

WITHOUT REMORSE

by
STUART BEATTIE

based on the novel by
Tom Clancy

September 12th, 2005

INT. APARTMENT 171, APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: ROBIN ZACHARIAS (38)

taking cover behind a couch as he reloads the COLT PISTOL in his hands. He's wearing jeans and a T-shirt. A BULLET-PROOF VEST over his shirt...

...he glances aside at the dead INDONESIAN POLICEMAN lying on the floor just beyond the couch. Blood spilling from a BULLET HOLE in his head.

Other POLICEMEN are shouting in Bahasa, gripped with panic...

...not Zacharias. He peers calmly around the couch and sights three wounded JEMAAH ISLAMIAH TERRORISTS in the kitchen about fifteen yards away, frantically doing something he can't see.

SUPER: Jakarta, Indonesia

ANGLE ON: THE THREE WOUNDED TERRORISTS

defending their turf. They are bloody and beaten, but stocked for war. AK-47s. GRENADES. BULLETS. And a HOME-MADE BOMB that one of the terrorists is quickly setting to explode...

...the other two start SHOOTING at the INDONESIAN POLICE once more. Riddling the couch with powerful automatic rifle fire.

One of the bullets pierces the couch and rips into the head of an INDONESIAN POLICEMAN next to Zacharias, covering him in blood. Zacharias doesn't even flinch...

...lunging out from behind the couch now as he fires his COLT into the ferocious STORM OF BULLETS coming from the kitchen.

His shots are deadly accurate, dropping the two shooters...

...he keeps moving, fast and fluid. Into the kitchen. Where he comes upon the last WOUNDED TERRORIST who is now moments away from exploding the bomb.

The terrorist looks up into Zacharias' eyes...

...his thumb hovering dangerously over the DETONATOR.

ZACHARIAS
(subtitled)
Paradise is not waiting for you.

JI TERRORIST
We shall see, American.

And with that the terrorist goes to thumb the switch...

...but Zacharias is faster. SHOOTING the terrorist in the head from six feet away. The DETONATOR falls harmlessly.

Zacharias stares at the corpse wearily as INDONESIAN POLICE search the kitchen. In the cupboards, they discover several packed blocks of REFINED HEROIN...

...as Zacharias stares at the drugs, we hear RITTER'S VOICE:

RITTER (V.O.)

The two greatest enemies facing America today are terrorism and drugs. Sadly now -- and perhaps inevitably -- these two enemies have become one.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY - DAY

Clouds hover over the sprawling CIA complex.

SUPER: Central Intelligence Agency
Langley, Virginia

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

CLOSE ON: ROBERT RITTER (43)

in the middle of a briefing. Ritter is a man who believes in his mission. Sharp suit. Even sharper eyes. He speaks with a genuine passion and an unforgiving conviction to...

...a herd of LAW ENFORCEMENT REPRESENTATIVES who are sitting in a conference room. We see the DESK PLATES: Border Patrol, Customs, FBI, ATF, NSA etc.

A slide-show of JEMAAH ISLAMIAH TERRORIST IMAGES plays on each MONITOR set up in front of each law enforcement rep.

RITTER

Ladies and Gentlemen, meet the new face of terror -- Jemaah Islamiah, the al Qaeda of Asia... JI, as we call them, are the ones who are going to hit us in the back while we're still busy worrying about bin Laden. JI's responsible for several attacks in recent years, including the bombings of two Bali nightclubs which killed two hundred people.

As Ritter speaks, the CAMERA FINDS the only law enforcement representative not taking notes. This is HENRY TUCKER (45), Customs Bureau Officer...

...a blue collar veteran with a healthy dose of real world cynicism. He's adding five SUGAR PACKS to a CUP OF COFFEE.

Ritter notices Tucker, but doesn't acknowledge his apathy.

RITTER

Now who sponsors JI? We do. Sales of South East Asian heroin account for up to a third of JI's estimated annual income. This heroin is being smuggled everyday through our ports and across our borders.

(pause)

Our highs are funding theirs.

Tucker raises his hand and Ritter gives him a nod...

TUCKER

Henry Tucker. Customs.

RITTER

How's the coffee, Lieutenant.

TUCKER

Could be stronger, but it'll do.

RITTER

You seemed quite busy. Didn't think you were listening.

TUCKER

Well, I can do two things at once.

RITTER

What's your question.

TUCKER

1.1 million people. 62,000 thousand containers. 2,500 aircraft. 360,000 trucks and cars. That's what comes into this country *legally* each day.

...as he speaks, Ritter pours himself some coffee.

RITTER

Keep talking, I'm just making some coffee.

There's a polite ripple of laughter around the room...

...but clearly Tucker doesn't like being upstaged.

TUCKER

I'm just saying maybe the onus should be on you guys. We can't find the needle in the haystack, Mister Ritter. That's the job of the CIA, isn't it.

RITTER

And we're working around the clock, believe me. We actually have people watching JI in Indonesia right now.

TUCKER

So what do you want us to do.

RITTER

Ironically, what we don't have are people on *this* side of the fence. I need snitches. Informants.

(pause)

I need someone who can help me find these smugglers and shut them down.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAFFIC INTERSECTION, BALTIMORE - DAY

CLOSE ON: JOHN KELLY (27)

standing by a traffic intersection in a deluge of WINTER RAIN as CARS and TRUCKS rush past him. Kelly is drenched. Clearly, he's been standing here for some time...

...people hurry past him, bumping into him. They don't notice him. And he doesn't notice them. Just another fucking bum.

But there's an unusual intensity in his eyes. He's riveted to the spot, gazing at the intersection with a temperamental mix of pathos and rage.

Kelly suddenly spots something out there on the road...

...and he just walks right out into the middle of the traffic to retrieve it. Cars swerve and stop. HONKING their horns and pulling around him.

But Kelly doesn't care. Gazing at the SHARD OF PLASTIC he has found. Part of a car TAIL LIGHT. Off Kelly's weary look we --

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE, BALTIMORE - DAY

The rain falls on a convenience store near Baltimore Harbor as Kelly stops his TRUCK in the parking lot and climbs out.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE, BALTIMORE - DAY

Business is slow inside the store. The clerk, JERRY (28), looks sleep-deprived and strung out. He glances at Kelly as he enters...

...watching him wander down the aisle, grabbing RAMEN NOODLES and BEER. Kelly stops when he sees a YOUNG WOMAN in the back, something familiar about her.

The woman's clothes are tight and worn. A BACKPACK slung over her thin shoulders. A dirty, pretty face. This is PAM (21)...

...but by the fading look on Kelly's face, she's not whoever he thought she was. Pam glances at Kelly, then steals a LOAF OF BREAD right in front of him.

She hides the bread in her backpack and moves on, making no apologies. Kelly watches her head around the aisle, then he takes his food to the counter...

...glancing back over his shoulder at Pam once more.

As Jerry bags the food, we see a BANK OF CCTV MONITORS behind the counter showing all parts of the store and parking lot...

...inevitably, Jerry spots Pam stealing a SODA CAN.

JERRY

Hey. Hey, you. I can see you. It's all being recorded, cupcake.

Pam makes a run for it, passing Kelly...

...but Jerry draws a REVOLVER, leveling it.

JERRY

You gonna pay for that?

PAM

You gonna shoot me if I don't?

KELLY

I'll pay for her.

They both look at Kelly. He's not alarmed or panicked...

...he's just calmly offering Jerry a TWENTY DOLLAR BILL.

PAM

I don't need your fucking charity.

She opens her BACKPACK and dumps the food she stole on the floor. Glares at Jerry. Then stomps indignantly outside...

JERRY

I'm gonna be calling the police
just the same...

(under his breath)

...goddamn whore.

...and Kelly couldn't care less.

He collects his bags and peels outside.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE, BALTIMORE - DAY

Back out into the CASCADING RAIN. Immune to it. Crossing the lot to his truck. Kelly follows the BAGS OF FOOD inside...

INT./EXT. KELLY'S TRUCK, CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

...and he just sits there a long moment behind the wheel. The rain POUNDING against the roof and POURING down the windows.

Kelly caresses the WEDDING RING on his hand. Then pulls out the SHARD OF PLASTIC he found at the intersection. Gazing at the piece as he curls his fist around it.

He opens up the GLOVE BOX...

...and we see a 9mm P266 inside.

Kelly stares endlessly at the pistol.

KNOCK-KNOCK! The sudden sound jolts Kelly...

...it's Pam at the passenger window. He closes the GLOVE BOX, winds down the WINDOW. She stands in the rain, studying him.

PAM

Why'd you do that? Think I was
gonna blow you or something.

KELLY

You looked hungry.

She stares at him for several seconds...

...the rain drenching her, making her shiver.

PAM
Where you going?

KELLY
Back to my boat.

PAM
You have a boat?

CUT TO:

INT. KELLY'S TRUCK, STREETS - DRIVING - DAY

Pam sits beside Kelly as he navigates the streets towards the harbor. She glances nervously behind them. *Checking the cars.*

Kelly notices this. He checks his mirrors, but sees nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT YARDS, CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

The rain has stopped by the time they reach the boat yards by the bay. Kelly carries his BAGS OF FOOD along the docks up to a functional forty-one foot, custom built motor yacht...

...this is *Springer*. And by the immaculate condition in which she's kept, we can tell this boat is special to John Kelly.

Pam follows a few steps behind, out of place and trying hard to hide it. She waits on the dock as Kelly boards. He almost forgets that she's with him...

...he dumps the BAGS OF FOOD aboard, then returns to Pam by the dock. They stare at one another for several moments.

KELLY
(awkward)
I'm uh... I'm Kelly, by the way.

PAM
Pam.

They shake hands, still awkward.

PAM
I've never been on a boat before.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPRINGER, CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

Kelly expertly guides the boat out into the bay, cruising on HALF THROTTLES. Eyes on a CONTAINER SHIP in the distance...

...he glances at Pam as she emerges from below, now wearing a revealing HALTER TOP. She sits nearby, noticing a SEAL TATTOO on his forearm.

She reaches out and gently touches his tattoo...

...and Kelly hasn't been touched like that in a while.

PAM
What's this?

KELLY
From a unit I used to be in.

PAM
You a soldier-boy, Kelly.

KELLY
Not anymore.

PAM
What'd you do when you were.

KELLY
Nothing to talk to a lady about.

PAM
What the hell makes you think I'm a lady, mister.

He looks at her, amused.

PAM
I wondered how long it'd be before you smiled.

CUT TO:

EXT. KELLY'S ISLAND, CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

Springer is now moored at a remote island in the bay. There's an abandoned military outpost here. An old BOAT HOUSE and two CONCRETE BUNKERS...

...on the horizon, we can see the outlines of a CONTAINER TERMINAL feeding a revolving line of huge CONTAINER SHIPS.

INT. KITCHEN, MAIN BUNKER - DAY

The inside of the main bunker surprises Pam as she enters...

...three large rooms, covered with PAINTED DRYWALL and SOFT RUGS. It almost looks normal. *Except for the weapons slits.*

PAM
You own this place.

KELLY
I lease it. Surplus government property. It's not much but --

PAM
I like it.

Her eyes are making Kelly uncomfortable...

KELLY
You wanna drink? I've got beer and I've got, uh...beer.

...he grabs and opens two beers from the refrigerator. They CLINK bottles and take a sip. Pam holds Kelly's eyes again.

He turns and starts unloading the BAGS OF FOOD. Sensing her come up behind him. Feeling her fingers on his arm. Turning him back to face her...

...he goes still as she kisses him lightly on the mouth.

KELLY
You don't have to do that.

PAM
I can do all kinds of other stuff if you'd like --

KELLY
Pam.

PAM
What?

KELLY
Who are you running from?

PAM
Running? I ain't running.

He points to a BRUISE on her neck...

...she flinches slightly, reflexively.

KELLY
Somebody beat you. Is it the same
person who gave you the drugs?

He gently turns her wrist to expose NEEDLE TRACKS...

...she's stunned by how quickly he's read her. *And angry.* She pulls away from him. Grabs her BACKPACK. And storms outside.

EXT. DOCK, KELLY'S ISLAND - DAY

Kelly trails Pam out onto the dock as she climbs back aboard *Springer*. He stops beside the boat, staring across at her...

KELLY
Look --

PAM
Take me back. I want to go back.

KELLY
I don't want you to leave.

PAM
Aw, what? You gonna help me? Show
me the error of my ways?

KELLY
How about just having dinner.

PAM
You don't know me, okay. You don't
know the things I've done... *Awful*
things.

...she starts to cry now, obviously ashamed.

Kelly climbs onto the boat and sits beside her.

KELLY
Pam?

He holds her eyes this time...

KELLY
I've probably done worse.

...she stares at him, *who is this guy?*

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR, CIA HEADQUARTERS - DUSK

CIA staffer CHET NOMURI (24) catches Ritter as he leaves the conference room. We see Tucker and the others filing off the other way...

...we follow Ritter and Nomuri as they pass through a series of SECURITY CHECKPOINTS on their way back to Ritter's office.

NOMURI

There's been a fire fight with three JI terrorists in Jakarta.

RITTER

Zacharias?

NOMURI

(nods)

He found over a hundred and eighty pounds of heroin in the kitchen. A shipping label led them to a local company called Mahiba Exports just incorporated last month.

RITTER

Sounds like a front.

NOMURI

Yes, Sir. No furniture. Just a name and a phone and a mailbox. They got the receptionist a few minutes ago.

RITTER

A receptionist.

NOMURI

Yeah, Sunday Okoro. He's Nigerian.

RITTER

What kind of name is Sunday Okoro?

NOMURI

Uh, Nigerian?

(off Ritter's look)

Anyway, he's a nobody. Paid to show up and take calls. He's already wet his pants twice.

RITTER

Thanks, Chet. Keep me informed.

They reach Ritter's office now...

INT. RITTER'S OFFICE, CIA HEADQUARTERS - DUSK

...it's a nice-sized fourth floor office with a view over the parking lot. The setting sun lights it in yellows and golds.

RITTER
You look like crap, by the way.

NOMURI
I haven't slept in a while, Sir.

RITTER
Well, don't just stand there. Get back to work and pop some No-Doz.

Nomuri smiles, turning to go...

...but he hesitates in the doorway.

NOMURI
How'd the speech go?

RITTER
Who knows. Maybe we'll get lucky.

Ritter turns to stare at a board near his desk...

...on the board is a drug flow chart with various PHOTOGRAPHS of certain players. Ritter's eyes settle on an unfilled space marked "SMUGGLER X - BALTIMORE".

Below this are two dealers. We see their NAMES and MUGSHOTS: BILLY GRAYSON and RICK FARMER. Two seedy-looking individuals.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 308, RUNDOWN HOTEL - NIGHT

We now recognize BILLY (34) and RICK (29) from their mugshots in an old abandoned downtown hotel used by DEALERS and PIMPS.

BILLY
So where the fuck is she.

RICK
How the hell should I know.

BILLY
The girls are your responsibility, you fuck. You're supposed to be in charge of that shit.

RICK
Will you relax. I'm gonna find her.

BILLY
Oh, you're gonna find her. You lost her, asshole. That bitch talks, she could take us all down.

RICK
Hey, Billy...
(hesitant)
You're not gonna tell *him*, are you?

BILLY
Fuckin' A, I'm gonna tell him. I'm gonna tell him how you compromised his shit.

Rick's pissed, but there's nothing he can do...

...now Billy turns to a YOUNG WOMAN lying on a mattress. A hooker, used and abused all her life. This is DORIS (19).

BILLY
What you gotta say for yourself, bitch.

DORIS
Say...

BILLY
You're her friend. You hadda know she was planning on sneaking out.

Doris shakes her head, trembling with fear...

...WHACK! Billy slaps her so hard that even Rick winces.

BILLY
You better tell me what you know.

DORIS
I... I don't know nothing --

BILLY
You know something, Doris. And you gonna tell me before sun up.

He removes the BELT from his pants...

...and as Billy goes to whip Doris, we --

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, MAIN BUNKER - NIGHT

Pam and Kelly sit at the kitchen table, their dinner hardly touched. Pam's body is trembling visibly as she talks...

PAM

My father was a religious man. Took to beating me and my sister when he got drunk... Called it "purging our sins". My mother was a coward. Used to beat her, too.

(pause, smiles)

I met a boy in Church Group. Albert Ramirez. He kissed me on the night of my sixteenth birthday. My first kiss. And my father saw it. Put me in the hospital that time. Cops did nothing.

KELLY

You ran away.

PAM

(nods)

Caught the first bus I could. Got me as far as New Orleans. Guess I was pretty naive back then. A man named Pierre Lamarck found me. He was kind to me. Took me in. I think I loved him...

...she hesitates, her mouth quivering with rage.

KELLY

Pam? You don't have to tell me any of this if you don't want to.

PAM

It's okay...

(pause)

Two weeks after I met Pierre, he forced me to sleep with a salesman from Illinois. Fucking pervert said I reminded him of his daughter... I was still a virgin then.

KELLY

You ever call back home?

PAM

Just once. My mother. She... She hung up on me.

KELLY

What'd you do?

PAM

Survived. Took me three years to escape... Turns out every city in America has its own Pierre Lamarck.

KELLY

Tell me about the drugs.

PAM

Started in Chicago. They said I was a little too independent. Pinned me down and shot me up. After that, I did every goddamn thing they asked.

KELLY

You had no choice.

PAM

I've had two abortions... I've had diseases. Been arrested four times.
(sighs)
Fucked a judge once to let me off.

KELLY

Who do you work for now?

PAM

Rick Farmer. He's a pimp. He runs all the girls in the neighborhood.

KELLY

Will he be looking for you?

PAM

(nods)
They're real paranoid about their shit... Rick works for a dealer, I don't even know his name.

KELLY

So how'd you get away?

PAM

Last night I... I fucked them... I fucked them all. So they'd like me enough to let me go for cigarettes.
(looks at him)
You see what I am now?

Kelly takes her trembling hands in his...

...staring into her eyes unflinchingly.

KELLY

It's called the shakes. Adrenaline catching up with you. I used to get it every time I'd go down range. It was the shock that I'd made it back alive. Usually meant I'd done good, no matter what I'd had to do along the way.

(pause)

Pam, there's no shame in surviving.

PAM

I was going to rob you. I was going to fuck you, then rob you while you were asleep.

KELLY

You wouldn't have got very far.

PAM

Guess I didn't think it through, did I? Can't even fucking swim.

They share a smile...

KELLY

It's getting late. I say we eat and get some rest.

(wry)

You can always rob me later.

...she looks at him and smiles again.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, MAIN BUNKER - NIGHT

Pam lays awake in Kelly's QUEEN-SIZE BED, staring through the open doorway at Kelly who's asleep on a couch in the kitchen.

She can't sleep, her body trembling violently...

...her eyes fall on a CARDBOARD BOX peeking out of the closet across the room. It's marked "TISH CLOTHES". Pam eases out of bed, glancing at Kelly.

Now she pulls out the box and starts going through it...

...she finds a pair of OLD JEANS and a SWEATER that fit her quite nicely. The warmth seems to stop her trembling a bit.

Pam spots another box in the closet now. She checks on Kelly again, then opens this one. Discovering several BABY CLOTHES and BABY TOYS, still unopened in their original packages...

...and now, Pam's starting to feel real dirty. She starts to return the box to the closet when a voice spins her around:

KELLY
She looked like you.

PAM
Who?

KELLY
My wife. That's her sweater. When I saw you in that store, for a moment there...

(pause)
...she was killed six months ago.

PAM
I'm sorry, I can take it off.

Kelly shakes his head, *it's okay...*

...and he simply returns to his couch.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONTAINER TERMINAL, JAKARTA - NIGHT

A bustling container port lights up the Jakarta city skyline.

Behemoth merchant ships consume the bay. DOCK CRANES heave CONTAINERS. MERCHANT CREWS and DOCK WORKERS swarm the docks.

EXT. DOCKYARDS, CONTAINER TERMINAL - NIGHT

A FREIGHT TRUCK enters through the gates to the docks, having been checked off by local PORT OFFICIALS. A standard SHIPPING CONTAINER on its back...

...we notice the TRACKING NUMBER 5102TX branded on its side.

INT./EXT. FREIGHT TRUCK, DOCKYARDS - DRIVING - NIGHT

The Indonesian driver navigates his truck through the busy docks. He's smoking nervously. Following the other trucks...

...as he veers towards a vast CONTAINER SHIP in her berth.

EXT. APOLLO RANGER, DOCKYARDS - NIGHT

She's the *Apollo Ranger*. A six hundred foot long, two hundred thousand ton container vessel. No less than three DOCK CRANES are rapidly loading her holds with SHIPPING CONTAINERS...

...a DOCK WORKER guides our FREIGHT TRUCK into the loading bay under one of the DOCK CRANES. More DOCK WORKERS release the clamps securing the container to the truck.

The crane picks up the container and lifts it eight feet into the air. The container disappears among others, all alike...

INT./EXT. FREIGHT TRUCK, DOCKYARDS - DRIVING - NIGHT

...another DOCK WORKER checks off the driver's form. He grins a thanks and drives off so another *freight truck* can take his place and unload its container.

The driver sets the form on the passenger seat.

INSERT - THE TRUCK DRIVER'S FORM

showing the destination of the container: Washington D.C.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, MAIN BUNKER - DAWN

Kelly wakes early, still dressed. Pam is not in her bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH, KELLY'S ISLAND - DAWN

He finds her standing on the beach outside, gazing at the rising sun. Kelly notices that she's no longer trembling.

PAM

Haven't seen the sun rise in three years. Ain't that for shit.

KELLY

I'll make breakfast.

PAM

Oh, I don't eat breakfast.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, MAIN BUNKER - DAY

Kelly sits at the kitchen table, watching as Pam wolfs down a full breakfast of EGGS, BACON, SAUSAGES, TOAST, and JUICE...

...she finishes her plate and Kelly offers her his. After she cleans his plate, she wipes her mouth with a napkin and looks at him a moment. Thinking.

PAM

I have a friend. Doris. She helped me the night I got away from Rick.

KELLY

You tried the police.

PAM

The police are assholes. I've been with half the fucking force.

Kelly stands and starts clearing the plates...

PAM

You could help her, Kelly. You're a soldier, aren't you?

KELLY

It's not that simple... I haven't been in the field in months --

PAM

They'll blame her for what I did. I can't just leave her there --

KELLY

I'm sorry, Pam... I can't help you like that... I just... I can't.

...and he walks outside. And Pam just watches him go.

CUT TO:

INT. MACHINE SHOP BUNKER, KELLY'S ISLAND - DAY

Kelly opens a FOOT LOCKER in the other bunker and pulls out a 5.56mm M4 COLT COMMANDO ASSAULT RIFLE. He slaps in a magazine and cocks it. Remembering the feel of it for a moment...

...then he quickly stows it away, slamming the locker shut.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE, BALTIMORE - DAY

Lieutenant Tucker enters the convenience store where Pam and Kelly first met. Jerry's busy stocking shelves, still looking very sleep-deprived...

...his eyes go straight to Tucker's CUSTOMS POLICE BADGE.

TUCKER
Are you Jerry?

JERRY
I didn't do nothing, officer.

TUCKER
Didn't say you did.
(shaking hands)
Henry Tucker. Customs. You called in a report on an attempted theft yesterday.

JERRY
Goddamn whore tried to rob me.

TUCKER
How'd you know she was a whore?

JERRY
I've seen her type before.

Tucker shows him a MUGSHOT OF PAM.

TUCKER
This her?

JERRY
Yes, Sir. That's the one. I didn't do nothing to her or anything.

TUCKER
Didn't say you did, Jerry.
(pause)
You know, I'd love some coffee.

JERRY
Sugar?

TUCKER
Five packs.

Jerry dutifully pours him a STYROFOAM CUP from an urn, adding the five PACKS OF SUGAR. His hands are conspicuously jittery.

Tucker takes a sip and smiles approvingly.

TUCKER
You happen to know where she went?

JERRY
She left with some guy, I think. I got it all on disc. You wanna see?

He leads Tucker behind the counter...

...where he finds and starts to cue up the computer. Tucker can't help notice the impressive BANK OF CCTV MONITORS here.

TUCKER
You take precautions, huh.

JERRY
You never know who could be scoping out a place like this. Kids. Crack-heads. FBI. CIA.

They look at each other a moment...

TUCKER
You ever take a breath mint?

...the computer reaches the encounter with Pam. Tucker sees her stealing the food. Sees Jerry pull out his .38 REVOLVER.

TUCKER
You got a license for that.

JERRY
Absolutely, yes. I mean, no.

Tucker ignores him, noticing Kelly now.

TUCKER
Who's that?

JERRY
Some guy. Comes in every few weeks.

Tucker watches the PARKING LOT ANGLE now...

...he sees Pam in the parking lot. Approaching KELLY'S TRUCK in the rain. He watches them talk a moment. And Pam gets in.

TUCKER
Freeze it there.

Jerry does as ordered and Tucker notes the NUMBER PLATE...

...with that, he hustles around the counter and heads out.

TUCKER

Thanks, you've been a lot of help.

JERRY

Sure thing, officer.

TUCKER

By the way, Jerry... The paranoia. The sleep-deprivation. The stink on your breath. That's from the meth you're smoking. You keep up with that shit, you're gonna have a stroke by the time you're forty.

And he's gone. Jerry just stands there, stunned.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, MAIN BUNKER - NIGHT

Night has fallen. Kelly returns to the main bunker to find Pam gazing at a PHOTO OF KELLY AND TISH from Tish's box...

...the woman is about Pam's age and looks quite like her.

PAM

She was pregnant, wasn't she.

KELLY

Yeah...

(pause)

Pam, I --

PAM

You don't have to explain, Kelly.

(pause)

But I have to go. I have to try and get Doris out, too. You understand?

Kelly nods. He's about to make another apology...

...when all of a sudden, they hear something outside.

EXT. DOCK, KELLY'S ISLAND - NIGHT

A sleek SPEED BOAT is docking next to *Springer*...

...three DEALERS jump off, armed with SHOTGUNS and PISTOLS. There's Rick and two others known as JU-JU and BANDANNA --

INT. KITCHEN, MAIN BUNKER - NIGHT

-- inside, Pam rushes to join Kelly by a WEAPONS SLIT. They can see Rick and the dealers coming. Their weapons glinting in the dock lights.

PAM
Oh my God... That's Rick. He found
me... He found me...

Kelly quickly ushers Pam to the bedroom...

KELLY
Stay in here.

PAM
No, they'll kill you.

...he closes the door and rushes to the stove. Turning on the ranges. Glancing out the WEAPONS SLIT as he puts a FRYING PAN over the flames and fills it with CANOLA OIL --

EXT. MAIN BUNKER, KELLY'S ISLAND - NIGHT

-- outside, Rick cocks his SHOTGUN and KICKS down the door...

INT. KITCHEN, MAIN BUNKER - NIGHT

...he prowls into the kitchen, the dealers behind him. Kelly is standing there with the FRYING PAN, filled with hot oil.

RICK
You John Kelly?

KELLY
You Rick Farmer?

RICK
We've got no fight with you. We
just want the girl.

KELLY
She doesn't want to work for you
anymore. She's through --

INT. BEDROOM, MAIN BUNKER - NIGHT

-- in the bedroom, Pam is listening intently. Her heart in her throat. She *almost* opens the door, but refrains --

INT. KITCHEN, MAIN BUNKER - NIGHT

-- meanwhile, Rick grins at Kelly's FRYING PAN...

RICK

You cooking something there.

...the other DEALERS smile with him. *WHOOSH!* Kelly launches the hot oil at Rick. It SPLATTERS over his face and neck.

As Rick starts to SCREAM, Kelly whips the FRYING PAN into the face of the next nearest DEALER -- Ju-Ju. The hot steel edge BREAKS and BURNS his nose...

...and Kelly's still moving, whirling around in a flash as he grabs a KITCHEN KNIFE and buries it in Bandanna's RIGHT LEG --

INT. BEDROOM, MAIN BUNKER - NIGHT

-- but Pam can't take this anymore. She hears the SCREAMS...

INT. KITCHEN, MAIN BUNKER - NIGHT

...and she opens the door, stepping into the kitchen.

And Kelly's distracted for half a second.

KELLY

No --

-- BANG! The shot spins Kelly around.

It's Ju-Ju, leveling his PISTOL.

Pam realizes what she's done...

PAM

Kelly!

...and she's horrified. Bending down to Kelly. Rick's furious and in pain. He grabs Pam by the wrist and hauls her away.

She SCREAMS for Kelly as Ju-Ju and Bandanna beat him...

...he just watches from the floor as Pam disappears from his view. Ju-Ju and Bandanna pummel him until they're satisfied.

Then, they peel out after Rick...

...and Kelly just lies there, a bloody mess --

EXT. DOCK, KELLY'S ISLAND - NIGHT

-- outside, Rick hurls Pam aboard the SPEED BOAT and starts the engine. Ju-Ju and Bandanna follow as fast as they can...

RICK
Let's go.

...they climb on and Rick kicks the SPEED BOAT into gear --

INT. KITCHEN, MAIN BUNKER - NIGHT

-- inside, Kelly forces himself to his feet. Not giving up yet. He staggers to the door and sees the SPEED BOAT go --

EXT. MAIN BUNKER, KELLY'S ISLAND - NIGHT

-- pushing himself inhumanly, Kelly makes his way towards the water. Stripping his clothes off down to his shorts. Swimming out into the bay --

EXT. SPEED BOAT, CHESAPEAKE BAY - NIGHT

-- as Rick circles around the island and steers towards the city lights. Pam lies curled up at his feet, terrified.

IN THE WATER - KELLY

swims out the other way, managing to get between the SPEED BOAT and the city. Lunging for the AFT DIVER RAILING as it passes and grabbing on tight.

IN THE BOAT - JU-JU & BANDANNA

stow their weapons and start dressing their wounds...

...as Kelly pulls himself up on the stern. He launches at the pair, hitting Bandanna's WOUNDED LEG and Ju-Ju's BROKEN NOSE.

Rick turns, his SHOTGUN in his hands.

A fleeting look between Kelly and Pam...

...and Kelly jumps off the boat. Twisting his body as Rick fires. BOOM! The shotgun PELLETS catch Kelly in the side.

Pam SCREAMS as his body disappears in the wake of the boat.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, INDONESIAN POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Zacharias sits across the table from a Nigerian man in police custody. His name is SUNDAY OKORO (43) and he's terrified...

...an INDONESIAN POLICE OFFICER watches them from the side.

ZACHARIAS

My name's Robin Zacharias.

OKORO

You're American, Sir.

ZACHARIAS

Ever been?

OKORO

No, Sir. Though I would like to someday... I enjoy hot dogs...

ZACHARIAS

(smiles)

What kind of name is Sunday?

OKORO

Sunday Okoro. It's Nigerian. I was born on a Sunday, Sir.

ZACHARIAS

And how'd you end up working the phones at Mahiba Exports?

OKORO

Bad luck, I suppose.

(off Zacharias' look)

I'm lazy, Sir. I didn't have to do much. And they paid cash.

ZACHARIAS

How'd you get it? The cash.

OKORO

We meet in Merdeka Square. Once a month.

ZACHARIAS

When's the next meet?

OKORO

Three weeks, Sir.

Zacharias glances at the Indonesian officer...

...he gives Zacharias a nod. Okoro reads the look.

OKORO

Oh, no. No. Please. They'll shoot me if I go there now.

ZACHARIAS

Mister Okoro, we believe that the man who pays you buys his heroin from Jemaah Islamiah.

OKORO

The terrorists...

ZACHARIAS

The terrorists. And it's my job to find out who he is because he will be the only one who knows the name of his counterpart in America.

OKORO

What is counterpart?

ZACHARIAS

Your boss smuggles heroin out of *this* country. I want the man who smuggles it into *my* country.

OKORO

I don't know anything about this. I just answer the phones. Please --

ZACHARIAS

Mister Okoro, you will go to that meet in three weeks. And I will be there with you. Or you're going to an Indonesian prison for six years.

Sunday Okoro stares at Zacharias, sweating with fear.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH, BALTIMORE HARBOR - DAWN

A POLICE TRUCK pulls up on an empty beach in Baltimore, its sirens flashing silently in the early morning light. A POLICE OFFICER hurries out with his FIRST AID KIT...

...a JOGGER is waiting for him, pointing him to the body that has washed ashore nearby. It's Kelly. *He's still breathing.*

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY

TWIN DOORS slap open. TWO ORDERLIES hustle a gurney carrying Kelly into an operating room as NURSES and DOCTORS buzz about frantically...

...everybody speaks over everybody else. We hear desperate calls for blood pressure readings and surgical instruments.

CLOSE ON - KELLY'S FACE

as the doctors struggle to save him. A BREATHING MASK over his nose. His eyes opening and closing. Unaware. *Or perhaps just uncaring...*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KELLY'S ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY

Kelly opens his eyes. Sees a white wall. A plastic chair. An AIR CONDITIONER blasting heat at him. He tries to move and is welcomed by a stab of pain up his left side.

CLOSE ON: SANDY O'TOOLE (26)

moving around Kelly's bed to check on his IV. We see now that Kelly is lying on his side. He's confused and disoriented...

...trying to focus on the nurse in front of him. She clearly knows what she's doing, her voice firm and professional with just enough warmth.

SANDY

Try not to move too much.

KELLY

Where am I?

SANDY

Johns Hopkins. I'm Sandy, I'm your day nurse.

KELLY

My chest hurts...

SANDY

Somebody shot you.

Kelly looks at her. *And suddenly remembers...*

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR, HOSPITAL - DAY

CLOSE ON: DETECTIVE SERGEANT TOM DOUGLAS (55)

trudging down a hospital corridor several days later. Douglas looks tired and angry. Like he's done this too many times...

CUT TO:

INT. KELLY'S ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY

Kelly is now sitting up in bed, staring at a MORGUE PHOTO of Pam's battered dead face. Sandy watches Douglas question him.

DOUGLAS

Is that the woman you described?

KELLY

(nods)

Where'd you find her?

DOUGLAS

In the fountain at Druid Lake. They left her there... What can you tell me about her.

KELLY

Her name was Pam, from Texas. She was a... A runaway.

DOUGLAS

A prostitute?

KELLY

She was trying to escape... Start a new life. Her pimp tracked her down somehow.

DOUGLAS

So she was a prostitute.

KELLY

That gonna make it easier on you, Detective.

DOUGLAS

I have two teenage daughters at home, Mister Kelly. If anything, that makes it harder.

Kelly stares at Douglas, he means it...

...the detective checks his notes.

DOUGLAS

Officers said you didn't get a look at the three men who abducted her.

KELLY

It was dark. I was tired.

DOUGLAS

They were pretty damn close when they shot you.

KELLY

I was looking at their guns, not their faces.

DOUGLAS

You never had a gun pointed at you before? A real, kick-ass Navy SEAL commando like you.

KELLY

I'm retired.

All of a sudden, Kelly gasps with fierce pain...

...and Sandy rushes over to adjust the MORPHINE DRIP.

SANDY

If you're all done, Detective. He really needs to rest.

DOUGLAS

Your wife was killed in a traffic accident recently, is that right?

(Kelly nods)

Truck driver lost his brakes. Flew through the intersection. Hit your wife's car. Doctors said you almost killed the driver when you found him. Said you had to be sedated.

KELLY

What's that got to do with this.

DOUGLAS

I was a Marine in Vietnam. Lost a lot of good buddies... Got a lotta payback, too. Know what I'm saying?

KELLY

Yeah... Yeah, I know.

DOUGLAS

You lost your wife in an accident,
nobody to blame. No *payback*.
(re: Pam's photo)
But this was no accident, was it.

KELLY

Why don't you just say what you
want to say and leave me alone.

DOUGLAS

Mister Kelly, I want to believe
that you're not gonna do anything
foolish when you get out of here.

KELLY

No, Sir. I've been *foolish* long
enough...

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN PARK, BALTIMORE - DAY

Sunday at the park. Tucker is here with his FAMILY. We see
that Tucker is a loving dad and husband -- unafraid to roll
around on the grass with his sons...

...he's trapped in a two-against-one wrestling match when
something catches his eyes on the other side of the park.

WHAT HE SEES: Billy ducking into the PUBLIC TOILETS.

Tucker's face sets hard. He excuses himself from his family
and makes a beeline for the toilets. Disappearing inside.

INT. PUBLIC TOILETS, SUBURBAN PARK - DAY

Billy's taking a piss at the urinals. Tucker storms in and
checks the stalls to make sure they're empty. Billy turns...

...and Tucker angrily throws him against the wall.

TUCKER

You stupid shit. The hell do you
think you're doing.

BILLY

Don't you fucking hit me, man.

Tucker immediately starts slapping Billy about the face...

...until Billy draws a PISTOL. And then, Tucker moves even faster. Grappling the pistol away and knocking Billy down.

TUCKER

A fountain. You dumped her on a fountain in a neighborhood park.

BILLY

Hadda make an example. For the other girls.

TUCKER

You couldn't have buried her.

BILLY

Anybody can do that.

TUCKER

You know why...? Because you can't open a murder investigation without a fucking body.

BILLY

Hey, I gotta keep my girls in line, Henry. I gotta show them what we do when they stray.

TUCKER

Detectives said you spent *hours* on the girl. That true?

BILLY

It wasn't *all* work, you know.

TUCKER

Goddamn...

BILLY

What about the boyfriend? Want me to get him in the hospital?

TUCKER

No. Anything else happens, it just gets bigger. Mayor can turn a blind eye to a dead hooker. Dead soldier is a whole other deal. From what I hear, he couldn't I.D. any of your boys anyway.

BILLY

Your call, boss.

Tucker glares at Billy like he's a necessary evil...

...he returns Billy's pistol, heading out.

TUCKER

Got a big shipment coming in a few weeks, I don't need anymore heat.

BILLY

I wanna be there when it arrives.

TUCKER

Can't trust you, Billy... Couldn't even make a stupid whore disappear.

Billy just glowers at him...

TUCKER

Oh, and don't you ever come near me when I'm with my family again.

...and Tucker's gone. Billy licks his wounds.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUARD GATE, CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ritter pulls his TOWN CAR up to the guard gate outside the CIA. The GUARD gives a friendly wave as Ritter presses his thumb to a FINGERPRINT SCANNER...

GATE GUARD

Working weekends, Mister Ritter.

RITTER

Wouldn't it be nice if the bad guys took Sunday's off.

...the guard smiles as they scanner flashes Ritter's I.D.

INT. RITTER'S OFFICE, CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ritter dumps his CAR KEYS in an ASHTRAY by the door to his office. A copy of today's Baltimore Sun has been left on his desk. A POST-IT stuck over a story about Pam...

...the POST-IT says: "One of Rick Farmer's girls."

But that's not what really gets Ritter's attention. It's the accompanying NAVY FILE PHOTO of John Kelly -- described as a "friend" of the murder victim.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EXERCISE ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY

CLOSE ON: KELLY

riding a STATIONARY BIKE in the hospital exercise room. A PHYSICAL THERAPIST monitoring him. Sandy enters, watching Kelly for a moment...

PHYSICAL THERAPIST

Okay, you can ease off now. Ease off, John. Your heart rate's one-ninety-five and has been for the last six minutes.

KELLY

What's the record?

SANDY

Zero.

...he looks at Sandy and reluctantly slows down.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR, HOSPITAL - DAY

Sandy's pushing an empty WHEELCHAIR down a corridor. Kelly's hobbling beside her, still breathing hard and towelling off.

SANDY

You're not supposed to be walking.

KELLY

I oughta be *running* by now.

SANDY

Trying to prove how tough you are, Mister Kelly?

KELLY

Think I've asked you a dozen times to call me John.

SANDY

I'm waiting for you to say please.

KELLY

Please? The mister stuff makes me feel like I'm still enlisted.

She looks at him and nods...

...as she hands him a MANILA ENVELOPE.

SANDY
Pathology report on your friend.

KELLY
Thank you.

SANDY
You sure you want to read that?

KELLY
Yeah...

SANDY
The things they did to her...

KELLY
There's information I need in here.

SANDY
For what?

KELLY
Just things I need to know.

Sandy doesn't like the sound of that.

SANDY
You remind me of my husband. He was a soldier, too. He was killed three years ago.

KELLY
What was his name?

SANDY
Tim O'Toole. He was a lieutenant in the 101st.

KELLY
That's an elite outfit.

SANDY
They never told me much. Never even returned his body.

KELLY
Iraq?
(she nods)
I'm sorry.

They reach Kelly's room now...

...and Sandy stops him, genuinely concerned.

SANDY

I heard what that detective said to you about payback and he's right. I know what Tim would've done in your shoes and I worry about what you're going to do when you get out.

KELLY

(smiles)

Thanks for the walk, Sandy.

SANDY

John? They say before setting out on revenge, first dig two graves.

KELLY

Only two?

CUT TO:

EXT. KELLY'S ISLAND, CHESAPEAKE BAY - DUSK

A WATER TAXI deposits Kelly back at his island late in the day. He stretches his injured chest as he heads inside...

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, MAIN BUNKER - NIGHT

Kelly sits at his kitchen table now, grimly sorting through PHOTOCOPIES of the PATHOLOGY REPORT. We catch glimpses of a few words and phrases:

VICTIM - PAMELA STARR MADDEN, AGE 21

CAUSE OF DEATH - MANUAL STRANGULATION

VICTIM SUBJECTED TO VIOLENT AND EXTENSIVE TRAUMATIC INSULT PRIOR TO DEATH - BROKEN JAW, COMPOUND FRACTURE OF LEFT ULNA

GENITAL AREA SHOWS SIGNS OF BRUISING WITH LARGE QUANTITY OF SEMEN, BLOOD TYPES O+, O-, AB, and AB- PER SEROLOGY REPORT

EXTENSIVE CUTS AND BRUISES AROUND BOTH HANDS AND FOREARMS, DEFENSIVE-CLASSICAL, INDICATING VICTIM FOUGHT FOR HER LIFE

Kelly abruptly shuts the report, quivering with rage...

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH, KELLY'S ISLAND - NIGHT

Kelly has a BONFIRE raging outside on the sand. Into it, he places Pam's BACKPACK and CLOTHES. All that he had of hers.

Now he picks up his WIFE'S BOX...

...and places *that* in the fire.

And lastly, the BABY BOX. Everything burns. Everything that connects John Kelly to the world. Kelly gazes into the fire and tosses his beer.

CUT TO:

INT. MACHINE SHOP BUNKER, KELLY'S ISLAND - NIGHT

Kelly UNLOCKS his FOOT LOCKER and takes out the pieces of his M4 COLT COMMANDO. Then he methodically starts reassembling.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH, KELLY'S ISLAND - DAY

Out on his beach, Kelly strains to lift the rifle...

...BANG! An SOUP CAN rattles but doesn't fall. Kelly shoots again, sixty feet away. This time, the SOUP CAN explodes.

CUT TO:

INT. MACHINE SHOP BUNKER, KELLY'S ISLAND - NIGHT

Kelly now builds a "BANG STICK" in the machine shop bunker. A two-foot long STEEL CYLINDER with a SWOLLEN TIP at one end...

...he inserts a DOOR DUSTER SHOTGUN SHELL into the groove.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. KELLY'S TRUCK, INNER CITY STREETS - DAY

Kelly drives through the poorer sections of Druid Hill. It's like a different world. A war zone in downtown Baltimore...

...the DEALERS are everywhere. On every other corner, making transactions with SUBURBAN SUVs and STATION WAGONS. The boss hangs back while the lieutenant does the deal at the curb.

All of this happens in the clear light of day. CHILDREN are playing nearby, their MOTHERS watching closely. A BALTIMORE POLICE CAR rolls past but has little effect.

Kelly marks the times of POLICE PATROLS and the shifts of the dealers. He also has a simple CITY MAP of the area upon which he makes notes...

...just now, he notices a STREET BUM, hoarding his bottle in his hands. *Nobody seems to pay any attention to the old man.*

CUT TO:

INT. GOODWILL STORE, BALTIMORE - DAY

Kelly's in a local Goodwill Store, finding an old BUSH JACKET and some other BAGGY CLOTHES. He pays for the items in cash.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUPERMARKET, BALTIMORE - DAY

Kelly emerges from a supermarket with a BOTTLE OF WHISKEY and some CANDY BARS. Climbing into his truck, then driving away.

CUT TO:

INT. KELLY'S ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY

Sandy's giving Kelly a check up, clearly impressed with how fit he is. The scars on his left side have healed nicely...

...as she turns away, Kelly swipes a BOX OF PLASTIC GLOVES.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH, KELLY'S ISLAND - DAY

Back to the SOUP CANS as Kelly lines up his M4 rifle...

...BANG! Now his aim is spot on. SINGLE SHOTS punch the cans, red tomato soup splattering everywhere. One by one by one.

For the last can, Kelly FIRES twice. The first shot spirals the can into the air. *The second shot hits it again mid-air.*

Kelly gazes at the dripping, blood-red soup and reloads...

FADE TO BLACK:

INT./EXT. KELLY'S TRUCK, INNER CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Kelly's truck deposits him back in Druid Hill. Away from any functioning STREET LIGHT. Kelly slips away from his truck and scuttles down a nearby, TRASH-STREWN ALLEY...

...he's dressed in the old BUSH JACKET now. His M4 and his BANG STICK slung underneath, taped still to minimize noise.

He empties half a bottle of whiskey in the gutter and spreads the rest on his mouth and jacket. Wipes some dirt on his face and hands. *And now he looks like any other street bum.*

CUT TO:

INT. TENEMENT, INNER CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Kelly enters a vacant tenement building. A PAIR OF GIANT RATS almost give him a heart attack as he climbs the old stairs...

INT. CORNER BEDROOM, TENEMENT - NIGHT

...he finds a perch in an abandoned corner bedroom. From here he can see a busy intersection. He pulls a set of BINOCULARS.

WHAT HE SEES: The DEALERS are out in force. Friday night. The cars come and go. SUBURBAN SUVs and MINIVANS. They pull up on street corners. Make a purchase. And hightail it outta there.

Kelly checks his watch and sits back comfortably...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORNER BEDROOM, TENEMENT - NIGHT

Kelly finishes off a CANDY BAR and checks his watch again...

...it's three-fifty. And business is slowing down outside on the streets. The dealers are retreating from their sidewalks.

He takes a long hit of water, then stretches his legs. Now he puts on a pair of PLASTIC HOSPITAL GLOVES and starts readying his gear...

...taking out a FOOT-LONG SILENCER and attaching it to the barrel of his M4 rifle. Next, he checks and safes his 9mm pistol. And last, the BANG STICK.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX, INNER CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Kelly ambles along the sidewalk like any drunken bum. Across the intersection. Zeroing in on two armed dealers whom we'll call ARCHIE and JUGHEAD...

...he gets to within a few feet of them without raising any alarms. They're about to head into their apartment complex.

ARCHIE
Whatcha doing, bum.

JUGHEAD
Jesus, you stink. Didn't your mama ever teach you to wash.

Jughead shoves Kelly roughly...

...he takes the push, then follows them.

INT. LOBBY, APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Archie notices Kelly trailing them into the lobby...

ARCHIE
No. No, you can't be in here.

...he goes to toss Kelly out.

But Kelly draws his M4 in the guy's face.

Archie's confused, staring at the SILENCED BARREL.

ARCHIE
What the fuck...

KELLY
Where can I find Rick Farmer?

JUGHEAD
Holy shit...

KELLY
I'm just looking for Rick Farmer.

But Jughead draws a PISTOL and...

...PPFT-PPFT! Kelly fires his silenced weapon. DOUBLE TAP.

And Jughead drops. And Archie shits his pants. Fumbling for a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN. His eyes flashing wide in terror...

...PFFT-PFPT! Archie flops dead like a ragdoll.

Another DEALER wanders down the hall, eating some old CHINESE TAKE-OUT FOOD. He sees Archie and Jughead on the floor...

...and he drops the CHINESE FOOD CARTON.

And pulls a PISTOL on Kelly...

...PFPT-PFPT! He's down, too.

Three dead bodies now.

Kelly's shocked. He hears movement down the hall now. And his shock turns to rage. His eyes grow dark. And he takes off --

INT. CORRIDOR, APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

-- storming down the corridor, his M4 raised...

KELLY
(calling)
I'm looking for a pimp named Rick.

...a door opens, held on a chain.

It's an OLD LADY inside, staring out...

...and Kelly *almost* shoots her. She re-closes her door. And Kelly keeps moving. He reaches a stairwell and charges up --

INT. CORRIDOR, APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

-- onto the second floor. He passes a FAT MAN in a bathrobe taking out his trash. The man backs flat against the wall...

KELLY
Where's Rick?

FAT MAN
Rick who?

...but Kelly just moves on, down the corridor.

KELLY
(calling)
Somebody tell me where I can find
Rick Farmer.

A door slams open up ahead. And a DEALER lunges out, half-naked. A MINI-UZI in his hands. Leveling it at Kelly...

...PFPT-PFPT! Kelly drops him instantly.

Rushing up to the open door, then ducking in.

INT. ROOM 26, APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

A dazed HOOKER lies naked on a bed, surrounded by drugs...

KELLY
You one of Rick's girls?

HOOKER
What...

KELLY
Are you one of Rick's girls.

HOOKER
Yeah...

KELLY
Where is he? Where's Rick?

HOOKER
Who?

...he doesn't have time for this, peeling back out.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX, INNER CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Kelly barges out a door back onto the empty streets, his M4 no longer hidden. RESIDENTS are starting to react to what's happening, peering through curtains...

...he ignores them, his mind set on one thing. He catches the attention of a large BODYGUARD standing outside a row house.

They draw simultaneously...

...PFPT-PFPT! Kelly's faster --

EXT. ROW HOUSE, INNER CITY STREETS - NIGHT

-- he hurries up to the row house door. Tries the handle, but it's locked. Kelly quickly unslings his BANG STICK and levels it at the DOOR HANDLE. He jabs the stick and...

...BOOM! The door handle disintegrates in a cloud of smoke --

INT. ROW HOUSE, INNER CITY STREETS - NIGHT

-- he barrels inside with his M4. There are two DEALERS in this house, counting the night's cash. They've been stunned, fumbling for their weapons...

KELLY

I'm looking for Rick. He's a pimp.

DEALER #1

Fuck you.

...the dealer's SHOTGUN never gets a bead on Kelly.

He cuts down Dealer #1 before the poor guy even gets a shot off. The other freezes, splattered in his buddy's blood...

DEALER #2

Hotel. Six blocks up.

...PFFT-PFFT! Kelly ruthlessly kills him, too.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK, INNER CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Kelly hears POLICE SIRENS closing in as he prowls along the sidewalk, reloading his BANG STICK and his M4. He passes an OLD MAN walking his Jack Russel terrier...

...and Kelly doesn't even look at him, or notice the terror on his face. The little dog barks up at Kelly ferociously.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUNDOWN HOTEL, INNER CITY STREETS - NIGHT

A BALTIMORE CITY POLICE CAR hurtles past Ju-Ju and Bandanna, sirens wailing urgently. Both dealers are still working their turf outside an abandoned hotel...

...we see that Ju-Ju's still got some bruising on his nose where Kelly broke it. And Bandanna's walking with a limp.

JU-JU

What the fuck is going on...

Bandanna just shrugs, watching the flashing lights...

...neither of them notice the drunken bum a few yards away --

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN, RUNDOWN HOTEL - NIGHT

-- across the street, two SURVEILLANCE TECHNICIANS watch the POLICE CAR pass on a spread of MONITORS inside a van...

TECHNICIAN #1
What you got on the police channel?

TECHNICIAN #2
Lemme turn it up, just a second.

...and he turns up the POLICE CHANNEL on a nearby console --

EXT. RUNDOWN HOTEL, INNER CITY STREETS - NIGHT

-- meanwhile, the drunken bum waits for the POLICE CAR to be well and truly gone. Then he suddenly springs to life...

...drawing his M4 on the two dealers outside the hotel.

KELLY
Where's your boss.

JU-JU
Oh, fuck...

KELLY
Where is he.

BANDANNA
Shoot him, Ju-Ju. Shoot him.

KELLY
Tell me.

Ju-Ju pulls out his pistol...

...PFFT-PFFT! He never has a chance --

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN, RUNDOWN HOTEL - NIGHT

-- both technicians are stunned, taking a moment to react...

TECHNICIAN #1
What was that?

TECHNICIAN #2
That bum just killed Ju-Ju...

...and before they can even blink --

EXT. RUNDOWN HOTEL, INNER CITY STREETS - NIGHT

-- another silent DOUBLE TAP hacks Bandanna down as he rushes for the door. Kelly steps over their bodies and heads inside.

The two bodies of Bandanna and Ju-Ju lie on the sidewalk --

INT./EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN, RUNDOWN HOTEL - NIGHT

-- one of the technicians lunges out the back of the van, an AUTOMATIC PISTOL in his hand. Staring at the bloody corpses across the street...

TECHNICIAN #1
Get Ritter on the line. Now.

...the other technician scrambles for a phone. Technician #2 gazes up at the windows, looking for signs of the shooter --

INT. STAIRWELL, RUNDOWN HOTEL - NIGHT

-- as Kelly explodes into a stairwell, his M4 leading the way as he ascends. He discovers a stoned HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR, flat on his ass in the landing...

HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR
Hey, dude. Nice costume.

...and Kelly just keeps his weapon trained on the kid as he --

INT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR, RUNDOWN HOTEL - NIGHT

-- barrels into the upstairs corridor. Most of the doors are either open or ripped off. Most of the rooms are either empty or filled with stoned users...

...several dazed FACES gaze out at Kelly from the shadows of various rooms. Kelly looks away, uncaring. Silent and swift.

CUT TO:

INT. RITTER'S BEDROOM, GEORGETOWN - NIGHT

Across town, Ritter wakes quickly to a RINGING PHONE.

RITTER
(into phone)
Ritter.

As he listens, Ritter scrambles over to his computer...

RITTER
 (into phone)
 Yeah, I'm pulling up the link now.

...he clicks onto a SURVEILLANCE LINK: *There's John Kelly.*

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR, RUNDOWN HOTEL - NIGHT

Two ARMED DEALERS emerge into the corridor, one in front of Kelly, the other one from behind. Both at the same time...

...in a blur, Kelly riddles the first one. Then whirls around in a single fluid motion and plants a further DOUBLE TAP into the chest of the one behind.

Both men fall within seconds of each other...

...a DRUNK HOOKER starts SCREAMING hysterically.

Kelly grabs her hard and pins her against the wall.

KELLY
 Rick.

HOOKER
 Upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR, RUNDOWN HOTEL - NIGHT

Kelly barrels out the STAIRWELL DOOR into the THIRD FLOOR...

...the corridor appears deserted. All Kelly can hear are the POLICE SIRENS getting closer. But then he hears some noises.

HEAVY BREATHING. A WOMAN WHIMPERING...

...it's coming from a room down the hall --

INT. ROOM 308, RUNDOWN HOTEL - NIGHT

-- he creeps inside, trading his RIFLE for his BANG STICK.

WHAT HE SEES: Rick is fucking Doris from behind. They're on a filthy mattress on the floor. And she's CRYING in pain...

...there are sex "toys" on the floor beside them. *Real sick shit.* PADDLES. PLIERS. ELECTRODES. Kelly stoically sets his sights on Rick.

RICK
What's the matter, Doris. Don't you like that. Don't you like Rick.

DORIS
Please, stop...

Kelly swing his BANG STICK like a bat...

...and Rick SCREAMS as it cracks his ear. Doris is terrified, doesn't know what's going on. Kelly finds her CLOTHES, throws them to her.

Now he turns back to Rick on the floor...

...pinning him down hard with the BANG STICK.

RICK
Fuck! You broke my fucking ear! *I can't hear anything in my ear!*

KELLY
Remember Pam?

Doris hears that name and glances at Rick...

RICK
What...

...and now Rick's eyes go wide in terror.

RICK
I didn't do it. I didn't kill her.

KELLY
Who did.

RICK
Billy did. Billy killed her. I just fucked her. You gotta believe me.

KELLY
Where can I find Billy.

RICK
I don't know.

KELLY
You'll have to do better than that.

RICK
I don't fucking know, okay.

KELLY
You're lying.

RICK
He drives a truck. A black Humvee.

KELLY
What's his last name. Last name.

RICK
Uh, Grayson... Billy Grayson.

KELLY
That's all you know.

RICK
That's all I know. I swear...

And with that, Kelly punches Rick with the BANG STICK...

...the sound of the shell exploding into Rick's chest is like dropping a CARDBOARD BOX onto a wooden floor. A DULL WHUMP.

Rick gapes with shock, his heart and lungs destroyed. Now his eyes fade as they lock with Kelly's. *And then he slumps dead.*

Kelly glowers at him, the POLICE SIRENS right outside now...

...he glances across at Doris who's staring at Rick's corpse, stunned and terrified. Backing away from Kelly as he nears.

KELLY
Doris?

She stares at him, confused.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. KELLY'S TRUCK, INNER CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Kelly carries Doris in his arms, easing her into his truck as more POLICE CARS rush by. Kelly jumps in behind the wheel...

...and for a second, he notices that his hand *isn't* shaking.

Kelly thinks about this for a moment, then starts the truck and drives away. Leaving the devastated hotel in his wake...

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. RUNDOWN HOTEL, INNER CITY STREETS - DAY

The chaos hasn't settled by daybreak. In fact, it's gotten worse. It's like the aftermath of a hurricane. POLICE CARS. AMBULANCES. MEDIA VANS. A swirl of people and vehicles.

There's a sense of vigilante pride from the neighbors. LOCALS are chanting against drugs and prostitution. Roped by police.

IN A HOTEL WINDOW WE SEE: Detective Douglas watching them.

Douglas is one of several HOMICIDE DETECTIVES out here this morning working any one of a dozen different crimes scenes --

INT. ROOM 308, RUNDOWN HOTEL - DAY

-- he returns his gaze to RICK'S CORPSE which lies askew on the floor as the CRIME SCENE TECH takes photographs. Tucker suddenly enters the room.

TUCKER
Jesus Christ...

DOUGLAS
Tom Douglas, Homicide.

TUCKER
Henry Tucker, Customs.

DOUGLAS
You knew this guy.

TUCKER
Had a case running on him. Richard Farmer. Handles a stable of hookers for some of the local smugglers.
(looks around)
Got any good coffee out here?

Douglas looks at him, then beckons a POLICE OFFICER.

DOUGLAS
Mike. Can you get some coffee?

TUCKER
No cream. Lots of sugar. Lots.

POLICE OFFICER
Yes, Sir.

The officer heads downstairs...

...and Tucker catches Douglas' look.

TUCKER

Hate the taste, but I need the juice. So what the hell happened here?

DOUGLAS

Depends on who you ask. Homicidal maniac gone nuts. Or an angel sent from Heaven to do the Lord's work.

TUCKER

Vaporized Rick Farmer's heart. Look at that. Steak tartare. Shotgun.

DOUGLAS

Probably. Jammed it up close to mask the sound.

TUCKER

Shooter knew what he was doing.

DOUGLAS

Witnesses say they saw up to five shooters. Far as I can tell, there were only two different weapons.

TUCKER

So two shooters.

DOUGLAS

Or one shooter with two weapons.

TUCKER

One guy. One guy taking out all these people. You kidding me.

DOUGLAS

(shrugs)

One guy moving so fast he looks like five guys.

TUCKER

Professional.

DOUGLAS

We're calling it skillful for now.

TUCKER

Any ideas who it might be?

Just now, the police officer returns with TUCKER'S COFFEE...

...and Tucker thanks him with a nod, taking a long sip.

DOUGLAS

I don't know... I've had a father
kill his son over a turkey leg at
Thanksgiving dinner... I've had a
school teacher murder an insurance
salesman over a parking space...

(pause)

...it's always, "I didn't mean to
do it. It was an accident." There's
always genuine sorrow. And remorse.

Douglas glances at Rick, then at Tucker.

DOUGLAS

All I know is, this *isn't* one of
those cases.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT, HOSPITAL - DAY

A LIGHT RAIN starts to fall outside Sandy's hospital. Cars
come and go. INPATIENTS and OUTPATIENTS walk under cover.

INT. KELLY'S TRUCK, HOSPITAL - DAY

Kelly waits in his truck in the parking lot. Watching. Still
in his STREET BUM guise. Doris sits beside him, shivering...

...*there's Sandy*. Driving up in her sedan. Parking nearby --

INT. SANDY'S CAR, HOSPITAL - DAY

-- the news is on in Sandy's car...

NEWS BROADCASTER'S VOICE

...the latest count on the Druid
Hill shootings last night has now
reached a total of twelve. All of
the victims have been identified as
drug dealers, leading detectives to
speculate that a local vigilante is
attempting to clean up a part of
town widely known as the epicenter
of the Baltimore drug trade.

...she hesitates a moment, something strange about this. Then
she shuts off her engine and gets out. Grabbing her DAYPACK --

EXT. PARKING LOT, HOSPITAL - DAY

-- she moves fast to get inside out of the rain...

...behind her, we see Kelly lift Doris out of his truck and carry her towards Sandy. He catches her outside the doors.

SANDY
(startled)
John...

KELLY
Her name's Doris. You've gotta take care of her.

SANDY
What. Wait a minute --

KELLY
Remember Pam? This girl's in the same spot. I can't help her right now. I have to go.

SANDY
John, what've you done.

KELLY
Somebody's beaten the shit out of her, Sandy. She needs help.

And with that, he rushes back to his truck...

...and Sandy watches him drive off, then helps Doris inside out of the rain. Looking around to see if anyone saw Kelly.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINE TERMINAL, BALTIMORE - DAY

A 275-acre container terminal ripples with movement. Seven huge CRANES over twenty stories high. Working in the rain...

...while a LINE OF TRUCKS drop off and pick up CONTAINERS.

INT./EXT. TUCKER'S CAR, MARINE TERMINAL - DAY

Tucker's parked in the lot just outside the terminal. Sitting behind the wheel, watching the STEEL CONTAINERS move about...

...as a BLACK HUMVEE parks nearby. Tucker doesn't even look.

Billy climbs out of his Humvee and hurries into Tucker's car.

BILLY

He's coming for me, isn't he? He's coming for me next.

TUCKER

We don't know that.

BILLY

But you know he took Rick's fucking heart out. You know *that*.

TUCKER

Calm down. Homicide's got no link between you and Farmer.

(pause)

How much did Rick know about you?

BILLY

Just my name.

TUCKER

What about your home. Address.

BILLY

I kept it tight, like you said.

TUCKER

You better get rid of your truck.

BILLY

Fuck that.

TUCKER

Everybody knows you drive that big black thing, Billy. It's a fucking magnet.

(pause)

Look... In five of days we'll have enough heroin to retire rich men.

BILLY

What if I don't have that long?

Tucker just looks at him and Billy gets out...

TUCKER

Five days, Billy.

...he nods vaguely, climbing back into his big black truck.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT YARDS, CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

The rain's still falling as Kelly parks his truck in the boat yards. He's dressed more normally now, jeans and a shirt...

...he tucks his STREET BUM guise including the gloves into a TRASH BAG, then hurls that into a DUMPSTER. Darting through the rain to board *Springer*.

He stops when he sees the CABIN DOOR is unlatched...

...he draws his PISTOL, descending the stairs carefully --

INT. BELOW DECK, SPRINGER - DAY

-- there's Ritter, sitting at a table. Kelly lowers his gun, but keeps it handy. *Just in case.*

RITTER

Hello, John. Keeping sharp, I see.

KELLY

Anyone else with you.

RITTER

Would you trust me if I said yes.

KELLY

Probably not. I make it a habit not to trust spies.

RITTER

I'm not in the field anymore. They gave me a desk job at Langley. You ever been there?

KELLY

You weren't at Tish's funeral.

RITTER

Yeah, I'm sorry about that... I got called away at the last second. You know how it goes.

KELLY

What do you want, Mister Ritter?

RITTER

You.

CUT TO:

INT. RITTER'S TOWN CAR, WASHINGTON D.C. - DRIVING - DAY

Ritter drives Kelly through the FALLING RAIN. Kelly watches a LAPTOP which plays images of him shooting Bandanna and Ju-Ju.

RITTER

John, you killed twelve armed men on their home turf in ten minutes without any of them getting a shot off. Cops call that homicide. Know what I call it? *Impressive.*

KELLY

CIA's spying on drug dealers now?

RITTER

Some drug dealers are working for terrorists. They may not know it, but it's a fact.

KELLY

Al Qaeda coke.

RITTER

South East Asian heroin. Grown by Jemaah Islamiah and sold on the streets of Druid Hill... You and I are chasing the same people.

KELLY

I just want the ones who killed Pam. Then I'm done.

RITTER

Billy Grayson, right. You think Billy's the top dog. Think he's smart enough to smuggle in this shit on his own.

KELLY

You tell me.

RITTER

Billy Grayson was *ordered* to kill your friend.

KELLY

By who.

RITTER

I don't know. But once I catch the bastard, I want him on my payroll.

KELLY
You're hiring criminals?

RITTER
Smugglers.

KELLY
Murderers.

RITTER
Snitches. You want to know what's coming in through your ports, you don't rely on Customs... Know what I'm saying?

KELLY
Any smuggler I find had anything to do with Pam is dead.

RITTER
Then we have a problem. But that's okay because I'm a problem solver, that's what I do.

He pulls a DISC out of the LAPTOP...

RITTER
So I can either take this to the nearest police precinct... Or you can pull your head out of your ass and come work for me.

...there's a long look between the two men as we --

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY, CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ritter and Kelly hurry out of the POURING RAIN into the lobby of the CIA. Ritter tosses Kelly some CIA IDENTIFICATION TAGS.

RITTER
Anyone asks, your name is John Clark. And you're a very junior consultant gathering unimportant information for a low-level report that nobody will ever read... Just want you to fit in, you know?

Kelly gazes about the place, never been here before.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BULLPEN, CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ritter leads Kelly through the CIA office bullpen which is buzzing with STAFFERS. Some of them stop to gaze at Kelly.

RITTER

I can't stop drugs from coming into this country and I can't stop folks from using. But goddamn if I can't stop us paying JI's phone bills.

They reach Nomuri's desk outside Ritter's office...

RITTER

This's Chet Nomuri, my assistant.

NOMURI

Hello, Mister Clark. Heard you were the guy who punched Saddam.

KELLY

I didn't punch him. He tripped and fell against my closed fist.

RITTER

(smiles)
Anything new, Chet?

NOMURI

Yeah, I'm getting a stab of pain behind my left eye --

RITTER

With Zacharias.

NOMURI

No, Sir. Nothing new. The meet's in twelve hours.

RITTER

(to Kelly)
You know Robin Zacharias? Found him in Delta Force. I've got him on the drug trail in Jakarta.

KELLY

I met Robin in Kabul. He's good.

RITTER

But not as good as you, John.

...one of NOMURI'S COMPUTERS suddenly catches Kelly's eyes.

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN

showing a HIGH-RES SATELLITE IMAGE over Baltimore. A truck parked outside a house. Not just any truck. A BLACK HUMVEE.

SURVEILLANCE SUBJECT: DEALER - BILLY GRAYSON
CURRENT LOCATION: 34323 MONUMENT STREET, BALTIMORE

Kelly makes a mental note of the address...

INT. RITTER'S OFFICE, CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

...as Ritter strides to his desk, dumping his CAR KEYS on the ashtray by the door. Kelly glances at the keys as he enters.

RITTER

In twelve hours, Zacharias should have the name of the smuggler you want.

He turns to his drug-flow chart...

...and taps "SMUGGLER X - BALTIMORE".

RITTER

In the meantime, I want you to put down everything you've learnt about this side of the operation.

KELLY

Put down?

RITTER

Type.

KELLY

Sir, I'm not a --

RITTER

You've been in their neighborhood, John... You've been where I can't legally go. I want names. I want descriptions. Faces. Anything you can think of -- anything at all.

KELLY

You want me to type.

RITTER

Chet has an office you can use.

And that's that. Ritter starts making calls...

...and Kelly just stands there, bewildered.

RITTER
 (into phone)
 Admiral, it's Bob Ritter. Sorry, I
 haven't gotten back to you. Been a
 helluva morning...

And Kelly turns to go. As he passes the ashtray by the door,
 Kelly discreetly swipes Ritter's CAR KEYS. *Pocketing them...*

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE, CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Nomuri leads Kelly into an empty side office. Just a desk and
 a computer. Nomuri recognizes the fatigue in Kelly's eyes...

NOMURI
 Would you like some coffee, Mister
 Clark? We have plenty. We're all
 confirmed addicts here.

KELLY
 Actually, I think I'll just grab a
 few hours sleep if you don't mind.

NOMURI
 No problem, just lock your door.

Kelly locks the door as Nomuri leaves...

...then he darts over to the computer and calls up MAPQUEST
 online. Feeds in the address he saw: 34323 MONUMENT STREET.

INSERT - THE COMPUTER SCREEN

as a prompt pops up: "WOULD YOU LIKE DIRECTIONS?"

Kelly thinks. Under STARTING ADDRESS, he types: "CIA".

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BULLPEN, CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Kelly quietly slips from his office, locking the door behind
 him. He spots Nomuri at his station across the bullpen...

...then he turns and briskly heads out the way he came in.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT, CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Kelly skirts through the rain to Ritter's TOWN CAR. BEEPING off its alarm with the REMOTE. Kelly promptly hops inside...

INT. RITTER'S OFFICE, CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

...meanwhile, Ritter's on a PHONE CALL in his office, gazing wearily out his window at the parking lot four floors below.

RITTER
(into phone)
Yes, Admiral. I understand. I know
that's the protocol but...

Ritter turns in his chair as he gets his ear chewed...

...just missing the sight of his car starting, lights on in the rain. Pulling out of its space and heading for the gate.

EXT. GUARD GATE, CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The guard waves down Kelly as he reaches the gate.

GATE GUARD
Can I have your name, Sir.

KELLY
John Clark.

GATE GUARD
Mister Clark, are you aware this is
not your car?

KELLY
It belongs to Bob Ritter. He's got
me running errands.

The guard stares at him suspiciously...

GATE GUARD
May I ask what kind of errands?

KELLY
I'm just a very junior consultant
gathering unimportant information
for a low-level report that nobody
will ever read.

...the guard looks at him. *And smiles knowingly.*

INT. RITTER'S OFFICE, CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ritter HANGS UP the phone, watching Kelly make off with his car. He *doesn't* seem upset. In fact, he's almost *proud*...

...he smiles to himself as Nomuri joins him by the window.

NOMURI

That was fast.

RITTER

He get a look at your computer.

NOMURI

Yes, Sir. Can I give Andy back his office now?

Ritter nods, watching Kelly vanish into the rain.

NOMURI

This's one a hell of a risk you're taking, Sir.

RITTER

How do you think I got this job?

CUT TO:

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE, BALTIMORE - DAY

The rain has turned hard and heavy now...

...a HIGH GATE opens on a private residence. And Billy peeks outside. Checking the streets. The rain obscures his vision.

INT./EXT. BILLY'S TRUCK, BALTIMORE - DAY

Billy runs into his BLACK HUMVEE which is parked outside his house as we saw in the SATELLITE IMAGE on Nomuri's computer.

He sits behind the wheel, drying himself off.

All of a sudden, he gets the sense that's he's not alone. He whirls around. Drawing a PISTOL on the backseat to find...

...*nothing*. The backseat is empty.

Billy grins with relief, just being paranoid.

He places his gun on the passenger seat and keys the engine.

ANGLE ON: BILLY'S TRUCK

peeling away from the curb and driving down the road...

...a few seconds pass, and then another truck looms ominously out of the BLINDING RAIN. *Kelly's truck*. Following Billy's.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BILLY'S TRUCK/KELLY'S TRUCK - HIGHWAY - DAY

The highway is inundated with RAIN WATER. Cars and trucks are kicking up spray, cutting visibility down to twenty feet...

...into this maelstrom come our two large trucks.

Kelly pulls up alongside the HUMVEE. Getting a good long look at the driver. Billy notices Kelly's truck. They lock eyes...

...and Billy just knows, *this is the guy*.

He stomps on the gas, racing up the highway.

Kelly follows close behind. Dodging around cars.

Billy tries to spot KELLY'S TRUCK in his rearview mirrors. It appears and disappears like a ghost in the blinding downpour.

BOOM! Kelly rams the HUMVEE from the side.

SMASHING off the mirror and denting the fender.

Billy's PISTOL tumbles to the floor, out of reach.

BILLY

Fuck!

ANGLE ON: THE TWO TRUCKS

glissading across the water-logged highway. Cars angrily HONK and FLASH their lights at them. Driving much slower. *Saner...*

...BOOM! Billy's truck takes another beating.

This time from the other side. Kelly is obviously using the weather to mask his angle of attacks. *This terrifies Billy*.

CLOSE ON: BILLY

fumbling for his SEAT BELT. Strapping in. Focused. He's gonna go down fighting. He jams his foot down. Pedal to the metal as he guns along the highway.

ANGLE ON: BILLY'S TRUCK

picking up speed, hurtling through traffic. SMASHING aside any and every car in his path. Kelly speeds up in his wake.

Billy SCREAMS as he bounces off cars and trucks...

...he's essentially driving blind in the rain.

Kelly sees an opening and pushes ahead. Ramming BILLY'S TRUCK from behind. Turning him. The truck skids and slides about...

...and now Billy's lost all control. Barely hanging onto the wheel as the HUMVEE flips. Careening along the slick highway until it CRASHES violently into the side wall.

ANGLE ON: THE HIGHWAY

as other cars and trucks swerve out of the way and stop. The CASCADING RAIN keeps most people inside their vehicles...

...not Kelly. He parks on the shoulder.

Stepping out into the deluge. His P266 by his side. Marching through the rain to Billy's UPTURNED TRUCK. Yanking open the door. Billy tumbles out, bloody and faint...

...until he feels KELLY'S PISTOL against his temple.

KELLY

Who ordered you to kill Pam?

BILLY

Who?

KELLY

Pam. Who told you to kill her.

BILLY

Pam who? What the fuck are you talking about?

Kelly says nothing, eyes like steel...

...and Billy realizes with a gut-wrenching fear.

BILLY

Fuck you. I ain't telling you shit.

WHACK! Kelly cold-cocks Billy. Drags him to his truck. Then throws him in the back. And drives off through the rain...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NURSES' STATION, HOSPITAL - DUSK

Detective Douglas exits a room where we see Doris awake in a bed. The look on his face suggests she didn't say much...

...he approaches Sandy who's packing up at her desk.

DOUGLAS
How long till the drugs flush out
of her system.

SANDY
A few days. A week, maybe.

DOUGLAS
She gonna pull through?

SANDY
Provided she gets some rest. And
people stop asking her questions
she can't answer.

He smiles, following her down the corridor...

DOUGLAS
You're sure you never got a good
look at this guy's face.

SANDY
I already told you on the phone --

DOUGLAS
Street bum runs up, dumps a hooker
on your arm, and --

SANDY
Yes, Detective. I was distracted by
the condition of the *patient*.

...the ELEVATOR arrives. Sandy steps inside. He follows --

INT. ELEVATOR, HOSPITAL - DUSK

-- they ride the hospital elevator down with some NURSES and PATIENTS. Douglas speaks low so that the others can't hear...

DOUGLAS
You know what he did, don't you?

SANDY
I heard the news.

DOUGLAS
Twelve bodies in one night.

SANDY
Look, I'm tired. I'm grumpy. I just
wanna go home and get some sleep --

DOUGLAS
Why are you protecting him?

SANDY
I'm not protecting anybody.

DOUGLAS
He could've taken that girl to any
one of three other hospitals closer
than this. But he came here. Why?

The elevator reaches the ground now...

SANDY
I guess you'll have to ask *him*.

...and Sandy walks out the doors. Douglas pursues her --

EXT. PARKING LOT, HOSPITAL - DUSK

-- he catches up to Sandy as she reaches her car.

DOUGLAS
I'll be honest. I'm not gonna lose
a whole bunch of sleep over any of
those scumbags. But what he did is
against the law.

SANDY
He risked his life to save a girl.
She climbs in her car and looks up at him...

SANDY
Whatever else he did, he did *that*.
...she shuts the door and drives off. Douglas watches her --

INT. SANDY'S CAR, HOSPITAL - DUSK

-- as she drives away, we see what Douglas doesn't: *Sandy is
shit-scared*. Glancing anxiously at the cop in her MIRROR...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE, BALTIMORE - NIGHT

Sandy parks in the driveway of her small suburban house and fishes for her HOUSE KEYS as Kelly pulls up in his truck on the street behind her.

KELLY

Sandy.

She's startled, caught off guard...

...glancing warily up and down the street.

SANDY

What're you doing here?

KELLY

I followed you from the hospital. I couldn't talk to you with that cop.

SANDY

He's on to you, John. He *knows*.

KELLY

How's Doris?

SANDY

Fine. She's doing fine.

KELLY

If you want to turn me in, I can't stop you.

SANDY

You have to turn *yourself* in. John, you can't just go killing people --

KELLY

They kill people. Innocent people.

SANDY

No. No, there's a line. You cross that line, you become like them.

KELLY

I've never had that problem.

SANDY

Please, John. Just think about what you're doing... And let it stop.

And for a second, it almost looks as if she's reached him...

...then he glances at the back of his truck in his mirror.

KELLY

They killed her, Sandy. They raped her. And they tortured her. And I'm going to get every one of them. And if I die in the process, that's the chance I'm going to take. I'm sorry if you don't like me for that.

They stare at each other a long moment...

...and Kelly drives on. Leaving Sandy confused and concerned, unable to figure out both Kelly and her feelings towards him.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUCKER'S HOUSE, BALTIMORE - NIGHT

A modest house in the suburbs. Tucker's car sits out front.

INT. KITCHEN, TUCKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's dinner-time at the Tucker's. The TV NEWS is on. The kids are doing their HOMEWORK as they eat. Tucker is at the table, talking with his wife.

TUCKER'S WIFE

...he wanted to charge me thirty dollars. For a simple stain on a cotton dress.

TUCKER

You tell him your husband's a cop.

TUCKER'S WIFE

I tried...

TUCKER

What'd he say?

TUCKER'S WIFE

His cousin's the Chief of Police.

TUCKER

Seriously.

TUCKER'S WIFE

Who knows anymore.

Tucker suddenly notices the news. His wife watches with him.

INSERT: TUCKER'S TELEVISION

showing FOOTAGE of Billy's BLACK HUMVEE upside down on the highway. The DRIVER'S DOOR open. *No Billy behind the wheel.*

Tucker keys the VOLUME and a REPORTER'S VOICE comes on:

REPORTER (V.O.)
 ...police are still looking for the
 assailant and the vehicle's driver.
 Witnesses say it was hard to get a
 look at either one due to the heavy
 rain at the time.

TUCKER'S WIFE
 God, I hate the city.

Tucker looks at her, he's freaking out.

TUCKER
 Then why don't we get out of here?

TUCKER'S WIFE
 What.

TUCKER
 We've always talked about it... Go
 live on some island someplace with
 the kids.

TUCKER'S WIFE
 Don't be ridiculous. They've got
 school. And sport. And --

TUCKER
 I'm talking about a fresh start. I
 hate my job. I hate the people I'm
 forced to work with. You hate that
 I'm a cop.

TUCKER'S WIFE
 You'd retire. Honestly.

TUCKER
 Just give me a few days. Maybe I'll
 go grow coffee beans or something.

TUCKER'S WIFE
 Henry...

She kisses him and he hugs her, staring at the TV NEWS...

CUT TO:

INT. BOAT HOUSE, KELLY'S ISLAND - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: BILLY

as he stirs awake. And he's immediately scared because he can't move. Billy is lying naked in a STEEL CYLINDER only seventeen inches wide. A NAVAL RECOMPRESSION CHAMBER...

...we're in the old boat house on Kelly's island. And Kelly's sitting next to the chamber, staring down at Billy through a small PLEXIGLAS PLATE.

He has a NOTE PAD and a PEN, like a college professor...

...speaking to Billy with a frightening lack of compassion.

KELLY
Comfortable?

BILLY
What is this. Where did you fucking take me.

KELLY
You're in a recompression chamber, Billy. For deep-sea divers.

BILLY
You gonna drown me...

KELLY
No. But I am gonna make you cry.

BILLY
You better let me out of here, you maggot-dick motherfucker.

KELLY
As soon as you tell me who it was, gave you the order to kill Pam.

BILLY
It was the voices. The voices in my head. It was fucking Santa Claus --

KELLY
There's a penalty for lying, Billy.

BILLY
Suck my cock, you asshole.

Kelly lowers a PRESSURE DIAL on the chamber...

...but Billy doesn't feel anything immediately.

BILLY

I fixed her, you know. I watched your little babydoll die with my *dick* in her.

Kelly just watches the pressure drop...

BILLY

That's right. She died while she was *fucking*. Just like the little bitch whore she was.

...dropping, dropping, dropping.

BILLY

I strangled her... And her cute ass was pumping hard... Right up to the time her face turned purple.

...and now Billy starts to twitch with a dull pain.

BILLY

I hurt her, man. I hurt her bad, you hear me --

-- he stops because the pain suddenly increases into the most intense, unpleasant sensation Billy has ever experienced...

...his face twitches and now he begins to SCREAM like a caged animal. We can see the veins in his neck and head through his skin. He SCREAMS until Kelly restores the pressure.

He waits for Billy to catch his breath...

...the guy hacks up mucus, his whole body aching.

KELLY

Divers call it the bends. Nitrogen gas bubbles expanding in your blood stream when I cut the air pressure.

(pause)

You know how it was for Pam now?

BILLY

(weak)

Fuck you...

KELLY

Who's your boss. I want his name.

But Billy just gives him the finger...

...and so Kelly turns the dial again.

BILLY
No... No, don't!

As Billy starts SCREAMS again, we --

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT YARDS, CHESAPEAKE BAY - NIGHT

An old CROWN VICTORIA deposits Douglas by the boat yards. The place is quiet. It's late. He finds KELLY'S TRUCK in the lot, parked amongst several others...

...there's nobody inside. But the FRONT FENDER is smashed in where Kelly rammed BILLY'S HUMVEE. Douglas removes a CHIP OF BLACK PAINT from the fender.

Then he checks the docks, finding *Springer's* empty berth...

...he gazes out across the inky waters into the endless dark.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOAT HOUSE, KELLY'S ISLAND - NIGHT

Billy SCREAMS inhumanly. He's already pissed himself and his ears are bleeding, his body jerking violently as though being stung with electric shocks...

...finally, Kelly restores pressure. They seem to have been at this for some time. Kelly's voice is cold and impassive.

KELLY
Billy, there's something you have to understand. Up until now, what's happened to you -- well, it's all things doctors can fix. Next time I turn this dial, things will happen that *nobody* can fix.

BILLY
No... No, please...

KELLY
Blood vessels inside your eyes and your brain will break. And you'll go blind. And crazy. The rest of your life, Billy... Forty, fifty years... Blind. Crazy. And hurt.

BILLY
I don't know much... He doesn't
trust me...

KELLY
Who doesn't trust you, Billy?

BILLY
(pause)
Henry... His name is Henry...

The name sears into the depths of Kelly's soul as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MERDEKA SQUARE, JAKARTA - DAY

Crowds throng around the towering, phallic National Monument in Merdeka Square, the heart of Jakarta. A great barren field in the middle of the city...

...we find Zacharias here, keeping a wary eye on the Nigerian receptionist, Sunday Okoro, who's about fifty feet away. Near the monument.

In the crowd, we can also see members of the elite *INDONESIAN POLICE* squad that's been working with Zacharias. They've also got their eyes on Okoro...

...the Nigerian waits anxiously. Eyes on the people brushing past him. Dozens of faces. *Which one has his cash? Or a gun?*

ANGLE ON: ZACHARIAS

watching Okoro through the bustling crowd...

...all of a sudden, the Nigerian vanishes. Zacharias begins moving at once. The Indonesians rapidly swarm in with him.

They reach the fountain together...

...but Okoro has disappeared.

ZACHARIAS
(subtitled)
Spread out.

They fan out automatically, *PISTOLS* drawn low...

...we stay with Zacharias as he weaves through the mob.

Checking faces and corners. About to give up when he sees...

...Sunday Okoro fleeing towards a street. Zacharias launches after him. *He knows in this moment that Okoro's played him.*

And he's furious, charging through the crowd...

EXT. STREETS, MERDEKA SQUARE - DAY

...there's a TRAFFIC JAM on the street. Okoro navigates his way through the labyrinth of HONKING CARS and CITY BUSESSES.

Zacharias just leaps up onto the hoods...

...barrelling across the tops of the cars.

DRIVERS scream and curse at the big American. He ignores them flatly, zeroing in on Okoro. The Nigerian realizes this...

...and he darts over to a nearby bus stop. A CITY BUS swoops in and picks him up. Zacharias hurls himself after the bus.

Running behind it, his PISTOL in his hand, dodging CARS and TAXIS that seem to be *trying* to run him over. But the whole time, Zacharias never loses sight of the bus...

...cutting around corners and sprinting up streets. Finally, he scores a break. The bus stops at a set of traffic lights.

INT./EXT. CITY BUS, STREETS - DAY

Zacharias slams into the BUS DOORS, banging on them...

...the stunned BUS DRIVER opens the doors and Zacharias darts inside. There's about six young INDONESIAN MEN in here beside Sunday Okoro. Zacharias doesn't pay them any attention.

He just draws his PISTOL on the Nigerian in the back. Okoro's no longer terrified. In fact, his whole demeanor has changed.

ZACHARIAS

It's you, isn't it. You're the one smuggling out JI's dope.

OKORO

You got on the wrong bus, Sir.

Only now does Zacharias get that ominous feeling...

...and he sees the six young INDONESIAN MEN all have guns on him. Before Zacharias can react, they knock him unconscious.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PUBLIC WHARF, RIVER INLET - DAWN

A HEAVY MIST swamps a wooded river inlet. We can see *Springer* tied up to a public wharf. The water is still. Nobody around.

CLOSE ON: KELLY

staring down into the water from his boat...

...a PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS cuts through the murky haze, driving up to the wharf. The ENGINE shuts off and a CAR DOOR opens.

Kelly doesn't turn as Ritter hurries along the lonely wharf and joins him aboard *Springer*. He follows Kelly's eyes to...

...something pale under several feet of water. *Billy's* naked body. Eyes and mouth open. CRABS crawling in and out of him, making a meal out of his pasty flesh.

RITTER

Christ, what'd you do to him?

KELLY

Your smuggler's name is Henry.

RITTER

Henry... You get a last name?

KELLY

(shakes his head)

He's a cop. He's got a big shipment coming in four days. Then he's gone for good. That's all he knew.

RITTER

What do you mean gone.

KELLY

He's getting out. Retiring.

RITTER

What kind of cop is he? What's his last name? When is he retiring?

KELLY

I don't know.

RITTER

Well, a shit load of good that does me. Henry the cop is retiring.

Kelly turns to Ritter sharply...

...and for a moment, Ritter is truly scared.

KELLY

You wanted me to do this. Didn't you. You wanted me to torture him because you couldn't.

RITTER

You think I made you do this. You think I control you.

KELLY

I think you used me.

RITTER

You wanna know what I think...? I think before I found you, you were looking for a fight. I think Billy and his crew had no idea of the goddamn shitstorm they unleashed when they crossed you. They killed a hooker you knew for what, two days? I think this had nothing to do with the girl and everything to do with your wife.

KELLY

Don't you talk about Tish --

RITTER

The guy's brakes failed. They just didn't work when they were supposed to. And I think you were bottled up with rage and guilt because you had nobody to take it out on. Because guess what? It was an accident. An accident, Kelly. And I think all of this was just a convenient excuse.

Kelly grabs Ritter and hurls him onto the wharf...

...then he starts his boat and pulls away into the mist.

RITTER

You wanna find Henry? Then do one more thing for me. Kelly...?

He waits for a response, staring into the empty mist...

...it seems that Kelly has gone. But then, Ritter hears the SOUND OF KELLY'S BOAT motoring back. Kelly's staring at him.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER, INDIAN OCEAN - NIGHT

The *USS Stennis* churns through dark waters at sixty knots. A ninety-seven thousand ton floating city, twenty-four stories high and longer than three football fields...

...she's not just a ship. She's about five acres of American soil that can get anywhere in the world in forty-eight hours.

INT. UAV CONTROL STATION, AIRCRAFT CARRIER - NIGHT

Deep inside the carrier, we find a small room consumed with computers and monitors. It's a hi-tech control station for a squadron of UAVs (Unmanned Aerial Vehicles)...

...several "PILOTS" and SENSOR OPERATORS fly the weapons from their computer consoles. We zero in on one of the GLOBAL HAWK PILOTS as he speaks into his HEADSET:

GLOBAL HAWK PILOT
(into mike)
Global Hawk One, launching now.

He punches a button on his console...

EXT. RUNWAY, AIRCRAFT CARRIER - NIGHT

...and a forty-foot GLOBAL HAWK UAV catapults down the runway outside. Hurling skywards and disappearing into the clouds.

CUT TO:

INT. MISSION CONTROL, HERCULES - NIGHT

In another control station somewhere, Kelly suits up in form-fitting TIGER STRIPE BDUs, attended to by MILITARY MEDICS who are attaching a network of MICROPROCESSORS to his skin...

...he's being briefed by Ritter.

RITTER
Three weeks ago, Zacharias stumbled across this man answering phones at a dummy shipping office in Jakarta.
(showing him a photo)
His name's Sunday Okoro. He played like he was just the receptionist, turns out he was the boss. The one who could deliver Henry to us.

KELLY
Is he still with Zacharias.

RITTER
We assume so. Satellites tracked
the bus they took him in to a JI
training camp in the mountains.

KELLY
I need to see images.

RITTER
We've got a UAV circling it now.

CUT TO:

EXT. GLOBAL HAWK UAV, SKIES - NIGHT

The mighty Global Hawk soars above the clouds, its SYNTHETIC APERTURE RADAR recording live images *through* the clouds like a billion-dollar X-ray...

EXT. TERRORIST CAMP, INDONESIAN JUNGLE - NIGHT

...of a terrorist training camp. Six CEMENT HUTS corralled by malefic jungle. JI TERRORISTS are wandering about the camp.

Most are training on OBSTACLE COURSES and CLIMBING ROPES. We see a SHOOTING RANGE where several TERRORISTS are practicing with their AK-47s...

INT. UAV CONTROL STATION, AIRCRAFT CARRIER - NIGHT

...the live images are instantly beamed to a SENSOR OPERATOR in the hectic control station aboard the aircraft carrier.

SENSOR OPERATOR
(into mike)
Transmitting images now...

INT. MISSION CONTROL, HERCULES - NIGHT

...and Chet Nomuri watches the images of the camp appear on his monitor near Ritter and Kelly who is now fully-dressed.

NOMURI
We got the camp, Sir.

The two of them look over Nomuri's shoulder...

...studying the six rectangular huts in the jungle. They can see through the roofs. Ritter spots what looks like a crude, kid's science lab.

RITTER
That's the refinery.

NOMURI
Jesus... There's gotta be twenty tangos down there.

RITTER
Thirty.

KELLY
Zacharias.

He's pointing to another hut across the camp...

...where they see three men surrounding a fourth.

CUT TO:

INT. TORTURE HUT, TERRORIST CAMP - NIGHT

A JI TERRORIST crunches Zacharias' hand in a vice. He cries out in pain. A senior JI COMMANDER is watching all this with a frightening lack of compassion. This is BALIKWAN (38)...

...he smokes a cigarette in front of Zacharias, ignoring the looks he's getting from Sunday Okoro who is pacing nearby.

BALIKWAN
Are you ready to co-operate now. Or do I have to break the other hand?

ZACHARIAS
Go fuck yourself...

OKORO
He doesn't know anything.

BALIKWAN
He is a spy. An American infidel spy. It is his profession to know things.

OKORO
I tell you, he doesn't know. And it is *dangerous* keeping him alive.

Balikwan stares at Okoro for a moment...

...then shows Zacharias a photo of the CONTAINER SHIP we saw in Jakarta. The name of the ship is visible: *Apollo Ranger*.

BALIKWAN

Do your spy friends know what is on this ship.

ZACHARIAS

A container.

BALIKWAN

And what is in that container.

ZACHARIAS

Heroin.

Balikwan glances aside at the torturer...

...who starts to switch ZACHARIAS' HANDS in the vice.

CUT TO:

INT. MISSION CONTROL, HERCULES - NIGHT

Kelly loads a Russian-made AK-47 with a 40mm GRENADE LAUNCHER underneath. He turns on an OPTICAL SCOPE which relays in real time what it sees to another monitor in front of Nomuri...

...the young CIA STAFFER glances at the venerable weapon.

NOMURI

You know we have a lot fancier guns these days, Mister Clark.

KELLY

It's what *they* use... It'll let me blend in when the shooting starts, confuse them.

RITTER

John, you know I'd like to send in a battalion of Marines but --

KELLY

(wry)

We're not at war with Indonesia the last time I checked.

Ritter nods and Kelly puts on a helmet...

...and attaches a BREATHING MASK to his face. Only now do we realize he's wearing twin HALO PARACHUTES beneath his waist.

Ritter leads Kelly through a door and we discover that we're in a CARGO HOLD of a specialized Hercules TRANSPORT PLANE...

...the CARGO DOOR lowers and Kelly moves to the lip.

It's too loud for either of them to talk. Ritter gives Kelly a reassuring thumbs-up. *And Kelly just walks off the ramp...*

...and Ritter just watches him plummet --

EXT. HERCULES, SKIES - NIGHT

-- the Hercules ascends rapidly above Kelly as he begins his HALO drop. A twenty-thousand foot free fall above the clouds.

Kelly's buffeted by intense cold and winds...

...eyes on the clouds below and what lies beneath.

All he can hear is the SOUND OF HIS BREATH in the mask...

CUT TO:

INT. TORTURE HUT, TERRORIST CAMP - NIGHT

Zacharias SCREAMS again as his other hand is squeezed in the vice. Okoro winces. But Balikwan stays cold and impassive...

BALIKWAN

You can't end pain any time you wish. Just tell me what is in the container.

ZACHARIAS

(weak)

I already told you... Heroin...

OKORO

You see? He knows nothing. And the CIA knows nothing. Now please kill him and take me back to Jakarta.

...and now Zacharias looks up at them, realizing something:

ZACHARIAS

It's not heroin. Not this time. You wouldn't keep me alive if...

(thinks)

...Jesus, what've you got in there?

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRORIST CAMP, SKIES - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: KELLY

plummeting into the CLOUD BANK now, flying blind for several seconds until he shoots out the other side above the camp...

...he's about a thousand feet up now, the ground looming up before him awfully fast. *You gotta have nerves of steel not to pull your chute at this distance.*

Kelly waits for the last possible second...

...then opens the twin HALO CANOPIES together.

And Kelly seems to stop dead in mid-air. It's like somebody's punched him with a telegraph pole, but he's ready for it...

...his body absorbs the shock of the sudden drop in speed and in the next second, his feet hit the dirt right in the middle of the fucking camp.

He punches the QUICK RELEASE BUTTON on his chest...

...and draws the AK-47 as his PARACHUTE RIG flutters away.

KELLY
(into mike)
Snake to Chicago, insertion
successful.

None of the JI TERRORISTS even notice him yet --

INT. MISSION CONTROL, HERCULES - NIGHT

-- back inside the Hercules, Ritter and Nomuri see what his rifle's OPTICAL SCOPE sees. Lit up in grainy night-vision...

...they also have REAL TIME VIDEO from the GLOBAL HAWK above, showing where Kelly is in relation to all the terrorists. And there are everywhere around him, practice shooting and so on.

The MILITARY MEDICS monitor Kelly's vitals...

...as Ritter quickly gauges Zacharias' position in the hut on Kelly's left. Ritter speaks to Kelly through a HEADSET MIKE:

RITTER
(into mike)
He's in the second hut on your
left, three hostiles inside --

EXT. TERRORIST CAMP, INDONESIAN JUNGLE - NIGHT

-- *and Kelly's off.* Charging through the camp towards the hut containing Zacharias. Two JI TERRORISTS wander across him...

...CRACK-CRACK-CRACK! Kelly ruthlessly cuts them down.

Another JI TERRORIST is drawn by the shooting. Kelly turns in a flash. And lines the terrorist up in his OPTICAL SIGHT --

INT. MISSION CONTROL, HERCULES - NIGHT

-- they watch the terrorist appear on their monitor. A BLAST from Kelly's AK-47 drops the young man dead in his tracks...

...*it's like watching some bizarre first person shooter game.*

NOMURI

Where's my joystick...

Ritter leans in anxiously, watching the various monitors --

EXT. TORTURE HUT, TERRORIST CAMP - NIGHT

-- as Kelly zeroes in on Zacharias' hut. Despite his AK-47 blending in with the ones on the SHOOTING RANGE, the alarm has now been raised...

...more and more JI TERRORISTS start to notice the dark shape outside the hut. Others spot the bodies of their comrades.

Several TERRORISTS rush at Kelly...

...he switches to his 40mm GRENADE LAUNCHER.

BOOM! The HIGH-EXPLOSIVE GRENADE scatters them --

INT. TORTURE HUT, TERRORIST CAMP - NIGHT

-- that gets their attention inside the hut...

OKORO

What was that?

BALIKWAN

The Americans are here.

...he draws a PISTOL and goes to execute Zacharias as the door cracks open and a FLASH-BANG GRENADE rolls inside --

EXT. TORTURE HUT, TERRORIST CAMP - NIGHT

-- outside, Kelly turns his eyes as...

...WHUMP! A blinding flash of light and noise --

INT. TORTURE HUT, TERRORIST CAMP - NIGHT

-- everybody's stunned and disoriented inside the hut.

Kelly's through the door moments later, firing his AK-47 with surgical precision. Balikwan takes the first three rounds...

...he's dead before he even knows what's happening.

The torturer dies next, reaching for his gun --

INT. MISSION CONTROL, HERCULES - NIGHT

-- twenty thousand feet above, Ritter watches the shooting on his monitors. Glancing at Kelly's vitals which are *peaking* --

INT. TORTURE HUT, TERRORIST CAMP - NIGHT

-- back in the hut, Kelly turns to shoot Sunday Okoro but the Nigerian dives out a nearby window into the jungle outside...

...and Kelly's got more important things to worry about, like freeing Zacharias' hand from the vice. Zacharias collapses in Kelly's arms, directing his eyes to the window.

ZACHARIAS

Don't let him get away...

KELLY

Can you walk.

ZACHARIAS

I think so...

Kelly hauls Zacharias over to the door --

EXT. TORTURE HUT, TERRORIST CAMP - NIGHT

-- BANG-BANG-BANG! A hail of bullets greets them outside.

Kelly catches a round in the shoulder. He shoots back but has to retreat inside the hut. The TERRORISTS blast away at it --

INT. MISSION CONTROL, HERCULES - NIGHT

-- the MILITARY MEDICS react to the spike in Kelly's vitals, punching their keyboards and running diagnostic tests...

RITTER
Is he okay. Is he hurt.

MEDIC #1
No bleeding. Body armor caught it.

...and Ritter's relieved --

INT. TORTURE HUT, TERRORIST CAMP - NIGHT

-- back in the hut, Kelly removes the FLATTENED BULLET from his BODY ARMOR. Then frantically barricades the door...

MEDIC'S VOICE
Snake, you're dehydrated. You might want to stop and take a drink.

KELLY
(into mike)
Yeah, I'll get right on that...

...he starts opening up on TERRORISTS as they pop up in the windows around the hut. Zacharias quickly takes cover --

EXT. TERRORIST CAMP, INDONESIAN JUNGLE - NIGHT

-- meanwhile, Sunday Okoro clambers into a TRUCK parked with several others. He backs up and leaves the carnage behind --

INT. TORTURE HUT, TERRORIST CAMP - NIGHT

-- the terrorists are swarming in on Kelly and Zacharias now, laying down an intense barrage of fire which Kelly returns in force out all six windows.

KELLY
(into mike)
Snake to Chicago, I need Hellfires on my position immediately. Over.

Kelly switches MAGAZINES, running low. Zacharias reaches for the torturer's fallen AK-47. His hands are pretty useless...

...but he manages to secure Kelly one more AK-47 MAGAZINE --

INT. MONITORING STATION, HERCULES - NIGHT

-- up in the Hercules, Ritter is watching the TERRORISTS zero in on Kelly and Zacharias in the hut. He nods to Nomuri.

NOMURI
 (into mike)
 Roger that, Snake. Hellfire strike
 on your poz. Keep your head down --

INT. UAV CONTROL STATION, AIRCRAFT CARRIER - NIGHT

-- aboard the carrier, a set of PREDATOR PILOTS and SENSOR OPERATORS respond to the call. Guiding their birds in...

PREDATOR PILOT #1
 Predator One, locking on target.

...they twist and turn their JOYSTICKS appropriately --

EXT. PREDATOR UAVS, SKIES - NIGHT

-- in the skies, two smaller PREDATOR UAVs peel off from the GLOBAL HAWK. Both the Predators carry two HELLFIRE MISSILES, mounted under their wings --

INT. TORTURE HUT, TERRORIST CAMP - NIGHT

-- and they can't come fast enough for Kelly and Zacharias who are about to get overrun.

KELLY
 (into mike)
 Where the hell's my airstrike --

INT. UAV CONTROL STATION, AIRCRAFT CARRIER - NIGHT

-- in the carrier, the PREDATOR PILOTS work with the GLOBAL HAWK PILOT. Guiding their remote-controlled birds on sight.

GLOBAL HAWK PILOT
 Target is painted. Fire for effect.

PREDATOR PILOT #1
 Predator One, fire.

PREDATOR PILOT #2
 Predator Two, fire --

EXT. PREDATOR UAVS, SKIES - NIGHT

-- and the PREDATORS launch their HELLFIRE MISSILES. The fast weapons streak through the skies, down through the clouds --

INT. MISSION CONTROL, HERCULES - NIGHT

-- as with everything else, these missiles also have CAMERAS which beam their images back to Ritter in mission control...

...he watches the TERRORIST CAMP zoom up on a monitor --

EXT. TERRORIST CAMP, SKIES - NIGHT

-- as the two missiles tear down around Kelly and Zacharias' besieged hut. TWIN MASSIVE EXPLOSIONS rock the entire camp --

INT. TORTURE HUT, TERRORIST CAMP - NIGHT

-- shaking Kelly and Zacharias who hit the deck while FLAMES plume through the windows and blow the door off its hinges --

EXT. PREDATOR UAVS, SKIES - NIGHT

-- the PREDATORS launch a second salvo now...

EXT. TERRORIST CAMP, INDONESIAN JUNGLE - NIGHT

...and this time, the missiles destroy the HEROIN REFINERY and the BARRACKS. Bodies disappear in the raging infernos.

Secondary EXPLOSIONS light up the place now...

...in a few short moments, the camp has become hell --

INT. MISSION CONTROL, HERCULES - NIGHT

-- a glance at Kelly's vitals confirms he's still alive...

RITTER
 (into mike)
 Chicago to Snake, do you read.
 (no reply)
 Chicago to Snake, come in.

...there's nothing but agonizing silence --

INT. TORTURE HUT, TERRORIST CAMP - NIGHT

-- in the hut, we see Kelly slowly pick himself up. Checking on Zacharias who gives him a nod, weak but somehow alive...

KELLY
 (into mike)
 Snake to Chicago, I need immediate
 extraction.

...and he leads Zacharias towards the door --

INT. MISSION CONTROL, HERCULES - NIGHT

-- there's a flood of relief up in the Hercules.

RITTER
 Chopper's thirty seconds away. Good
 work, John --

INT./EXT. PAVE LOW HELICOPTER, SKIES - NIGHT

-- an enormous PAVE LOW HELICOPTER skims the jungle canopy at almost two hundred miles an hour. Its forward-looking INFRA-RED RADAR mapping the earth...

...inside, two GUNNERS man SIX-BARREL MINIGUNS while a pair of FLIGHT ENGINEERS busily attach a SPIE RIG to the ramp at the back. A long thick wire used for quick extractions --

INT. TORTURE HUT, TERRORIST CAMP - NIGHT

-- meanwhile, Kelly slips a HARNESS over Zacharias and clips it on tight. Then he checks the magazine on his AK-47...

ZACHARIAS
 How much you got left.

KELLY
 About half a clip.

ZACHARIAS
 There'll be more lying around
 outside.

KELLY
 You let me worry about that.

...they hear the PAVE LOW roaring towards them now --

EXT. TERRORIST CAMP, INDONESIAN JUNGLE - NIGHT

-- and the two men rush out into the middle of the camp...

...there are only a few TERRORISTS still standing after the Hellfire strike. Kelly picks them off with his AK-47 until he runs out of ammo.

Zacharias stops to grab a fallen AK-47...

...CRACK-CRACK-CRACK! The bullets riddle his body.

Kelly spins around to see him fall ten yards behind --

INT. MISSION CONTROL, HERCULES - NIGHT

-- the OPTICAL SCOPE on his AK-47 relays the image above to Ritter and Nomuri. Both of them see Zacharias go down...

RITTER
Goddammit!

...now they see the TERRORIST that shot him --

EXT. TERRORIST CAMP, INDONESIAN JUNGLE - NIGHT

-- he's now lining up on Kelly who is defenceless...

...in the next instant, the TERRORIST disappears in a cloud of pink. Ripped apart by several hundred rounds being hosed out by a SIX-BARREL MINIGUN.

ANGLE ON: THE PAVE LOW HELICOPTER

roaring above the camp. The GUNNERS working their weapons on any moving TERRORIST while the FLIGHT ENGINEERS drop the SPIE RIG down to Kelly.

He swiftly clips his harnesses onto the rope...

...then darts over to Zacharias and clips him on.

Kelly signals to the FLIGHT ENGINEERS and the helicopter just launches skyways. The two commandos dangling underneath...

...as more TERRORISTS shoot at them from the ground.

CLOSE ON: KELLY

gazing down at Zacharias' bloody body --

INT. MISSION CONTROL, HERCULES - NIGHT

-- up in the plane, Ritter anxious awaits for news...

RITTER
 (into mike)
 Chicago to Snake. What's going on
 down there? Is Zacharias alive?

...he doesn't get a response and it drives him crazy --

INT./EXT. PAVE LOW HELICOPTER, SKIES - NIGHT

-- meanwhile, the FLIGHT ENGINEERS haul Kelly and Zacharias
 aboard the chopper. They quickly go to treat Zacharias...

...but the shots were obviously fatal. Zacharias has gone.

KELLY
 (into mike)
 We lost him, Sir. Zacharias's dead.

He stares at the corpse, distraught --

INT. MONITORING STATION, HERCULES - NIGHT

-- upon hearing this, Ritter rips off his HEADSET and hurls
 it against the wall. Nomuri watches him, hesitating.

NOMURI
 Sir... What about Sunday Okoro?

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. OKORO'S TRUCK, INDONESIAN JUNGLE - NIGHT

The Nigerian is fleeing in his truck. Bouncing along a back
 road in the heavy jungle. All of a sudden, the PAVE LOW sets
 down in front of him...

...the DOOR GUNNER squirts several hundred rounds into the
 truck's engine. Ripping it to shreds. Okoro crashes into a
 tree, slamming his head against the wheel.

ANGLE ON: KELLY

fast roping down from the chopper. He is unarmed. Covered by
 the fearsome MINIGUN above. Approaching the wreck under the
 DOWNWASH of the PAVE LOW...

...he opens a door on the truck and Okoro falls out. Bloody and weak. Beyond resisting. Kelly gets right in his face.

KELLY

I need the name of your counterpart in Baltimore.

OKORO

Do you really think you will stop the drugs? Are you that naive?

KELLY

His name.

OKORO

Henry Tucker. He's a customs police officer. He has a wife and two boys and a house.

(smiles)

That is your real enemy, Sir.

KELLY

We'll see...

OKORO

Anyway, you're too late. Mister Tucker has just informed me that he's retiring from the business.

KELLY

So are you, Mister Okoro.

And with that, Kelly snaps Okoro's neck...

...leaving him there on the side of the road.

PULL BACK ON: THE PAVE LOW HELICOPTER

as Kelly climbs back aboard. The huge chopper turns and claws its way into the cloudy sky as the first glow of dawn appears on the horizon...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORRIDOR, HOSPITAL - DAY

CLOSE ON: DETECTIVE DOUGLAS

barreling down the same hospital corridor. He seems to be in a rush this time. *There's almost a spring in his step...*

CUT TO:

INT. DORIS' ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY

Doris is awake and though weak, she's lucid now. The heroin has worn off. Sandy stands by her side, holding her hand...

DOUGLAS

No, I'm looking for a physical description. Anything you can remember. Anything at all.

...the young woman hesitates, but Sandy gives her a nod.

DORIS

He was strong. Smelled of whiskey or something. On his breath.

DOUGLAS

White. Black. Latin.

DORIS

White. Dirty. Dangerous. He... He killed Rick. I saw him kill Rick.

DOUGLAS

What did he say to Rick.

DORIS

He wanted to know about Billy.

DOUGLAS

Billy.

DORIS

The boss. He wanted to know where he could find Billy.

DOUGLAS

Doris... Can I call you Doris?

DORIS

What's your name?

DOUGLAS

It's Tom. Tom Douglas.

(she nods)

Doris, I understand you not wanting to say anything that might somehow incriminate the man who saved your life. But this man took the lives of twelve other men the same night.

Douglas sticks a PHOTOGRAPH in her face...

...it's KELLY'S OFFICIAL NAVY PORTRAIT. And Doris has to hide her shock. Douglas eyes her carefully but she betrays little.

DOUGLAS
Was this him?

DORIS
No.

DOUGLAS
You're sure.

DORIS
He didn't look like that.

DOUGLAS
Imagine him with a beard and long hair, dressed like a bum.

DORIS
His eyes were different. More... I don't know, focused... Intense...

Douglas stares at her, frustrated...

DOUGLAS
We matched chips of black paint on the front of John Kelly's truck to the back of Billy Grayson's Humvee.
(pause)
I've got him, Doris. You understand me. You may as well I.D. him.

...but Doris just stares back at Douglas.

DORIS
Not even if you paid me....Tom.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINE TERMINAL, BALTIMORE - NIGHT

The Baltimore marine terminal we saw before works steadily all through the night. CONTAINER SHIPS line the docks whilst GANTRY CRANES load and unload them.

The *Apollo Ranger* sits in a berth being unloaded...

...and there's Tucker on the dock, watching the huge ship.

He's got his CUSTOMS BADGE on his belt. A CUP OF COFFEE in his hands. A TERMINAL CLERK beside him, checking a roster.

Tucker eyes the CONTAINERS as they're lifted from the ship...

TUCKER
You process what, thirty containers
an hour here now?

TERMINAL CLERK
Thirty-five.

TUCKER
Getting better.

TERMINAL CLERK
Hundred and fifty thousand a year.

TUCKER
From this one terminal.

TERMINAL CLERK
Yes, Sir.

...now Tucker spots CONTAINER #5102TX emerge from the holds.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTBOUND LANES, MARINE TERMINAL - NIGHT

Tucker walks past the five OUTBOUND LANES where long lines of TRUCKS receive a final inspection security check. CUSTOMS K-9 UNITS scurry about. CUSTOMS OFFICERS verify TIR manifests...

...one or two officers acknowledge Tucker as he passes with the clerk, heading towards the adjacent on-dock train depot.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN, MARINE TERMINAL - NIGHT

We're now watching Tucker and the clerk as they approach the train depot through the grainy green haze of a NIGHTSCOPE...

...Kelly and Ritter are camped in the SURVEILLANCE VAN we saw earlier, now parked outside the terminal. Nomuri is here with them, panning a NIGHTSCOPE as they watch Tucker on a monitor.

WHAT THEY SEE: Two TRAINSTAINERS straddle the railway tracks, enormous, rubber-tired GANTRY CRANES that are rapidly loading the CONTAINERS onto a waiting CSX FREIGHT TRAIN...

...CONTAINER #5102TX is waiting innocuously with hundreds of others in the massive holding yard right next to the depot.

Ritter stares at Tucker on the monitor, bristling...

RITTER
I invited that guy into the CIA
last month.

NOMURI
Time to revise the guest list, Sir.

...beside them, we see Kelly's eyes just fix on Tucker --

EXT. TRAIN DEPOT, MARINE TERMINAL - NIGHT

-- meanwhile, Tucker keeps a close watch on CONTAINER 5102TX
as it's hoisted above the train and set down on the very last
car. Tucker finishes his coffee...

...pulling out a WALKIE-TALKIE as he leaves the clerk.

TUCKER
Let's do a random visual.

TERMINAL CLERK
You got it, Lieutenant.

TUCKER
I'll take the one at the end. You
take this one.

TERMINAL CLERK
(checking his roster)
Should be car tires in yours.

TUCKER
Good, I need some new tires...

Tucker smirks as he climbs up onto the train car...

...making his way down the train towards CONTAINER 5102TX --

INT./EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN, MARINE TERMINAL - NIGHT

-- they watch Tucker from the surveillance van as he stops by
the CONTAINER at the very back of the train...

RITTER
Sneaky bastard...
(to Nomuri)
Scan that container, Chet.

...the assistant punches some buttons. Kelly draws his P266 --

INT./EXT. CONTAINER #5102TX, FREIGHT TRAIN - NIGHT

-- as Tucker UNLOCKS the container and disappears inside...

...he closes the doors behind him, then turns on a FLASHLIGHT that allows him to see. The container is stacked tightly with CAR TIRES. A thin corridor for inspection.

Tucker proceeds cautiously. His FLASHLIGHT skimming the tires as he moves through the container. *Searching for the heroin --*

INT./EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN, MARINE TERMINAL - NIGHT

-- two hundred yards away, Kelly climbs out of the van.

RITTER

Remember, I want him working for me. Kill him and it's murder.

KELLY

What if he tries to kill me?

Ritter says nothing. Kelly pockets his SILENCED PISTOL...

...and heads off, climbing the fence. Ritter watches him go, more than a little concerned. A voice from inside the van:

NOMURI

Mister Ritter.

RITTER

Yeah.

NOMURI

There's something not right here.

Ritter looks over Nomuri's shoulder...

...a list of TECHNICAL READOUTS scroll on his screen.

NOMURI

I'm conducting a trace scan of the contents of the container.

RITTER

And.

NOMURI

No heroin.

Ritter stares at the screen, confused --

INT. CONTAINER #5102TX, FREIGHT TRAIN - NIGHT

-- and now we see why. Tucker's FLASHLIGHT illuminates it for us. In the middle of the container. Amidst the CAR TIRES...

...a simple timer and a simple fuse on a simple oil drum --

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN, MARINE TERMINAL - NIGHT

-- as Ritter reads the list of elements off Nomuri's screen:

RITTER
Isotopes. Strontium ninety. Cesium
one-thirty-seven. Alpha emitters.

NOMURI
Radiological.

RITTER
(realizing)
A bomb. A dirty bomb...

...a wrenching fear swells in the pit of Ritter's stomach --

INT. CONTAINER #5102TX, FREIGHT TRAIN - NIGHT

-- now Tucker realizes what it is, too. And he's horrified...

...he examines the tires stacked around him. And he discovers cylinders of dynamite hidden inside the rings of the tires.

Tons and tons of ordinary explosives.

And a barrel of radioactive waste.

Before he can move a muscle...

...a light flicks on. Two JEMAAH ISLAMIAH TERRORISTS camped in the back of the container among FOOD CARTONS and a POTTY.

They've ridden with the bomb all the way from Jakarta.

One of them levels an AK-47 at Tucker's chest...

...he stares at them, absolutely reeling.

TUCKER
Who the hell are you people?

CLICK-CLACK! The one with the gun cocks it menacingly --

EXT. TRAIN DEPOT, MARINE TERMINAL - NIGHT

-- outside, Kelly scampers across the tracks up to the train, slipping past bustling DOCK WORKERS and CUSTOMS OFFICERS --

INT. CONTAINER #5102TX, FREIGHT TRAIN - NIGHT

-- as the TERRORIST without the gun approaches Tucker, taking the WALKIE-TALKIE from his hands. Speaking in broken English:

TERRORIST
Tell them you found nothing and to
meet you later.

He holds the WALKIE-TALKIE up...

...and Tucker stares at him, scared.

TUCKER
(into walkie-talkie)
Inspection's complete... Meet you
back at the gate house --

EXT. TRAIN DEPOT, MARINE TERMINAL - NIGHT

-- outside, the clerk hears Tucker on his own WALKIE-TALKIE.

TERMINAL CLERK
(into walkie-talkie)
Roger that, Lieutenant.

And he walks off towards the GATE HOUSE...

...allowing Kelly a chance to climb up onto the train car --

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN, MARINE TERMINAL - NIGHT

-- meanwhile, Ritter's in his van, yelling into a phone:

RITTER
(into phone)
Do not let that train leave this
terminal. I don't care if you have
to wake up the goddamn mayor --

NOMURI
Train's leaving the terminal, Sir.

Sure enough, the monitor shows the train starting to move --

INT. CONTAINER #5102TX, FREIGHT TRAIN - NIGHT

-- the sudden jolt of movement is enough for Tucker to seize a moment of opportunity. He decks the nearest TERRORIST...

...and scuttles back down the container, drawing his gun --

EXT. FREIGHT TRAIN, TRAIN DEPOT - NIGHT

-- as Kelly clings to the container on the outside. The train speeds up, pulling away of the terminal towards the city --

INT. CONTAINER #5102TX, FREIGHT TRAIN - NIGHT

-- BANG-BANG-BANG! The AK-47 rips into the tires near Tucker.

He takes what scant cover he can. Returning a deadly VOLLEY OF FIRE with his pistol. The TERRORIST catches two rounds --

EXT. FREIGHT TRAIN, TRAIN DEPOT - NIGHT

-- outside, Kelly hears the shooting. He draws his pistol and prepares to enter the container. Lifting the DOOR HANDLE --

INT./EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN, MARINE TERMINAL - NIGHT

-- while Ritter frantically starts his surveillance van.

RITTER

Where the hell's it going? Check the manifests.

NOMURI

D.C. It's going to *Washington*.

Ritter expected that, but it's still terrifying to hear --

EXT. FREIGHT TRAIN, BALTIMORE - NIGHT

-- the train winds its way through downtown Baltimore --

INT. CONTAINER #5102TX, FREIGHT TRAIN - NIGHT

-- inside the container, Tucker takes the initiative.

Zeroing in on the last remaining terrorist...

...BANG! The bullet slaps Tucker around.

The TERRORIST claiming his cohort's AK-47...

...he's about to finish Tucker off when the CONTAINER DOOR opens at the far end. Kelly storms inside with his pistol.

ANGLE ON: TUCKER

being held hostage by the TERRORIST. His shoulder bleeding from the gunshot. The AK-47 digging sharply into his skull.

Kelly lines up on the terrorist, never even flinching.

TERRORIST

Put down your gun. Put it down.

KELLY

You don't understand. I didn't come for you. I came for *him*.

And now Kelly shifts his aim onto Tucker...

...and Tucker slowly realizes with dawning horror.

TUCKER

...oh, shit.

KELLY

You killed Pam.

TUCKER

(pause)

Yes.

A sudden blur of movement...

...the TERRORIST diving for the bomb.

BANG! Kelly cuts him down with one shot...

...then zeroes in on Tucker. Pinning him to the floor with a boot. Leveling his pistol into Tucker's terrified eyes --

INT./EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN, RAILWAY LINE - NIGHT

-- meanwhile, Ritter's doing the best he can to keep up with the FREIGHT TRAIN. Weaving around roads to follow the rail.

RITTER

(into phone)

Stop the train! Stop it now --

EXT. FREIGHT TRAIN, BALTIMORE - NIGHT

-- and the train slams on the brakes. Steel GRINDING against steel like some hellish kind of mechanized, dying scream --

INT. CONTAINER #5102TX, FREIGHT TRAIN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: KELLY

moments away from murdering Tucker.

The freight train SCREAMING to a halt...

...and then there's only silence. Kelly removes his boot from Tucker's neck. And withdraws his gun. His voice like a demon:

KELLY

You're going to work for the CIA.

(Tucker looks at him)

You're not going to retire. You're going to keep your job. And report to the CIA.

TUCKER

Report...

KELLY

What you're smuggling. What others are smuggling. Everything. Go home to your family, Henry.

TUCKER

What do I tell them?

KELLY

That you're serving your country.

A last long look between the two...

...and Kelly leaves, back out the doors --

EXT. FREIGHT TRAIN, BALTIMORE - NIGHT

-- the train has stopped in between stations. POLICE CRUISERS racing up to the railway now in the growing pre-dawn light...

...and Kelly just walks past them to Ritter's waiting van.

Tucker struggles to the CONTAINER DOORS where POLICE OFFICERS help him down. He stares past them at Kelly, watching him...

...one of the POLICE OFFICERS checks Tucker's shoulder wound.

POLICE OFFICER
It's an in and out, Sir. Paramedics
are on their way.

TUCKER
There's two dead men in there. Call
the bomb unit. Clear this area.

The police quickly set about their business...

...as Tucker watches Kelly climb into Ritter's van. The van
drives away, disappearing around the next street corner --

INT./EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN, BALTIMORE - DAWN

-- inside the van, Kelly stares at his hand...

...it's *trembling with adrenaline*. And a calmness washes over
him. A sense of peace we haven't ever seen in him before.

RITTER
If you'd killed him, you wouldn't
be any better off. And I'd be out
of a good field agent.

KELLY
Think I'm gonna work for you now?

RITTER
You already are. Might as well get
a paycheck.

The two men share a smile, then Kelly remembers:

KELLY
There's just one problem.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY, BALTIMORE - DAY

CLOSE ON: JOHN KELLY

standing before his WIFE'S GRAVE. Alone. Still.

He sets some FLOWERS at the base the HEADSTONE, kissing it
gently. He stares at it one last time. And then walks off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT YARDS, CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

Kelly parks his truck in the boat yards, hauling a few bags of GROCERIES. *Springer* is waiting for him in her berth.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPRINGER, CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

The boat glides out onto the bay. Kelly mans the wheel, the sun on his face. CONTAINER SHIPS drift by in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK, KELLY'S ISLAND - DAY

Kelly unloads the GROCERIES from his boat and walks down the docks toward the main bunker. Opens the UNLOCKED DOOR...

INT. MAIN BUNKER, KELLY'S ISLAND - DAY

...and there's Douglas. Waiting for him. His gun by his side.

DOUGLAS

Good morning, Mister Kelly.

KELLY

You spoke to Doris.

DOUGLAS

She won't give you up. I was hoping to persuade you to do that for her.

KELLY

How is she?

DOUGLAS

Good... She's going home in a few days. Parents are coming to town.

KELLY

Thank you.

DOUGLAS

It's murder, you know.

KELLY

It's only murder when innocent people die.

DOUGLAS
The law doesn't say that.

KELLY
I don't just kill people. There has to be a reason.

DOUGLAS
There is no reason when it comes to killing people. There's only right and wrong.

KELLY
You said you had daughters.

DOUGLAS
Two.

KELLY
What would you do if somebody did to *them* what they did to Pam?

Douglas stares hard at Kelly...

...he doesn't want to answer that.

DOUGLAS
What do you think you accomplished with all this? The drug problem is still a problem.

KELLY
Billy and Rick won't hurt any more girls. I never expected to do more than that.

DOUGLAS
I can't just let you go. Best I can do is recommend a good lawyer.

He pulls out a BUSINESS CARD...

DOUGLAS
Here, this guy's a friend of mine.

...WHAM! Kelly connects with one of his GROCERY BAGS.

Douglas falls hard. A SIX-PACK OF BEER in there. Now fizzing and leaking out of the GROCERY BAGS. Douglas groans in pain.

Kelly takes a moment to check that he's okay...

...then he takes DOUGLAS' GUN and darts outside --

EXT. DOCK, KELLY'S ISLAND - DAY

-- Kelly launches away from his island, guiding *Springer* out into the bay. Towards the commercial shipping channels --

INT. MAIN BUNKER, KELLY'S ISLAND - DAY

-- meanwhile, Douglas staggers to his feet and dials a number on his CELL PHONE. Peering outside at Kelly's fleeing boat...

...as the voice of a COAST GUARDSMAN comes onto the line:

COAST GUARDSMAN'S VOICE
Coast Guard. Thomas Point.

DOUGLAS
(into phone)
This's the Baltimore City Police,
Detective Sergeant Douglas --

CUT TO:

EXT. SPRINGER, CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

Kelly blasts *Springer* towards the shipping channels. He's got both throttles up, burning his engines at twenty-two knots...

...he glances over his shoulder at the COAST GUARD CUTTER now steaming after him. COAST GUARDSMEN on the forward cannons. A VOICE booms on the loudspeaker:

LOUDSPEAKER
Attention *Springer*... This is the
Coast Guard. Heave to immediately
and prepare to be boarded.

But Kelly doesn't waver, setting his eyes on...

...a CONTAINER SHIP passing two hundred yards ahead --

INT./EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER, CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

-- two COAST GUARDSMEN are watching Kelly from the wheelhouse of their cutter. A PETTY OFFICER (steering) and an ENSIGN...

...nerves are tight, but there's an air of certainty here.

ENSIGN
Police say he's a Navy SEAL.

PETTY OFFICER
You think he's as good as me with a
boat, Sir.

ENSIGN
Maybe we should call a helicopter.

PETTY OFFICER
I have double his bunkerage and a
half knot more speed. Do the math,
Sir. We're alongside in ten minutes
no matter how good he is.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPRINGER, CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

Kelly now reaches the CONTAINER SHIP'S WAKE...

...and he planes diagonally across it. Surfing the waves to
gain an extra half a knot. But the cutter follows closely --

INT./EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER, CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

-- the PETTY OFFICER rides the ship's wake just as well. His
ensign notices a slight grin on the man's face.

ENSIGN
You sure you want this race to end.

The petty officer wisely doesn't reply --

EXT. SPRINGER, CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

-- and now Kelly is amidships of the merchant vessel, drawing
his boat dangerously close to the enormous wall of steel --

INT./EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER, CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

-- the COAST GUARDSMEN peer out their forward windows.

ENSIGN
What's he doing?

PETTY OFFICER
I'm not sure, Sir. Maybe he's
trying to... Oh, shit no...

Ahead, *Springer* is turning into the CONTAINER SHIP'S BOW --

EXT. SPRINGER, CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

-- the boat lurches from the force of the turn...

...and Kelly barely hangs onto the wheel as his boat rides up the curling bow-wave. Crosswise to it. Kelly's face hardens.

And now *Springer* rolls completely over...

...her shiny white hull vanishing instantly under the foaming forefoot of the CONTAINER SHIP. Pulverized by its props --

INT./EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER, CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

-- the PETTY OFFICER backs his boat down. She rises and falls in *Springer's* debris and the vast wake of the CONTAINER SHIP.

The COAST GUARDSMEN stare at the wreckage. *Kelly is gone...*

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAILING BOAT, CHESAPEAKE BAY - DUSK

A twenty-six foot SAILING BOAT sits alone out in the bay as the sun sinks over the city. Ritter stands on the deck...

...watching the COAST GUARD CUTTER search the wreckage.

A FLURRY OF BUBBLES off the stern. Ritter turns, leaning over the side. There's Kelly. In the water. Wearing a SCUBA TANK.

Ritter helps him remove the tank and mask...

...hauling Kelly aboard with a friendly smile.

RITTER

Welcome aboard, *Mister Clark*.

Kelly offers a weary smirk...

...and glances back at the wreckage of *Springer* about three hundred yards off. Ritter gets to work, hoisting his sail --

WIDE ANGLE - THE CHESAPEAKE BAY

as the COAST GUARD CUTTER flips on its SEARCH LIGHTS, looking for a body it will never find. The little sailing boat slinks off into the sunset...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BICENTENNIAL PLAZA, BALTIMORE WATERFRONT - NIGHT

The Inner Harbor waterfront plaza is bubbling tonight with a mix of JAZZ, REGGAE, and BLUES MUSICIANS. TOURISTS and LOCALS walk up and down the promenade, enjoying the springtime air.

ANGLE ON - SANDY AND DORIS

waiting nervously by a bench. Doris' PARENTS emerge through the crowd. At first, Doris is skeptical and uncomfortable...

...but then her MOTHER begins to cry. And so does she.

Doris runs to them. And they envelope her in their arms. They have their daughter back and whatever was said or done before is now obviously forgiven.

Sandy watches them contentedly. A sober voice behind her:

KELLY

Your husband was killed on a secret raid in a town called Al Hawd. Near Mosul.

She turns and stares at him...

...he's dressed smartly, shaven.

KELLY

The door was booby-trapped. IED. He was the first in, leading his men.

Sandy is shaken by this...

...he gives her a moment to absorb it.

KELLY

Sandy, there was nothing left of him. Nothing to send home. And the raid's still considered classified.

SANDY

(pause)

How do you know all this?

KELLY

I have a new job at the CIA.

SANDY

Thank you...

She turns away from him, tears in her eyes...

...he wants to hold her but hesitates.

KELLY

You were right. I almost became
like them. *But I stopped...*

(she looks at him)

I stopped, Sandy. Because of you.

SANDY

What do you want, John?

He stares at her, considering this...

KELLY

How about another walk?

...and she stares back at him. She glances back at Doris and
her family. *Together now only because of the man before her.*

And she gives him a little nod.

And Kelly smiles, relieved...

...and together, they walk off down the busy promenade. Just
two more people in an endless bustling swirl of humanity...

FADE OUT.