

CONFABULATION

by

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BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: 1996

EXT. BROADMOOR HOSPITAL - DAY

England's rocky shop of horrors in the brick flesh.

SUPER: BROADMOOR HOSPITAL

A DOCTOR with his back to us walks up the steps.

INT. BROADMOOR HOSPITAL - DOCTOR OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The DOCTOR walks into his office, door closing behind.

On WALL PLACARD: Dr. Jason Hamilton
Chief, Psychiatric Division

INT. BROADMOOR HOSPITAL - DOCTOR OFFICE - DAY

DR. JASON HAMILTON, 60s, silver parted hair, sits with a woman referring to the CONSENT FORM on his desk.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (O.S.)
If you need a moment, I can
step out.

WOMAN
Don't need one. Only gets
worse. His moods, memories...

DR. JASON HAMILTON
I understand.

Since we see Jason from HER POV, her face is still a mystery. She reaches into her purse and pulls out several rolls of HOME VIDEO FILM and sets on his desk. After, she leans forward to sign the CONSENT FORM.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (CONT'D)
We'll fly him out in a couple
days. You should expect this to
take several months. Assuming...

WOMAN
Yes. Assuming.

Jason's POV: the WOMAN walking to the door.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (O.S.)
I do hope this works, Alex.

When ALEX reaches the door, she stops to look back. Hazel eyes. Late-30s. Pretty.

ALEX
Me too.

As she leaves, she stops:

ALEX (CONT'D)
You would do this too?

DR. JASON HAMILTON
In a way, I am already am.

Somewhat confused, she leaves.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Modest home among other modest homes on a quiet street.

INT. HOME - PERSONAL DEN - CONTINUOUS

MATT (mid-40s), enters cozy middle-class digs. Unshaven, average build, sits tiredly behind his desk.

The wall behind him shows an Army discharge certificate, 1975. Couple of 'non-official' field photos with other British GIs in Vietnam.

At the door, his agitated daughter, JOSEPHINE (17) appears.

JOSEPHINE
Where's mum?

Matt smells something.

MATT
Josephine, when you put that perfume on, do the lads down at the fire department provide the hose?

She leaves.

MATT (CONT'D)
Do they even make hoses that long, Love?

Matt walks over to close the door.

MATT (V.O.)
 Mate of mine recently asked
 what it's like to have a
 family. The reply was simple.
 Sometimes cookies with cream.

INSERT CUT: Matt and toddler Josephine (4) laughing during a tickle fight.

Matt closes door, hand still on the door knob. Hears Josephine yell "I hate living here".

MATT (V.O.)
 Sometimes rotten crumpet with
 piss for tea.

Walks back to the desk.

MATT (V.O.)
 Then me mate asked something a
 bit more fuzzy. Elaborate.

INT. MATT'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Matt lies knackered up on the couch, beer balancing on his stomach. Barely reacts to the back door open and close. Seconds later, Alex and Josephine appear. Spiteful:

ALEX
 You forgot to take out the
 trash today.

Matt gulps the beer.

MATT
 Figured my Love still needed
 me.

They leave muttering in German.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

Matt cruising the quiet street.

MATT (V.O.)
 In rifle training as a young lad,
 spent years in the international
 training arena going round and
 round with the Jerry's. Still have
 days believing I tied the knot
 with one. ...Like today.

INSERT CUT: A man, 60s, walks into the side door of a garage.

MATT (V.O.)
 My uncle was married to a
 'Saxony Heidi' himself. But
 after 26 years of passive
 aggression...

INSERT CUT: Paramedics on scene, body with a white sheet rolled on a gurney. Crying lady, 60s, consoled by law enforcement.

MATT (V.O.)
 Decided to check out.

INT. MATT'S HOME - DINING LOCATION - NIGHT

Josephine and Alex eating dinner. When Matt appears, their German turns from Tom Foolery to Tom Spitefully.

MATT
 Anything left?

ALEX
 Not sure.

Matt takes in the half missing pork chop and empty veggie pan on the stove. He leaves.

EXT. MATT'S HOME - YARD - NIGHT

Approaching his neighbor's GARAGE, the sweet sound of loud MEN garrulous in drink gives Matt a MUCH NEEDED smile.

INT. NEIGHBOR GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Matt walks through the door, DRUNKELY welcomed by --

His four mates - STEVE, JESSE, CHEZ, and LIEM, 20s to 30s - playing poker, halfway to drunk. Singing to U2, badly.

Steve has flowing gray hair and jokingly short. The source of his disdain.

Jesse might be a woman, but she's got enough brawn and more than enough brain to round out this femme fatale goddess.

Chez, late-30s, Mexican, emotionally shallow, is the 'face' of the group.

Liem, Asian, is the town burn-out and sickly thin.

With his chums chatting in the B.G., Matt fills himself a pint from the mini-keg on the mini-bar. Joins everyone at the table anxious to play.

LATER

Typical action. Drinking their pints. Trash talk. Not a poker face among them: Jesse showing 'ugh'. Liem wincing. Chez shaking his head like he just missed his flush.

MATT (V.O.)

Most people look at Jesse and think Victoria's secret and they're not far off. She actually manages secrets for her royal Army's Intelligence division. She has a smashing and wicked brain unlike the little guy next to her -

ON Steve: Thumbing inside his nose, digging around.

MATT (V.O.)

- who just picked his and bitches more than any Miss Nancy I ever knew. But I must say... Little guy is usually on point. Lately it's been women. Something I can relate to.

ON Chez: Regarding his good looks off the glare of the mug.

MATT (V.O.)

Chez is the face of the group and beacon of hope for us aging blokes. A hope that as we get older...

INSERT CUT: Chez in hot sex with a younger woman.

MATT (V.O.)

...we can still find honey for the stinger.

Liem takes a hard hit of the joint.

MATT (V.O.)

And last but not least- Liem. Liem has iron lungs and has the same blood type as Keith Richards. Which is to say... He can't be killed by conventional weapons.

Coughing after the hit, Liem sets the joint on the table just as he FALLS to the concrete floor.

MATT (V.O.)
 Been six months since Jesse and
 her minion mates brought me in.
 And I must say...

Matt watches Liem convulse and cough on the floor.

MATT (V.O.)
 Been bloody interesting.

INT. PRISON - HALLWAY - DAY

A SECURITY GUARD with a band of keys is followed by Dr. Jason Hamilton.

DR. JASON HAMILTON
 Appreciate your discretion, Mates.

There's two more GUARDS behind Jason.

LEAD GUARD
 Warden is happy to help, Sir.
 For a nominal fee of course.

DR. JASON HAMILTON
 When we prove the fruits of
 this experiment...will be a
 lot more than nominal.

The lead GUARD arrives at a cell and unlocks it.

Jason enters the cell and sits on a chair across the bunkbed.

On the bed, back against the wall, MUSCULAR, prison clothes,
 sits CILLIAN, 30s. Has a SCAR down the side of his face that
 healed on its own.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (CONT'D)
 Cillian Bale?

Cillian nods.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (CONT'D)
 Have you been told what you
 consented to?

CILLIAN BALE
 The way I understand it, a bullet
 to me noggin. Or as me mum used
 to call it- shit bucket.

DR. JASON HAMILTON
And you do so freely? You're sure?

Cillian looks the slum room over. Then...

CILLIAN BALE
Yeah, mate- I'm sure.

Jason looks to the GUARDS. Nods.

INT. MATT'S HOME - HALLWAY - MORNING

Matt walking one way, Josephine the other. Frigid.

MATT
Were the lads from the fire
department here again, Love?

She slams the door shut.

MATT (CONT'D)
Something I said?

INT. NEIGHBOR GARAGE - DAY

High as a kite, Matt and Liem share a joint. The serenity
tossed when Steve angrily bursts through the door.

LIEM
(on Steve)
Who's this barmy looking mother -

STEVE
No matter what I pay that
wench, it's just never enough!
Is there any woman out there,
with the exception of Jesse,
that's not clinically insane?

CHRIS	MATT
Have you thought about men?	She was too tall for you, man.

STEVE
Bite me.
(to Matt)
This is unfamiliar to you?

MATT
Blimey hell- At least you have
your space, man. Not to mention a
girlfriend with reasonable views
on showers and gas.

STEVE

Are you starting the piss?!

MATT

Look- My woman is from Germany.
Where no one, I mean no one, looks
at showers and gas like these
bloody pricks. Out of fear, I
shower down at the fire department
- which by the way seems to hold
all of my daughter's perfume.

Jesse enters to see a full house in her garage. Takes a moment
to regard how baked Liem and Matt are.

JESSE

I know those eyes. Little
hungry are we? A little nosh?

LIEM

McDonalds?

JESSE

Are you tall enough?

LIEM

I could bend you over that -

MATT

Aye!

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

Jesse driving, Matt in the passenger, Steve and Liem in the
back. Everyone finishing up...McDonalds.

JESSE

Never understood it.

MATT

What?

JESSE

How this crap doesn't add
pounds to me bum.

LIEM

Well if it's your bum you're
worried about, I could -

MATT

Aye!

LIEM

What?

JESSE (O.S.)

Confabulation.

Matt jerks a confused look to Jesse. ON MATT: And?

JESSE (CONT'D)

Something I've been perusing
lately.

STEVE

Why peruse? I can show you right
now. Haven't used the damn loo all
week.

Calm, Jesse checks the rearview:

JESSE

I didn't say constipation
you wank, I said- Never mind.

MATT

Pull over.

JESSE

What?

MATT

Confabulation is not exactly
common ground. So let's pull over,
have us a nice trolley, maybe jar
something loose in this wank, see
what comes of it.

STEVE

I, am not a wank.

JESSE

Know just the place.

EXT. WOODED PARK - DAY

In a secluded stretch of the woods, Matt, Jesse, Liem, and
Steve follow the dirt trail.

JESSE

Does Alex talk about her father?

MATT

American GI, fought in Korea, met
her mum in Stuttgart, never that
close.

JESSE

Until about a year ago...

Something is off, Matt stops. A look on all three:

MATT

I know all of you, what? Six months, ya? Am I being played as a mug here?

JESSE

It's not like that -

MATT

Well let's get it right.

JESSE

It came across my desk the other day - from one of our Broadmoor moles.

MATT

And...?

JESSE

Her father had severe PTSD out of Korea -

MATT

We all did, Jess, I got my portion from Vietnam.

She looks at him, genuine, compassionate:

JESSE

I know, mate.

So kind in fact Matt feels guilty with the tone.

JESSE (CONT'D)

She consented to cutting edge techniques that lie in a pretty scary trunk.

LIEM

Whose 'trunk'?

JESSE

Same three blokes I would imagine.

MATT

Mossad. CIA. Our illustrious MI6.

Stout men, cold eyes, head to toe in military fatigues, suddenly appear all around. LONG LEATHER SHEATHS casing Rambo like knives hooked to their tactical belts.

The CLEAR LEADER is Cillian, a scar easy to recall. Eyes locked on Cillian, Matt doesn't notice the fear gripping his mates.

CILLIAN BALE
 (to Matt)
 You have two nice ladies, mate.
Very nice.

Cillian looks back to a PANEL VAN parked behind him, near two other vans. The side door slides open to reveal Josephine and Alex. Kneeled down. Emotional.

CILLIAN BALE (CONT'D)
 (ref: panel van)
 This is what happens when
 agreements are broke. Like the one
 your wife broke. But you and me?
 Ours will hold. Because you look
 like the kind of lad that loves his
 daughter very much- ya?

Matt and Josephine make eye contact, close to tears.

CILLIAN BALE (CONT'D)
 And believe me when I tell you.
 There's no other deal on the
 table here.

Like a punch in the gut, Matt now looks to his unsuspecting wife. His dam of emotional strength cracking, the duress of her demise breaking him.

CILLIAN BALE (CONT'D)
 Do you understand?

Matt looks to Cillian. After a beat, nods.

CILLIAN BALE (CONT'D)
 Your wife's to blame for all this.
 Not me. Not you. Her. But we're
 not entirely bad- ya? This doesn't
 have to include the little one.
The little one's still got a
 chance here.

Matt can't even gulp.

Cillian leaves for the van, his men falling in behind.

Matt's POV: Just as the van's SIDEDOOR close over his family, he sees Josephine break down in tears, held by her mother.

His eyes flood with tears.

INT. NEIGHBOR GARAGE - NIGHT

Where they played cards. Seated, Matt slides his hands through his hair full of angst. Jesse charges through the door with a RIFLE CASE.

JESSE

Got a place for you to zero it out. Gotta go.

Matt follows Jesse out with the RIFLE CASE.

INT. VAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Jesse and Matt in the rear with four men in fatigues. RIFLE CASE by Matt's boots.

JESSE

Someone from the park saw them and followed the vans. Bunkered down in a cabin off Old State. We got all the geospatial and topography for this - we're good.
(ref: rifle)
Gonna take you to the Molesworth Air Base to zero that out.

MATT

Gonna need at least 50 yards.

JESSE

Got you a hundred.

Matt starts to unlock the rifle case.

JESSE (CONT'D)

The location is thick. We'll get you close.

INSERT FLASHBACK: Matt watching PANEL VAN. Just as the DOOR slammed shut, Josephine breaking down, crying.

MATT

That's all I need.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Face painted in camo, Matt crawls along the floor of the forest. Rifle slung over his shoulder.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Cillian looks out the window to scan the perimeter.

TWO MEN in fatigues pace in his b.g. Curled in the corner are Josephine and Alex, embraced nervously.

SERIES OF SHOTS IN WOODS --

- 1) Jesse and EIGHT soldiers - tactically spaced - close in stealthily on the cabin. Even in camo she's beautiful.
- 2) Settled in, the CABIN sits fifty yards ahead of Matt. Prepares himself to take the shot.
- 3) Jesse talking into walkie-talkie.
- 4) Matt now aimed on the cabin, finger on trigger.
- 5) From the window, Cillian turns around like he's had it. His blood thirst on Josephine and Alex unmistakable. Cillian raises the PISTOL -- their hugs tightening in response --
- 6) -- which Jesse sees through the BINOCULARS. Jesse screams into the walkie-talkie, the SOLDIERS storming for the cabin.
- 7) Cillian begins firing on Josephine and Alex --
- 8) -- which Matt sees this through his rifle SCOPE, yelling as he fires- *KAPOW!*
- 9) On CABIN WALL: Red mist, bone fragments, Cillian's remains, coat the wall.
- 10) SOLDIERS, sad long faces, exit the cabin. Approaching, Matt drops to his knees.

MATT (V.O.)
(PRE LAP)
Was thinking about your perfume,
Love.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Josephine's CLOSED CASKET in front of a devastated Matt.

MATT
What I wouldn't give...
(voice cracking)
Smell it one more time.

He kisses the casket, tears streaming. When he stands up, it's Alex's CASKET now. He stares at it.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Men in black suits, men in fatigues, in 'clean up' mode.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Jason, fatigued, stoically watches Cillian's body packed into body bag.

The shaken Alex and Josephine **LOOK-ALIKES** are escorted away.

INT. DR. JASON HAMILTON OFFICE - DAY

Jason sits with a somber Alex.

DR. JASON HAMILTON
I am sorry.

ALEX
I know what I consented to, I just... I need him here, Doctor. Next to his parents. See him when we want.

INSERT CUT: Matt in wheelchair, unshaven, blank eyes. All he ever loved gone. Heart broken.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (V.O.)
As we discussed, this level of PTSD is nearly impossible to treat. Especially from wars we never officially supported.

INSERT CUT: Jason watches his staff help a severely drugged Matt from the wheelchair to the bed.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (V.O.)
We gave it everything we had.

On Alex: Considering.

ALEX
When we first talked... You said, in a way, you were doing this too.

DR. JASON HAMILTON
Yes. For my brother.

ALEX
So if it were him...?

Jason weighs his words.

DR. JASON HAMILTON
Guess I would be okay with it. Because he'll always be here.

Jason touched his heart when he said it.

Alex leaves. At the door, looks back.

ALEX

It was peaceful...?

Jason stares at her.

INSERT CUT: Severely drugged Matt sitting expressionless in the corner of a small sleeping room. Seems to not notice the MAN entering the room, coldly shooting Matt in the head.

Jason reaches inside his desk to grab something. Walks to Alex and hands her back the VIDEO FILM she gave him six months earlier. Solemn:

DR. JASON HAMILTON

He never felt a thing.

She leaves.

Jason walks back to his desk and sits. Leans back. Pensive.

Robed DOCTORS -- seen from the neck down -- begin to file in. At some point, we see it's Jesse, Chez, Steve, and Liem.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (CONT'D)

We present in two weeks.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM

Closet small. Leather straps hanging off small chair. A home video PROJECTION of Alex playing mutely on WHITE WALL or PROJECTION SCREEN.

DR. JASON HAMILTON

This is where we do most of the programming to bridge the memory gaps. Would you like to see, James?

A SUITED MAN -- AIR OF POWER -- rather fit for 70s, steps in to regard the tight quarters. Strongly resembling Prince Philip, we'll call him JAMES.

Doctors Jesse, Chez, Steve, Liem, quietly look on. The TWO MAN security detail, for James, also look on - *they look like Rambo in penny-loafers.*

JAMES

Why no audio?

DR. JASON HAMILTON
It's not when we're programming.
And when we are ... the voice
needn't be precise.

DR. JESSE
Just close enough given how
drugged up the subject is.

DR. LIEM
Quarters this tight allows us to
maintain intimacy between the
subject and their family on
film. Appears very real in their
drugged state.

JAMES
How do you get the home videos?

INSERT CUT: Alex handing the HOME VIDEOS over to Jason.

DR. JESSE (V.O.)
Guardian provides them. Helps us
replicate the familiar settings.

DR. LIEM
Everywhere from the backyard,
to rooms in the house, even a
neighbor's garage, it all helps
with the replication.

DR. JASON HAMILTON
While at the same ensuring the
guardian knows the odds in this.
That this might end badly.

James considering.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (CONT'D)
They also know, for security
reasons, 'this never happened'.
That we'll have the full force of
the State behind us if they say
otherwise.

James looks the chamber over.

JAMES
So how's it work?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

James and the five DOCTORS peruse paper briefs around a large table. James sits at the helm, his two Rambos seated behind him. With a keen eye, James reads and follows the brief.

DR. STEVE

As far back as wars go, soldiers will experience PTSD, severe PTSD. To be in a fight for your life, for 12 straight months, then join your wife for some tea 24 hours later, can send a cognitive shockwave right through your mind.

DR. JESSE

Which manifests to distorted memories, delusional thinking. Which further manifests into personality disorders, moodiness, anti-social behavior. What we call confabulation. Which for some, will be as good as it gets.

DR. LIEM

Which for us is rarely that good.

JAMES

Why is that?

DR. LIEM

Because the candidates we need come from wars we never officially supported.

DR. STEVE

Compounded worse by the bloody skills we need. Such as a shooter.

James intrigued, nodding.

JAMES

How's the functional ability maintained?

INSERT FLASHBACK: Matt in the garage, Jesse storming in with the SNIPER RIFLE.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (V.O.)

Instinct mostly. No matter the trauma, the moment they feel that trigger ... just feels right. Like riding a bike.

James considering.

JAMES

And the pathology report - not sure
I follow the break through.

INT. ECT ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jason stands next to Jesse and Chez. Steve and Liem prep an already drugged up Matt for another shot.

DR. CHEZ

What are we doing?

Jason glimpses the steady BP Machine.

DR. JASON HAMILTON

Ringing the doorbell. Seeing
if he's home.

Liem administers the shot, all eyes on BP machine.

ON BP MACHINE: 95/65, 101/73, 110/82...

As Jason walks toward the gurney --

DR. JASON HAMILTON

Looks like he's home.

BACK TO PRESENT --

James nodding.

DR. JASON HAMILTON

From there, it's baby steps.

SERIES OF SHOTS --

1) WHITE ELECTRODES, Matt's temples -- ECT wires connected to electrodes. Jesse hits the switch -- Matt's body rocked.

2) Matt struggling with WALKER, Liem and Steve helping.

DR. LIEM (V.O.)

PTSD on the mind are like doors on
the assembly line. There's pockets
in space and time.

3) Matt in small projector room -- drugged -- drool beading from his mouth -- watching "projected Alex" speak to him.

4) Matt walking free of the walker, positive encouragement from Steve and Liem.

DR. STEVE (V.O.)

Where unlike before, we now have
the means to bridge those pockets,
and reconnect their world...

5) Matt in projection room -- drugged -- watching "projected Josephine" coldly walk by him in hallway. Grainy home recording. Weakly, he reaches for her. Jason in the room, not proud, feeling for him.

DR. CHEZ (V.O.)

...as we see the world.

6) Matt now jogging, Steve and Liem struggling to keep up. The three sharing a laugh.

7) LEATHER STRAP tightened around Matt's forehead, eyes half closed, drugged. Jesse flips the switch VIOLENTLY rocking Matt's head.

8) Matt -- drugged -- GARAGE ROOM PROP -- playing poker with Jesse, Chez, Steve, and Liem.

DR. JESSE (V.O.)

In ways no one else can.

9) FLASHBACK: Matt bickering in the kitchen with Josephine and Alex **LOOK ALIKES**. Drugged. A room prop -- which Jason and the team monitors from the other side of the two-way mirror.

DR. LIEM (V.O.)

Then turning the subject loose.

INSERT FLASHBACK: Matt, forest, rifle aimed on Cillian.

DR. JESSE (V.O.)

Taking the leap of faith.

BACK TO the discussion, all eyes on Jesse.

DR. JESSE

A leap we won't take unless when we're certain, the subject is certain, they're motivated for their own reasons. That's the only way this works - primal conviction.

DR. CHEZ

Because he wasn't killing a man he was told to kill.

Jason hands James a PHOTO of the prisoner Cillian. James studies it.

DR. LIEM

He was killing a man he wanted
to kill.

JAMES

Extraordinary. Never dreamed you'd
get so far with so little. Gave
you nothing, you delivered
everything. Well done, lads. And
Miss.

Gracious smiles.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Rest assure you'll have space with
the MI6.

Everyone internally celebrates. Back to work:

DR. JASON HAMILTON

Now imagine if we had a new
subject, Sir --- or subjects.
Skilled every bit as Matt was.

Jason takes Cillian's PHOTO and gives James a new PHOTO.
James studies it.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (CONT'D)

With a new enemy. Where we make no
distinction with one's motives.

ON PHOTO: Mohamed Al-Fayed, mid-60s.

Jason's glare on the photo personal, bitter.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Or no distinction for one's
reasons. Or no distinction...

Jason hands James a second photo.

ON PHOTO: Elegant, celestial, Princess Diana.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (CONT'D)

...for one's interests.

INT. CREMATORY CHAMBER - DAY

Jason stands compassionately next to Alex, Josephine. They
stare at Matt's casket set to be cremated. Josephine's
forehead pinned to the thick glass, sad.

ALEX

Thank you for your help.

DR. JASON HAMILTON
Wanted to do more.

ALEX
Keep trying.

Her glare, resolute.

ALEX (CONT'D)
The breakthrough is out there.

Alex takes Josephine by the hand and leads her away. Once they're gone, Jason walks to the crematory BUTTON. After a beat, presses it. The casket enters the inferno...

DR. JASON HAMILTON (V.O.)
We know we live in a society
repulsed by the mention of secrecy
to preserve our culture.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Jason talking to a room of a POWER, James at the helm.

BLITZ OF MEDIA COVERAGE: "CASH FOR QUESTIONS". "Top Tory MPs paid to plant questions says Harrod Chief". "A LIAR AND CHEAT".

DR. JASON HAMILTON (V.O.)
And yet- It's our culture, values,
and history that are under attack.

ARCHIVE PHOTOS: That fateful day, August, 1997. Hôtel Ritz Paris. Henri Paul, Dodi, Di, plotting Papparazzi escape.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (V.O.)
By the compromised who enjoy the
fruits of impunity.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

From behind, we watch Di and Dodi giddily rush to the Mercedes W140 S-Class - while another similar couple - rushes into a similar Mercedes.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (V.O.)
So if secrecy is needed to protect
our culture.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM

FOUR MEN, casually dressed, 30s, blank stares ala Jason's mind control program, take in Jesse's brief.

It's large area MAP of the Hotel Ritz in Paris - pointing to REAR GATE location.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (V.O.)
...then I do so with a ready sword.

EXT. HOTEL RITZ PARIS - NIGHT

Mercedes leaving garage, passing through front gate. Paparazzi jumps into their vehicles, take chase when it speeds off.

EXT. STEETSIDE - NIGHT

Jason's two expressionless cyborgs sit in unmarked car. They observe the much smaller paparazzi contingent loiter close by.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (V.O.)
Because make no mistake, gentlemen-
Our way of life is under attack.
At all levels of this kingdom.
This United Kingdom.

EXT. STEETSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

The other Mercedes-Benz W140 S-Class exits the REAR GATE, which is NOT LOST, to Jason's two men, and the few loitering paparazzi. When the Mercedes speeds off, the paparazzi jump in their cars, pursue.

Casually, Jason's two men drive off, maintaining distance.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (V.O.)
The danger never so clearer...

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The Mercedes turns at every street. Four paparazzi vehicles in close pursuit, camera FLASHES popping from their windows.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (V.O.)
Its presence never more imminent.

SERIES OF SHOTS

1) Jason's two men keep their tactical distance from the chase up ahead, glares razor focused. A PISTOL rests on the passenger's lap.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (V.O.)
With its own storm of subversion,
intimidation, and secrecy.

2) From the two men's POV: TUNNEL up ahead. The Mercedes beginning to enter. Paparazzi vehicles in close pursuit.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (V.O.)
That flows into the gutters of
our society.

3) The passenger looks to the driver, nods. The driver guns the gas -- instantly closing the interval.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (V.O.)
To defy these gutters is to be
bespattered.

4) Jason's two men PULL ASIDE and overtake the four car paparazzi convoy. One by one, each CAR skids to a halt when the PASSENGER leans out and aims the pistol on them.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (V.O.)
The man that throws dirt onto our
people, is not of the people.

5) As Jason's men close in on the Mercedes, they see the end of the tunnel rapidly approaching. Meanwhile...

6) **INSIDE DODI'S CAR:** Dodi hugs his dearest love Di tightly, *fearing only for her.*

DR. JASON HAMILTON (V.O.)
And if this man should have a
quest...

7) Jason's men PULL to the LEFT of the Mercedes, nudging it rightward, just as a CAR UP AHEAD enters the tunnel from the opposite side, *shining a strobe* on the Mercedes as it *BLURS* by --

DR. JASON HAMILTON
Then they are not our quest.

8) And as if TIME JUST STOPPED ... Dodi looks lovingly into Di's gentle eyes. He hugs her. And as their hug tightens --

9) -- the Mercedes spins fatally, crashing hard into the concrete pillar.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - NIGHT

The five doctors (Jason, Jesse, Steve, Liem, Chez) stare at the empty room. A somberness.

DR. JESSE
Everything's been 'cleaned' up.
And with tensions rising in
Afghanistan and Iraq...

DR. STEVE
 ...lot more of this will be
 needed.

DR. CHEZ
 Since we've basically managed to
 put flesh on a robot... I would
 say so.

Jason's mind elsewhere.

DR. JESSE
 (to Jason)
 What do you think, Skipper?

DR. JASON HAMILTON
 Think you men, and lady, are
 right. And I think you're ready.

Beat.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (CONT'D)
 From my core- It was an honor.

Jason walks away. PRE-LAP: Sound of a car parking.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Small town fissure in quiet location. Jason exits his car and
 heads for a small Pub. However, he now notices something he
 didn't notice prior and stops in bewilderment...

A FLOOD OF ROSES lined down both sides of the street.

INT. PUB - CONTINUOUS

Jason joins another man quietly watching the football match
 from the bar.

DR. JASON HAMILTON
 (to bartender)
 Pint, mate.

BARTENDER (O.S.)
 Got it, Mate.

The man next to Jason is mid-40s. Strongly resembling Neil
 Hamilton, we'll call him NEIL. The newspaper next to Neil has
 Diana's tragic passing headlining. As they watch the match...

DR. JASON HAMILTON
Well... Didn't get Fayed but
the son will do.

NEIL HAMILTON
I can live with that. Bloody
pricks.

Neil grabs some peanuts from the tray. Glimpses newspaper.

NEIL HAMILTON (CONT'D)
And Diana?

DR. JASON HAMILTON
Brother...

Beat.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (CONT'D)
That bloodline scrum isn't for us.
Right, wrong, good or bad... Every
war will have its fog.

Beat.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (CONT'D)
And whether you're Mother Teresa
or some beautiful señorita, you're
gonna have enemies.

NEIL HAMILTON
No such thing as lawful targets?

DR. JASON HAMILTON
Not when you're balancing the
power. Everything around the
target will always be justifiable
collateral. So whether your
business is balancing the power,
the bloodline, or oil fields in
the Middle East--collateral won't
get a second thought. Because
everyone, believes in their
greater good.

Beat.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (CONT'D)
Would I like to drive James to
the middle of nowhere and bleed
him out? Of course I would. Half
of England would. But that's the
trade off.

(MORE)

DR. JASON HAMILTON (CONT'D)
It's all or none, not, pick and
choose. Which Fayed knows better
than anyone.

Beat.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (CONT'D)
He knew what he was doing to you-
ya? Our parliament- Our whole
bloody country- So I returned
serve. And I'll serve his whole
family up if he wants to. Because
that's all this is...one global
tussle. By a bunch of cack-handed
wobblers looking to rip us all off.

Jason calms himself.

DR. JASON HAMILTON (CONT'D)
But you can believe this, brother.
Maybe not now, maybe not for a
few years... But something big
is coming. Something big.

Jason notices a VERY DISTINCT POST CARD pinned to the wall.

It's a photo of the WORLD TRADE CENTER.

Attention back to the match.

Manchester scores, players celebrating. And as the players
celebrate and return to their positions...we FADE OUT.

THE END.