

**ENEMY OF THE STATE**

by

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. SHENANDOAH NATIONAL PARK, SCENIC VIEW LOT - MORNING**

Shenandoah mountains. A cold dawn. TWO BLACK TOWN CARS sit side by side, facing a view of a farming valley below.

Two MEN in dark suits and long coats stand near the cars, casually on the lookout. If we caught a glimpse underneath the coat of the taller of the two, we'd see that he was carrying a 9mm. Glock.

**INT. BLACK TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS**

In the backseat of the car sit HAMERSLEY and REYNOLDS, each well-kept and in his early 50's.

REYNOLDS

"I know thy works and thy labour and how thou canst not bear them that are evil. And thou hast tried them who say they are apostles and hast found them to be liars".  
Revelations II.

HAMERSLEY

What the hell does it mean?

REYNOLDS

It means who's side are you on?

HAMERSLEY

You didn't ask me to meet you 30 miles from my office for a Bible study class.

REYNOLDS

It's a bi-partisan issue. Everyone needs to swallow hard. No one, including you, wants to be fingered as the one obstructing efforts to crack down on terrorism, and--

HAMERSLEY

Fuck you.

REYNOLDS

What?

HAMERSLEY

I said fuck you.

REYNOLDS

Is that anyway to talk to an old school chum?

HAMERSLEY

You're gonna finger me as soft on terrorism? *Terrorism*, you unconscionable asshole?

REYNOLDS

There are planes falling out of the sky, buildings blowing up. *American* buildings. *Americans* getting bombs in the mail. What are we gonna do!?

HAMERSLEY

We're not gonna hand you and your band of lunatics the keys to the kingdom. I'm not gonna sit in Congress and write a law that allows the NSA to point a camera and a microphone at anything they damn well feel like. And the next time you have something to say to me, we do it above-board, in my office, like everyone else. Now get outa my car, I've got a committee meeting on the hill.

REYNOLDS regards HAMERSLEY a moment, then opens the car door--

**EXT. PARKWAY - MORNING**

HAMERSLEY's car snakes down the twisting mountain road.

**INT. HAMERSLEY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

HAMERSLEY MAKES VERBAL NOTES concerning the Reynolds meeting into his memo-recorder as he drives. He picks up his cellular phone and punches in a number.

VOICE (O.S.)

Senator Albert's office--

The line goes dead.

HAMERSLEY tries again but can't get a dial tone. Then, in the rear-view mirror, a BROWN SEDAN gains fast. Whoever the guy is, he's flying. Then a man with a rifle leans out the sedan's window. Aims.

HAMERSLEY flies into a blind curve. Tires SCREECH as he rounds the bend to see

A PROPANE TRUCK. Blocking both lanes of the road.

HAMERSLEY's eyes widen. He stomps the brakes, SKIDS and SLAMS into the truck. The EXPLOSION engulfs everything. HAMERSLEY and the car are consumed. The pursuing sedan slows to a stop. The men watch. The car's an inferno.

The MEN pull a 'U' and drive away.

**INT. CRYSTAL CITY, VIRGINIA, TALL OFFICE BLDG. - DAY**

A well-appointed big-city law office filled with citations of merit and pictures of a wife and child.

ROBERT DEAN, a likable young lawyer, sits behind his desk with his back to an OLDER MAN. He stares at a commanding view of Washington, D.C. as he listens to a tired, smoke and whiskey voice.

OLDER MAN (L.T.)

I don't know how much longer we can hold out, Mr. Dean.

DEAN

I don't know, either, L.T. Maybe you guys should get yourself a labor lawyer.

L.T.

Well that's why I'm here, Mr. Dean. 'Cause you're a labor lawyer.

DEAN

Good point.

L.T.

Last night, Larry Spinks, he works the Steel Press, he goes to a bar with his wife Rosalie to have a glass of chianti 'cause it's his

birthday, and these two guys, these Guido mother-fuckers, they jump him when he goes to the bathroom.

DEAN

L.T., in this office I'd prefer you say Italian-Americans.

L.T.

I'm sorry, Mr. Dean. But Larry's in St. Lukes now, so I'm a little--I'm not myself. The Union bosses say unless we take Bellmoth's offer, it'll only get worse.

DEAN

That's because your Union bosses are those Guido mother-fuckers.

L.T.

I don't under--

DEAN

The Union's trying to railroad you into accepting terms worse than what you have now.

L.T.

Why would the Union--

DEAN swivels around in his chair and faces L.T.

DEAN

Because they've been paid off by Bellmoth.

L.T.

Mr. Dean--

DEAN

My name's Bobby. I'm your lawyer. Don't do anything 'till I talk to you.

DEAN gets up and walks a grateful L.T. to the door, calling to his secretary as they go--

DEAN (CONT'D)

(calling)

Martha!

MARTHA appears in the doorway...

DEAN (CONT'D)

Larry Spinks, St. Lukes. Send him a case of chianti from the firm. And send his wife Rosalie some flowers.

**EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY**

RACHEL

How's the trout?

DEAN

It tastes like fish.

RACHEL

It is fish.

DEAN

I mean it tastes like every other fish I've ever had. Every fish tastes the same.

RACHEL

Do you like fish?

DEAN

Not that much.

DEAN dines in a booth with RACHEL BANKS, 30's. RACHEL opens her briefcase, removing an 8x10 envelope.

RACHEL

Here's what you asked for. Brill's note said it was everything you'd need to, shall we say, coax DePinto--

DEAN

When do I get to meet him?

RACHEL

DePinto?

DEAN

Brill.

RACHEL

Never.

DEAN

That wasn't the answer I was hoping for.

RACHEL

What answer were you--

DEAN is reaching inside his jacket pocket. He removes an envelope marked "BRILL".

DEAN

"Soon". Or at least sooner than never.

RACHEL

It's how he works.

DEAN

Brill?

RACHEL

Yes.

DEAN

So you've said.

DEAN hands her the envelope.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Ten thousand cash. I don't know if it's Brill's prices going up or your commission.

RACHEL

I take a straight 15 percent. Brill's fee varies with risk. Perhaps you'd be more comfortable using someone else.

DEAN

Other than Brill.

RACHEL

Other than me.

DEAN

Why would I--

RACHEL

Someone with whom you don't have quite so personal a--

DEAN

I like our history. And I like you. I'd probably like Brill if I ever

got to--

RACHEL

He doesn't work that way.

DEAN

I just want to make sure I'm not breaking the law.

RACHEL

You're not.

DEAN

How can I be sure.

RACHEL

I wouldn't let you. Good luck with DePinto.

DEAN

(pause)

Thank you.

RACHEL

Eat your fish.

DEAN (V.O.)

Mr. DePinto? My name's Robert Dean.  
I'm an attorney with Seth, Silverberg.

**EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY**

DEAN weaves his BMW through D.C. bumper-to-bumper traffic as he eyes the photos that Rachel gave him which are lying on the passenger seat. The photos show DePINTO sitting in a motel lounge with TWO MOB TYPES. He's talking on the phone.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. BELLMOTH STEEL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

DEPINTO

What can I do for you?

DEAN

Well, I was hoping you might stop by my office to swear out a criminal deposition against some of your friends and co-workers.



DEPINTO

(pause)

Is this a fuckin' joke?

DEAN

I don't believe it is, no.

DEPINTO

Why the hell would I--

DEAN

I've got photographs of you at the Trenton Ramada looking very--

DEPINTO

That ain't me.

DEAN

It's not?

DEPINTO

You don't know who the fuck--

DEAN

That's not you having a whiskey sour with Carmine Morada.

DEPINTO

This is fucked. You don't know who's in that--

DEAN

You're right, Mr. DePinto, and maybe I jumped the gun.

DEPINTO

You're goddam right you jumped the gun.

DEAN

That's probably not you in the picture. I tell you what, I'll just run the thing by the Grand Jury, see if they can't--

DEPINTO

I want to talk to a goddam lawyer.

DEAN

Good news there, Mr. DePinto, you're talking to one.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY**

News helicopters hover over Hamersley's wreck as police direct traffic around the media circus.

**INT. OLD CAR - CONTINUOUS**

DAN ZAVITZ, looks older than he is, balding with a weight problem, sweats behind SLAPPING wipers of a beater car plastered with environmental issue stickers. NPR drones on the radio as a police car crawls behind him, SIREN YELPING, lights flashing, trying to get by.

ZAVITZ

Alright, alright already, I see you.

ZAVITZ POV: Wreckage surrounded by squad cars, ambulances and media circus. Something's happened. Something big.

**EXT. SHENANDOAH NATIONAL PARK - DAY**

A tall ladder leans against a dead oak. ZAVITZ sweats and climbs to a branch where a platform's been built supporting a large phony bird's nest. He lifts away the nest, revealing--

--Two microphones and three motion-activated digital video cameras and recorders. ZAVITZ checks the cameras' viewfinders to see--

--TIME-CODED VIEWS - WIDE, MEDIUM AND CLOSE of a squirrel's nest containing three newborns. The parents are nowhere to be seen.

ZAVITZ eyes the recorders. The video disks are spent. He ejects and pockets them, replacing them with fresh ones.

**EXT. SOUTHEAST CAPITOL DISTRICT - DAY**

An old building needing rehab. A SIDEWALK VENDOR does brisk business, we DRIFT to an apartment window above.

TV NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Police are labeling it an accident but promise a full investigation.

**INT. ZAVITZ APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

ZAVITZ is staring intently at his computer monitor. We don't know yet what he's looking at, but he's scared to death as we continue to listen to the NEWS REPORT...

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

Don Hamersley, senior GOP congressional leader, was serving as a negotiator on the House/Senate sub-committee studying the Anti-Terror Bill...

ZAVITZ leans in a little closer to get a better look at his computer screen, not wanting to believe what he's seeing...

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

...the controversial legislation that would give various law enforcement agencies expanded authority in the fight against terrorism.

And now we see what ZAVITZ is staring at on his computer monitor. The film he shot at SHENANDOAH PARK...

...the meeting between HAMERSLEY and REYNOLDS.

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

Known as the Voice of Caution, Hamersley was an outspoken advocate of...

ZAVITZ reaches over, picks up the phone, and punches in some numbers with one hand. With the other, he punches some keystrokes on the computer. The screen zooms in on REYNOLDS, getting out of HAMERSLEY's car.

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

Sixty-eight years old, Hamersley leaves behind a wife and four children.

ZAVITZ

(into phone)

Tell him it's Zavitz. I need to speak to him. Tell him it's important.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - SAME TIME**

A cluttered office belonging to a radical, fringe

newspaper. ALFONSO, mid-50's, long, graying hair, works at a computer.

ALFONSO

Zavitz, what? You want your old job back?

ZAVITZ

Listen to me--

ALFONSO

Tired of chasing squirrels around the park?

ZAVITZ

Listen--

ALFONSO

Lemme ask you something. I put a bird feeder out in the yard, but the squirrels, they keep taking--

ZAVITZ

Turn on CNN.

ALFONSO

They keep taking the bird seed. I thought since you're the expert on--

ZAVITZ

Goddammit, shut the fuck up and turn on CNN!

ALFONSO

Alright, I made a joke about squirrels, don't get so--

ZAVITZ

Do it!

ALFONSO clicks his TV to CNN. The HAMERSLEY re-cap is still on.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Once again, police at this point are calling Hamersley's death an accident...

ZAVITZ

I was doing motion-activated taping up in Shenandoah. That's where

Hamersley had his accident. He wasn't alone. He met someone. They argued.

ALFONSO  
You've got it on tape?

ZAVITZ  
Clear as day.

ALFONSO  
Who else have you told?

**INT. TECH ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A place with mind-boggling technology and high-tech recording devices. DAT recorders spin silently.

ZAVITZ (O.S.)  
(through speakers)  
No one. But I'm a little nervous.

ALFONSO (O.S.)  
(through speakers)  
When can you get it here?

ZAVITZ (O.S.)  
(through speakers)  
I'm doing a transfer now.

ALFONSO (O.S.)  
(through speakers)  
Come straight here. Don't talk to anyone.

ZAVITZ (O.S.)  
(through speakers)  
I'll come straight there.

ALFONSO (O.S.)  
(through speakers)  
Be careful, Danny.

**INT. TOWN CAR - DAY**

CLOSE ON REYNOLDS sitting in the back. Well-dressed and alone, he reviews a bible. His cellular phone RINGS. We HEAR static as two encrypted lines find digital compatibility. Finally, a confirmation TONE--

REYNOLDS

Go ahead.

INTERCUT WITH:

**EXT. KENT ISLAND - SAME TIME**

Misty forests sweep down a hill to the Chesapeake Bay. A road leads to a high-voltage security fence and guard-shack. Beyond are several windowless concrete structures bristling with microwave antennas and satellite dishes. A sign reads:

KENT ISLAND RESEARCH FACILITY  
Prohibited Area. No Photos or Sketches.  
Violators Subject to Immediate Arrest and Fine  
Under Penalties of the Internal Security Act

**SUPER:**

**NSA SIGINT INTERCEPT STATION - KENT ISLAND, MARYLAND**

INT. TECH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The banks of high-tech digital recorders record incessantly as a TECHNICIAN holds a phone to his ear.

TECHNICIAN  
(into phone)  
Someone had automated cameras in  
the park. A nature photographer.

REYNOLDS  
Jesus H. Christ.

SILVERBERG (V.O.)  
How're we with pre-trials. Ms.  
Saunders.

**INT. DEAN'S LAW FIRM, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Packed seats around a long conference table. The entire law firm reviews the proceedings. DIANE SAUNDERS answers the questions from her senior partner.

SAUNDERS  
I'm expecting a favorable ruling  
this afternoon on the evidenciary  
motion, but I could use some more  
manpower with the interrogatories.

SILVERBERG

Mr. Dean, would you care to give Ms. Saunders a hand with the interrogatories.

DEAN

God knows I would, sir, but I have a previous engagement this evening.

SILVERBERG

And may I ask what could possibly be more important than Fawell Oil v. U.S. Environmental Agency?

DEAN

I have to go lingerie shopping.

STILWELL

Lingerie shopping?

DEAN

A Christmas present for my wife.

SILVERBERG

Go to Harrison's. They've got models that'll try the garments on for you.

SAUNDERS

Bobby, this is a 40 million dollar client. I really need some help tonight.

DEAN

Diane, maybe you didn't hear Mr. Silverberg. They've got models that'll try on the garments.

(to SILVERBERG)

Thank you, sir.

SILVERBERG

Merry Christmas, son.

**EXT. OLD BROWNSTONES - AFTERNOON**

Establishing. Apartments on upper floors, businesses on lower.

**INT. ZAVITZ APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Jacket on, ready to leave, ZAVITZ sits at his computer finishing a transfer. A TONE beeps as a COMPUTER TIME GRAPH sweeps to 'finished'. The screen reads: TRANSFER COMPLETE.

There's a KNOCK at the door...

...ZAVITZ looks over.

ZAVITZ

(pause)

Yes?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Federal Express for 'Zavitz'.

ZAVITZ

Federal Express?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

For Daniel Zavitz. I just need a signature.

ZAVITZ

(beat)

How'd you get in the building?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

The door was open, sir. I just need a signature.

ZAVITZ disconnects a video digitizer, removes a game-cartridge containing the digitized video...

...and inserts it into a Gameboy.

He steps to the door and eyes the peep-hole.

ZAVITZ POV: A fish-eye view of a Fed-Ex man, JONES, looking bored.

ZAVITZ

Can you tell me who it's from?

JONES

(checking label)

Micro-Tel Electronics. Sunland.

ZAVITZ

Can you--would it be possible to



leave it by the door?

JONES

Not without a signature.

ZAVITZ

(stepping to the window)

All right. Okay. Just give me a minute.

ZAVITZ POV: TWO DWP INSTALLERS hovering in a bucket across the street. Down below, a cargo van with a multiple roof antenna is double parked near a Fed-Ex van. Then--

--Through a street window's reflection, ZAVITZ sees his building's front entrance. SEVERAL TENANTS are being prevented from entering by TWO MEN, plain clothes, one with a radio communicator pressed to his ear.

Shit.

ZAVITZ backs from the window, seized by panic. He grabs his phone...

...dead.

He picks up his fax line. Also dead.

He grabs the GameBoy, goes to a small side window and opens it. A ledge snakes around the corner. An athlete he's not but there's no choice. He squeezes out.

**INT. ZAVITZ BLDG. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS**

PRATT, wearing a Fed-Ex uniform, is laying in wait.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

(through PRATT's earphone)

Go to three. Go to three. Package is out the window.

PRATT sprints down the hall, pulling out his pistol, as

JONES kicks in Zavitz's door and rushes in. The window's open. JONES looks out as the last of ZAVITZ goes around the corner of the ledge.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

(through JONES's headset)

305 to 308. We've got the eyeball.

**EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS**

It's the rooftop ZAVITZ is heading to. Two MEN crouch behind a wall, watching ZAVITZ approach.

MAN #1  
(into headset)  
We'll take delivery from here.

ZAVITZ inches along, scared breathless. He looks back.

No one.

Maybe he was wrong.

A pigeon suddenly flies by...ZAVITZ loses his balance, struggles...and falls.

He crashes through an awning and into a sidewalk fruit stand.

Dazed, ZAVITZ crawls to his feet as passersby watch speechless.

Things happen fast. The cargo van rips from the curb but is suddenly blocked by a delivery truck. HORNS BLAST.

HICKS, 30's and athletic, leaps from the van.

Fears confirmed, ZAVITZ starts down the sidewalk, shakes off pain, and moves to a run.

Except now there's someone in front of him. He's trapped. Reaching a doorway, ZAVITZ pushes. The door opens to--

**INT. RESTAURANT SUPPLY SHOP - CONTINUOUS**

ZAVITZ charges through and kicks open a fire door. An alarm blasts as he exits to--

**EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS**

A garbage truck screams up the alley. There's no way to outrun it. There's a fire escape above a dumpster. Breath rasping, he struggles on the dumpster, pulling himself up the ladder just as the truck OBLITERATES all below.

ZAVITZ struggles and climbs. Reaching a landing, he

pauses for breath...

...and sees HICKS and two others just moments behind. ZAVITZ grabs a fire escape door, tugs, pulls and bangs it open to--

**INT. A DILAPIDATED HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

ZAVITZ hurtles by, trips, get up, runs again, adrenaline pumping as PURSUING SOUNDS near. He pitches down a staircase, shoves TWO PEOPLE and rips through--

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS**

He flies past the diners and exits into--

**EXT. BUSY STREET - CONTINUOUS**

HICKS and ANOTHER fly out of the diner, just in time to see ZAVITZ melting in with Christmas shoppers that are entering a department store.

We see that the large sign over the entrance to the store reads: "HARRISON'S".

**INT. HARRISON'S DEPARTMENT STORE - EVENING**

An upscale store packed with Christmas shoppers.

At a fashion ramp, a small crowd of mostly WOMEN have gathered to watch leggy models feature a particular line of lingerie. Mixed in among this group is DEAN, a shopping bag in each hand, his briefcase tucked under one arm, trying his best to affect an air of the studious shopper.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

May I help you?

DEAN

(startled)

Hm?!

The WOMAN is sales clerk who's been in this situation before.

SALES CLERK

Do you see anything you like?

DEAN

I'm married.

SALES CLERK

That's fine.

DEAN

I'm married to my wife...of several years...and I'd like to buy...as a Christmas present...

SALES CLERK

You'd like to buy your wife some lingerie as a Christmas gift.

DEAN

Yes. I have her permission.

SALES CLERK

It's okay. I think it's a wonderful gift.

DEAN

Can you help me?

SALES CLERK

How 'bout Christian Dior?

DEAN

Is that good?

SALES CLERK

Very good.

DEAN

I don't know anything about this. Well, I mean, I know a little about--from a certain perspective. My point is, I don't want to do anything foolish.

SALES CLERK

It's a little late for that.

DEAN

I'll say.

SALES CLERK

What size?

DEAN

Pardon?

SALES CLERK

What size?

DEAN

Eight. Size eight.

SALES CLERK

I'll be right back.

DEAN

Thanks.

SALES CLERK

Remain calm.

DEAN

Okay.

The SALES CLERK goes around the counter to the rear area. DEAN glances at the fashion show when he glimpses--

ZAVITZ, hurrying through the women's dressing area, desperately looking for an exit. No luck. ZAVITZ moves toward DEAN, about to break for the front, but HICKS is there searching. Trapped, ZAVITZ ducks behind a display.

DEAN watches, unaware of ZAVITZ's pursuers. Then it clicks...

DEAN

Daniel?

ZAVITZ turns, frightened....

DEAN (CONT'D)

It's me, Robert Dean.

(beat)

From Seth, Silverberg. I worked on--

ZAVITZ

Bobby--

DEAN

It's been a few years.

ZAVITZ

Yeah.

DEAN

I'm just doing some Christmas

shopping. It's for my wife, no kidding. Though, this isn't the *main* present, it's just, you know, a little--

ZAVITZ

I need help.

DEAN

Tell me about it.

ZAVITZ

How can I reach you?

DEAN

(beat)

Are you okay?

ZAVITZ

Are you still in Crystal City?

DEAN

Yeah, what's going on?

SALES CLERK (O.S.)

I think she'll like this very much.

DEAN

Listen, Daniel, hang on one second.

SALES CLERK

For that matter, I think you will too.

DEAN

(to the SALES CLERK)

Could you give me just a moment to talk to a friend of mine here? Not about this, but...Daniel?

DEAN looks around...

...ZAVITZ is gone.

**EXT. HARRISON'S DEPARTMENT STORE - EVENING**

Out on the street, ZAVITZ shoves into a group of shoppers waiting for the light. Then he sees HICKS and his PARTNER. They see him.

Fuck the light.

ZAVITZ runs into the street as--

--a BUS speeds through yellow. ZAVITZ is caught in its path.

BAM!

Only stunned witnesses remain.

DEAN exits the department store. He sees the commotion and makes his way over.

DEAN  
(to a bystander)  
What happened?

BYSTANDER  
A guy got hit by a bus.

DEAN  
Ah, Jesus.

SIRENS can be heard in the distance. DEAN eyes the ground where the body lays. He sees Zavitz's BLOODY JACKET...

DEAN  
(quietly)  
Ah...Jesus.

**EXT. ANNAPOLIS - NIGHT**

DEAN's BMW drives through a neighborhood of stately homes, all magnificently decorated for Christmas.

**INT. DEAN'S BMW - CONTINUOUS**

DEAN drives, a little shaken by events. The RADIO plays an AT&T COMMERCIAL relaying the joys of home teleconferencing. DEAN enters the driveway of his picture-perfect home.

**INT. DEAN'S HOME/FOYER - NIGHT**

DEAN enters with his shopping bags and briefcase. Searching for family members, he enters--

**INT. DEAN'S HOME/DEN - NIGHT**

DEAN's 8 year old son, ERIC and Eric's friend DYLAN sit

by the big-screen TV, glued to a video game. A NANNY is nearby, lost in a magazine.

DEAN

Excuse me, have any of you seen an eight year old boy, good looking, about yea-big.

ERIC

Hi, dad.

DYLAN

Hi, Mr. Dean.

DEAN

Hello. Hello, Maria.

NANNY (MARIA)

Hello, Mr. Dean.

ERIC

We can't get to the fourth level. We keep getting vaporized by the Black Knight.

DEAN

You're learning a cruel lesson.

ERIC

Are those my Christmas presents?

DEAN

Some of 'em.

ERIC

Can I open 'em up?

DEAN

Sure, go ahead.

ERIC

Really?

DEAN

In your dreams.

ERIC

Dad!

DEAN

(to DYLAN)



You staying for dinner?

DYLAN

Is it okay?

DEAN

You got any money?

ERIC

He's kidding.

DEAN

Where's mom?

ERIC

She's in the kitchen.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The kitchen is in the midst of a remodel. A wall-mounted TV is showing "CROSSFIRE", where the two HOSTS are mediating a battle between TWO SENATORS.

STACY watches the show with one eye, cooks with the other.

SENATOR TASKEN (TV)

Laws service society and they need to be flexible to meet changing demands. We've got to be able to deal with a terrorist threat before it occurs.

DEAN enters...

DEAN

Hey.

STACY

This guy's a fat-assed Rotarian gasbag.

DEAN

Uh-oh.

STACY

Listen to him.

SENATOR TASKEN (TV)

This is no longer a theoretical problem, it's a reality. Turn on the news. Bombings, hostages--

DEAN  
He's got a point.

STACY  
Bobby!

DEAN  
Not a very good one, but--

STACY  
So you tap everyone's phone? You  
use computers to probe financial  
records? New Search and Seizure laws?

DEAN  
Just for the criminals.

STACY  
We won't suspend the civil rights  
of the good people.

DEAN  
Right.

STACY  
You should take this seriously.

DEAN  
I think you're taking it seriously  
enough for both of us.

He kisses her. A good one.

STACY  
(softer)  
You're a lawyer. Don't you care  
what's going on around you?

DEAN  
Something bad happened tonight.

STACY  
What?

DEAN  
I saw a man die.

STACY  
What do you mean?

DEAN

In front of Harrison's, he got hit by a bus. I knew him. The firm did some pro bono work for his organization a few years back.

STACY

(beat)  
I'm sorry.

DEAN

The thing is, when I saw him, it seemed like he wanted to tell me...

(beat)  
...he was upset about something and he said...

(beat)  
Doesn't matter now. I'm gonna wash up.

STACY

What'd you buy at Harrison's?

DEAN

A toaster. And no terrorist talk at dinner. You're spookin' the kids.

DEAN heads upstairs...

REYNOLDS (V.O.)

"Do thou, O Lord, protect us--

**INT. CATECHISM CLASSROOM - SAME TIME**

REYNOLDS lectures a class of young CATECHISM STUDENTS.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

--guard us ever from this generation. On every side the wicked prowl, as vileness is exalted among the sons of men." Psalms 12.7 and 12.8. Tell me what this means, Mr. O'Brian.

O'BRIAN

It means--

REYNOLDS cellular phone rings. He opens his briefcase and takes it out.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

REYNOLDS busts out of the room, phone to his ear. Two

MEN IN SUITS wait like pit bulls, ready for anything. Over the phone, we HEAR CONNECTING HANDSHAKES as the lines find digital compatibility.

INTERCUT WITH:

**HARRISON'S DEPARTMENT STORE - CONTINUOUS**

The store is now closed.

**INT. SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

HICKS holds a cellular phone as PRATT questions the SALES CLERK. Nearby, a monitor shows a time-coded surveillance tape of the lingerie section. DEAN and ZAVITZ are in playback, engaged in their earlier meeting.

Finally, a confirming tone...

REYNOLDS

What happened?

HICKS

He's dead. An accident. Hit by a bus.

REYNOLDS

What about the tapes?

HICKS

We found the originals.

REYNOLDS

The originals?

HICKS

There was a transfer.

REYNOLDS

Am I to understand--

HICKS

He never made it to the newspaper, but there was private sector contact.

REYNOLDS

Who?

HICKS

Several indiscriminates and one primary who we've ID'd as Robert

Dean. A Crystal City attorney.  
(silence)  
Mr. Reynolds?  
(silence)  
Sir?

REYNOLDS  
Contact COINTEL. Profile. Assess  
the threat. Then cross-check  
against Zavitz. Red-flag the  
intersects and anything we can  
exploit. Also NRO. Pull up the  
keyhole tapes. I need to own him. I  
need to own him now.

**EXT. NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY, BLDG 227 - DAY**

Establishing. Fort Meade. A massive complex surrounded  
by razor wire and surveillance cameras.

**SUPER: NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY, FORT MEADE, MARYLAND**

We PUSH IN on one building several blocks long. Its  
roof is bristling with antennas, dishes and domes.

**INT. BUILDING/A LARGE SPACE - CONTINUOUS**

TIGHT ON MANILA folder stamped

TOP SECRET - UMBRA  
HANDLE VIA COMINT CHANNELS ONLY  
HAND CARRY - NO COPIES

A SKINNY MAN clutches the folder, walking by endless  
cubicles of high-tech industriousness. He stops where  
an ANALYST types on a terminal near a retinal scanner.  
The ANALYST opens the folder to see a request for a  
PRIORITY WRAP on ROBERT DEAN, followed by a Social  
Security Number. The ANALYST enters in the number.

**A MONTAGE OF IMAGES GAINING IN SPEED--**

CLOSE on COMPUTER SCREENS showing in the harvesting of  
DEAN's electrical identity. His phone bills scroll by.  
Names, addresses, employment people called--

Months, years flashing by quickly. Other data banks are  
probed. Insurance policies, credit histories, video  
rentals, library checkouts, school transcripts, ATM  
transactions, tax returns...everything. Irregularities

are red-flagged.

A matching ZAVITZ ITEM is found. DEAN's banking info is red-flagged. He has large cash withdrawals with no matching purchases. His withdrawal dates match up with unaccounted-for cash deposits...

...in RACHEL BANKS' savings account.

CLOSE ON PRINTER. Conclusions spill out labeled "RISK". More probes are recommended into the RACHEL BANKS/ROBERT DEAN money connection.

CLOSE ON EYE BEING SCANNED - We HEAR a TONE.

PULL BACK to a PREGNANT WOMAN sitting with her head pressed to the scanner. A second verification TONE sounds. A poster above her work station reads:

IN A DIGITAL WORLD  
NUMBERS DON'T LIE - PEOPLE DO

She enters a phone number in her terminal. The computer DIALS. She waits, snacking on rice cakes. Finally, another computer ANSWERS. On screen appears: PAC-TEL TESTING BOARD. The screen fills with choices. She highlights -

AT&T LINE-VERIFICATION REQUEST  
LOG-IN ACCESS CODE

She enters another command. A new prompt reads: ENTER LINE REQUEST NUMBER.

Eyeing DEAN's folder, she enters the phone number and commands "ENTER". "RECORD".

The telephone tap is instant.

A VOICE GRAPH appears in-sync with CONVERSATION now coming over the speakers.

DEAN (O.S.)  
(mid-conversation, over speakers)  
Diane's instinct is that it's sabre rattling. I think they're gonna file suit.

She enters more commands. An Automated-Voice-Transcriber kicks in. DEAN's CONVERSATION is now transcribed automatically.

**INT. NRO, KEYHOLE-12 LAB - CONTINUOUS**

A massive, dark place growing with monitors and tech.

**SUPER: NATIONAL RECONNAISSANCE ORGANIZATION, CHANTILLY,  
.....VIRGINIA**

Names of world regions are posted above endless monitor screens displaying live, digital-image feeds of Earth coming in from the Keyhole-12 Spy Satellites. Every populated area of the planet is covered here. ANALYSTS attend the many feeds.

A poster reads:

THE KEYHOLE '12' SERIES  
MAKING THE WORLD AN HONEST PLACE

On another poster, a man's running shadow in a target bulls-eye with a caption reading:

YOU ARE A SECURITY TARGET

Beneath a sign reading U.S. North-East Coastal Region, an ANALYST reviews time-coded, digital SAT videos of Washington, D.C. As seen from space, the Capitol appears to be nothing more than a greyish mass. The ANALYST keys commands into his system.

CLOSE ON MONITOR - The overhead SAT view of Washington moves in closer, soon streets are discernible, then cars and buses - then an accident in an intersection with flashing ambulance lights and a bus. A body lies twisted in the street - it's ZAVITZ.

The ANALYST enters additional commands. The ZAVITZ/bus accident freezes, then plays in reverse as if recorded by the eye of God. The scene continues reversing, following close on Zavitz as he back-tracks into Harrison's Department Store.

**INT. ANOTHER VIDEO LAB - SAME TIME**

CLOSE ON ANOTHER ANALYST facing three monitors showing additional views of ZAVITZ's escape as captured by a traffic camera, an ATM camera and the security inside Harrison's.

FIEDLER (O.S.)

We've checked everything. NRO tapes,  
traffic surveillance monitors -

**INT. IMAGE ENHANCEMENT LAB**

TWO TECHIES huddle by a monitor overseen by FIEDLER, a computer expert. The monitor displays the Harrison's surveillance tape of the ZAVITZ/DEAN meeting.

FIEDLER (CONT'D)

- and two ATM cameras. The one showing promise, though, is this security camera from the department store.

(to TECHIE)

Freeze there.

The TECHIE hits a command. ZAVITZ and DEAN freeze on screen.

FIEDLER (CONT'D)

Times ten.

The TECHIE boxes the area to be enhanced. He types commands. The boxed area increases ten-fold.

FIEDLER (CONT'D)

Focus on the drop.

The enlarged view shifts to DEAN's gift bags. The picture's fuzzy. Someone passes by, blocking the view at a crucial moment.

FIEDLER (CONT'D)

Enhance, then forward, frame by frame...

More keystrokes. The computer takes over, clarifying the image with passes of resolution.

HICKS leans in closer as the image of the bag inches forward.

FIEDLER (CONT'D)

Just before the view's blocked, Zavitz reaches in his jacket for something. When the view returns, there's a shape change in Dean's bag. See the shadow variance? We reverse imaged it--



FIEDLER points to another screen displaying a digitally-enhanced image of the shadowed object and its approximate shape.

FIEDLER (CONT'D)

Something's definitely been added.  
It's not a video cassette, the  
shadow's wrong.

REYNOLDS steps forward. His eyes are red. It's been a long night.

REYNOLDS

What's your opinion?

FIEDLER

It's hard to say for certain, these  
things are--

REYNOLDS

I'm not asking you to say for certain.  
This is what you're trained to do,  
right?

FIEDLER

Yes sir.

REYNOLDS

Then what's your goddam opinion?

FIEDLER

(beat)

Zavitz had digital compression  
equipment. He could've downloaded  
into something. A disk, a chip,  
anything small enough to put in his  
pocket and run with. Whatever he  
put it in, he dropped it in that bag.

REYNOLDS

(to HICKS)

Get it.

REYNOLDS heads for the door.

HICKS

We'd have to--

REYNOLDS

Get it.

**INT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT**

DEAN drives with STACY as ERIC sleeps in the back seat. Various hats and souvenirs tell us that they've just come from a Redskins game.

They drive in silence for a moment before...

STACY

Bobby?

DEAN

Yeah.

STACY

How'd you get the information on DePinto?

DEAN

What do you mean?

STACY

Who did you work with to get the--

DEAN

A guy named Brill. Same guy as always.

STACY

Yeah, but you said you've never met him. How did you--

DEAN

Honey, I don't like to talk about this stuff in front of Eric.

STACY

Have you been working with Rachel?

DEAN

No.

STACY

(beat)  
Sorry.

DEAN

It's okay.

The RANGE ROVER pulls into the driveway.

**INT. DEAN'S HOME/ENTRY FOYER - NIGHT**

The DEAN's enter the doorway. ERIC and STACY are first. They stop, faces shocked. DEAN hasn't noticed yet. His hand automatically goes to the alarm key pad.

CLOSE ON THE PAD - The LED reads: ARMED. DEAN punches the code -

STACY

Oh my God -

DEAN turns.

The house is ransacked. The ALARM suddenly BLARES, adding mayhem.

CLOSE-UP ON THE CEILING VENT - The CAMERA PUSHES IN TIGHT revealing a concealed, fiber-optic video lens the size of a pin-head.

**EXT. DEAN'S STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Several cars and a florist van are parked on the quiet street.

**INT. FLORIST VAN - CONTINUOUS**

The van is really an electronic surveillance post jammed with the latest equipment. A TECHIE with headphones eyes a monitor.

CLOSE ON THE MONITOR showing the PIN HOLE SURVEILLANCE VIEW of STACY walking through a disheveled room in a state of shock while DEAN pulls out his cellular phone and dials.

DEAN

(through the TECHIE's headphones)

This is Robert Dean at 3325 Sutton Place. I want to report a break-in.

**INT. RACQUETBALL COURT - MORNING**

A black ball slams against a wall. PULL BACK to DEAN, who's angry, frustrated and drenched in sweat. He's embroiled in a hard, fast game with his friend, JERRY.

DEAN

They took the espresso machine. The

*espresso* machine, Jerry! Which makes sense, you know, because the crooks probably wanted to make themselves a latte before fencing the stereo.

JERRY

Did they take your clothes?

DEAN

No.

JERRY

You've got a bunch of Armani suits, they didn't take 'em?

DEAN

No.

JERRY

Usually they take clothes.

DEAN

Why don't you give 'em a call.

JERRY

What about jewelry?

DEAN

They didn't take the jewelry. They took the computers. They took the big-screen TV, they took my blender.

JERRY

The blender?

DEAN

I love my blender.

JERRY

They didn't take the silverware?

DEAN

No, but they took my blender.

JERRY

Sounds like they didn't want anything that wasn't electric?

DEAN

What?

JERRY

They only took electrical appliances.

DEAN

Serve the ball.

**INT. DEAN'S OFFICE BUILDING/LOBBY - MORNING**

A busy lobby for a major complex. DEAN, freshly showered, steps from a door marked: TO PARKING LEVELS.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Robert Dean?

DEAN turns to see MORELOS, 40's, an obsessive man with a terminal smile.

DEAN

(beat)

Yes?

MORELOS

I didn't want to bother you during your racquetball game.

DEAN

(beat)

Thanks.

(beat)

Who are you?

MORELOS shows him his badge.

MORELOS

I'm sorry. Detective Morelos.

DEAN

Hey, did you guys find my stuff?

MORELOS

Your stuff?

DEAN

The robbery.

MORELOS

No, sir, I'm not involved with that. I'm doing a quick follow-up on a bus accident that took place a few nights ago. Your name keeps coming up.

DEAN

Oh...yeah, I didn't see the accident.

MORELOS

Witnesses said you were there, but I notice you didn't file a report.

DEAN

A report?

MORELOS

A police report.

DEAN

That's 'cause I wasn't there.

MORELOS

You weren't at Harrison's Department Store the night before--

DEAN

I was in the store, the accident was outside. It was a bus.

MORELOS

Someone said you spoke to Mr. Zavitz before he died. I thought you might know something.

DEAN

About what?

MORELOS

About the accident.

DEAN

I'm no expert, but I'm assuming that the impact of a moving bus against his body caused--

MORELOS

Mr. Zavitz was in trouble.

DEAN

What kind of trouble.

MORELOS

You tell me.

DEAN

I can't.

MORELOS

Are you invoking attorney/client privilege.

DEAN

I'm not his attorney.

MORELOS

Than why can't you tell me.

DEAN

Because I don't know.

MORELOS

I'm just trying to determine if Mr. Zavitz was involved in something more than a simple bus accident.

DEAN

Than why don't you talk to the bus driver?

MORELOS

Why so edgy, Mr. Dean?

DEAN

Somebody took my blender.

MORELOS

We'd appreciate your cooperation.

DEAN

I'm happy to help you all I can. But I didn't see the accident and I barely knew Daniel Zavitz. I've gotta go to work.

DEAN starts walking--MORELOS follows him.

MORELOS

Did he give you anything?

DEAN

No.

MORELOS

Anything at all?

DEAN

No, sir.

MORELOS  
Was he with anyone?

DEAN  
Not that I could see.

MORELOS  
Nobody gave you anything?

DEAN  
No.

MORELOS  
Why'd you go to Harrison's?

DEAN  
To buy lingerie.

MORELOS  
For your wife?

DEAN  
Yes, for my wife, what the hell  
kinds of questions are these.

MORELOS  
I thought maybe it might be for  
Rachel Banks.

DEAN stops short and turns to MORELOS. He stares.

DEAN  
I don't know what's goin' on with  
Zavitz, but that was way, way outa  
line.  
(beat)  
You understand?

MORELOS  
Yes sir.

DEAN steps into the elevator.

MORELOS  
(into concealed sleeve-mic)  
403 to 401. He's coming up.

**INT. LAW FIRM/CORRIDOR - DAY**



DEAN walks down the hall toward his office. He stops by PEERS as he enters his office.

PEERS

'Morning, Mr. Dean.

DEAN

Hey. Would you get me what I need for Zwernickii and the Bellmoth motions.

PEERS

Sure.

DEAN

And do me a favor. Find out what you can about Daniel Zavitz. We did some work for him a few years back and there should be a file.

DEAN enters his office and turns his computer on. It BEEPS, BOOTS and loads.

#### **INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

LEVIN approaches the men's room. A MAINTENANCE MAN cleans up broken glass and water by the door. A sign reads: CLOSED FOR MAINTENANCE. Levin turns and leaves.

MAINTENANCE MAN

(into concealed sleeve mic)  
402 to 401. Doorstep's clear.

#### **INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Two more MAINTENANCE MEN kneel in a stall adjusting a portable monitor and oscillator. They aim a directional antenna using slow, sweeping motions.

CLOSE ON THE MONITOR displaying the intercepted signal. It's Dean's computer screen with text being typed in. The words are hard to read due to horizontal drift. After adjusting the antenna, the signal smooths.

We PUSH CLOSER. The signal shows the current display of Dean's computer screen. We see Dean's O.S. command pull up his E-Mail. A prompt asks for a password.

XXXXXXXX appears.

A switch is flipped. XXXXXXXX becomes PUCCINI. Dean's "secure" file opens. Entries appear.

MAN #1  
402, this is 401. Password's "Puccini."

**EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY**

Establishing. A large, busy place. LAWYERS and AIDES bustle in and out of this structure.

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

A busy morning as ATTORNEYS wait their turn to present motions before the JUDGE.

DEAN is seated next to LEVIN, making notes.

LEVIN  
(whispering)  
Dick Burns got a phone call this morning from someone wanting information on you.

DEAN  
The police?

LEVIN  
No. He said they were doing a credit check. Are you refinancing a loan?

DEAN  
You remember Daniel Zavitz?

LEVIN  
Yeah.

DEAN  
He got hit by a bus.

LEVIN  
What does that have to do with you?

DEAN  
I honestly don't know.

ANOTHER ATTORNEY sits several rows back, watching the proceedings, briefcase in his lap.

CLOSE-UP on the ATTORNEY's EAR with a mini-receiver.  
From it drift snippets of the DEAN/LEVIN conversation.

LEVIN (O.S.)  
Was Zavitz in trouble?

DEAN (O.S.)  
I don't know.

A pulled back leather flap on the ATTORNEY's briefcase reveals the tip of a concealed microphone.

LEVIN (O.S.)  
You think there was a connection to--

DEAN (O.S.)  
Jesus! I just told you. I don't know.

**EXT. COURTHOUSE GARAGE - DAY**

DEAN waits for the garage attendant to bring down his car.

PRATT (O.S.)  
Mr. Dean?

DEAN turns. TWO MEN, PRATT and BINGHAM approach him.

DEAN  
Yeah?

PRATT  
(pulling out a card)  
We'd like to ask you some questions  
about Daniel Zavitz.

DEAN  
Who are you people?

PRATT  
(handing DEAN the card)  
I'm an investigator with Pro-Tech  
Security.

DEAN  
I went through this with an  
investigator this morning. If I  
could--

PRATT  
Mr. Zavitz was involved in an  
extortion scheme. We believe he

passed you sensitive materials,  
possibly with your knowledge, and  
we need to--

DEAN

He didn't.

PRATT

We believe he did.

DEAN

You're wrong.

PRATT

We have good reason to believe that  
he passed you--

DEAN

If he passed me materials, I'd have  
them. I don't.

PRATT

We'd like to recover any materials  
Mr. Zavitz may have given you--

DEAN

He didn't give me--

PRATT

--otherwise we may have to--

DEAN

Otherwise you may have to what?

PRATT

We'd rather not--

DEAN

Fuck you. You may have to what?

BINGHAM

(beat)

We may have to explore additional  
avenues.

#### **INT. TECH ROOM - NIGHT**

We HEAR a recording of the conversation between DEAN,  
PRATT and BINGHAM while we're CLOSE on an INK NEEDLE  
measuring Dean's voice stress levels.

DEAN (V.O.)  
He didn't give me--

PRATT (V.O.)  
--otherwise we may have to--

DEAN (V.O.)  
Otherwise you may have to what?

PRATT (V.O.)  
We'd rather not--

DEAN (V.O.)  
Fuck you. You may have to--

HICKS turns off the recorder. Standing with him is REYNOLDS, the Dean file and voice stress graph laid out before him.

HICKS  
He's arrogant and threatening.  
Voice stress points suggest he's  
worrying.

REYNOLDS  
Hiding something?

HICKS  
It was in his bag. Now it's not.

REYNOLDS  
Destroy his credibility before he  
goes public. Neutralize him. I  
don't want anyone listening to a  
word he has to say. Tell me about  
Rachel Banks.

**EXT. EXMOOR COUNTRY CLUB - EVENING**

Establishing. A massive clubhouse surrounded by expensive cars and tended grounds. We HEAR strains of Gershwin's "They Can't Take that Away from Me" from inside.

**INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS**

GUESTS mill about. DEAN and STACY are standing by the reception table where name tags and seating assignments are laid out. DEAN picks up a card that reads: MR. AND MRS. ROBERT DEAN - TABLE 122.

JERRY steps over and puts his hand on DEAN's shoulder--

JERRY

Can I talk to you a second?

DEAN

Table 122?

JERRY

That's what I want to talk to you about?

DEAN

I wrote a check for a thousand dollars. You guys didn't have a table that was in the kitchen?

JERRY gently pulls DEAN to a quiet corner...

JERRY

The Congressman's very happy to have your support, but he's heard that there's an investigation.

DEAN

An investigation? It was a bus accident.

JERRY

He's heard that it's escalated.

DEAN

Into what?

JERRY

Your Bellmoth case. The FBI thinks there might be mob ties.

DEAN

I'm a labor lawyer. There are always mob ties.

JERRY

Just be cool.

#### **INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

CLOSE ON and OLD MATRON carefully chewing her food near a table card declaring: 122. The gala swings everywhere but here. DEAN and STACY are the only other diners at the table.

STACY

I don't understand why Jerry  
couldn't clear this up.

DEAN

Well, you know--

STACY

He's got his priorities?

DEAN

There's just, clearly, some  
administrative snafu. I'm sure this  
is the worst of it.

**EXT. DEAN'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

Establishing. A glass and steel high-rise reaching upward.

MARTHA (V.O.)

Mr. Dean?

**INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

DEAN sits behind his desk as his secretary MARTHA enters.

DEAN

Yeah.

MARTHA

It's Rachel Banks.

DEAN picks up the phone--

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. RACHEL'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS**

RACHEL cradles a portable phone to her ear.

RACHEL

(into phone)

I got a call from my firm this  
morning saying don't come in.

DEAN

(into phone)

Why?

RACHEL

There are reporters wanting to know about my relationship with you and how long I've worked for the mob. The mob, Bobby!

DEAN

All right, look--

Before DEAN can respond, there's a knock at the door.

PEERS sticks his head in--

PEERS

Blake and Silverberg want you in the conference room.

DEAN

(softly)

Shit.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

DEAN sits in the conference room by himself. He waits.

After a moment, SILVERBERG and BLAKE stride in.

DEAN

Listen--

SILVERBERG

I got a call this morning from a source I trust. The Post is running a lead this afternoon about your involvement in the Bellmoth investigation.

DEAN

I don't under--

BLAKE

We've also been informed that the Grand Jury is going to call for an investigation into your affairs.

DEAN

Why?

BLAKE

They want to hold you in Contempt for ethics violations.



SILVERBERG

They claim you helped create a shell company for Sam Vollotti in Zurich and that through your continuing relationship, the Gambino family's been able to exert influence and provide false witnesses to discredit our case.

DEAN

Oh, well, that's true.

BLAKE

It is?

DEAN

Except for the part about my setting up a company in Zurich and knowing anyone named Sam Vollotti and having any relationship whatsoever with the Gambino family.

SILVERBERG

Robert--

DEAN

Gimme a week and four guys from litigation and I'll have the Post pleading with us not to sue for libel.

BLAKE

Tell us about Rachel Banks.

DEAN

(stunned)  
Rachel Banks?

SILVERBERG

The attorney?

BLAKE

Have you two been having an affair?

DEAN is speechless...

DEAN

What kind of a question is that?

BLAKE

A direct one.

DEAN

I have a professional relationship with Rachel Banks. She's the go-between for a private investigator I use.

SILVERBERG

What's his name?

DEAN

Brill.

BLAKE

Why don't you just call Brill directly.

DEAN

I don't know who he is.

BLAKE

I'm told you had an affair with Rachel Banks four years ago.

DEAN

Told by whom?

BLAKE

Considering the enormous exposure to which you've subjected this firm, I'd think you'd do best to simply answer my questions.

DEAN

Really?

BLAKE

Yes.

DEAN

Well considering what a colossal douche bag you are, David, maybe I'd do best to simply kick your ass all over the capitol.

SILVERBERG

Gentlemen--

DEAN

This is bullshit. Someone's mixing up a bunch of half-truths to ruin me and to ruin my case.

SILVERBERG

Who would do that?

DEAN

Maybe Bellmoth. Maybe the unions. I don't know.

SILVERBERG

Well until we find, you're gonna have to take a leave of absence.

DEAN

You're firing me.

SILVERBERG

A leave of absence. Until we've sorted this all out.

DEAN

Put David on it. He seems anxious to clear my name.

SILVERBERG

Bobby--

DEAN

Fuck off.

**INT. DEAN'S HOUSE/FOYER - EVENING**

DEAN enters.

DEAN

(calling)

Stacy!

JENNY, early 30's, heads him off--

JENNY

Robert--

DEAN

Where's Stacy?

JENNY

She doesn't want to talk to you.

DEAN

(beat)

What are you talking--

JENNY

She can't talk to you right now.

DEAN

(beat)

Why?

JENNY

Because she's reading the newspaper,  
you asshole.

DEAN pushes past her and heads to the back patio--

**EXT. BACK PATIO - CONTINUOUS**

STACY stares blankly, eyes red. A copy of The Post is beside her. A picture of DEAN and RACHEL, arm in arm, accompanies a headline.

DEAN walks in--

DEAN

Stacy?

STACY

How could you let me find out like  
this?

DEAN

Stacy, I found out like this. This  
is the first I'm hearing of--

STACY

Robert--

DEAN

It's not true.

STACY

(reading)

"Sources revealed an FBI  
investigation into a possible money  
laundering scheme that may have  
sent millions of dollars--

DEAN

I've seen it.

STACY

(reading)

"At the center of the investigation are well-known Washington-area attorneys Robert Dean and Rachel Banks."

DEAN

Yeah...look--

STACY whips the paper at him--

STACY

You swore!

DEAN

I have lunch with Rachel once a month. She's my connection to an investigator.

STACY

I told you I didn't want you seeing her.

DEAN

I know.

STACY

You had an affair with this woman, Robert, we went to a fucking counselor for a year.

DEAN

I see her for business.

STACY

You told me you weren't seeing her at all.

DEAN

I didn't want you to be upset. I shouldn't have lied. Stacy, there's nothing between me and Rachel Banks.

STACY grabs another paper and shoves it across the table. DEAN picks it up.

DEAN'S POV: A black and white surveillance photo of DEAN and RACHEL on a hotel balcony.

STACY (O.S.)

The date stamp on the picture is last month. Is that where you and

Rachel conduct business.

DEAN  
(shaking his head)  
It's not real...  
(to STACY)  
That's not me.

STACY  
Oh, please--

DEAN  
It's not a real picture, Stacy,  
it's been doctored-up.

STACY  
I think you should leave now, Robert.

DEAN  
Stacy--

STACY  
Leave this house.

**EXT. HYATT HOTEL - NIGHT**

Establishing. Downtown Washington, D.C.

**INT. REGISTRATION DESK - CONTINUOUS**

A busy night. DEAN stands at the registration desk facing a DESK CLERK.

DESK CLERK  
(returning card)  
I'm sorry, sir, this card's been declined.

DEAN  
It's a brand new card.

DESK CLERK  
Maybe it's not connected yet.

DEAN  
(handing him another)  
Here, you can use this.

The CLERK runs it through. Same result.

DESK CLERK

I'm sorry.

He returns the card, embarrassed for Dean. DEAN turns to leave...

...and stops dead. He stares at the empty floor by a pillar.

DEAN

My suitcase--

DESK CLERK

Sir?

DEAN

My suitcase is gone.

DEAN walks quickly around the area, looking at everything and everyone.

DESK CLERK

I'm sure we can locate it for you, sir.

DEAN

Don't count on it.

**EXT. BANK MACHINE - NIGHT**

DEAN stands at the ATM, waiting for cash. There's a short line of PEOPLE behind him. His bank card spits out. The monitor reads:

Temporarily Unable to Process  
this Transaction

DEAN

(pounding the machine)

God Dammit!

The waiting PEOPLE back away...

**EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT**

A weathered sign reads:

All Rooms \$39.95

An O.S. TV DRONES the latest AT&T COMMERCIAL--

TV ANNOUNCER  
(soft and seductive)  
Have you ever tucked your kid in  
from a phone booth? You will--

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

CLOSE ON AN OLD COLOR TV. The COMMERCIAL ENDS. A  
NEWSCASTER returns to deliver the late-night news.

NEWSCASTER  
(on TV)  
In Richmond today, Senate Majority  
Leader Sam Albert paid a visit to  
promote the ten-billion dollar  
Anti-Terror Bill.

The newscast cuts to SAM ALBERT, late 60's, standing on  
State Capitol Building steps delivering a speech to  
community leaders.

SENATOR ALBERT  
(on TV)  
America is under assault, and this  
time it's from within. The gangs,  
the terrorists, the drug lords, the  
cults...

PULLING AWAY from the TV, we explore the room. Dimly  
lit and cluttered with tired furniture.

SENATOR ALBERT (CONT'D)  
(on TV)  
It's a war like any other war. A  
war with victims and a war that  
requires courage and strength.

Outside the window, a BUZZING NEON SIGN flickers red  
and blue. We finally end on DEAN, sitting on a sagging  
bed, rubbing his eyes...the newspaper with the  
doctored-up photo is sitting next to him.

**EXT. BUILDING - DAY**

Establishing. Italian area of Baltimore. A 40's era  
box-building. A sign reads:

Italian/American Legion - Members Only

**INT. ITALIAN/AMERICAN LEGION - CONTINUOUS**



Thread-bare chairs and a couch. SAL and FRANKIE, both meaty guys in shiny shirts, sit facing DEAN, who stands before them.

SAL

I'm sorry. I'm not sure I understand.  
You wanna fuckin' what?

DEAN

I'd like to speak to someone about  
what's happening to me.

FRANKIE

(to SAL)  
What'd this guy say his name was?

SAL

This is Bobby Dean, the Jew lawyer  
who squeezed DePinto.

DEAN

Actually, that's not true.

SAL

You didn't squeeze DePinto?

DEAN

No, I meant I'm Presbyterian.

SAL

Oh.

DEAN

My wife's Jewish. But that probably  
doesn't matter right now.

FRANKIE

What is it you want?

DEAN

Someone's trying to destroy my life,  
and I'd like to find out who.

SAL

And then what?

DEAN

I'll see if I can, you know, work  
things out.

FRANKIE

Well we'd sure like to help you.

DEAN

You would?

FRANKIE

Yes. But we can't.

DEAN

Why not?

FRANKIE

Because we, and our associates, have paid out hundreds of thousands of dollars to shyster lawyers like you, because of shyster lawyers like you, and we'd just as soon sit back and sip a beer while you get ass-banged by as many people as possible.

**EXT. STATELY OLD BUILDING - DAY**

Establishing. A sign reads:

The Audobon Society - National Headquarters

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

He shot wildlife footage--

**INT. AUDOBON HEADQUARTERS/EDITING BAY - CONTINUOUS**

MEG BURTON sits near an editing machine as two EDITORS review endless amounts of bird footage. DEAN sits next to her.

DEAN

I know, but--

MEG

Wildlife footage, for God's sake. I don't see how he could've slipped you something that the FBI would be interested in.

DEAN

That's my point.

MEG

What's your point.

DEAN

Well, I need to find out as much about Daniel as possible.

MEG

Why?

DEAN

Because my life is being ruined.

MEG

Daniel's life is already ruined. Maybe if you guys stopped thinking about yourselves for a change and--

**EXT. THE GANG-PLANK BAR - DAY**

Establishing. The Baltimore water front. A crusty bar overlooking the bay.

**INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS**

Sunlight slashes blinds revealing a place that is wrong during the day. JIMMY, a beefy bartender, takes stock of the liquor while RACHEL sits in a dark booth.

DEAN (O.S.)

Rachel?

RACHEL looks up...

RACHEL

Good. You're just what I need right now.

DEAN

You got a minute?

RACHEL

(getting up)

It's really not a good idea for me to be seen with you.

DEAN

Who's doing this?

RACHEL

I gotta go.

DEAN  
(blocking the door)  
Will you hang on just a second.

JERRY  
Rachel? There a problem?

She looks at DEAN for a moment...

RACHEL  
No. No problem.  
(to DEAN)  
Outside.

**EXT. HARBOR CENTER - DAY**

CLOSE ON a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA on a pole, sweeping, making automatic lens corrections.

RACHEL (O.S.)  
There's a lot of people asking  
questions about you and me.

We drift down to the harbor walkway, a greenbelt with quaint hotels and bars on one side, Chesapeake Bay on the other. DEAN and RACHEL are strolling the walk.

DEAN  
I know.

RACHEL  
The IRS contacted me this morning.  
They say my lifestyle and receipts  
exceed my income.

DEAN  
You being audited?

RACHEL  
For the last four years.

DEAN  
My firm'll represent you. Free of  
charge.

RACHEL  
You don't work there anymore, Bobby.

DEAN  
That's temporary.

RACHEL  
Bullshit.

DEAN  
Rachel--

RACHEL  
We're screwed.

DEAN  
I'm gonna fix it.

RACHEL  
How?

DEAN  
Tell me about Brill.

**INT. A ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A TECHNICIAN eyes a recorder spin as a monitor shows a live feed from the park.

RACHEL (O.S.)  
(through headphones)  
I can't.

DEAN  
(through headphones)  
You have to.

RACHEL  
(through headphones)  
I've never met him?

DEAN  
(through headphones)  
Goddammit, Rachel, you assured me--

**EXT. THE PARK - CONTINUOUS**

DEAN and RACHEL on their stroll--

RACHEL  
Fuck you. When you needed  
information, I got it. You didn't  
care how.

DEAN

I did care how.

RACHEL  
This conversation's over.

DEAN  
What're you gonna do, Rachel? You  
gonna sit in a bar in Baltimore?  
You want your job back? You want a  
life?

RACHEL  
I don't have a life, Bobby. I'm in  
love with a married man.

DEAN  
I'm sorry about that.

RACHEL  
What makes you think it's you?

DEAN  
It's not me?

RACHEL  
You're a moron, you know that?

DEAN  
Yeah.

DEAN smiles...and after a moment, so does RACHEL.

RACHEL  
When I need to reach Brill, I chalk  
the mailbox on 14th and Main.

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

RACHEL is walking to the mailbox. She casually slashes  
the box with chalk and drops a letter inside.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
When he sees the mark, he knows  
there's a drop. The location's  
always the same.

**EXT. BALTIMORE PORT - DAY**

Establishing. Wharves, ships, seagulls. A water-bus  
chugs dockside as PASSENGERS board for the trip across

the inlet. DEAN stands in a ticket line with the other PASSENGERS.

RACHEL (V.O.)

The number twelve ferry to Glen Burnie. Tuesdays or Fridays.

**INT. FERRY - DAY**

DEAN takes a seat. Across the deck is Seat 74. RACHEL takes the seat and casually slides an envelope behind it, her actions obscured by a bag she carries. The ferry BLOWS its departure horn.

RACHEL (V.O.)

The drop's behind Seat 74. I leave something, he picks it up later.

The ferry churns water. RACHEL moves to a wind protected seat, leaving Seat 74 empty. DEAN keeps watch on the seat as he scans the paper.

DEAN (V.O.)

Any idea what he looks like?

RACHEL (V.O.)

My guess is male, somewhere in his 40's or 50's.

A MONTAGE of different people occupying Seat 74.

A middle-aged DRUNK passed out in the seat. A TEEN-AGED boy with glasses chats with friends.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Race, height, weight, you're on your own.

An OLD LADY reads a book. She sees DEAN eyeing her and smiles nervously. DEAN returns to his paper.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Now I don't know how he's gonna feel about someone tracking him down. He's reclusive. I'm sure he has his reasons.

DEAN's alone now. The ferry docks for the night. The last passengers, TWO NUNS, disembark. DEAN rises to go. Brill's a no-show.

**INT. FERRY TERMINAL - NIGHT**

DEAN walks down the ramp. It's dark in the empty terminal. Not the best place at this hour. Up ahead, TWO MEN stand in the darkness, then kissing. Down another hall, SOUNDS OF NEARING FOOTSTEPS. DEAN detours into--

**INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Empty. DEAN stands at a sink, water running. He glances at the door. He splashes water on his face. Suddenly--

--DEAN's slammed forward, a silenced pistol is shoved into his ear, pinning his face to the mirror.

DEAN

Jesus! What?! You want money?!

MAN

Shut the fuck up.

Hands frisk DEAN. Up and down the legs, behind the back and chest. A wallet is removed, ID's looked at - then returned. DEAN turns to see--

A MAN, early 50's. He sweeps a signal frequency locator over DEAN's body. The needle reacts at DEAN's foot.

MAN

(gesturing)

Your shoe.

DEAN

My shoe?

MAN

Gimme the shoe.

DEAN complies with the strange request as the MAN flips out a knife.

DEAN

Brill?

"BRILL"

Brill's dead. He died of small pox when he was two and he was buried in a Kansas field.

(prying away DEAN's heel)



My name doesn't matter.

CLOSE ON DEAN'S HEEL - a hollow compartment reveals a miniature tracking device. The MAN removes it, then returns the shoe.

"BRILL" (CONT'D)

A tracker. Thousand yard range.  
They're close.

The MAN reaches in a trash can, removes a potato-chip bag, wraps it around the tracker and flushes it down the toilet.

"BRILL" (CONT'D)

C'mon.

"BRILL" goes through the window. DEAN eyes the window, not sure. He eyes the door. Same feeling.

#### **EXT. LOADING DECK - MOMENT LATER**

DEAN crawls through the window to a loading dock. "BRILL" motions him to follow as he moves off into the shadows.

The sounds of the window OPENING behind them, followed by FOOTSTEPS. "BRILL" shoves Dean behind a dumpster and removes his gun as two men run by. The STEPS FADE. "BRILL" looks. They're gone.

#### **EXT. FERRY TERMINAL - NIGHT**

Establishing. A closed farmer's market by the terminal. Several cars are parked. One's a cab. "BRILL" opens the driver's door. DEAN grabs the front passenger door.

"BRILL"

No. In back like you're a customer.

#### **INT. CAB - NIGHT**

"BRILL" sits in the driver's seat, eyes flickering to all views, as DEAN climbs in the back. "BRILL" flips on the meter and guns into traffic.

"BRILL"

What happened?

DEAN

It started with the information you gave me on DePinto. After we talked, he agreed to resign. Next, a phony detective asked me about Daniel Zavitz. Then an investigator questioned me about an extortion scheme they claimed Zavitz was behind. The FBI started looking into mob connections. A doctored picture in the paper. Overnight, I'm ruined. Wife. job, bank accounts, everything gone.

"BRILL" eyes the mirror. A BLACK CHEVY appears several car lengths behind.

"BRILL"

DePinto's dead.

DEAN

Oh Jesus.

"BRILL"

They found him yesterday folded neatly in a car trunk. What about Zavitz?

"BRILL" starts to weave in and out of traffic. He looks in the mirror - the Chevy's also weaving several cars behind.

DEAN

I don't know anything about Zavitz.

"BRILL"

You said he was behind an extortion scheme.

DEAN

They said he was behind an extortion scheme.

"BRILL" whips the cab around a corner, accelerating.

"BRILL"

And you were the last one to talk to him.

DEAN

Yes.

"BRILL"

What'd he say to you?

DEAN

Nothing.

"BRILL"

What'd he give to you?

DEAN

Nothing.

"BRILL"

Don't bullshit me, I can save your  
life.

DEAN

I'm telling you, I--

The ride from hell gets worse as "BRILL" screeches  
another turn. The car ahead stops and "BRILL" screeches  
past on two wheels.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I just gave him my card.

"BRILL"

He didn't give you an address? He  
didn't give you a phone number?

DEAN

Nothing. Two nights later I was  
robbed. I'm pretty sure they were pros.

"BRILL" takes an impossible left into another alley.  
The Chevy follows. "BRILL"'s good. The guy in the  
Chevy's better.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Um...who's that?

"BRILL"

Don't know. Did you check everywhere?  
Maybe it was hidden in something.  
Maybe there was someone else--

DEAN

Someone else?

"BRILL"

Maybe you bumped into someone who

took it and you didn't even know.

The cab is rear-ended hard by the Chevy. Their necks snap back from the force.

"BRILL" (CONT'D)

Shit!

WHAM! They're hit again. "BRILL" pulls out a communicator.

"BRILL" (CONT'D)

209 to anyone! I need some help here!

DEAN

Who are you calling?!

WHACK! "BRILL" back-hands DEAN with his fist, knocking him silly as WHAM!--the cab's rear-ended again.

"BRILL"

(trying again)

This is 209! Does anyone copy?!

Then "BRILL" sees that the alley empties into a busy street, then a bakery shop.

He slams the brakes. Tires screech smoke but it's no use. The powerful Chevy pushes the cab, bumper to bumper, toward the street. "BRILL" grips the wheel. It's all he can do as the cab rockets into cross traffic and--

BLAM! They're broad-sided by a delivery truck. The cab is shoved sideways along the street and into a fire-hydrant, finally stopping under jetting water from the broken main.

DEAN slowly opens his eyes. Water pours in everywhere. "BRILL" is sticking halfway through a window, not moving. Seeing "BRILL"'s pistol, DEAN grabs it and crawls from the wreckage.

#### **EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

DEAN climbs from the wreck as BYSTANDERS approach.

WOMAN

Look out! He's got a gun!

They back away as DEAN gets to his feet and looks around. Off to the side he sees the Chevy, waiting like

a coiled snake.

DEAN limps into the crowd. He rounds the corner to ANOTHER STREET and now he's running with all he's got left.

**INT. DEAN'S HOUSE/STUDY - NIGHT**

STACY is at the desk looking at the latest edition of the paper, which now has a photograph of DEAN and RACHEL walking in the park from the day before.

The phone rings and STACY reaches for it...

STACY  
(into phone)  
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

DEAN stands at a pay phone--

DEAN  
(into phone)  
Stacy, don't hang up.

STACY  
Do you know what I'm looking at Robert?

DEAN  
Stacy--

STACY  
I'm looking at a picture of you and Rachel taken yesterday.

DEAN  
I know, but listen--

STACY  
Was that doctored-up, too?

DEAN  
No, I was with her yesterday. I want you to take Eric and go to our parents house. I want you to do it right now.

STACY

I went to the grocery store. My ATM and credit cards didn't work. I couldn't buy food.

DEAN

I know.

STACY

I went to the bank to see why. They said you emptied our accounts--

DEAN

It wasn't me.

STACY

This is science-fiction Robert! The manager showed me the transfer notice with your signature on it.

DEAN

Stacy, somebody's trying to kill me. Now goddamit--

STACY

My father's put me in touch with an attorney. He'll be--

A hand suddenly clicks down the phone hook. DEAN turns to see a MAN, late 50's, gruff and alert. It's the guy driving the Chevy.

MAN

Put the phone down. Do as I say.

DEAN does nothing, temporarily frozen. A pistol jabs him hard.

DEAN

Alright, alright--

DEAN replaces the phone. The man removes DEAN's gun. Nearby, two PEOPLE chat at a restaurant hostess desk, unaware.

MAN

Move to the elevators.

DEAN does but is suddenly redirected through a roof-access door.

**INT. VAN - NIGHT**

A TECHNICIAN sits in a van jammed with high-tech surveillance gear. HICKS is next to him, a phone pressed to his ear.

HICKS

We just picked up his call.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. OFFICE - NIGHT**

REYNOLDS, dressed in a tux, presses his cellular to his ear, while behind him MARSHAL and SHAFFER, also in tuxedos, have a heated discussion.

REYNOLDS

(into phone)

30 minutes ago you said we had him.  
What in hell's goin' on out there?

HICKS

(into phone)

He had help.

REYNOLDS

(into phone)

Help from whom?  
(he hears the answer)  
Christ.

**EXT. HIGH-RISE ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Eight stories up and deserted. The lit dome of the Capitol building shines like a beacon in the D.C. skyline.

DEAN suddenly slams against a wall--

DEAN

Hey!

MAN

Forget me, forget what I did for you. Don't ever mention my name or try to contact me again. Get it?

DEAN

I don't know you, I don't know your name, I don't know what the hell you did for me except hang up on my

wife and slam me into a wall, but I'm getting pretty fuckin' sick of this! Get it?!

MAN

Seat 74.

DEAN

(pause)

You're Brill.

BRILL

You knew the deal. No contact.

DEAN

Who was that other guy?

BRILL

One of many people who would live a word with you.

DEAN

Who are they?

BRILL

You've heard of the National Security Agency?

DEAN

What do they have to do with this?

BRILL

That's who they are.

DEAN

The NSA?

BRILL

Yes.

DEAN

You're crazy.

BRILL

(starting to leave)

Okay.

DEAN

Wait.

BRILL



You drive a black BMW, license  
plate SRK1339?

DEAN

Yeah.

BRILL

(reaching in his pocket)

I clipped this from your wheel well  
just before they towed your car away.

BRILL pulls out a disk-shaped object the size of a  
walk-man.

DEAN

What is that?

BRILL

It's a SAT-tracker.

DEAN

I don't know what that means.

BRILL

Like a LowJack, but two generations  
ahead of what the police use. It  
pulses at 230 Giga-Hertz.

DEAN

I don't know what that means.

BRILL

230 Giga-Hertz. They use that band  
for the Aquacade Spy-SAT uplinks.

DEAN

I don't know what that means.

BRILL

It means the NSA can read the time  
off your wristwatch.

DEAN

Why are they after me?

BRILL

If I knew, they'd be after me.  
Which they probably are right now.  
'Bye.

DEAN

Wait. What do I do?

BRILL

Pal, you're cooked. It's over. What you did, who you were...that's done. I'd find a quiet job somewhere shoveling snow.

A helicopter hovers near the Washington Monument. BRILL eyes it cautiously.

DEAN

Why don't they just identify themselves and tell me what they want?

BRILL

They're spooks.

DEAN

I don't know what that--

BRILL

Exposure. They can't have it. They wanna learn what you know and then deal with it.

DEAN

I don't know anything.

BRILL

No shit.

DEAN

What am I gonna do?! I mean, like, for the rest of my life?!

BRILL

Hey, if you live another week I'll be impressed.

DEAN

What if--

BRILL

Look, you gave me some work over the last year. We'll call it even.

BRILL turns to leave--

DEAN

(blocking the exit door)

What if I find out what they're after. You know these people, I don't.

BRILL

And you won't. Now move--

DEAN

I'll pay you.

BRILL

(taking out his pistol)

They froze your accounts. Get outa my way.

DEAN continues blocking the door, maintaining calm even as BRILL's pistol is pressed firmly to his forehead.

DEAN

I've got a hundred-thousand dollars in jewelry in a safe-deposit box under a third party name.

BRILL looks at the ground. Torn.

DEAN (CONT'D)

How many years have you been hiding from them? How many years have you been running?

(beat)

What'd they do to you?

BRILL

(pause)

If you find something, chalk the Baltimore Sheraton mailbox and go to Temperanceville. It's South of Salisbury.

(giving DEAN his pistol)

And take this.

And with that, he's gone.

DEAN eyes the gun. He walks to the ledge, looking at the city.

DEAN'S POV: Several vehicles quietly pull up to the building. MEN storm out and move inside.

DEAN quickly backs away.

**INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

DEAN races for the stairwell two steps at a time. He hears the SOUND of a DOOR OPENING somewhere below.

VOICE (O.S.)

303 to 301. Floor one secured.  
Moving to two.

DEAN retreats upward, then he hears SOMEONE COMING DOWN. Trapped. He opens the door on '3' and is about to run when he sees a security camera directly above.

Grabbing a fire extinguisher, he pulls the pin. Spray coats the lens. Then he yanks a FIRE ALARM. A HORN BLARES.

DEAN runs for the second stairwell when he sees JONES stepping out. DEAN looks back at the stairwell he left. That door's opening as well.

Trapped.

Using the extinguisher, DEAN smashes the glass door to an office and goes inside. JONES starts to enter when a shot rips into the wall, convincing him otherwise. He retreats as the BLARING FIRE ALARM STOPS.

DEAN races through the suite of offices trying locked door after locked door. Finally, one opens and he rushes in and tries to lock it behind himself.

No lock.

He sees the MEN and they see him. He slides a desk against the door, then backs away, pistol ready.

JONES (O.S.)

(disturbingly calm)

Open the door, Mr. Dean. There's  
nowhere to go. We'd just like to talk.

Seeing a phone, DEAN grabs it.

No tone. Just a RECORDING of Nancy Sinatra's song "These Boots are Made for Walking".

JONES (O.S.)

It'd be easier for all of us if you  
just come out. Nothing'll happen.

DEAN heaves a coffee table up on the desk.

JONES (O.S.)

It's quite hopeless what you're  
doing, Mr. Dean.

DEAN

I swear to God I'll shoot.

JONES (O.S.)

(chuckling)

I think you might be over-reacting  
there, Mr. Dean. We just want to talk.

DEAN

Go ahead. I hear you fine.

The door pushes in--

DEAN (CONT'D)

I said I'll shoot!

The door keeps pushing.

DEAN FIRES high.

The pushing stops.

Then DEAN hears the distant sound of SIRENS approaching.  
DEAN rips off his sweater, takes out a lighter, and  
sets the sweater on fire.

He throws it into a garbage can and tosses styrofoam  
cups in on top of it.

The pushing starts again, but before DEAN can fire, a  
small cylindrical device drops into the room.

A STUN GRENADE.

DEAN ducks as a BLINDING FLASH rocks the room.

The window is blown open. Smoke billows out. DEAN,  
temporarily blinded and deaf, struggles to a ledge as  
fire engines arrive.

#### **INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS**

Fire trucks, police cars and an ambulance arrive  
beneath DEAN as HICKS watches from his van.

HICKS

I don't fuckin' believe this!

(into radio-mic)  
301 to all units. Everyone out! Now!  
We'll take him at the hospital.

**INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT**

DEAN sits in back with a PARA-MEDIC, covered in soot, breathing hard through an oxygen mask as the ambulance WAILS and weaves through traffic. He looks through the rear window to see--

TWO CARS FOLLOWING, keeping pace. Off to the side, RFK Stadium is emptying, a Redskins game is over.

DEAN rips off the oxygen mask--

DEAN  
Tell him to stop the ambulance.

PARAMEDIC  
Whoa there, fella. Just take it easy.

DEAN  
Tell him to stop the ambulance.

PARAMEDIC  
Now you're a little shaken up, but  
we're gonna get you on your feet in--

DEAN whips out his pistol and shoves it in the PARAMEDIC's face--

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)  
(to the driver)  
--stop the ambulance.

DEAN  
Thank you.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

The ambulance pulls over and the back doors fly open. DEAN leaps out into the crowd.

The OTHER CARS pull over and PRATT and JONES exit. They scan the area and see DEAN descending a stairwell marked: METRO.

**INT. METRO STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT**

DEAN stands at the end of the crowded platform. PRATT and JONES work through the CROWD as the train pulls in. DEAN slides on board. The departure HORN sounds. JONES and PRATT step on.

**INT. METRO - NIGHT**

DEAN huddles in the back car, panic-breathing, as PRATT and JONES move through the cars searching for faces.

DEAN looks for an out. He sees an emergency stop handle.

He YANKS it forward. PASSENGERS yell. The brakes lock and SCREECH. The train slows. Then stops.

DEAN opens the door.

And jumps. He looks around. Just black curved track in either direction. He starts running.

Then he hears it.

The horrible SCREECHING of an approaching train.

Trapped.

On one side, the train he left. On the other, a wall.

He runs down the track with all that's left.

PRATT and JONES reach the open door and see the oncoming train bearing down on DEAN. They duck in as the train SWISHES by.

DEAN lays flat between the tracks, his face kissing greasy ground as the train screeches over him.

Tons of angry steel are teasing his shirt fabric.

Then it's over. The train's gone. DEAN's alive.

He gets up to see PRATT and JONES leap to the tracks.

DEAN  
(under his breath)  
I hate these guys.

Then he sees an "EMERGENCY ACCESS" sign beaming in the darkness. A God-send. DEAN runs for it.

**EXT. METRO EMERGENCY ACCESS EXIT - NIGHT**

PRATT and JONES fly out the door and into a park.

It's empty. Quiet.

No Dean anywhere.

REYNOLDS (V.O.)

I'm confused about something. Maybe  
you can help me out.

**EXT. TERRACE - CONTINUOUS**

The Lincoln Memorial is seen in the distance. REYNOLDS has broken off PARTY GUESTS and paces in his tux, an encrypted cellular phone pressed to his ear.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

I sit on top of the greatest  
intelligence gathering organization  
in human history. Why can't I bring  
in a man whose name *is in the*  
*fucking phonebook*?!

HICKS

He's clever. He had help.

REYNOLDS

He's clever? He had help?  
(beat)  
Oh.

HICKS

Sir--

REYNOLDS

No, no, I'm sorry. I didn't realize  
you were hoping to be transferred  
to a weathership outside Greenland.

HICKS

I just meant--

REYNOLDS

I don't care if he's Solomon with  
Saint Joseph sitting in his lap. I  
want the tape and I want him. Now is--

A WAITER with a tray steps out onto the terrace...



REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
(to the WAITER)  
Yes?

WAITER  
Puffed cheese?

REYNOLDS  
No thank you.

WAITER  
I also have tiny pizzas and  
mushrooms stuffed with--

REYNOLDS  
Do I look like I want a tiny pizza?

WAITER  
No.

REYNOLDS  
Then let's assume I don't.

WAITER  
Yes sir.

The WAITER goes back inside.

REYNOLDS  
(into phone)  
Now is that clear?

WAITER  
Yes sir.

REYNOLDS disconnects, breathes deeply, and goes back to the party.

**EXT. RACHEL'S CONDO BUILDING - NIGHT**

DEAN watches from the shadows. It seems quiet. He's about to move for the entrance when he sees--

A cigarette lighter flame-up inside a parked car. TWO MEN sit inside, watching. DEAN retreats into the shadows.

**EXT. RACHEL'S CONDO - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

Quiet. DEAN listens through the door and hears nothing.

He KNOCKS softly.

No reply.

He tries the doorknob. It opens.

**INT. RACHEL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

DEAN enters. The place is still.

DEAN

Rachel?

No answer. DEAN drifts through the living room. A lamp is knocked over on the floor. DEAN keeps moving into the bedroom. He stops in the doorway - eyes fixed inside.

DEAN'S POV: RACHEL lies on her stomach, naked in bed.

DEAN

(approaching)

Rachel?

She doesn't respond. He touches her.

Nothing.

He turns her over. Her face is frozen, eyes open, neck purpled and bruised with signs of strangulation.

DEAN

Oh God--

DEAN wants to throw up but holds it down.

Then, under a night table, he sees a shirt. He grabs it.

DEAN'S POV: An oxford button-down. The inside collar is stamped with a dry-cleaner's marker reading: R. DEAN.

Panic overtakes horror as DEAN quickly searches for anything else of his that may have been planted inside the apartment.

Under the bed - a cufflink.

In the bathroom - a hairbrush.

On the desk - documents with his name on them.

DEAN shoves everything into a garbage bag. Grabbing a

towel, he retraces his steps, wiping his prints from everything he touched.

Exiting, he wipes off the doorknob as--

A NEIGHBORS DOOR OPENS. A COUPLE stumbles out, laughing, kissing...and noticing DEAN leaving Rachel's condo.

**INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

JERRY walks alone through the large underground garage on the way to his car. He pauses, thinking he's heard something.

Nothing.

He continues walking. He reaches his car. Suddenly someone comes up behind him fast. JERRY spins--

--it's DEAN.

DEAN  
(whispering)  
Jerry--

JERRY  
Christ!

DEAN  
Ssh!

JERRY  
Bobby--

DEAN  
It's the NSA. They're the ones doing this.

JERRY  
Bobby--

DEAN  
The NSA's doing this 'cause they think I have something. And they killed--

JERRY  
Calm down.

DEAN  
They killed Rachel.

JERRY

(pause)  
Rachel's dead?

DEAN

Yes.

JERRY

Jesus.

DEAN

My stuff's all over her apartment.

JERRY

Bobby--

DEAN

They're framing me.

JERRY

Why would they--

DEAN

I don't know. I mean--

JERRY

Why would the NSA--

DEAN

I don't know!

JERRY

You're tired.

DEAN

Jerry--

JERRY

Listen to me.

DEAN

You gotta--

JERRY

No, listen to me. You gotta let me  
bring you in.

DEAN

No, I--

JERRY

You gotta let me bring you in to the police.

DEAN

I won't make it to the police. They won't let me get there. You go.

JERRY

To the cops?

DEAN

To the NSA. Make a deal. Tell 'em to stop. Tell 'em I don't have what they're after. Make a deal.

JERRY

Bobby, you're in way over your head.

DEAN

Go to 'em, Jerry.

JERRY

I have a family.

DEAN

So do I!

JERRY looks at the ground for a long moment...

JERRY

I'm sorry, man.

DEAN

No. No, it's okay.

DEAN starts to leave...

JERRY

Bobby? Piece of advice?

DEAN

Yeah?

JERRY

Turn yourself in.

DEAN

Jerry?

JERRY

Yeah?

DEAN  
Go fuck yourself.

**EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING**

Establishing. A quiet street in Dean's neighborhood. Several REPORTERS are camped in Dean's driveway entrance, sipping coffees. Farther down the street, a JEEP GRAND CHEROKEE is parked. The driver waits and watches.

**EXT. BACKYARD - SAME TIME**

DEAN sneaks between two large houses, ducking by windows and scaling a fence. Somewhere a DOG BARKS a warning as DEAN plows through a large hedge, entering the backyard to his home.

**INT. DEAN'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - SAME TIME**

DEAN quietly unlocks the door and enters. He listens.

The house is quiet. Empty.

**INT. DEAN'S FOYER - DAY**

KEYS JINGLE in the front lock. The door opens and STACY enters.

The TV suddenly REMOTES ON - VOLUME LOUD.

She turns as DEAN approaches fast--

STACY  
Robert--

DEAN's hand cups her mouth as he pulls her into a pantry closet.

**INT. PANTRY CLOSET - CONTINUOUS**

DEAN  
(barely a whisper)  
Listen to me. The house is bugged.  
So we gotta be quiet, okay?

STACY nods understanding. DEAN slowly removes his hand.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Is Eric in school?

STACY  
Yes.

DEAN  
Has anyone been by? Police? FBI?

STACY  
Just reporters.

DEAN  
I wish you'd gone to your parents  
like I asked you.

STACY  
This is my house. Nobody's kicking  
me out of my house. I picked those  
drapes.

DEAN  
I don't think anybody wants the  
drapes, Stacy, I think the drapes  
are okay.

STACY  
What happened to your head?

DEAN  
I was in a car chase and a small  
explosion. Now listen to me: The  
NSA is behind this. They think that  
guy I told you about, Daniel Zavitz,  
they think Zavitz gave me a tape or  
computer chip of some kind that  
could be damaging to them. So  
they're doing all these things  
electronically. The bank records,  
the surveillance. They're the ones  
who broke into the house. Now I  
know there's no reason to believe  
me. But I love you. And I love our  
son. So just believe me anyway.  
(pause)  
Please.

STACY gently touches his forehead where he's been cut...

STACY

Does that hurt?

DEAN

Well...yeah.

STACY

Good.

DEAN

Stacy--

She grabs him and kisses him. The kiss lasts a good long time before STACY smacks him on the arm--

STACY

I told you they could do this. I told you they had this kind of capability and that with this anti-terrorism it would be just another--

DEAN

Stacy...Stacy...maybe now isn't the best time for the I-Told-You-So speech.

She kisses him again.

STACY

I'm sorry I didn't believe you.

DEAN

That's okay.

STACY

I opened the present you got me from Harrison's.

DEAN

You opened the thing?

STACY

The lingerie.

DEAN

That was for Christmas.

STACY

I was missing you.

DEAN

You're as bad as Eric. I've got an entire family of people who root



through--

It dawns on him...everything starts coming together...

DEAN (CONT'D)  
...who root through...uh...presents,  
and...

STACY  
What is it?

DEAN  
Oh Christ.

**INT. JEEP GRAND-CHEROKEE - DAY**

The DRIVER continues to watch the area. Then--

DRIVER'S POV: THE RANGE ROVER flies out of the driveway,  
tires SCREECHING as it speeds through the quiet  
neighborhood.

The REPORTERS stare at each other a beat--

--then leap for their cars.

DRIVER  
(into sleeve-mic)  
504 to 501. Rover's fleeing west on  
Sutton. Driver appeared male!

JONES (O.S.)  
(radio effect)  
What's the wife's '20'?

DRIVER  
She's off location with a friend.

JONES (O.S.)  
Alright - move! 501 - all units.  
Take him down!

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Unmarked cars of various descriptions rapidly appear  
from nowhere giving chase.

ANOTHER AGENT (O.S.)  
(radio effect)  
502 to 501, I've got the eyeball.

He's approaching Ridgeview, we'll  
take him at the intersection.

The RANGE ROVER speeds through the neighborhood.  
Suddenly, two cars are out in front, blocking the way.  
The Range Rover swerves and breaks as two more cars rip  
up behind, boxing it in. An un-marked Trans-Am lags  
behind, keeping reporters at bay.

Doors fling open. JONES and THREE MEN, all in plain  
clothes, pistols and MAC-10 aimed at the Range Rover.

Nothing happens.

The MEN move closer--

JONES grabs the door and rips it open, revealing Dean's  
PISS-FRIGHTENED NANNY behind the wheel in Dean's trench  
coat and hat.

JONES YANKS her out, puts her hard to the ground, gun  
jammed to her head, as other search the Range Rover for  
Dean.

**EXT. DEAN'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

DEAN drives the Nanny's rusted, low-rider Dodge out of  
the driveway. He pauses and looks. The streets are empty.

He turns onto the street and calmly drives away.

**EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY**

Establishing. A playground jammed with kids. A kickball  
game's in progress. ERIC waits his turn to kick. TRACY,  
a college-age teaching assistant comes over.

TRACY

Eric?

ERIC looks up...

TRACY (CONT'D)

Your father's here.

**EXT. SCHOOL BUILDING - DAY**

DEAN stands at the edge of the playground in clean,  
casual clothes. ERIC runs over, face glowing.

ERIC

Dad!

DEAN

Do I know you?

ERIC

Where've you been?

DEAN

Having an adventure. I can't tell you about it right now, but I'll tell you about it soon.

ERIC

Are you and mom getting a divorce?

DEAN

No. We're never getting a divorce. We were having a fight. It happens sometimes.

ERIC

Who won the fight?

DEAN

Men don't win fights with women, son, I'll tell you about that sometime, too. In the meantime, I've got a question for you, and it's incredibly important that you tell me the truth. Under no circumstances will I be angry with you. This is a total Get-Out-Of-Jail-Free card. Ready?

ERIC

Yeah.

DEAN

Did you take anything--anything at all--out of those Christmas bags I brought home last week.

ERIC hangs his head...busted...then shouts to a GROUP OF KIDS on the playground...

ERIC

(shouting)

DYLAAN!!

DYLAN comes trotting over, carrying his backpack...

DYLAN

Hey, Mr. D., what's happenin'?

DEAN

Dylan, I was just asking Eric if--

DYLAN

Oh, God, I knew it was stupid, I knew we'd get caught. But the Gameboy was just sitting there. Right on top of the bag. Yes. Yes. We took the GameBoy out of the bag, but with every intention of putting it back.

DEAN

(pause)

You're a tough nut to crack, Dylan.

DYLAN hunts through the backpack as DEAN and ERIC looks on. All kinds of junk flies out--candy, comics, game-cartridges--

DYLAN

It was broken when we found it, I swear. I tried fixing it for you. I even put in new batteries.

(pulling out the GameBoy)

The screen scrambles whenever you boot up. I'd try to get your money back.

DEAN eyes the pieces of the GameBoy, knowing that somewhere in the puzzle of plastic and chips is the key to his problems.

#### **EXT. BALTIMORE SHERATON - EVENING**

PEDESTRIANS walk on the sidewalk. A MAN comes along and drops a few letters in the corner mailbox.

From the other direction comes DEAN. Without stopping, he casually slashes the mailbox with chalk.

#### **INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

DEAN's asleep. There's a SOFT SHUFFLING SOUND. The CAMERA EXPLORES for the source, moving by the windows,

flashing neon, a TV and finally, the door.

We PUSH CLOSER as a MULE TOOL snakes under the door.

The tool pops upright against the door's inside. The strap drapes over the doorknob and tightens. The doorknob turns and opens.

SOMEONE slips in--

CLOSE ON DEAN asleep. A HAND covers his mouth. DEAN's eyes go wide.

Then he sees it's BRILL...

BRILL  
(whispering)  
Get dressed. We're leaving.

DEAN  
(whispering)  
You could knock on the door, you know, and I'd open it.

BRILL  
Move it.

**EXT. CAPE CHARLES - 4 A.M.**

Establishing. The 10-mile Chesapeake Bay Bridge crosses the Bay like a serpent worming toward distant Norfolk. Traffic is thin at this hour.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)  
Dean, the attorney recently under investigation for a money laundering scheme, was seen leaving Ms. Banks apartment late last night.

We PUSH IN on a TOYOTA PICK-UP truck heading south.

**INT. PICK-UP - CONTINUOUS**

BRILL drives with DEAN riding shotgun.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)  
Police are seeking--

BRILL ejects as cassette from the dashboard and hands it to DEAN.

BRILL

I taped it off the 11 o'clock news.

DEAN

And you were worried about me.  
That's nice, I appreciate--

BRILL

I was worried about my hundred and  
twenty 'K'.

DEAN

We said a hundred.

BRILL

The price rises with the temperature  
and right now you're smokin'. But  
you're right, you should shop  
around and get the best price. I'll  
just let you out here.

DEAN

(agreeing)  
One-twenty.

BRILL checks the rear-view mirror.

BRILL's POV: Car headlights following in the distance.

BRILL

Did you call anyone?

DEAN

What do you mean?

BRILL

I mean did you call anyone.

DEAN

Look, my wife is understandably--

BRILL

Jesus!

DEAN

I called my wife!

BRILL

What'd I tell you?

DEAN

I didn't use my name.

BRILL

What'd I tell you?

DEAN

I called from a payphone!

BRILL

What'd I tell you?

DEAN

You told me no calls.

BRILL

I told you no calls.

BRILL does a bootleggers U-turn. Several cars pass by in the opposite direction.

DEAN

Sorry.

BRILL

You don't get it. They go through your phone records. They fuckin' monitor everyone you called in the last--

DEAN

I didn't use my name.

BRILL

Oh, I'll bet that threw 'em off the scent. I sure hope you covered the mouthpiece with a handkerchief and used a funny voice!

BRILL turns off the headlights, does another U-turn, pulls off on an emergency road and stops.

He turns off the engine, rolls down the window, looks up into the night sky and listens.

BRILL's POV: A cloudy night. Silent except for the water and a distant fog-horn. No sounds of aircraft.

DEAN

(looking up as well)  
I don't hear anything.

(on BRILL's silence)  
Maybe you're wrong.

BRILL is staring upward...

BRILL  
A hundred and fifty.

**INT. NRO KEYHOLE-12 LAB - CONTINUOUS**

Re-establishing. A massive, dark place filled with glowing monitors.

CLOSE ON A MONITOR - displaying a live SAT feed showing a thermograph image of Brill's truck. The color heat image of BRILL looking upward is fairly clear. He pops his head back into the truck and pulls onto the road. The satellite continues tracking the truck.

BRILL (O.S.)  
It's a consumated marriage.

**INT. TOYOTA - NIGHT**

BRILL drives along a high fence surrounding acres of empty warehouses, docks and rust-bitten fences. He's still on constant alert - looking for sign of their presence.

BRILL (CONT'D)  
The NSA's been in bed with the entire tele-communications industry since the 40's. They've infected everything: Banks, computers, phones, mail, name it.  
(stopping the car near the gate)  
The more technology we buy into, the easier it is keeping tabs on us. It's a brave new world.  
(handing DEAN the keys)  
At least it better be.

DEAN  
How do you know so much?

BRILL  
None of your business.

DEAN



You used to work for 'em, didn't you?

BRILL

I was a traffic analyst.

DEAN gives him a look that says, "I don't know what that means".

BRILL (CONT'D)

I intercepted phone calls.

DEAN

How'd you get around the tap orders?

BRILL

They can tap anything as long as it's an airwave intercept. Cellulars and pagers your kid can do.

(driving through)

Hard-line calls we'd pick off the relays as they were being fed into ground cables or fired up to the SATs. We'd suck in everything. All foreign, most domestic.

(DEAN re-closes the gate)

Domestic was my group. Druggies, radicals, loud-mouths. Anyone we wanted.

DEAN

(climbing back in)

How'd you have the manpower to--

BRILL

(driving again)

Meade has 18 underground acres of computers. They scan every phonecall for target words like "bomb" or "President". We red-flag phone numbers or voice prints...whatever we wanted. When the computers found something, it was bounced to comparative analysis.

DEAN

Jesus.

BRILL

That was twenty years ago. With digital? They can suck a salt grain

off a beach.

DEAN  
Why'd you leave?

BRILL  
It was '72. I figured we had enough problems without monitoring a Berkeley kid's class schedule. So I sold my story to Ramparts and split.

DEAN  
They come after you?

BRILL  
(shrugging it off)  
Well...there'd be too much disclosure to prosecute me. So they ruined my records and made sure I'd never hold a real job again.

The pick-up stops by a long two-story warehouse.

BRILL (CONT'D)  
What do you think?

DEAN  
Looks like Detroit.

BRILL  
Welcome to Santa's Workshop.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

BRILL and DEAN enter the 2nd story of a large, empty structure. DEAN is carrying a crumpled, brown paper bag.

In the center of the cavernous space, a windowless, cinderblock room built on 5-foot supports.

BRILL  
I call it the jar. No phone or utility lines going in.

BRILL opens a side door revealing a mini-generator. He pushes the start button. The generator HUMS to life.

BRILL  
Self-contained. Unplugged from the world.  
(opening Jar door)

Nothing for a wire bug to piggy-back in on. That leaves only transmitters and signal sweep for those.

(turning on the light)  
Now let's see what we got.

DEAN tosses the paper bag to BRILL, who empties its contents (the pieces of the GameBoy) on to the table.

**EXT. DOCKS - DAWN**

DEAN sits alone, smoking a cigarette, and watching Norfolk rise from dawn's fog.

In the distance we see BRILL coming down from the warehouse toward DEAN.

He stands behind DEAN for a moment before...

BRILL  
That is one ugly sunrise.

DEAN  
(pause)  
It really is.  
(pause)  
Did you find anything?

BRILL  
Yeah.  
(beat)  
Take a walk with me.

DEAN gets up and joins BRILL. The two of them start in the direction of the second warehouse.

BRILL (CONT'D)  
Remember when Senator Hamersley died in an accident up near Shenandoah?

DEAN  
Yeah.

BRILL  
The NSA killed him.

DEAN  
Jesus. Do you have proof?

BRILL

Well, actually, you have proof.  
Could you walk a little faster please.

DEAN  
What's going on?

BRILL  
They're here.

DEAN  
Who?

BRILL  
Them.

DEAN  
Where?

BRILL  
Here?

DEAN  
Here?!

BRILL  
In the warehouse. They're hiding in  
a duct on the third floor. When we  
go back inside, they're gonna kill  
us. When they notice that we're  
moving toward the car, they'll come  
running out of the building.

DEAN  
'Kay, well, could you walk faster,  
please.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

JONES and THREE MEN are huddled in a duct.

VOICE (O.S.)  
(through radio)  
They're heading to the car.

JONES  
Move it.

JONES and the three men start down the corridor, guns  
drawn.

**EXT. THE SECOND WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

DEAN and BRILL are kneeling beside the Chevy, letting the air out of the tires.

BRILL

Empty 'em 'till they're almost flat.  
And turn your head. There might be  
some debris flying your way.

DEAN

Why?

And with that, THE FIRST WAREHOUSE EXPLODES, sending a fireball of debris in all directions.

DEAN

What the fuck?!

BRILL

They shouldn't have come without  
calling first.

BRILL jumps into the Chevy, turns the key and the engine ignites. DEAN leaps in. BRILL stomps on the gas and tires screech. The Chevy hurtles through the warehouse toward a shut garage door. BRILL clicks a remote. The door rises.

OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE - The Chevy roars outward, screams around a corner, then speeds down a road lined with warehouses.

DEAN looks down an intersecting road to glimpse a Saturn sedan gaining on a parallel road.

BRILL

Where's your gun?

They pass an area with no warehouses. The Saturn turns, heading straight at them.

DEAN

Back at the warehouse.

The Saturn pulls on the road behind them. The MAN in the Saturn leans out and fires an assault rifle. The side window by Dean's head shatters.

BRILL one-hands the pistol and checks the load.

DEAN  
(re: the pistol)  
Gimme that.

BRILL  
You sure?

DEAN  
You're driving.

BRILL  
Those are Feds.

DEAN  
(taking the pistol)  
I didn't see a warrant. Did you see  
a warrant?

The Chevy enters a narrow lane, the Saturn right behind. With the Chevy's tires flat and flapping, the Saturn hugs their rear. DEAN looks back again as the RIFLEMAN FIRES--

The rear window EXPLODES. DEAN pops up and fires three quick, well-placed rounds.

The Saturn swerves and drops back. BRILL's impressed.

DEAN looks forward to see an exit road blocked by an iron cross-bar. BRILL, unfazed, pushes the Chevy faster. Beam or no beam, he's going through.

BRILL  
Think we let out enough air?

DEAN  
(realizing)  
Oh my God...

BRILL and DEAN hit the deck as the Chevy's hood scrapes just under the beam. The windshield frame takes the full impact. The beam slices through steel and glass, decapitating the car. They emerge on the other side minus roof and windows as--

--the Saturn SCREECH-STOPS inches from the beam and debris. A MAN leaps out, shoulders his rifle and aims--

--but the Chevy disappears around a building.

#### **EXT. HIGHWAY - EARLY MORNING**

A foggy morning. The rural highway's deserted at this early hour. The Chevy rumbles by...

**INT. CHEVY - CONTINUOUS**

DEAN and BRILL, windblown but alive, remove shards of glass. BRILL eyes the road behind him.

Empty.

BRILL

We lost 'em.

DEAN

That wasn't so hard.

BRILL

Fuckin-A.

DEAN

Let's not do the tire thing anymore, okay?

BRILL

Yeah, I can see where that'd--

He stops talking.

He hears ROTOR THUMPS as a black HELICOPTER appears over a fog-laced hillside, swooping down.

BRILL floors it. The helicopter drops in closer as BRILL swerves back and forth while taking a curve at 70-plus on flapping tires. A helicopter SHARP-SHOOTER aims with an M-16.

A spray of high-powered slugs suddenly rip into the Chevy's hood. The engine starts knocking.

BRILL

These guys are incredibly persistent.

DEAN

Tell me about it.

The road straightens. Up ahead, a tunnel.

More bullets slice the hood. Radiator fluid starts hissing. The Chevy starts dying.

BRILL stomps the pedal, squeezing out every last kick of horsepower.

Rubber flaps. Tires shred. Steam hisses. Bullets fly.

The helicopter swoops in lower and lower for the kill shot.

**INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS**

The SHARP-SHOOTER lines DEAN in his sights.

The PILOT keeps pace, dropping closer. The SHARP-SHOOTER has the shot.

The Chevy reaches the tunnel's opening on sparking, screeching wheel rims.

The helicopter pulls up, missing the hill by inches.

But not the power lines. The PILOT sees them too late. The helicopter flies into a web of cables. The upper rotor slices neatly off. The helicopter's body rockets downward to the road where it bounces and skids like a rock on water until it meets an oncoming semi-truck head-on.

BLAM!

**EXT. INSIDE THE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS**

BRILL tries steering but metal wheels on concrete don't work. The car shimmies like it's on ice. Sparks fly as they bash into the tunnel wall, grinding to a stop.

**INT. DODGE - CONTINUOUS**

A GRUNGE-DUDE blasts his car-stereo as he enters the tunnel, unaware of the mayhem behind him.

He slows, seeing a smoking wreck ahead.

Closer, he sees DEAN waving him down. He slows more. Bad move.

BRILL opens the rear door, leaps in, and points his pistol at the GRUNGE-DUDE's face.

DEAN leaps in front.

BRILL



Drive.

DEAN  
We're not gonna hurt you.

BRILL  
Drive.

DEAN  
Tell him we're not gonna hurt him.

BRILL  
Drive or I'll blow your fuckin'  
head off.

DEAN  
No he won't.

BRILL  
Goddammit--

DEAN  
We're honest people and we need  
your help. I'll give you two-  
hundred dollars if you--

GRUNGE-DUDE  
(leaping out)  
Take it!

DEAN  
Actually, I don't have two-hundred  
dollars.

BRILL  
Drive the damn car!

DEAN slides into the driver's seat, drops it in gear  
and goes.

The Dodge erupts from the tunnel.

Up ahead, the Saturn and another car approach fast in  
the opposite lane, speeding toward the tunnel's opening.  
The car's fly by, unaware of DEAN and BRILL passing in  
the Dodge.

The Dodge continues on, fading into the fog.

**INT. NSA/CORRIDOR - DAY**

REYNOLDS and HICKS walk down a white hallway three football fields in length, filled with bustling employees conservatively dressed.

HICKS

We found two sets of latent prints in the rubble of Brill's studio. One was Dean's. The other, we believe, belongs to Brill.

REYNOLDS

We believe?

HICKS

Well...his real name's Edward Lyle.

REYNOLDS

Lyle?!

HICKS

Yes sir.

REYNOLDS

You're kidding me.

HICKS

No sir.

REYNOLDS

Dean's with Lyle.

HICKS

And they have the video. That's confirmed.

REYNOLDS

So they know everything.

HICKS

If they've looked at the video.

REYNOLDS

Oh, let's assume that they have.

HICKS

If he's with Lyle it means he's got resources.

REYNOLDS

Resources, that's a good point. He's got resources. All we've got

is a *six-hundred billion dollar organization!* Now goddammit, Hicks, you find 'em. You find 'em and you end it now!

REYNOLDS walks off leaving HICKS to ponder his fate.

**EXT. USED CAR LOT - DAY**

Establishing. Plastic flags and PRICES SLASHED signs are everywhere. A blue Taurus pulls off the lot...

DEAN (O.S.)

We'll take the tape directly to CBS.  
I'll hand it directly to the News  
Department.

**INT. TAURUS - CONTINUED**

BRILL

Listen to you, "directly". You're not gonna get near the News Department. And if you did, it'd never get on the air. Time-Life buried the Zapruder film for 15 years.

DEAN

What about newspapers and magazines?

BRILL

Same thing?

DEAN

So what do we do now?

BRILL

I was thinkin' about asking for my hundred and fifty grand and calling it quits.

DEAN

What if we do a mailing to Congressmen.

BRILL

It'd never get through. All packages are screened, x-rayed and then hand-searched for explosives. You didn't like my "give-me-my-money" idea?

**INT. TAURUS - NIGHT**

BRILL drives. DEAN thinks.

DEAN

What if we hand deliver to their homes or office?

BRILL

The area's wired for surveillance, they'll be looking for those moves.

DEAN

Well how do I know what they're--

BRILL

I know. I know what they're looking for and I'm telling you.

The car radio is playing a newscast...

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

(from the radio)

--after which, Senator Albert will address a fund-raiser at Boston University.

DEAN

What if we put it on the internet?

BRILL

Have you seen how fuckin' slow the net is? It'd take ten minutes to unload enough video so that people know what they're seeing, and it'd take the NSA maybe 40 seconds to see it coming down and shut down the access.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

(from the radio)

--this will be the last stop on the Senator's eight-city tour before the Senate votes on Tuesday.

BRILL

(reconsidering)

But maybe if there were no phone line--

DEAN has started listening to the radio...

BRILL (CONT'D)

What if we transmitted it over cellular?

DEAN

Listen--

BRILL

Nah, they'd shut down the pin number.

DEAN

What if--

BRILL

If they couldn't do that, they'd shut down the whole system, all the relays.

DEAN

What if--

BRILL

They've done it before. Takes maybe two minutes.

DEAN

What if--

BRILL

What if what?

DEAN

What if we just fucked with 'em?

BRILL

(pause)

How?

DEAN

Same way they did with you and me. We take their biggest guy and turn him into one of us.

BRILL

Reynolds.

DEAN

No.

BRILL

Who?

**A MONTAGE OF EVENTS:**

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY**

BRILL educates DEAN on simple ways to alter one's appearance.

DEAN (V.O.)  
Senator Sam Albert, senior  
Republican. Very well respected.

**INT. BOSTON UNIVERSITY/AUDITORIUM - DAY**

A large auditorium. Preparations are being made for Senator Albert's upcoming speech. BRILL and DEAN casually case the area for vulnerabilities.

DEAN  
We'll play the NSA's game only  
we'll play it badly.

**EXT. LE MERIDIAN HOTEL, BOSTON - DAY**

Establishing. A five-star hotel overlooking Massachusetts Bay.

BRILL (V.O.)  
You wanna get caught spying on Albert?

DEAN (V.O.)  
No, I want the NSA to get caught  
spying on Albert.

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

CHRISTA HAWKINS, late 20's, the Senator's advance-person, stands at registration securing rooms for her boss and his team.

DEAN (V.O.)  
We're gonna lead Albert by the nose  
to one conclusion. And then when  
he's pissed as hell, we're gonna  
drop the tape in his lap. How fast  
can you teach me what I need to know?

BRILL (V.O.)  
How fast can you learn?

Next to CHRISTA, looking conservative and altered in appearance, is DEAN, eavesdropping on the Senator's room numbers and any other pertinent info.

**EXT. RADIO SHACK - DAY**

Establishing. One of those cheesy places in a mini-mall.

DEAN (V.O.)  
Pretty fast.

BRILL  
We'll have to re-stock some basics.

**INT. RADIO SHACK - CONTINUOUS**

BRILL and DEAN go shopping.

BRILL  
Bugs, frequency scanners, contact  
mics, transmitters, pin-holes,  
fiber optics--

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY**

The curtains are drawn. Devices cover the table and bed.

BRILL  
What do you know about locking  
cellular phone signals?

DEAN  
I know my phone number and I know  
the number for SportsPhone. Beyond  
that--

BRILL  
Shit.

**INT. TAURUS - DAY**

DEAN drives while BRILL sits with his open PC lap-top connect to his cellular phone.

BRILL  
A 'modified' OKI 900 interfaced  
with a lap-top creates an enormously  
powerful tool.  
(referring to the cell-phone)

I got into the software, did some code re-writing and turned it into one of the best scan-looking systems around.

CLOSE ON SCREEN - A street map appears with positions of the network's relays. Lines appear indicating all in-progress cellular calls along with their locations.

BRILL (CONT'D)

This is every call on the grid. I can lock and position any one I want and follow the hand-offs in real time.

BRILL punches a number into the cellular and the phone locks on the signal. Through the lap-top, we hear RINGING and then an ANSWERING VOICE.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Super Shuttle.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

This is Dr. Jonathan Phillips, 102 Stern Drive in Brockton. I need an airport ride on Friday at 6 PM with a return pick-up Monday at 5. There'll be two of us and--

BRILL

(disconnecting)

Need a place to stay for the weekend? A new TV?

(BRILL has repeated the process)

ANOTHER MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Triple-A Emergency Road Service. May I have your name and membership number?

YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Colleen Crane. Card number 020-113--

DEAN

Unbelievable.

BRILL

All from a hundred dollar scanner at Radio Shack. But it's time for business.



BRILL dials his computer into a new line. TONES and COMMANDS fly quick as Brill's computer modems into another.

DEAN

What are you dialing?

BRILL

AmeriTech's data-base.

(pointing on the screen)

There's Albert's D.C. office address and his phone's identity code. Now we just reprogram our phone with his ID code and you know what we've got?

SENATOR ALBERT (O.S.)

(mid-conversation)

--Don't think it could've gone any better. Tell me, how's Deb? How're my grandchildren?

BRILL

A receiver tuned permanently to the Senator's phone.

#### **EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

A customized RV zips down the highway.

SENATOR'S WIFE (O.S.)

Melissa has a fever. When will you be in the room?

#### **INT. RV - CONTINUOUS**

It's a plush affair befitting the Senator's position. ALBERT speaks in the cellular phone while an aide, PATRICK, reviews last minute changes for Albert's upcoming speech.

SENATOR ALBERT

Not 'till later tonight. We're going to the campus now.

(beat)

I'll call you after I've checked in.

(beat)

I love you too, dear.

#### **INT. LE MERIDIAN HOTEL/LOBBY - DAY**

CHRISTA stands at the front desk as the CLERK hands her several faxes.

DEAN, disguised, sits across the lobby reading a paper.

DEAN's POV: CHRISTA exits the hotel to a waiting car.

DEAN  
(into concealed sleeve mic)  
She just left.

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY**

Numbered doors on each side. BRILL walks down the hall, hair slicked, mustache, wearing a suit and carrying a briefcase.

BRILL (V.O.)  
The important thing about  
installations is numbers.

**INT. CHRISTA'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

SERIES OF SHOTS:

BRILL entering CHRISTA's room and opening his briefcase revealing tools and listening bugs.

BRILL (V.O.)  
They may find one, but they're not  
gonna find 'em all.

--BRILL planting devices behind the headboard--

--Inside the telephone--

--Behind the desk--

--Inside the TV--

--BRILL rifling through CHRISTA's personal items,  
eyeing paper work, photographing interesting documents.

--BRILL opening a connecting door, picking a second  
lock, and entering the adjoining suite.

**INT. CHRISTA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

A clock reads 1:28 AM. The lights are on and the bed  
unslept in. Christa's not seen. Then the connecting

door opens--

CHRISTA steps from the Senator's adjoining suite in a silk robe, nothing underneath. She turns in the doorway, revealing ALBERT, naked in a towel.

CHRISTA closes the door, climbs in bed and grabs the remote. She clicks on the TV.

FEEDBACK SCREECHES from the set.

She tries changing channels but the SCREECHING continues. She tries turning off the set, but it won't turn off. She grabs the phone and dials.

CHRISTA

(into phone)

Can you send someone up right away.

I'm having a problem with my TV...

It's screeching and I--

(beat)

It's screeching and I--

CHRISTA is noticing that her voice is causing the TV image to distort in sync.

CHRISTA (CONT'D)

It's screeching and I can't turn it off.

#### **INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - MORNING**

SENATOR ALBERT dines with an aide as PATRICK approaches, a grave look on his face. PATRICK takes a seat.

SENATOR ALBERT

What happened to you last night?

PATRICK reaches in his case and pulls out one of Brill's listening bugs and hands it to ALBERT who puts on his eyeglasses.

PATRICK

Christa found it last night attached to her TV. It's a listening device.

SENATOR ALBERT

A bug?

PATRICK

Yeah.

SENATOR ALBERT

Jesus H.--

PATRICK

We should everything checked.  
There's a company in Cambridge  
called Baudmore. They're discreet.

Seated next to ALBERT's table is DEAN, unnoticed as he sips coffee, skims news, and eavesdrops on their MURMURS with a small, concealed parabolic mic and ear-phone.

SENATOR ALBERT

Well get somebody down here today.  
I don't know what the hell this is  
all about.

**EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY**

A phone distribution box is open, revealing a mass of circuit boards. BRILL stands at the box holding a circuit-dialer phone to his ear.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY/NEWS STAND - CONTINUOUS**

DEAN watches PATRICK approach a pay phone.

DEAN

(into sleeve mic)

He's going into the payphone  
outside the restaurant. It's a  
Cambridge company called Baudmore.

BRILL connects two alligator clips to a line inside the box.

BRILL

(into sleeve mic)

Got it.

BRILL's phone line immediately rings. He waits...then answers.

BRILL

(into phone)

Baudmore Consultants.

PATRICK

Is Jerry Delsano in?

BRILL

Who's calling?

PATRICK

It's Pat Cary. I work for Senator Sam Albert and I was given Jerry's name.

BRILL

Jerry's on vacation 'till Monday. I can give him the message when he gets back. That was Patrick and the last name--

PATRICK

The thing is...it really can't wait.

BRILL

My name's Neil. Maybe I can help you.

**INT. SENATOR ALBERT'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

CLOSE ON A FREQUENCY COUNTER sweeping a chest of drawers. The device starts BUZZING, indicating a transmitter.

BRILL, disguised, is on hands and knees, searching under a chest where he 'discovers' a bug he planted earlier.

BRILL

(removing the transmitter)

Oh yeah. Got another one here.

BRILL shows it to PATRICK, a very embarrassed HOTEL MANAGER and a very serious HEAD OF HOTEL SECURITY.

BRILL (CONT'D)

Nasty fella. A TX-703. Remote on-off, three-thousand foot range. Shit, you could listen from a shopping mall across the street.

**INT. SENATOR ALBERT'S RV - DAY**

BRILL stands in front of SENATOR ALBERT.

BRILL

Well, sir, I'm afraid it's not as simple as that. Your average newspaper guy or Hard Copy lady or whatever, they can't buy this stuff.

SENATOR ALBERT

Well then who can?

BRILL

Ah, sir, you know, it's not for me to say.

SENATOR ALBERT

What do you mean? Who can buy this kind of equipment.

BRILL

The thing is, Senator, and I don't want to get in the middle of nothing, but--

SENATOR ALBERT

What are you saying?

BRILL

Most of this stuff's only available to law enforcement.

SENATOR ALBERT

Law enforcement?

BRILL

FBI, CIA, NSA, local cops.

SENATOR ALBERT

Are you sure about this?

BRILL unwraps a towel revealing the grease-covered NSA tracker he removed from Dean's BMW.

BRILL

I yanked this off your RV. It's a Global Positioning Tracker.

SENATOR ALBERT

Oh my God.

BRILL

Tracks your location to the inch  
and works directly with--you know...

SENATOR ALBERT

With what?

BRILL

With spy satellites. I don't like  
saying these things Senator...

SENATOR ALBERT

(shaking BRILL's hand)

Neil, thank you for your help.

BRILL

Anytime.

PATRICK escorts BRILL out of the RV.

The SENATOR, fuming, opens a book, looks up a phone  
number and punches it into his phone.

SENATOR ALBERT

(into the phone)

This is Sam Albert. Put me through  
to Langley. Dick Marshal's office.

**INT. UNIVERSITY COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

A place packed with STUDENTS, computers and TEACHERS.  
DEAN sits in a corner reading a magazine, but what he's  
really watching is--

A WELL-DRESSED MAN at the counter, his back to DEAN,  
ordering a cup of coffee.

The MAN glances at DEAN off the mirror behind the counter.

BRILL walks in and joins DEAN.

BRILL

Albert's primed. We'll let him stew  
for a day and then drop the tape.

BRILL looks over at the WELL-DRESSED MAN.

DEAN

He came in four minutes ago.

BRILL

(pause)

C'mon.

They're about to start for the front door when an unmarked police car pulls up in front.

A rowdy group of FRAT BOYS flood in, loud and busy. By the time they pass, BRILL and DEAN are gone.

The WELL-DRESSED MAN scans the coffee shop and sees the back door swinging shut.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

DEAN and BRILL run down the street, through an alley and over a fence to another street. They slow as they approach the parked Taurus. BRILL takes the wheel with DEAN beside him.

They pull into traffic. Things look good, but then the UNMARKED CAR and a SQUAD CAR scream up behind, lights flashing.

**INT. TAURUS - CONTINUOUS**

BRILL dumps the car into low gear and the Taurus comes alive.

**INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS**

A COP picks up the radio-mic.

COP

One-Lincoln-Nine. In pursuit of two suspects, one matching description of Robert Dean, wanted in connection with a homicide. Suspects northbound on--

**EXT. BOSTON STREETS - CONTINUOUS**

Through alleys, down streets, under an overpass, down a one-way street, barely missing a head-on as they roar into a rail-yard traversing the waterfront. BRILL's at his best, putting distance between himself and the cops at every turn.

Finally, it looks as if they've made it as they race down an alleyway, only to realize it's a dead-end.

BRILL slams into reverse. They screech backward, tires



smoking.

Too late. The squad car rips into the alleyway, boxing them in.

BRILL hits the brakes. He looks back at the dead-end and sees an empty flat-bed trailer with a ramp. BRILL gives it everything. If they can get enough speed and hit the ramp right, maybe they can clear the obstructing wall.

BRILL  
Feeling lucky?

DEAN  
Not particularly, no.

They hit the ramp full speed. The front end bottoms at the Taurus bounces skyward. Tires clip the wall as the car flips and smashes into a parked rail-car filled with coal.

They aren't going anywhere.

Back in the alley, the squad car skids to a stop.

A ROOKIE climbs from his car, leaps the wall, draws his gun and nears...

Inside the Taurus, the windows are shattered. Steam hisses, gasoline drips and coal is everywhere.

DEAN shimmies out through a broken side window. He barely gets to his feet as he stumbles 20 yards or so.

His foot accidentally dislodges a large pile of coal, which buries him up to his waist and immobilizes him.

DEAN  
Shit.  
(to BRILL)  
I'm stuck. Help me out.

He looks back to see that BRILL is hanging out the driver's side, bleeding badly and covered in gas.

COP  
(on waist radio)  
One-Lincoln-Nine, suspects TA'd  
into a coal car at the Fullbright  
rail-yards. Requesting back-up,

fire and ambulance.

An unmarked car with red-flashers races up the rail-yard and stops. The ROOKIE turns as JONES and KRUG hop out.

JONES  
(flashing ID)  
FBI. What do you got?

COP  
Two murder suspects. One's wounded,  
the other's maybe dead.

JONES  
Thank you.

KRUG draws his silenced pistol and matter of factly shoots the COP dead.

JONES  
(to KRUG)  
Check inside.

DEAN is watching this all unseen, helplessly trying to dig himself out of the coal.

KRUG inspects the Taurus interior for anything of interest. JONES scans the area.

KRUG  
(to BRILL as he searches.)  
I hate doin' cops, I really do. You  
I won't mind. Didn't mind that  
Rachel Banks. Didn't mind doin' her  
one bit.  
(seeing DEAN's shoe)  
Your lawyer friend buried over there?

BRILL can only gurgle blood. JONES pops the Taurus's trunk and looks inside.

KRUG digs quickly through the coal pile, searching for Dean. Then BRILL sees him--

BRILL's POV: DEAN down off the side of the coal-car, lodged in the coal pile. He's safe, but not once KRUG discovers he's not in the car.

BRILL pushes in the cigarette lighter.

JONES dumps everything from the Taurus into the

unmarked car. SIRENS suddenly fade in.

KRUG digs faster, looking for DEAN, as JONES approaches with his pistol, clambering around for BRILL.

KRUG

Fuck him, he's dead in two minutes.  
Find Dean.

JONES starts to back out, just as the Taurus's cigarette lighter pops out. BRILL grabs it.

KRUG eyes the glowing lighter. Then he eyes BRILL.

Shit.

BRILL ignites the gas. WA-WOOMFF!! A fireball explodes, consuming all - the car, BRILL, KRUG. JONES is blown off his feet from the concussion.

JONES

(scrambling away)  
Fuck--

JONES wipes prints off his pistol and silencer and tosses it into the flames as the police cars approach.

DEAN watches from the shadows as flames incinerate everything.

MARSHAL (V.O.)

I just came from my office at  
Langley. Senator Albert called me  
there.

**EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. RESTAURANT TERRACE - DAY**

MARSHAL and SHAFFER dine with REYNOLDS at a restaurant overlooking the Potomac.

SHAFFER

I got the same call at the Bureau.  
He's upset.

REYNOLDS

About what?

MARSHAL

About what? Do I look stupid?

REYNOLDS

Ken--

MARSHAL

Does Shaffer look stupid to you?

SHAFFER

We're not stupid, Reynolds.

MARSHAL

The fuck do you have goin' on with Sam Albert?

SHAFFER

This guy's carrying the flag for the damn terrorism bill. You think this is the best time to piss him off?

MARSHAL

You have any idea what kind of position this--

SHAFFER

He's carrying the damn flag.

REYNOLDS

We're not doing anything with Sam Albert.

MARSHAL

He thinks we're stupid.

SHAFFER

He found an NSA SAT tracker on his motor home today.

REYNOLDS

It's not ours.

MARSHAL

It was pulsing on your SAT frequencies.

SHAFFER

I don't know what's going on, but if you people have tripped over your own asshole again, you're not gonna get any help from us. It's ending at your doorstep.

HICKS (V.O.)

Brill's dead.

**INT. TOWN CAR - DAY**

REYNOLDS rides in the back of the car, a cellular to his ear.

REYNOLDS

What about--

HICKS (O.S.)

We don't know.

REYNOLDS

Explain that.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. TECH ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The room is crammed with people as HICKS talks over the phone.

HICKS

Jones had to flee the scene before we could locate the second body.

REYNOLDS

What about the tape?

HICKS

We think it was on Brill. If it was, it's destroyed now.

REYNOLDS

And if it wasn't?

ORGAN MUSIC can be heard as REYNOLDS snaps his phone shut.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Peace be with you.

**EXT. SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH - DAY**

Establishing. A beautiful church in an expensive neighborhood.

CHORUS OF PARISHIONERS (O.S.)

And also with you.

**INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS**

A crowded Catholic mass. The PRIEST delivers a sermon from an altar decorated with Christmas candles and evergreen.

PRIEST

The Lord said: I leave you peace,  
my peace I leave you. Let us now,  
in the spirit of these holidays,  
turn to our neighbors and offer  
them a sign of peace.

REYNOLDS stands in a pew beside his TWO DAUGHTERS and his WIFE. He turns to those immediately around him, shaking their hands.

REYNOLDS

Peace be with you...Peace be with you.

A disguised DEAN takes REYNOLDS hand and shakes it...

DEAN

Merry Christmas. It's me.

REYNOLDS

Do I know you?

DEAN

I'm Robert Dean. Within twelve  
hours, you're gonna be in jail.  
Peace be with you.

REYNOLDS is dumbstruck...

PRIEST

Let us now offer up thanks to the  
Lord our God in the words our  
Father gave us.

CONGREGATION

Our Father, who art in Heaven,  
hallow'd be thy name--

STACY (V.O.)

Robert, is it safe to be talking on  
the phone like this?

#### **INT. A BEDROOM - NIGHT**

DEAN sits on a bed while talking into a modified cellular computer. The screen shows his current call

signal re-routing between relay stations.

DEAN  
(into phone)  
I've re-routed the call. They can't  
trace it.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. DEAN'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

STACY  
(into phone)  
Are you sure you're safe?

DEAN  
(into phone)  
Yeah.

**EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - CONTINUOUS**

CLOSE ON A SMALL GRAY CONE-SHAPED MICROWAVE ANTENNA

STACY (O.S.)  
They're saying you killed that  
policeman.

DEAN (O.S.)  
That's gonna end tonight.

**EXT. EXPRESSWAY - CONTINUOUS**

CLOSE ON A MICROWAVE TOWER WITH NINE GRAY CONES  
pointing nine directions. The intercepted phone signals  
being relayed.

STACY (O.S.)  
Where are you?

DEAN (O.S.)  
I can't tell you that.

**EXT. KENT ISLAND - CONTINUOUS**

Re-establishing. A concrete building rising from the woods.

STACY (O.S.)  
Can you tell me anything?

**INT. CEMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREENS showing hundreds of phone numbers scrolling by. A massive vacume cleaner of every cellular call being made in the state of Maryland. The computer scans for trigger numbers or words.

DEAN (O.S.)

I can tell you this: That anti-terrorism bill you were so worked up about? I don't think it's gonna pass.

A phone number locks on the screen--

TECHNICIAN

Got it!

**INT. REYNOLDS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The phone on the nightstand begins to RING. REYNOLDS wakes as his wife rolls to the other side of the bed. He grabs his scrambler phone and goes into--

**INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

REYNOLDS closes the door and waits as scrambled lines connect. Finally, a confirming tone.

REYNOLDS

Yeah.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS**

HICKS is on the phone.

HICKS

Found him. Kent Island nailed the call five minutes ago. He's stationary.

REYNOLDS

Do you have visual?

HICKS

Not yet. He's near "M" and 34th. I've got an ELSUR unit on the scene now. A residential building. Twelve units.



REYNOLDS

What's your ETA?

HICKS

Three minutes. We're going in light. Myself and two others. Everyone else is held back in reserve.

REYNOLDS

He walked right up to me in church. At the holiest time of the year. He approached me in a sanctified place.

(beat)

Kill him now.

**EXT. A VICTORIAN APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

Establishing. Peaceful street, quaint apartments. THREE MEN stroll to the entrance of a well-maintained building. One jimmys the lock and a moment later they're in.

**INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

HICKS, JONES and DAVIS prepare. All have miniature earphones. DAVIS checks his silenced pistol. HICKS activates a frequency locator. The needle snaps on. He looks at DAVIS and JONES.

They're ready.

All hand signals, no words, as the trio ascend the staircase.

One flight, two. Then HICKS stops. The needle says they're close.

HICKS motions. Their target's on two. They move down the hall - silent except for a creaking floor and a TV SHOW drifting from an apartment. Someone's up at this hour.

They move on. HICKS watches the needle as it moves. He motions DAVIS and JONES to a door. JONES puts a reverse-viewer against the peep-hole.

JONES's POV: A view of an entryway and living room. A light bleeds from an O.S. source. Beyond that there's no sign of life.

HICKS puts a contact-mic against the door and listens to FAINT CONVERSATION somewhere inside, possibly the phone call. HICKS nods to JONES who quickly picks the lock while DAVIS eyes the hall.

After a nervous moment, the door opens and HICKS, JONES and DAVIS enter.

**INT. THE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

They spread out, searching the well-decorated condo for the target.

They near the room with light. Using a mini-mirror, HICKS looks around the bend to see--

A BEDROOM. There's a briefcase on the bed.

They enter.

From the bathroom they hear sounds of RUNNING WATER. They slowly approach. Wood again CREAKS beneath them.

DEAN's VOICE is heard through the locked door.

HICKS signals "on three".

He counts, and they SMASH the door open to see--

--a cellular phone taped to a Baby-Monitor. DEAN's nowhere in sight.

HICKS  
The fuck is this?

**INT. POLICE STATION/DISPATCH AREA - NIGHT**

Spinning banks of reporters manned by POLICE DISPATCHERS. We move to one desk where a phone rings.

An LED immediately displays the caller's name; KRUGER, JACK, along with his social-security number and date of birth.

DISPATCHER  
Nine-one-one emergency.

OLD MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
My name's Jack Kreuger, I'm at 1102  
Grambling. I just saw three guys

break into the condo next door. It looked to me like they had guns.

**INT. VICTORIAN BUILDING'S BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

DEAN has the phone circuit box open and is plugged in with a phone-line. Over the phone's mouthpiece, he holds an electronic Voice-Mask which alters his voice into an old man's.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

We'll send a unit over there now.  
If it's safe, sir, we'd like you to stay by your phone.

DEAN

Yeah, I think I'll stay where I am.

**INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT**

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

(radio effect)

Any available unit. Armed 549 in progress.

**INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS**

Three TECHNICIANS overhear the police radio call.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Three suspects now inside. 1102 Grambling, apartment 302.

TECHNICIAN

Shit.

(into radio)

201 to First Team. Pull out. We got the cops.

**INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

HICKS spins and heads for the door. DAVIS hits it first. He grabs the doorknob and pulls--

--and the knob rips from the door, trailing small wires.

DAVIS

Fuck me!

JONES

What'd you do?

DAVIS

It came off in my hand!

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

TWO SQUAD CARS come rolling up and FOUR COPS get out and head into the building.

**INT. THE APARTMENT**

JONES is trying to pry the door open with his fingers. No use.

TECHNICIAN

(over radio)

Get outa there, guys!

While JONES continues on the door, DAVIS runs to the window.

Throughout this, HICKS will stand in the middle of the room and, simply, oddly, stare at the mantle over the fireplace.

DAVIS

Goddamit!

HICKS smiles...and now he starts laughing a little...

JONES

What's so fuckin' funny?

HICKS motions to a framed picture over the fireplace.

HICKS

It's over. We've been fucked with our pants on.

The framed picture is of Senator SAM ALBERT and CHRISTA HAWKINS.

HICKS (CONT'D)

We broke into her condo.

DOOR WOOD EXPLODES inward. The TWO COPS roll in crouched positions, weapons drawn.

COP #1

POLICE! FREEZE!

HICKS doesn't move, DAVIS freezes like a deer in headlights, JONES stares with cold, dead eyes.

COP #2  
DROP THE WEAPONS! NOW!

Two more COPS arrive. JONES and DAVIS drop their guns.

COP #1  
ON THE GROUND! NOW! FACE THE FLOOR!

They do so. COPS THREE and FOUR go room to room making sure no one else is lurking. In the bedroom, they find the briefcase. Inside the briefcase--

--listening bugs, installation equipment and compromising photos of the Senator with Christa.

CHRISTA (O.S.)  
Oh my God! What's going on?!

Back in the living room, CHRISTA has walked through the broken-in apartment door to see JONES, HICKS and DAVIS lying on the floor at gun point.

COP #2  
Ma'am, is this your apartment?

CHRISTA  
What happened?!

COP #1  
Would you step out in the hallway for a moment, ma'am.

CHRISTA  
Oh God.

COP #2  
Please. We'll be right with you.

CHRISTA backs slowly out of the apartment and into--

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

CHRISTA holds her hand over her mouth and is shaking. A VOICE comes from an alcove...

VOICE (O.S.)

Christa?

She turns. DEAN steps out from the alcove.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
You got a second?

CHRISTA  
Who are you?

DEAN  
My name's Robert Dean.

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET IN CHEVY CHASE - NIGHT**

An up-scale neighborhood. Two inexpensive cars that don't seem to belong there sit in front of a large home.

**INT. SENATOR ALBERT'S PRIVATE STUDY - CONTINUOUS**

DEAN sits with a drink in his hand. Across from him are CHRISTA and PATRICK.

They sit in uncomfortable silence for a moment before SENATOR ALBERT enters in bathrobe and pajamas.

ALBERT  
I understand we have a problem.

PATRICK  
Senator--

CHRISTA  
Senator, there were some things I couldn't tell you over the phone.

ALBERT  
What kinds of things?

PATRICK  
Mr. Dean has a video tape from the hotel room in Boston.

ALBERT  
(pause)  
I see.

DEAN  
It's actually DH-1 Digitech  
Pinpoint scanning with a frequency

modulator.

ALBERT

I don't know what that means.

DEAN

Me neither, but the upshot is I've got color live-action footage of you and Ms Hawkins and it doesn't look good.

ALBERT

So...how much money do you want in exchange for not ruining my life?

DEAN

I don't want any money. And believe me, I have no interest in ruining your life. I'm not interested in this tape.

ALBERT

You're not.

PATRICK

Then what do you want from the Senator?

DEAN

I want him to look at a different tape. People have been killed. Lives have been ruined.

(DEAN takes the computer chip from his pocket)

Senator, I want you to look at this. And I want you to bring the fury of God himself upon this man.

DEAN tosses the chip to ALBERT.

### **INT. REYNOLDS BEDROOM - NIGHT**

REYNOLDS is asleep when the PHONE wakes him up. Once again, he reaches for his scrambled phone heads into the bathroom.

After waiting for the signal that the line's clear...

REYNOLDS

Yeah.

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)

Sir, we've just intercepted an FBI communication.

REYNOLDS  
(into phone)  
Well...what is it?

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)  
Well, sir, it seems there's a warrant out on--

The DOORBELL rings. REYNOLDS is alarmed.

Now there's BANGING at the door and DOORBELL RINGS again.

REYNOLDS WIFE (O.S.)  
(from the bedroom)  
Who is that, dear?

REYNOLDS snaps the phone shut and goes downstairs to the door.

When he opens the door he sees TWO FBI AGENTS with their ID's flapped open and six uniformed POLICEMEN backing them up.

FBI AGENT  
John Reynolds?

REYNOLDS  
What the hell--

FBI AGENT  
You're under arrest. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say--

REYNOLDS WIFE (O.S.)  
(from upstairs)  
Honey...?

**INT. DEAN'S STREET - MORNING**

A PAPERBOY tosses a newspaper at the Dean's door.

SENATOR ALBERT (O.S.)  
Privacy and the right to privacy is an inalienable right.

**INT. DEAN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**



Stacy has C-SPAN on the TV while she makes breakfast for ERIC. SENATOR ALBERT is addressing the SENATE.

ERIC

These guys are always making speeches.

STACY

It's an important speech, Eric.  
There's gonna be a vote today.

SENATOR ALBERT

(on TV)

Today we face a threat to that  
creed. Certain individuals in our  
intelligence community believe  
they're entitled to examine lives  
in minute detail, and claim to do  
it in the name of the common good.

ERIC

If they're voting today, hasn't  
everyone pretty much made up their  
minds.

STACY

Actually, this man appears to have  
changed his mind dramatically.

ERIC

Why?

VOICE (O.S.)

He saw the light, my son.

ERIC and STACY whip around--

ERIC

Dad!

STACY and ERIC run to DEAN...

STACY

Is it over?

DEAN

It's over.

ERIC

How long can you stay?

DEAN

I'm not goin' anywhere, Eric. I live here.

ERIC and DEAN hug.

STACY

Get ready for school, you're gonna be late.

ERIC

Is it okay to use the phone now?

DEAN

It's okay to use the phone.

ERIC

Alright!

DEAN

No "900" numbers.

But ERIC has disappeared up the stairs...

STACY

It's really over?

DEAN

Albert's gonna get me my job back.

STACY

(pause)

I'm sorry about Rachel.

DEAN

Yeah.

(beat)

I wish you could've met...

STACY

Who?

DEAN

A friend of mine. I don't know his real name. He's dead now.

STACY

You did good.

STACY points to the TV and DEAN watches for a moment...

ALBERT

(on TV)

I've lived through the dark ages of Hoover's Watch-List and McCarthy's Witch Hunts - men who used moral crusades, fired by fear, to lay waste to our freedoms.

STACY

C'mon upstairs. I've got a Christmas present from Harrison's I want to show you.

DEAN arrives as STACY takes him by the arm. They head upstairs as ALBERT continues on...

ALBERT

(on TV)

Our intelligence communities presently monitor our phones, computers, financial transactions, medical histories...all this and more. Some of you may say, "Fine. I'm not a criminal and I have nothing to hide." Well God forbid we ever edge to tyranny. God forbid George Orwell's version of America becomes a reality. We are that close.

ALBERT's speech continues as we...

ROLL END CREDITS.

**FADE TO BLACK.**