

THROUGH THE CRACKS

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First Draft

May 15, 2011

WGA-E Reg. No. I227612

FADE IN:

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE. CHICAGO. EARLY MORNING.

We are in a busy FBI field office in Chicago; commanding views of the city. Type across screen:

"FBI Field Headquarters, Chicago. Late August 2001."

FBI Special Agent BILL CLEARY (30's, fit, strong, cocky) is standing by the window with two other Agents: JANET CARTER (20's, smart) and JOHN ANDERSON (30's, heavy, cop-like). They are celebrating.

JOHN ANDERSON

(smiling)

I could not believe him during the interview.

BILL CLEARY

(smirks)

Yeah.

JOHN ANDERSON

(mock mobster voice)

'John, what did I do? I mean it was just garbage! What did I do?'

JANET CARTER

(looking at Cleary)

Great idea boss, going after the mob for illegal transport and dumping of garbage.

BILL CLEARY

It's a federal crime. We got Capone on tax evasion --

JOHN ANDERSON

Brilliant. Five states, ten agencies, communities happy because we stopped the dumping, dozens of bad guys in jail.

JANET CARTER

Well done.

BILL CLEARY

Well done to you. Would not have run without the two of you.

Cleary is grabbing his coat and hat; heading for the door.

JOHN ANDERSON
Before you go, Bill. We want to
start tracking the fliers.

BILL CLEARY
(incredulous)
No. Why?

JANET CARTER
Because they're learning to fly
level but not take off or land.
Calls keep coming in; it's real.

BILL CLEARY
It's bullshit.
(smiles -- with attitude)
And I've got a vacation.

JOHN ANDERSON
Let us start it --

BILL CLEARY
I don't want to walk into something
when I get back. It'll wait.

JOHN ANDERSON
Control freak.

JANET CARTER
When are you back?

BILL CLEARY
Only three weeks! Bob Marshall
Wilderness.

JANET CARTER
With the Amazon?

BILL CLEARY
(mock frustration)
Carter. She's an athlete. That
doesn't make her an Amazon.

JANET CARTER
I hope she crushes you.

BILL CLEARY
'Bye-bye. See you in three weeks.
September 13, I think. A Wednesday.

Cleary is out the door, closing it behind him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. SMALL APARTMENT. DAWN

This is a small apartment in Caribou, Maine. It is tidy but worn, the antithesis of fancy, it is lonely. It is hot. This is the back of beyond to a former rising star. Bill Cleary is now in his forties. He is awake and lying in bed, looking at the ceiling in the warm light of a summer morning.

A title card types across the screen:

"Caribou, Maine, Summer 2012. Day One."

The CURTAINS blow in the breeze. His RADIO ALARM goes off.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

It's 5:45 and will be a beautiful day. Hot and sunny as we swing toward the dog days. Remember tonight is the summer talent show for the little guys at Caribou Elementary School

He swings his legs out of bed and kills the radio.

BILL CLEARY

(talking to himself;
rhetorical)

Where am I?

He is in nothing but boxer shorts. He hauls himself to his feet, rubs his ample belly.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)

(talking to himself;
looking in a MIRROR)

No doubt about it. I am fat.

Cleary reaches to the night stand, grabs a CIGARETTE and lights it. He waddles off to the bathroom of his small flat. And so agent Cleary starts another day in Caribou, Maine.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, SMALL APARTMENT. DAWN

Cleary hits the hot light above the vanity and looks at himself in the mirror. He has the outline of a strong jaw just visible under puffy skin; large circles frame his eyes.

He puts down his CIGARETTE, splashes cold water onto his face, grabs the cigarette for one last drag, tosses it into the toilet and sighs.

BILL CLEARY

Shit.

He walks OC.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN CARIBOU, MAINE. MORNING.

Cleary parks his CAR in front of a diner, EGGS.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER. MORNING.

BELL RINGS when Cleary enters.

BILL CLEARY

Good morning Sally.

SALLY

Bill.

(wipes the counter)

The usual?

BILL CLEARY

Roger that Miss Sally.

SALLY

Still working on suicide by
breakfast Special Agent?

BILL CLEARY

It's just a meal, Sally, and no
one's supposed to know I'm with the
(dramatic)

F - B - I.

SALLY

My secret. Going to the talent
show?

BILL CLEARY

I'm going. Ruth would kill me if I
didn't.

Sally puts coffee, cream and sugar in front of Cleary. He loads the coffee with both. Sally watches Cleary.

SALLY

How long have you been here, Bill.
A year?

BILL CLEARY

Thirteen and one half months.

Cleary stirs his coffee; jaded smile; Sally watches.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE, CARIBOU, MAINE. DAY.

Cleary walks into his office. It is a far cry from Chicago.
RUTH CUSHING (30's/40's, big, curvy, pretty, ballsy) is at
her desk. Short conversation as Cleary walks past her.

BILL CLEARY

Morning Ms. Cushing.

RUTH CUSHING

(without looking up)
Morning Special Agent.

Cleary walks OC.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE, CARIBOU, MAINE. DAY.

We are in Cleary's office; back of building; views onto
shitty little river. He's staring at his computer.

BILL CLEARY

(shouts)
Ruth! What's this 10 o'clock in my
outlook?!

RUTH CUSHING (O.C.)

(shouting back)
He's from New Brunswick! A tipster!
He said he knows people you should
know about!

BILL CLEARY

Where in New Brunswick!

RUTH CUSHING (O.C.)

Plaster Rock!

BILL CLEARY

(beat)

Does *everyone* in the state of *Maine*
and the Maritime Provinces of
Canada knows I am an FBI Agent
looking for counterfeiters!!?

RUTH CUSHING (O.C.)

I'd say yes, Agent Cleary!

BILL CLEARY

Do we have a file on this guy!?

RUTH CUSHING (O.C.)

Yes!

There's a pause.

BILL CLEARY

May I have it!

We hear a CHAIR SCRAPE BACK. A FILE DRAWER OPEN. HEELS on
wood. Ruth comes into view in the doorway to Cleary's office.

RUTH CUSHING

(throughout, Ruth's use of
Special Agent is mocking
but endearing too)

Yes, Special Agent, we all know who
you are. And we all know why you
are in Maine.

She hesitates. Hands Cleary a THIN FILE. Cleary takes the
file without getting up.

BILL CLEARY

Ha ha. Why I am in Maine. Maybe I
just like it, Ms. Cushing?

RUTH CUSHING

Could be.

BILL CLEARY

And I know Plaster Rock. Plaster
Rock. That's where they have the
pond hockey world championship.

RUTH CUSHING

Yes, Special Agent. It is.
Not in late summer, though.

BILL CLEARY

Holy Cow. How does it come to be I know the pond hockey world championship is held in Plaster Rock, New Brunswick.

RUTH CUSHING

God draws straight lines with crooked ones.

She walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE, CARIBOU, MAINE. DAY.

Cleary is behind his desk. DAN FLYNN comes in. (INDETERMINATE AGE, THIN, FRENCH CANADIAN). Somehow we can tell he smells of stale nicotine. He dressed for the appointment; a cheap white shirt under a thin leather jacket and black jeans. He runs a spidery hand down the front of his shirt and then runs his rangy fingers through his own hair, wiping the light veneer of sweat from his face. He then puts out his hand to shake.

BILL CLEARY

I don't think so Mr. Flynn.

Cleary's not gotten up; he gestures for Flynn to sit. Flynn sits and pulls out his PACK OF CIGARETTES.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)

Can't smoke in here.

DAN FLYNN

Oh?

BILL CLEARY

If you want to smoke we can go outside.

DAN FLYNN

Yes? We could? Let's go then, eh?

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK BY RIVER. DAY.

There are three benches. Cleary chooses the one by the end of the park, near some woods. They sit. Flynn lights up. Offers Cleary a cigarette. Cleary hesitates; refuses.

DAN FLYNN

I am not a bad man, Mr. Cleary.

BILL CLEARY

You run drugs and bad bills into America, Mr. Flynn. That's bad. In fact, it's so bad the United States of America pays me to find men like you, run them to justice and destroy their work.

DAN FLYNN

(offended)

Yes, you know my business, Agent Cleary, but I am not a bad man.

BILL CLEARY

(sighs)

Let's not discuss your moral core, Mr. Flynn. I doubt we'll agree.

DAN FLYNN

About what?

BILL CLEARY

Whether you are good or bad.

DAN FLYNN

Well. I'm just telling you I am not a bad man.

BILL CLEARY

(frustrated)

What's on your mind Mr. Flynn.

DAN FLYNN

I live in Plaster Rock. It is a small town. It is my hometown. I like Plaster Rock.

Flynn flicks his cigarette to the dirt; grinds it with his heel. He lights ANOTHER ONE. We can tell Cleary wants one but won't ask.

DAN FLYNN (CONT'D)

We leave people to their business in Plaster Rock. I don't talk about people. But two men have moved to town --

BILL CLEARY

Ah! Competition!

DAN FLYNN
It is not that. This is different.
These are bad men.

BILL CLEARY
How?

DAN FLYNN
(beat)
We want them out.

The two sit for a bit.

DAN FLYNN (CONT'D)
They live in the trailer park by
the river. You will find guns,
money - good bills and bad - drugs.

Cleary stares at the water.

BILL CLEARY
(disgusted)
Everything in this part of the
world is next to a river.

DAN FLYNN
(smiles at Cleary)
Yes.

Cleary throws him a look. He stops smiling.

DAN FLYNN (CONT'D)
You don't like it here much, do you
Special Agent?

BILL CLEARY
I like cities, Mr. Flynn.

The two sit, watching the river for a second.

DAN FLYNN
(beat)
Yes, I live outside the law. But I
keep my word. I don't beat people
up because they smile at me. I
don't kill because I am angry at
the world. What they are doing. It
is wrong.

BILL CLEARY
(turns and looks hard at
Flynn)
What are they doing Mr. Flynn?

DAN FLYNN

It is not ordinary smuggling.

BILL CLEARY

We'll see about that. And if this is a waste of my time I will beat you up because you smiled at me. Don't smile at me.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE, CARIBOU, MAINE. DAY.

Cleary is digging through his top desk drawer.

BILL CLEARY

(shouts to other room)

Ruth! Where is the card from that guy in Canada!

He doesn't look up when Ruth walks in. Ruth stands, arms crossed, waiting. Cleary finally senses her strong presence; he stops rummaging, closes the desk drawer and looks at Ruth.

RUTH CUSHING

(quietly)

Which 'guy' from Canada?

She is tall, long-legged, a bit heavy but sexy, sexy, sexy. Her arms are crossed against her full chest. She is standing square to him like a cop.

BILL CLEARY

Stop it.

RUTH CUSHING

Stop what?

BILL CLEARY

I'm looking for that R-C-M-P guy. The young guy. He came to the party at the air base after we netted all that coke. His eyes are really close together.

RUTH CUSHING

Simpson? The cute guy? Bob Simpson?

BILL CLEARY

That's it! He practically drank a keg of beer that night and just wanted to sing. I liked him.

Ruth does not move.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
 (almost to himself)
 Good guy.
 (to Ruth)
 You think he's cute!

RUTH CUSHING
 (ignores comment)
 You want him on the phone?

BILL CLEARY
 That'd be great. Thank you. And!
 Get me the thing between the Bureau
 and the Canadians.

RUTH CUSHING
 The joint investigation protocol?

BILL CLEARY
 Yes. Thank you.

Ruth stands there. Waiting.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
 (annoyed)
 Yes?!

RUTH CUSHING
 Are you coming tonight?

BILL CLEARY
 Yes. I am coming.

Ruth nods, walks away. We hear HEELS CLICKING away.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE, CARIBOU, MAINE. LATE DAY.

BOB SIMPSON (early thirties, eyes close together, earnest, sharp) comes in. Simpson is wearing a dark suit, nicely made, good fabric, expensive shoes.

RUTH CUSHING
 Bob Simpson.

BOB SIMPSON
 Yes Ma'am.

RUTH CUSHING
 I remember you from Loring.

BOB SIMPSON
The coke party?

Simpson is thinking, should he be embarrassed? He remembers.

BOB SIMPSON (CONT'D)
Did I?

RUTH CUSHING
Don't worry, detective. I love men
jamming their face between my tits
and saying 'air bags! air bags!'

BOB SIMPSON
I did.

RUTH CUSHING
No. I made it up.

They stand for a minute; Simpson looks awkward but not cowed.

BOB SIMPSON
I'm really sorry. I should not have
done that. Not at all professional.
Deepest apologies.

RUTH CUSHING
It's okay Detective. It was oddly
sweet.

BOB SIMPSON
I'm glad.

They stand there, awkward. What does he mean, 'I'm glad'??
What does she mean, 'oddly sweet'??

RUTH CUSHING
This way.

BOB SIMPSON
Thanks.

The two walk toward the back of the office.

CUT TO:

INT. CARIBOU ELEMENTARY SCHOOL GYM. EVENING.

Cleary walks in, sees Ruth; she stands and waves, he walks
over. She's with HER MOM, UNCLE CHRIS THE COP and others.

RUTH CUSHING
Special Agent! Thank you.

BILL CLEARY
Of course. I said I would.

RUTH CUSHING
She'll be thrilled.

BILL CLEARY
If she's anything like her aunt
she'll be a strong presence.

People around Ruth chuckle at Bill's backhand. Ruth hits her boss in the arm.

RUTH CUSHING
Be nice to me, boss, or I'll stop
being so damn good.

BILL CLEARY
I'm always nice to you.

RUTH CUSHING
Meet my Mom, my uncle Chris -- and
he's a cop in town --

BILL CLEARY
(shaking hands)
-- yes, I know Office McHugh --

RUTH CUSHING
And John, runs the grain store --

BILL CLEARY
Nice to meet you all.

Bill finishes the hellos and sits down in a FOLDING CHAIR on the floor. The show starts. We listen to kids introducing other kids to perform. At first he's shockingly bored, and then as it continues he's paying attention. He exudes sadness, defeat. There's a singer -- unbelievably strong -- a piano piece -- the little girl plays and then beams at her proud parents. A dance, a violin. Each shot of the kids performing is panned with a shot of beaming family and friends. This is a blue collar town in the back of beyond full of proud, complicated, caring people who are happy to be spending time watching their talented -- and not so talented -- kids. They get this is what life's all about. We watch Cleary watch. He's had no experience with this life. Ruth is happy he's there. Cleary looks around, looks down at his hands. RUTH'S NIECE (10ish, sweet) plays the violin. Beautifully. When she's done she walks up and Ruth gives her a big hug. She introduces the niece to Cleary. He stands.

RUTH CUSHING
Bill, this is my niece, Susan
Amestoy. Susan, this is my boss,
Special Agent Cleary.

BILL CLEARY
You can call me Bill, Susan.

SUSAN AMESTOY
Nice to meet you Bill.

BILL CLEARY
Nice to meet you too Susan. Good
job tonight.

SUSAN AMESTOY
Thanks. Do you like baseball?

BILL CLEARY
I do.

SUSAN AMESTOY
We've got a summer league game
Friday night --

RUTH CUSHING
-- Susan --

SUSAN AMESTOY
-- would you like to come? It's a
dollar --

RUTH CUSHING
Susan!

BILL CLEARY
I'd love to if I can.

SUSAN AMESTOY
(looks at Cleary)
I'd like you to. Uncle Chris
coaches.

BILL CLEARY
I'll bet he's a good coach. I'll
try to make it.

FADE TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP. PLASTER ROCK, NEW BRUNSWICK. EARLY MORNING.

This is a simple coffee shop in a small town in rural Canada.
It is full. Simpson is in a booth.

Title Card: "Coffee Shop, Plaster Rock, New Brunswick, Canada. Day Two."

Simpson stands when Cleary comes in. Again well dressed. Cleary looks haggard. They shake hands and Cleary sits opposite Simpson. There are PAPERS and a FULL THREE RING BINDER on the table.

BOB SIMPSON
No trouble finding it?

BILL CLEARY
No. Coffee shop. Main Street.

BOB SIMPSON
Yeah. It's not Chicago.

BILL CLEARY
No, it's not.

BOB SIMPSON
That's a dig.

BILL CLEARY
Sorry.

BOB SIMPSON
No worries. I'm from B.C.

BILL CLEARY
Vancouver?

BOB SIMPSON
Hope.

Beat.

BOB SIMPSON (CONT'D)
Well. Should we go over the file?

BILL CLEARY
Sure.
(checks out Bob's suit)
Nice suit.

BOB SIMPSON
Yeah. It's a vice.

The waitress walks over.

BILL CLEARY
I'd like an egg sandwich. Bacon and
cheese? Coffee. Thanks.

BOB SIMPSON
 (to waitress)
 Just the coffee for me. Thanks.
 (flips through binder)
 I've got uniformed officers as back-
 up out of sight, here, here, here.

Simpson gets up, switches sides so he's next to Cleary.

BOB SIMPSON (CONT'D)
 You don't mind?

BILL CLEARY
 No.

Simpson pulls out a DETAILED MAP of the area with specific details of the raid. It is impressive. (Quick CU on map.)

BOB SIMPSON (O.C.)
 They'll be off Post Street. Five
 seconds if we call them. Shouldn't
 need 'em. It's been quiet.
 Here's the trailer we'll be
 visiting. We'll go in alone.

Simpson grabs more documents from his binder. The food comes. Cleary pushes the binder away; pulls his plate toward him, starts to eat, still listening.

CUT TO:

INT. PICK UP TRUCK. MORNING.

The two drive together in Simpson's extremely clean old FORD F-150 PICK UP TRUCK. Cleary is checking out the truck. We also see from Cleary's POV the vibrant small town.

BILL CLEARY
 (looking out window but
 talking to Simpson)
 Am I right you're a pretty buttoned
 up guy.

BOB SIMPSON
 Is that a compliment Special Agent?

BILL CLEARY
 It is. Yes, it is.

Cleary pulls out his cigarettes.

BOB SIMPSON
Thank you. No smoking in buttoned
up truck, Agent.

BILL CLEARY
Right.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER PARK. DAY.

After driving down a dirt road Simpson pulls over and gets out. Cleary follows. The two walk in silence down the dirt road. Activity in the trailer park - a kid on a bike, an old woman sitting on a stoop, a man mowing a small patch of dirt, a woman tending a vegetable garden - as they walk past.

BOB SIMPSON
Well, Bill, I'd say you are not
buttoned up. You seem, uh, relaxed.

BILL CLEARY
Is that a compliment Bob?

BOB SIMPSON
Sure. It's my backhand.

BILL CLEARY
Touché.
(beat; holds up cigarette
he's still holding)
Can I smoke now?

As they turn the corner on the dusty street near the trailer Simpson pulls a LARGE SIDE ARM from a holster along the back of his belt, beneath his suit coat.

BOB SIMPSON
Well, we're about to do this. So
I'd wait if you can. Draw if you're
carrying, Special Agent.

BILL CLEARY
(shakes his head)
It's illegal to carry a weapon into
Canada, Bob. I'm not carrying.

BOB SIMPSON
I would not have minded. Buttoned
up, yes; but practical too. Don't
worry. I'll cover you.

The two approach the trailer in classic form, crouched and along the wall, away from any windows, Simpson in front. They arrive at the door of the trailer and Simpson POUNDS the thin metal with the side of his closed fist. The door vibrates like a drum. The sound is crisp and deep.

BOB SIMPSON (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 Attention! RCMP! Warrant!
 (beat)
 We are entering the building!

With no wasted movements Simpson runs the three steps to the main door and bursts through, rolling to the floor as he does. And then silence.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER. DAY.

Cleary steps through the shattered metal door into a spotlessly clean and empty shell. Not one stick of furniture, book, lamp or appliance sits on the sterile floor. Simpson tucks his weapon away. Cleary claps; the men slip on SURGICAL GLOVES and SHOE COVERS, but there's nothing to search.

BILL CLEARY
 (chuckling)
 Alright. They got away.
 (looks around; impressed)
 I can have a forensics team here in forty-eight hours.

BOB SIMPSON
 No need.

Simpson pulls out his PHONE.

BOB SIMPSON (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Hey, Sgt. Can I get a crime scene team to 134 Powder Drive? Plaster Rock? Yeah. Great. Who's on? Perfect. Tell him the bad guys really cleaned it. Thanks Sarge.

BILL CLEARY
 Thanks, Simpson. I appreciate it.

BOB SIMPSON
 No worries, Special Agent. What goes around will come around.

Cleary steps outside. Simpson follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER. DAY.

Cleary pulls off the gloves and the shoe covers. He tosses them aside. He is frowning. He lights up.

BILL CLEARY
Why would smugglers - even good
ones - clean a place like this.
Because their cover is blown?

Simpson collects the stuff Cleary's tossed off.

BOB SIMPSON
No idea.

Simpson posts two uniformed men outside the home.

BILL CLEARY
And how did they know their cover
was blown?

BOB SIMPSON
No idea. Maybe they didn't.
(beat)
Now I'm hungry.

Looks at Cleary. Smiles.

BOB SIMPSON (CONT'D)
Bet you could eat again.

Cleary takes the dig. The two walk back toward the truck.

BOB SIMPSON (CONT'D)
Been with the Bureau long?

BILL CLEARY
Yup.

BOB SIMPSON
What are you doing here?

BILL CLEARY
Look too old for a scrub post?

BOB SIMPSON
Uh-huh.

BILL CLEARY
Don't fish, Detective. I'll bet you know exactly how long I've been with the Bureau and I'll bet you know exactly why I'm in exile.

Simpson hesitates.

BOB SIMPSON
Well, that's true. I wondered who the hell you were at the coke raid party. I asked around.

BILL CLEARY
Learn anything interesting?

BOB SIMPSON
That you are a damn good Agent. Got burned. Scape-goat after 9-11.

They keep walking a bit.

BILL CLEARY
Not going there.

They walk. The two get along. Simpson likes this guy

BOB SIMPSON
Your secretary's a hot ticket.

BILL CLEARY
Yeah.

BOB SIMPSON
She seeing anyone?

BILL CLEARY
Not going there either, Bob.

BOB SIMPSON
Sorry. Hey! You have a gym?

BILL CLEARY
Huh?

BOB SIMPSON
There's a great gym in Caribou. I'm a member. I get a free month if I get someone to take an eval and join for at least a month.

BILL CLEARY
Just a month?

BOB SIMPSON
I think so, yeah.

BILL CLEARY
Possibly.

BOB SIMPSON
Why not?

BILL CLEARY
Sure.

BOB SIMPSON
Anyway, you need it.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE, CARIBOU, MAINE. DAY.

Cleary and Simpson sit across from Flynn.

DAN FLYNN
(nervous)
This is bad.

Ruth walks into the room, goes to the table and pours coffee from the COFFEE MAKER into FOUR MUGS. She delivers the coffee, takes a cup, walks over next to Simpson.

BOB SIMPSON
Thanks.

Ruth pats Simpson on the head. She sits down.

DAN FLYNN
They must know who I am. How did they know you were coming?

BILL CLEARY
You started this Mr. Flynn. You're in now whether you like it or not.

BOB SIMPSON
Who are they?

DAN FLYNN
You know more than me now.

BILL CLEARY
I doubt that. Your tribe does not exactly socialize with us.

BOB SIMPSON
What else have you heard Dan.

DAN FLYNN
Come on, Detective. What about me?

BOB SIMPSON
I'll take care of you.
(sounds corny)
'Man up' there Mr. Flynn.

Ruth smiles. She thinks Simpson's cute.

DAN FLYNN
They've been spending a lot of time
around Miramichi Bay.

BILL CLEARY
The Inner Bay?

DAN FLYNN
No. Out past Burnt Church.

BOB SIMPSON
How do you know that?

Flynn ignores him.

BILL CLEARY
A burnt church?

DAN FLYNN
It's a town.

BOB SIMPSON
Why?

DAN FLYNN
Why is it a town?

BOB SIMPSON
No.

BILL CLEARY
Why are they out there. He means.

DAN FLYNN
I don't know. Smuggling something.

BILL CLEARY
(sarcastic)
No.

Ruth is watching it all.

DAN FLYNN

It must be something big. They aren't coming up into the river. No one stays out that far if they can get up the river, Detective.

BOB SIMPSON

It could just be the transport is big.

BILL CLEARY

So?

DAN FLYNN

A big boat.

BILL CLEARY

I know. So?

BOB SIMPSON

Could mean a big cargo or just a buddy bringing the stuff in happens to be crewing on a big trawler. Can't get up the river.

BILL CLEARY

(to Flynn)

How can we learn which it is?

DAN FLYNN

(frustrated)

I don't know. I'm not a cop.

Simpson smiles.

BILL CLEARY

We're going to need your help Flynn. And if this is bullshit --

DAN FLYNN

Aren't you guys trained in this work? I'm not!

BOB SIMPSON

Flynn. Man. Up.

DAN FLYNN

I do know they are buying phones. Lots of pre-paid. We need to trace the phones.

BOB SIMPSON

You *should* be a cop.

Flynn gets up to go; looks like he's going to say something.

BOB SIMPSON (CONT'D)
What? Say it.

DAN FLYNN
I don't want to be a cop. I don't
want to be talking about this with
you. But. This is bad for us.

As he says 'us' he's gesturing to include everyone in the
room. Flynn leaves. Ruth looks at Simpson and Cleary.

BOB SIMPSON
What does he mean?

RUTH CUSHING
He's not just doing this to crush
competition.

BILL CLEARY
Meaning?

RUTH CUSHING
He's scared, boss. He's trying to
be a good citizen.

BILL CLEARY
Makes no sense.

Ruth gets up.

RUTH CUSHING
Makes sense to me.

BILL CLEARY
I think he's full of shit.

RUTH CUSHING
No, you don't boss.

Cleary gets up.

BILL CLEARY
(more angry than
justified)
It's a waste of time.

He walks out.

BOB SIMPSON
What's up his bonnet?

RUTH CUSHING

This.

BOB SIMPSON

This what? Case?

RUTH CUSHING

He doesn't want a case, Detective.

BOB SIMPSON

Huh. He's got one.

Ruth and Simpson hesitate.

BOB SIMPSON (CONT'D)

Want to go get a coffee?

Ruth looks at the cups on the table, turns and looks at the fresh pot on the coffee maker in the corner. She smiles.

RUTH CUSHING

Now, Detective?

BOB SIMPSON

Well --

RUTH CUSHING

Hmm, not right now. How's about tomorrow morning?

She pats him on the head again and walks out. We hear HEELS CLICKING ON WOOD FLOOR. Simpson sits, smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE, CARIBOU, MAINE. EARLY MORNING

Cleary is at his desk, typing. Title Card: "Day Three."

OC we hear DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.

BILL CLEARY

(shouting)

Ruth!

RUTH CUSHING (O.C.)

What!?

BILL CLEARY

(shouting)

I'm starting a file on the Flynn tip. I need a report to Boston on this.

(MORE)

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
 RCMP is working it so add that
 joint investigation blah blah BS.
 I'm sending you my notes ...

He hits a button on his computer

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
 ... now!

Ruth walks to Cleary's office. We hear the HEELS ON FLOOR
 coming at us.

RUTH CUSHING
 (sarcastic)
 A report. It's been a while since
 I've worked on one of these.

BILL CLEARY
 Ha ha.

RUTH CUSHING
 I thought you thought this is BS.

BILL CLEARY
 Yeah, but it's in Canada and shows
 I'm actually doing something -

RUTH CUSHING
 (doesn't believe him)
 Uh huh. Perfect timing.

BILL CLEARY
 Why's that?

RUTH CUSHING
 You've got a new boss. Called
 yesterday.

Cleary moans.

RUTH CUSHING (CONT'D)
 How long since you've had a
 (air quotes)
 'boss'?

BILL CLEARY
 They've left me alone for a bit.

RUTH CUSHING
 Seems you are back on the radar.

BILL CLEARY
 Okay. Can you put together my
 report?

RUTH CUSHING
Can't right now.

BILL CLEARY
Excuse me?

RUTH CUSHING
Coffee with Detective Simp-son.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER. CARIBOU, ME. MORNING.

Cushing and Simpson sit opposite each other. There is coffee on the table. They've been there a bit. The diner is busy -- lots of people who know each other, chatting.

RUTH CUSHING
Thanks for driving over.

BOB SIMPSON
No worries.

RUTH CUSHING
This is fun.

BOB SIMPSON
I agree.

RUTH CUSHING
Good.

BOB SIMPSON
Hey. Ruth. Again. I'm sorry about the coke party --

A few people look up.

RUTH CUSHING
-- never mind --

BOB SIMPSON
-- no, I'd like you to get to like me -- and first impressions --

Sally comes over. Pours more joe.

RUTH CUSHING
Don't worry Detective. You were funny. Thanks Sally. You're a sweet drunk. That says a lot.

BOB SIMPSON

Thanks.

RUTH CUSHING

I'm glad you didn't suffocate.

She gestures to her breasts. Simpson blushes.

RUTH CUSHING (CONT'D)

You're blushing!

Simpson is about to say something when Cleary walks in.

RUTH CUSHING (CONT'D)

Hey, boss! This is private!

Cleary sits down.

BOB SIMPSON

Anything new?

BILL CLEARY

I was wondering the same.

BOB SIMPSON

Well we think the guys Flynn is talking about moved to Limestone -- New Brunswick, not Maine.

BILL CLEARY

There are two Limestones?

BOB SIMPSON

Three, actually. One here and two on our side.

BILL CLEARY

Funny.

BOB SIMPSON

Yeah. We don't know but it seems Flynn was right. They bought a dozen phones from a fence in Fredericton.

BILL CLEARY

Interesting.

Sally walks over.

SALLY

Bill? Death by breakfast?

Simpson looks up.

BILL CLEARY
Not today. Just coffee.

BOB SIMPSON
Well, it seems they are spending a lot of money and time at the bay.

BILL CLEARY
Where are they calling?

BOB SIMPSON
I can't access that. I've put in a request to tap the calls but it won't be approved. We don't have enough to access the phones.

BILL CLEARY
Why not? You got the warrant for the trailer.

BOB SIMPSON
This is different. We can't just listen to *their* calls. The system listens to everything; words, languages and countries being called. To find their calls we need to listen to *all* calls. Which means we are listening to a lot of people's calls. That's a big deal.

BILL CLEARY
You Canadians.

BOB SIMPSON
Go figure.

BILL CLEARY
I'm going to check out that gym.

BOB SIMPSON
The Rock. Outside of town.

RUTH CUSHING
It's a good gym, boss. I went there two years ago before this cruise --

BILL CLEARY
The Rock?

BOB SIMPSON
Everything up here is named after the earth.

BILL CLEARY
Ms. Cushing. My report?

RUTH CUSHING
Ten four boss.

Cleary leaves. Ruth touches Simpson's arm.

RUTH CUSHING (CONT'D)
He's worried.

Simpson smiles at Ruth.

BOB SIMPSON
He should be.

CUT TO:

EXT. GYM BUILDING. DAY.

Cleary drives up to the Rock, a squat, cinder block building on the edge of a sprawling neighborhood. Whether it is part of town or the beginning of rural Cleary can't tell.

CUT TO:

INT. GYM BUILDING. DAY.

MOLLY LAMBERT (tall, smart, strong, mid-thirties, beautiful eyes) is at the counter. There are few other people there.

MOLLY LAMBERT
Hi. You are Agent Cleary?

BILL CLEARY
Yes.

MOLLY LAMBERT
Bob said to expect you. We are treating you to this first visit. Once you are changed I'll give you a tour, an eval, show you around.

BILL CLEARY
I'm happy to muddle through ...

MOLLY LAMBERT
No! It's my job. Molly, by the way.

They shake hands.

CUT TO:

INT. GYM BUILDING. DAY.

We are in an exam room. Cleary is naked except for gym shorts. Cleary is embarrassed by the evaluation, especially the bit where Molly pinches his skin with a CALIPER to be able to scientifically tell him exactly how fat he really is. A tall man, a college athlete, at one point Cleary took great pride in being fast, strong, lean, agile. As Molly pinches and measures and squeezes, he does not feel any of it.

MOLLY LAMBERT

Cheer up, Special Agent. There's a fit man in there.

She slaps his naked belly with her open hand. He blushes.

MOLLY LAMBERT (CONT'D)

Shirt back on. Let's go.

She turns to leave and Cleary follows.

CUT TO:

INT. GYM BUILDING. DAY.

Cleary is on the spin bikes, Molly leading and he doing the best he can to keep up. Sweat pours off him like a rung towel; Molly is dry as a bone. A few other people work out; none pay much attention to Cleary but he's a bit embarrassed.

MOLLY LAMBERT

You used to work out a lot, didn't you Special Agent?

BILL CLEARY

(hard to talk)

Please. Bill. Yes. I did. Athlete in college. And. Hard work in military.

MOLLY LAMBERT

'Hard work in the military.' Hmmm. I wonder what that means.

She laughs.

MOLLY LAMBERT (CONT'D)

Let's get you into a program and talk about your diet.

She thinks for a second.

MOLLY LAMBERT (CONT'D)

And then.

(a bit nervous)

Tonight. Let's get something to eat.

She smiles at him. He straightens.

BILL CLEARY

(hard time answering)

Asking. Me. Out?

MOLLY LAMBERT

Nah, just to dinner. Come on. I think you could use some company.

CUT TO:

INT. GYM BUILDING. DAY

Cleary is showered and changed. He stops at the desk.

BILL CLEARY

Thanks, Molly.

MOLLY LAMBERT

No worries, Special Agent. Still good for dinner? 7 o'clock? Stone Soup in Grand Falls?

BILL CLEARY

Sure.

MOLLY LAMBERT

It's only half an hour from here.

BILL CLEARY

How's that?

MOLLY LAMBERT

It's just in Grand Falls on 130. You can get there quickest through Limestone.

BILL CLEARY

The road's closed at the border.

MOLLY LAMBERT

Nah; easy peasy getting across; no stopping either.

Cleary smiles, leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD BETWEEN MAINE AND NEW BRUNSWICK. DUSK.

Cleary is driving the thin road between Canada and Maine in the late summer sunlight. His phone RINGS.

RUTH CUSHING (O.C.)
Hi Boss. Boston wants you to visit.

BILL CLEARY
(surprised)
Why?

RUTH CUSHING (O.C.)
Well, they didn't say but you have a new boss and he wants to meet you, I'm sure. Your report might have triggered it too.

BILL CLEARY
When?

RUTH CUSHING (O.C.)
They asked what you are doing tomorrow.

Cleary's at the border on a narrow strip of road. The border station is not manned, just a sign saying "Welcome to Canada. Please check with Customs and Immigration Office in the next town." Cleary laughs at the idea we can secure this border.

BILL CLEARY
(beat)
Can't. Tell him I'm knee deep in an investigation.

RUTH CUSHING
(sarcastic)
You are?! That's great! When did you start on it??

BILL CLEARY
Ha ha.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE, CARIBOU, MAINE. DUSK.

Ruth is leaning against her desk.

RUTH CUSHING

And Boss. New boss, boss. Keep him informed.

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)

Kiss up, you mean.

RUTH CUSHING

Yeah, suck up to start with anyway.

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)

Will do. You don't want me to go to Boston tomorrow anyway.

RUTH CUSHING

I don't?

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)

No. I told Susan I'd go to the baseball game.

RUTH CUSHING

(smiles)

Thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD BETWEEN MAINE AND NEW BRUNSWICK. DUSK.

BILL CLEARY

It'll keep me out of Boston.

RUTH CUSHING (O.C.)

Cynic.

BILL CLEARY

Jaded.

We hear Ruth HANG UP the phone. So does Cleary.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

Small local restaurant in Grand Falls, NB, called 'Stone Soup.' It is a hippy place.

BILL CLEARY

What's good?

MOLLY LAMBERT

The mock beef.

BILL CLEARY
Mock beef?

MOLLY LAMBERT
It's seitan. It's like tofu. A
good stir fry with veggies.

BILL CLEARY
Ughh.

MOLLY LAMBERT
No! It's good.

BILL CLEARY
(doubting)
I'd rather have mock tofu.

MOLLY LAMBERT
Huh?

BILL CLEARY
(looks at her)
Joke. Beef would be mock tofu --

MOLLY LAMBERT
Ha ha.

BILL CLEARY
(beat)
It was kind --
(shy about saying this;
breaks his hard exterior)
It was nice of you to suggest
dinner.

They sit for a minute. He drinks some beer.

MOLLY LAMBERT
Thank you.

BILL CLEARY
For what?

MOLLY LAMBERT
For saying I am kind.

BILL CLEARY
(uncomfortable)
Oh. There is not enough kindness.

He is looking her in the eyes. We watch for a bit.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
How many brothers and sisters?

MOLLY
Three. Two sisters. One brother.

BILL CLEARY
Brother youngest?

MOLLY
(surprisingly sad)
Baby.

BILL CLEARY
(doesn't pick up on it)
Sisters are younger?

MOLLY
(shakes it off)
Yup.

BILL CLEARY
You are the oldest.

MOLLY
I love detectives!

BILL CLEARY
Ha ha. You worked hard to help
raise them?

MOLLY
(laughs)
Nope. Doting parents.

BILL CLEARY
Life of luxury?

MOLLY
Middle class. Back when there was a
middle class.

BILL CLEARY
What's your dad? Teacher, banker?

MOLLY
Lobsters and fish.

BILL CLEARY
Here?!

MOLLY
No. Down on the coast.

BILL CLEARY
And you were a good kid?

MOLLY
 (shakes her head with
 pride)
 The best.

They are having fun.

BILL CLEARY
 I bet you were fun as a kid.

She blushes, a bit odd, she thinks.

MOLLY
 I guess.

He realizes he's being awkward - not out much any more --

BILL CLEARY
 No. Well. All I mean, I guess.

He lifts his glass.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
 To you.

She meets his glass with hers.

MOLLY LAMBERT
 What is it about you?

BILL CLEARY
 I don't follow.

MOLLY LAMBERT
 I like you.

She's surprising herself.

BILL CLEARY
 It's been a long time since
 anyone's said that to me.

MOLLY LAMBERT
 Why?

BILL CLEARY
 Can I dodge that one? Tell me about
 growing up on a lobster boat -

They talk and eat. A good date --

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

They are leaving.

MOLLY LAMBERT
How about a walk along our river.

BILL CLEARY
Rivers *everywhere* up here.

MOLLY
Lot's of water, Special Agent.
Needs to go somewhere.

BILL CLEARY
Come on. Bill.

MOLLY LAMBERT
But Special Agent is so *cool*.

BILL CLEARY
You are mocking me. I get enough of
that from Ruth.

She smiles.

MOLLY LAMBERT
I'm not,
(breathy)
Special Agent.

BILL CLEARY
(smiles)
A walk sounds good.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATH ALONG RIVER. NIGHT.

Molly saunters gently next to him; is waiting for him to do something. Or not. Both are nervous.

MOLLY LAMBERT
(she jaunts ahead a few
steps; turns)
I think I've got to get to know
you. Do you like to hike?

BILL CLEARY
It's flat as hell up here.

MOLLY LAMBERT
Not everywhere. I have some ideas.

BILL CLEARY
Okay. I do like to hike. I used to
do a lot of it. But here --

MOLLY LAMBERT
You don't like it here.

BILL CLEARY
I do.

She gives a look.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
No, not really --

MOLLY LAMBERT
It'll grow on you.

BILL CLEARY
(smiles)
Hope not.

MOLLY LAMBERT
That's mean!

They walk.

MOLLY LAMBERT (CONT'D)
You don't stick to a place, do you?

BILL CLEARY
Bureau moves me around.

MOLLY LAMBERT
I think that's sad.

They walk along.

BILL CLEARY
I won't argue the point.

They walk in silence.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
Which do you like best?

MOLLY LAMBERT
Pardon?

BILL CLEARY
Canada or America.

MOLLY LAMBERT

Hmmm. I like both. For opposite reasons.

They walk along.

MOLLY LAMBERT (CONT'D)

Now, Special Agent. Tell me about your work.

BILL CLEARY

You want the bullshit answer or the real answer?

MOLLY LAMBERT

Guess.

BILL CLEARY

I messed up big time before the attacks in 2001. I was a hot shot. A big shot. The Bureau allowed me to stay but hid me away; I don't do much. I draw pay. Move like a sloth; keep my head down.

MOLLY LAMBERT

It couldn't be that bad.

BILL CLEARY

(softly)

I was in a position to stop the attacks, Molly. And I didn't.

MOLLY LAMBERT

Oh.

BILL CLEARY

Oh; yeah.

Cleary looks pissed; lost. Molly punches his arm.

MOLLY LAMBERT

Buck up, Lieutenant!

BILL CLEARY

I'm not a Lieutenant. I'm a Special Agent.

The two walk without talking. He pulls out a cigarette, she frowns, he tosses it. She nods, acknowledging the gesture.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)

If I'd done more -- If I'd not been so preoccupied with being -- Well.

MOLLY LAMBERT
So 'American'?

He stops. She stops. They are at the end of the path, by a parking lot, by Cleary's car. He's thinking about what she just said.

MOLLY LAMBERT (CONT'D)
I had fun, Special Agent.

She kisses him. He's thinking about what she just did. She puts him in his car. Walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. CLEARY'S CAR. NIGHT.

He is in a fog.

BILL CLEARY
(mumbles to himself)
Slow to full stop, Marine. Slow to full stop.

He fumbles for and dials his PHONE.

BOB SIMPSON (O.C.)
Simpson.

BILL CLEARY
I just met Molly.

BOB SIMPSON (O.C.)
Sweet, eh?

BILL CLEARY
You told me about the gym. You didn't tell me about Molly.

BOB SIMPSON (O.C.)
Be nice to her.

BILL CLEARY
Do you get another free month?

BOB SIMPSON (O.C.)
Be nice to her.

BILL CLEARY
Ten four. See you in the morning.

Cleary smiles. He hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. 'EGGS' DINER, CARIBOU, MAINE. MORNING.

Cleary and Bob are sitting at a booth. It's busy.

Title Card: "Day Four."

Sally walks up.

SALLY
Ready to order?

BILL CLEARY BOB SIMPSON
Just coffee. Coffee.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Shit, Bill.

They sit. No words. The coffee comes.

BOB SIMPSON
So?

BILL CLEARY
Yeah. Good question. These guys are
ghosts.

BOB SIMPSON
Yeah. Well. We're tracking some
guys who might be supporting the
ghost guys.

BILL CLEARY
Good.

Drinks his coffee.

BOB SIMPSON
Well, I'm going to pull in a border
team. We have men who know the bay
well. We'll pull some surveillance.
Flynn's being really helpful. I
should deputize him.

Cleary drinks his coffee.

BOB SIMPSON (CONT'D)
You can do one thing. Can you see
if terrorism is tracking this?

BILL CLEARY
(pauses)
Terrorism.

BOB SIMPSON
Think about it.

Cleary drains his coffee. Sighs.

BOB SIMPSON (CONT'D)
Come on. You've thought it too.

BILL CLEARY
I try not to think. New boss wants
me to go to Boston.

Pushes coffee cup away, looks disgusted.

BOB SIMPSON
There's a lot of noise about this.

Cleary gets up.

BILL CLEARY
I can't go today. I'll go tomorrow.

BOB SIMPSON
Is there another agent up here we
can work with?

BILL CLEARY
No. I'm way alone. Use Ruth.

BOB SIMPSON
Ruth?

BILL CLEARY
I mean as a resource, Bob.

BOB SIMPSON
I know.

BILL CLEARY
She's very good. Smart. Quick.

BOB SIMPSON
(very proper)
I will ask her for her help.

Looks out the window. Looks right at Simpson. Smiles.

BOB SIMPSON (CONT'D)
Good. And. If you can find out
where they've gone;
(MORE)

BOB SIMPSON (CONT'D)
 where they are planning to land the
 shipment. We'll work it in Canada,
 too, but. See what you can get
 from Boston.

Simpson hates asking the Americans for help. Cleary looks
 again out the window; throws MONEY onto the table.

BILL CLEARY
 This is the last thing I need.

BOB SIMPSON
 What's that?

BILL CLEARY
 (beat)
 A real fucking case.

He walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD, CUSHING ME. EVENING.

Cleary sits on the grass with Ruth, Officer McHugh and A FEW
 OTHERS. He is eating a PIECE OF FRIED CHICKEN.

CHRIS MCHUGH
 Another beer, Special Agent?

BILL CLEARY
 Sure. One more.

Bill takes in the scene. Small town. Families on the grass
 watching the game; no suburban angst. We see some plays.
 Cleary drains his beer. Home team scores a winning walk-off
 run. The kids go nuts. Everyone stands to applaud. Cleary
 turns to Ruth.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
 Great game. They're good.

Susan Amestoy walks up; holds up an IPHONE.

SUSAN AMESTOY
 Look Bill, the game's on Facebook.
 And --

She touches the screen.

SUSAN AMESTOY (CONT'D)
 You Tube.

She holds up the phone to Bill.

SUSAN AMESTOY (CONT'D)
See my hit? Colton shot that while
I was batting.

BILL CLEARY
Susan, do you realize how amazing
this is?

SUSAN AMESTOY
(confused)
What is?

RUTH CUSHING
It's too much. Parents are pretty
good at it too. I hate being
'tagged' every time I go out.

McHugh hands Bill a beer.

BILL CLEARY
Thanks. Don't arrest me driving out
of here Chris.

CHRIS MCHUGH
Don't be drunk.

Cleary laughs.

CHRIS MCHUGH (CONT'D)
Hey, Bill. Why don't we do any
coordination on cases?

BILL CLEARY
(thinks)
Well, Chris, we would, but I don't
have any cases.

RUTH CUSHING
(watching)
You do now.

Throws Ruth a look.

BILL CLEARY
(turns to Chris)
I'm in Boston tomorrow. Let's meet
when I get back.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL PLANE. DAY.

Cleary bounces in a small plane flying to Boston. We can tell from looking at him he doesn't like to fly. Title card plays across the scene:

"Flight from Caribou to Boston. Day Five."

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON. DAY.

There are no windows. It is a florescent hell. Cleary sits outside the Regional Director's office. He is not nervous, but doesn't want to be there. He is uncomfortable. He fiddles with his BLACKBERRY. It is a Saturday but still somewhat busy. Regional Director's ASSISTANT comes into frame.

ASSISTANT

Agent Cleary?

BILL CLEARY

Yes Ma'am.

ASSISTANT

Director Lively will see you now.

CUT TO:

INT. REGIONAL DIRECTOR'S OFFICE. BOSTON. DAY.

This plush office has windows. SAM LIVELY (short, sinewy) walks from behind his desk to shake Cleary's hand. Two YOUNG AGENTS, look more like young lawyers, stand to the side.

SAM LIVELY

Agent Cleary, Sam Lively.

They shake.

BILL CLEARY

Nice to meet you Director.

SAM LIVELY

Sam.

BILL CLEARY

Nice to meet you Sam.

SAM LIVELY

Yes, yes. Well. Glad to meet my recluse. How's Maine.

BILL CLEARY

Nice.

SAM LIVELY

Ouch. Buddy described a girl to me that way once. Ouch.

BILL CLEARY

And?

SAM LIVELY

Ugly as sin. Married her. She *is* nice.

BILL CLEARY

Nice.

SAM LIVELY

Ha! Well, you've been busy I see!

BILL CLEARY

Yeah. We're tracking some smugglers. Informant tipped me. I brought in the RCMP. It's all in Canada. Now. We think they are handling a big shipment - or at least a shipment coming in by a big boat - to outer Miramichi Bay. Burning up their phones. I'd like to get content on their calls --

SAM LIVELY

That's fine but we've got it. Don't tell the Canadians. Spying on friends and all that. Your targets were talking to Turkey, Kazakhstan. Pakistan. We don't have content. Can't break the cypher! Ha!

BILL CLEARY

Were?

SAM LIVELY

Yeah. Traffic's stopped. They're gone. Seems you scared them off.

BILL CLEARY

(he's interested now)

Oh? Why were we tracking them?

SAM LIVELY

It was an intel op, Cleary. You might have spooked it.

BILL CLEARY
Who was tracking it?

SAM LIVELY
No need to get into that.

BILL CLEARY
No need to tell your agent in Maine
about it?

SAM LIVELY
(smiles)
Now there is, isn't there? Ha!

BILL CLEARY
We thought it might be --

SAM LIVELY
We?

BILL CLEARY
RCMP Detective. And me.

SAM LIVELY
Doubt it. Anyway. You spooked it.
It's nothing.

BILL CLEARY
How do we know?

SAM LIVELY
Data. Systems. Track everything.
Clear what's worth following --

BILL CLEARY
Seems scary --

SAM LIVELY
-- there's so much activity.
Investigating is now an I-T
problem. Got to be analytical,
Bill. It's the only way.

BILL CLEARY
Huh --

SAM LIVELY
Don't worry. Processes are strong.
System is robust!

BILL CLEARY
Am I off it?

SAM LIVELY

Nah. Find out what you can. Maybe learn where they went. Feed it back. Chase it even if it is dead.

BILL CLEARY

Huh.

SAM LIVELY

Look. There's a ton of intel coming in. It's an avalanche. And. There's a ton of counter-terrorism money coming through. I want that money. So. Build a big fat file. It'll be good for my budget. BUT. Don't do a damn thing. I don't want more work especially when the systems are saying this is dead. And. Do plan on coming to the next counter-terrorism meeting. You're on the task force, right?

BILL CLEARY

I think I still am.

Cleary can't help himself --

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)

Director, let me understand. Come to meetings, paper the record, don't do anything.

SAM LIVELY

Exactly! Look. You're in exile 'til

Turns to one of the young suits.

YOUNG AGENT 1

-- can retire in three years.

Smirks at Cleary.

SAM LIVELY

Look. Whatever you were tracking. It's done, but we can get money if you pursue it. Pursue it. But don't do anything. Got it?

BILL CLEARY

Uh huh.

SAM LIVELY
Well, I've just met you and think
you can stay. But stay small.

The Director stands looking up at Cleary. Cleary holds his
gaze. Meeting is over.

SAM LIVELY (CONT'D)
You like Caribou?

BILL CLEARY
You asked me that.

SAM LIVELY
Oh yeah. It's nice.

BILL CLEARY
I've only been there thirteen
months. And a bit.

SAM LIVELY
Take as much time as you want!

The two young agents chortle.

BILL CLEARY
Thanks. It'll do.

SAM LIVELY
Terrific.

Lively patronizingly pats Cleary's arm.

SAM LIVELY (CONT'D)
I checked your clearances. They're
still good!

Young Agents laugh again.

BILL CLEARY
(holding anger in check)
Can I have the phone data?

SAM LIVELY
Sure.
(turns to a young agent)
Can you transfer him the files?

Bill turns to leave.

SAM LIVELY (CONT'D)
(talking to Cleary)
And Cleary!
(MORE)

SAM LIVELY (CONT'D)
Send thick reports so I can get the
dosh. And don't tell the Canadians.

BILL CLEARY
(turns back toward Lively)
Got it.

SAM LIVELY
And don't tell the locals. They
leak like a drunken sailor.

BILL CLEARY
Got it.

SAM LIVELY
Under no circumstance you can think
of are you to talk with the Agency
or D-O-D or N-S-A.

BILL CLEARY
Yes, Sir.

SAM LIVELY
Stay in your lane. Clear?

BILL CLEARY
Like water.

Cleary stares at the Director, turns, walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE, CARIBOU, MAINE. DAY.

Cleary is reading off the computer screen. Title Card: "Day Six."

He jots notes, turns and writes a time-line on a WHITE BOARD. The information on the board is in CLEARY'S HANDWRITING. The phone traffic stopped the same day Flynn visited Cleary.

BILL CLEARY
(to himself)
Flynn comes to see me.

It picked up again the day of the raid on the trailer.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Simpson stirs the nest.

Cleary writes all of this on the board. The calls are to three places. He writes them down on the white board.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 Sinop, Turkey; Aktau, Kazakhstan;
 Karachi, Pakistan. Handlers in
 Karachi. What about the other two.

Cleary straightens, looks at the board.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
 (shouts)
 Ruth!

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE, CARIBOU, MAINE. DAY.

Ruth looks up from her desk, looks over her shoulder --

RUTH CUSHING
 (shouts)
 What!

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
 Can you pull up a map of Sinop,
 Turkey and feed it to the
 conference room please?!

RUTH CUSHING
 (she makes a face)
 Why can't you!!

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
Ruth!!

RUTH CUSHING
 (makes a face)
 Yes *Sir!!*

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY FBI OFFICE. CARIBOU MAINE. DAY.

Cleary is jogging down the hall.

BILL CLEARY
 (mumbles to himself)
 Because I'm busy.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE, CONFERENCE ROOM CARIBOU, MAINE. DAY.

Cleary turns the corner. The map appears on a SMART BOARD.

BILL CLEARY
 (shouts)
 Thanks!

He looks at the small city on the sea.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
 (shouts)
 Can you pull out to show Aktau,
 Kazakhstan?!

The map zooms out and we see highlighted the two cities. Cleary talks to himself. Cleary draws a line from one to the other and highlights what's in between: Georgia and Chechnya.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 Can't go across the Caspian to the
 Black. Wouldn't go through Chechnya
 and Georgia.

Cleary looks at his notes.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
 (shouts again to Ruth)
 Print me something on Aktau,
 Kazakhstan!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY FBI OFFICE. CARIBOU MAINE. DAY.

Cleary hustles to Ruth's office. As he arrives she hands him A SHEET OF PAPER.

BILL CLEARY
 Thanks.
 (to himself)
 Aktau. Former Soviet mining town.
 Uranium.

He turns. Walks fast back to the conference room.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE, CONFERENCE ROOM CARIBOU, MAINE. DAY.

He walks to the smart board. Ruth follows.

RUTH CUSHING
What are you doing?

As Cleary talks we're looking at the map. He's drawing on it.

BILL CLEARY
Could go south. To Iran. From Iran
to Sinop. By ship from Sinop to Med
to Atlantic.

RUTH CUSHING
What is it?

BILL CLEARY
I don't know.

RUTH CUSHING
Wouldn't the terror guys have
analyzed this?

BILL CLEARY
(distracted)
No. They left it to the computers --

RUTH CUSHING
And?

BILL CLEARY
They're moving from a town where
there's uranium --

He draws with a BLACK MARKER a thick line from Aktau to Iran
to Sinop and out the straights into the Med. The realization
hits him physically. He looks up at Ruth --

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
They are moving a bomb.

Cleary hustles out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. BOB SIMPSON'S PICK UP TRUCK. DAY.

Simpson is driving along, SINGING ALONG TO to CBC RADIO 2.
Song is Hawksley Workman's 'Warhol's Portrait of Gretsky.'
His PHONE RINGS. He answers it.

BOB SIMPSON
(all into phone)
Simpson.

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
It turns out we've been tracing those calls. The bad guys were calling Turkey and Kazakhstan.

BOB SIMPSON
Huh.

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
Right up until the day we hit the trailer.

BOB SIMPSON
Huh.

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
Last call was to a place called Sinop, in Turkey.

BOB SIMPSON
Interesting.

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
I've got an old colleague there. She's with the Agency now. Oh. I'm not supposed to tell you.

BOB SIMPSON
About your friend?

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
About the calls. I'm not supposed to talk to the Agency either.

BOB SIMPSON
Huh. Interesting.

Simpson smiles.

BOB SIMPSON (CONT'D)
Looks like we've got a case.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN CARIBOU, MAINE. LATE SUMMER DAY.

Cleary is walking down the street talking on his phone. We look around. Active small town. KIDS playing, PEOPLE talking. CARS moving slowly.

BILL CLEARY
(into phone)
Yeah. I would guess.
(MORE)

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
I'm going to talk to the local
force here. Just let them know what
we might have.

BOB SIMPSON (O.C.)
Ruth's Uncle or Cousin?

BILL CLEARY
Yeah. Seems a good guy. And I am
going to go find our boat.

CUT TO:

INT. BOB SIMPSON'S PICK UP TRUCK. LATE DAY.

Simpson is bouncing along in the truck -- music remains LOUD.

BOB SIMPSON
(into phone; incredulous)
You're going to *Turkey*?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN CARIBOU, MAINE. LATE SUMMER DAY.

BILL CLEARY
(all into phone)
Yes, I'm going to Turkey.

CUT TO:

INT. BOB SIMPSON'S PICK UP TRUCK. LATE DAY.

BOB SIMPSON
You haven't even taken the time to
know here yet.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN CARIBOU, MAINE. LATE SUMMER DAY.

Cleary walks and talks.

BILL CLEARY
I won't trust what we find -- or
don't find -- if I'm not there.

BOB SIMPSON (O.C.)
Wow. Control freak.

BILL CLEARY
 Always. But I've got to know if
 this is real. Or not real.

CUT TO:

INT. BOB SIMPSON'S PICK UP TRUCK. DAY.

BOB SIMPSON
 Knock yourself out. I'll keep
 rolling here.

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
 Thanks.

BOB SIMPSON
 Okay if I ask Cushing for support?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN CARIBOU, MAINE. LATE SUMMER DAY.

BILL CLEARY
 You do that, Bob. She can access my
 networks.

BOB SIMPSON (O.C.)
 Excellent. Is that code?

Cleary smiles.

BILL CLEARY
 No. She has access to all my data
 bases. She's terrific. She found me
 a guy to fly me from Loring --

Looks at his watch --

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
 -- after the little league game.

BOB SIMPSON (O.C.)
 Have fun.

BILL CLEARY
 (smiles)
 Yeah. And you can watch the game
 later! I'll friend you.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT IN ISTANBUL. MORNING.

Cleary is walking out into daylight. Title Card: "Istanbul, Turkey. Day Seven." Janet is there with a SMALL SIGN (as a joke): "Old Boss". She sees him, after all these years, and smiles at him with her smart eyes; and she is a bit sad. He smiles back at her.

JANET CARTER
Hey Bill, welcome to the old world.

She leans up and gives him a warm kiss, pat on the back.

JANET CARTER (CONT'D)
You, uh, well. You're, uh, stout.

Janet turns and starts walking away.

BILL CLEARY
(smiles as he follows)
Stout. Jeez.

CUT TO:

INT. EMBASSY CAR. MORNING

Janet drives fast through the traffic to Istanbul. It is exotic, modern, wealthy, functioning.

JANET CARTER
Chasing your tail boss?

BILL CLEARY
What do you mean?

JANET CARTER
Your secretary didn't sound
thrilled you were coming here --

BILL CLEARY
She's not a secretary. She thinks
I'm crazy to come here.

JANET CARTER
She said.

BILL CLEARY
I'm not supposed to talk to you.

JANET CARTER
She told me that too.

BILL CLEARY

I think they are moving a bomb from
Aktau --

JANET CARTER

-- a bomb? --

BILL CLEARY

-- to Sinop via Iran.

JANET CARTER

(taps Cleary on the head)
You are crazy. It is not happening.

BILL CLEARY

Look, it's no state secret the
Russians can't keep their hands on
their nuclear fuel. I think its
either a nuclear or a dirty bomb.

JANET CARTER

Thin, boss. Thin.

BILL CLEARY

They're in eastern Canada. They're
calling Aktau and Sinop. They're
clearing a spot to port a big boat.
It's not drugs, not coming from
Russia, it's not girls or bills.
Not worth the hassle. It's a bomb.

JANET CARTER

Thin.

BILL CLEARY

I need to know how long it takes a
boat to get from here to New
Brunswick.

Janet smiles.

JANET CARTER

Dog. Bone. Bill.

She laughs.

BILL CLEARY

The tables were turned the last
time we worked something like this.

JANET CARTER

Don't charge this back to the
Agency.

BILL CLEARY

Oh no. Coming out of task-force --

Janet shakes her head, goes around a large truck on the motorway and then peels off onto a quiet secondary road. The countryside is beautiful. Cleary reaches into the back and grabs some FRUIT. He offers Janet some; she shakes her head.

JANET CARTER

Data shows drops in traffic are associated with a blown op or an abandoned op boss.

BILL CLEARY

'Data shows.' Shit.

Cleary is staring out the window. The country is interesting, functioning, thriving. He bites into an apple.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)

At least this gets me out.

CUT TO:

INT. ROAD SIDE RESTAURANT, TURKEY, EVENING.

Janet and Bill sit side by side in a small cafe. There is a BIG FIRE burning in a monstrous fireplace. The room is quiet. There is a LOT OF FOOD in front of them -- and WINE.

JANET CARTER

Your exile going okay?

Cleary takes a DRINK OF WINE.

BILL CLEARY

Well. Ten years of doing nothing. It's tough.

JANET CARTER

This isn't nothing.

BILL CLEARY

No. I've not been doing this.

Janet takes a drink.

JANET CARTER

If you are right about these guys then we let hundreds of ops go to completion, which is not true.

BILL CLEARY

Hope not.

JANET CARTER

Bill. Not every lead can have an agent fly across the Atlantic to see if on an off chance

She shrugs and raises her hands.

JANET CARTER (CONT'D)

Can't work that way.

Janet gets up. Throws BILLS AND COINS on the table.

BILL CLEARY

Saying it is logistically difficult is different than saying it is not happening Janet.

Cleary gets up. She punches him in the arm.

JANET CARTER

I've missed you.

They go.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL ROADSIDE HOTEL. TURKEY. EARLY MORNING.

Cleary wakes up. Doesn't remember where he is. Title Card: "Day Eight." It's a small hotel room by a beach in Turkey. Not nice, not not nice. It's hot but he hears the SOUNDS OF A BEACH. He looks around and remembers they are in Turkey. Janet's still asleep. Lying on top of the covers on separate bed -- this is cover -- in sweats, deep sleep, some drool. Cleary smiles at his old friend.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL. TURKEY. MORNING.

The two stroll to the car.

JANET CARTER

There is a small port on the south side of town. I've checked the satellite images and we can drive right to the dock.

BILL CLEARY
 You guys got me a satellite!

Cleary opens the CAR DOOR for Janet.

JANET CARTER
 Google. I've reached out to some
 contacts. We'll see what we see.

They climb into the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK, SINOP TURKEY. DAY.

They drive to the edge of the dock. Janet gets out and walks to a SMALL MAN (older, Turkish, longest EYEBROWS ever seen). Cleary gets out and follows. He stands apart. Janet and the man TALK INDISTINCTLY IN TURKISH. Cleary is impressed.

JANET CARTER
 He said 'come on.'

Cleary smiles. A lot of words to say 'come on.' They walk to the end of a pier. The little man is fast. Cleary is huffing.

JANET CARTER (CONT'D)
 You are out of SHAPE boss.

BILL CLEARY
 I'm working on it.

At the end of the pier they meet a tall, lanky man. More INDISTINCT TALK IN TURKISH.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
 What's up Janet?

JANET CARTER
 They're talking, boss.

Cleary throws Janet a look. The small man is now looking at Cleary. He talks right at him in TURKISH.

BILL CLEARY
 Sorry, bud. All American. It's a
 fault, I know.

JANET CARTER
 He said a large ship was here six
 days, a week ago. They loaded it
 with the contents from a van/truck.

Cleary smiles and pokes Janet.

BILL CLEARY
 (while jamming finger into
 her arm)
 Bin-Go.

JANET CARTER
 (pushes his hand away)
 The truck was Iranian. The ship was
 Bulgarian. Right here. Very heavy
 load. Everything in plastic crates.
 Off almost immediately.

BILL CLEARY
 To where?

JANET CARTER
 No idea.

BILL CLEARY
 Wouldn't they know?

JANET CARTER
 Not really. Iranians come in and
 out and are given a wide berth.

BILL CLEARY
 Where'd the truck come from?

Janet asks the two men. They shrug. Cleary signals he doesn't
 need a translation.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
 How many people?

More Turkish talk.

JANET CARTER
 They say three with the truck, at
 least six on the ship.

BILL CLEARY
 Any details on the ship?

JANET CARTER
 (gloating)
 Ah boss, walk this way.

She smiles at the men and says something to them in TURKISH.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL SHACK ON DOCK, SINOP, TURKEY. DAY.

They are looking at photographs of the ship.

JANET CARTER

These guys are like 'train
spotters,' but with ships coming in
and out of port.

BILL CLEARY

Holy cow! So, if they are like
train spotters, they note times of
arrival, departure, etc.?

Janet smiles and starts to walk out of the shack.

JANET CARTER

(big satisfied grin)
Ah, spying is fun.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL OFFICE, US EMBASSY ISTANBUL. NIGHT.

Cleary's on the phone in a small office. ONE DESK LIGHT glows
in the room. He's tired.

BILL CLEARY

Yeah, Bob, the photos show the
registration number, name of
vessel; we've got the crates
stacked on the deck, a bow gun, a
few of the crew.

(beat)

Yeah, yeah.

(beat)

Yeah. A week ago. I've got to
figure out how long it takes a boat
to go from here to there.

(beat; smiles)

Yeah. Thanks.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER OFFICE IN US EMBASSY, ISTANBUL. NIGHT.

Cleary walks in. Janet is talking to a NAVAL OFFICER. They
both turn their heads toward Cleary when he comes in.

JANET CARTER

I don't know how the request will stack, but it's in.

BILL CLEARY

Stack?

JANET CARTER

We've asked for a satellite to help you find your ship. One of ours this time. The requests are 'stacked' in priority.

BILL CLEARY

(like a kid)

Awesome!

JANET CARTER

It hasn't stacked yet, Boss, Commander Macdonald. Commander, my old boss at the Bureau, Special Agent Cleary.

BILL CLEARY

Commander.

COMMANDER MACDONALD

Sir.

BILL CLEARY

I've got a question. How long will it take a boat --

Commander hands Cleary A PHOTO from the boat spotters. MacDonald puts the photo down.

COMMANDER MACDONALD

Ship. I've reviewed the file with Ms. Carter.

BILL CLEARY

Thank you. Ship. To get from here to New Brunswick.

COMMANDER MACDONALD

All depends.

BILL CLEARY

Of course. But generally speaking.

COMMANDER MACDONALD

Well. It's roughly five thousand nautical miles.

BILL CLEARY

Yeah.

COMMANDER MACDONALD

That's a small vessel. Assume your ship does 15 knots --

BILL CLEARY

Okay.

COMMANDER MACDONALD

Two weeks.

BILL CLEARY

Could be more, could be less.

COMMANDER MACDONALD

Of course. Assume twenty knots, which is possible, it's ten days. Assume 27 knots, which is fast. Remotely possible. It's one week.

BILL CLEARY

You're doing this in your head.

COMMANDER MACDONALD

Yes sir.

Bill turns to Janet. Looks back at the Commander.

BILL CLEARY

What's your view, given the boat -- ship --

COMMANDER MACDONALD

Two weeks. Tops.

BILL CLEARY

We're out of time.

COMMANDER MACDONALD

You running it to ground on your end?

BILL CLEARY

Yes. My Assistant and an RCMP Detective are on it right now.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT. PLASTER ROCK, NB. EARLY MORNING.

Ruth is in bed, smiling.

Title Card: "Apartment, Plaster Rock. Day Nine." Bill Simpson lies next to her. She shakes him.

RUTH CUSHING
Detective! Detective!

Simpson moans.

RUTH CUSHING (CONT'D)
Detective!

BOB SIMPSON
(wakes)
Yes?

RUTH CUSHING
It's coffee time.

Simpson moans.

RUTH CUSHING (CONT'D)
(shaking him)
Make me my coffee Detective.

BOB SIMPSON
(rolls and looks at her)
Okay.

Phone RINGS. Simpson answers it.

BOB SIMPSON (CONT'D)
Simpson.

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
We've got days.

BOB SIMPSON
Huh. So get your ass back here.

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
On my way.

BOB SIMPSON
We're working it.

Smiles at Cushing.

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
Terrific. See you both soon.

BOB SIMPSON
Great.

He hangs up, gets up, walks toward kitchen in boxers.

BOB SIMPSON (CONT'D)
Your boss said to say hi.

Ruth watches him walk off.

RUTH CUSHING
Oh, gosh.

CUT TO:

INT. BOSTON LOGAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. AFTERNOON.

Cleary is tired. He walks past immigration into the terminal.

BILL CLEARY
(into phone)
John? Got a minute for an old pal.

CUT TO:

EXT. FENWAY PARK, BOSTON. NIGHT.

Cleary is sitting with John Anderson (older, heavier, a classic Irish Cop) in a sky box at Fenway Park.

JOHN ANDERSON
One of the perks, Boss.

BILL CLEARY
Don't call me that. Janet kept calling me that.

JOHN ANDERSON
You got fat, boss.

BILL CLEARY
You too.

JOHN ANDERSON
I was already fat. And I'm content.

Gives Cleary a look.

BILL CLEARY
I'm working on it.

JOHN ANDERSON
How's Lively?

BILL CLEARY
Seems okay. A politician.

JOHN ANDERSON

Yeah. That's the word. They mostly stay out of our way. What's up?

BILL CLEARY

I've got some people. They might be moving a bomb into New Brunswick.

JOHN ANDERSON

What's Lively say?

BILL CLEARY

Paper the record.

JOHN ANDERSON

Shit.

BILL CLEARY

Well, he doesn't know everything. I'm doing more than cleared to do.

JOHN ANDERSON

You briefed him today, right?

BILL CLEARY

Uhhh -

JOHN ANDERSON

Bill. He's your boss.

BILL CLEARY

He'd just tell me to stop.

JOHN ANDERSON

I'd tell you to stop and I trust you. Don't piss him off boss ...

BILL CLEARY

Yeah. Ruth keeps telling me that. Know anyone good in Maine?

JOHN ANDERSON

I'll find out.

BILL CLEARY

I'm worried the bomb's for here.

JOHN ANDERSON

That's a big statement.

Someone at the plate hits the ball hard and the crowd jumps to its feet and roars with approval. Anderson and Cleary sit and watch the white ball arch into the dark summer sky.

JOHN ANDERSON (CONT'D)
That'd suck.

BILL CLEARY
Yup.

JOHN ANDERSON
Keep me posted please.

CUT TO:

INT. PLASTER ROCK OPERATIONS CENTER, PLASTER ROCK, NB. NIGHT.

The Plaster Rock operations center is buzzing. Cleary walks into the room past THREE RCMP DETECTIVES working, piling notes onto the wall-sized map of Miramichi Bay. Officer McHugh is in the room, as are a few other local officers from other Maine towns. Cleary walks through the busy main room and into a back office, where he puts two LARGE BOXES OF FRESH DONUTS on a counter. Simpson is at a desk, hammering away on a keyboard. Ruth is there too, staring at multiple computer screens. Simpson jumps up when he sees Cleary.

BOB SIMPSON
Hey Bill! I'm securing warrants for some bad guys in Barryville. We think they might be linked to this.

BILL CLEARY
Terrific. Hi Ruth. Can I come?

BOB SIMPSON
Nope. All Canadian.

BILL CLEARY
Tracing phones?

BOB SIMPSON
No. Phones are still dark.

Simpson and Cleary move to a large MAP OF THE BORDER FROM NORTHERN QUEBEC TO THE COAST BETWEEN MAINE AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

BOB SIMPSON (CONT'D)
And whether we trace them or not, we need to know what's going on from here --

Points to northern tip of Maine/Quebec border --

BOB SIMPSON (CONT'D)
A town called Pohenegamook --

Moves hand all the way to the coast --

BOB SIMPSON (CONT'D)
To here. Houlton, where the highway crossing is, and south to Eastport and then it's islands.

BILL CLEARY
That's daunting.

BOB SIMPSON
If we miss them in Canada we need to know how to trap where they cross into the states.

BILL CLEARY
I'll talk to the Border guys.

RUTH CUSHING
(has come up behind them)
You should talk to Lively.

Cleary turns around.

BILL CLEARY
Nag.

Ruth gives him a withering 'you're being an idiot' look.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
Call the border guys. Get me someone for tomorrow please? And I'll ask McHugh to ride with me.

BOB SIMPSON
I'll get a Canadian border guy -

RUTH CUSHING
Call your boss.

Ruth walks off, picks up the phone.

BILL CLEARY
(to Simpson)
Just so we're on the same page, according to the US Navy, with a really fast ship they are already here. Even with an average ship we have no time.

BOB SIMPSON
With a slow ship?

BILL CLEARY
We have a few days, Bob, at best.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN PLASTER ROCK. LATE NIGHT.

Cleary is walking to his car. Phone RINGS. He fumbles for it.

BILL CLEARY
(into phone)
Cleary.

MOLLY LAMBERT (O.C.)
Hello! You're back!

BILL CLEARY
(smiles)
I'm back.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE IN CANADA. NIGHT.

Molly is in a warm, worn kitchen in her old farmhouse. She's on a PHONE WITH A CORD! She is leaning against the counter and smiles as she talks on the phone.

MOLLY LAMBERT
Welcome home.

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
Thanks. Good to be home. Though I'm not really. I'm in Plaster Rock.

MOLLY
Oh. Hmmm. Are you driving back to Caribou tonight?

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
I was planning to.

Molly shifts her weight, leans over a bit. Straightens.

MOLLY
Do you want to come over?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN PLASTER ROCK. NIGHT.

Cleary stops, smiles, shoves his free hand into his pocket; leans forward as he answers.

BILL CLEARY
I'd love to.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE IN CANADA. NIGHT.

Cleary sits in his car outside an old red farmhouse. He looks at the house, lit from within and still visible in the gloam of a late summer night. It is a bright, warm light in the darkness. Cleary gets out of his car, walks to the porch. Molly is there. She holds the door, ushers him in. She leans against the door frame as he walks in.

CUT TO:

INT. BIG KITCHEN, OLD FARMHOUSE IN CANADA. NIGHT.

The kitchen is comfortable and old; like a favorite chipped cup. The furniture is long broken in, the walls covered in art. A PHOTO OF A YOUNG SOLDIER hangs near the stove. Molly has backed into the room. She watches Bill circle around like a dog looking for the best place to roll into a ball on the floor. He looks tired.

MOLLY
Good trip?

BILL CLEARY
Pardon? Oh. Yeah. Good trip.

MOLLY
Where were you?

BILL CLEARY
Turkey.

MOLLY
Turkey?!

BILL CLEARY
Yeah.

He sits at the table. Runs his hands along its worn wood.

MOLLY LAMBERT
Hungry?

BILL CLEARY
 (shakes his head)
 No. Not really. I like this room.

MOLLY
 Thanks. Want desert?

BILL CLEARY
 No. I'm good.

He looks up.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
 But thanks.

MOLLY LAMBERT
 A beer?

BILL CLEARY
 (holds up a finger in
 agreement)
 Ah. A night cap. Thanks.

MOLLY LAMBERT
 You're welcome.

She pulls a BEER out of the fridge. He looks around.

BILL CLEARY
 Are you having one?

MOLLY
 No. No.

BILL CLEARY
 Been here long?

MOLLY LAMBERT
 Yes. Yes.
 (really fast)
 Want to stay the night?

Molly hands him the beer.

BILL CLEARY
 (smiles)
 Yes. Yes.

She smiles.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
 What have I done to deserve such a
 bright light in the darkness?

Molly blushes.

MOLLY LAMBERT

I believe you are losing weight,
Special Agent.

Molly joins Bill at the table. We see them start to talk.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE IN CANADA. DAWN.

Cleary is walking to his car. Title card: "Day Ten."

He turns to look at the house and then gets into the car.

CUT TO:

INT. CLEARY'S CAR. BORDER. DAWN.

Cleary pulls out his GPS. We see from his POV a map of the border region. He sighs. It's a lot of land.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL BORDER STATION BETWEEN MAINE AND NEW BRUNSWICK.
EARLY MORNING.

Cleary pulls in and McHugh, a CANADIAN BORDER GUY and BORDER AGENT 1 walk out the door of the small unassuming border station. They climb into the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVING THE BORDER. DAWN INTO DAY INTO DUSK.

MONTAGE scene of the four agents driving the border. This montage covers the northern tip of Maine and Canada from Pohenegamook, Quebec back to Grand Falls and south, eventually driving on small pencil lines of roads. We watch Cleary take notes and the three men talk as they visit and discuss the countless tiny border crossings. They talk to some people along the way. Eventually, as the day wears on, they are in Lower California, New Brunswick. A name still on a map but really just rural farm land.

CUT TO:

INT. CLEARY'S CAR. DUSK.

We see the GPS from Cleary's POV. They are now parked on "unknown road," south of the town of Lower California, NB, just east of the United States. We watch Cleary take notes. The other three get out of the car and stretch, breathing in the clear air. Border Agent 1 takes a leak. When he finishes taking notes Cleary climbs out of the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. BORDER BETWEEN NEW BRUNSWICK AND MAINE. EVENING.

The land is open and a huge sky pushes down on him. They are beat. Nothing to stop anyone from crossing here. Cleary's face shows what the border shows: If the RCMP does not stop the smugglers there is no obvious way to stop them from crossing into the United States. Cleary takes out his PHONE - we see from his POV there is no signal. He tosses the phone back into the car, pissed. He sighs again.

BILL CLEARY

No signal. And we're only half way to Houlton. Enough for one day.

They climb back into the car to drive back to the US. It is as easy as pie and no one is there to stop them

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE, CARIBOU, MAINE. EARLY MORNING.

Cleary walks in. Title Card: "Day Eleven."

Border Agent 1, BORDER AGENT 2 and one other US CUSTOMS AND BORDER PROTECTION OFFICER are waiting for him. They are flirting with Ruth. He welcomes them. They walk back to the conference room.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE, CONFERENCE ROOM CARIBOU, MAINE. EARLY MORNING.

The border agents are getting settled.

BILL CLEARY

Thanks for coming in. Ruth's given you some background?

BORDER AGENT 2
Yeah. Good briefing.

BILL CLEARY
So. How do we stop something coming
across?

The agents laugh.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
I don't see what's funny.

BORDER AGENT 1
You were driving the car yesterday?
When we drove the border?

BILL CLEARY
We learned a lot.

BORDER AGENT 2
Van Buren Station covers over one
hundred fifty miles of rural
border, mostly farms and woodland.
We have eighteen manned stations --
some twenty-four hours and some not
-- and hundreds --

BORDER AGENT 1
-- hundreds --

BORDER AGENT 2
-- of unmanned access points --

BORDER AGENT 1
-- that's roads --

BORDER AGENT 2
-- thanks --

BILL CLEARY
There are people along the border.
They can help.

BORDER AGENT 1
(nods)
Could.

BILL CLEARY
You have detection systems.

BORDER AGENT 2
Not fully deployed.

BORDER AGENT 1

Yet.

BORDER AGENT 2

Well. That's helpful.

BORDER AGENT 1

Cleary. I'll assign agents to your op. We'll spend the day talking along the border. We will do what we can between Pohenegamook and the coast.

BORDER AGENT 2

Don't bet your badge we'll stop them.

BORDER AGENT 1

And it's not coming out of my budget --

BORDER AGENT 2

(to agent 1)

Should he call the Coasties?

BORDER AGENT 1

(to agent 2)

They'll laugh.

BORDER AGENT 2

Well. We did.

BORDER AGENT 1

No. Don't call them yet.

BORDER AGENT 2

You've got to understand, Special Agent, people want the border secure but people want to be able to drive back and forth over the border without any hassles.

BORDER AGENT 1

It's a conundrum.

BORDER AGENT 2

(looking at Agent 1)

More ironic than puzzling.

BORDER AGENT 1

It's puzzling.

BILL CLEARY
Well. Let's go over what we can do.

CUT TO:

INT. CLEARY'S OFFICE. MORNING.

Ruth comes in mid-briefing.

RUTH CUSHING
Excuse me, Bill? You know you asked
me to find Flynn?

BILL CLEARY
(doesn't look up)
Yeah.

RUTH CUSHING
I can't access the network.

Cleary looks up. Looks back at the border agents.

BILL CLEARY
Excuse me.

He and Ruth walk out of the office into the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE, HALLWAY. CARIBOU, MAINE. MORNING.

They are standing close to each other, talking low.

RUTH CUSHING
The passwords are no good. They
were rejected and now I'm blocked.

BILL CLEARY
What do you mean my passwords are
no good? You typed them wrong.

RUTH CUSHING
(indignant)
I did not type them wrong. Your
passwords are no good.

BILL CLEARY
I don't get it.

RUTH CUSHING

(sarcastic)

Well, to get into a secure network you need a password? And only you are supposed to use them, but you've given them to me and I access all the networks for you? The passwords have been cancelled.

BILL CLEARY

Everyone does it.

RUTH CUSHING

Maybe Boston wants to talk to you?

BILL CLEARY

Uh-huh.

Ruth pokes her finger into Cleary's chest. Grits her teeth.

RUTH CUSHING

If this gets me in trouble I will eviscerate you Bill Cleary.

BILL CLEARY

(ignores her)

To find Flynn? Call Simpson and ask him to give you a guy.

RUTH CUSHING

I am not an Agent, Special Agent.

BILL CLEARY

(exasperated)

Ruth!

RUTH CUSHING

Okay! But call Boston.

CUT TO:

INT. CLEARY'S OFFICE. MORNING.

Cleary runs into an empty office and dials on A SPEAKER PHONE. Ruth walks in.

SAM LIVELY (O.C.)

Lively.

BILL CLEARY

Sam? You changed all my passwords.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM LIVELY'S OFFICE IN BOSTON. MORNING.

Lively (dressed casually -- this is Sunday) is standing with a big grin on his face.

SAM LIVELY
 (into phone)
 Yes. I did. You have your secretary
 accessing classified networks.

CUT TO:

INT. CLEARY'S OFFICE. MORNING.

Cleary stands up.

BILL CLEARY
 She's not a secretary. And she's
 helping me. I can't do everything --

CUT TO:

INT. SAM LIVELY'S OFFICE IN BOSTON. MORNING.

SAM LIVELY
 (all into phone)
 I told you I liked you, right?

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
 You did.

SAM LIVELY
 (trying to stay calm)
 That was before you ignored a
 direct order not to share
 intelligence with the Canadians.

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
 Yes sir. Can I get an agent
 assigned to this --

SAM LIVELY
 (interrupting)
 Are you mad?!

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
 (taken aback)
 No.

SAM LIVELY
You have also violated a direct
order not to talk to the Agency.

CUT TO:

INT. CLEARY'S OFFICE. MORNING.

BILL CLEARY
(leans over speaker phone)
Yes sir, but --

CUT TO:

INT. SAM LIVELY'S OFFICE IN BOSTON. MORNING.

Temperature rising.

SAM LIVELY
(into phone)
You gave classified access to a
secretary.

CUT TO:

INT. CLEARY'S OFFICE. MORNING.

Cleary puts head into hands; Ruth is watching, arm's crossed.

BILL CLEARY
Sir --

SAM LIVELY (O.C.)
And not only have I learned you
talked to the Agency --
(shouting)
I have learned you flew to Turkey --
on my counter-terrorism budget --
to investigate with the Agency
claims a bomb is moving by ship to
New Brunswick!

Cleary listens.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM LIVELY'S OFFICE IN BOSTON. MORNING.

SAM LIVELY
(blowing a complete
gasket)

I don't care if your secretary is a fucking concert pianist! She's not cleared. I said paper the record, not start a major investigation. I asked you to keep me informed. Bob Simpson knows what you are doing. He's RCMP. Your secretary knows what you are doing. The Border Patrol knows what you are doing. In fact, I believe they are with you right now. Is that right?

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
Yes Sir.

SAM LIVELY
The C-fucking I-A knows what you are doing. The Navy knows what you are doing. Boston P-D knows what you are doing. *I don't know what the fuck you are doing!!!!* Stand the fuck down!

CUT TO:

INT. CLEARY'S OFFICE. MORNING.

Cleary is listening, thinking.

BILL CLEARY
Director. My apologies. I've gotten ahead of myself but this is real --

SAM LIVELY (O.C.)
(distorted yelling)
It's over!! Finish it up!!

BILL CLEARY
But sir --

SAM LIVELY
The icing, Agent Cleary? Your local police chief called me to ask for mileage for an officer. I told you not to talk to the local police, not to spend money, to keep me informed. Which of those three orders did you follow.

There is silence.

SAM LIVELY (CONT'D)
That's right! None of them!

We hear the LINE GO DEAD. Cleary hangs up.

RUTH CUSHING
Well that went well.

BILL CLEARY
Not now Ruth.

RUTH CUSHING
Not now?! I've been telling you.
Keep him *informed*. Don't be a *pig*
head. Bob is working his butt off.
He needs you to be *smart* and *good*.
Not a *pig head* and good.

BILL CLEARY
(looks up)
Bob?

RUTH CUSHING
(embarrassed)
Yes. Detective Simpson.

BILL CLEARY
(smiles)
Bob?

RUTH CUSHING
He's a nice man.

Cleary gets up and grabs his coat.

BILL CLEARY
Okay, I'll suck up and get the pass
codes back.

Ruth blocks his way. She needs to tell him something and she
knows he's not going to like it --

RUTH CUSHING
Boss.

BILL CLEARY
And I need you to keep helping
Simpson because you heard Lively
shoot down a second agen --

RUTH CUSHING
Boss.

BILL CLEARY
We are running out of time. And you
never told me I'm a pig head.

RUTH CUSHING
Boss!

BILL CLEARY
Yeah.

RUTH CUSHING
The tasking request --

BILL CLEARY
The satellite?

RUTH CUSHING
Denied.

BILL CLEARY
(bangs desk hard)
Fuck!

RUTH CUSHING
Boss!

BILL CLEARY
Of course. Boston killed it.

Cleary is dialing again.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
Why didn't you tell me before I
called Lively??

RUTH CUSHING
You did not give me time. And. If I
could. I would suggest now is not
the right time to call --

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON. MORNING.

Lively is at his desk. Phone RINGS. He hits SPEAKER button.
Handlers have walked into the room. They are in suits even
thought it is a Sunday.

SAM LIVELY
Lively.

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
Why deny my tasking request?

SAM LIVELY
 (smiles; looks at
 handlers)
 Cleary? Again so soon?

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
 Yes, Cleary. Why?!

SAM LIVELY
 Are you kidding?

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE, CARIBOU, MAINE. MORNING.

Cleary stands. He and Ruth are listening on the SPEAKER.

BILL CLEARY
 (into phone)
 Why? We have a clear target; well
 identified; good, collaborated
 intelligence --

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON. MORNING.

Lively leans forward on his desk; interrupts Cleary.

SAM LIVELY
 (voice escalates from icy
 anger to rage)
 I told you to *shut. this. down.* I
 don't care if you've got a signed
 confession. I killed the request
 because I will not have agents
 under my command go around my back
 asking the United States of America
 to assign a significant asset to an
 investigation. *Without a budget!*

Spittle flies.

SAM LIVELY (CONT'D)
 This is *my* responsibility, not
 yours; *my* authority. I will not
 have you -- or anyone else --
 usurping that authority!

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE, CARIBOU, MAINE. MORNING.

Cleary is standing. Stunned. We hear a HISS over the phone line. Neither man is saying anything. Finally --

BILL CLEARY
(quietly)
You killed it because I didn't ask?

SAM LIVELY (O.C.)
You had NO authority --

BILL CLEARY
The whole thing. You're killing the investigation because I didn't ask.

SAM LIVELY (O.C.)
(quietly; firmly)
Shut it down. If you do not you will be in serious trouble.

Cleary hangs up the phone. Cleary sits on his desk.

BILL CLEARY
Fu --.

He doesn't swear because Ruth is there.

RUTH CUSHING
Bill?

Cleary looks up; she doesn't usually call him Bill. Cleary walks past her to leave the office.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE IN CANADA. DAY.

Molly and Cleary sit at the kitchen table. He's drinking a cup of coffee. Neither is talking. She's watching him.

MOLLY
That's it?

BILL CLEARY
That's a lot.

MOLLY
So what are you going to do?

BILL CLEARY

(looks up)

Ten years. I've been trying to make myself invisible; erase myself.

MOLLY

But.

BILL CLEARY

Yeah. But.

He drinks some coffee.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)

Good coffee.

They sit for a minute. We hear a CLOCK TICKING.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)

If I pursue this I am risking everything. If I'm wrong I'll be more than done.

Cleary's jaw works. He is as tense as a cocked gun. Molly reaches over and takes his hands.

MOLLY

Are you wrong?

Cleary looks Molly in the eye. He is starting to lose it.

BILL CLEARY

No.

MOLLY

Are you worried about your job?

Cleary looks at her.

BILL CLEARY

Molly. He's going to have me arrested.

MOLLY

What do you want?

BILL CLEARY

I want none of this to have happened.

MOLLY

Well. Good luck with that one.

Cleary now does lose it.

BILL CLEARY

Not a day goes by. I don't think about what I didn't do. All those people --

MOLLY

It's easy to look back --

BILL CLEARY

You have no idea how not easy --

She reaches and puts her arms around him. He finally lets go. We watch her hold him.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)

Yeah. And now it is happening again. Why me?

She pulls back. Brushes her hand through his hair.

MOLLY

To be honest, Special Agent, everyone wants none of this to have ever happened. Everyone wants the last ten years -- more now -- not to have happened.

BILL CLEARY

Of course --

MOLLY

Why you? Why any of us. You asked about my brother? At our first dinner? My baby brother? My baby brother is dead. That's his photo by the stove. He died near Kandahar. Why him?

BILL CLEARY

I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

MOLLY

It's okay, Bill. He did what he did. He tried. Now, why you? I don't blame you for not predicting what those men did on 9/11. And I for one am glad it's you now. They won't pull it off again. Are you right and Lively wrong?

BILL CLEARY

I think so.

MOLLY

Think?!

BILL CLEARY

I know so. I am right.

MOLLY

So?

They sit. She is looking at him hard. He looks back. He gets up and walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP. PLASTER ROCK, NEW BRUNSWICK. DAY.

Cleary is leaning against Simpson's truck. Simpson is standing with him.

BILL CLEARY

No satellite.

BOB SIMPSON

Never used one before anyway.

Cleary doesn't get Simpson's calm.

BILL CLEARY

Why are you, so, you?

BOB SIMPSON

Look. We know the bad guys plan to move a bomb by truck from the bay to somewhere. It's probably --

BILL CLEARY

-- Boston --

BOB SIMPSON

-- of course.

BILL CLEARY

My worst nightmare.

BOB SIMPSON

And you've got a buddy who's high ranking in Boston.

BILL CLEARY

I do.

Cleary looks down the street. Simpson nudges him.

BOB SIMPSON
If Lively won't back you --

BILL CLEARY
-- he won't --

BOB SIMPSON
Fucker.

BILL CLEARY
Yeah.

BOB SIMPSON
You still in?

BILL CLEARY
Sort of need to shoot the moon
here, Bob. Canada still in?

BOB SIMPSON
Of course. I bet Boston P-D will
back you.

BILL CLEARY
I can call Anderson.

BOB SIMPSON
Yeah. So that's Boston and Canada.
Who else believes you?

BILL CLEARY
I'm sure Janet would support some
response. The border guys.

BOB SIMPSON
Good. And the locals. Ruth's Uncle
or cousin.

BILL CLEARY
Some Maine-iacs -- that State-ie
John told me to call. Fish and
game. Hell, the little league team.
I'll get them out with their
iPhones. The border guys will talk
to people along the edge.

BOB SIMPSON
You're definitely going to get
arrested.

Cleary shuffles his feet.

BILL CLEARY
I want a freakin' cigarette.

BOB SIMPSON
I wondered about that! You've quit.

BILL CLEARY
I don't think about it that way. I
just haven't been smoking.

He looks at Simpson.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
I'd like one now.

Simpson looks at Cleary.

BOB SIMPSON
How about we shoot these guys
instead?

CUT TO:

INT. MAINE STATE POLICE BARRACKS. DAY.

Cleary is talking to some Maine STATE TROOPERS; big guys, short hair, paying close attention as Cleary talks; we can't hear what he's saying but from their look we can tell what it is. One nods. One picks up a PHONE and dials

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL POLICE OFFICE, CARIBOU, MAINE. DAY.

Same deal. Cleary is talking to some local cops from more than one agency with McHugh clearly organizing them all; we can't hear but we know what he's talking about.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL OFFICE, US EMBASSY ISTANBUL. EARLY MORNING.

Janet is holding her BLACKBERRY, is reading a text, smiling. She sits up, starts pulling stuff together to leave

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE, CARIBOU, MAINE. LATE DAY.

Anderson and two other BOSTON POLICE OFFICERS are in Cleary's office. They are listening to Cleary, taking notes;

Anderson gestures to one of the officers. Anderson whispers to him, he peels off and makes a call on his cell.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT IN PLASTER ROCK. LATE NIGHT.

Simpson is talking with Canadian cops and border agents. They are listening, nodding.

CUT TO:

INT. PLASTER ROCK OPERATIONS CENTER, PLASTER ROCK, NB. EARLY MORNING.

Cleary, Cushing, Simpson, Anderson, McHugh and some other local cops, Boston PD and Canadian operations team are sitting around a table. Title Card: "Plaster Rock Operations Center. Day Twelve." They've been up all night. Janet Carter comes in.

BILL CLEARY

Janet!

JANET CARTER

Wouldn't miss it. The air base makes it convenient, too.

Anderson gets up, walks over and gives her a big hug.

JOHN ANDERSON

Carter. You got old.

JANET CARTER

(pushes him away, smiles)
Fuck you. And you're still fat.

She pokes him. Looks back at Cleary.

JANET CARTER (CONT'D)

What do you need me to do?

BILL CLEARY

Control. You manage it all. Any one of these officers can get you set up. Simpson - can you give her a phone. Everyone. Take her number.

They pass phone numbers back and forth -- a Canadian officer clears a desk space near the map for Janet. At the same time A CANADIAN BORDER OFFICER comes into the room.

CANADIAN BORDER OFFICER
Detective, we just got a call --

Simpson stands up. So do a few cops.

BOB SIMPSON
Yes?

CANADIAN BORDER OFFICER
It was from out past Costigan, near
the border?

BOB SIMPSON
Yes?

CANADIAN BORDER OFFICER
Someone from one of the new houses
out there --

BOB SIMPSON
What is it Officer!?

CANADIAN BORDER OFFICER
Heavy tire treads off Shannon Road
toward the border --

BILL CLEARY
How long??

CANADIAN BORDER OFFICER
Not a half an hour --

BILL CLEARY
Janet, you're on.

JANET CARTER
Got it.

Lots of motion. Ruth is running *in* as everyone else is
running *out*.

RUTH CUSHING
Where are you all going??

BILL CLEARY
We think they crossed near
Limestone. Our Limestone.

RUTH CUSHING
Yeah. I'm getting texts and a kid
south of Limestone posted on
Facebook a photo he took of a big
truck. He and his Dad were just
going fishing --

Cleary looks at Ruth's PHONE.

BILL CLEARY
Where??

RUTH CUSHING
Heading west on Bog Road toward
Caribou --

BILL CLEARY
When??

RUTH CUSHING
Well. Now.

BILL CLEARY
(as runs out)
Janet! Send that photo to everyone!

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 229 BETWEEN CANADIAN LIMESTONE AND BORDER. EARLY MORNING.

Cleary is driving fast. He's on his phone.

CARIBOU COP (O.C.)
Caribou Police, Officer Amaund.

BILL CLEARY
Listen. They're heading toward you.

CARIBOU COP (O.C.)
Who is?

BILL CLEARY
A large white semi - stand by for a
photo of the truck - on Bog Road.

CARIBOU COP (O.C.)
This is funny. Boston FBI wants me
to arrest you.

BILL CLEARY
After we stop the truck.

CARIBOU COP (O.C.)
(chuckles)
Okay. Where's McHugh?

BILL CLEARY
 With us, heading back on two-two-
 nine. Be careful.

CUT TO:

INT. PICK UP TRUCK. DAWN.

Simpson is driving fast -- LIGHTS but no siren. Ruth is with him. She's on her phone.

RUTH CUSHING
 Boss! I just got a text. They are
 through Caribou and heading west on
 one-sixty-four.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAND FALLS ROAD. BORDER BETWEEN NB AND ME. EARLY
 MORNING.

Cleary flies up. Border guy is waving him right through. He
 pauses and rolls down window.

BILL CLEARY
 Thanks. Do you have a helicopter?

BORDER AGENT ON GRAND FALLS ROAD
 CROSSING
 Not with me sir.

BILL CLEARY
 Secure one. Send it to highway one-
 sixty-four west of Caribou. Have
 them contact C-I-A on this number.
 She's at Plaster Rock Op Center.

Hands agent a card. Takes off. It's quiet as a country dawn
 when Cleary drives off.

BORDER AGENT ON GRAND FALLS ROAD
 CROSSING
 What the fuck?

He walks into his station.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 164 WEST OF CARIBOU. EARLY MORNING.

We see from overhead a white truck barreling down a state road. The road is otherwise empty.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN CARIBOU, MAINE. EARLY MORNING.

Local police, Cleary and border patrol police race out of town -- LIGHTS, no sirens.

CUT TO:

EXT. LORING AIR BASE, MAINE. EARLY MORNING.

An AIR GUARD HELICOPTER is taking off. Border Agent 1 is on the tarmac. He pulls out HIS PHONE.

BORDER AGENT 1

Cleary?

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)

Yeah?

BORDER AGENT 1

It's a Guard helicopter. Armed. You got any support on this?

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)

Ahh, no.

BORDER AGENT 1

Got any radiological guys? Bomb guys? Federal support at all?

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)

Ahh, no. This one seems to have mostly slipped through the cracks.

The Agent is standing on the empty runway. He looks down the strip. There is a bright blue sky forming out of the dawn.

BORDER AGENT 1

Well, I convinced the Colonel to launch this ship and I'll get what I can get. What are they carrying?

BILL CLEARY

I assume nuclear.

BORDER AGENT 1
A nuclear *bomb* or a dirty bomb.

BILL CLEARY
Don't know.

BORDER AGENT 1
Jesus Christ.

BILL CLEARY
Exactly.

BORDER AGENT 1
Well. My partner is on the
helicopter. We'll do what we can.

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
Thanks. You'll be getting a call
from an old teammate of mine. She's
managing logistics. C-I-A.

BORDER AGENT 1
Ten four.

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
Go on Facebook too. Every kid in
Maine is tracking this truck.

BORDER AGENT 1
Cool.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHBURN, ME. MORNING.

The truck rolls slowly through Washburn. A few people on the
street notice it, watch it carefully. A man snaps a photo
with his I PHONE.

CUT TO:

INT. CLEARY'S CAR. RACING WEST TOWARD WASHBURN, ME. MORNING.

Cleary's phone RINGS.

BILL CLEARY
(into phone)
Yes?

JANET CARTER (O.C.)
We're getting calls and images from
Washburn.

(MORE)

JANET CARTER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 The truck's crossed the river just south of town. Must be heading to two-twenty-seven. They don't seem to know we are on them.

Cleary looks behind him. Sees Simpson's truck and a cruiser.

BILL CLEARY
 Terrific.

Cleary hangs up. Dials again.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Yes. Special Agent Cleary for Director Lively.
 (beat)
 Yes. I'll hold. Track him down please.

Cleary drives fast. Simpson's PICK UP TRUCK, LIGHTS GOING, passes him. Cleary smiles.

SAM LIVELY (O.C.)
 Lively.

BILL CLEARY
 (into phone)
 We can debate it later, but we are tracking a semi tractor-trailer, crossed border on a class-4 road, taking back roads heading west.

SAM LIVELY
 You're *what!!*

BILL CLEARY
 We need to stop that truck. Director, if there's a nuclear device in that trailer guess where it's likely headed.

SAM LIVELY (O.C.)
 Boston.

BILL CLEARY
 Exactly. It won't make Boston.

SAM LIVELY (O.C.)
 What assets do you have?

BILL CLEARY
 Well, they don't seem to know we are on them. Yet.

SAM LIVELY

Good.

BILL CLEARY

Beyond that it's me, RCMP, some local cops and an Air Guard chopper. And a little league team using social media. And CIA doing logistics out of Plaster Rock.

There is silence for a minute.

SAM LIVELY (O.C.)

You better not be wrong, Cleary --

BILL CLEARY

No shit Sam --

SAM LIVELY

I'll call Defense. You'll have support in one half hour.

Cleary drives.

SAM LIVELY (CONT'D)

And send media my way.

Cleary smirks.

BILL CLEARY

Of course Sir.

SAM LIVELY

And you are under investiga --

Cleary drops the phone. Hits the steering wheel with his hand. Smiles. Passes Simpson.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET THROUGH WASHBURN, ME. MORNING.

Cleary and Simpson race through town to the bridge. People watch. Snap photos with their phones. Talk into phones.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE SOUTH OF WASHBURN. MORNING.

We watch the two cars fly across the Castle Hill Road Bridge.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD, NORTHERN MAINE. MORNING.

From POV of just behind National Guard helicopter we see the tractor-trailer driving toward a T intersection.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR GUARD HELICOPTER. MORNING.

Border Agent 2 is in the helicopter. He's talking into his head set.

BORDER AGENT 2
Cleary! We've got your target.

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
Terrific! We are in pursuit.

BORDER AGENT 2
What do I do? Shoot it?

BILL CLEARY (O.C.)
Do they know you are on them?

BORDER AGENT 2
No. Not yet.
(to pilot)
Hang back.
(to Cleary via radio)
So? Take 'em out?

BILL CLEARY
Yes. But only *disable the truck*.
Don't blow it up.

BORDER AGENT 2
Jesus Christ.

BILL CLEARY
Exactly.

BORDER AGENT 2
Weak, Special Agent, weak.

He disconnects the call, taps the pilot on the shoulder.

BORDER AGENT 2 (CONT'D)
Take it out, but don't blow it up.

HELICOPTER PILOT
On who's authority?

Border Agent 2 looks at the Pilot. An 'are you kidding' look.

HELICOPTER PILOT (CONT'D)
 No fuckin' way, Sir. I'm not
 shooting a truck without clearance.

BORDER AGENT 2
 Call your boss if you want. We've
 got to stop these guys.

We watch the truck fly down the road.

BORDER AGENT 2 (CONT'D)
 We get one chance. That truck
 crossed the border on a class four
 road, is coming through just as we
 think a shipment of a dirty bomb or
 small nuclear bomb was smuggled in.
 To sum it up: We believe that truck
 is heading to Boston with a nuclear
 device, Captain.

HELICOPTER PILOT
 Fuck you. I'm not shooting that
 truck without clearance.

BORDER AGENT 2
 We have little time. They don't
 know they're being followed --

HELICOPTER PILOT
 -- Arrogant fucks --

BORDER AGENT 2
 And if we are right about the cargo
 the time to act is now.
 (beat)
 Trust me --

HELICOPTER PILOT
 This is bullshit --

BORDER AGENT 2
 Call it in if you want! But do it!

HELICOPTER PILOT
 Stand by.

The pilot calls his Op Center. Indistinct chatter leading
 pilot into turnaround. Time is ticking away Border Agent
 2 is staring at the Pilot, tense, nervous.

BORDER AGENT 2
 (angry; pointing at the
 truck)
 (MORE)

BORDER AGENT 2 (CONT'D)

If they blow that truck up before
you get clearance, and if my skin
sloughs off from the radiation,
I'll freakin' kill you --

Border Agent 2 is tense, waiting. The pilot decides.

HELICOPTER PILOT

(into head set)

Engaging.

Pilot banks the helicopter, we see the truck from pilot's POV. He fires a burst of high-caliber TRACER ROUNDS from an ONBOARD WEAPON. We see the TRACES and watch the truck take hits in the cab and tires on the front of the trailer. The cab spins, slowly, out of control. The driver tries to maintain trajectory on the road, but the cab slides sideways, out of control. As the truck crosses the "T" intersection the trailer overtakes the cab, crushing it, and the rig piles into some trees. Pilot turns the helicopter, from his POV we see cars racing down the road. Smoke and fire are coming up from the truck but it does not explode.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD, NORTHERN MAINE. MORNING.

Cleary pulls over. Simpson follows, behind him. They are 100 yards from the truck. As they pull over fire trucks race forward. Simpson and Cleary get out of their vehicles.

BOB SIMPSON

(watching the fire trucks
attack the fire and
smoke)

That's brave.

BILL CLEARY

Yes. It is.

John Anderson walks up with McHugh. They have WEAPONS drawn. Simpson and Cushing stand with Cleary. Cleary is unarmed.

JOHN ANDERSON

Glad we're here and not on the
Longfellow Bridge.

Simpson looks at the service weapon in his hand, notices Cleary does not have a weapon, puts the weapon on safety and hands the SERVICE SIDE-ARM to Cleary.

BOB SIMPSON

Here. A gift.

Cleary puts the weapon in a pocket. As we stand there FIGHTER JETS SCREAM across the sky. The group watches.

BILL CLEARY
Overkill?

RUTH CUSHING
Cut him some slack, boss.

OFFICER AUMAND
Cleary. I'm supposed to arrest you.

Cleary turns and looks at him.

BILL CLEARY
Can you give it five minutes? I think I'm in the clear.

Cleary smiles broadly. Ruth walks up to him; hugs him.

FADE TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD, NORTHERN MAINE. DAY.

Cleary and Simpson are leaning on Simpson's truck. There are HELICOPTERS, BIG TRUCKS WITH TRAILERS AND BUSY BUREAUCRATS, ALL FORMS OF LAW ENFORCEMENT and MILITARY running around. Cleary and Simpson are wearing SOME KIND OF FABRIC SCRUB SUIT instead of the clothes they had on earlier.

BOB SIMPSON
Might as well smoke, Special Agent.

BILL CLEARY
Radiation that high?

BOB SIMPSON
I don't know a lot about it. The radiology guys didn't seem worried.

BILL CLEARY
Well, they really scrubbed us.

BOB SIMPSON
Did you take the iodine thing?

BILL CLEARY
I did.

They stand still for a beat.

BOB SIMPSON
I didn't.

BILL CLEARY
That guy over there --
(points vaguely)
He told me it's nothing but they
need to follow the protocol.

BOB SIMPSON
I'm not getting an X-ray or
watching TV for, oh, thirty years.

BILL CLEARY
(grins)
Lots of sunblock.

Cleary looks at the commotion around him.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
I'll pass. On the cigarette.

The two stand for another long beat.

BOB SIMPSON
Media's not here yet.

Cleary smiles. Looks at Bob.

BILL CLEARY
Lively's taking media calls. In
Boston.

Simpson laughs.

BOB SIMPSON
Let's get cleared. Go to the gym.

BILL CLEARY
Yeah.

Cleary folds his arms.

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)
I'd like to see Molly.

BOB SIMPSON
She'd like to see you too.

BILL CLEARY
How do you know?

BOB SIMPSON
She's my cousin.

BILL CLEARY
 (looks up at the sky)
 Cool day.

Cleary and Simpson watch all of the activity.

BOB SIMPSON
 Territorial defense.

BILL CLEARY
 Huh?

BOB SIMPSON
 Rent "Mrs. Miniver."

BILL CLEARY
 Ah, okay.

BOB SIMPSON
 Trust the people.

BILL CLEARY
 United Flight 93.

BOB SIMPSON
 Northwest flight to Detroit.

BILL CLEARY
 The street vendor in Times Square.
 (beat)
 Speaking of people, where's Flynn?

Simpson smiles.

BOB SIMPSON
 Orlando. Took his kids. Wanted to
 see his parents.

BILL CLEARY
 I figured he was dead. He deserves
 a medal.

BOB SIMPSON
 We won't arrest him for a year.

Cleary laughs.

BOB SIMPSON (CONT'D)
 Going back to Caribou?

BILL CLEARY
 (looks up at the sky)
 Well. Might stay for a while.
 (MORE)

BILL CLEARY (CONT'D)

Less sun. That'll be good for me
I'd guess.

BOB SIMPSON

Not going back to your old life?

BILL CLEARY

What old life? I like it here.

BOB SIMPSON

I told you it'd grow on you. God
draws straight lines with crooked
ones, Special Agent.

Cleary looks at Simpson - same thing Ruth said two weeks ago.
They watch the commotion around them.

BILL CLEARY

I think I want to learn how to play
pond hockey.

Cleary smiles again. Simpson goes around the truck

BOB SIMPSON

Molly'll teach you. She's good.

Simpson gets into his truck.

BILL CLEARY

Sounds great.

Cleary climbs in the passenger side. They drive off. We watch
and pull back to an arial shot as they drive away from the
chaos of the clean up. They drive north through the farm land
back toward Caribou.

FADE TO BLACK.