

THE FUGUE

First Draft
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JAMES FORJAC, 26, navy suit, maroon tie, the model of military bearing and precision. A laminated US Government badge hangs around his neck. US and New York flags hang on poles behind him.

He addresses a half dozen men and women in their twenties scattered about a utilitarian space. Pens poised above their notepads, they listen as he speaks.

Credits play over opening scene, occasionally FREEZING the action as dialogue plays under.

FORJAC

Despite centuries of separation, the peoples of Bosnia, Hercegovia, Croatia, Serbia, Kosovo, and Montenegro speak the same language. This was the main stimuli for the creation of the "Yugoslav" state. Since the creation of Croatia and Bosnia-Hercegovia and the independent states in 1992, there has been a conscious effort to maximize the linguistic differences. New words have been introduced, words specifically "Croatian," "Serbian," or "Bosnian." The Serbs use the ekavian pronunciation, the Croats the ijekavian. In addition, Serbs, in many areas, have reverted to the Cyrillic alphabet.

All of which has been a boon to those intent on foiling attempts at eavesdropping. The surveillance and monitoring of radio communications and phone conversations in these dialects requires a fluid and evolving knowledge of changes in meaning and pronunciation.

On August 12, 1998, 14:30 hours, the following fifteen second phone conversation was intercepted by NATO intelligence.

Forjac removes an MP3 player from his pocket, plugs it into an amplifier and attached speakers. Sounds of static, city noise, and sirens fill the room. Amid the sounds, words can be deciphered:

RECORDING

...oni se jako dobro pozanju...
kupaci kostim... ujak.. su k meni
jucer... etc...

James turns off the MP3 recording.

FORJAC

What was the speaker saying?

The students hesitate to answer. Forjac waits. A MALE STUDENT raises his hand tentatively.

FORJAC

Yes, Nikola?

NIKOLA

Something about "Uncle" and people who know each other. They're going swimming or they're going to buy a swimming suit.

FORJAC

Close. "Uncle" is going swimming with people he knows. The speaker was Tomislav Kitz, a Serbian paramilitary officer. Two hours later a bomb exploded in a communal bath used by forces friendly to the allies. Three soldiers were killed, along with nine civilians, six men, and three children. Combing through telephone intercepts, we were able to locate and decode the message. Too late.

Your work, providing you stay the course, and I hope you do, will put you into contact with many such messages. If you interpret correctly, people will be unconvinced. If you are wrong, people will die. Soldiers, civilians, children.

CUT TO:

2

INT. CORRIDOR DAY

2

Class students and government personnel pass as James Forjac, walking down the corridor in the New York Federal building, is greeted by WILLIAMS, dark suit and laminated government badge.

Williams, like Forjac, has an official bearing and demeanor, a demeanor, that is not so much military as it is CIA, NSA, CSS, or any other government agency cloaked in secrecy.

WILLIAMS

Thanks for coming up, Jim.

FORJAC

It's my job.

WILLIAMS

But still... we appreciate it.

FORJAC

Any good prospects?

WILLIAMS

One or two might end up your way.
Did you play the Kosovo tape?

Forjac nods, noticing a man down the corridor.

FORJAC

Is that Hank Smellick?

WILLIAMS

Yeah.

FORJAC

Wondered where he ended up.

Williams makes an expression, twirls his finger:

WILLIAMS

Wheel's turning, but the hamster's
dead.

Forjac chuckles, then turns pensive:

FORJAC

I wonder where I'll end up.

CUT TO:

3

INT. WILLIAMS' OFFICE DAY

3

They step into Williams' spare office. James picks up his briefcase.

WILLIAMS
Dissatisfied?

FORJAC
I always had something in mind a little less... sedentary. I wasn't meant to sit behind a desk.

WILLIAMS
But it's where your country needs you.
(no reply)
Going back tonight?

FORJAC
(shakes head)
A dinner meeting. I've got a flight in the morning. I've got to be back for President's Day weekend. It's my wedding anniversary.

CUT TO:

4

EXT. HOLIDAY INN NIGHT

4

Manhattan high rise hotel. Heavy rain.

CUT TO:

5

INT. FORJAC'S HOTEL ROOM NIGHT

5

Inside the generic room, everything in its place; clothes folded on a chair for the next day's use, toiletries lined beside the sink, on the desk, in a row, Jim's wallet, pocket money, ID badge, airplane ticket, cell phone, digital camera, room keys.

--Forjac, wearing boxer shorts, finishing ten sit-ups, flips over, counts off military push-ups.

--Brushes his teeth.

--Sets the digital alarm clock for 6:00 am. It's now 11:15.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

--Turns off the bed table lamp, tucks himself under the covers.

TIMECUT: The clock clicks forward. 2:37. SOUND of a buzzing fly.

Forjac, asleep, turns restlessly as the BUZZING grows closer, fades away.

Out the window a street lamp FLICKERS, each flicker accompanied by a staccato burst of Europop.

His eyes open. He hears NOISES. Some sort of commotion in the adjacent room. Voices, music, activity, clicking. It seems to grow louder.

Jim reaches over, flips on the bed table lamp. Yes, there is some sort of party next door. He hoists himself up, leans his ear to the wall. He KNOCKS. No response.

Irritated, then pissed off, Jim contemplates calling the front desk. He picks up the receiver, recradles it, having decided to go next door himself.

He gets up, goes to the chair, pulls on his folded dark trousers. About to leave, steps over to the desk, picks up his room key, slips it in his pocket, unbolts the door, steps outside.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY NIGHT

Exiting room 107, James tiptoes next door to 109. Flashes of light come from within, accompanied by the sound of Paul Oakenfold.

He's about to knock when he realizes the door is ajar. He gently pushes it open.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 109 NIGHT

Silently opening the door, Forjac stands in the doorway and sees:

It's some sort of PHOTO SHOOT.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

EVA, a beautiful, partially dressed model, poses languidly on the bed. Around her: DECLAN, the photographer, his Nikon attached by cord to a strobe umbrella light, takes photos. ANDRE, his camera assistant, follows him about. CELIA, a stylish makeup artist and Girl Friday, tends to logistics.

These are "beauty" shots, not porn. The sort one associates with magazines like "Maxim."

DECLAN

Eva, Eva, the reason God made
woman, so beautiful...

EVA

Chill.

DECLAN

Now turn, dearest, over the
shoulder look, that old fuck
me/fuck you look.

(to Assistant)

Two exposures left.

Declan finishes the roll, removes it, hands it to his waiting Assistant. Reloading the camera, he notices Forjac.

FORJAC

What are you doing?

DECLAN

It's a photo shoot.

FORJAC

I'm in the room next door. You woke
me up.

DECLAN

I'm so sorry. We'll try to be
quiet. Andre, turn down the music.

Andre lowers the Oakenfold trance beat.

FORJAC

It's the middle of the night.

DECLAN

Eva was late. You know how models
are. You wouldn't believe this
business. I'm Declan, that's Eva.

(she smiles)

Close the door. Stay if you like.

CONTINUED

Jim doesn't know quite how to react. Simultaneously awkward, intrigued and entranced, he obliges, closing the door. He stands like a good boy, watching, as the strobe flashes.

DECLAN

Eva, beautiful, fucking beautiful, babe. Now tease me a little. Take the sheet, pull it through your crotch, yeah... yeah, like that... now let it fall away... oh, you are such a naughty girl...

(she laughs)

Just like that. I love it when you laugh. You have the most beautiful smile... Celia, fix her.

Celia scoots over, replaces a lock of Eva's hair that has fallen over her face. Jim steps closer. Eva glances at him, a twinkle in her eyes. Celia backs off: the strobe flashes as Declan begins shooting.

DECLAN

Start to unbutton your shirt, shift a little... open up your right thigh... yeah... yeah... beautiful. Did I ever tell you how beautiful you were, Eva?

EVA

Mother of Jesus.

Declan notices Forjac inching closer:

DECLAN

Don't be shy, soldier.

FORJAC

I'm sorry, but if you could...?

DECLAN

Would you like to take some pictures?

(points to Jim's pocket)

Go right ahead... that's it, Eva...

Eva plays peek-a-boo with a nipple as Declan shoots. Jim puts his hand into the pocket where he placed his key, feels the shape. Removing the object, he sees that it's his digital mini camera. He must have taken it by mistake.

So, he thinks, why not? He aims the camera, framing Eva in the LCD display and clicks: freeze-frame.

7 CONTINUED:

Eva, playing to both Declan and James, playfully exposes her breasts.

Strobes flash. Forjac draws closer and closer, CLICKING away. Soon he is hard upon her, sitting on the bed at Eva's feet. She poses and he shoots: shot after shot.

Eva now flirting, posing just for him. Jim realizes Declan must now be photographing both him and Eva together, but keeps shooting.

LCD close-up: just her tantalizing face.

Eva reaches out with a long bare arm, places it on Jim's shoulder. She slowly draws him closer. Their faces are inches apart. Strobe.

She leans her lips to his ear and says in a terrifying voice:

EVA

Help me.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. REAGAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT DAY 8

A plane descends in the distance as James Forjac, pulling his carry-on suitcase behind, enters the parking structure.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. FORJAC HOME EVENING 9

James pulls his 1998 government issue Taurus into the driveway of a middle class Maryland home.

Opening the rear door, he retrieves a bouquet of red roses, walks to the front door, enters.

CUT TO:

10 INT. FORJAC HOME EVENING 10

Jim enters, immediately welcomed by KANSAS, a blond Labrador retriever.

CONTINUED

FORJAC

Kansas, Kansas, you missed me, good girl, calm down.

(looks around)

Cynthia?

Suddenly she appears, bounding smiles, a hand behind her back: CYNTHIA, 24, petit, smart. Jim's wife.

CYNTHIA

Surprise!

She takes her hand from behind her back, hands him a baseball cap reading, "Don't blame me, I'm with her."

FORJAC

(they embrace)

Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

Oh, roses, thank you. Here, this is for you.

FORJAC

(puts cap on)

This is wonderful. I didn't... just some flowers.

CYNTHIA

They're beautiful.

She sets the flowers down, holds him. He slow-dances, half-humming, half-singing the Bryan Adams song, "Everything I do, I do for you."

CYNTHIA

Thanks for three years.

(leans close, kissing)

Thanks for the dance.

HENRY DUFF, 68, appears in the kitchen wearing a barbeque apron, wardrobe which in no way mitigates his imposing presence.

DUFF

(stepping back)

I hope I'm not interrupting...?

CYNTHIA

No, Dad.

FORJAC
Hello, Hank. You cooking?

DUFF
It's my anniversary present. T-bones from Sanders. The fire's about ready. What else is an old retiree good for?

CYNTHIA
Break out the violins.

FORJAC
People like you never retire.

DUFF
Tell that to the government. Some businesses give you a golden parachute; Uncle Sam gives you...

CYNTHIA AND FORJAC
(they join in)
"a golden golf club."

DUFF
(waves his hand dismissively)
You two...

CUT TO:

11 INT DINING AREA NIGHT

11

In the LIVING ROOM: red roses in a vase and, above the keyboard console, framed photos: a younger Hank Duff with his wife and two children, Jim and Cynthia's marriage portrait, Jim and Kansas, Jim at an awards ceremony. In the photo, Forjac, several years younger, wearing an Army uniform, poses with a General, shaking hands, looking at the photographer. A Purple Heart is draped across the frame.

In the DINING AREA: Hank distributes T-bone to his daughter and son-in-law as Kansas, ever vigilant, sits on the floor, waiting for scraps.

CYNTHIA
How was New York?

An awkward pause. Jim looks at Hank.

CONTINUED

CYNTHIA

I didn't ask where you went in New York. What you did, who you met. I just asked how was New York.

FORJAC

Yes, but one question, you know... leads to another.

Hank breaks the tension:

DUFF

It was raining.

(to Jim)

I read it in USA Today. It's not classified.

Jim, relieved to be off the hook:

FORJAC

It was raining. Drizzle all day, then in the evening it started to pour.

The doorbell RINGS. Cynthia calls:

CYNTHIA

Come in.

The door opens. SETH DUFF, 28, Cynthia's brother, steps in. He wears a Virginia State Trooper uniform, hat in hand.

CYNTHIA

Seth! You made it.

SETH

Am I too late?

DUFF

Just in time, son.

(stands)

I got a Sanders T-bone out back waiting. Medium rare?

Seth nods as Jim and Cynthia also rise. Seth kisses his sister, shakes Jim and Hank's hands.

DUFF

Sit down. Help yourself to some salad. I'll be right back.

(exits)

CONTINUED

SETH

I've got to be on duty in an hour.
(explains)
Rotation. I'm on nights the next
five weeks.

They sit. Seth, reaching for the salad, says to Forjac:

SETH

So, how was New York?

Cynthia casts her eyes heavenward in an exasperation.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK PORCH NIGHT

Duff places a juicy steak on the Weber Grill, backs away from the grizzling, burning fat.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING AREA NIGHT

Hank, Seth, James and Cynthia sit around the table. Seth, checking his watch, pushes back his empty plate.

SETH

It's time for me to mosey on. Speed
traps to man, seat belt tickets to
issue...

FORJAC

Minorities to profile.

SETH

(mock hurt)

Oh, Jimmy, you know we don't do
that anymore. That's one thing I've
learned. Bad guys come in every
color.

Jim stands, steps with Seth as he exits:

FORJAC

Let me walk you to your car.
There's something I want to ask
you...

13 CONTINUED:

They go outside.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. FORJAC HOME NIGHT

14

They head for Seth's patrol car.

FORJAC
Something on my mind.

SETH
No problemo.

FORJAC
No, this is serious.

SETH
(alert)
Is something wrong? Is it Cynthia?

Forjac hesitates, then plunges in:

FORJAC
Last night I was at the Holiday Inn, New York. That's not exactly a government secret. Okay, about 2:30, I was in bed, asleep, and I heard these noises from the next room, like there was a party. Music playing...

CUT TO:

15 INT KITCHEN NIGHT

15

Hank Duff helps his daughter: she rinses the dishes, he loads them in the dishwasher.

CYNTHIA
All those years, how did you and Mom do it?

DECLAN
"Do it"? You want the details.

CYNTHIA
Not that "it."

CONTINUED

DUFF

We did it like everyone else.

CYNTHIA

No, how did you manage the secrecy?
You off here and there without
warning, clandestine, who knows
where, then, suddenly, you're home
again.

DUFF

It wasn't easy on her. I won't
pretend it was. You learn to accept
it. She did.

(beat)

You having a problem?

CYNTHIA

I guess I wasn't... well, it's been
different than I thought.

DUFF

Your mother was a fucking saint,
excuse my French. Half of me died
when she did. You learn to have
your own life, the life between a
husband and wife, a life outside
the work. A place you can share
together. A place to come home to.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. FORJAC HOME NIGHT

16

Seth and James stand beside his police car.

FORJAC

...she leaned forward, she
whispered in my ear. She asked me
to help her. It was so real.

SETH

It was a nightmare.

FORJAC

No, not like any dream or nightmare
I ever had.

SETH

What happened after?

CONTINUED

FORJAC

I went back to my room, undressed,
went to bed. The alarm rang at six.
I had my breakfast, came home.

SETH

Shake it off. It's the stress. You
sublimate so much, it's bound to
come out somewhere.

Jim removes the digital camera from his pocket.

FORJAC

That's what I thought. Then I
remembered the camera. Here, look.
I took these photos.

He holds up the LCD screen for Seth to see, then scrolls
through a series of photos. Each shows his flash lit hotel
room. An empty room, an empty bed. Photo after photo.

FORJAC

This got me worried. I took these
pictures, one after another, twenty
or thirty photos of my empty room.
But I don't remember being in my
room. I remember being next door.

(beat)

It's like I had a break, a break
from reality. An hour of time
unaccounted for. What was I doing?

SETH

Calm down. You're making too much
of it.

FORJAC

I've got a head filled with
classified information. I can't
afford to have a "break from
reality." I can't permit a
situation in which I'm not in
control. I would kill myself before
allowing myself to be a security
risk.

SETH

What do you want me to say?

FORJAC

If this happened to you, as a police officer, is there someone you could go to, someone cops can talk to in absolute secrecy?

SETH

There are counselors, but it's a joke. You got a problem, keep it to yourself. You can't handle it, quit. Believe me, there's no one you can trust.

FORJAC

I remember their faces, the photographer, the girl. Precisely. Maybe I could work with a sketch artist, you could put out a BOLO, see if they exist.

Seth looks at him, hardly believing his ears.

SETH

Jim, I've seen stress. What it can do. Relax. Go about your business. You'll be all right.

Forjac, thinking, nods.

FORJAC

Yeah, of course. Thanks.

(beat)

You've got to get to work. Don't worry. I'm sure you're right.

Jim pats Seth on the shoulder, heads back to the house. Seth watches him as he walks, troubled.

CUT TO:

Kansas sleeps in her favorite chair. Moonlight catches Jim's photo and Purple Heart.

CUT TO:

18 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT 18

Jim and Cynthia in bed, kissing and fondling, progressing from foreplay to intercourse. She emits a sound as he enters her.

Their eyes meet as she reaches her bare arm across his back, pulls his face toward hers, whispers in his ear, a throaty, frightening voice:

CYNTHIA

Help me.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. NSA DAY 19

Forjac's Taurus exits Route 32, turns toward the complex of buildings which comprise the National Security Agency, Ft. Meade, Maryland. Ahead is the massive black rectangular headquarters, the second largest building in the United States (eclipsed only by the Pentagon).

Passing "National Vigilance Park," the car enters the restricted area, takes a place in the checkpoint queue.

CUT TO:

20 INT. NATIONAL CRYPTOLOGICAL SCHOOL DAY 20

The lobby buzzes with the polyglot elite of the intelligence community: engineers, mathematicians, linguists, translators, encryptors, decryptors. All wear security tags hung by lanyards around their necks. Forjac passes the NSA/CSS Cryptologic Memorial. Beneath the legend "They Served in Silence" are engraved 153 names.

DAMITA, a Sri Lankan going soft in the middle, walks toward him:

DAMITA

So how was...?

FORJAC

Don't say it. Let me guess. "How was New York?"

Damita seems puzzled. Jim waves it off.

CONTINUED

FORJAC

Nothing. Inside joke.

DAMITA

(they walk)

So how was New York?

FORJAC

Good. We should have three or four students from the North East next quarter.

DAMITA

We need them. Everything is now Arabic and Islamic studies, but Kosovo still gives me the creeps. It's the doorway to that world. The two top analysts, one is Canadian, the other Australian. They're allies, but still, it's good to have your own people. How do you do it, Jim?

FORJAC

What?

DAMITA

Keep off the weight.

They approach a bank of elevators.

CUT TO:

21

INT.

FORJAC'S OFFICE

DAY

21

James and Damita cross through his outer office. LINDA, his secretary, looks up from her desk.

FORJAC

Morning, Linda.

LINDA

Morning, Mr. Forjac.

They proceed to his office. The walls are hung with degrees, commendations and patriotic scenes. Jim fires up three computers as Damita reaches into his portfolio, removes a document labeled "Top Secret," places it on Jim's desk. Forjac waits until Linda exits:

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED:

FORJAC
That's the ECHELON update?

DAMITA
Menwith Hill has come up with four
new possible keywords for Serbo-
Croatian. They want an opinion
whether or not to add them to the
dictionary.

FORJAC
The dictionary gets any bigger,
every phone call will be tagged.
We're short on manpower as it is.
Remember when "hot" was a keyword?
Every time someone said "It's hot
today," an analyst would have to go
through the intercept.

DAMITA
Maybe we can weed out some others.

FORJAC
That violates the first role of
bureaucracy. Once something goes in
it never comes out.

Linda pokes her head in:

LINDA
You wanted me to remind you to call
Col. Spivak first thing.
(Forjac nods)
You have lunch at 12:30 in the
commissary then at four you have a
meeting outside the building.
(he looks at her)
You didn't give me any details. You
just said you had to be somewhere
at four.

CUT TO:

22 INT STARBUCKS DAY

22

Forjac sits in a Silver Springs coffee shop, reading the
Post, sipping coffee.

He checks the digital readout on his watch. 3:57, 3:58. He
folds the paper, sets down his coffee, looks out the window.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED:

3:59. He walks to the door. Waits.

At exactly 4:00 he steps outside. Simultaneously a brown utility vehicle pulls into the No Parking space in front.

He opens the rear door, gets inside. The vehicle drives away.

CUT TO:

23 INT UTILITY VEHICLE DAY 23

Beside Forjac sits COLONEL CLINT SPIVAK, 40, thin mustache, a military man squeezed into civilian clothes. He glances at Jim's ID tag.

SPIVAK
Mr. Forjac?

FORJAC
Col. Spivak?

SPIVAK
Clint. I suppose you ran a check on me?

FORJAC
CTC? The last ten years were sort of vague.

SPIVAK
(shrugs)
There is a way you can help us.
Everything we discuss is
classified. Understand?

FORJAC
Yes.

SPIVAK
If, at any point, you are
uncomfortable with these
discussions, say so. You will
return to your office at NCS. There
will be no record of your
cooperation or lack thereof.

FORJAC
You sound like a TV show.

CONTINUED

SPIVAK

(smiles)

"Should you accept this mission."
Jargon. There's no way around it.
Are we understood?

FORJAC

Yes.

SPIVAK

There are some people I want you to
meet.

Jim nods. Spivak turns to the driver:

SPIVAK

Let's go.

Spivak looks at the window, shaking his head.

FORJAC

What is it?

SPIVAK

This neighborhood. Every time I
come up this way, it's changed.

CUT TO:

24

INT

CONDO

DAY

24

Spivak escorts Forjac to a seat in the living area of a condo
decorated with beige rental furniture and framed landscapes.

Four men in their twenties stand and sit around the room.
Although dressed as civilians, James recognizes their type:
commandos--Airborne Rangers, Special Forces, Seals, whatever.

SPIVAK

Want anything, coffee, water?

FORJAC

Coffee would be nice, sugar, a
little cream.

Clint pours coffee from a coffee maker as he introduces the
others:

SPIVAK

This is, from left to right, Baker,
Abel, Charlie and Denver.

CONTINUED

Jim looks around. They fall into types: ABEL, Hispanic, BAKER, black, urban, CHARLIE, white, educated, DENVER, white, rural with a Louisiana accent. They rise, shake hands.

SPIVAK

(handing Jim coffee cup)
Be careful with Abel and Baker.
Sometimes they like to switch
names.

BAKER

Just to fuck with your head.

SPIVAK

Baker is team leader. We've been
tasked with a mission. You were in
Kosovo. You know the name Darko
Radjic?

FORJAC

I heard of it. He was an ally.

ABEL

At one time.

SPIVAK

He's dead now. Killed by his older
brother Drazen. Drazen has taken
over the family business. At the
time you were in country, that was
running hookers and drugs, guns on
the side. East European girls, dirt
poor, sold and transported as sex
workers. Distasteful but not a
security risk to the United States...

Forjac's cell phone rings. Heads turn, silence. Jim,
apologetic, takes it from his pocket, turns it off. Clint
continues:

SPIVAK

Drazen has branched out. Intel now
has it--I suspect some of this
information has crossed your desk--
that he's moved into money
laundering and from there into
explosives. He's the primary
supplier of Semtec and Obrysit in
the region. His money laundering
activities brought him in contact
with Hamas, Islamic Jihad, the
whole bunch.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

SPIVAK (cont'd)

Drugs for dollars, dollars for explosives. In the past year five suicide bombs have been traced to explosives sold by this source.

BAKER

These are the bad guys.

Charlie hands a grainy black and white surveillance photo of a sixtiesh Serbian man on a Kosovo street.

DENVER

Radjic.

SPIVAK

What's next? Nukes, biological weapons? That's not going to happen. The decision has been made to terminate Drazen Radjic. We worked though legitimate channels to no avail. Radjic has too many friends in and out of the government.

DENVER

"If you are the anvil, be patient..."

BAKER, ABEL AND CHARLIE

...if you are the hammer, strike."

SPIVAK

Operation Rahab will act without the knowledge of regional authorities.

FORJAC

"Rehab"?

SPIVAK

"Rahab." From the Bible. The current crowd is big on Biblical code names.

FORJAC

No locals at all?

BAKER

A half dozen Serbs, but all freelance.

CONTINUED

SPIVAK

We will need constant updated intelligence. Charlie is the communications op.

CHARLIE

We'll all be wired. The moment we land, the chatter will start. What concerns us is the mission time frame itself. We'll need to monitor all local communications.

SPIVAK

We need the support of ECHELON. Your people will be keyworded and plugged 24/7. Anything on the intercepts comes straight to Rahab.

FORJAC

And I will be...?

SPIVAK

You could work out of your office but it would be better to set you up in a space designed for that purpose.

FORJAC

In the States?

SPIVAK

This mission has 100% deniability. Should something happen to you in country, should you be lost, how would we explain it? You're a civilian, an NSA employee with a Purple Heart no less. How would we explain your death?

(beat)

The others, they have cover stories in place. They go down, just another unnamed star on the wall at Langley.

Forjac reacts, disappointed. He wants to be closer to the action.

SPIVAK .

We have our orders.

(beat)

Are you all right with this?

FORJAC

Yes.

SPIVAK

Today is just meet and greet, get to know the team. Learn their specialties, who does what, who's done what. These boys do have some stories.

DENVER

My current gal, she thinks I'm a security analyst. "I didn't know security guards traveled so much," she says to me.

ABEL

It's a small fraternity.

SPIVAK

Okay, let's start. Jim, you realize of course, no notes, nothing written down.

FORJAC

(nods)

Do you see this as near term or far term?

SPIVAK

It's a priority.

CUT TO:

25

EXT.

STARBUCKS

EVENING

25

Darkness has fallen. The utility vehicle pulls up to the No Parking space, drops Forjac off. He takes the cell phone from his pocket, reactivates it, dials.

FORJAC

Linda, it's Jim. Any messages?

(listens)

All right, nothing urgent. I'm going home from here. You can leave.

(listens)

Do it. Thanks.

Disconnecting, James removes a parking ticket from his jacket, checks it, heads for the parking structure down the block.

CONTINUED

Walking, James passes the "Silver Springs," a yuppie bar. He notices something, stops. He backs up to have a better look.

Looking through the window, Forjac scans the interior. The bar area is crowded with conservatively dressed junior executives and secretaries. Looking again, he finds what has caught his eye:

Seated at the far end of the bar is a young woman who looks remarkably like "Eva," the model from the photo shoot. The hair style and make-up are different, the dress (pink jacket, black skirt) is certainly different, but, yes, the resemblance is striking.

He brushes a fly from his face, goes inside.

CUT TO:

Del Shannon's "Runaway" plays on an oldies mix over the sound system as Forjac squeezes between a couple of door-huggers. Looking around, exchanging glances with several patrons, he finds an empty seat at the bar.

At first he doesn't look at the woman. The BARTENDER steps over.

BARTENDER

Johnny Walker?

FORJAC

Iced tea.

He waits, then looks: there she sits, sipping white wine, laughing under a red neon "Paradise Beer" sign, responding to a young man next to her. Her eyes catch Jim's, look away.

A cluster of male and female bar patrons settle their tab, exit. The young man who had been speaking to the mystery girl leaves with them. Forjac finds himself looking straight at her. And she at him.

He looks away, looks back. He smiles, she smiles. She makes a motion with her head: would he like to come over?

Picking up his drink, Jim walks over, sits beside her. She speaks with a slight East European accent:

CONTINUED

EVANGELINE

Don't tell me, I remind you of
someone.

FORJAC

Well, in fact, you do. Do you, ah,
want anything?

EVANGELINE

(holds up glass)
I'm fine with this.
(beat)
So what's my name?
(he stammers)
You've got a stare that could iron
clothes.

FORJAC

Sorry.

EVANGELINE

If I look like somebody, she has a
name, right?

FORJAC

Eva.

EVANGELINE

Close. Evangeline. I hope you're
not a mind reader. My mind is
empty. I'm in hotel management. All
day long, Miss Polite, Miss Suck it
Up. I come here to unwind.
(looks at his drink)
Are you an adulterator?

FORJAC

(quick glance at wedding
ring)
A what...?

EVANGELINE

That's hotel lingo. You know
miniatures, those little bottles of
booze in the minibar? An
adulterator empties them, fills
them up with iced tea or water.
That looks like an adulterated
drink there.

FORJAC

It's iced tea.

She gestures: Told you so.

EVANGELINE

What is it you do... ah...?

Entranced, it takes him a moment to catch her drift. He introduces himself:

FORJAC

James. Jim. State Department. I'm one of those anonymous drones who pushes paper around making it harder for anyone to get anything done.

EVANGELINE

(finishes drink)

I'll take you up on that offer now.

He motions to the Bartender, orders another white wine. She gestures toward his wedding ring.

EVANGELINE

So she left you? And now you're like one of those sad sacks in the movies, going around, seeing his lost love in the strangest places.

(turns her head around)

Is she or isn't she?

(turns back)

Oops! Wrong girl.

FORJAC

(laughs)

Am I really that bad?

EVANGELINE

You're not bad. You're not bad at all.

FORJAC

(catching her drift)

I'm married.

EVANGELINE

So am I.

(beat)

I look like her? Eva?

FORJAC

She's not my wife.

CONTINUED

EVANGELINE

The plot thickens. I love a
mystery.

His smile, collapsing, betrays him, replaced by the look of
longing.

EVANGELINE

She really got to you, huh?

FORJAC

(beat: thin smile)

Everything seems to be one way, you
know, fixed, ordinary... then...

EVANGELINE

Tell me about her.

The Bartender brings her drink, says to him:

BARTENDER

You good?

FORJAC

I'm good.

(to her)

I'm real good.

Their eyes meet and he realizes: his hand is touching hers.

CUT TO:

27

INT

STUDIO APT.

NIGHT

27

TV SCREEN: a crime reenactment show (terrified grainy b&w
girl, anonymous attacker) plays on a 15" screen.

James and Evangeline make love between the covers of a fold-
out bed. Her studio apartment is decorated in Single Girl
Kitsch: stuffed animals, humorous and inspirational posters
and candles, many candles.

They are all over each other. Evangeline reaches her arm over
his shoulder, pulls him towards her, pressing her lips to his
ear. She exhales, orgasmic, collapses to the sheets.

TIMECUT. "Tonight Show" on the TV: Jay Leno interviews Dennis
Miller, who, switching his eyes from Jay to the camera,
concludes a rant about the hypocrisy of conservative
Republicans.

Forjac and Evangeline watch from the studio bed.

CONTINUED

FORJAC

This guy cracks me up. I don't agree with his politics, but he cracks me up.

EVANGELINE

Mind if I have a cigarette.

(he gives her a look)

I know: it will kill me. So will a lot of other things.

FORJAC

Go ahead.

She stands, nude, walks over to the TV table, plucks a cigarette from a pack, lights it. She lowers the TV volume, looks at him, speaks:

EVANGELINE

I don't work in the hotel industry.
I don't even have a job.

Evangeline walks back, joins him in bed. She uses the ashtray beside the bed. Beside the ashtray: an opened and unopened pack of condoms.

FORJAC

I suspected that.

EVANGELINE

And you work for the State Department? You tell me your lies, I'll tell you mine.

FORJAC

I do work for the government.

EVANGELINE

And you're married?

(he nods)

So am I. I sold the ring.

(explains)

I was a... internet mail bride. Girls where I come from, Latvia, it is very hard. There is no money, no work. All you have is your beauty... while it lasts. There is a "club," a room with computers, where they put you in touch with lonely Americans. You email each other, exchange pictures.

(puts out cigarette)

(MORE)

CONTINUED

EVANGELINE (cont'd)

Twice a year they have a party in Riga and the Americans come. All the girls meet the men. If a man likes the woman, he marries her and takes her to America. That's how I met Tony Corenta, that's my married name, Evangeline Corenta. We lived in the Midwest, in Omaha. In America he changed. He made me do terrible things. He would tie me...

She displays her right wrist. The remnants of old rope burns are etched into her skin.

EVANGELINE

I thought I would kill myself. Instead I run away. I come here because this is where the US government is. Tony's afraid of the US government.

FORJAC

What do you do?

EVANGELINE

Sometimes little jobs, cleaning, where they don't ask for identification. Mostly I go to bars, nice bars. I get drinks and such.

FORJAC

"And such"?

EVANGELINE

And such.

FORJAC

You're an American citizen now. Your husband can't take that away from you.

EVANGELINE

And who will protect me when he comes to kill me?

Forjac doesn't answer. He doesn't know the answer.

She registers his silence.

She reaches, turns off the lamp. Bluish TV glow rakes across the bed.

EVANGELINE

Are you going to stay?

FORJAC

No, I...

EVANGELINE

Good night, my lover.

He leans over, kisses her cheek:

FORJAC

Good night.

Jim swings his legs over the side of the bed, pulls on his boxers and slacks. Dressing, he walks over to the TV, looks at her. She seems already asleep.

He fishes folded bills from his pocket, flips through them. Two hundred and fifty dollars. He folds the money, slips it under a Carlsberg coaster beside the TV, exits, silently closing the door behind him.

CUT TO:

Killing the lights as he turns, James pulls his Taurus into the driveway. He gets out, softly shuts the car door, walks gingerly to the house. Kansas barks from within.

FORJAC

(hushed)

Kansas! Ssh!

He opens the side door.

CUT TO:

The house is dark. Quieting the dog, Jim hands her a treat from the doggy bowl. He enters the bathroom.

Inside, he closes the door, runs the tap, unbuckles his belt, soaps his hands. Unzipping his fly, he reaches into his boxers to wash off the smell of sex.

CUT TO:

30 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT 30

Forjac stealthily enters the darkened room. Cynthia lies sleeping in bed, her face turned away. He quietly undresses, folding his clothes, then slips under the covers, careful not to wake her.

CUT TO:

31 INT. KITCHEN MORNING 31

Forjac, dressed for work, walks down the stairs. Cynthia, sipping coffee, sits at the table reading the "Post." She looks up:

CYNTHIA

You want something for breakfast? I bought English muffins.

FORREST

(pouring himself coffee)

Sorry for coming in so late last night. The meeting just went on and on. They ordered in, the whole deal.

CYNTHIA

It wasn't that late.

He splits a muffin, drops it in the toaster.

FORJAC

Still...

CYNTHIA

We were able to watch Jay Leno together. I thought you were going to split a gut.

James doesn't change expression. Nonetheless, he's glad he's not facing her.

CYNTHIA

Dennis Miller, Jesus...

FORJAC

He cracks me up.

CONTINUED

CYNTHIA

Then we made love. That's not something I forget. Especially when it's that good.

The muffin pops out. Cooling it from hand to hand, he turns to face her.

FORJAC

It was good?

CYNTHIA

Whatever food they brought in, be sure they order it again.

(studying him)

Are you all right?

FORJAC

It's just this... project we're working on. Very complex. I wish I could share it with you.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. NATIONAL CRYPTOLOGICAL MUSEUM DAY 32

An open-to-the-public museum in the shadow of the NSA complex.

CUT TO:

33 INT. NATIONAL CRYPTOLOGICAL MUSEUM DAY 33

The Museum offers a peek behind the curtain of the secret world of cryptology. Glass cases feature coding machines from the time of Thomas Jefferson to WWII: the cipher wheel, Sigaba, Typex and the Cray supercomputer.

A SCHOOL TEACHER escorts her sixth graders through the exhibits as Forjac and Col. Spivak amble behind. Spivak is dressed in uniform.

SPIVAK

I've passed this place a dozen times, never been inside.

FORJAC

It's peaceful in an odd way. A relief from all the hush hush secrecy of the Big Black Box.

CONTINUED

Spivak motions to the six foot high Cray:

SPIVAK

The Cray XMP. Today, your cell phone has more memory than two of those.

FORJAC

I'd like to make a request to be included in the Rahab team. I'm willing to go through the channels, but I don't know what the channels are.

SPIVAK

You're looking at them.

FORJAC

There's only so much one can do long distance. Serbian intel is a labyrinthine world. I learned that when I was there. Every day, in my office, I'm reminded how much I'm missing. Satellites can't walk around the marketplace.

SPIVAK

You have men on the ground.

FORJAC

We only get one shot. If something goes wrong out there, and something always does, and better intelligence could have prevented it, well, that's not what I signed up for.

Spivak, not responding, walks to a plexiglass encased row of German Enigma coding machines.

FORJAC

Does my father-in-law have anything to do with the decision not to place me in theater? Concern for his daughter.

SPIVAK

Hank Duff? He's retired.

Jim rolls his eyes.

SPIVAK

This country owes a debt to Hank Duff. A debt no one will ever know about.

FORJAC

It's possible, then?

SPIVAK

This is America. Anything's possible.

(motions with his eyes)

The German Enigma machines. A fascinating bit of history. I always wondered, if we were reading their codes, why we didn't win the war earlier?

FORJAC

The question is: if we weren't reading their codes, would we have won at all?

CUT TO:

34

INT

GYM

DAY

34

The clang of weights, the whir of treadmills, the grunts of bodybuilders. This is a serious gym: cops, military personnel, athletes, men with a occupational interest in fitness.

Forjac, running on the treadmill, his grey shirt soaked with sweat, wearing head phones watches a 70's hair band on VH1 (REO Speedwagon). Seth, veins bulging, does arm curls.

CUT TO:

35

INT

LOCKER ROOM

DAY

35

Jim and Seth on benches across from each other. Forjac removes his T shirt as Seth unlaces his shoes.

Jim lays his sweat soaked shirt across his knee, exhales, looks down, falling inside himself.

SETH

What is it?

Jim looks away. Seth waits.

CONTINUED

FORJAC

It happened again.

SETH

What?

FORJAC

Not the same girl. A different girl who looked like her. Can I trust you?

SETH

Locker rooms, for cops, that's like a confessional.

FORJAC

It stays between us?

SETH

It stays between us.

FORJAC

Two days ago I was in Silver Springs, downtown...

SEEN FROM A DISTANCE: Jim leans forward, speaks softly to his brother-in-law as bodies pass in the foreground.

TIMECUT. Having heard Jim's story, Seth sits up, exhales.

FORJAC

You won't tell Cynthia?

SETH

(shakes head "no")

It's disturbing. I'm worried. Not for her, for you.

(Forjac nods)

You want me to ask around? Maybe there is somebody. You still want a sketch artist?

FORJAC

A waste of time.

(beat)

I want you to come with me.

CUT TO:

36 EXT SILVER SPRINGS DAY 36

Forjac drives down the commercial drag, glancing as he goes, at the "Silver Springs" bar. Seth, in uniform, sits in the passenger seat.

Further on, finding a parking space, Jim slows down, pulls in. He and Seth get out, lock the car, head toward a Fifties apartment building.

CUT TO:

37 INT APT BUILDING HALLWAY DAY 37

Exiting the elevator, Jim walks with trepidation down the timeworn hall, checking apartment numbers. Seth follows.

Forjac finds the one he's looking for, presses the button. No sound from within. The buzzer doesn't work. He knocks.

A shuffle of noise from within. The door opens a crack. EVANIC, a short seventiesish man, peers out.

Jim, surprised to see him, perseveres.

FORJAC
Excuse me, Mr...?

EVANIC
What is it?

SETH
Your name?

EVANIC
Evanic.

SETH
Mr. Evanic, may we come in?

EVANIC
What is it?

SETH
May we come in?

FORJAC
Just a few questions.

CONTINUED

Evanic relents, reluctantly unlatches the chain, opens the door. Jim and Seth enter Evangeline's "love nest."

CUT TO:

But it's different. Gone are the stuffed animals, the humorous posters, the candles. In their place are the threadbare furnishings of a retiree: old newspapers, a wall calendar, yellowed art prints, empty take-out containers.

Jim looks around: the fold-out sofa is there, in the same place. As is the TV. The layout's unchanged, the view out the window the same...

EVANIC

I always pay on time. My check comes late. I work for the Post Office forty-five years and they send the check late.

SETH

There's no problem with your payments, Mr. Evanic. There was a report of illegal Mideast nationals in the building.

EVANIC

I seen nothing. I watch TV.

FORJAC

You were here last evening?

EVANIC

Where should I go? I watch TV.

This is where Jim spent last evening. How can that be?

Seth turns to Forjac with questioning eyes. Jim shrugs.

SETH

Sorry to have disturbed you, Mr. Evanic.

Seth turns to leave. Jim, following, glances at the TV table as he goes: there, as before, is the CARLSBERG COASTER.

CUT TO:

39 EXT APT BUILDING HALLWAY DAY 39

Evanic closes the door behind them.

SETH
Now I am worried.

Deadpan, off Jim's reaction:

SETH
Please don't tell me you fucked
him.

Jim laughs, hits Seth on the shoulder. Thank God someone can
find humor in his predicament.

SETH
(presses elevator button)
If that's the competition, Cynthia
has nothing to worry about.

FORJAC
(insistent)
It's the same room.

SETH
Jim, get some help.

CUT TO:

40 EXT FORJAC HOME NIGHT 40

The porch light flickers in moonlight. An eerie tableau.

CUT TO:

41 INT BEDROOM NIGHT 41

James lies in bed watching Jay Leno. Beside him, facing away,
Cynthia sleeps.

Blue TV light flickers across his face.

CUT TO:

42 EXT FT. MEADE DAY 42

Forjac drives down a suburban street. Colonial and brick
homes reflect an earlier, simpler America.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED:

Spotting a brick Colonial, he pulls into the drive. He goes to the door, knocks.

CUT TO:

43 INT JANS OFFICE DAY

43

DR. STEVEN JANS, 75, family physician, settles into his leather desk chair in an office that has changed little in the past forty years. Framed degrees hang on the wall behind him.

DR. JANS

I was sorry to hear about your dad.
He was a good friend.

FORJAC

After Mom died, he just seemed to,
well, maybe I'm projecting. It was
the Parkinson's... the dementia...
the pneumonia.

DR. JANS

You know I don't practice anymore.
Truth is, when I last saw you, I
was more or less retired. I don't
even read the literature anymore.

FORJAC

That's what I wanted to talk to you
about, Dr. Jans. When I returned
from Kosovo, the Army sent you my
medical records, correct?

DR. JANS

Mm-hm.

FORJAC

I came to you because I need to
speak to someone in confidence.
Someone outside the military
establishment.

Jans, intrigued, alert, says nothing.

FORJAC

Dr. Jans?

DR. JANS

You have my complete attention.

CONTINUED

FORJAC

It's hard to explain.

DR. JANS

You said it was something of a personal nature.

FORJAC

I have had several "episodes." You could describe it, I guess, as a break from reality. Time passes during which I am somewhere else.

(Jans: huh?)

I have memories, but I can't validate them.

DR. JANS

How long do these episodes last?

FORJAC

Hours. I think.

DR. JANS

Slow down. Start from the beginning. I have time. That I have. Go back to when it first started. Take me through it. Try not to omit anything.

TIMECUT. Jans, standing at his file cabinet, extracts a manila folder.

DR. JANS

These are the records forwarded by the Army Medical Department. Not as thorough as one would like but quite good considering the military's penchant for secrecy. May 8, 1999, Pristina, you suffered head trauma as the result of a rocket explosion.

He sets the file on his desk, returns to his chair.

DR. JANS

You were unconscious for two days. That's a long time. After you regained consciousness, no apparent after-effects. The USAMD closed the books. I can see why they would do that, but, still, it's a serious injury.

FORJAC

Do you think there's a connection?

DR. JANS

You do, don't you? That's why you've come here.

FORJAC

I don't know.

DR. JANS

This was first diagnosed after World War I with all the trauma associated with trench warfare. Returning soldiers had lapses, memory loss, some would disappear for days. It was called a "fugue" state. It's still called that, a Dissociative Fugue, one of the Dissociative Identity Disorders.

FORJAC

Is there any treatment?

DR. JANS

Benzodiazepines have been used to assist patients recall lost experiences, but you remember quite well. Apart from that, psychotherapy. Beta blockers, but only if you were suffering a loss of function. The sexual nature of these episodes points to a Freudian explanation. Supportive and expressive psychotherapy. That's all we have.

FORJAC

Could it be neurological?

DR. JANS

It could be anything.

FORJAC

I work for the NSA. My work is classified. If it got out that I was in psychotherapy, I would be put on leave. If this meeting, our conversation, got out I'd lose my security clearance. I need to know more. Is there a way I could have a CAT scan, something to determine a neurological disorder? This would have to be done in secrecy, under another name, paid for in cash.

(Jans looks away)

That and a little time will allow me to make a decision. Who knows, maybe it will never happen again? I will make the right decision. If I'm a risk, I'll resign. You will not be implicated.

DR. JANS

I'm not very comfortable with this.

FORJAC

Will you think about it?

(beat)

Please?

CUT TO:

44

INT

NSA CAFETERIA

DAY

44

The NSA cafeteria, clean, spacious, efficient, is an encyclopedia of ethnic diversity and secrecy: spooks and secretaries, scientists and statisticians converse in institutionally hushed tones. A printed sign promotes the company's blood donor program: "27 Years and Going Strong."

James Forjac and Henry Duff sit at a Formica table eating salads. Duff wears a "Visitor" ID badge.

DUFF

It's been a long time since I've been up this way...

He spots TOM RUSH, 50, black, walking toward them, tray in hand.

DUFF

As I live and breathe, Tom Rush. So this is where they put you?

CONTINUED

RUSH

"They also serve who stand and wait."

Hank stands, shakes Tom's hand as Rush balances tray.

DUFF

Tom, this is my son-in-law, Jim Forjac. Tom Rush.

Jim greets Rush; Rush turns back to Duff:

RUSH

So what's the Plumber been up to?

DUFF

Enjoying the good life. Playing Golf. Listening to NPR.

RUSH

Sounds like the ticket. Take care now.

(to Jim)

Nice meeting you.

Hank sits down.

FORJAC

"The Plumber"?

DUFF

(shrugs)

I got your message. You wanted to talk?

FORJAC

(hesitates)

Do you know someone named Clint Spivak? He's military. Special OP's.

DUFF

(thinks)

Name rings a bell. 6'2", thin moustache? Is this a security issue?

FORJAC

We've been asked to provide logistics for a mission. Foreign soil. They want me to work from here.

CONTINUED

Hank catches the eye of someone looking at him from across the room, nods in return.

FORJAC

The only way for me to do what they need is to join them. There is an objection to my civilian status. I was wondering if someone could put in a word for me.

DUFF

Someone retired.

FORJAC

Someone like that.

DUFF

But this mission might be dangerous.

FORJAC

I need to be in theater. Even if it's in a hotel room.

(Hank: a noncommittal grunt)

Hank, I want to do this. I wasn't meant to sit behind a desk. I always assumed that CSS work would take me back into the field. I need this.

Duff thinks, changes the subject:

DUFF

How are things at home?

FORJAC

Good.

DUFF

Cynthia doesn't say anything directly, but she seems... restless.

FORJAC

Marriages have their ups and downs. We're settling in. Things are fine.

DUFF

Any grandchildren in the plans?

FORJAC

We're working on it.

DUFF

No problem in that area?

FORJAC

No.

DUFF

What was the name of your family physician? The man I met at the hospital when your father was failing?

Jim momentarily taken aback: does Hank know about his meeting with Dr. Jans?

FORJAC

Dr. Jans?

DUFF

Struck me as a good man. Someone you could confide in.

FORJAC

He's retired.

DUFF

We have family. Remember that. All the other stuff is important but, in the end, all that matters is family.

CUT TO:

A sparsely decorated 1930's home somewhere in the countryside. Clint speaks to the members of Operation Rahab. All wear outdoor gear.

SPIVAK

Jim, who will now be known by the operational name Foxtrot, has been cleared to join Operation Rahab. We are now a five man unit.

(off their questioning looks)

Command decision. Foxtrot will join us in the area of operations. He will be our intelligence link to the outside world.

CUT TO:

46 EXT WOODED AREA DAY 46

--Team members in fatigues race up and down a steep rocky slope, some forward, some backward.

--Target practice. Team members fire at pop up targets with M-4 rifles, Berretta M-9 pistols.

--Obstacle course. Team members zigzag under, over and around emplacements.

--Forjac, finishing a strenuous exercise, places his hands on his hips, breathes heavily. Baker, chuckling, slaps him on the back.

CUT TO:

47 INT FARM HOUSE SECURE ROOM DAY 47

Another room in the farm house, this one wired for computers and satellite reception. Reinforced metal cabinets hold weapons and battle gear. Street by street blow-ups of Pristina hang on the walls.

The others watch as Jim sits at a table bearing several laptops.

FORJAC

It's my turn to do a show-and-tell.
This is how we first picked up
Radjic's expanded activities.

Jim navigates the web, retrieves a pornographic image of a large breasted woman. The logo boldly advertises, "Pokin' Fun!"

DENVER

Mama!

ABEL

You could lose an eye on one of
those.

FORJAC

This is one of two dozen web sites
run by Radjic, or as he is also
known, I. B. Bonkin.

ABEL

What has one eye, a long tongue and
is crazy about sex?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

Denver puts one hand over his eye, sticks out his tongue.
They all laugh.

FORJAC

Steganography is the art of
concealing information. It means
"covered writing." An old art that
has found new use in the internet
age. This image contains 330
kilobits of data, each primary
color 1 byte, 8 bits. If
information is stored in the least
significant bit, the container, the
image, would look identical but...

Jim manipulates the large breasted girl, removing and
distorting colors. The girl fades to gray and then
nothingness, leaving only Cyrillic letters and Roman
numerals.

FORJAC

...it would carry, encoded, another
message. This is a money transfer.

BAKER

So the ayatollahs or whatever are
sitting in Mecca looking at Suzy
Cheesecake here, plotting their
Holy War.

FORJAC

Ironic, isn't it?

CUT TO:

48

EXT

FARM HOUSE FRONT PORCH

DAY

48

The Rahab teams sits on the porch eating sandwiches and
drinking soda. Jim turns to Baker:

FORJAC

Are you comfortable?

BAKER

Jimbo, what is it?

FORJAC

Comfortable with the way things are
going.

(beat)

With me.

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED:

ABEL
We follow orders.

BAKER
I don't see it as a risk.

DENVER
Of course we're not in the area of
operations.

An awkward tension.

CHARLIE
Here's the different between you
and us. You do this, you move on--

DENVER
You got your Purple-what-a-fucking-
joke-Heart.

CHARLIE
People like us, providing
everything goes right, we come
back, they have a little ceremony,
they show you your medal, then they
take it back, lock it up. No one
knows. It never happened.

CUT TO:

49 INT CLINIC DAY 49

Forjac, wearing a hospital gown, lies on a CAT scanning bed.
Dr. Jans watches as the RADIOLOGIST presses a button; the
donut-shaped gantry cocoons Jim's head.

CUT TO:

50 INT CLINIC OFFICE DAY 50

James, Jans and the Radiologist squeeze into a small spare
room, decorated with medical charts. The CAT results lie on
the desk before them.

DR. JANS
I'd like to recommend a
neuropsychologist.

FORJAC
There's nothing wrong?

CONTINUED

RADIOLOGIST

There's no objective evidence of injury. That doesn't mean there's no damage. It means it can't been seen through imaging.

DR. JANS

The next step is the Halstead-Reitan Battery, a series of six tests.

RADIOLOGIST

Speech sound tests, tactual performance, trail making...

Jim, uncomfortable with the direction this conversation is going, turns to Dr. Jans:

FORJAC

Can I get back to you on this?

CUT TO:

51

EXT

CLINIC

DAY

51

A "Medical Services" storefront in a suburban strip mall. Forjac exits the clinic, heads for his car.

Ahead he spots a familiar silhouette: Evangeline, in slacks and sweater, her back to him, unlocks her car door. He calls:

FORJAC

Hello.

She turns: a WOMAN resembling Evangeline, but not her. Perhaps he is one of those sad sacks in the movies who sees his lost love in the strangest places.

FORJAC

You're not fooling me!

The woman shakes her head, quickly gets in the driver's seat, locks the car door.

CUT TO:

52

EXT

WOODS

DAY

52

Forjac aka Foxtrot, dressed in cammies, binoculars around his neck, .50 rifle at his side, watches as Op Rahab simulates an attack in an urban environment. Mock storefronts and housing have been constructed in the meadow below.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED:

Beside him five live images play on a laptop screen, each beamed from the helmet of one of the team members (including his own). A sixth box displays a schematic of the street. Green moving dots indicate the location of each team member.

Going into minicam POV, we follow the progress of the raid. Non Rahab CIA operatives, wearing civilian clothes, play the roles of civilians and targets. Rahab team headsets crackle with commands, responses and programmed static.

Abel, at point, dashes from cover to cover. He BURSTS into a mock house, raking his M-4 across the room. The "civilian inhabitants" scurry for cover as he motions them to stay down. Denver, wearing flak jacket, follows. Abel points:

Denver FIRES a combat shotgun, BLOWING open a hole in the wall, revealing the room beyond. Charlie and Baker approach from opposite sides.

Abel is first in the room. Two "targets" raise handguns. Abel HITS the first with a red paint ball as the second FIRES. The paint ball hits Abel. He's down, "dead." Baker shouts commands ("Abel down!") as he and Charlie burst in, "KILL" the second target with the red burst of a paint ball.

CUT TO:

53 EXT FORJAC HOME EVENING 53

Jim, wearing his dirty fatigues, gets out of the car. Removing a gym bag from the seat, he goes to the door, enters.

CUT TO:

54 INT KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM EVENING 54

Kansas sniffs Jim's pants as he closes the door.

FORJAC

Pretty interesting, girl?

Cynthia enters. She wears a blouse and jacket, dressed for an evening out.

FORJAC

Going out?

CYNTHIA

I'm going to a movie.

CONTINUED

She doesn't offer any details. He tries to lay some guilt on her:

FORJAC

What a day. I'm exhausted.

It doesn't work.

CYNTHIA

I called your office. You didn't call back. There's detergent in the laundry room.

FORJAC

What I'm doing. It's important.

CYNTHIA

Of course. It's always important. I asked Dad what was going on.

FORJAC

You did? What did he say?

CYNTHIA

He said he hasn't spoken to you since our anniversary.

She walks off.

CUT TO:

INT

FORJAC'S OFFICE

DAY

NSA: Damita and a YOUNG TECHIE listen as Forjac paces:

FORJAC

I've made a list of people I want on the ground in Kosovo. Don't take any excuses. Pay them double if necessary. New priority keywords will be issued.

(to Techie)

The nature, the timetable, of this mission stays with us. Everyone else is "need to know." Any inquiries will be referred to me.

CUT TO:

55 EXT SILVER SPRINGS EVENING 55

Forjac drives down the now familiar street, passing the "Silver Springs". Looking, he watches pedestrians in SLOWING MOTION.

TIMECUT. Jim passes again, from the opposite direction, looking. Ahead, he spots a car exiting a parking spot. He pulls behind, waits.

TIMECUT. He walks toward the entrance of the bar, opens the door.

CUT TO:

56 INT SILVER SPRINGS BAR EVENING 56

As before, he squeezes past a couple door-huggers. He hesitates, waiting for something, some sort of sign, but nothing.

Jim takes a seat at the bar, same as before. The Bartender steps over, is about to speak when Forjac cuts him off:

FORJAC

Iced tea.

The Bartender nods, walks away. Jim scans the room: nothing. Business is slow. Down the bar, beneath the "Paradise Beer" sign, two junior execs argue. The Bartender returns with Jim's drink.

FORJAC

Perhaps you can help me.

BARTENDER

Yeah?

FORJAC

I was here two weeks ago. I got into a conversation with a young woman, blond, dark roots, blue eyes. She was wearing a pink jacket, Chanel-like, but not really Chanel. A knock-off.

BARTENDER

Yeah?

FORJAC

Well, I'm trying to locate her.

CONTINUED

BARTENDER

I'm not sure... I...?

FORJAC

You served us.

(still no response)

Do you remember me?

(shakes head "no")

Her name's Evangeline. She said she came here quite often. She was drinking white wine.

BARTENDER

It's a little slow right now, but, believe me, we get busy. If I remembered every blond with dark roots drinking white wine... are you police?

FORJAC

No.

BARTENDER

She really got you to, huh?

FORJAC

No, I guess I was just...

BARTENDER

Evangeline? It's a unusual name. I would have remembered it.

(Jim shrugs)

Don't worry about it. When it comes to women, we're all cartoon characters.

The Bartender turns to serve another customer. Jim sips his iced tea. What was he thinking? Why the fuck is he here?

He places a five dollar bill on the bar, stands, heads for the exit. Ahead he spots Seth, his brother-in-law. They double-take, greet:

FORJAC

Seth.

SETH

Jim.

FORJAC AND SETH

What are you...?

SETH

Me, I'm just chillin. You gonna report me?

FORJAC

You gonna report me?

Buddy/buddy back slaps.

SETH

I spoke to the sketch artist. If you want, I can set that up.

FORJAC

I took your advice.
(off Seth's reaction)
I got some help.

SETH

Things are better?

FORJAC

A-OK.

Seth doesn't seem convinced.

FORJAC

Work, the best medicine in the world.

(explains)

I'm going out of country for a while. NSA assignment. Be nice if you dropped in on Cyn.

SETH

Sure.

FORJAC

I'll give you a call.

SETH

Take care.

FORJAC

Will do.

Seth turns to watch Jim exit.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. SILVER SPRINGS EVENING 57

Forjac steps outside, looks at Seth watching him, continues walking.

The sun has set, leaving a blue afterglow. He walks toward his car, glancing down the block. Ahead is the high rise where he met Evangeline--and Evanic.

Unlocking his car door, Jim notices a familiar silhouette a block away. "Evangeline." Back turned, wearing jeans and a short jacket, she walks alone.

He pockets the key, follows. The young woman turns to look at something: it is her. Not a look alike.

She heads for the apartment building. Brushing a fly from his face, Jim follows at a distance.

She enters the lobby.

CUT TO:

58 INT. APT BLDG LOBBY EVENING 58

Jim steps to the elevator, presses the button. He looks side to side, as if expecting something or someone.

CUT TO:

59 INT. APT BLDG HALLWAY EVENING 59

Forjac walks down the timeworn hallway as before. He reaches for the buzzer button, remembers it doesn't work, knocks on the door.

No response. He knocks harder, louder. A voice from within:

EVANGELINE (O.S.)
Who is it?

FORJAC
It's me. Jim.

EVANGELINE (O.S.)
Who?

CONTINUED

FORJAC
(leans closer)

Jim.

The door opens a crack. Evangeline looks out across the safety chain, recognizes him:

EVANGELINE
What are you doing here?

FORJAC
I just want to talk to you. Please,
let me in.

She nods, unlatches the chain, opens the door.

CUT TO:

Evangeline, wearing pajama tops and black panties, watches as Forjac closes the door. Jim looks around: everything is as it was when he was with her before. The stuffed animals, the humorous posters, the candles, the condoms. And, as it was with Evanic: the view out the window, the TV, the Carlsberg coaster.

FORJAC
Who are you? Why are you doing
this?

EVANGELINE
What am I doing?

FORJAC
I am a reasonable man. I think
reasonably, I act reasonably. I
live in a logical world. There has
to be an answer.

EVANGELINE
An answer for what? We met in a
bar. You came on to me. We came
back here and made love. That seems
reasonable to me.

FORJAC
What did you do with the money I
left?

EVANGELINE

I spent it. I need money to live.
You want it back, is that it? You
want a refund?

FORJAC

No. Who put you up to this? Do you
want more money?

EVANGELINE

Nobody put me up to anything. This
is my life, my poor pathetic fucked-
up life.

FORJAC

Do you know a man named Declan?

She doesn't react. Jim grabs her wrist, tightening his grip
as he talks:

FORJAC

He's a photographer, a still
photographer. Has an assistant
named Andre. You ever do any nude
posing, Eva? Maybe you needed the
money?

EVANGELINE

You're scaring me.

FORJAC

Good.

Jim RAISES his hand as if to hit her. Evangeline, turning her
head away, reacts with the frightened voice of a woman who
knows abuse:

EVANGELINE

No, no, please don't hit me! Please
don't. Please.

Forjac catches himself: seeing his hand, seeing her
expression, he realizes what he's doing. He pulls his hand
back, mortified.

FORJAC

I'm sorry.

EVANGELINE

I'll be good.

Jim holds her shoulders. A gentle touch.

FORJAC

Evangeline, forgive me. I don't want to hurt you. I'll never hurt you.

She puts her head on his shoulder, whispers:

EVANGELINE

Help me, please.

FORJAC

I'm trying. I won't let anyone hurt you.

He looks at her, his heart breaking. They embrace, kiss. The kisses grow more passionate.

CUT TO:

61

INT.

WOODS

NIGHT

61

The operation Rahab team practices its mission, this time under night conditions.

Everything has been ratchetted up. Abel, Baker, Charlie, Foxtrot, dressed in black head-to-toe, present a fearsome sight: radio communication helmets, gas masks, night vision goggles, Kevlar vests and chest harnesses, assault gloves and holsters. M-4 carbines, Mossburg combat shotgun, grenade launcher, Berretta 9ms, H&K sniper rifle. Self enclosed war machines.

Forjac watches from a rear position, his laptop open. On screen multiple POVs glow in night vision green.

Everything so clear in daylight is now a blur of trailing phosphorescence.

Instead of paintball, they use live ammo. The mock "targets" and "civilians" have been replaced by pop-up figures.

The action is swift, chaotic. On Baker's command, they ATTACK. Abel leading the way, Denver behind, Charlie and Baker flanking.

The explosions are deafening, the decisions instantaneous. The "target," (a crude drawing) pops up. Denver FIRES. Another target, a female civilian, is blown away in error. Abel FIRES. This time "Radjic" falls. Mission successful.

CUT TO:

62

INT

FARMHOUSE

NIGHT

62

Spivak speaks to the team members who, stripped of their cumbersome gear, listen in a semicircle. Behind Spivak floor plans and schematics of the "area of operation" are tacked to the wall. Red arrows and x's, not unlike those used to devise basketball tactics, are scribbled across the schematics.

SPIVAK

There may be collateral damage, as there was in tonight's exercise. It happens. Move on. Do not let it throw you off the game plan. If weapons are lost, let them lie. If a team member goes down, bring him back. If you can't, you can't. I don't care what else you've heard. That's the reality.

(beat)

We leave in 96 hours. We're good to go.

CUT TO:

63

INT

UPSCALE RESTAURANT

NIGHT

63

James and Cynthia, all dressed up, sit at a tony Ft. Meade restaurant, the sort that features excessive cutlery and bird size portions. Well-to-do patrons eat and speak in hushed tones. She drinks from a glass of white wine; he has iced tea.

The waiter, having taken their order, leaves. Cynthia nods to a table of three women, turns back to Jim:

CYNTHIA

Her husband's been reassigned. He was passed over. Put in twenty years. He's going to teach at VMA.

FORJAC

Jealous?

(huh?)

I mean, now he comes home, says to her, this is what happened to me today.

CYNTHIA

I'm happy with the husband I have.

CONTINUED

FORJAC

I want to apologize.

(beat)

My behavior has not been what it should be.

She waits, anticipating, listening for the other shoe to drop.

FORJAC

There are things going on in my life--

CYNTHIA

Is this why we're at a fancy restaurant? You're having an affair?

FORJAC

No...

CYNTHIA

Now you want to confess. Everything else you can keep secret, but this you want to confess?

FORJAC

(upset)

There is no affair. There is no woman. Is that what you've been thinking?

CYNTHIA

You've been acting... little signs. Women can tell these things.

FORJAC

Well, you're wrong. The reason we're at this restaurant is that I have some news.

(beat)

I'm being sent out of the country.

Her concern shifts:

CYNTHIA

Reposted? Where?

FORJAC

It's not permanent. Just an assignment. It could be a couple weeks, a month, maybe longer.

CONTINUED

CYNTHIA
Is it dangerous?

Jim looks at her as if to say: you know better than to ask.

CYNTHIA
SIA. Sorry I asked.

FORJAC
My office won't know where I'll be.
I may not be able to keep in touch.

Silence.

CYNTHIA
You know why I really thought you
asked me here?
(he doesn't)
It's that time of the month. I'm
fertile. We can make a baby.

He doesn't know how to respond.

CYNTHIA
Oh, I've said the wrong thing,
haven't I?
(beat)
I thought you wanted this.

Jim places his hand on hers:

FORJAC
I do, darling. I do.

CUT TO:

64 EXT FORJAC HOME DAY 64

Forjac, wearing khakis and a navy polo shirt, exits hefting a black duffel bag. Kansas scoots outside with him. He turns, ushers her back inside, heads for his car.

CUT TO:

65 EXT APT BLDG DAY 65

Silver Springs: Forjac parks the Taurus on the street, locks it, heads for the entrance.

CUT TO:

66 INT APT BLDG HALLWAY DAY 66

Jim walks down the familiar corridor, approaches Evangeline's door.

He removes an envelope from his pants pocket, opens it. Inside are \$100 bills. He rifles through them, double checking. One thousand dollars.

He seals the envelope, tucks it under her door.

CUT TO:

67 EXT AIRFIELD NIGHT 67

Rahab team members reconnoiter at a private air field. An unmarked jet waits on the tarmac.

ABEL

You ready to trot, Fox?

Forjac greets the others. Each wears aggressively civilian clothes: Abel a Hawaiian shirt, Charlie a NBA logo jacket, Baker a pink golf polo, Denver an "I Love NY" Tee.

FORJAC

(to Denver)

You tell your gal you're on another trip?

DENVER

She found another fella.

Spivak speaks with the pilot, flight engineer and a ground supervisor. Nodding, he returns to the others as their bags are loaded onto the plane. The jet door opens; ground personnel wheel a stairway alongside.

BAKER

Let's rock.

CUT TO:

68 EXT KOSOVO FROM THE AIR DAY 68

Aerial view of rugged hostile Serbian terrain. In the distance, growing closer, the capitol, Pristina.

CUT TO:

69

EXT

PRISTINA MARKET

DAY

69

Forjac, wearing a navy blazer over his polo and khakis, walks though the charmless streets. Pristina, a drab outpost of Soviet bloc architecture, evidences dilapidation of inferior construction as well as the ravages of a decade of civil conflict. A patina of capitalist signage ("Internet Café," "Pepsi") doesn't help. Pedestrians, at turns suspicious, cowed, wary, pass by.

Three uniformed KFOR (NATO plus Russia) peacekeepers, speaking British-accented English, looking side to side, approach. Jim looks away as they pass.

He stops at an impromptu market. Vendors crouch before items set out on the ground. Many display the remnants of occupation and strife: cast off uniforms, medals, jagged bits of metal appropriated from discarded or destroyed weapons.

Studying a tattered Jackie Collins paperback, Jim strikes a conversation in Serbian with the FLEA MARKET VENDOR. Other sellers, eager for his dollars, crowd around.

A block away he spots Spivak, wearing an old overcoat, walking with a Kosovar woman.

CUT TO:

70

INT

BARREN OFFICE

DAY

70

Charlie crouches amid debris in an empty third floor office. Using high-powered binoculars, he scans a commercial block several hundred yards away. Entertainment establishments, drinking dives and a clothing store.

Two young men talk outside a club. Charlie's binoculars are fitted with a digital camera/cell phone. He snaps an image, presses "send."

CUT TO:

71

INT

FORJAC'S HOTEL ROOM

DAY

71

Forjac sits before his laptop in a meager room. A Cancun poster hangs incongruously above the threadbare bedspread. An installed steel bar bolted to the floor protects against forced entry. The laptop is connected by phone line to a portable satellite disc.

Downloading complete, Charlie's digital image pops up on his screen, time and date inscribed on the bottom.

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED:

71

Jim puts the photo in a file, switches to another site. A list of Serbian keywords appears. He clicks "Radjic." This brings up a list of phone calls: sending number, receiving number, time and duration.

Something catches his attention. He clicks the mouse, opens an audio file. Putting on headphones, he listens.

CUT TO:

72 INT DENVER'S HOTEL ROOM DAY 72

Denver sits in an equally grim room, his eyes fixed on his laptop screen as he clicks the mouse.

Closer inspection reveals he's playing a Grand Theft Auto computer game. Cars careen, crash.

CUT TO:

73 INT FORJAC'S HOTEL ROOM DAY 73

James, listening to the audio file, watching the laptop screen, dials his cell phone. On the other end, the call rings. Clint answers:

SPIVAK O.S.

Zdravo.

FORJAC

Clint? This is Foxtrot.

SPIVAK O.S.

Yes.

FORJAC

You've been busted. They know you're here. They know who you are.

SPIVAK O.S.

Any other names?

FORJAC

No.

(beat)

You were here before, weren't you?
In 1999.

SPIVAK O.S.

An adjunct to KFOR.

CONTINUED

FORJAC

I was here. I don't remember you.

SPIVAK O.S.

You wouldn't have, would you? Not if I was any good at my job.

FORJAC

Well, they got you this time. Is the mission compromised?

SPIVAK O.S.

Not necessarily. Let me think on it.

CUT TO:

74

INT

STONE ROOM

DAY OR NIGHT?

74

The Rahab team meets in a stone walled room. It feels like a basement, but there's no way to be sure. A cot rests against the wall; beside it: a Coleman lantern and stove, reading materials, empty food containers.

Two locals, PETRIK and VLADKO sit in. Thirtiesh, they sport unshaven faces, battered leather jackets and pistols. Their eyes reflect the life they have known; civil war, ethnic cleansings, revenge attacks, assassinations. Now they are mercenaries.

Spivak points to two plans taped to the wall. One a map of Pristina, the other a street by street layout of the "area of operations." Jim's eyes go to the dark blood stains on the wall beneath. On the floor: a metal "U" hook for securing prisoners.

SPIVAK

I have, in Foxtrot's words, "been busted." As humbling as that is-- and, believe me, it's fucking humbling...

(to Baker)

don't worry, I'll get over it--

(continuing)

...however humbling, I don't think it's cause to terminate the mission. There's no indication anyone is aware of the operation or its purpose. Someone from my former life spotted me--

CONTINUED

ABEL

"Life"?

SPIVAK

Lives.

ABEL

And just how many of those lives do you have left? I'm curious.

SPIVAK

Abel, when you're old and infirm I'll come to the nursing home and piss in your spill-proof cup.

They all laugh.

SPIVAK

Foxtrot will take my position. Rear guard surveillance.

(beat)

Here's the plan. Tomorrow, twelve hundred hours, I'll be arrested in the market by KFOR soldiers. I'll put up a fight...

CUT TO:

Spivak is confronted by three KFOR soldiers, taken by the arm. He pulls out his passport, vehemently objects to their questions. When they continue, he attempts to pull free. They trip him, THROW him face first to the ground as curious onlookers hover at a distance. His hands are pulled behind his back, secured with plastic pull-ties.

SPIVAK O.S.

...to no avail. They arrest me, lead me away. Word will get around. This will throw the Radjic group off guard...

CUT TO:

76 INT. STONE ROOM DAY OR NIGHT? 76

SPIVAK

...By sixteen hundred hours, I'll be on a plane, deported.

(beat)

The Operation is set for twenty-two hundred hours. That's when Petrik and Vladko go to work. They each have their own teams. They are well paid and know the turf. At twenty-two hundred Petrik launches an attack on the central bank.

(points to map)

CUT TO:

77 EXT. CENTRAL BANK NIGHT 77

Petrik and four others launch a grenade through the window of the bank. Incandescent FLAMES shower the street. A Petrik team member rakes the building with machine gun fire. Alarms RING.

SPIVAK O.S.

...This will bring municipal police and KFOR troops into that sector. Petrik will continue for five minutes, then withdraw...

CUT TO:

78 INT. STONE ROOM DAY OR NIGHT? 78

Spivak glances at Petrik; he nods.

SPIVAK

(points to map)

...At twenty-two fifteen a truck filled with explosives driven by Vladko's unit will pull up to the Prati power plant...

CUT TO:

79 EXT. PRATI POWER PLANT NIGHT 79

A moving van approaches the power plant, parks. The driver jumps out, runs off. The ensuing EXPLOSION rocks the area. A power tower falls.

SPIVAK O.S.

...the resulting explosion will knock out power in the northeast sector for at least an hour, maybe more. An hour is the safety margin...

CUT TO:

80 INT. STONE ROOM DAY OR NIGHT? 80

SPIVAK

...at twenty-two twenty you launch. A civilian vehicle will transport you to the area of operation. Be sure to bring your gear. It will be taken separately to the evacuation destination. Then it's your show. You will execute--

CHARLIE

And improvise.

SPIVAK

If necessary.

ABEL

When necessary.

SPIVAK

The extraction vehicle will be standing by. Baker, you give the signal, it transports you to the air strip. An hour later I'll be with you in Germany hoisting beer steins.

CUT TO:

81 EXT PRISTINA HOTEL DAY 81

An economy establishment with ground floor bar.

CUT TO:

82 INT FORJAC'S HOTEL ROOM DAY 82

Jim, dressed in black--black jeans, black T-shirt, black sneakers--sits waiting. His bag is packed, placed beside the door. He checks his wrist watch: 12:00.

CUT TO:

83 EXT PRISTINA NIGHT 83

Day gives way to night.

CUT TO:

84 INT STONE ROOM NIGHT 84

Abel, Baker, Charlie, Denver and Foxtrot gear up. Every item, every weapon is matte black. Helmets, jackets, vests, night vision goggles, rifles, side arms.

They silently help each other, adjusting their gear, double-checking everything. Each has a unique weapon: grenade launcher, machine gun, sniper gun, combat shotgun. Forjac's laptop is slung over his shoulder like an old-fashioned rifle.

Charlie applies face black to his cheeks, hands it to Denver.

Jim checks his wrist watch: 10:00 o'clock, twenty-two hundred hours. The SOUND of a distant explosion. Baker, listening on his headset, gives a thumbs up signal.

CUT TO:

85 EXT PRISTINA NIGHT 85

The POWER GOES OUT: streetlights, storefronts, everything. Darkness.

CUT TO:

86 EXT STONE ROOM NIGHT 86

Baker, guiding a pinpoint flashlight, leads the way as the Rahab team emerges from a cellar, steps onto the darkened street. They lower their night vision goggles.

Baker, listening to his headset, points to an approaching car. A beat-up Volvo draws close, stops. Forjac checks his wrist watch: 10:20.

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED:

They squeeze into the car. It drives into the black Kosovo night.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. PRISTINA STREET NIGHT 87

A deserted, moonlit residential street. In the distance, the GLOW of the power plant fire.

The Volvo, it's headlights turned off, slows down, drops off members of the Rahab team. Looking side to side, they lower their night vision goggles. The Volvo turns the corner, is gone.

Hugging the walls, the commandos advance according to pre-set strategy. Black against black, they move like shadows. Abel, at point, leads the way.

Forjac's headset crackles with static and soft spoken commands. He speaks into the tiny mike:

FORJAC

We're on the ground.

Damita replies from Ft. Meade:

DAMITA O.S.

Roger that, Foxtrot.

They turn the corner, enter the entertainment district Charlie had photographed. Passing cars rake the storefronts with light. Civilians mill about. One, spotting Abel, turns, walks the opposite direction.

Forjac trails behind Abel and Denver. Baker, pointing, sends Charlie on a flanking move.

A fly buzzes around Jim's face, growing louder. He brushes it away.

Glancing in a storefront window, he catches sight of his reflection.

But it's not him. Or at least not the way he looks now. In the reflection his face is not blackened. He's not wearing a helmet or goggles. He has a jarhead haircut and a smile.

He looks back at the others. Everything is as it was before. Able advances door front by door front, Denver follows. The buzzing fly returns.

CONTINUED

A street lamp FLICKERS. The same street lamp outside the Holiday Inn window.

Looking back at his reflection, he sees himself, carefree, dressed in an army issue khaki shirt. Behind his reflected face, the street grows brighter.

He looks back at the others. The street is the same, but nothing else.

It's no longer the present. IT'S 1999.

CUT TO:

A warm spring night and the street is alive with activity. Soldiers, bar girls, touts and customers cruise Pristina's entertainment district. Red and blue lights flash from signs and storefronts. Random damage from recent street fighting. Allied KFOR soldiers in cammo uniforms patrol the street.

Forjac looks at his reflection in the window: there he is, four years younger, smiling, an enlisted jarhead wearing army issue khaki shirt and slacks.

He looks at the others. There is no "Rahab." They are not commandos. They are GI's like him, soldiers on leave. A night on the town.

Abel and Baker pass a liquor bottle. They've been drinking and are a little tipsy. Walking toward them Jim realizes that he too, is a little drunk. Baker calls to him:

BAKER

Jimbo, have a libation.

FORJAC

Don't mind if I do.

Abel comments as Jim knocks back a swig:

ABEL

Look at this shithole. These people have been killing each other since God was little. Why should we stop them?

Ahead Charlie haggles with a black market money seller. He looks at Abel, Baker and Forjac: it's the same Flea Market Vender Jim had spoken to "earlier."

BAKER

Denny, get your skinny ass over here.

Denver flips the seller the bird, shuffles over:

DENVER

Yassa, Mr. Baker.

BAKER

Watch it, I'll throw down on you.

DENVER

Give me a pull.

Baker hands him the bottle. Denver finishes it, throws the bottle down an alley where it crashes. Charlie, pissing in a doorway, looks over.

Baker spots three patrolling KFOR soldiers with British emblems heading their way.

BAKER

(to Charlie)

Incoming at three o'clock.

Charlie zips up, joins them as the Brits arrive. They stand straight.

BRIT KFOR SOLDIER

You lads all right?

CHARLIE

Yes sir.

BRIT KFOR SOLDIER

What is you battalion?

BAKER

120th, Maryland.

BRIT KFOR SOLDIER

Camp Kandic?

BAKER

Yes sir. We're on leave.

FORJAC

Presidents' Day weekend.

The KFOR soldier doesn't understand.

CONTINUED

CHARLIE

It's an American holiday.

BRIT KFOR SOLDIER

Just keep it under control.

BAKER

Yes sir.

The KFOR soldiers walk off. Abel, Baker, Charlie, Denver and Forjac wait until the soldiers are a dozen steps away, then high-five.

Joshing, they continue down the street, turn a corner.

CUT TO:

They enter a cul de sac: at the far end a club welcomes them. A red sign above the door announces "Paradise Club." The style of the letters and color of red neon are identical to the "Paradise Beer" sign in the Silver Springs bar.

DENVER

Anybody up for a little drinkie-poo?

A YOUNG MAN wearing a shoulder holster stands outside. Following the others, Jim exchanges glances with the young man as they enter: it's Andre, Declan's camera assistant from the photo shoot.

CUT TO:

The front room is a makeshift affair. An abandoned store has been transformed, with as little expense as possible, into a nightclub. Christmas lights are tacked to the ceiling. Two sofas, two table chairs and a folding chair line the walls. Above, a poster of a bra-busting Daisy Maye type with the bold logo: "Pokin' Fun!"

Crates stacked three high topped with recycled plywood constitute the bar. Bottles of Johnny Walker and Stolichnaya are lined behind mismatched drinking glasses. Curtains obscure a room to the rear.

Del Shannon's "Runaway" plays on a boom box as they enter. Three girls, aged twenty to thirty, look up from the sofas. The girls are variations of hooker chic: jeans, mini-skirt, hot pants, T-shirt, see-through blouse. All share the same desultory seen-it-all expression. None is what would be generally considered "good looking."

One of the girls, sensing their disinterest, returns to watching a muted TV wedged in the corner. REO Speedwagon, all guitars and hair: "Keep on Loving You."

The BARTENDER, unshaved, wearing a black leather waist coat, greets them in a Serbian accent:

BARTENDER

Welcome. Johnny Walker?

It's the bartender from Silver Springs. The girls, two of them, were also at the bar, in the group that left. The third is the "school teacher" from the National Cryptological Museum.

ABEL

Set 'em up, compadre.

The bartender lines up five glasses, fills them. Denver knocks his back, gets a refill. Abel, thinking that a good idea, follows suit.

The Bartender barks a Serbian command: the girls rise, approach them. None of Baker's crew seem particularly enthused.

BARTENDER

You no like girls?

ABEL

We were told for the most beautiful girls in Pristina go to Club Paradise.

BARTENDER

You no like girls?

DENVER

(holds up glass)
Scotch good. Girls not good.

BAKER

Translate, Jim.

Forjac accepts a refill as he speaks in Serbo-Croatian to the Bartender:

FORJAC

(Serb)

My friends heard you have the most beautiful girls in Pristina. They wonder, are there any others.

BARTENDER

(Serb)

The drinks are three dollars each. Are you going to pay?

FORJAC

(to others)

He wants us to pay for the drinks. Three dollars each.

CHARLIE

Tell this fucking asshole that's outrageous.

FORJAC

(Serb to bartender)

Dollar for drinks.

DENVER

What about the girls?

FORJAC

(to Denver)

One step at a time.

DENVER

Two dollars.

The Bartender opens his jacket. Like the young man at the door, he is armed. The Bartender barks "Andre." Andre steps inside, assumes a hostile stance.

FORJAC

(to others)

Let's give the man his money.

They pool their cash; Forjac hands it to the Bartender. The Bartender beams like an Old World host:

BARTENDER

My friends--

(holds up bottle)

Drink on house!

The mood changes. They all laugh, accept another round of whiskey. The Bartender ejects the Oldies tape from the boom box, replaces it with Paul Oakenfold.

BARTENDER

You no like girls?

FORJAC

(Serb)

They don't like these girls.

BARTENDER

(Serb)

More whiskey, they will look better.

FORJAC

(Serb)

Perhaps.

BARTENDER

(Serb)

How much money do you have?

FORJAC

(Serb)

How much do you want?

BARTENDER

One hundred. Each.

(beat)

Very beautiful girl.

Forjac confers with the others, responds to the Bartender:

FORJAC

Twenty-five.

BARTENDER

Fifty.

Jim looks at the others; they agree. The Bartender, pleased, takes out a cell phone with one hand, holds up a bottle of Johnny Walker with the other:

BARTENDER

Drink on house!

They accept another round as Jim collects fifty dollars from each as the Bartender speaks Serb on the phone. The Bartender says "zobogom, do videnja" into the phone, hangs up.

CONTINUED

BARTENDER

(Serb)

Give me the money.

FORJAC

(Serb)

We'll wait.

The Bartender nods, says to the others:

BARTENDER

Americans. Good.

BAKER

Kosovo. Good.

ABEL

Women. Good.

The Bartender joins in the laughter. Good fun. The Bartender instructs the girls:

BARTENDER

Ingra!

(Serb to Forjac)

The girls dance, we wait.

FORJAC

(to others)

The girls dance, we have a little drink, we wait.

BAKER

That's cool.

The girls stand, move robotically to the beat, wiggling a little butt, flashing a little tit.

DENVER

Get down, bro!

Abel sidles up to the first girl, dances. Soon they all join in, dancing, banging butts and laughing.

BARTENDER

Americans. Good!

TIMECUT. The Bartender emerges from the curtained back room, waves the soldiers inside. They stop, head toward the back.

CUT TO:

91

INT. PARADISE CLUB BACK ROOM

NIGHT

91

In they come. One by one, drunken, full of anticipation.

The sight reverbs forbidden Eros. A beautiful, very beautiful, young woman lies on a mattress wearing only black panties. It is Eva/Evangeline. Her right hand is tied by pink nylon cord to a "U" hook in the wall.

The Bartender, standing next to Declan, proudly displays a fresh bottle of Johnny Walker:

BARTENDER

Drink on house!

Declan, every inch the Serbian gangster, watches without comment. Charlie whispers:

CHARLIE

God, she's hot.

DENVER

A babe-a-roo.

Abel, fondling the erection beneath his pants, starts to speak but no words come out. He unzips his trousers.

BARTENDER

(Serb to Forjac)

The money.

DECLAN

Don't be shy, soldier.

Denver gives the Bartender a thumbs up as Jim fishes \$250 cash out of his pocket, hands it over. Looking, he notices Abel, already stripped nude, kneeling on the bed. Abel pulls at Eva/Evangeline's panties. Resisting, she thrusts her legs, kicking at Abel. Declan snarls at her:

DECLAN

Eva!

ABEL

(looks to Baker)

Brother, a blade.

Baker opens a folding knife, hands it to him.

CONTINUED

BARTENDER
(Serb to Forjac)
She is beautiful, right?

Abel, cutting off Eva's panties, tosses them at Jim's feet, mounts her. Eva, frightened, looks past Abel's shoulder at Forjac.

DENVER
Honey, honey, here I come!

Denver, aroused, pulls down his pants, climbs on the bed. Charlie, taking a swig from the whiskey bottle, hands it to Jim.

Baker, Charlie and James watch. This moment, whatever it is, is happening now and it is a moment none of them will ever forget.

EVANGELINE
(cries out)
Izolite! Molim vas!

Baker, sensing Forjac's apprehension, says to him:

BAKER
This will be our thing. Whatever happens, this will be our special thing.

Abel, finished, stands, hands Evangeline off to Baker. Denver, finished, proclaims:

DENVER
Genghis Fucking Khan got nothing on us!

Baker, his pants at his knees, mounts Eva.

Declan removes a disposable camera from his pocket, snaps a photo, then a second: FLASH, FLASH. Abel and Denver chant:

ABEL AND DENVER
Go, Baker, go!

Charlie joins in the chant; Jim reluctantly echoes:

FORJAC AND CHARLIE
Go, Baker, go!

DENVER
Been to war!

Abel and Denver high-five:

ABEL
Get the booty!

CHARLIE
Boo-Tee!

Jim notices Charlie stripping off his clothes. Eva CRIES out.

Declan, cursing her, steps over, SLAPS Eva hard across the face, drawing blood. She shrivels, turns her face away.

Forjac's eyes go to a partially open door leading to a room beyond. The silhouette-- momentarily, oddly familiar-- of a uniformed Kosovar SOLDIER shuts the door.

Baker dismounts, prepares to hand her off to Charlie, but, seeing Forjac's unease, starts a new chant:

BAKER
(accepting whiskey bottle)
Jimbo! Jimbo! Jimbo!

Now they are all chanting: Jimbo! Jimbo! Jimbo!

Forjac, not a man less than the others, responds by loosening his belt, lowering his trousers.

OTHERS
Go, Jimbo, go!

Turns, he sees Charlie laughing, points to his dick. Forjac drops his knees to the mattress, pushes her arm to her side, enters her.

Now he is atop her. Her fear, her sweat right in his face. Eva turns, looks him in the eyes as he fucks her. Reaching across his back with her free hand, she raises her head to his ear, whispers with fear and fright:

EVANGELINE
Help me. Help me. I am a prisoner.

But he continues.

CUT TO:

92

INT.

CLUB PARADISE

NIGHT

92

Oakenfold plays on the boom box as Abel, Baker, Charlie, Denver, and Forjac, dressed and subdued, prepare to exit. Jim speaks to the Bartender in Serbian. He turns to the others, collects some additional cash, hands it to the Bartender.

All are silent.

BARTENDER

Good. Yes?

As they leave, two GERMAN KFOR SOLDIERS in non combat dress enter, They enquire:

GERMAN KFOR SOLDIERS

This place, is hot place, right?

No one answers. They file outside.

CUT TO:

93

EXT.

PRISTINA STREET

NIGHT

93

"Rahab Company" walks one by one out the cul de sac, enters the entertainment street. Time has passed. Only a few late night touts and trouble-makers remain. Club Paradise, its Europop, its memories, fade in the distance.

No one says anything. Jim, deep in remorseful thought, lags behind. He stops to take a final look at the Club Paradise sign. The red neon light above the door flickers, goes dark.

Walking down the street, Jim realizes he is alone. Abel, Baker, Charlie, and Denver are but voices in the distance and then, not even that.

Suddenly, from an anonymous KFOR soldier, a SHOUT:

KFOR SOLDIER

Incoming!

Forjac notices a FLARE in the sky. All around him, the entertainment denizens, those who remain, scurry for cover. Glancing side to side, he realizes he is alone.

The next thing, the last thing he remembers, is a BLINDING FLASH and a CONCUSSIVE BOOM.

CONTINUED

93 CONTINUED:

93

His body is in mid-air, being thrown. All is white light.

CUT TO:

94 WHITE LIGHT MONTAGE

94

Through the white light, a mind-bending collage of images: fabrications, transpositions, displacements, altered engrams of a life that never was.

ALL THE EVENTS WE HAVE SEEN PRIOR TO THE "RETURN TO 1999" HAVE BEEN A FUGUE.

Jim's actions have created a trauma. His unconscious mind, self-preserving, cauterizes the trauma with an invented life.

CUT TO:

95 INT. HOSPITAL WARD DAY

95

An image emerges from the white light. A MILITARY NURSE, dressed in white, leans forward, comes into focus. Her name tag says "Linda." The NSA secretary.

LINDA

Private Forjac?

(beat)

Can you see me? Private Forjac?

Getting no response she scurries away. Forjac, shifting his eyes, looks around. He is in a military hospital. Florescent lighting. Eight or ten beds, by his guess. About half occupied. One patient looks familiar: "Evanic."

Forjac's arm is strapped in place, attached to an intravenous drip. Wires from his chest lead to an EKG monitor. He hears voices, footsteps from the corridor.

The nurse returns with Dr. Jans, looking younger and more fit than when we last saw him.

DR. JANS

Private Forjac, I'm Dr. Jans. Can you hear me?

(no reply)

If you can hear me, please blink your eyes.

Jim blinks his eyes, his face muscles wincing. Is this real?

CONTINUED

DR. JANS

There was an explosion. A stray missile. You've suffered head trauma. You've been unconscious for almost two days. You're going to be all right. Do you understand?

Forjac blinks again. Jans reaches down, pinches Jim's foot.

DR. JANS

Do you feel that?

Jim moves his head ever so slightly.

DR. JANS

Good. I'm going to move my hand. I would like you to follow my fingers with your eyes.

Forjac's POV of Jans' moving hand grows progressively OUT OF FOCUS. The screen fades to BLACK.

CUT TO:

96

INT.

HOSPITAL

DAY

96

FADE IN:

Nurse Linda walks through the ward, checking on the patients. She notices something, steps over to Forjac's bed.

LINDA

Good morning, Private.

Jim moves his lips: a strangled sound comes out. She quickly walks away to fetch Dr. Jans. Jim watches her go.

TIMECUT. Jans, carrying Forjac's file, enters the room with Linda.

LINDA

He was trying to say something.

DR. JANS

What?

LINDA

I thought it best to get you.

They cross to Jim's bed.

CONTINUED

DR. JANS

Hello, Jim. Sleep well?

Again Forjac tries to speak: soft, barely articulate words. Jans and Linda lean closer, but still can't make out what he's trying to say. He tries again.

DR. JANS

What is your name, son? Do you remember your name?

FORJAC

(with great effort)

James.

(they wait)

Forjac.

DR. JANS

Very good, James. Your head must feel like it's splitting open. In a moment, we'll give you something for it.

Jim tries to speak again, this time only a mumble.

Linda leans her ear close to his lips, listening. Nodding, she gradually understands. She looks up at Dr. Jans, confused:

LINDA

He wants to know if he's married.

Forjac's memory has returned but he doesn't know what is real and what isn't. Linda is not his secretary, Dr. Jans is not his family doctor--that much is clear. But what of the rest? Eva/Evangeline, the Bartender, Spivak, Project Rahab, his house, his job, his wife?

It takes Jans a moment to understand the question:

DR. JANS

Why, yes, Jim you are.

FORJAC

(barely audible)

Her name?

DR. JANS

(checking file)

Cynthia. Your wife is Cynthia. Do you remember?

CONTINUED

96 CONTINUED:

Jim, relieved, nods.

FORJAC
Does she know?

DR. JANS
(checks file)
She was notified.

LINDA
They sent over some of your things.
It's in an envelope. There was a
picture.

She looks around, spots an 8x10 manila envelope under the bed stand, retrieves it. Opening the envelope, she finds a 4x6 snapshot of James and Cynthia standing by a lake, holds it up for Forjac to see.

He smiles.

LINDA
I'll get a little frame for it.
We'll set it right here where you
can see.

FORJAC
Where... do I live?

Jans again checks the file:

DR. JANS
Silver Springs. Silver Springs,
Maryland.

Jim thinks:

FORJAC
Do I have a dog?

Forjac's POV: Jans, scanning the file, grows OUT OF FOCUS.
The screen fades to BLACK.

CUT TO:

97 INT. DAY ROOM DAY 97

FADE IN:

CONTINUED

Forjac, wearing hospital pajamas, sits in a wheel chair. Around the room a scattering of recovering soldiers read magazines, listen to music over headphones. Among the patients, two familiar faces: Damita and William (from the NY Serbo-Croatian language class). A wall-mounted TV plays CNN news, circa 1999. May 19.

Jim rifles through multiplication flashcards, mouthing the answers to himself: $8 \times 7 = 54$, $3 \times 9 = 27$, etc.

Abel, in uniform, tentatively enters the room, sees James. Forjac looks up:

FORJAC

Abe.

ABEL

Jim.

FORJAC

Have a seat.

They shake hands and Abel pulls up a chair several feet away.

ABEL

What are you doing?

FORJAC

Every day they give me these tests.
Motor skills, reflexes, memory.

(holds up cards)

I'm studying my multiplication
tables. If I miss an answer, I
don't want them to think it's
because of memory loss.

ABEL

I got an hour free. How are you?

FORJAC

I've been trying to remember. I
have confusing memories.

ABEL

Some things, maybe they're better
forgotten. You survived. That's the
important thing.

Col. Clint Spivak, wearing KFOR military dress, steps down the corridor, sees them. Abel stands, salutes. Spivak returns the salute.

Forjac, saluting, starts rising from his wheelchair. Clint motions for him to remain seated:

SPIVAK

At ease, soldier.

Abel stays standing. Clint says to Jim:

SPIVAK

How's it going, private?

FORJAC

Much better, sir.

SPIVAK

Aftereffects?

FORJAC

The headaches. Just when I think I'm a hundred percent the headaches come back. And the dizzy spells. That's why they got me in this...

(gestures to wheel chair)

...don't want me to fall down, hurt myself. You know how doctors are.

SPIVAK

I spoke to Dr. Jans. He says a couple weeks, we can get you home. They don't want you on a plane just yet, not with the ear canal, you know. A couple of weeks this will all be memory.

(beat)

You call home, talk to your family?

FORJAC

Yes sir.

SPIVAK

Good.

(about Abel)

I see you have company.

ABEL

I'm off duty, sir.

SPIVAK

(dismissive wave)

Don't worry about it. It's nice of you to visit.

(beat)

I'm just passing through. Envy you going home. This is a mess. Give me a real war anytime. I didn't sign up to be a policeman.

(turns to leave)

You take care.

FORJAC

Yes sir.

They exchange salutes; Spivak exits. Abel waits until he is out of sight before sitting down.

An awkward pause. Jim wheels his chair closer to Abel:

FORJAC

How are the others doing?

ABEL

What do you mean?

FORJAC

(confidential)

You know what I mean. The others.

What happened. What we did.

(no reply)

Did you tell anyone?

ABEL

Are you crazy?

(beat)

Did you?

FORJAC

No.

ABEL

You doing all right?

Jim grimaces, looks away. Abel knows exactly what he's feeling.

ABEL

Charlie killed himself. Popped the pin on a grenade, laid down on it. The Army's calling it an accident. He was trying to pretend it didn't happen. He said to me, "Remember when we went to that club and there were three skanks and they overcharged us for booze and we got smashed?" Like that was it. Trying to make himself believe that. It didn't work.

Jim shuffles the flashcards.

ABEL

Baker, he don't talk to anyone. Won't even speak to me. Avoids me. Just sits there, inside himself. He's put in for a discharge. Denny drinks a lot. Got busted to the stockade twice. I don't talk to him. We never got along much anyway.

FORJAC

We got to make it right.

ABEL

Tell the brass? No fucking way.

FORJAC

That won't make it right. That won't save the girl.

ABEL

Go home. Put this behind you. Go back to work for the telephone company.

(blank response)

That was your job in the real world, right? You sold cell phones or something like that?

FORJAC

She spoke to me. The girl. When I was, you know, doing it. She asked me to help her.

ABEL

Oh, man.

FORJAC

We've got to save her. Nothing will be right until we do.

ABEL

There's always going to be creeps like that. There's always girls like her.

FORJAC

Yeah, but we weren't involved with the other creeps or the other girls. We were involved with her.

ABEL

Besides, the military's put that area off limits.

FORJAC

She's a prisoner. A slave.

(no reply)

We've got to go back and save her. I can walk out of here. They guard against people coming in, not leaving. I can get up at night, go through the mess and out.

ABEL

Oh, man, I didn't come here to hear this.

FORJAC

Think about it. You're Catholic. Pray on it.

ABEL

Fuck you.

FORJAC

Ask Baker and Denny. Just do that, okay? Promise me.

CUT TO:

A rock strewn fenced in courtyard outside the one story converted medical facility. In the distance, the unforgiving landscape of Kosovo.

CONTINUED

Forjac and Abel walk a worn oval path. Jim uses a walker, through he doesn't need it. A nurse sits on a folding chair, reading a paperback. Abel speaks confidentially:

ABEL

I spoke with Baker. He's up for it. He's fucking gung-ho. Denny, he thinks we did nothing wrong. "Shit happens." That's what he said.

FORJAC

So it's the three of us?

Abel, hesitant, nods:

ABEL

Yeah, I'm in.

FORJAC

Baker will arrange munitions, weapons?

ABEL

Um-hmm.

FORJAC

I'll contact the Paradise Club. Make sure the girl is there. Three days, twenty-two hundred hours, we go.

ABEL

I'll talk to Baker.

FORJAC

It's got to be soon. They're shipping me home in a week.

CUT TO:

A Quonset military structure. Soldiers enter and exit, passing the posted guard.

CUT TO:

100 INT. KFOR REC CLUB NIGHT 100

Soldiers, in and out of uniform, relax, small talk in several languages and shoot pool. George Straight sings over the sound system.

Baker, wearing a pink golf polo, goes to the bar, orders a Heinekin. He looks around, spots Abel nursing a beer in the corner.

Baker takes his beer, joins Abel, nodding to Brigadier General Tom Rush (from the NSA cafeteria) as he goes.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. HOSPITAL NIGHT 101

Forjac, dressed in military issue khakis, walks away from the one story building.

CUT TO:

102 INT. KFOR REC CLUB NIGHT 102

Jim enters and, checking his watch, looks around. He works his way over to the table where Abel and Baker wait. They touch closed fists. Baker checks his watch as Jim sits.

BAKER

What time did you give them?

FORJAC

Eleven.

BAKER

Ten minutes.

Forjac sips Abel's beer. Baker looks up. Their eyes follow his.

Denver, wearing jeans and a black T-shirt, enters the club. Seeing Abel, Baker, and Forjac, he walks over, sits down.

DENVER

What the hell.

CUT TO:

103

EXT. PRISTINA OUTSKIRTS NIGHT

103

They walk double file through a run-down part of town. Random activity here and there, then quiet.

Ahead they hear a KFOR patrol. Baker puts his fingers to his lips.

They duck into a side street, silently wait as the patrol passes.

LATER. Baker leads them to a trash barrel beside an abandoned building. Fishing through the trash, he pulls out a duffel bag.

Opening the duffel, he hands Forjac and Abel dark shirts. He offers Jim dark work pants.

Unwrapping a thick cloth he reveals, in succession, six handguns: four MK23 .45 Caliber automatics, two M9 9mm semi-automatics. They tuck the weapons into their pockets, behind their backs, under their shirts.

BAKER

(buttoning shirt)

This is it. No SWAT gear, no Kevlar vests, no M4's, no laser scopes.

DENVER

True grit.

Abel tucks their street clothes in the duffel, thrusts the duffel into the barrel.

BAKER

Jim goes in first. Everything loosey goosey, playing along. Jimbo, you confirm the girl is there. When that's affirmative, you say the signal.

FORJAC

"Silver Springs."

BAKER

(distributes ammo clips)

That's the go command. Denny, you chill the front room, Abe the back. I'll swing between.

CONTINUED

103 CONTINUED:

ABEL

Show 'em the steel.

FORJAC

It'll happen fast. I give the signal, I tell them not to fucking move, we should be out in two, three minutes. We'll be down the street before they know what happened.

They all nod.

DENVER

Locked and loaded.

As they start off, Baker taps Jim on the shoulder, hands him a folding knife.

CUT TO:

104 EXT PRISTINA STREET NIGHT 104

The entertainment district, now off limits to military personnel, seems subdued. All appears normal as shadows emerge: four men dressed in black, two on each side, single file, hugging the walls, moving forward. Blinking red and blue lights outline their silhouettes.

Reaching the entrance to the cul de sac, the four shadows coalesce, form a knot, walk toward the beckoning red neon sign of the Paradise Club.

CUT TO:

105 EXT PARADISE CLUB NIGHT 105

Seeing Andre, the young man at the door, Abe, Baker, Denny and Jim yak it up, laughing, joshing, playing a familiar role: soldiers on leave. Occasionally one or the other casually touches his concealed weapon(s).

ANDRE

Welcome.

FORJAC

Zdravo.

CUT TO:

106

INT

PARADISE CLUB

NIGHT

106

They enter, survey the unchanged room: strung Christmas lights, sofas, chairs, bar, "Pokin' Fun!" poster. Two girls (one reading a movie magazine) look up. One is the same as before, the other is new. A YOUNG CUSTOMER sits between the girls, talking to the new one. "Liberty Valence" plays on the boom box.

BARTENDER

(to girls)

Stajati.

The girls stand, approach their guests. Forjac walks over to the Bartender.

BARTENDER

Johnny Walker?

FORJAC

(Serb)

Remember me?

BARTENDER

(nods)

Jimbo.

FORJAC

(points to others)

Johnny Walker.

The Bartender instructs the girls to sit, lines up four glasses, fills them with whiskey. The girls rejoin the Young Customer on the sofa.

FORJAC

(Serb)

I called you.

BARTENDER

(nods; Serbian))

Eva. Where's your other friend?

FORJAC

(Serb)

He got sick.

BAKER

Two dollars?

CONTINUED

BARTENDER

(beams)

Drink on house!

FORJAC

(Serb)

How much for the girl?

BARTENDER

One hundred dollars. Each.

FORJAC

(Serb)

Last time it was fifty.

BARTENDER

(Serb)

She's a lot of trouble. Other people want her too. There's only four of you. One hundred.

FORJAC

Seventy-five.

BARTENDER

Seventy-five.

Jim goes to the others, collects the cash. He hands it to the Bartender:

FORJAC

(Serb)

Where is she?

BARTENDER

(Serb)

What's the big hurry?

FORJAC

(Serb)

This area's off limits. You know that. We're not supposed to be here.

Denver, antsy, checks the pistol tucked in his back waistband. The Bartender catches this gesture, looks at Denver. Does he suspect something? Abel, spotting the Bartender's glance, whispers into Denver's ear; they laugh.

BARTENDER

(Serb)

You must like her a lot.

CONTINUED

FORJAC

(Serb)

We got a deal or don't we? You got a problem, give us the money back.

BARTENDER

(Serb)

We got a deal.

FORJAC

(Serb)

Where is she?

BARTENDER

(Serb)

Follow me.

The Bartender leads Jim through the curtain to the next room. Abel, glancing at Baker and Denver, knocks back his whiskey, sets it down, slowly follows.

CUT TO:

107

INT

PARADISE CLUB BACK ROOM

NIGHT

107

Eva/Evangeline, wearing a pink halter top and black hot pants, sits on the mattress, her right wrist tied to the "U" hook by the pink nylon cord. As beautiful as ever. Abel steps through the curtains.

Declan sits on a folding chair beside the mattress.

DECLAN

Hello, American.

Eva, recognizing Jim, gives him a look both fearful and hopeful. Has he come for her?

Declan, a suspicious sort, notices their exchange of looks, unbuttons his leather jacket. Time to act. Jim says so all can hear:

FORJAC

The last time I saw a girl this beautiful I was in Silver Springs!

Suddenly everything's in motion.

Denny reaches out the front door, grabs Andre by the collar, THROWS him inside.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

Andre TUMBLES toward the sofas as Denny pulls out two guns, one from his front pocket, the other from his back waistband. He aims one at the Bartender, the other at Andre.

The girls and a Young Customer SCRAMBLE, cower behind the sofas.

In the BACK ROOM, Abel withdraws his pistol, points it at Declan. Jim YELLS:

FORJAC

(Serb)

Anybody moves, anybody reaches for a gun, you are fucking dead!

(to Declan)

Settle down. We'll be gone in a minute.

Forjac withdraws his gun, shifts it to his other hand. With his free hand he extracts the folding knife, opens it. He starts for the bed to free Eva.

From the FRONT ROOM, Baker, one gun out, pulling out the other, eyes on the Bartender, steps through the curtain, bumping into Abel.

Declan seizes this moment to pull a pistol from his jacket. He FIRES at Abel who SIMULTANEOUSLY returns fire. Abel's bullet misses. Declan's doesn't.

A stray bullet SPLINTERS the silent TV: a Madonna video up in smoke.

Abel, HIT by a bullet in the sternum, is knocked backwards onto Baker, dying. Forjac FIRES wildly at Declan as he flees through the door into a second back room. Eva, SCREAMING, curls up into a ball.

CUT TO:

INT

PARADISE CLUB FRONT ROOM

NIGHT

Denver, catching the sight of Abel falling from one eye, the slight of the Bartender reaching for a gun out of the other, SHOOTS, hitting the Bartender in the gut. The Bartender falls behind the bar as Denver swivels to fire at Andre:

Andre, swiveling his gun, FIRES back. Both are hit: Andre in the shoulder, Denny in the head.

CONTINUED

108 CONTINUED:

Baker, spinning back inside, SHOOTs the fallen Andre, killing him. He turns to help Forjac, not noticing the Young Customer rising from behind the sofa, gun in hand.

CUT TO:

109 INT PARADISE CLUB BACK ROOM NIGHT 109

Jim slices Eva's pink nylon cord, his eyes trained on the open door through which Declan has fled. He yells to Baker:

FORJAC

In there! Get him!

Baker steps onto the mattress to pursue Declan. Through the curtain, BEHIND HIM, the Young Customer emerges, automatic pistol in hand. He squeezes off three quick shots, HITTING Baker successively in the back.

Baker TUMBLES past Forjac and Eva. Jim aims as Baker's body clears his view, FIRES. The Young Customer hit repeatedly, rocks from one side of the entrance to the other as he FALLS.

Forjac, gun leading the way, enters the second back room.

CUT TO:

110 INT PARADISE CLUB SECOND BACK ROOM NIGHT 110

A long narrow room, completely different from the others. An office of some sort. Computers atop a folding table line one wall. One features a porn web site. Credit cards, boxes of American and European currency, disrupted bookkeeping.

Declan, against the far wall, FIRES at Forjac, the bullet whizzing past Jim's head, grazing his cheek. Jim returns fire with his automatic, HITTING Declan twice in the face.

Declan FALLS, revealing a KOSOVAR SOLDIER standing behind, raising a pistol. The soldier is Seth.

Forjac, bleeding from the cheek, momentarily stunned, fires, KILLS Kosovar "Seth."

The Soldier falls beside a wastebasket of paper ignited by gunfire. Forjac looks at him, turns to exit.

CUT TO:

111 INT PARADISE CLUB BACK ROOM NIGHT 111

Flickering flames reflect from the second back room as Forjac steps over Baker's body, grabs Eva, carries/assists her across the mattress. He steps around Abel and the Young Customer's bleeding dead bodies, passes through the curtains.

CUT TO:

112 INT PARADISE CLUB NIGHT 112

More carnage: Denver dead, Andre dead. Everything gone to shit. Except Eva. He checks her, frightened but unhurt.

From behind the bar, the Bartender, gut shot and failing, crawls forward pistol in hand, FIRING. Jim, hearing Eva gasp, turns and SHOTS him. The Bartender rocks back, dead.

Forjac steps over, shoots him again. He fires again. CLICK. The magazine is empty.

He drops his gun, rejoins Eva. Together they go outside.

CUT TO:

113 EXT PARADISE CLUB NIGHT 113

Forjac and Eva, trying to avoid attention, walk along past storefronts as curious onlookers gather.

They turn the corner as two KFOR Hummers approach, turn sharply down the cul de sac.

Jim stumbles, falls. Looking at his leg, he realizes he has been hit. Blood soaks his pant leg. He tucks himself into a darkened doorway. Eva tries to help him.

FORJAC

Go. Go, run. Go home to your family. There must be someone.

He reaches in his pocket, pulls out some cash.

FORJAC

Take this.

EVA

No. I have to tell them.

He struggles to stand. She helps him.

FADE OUT:

114 INT COURT MARTIAL DAY 114

FADE IN:

Forjac, in dress uniform, crutches at his side, sits in a lonely chair. He faces a table behind which sit three Army officers: a Brigadier General, Military Counsel and Col Spivak.

BRIGADIER GENERAL
Private First Class Forjac, after deliberation, having heard from the witnesses, read the testimony, it's been decided to grant you an Honorable Discharge, OTH, Other Than Honorable Conditions. Your actions would normally demand a much more severe sentence. However, given the unusual circumstances of this case and the highly sensitive nature of the materials recovered at the crime site, it has been decided to seal all the evidence and testimony. An OTH discharge will result in a loss of all military benefits. You have the right to a hearing before an Administrative Board. Do you understand?

FORJAC
Yes sir.

CUT TO:

115 EXT CORRIDOR DAY 115

Forjac, using crutches, walks with Col Spivak in the corridor outside the Court Martial chamber.

SPIVAK
The balls of these guys. If it was up to me, I'd give you a goddamn medal. Those people in Pristina, they weren't running girls, they were running guns, US guns, money and explosives, Semtec. Terrorism central. A Purple Heart, that's what you deserve.

CONTINUED

FORJAC

The others got medals, that's enough.

SPIVAK

That's the package. You die, you get a medal.

FORJAC

I'm just glad it's over. What happened to Eva?

SPIVAK

The girl? They located her family in Latvia, got her some money, got her home.

FORJAC

It all seems... like a bad memory.

SPIVAK

Time. Give it time.

CUT TO:

A taxi pulls into the drive behind a plumbing truck.

Forjac, wearing khaki pants, navy blazer and navy polo shirt, pays the driver. He opens the door and, using his crutches, steps out of the taxi carrying a bouquet of red roses.

He looks at his home. It is just as he remembered it in his fevered hospital dream. That part was real.

The TAXI DRIVER removes Jim's duffel from the drunk, carries it for him. Forjac approaches the front door. The Driver sets the duffel down, returns to his cab.

The door opens. Cynthia, beaming, rushes to greet him.

CYNTHIA

Darling.

They kiss, embrace for dear life. Kansas, his blond Labrador Retriever, bounds out the front door. Forjac kneels to greet her:

FORJAC

Kansas, Kansas, oh, I missed you too, girl.

Jim looks up from Kansas' slobbering kisses, spots Hank Duff, his father-in-law, standing in the doorway wearing a plumber's outfit.

Hank: The Plumber.

Hank, smiling, waves. Forjac takes Cynthia in his arms and, half-humming, half singing the Bryan Adams song, "Everything I do, I do for you," escorts her inside.

THE END