.

RAY (V.O.)
I had no business being in there.

He approaches a doorway, swallows hard.

INT. RAVEN - GROUND FLOOR (FLASHBACK)

Ray sweeps the room with his pistol. Early Elk's Lodge, small bar, a few tables. Stopping on--

RAY (V.O.)
 Put me in that 7-Eleven of yours
 with a cherry Slurpee and a stack
 of ones bleached to look like
 fives... I'm hell on wheels.

A MOBSTER sits on the floor, back to the bar, head lolls to the side, two bullet holes in his face.

From the second floor A PUMP SHOTGUN BOOMS and reloads.
 AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE responds.

Ray spots a staircase.

RAY (V.O.)
 (sober)
 Not in there. Not with people like
 that. Like him.

INT. SECOND FLOOR (FLASHBACK)

No gunfire. No cursing. Only unsettling quiet.

Ray advances down the dim hall. Sweating, hands trembling, shoulders aching, labored breath loud in his ears.

Blood-spatters spiderweb the walls on both sides.

Dead mobsters litter the floor.

Ray GASPS, startled. At his feet, a DYING MOBSTER with a gaping chest wound grips Ray's pant cuff.

DYING MOBSTER
 (weak rasp)
 Please. Help...

Ray jerks the leg free, wipes flop-sweat from his eyes.

From a room at the end of the corridor... a desperate, frightened voice.

BENEDETTO (O.S.)
 Stop! You're not hearing me. I
 wasn't even there! I didn't touch
 that old man--

Sound of a THWACK. A THUMP. Quiet.

RAY (V.O.)
 Little Tony Benedetto. I'd been
 sitting in a cramped van for six
 months listening to the arrogant
 son of a bitch belch, fart, and
 brag.
 (beat)
 Didn't recognize his voice with all
 the fear in it.

Ray inches along the wall to the doorway, pistol tight against his chest. He licks dry lips, tenses, ready...

CLICK.

A .45 cocks. Ray freezes. A barrel pressed against the back of his head. He squeezes his eyes shut. Opens them.

CHRIS (O.S.)
(wounded; whisper)
Your name?

RAY
(trembling; hoarse)
Ray. Raymond King.

OS the faint sound of POLICE SIRENS.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Who employs you, Raymond King?

A fat drop of Chris' blood hits the thin industrial carpet.

RAY
I... I'm a Treasury Agent.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Are you a good one?

RAY
Not particularly. No.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Is that it?

RAY
I'm married. Was married.

The barrel digs into Ray's skull.

RAY
(desperate; emotional)
A dad, I'm a dad. I have two kids.

CHRIS
Grown?

Ray chokes back an involuntary sob, nods slightly.

RAY
Yes. They're all, all grown up.

Another drop of blood adds to a spreading carpet stain.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Were you a good dad? Ray King?

He blinks back tears, sure of death. He remembers, smiles.

RAY

Yeah. Yeah, I've been a good dad. Been a lousy agent and, and a weak man, but that... That I didn't screw up. That I did right.

The sirens LOUDER. Closer.

Ray waits. Death or a question.

Seems like an eternity, but... NOTHING.

He turns, the hallway empty of life. He slides down the wall, a pant leg stained with urine, still holding his gun.

He puts his face in his hands, CRIES with relief.

RETURN TO:

Marybeth gapes at Ray, a question in her eyes.

RAY

Suppose you were a Treasury agent in the twilight of a spectacularly dismal career...

FLASH TO:

INT. 7-ELEVEN - DAY

A microwave cooks a breakfast burrito. An unshaven, wrinkle-shirted Ray holds a five dollar bill up to the overhead fluorescent lights, studies it.

RAY (V.O.)

You tell yourself you're justifying two failed marriages and a fondness for malt liquor by doing the least possible amount of work necessary to hang onto your pension. But that's not true. The reality is, you lack both talent and ambition.

FLASH TO:

INT. TREASURY CONFERENCE ROOM

Windowless, dingy. Francis sits at a long oblong table, talks, doing his best to explain. He pauses, worried.

RAY (V.O.)

Then one day... that break you should've been looking for.

Sitting opposite Francis, an uninterested Ray puts pencil to paper, nods his understanding, doodles.

RAY (V.O.)
 Made the new handler for an asset
 that could turn your career around
 if only you'd listen. You don't.

FLASH TO:

EXT. CITY BUS STOP - DAY

A numb Francis wears a dated suit. He stands, waiting, cheap
 suitcase by his feet. The bus pulls up.

RAY (V.O.)
 You recommend he be released.
 Maybe even believe you're doing him
 a favor. You're not.

FLASH TO:

INT. MORGUE

A coroner pulls back a sheet, averts his eyes from an unseen
 corpse. An ashen Ray stares down. The sheet returned.

One of Francis' ruined hands is exposed. Ray's eyes shine,
 he takes the hand in his, gently tucks it beneath the sheet.

RAY (V.O.)
 (emotion rising)
 So you volunteer for a joint task
 force, sit in a hot stinking
 surveillance van for months and
 wait for a shred of evidence to use
 against the old man's killers.

FLASH TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Ray and Don sit, the cramped space full of electronics.
 Visible through the windshield, CHRIS WALKS BY, unnoticed.

RAY (V.O.)
 Hardest thing to accept? After all
 that? If Don hadn't charged in
 like an idiot, I wouldn't have had
 the balls to step foot in the
 place. I was in the wrong place,
 wrong time. Changed my life.

FLASH TO:

INT. RAVEN - DAY

Ray advances down the Raven's corpse-strewn corridor.

RAY (V.O.)
Two months later, a call. Out of
the blue. I'll never forget the
voice.

FLASH TO:

INT. RAY'S CUBICLE - DAY

The space tiny, fit for a bottom-feeder. A rheumy-eyed
unshaven Ray answers the phone.

BRITISH FEMALE (V.O.)
(over phone)
Do you like puzzles, Raymond King?

RETURN TO:

INT. CHRIS' RANCH HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A speechless Marybeth watches Ray wrap it up.

RAY
Tells me she works for the
accountant. That a shipping
container packed with Chinese
nationals is passing through the
Port of New York. Four months
later, one ton of uncut Juarez
Cartel product is entering Miami.
So on, so forth.

She leans back, overwhelmed, at a loss.

MARYBETH
All those cases you put together.
The legend of Ray King.

RAY
Smoke. He doesn't exist.

MARYBETH
Who is he, this "accountant"?

RAY
A.P. Hood, no middle name.
American, thirty-one years old. We
sprung him from Leavenworth maximum
security.

MARYBETH
The military prison?

RAY
He was with the Combat Applications
Group out of Ft. Bragg. Hood's a
math savant, speaks Arabic, five or
six others.

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

He was assigned rendition work at black sites in Europe until he nearly beat an over-eager CIA interrogator to death and went AWOL. We requisitioned him to track Al Qaeda and Hamas money launderers. He roomed with Francis at our detention center. I've heard stories of him running a dozen Venn diagrams at once, did the work of five analysts.

(beat; remembering)

The day Francis' body was found, Hood fractured his handler's skull with a coffee thermos and just... walked away. Disappeared.

(beat)

I gave up trying to figure out when she'll call. The "why" though, that I've got. Every case the same thread; an accountant is hired, someone whose skills far exceed the norm. Does the job in record time--

MARYBETH

(connecting the dots)

They try to kill him.

RAY

And I get a call.

She bolts from the couch, overwhelmed, pacing.

MARYBETH

Why are you telling me this? You never should have let anyone near this!

RAY

Least of all you.

MARYBETH

Yes! Yes, least of all me!

RAY

I told you when you started, I retire in a few months.

(beat)

She'll need someone to call.

She finally gets it. Digs her heels in.

MARYBETH

He's a criminal! What about the ones that don't try to kill him, the ones he doesn't turn in? He aids and abets drug cartels, money launderers-- He killed all those men at the Raven!

RAY
Murderers! How long did you have a
trunk-full of pimp?

MARYBETH
Not even in the same league!

He lets her cool, understands her anger, confusion.

RAY
I realized something that day.
Sitting in my cubicle, trying to
make this same decision.
(beat)
I'd spent the better part of my
life recognizing my lucky breaks
only after they were gone.

She digests this for a beat, wavers.

MARYBETH
Any idea on the woman? The Brit?

RING! Kitchen phone loud. She looks to Ray. RING!

INT. CHRIS' HOME-KITCHEN

RING! Marybeth picks up the phone, answers.

MARYBETH
(into phone)
Hello?

From the other connection a KEYBOARD CLICKS.

BRITISH FEMALE (V.O.)
(over phone)
Agent Medina, pleased to meet you.
Tell Eliot Ness to get his feet off
the furniture. He's not in a barn.

Marybeth's face drops, she looks for the camera.

BRITISH FEMALE (V.O.)
Creative Robotics. Write it down.

INT. LAMAR'S HOME - FOYER - NIGHT

Lights out. Moonlight through picture windows. Shadows.
Merc Leader keeps watch through the front door's sidelight.

The distant CRACK of a rifle shot.

The room responds, Mercs stand, advance rounds. Lamar
loiters, unsure what to do, looks to Brax.

MERC LEADER
 (into earpiece)
 Ike, was that you? Ike?

EXT. LAMAR'S BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Sniper 2 dead on the deck, hair wet with blood, head-shot.

SNIPER 1 (V.O.)
 (over earpiece)
 No.

INT. LAMAR'S HOME - FOYER - NIGHT

Brax joins Merc Leader at the opposite sidelight.

MERC LEADER
 (into earpiece)
 Bobby, you there...?

Brax gives Merc Leader a look, starts away from the door.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Chris lies on his stomach, comm-link in his ear, scopes Lamar's home with a rifle identical to Sniper 1's.

MERC LEADER (V.O.)
 (over earpiece)
 Bobby--

Chris taps the comm-link, disconnects. Next to him, a hog-tied Sniper 1, his face bloodied.

CHRIS
 Felt like it pulled left--

SNIPER 1
 Fuck you.

Chris kneels, produces a rolled Persian rug. 17th century.

CHRIS
 You might consider a round with a superior ballistic coefficient.

Sniper 1 watches Chris unroll the rug-- the Barrett .50 cal.

CHRIS
 We need the layout of the home.
 Rooms, corridors, cover.

INT. LAMAR'S HOME-LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Silent. Brax tucks into an interior doorway, pulls Lamar in next to him. Brax eyes about, watches a BALD MERC edge across the room, into a beam of moonlight.

BRAX

(to Lamar; low)

Ever see a match-grade round
traveling three thousand feet per
second come through a window?

A picture window divots, a mist from Bald Merc's head. A
distinctive BOOM from the Barrett, Bald Merc crumples.

BRAX

Nobody does.

Brax grabs Lamar by the scruff of the neck, bolts.

Mercs crouch as .50 cal rounds blow jagged holes through the
great room, brick powders, walls tear like tissue, strike the
lake beyond. A round punches thru 2 walls, a MUSTACHED MERC.

A HUGE MERC lies flat, a round gouging the wood floor near
his head. The other Mercs crawl to the rear of the house.

Stop. Silence. The Huge Merc gathers himself, freezes as he
watches the front door ease open, hears a whispered chant
from the darkness.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Solomon Grundy born on a Monday.

The Huge Merc kneels, unloads a spray of automatic fire
through the open door, wrecks the sidelights, door frame.
Stops. PHHT.

A single round enters his forehead, drops him. Chris enters.

CHRIS

Christened on Tuesday--

INT. BEDROOM

Lamar, frightened, stares at the closed door, backs into the
center of the room.

LAMAR

What? What's happening?

Brax sits on the edge of a bed, pistol in hand, detached.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Chris chants, eerily calm, sweeps the home. Each burst of
automatic weapon fire met with a solitary shot. One dead,
two dead-- a TATTOOED MERC advances, firing.

Dozens of silenced rounds splinter door frames, dig into
walls, furniture.

INT. BEDROOM

A horrified Lamar listens to the relentless MUFFLED GUNFIRE, nears the still seated Brax.

LAMAR
What's happening? SAY SOMETHING!

Brax slowly looks up.

BRAX
Died on Saturday, buried on Sunday.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The Tattooed Merc stops firing, presses himself to a wall, waits, listens. Two short rounds rip through the wall, enter his head. He drops. Chris rounds the wall--

CHRIS
That was the end of Sol--

Merc Leader emerges from a connecting hall, fires a silenced machine pistol. A long AUTOMATIC BURST lasers the room.

Chris dives for cover, badly outgunned.

Merc Leader presses his advantage. Chris returns fire in vain, empties his gun.

Merc Leader empty. Chris pitches his glasses, vaults furniture, rushes the man. Merc Leader jacks a full clip in, racks the slide, points--

Chris slams into Merc Leader, the machine pistol discarded. Two professionals; quick fists, elbows, knees.

Chris smaller but faster, unemotional. A knee snaps one of Merc Leader's lower ribs, a kick staggers him.

A desperate Merc Leader swings wildly, Chris blocks, breaks Merc Leader's nose with unanswered punches, moves to finish--

LOUD ROCK MUSIC erupts from the home's speaker system.

Chris winces, distracted. Merc Leader punches him, Chris swings, misses, Merc Leader delivers a kick to the head, Chris goes down.

Merc Leader lunges for the weapon. Chris, bleeding, disoriented, scrambles after him. Merc Leader grabs the gun, Chris on top.

They struggle for control, Chris -- IN PAIN -- punches Merc Leader in the face again and again. Merc Leader loses consciousness, Chris continues to punch.

MUSIC OFF, LIGHTS ON. Chris lunges, grabs Merc Leader's gun.

BRAX (O.S.)
 (screams)
 Enough with the moronic chant
 already!

Chris squints against the light, pistol aimed at Brax. He hesitates, is kicked in the face, spun off Merc Leader. An enraged Brax looms over a prone Chris.

BRAX
 You crack a spook's skull?!

Chris tries to rise, Brax kicks him.

BRAX
 Because you feel sorry for some
 miserable sand trash?!

Brax unleashes another kick, Chris traps the ankle. Brax straddles Chris, punches him in the face.

BRAX
 You don't let our father ruin his
 life by running to him!
 (punch)
 You don't call him!

Another hard punch, Chris looks up at him, no fight.

CHRIS
 We're sorry, Braxton.

BRAX
 "I'm sorry, Braxton!" "I'm!"
 "I'm!" "I'm!" You're not the
 Queen of England YOU WEIRD FUCK!

Chris, enraged, grabs Brax by the shirt, pulls his brother down, snaps his own forehead up, head-butting Brax.

The two brothers roll on the ground -- no longer two professionals -- a snarling, spitting ball of juvenile fury.

Chris rolls on top of his bleeding younger brother, balls a fist, pulls back... can't.

BRAX
 (near tears)
 You call me. Me. I'm your
 brother. I'm the one who always
 had your back. I fix things. Why
 didn't you call me?

Chris grabs Brax' face in his hands, wills him to understand.

CHRIS
 We didn't call him. He just came.
 Like he always did.
 (MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 (emotional)
 We're sorry... I'm sorry.

Chris rolls off, collapses next to Brax, exhausted.

BRAX
 What are the odds?

CHRIS
 Statistically speaking not as--

BRAX
 Christ, it's rhetorical.
 (beat)
 I've looked for you for the last
 six years.

Chris sits up, struggles to his feet, locates his glasses.

CHRIS
 Our clientele is dangerous. We
 didn't want you hurt.

BLAM! Chris spins -- shoulder hit -- falls to the ground.

Merc 1 gets to his feet, unsteady, pistol aimed at Chris.

Brax reaches for the pistol tucked in his pants.

MERC 1
 (aims at Brax)
 Uh-uh.

Brax freezes.

MERC 1
 Old home week, asshole?

LAMAR (O.S.)
 Shoot him.

Lamar skirts the edge of the room, angry with fear.

Merc 1 approaches a motionless bloody Chris, stands over him.

LAMAR
 KILL HIM!

Chris sweeps Merc 1's legs, the man hits the floor, Chris
 buries a short blade in his neck. Dead.

Brax, pistol drawn, reaches for his shiv-- GONE. He smiles.

Lamar is stunned, flustered.

Chris stands. He looks at Lamar, gestures at him, weak.

CHRIS

Not happy.

Chris passes Brax, hands him his shiv, confronts Lamar.

CHRIS

We have to know. Ed we understand.
Why your sister?

LAMAR

Rita held her nickels and dimes
over my head since the day Creative
was born! Always carping about a
"return on her investment."

(persuading)

I'm taking Creative public. My
shares will be worth roughly one
billion dollars. A billion
dollars, Mr. Wolff, that I decide
how best to use. Neuro-
prosthetics, nanotechnology...
limbs, eyes, ears only better than
the ones God gave us!

CHRIS

Dana discovered a weakness. You
hired us to leak-test the books.
Show you what wouldn't stand up to
public scrutiny.

Chris stares at Lamar for a beat. Satisfied.

CHRIS

Fair enough.

Chris turns his back on Lamar, painfully stoops to pick up a
pistol, his glasses. He limps for the door, Brax by his
side.

CHRIS

Federal agents are coming.

BRAX

I'm right behind you.

In the bg, Lamar picks up the machine pistol, aims at them.

LAMAR

(sotto)

He's just an accountant.

Chris and Brax half-turn, pistols raised, simultaneously
shoot. Head and chest shot, Lamar drops.

Slowly the two continue across the great room. Through the
windows, police lights twinkle along the distant shoreline.

BRAX

I've missed you. A lot.

Brax puts a supporting arm around him, Chris drapes his good arm over his younger brother's shoulders.

BRAX
I missed you too, Braxton. Because
you're my brother and I love you.

CHRIS
We do.

Brax opens the door, helps Chris out.

BRAX
Watertown in a week?

CHRIS
If we can find suitable storage.

With effort, Chris pulls the door shut behind them.

INT. TREASURY BUILDING - PRESS ROOM - DAY

The Secretary of the Treasury at the podium. Flanking him, Ray, Marybeth, and a half-dozen agents. Seated REPORTERS jam the room, standing room only in back.

REPORTER 1
--What do you say to the rumors
that some of the John Does have
wounds consistent with anti-
aircraft rounds?

TREASURY SECRETARY
I'd say the Chicago Police have
ample experience solving all manner
of homicides.
(pointing to a reporter)
Yes, Helen?

REPORTER 2
(stands)
Sir, did the conspiracy and fraud
charges within Creative Robotics
lead to the deaths of Lamar Black
and his sister Rita?

TREASURY SECRETARY (O.S.)
Helen, this is an ongoing
investigation. Suffice it to say
that the American public demands a
new level of vigilance in
safeguarding our financial system.
Let me introduce the agent who
spearheaded the investigation.
Senior Agent Medina?

Cameras click, reporters SHOUT.

Marybeth takes the podium, nervous. She clears her throat.

MARYBETH

Good afternoon.

She glances at Ray, he stares back... waits.

MARYBETH

Um, as much as I'd like to take credit for this... I... I can't.

She hesitates... cameras click... puzzled faces...

MARYBETH

(finding her groove)
Because this was a team effort
comprised of long hours of good old-
fashioned investigative work.

Ray beams as cameras click, reporters SHOUT.

IRS Agent stands at the back of the room, smiles, applauds.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The cabin familiar to us, well-maintained.

A small sun-bleached wooden sign, the words "Harbor Neuroscience" weathered, aged.

AUTISTIC BOY'S MOM (V.O.)

(strained emotion)
He was just like our other two,
such a happy baby. Now, he rarely
speaks. It's like... our child is
missing, he's not there. He's lost
and he needs our help... We
thought--

Coming into view, adjacent to the property...

A modern clinic. Suspended between two entry-way pillars, a
welcome arch: "Harbor Neuroscience Institute."

AUTISTIC BOY'S DAD (V.O.)

We thought... we hoped he'd catch
back up, but... He didn't.

INT. HARBOR NEUROSCIENCE INSTITUTE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Sun streams in floor-to-ceiling windows... warm, inviting.

Alone, a 6-YEAR-OLD BOY plays with toys on a carpeted floor.

AUTISM DOC (V.O.)

(intelligent; soothing)
Mrs. Jeffries, Mr. Jeffries... I
know it may feel like it now,
you're frustrated, frightened, but
you're not alone.

(MORE)

AUTISM DOC (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 One in 88 children in this country
 are diagnosed with a form of
 autism.

The boy stands, casts his eyes about, heads for a doorway.

On the floor, two dozen blocks, animals, cars, trucks, planes
 -- have been arranged in a perfectly straight line.

AUTISM DOC (V.O.)
 But if you can put aside for a
 moment what your pediatrician and
 all the other NT's have told you
 about your son--

AUTISTIC BOY'S DAD (V.O.)
 "NT's"?

AUTISM DOC (V.O.)
 "Neuro-typicals." The rest of us.
 What if they're wrong?

INT. HARBOR NEUROSCIENCE-CORRIDOR

The boy walks, explores. He runs his small hand against the
 wall, windowsills, feels the wood grain, sun on his face.

AUTISM DOC (V.O.)
 What if we've been using the wrong
 tests to quantify intelligence in
 children with autism? Your son's
 not less-than. He's different.

A nurse passes, smiles at him. Stone-faced, he continues.

AUTISM DOC (V.O.)
 Now your expectations for your son
 may change over time. They might
 include self-sufficiency, marriage,
 children. And they might not. But
 I guarantee you if we let the world
 set expectations for our children
 they'll start low and stay there.

He rounds a corner, stops. The boy's POV: a door left ajar.

INT. JUSTINE'S ROOM - DAY

The boy steps in to a cozy home. The walls a warm pink.
 Overhead, multiple MOBILES slowly spin, cast prisms of light
 on the walls, across a framed poster; young Muhammad Ali
 towers over a prone Sonny Liston.

AUTISM DOC (V.O.)
 Maybe your son is capable of much
 more than we know. And maybe just
 maybe, he doesn't understand how to
 tell us. Or we haven't yet learned
 how to listen.

A GRUNT. The boy turns, freezes.

Dark eyes glare out behind wild thick hair. JUSTINE, now 30s, thin, sweats and t-shirt. She nests cross-legged in an easy chair by a desk. On the desk, a flat screen monitor.

He stares at her, frightened, unable to move.

Justine rocks back and forth, eyes glued to the boy.

AUTISTIC BOY'S MOM (O.S.)
 (relieved)
 Honey, for the hundredth time,
 don't wander off like that.

The boy's PARENTS, 30s, and the DOCTOR, 50s, in the cabin. The couple look at Justine, pained smiles on their faces.

AUTISTIC BOY'S MOM
 (to Justine)
 I'm so sorry.

AUTISM DOC
 (winks at Justine)
 It's all right. Can he visit with
 you for a while, Justine?

Justine ducks her head, flaps a hand, grunts unintelligibly.

AUTISM DOC
 C'mon, folks, I'll give you the
 nickel tour.

He holds the door for the reluctant-to-leave parents. Dad scans the room one last time. They exit.

AUTISM DOC (V.O.)
 We accept every child on the
 spectrum, no one is turned away.
 Justine's one of our few full-time
 residents. She stopped talking
 thirty years ago, communicates with
 a digital translator now.

The boy slowly approaches Justine, passes a large suitcase-size computer, CRAY emblazoned on the front. Her desk, the monitor, a potted cactus plant, a small FRAMED PHOTO.

AUTISTIC BOY'S MOM (V.O.)
 Doctor, how is Harbor funded?

AUTISM DOC (V.O.)
 We're fortunate to have very
 generous private donors. Some more
 than others.

Two people in the old photo: 10-YEAR-OLD JUSTINE, her little girl's sober face stares out from behind long tangled hair. Next to her, a 10 YEAR-OLD YOUNG BOY: CHRIS.

AUTISTIC BOY'S DAD (V.O.)
I'll say they're generous.

AUTISM DOC (V.O.)
Why's that?

AUTISTIC BOY'S DAD (V.O.)
That woman... Justine...

AUTISM DOC
(proudly)
My daughter.

AUTISTIC BOY'S MOM (V.O.)
She's your daughter?

AUTISM DOC (V.O.)
The reason I started the Institute.

AUTISTIC BOY'S DAD (V.O.)
Justine's computer--

Justine rocks, emits a low KEENING sound, averts her eyes.

AUTISTIC BOY'S DAD (V.O.)
..it's a Cray CX1.

AUTISM DOC (V.O.)
That's right, you're a software
engineer. I'm sorry, is that good?

AUTISTIC BOY'S DAD (V.O.)
Good? Doc, she could backdoor the
Pentagon with that rig.

Justine paws at the air, contorts. She pulls a WIRELESS
KEYBOARD tucked within the chair. Her hands blaze over the
keys, SPEAKERS on her desk produce the familiar VOICE:

BRITISH FEMALE/JUSTINE (V.O.)
Hello, young man. And just who
might you be?

The boy looks at her with bright, intelligent eyes.

INT. CHICAGO OFFICE - DAY

A crowded cubicle-farm of temps, accountants, admins.

Dana sits at her desk, studying a ledger on her monitor. She
tilts her head away from the screen, daydreams.

EXT. HAPPY TRAILS RV PARK - DAY

Dana stands, stares at the empty spot where the Airstream
once parked.

INT. DANA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dana, in a business suit, tired, slides a key in her apartment lock. A shadow falls across the door. She whirls around, frightened... the Fed-Ex guy.

Fed Ex holds his palms up, *whoa*. He hands her a rectangular CARDBOARD BOX, size of a flat screen TV but much lighter. She takes it, no return address.

INT. DANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dana sits on a love seat, reaches into the Fed-Ex box, pulls... a frame, followed by *Dogs Playing Poker*.

INT. DANA'S APARTMENT-BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dana finishes nailing a picture hanger into the wall. She hangs *Dogs* on the hook, straightens it.

She steps back to gauge her work. She LAUGHS, remembering. Her laughter fades, in her eyes a touch of sadness. An imperfection catches her eye, a small bubble in an upper corner.

She fingers the bubble, something beneath. She picks at a tiny flap of paper, inspects... FREEZES. She slowly tears the print the length of the frame.

Dana shocked. She stares at the half-revealed Pollock hanging on her wall. Nervous, she moves to the window, grabs the shade pull, hesitates. She looks out the window, GRINS.

INT. AIRSTREAM (MOVING) - SUNSET

Sun leaks through drawn shades, warms blonde wood. The Renoir also gone.

INT. SUV (MOVING) - SUNSET

Windows down, radio on, Chris, T-shirt and jeans, drives. The cuts on his face fading, he gently taps his fingers to the music, daydreams.

Colorado's San Juan Mountains visible through his windshield.

EXT. DURANGO, COLORADO - SUNSET

The SUV trailers the Airstream down a steep grade, the picturesque town of Durango nestled at the base of the pass. The road curves, the SUV and Airstream follow the switchback behind the mountain, disappear.

FADE OUT.

THE END