

THE PATRIOT

by
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"For decades, a varying number of NOC's (intelligence officers working "non-official covers") have been installed in large multinational corporations: Banks. Oil companies. Construction firms. NOC cover, however, is among the most dangerous field work as agents are provided limited support systems and are left largely to fend for themselves in the world's most violent surroundings. We should examine the program's benefit versus cost."

Testimony, Congressional Oversight Committee, July, 2013

EXT. CITY SQUARE, LUXEMBOURG - NIGHT

A handsome, sharp-looking 25-year-old in a suit runs full speed through the old city square of Luxembourg. He's ecstatic (we'll learn why soon).

CLOSE ON:

A laptop screen. We track down past the following: a State Department website page - information concerning the nation *Luxembourg*. Specifically:

Numbers of homicides Luxembourg (per annum, per 100,000):

2008 - 0

2009 - 0

2010 - 0

2011 - 0

2012 - 3

2013 - 0

2014 - 0

Everything fades from the screen except *2012 - 3*. It carries over onto the succeeding scene.

EXT. JEFFERSON STREET, MILWAUKEE U.S. - DAY

JOHN (34, business suit) rides a bike up to the sidewalk promenade of a downtown building. He begins to lock the bike up out front. The script *2012 - 3* remains on screen. Then the *3* fades, so only *2012* is left, signifying the year the following takes place.

INT. RECEPTION, CONFORMITY STANDARDS DEPT. - MCMILLAN
INDUSTRIAL PIPING - LATER

John stands at a reception desk of a large industrial engineering and manufacturing corporation; he speaks with the company receptionist LORI (20s).

JOHN

John Lakeman. I have an interview with process engineering.

LORI

(smiling, kind)
You're twenty minutes late, John.

JOHN

I'm new to Milwaukee. I caught the bridge. I didn't allow for the... it stays up forever.

LORI

Yeah. That happens. There's paperwork.
(handing John some forms)
Just say it took you a while. And come back after you interview. There are a couple other things we have to complete...

INT. BOARD ROOM, MCMILLAN INDUSTRIAL PIPING - SAME

A FEW MEMBERS of the McMillan Board sit around the conference table preparing to conduct the interview. The head man MR. THORMS reviews John's application, his colleague MR. CLARET at his right hand.

MR. THORMS

(to the others, impressed with John's CV)
John Lakeman. He worked for five years in Army engineering. He worked at the Pentagon. Went to Penn Grad.

MR. CLARET

Nice CV.
(looking at his watch)
Where the heck is he?

At this moment, an ASSISTANT escorts John into the room.

ASSISTANT

John Lakeman.

MR. CLARET
 (ribbing him, for being
 late)
 Thanks for joining us, John.

INT. BOARD ROOM. MCMILLAN PIPING - LATER

John is in the midst of his interview.

JOHN
 My focus was liquid process piping.

MR. THORMS
 With Bell-end Socket Welds?

JOHN
 ...On the outer farcs. Inside I
 don't suggest them.

MR. WILTERS
 What do you like inside?

JOHN
 Dell Yard 50's. Because of thermal
 expansion with nickel alloys.

MR. CLARET
 How many fillet welds would you use
 in that scenario?

THEN SOMETHING HAPPENS. Claret tossed around "fillet welds"
 like everyone in the room ought to know all about them. Like
 he just said "Wednesday" or "subway train." BUT JOHN HAS ZERO
 IDEA WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT.

JOHN
 ...two.

MR. THORMS
Two hundred?

JOHN
 (bullshitting)
 Yes. I'm sorry. Of course.

The interview's gone off the rails. There's uncomfortable
 silence. Because John blanked on something basic. The third
 board member, WILTERS, fires something else his way.

MR. WILTERS
 John... walk me through a scenario
 where you've contracted for cap
 ends.

(MORE)

MR. WILTERS (CONT'D)

You've got cracked "L" quadrants and 40,000 gallons coming down the line. What do you tell the engineer?

JOHN

He's going to have to tie down his Baker Knots at every Lawrence Crease beside the first and last.

MR. CLARET

Well, I *hope* he doesn't tie down his Bakers because then he'd open his truss underbelly and crack every uncracked quad in the line. Let's try that one again.

John's grown concerned; the interview is going south.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

The interview concluded, John leaves the boardroom for the hallway. It's clear things took a poor turn; he's passing the window wall beyond which we can see the boardroom. And as John walks past it, he can pick up what's being said inside.

MR. THORMS

...I like the Asian guy better.

MR. CLARET

Me too.

Concern crosses John's face.

INT. LOBBY CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

John walks up the corridor back to the reception lobby. But before he reaches the reception room, John sees a YOUNG ASIAN GUY in a suit leaving some last paperwork and materials with the receptionist.

Next, rather than continue to the reception desk, John takes the short left to the floor elevator bank where the young Asian is headed now. Soon, they're side by side there.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

They ride down together.

YOUNG ASIAN GUY

Hey.

JOHN

Hey. Did you just interview for the process engineering job?

ASIAN GUY

Yeah. You?

JOHN

Yeah. How did it go?

ASIAN GUY

Great. How about you?

JOHN

Okay. Not great. Okay.

ASIAN GUY

Sorry to hear that.

JOHN

Yeah, I just couldn't-- I blanked on a couple things. A couple basics.

ASIAN GUY

Hey, it happens, man.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Outside, John and the Asian guy wait at the downtown corner to cross the street. John's a short distance behind the guy. So the guy can't see him. So he doesn't notice, as a UPS truck drives past them, John give him a shove out onto the street, out in front of the truck. The truck strikes the Asian applicant.

The frame freezes.

The title appears: *The Patriot*.

THE TITLE SEQUENCE BEGINS.

EXT. OIL FIELD, CENTRAL IRAN - DAY

In the aftermath of a helicopter crash, metal parts lay across a field. The bodies of three men rest beyond the engine parts. It's a long way from anything else; it's all just laying there. Script appears: *Nine Days Earlier*

EXT. NATIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON D.C. - SAME

Congressman EDWARD ALLERTON, 36, delivers a speech at the National Library. Behind Edward stands a group of superficially-textbook American kids culled from somewhere for window-dressing; each holds a book.

EDWARD

(into the podium mic)

...not just three years. Three long years. You shouldn't have to lobby so hard for what's right. But I'm glad to say our *Books for Tots* library tax benefit is now on the books.

FIRST JOURNALIST

That must be a good feeling to sponsor a bill that'll keep kids reading.

EDWARD

The tops. Hey. It's like putting it all the way in, Rich.

THE COLLECTION OF JOURNALISTS LOOKS A LITTLE THROWN BY EDWARD'S PUBLIC AND OBVIOUS REFERENCE TO FULL-BLOWN FUCKING.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

There's nothing like it. And it's in this spirit that we're going to move forward. With optimism and pride. The children are our future. They should--

SECOND JOURNALIST

(not letting that go)

Putting *what* all the way in?

EDWARD

(oblivious)

..I'm sorry?

SECOND JOURNALIST

You said finally passing the public library bill was like "putting it all the way in." Putting *what* all the way in?

Edward is caught off guard. He now realizes he's been dramatically inappropriate.

EDWARD

... nothing.

SECOND JOURNALIST
You said "it."

Edward just stands there.

EDWARD
(to the crowd, escaping)
Thank you for coming. Don't ever
forget the children who are our
future. Teach them well and then
they'll take us up on their
shoulders, up to the top areas.
Thank you for your valuable time.
We did it! Books!

Edward claps a few times. No one else does. So it's sort of
odd that he clapped. Then Edward just leaves the podium. His
phone has begun to ring. He answers.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Hey, Dad.

MAN'S VOICE
Edward, can you cancel your plans
this weekend. Something's happened.

INT. TOM ALLERTON'S OFFICE, STATE DEPARTMENT, D.C. - SAME

TOM ALLERTON, 68 (handsome and with the bearing of an elder
statesman), finishes this call, leaving his office for the
hallway - leaving us a view of the broad nameplate on his
office door - *Director of Intelligence, Department of State.*

MAN'S VOICE
...I'll fill you in later. I'm
going in with the Secretary.

INT. SECRETARY OF STATE'S OFFICE, STATE DEPARTMENT - MOMENTS
LATER

Tom watches the office TV (CNN) with professional interest.
At his side stands Secretary of State WILMA WATERS. On
screen: an Islamic cleric CANTAR WALLEY, 45, speaks to a
collection of journalists in a hotel conference room in Iran.

WALLEY
Of course we mourn the loss of our
countryman.
(MORE)

WALLEY (CONT'D)

I greeted the news of Mr. Harmed's death not with thoughts that I had lost a political opponent, but with prayers that this good religious man will be taken home.

The news channel split-screen shares images from the helicopter crash introduced earlier. Text runners along the bottom of the screen read "*crash alters Iran Spring election.*"

JOURNALIST

Is this not an opportunity to adopt more moderate social and religious positions? Mr. Harmed's death leaves a large number of supporters to whom his moderation appealed. He was expected to win the election.

WALLEY

My political positions are functions of my faith. My faith won't move. If there's moving, men will come to my faith.

On the TV screen, script reads "*controversial cleric now in lead.*"

TOM

...I want to send someone over. As soon as we can implement. We need to get in front of this election.

SECRETARY WATERS

Who?

TOM

We have few officers who've worked Iran over any meaningful term. There's just one. He speaks Farsi. And Arabic. He has an established network of contacts in the urban north of Iran. He's led targeting teams. He has NOC time in engineering covers. He's going to have to go in NOC.

SECRETARY WATERS

Let's put him in.

TOM

...there's a concern.

SECRETARY WATERS

Because?

TOM

It's my son. It's John. And it's complicated.

SECRETARY WATERS

In what way?

Tom thinks about how to characterize it all.

TOM

In one way... well, he records folk music under an assumed name. Because he says it helps him deal with his feelings. For example. That's one way.

Secretary Waters looks back at Tom; she's a seasoned diplomat but she's never heard this one before.

SECRETARY WATERS

For-- are you serious?

TOM

Yeah. The songs (they're pretty good. I'm his dad, so maybe I'm biased, but they're pretty good.) But they're becoming more honest. Too. Which, that's probably good for folk singers in general but not good for ones who work in intelligence. But he's suited for this job. Particularly. And he's excellent. He's just a... I don't know. Not like everybody else. And he's had a tough year. And I'm worried about him. I'll explain.

Wanda reaches the heart of the matter.

SECRETARY WATERS

How close are they?

TOM

Practical nuclear--?

SECRETARY WATERS

Yes.

TOM

It's going to happen. This winter. If they want it to happen.

Tom looks back at the TV. It's a split screen; we're looking at the bodies laying beside the helicopter chassis.

TOM (CONT'D)

The guy in the field there didn't want it to happen.

Now we're looking at the other split - coverage of this cleric leaving the hotel;

SECRETARY WATERS

...and this guy?

The cleric encounters a swarm of Islamic supporters. They're up and down the sidewalks, they have a chant going. When they see Walley they erupt with the energy of a group under his charismatic spell.

We cut out on Tom's expression, watching the cleric, communicating, through his concern, that this man presents a glaring danger.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK, AMSTERDAM - SAME

A burned-out-looking guy (fit, handsome but lost-looking) JOHN ALLERTON, 34, sits in a park, tuning an acoustic guitar; he's wearing a faded 70s concert t-shirt - The band *America*. THOUGH HE LOOKS NOTHING LIKE A BUSINESSMAN (HAS LONGISH HAIR, BEARD, YOUTHFUL), HE'S THE BUSINESSMAN USING THE NAME JOHN LAKEMAN FROM THE SHOW'S OPENING. This is the character our title refers to - *The Patriot*. There's a joint lodged in his upper guitar strings, lit and waiting for him. Script appears: *Amsterdam*. After a couple bars of guitar, John begins to sing. *For conception's sake, imagine the below sung to the tune of something like "Blowin' in the Wind."

JOHN

In June 2011 the United States learned that Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad had sanctioned a new "third generation" nuclear centrifuge with a reported ability to enrich up to six times faster than the old P-1 centrifuges. Egyptian Nobel laureate Mohamed ElMashad was hired to create the necessary uranium by forcing gaseous uranium hexafluoride...

WHILE THE SONG PLAYS WE BEGIN AN INTERCUT - closed circuit footage from a coastal city in Egypt (airport cameras, street intersection cameras, in the manner of the renowned closed circuit-captured Mossad killing of Mahmoud Al-Mabhouh).

JOHN (CONT'D)
*...through semi-permeable
 membranes. I was tasked...*

Closed circuit footage of ElMashad passing through customs. A wide shot. A red circle indicates his position in the frame.

JOHN (CONT'D)
*... to target kill ElMashad in
 Hurghada, Egypt.*

A second close circuit feed has captured John awaiting a cab outside the Hurghada airport. He's in shades, a baseball hat, he's off in the distance and is circled in red.

JOHN (CONT'D)
*...but the target turned out to be
 kind of an old male hotel maid.*

An intersection camera feed captured the murder of a man in a second floor window, making a hotel bed, while John (baseball hat, glasses) walks up behind him and shoots him in the head.

JOHN (CONT'D)
*The evacuation team parked on the
 wrong street.*

In further intersection footage, John races across a city street, two blocks away.

JOHN (CONT'D)
*I was arrested in Egypt, was the
 subject of white torture which is
 sensory deprivation geared toward
 the detainee losing all sense of
 identity. I underwent a mock
 execution. I escaped by killing my
 guard with a meal utensil.*

We're back in the park in Amsterdam, watching John sing the last "verse" of his song.

JOHN (CONT'D)
*I've shown signs of increasing
 mental instability. I'd like to see
 my wife, but after a targeting,
 target teams are required to spend
 three months in a third party
 country before returning to the
 U.S. Some genius at the State
 Department picked Amsterdam, The
 Netherlands. So I've just been here
 baking like a little cake. Getting
 baked then just looking at birds.*

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

Just staring at the birds of Amsterdam. I don't know why. Why aren't there male hotel maids in other countries. You never see that. It never dawned on me he was a maid. I just thought he was the guy I was supposed to kill and that he was just cool and made his own hotel bed.

The tune is through. John just sits there, peacefully.

INT. EDWARD ALLERTON'S AUDI, MOVING - LATER

Congressman Edward Allerton drives through D.C.; oddly, a six-year old African-American kid rides in back - EFRAM HOLMES. Each is wearing a t-shirt that reads *D.C Big Buddies. Making Buddies. Making a Difference*. Camping gear rests in the passenger seat.

EDWARD

You ready to camp, man?

EFRAM

(looking forward to it)

Yeah.

EDWARD

Yeah. Man. I was too. But we can't.

Efram registers, despite Edward's upbeat demeanor, that they're not going camping.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm sorry. Something's come up. Pretty serious.

The news saddens Efram. Edward realizes as much.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

... Efram, do you know what a patriot is?

EFRAM

Yes.

EDWARD

(like he said "no")

A patriot is someone who could take it easy and hang out, chill out, go camping or something. But then something happens, like a helicopter crash.

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)

And their dad asks them to cancel their plans because Israel's going to be blown to total shit. Anyway, that's why I had to cancel the camping. Because I'm a huge patriot. So... sorry.

Efram just quietly listens, but we gain the sense the trip meant a lot.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Your mom's away. She was expecting you and me to hang for a couple days. So I'm going to drive you to your grandma's house. Cool?

Efram has put a brave face on and nods.

EXT. PLAYGROUND, ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, D.C. - SAME

Tom Allerton visits ALICE ALLERTON, 35, midway into her supervision of some developmentally-challenged teens performing hopscotch. She's attractive. But not impossibly, just in the way a woman who works a full day at a hard job can be; you can read her decency.

TOM

I'm sorry to have to come by your work. But it's important.

ALICE

Is John okay?

TOM

He is. But Alice... Alice, I know you expected John home at the end of the month....

ALICE

...are you sending him somewhere else, Tom? Is-- what? He's not coming home?

TOM

He'll be home. For a day. Or two. Then I'm sending him back to work.

There is the sense that this matter (John going away) is the great hardship of Alice's life - she was expecting to see John soon. She just found out she won't. But she handles it well, like she's accustomed to it.

ALICE
...Is he okay?

TOM
(all Tom can share)
His last job was involved.

Some time passes.

TOM (CONT'D)
(about a family matter,
about Alice and John's
marriage)
...I know you hoped to have John
home. I know you two had a... well,
a challenging year. Last year.

ALICE
It was just one of those years.

TOM
I should have come around more this
summer, taken you out for a beer or
something.

ALICE
(smiling)
Take me next week.

Tom smiles back at Alice.

TOM
Is there anything I can do for you
two?

ALICE
You know what..? I think we just
need a couple days off. I think we
just need to go for a drive or
something? I don't know. Could it
be that simple?

TOM
I was married for forty two years.
In my experience, yeah, it could be
that simple.

Tom has smiled at Alice once more. Then he grows deliberate.

TOM (CONT'D)
It's not going to happen for a
while.

Alice nods; it's a part of her life.

ALICE
Take care of him okay?

TOM
Plan to.

CUT TO:

JOHN, 11 HERE, ON THE BACK OF A HUGE LIVE BULL (VIDEO IMAGE)

EXT. BULL PEN CHUTE (BUCKING CHUTE), TEXAS - PAST

The Allerton family ranch. This is home video of young John astride a bull much too big for him, in the chute, waiting to ride the bull out onto a dirt field - it's a practice space, we see no one else in view. But we hear audio of 14-year-old Edward (he's setting up this video camera on the back of the chute - our perspective).

JOHN
Are you filming?

EDWARD
(concerned)
Do you know how many rules you're breaking?

JOHN
Just press record.

EDWARD
One. You're not supposed to ride Bodacious.

JOHN
Just do it.

EDWARD
Two. We're not supposed to fuck around with Dad's camera. We're not even supposed to touch it.

At this point, something unexpected happens, the bull bucks. John slips off. He's trapped now in the small chute with the violent bull.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Fuck, John.

JOHN
Edward!

EDWARD

Fuck.

John's pressed against the chute wall, trapped with the bull in the narrow space. The bull's going berserk. Edward jumps down into the chute at the same moment the bull kicks the back wall which sends the camera down into the chute as well.

The camera perspective is now ground level. It's being kicked up and around by the flailing back legs of the bull. We see in quick glimpses though Edward risking harm to himself to shield John then find a way to throw open the chute door. But before the bull flees into the open, it kicks the shit out of the camera some more. It's gone flying ten feet away.

It comes to rest in the dirt. Some times passes, then we see young Edward's face, bent down, looking into the lens.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

(meaning they broke the
camera)

...fuck.

Then John's face leans in as well.

JOHN

...fuck. Thanks, man.

EDWARD

I told you not to do it, man. Are
you okay?

JOHN

...yeah.

Edward hugs John; it's a brotherly and moving gesture.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(looking back at the
camera)

That thing's fucked. I'm dead.

EDWARD

...we'll tell him Me-Maw did it.

JOHN

...Grandma?

EDWARD

Yeah, that's one good thing about
her having Alzheimers.

JOHN
Don't tell Dad, man. Ever. Okay?
Promise?

EDWARD
Yeah.

JOHN
What about the video?

EDWARD
No way that thing still works.
He'll never see it.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM ALLERTON'S STUDY - NIGHT

Present day, Tom (Edward and John's father) sits in his quiet study, watching this very tape, watching the very moments just after Edward rescued his younger brother, listening to their boyhood conversation, 20 some years later.

INT. TOM'S CAR/EXT. REAGAN NATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Tom drives up to Departures at Reagan National. Edward sits in the passenger seat. Tom stops the car. He removes a small notebook page from his suit pocket and hands it to his son.

TOM
This is John's address. Get John.
Tell him I need him. Come home.

Edward nods. He begins to leave the car. But Tom takes gentle hold of his arm to keep him there another moment.

TOM (CONT'D)
...I'm worried about him. He's been
gone a while.

EDWARD
I'll get him home.

TOM
...hey.

EDWARD
Yeah?

TOM

I wanted to ask you... No reason.
Just sometimes it crosses my mind,
when you and John were younger,
Eddie... I just always wondered...

EDWARD

Yeah?

TOM

Did my 92-year-old mother really
remove from its case and then just
completely fucking demolish my Sony
VX-3 video camera?

A pretty long time passes.

EDWARD

Yes.

TOM

And you're sure you or John wasn't
just fucking around with it, doing
something stupid.

EDWARD

...no, Me-maw did it.

TOM

Okay.

EDWARD

She was country strong.

TOM

...Yeah.

Tom looks over at his son. Somehow, this is the right answer.
It's given Tom some important comfort - Edward promised, then
kept, across a long period of time, John's confidence.

TOM (CONT'D)

All right. Go bring your brother
home. Take care of him if you need
to. Yeah?

EDWARD

(earnestly)
...yeah.

EXT. STREET, AMSTERDAM - SAME

Meanwhile, John Allerton has left a hash-cake cafe in Amsterdam; he's unlocking his bike from a Dutch stop sign post. He's fried. He can't get the lock unlocked. Soon, we realize it's because he's got the wrong bike. A DUTCH WOMAN has approached him.

DUTCH WOMAN
 (*subtitled Dutch)
 *That's my bike.

JOHN
 *Oh. Sorry.

EXT. STREET, AMSTERDAM - LATER

John pedals his older-looking bike down an Amsterdam back street. He's wearing his faded 70s concert t-shirt - *America*. We get a closer look as we track alongside him - a lost soul, listening to some music on his headphones.

The song becomes score (Jeff Tweedy: *Be Not so Fearful* - a modern version of a folk classic).

And next we watch a POV montage (John's POV) of the birds of Amsterdam.

It's just a series of birds in the city, flying, landing, flocking, it's beautiful but probably more interesting if you're high (as John is).

Last, we watch a small "V" of robins fly past, panning with them, and remaining in John's POV, they take us to a close up of Edward Allerton's face, staring right back at us (John).

EXT. JOHN'S FRONT STOOP, APARTMENT BLDG, AMSTERDAM - SAME

A cut takes us out of John's POV. We see John sitting on his front stoop. Edward has recently walked up in front of him. This cut makes sense of what we just witnessed in the montage. Edward is here now, has found John. And now the brothers are seeing each other for the first time in months.

EDWARD
 Hey, John.

JOHN
 Hey, man.

EDWARD
 You good?

JOHN

I'm great.

EDWARD

Want to go for a walk?

INT. EFRAM'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE, D.C. - SAME

A small and poorly-tended apartment living room, where young Efram sits on the floor watching TV. His grandmother sleeps longways on the sofa. Efram's watching *Mary Poppins*, specifically the scene where she flies with the kids using her umbrella. Efram watches the program with calm interest. Some time passes. Then he rises.

INT. APARTMENT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Efram walks up to the door. There's a little bin there that holds a closed, yellow umbrella. Efram looks at it for a while. Then he takes it out.

INT. EFRAM'S GRANDMOTHER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Meanwhile, while his grandma sleeps, Efram walks directly past her and the sofa, holding the umbrella.

EXT. EFRAM'S GRANDMOTHER'S PUBLIC HOUSING APT BLDG - LATER

A three-story building. Efram ascends the fire escape stairs with the now-open yellow umbrella on his way toward the roof.

EXT. ROOFTOP, EFRAM'S GRANDMOTHER'S APT BUILDING - SAME

Efram made it to the roof. He's standing at the edge. He holds the open umbrella, seems like he's trying to determine whether it would be a good idea to step off. Then he does. Immediately, his umbrella collapses. And he drops instantly from sight falling under the horizon of the rooftop.

EXT. PARK, AMSTERDAM - LATER

They've come outside, Edward and John, to a large public park. They're walking alone up the park's paved thoroughfare.

EDWARD

They hold their election in four months. Our guy died. The guy in front now is Cantar Walley.

John is aware of this; his expression conveys that he knows Walley and regards this seriously.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Dad needs you in Iran.
(answers his ringing cell
phone)
Congressman Edwar--.

A WOMAN HAS BEGUN SCREAMING AT EDWARD IMMEDIATELY.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Hey. Hold on. I can't understand
you.
(listening)
Okay. Man. Well, we'll hope for the
best on that one. That's sad news,
no doubt, and I'm glad you came
back up, to tend to that, as I went
to an undisclosed area for national
matters. Where I am now.
(listening)
I'm in an area. I am on...

NOW THE WOMAN'S YELLING AT HIM IN AN UNUSUALLY UNPROFESSIONAL
MANNER FROM THE OTHER END - there are swears.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
All right.
(listening)
All right. I'll come.
(listening)
I said I'd come home, Carol. I'm
coming right now.

Edward finally just hangs up.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
(to John)
I got to go. My Little Buddy broke
his legs and ankles. That was his
mom. My little special friend? I
left him in the care of a healthy,
immediate family member, too, so
it's surprising something happened.

Edward starts walking toward the street.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Dad needs you home tonight. You got
the message.

JOHN
..I don't know.

EDWARD
 (turning back)
 What do you mean you don't know?

JOHN
 I'm competing tonight.

EDWARD
 In what?

JOHN
 Mechanical bull contest. It's how I
 make extra money. I'm saving up to
 go on a bike trip. Long trip.

Edward just stares back at John - because it's weird.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 They're really big here. For some
 reason. Mechanical bulls. Five
 thousand bucks. If I win.

EDWARD
 It's different this time. You just
 bring a bag of money from A to B,
 John. Then make sure it gets doled
 out right. Over a few months.
 That's it.

JOHN
 (the following is the
 essential hardship of
 John's life)
 It's never easy like that. It gets
 messed up--

EDWARD
 Dad says he needs you. That's
 pretty easy, right? To understand?

John thinks for a while.

JOHN
 I'm leaning toward just staying
 here, ride this fake bull, get that
 money, have Alice come out and bike
 with me, across Spain. Look at some
 Spanish birds.

Edward is put off, shakes his head.

EDWARD
 You're so weird. Cantar Walley's a
 terrorist.

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)

And he could be the President of Iran. Dad says there's more. Israel. He needs to fill you in - that it's fucked up and he needs to fill you in. It's about the physicist you missed on. And he said...

JOHN

Yeah?

EDWARD

...he said he wouldn't call you if he didn't need you. So there's the news.

Edward walks away. John is left behind to think his decision over - he's embroiled in an escalating conflict, whether the timing is detrimental to him personally or not. You can read on his face that he knows all that.

JOHN

But this one tonight..?

EDWARD

(turning back)

Which one?

JOHN

Bull ride. This is the final. There's not another money ride for six months. If I lose, I won't have the money for the trip. So I don't know. Maybe I'll go back. If I lose.

EDWARD

What are you saying? World peace depends on the outcome of a fucking Dutch mechanical bull riding contest? You freak? Who do you compete against anyway?

JOHN

It's a pretty international city. Guys from all over. That's why I'm wearing this *America* shirt. I don't really like *America*.

A moment passes.

JOHN (CONT'D)

The band, I mean. The country's okay.

EDWARD

Are any of the other competitors
from Texas? Like you?

JOHN

No.

EDWARD

So you usually win.

JOHN

Yeah.

Edward starts walking away. Then he turns back.

EDWARD

(checking his watch)

What time is this thing? And are
there any hot European girls there
usually? Because I can maybe
squeeze that in before my flight.

INT. BAR, AMSTERDAM - LATER (NIGHT)

A wiry Brit sits atop a full-size, black mechanical bull in the center of the bar. The place is packed. The Brit has a Union Jack fashioned to the back of his shirt. He's got his hand in the air in the pre-ride "I'm almost ready to go" hand gesture. Patrons remain silent in anticipation.

ANNOUNCER

From the United Kingdom... Tony
Splinters.

The crowd cheers. John and Edward sit at the bar, looking on.

Soon, the Brit signals *start*. "*London Calling*" begins. The bull starts whipping around. Despite his cocksure expression, the Brit's body language shows he's not quite a natural; he's gripping too tightly, has a boxy, spastic relationship to the bull's movement. But he's never thrown. So when the bull stops, he tries to pump up the room like he just accomplished something.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Tony Splinters....

The place becomes quiet again as John walks to the bull. He gets on it with practiced ease. People begin to lean forward. Edward watches from the bar.

John (in his *America* T-shirt and a *Mack Truck* trucker ball cap) sits atop the bull.

His calm demeanor versus the Brit's agitation showcases the essential qualitative bull-riding difference between an Englishman and American Westerner.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, from the United States
of America, from the state of
Texas... John No Last Name Given.
John Something.

After a second, John throws off a little signal to start her up. The accompanying music begins with a dance mix version of Jimi Hendrix "*Star Spangled Banner*" then, when the bull really begins moving, morphs into "*America, Fuck Yeah*" from *Team America*. John's great up there - it comes easy to him.

The crowd's feeling the groove of it. They begin serious cheering. Edward looks on with dissipating hope for the security of his country.

Then something happens. John starts to get a little lost mentally. His focus shifts off the bull ride somewhere else. He's being visited by the complicated calling of loyalty, patriotism and sacrifice. So his ride begins to lose focus, and soon, the film segues into slower motion and the song John was listening to earlier swells up into the soundtrack and takes it over. Now we're watching John in slow motion while we're listening to acoustic music and the trenchant set of lyrics he's chosen to accompany him lately.

Be not so fearful, Be not so pale, Be not so sorry for what you've done, You must forget this now it's done, when you wake up you will find that you can run. Be not so nervous, be not so frail... Be not so fearful, be not so pale.

Then Edward watches John sway out of rhythm with the bull, then simply give up, let go of the saddle-hold, then allow himself to slowly slip off the back of the bull so that he may further serve his country.

Edward watches all this happen, impressed, and admiring, at this moment, of his younger brother.

INT. ALICE ALLERTON'S HOME - DAY

John's wife Alice has awakened just a little earlier, is walking back from the kitchen in a robe, holding coffee and the morning paper. As she passes her front door on her way to the living room, the front door opens and scares the hell out of her. She screams and drops the coffee.

JOHN

Man, I'm sorry.

She sees John standing there in the doorway. His hair's cut. He's cleaned up. He's staring at Alice, smiling.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I should have knocked or rang the doorbell or something. Sorry.

She doesn't say anything. She just walks over to him and starts kissing him.

INT. JOHN AND ALICE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Alice and John are in the early stages of long-delayed reunion lovemaking. The scene is appropriately serious, for a time, until when we hear just outside their window the chipper and wholesome Good Humor ice cream song:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mAPnMqk5JfE&feature=youtu.be>

It grows nearer and begins to accompany their intimate moments. It's throwing John off.

JOHN

(the music's taking him out of it)

This is-- I can't...

(has to stop)

You're so beautiful. But this-- it's not a great um accompanying...

The good humor song keeps playing.

ALICE

Yeah, it's too chipper and wholesome.

JOHN

I'm just going to try to work through. Work through this little tune.

John tries to return to their former intimacy. The tune just keeps going. It's impossible to work with.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm struggling, to stay sexy. For you. Here.

ALICE

Yeah, that's not sexy.

(after a moment)

Not you. The jingle thing.

JOHN
It's parking like right out front
here. Fuck.

John peeks through the window. Out at the street and the Good Humor truck. Two red-haired kids are at the window, trying to decide what to order.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What are you doing, guys? Order.

Alice starts to laugh.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(returning his attention
to Alice)
It's been three months. I'm just
going to work through it.

ALICE
Good.

They begin to kiss again. Then John's father Tom appears in the bedroom doorway.

TOM
John?
(noticing the two in bed)
Dear lord I'm sorry.

Tom quickly leaves the doorway.

TOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The door was open. I'm very sorry.

John and Alice smile at each other. Their intimate time together is over, before it really got started. The *Good Humor* song keeps playing.

EXT. JOHN AND ALICE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

John and Tom are strolling down the sidewalk. Each one is holding a *Good Humor* Chipwich ice cream sandwich.

JOHN
Thanks for the Chipwich.

TOM
No problem. I'm very sorry. About
intruding--

JOHN
It's okay? What's up?

TOM

I just wanted to see you. Before we got started today. To see if you're okay.

They face one another.

JOHN

Yeah.

TOM

Yeah what?

JOHN

Yeah, I'm okay.

John gives his dad a little smile. Tom stares at him for a while, then he smiles back similarly.

TOM

Okay.

JOHN

When do we get started?

TOM

This morning? That okay?

John doesn't want to start "this morning." But he does.

JOHN

Yep.

Another moment goes by.

TOM

I would have given you a hug earlier, but you were nude.

JOHN

Yeah.

TOM

(going in for a hug now)
Now I'm holding a Chipwich, so it's not going to be a great one...

JOHN

(hugging him back)
That's okay.

John also is inhibited from giving a fulsome hug because he's holding a Chipwich. So their hug, while well-intentioned is meager.

INT. JOHN AND ALICE'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Alice has just finished cleaning up the spilled coffee and the shattered coffee cup in the doorway. John has walked back in. He looks at her for a while.

JOHN
...got to go.

He doesn't mean just for a while. He means he must go away again for work. She gets it. She conveys this with her expression. John's expression is more complicated - this part of his professional obligation is killing him.

EXT. TOM ALLERTON'S ESTATE, VIRGINIA - LATER

Later that day, John and Tom stand on the empty tennis court, talking.

TOM
To get in and out of Iran without tracks... there's an accreditation program for foreign workers. The widest field is oil engineering. Our best bet's McMillan - an industrial pipe company that's able to work there. They don't know you're with the department. You'll have to do the work.

JOHN
I have to interview for it?

TOM
You have a CV and two recommendations from Penn. And we have someone in their administration. The interview should go in your favor.

The tennis court is also being used by Edward in a effort to instruct Efram how to work his new small electric wheelchair - they're doing test runs in the distance.

TOM (CONT'D)
Cantar Walley has a good chance in this election.

Tom hands John a report. Once in hand, we glimpse, as John does, its title:

Cantar Walley Resolved to Strike At Israel With Short Range Nuclear Weapons...

TOM (CONT'D)

The long and short of that report is - Privately, internal to his organization, Walley's considered the consequences of that kind of attack. He's accurately analyzed the repercussions, which, are obviously a total fucking mess and involve him not being alive anymore. And, well, the guy still wants to do it. That's what it says in there. Not, you know, as colorfully, as I just said it. But he'll do it, John. He's lacking one thing.

JOHN

Short range nuclear weapons?

TOM

Yes. And Iran's program, if they reactivate it, is maybe three months away. The only reason they're not armed now-- are you ready for this? The physicist, the one we missed on, ElMashad, he hasn't been paid yet.

Tom smiles wearily.

TOM (CONT'D)

He agreed to ten million. He won't take their Rials because they're the world's least valued currency unit. And we've been able to stall them from exchanging that amount into other currency for two months. We've frustrated every potential large-scale transaction out of their state-run agencies, private companies, NGOs, harassed every venerable and fly-by-night Islamic charity from Dearborn, Michigan to Abu Dhabi. But it's a tourniquet. It's temporary. They'll find a way to get it to him soon if their government wants him to have it. We need you to help move things our way over there the next four months so they don't. Because they're that close.

Tom faces John.

TOM (CONT'D)

Get this job. You'll be in Iran mid September as part of the company. You'll see that our investment gets where it's intended.

JOHN

What's first?

TOM

I'm giving you a garment bag with eleven million Euros in it. This unit of McMillan works a triangle. Milwaukee. Luxembourg. Iran.

JOHN

Luxembourg?

TOM

Iran banks in Luxembourg. It's how western companies are able to work with Iran. They wash it through Luxembourg. Bring the money there when the company goes later this month. You're going to give it to an Iranian designee. So he can start distributing it in Iran. We're going to start buying this election. For our guy. It's going to eleven regional religious leaders and, in the north, two generals. You know a handful of them. From your time there.

Tom looks at John with some kindness and conveys the sense he knows John might not be at his best just now.

TOM (CONT'D)

That's why it has to be you.

JOHN

Yeah, I get it.

A moment passes.

TOM

The Luxembourg portion ought to be a snap. It's nice and quiet there.

John and Tom look at Edward and Efram for a while.

TOM (CONT'D)

That's his son probably, right?

JOHN
Probably yeah.

A moment goes by as they watch Edward cheer Efram for a wheelchair 360. Then Tom faces John.

TOM
You interview at McMillan in Milwaukee Wednesday. I'm assuming it'll go smoothly.

EXT. STREET CORNER, MILWAUKEE - DAY

We're back in the present setting of the story- in the moment just after John Lakeman - prospective industrial piping engineer (whom we know now is John Allerton State Dept intelligence officer) - shoved the prospective Asian piping engineer out in front of a UPS truck. We've entered the moment just at impact - so we're greeted immediately by the young Asian thrown across two lanes of traffic. When the UPS truck passes the frame, we see that John is already gone from the corner, assumed back into the crowd of pedestrians; he's fully lost among them when the UPS truck brakes and stops and before the crowd has taken notice of the incident at all.

INT. RECEPTION, MCMILLAN INDUSTRIAL PIPING - MOMENTS LATER

John has returned to the reception desk. Lori smiles at him.

LORI
How'd your interview go?

JOHN
Fine, thanks. You mentioned there were a couple other things?

LORI
Yeah, can you fill out a W-9? And do this?

She places a small drug test specimen cup on the desk top. A quiet moment passes. Because John's been surprised by this phase of the process. And he's paused longer than a guy who has nothing to worry about. John's pausing so long he seems like a guy who's got something to worry about in this regard.

LORI (CONT'D)
The men's room is up on three.

She's pointed down the western hallway to the elevator bank. So John takes the cup and walks down the western hallway.

INT. ELEVATOR BANK, RECEPTION - LATER

John stands with his empty mini cup before the lobby elevators. He looks at the cup like he's trying to figure out a way to get around this. Then another young employee DENNIS MCCLAREN, 32, walks up.

DENNIS
(to John)
Are you going up?

JOHN
Yeah. I interviewed today.

DENNIS
Welcome.

JOHN
Thanks. Well, I don't have the job yet. John Lakeman.

DENNIS
(shaking his hand)
Dennis McClaren. I work in Conforming.

Dennis has nodded over to lobby security guard JACK BIRDBATH (50) beefy, Irish cop mode (giant, meathead) - walking into the stairwell nearby.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
(whispering)
That's Jack Birdbath. He used to be a cop. He shot a nine-year-old Puerto Rican in the back. Yeah, so he's disgraced. So...

The elevator arrives.

INT. ELEVATOR, MCMILLAN INDUSTRIAL PIPING - MOMENTS LATER

The two are alone in the elevator. John's still holding his little cup.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis and John are alone in the bathroom at side by side urinals.

JOHN
 (whispering)
 Hey... can I talk to you about
 something?

Dennis looks over at John; it's a little peculiar this
 overture for a conversation at the side by side urinals.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 I'm in a situation, and... hey,
 can't you not pee? For a sec?

DENNIS
What?

Then someone else enters the men's room.

JOHN
 (seeing the new guy,
 whispering)
 I can't talk. Hang on. Don't pee.

So for Dennis, this has gotten stranger yet. But he stays
 beside John, keeping quiet and apparently abstaining from
 peeing. The new guy stops at the sink and begins to wipe a
 little mess from his tie. John and Dennis both watch him, so
 when he looks over, he makes awkward eye contact with them.
 They look away. He finally finishes with his tie. Then he
 leaves the bathroom; and they're free to talk again.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 Thanks. Hey, Dennis. My name's
 John. But my last name's not
 Lakeman. I *am* interviewing for a
 position here in Process Design,
 but I'm also an intelligence
 officer for the State Department.
 Don't pee, please.

Dennis continues listening; obviously he feels like this is
 peculiar.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 Are you peeing, Dennis?

DENNIS
 No...

JOHN

(whispering)

I need this job because I have to be able to work in formal accredited construction in Iran to implement then oversee department efforts there. I won't pass this urine test. So I need yours. Not just me. The country. The USA.

DENNIS

...*The USA needs my pee?*

JOHN

(whispering)

I don't know what else to say. The long and short of it is they're holding an election in Iran in four months. It's down to two guys, Dennis. One is going to fuck up Israel. One isn't. I have to go help the second guy. So I have to pass this test. It's pretty important, man.

DENNIS

I really have to pee.

JOHN

Okay. Will you pee in my cup, Dennis?

Dennis is thinking about it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Then don't tell anybody? Ever? Dennis?

Dennis continues staring at John. A pretty long time passes.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Moments later, John's back in the hall right outside the men's room. He's holding the little cup which is half full now. Dennis walks off a distance down the hallway. THEN JOHN HEARS A THICK CLANGING SOUND FROM BACK IN THE MEN'S ROOM. John opens the door to see in there.

MEN'S ROOM

What John sees is a security guard's nightstick dropped on the bathroom floor in one of the stalls.

Then John sees someone in the stall pick it up. Then lobby security guard Jack Birdbath exits the stall - he's been in there all the while John tried to coax Dennis into helping him. The two make awkward eye contact - Jack has maybe conveyed through his expression that he heard what just transpired, but possibly not.

JACK BIRDBATH
What's up?

JOHN
Nothing, I heard a noise.

JACK BIRDBATH
Yeah, I dropped my nightstick...

JOHN
Okay.

JACK BIRDBATH
While I was taking a shit.

JOHN
Okay.

An awkward moment passes.

JACK BIRDBATH
(a bit of a knowing look)
Okay. See you.

John closes the door and heads back into the hallway - he's unsure whether Birdbath knows anything or not.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER

We're on Lori's smiling face. She's greeting John as he arrives with his sealed mini-cup.

LORI
All good?

JOHN
All good.

John is relieved, probably worn out from extending himself more greatly than he expected on what was intended to be a normal day at a normal place of work and on whose outcome so much depended. Much went wrong. But John overcame it.

INT. TOM ALLERTON'S OFFICE, STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Tom sits at a desk that bears his nameplate. Edward sits across the desk from him.

TOM

You're having lunch with Tim Peetnam. He chairs the Foreign Affairs subcommittee on Terrorism, Non-proliferation and Trade. He's going to ask you on. I asked him to. I want you near John when he's in Iran. And Luxembourg I guess. For now. You'll be able to come and go. On that committee. As an attache.

Edward's trying to be cool about it in front of Tom but he really likes the sound of "attache."

INT. WASHINGTON RESTAURANT - LATER

Edward and Subcommittee chair Congressman TIM PEETNAM, 64, lunch at a done-up D.C. restaurant.

TIMOTY PEETNAM

You know, your dad and I came up together in Congress. 25 years later your dad's still admired from both sides of the aisle. When he moved on to State, I was very pleased you ran for his seat.

EDWARD

It was an honor.

TIMOTHY PEETNAM

I'd be pleased to have you on the subcommittee. If you're anything like your dad you're going to make a difference. I was hoping you'd take an attache role on non-proliferation.

EDWARD

With pleasure. I'm looking forward to making a difference on that front. As an attache.

TIMOTHY PEETNAM

I served with your dad in Army Infantry 5-2 as well--

EDWARD
 (interrupting)
 Do I get a badge?

TIMOTHY PEETNAM
 ...What?

EDWARD
 Do I get an attache badge?

TIMOTHY PEETNAM
 I don't-- no, I don't think we have those.

Some time passes.

EDWARD
 What if I got my own?

TIMOTHY PEETNAM
 ...um.

Another moment passes.

TIMOTHY PEETNAM (CONT'D)
 It would be weird. But I guess you could. I don't know.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT, MILWAUKEE - EARLY MORNING

In his small apartment's living room, John discusses a black suit bag (garment bag) that is, at this moment, being left with him by a YOUNG AFRICAN-AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER (we've seen blocks of Euros in it as it was zipped close).

JOHN
 And you know where we're flying out of?

YOUNG INTELLIGENCE OFFICER
 You know the 500 Euro bill is the preferred currency of the underworld?

JOHN
 Yeah. I asked you a question. I asked you if you know where we're flying out of.

YOUNG INTELLIGENCE OFFICER
 You're flying out of terminal 6B. Corporate terminal. At Milwaukee airport.

JOHN
The private terminal.

YOUNG INTELLIGENCE OFFICE
Yeah. There's no screener. You just get on.

JOHN
You're sure?

YOUNG INTELLIGENCE OFFICE
You know why the underworld likes that bill? The 500? The Euro?

JOHN
You can transport more with less heft. And I asked you another question you didn't answer. You're sure they fly private?

YOUNG INTELLIGENCE OFFICER
I am.

JOHN
(making sure, cautious)
If I have to check it for some reason, they do random screens of bags at intervals. So someone could see into this bag on the other side. Even if I check it. That could happen if I let it out of my hands. There's a lot of money in this bag.

YOUNG INTELLIGENCE OFFICE
Carry it on the plane, John. You'll have no problems. You're flying private. And your father told me to tell you-- *keep it safe. We can't just send more bags. It's not the 1980s. This bag has to get where it's going.*

INT. DINER, VIRGINIA - SAME

Tom Allerton, dressed in weekend attire, sits in a quiet dinner across the table from a handsome man in a suit MIHKAM CANDAHAR.

TOM
(quietly)
The money will come to you in Luxembourg.

Mikham nods.

TOM (CONT'D (CONT'D)

We've appreciated your counsel and your help over the last few years recognizing where the voices of moderation exist. In Iran. Today.

MIKHAM

I was born before the revolution. And I remember when moderation wasn't a rare thing in my country.

TOM

There'll be a man on you.
(a little bit of a
warning)

Mikham. As you pass that money around. He'll watch you. He'll *help* when you need it. We've identified an expressed threat to Israel. That's a resonating danger. It's imperative that money influences this election.

MIKHAM

I understand.

TOM

Thank you, Mikham.

MIKHAM

You don't need to thank me for helping my country stay sound. And peaceful, Tom. I'm a patriot.

INT. MILWAUKEE AIRPORT, PARKING COURTESY VAN - LATER

Upon this word "patriot" from the preceeding scene, we cut to John among his day job colleagues at McMillan, traveling with them from long-term parking to their terminal; he's sandwiched between superiors Thorms and Claret. The group's making piping small talk. John seems focused on other matters, though. He's got the black garment bag with him.

THORMS

What's the latest on that Asian kid?

CLARET

I think he has to learn how to talk all over again. Or something.

(MORE)

CLARET (CONT'D)

Winters said he's learning how to squeeze and grip. From scratch. Stuff like that. Shame. Liked that kid.

THORMS

Should have looked both ways.

We see others from McMillan on board, among them urine-donation co-worker Dennis McClaren.

VAN DRIVER

(pulling to a stop)
Private terminal.

John rises.

But no one else does.

John's thrown (other passengers disembark but no one from McMillan).

JOHN

Are we-- Aren't we leaving out of the private terminal?

CLARET

No. Straight shot to Luxembourg and back. We only fly private when we have multiple legs. That's regular company policy.

JOHN

(pissed the bureau fucked this up)
That's regular policy?

WINTERS

Yep. Straight shots we fly commercial.

John just keeps standing there.

CLARET

Commercial's not good enough for you, Lakeman?

JOHN

...of course.

CLARET

Well, then sit down so we can get to our flight, son.

This man CLARET has it in for John a little - liked the Asian guy better and isn't warming to John much. You can feel it.

EXT. UNITED TERMINAL, SECURITY - LATER

Later, the group has reached the terminal. John's got the black garment bag. They're in line in a regular, fully-scrutinized security entrance to a commercial terminal complete with a x-ray carry-on screener and line of passengers.

John's experiencing that instant peculiar to his work where he must choose between awful alternatives.

JOHN
(about his garment bag)
I have to check this bag. It's getting a little heavy. I'll be right with you.

EXT. CHECK IN/TICKET COUNTER, UNITED TERMINAL - LATER

John's just checked his bag; he looks like he's got a world of concern on his back over its safety...

INT. PLANE, FLYING - LATER

They're flying overnight. All the McMillan team (and the remainder of the passengers) sleep. John is the only one awake.

INT. AIRPORT, BAGGAGE CLAIM, LUXEMBOURG - LATER

John and his colleagues wait for their bags near a baggage carousel in the capitol. Everyone seems to have their bags except John. He's waiting for the black suit bag to come through. It's not coming. There's nothing on the thing, it just keeps circling around. The script *Luxembourg* fills the screen.

EXT. AIRPORT, LUXEMBOURG - LATER

John's seeing the others into a transport van. He intends to go back into the airport.

JOHN
You guys get settled. I'm going to try to track down my bag.

CLARET

Jump in, John. I wanted to crunch our numbers on the way to the hotel. They'll send the bag along.

JOHN

I'd feel better if gave it another quick look.

CLARET

(little pissed)
...all right. Have it your way.

John closes their van door.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM - MOMENTS LATER

Moments later, John's at the "no entry" door behind baggage claim. No one's around and he goes right in.

INT. CORRIDOR, BAGGAGE LOADING - CONTINUOUS

John's running down the rear hallway.

INT. BAGGAGE LOADING - MOMENTS LATER

Portuguese men perform much of the low end work in Luxembourg. John has run up to the loading dock door in time to glimpse a Portuguese worker leaving the rear of the airport center on a motorbike. He's got the black garment bag with him. John looks on.

INT. LOADING DOCK, AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

Nearby, John's found something he's looking for - the mounted dock schedule where workers sign in and out. He sees the name *Barros D.* signed out moments before. At that instant, someone yells at John; John's been confronted by a guard working security back there.

JOHN

Bathroom?

The guy doesn't understand this.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I was looking for... I'm sorry.

John waves as a means to apologize once more than hustles into the hallway he just came down.

INT. JOHN'S HOTEL ROOM, SOFITEL HOTEL LUXEMBOURG - LATER

John's sitting on the edge of his small bed, speaking quietly on his cell phone (the man on the other end is RON).

JOHN

Barros D. Luxembourg City. Employed at the airport.

RON (O.S.)

Okay. Hang on.

John waits quietly.

RON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

David Barros. You have a pen?

JOHN

Yeah. And tell me if there's an alarm at the address.

RON (O.S.)

There's no crime there, right? He probably won't have an alarm. Guy's front door might even be open. He has five brothers by the way.

JOHN

Are you gonna- I don't need his biography. I need the address.

RON (O.S.)

They all *live* at that address, John. I thought you might want to know there could be six dudes in the house. They're Portuguese.

JOHN

(losing patience)
Can I have that address, Ron?

RON (O.S.)

Lot of Portuguese guys know jujitsu. That's not just a fun fact. I'm trying to give you your reconnaissance.

JOHN
 (meaning Ron is his entire
 team here and it's not
 uplifting)
 NOC work.... Man. My reconnaissance
 is a guy on the phone named "Ron."

RON (O.S.)
 Portuguese constitute most of the
 labor force in Luxembourg. Did you
 know that? That *is* just a fun fact.
 Sorry, here's the address...

INT. BAR, SOFITEL HOTEL - LATER

John's McMillan boss Mr. Claret speaks to some employees
 (John included) where they've gathered at the hotel bar. John
 seems anxious to leave (he's wearing a conference mixer stick-
 on name tag that reads *Hi I'm...* under which he's filled in
John Lakeman).

CLARET
 9:30. Here at the bar. We're
 meeting Denon execs to go over
 Iranian transforming regulations.
 John, I need you to sit with
 Maurice Claire tonight. It's
 important. You're going to have to
 spell out our entire manifold
 order, every inch of piping, so we
 can get it shipped.

JOHN
 Sounds good.

CLARET
 (leaving)
 See you then.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - LATER

This is a long shot down a hotel hallway. In the foreground,
 John's entering his room with his key. In the background,
 Dennis McClaren (who John was forced to take into his
 confidence for his urine) enters his. BUT DENNIS IS LOOKING
 OVER AT JOHN. Both men have gone into their rooms now, so the
 hallway is empty. Soon, though, John comes out of his room
 and starts walking off. A moment later, Dennis leaves his
 room (quietly) and begins to follow John.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

John's headed down. But Dennis interrupts the doors as they close and joins him. Then the elevator starts its descent.

DENNIS
 (to John, whispering)
 Are you doing some cool shit?

JOHN
Am I what?

DENNIS
 Cool intelligence um... while you're here? Because I can help. I was in R.O.T.C.

JOHN
 Dennis, I just look at some numbers. Sometimes. It's like accounting.

DENNIS
 John, you can't really tell because I have to wear a suit all the time, but I'm ripped. Maybe I could be a big help.

John doesn't say anything.

Then Dennis takes his shirt off.

He's ripped.

John stares at him. Then John leaves the elevator.

EXT. SOFITEL HOTEL, LUXEMBOURG - LATER

It's night. John has left the hotel and begun to walk off into the city. He comes past the oldest and the most normal-looking McMillan executive MR. THORMS who is out on the sidewalk on his cell phone.

THORMS
 (into the phone)
 I know it's kind of last minute, but do you have any Japanese girls?
 (listening)
 Great. Just-- maybe to accompany me to dinner?
 (listening)
 Okay great.
 (MORE)

THORMS (CONT'D)

Or to maybe whip the back of my
legs with a bicycle spoke, or some
such.

Thorms sees John passing, realizes John has overheard, but rather than seeming embarrassed, Thorms just smiles, winks and makes the "shhh" gesture meaning keep it on the lowdown.

John nods and walks farther off. Then we see Dennis McClaren (shirt back on) leave the hotel and follow John off.

EXT. STREET, LUXEMBOURG - MOMENTS LATER

A block from the hotel, Dennis, walking up, joins John stride for stride.

JOHN

Dennis. I'm just going for a walk.
To get my head together for the
meeting tonight.

Dennis gets it and nods. John starts walking away again. Then he turns back to Dennis to be kinder to him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm just going for a walk.

Dennis nods. John starts walking again.

EXT. SIDE STREET - LATER

Later, John's walked halfway up a darker side street. Then he turns and finds his colleague Dennis still tailing him, illuminated in the distance under a street lamp.

JOHN

Dennis? Get away. You did your
part.

DENNIS

(wants to do more)
I peed in a cup.

JOHN

You did a great job.

DENNIS

Yeah, right.

JOHN

Dennis--

Dennis has walked closer to John.

DENNIS

John, I have two kids? They're okay. I mean they're-- yeah, they're okay. But, man, my wife and my job? Come on. *That's it? For my whole life? Piping?* Can I be a spotter or something? For whatever you're doing?

JOHN

Spotter?

DENNIS

Something.

JOHN

I'm going to stab you in the thigh. If you don't leave.

DENNIS

No you-- Oh fuck!

JOHN HAS JUST STABBED A KNIFE INTO DENNIS'S QUAD MUSCLE.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Oh my thigh!

JOHN

Don't go to the hospital.

DENNIS

Screw you, man. *What?* You stab me then you fucking prohibit me from going to the hospital?

JOHN

Don't.

DENNIS

Well, what am I supposed to do?

JOHN

Stop following me. Go apply pressure to it, then bandage it up. And stop following me.

DENNIS

Jeez all right, jerk.

John watches Dennis limp out of the street lamp light.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

You're a real jerk, John. Ow. Fuck.

Then John turns and continues going where he was headed.

EXT. WEST SIDE, LUXEMBOURG - LATER

This is the west end of the city where the manual labor force of Luxembourg lives.

INT. SMALL HOME KITCHEN - LATER

David Barros (the airport worker who took John's bag) sits at his kitchen table, at dinner. He's reading a newspaper. The black garment bag rests on a bureau beside him. If he'd raise his head, he'd see John out in his yard, just outside the sliding glass doors that open into the kitchen ten feet ahead of Barros. John has a metal garbage can raised above his head. He's going to throw it through the glass door windows then rush Barros through the open space of broken glass.

But just as John's about to do this, a thought crosses his mind. And he lowers the can. Then he walks off, out of sight.

Some time passes now during which David Barros continues to eat quietly. More such moments pass until (in this same wide shot) we see that his small home's front door (just off the kitchen) just opens and John just walks right in.

Barros hasn't looked up. It's not until John has walked all the way up to the kitchen table and spoken that he becomes aware John's there. The bag's on the bureau right there.

JOHN

(*subtitled German)

*This is my bag. I'm taking it
back, that's all.

John is showing the young man his knife. John reaches the bag, checks it, lifts it and, maintaining his calm, begins to back out of the room.

Because he's backing out, however, he doesn't see Barros's five brothers enter the room he's nearing from the bedroom doors behind John.

Nearing them, though, John feels their presence and turns just as they crowd in on him.

Soon, he's fighting five guys, while holding a garment bag and a knife.

One of the largest of the men forces John to the ground.

The guy's doing jujitsu on John. Has him in a choke.

John's unable to breath or free himself. So he puts his knife in the guy's side; The guy still won't release John, so John does it again; it's quickly become a grave struggle. John has to use the knife more times than the guy's going to probably survive.

Then John's able to rise from under him. And he keeps the others off him by keeping the knife out in front. Then John's able to make for the opened front door.

INT. BAR, SOFITEL HOTEL, LUXEMBOURG - LATER

Meanwhile, McMillan exec Mr. Claret waits with a French businessman MAURICE CLAIRE at the bar. Maurice checks his watch. He seems a little put upon.

MAURICE CLAIRE
(checking his watch)
I can wait 20 more minutes.

CLARET
I'm sorry. I don't know where he
is. We said 9:30.

EXT. LUXEMBOURG, OLD TOWN - SAME

John's hustling through the old city. He's an odd sight among the evening foot traffic because he's in a hurry. Additionally, his dress shirt is covered in blood.

He catches the eyes of some Luxembourgers, surprised at this energy and his appearance.

EXT. ALLEYWAY LUXEMBOURG - LATER

John is leaned against an alley wall, off the street, out of the light. He's got all that blood on his dress shirt. He's got the garment bag. He's on a cell with Ron.

JOHN
I'm okay. Yeah I'm just-- I'm
covered in blood. I can't walk
through Luxembourg--

RON (O.S.)
 All right. Stay there. We'll get
 someone over there. Give me an
 address...

EXT. ALLEYWAY, LUXEMBOURG - LATER

John's sitting tight in a doorway down the alley, waiting it
 out. He's on a cell call. He looks a little wrecked.

ALICE (O.S.)
 Hello...

Just doesn't say anything for a time. Then he does.

JOHN
 Hey...

ALICE (O.S.)
 John..?

JOHN
 Yeah. Hi.

ALICE (O.S.)
 Hi...

They become quiet.

ALICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Are you okay?

JOHN
 Yeah. I'm pretty far away. You
 sound so close.

Some time goes by (we see police patrolman headed toward the
 alley entrance, in the distance, though John hasn't noticed
 them yet).

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Have you been turning the alarm on
 at night?

ALICE (O.S.)
Have I been turning the alarm on?

JOHN
 When I walked in Wednesday morning
 the alarm wasn't--

ALICE (O.S.)
I don't like alarms, John. They scare me. They're so loud.

JOHN
Alice, they're supposed to be.

ALICE (O.S.)
That's why you're calling? The alarm?

JOHN
Yeah.

ALICE (O.S.)
I'll take that under advisement, buddy. Are you okay?

JOHN
Okay, I have to go.

JOHN HAS TO GO BECAUSE HE'S SEES TWO POLICE PATROLMAN APPROACHING THE ALLEY. Luxembourg beat cops. They have cool little hats; tailored pants with piping. They look like male background dancers in a musical. But they're shining a light down the alley. They're turning that way, toward where's John's trapped.

Just then however, a third man approaches them. He's in shadow.

MAN IN SHADOW
Hi. I was hoping you could help me.

LUXEMBOURG BEAT COP
What can I do for you?

MAN IN SHADOW
I'm an attache. By the way.

A moment goes by.

MAN IN SHADOW (CONT'D)
Here's my attache badge.

The guy flashes a badge.

MAN IN SHADOW (CONT'D)
Yeah, someone just-- It was fucked up. Someone just bumped into me and took off with my briefcase. With all my attache shit in it.
(pointing)
(MORE)

MAN IN SHADOW (CONT'D)
 Like a block east. I really need
 that stuff. As an attache.

LUXEMBOURG BEAT COP
 (pointing east)
 On Bonnevoire Street?

MAN IN SHADOW
 Yeah. Two minutes ago

They patrol cops head off that way.

MAN IN SHADOW (CONT'D)
 Fuck him up. Thanks.

The cops are gone. The man turns into the alley, walking
 closer to John (closer to camera); we see, soon, that it's
 John's brother Edward. He has a small bag with him.

EDWARD
 (reaching John)
 Hey, man.

JOHN
 (standing up)
 Hey.

EDWARD
 (opening the bag)
 There's a clean shirt in here.

INT. BAR, SOFITEL - SAME

Meanwhile, Claret and Maurice Claire continue to await John.
 Claret's pissed.

EXT. LUXEMBOURG - LATER

John sprints through the streets of Luxembourg, bound for his
 piping meeting, carrying the garment bag, in his clean shirt.

INT. LOBBY, SOFITEL HOTEL - LATER

John's walking quickly across the lobby with a blood-covered
 name tag on his suit coat (he doesn't realize this).

INT. ELEVATOR, SOFITEL - LATER

John's on the elevator riding up with the garment bag. Dennis is in there. The elevator stops at the mezzanine. Then Dennis notices John's bloody name tag.

DENNIS
(very quietly)
John...

John looks over. Dennis nods at the name tag - *Hi I'm John Lakeman* covered in blood. John seems, for a moment, upset he's let his work get this messy. Then he removes the tag without being noticed.

INT. BAR, SOFITEL - LATER

John hustles into the bar, but the conference mixer is long over. The man he was meant to meet has gone. Only John's superior Mr. Claret remains there. He's glaring at John.

MR. CLARET
(little drunken)
Got your little suit, guy? You're forty minutes late.

JOHN
They sent my bag to the wrong hotel-

MR. CLARET
You were supposed to go over our entire shipping order tonight. Okay? With Denon. It ships tomorrow. You're off to a shitty start here, son. I don't mind saying. That's not the McMillan way.

JOHN
...It won't happen again.

Claret just walks off. John's control over the complicated aspects of his life is slipping.

EXT. LUXEMBOURG - NIGHT

We watch a more doleful montage of disparate city birds, at night in Luxembourg.

EXT. SMALL CITY PARK, LUXEMBOURG - LATER (NIGHT)

Later, well into the night, John has wandered off to a small park near the city's river. He's alone. He looks a little messed up mentally - just staring at birds gathered on the thoroughfare near his feet. Then after a little while, Edward walks up.

EDWARD
(quietly)
Hey...

JOHN
Hey...

Edward sits down. He lets some time pass.

JOHN (CONT'D)
We flew commercial.

EDWARD
Today?

JOHN
Yeah. The report said we wouldn't fly commercial. There was no chance. But we did. I lost hold of the bag for a while.

Edward knows enough to know John doesn't get fully into some of his matters. So he leaves it.

EDWARD
I didn't really have any committee business. Here. Dad just asked me to be here. Because you were going to be here. So I was here. And I'm around if you need me. Are you okay?

Edward knows John's not really okay.

JOHN
When I was a kid I thought... Like James Bond. Someone smart's making the gadgets, getting the plane tickets. Someone has his back. But it's all just held together, it's all like string, spit and gum.

EDWARD
..Did you get hurt?

JOHN

I'm okay... West Jefferson. 990. When I got to Milwaukee. When I interviewed. The Bureau report said the office was 990 West Jefferson. It's *East* Jefferson. And my cover car never came. So I had to bike. I was late. I almost lost the job.

EDWARD

Let's go, John. Let's get something to eat.

JOHN

I called Alice, Eddie. From here. Tonight. I fucked up. It was a throwaway phone. But I called her from here. Also... I probably killed someone tonight. Where no one kills anyone.

They've stood meanwhile. They've faced one another. John has shared the overwhelming details of the evening. Edward can see in his expression that John is undergoing a considerable amount. Edward tries to find a way to give his younger brother some relief.

EDWARD

...remember Joust?

They've starting taking some steps toward the city lighted up ahead of them in the distance.

JOHN

The video game? The 80s video game?

EDWARD

Yeah. They have it. In this arcade I spent like six hours in this afternoon. Also, Frogger, Phoenix, Defender and Centipede. It's great. They have all these classic 80s standups. It's like being eleven.

INT. VIDEO ARCADE, LUXEMBOURG - LATER

Later, in the arcade, Edward and John are distinct among the crowd of Luxembourgish teens. They're currently having fun playing Robotron. What begins next is a brief montage during which the brothers enjoy one another's company and this brief escape from their peculiar grown-up demands, their pleasant expressions intercut with iconic screen graphics of 80s video games like Donkey Kong, Dig Dug, Q-Bert, and Space Invaders.

EDWARD
Luxembourger.

JOHN
What?

EDWARD
It's funny. Nothing. Luxembourger.
(slightly different voice)
"I'll have a Luxumbourger. Well
done."

EXT. LUXEMBOURG SQUARE - SAME

WE'VE RETURNED TO THE SHOT THAT OPENED THE SHOW. THE HANDSOME AND SHARP-LOOKING 25-YEAR-OLD MAN, ECSTATIC AND SPRINTING ACROSS THE SQUARE.

INT. CITY TRAIN, LUXEMBOURG - MOMENTS LATER

The kid is on the train now among nighttime commuters. He remains in his blissful state, barely contained private glee over something.

EXT. BARROS HOME, LUXEMBOURG NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

This keen 25-year-old ADELBERT ALBAN jogs up to Barros home - now a crime scene. It's taped off. There are patrol cars out front. And there are some gathered reporters trying to gain a sense of what's gone on. Adelbert, no longer smiling, his demeanor instantly composed and official, crosses through the yellow tape and shows a uniformed cop his detective badge.

ADELBERT ALBAN
Detective Adelbert Alban. Homicide.

They let him through. He pushes past the reporters, into the house.

ADELBERT ALBAN (CONT'D)
Move the reporters back. Off the
yard. Across the street.

He watches the reporters moved off. Something crosses his mind in a flash.

ADELBERT ALBAN (CONT'D)
Karl.

A second detective steps up - KARL WHERT.

ADELBERT ALBAN (CONT'D)
Tomorrow. I'd like the names of
everyone who buys, online tonight
or tomorrow, a new subscription to
the Luxembourg paper. At some point
tomorrow.

Then he turns and goes into the home.

INT. BARROS HOME - MOMENTS LATER

The police work the crime scene, gathered where the dead Barros lays. So no one sees Alderbert Alban enter and take in his first murder scene. The first murder in Luxembourg in 20 years. The look on his face is like he just walked out onto the field at Yankee Stadium. He may have spent the better part of this life wanting to solve a murder. Now he has the chance. And there's something about him- he's special.

INT. SOFITEL HOTEL, LUXEMBOURG - MORNING

John, on a new day, the next day, cleanly dressed, shaved, walks past the Sofitel front desk on his way out of the hotel (he's carrying the garment bag).

FEMALE DESK CLERK
Mr. Lakeman?

John stops at the desk.

FEMALE DESK CLERK (CONT'D)
Someone left a note.

She places an envelope on the desk.

FEMALE DESK CLERK (CONT'D)
This morning. For you.

It's a small envelope - the name *Lakeman* handwritten on it. That's all.

INT. TRAIN CAR, MOVING, LUXEMBOURG - LATER (EARLY MORNING)

Later this morning, John's on a train headed out of the city. The sun's coming up. He's got the garment bag. He's on a cell call (with "Ron" from the "home office"). Meanwhile John's staring at the note (now open) he picked up from the hotel earlier. Handwriting. It's a hard-to-peg foreign language (also there was a baggage claim ticket stub included in the envelope).

RON (O.S.)
Yeah, it's Portuguese.

We're close on the note, panning down it as we hear the following:

RON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The note says "*The cost of not killing you, Lakeman, or talking to the police about you, Lakeman, is the garment bag. The Barros Brothers.*"

At the bottom, there is a little drawing of five Portuguese guys standing in a row, shirtless and tough-looking, with kind of poorly-drawn but clearly-communicated vengeful expressions, all in tight little, binding black shorts.

RON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I was right. I'm looking at the photo of the note you sent. Those are little jujitsu pants on those guys.

Now we're close on John. He's engaged in an enterprise of unexpected mounting difficulty. His face shows it.

EXT. SUBURBAN PARK, LUXEMBOURG - LATER

John has met Mikham Candahar in a suburban neighborhood park, the man Tom Allerton has entrusted with the 11 million Euros. They're standing by some monkey bars. Mikham's got the bag now. Then they begin walking off from one another.

INT. AIRPLANE, FLYING - NIGHT

The McMillan Piping team flies home. The older guys are up talking piping. John's sleeping.

INT. MCMILLAN INDUSTRIAL PIPING, MILWAUKEE, PROCESS ENGINEERING DEPT. - MORNING

The next morning, as work is underway regularly around McMillan, John walks past Dennis's cubicle.

JOHN
Hey, man.

DENNIS
Hey...

Dennis watches John start to walk off. Then Dennis stops him.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

John?

John stops. He faces Dennis. Dennis looks up at him.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Hey. Did something happen? In Luxembourg? Because-- I saw you that night. You looked fucked up. It was fucked up.

(nodding at his desktop computer)

And I checked the paper. Last night. Online. I read someone was killed.

JOHN

The Luxembourg paper?

DENNIS

Yeah. The Wort.

JOHN

Did you-- did you signup for it? Did you have to pay and signup?

DENNIS

Yeah, like half the article was free. I had to get a monthly for the other half.

An expression crosses John's face - this isn't good.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

But John-- I went to the hospital. That night.

This is what Dennis has been trying to say - he did what John told him not to back in Luxembourg.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I went. It was too close to my dick. I think you grazed one of my testicles. And I just freaked. And I went. And I know you told me not to. But I didn't know you were gonna stab a Portuguese guy. And a detective called me this morning. From Luxembourg. Because I got stabbed the same night. In Luxembourg.

There is so much coming at John right now, right away.

JOHN

Look, I have to go spreadsheet the welding crux reports we're presenting for the alloy version of this line purchase. You want to get lunch later? We can talk.

DENNIS

(wants to get further involved, so he smiles like John's a girl who just asked him out)
Yeah, great. Cool.

JOHN

Okay.

INT. ELEVATOR, MCMILLAN INDUSTRIAL PIPING - LATER

John rides the elevator with Mr. Claret - the exec who he's disappointed and who has it in for him.

JOHN

I wanted to apologize, Gene, for the Denon meeting. In Luxembourg.

CLARET

Well...

JOHN

I know we're going back on the fifth. I assure you I'll make a better impression on Denon then.

CLARET

I'm not sure we're going to bring you back to Luxembourg, Lakeman.

Claret exits the elevator.

CLARET (CONT'D)

I'm not sure you're still on the travel squad, son. We'll see. Maybe you'll stay here and get your piping in order.

EXT. PARKING LOT, MCMILLAN PIPING - LATER

The workday done, John walks toward where his car's parked, among the other hundred or so in the McMillan lot.

It's the end of the day. Industrial piping is grinding John down along with the larger grind of his life. His phone rings.

JOHN

Hello.

TOM (O.S.)

(about the trip)

..not quite the in and out we expected.

JOHN

Not really.

A long while passes.

TOM (O.S.)

John, the Cleric is exercising a stronger... well, John, I think this guy's hands are on the wheel. Already. There. There's a strong indication.

JOHN

...tell me.

TOM (O.S.)

Our guy? The bag? Gone. He never landed in Iran. We can't locate Candahar. He doesn't seem to have left Luxembourg. He's not doing what we asked him.

John stays quiet.

TOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The money's not headed where we need it. I should have known he'd fuck us. He told me he was a "Patriot." And something else. ElMashad? The Egyptian physicist? Waiting for his ten million dollars?

JOHN

Yeah?

TOM (O.S.)

He just bought a plane ticket to Luxembourg. Where there's a garment bag somewhere. With eleven in it. We might have just paid him what he wants to have them ready to go.

John listens.

TOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You have to go back. He arrives the
6th.

JOHN
We go back on the 5th. I'll be
there.

John has to make up some ground workwise to assure this;
another matter of private concern.

TOM (O.S.)
I think the Cleric's behind this.
Already. He played us.
(restating how grave this
is)
John. ElMashad and that bag can't
get together.

JOHN
Yeah.

TOM (O.S.)
We'll talk soon.

John hangs up, begins to get into this car. Then he sees Mr.
Claret standing five feet away, glaring at him again.

CLARET
That's my spot. By the way.

JOHN
I'm sorry?

CLARET
You've parked in my reserved space.

JOHN
Oh. I'm sorry. Won't happen again.

Claret nods. But he doesn't seem reassured. In fact he seems
to be relaying to John with his expression that he'll be
watching John closely for future such fuckups. Then he
wanders off to his car.

EXT. JOHN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

John drives from the lot of McMillan. He turns left and
leaves the frame. He has left in sight: A clear view of the
huge brick industrial building of *McMillan Piping, Milwaukee
Wi. Est 1903*. It's three blocks long. CREDITS BEGIN.