PICKING UP THE PEACES

by Kyle Patrick Johnson

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INT. ON SET - TELEVISION STUDIO - NIGHT

A cheering AUDIENCE sits down.

The smiling face of media darling BRENDAN RAY (40s), a winking Adonis.

BRENDAN RAY

Good evening and good thoughts, America. Brendan Ray LiveTalk at PrimeTime here to celebrate an hour with you tonight, and, boy, do we have a breaking story of murder, assassination... and who's to blame?

AUDIENCE

0000.

BRENDAN RAY

Two extraordinary guests with us tonight. Let me welcome our first guest, joining us by telephone, Special Agent John Fontaine.

FONTAINE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Good evening, Brendan, how are you?

BRENDAN RAY

Well, better than you, I'm guessing.

FONTAINE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Yep. No doubt.

BRENDAN RAY

I must say, I'm impressed. It's bold of you to come on national television, Agent Fontaine.

FONTAINE (V.O.)

(filtered, chuckles)

Anything to help your ratings.

Brendan nods, face frozen in affability.

BRENDAN RAY

We also welcome a frequent commentator to the program, White House spokesperson, Tia Dawson, who claims there's less to Agent Fontaine than meets the eye.

Brendan swivels his chair. TIA DAWSON (40s), porcelain features, professional figure, sits next to him, too much makeup in the bright studio lights.

BRENDAN RAY

Lovely as always, Tia.

TIA

Flattering as always, Brendan!

Audience titters. Brendan winks.

BRENDAN RAY

Well, oh boy, let's hear the truths and the lies and all about Agent Fontaine's gripping story... Right after these messages.

Audience whoops, hollers, wolf whistles.

INT. O'HARE AIRPORT - CHICAGO - DAY

SUPER: "Two months prior."

Uncomfortable in crowds, JOHN FONTAINE (30s), fidgets in the ticket counter line. Twinkling eyes conceal a tack-sharp mind, powerful build hidden by baggy tourist clothes.

A girl grips his arm: LONI EMERY (20s), bubbling enthusiasm. The other GUYS in line can't take their eyes off her.

LONI

You think you'll let me get one this time?

FONTAINE

We'll see how it shakes out.

LONI

I've never been to Rio before. You ever been?

FONTAINE

Yep.

LONI

Are you going to take me someplace nice down there?

FONTAINE

We'll go where we need to go.

The TICKET AGENT calls them forward, takes their passports.

LONI

All work and no play?

FONTAINE

Why would we want to play?

TICKET AGENT

Mister... Carlos Arreniverados?

FONTAINE

Yep.

TICKET AGENT

Your first time to South America?

FONTAINE

Yep.

INT. TERMINAL - O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY

A TSA OFFICER looks through Loni's luggage.

LONI

I'd hate this job. Don't get to travel, just watch everyone else get to see the world. You guys have a real boring job, don't you?

TSA OFFICER

Lady, it's people like you make it worth it.

LONI

That's sweet.

(to Fontaine)

I want to buy a real South American souvenir.

TSA Officer hands Loni the luggage.

FONTAINE

Oh, we'll have our memories.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Fontaine reads "War and Peace". In the original Russian.

Loni thumbs through "Field Manual for Night Combat." The book hidden inside an in-flight magazine. She's fidgety, excited.

LONI

Remember, you promised I could get one. I was ready last time, I'm ready this time.

Fontaine puts a sleep mask over Loni's eyes.

LONT

I love this job, John. Free travel and expense accou--

Fontaine puts a sleep mask over Loni's mouth.

FONTAINE

Professionals don't do small talk.

INT. RIO DE JANEIRO - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sickly hot light filters through drawn translucent shades. Dingy unpainted plaster walls. Bugs as large as mice.

A slow-revolving ceiling fan, weakly ineffective.

Fontaine on the bed. Target practice: he throws small knives against a far wall.

Loni bustles, unpacks suitcases, tosses cheap clothes on a rickety bureau. Ducks under the flying knives.

In the bottom of a suitcase, she finds a small unframed photo of MAUREEN FONTAINE (30s). She looks over her shoulder at Fontaine, unsure...

She lays the picture on the pillow next to him.

Fontaine looks at the picture, a deep sadness.

Loni wants to say something. But she has no words for this.

Loni assembles weapons and covert night equipment from seemingly innocent plastic parts.

Bullets wedged into her purse handle. Telescoping tripods in suitcase edges. Polymer gun barrels inside toothpaste tubes.

Her arsenal complete, Loni goes into the bathroom.

A shower turns on.

The shower turns off.

LONI (O.S.)

Ugh. It's brown.

Loni lies on the bed next to Fontaine. Maureen's picture between them.

Loni picks up a small knife by the handle, flings it badly. It bounces off the wall.

Fontaine wraps her fingers around the knife blade.

Loni throws the knife. It sticks in the wall.

EXT. RIO - MARKET - DAY

Fontaine and Loni wear bright obnoxious shirts, stroll through the stalls, the American couple on holiday.

BAUBLE VENDOR (60s), plump leathery grandma, shoves cheap bead strings in their faces.

BAUBLE VENDOR

(in Spanish)

For you? For the wife?

LONI

(in English)

No, no thanks.

BAUBLE VENDOR

(in Spanish)

The children, you must have children, no?

Fontaine, expression strained, looks sick.

LONI

(in Spanish)

No, we don't have children, you miserable witch. Go away!

Bauble Vendor shrugs, cheerful, harasses the next couple.

Fontaine and Loni weave their way through the market, dodge vendors, slide behind a stall: piles of refuse and a barbed-wire tipped six-foot brick wall.

Loni tip-toes through the garbage, backs up to the wall. Fontaine lifts a cell phone, takes several pictures.

Loni poses like a ditzy newlywed tourist.

LONI

Mi sexy Senor Arreniverados.

FONTAINE

Yep... Si.

But the pictures are focused on the giant stone building behind her, behind the wall, just over Loni's head.

INT. RIO HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The bed is littered with papers and files, schematics of alarm systems, building plans, maps, weapons specifications.

One satellite photo features a large stone building, a cloth awning circled in red marker.

Fontaine and Loni, no-nonsense, shameless, pull skin-tight non-reflective black catsuits over their naked bodies. No underwear, smooth aerodynamic lines.

Loni throws Fontaine a smile, nervous, excited, ready.

Fontaine slides Maureen's picture next to his heart, its outline visible through the suit.

They slap on dark facepaint.

Zip utility belts tight.

Slip fearsome knives into sheaths.

Yank on tight gloves.

Transformed into warriors.

Fontaine jogs in place, psychs himself.

He swallows down tomato juice in a small tin travel can. He crushes the can in a steel fist.

He picks up a gun. His gun...

FONTAINE

To war, Peacekeeper.

Fontaine kisses the handle, scored with dozens of notches.

Loni scrolls through pictures on an iPhone, mumbles to herself.

LONI

Vijuan Acedo, five eight, kill on sight... Beatrisa Acedo, five three, kill on sight...

Fontaine hears her, an unhappy cloud covers his face.

LONI

Vijuanito Acedo, two months, dark hair, kill on--

FONTAINE

What happens if we split up?

LONI

Fourth dock from the airport.

Fontaine looks at the baby's picture. Something human happens in his eyes.

FONTAINE

I don't... not... you can take care of the kid.

He slaps the iPhone out of Loni's astonished hand.

He leaps through the open window, feet first.

EXT. RIO HOTEL - NIGHT

Fontaine lands on his toes, cat-like, on the top of a delivery van behind the building. He bounces to the ground.

Low to the ground, Fontaine lopes into the shadows.

Loni climbs out of the window, less sure, dangles, drops.

She lands hard. Grunts. Jogs after Fontaine.

EXT. MARKET - NIGHT

Deserted stalls cast funhouse shadows in the moonlight.

Two ghosts flit through the narrow alleys...

Fontaine cups his hands, hoists Loni to the walltop.

She puts wire cutters to the wire.

BZZZZZZZZ. Electrified. The wire cutters bounce out of her hand, clatter to the ground.

Loni teeters but maintains her balance. They freeze, expecting a response. No one comes.

Fontaine hands the wirecutters back up.

Loni takes off one of her black gloves, lays it across the wire, cuts the wire through the gloves.

Loni cuts the rest of the wire in the same way, uses the glove to gingerly push the wire aside.

She jumps over the wall.

Splat.

Fontaine, already tense, leaps up the wall.

Loni sheepishly looks back up at Fontaine from the middle of a shallow koi wading pool.

Fontaine puts finger to lips. Shhhh.

EXT. ACEDO COMPOUND - NIGHT

The central stone mansion towers like some ancient god, squat, heavy, forbidding. Lights peep through basement windows, but the rest of the structure is dark.

The large lush backyard pulses with a shadow civilization, reflected light and music.

Loni and Fontaine slither towards the house, skirting pools and fountains and benches and statues and tennis courts.

Fontaine and Loni peer in a basement window.

FONTAINE'S POV

Looks down on several lazy BODYGUARDS arguing over a board game. Dozens of empty bottles.

BACK TO SCENE

Loni pulls a tiny jar of dark jelly from her utility belt. With a tiny Swiss Army Knife Trowel, she smears the dark stuff all across an unlit first floor window.

Fontaine cuts out a large square of cloth from an awning with a sharp knife.

Fontaine presses the cloth against the sticky window, ensures total adherence.

Loni swings her elbow at the cloth, hard, fast. The window shatters, but noiseless.

Loni pulls the cloth free, dozens of window shards stuck on.

They climb through the broken window.

INT. ACEDO MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dark. A large kitchen, gorgeous granite and marble, all the latest appliances.

Fontaine and Loni tip-toe past a hanging rack of sleek steel knives. Fontaine pauses to admire them, takes one down.

The overhead light flicks on.

Loni panics, falls flat on the floor. Fontaine ducks behind an island counter.

BEATRISA ACEDO (17), the most innocent face this side of the Virgin Mary, plods sleepily towards the refrigerator.

Barefooted, nightgowned, she breastfeeds a gurgling infant, VIJUANITO ACEDO (2 months), juggles him as she opens the fridge door.

Loni scrabbles backwards, crab-like, points her silenced handgun up at Beatrisa.

Fontaine is mesmerized, stares at the baby, the tiny wrinkled crossed feet, the inoffensive fingers, the gentle little neck craned back for food.

Loni looks to Fontaine for permission to fire.

Fontaine shakes his head.

Beatrisa drinks from a carton of milk. She murmurs a lullaby under her breath.

Loni glares at Fontaine: "Are you crazy?"

Fontaine looks indecisive. This is a new look for him.

Loni points the gun at Beatrisa again.

Fontaine scrambles across the floor, pounces on Loni, holds her gun down.

Loni wriggles under him, tries to get free.

Beatrisa hears them, looks down. Face goes ashen.

BEATRISA

(in Spanish)

Holy Virgin, protect me.

Fontaine waves at her: "Go away, get out of here."

Beatrisa vanishes, slips out. Turns out the light.

Loni jumps to a crouch, juts her jaw into Fontaine's face.

LONI

(hiss)

I had a perfect... Let me get one!

Fontaine puts his hand over her mouth, thumb on one side, fingers on the other, grips her cheeks.

FONTAINE

What'd it ever do to us?

LONT

But what will Masterson...

He stands, brings her to her feet, releases her face.

She rubs her cheeks.

FONTAINE

I see that baby, I see my future.

The faintest shuffling noise from the hallway.

Fontaine raises another finger: No more talking.

The light flicks on again.

No time to duck.

A silhouetted figure stands in the doorway, holds a silenced gun in each hand, pointed at Loni and Fontaine. This is AMNUL DEMIDOV (40s), Russian killer, eyes of death, honeyed lips.

A standoff. Loni's gun is in a lowered hand. Fontaine's knife hand is behind the island counter, out of Demidov's sight.

Demidov smiles. He shakes his head, "tsk-tsk".

FONTAINE

(in Spanish)

We're here for the dishwasher.

Fontaine bends over the appliance, pretends to examine it.

DEMIDOV

(in English)

And I am being Joe Stalin.

Fontaine, confusion, hears the Russian accent.

FONTAINE

You're not a bodyguard.

DEMIDOV

It depends on what body. Now that body...

Demidov gestures at Loni.

FONTAINE

You're him.

Loni looks at Fontaine, her eyes wide open.

FONTAINE

(growl)

You're Demidov.

Demidov, a slight, mocking bow.

DEMIDOV

Orders are orders. You know as well as I. But a pity. She--

A pig squeals in a hallway. Voices coming near.

DEMIDOV

(in Russian)

Oh, shit.

Demidov turns off the light switch with an elbow, dives for the island counter.

Fontaine throws a knife at the diving shape...

And hits a miniature pot-bellied pig instead. The pig appears in the doorway, its feet slipping on the slick tiled floor, and takes the knife dead between the eyes.

The pig falls with a surprised, and somewhat disappointed, grunt.

Fontaine and Loni drop to the floor behind the counter.

LONI

I think you got him.

BODYGUARD #1 flicks on the light, sees the butchered animal.

Demidov shoots Bodyguard #1, a perfect forehead hole.

DEMIDOV

You kill a pig, I kill a pig.

Demidov dashes to the light switch, covers the kitchen with his guns, turns the lights off.

DEMTDOV

Where is Acedo?

LONI

Downstairs.

No answer.

Fontaine peeks his head around the counter. No one there.

Fontaine jumps out the broken window, Loni at his heels.

EXT. ACEDO COMPOUND - NIGHT

Fontaine scoots around the house, peeks through every basement window he can find.

Loni tags behind like a bewildered puppy.

Fontaine freezes. Points through a basement window.

FONTAINE'S POV

VIJUAN ACEDO (50s), a petty kingpin, more grease than hair on his head, sits in an armchair ten feet from a large movie screen. Surrounded by dozing Bodyguards. The movie: a terrible B-grade love story.

BACK TO SCENE

Loni sucks a sturdy stick of chewing gun, softens it.

Fontaine pieces together a silenced sniper rifle from plastic components stored in his utility belt. Fast. Surgical.

She takes a diamond ring from her belt, makes a tiny circle in the window with the diamond, cuts it like silent butter.

She plunks the gum onto the glass, tugs the circle out.

Fontaine puts the rifle into the hole, rests the end on the cut glass. He takes Acedo into his sight.

FONTAINE'S POV

Demidov enters his field of view, stealthy, stalking Acedo from behind, creeping through the sleeping Bodyguards, gun drawn.

Fontaine pulls the trigger.

Acedo slumps to the side, a perfect shot through his temple.

Fontaine shifts his sight to Demidov...

Demidov, angry, swings his gun to the window, fires.

BACK TO SCENE

Fontaine pulls the rifle out of the hole, throws himself backwards, knocks Loni down. They are unhit.

INT. ACEDO MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Demidov wanders around, casual, puts bullets in each Bodyquard's head.

He stares up at the window, peeved. Unclips something from an inside pocket.

EXT. ACEDO COMPOUND - NIGHT

A large grenade crashes through the window, lands on the grass beside Fontaine.

Loni jumps on the grenade, covers it with her body.

Fontaine pushes her off, quick as a fox.

FONTAINE

Stupid. Run.

Fontaine and Loni scramble to their feet, race in opposite directions.

Fontaine trips and falls over something sticking out of the ground, a short thick three-pronged wire.

A bounding mine shoots out of the ground between his legs, pops several feet into the air.

Fontaine curls into a tiny ball.

The bounding mine explodes. Tiny bits of razor-sharp shrapnel fly in all directions. Except straight down. Which is where Fontaine is.

The shrapnel peppers holes in the stone mansion.

Fontaine breathes, amazed he's still alive. He sits up.

Demidov's grenade explodes. It's a sting grenade, sucks all of the air out of Fontaine's lungs, pelts him with hard rubber balls at high speed.

Fontaine falls over, pain... unconscious...

EXT. ACEDO COMPOUND - NIGHT

Fontaine wakes up, winces, skinsuit tattered, Maureen's picture torn and visible.

Demidov stands over him.

DEMIDOV

I wonder why we are not allies. We are wanting the same blood.

Fontaine blinks. Looks around the compound.

FONTAINE

You get my partner?

DEMIDOV

This work is fulfilling, is it not?

Demidov beams a charming smile.

Fontaine makes a sudden lunge at Demidov's throat, bounces his whole body up off the grass.

Demidov whips a shrapnel shard up to Fontaine's approaching neck. Even a splinter can cut a throat in the right hands.

Fontaine stops on a dime, frozen in an awkward back-bending crouch, his rage palpable. Demidov's smile vanishes.

DEMIDOV

Down.

Demidov catches him by surprise with a kick to the groin. Fontaine doubles up.

Demidov backs away, slips around the mansion.

An engine starts, sounds like a nice sports car, zooms away.

Fontaine climbs to his feet, staggers after Demidov.

FONTAINE

Loni? Loni?

No response.

Distant sirens.

Fontaine stops. He smashes a fist against the stone mansion, bloodies himself. He looks to the sky with an anguished, unspoken fury on his lips.

EXT. MARKET - NIGHT

Fontaine rockets over the wall, vaults to freedom.

He lands, cat-like, on feather toes. Flits off, disappears.

EXT. RIO - STREETS - NIGHT

Fontaine sprints for the ocean, oblivious to the crowds of PEDESTRIANS, oblivious to traffic lights, oblivious to the crazy picture he makes.

EXT. GUANABARA BAY (RIO) - NIGHT

Fontaine races to the shore.

He fades into the night, hugs the shadows until the Pedestrians lose interest in him.

He slips into the water.

EXT. RIO - DOCKS - NIGHT

Fontaine clings to the underside of a wooden pier. He shivers, soaked. Only upper-body strength keeps him afloat.

Maureen's picture melts into a pulp.

EXT. JOBIM INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT (RIO) - DAY

A figure stumps across the tarmac, coming from the sea. It is Fontaine, and he is dripping wet. And alone.

He's rolled the skinsuit down to his waist, looks like a scuba-diver.

Fontaine shouts something under the screaming engines to a group of BAGGAGE HANDLERS near a standing airplane. Baggage Handlers stalk off to the terminal, argue amongst themselves.

Fontaine slips up into the luggage hold.

INT. AIRPLANE - LUGGAGE HOLD - DAY

Fontaine roots among the luggage, finds a giant steel trunk at the bottom, a paid shipment with stickers.

Fontaine spins combination locks, opens the trunk.

INSIDE THE TRUNK - LATER

Engine noise. Unbearable.

Fontaine wears street clothes, wraps blankets around himself to stay warm. Holds an oxygen mask to his mouth.

A second oxygen mask, unused.

His gun, Peacekeeper, alone and small on the floor.

He tries to put the soggy pieces of Maureen's picture together. They no longer fit. He puts them in his pocket.

EXT. CHICAGO - SMALL HOUSE - DAY

An old, run-down semi-urban neighborhood. Houses right on top of each other. Chain-link fences.

A small frumpy old car chugs at twice the residential speed limit, pulls up, parallel parks perfectly the first time.

Fontaine gets out, slips around the back of the small house.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - BASEMENT ENTRY - DAY

Fontaine plods down the back steps, ducks into the entry, his path blocked by a flat cement wall with a small heavy door.

He puts his thumb on a bio-reader, types a several-digit code into a security box. Click.

Fontaine grasps the door, pulls it open with a soft hiss.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

A simple square table. Four workstations.

Three tech nerds play wastebasket basketball with crumpled pieces of paper. They are CADEN, BRAEDEN, and JAYDEN (all 30s), pale, frumpy, pudgy, combovers. Bland tapioca Triplets.

The Triplets miss every shot.

CADEN

First one to a hundred gets called "Deadeye".

They'll be lucky if they make just one.

Fontaine comes in, gets a small can of tomato juice from a small fridge. He drinks it down.

The Triplets swing back to their workstations. Caden: finances, spreadsheets, bank statements. Braeden: forgery, documents. Jayden: tech gadgetry, computer repairs.

Fontaine plops down at the empty computer, logs in, opens a word processing program.

BRAEDEN

Bet the mission was awesome, huh, Fontaine?

Fontaine doesn't look up.

BRAEDEN

That's good. Aloof is good.

CADEN

Had a job offer from Apple.

BRAEDEN

The Apple of Apple, Apple?

Fontaine types: "Agents John Fontaine, Loni Emery. Mission Report #47722. Mission Successful."

CADEN

But they don't offer combat pay.

Fontaine looks at his hands. Closes his eyes.

He types without looking: "Encountered Amnul Demidov. Agent Emery missing."

BRAEDEN

Can't beat our upward mobility.

Fontaine bites his lip. A tear forms in one eye...

JAYDEN

Contracts are just a simple
algorithm--

LONI (O.S.)

John, oh, thank God!

Fontaine whips around, disbelieving.

Loni rushes in from a side room, throws her arms around his shoulders, crushes his head with a joyous shriek.

He gags for breath, lunges, reaches for the keyboard.

The Triplets look up, flavorless vanilla wafer faces.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

The cursor backspaces through "Agent Emery missing."

BACK TO BASEMENT

Fontaine says something muffled into Loni's breast.

LONI

Oh, when those grenades went off I thought you were dead so I just went straight to the airport 'cause I didn't think there was any way you'd make the rendezvous 'cause I thought you were dead so I just came straight home oh John oh John oh John.

Loni hugs him tighter, chokes off his words.

A throat clears in the next room. Loni suddenly releases Fontaine, straightens up, salutes.

MASTERSON (O.S.)

John! All's well that ends.

Fontaine stands and salutes: GENERAL BRICK MASTERSON (50s), looks like a bodybuilding accountant, in plain clothes.

MASTERSON

Sit down, son. Finish that report while it's fresh in you.

Masterson reads the computer screen. His lips thin.

MASTERSON

On second thought...

Masterson hits a couple keys. The word processing screen disappears, login screen comes back up.

Masterson stalks off to the side room. Loni and Fontaine straggle behind him like children to the principal's office.

INT. MASTERSON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Several computers and security camera monitors stacked on a beautiful mahogany desk. A large glass jar of jelly beans. Ugly gray cinder block walls. Well lit but windowless.

A small cross-stitched sign over Masterson's desk reads "I'd Give My Balls For Peace".

Masterson stands to the side as Loni and Fontaine enter, closes the door behind them.

MASTERSON

What the blanket of Hades? Are you thinking out there at all? You faced off with Demidov? National Security Risk Red, Eyes Only Demidov? Demidov, I-Kill-Your-Wife-Just-Cause-I-Can Demidov?

BASEMENT

Caden, Braeden, and Jayden huddle around the door, eavesdrop.

MASTERSON'S OFFICE

Fontaine opens his mouth to reply. But Masterson isn't done.

MASTERSON

Tell me you deep-sixed that goddamn screwer. Goddamn! He made me swear.

Masterson staggers to the desk, pops a handful of jelly beans into his mouth. He checks his pulse, breathes deeply.

MASTERSON

Emery's been so weepy over your sorry self, she hasn't written her report. So gimme.

FONTAINE

General Masterson, sir, after taking care of target Acedo--

LONI

Successfully.

FONTAINE

--we were actively engaged in combat by Amnul Demidov--

MASTERSON

Son, cut the crap.

FONTAINE

I didn't get him.

MASTERSON

Goddamn.

BASEMENT

CADEN

Bet Fontaine gets fired in two minutes.

BRAEDEN

Three.

Caden looks down at his watch.

JAYDEN

Five. It's a simple algorithm --

CADEN

Winner gets to go on missions.

MASTERSON'S OFFICE

FONTAINE

Demidov was there to take care of Acedo, too, he said.

MASTERSON

He said?

FONTAINE

He detained me a while after the grenades went off--

MASTERSON

Grenades?

FONTAINE

Some sort of a jumping claymore. No problem. I thought Acedo was <u>our</u> enemy.

MASTERSON

Man's allowed to piss off more than one continent. You take care of the wife and kid?

INT. ACEDO MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Beatrisa Acedo, weeping, rocks back and forth, Vijuanito at her bosom. OLD WOMEN in mourning clothes try to comfort her.

FONTAINE (V.O.)

Nope.

MASTERSON (V.O.)

You're squeezing my short ones.

FONTAINE (V.O.)

Nope.

MASTERSON (V.O.)

You getting soft? Get on a goddamn plane tomorrow.

FONTAINE (V.O.)

I don't think--

MASTERSON (V.O.)

Obviously!

(moving on)

Why didn't Demidov kill you?

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS - IN THE AIR - DAY

Demidov reclines in a luxurious leather seat, sips champagne.

FONTAINE (V.O.)

No idea.

LONI (V.O.)

Maybe he's not really our enemy.

MASTERSON (V.O.)

Where'd we recruit this shortcircuit?

Opens a laptop, types a report in Russian, includes "John Fontaine" in English.

LONI (V.O.)

Hear me out. I figure the RTZV is tired of fighting a losing war.

MASTERSON (V.O.)

Ha.

LONI (V.O.)

Don't you wonder if we could talk them down instead?

INT. MASTERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Masterson's contorted face, incredulous.

MASTERSON

You goddamn nuts?

Jelly beans fly out of Masterson's mouth, all directions.

FONTAINE

Kneel for these bastards and they'll take your head off.

LONI

Talking isn't kneeling.

Fontaine shakes his head, disgusted.

MASTERSON

We'll get tickets for you two.
You're more trouble than I'm worth.

But Masterson doesn't mean it. He tosses back a handful of jelly beans. Waves Fontaine and Loni out.

BASEMENT

Caden, Braeden, and Jayden are at their monitors, innocent.

Fontaine and Loni huddle near the outer door.

FONTAINE

I thought I'd lost you, Loni.

LONI

Oh, John...

FONTAINE

I've never lost a partner.

Loni freezes. Not what she was expecting.

Fontaine nods, already looks away to the door. Loni risks an impulsive kiss on the cheek. Fontaine looks down sharply.

Caden, Braeden, and Jayden look away, innocent as ever.

FONTAINE

If you leave now, you'll beat rush hour.

LONI

Don't we have time for the Shedd? It's a tradition.

Fontaine sighs a tired sigh, glances at his watch.

FONTAINE

Just 'cause we did it last time?

Loni smiles.

FONTAINE

Maybe later. Gotta clean Peacekeeper.

Loni's smile vanishes.

LONI

I'll wait.

INT. CHICAGO - SHEDD AQUARIUM - DAY

Loni gazes at the famous giant cylindrical tank, filled with sharks, squids, rays, turtles, other exotic fish.

A sign over the tank: "Peaceful Waters, Peaceful Souls".

Fontaine approaches, stands next to her.

Loni, shy, slips her hand into Fontaine's.

He looks down, sharp.

FONTAINE

That's not what I do.

She smiles back up at him, reassuring.

He leaves her hand there. But he doesn't like it.

Watch the fish. Look for peace in the waters.

Boom! A spray of sand. A vicious swift snapping turtle gobbles up a peaceful little fish.

INT./EXT. FONTAINE'S CAR/STREETS - NIGHT

Fontaine drives in silence. Sticks out his hand to drift on the slipstream.

INT. LONI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A dingy, drab little studio. Yellow paint that was cheerful once. Appliances from the French Revolution.

Loni folds a Murphy bed down from the wall. Collapses on the bed, bone-tired. She clasps two fluffy pillows to her body, as if they were the body of a person.

A picture of Fontaine, taped to the wall inside the Murphy bed.

Loni's already asleep.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Fontaine kneels against a gravestone. It holds up his weight.

INT. FONTAINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Large, spic-and-span. The loving touch of a woman still evident in potpourri, candles, potted plants.

A wall portrait of Maureen and Fontaine. Maureen is pregnant, Fontaine's hand on her belly. They're laughing.

Fontaine kicks off his shoes, lies down on a couch.

Flicks on the TV, fondles a can of tomato juice. Closes his eyes, lets noise surround him.

BRENDAN RAY

(on the television)
Welcome back to Brendan Ray LiveTalk
at PrimeTime. Our guest is Tia
Dawson, the ever-lovely White House
spokeswoman. We're discussing the
other victims of murder, those left
behind, and whether capital
punishment has a place...

INT. ACEDO MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT (BEGIN DREAM)

Fontaine stands on the island counter, legs spread apart as if astride the world, master and commander of life and death, dark arbiter. His gun points down at...

Beatrisa clutches Vijuanito to her breast.

BRENDAN RAY (V.O.)

Der wictims of murder

...the other victims of murder, those left behind...

Fontaine's finger trembles on the trigger.

Beatrisa looks at him, confused.

BRENDAN RAY (V.O.)

...those left behind...

FONTAINE (V.O.)

...they'll take your head off...

Fontaine throws the gun down.

FONTAINE

I won't do it.

The gun grows into Demidov, who has eight octopus arms. Tentacled guns caress Fontaine's head, arms, legs, groin.

DEMIDOV

Then you will lose.

FONTAINE

I won't do it, I won't.

The refrigerator morphs into Masterson.

MASTERSON

Take care of her. That's an order.

FONTAINE

It's a baby!

MASTERSON

Disobey an order? Soldier!

FONTAINE

What can it do?

Demidov trains all eight guns on Vijuanito, fires. When the smoke clears, the baby is gone.

DEMIDOV

It can grow up.

Beatrisa falls, a hole where her heart ought to be.

BEATRISA

(in Spanish)

My baby! Bring my baby back to me!

DEMIDOV

See how easy this is?

Beatrisa lifts her arms to Fontaine, pleads.

BEATRISA

(in Spanish)

Make it right, make it right.

Beatrisa morphs into Maureen, her pregnant belly withered.

MAUREEN

(in English)
Make it right.

Masterson/Refrigerator opens its doors, Maureen is sucked into it, freezes to ice.

Demidov hugs Fontaine with all eight tentacles.

DEMIDOV

It is just us.

Demidov laughs. Masterson laughs. They sound the same.

INT. FONTAINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (END DREAM)

Fontaine awakens, sudden, starts upright, sweat drips from his face. He's spilled the tomato juice all over his shirt.

The television program has changed to a TELEVANGELIST.

TELEVANGELIST

(on the television)
... "And the destroyer of the
Gentiles is on his way; he is gone
forth from his place to make thy
land desolate; and thy cities shall
be laid waste"--

Fontaine turns off the television.

He strips off his shirt, grabs a sweatshirt, staggers out the door on sleepy legs.

EXT. CHICAGO - SHORELINE - SUNRISE

Fontaine walks, a lonely figure against fiery Lake Michigan majesty.

His sad eyes fixed on the horizon. His whiteknuckled hands clenched in anguish.

INT. CHICAGO - BITTY'S TAVERN - DAY

Fontaine and Loni sit next to each other in a booth, eat a breakfast of pancakes, bacon, carbohydrates, and cholesterol.

Caden, Braeden, and Jayden are smashed into the other seat.

FONTAINE

But women and children?

LONI

We can break the law, too.

FONTAINE

Whose law? American law in Rio? A seventeen year old married to fat old Acedo? She probably had no choice.

BRAEDEN

Orders are orders.

JAYDEN

What would the world be without orders? A mess, that's what. Here's a simple algorithm--

FONTAINE

Our wreckage is human beings.

LONI

I'll just go do it by myself.

FONTAINE

Not what I'm saying.

The Triplets stop chewing, mid-bites, cock their heads.

CADEN

What <u>are</u> you saying?

Fontaine swallows. Like looking into a firing squad.

INT. ACEDO MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Beatrisa Acedo holds Vijuanito in her arms, pleads with a burly HENCHMAN.

BEATRISA

(conversation in Spanish) But he was my husband!

HENCHMAN

He was my boss. So? He is still dead.

Henchman pushes Beatrisa out the front door.

BEATRISA

This is my house!

EXT. ACEDO MANSION - DAY

Henchman throws Beatrisa to the hard ground. Beatrisa protects Vijuanito in her arms, takes the brunt of the fall.

BEATRISA

(in Spanish)

My baby will starve! And my things?

Henchman slams the door shut. Beatrisa, alone.

INT. MASTERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Masterson, feet up, reads Popular Science magazine.

Braeden enters, clears his throat. Masterson doesn't look up.

BRAEDEN

Elected from the ranks to address the issue of physical specimen discrimination in this office, let's start with shooting. Who needs a biceps to pull a trigger? Just because Fontaine's got--

MASTERSON

Those Nigerian marriage certificates done yet?

BRAEDEN

Well...

MASTERSON

Better see to it.

Braedon, head down, goes back out into the basement.

Masterson settles back into his magazine.

Fontaine and Loni click-step in. Salute.

Masterson sits up with a start, looks at his watch.

MASTERSON

Those tickets were non-refundable.

FONTAINE

There's a better way, sir.

MASTERSON

Than what?

FONTAINE

Than this.

Masterson looks at Loni, a big "uh-oh" in his eyes.

MASTERSON

My way is a helluva lot more fun.

Loni shakes her head, doesn't want to get involved.

FONTAINE

I've taken care of dictators, drug runners, warlords, pimps. But it's never going to end, is it?

Masterson stands, uses his bulk to intimidate.

MASTERSON

Our mission ends with peace, not a moment before. Now, get on a goddamn plane and take care of Beatrisa Acedo.

Masterson points to the door, menacing.

Fontaine, face drawn into a tight shell, salutes crisply, too crisply, wheels around and stalks out.

Masterson collapses into a chair, sucks on jelly beans like a pacifier. Uses a calm condescending teacher's tone with Loni.

MASTERSON

You know why we're a nameless arm? Why we get a secret budget? Why the CIA doesn't even know we exist?

LONI

Not really, sir.

MASTERSON

Because the job we do would be reviled by the American people. They think scaring a guy with water is torture, you think they'd like this? They want the screwers dead. They just don't want to see it happen. They don't want to think they're paying for it.

LONI

Yes, sir. He gets it.

MASTERSON

Well, help him get it again.

LONI

(qulps)

Yes, sir.

BASEMENT

At a locker, Fontaine clears out piles of currency, passports, credit cards. Stuffs them into his pockets.

The Triplets stare at him with blank looks, almost incurious.

Loni comes in from Masterson's office.

LONI

Are we going?

FONTAINE

We're going.

Fontaine goes out the main door, hard strides, purposeful.

Loni rushes to follow him.

Caden grabs her arm, places something in her upturned palm.

Loni looks down. Caden's eyes are hard, unfeeling.

Loni is torn, her lips say "no" but her eyes understand.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - DAY

Fontaine sits down at a computer at the back of the crowded room. He rotates the monitor, makes sure no one else can see.

Loni rushes in, makes her way to a seat next to him.

Fontaine brings up an internet browser.

LON]

(whispered conversation) What are we doing here?

FONTAINE

I need out, Loni.

LONI

General can't let us go.

FONTAINE

He tell you to say that?

TIONT

So you don't think you can kill--

Other PATRONS turn around, stern shushing faces.

FONTAINE

That's not it. If I leave, someone else is gonna step up, someone else is gonna do it. Someone else is always gonna do it... You.

LONI

So what?

FONTAINE

So the world needs... changing.

LONI

Oh.

FONTAINE

I need you to take me seriously.

Loni looks at him with foreboding. She nods.

Fontaine types in a Russian government site, a contact form, clicks on the name (in Russian) "Col. Andrei Laskoff, Army". An HTML message box appears.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

(types in Russian) "To Col. Laskoff: I know of your supervisory role in the RTZV, the Russian Secret Military Defense. I seek to negotiate with you to bring a peaceable trust between our peoples, and I seek Amnul Demidov's personal apology for my wife's murder. John Fontaine."

BACK TO SCENE

Loni shakes her head.

LONI

No, no, no, no. Think, John--

FONTAINE

Thanks, I have. This was your idea, remember?

LONI

It's one thing to want it.

FONTAINE

So you're not with me?

LONI

<u>With</u> you? You're not a diplomat. "Kneel for these bastards--

FONTAINE

Are we any better?

Loni thinks for a moment.

LONI

Yes.

FONTAINE

Why? What makes us different?

LONI

It's our, the way... we're a...

Fontaine nods, slow, calculating, disappointed.

She hugs him. He bows his head, bone-tired. She leans in as for a kiss, but stops an inch from his face, looks at him.

LONI

You need to know who your friends are.

ANGLE ON LONI'S HAND

Very subtle. She moves a finger, leaves behind a tiny piece of material on his shirt.

LONI (O.S.)

But it's always got to be on your terms, doesn't it?

BACK TO SCENE

FONTAINE

Tell Masterson I want some time off. Not a request.

Loni nods.

FONTAINE

If I can't do this, I don't know--

TIONT

I wouldn't know what to do without you, John.

Fontaine closes his eyes.

Loni leaves.

Fontaine clicks "Send".

INT. RTZV SUMMONS ROOM - DAY

A dark, small conference room, a war room. Ceiling-to-floor tapestries are exotic, erotic, violent, a mix of Slavic and Arabic cultures. No windows, walled off from the world.

An unoccupied throne, elegant carved mahogany. A squat black conference table neatly strewn with papers, small bowls of fruit and salted sardines and hardboiled eggs.

Next to the throne: COL. ANDREI LASKOFF (70s), desert camelman meets sleek Beijing. Reads e-mail on his Blackberry.

An unseen door opens, Demidov slides in, bows. Perches straightbacked on a stool across the table from Laskoff. Selects an egg, peels it.

DEMIDOV

(conversation in Russian) Col. Laskoff. You called?

Laskoff slides his Blackberry across the table: Fontaine's e-mail. Demidov's eyebrows rise.

DEMIDOV

He knows you're RTZV?

LASKOFF

That is not the point.

Demidov is under Laskoff's skin.

Laskoff picks up his Blackberry, dials. Speaker phone. A strong, reedy voice: MADAME EXECUTOR (60s), condescending tones of the overworked bureaucrat.

MADAME EXECUTOR (V.O.)

Laskoff. Demidov there?

DEMIDOV

Yes, Madame Executor.

MADAME EXECUTOR (V.O.)

There is an opportunity here.

LASKOFF

But are his people behind this?

DEMIDOV

I think not. Americans are mad dogs for apologies, but only public apologies, the ones that embarrass.

Laskoff rubs his hands, almost gleeful.

LASKOFF

It is a trap, Madame Executor. He wants Demidov in the open.

MADAME EXECUTOR (V.O.)
Yes, this is possible. Arrange a
meet. Take no chances. Kill him if
you must. Report everything.

Demidov gloats a tiny triumphant grin at Laskoff, pops the whole peeled egg into his mouth.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - DAY

Fontaine solves an internet sudoku puzzle with blazing speed.

A new email appears in a sidebar in-box.

He clicks on it, his breathing suddenly labored. Reads:

"I have been authorized to extend a sincere apology, which I will deliver in person during negotiations at a place of my choosing. Love and kisses, Amnul Demidov."

Fontaine exhales, hand on chin, thinking.

Types: "There has been too much blood. The sooner the better." Clicks "Send".

A new message arrives.

His face slackens into disbelief. Reads:

"My thoughts exactly. My office. Sears Tower, Chicago, 94th Floor, Morgan Consulting. 5:30 PM tonight."

Fontaine's eyes flit back and forth across the message.

FONTAINE

What the...?

His eyes focus on the words "Chicago" and "Sears Tower".

INT. CHICAGO - POST OFFICE - DAY

Fontaine, at the postage counter, lays down a manila envelope.

He looks around, furtive. Pays in cash.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Loni, sports bra and sweats, pounds at a punching ball in a far corner.

Masterson wanders out of his office, watches her rhythm, mesmerized by her hips.

MASTERSON

You don't like it. Expendability.

LONI

He's taught me everything I know.

MASTERSON

Phooey. I taught <u>him</u> everything, so I taught you.

LONI

He lost his wife, for god's sake!

Loni increases her furious pace.

MASTERSON

It wasn't for God's sake.

Loni hits one last resounding punch. Turns around.

Masterson is gone.

INT. CHICAGO - BITTY'S TAVERN - DAY

The Triplets sit around a table, munch greasy hamburgers, swill beer.

Expressionless, they talk through their food.

CADEN

Think a gun range is necessary.

BRAEDEN

What, in the house?

JAYDEN

Soundproof the walls and ceiling. There's a simple algorithm --

CADEN

Basement's not long enough.

BRAEDEN

What about a nunchuck master and self-defense tutor, too?

CADEN

Who needs self-defense? Best defense is a good offense.

BRAEDEN

Where should the first mission be?

CADEN

Haven't had any good targets in Southeast Asia in the last year.

BRAEDEN

Eh. Monsoons.

CADEN

Sub-Sahara's always active.

BRAEDEN

Cuba's boring and overdone.

JAYDEN

North Korea? Just a simple algorithm--

BRAEDEN

No. A mission might as well be comfortable.

CADEN

First one done with their burger gets called "Ironsides".

Speedeating.

Braeden's phone rings.

BRAEDEN

(reads a text message) Fontaine's on the move.

Jayden pours all three beers into a giant plastic soda cup. Hugs it to his chest.

The Triplets rush out.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

All workstations occupied by Loni and the Triplets.

LONI

(to Masterson)

He's stopped.

Masterson comes in from his office. He trips at the sill, spills jelly beans on the floor, genuflects to pick them up.

LONI

Wacker Drive.

MASTERSON

The Sears Tower?

Loni's computer displays an area map.

MASTERSON

Sightseeing? Meeting someone?

Loni claps her hand to her mouth.

LONI

Oh, no. He's depressed.

Loni jumps to her feet, pops in an earpiece, dashes outside.

Caden mimics a swan dive with his hand, a small impact noise.

Masterson's knee locks. He can't stand up.

MASTERSON

Trick knee again. Man down.

INT. SEARS TOWER - 94TH FLOOR LOBBY - DAY

A SECRETARY sits at her desk, watches the clock, ready to bolt for the day. Her computer, already off.

Demidov pops his head from a door: "Morgan Consulting". A genial smile.

DEMIDOV

(no trace of an accent)
Go ahead, I'll lock up.

She grabs her purse, bolts for the elevator.

SECRETARY

Are you sure?

Without waiting for a response, she hits the down button.

INT./EXT. LONI'S CAR/CHICAGO FREEWAYS - DAY

Loni races down the highway, recklessly hits 100 MPH, weaves in and out of traffic.

INT. SEARS TOWER - MAIN LOBBY - DAY

Fontaine baby-steps to the tenant elevators, wary, eyes roving as if Demidov is behind every pillar.

At the elevators, he sees a Directory, searches out Morgan Consulting, finally finds it at the 94th floor.

Hits the up button.

The elevator door opens. Secretary out, Fontaine in.

INT. SEARS TOWER - TENANT ELEVATOR - DAY

Fontaine holds Peacekeeper behind his back, away from the security cameras.

INT. SEARS TOWER - 94TH FLOOR LOBBY - DAY

Fontaine steps out into the lobby, takes in every detail. He breathes in and out, long and slow, forced relaxation.

He nudges the Morgan door, latched. He reaches out...

INT. MORGAN CONSULTING - DAY

Demidov stands behind a cubicle wall, holds a shotgun over the wall, aims directly at the door.

Fontaine sinks to a crouch as he swings the door open, creeps in, Peacekeeper still behind his back.

He can't see Demidov or the shotgun, inspects the room.

Demidov curses silently to himself in Russian. He sees the open door, but not Fontaine.

Who will make the first move?

Fontaine clears his throat. Loud.

Demidov almost pulls the trigger reflexively. He breathes.

DEMIDOV

Welcome to Morgan Consulting.

FONTAINE

Demidov?

DEMIDOV

(accent comes back)
My happy America name is Morgan.
And I consult. Come back to my
office, where I am waiting.

Fontaine creeps along the wall, Peacekeeper at the ready now.

DEMIDOV

Fontaine?

FONTAINE

I want to know you respect what I'm doing here.

DEMIDOV

Respect is no issue. I hope you are not being armed... Fontaine?

Fontaine freezes, sights along the gun. He waits, slowly swings Peacekeeper to where he thinks he hears the voice.

DEMIDOV

Fontaine? Where are you? Ah. You are come to kill me.

BAM! BAM-BAM! Demidov fires the shotgun, blindly.

Fontaine slides across the wall back towards the door.

BAM! BAM-BAM! Demidov fires into the door behind Fontaine, stops Fontaine in his tracks, blocks his exit.

INT./EXT. LONI'S CAR/CHICAGO STREETS - DAY

Loni careens down the freeway off-ramp, rockets onto S. Wacker Dr. The car barrels down the street, slips up onto the sidewalk, screeches to a halt.

Loni jumps out, races into the Sears Tower.

INT. SEARS TOWER - MAIN LOBBY - DAY

Loni sprints to the tourist elevators, the direct line to the roof. She pounds the up button. A TOURIST GUIDE (18), an eyeroller from way back, shoots Loni her choicest glare.

TOURIST GUIDE

The next ride is--

LONT

Kid! Get me up there.

Tourist Guide steps back at the commanding voice. She half-smiles, half-sneers. Twirls her hair. Presses a button.

The elevator opens.

TOURIST GUIDE

Um. Have a good trip...

INT. SEARS TOWER - TOURIST ELEVATOR - DAY

Horrid, unsettling elevator music.

Loni paces.

EXT. SEARS TOWER SIGHT DECK - DAY

The tourist elevator opens, Loni races out, frantic, looks everywhere, dodges tourists and school children.

LONT

John? John?

She sprints out onto a glass-bottomed ledge, looks straight down at the sidewalk, 1400 feet away.

LONI

I don't see him, General.

INT. MASTERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Masterson has his feet up on the desk, nervously chomps on his jelly beans.

Caden, Braeden, and Jaden listen in. Caden mimics the swan dive again.

CADEN

You pass him on the way up?

LONI (V.O.)

(filtered)

Shut up.

INT. MORGAN CONSULTING - DAY

Computer monitors have gaping holes. The door hangs from hinges. Windows broken, papers scattered, lamps smashed.

Fontaine slumps exhausted against a bowed cubicle wall. Demidov crouches, tongue lolling, on the other side.

FONTAINE

You're a heartless bastard.

DEMIDOV

And you are not?

They start awake at the same moment, spatial awareness. They both pull up into a crouch.

The wall, without their bodies to support it, teeters, falls on Fontaine, flattens him.

Demidov twirls, points the shotgun down at Fontaine.

DEMTDOV

We have been here before.

FONTAINE

You didn't kill me.

DEMIDOV

No. You are useful.

FONTAINE

I just... want... peace.

DEMIDOV

If you want peace, you should not have bringing a gun.

FONTAINE

If you want trust, you shouldn't run an office in my hometown.

Demidov suddenly smiles broadly.

DEMIDOV

Give me.

FONTAINE

Nope. Peacekeeper I keep.

DEMIDOV

So you think.

Demidov, insistent, hand outstretched.

Fontaine hands over his gun, butt first. Demidov takes it, grasps his forearm, pulls Fontaine to his feet.

Demidov thumps Fontaine's shoulder like a gladiator, pushes him towards a chair in front of the marble desk.

Demidov slides into his leather chair.

DEMIDOV

So, let us talk, then.

INT. TOURIST ELEVATOR - DAY

Going down. Loni fidgets, bites her nails.

INT. MAIN LOBBY - DAY

Loni dashes out of the elevator to the Tourist Guide.

LONI

Did a man come by here? Dark hair, about so tall, good looking?

Tourist Guide gives a world-class eye roll.

TOURIST GUIDE

All day, every day.

Loni holds back a scream, sprints outside.

EXT. SEARS TOWER - CONTINUOUS

A police car, lights flashing, parked on the street next to Loni's car. Two inquisitive COPS peer in it, look at her.

COP #1

Loni Emery?

COP #2

This is your car.

Loni gives up, a huge exhale.

LONI

Yeah, I know.

INT. MORGAN CONSULTING - DAY

Fontaine, excited, forward on his chair. Demidov leans back, Cheshire Cat smile, pats his belly.

DEMIDOV

(over-enunciates)

I am not yet authorized to reciprocate. Do it first, prove your worth, and I will moving mountains for you.

Fontaine nods, smiles, extends his hand for a shake.

FONTAINE

This can work, can't it?

Demidov stands, smiles down at Fontaine.

DEMIDOV

Do not forget to bring it.

Demidov slaps Peacekeeper into Fontaine's hand.

INT. MAIN LOBBY - DAY

Fontaine emerges from the tenant elevator, jazzed up, bounces on his toes, jiggly with excitement, heads outside.

EXT. SEARS TOWER - DAY

Fontaine comes out the front doors, sees Loni, the Cops, the car on the sidewalk. His good mood evaporates.

Loni sees him, breaks away from Cop #2, runs to him.

LONI

Oh, thank God! Are you okay?

FONTAINE

What are you doing here?

LONI

I was worried about you.

FONTAINE

Well, thanks. But what $\underline{\text{are}}$ you doing $\underline{\text{here}}$?

The jig is up. Loni pulls the tracking piece off his shirt.

Fontaine's eyes are cold.

FONTAINE

I do know who my friends are.

Fontaine stalks off towards a parking garage.

LONI

John, it's not like that!

Loni tries to catch up to him, detained by Cop #1.

COP #1

Unh-uh. We got some paperwork to

DOWN ANGLE

The distance between Loni and Fontaine grows.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dark. Closed for the night.

The thick door cracks open. Fontaine slips in, puts down burglar tools. Uses a pen flashlight, creeps around.

EXT. CHICAGO - SUNRISE

The sun casts a marvelous glow across the famous skyline.

INT. SEARS TOWER - 94TH FLOOR - LOBBY - MORNING

Secretary exits the elevator. Stops in her tracks as she sees the destruction, eyes grow wide, mouth an "O".

INT./EXT. FONTAINE'S CAR/CHICAGO POST OFFICE - MORNING

Fontaine sleeps in the car, the parking lot beginning to fill. The shadow of a MAN passing his car awakens him.

He rubs his eyes, awareness comes slowly.

He picks up another manila envelope from his back seat, addresses it with a hasty pen. Puts on dark sunglasses.

Gets out, goes in the Post Office.

INT. SHEDD AQUARIUM - CHICAGO - DAY

Still in sunglasses, Fontaine pays a TICKET SELLER, strolls into the main lobby of Shedd Aquarium.

Fontaine looks around, hands in pockets. Nothing unusual. Just crowds of schoolchildren and small families.

Looks into the large cylindrical tank, watches the fish.

LONI (0.S.)
You look terrible, John.

Fontaine doesn't move a muscle. He sees her reflection in the glass tank, standing next to him. He waits.

She leans her forehead against his shoulder, like she's trying to look into his heart.

His face relaxes, he exhales.

FONTAINE

Getting good at trailing?

LONI

Just a lucky guess.

FONTAINE

I'm waiting for your next lie.

LONI

Come on in. We can still make all this right.

FONTAINE

That's what I'm doing.

Loni looks up at him with wide eyes, hoping he doesn't mean what she thinks he means.

Loni pulls out a tiny gun, presses it into Fontaine's side, casual. But her finger trembles on the trigger.

FONTAINE

I get to be your first?

LONI

John, don't you make me do this. I don't want to...

FONTAINE

Really? Then help me.

Loni, on the verge of a meltdown, can barely speak.

Her gun wobbles, shakes against his side.

Fontaine just watches her.

Then...

KNOCK! KNOCK! A DIVER in the tank with the fishes, knocks on the wall, waves at them, points at a large turtle.

Fontaine uses the distraction to close his hand over Loni's gun, pulls it away from his body.

She fights to bring it back, to aim it at him. Their bodies are still, only their arms fight for control.

Back and forth.

AHEM! A throat clears behind them.

It's Demidov. With a smile. And a hidden gun aimed at Loni.

DEMIDOV

And for whom do you work?

A triangle of death. No one moves, but eyes fly everywhere.

KNOCK! KNOCK! Diver displays a playful shark. And is ignored.

FONTAINE

Amnul, Loni. Loni, Amnul. She was my partner.

Loni's world is turned upside down.

LONI

You're with them?

FONTAINE

We should all be with each other.

DEMIDOV

If she is to shoot you, she is of them. Not of us.

LONI

Them? I'm us.

FONTAINE

(to Demidov)

We're we.

(to Loni)

We were. Give it to me.

After a moment's thought, Loni gives Fontaine her gun.

Fontaine takes a package from his pocket, a roll of bills, hands it to Demidov. A piece of paper on top of the money, small print lists, addresses, and: "Brick Masterson".

LONI

John, no!

DEMIDOV

Come with me, Emery. There is being a nice dumpster in the alley.

FONTAINE

No! The agency war's over.

LONI

Gee, thanks. How noble.

Loni crumples to the ground, torn apart by tears.

DEMIDOV

Well, this is discreet, Fontaine.

Fontaine scratches his head, at a loss, what to do...

KNOCK! KNOCK! The diver strokes the back of a gigantic manta ray. Points at Loni, waves.

FONTAINE

That's it!

DEMIDOV

What?

The ray swirls around the diver, swims up the side of the tank.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - TELEVISION STUDIO - MONITORS - NIGHT

A logo: a swimming devil ray with the words "The Brendan Ray LiveTalk at PrimeTime".

The logo fades into the smile of Brendan Ray.

BRENDAN RAY

Good evening and good thoughts, America. Brendan Ray LiveTalk at PrimeTime here to celebrate an hour with you tonight, and, boy, do we have a breaking story of murder, assassination... and who's to blame? Two extraordinary guests with us tonight. Let me welcome our first guest, joining us by telephone, Special Agent John Fontaine.

INT. MORGAN CONSULTING - NIGHT

The office space has been repaired, new windows, updated furniture scattered throughout.

Fontaine at Demidov's desk, telephone to his ear, can of tomato juice on the desk.

FONTAINE

(into phone)

Good evening, Brendan, how are you?... Yep. No doubt...

(chuckles amiably)

Anything to help your ratings...

INT. ON SET - TELEVISION STUDIO - NIGHT

Brendan nods, face frozen in affability.

BRENDAN RAY

We also welcome a frequent commentator to the program, White House spokesperson, Tia Dawson.

Brendan swivels his chair. Tia Dawson sits nearby.

BRENDAN RAY

Lovely as always, Tia.

TIA

Flattering as always, Brendan!

Audience giggles.

BRENDAN RAY

Well, oh boy, let's hear all about Agent Fontaine's gripping story... Right after these messages.

INT. RTZV SUMMONS ROOM - NIGHT

Laskoff, alone with a large flat screen TV, watches Brendan Ray fade into a commercial.

Demidov rushes in, out of breath, panting.

DEMIDOV

(conversation in Russian) Has it begun yet?

LASKOFF

Oh, yes... You arrived quickly.

DEMIDOV

I used your private jet.

Laskoff gives him a dirty look.

Demidov shakes his head: "Gotcha!"

Demidov hands the roll of money across the table. Laskoff, a shit-eating grin.

Laskoff looks at the piece of paper, starts typing the information into his Blackberry.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The bank of monitors shows the on-air commercial and several views of Brendan and Tia.

The show's female DIRECTOR (40s), haggard stressaholic, stands with feet apart like the captain of a rolling ship. She snaps orders to two ENGINEERS.

DIRECTOR

We'll come back in close on two. Give me the logo again. This one is huge. Get a sweep in-shot of the crowd to Brendan. Practice that, three. No, now. Yes, good. Just like that. Three, go back, rerun that. Good.

INT. MORGAN CONSULTING - NIGHT

Fontaine taps his feet to the hold music on the phone.

Loni is bound to a nearby chair, mouth shut with duct tape.

Loni's eyes: fury.

INT. ON SET - NIGHT

Brendan Ray moves his jaw up and down, side to side, several times, loosens up.

INT. BITTY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

The Triplets hold limp onion rings. Their heads are turned in comic unison, agape, slack-jawed, stare at a television.

Masterson, on the other side of the booth, swallows whole jelly beans like pills, incredulous eyes on the television.

The commercial fades into the Brendan Ray logo, a sweeping shot of the cheering crowd, in to Brendan's plastic grin.

BRENDAN RAY (V.O.)

Good evening and good thoughts, America! Good to be back with John Fontaine and Tia Dawson. Well, Agent Fontaine, why don't you tell us a little about yourself?

FONTAINE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Sure, Brendan. I joined the army at 18, Delta Force by 20. For the last four years, I have been a field agent for a cloak-and-dagger government organization that performs assassinations abroad in direct violation of President Reagan's Executive Order twelve three thirty-three. Our targets also included rogue US citizens who performed non-extraditable illegal acts abroad. Funded by covert siphoning from the Department of Agriculture, and founded by General Brick Masterson-

INTERCUT SCENES - CONTROL ROOM

Director hears a noise behind her, swivels.

SECRET SERVICE LEADER, sternfaced, flanked by two SECRET SERVICE MEN holding cases.

SECRET SERVICE LEADER

Who's the Director?

DIRECTOR

You're not allowed in here.

SECRET SERVICE LEADER Secret Service, ma'am. I need to trace that phone call.

DIRECTOR

Violation of freedom of--

SECRET SERVICE LEADER

Thank you, ma'am.

Without even a signal, the Secret Service Men kneel, open their cases, plug things in, wire things up, and hey presto!

SECRET SERVICE MAN #1 Give us five minutes, sir.

SECRET SERVICE LEADER

(to Director)

Will Fontaine be on the phone for five minutes?

DIRECTOR

This is an hour show.

Director turns away in a huff, whispers to an Engineer.

DIRECTOR

Remind me to complain about this.

ON SET

Brendan Ray looks directly into the camera.

BRENDAN RAY

This is shocking stuff, Agent Fontaine. How many assassinations would you say you've performed?

FONTAINE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Personally? Or as part of a team?

BRENDAN RAY

Either.

FONTAINE (V.O.)

(no hesitation)

Seventy-four.

The studio audience gasps.

RTZV SUMMONS ROOM

Demidov scoffs.

DEMIDOV

That's it?

MORGAN CONSULTING

FONTAINE

There's not a single one that I'm proud of, Brendan, nor a single one that couldn't have been avoided.

CONTROL ROOM

SECRET SERVICE LEADER

Come on, come on.

SECRET SERVICE MAN #2 He's not stupid, sir. He's got some scrambling device. Sounds foreign.

SECRET SERVICE LEADER Can you break it?

Secret Service Man #2 snorts.

SECRET SERVICE MAN #2 Oh, yes, sir.

ON SET

FONTAINE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Brendan, after assassinating men and women for our country, I sit here convinced that the theory of killing one man to save many is a load of crap. Every man we kill, another takes his place.

BRENDAN RAY

What made you decide to disclose all of this classified information?

FONTAINE (V.O.)

Personal tragedy. Our organization's fiercest enemy, the Russian Secret Military Defense, the RTZV, broke into my apartment to kill me. I wasn't there. But my wife was.

Audience moans, weeps, loud wails disrupt the program.

Brenden shushes them, waves his arms.

CONTROL ROOM

DIRECTOR

Get me the crowd. All cams on crowd, pronto! 5, stay on Brenden.

BITTY'S TAVERN

The Triplets pretend to cry and clap, sarcastic.

RTZV SUMMONS ROOM

Demidov shrugs. Laskoff grins, cat-eating-the-canary.

LASKOFF

(in Russian)

Look how soft they are. How easy to manipulate. Now I could rule that country, stupid pussycats. Love me!

Laskoff slowly closes a fist, shakes it, imagines control.

MORGAN CONSULTING

Fontaine wipes away real tears. Loni's eyes soften as well.

FONTAINE

We can't get peace by death. There won't be anyone left to enjoy it.

CONTROL ROOM

Secret Service Man #2 smiles.

SECRET SERVICE MAN #2

Got him.

Secret Service Leader eyes a laptop readout.

SECRET SERVICE LEADER OK. Get our Chicago team rolling.

ON SET

The crowd settles down. Brendan looks into a camera.

FONTAINE (V.O.)

(filtered)

I was just on a mission when I encountered an operative of the RTZV. And it struck me, if I'd been given the order, I would've killed his wife, too. Our enemies are just people. They want what we want. We want security. The true blueprint for national security is world peace.

Applause, tentative at first, deepens in intensity.

BRENDAN RAY

We'll hear what the White House has to say about these shocking revelations... after these messages.

The audience gasps, disappointed in suspense. Huge applause.

MORGAN CONSULTING

Fontaine looks at Loni.

FONTATNE

I've got seventy-four ghosts, Loni. It's better you don't have any.

Loni tries to talk, muffled. Fontaine pretends to understand.

FONTAINE

Thanks for asking. It's going great.

RTZV SUMMONS ROOM

Laskoff's phone rings. He turns it on, speaker phone.

MADAME EXECUTOR (V.O.)

(conversation in Russian)
Laskoff? You're seeing this?

LASKOFF

Yes. He has them under a spell.

MADAME EXECUTOR (V.O.)

Emotion fades faster than reason.

LASKOFF

See how he weakens them.

DEMIDOV

You don't mind him telling the world about our existence?

MADAME EXECUTOR (V.O.)

We're a fairy tale, a bedtime story. No, I think it will enhance our recruitment.

Laskoff laughs.

MORGAN CONSULTING

FONTAINE

Amnul's not the monster you think. He's just the enemy 'cause of where he was born. He's the same as us.

Loni strains against her duct tape gag.

FONTAINE

Okay, maybe a little bit shorter.

BITTY'S TAVERN

Masterson and the Triplets eat their entrees: steak for Masterson and burgers for the Triplets.

CADEN

Tia Dawson's hot.

BRAEDEN

With that much makeup.

CADEN

Hot has nothing to do with makeup.

JAYDEN

Hotness is a simple algorithm --

MASTERSON

Zip it.

Brendan Ray is back on the television.

BRENDAN RAY

... for the President, Tia Dawson.

TIA

Hello, Brendan.

ON SET

Tia Dawson, comfortable, turns to a camera, shuffles papers.

TIA

Agent Fontaine has blown a giant hole in our concept of light-on-the-hill America. At first, this seems a shocking revelation of our own inhumanity. But recall, Agent Fontaine himself has claimed that he works for a nameless army, a secret organization, that funds itself by stealing money from hardworking middle-class farmers.

The audience grumbles. Not the middle-class farmers!

TIA

Why the secrecy? Because they know that their work, their missions, their assassinations, strike at the very heart of America, at the core of justice within us all. TIA (CONT'D)

They do not just kill individuals in foreign lands, if indeed they act as he claims, no, they rend the moral fabric that binds us, makes us great. This is why Agent Fontaine, his personal tragedy aside, is, unequivocally, a traitor.

The audience gasps again, murmurs among itself.

BITTY'S TAVERN

CADEN

Uh oh.

Jayden collects several plates of half-finished apple pie, stuffs them all in his mouth.

Masterson raises his hand.

MASTERSON

Check!

MORGAN CONSULTING

Fontaine punches the air, enraged. Loni's eyes ask: "What happened?" Fontaine covers the phone, hisses.

FONTAINE

She called me a traitor.

Loni rolls her eyes, as if to say, "What did you expect?"

ON SET

Tia looks steadily into the glare of the hot lights.

TIA

It is a grave mistake to think that Agent Fontaine, or whatever his real name is, is anything but a common murderer.

FONTAINE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Oh, please.

Brendan, startled, forgot Fontaine was on the phone.

CONTROL ROOM

DIRECTOR

Mute the phone! Jeez.

ON SET

TIA

Agent Fontaine, the President's message is this: You have operated outside the law for too long. Your many crimes cannot be overlooked, for the good of our citizens, for America, for the world. We will find you, we will find your associates, and we will bring you to justice.

The audience spontaneously applauds.

BITTY'S TAVERN

Masterson, the Triplets: gone. A cup of coffee still steams.

ON SET

BRENDAN RAY

Wow. Oh, boy. Powerful stuff to chew on. Tia, you'll be available after the break?

Tia nods, smiling, the new face of Apple-Pie America.

BRENDAN RAY

Then we'll take your phone calls after these messages.

The audience whoops and hollers.

EXT. SEARS TOWER - NIGHT

S.W.A.T. truck pulls up to the front door, lights off. S.W.A.T. TEAM piles out, surrounds the front door in silence.

INT. MORGAN CONSULTING - NIGHT

Fontaine leans back, hands over his face, phone on the desk.

FONTAINE

They just don't get it. Why does it all make sense to me? Loni, I'm sorry.

Fontaine stands up, crosses to her, rips off the duct tape, cuts her loose with a sharp field knife.

LONT

Ow.

FONTAINE

You won't do me any good here. I don't know, go off somewhere, far away, and go have a lot of babies.

Loni slaps him. Hard.

Loni turns on her heel, leaves. Tears in her eyes.

Fontaine slumps back into his chair.

INT. 94TH FLOOR - LOBBY - NIGHT

Loni gets in the elevator. Doors close.

She bursts out in long-repressed sobs.

INT. RTZV SUMMONS ROOM - NIGHT

MADAME EXECUTOR (V.O.)
(conversation in Russian)
By Fontaine's folly the people of
the US will not allow their
government to harass us any further.
But Fontaine knows too much about
us, so he is a potential liability.
Demidov, be ready. To kill him.

Demidov fidgets, uncomfortable.

MADAME EXECUTOR (V.O.)

Demidov? Demidov?

DEMIDOV

How will I know when?

MADAME EXECUTOR (V.O.)

(exasperated)

When he realizes we're not on his side.

INT. SEARS TOWER - MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT

The S.W.A.T. team waits outside the tenant elevator, led by a watchful POINT MAN. The doors open.

Loni walks out. A soft, surprised scream.

She assumes a defensive stance.

S.W.A.T. POINT MAN

Don't be alarmed, miss. We're just going up.

(sees her reddened eyes) There, there.

Not what she expected.

The S.W.A.T. team floods into the elevator.

INT. ON SET - NIGHT

BRENDAN RAY

Our first caller, Bonnie from Austin.

BONNIE FROM AUSTIN (V.O.)

(filtered)

Can't we cut this guy a break? It's about time we moved against some of these scum, fight terror with terror, scare the rest into doing nothing. Right?

BRENDAN RAY

Good thoughts! Thanks, Bonnie!

FONTAINE (V.O.)

(filtered)

I'm not looking for a break. I think everyone's missing the point. I just want world peace, to start here with our olive branch.

BRENDAN RAY

Oh, boy, there's a noble thought.

TIA

But you can't undo the damage you have done, Agent Fontaine.

INT. 94TH FLOOR - NIGHT

The elevator doors open. The S.W.A.T. team spreads out noiselessly into the lobby.

S.W.A.T. Point Man opens the door to Morgan Consulting.

INT. MORGAN CONSULTING - NIGHT

S.W.A.T. Point Man leads the way, the team ducks around cubicles, follow the sound of Fontaine's voice.

FONTAINE (O.S.)

I'm not saying I haven't done terrible things. I was just following orders, orders from the government and people of the USA.

INT. ON SET - NIGHT

Tia scoffs.

TIA

The greatest atrocities in history have been "just following orders." You have personal responsibility for what you've done, mister.

The crowd nods, vocal support for Tia as though she were a boxer in a ring: "Nice shot", "That's right", "You go, girl!"

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The Secret Service men finish packing up. They slither out the door.

SECRET SERVICE LEADER

Thank you, Ma'am.

Director thumbs them out, not even turning around.

Secret Service Leader melts into the hallway, shuts the door silently behind him.

INT. MORGAN CONSULTING - NIGHT

Fontaine sits forward in his chair, holds the phone in front of him, talks sternly, as if the phone is disobedient.

FONTAINE

I believe the American people have a responsibility to show the rest of the world--

The S.W.A.T. team pops up over and around the cubicles walls, all weapons aimed between Fontaine's eyes.

An impressive move. They came from nowhere.

Fontaine's mouth drops, shocked, professional admiration.

INT. ON SET - NIGHT

Brendan's plastered-on smile. Tia shakes her head, an air of righteous indignation.

FONTAINE (V.O.)

(filtered)

--shit.

Brendan's turn to be shocked.

Tia almost laughs. The audience does.

BRENDAN RAY

Agent Fontaine? We try to watch our language, we're live.

Sounds of sliding and scraping on the phone.

BRENDAN RAY

Agent Fontaine? Are you there?

S.W.A.T. POINT MAN (V.O.)

(filtered)

Hello? Who's this?

BRENDAN RAY

Well, this is certainly odd. My name is Brendan Ray, and you're speaking to millions of viewers on Brendan Ray LiveTalk at PrimeTime.

CLICK. The phone hangs up.

BRENDAN RAY

Good thoughts! Thanks...?

Brendan looks hopelessly confused. Not used to this.

TIA

Let me venture a guess. That was law enforcement, tracking down and apprehending a dangerous criminal on the loose in America.

The audience rises. A thunderous standing ovation.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Director raises both arms, like a touchdown.

DIRECTOR

Now that's good television.

INT. RTZV SUMMONS ROOM - NIGHT

Demidov and Laskoff watch the screen, mouths open.

DEMIDOV

(conversation in Russian)
Unbelievable.

LASKOFF

Haha! Those idiots. They always despise their best soldiers.

MADAME EXECUTOR (V.O.) Soon the chaos will subside, he

will be forgotten, America will breathe a sigh of relief in their complacency... And Demidov?

DEMIDOV

Yes, Madame Executor. I'm listening.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Loni comes in the heavy door, exhausted, out of tears.

The Triplets box up everything, computers, tables, weapons, papers, cables. They wear holsters and weapons.

Masterson bursts from his office, face twisted in fury.

MASTERSON

You said he'd get it.

LONI

He did what he thought was right.

MASTERSON

What he blister-fucking thought was right? Lives are at stake. You have five seconds to disayow him.

The Triplets draw their guns, point them at her.

She nods.

Masterson swats Braeden on the back of the head.

MASTERSON

Your safety's on.

BRAEDEN

What's a safety?

INT. S.W.A.T. TRUCK - NIGHT

Fontaine, cuffed and trussed, is tossed to the floor like a sack of potatoes. His eyes, small, frightened... lonely.

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - DAY

Masterson, Loni, and the Triplets carry the boxes to a nondescript green van.

CADEN

(whispered, to Jayden)
Road trip!

INT./EXT. GREEN VAN/COUNTRY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A dark, lonely road. Loni drives, Masterson in the passenger seat, the Triplets piled on boxes in the back.

Masterson seems like he's been shaking his head for hours.

MASTERSON

He named names!

CADEN

Well, yours.

MASTERSON

What does he think is going to happen to us? They're gonna scalp both my heads. They're gonna gut my guts. Goddamn! Let's just burn our country's only muscle?

Loni drives on in silence. Pulls into a gas station.

INT./EXT. GREEN VAN/GAS STATION - NIGHT

Caden pumps gas. Braeden and Jayden buy piles of candy bars inside the convenience shop.

Masterson, strangely illuminated by the bright overhead fluorescent lights, corpse-like in his seat.

MASTERSON

Loni, you're damaged goods to me. You get one break.

Loni nods.

MASTERSON

You need to take care of Fontaine before he spills. Make it look like Demidov did it. That's good.

Loni turns to him, shocked.

MASTERSON

Face it, it's world peace or him.

EXT. GAS STATION - DOWN ANGLE - NIGHT

The green van pulls away from the gas station.

Loni stands by a gas pump, small and alone in the empty countryside.

The distance between them grows.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - BOOKING ROOM - DAY

Fontaine, cuffed, searched and frisked by two massive GUARDS.

Peacekeeper lies, forlorn, on a nearby table, unloaded and impotent.

The Guards find secret pockets inside his shirt, his pants, even his underwear. They excavate wads of currency, all his fake passports and drivers' licenses.

The Guards thumb through the passports, marvel at the pictures and the forgeries.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A dismal, gray room. Fontaine wears a bright orange jumpsuit, makes his skin look pasty.

HANK KRIFF (40s), a puzzler's brain, born to be an FBI interrogator, comes in, sits casually across the table.

KRIFF

Hank Kriff, FBI. How are you, soldier? Can I get you something?

FONTAINE

Tomato juice.

Kriff nods at a huge glass window.

KRIFF

Treason is a hanging offense. That's a rough way to go by any standard. Do you want me to talk you through how something like that works, how you actually die?

Fontaine shakes his head.

KRIFF

Wouldn't be a problem.

A Guard comes in, sets down a glass of tomato juice.

FONTAINE

I was just trying to do the right thing. Everything I've ever done, I thought it was the right thing.

KRTFF

Then maybe there's no such thing as the right thing.

Fontaine sighs, hangs his head. Takes a drink, reddened lips.

KRIFF

You still say this group exists, what's the name, Arby's, Hardee's?

FONTAINE

RTZV.

KRIFF

You think they think they're right?

Fontaine nods.

KRIFF

Then either us or them is wrong. So right and wrong do exist.

FONTAINE

Then what's right?

Fontaine actually pleads. He wants to know. Kriff takes pity.

KRIFF

The right thing for <u>you</u> to do is to serve and protect your fellow countrymen. Tell me about your group, details, money trails—

FONTATNE

Nope.

Kriff sighs, slaps his thighs, stands.

KRIFF

I wish you would've.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - CAFETERIA - DAY

A large, burly PRISON OFFICIAL escorts Fontaine in the door, ham-handed fist tightly wrapped around Fontaine's shoulder.

INMATES sit at hundreds of tables, eating. Conversation ceases, all Inmates look up.

PRISON OFFICIAL

(announces)

Our newest member, an assassin.

Inmates pretend to cringe in fear.

PRISON OFFICIAL

He specializes in drug runners.

A tableful of nasty-looking, scarred little THUGS pay special attention to this last statement. Their eyes follow Fontaine...

Prison Official pushes Fontaine to an empty seat at a lonely table with a tray of food waiting. Prison Official leaves.

The THUGS hurry over to Fontaine. Surround him. Push him. Crowd him.

THUG #1

Stand up, assassin.

THUG #2

You pop Papa Heremidez? Eh?

Fontaine keeps his cool, breathes calmly.

FONTAINE

Heremidez? Nineteen months ago.

Thug #2 swings a fist. Fontaine ducks it easily, flashes punches left and right, starts taking the group apart.

Other Inmates hustle around, cheer. Guards retreat, keep a watchful but distant eye.

Thug #2, bleeding from his nose, staggers to his feet.

Fontaine looks at him, ready to deck him...

Thug #2 morphs into a gray-haired HEREMIDEZ (60s), a bullet hole over his left eye.

Fontaine recoils.

HEREMIDEZ

And you have no regret?

Heremidez hits Fontaine in the chin, Fontaine staggers against the table.

Thug #1 morphs into Vijuan Acedo, bullet hole in one temple, blowout exit wound in the other temple.

ACEDO

So I was just an order. Am I not a man?!

Acedo raises both hands, clasped together, bring them crashing down on Fontaine's forehead. Fontaine collapses.

Heremidez and Acedo tag-team, pummel Fontaine between them.

The rest of the Thugs morph into a crowd of other deceased VICTIMS, throats slashed, limbs missing.

Fontaine cowers under their accusing eyes.

Beatrisa Acedo emerges from the crowd of Victims, her face upturned to heaven, Vijuanito clasped in her arms.

BEATRISA

(in Spanish)

How long? When will justice come for my fatherless son?

Fontaine forces himself to look away, turns his face to the wall. Maureen appears in front of him, caresses his face.

MAUREEN

A common murderer.

Fontaine looks back at the crowd...

The Victims are now... all Fontaine, each one of them, Fontaine's face, savage anger.

VICTIMS

Take care of her. Take care of her.

The crowd of Fontaines descend on him, arms raised for the final pummelling.

Fontaine slumps under the table, sobs, tear-streaked face.

FONTAINE

Seventy-four, seventy-four, seventy-four, seventy-four...

Beatrisa and Vijuanito are swept aside by the Fontaines...

Here comes the beating.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Fontaine is barely recognizable. Eyes blackened, nose askew, deep scrapes, puffy face, congealed blood on his ear.

KRIFF

You're not safe out there, John. Why don't you just tell me?

Spittle and wheeze, Fontaine's pain.

FONTAINE

No deals.

KRIFF

Tired of following orders, are you?

FONTAINE

Masterson's, yeah.

KRIFF

Why?

FONTAINE

His idea of peace doesn't have people in it. People die on his altar.

KRIFF

You hate Masterson?

FONTAINE

Not as much as I should.

KRIFF

You're just like him, you know.

If Fontaine had the strength to throw a punch, he'd have levelled Kriff right then and there. But he doesn't.

KRIFF

The people you worked with, lived with, fought with: what do you think they're doing right now? Running. Because of you.

KRIFF (CONT'D)

You sacrificed your brothers on the sacred stone of your ideals.

FONTAINE

They knew it was coming.

KRIFF

That's your excuse?

FONTAINE

What do you want?

KRIFF

You've tried blind obedience. You've tried blind disobedience. But, think, man. We're all beholden to someone else. Me to my wife. You to... Maureen.

Fontaine's last nerve has been touched, his eyes flash. But exhaustion has a price: acceptance comes quickly.

FONTAINE

I killed her.

KRIFF

Yeah.

FONTAINE

I killed her.

Fontaine closes his eyes. Restful for the first time.

KRIFF

I hear you have a visitor, your cousin, a Jane Harrison. Too bad you can't see her.

Fontaine looks up. Hurts his neck by doing so.

FONTAINE

I'll see her.

Kriff purses his lips.

KRIFF

I'll see what I can do, John. But if you help me...

Kriff poises pen over paper, expectant.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - VISITATION ROOM - DAY

Fontaine sits on a bench, orange jumpsuit, slumped.

Scattered around the room are several INMATES, also in orange jumpsuits, on benches with their FAMILY MEMBERS, chat loudly. Deafening conversations bounce off every wall.

Loni, in a complete and fantastic disguise, drops to a knee in front of him, caresses his bruises. She hugs him.

Fontaine puts his mouth at her ear.

FONTAINE

You here to finally get your first?

Loni pulls back in surprise.

LONI

Don't be insulting. I want my first to be a challenge.

Fontaine can't contain a smile.

FONTAINE

What have I ever done for you?

Loni sits.

LONI

As a mentor or a man?

FONTAINE

Yep.

LONI

Not much. But you've got a lot of potential.

Silence for a while. Fontaine looks at other Inmates with their families.

LONI

You're right. They forgot to program you for small talk.

FONTAINE

How'd you find me?

LONI

Harder than you think. They've got you here under a false name.

LONI (CONT'D)

Braeden had to make me a birth certificate, marriage certificate, even a baptismal certificate. Can you believe it?

FONTAINE

Why'd you come?

She leans close, talks low underneath the racket.

LONI

I've got the time. I'm unemployed. And besides, I can't help you if I don't know where you are.

FONTAINE

Where I am?

LONI

Remember last time I hugged you?

Loni stands up, a small smile, flirtatious at the edges and pure love in the middle. She sashays out the visitors' door.

INT. FONTAINE'S CELL - DAY

Fontaine sits in his cell, shadows of passing inmates crossing over him, their snickers and jeers washing him.

LONI (V.O.)

Last time I hugged you.

He remembers...

Fontaine looks over his shoulder, tries to see his own back.

He strips off his orange jumpsuit. Turns it over. Sure enough, a tiny piece of orange cloth clings to it, blends in almost perfectly.

A smile grows across his face. Bigger, bigger, as if to crack him in two.

INT. FONTAINE'S CELL - NIGHT

Fontaine sleeps peacefully. Almost pitch black.

A stealthy silent DARK FIGURE materializes, towers outside his cell. A tiny amount of backlight from down the hallway.

Fontaine's eyes flick open. He scoots to the back of his cot, cowers from the apparition.

Dark Figure lifts a metal box, about two feet by three feet, like a large toolbox, lifts it to the top of the cell.

Fontaine covers his face, sure of impending death.

Dark Figure presses a button. Lowers the box to the bottom of the cell. Presses the button again.

PLINK! An entire vertical bar from Fontaine's cell door bounces across the cell.

Fontaine reaches out a hand, a surprised reflex, catches the metal bar, lays it down gently. Fully awake now.

Dark Figure does the same to the next bar: to the top, presses a button, to the bottom, presses a button.

PLINK! A second bar bounces out. Fontaine, ready this time, catches it smoothly, lays it on the ground.

Dark Figure beckons, creeps off.

Fontaine sidesteps out the large hole.

HALLWAY

Dark Figure and Fontaine, silent ghosts, slink down the hall, past cells and sleeping snoring inmates, reach the backlit frosted glass door to the visitation room.

Dark Figure makes a hand gesture, Fontaine stops, drops.

Dark Figure tries the handle. Locked from this side.

DARK FIGURE

How could...

Dark Figure taps the glass.

A BLURRY FIGURE approaches the door from the other direction. Stops at the door.

Fontaine raises his hands in a defensive position. Dark Figure calms him with a palms-up gesture, "It's all right".

Blurry Figure sticks something onto the glass door, etches a large circle in the glass.

Dark Figure pushes on the center of the glass. The circle breaks free with a soft crackle.

Light floods into the hallway.

Dark Figure: Demidov, face painted, dressed all in black.

DEMIDOV

(whisper)

Coded locks change on intervals.

Blurry Figure: Loni.

FONTAINE

You two?

DEMIDOV

Welcome to the new world.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - VISITATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Through the dark, the three gallop to an exterior brick wall, a large gaping square hole to the outside.

FONTAINE

(whisper)

What is this?

Loni shushes him.

EXT. PRISON YARD - NIGHT

Demidov emerges from the hole, still carries the box. Loni and Fontaine follow him into the brilliant arc-lights.

Bent at the waist, they run across the bright yard to the tall outer chain-link barbed-wire fence, which has the same tell-tale square hole in it.

A tunnel of holes: outer fence, brick wall, glass door.

They pass the body of a Guard on the ground, still breathing but unconscious.

EXT. FRONTAGE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The three of them run, bent low, silhouetted against the prison lights.

Demidov swerves off the road, sudden, plunges into woods across from the prison.

Fontaine, surprised by the change in direction, slips on the loose gravel on the roadside, falls down the steep incline.

FOREST

Fontaine lands at the feet of Demidov, who seems to lean over him, menacing.

Fontaine raises a defensive arm.

Demidov reaches into the dark, whips a camouflaged net off a giant Hummer with a flourish and a bow.

DEMIDOV

Your chariot. After you strip.

Demidov tosses baggy sweatpants and a sweatshirt to him.

LONI

Hurry up. Get in, get in.

The Hummer roars to life, rockets up the steep incline onto the road, turns on two wheels, speeds off into the distance.

INT./EXT. HUMMER/COUNTRY HIGHWAYS - NIGHT

An exotic Eastern song plays on CD.

Demidov drives in silence. Loni leans her head on Fontaine's shoulder.

FONTAINE

(to Loni)

I'd already told them everything.

Loni closes her eyes.

Demidov drums his hands on the wheel, in beat to the music.

FONTAINE

What was that box?

Demidov reaches over, picks up the large metal box. The box has a pointy stick coming out the middle.

DEMIDOV

My little toy? Superultrasonic waves, directed sound waves. Too high to being heard, but they cut through anything, wood to metal.

FONTAINE

You two are something else. Thanks. (beat)

Where are we going?

DEMIDOV

Canada.

FONTAINE

Nope. I've got to go south.

LONI

We've got to get out of the country.

FONTAINE

And we will. South.

DEMIDOV

Canada.

Fontaine sets his jaw, opens the car door, jumps out.

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Fontaine lands on the gravel embankment, rolls into a dirty ditch. He ends up on his back.

Oh, the pain. He can't even roll over.

The Hummer squeals to a stop. Crunches backwards, pulls up next to Fontaine.

Loni's head sticks out of the car.

LONI

Or we could go south.

Fontaine tries to get up, he can't.

Loni and Demidov carry Fontaine up to the car.

LONI

(mimics Masterson)

You're more trouble than I'm worth.

Fontaine smiles weakly.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

CREWS feverishly repair the fence, the wall.

Hank Kriff, FBI, surveys the damage. A wry smile.

INT./EXT. HUMMER/INTERSTATE - DAY

Fontaine wakes up in the backseat. Loni's driving. Demidov sleeps in the front passenger seat.

Thick traffic.

LONI

Sleepyhead. You slept all day.

FONTAINE

Where's Masterson?

LONI

If I knew, you'd be dead. You outed him. He thinks there's no way to peace now.

FONTAINE

I bet he had to vamoose.

Loni nods, smiles.

LONI

And his three Twinkies.

FONTAINE

You know where we're going?

LONI

Do I ever?

Demidov wakes up.

FONTAINE

Rio.

LONI

I thought you weren't--

FONTAINE

I need her to forgive me.

LONI

Right now?

DEMIDOV

This name you give me is the one who contracted Acedo.

FONTAINE

Contracted Acedo? For what?

DEMIDOV

For the bounding mines.

LONI

For what?

DEMIDOV

For Guinea.

Fontaine and Loni are completely befuddled.

LONI

What's Guinea?

DEMIDOV

Where's Guinea?

Loni shakes her head: "I don't know."

Fontaine holds up his hands, a "time out" signal.

FONTAINE

Start over.

DEMIDOV

Masterson, yes? He paid Acedo, a long-time smuggling man, to stealing a lost store of antiqued German bounding mines from a defunct Argentine warehouse, storing each mine in the stomach of a potbellied pig, shipping the pigs, have the pigs slaughtered and the mines retrieved in Guinea.

Loni and Fontaine are flabbergasted. They think Demidov's making it all up.

FONTAINE

Why would he want to do that?

DEMIDOV

Mine the country, kill them all, end the civil war there. Bringing peace. His way.

The full impact sinks in...

LONI

But something went wrong?

DEMIDOV

Acedo liked the mines, too. No deal. (beat)

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)

We told your government. If Masterson tries anything, buy a plane ticket, call his mother, wipe his nose, they will be getting him.

The traffic slows, a toll stop ahead.

FONTAINE

So we were just contract killers.

LONI

(to Demidov)

Why were you there?

DEMIDOV

Is it wrong to covet mines?

Not a toll stop. A border crossing. To Mexico.

Laredo, Texas.

Fontaine panics.

FONTAINE

I didn't think, I don't have--

LONI

Relax.

Demidov hands Fontaine papers, a forged driver's license.

EXT./INT. LAREDO CROSSING/HUMMER - DAY

A bored, gum-chewing border patrolman, TIMOTHY (20s), mentally counts all the things he'd rather be doing.

The Hummer pulls into his booth.

TIMOTHY

Purpose of ya'll visit?

LONI

Pleasure.

TIMOTHY

IDs?

Timothy peers into the backseat, sees Fontaine's face, still badly bruised.

TIMOTHY

Been in a fight? You win?

Fontaine smiles in a nice way, he hopes. It's grotesque.

Loni hands over all the papers. As she leans out of the Hummer, she sees a poster in Timothy's booth: Fontaine's pictures, pre- and post-injuries, with his real name.

She nudges Demidov, who notices.

Demidov draws his gun.

Fontaine reaches over the seat, holds Demidov's shoulder.

Timothy reads the papers, the IDs, takes his time.

Each second is like a dagger to Loni's heart. Her knuckles tighten on the steering wheel.

Timothy pauses, ponders, peruses.

Demidov's lips tighten.

TIMOTHY

These ain't flatterin' pics, are they? Never are, naw.

Loni releases her breath.

Fontaine turns, relieved, looks out the other window.

He sees a green van pull into the next booth.

He cranes his neck for a look at the driver...

It's Masterson.

Timothy turns into his booth, jots a record of the visit. His eyes come up, he sees the poster of Fontaine.

Masterson looks over, sees the Hummer, Demidov in the front.

Timothy's jaw drops.

Masterson's jaw drops.

TIMOTHY

I'll just ask you to pull into the holding area, right over there.

Loni plays innocence.

LONI

But I don't understand--

TIMOTHY

Won't take a moment.

Loni pulls forward. Fontaine hisses in her ear.

FONTAINE

Masterson's right over there! Go!

Loni whirls the Hummer around, bounces over barrels and a concrete barrier, into US-bound traffic.

She slams the accelerator, guns it through a booth, vanishes into the Texas traffic.

EXT./INT. LAREDO CROSSING/GREEN VAN - DAY

Masterson's BORDER GUARD notices the commotion, leans out of his booth for a better view.

MASTERSON

Who's that nut? Thank you.

Masterson grabs his papers out of Border Guard's unsuspecting hand, floors the accelerator, heads into Mexico.

BORDER GUARD

Hey?

EXT. RIO GRANDE RIVER - DUSK

A desert and deserted piece of the river, shallow.

The Hummer noses into the water.

Water up to the doors, up to the windows.

INT. HUMMER - DUSK

Water pours through hundreds of unseen cracks.

LONT

Bail!

Demidov uses both hands to scoop water out the top of an open window.

Fontaine splashes weakly, more harm than good.

Loni floors the accelerator.

EXT. RIVER - DUSK

The Hummer's tires spin, no grip on the slippery rocks.

The car is stuck.

No... wait... the rocks shift under the front tire...

Like a lumbering wildebeest, the Hummer lurches forward bit by bit, inches at first, then more and more, gaining on the opposite bank.

The Hummer climbs the opposite bank, Demidov's hands still throwing water out through the window.

The Hummer stops.

Demidov opens his door. A torrent of brown water floods onto the desert floor.

FONTAINE

Gotta go, gotta catch them.

The Hummer bounds forward, bumps and jounces and jets across desert mounds and sagebrush.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

70 miles per hour. 80 miles per hour. 90 miles per hour.

Loni, Demidov, Fontaine: the rough terrain shakes them, bounces their brains like cowboys at a rodeo. When they talk, their voices modulate, tremble with the vibrations.

FONTAINE

Can't this thing go any faster?

LONI

It's not built for speed.

DEMTDOV

It is built for comfort.

Demidov hits his head on the ceiling. That hurt.

A dashboard compass indicates a due south heading.

DEMIDOV

Why do you think Masterson is going to Rio, too?

LONI

It's why he wanted us to kill Acedo's wife and baby. Witnesses.

FONTAINE

If they've seen him, they can betray him.

Fontaine hits his head on a seat. His jaws clack together, bites his tongue.

LONI

I wish we could've flown.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

A large rock in their path, hidden in the darkness. The Hummer hits it, goes airborne, several feet off the desert floor.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

For a brief moment, the rough pounding stops.

FONTAINE

Oh, that's bett-- Oof.

The Hummer lands. Bam. Squeals of protesting shocks and struts.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The Hummer picks up speed, hurtles down a steep ravine, unfocused headlights swirl all over the countryside.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

Demidov points ahead.

DEMIDOV

The road!

Loni jams on the brakes. Nothing happens.

The brakes are wet.

Loni puts both feet on the brake pedal, no good.

The Hummer zips across the road, into the desert...

BOOM! The Hummer plows into a large rock formation.

Two airbags deploy for Loni and Demidov. Fontaine's body is catapulted forward between them, ragdoll into the dashboard.

Ugh. Ouch. Moans and groans.

Fontaine grabs a flashlight from the glovebox, pushes his way out of the car, sore all over.

EXT. HUMMER - NIGHT

Fontaine forces the bent hood open, inspects at the engine with the flashlight, pokes around.

Demidov and Loni come to meet him, peer down.

DEMIDOV

How is the engine?

FONTAINE

This thing is a tank. Radiator's busted, though.

Fontaine points to the pool of liquid seeping into the dust.

LONI

How about we stay here for the night?

Demidov nods, winces in neck pain.

FONTAINE

Masterson's going to beat us there.

With a groan and a harrumph, the three get back in the car.

EXT. MEXICAN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Hummer roars through the countryside, one headlight askew, the other one broken.

EXT. MEXICAN GAS STATION - NIGHT

The Hummer pulls up to a ancient pump. Loni hops out, rubs her sleepy eyes, stretches her stiff back, pumps gas.

Demidov and Fontaine are asleep.

She looks around at the black desert, the bright stars, the green van behind the outhouse...

The green van behind the outhouse!

She creeps over to the van, plasters herself to its side. Ever so slowly, she raises an eye to the window.

Masterson, his face smashed against the glass, snores.

Loni ducks, eyes wide. What to do?

The gas nozzle in the Hummer overflows. Gasoline gushes onto the concrete.

Loni rushes back to the Hummer, turns off the gas.

The ATTENDANT, an overweight older woman, lumbers out of the building.

ATTENDANT

(in Spanish)

What in the name of God do you American tourists think you are doing to my beautiful gas station? Look at this mess! You clean it up before you go anywhere, who do you think you are?

And so on, without taking a breath.

Loni throws some American bills at her, dives back into the Hummer.

Masterson wakes up at the commotion, can hardly believe his eyes.

Loni turns on the Hummer, guns it down the road.

Masterson takes off in pursuit.

INT./EXT. HUMMER/MEXICAN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Loni shakes Demidov and Fontaine awake, as she guides the Hummer through the inky night.

LONT

See those lights back there?

Fontaine and Demidov look back, confused.

FONTAINE

What is it?

LONT

It's General Masterson.

FONTAINE

I don't want to start a--

DEMIDOV

Shoot him!

Demidov opens his small window, tries to wedge his body through it. The Hummer window is much smaller than a normal car, so Demidov gets stuck. He struggles and fumes.

The van gains on the Hummer.

Shots come from the van. The Triplets have weapons out the window, fire away merrily, atrocious aim.

FONTAINE

Good thing we've never had a range.

Loni starts laughing, wild, she can't help it.

LONT

They're terrible, aren't they?

Fontaine roars with her, laugh through the danger.

Demidov is still stuck, and furious.

DEMIDOV

Get me my gun!

LONI

You're... perfectly... safe...

Loni gasps for air, laughing so hard.

A wild shot actually hits the mark, pierces the Hummer's back window, whizzes by Fontaine's face, out the front window.

Fontaine stops laughing.

He kicks out the back window. Which is much harder than he thought. It takes several kicks.

The Triplets have a new war strategy: yell like Confederate banshees while firing into thin air.

In the rear of the Hummer is a large arsenal. Fontaine hems and haws like a gourmet at a chophouse, selects a large automatic rifle.

He leisurely loads the weapon, sights...

He fires for the green van's tires. Six, seven, eight shots.

The green van spins a little, bumps along, turns sideways, stops, is lost to view.

Fontaine crawls into the back seat.

FONTAINE

Wake me up when it's my turn to drive.

Fontaine closes his eyes.

Demidov, still hanging out the window, catches a large moth in the face. He spits it out, disgusted.

Loni grabs Demidov's belt, tugs him back into the car.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

Demidov drives.

Loni and Fontaine sit the backseat, heads close together.

FONTAINE

There's a lot of time for contemplation when you're getting beat up on a schedule.

LONI

I'll have to try it sometime.

FONTAINE

I mean, how the hell do we know what the average American wants? I don't even know any average Americans.

LONI

I hope that's a compliment.

Fontaine looks deep in her eyes.

FONTAINE

It's a compliment.

EXT. MEXICO CITY - MEXICAN HIGHWAY - DAY

The damaged Hummer speeds along, skirts the sprawling city.

Steam comes from the hood, slightly at first, then quickly billowing in thick white clouds.

Pulls over.

Fontaine jumps out, waves to passing cars. He steps out in front of oncoming traffic.

A motorcycle and empty sidecar pull over. YOSHIGI (40s), eager to please, wide-eyed Japanese tourist, hops off.

Yoshigi consults a Japanese-Spanish dictionary.

YOSHIGI

(in broken Spanish)
How may... you help me?

FONTAINE

(in flawless Spanish)
Our radiator is cracked, but we
must get this girl to the hospital
immediately, immediately, you
understand? She's very pregnant.
Would you like to trade vehicles?

Yoshigi had lost Fontaine at "radiator".

YOSHIGI

There is... a bathroom here.

FONTAINE

Trade. Trade vehicles.

YOSHIGI

(in broken English)

A-okay.

Fontaine opens the back of the Hummer, quick transfer of arsenal and box and luggage into the sidecar.

Demidov jumps on the bike, Loni squeezes in the sidecar.

Yoshigi, unsure, consults his dictionary.

YOSHIGI

(in broken Spanish)

What is... your body?

Fontaine slaps the Hummer's keys into Yoshigi's hands.

FONTAINE

(in flawless Japanese)
The Hummer's all yours. May your ancestors bless you.

Fontaine jumps onto the back of the motorcycle.

Demidov guns the motor, veers dangerously into traffic.

DEMIDOV

(shouts over the wind)
Bringing peace to the world, eh?

Fontaine pretends he didn't hear.

The motorcycle vanishes in the distance.

Yoshigi looks in the back of the Hummer: there's a stack of one hundred dollar bills lying right in the middle.

Yoshigi looks around, a ridiculous reflex, pockets the cash. Smiles.

YOSHIGI

(to himself in Japanese)
What will the rental company think?

A green van with outrageous whitewall tires flashes by.

EXT. HONDURAS DIRT ROAD - DAY

The motorcycle climbs a mountainous jungle path.

Pulls off to the side.

Fontaine and Demidov dash into the bushes. Nature's call.

LONI

Come on, come on.

DEMIDOV

Keep on your shirt. Rio is still three days away.

TIONT

It's Masterson.

A green van crawls uphill behind them.

Demidov and Fontaine dart from the bushes, zipping as they run. They leap onto the motorcycle.

EXT. HONDURAS DIRT ROAD - DAY

The motorcycle roars down the mountain. The green van just one turn behind.

The green van creeps closer.

Fontaine turns around, sits backwards on the motorcycle. He holds his empty hands up as if in surrender.

FONTAINE

Hi, General!

Masterson inches alongside.

MASTERSON

Wasn't enough for you out us. Now I'm dirt poor, math nerds for company, lost in Honduras, and I spent my lunch money on new tires.

FONTAINE

They look sharp.

Masterson pops jelly beans into his mouth.

FONTAINE

We know about the mines.

MASTERSON

Your goddamn new friend tell you?

FONTAINE

We'll take care of it, General.

MASTERSON

You wouldn't know peace if it kissed you on the mouth.

Masterson yanks the steering wheel, rams the sidecar.

Fontaine almost falls off.

Masterson speeds up, careens on two wheels, gets in front.

The van's rear doors fly open. The Triplets, tied down with rope, sit facing rearwards, fearsome guns in hand. Shirt sleeves torn off and neckties around their heads in a poor Rambo imitation.

Demidov, driving, hits the brakes.

The Triplets fire hundreds of rounds at the swerving bike.

Naturally, they miss.

Loni reaches behind into the sidecar's storage compartment, pulls out weapons. The motorcycle is too unsteady for them to aim well, and their shots go astray.

A firefight down the mountain. No one is hit.

EXT. COSTA RICA - NIGHT

Tiny, tranguil one-lane roads above the perfect Pacific blue.

The green van flashes by, spewing bullets and fire.

The motorcycle follows, desperately keeps up.

EXT. PANAMA CANAL - DAWN

The green van and the motorcycle light up the huge cable bridge with gunfire as they dart across the continental divide, weaving in and out of traffic.

EXT. AMAZON RAINFOREST - DAY

The fight continues. Endless ammunition.

EXT. BRAZIL GAS STATION - NIGHT

Exhausted, an informal truce. Timid LOCALS hide in the nearby jungle.

Demidov and Fontaine stand off across from the Triplets.

CADEN

(sleepy)

First one to shoot someone gets called "Fucky Lucky".

Masterson pumps gas. Massages his locked trick knee.

Loni pumps gas.

Fontaine stretches his weary trigger finger.

Jayden falls asleep standing up.

A cell phone rings. Each one digs through pockets to find it. The winner is... Demidov.

Fontaine looks over Demidov's shoulder just in time to see the caller: "Laskoff", before Demidov turns the phone off.

Fontaine's eyes narrow with suspicion.

FONTAINE

Are you still--

DEMTDOV

Of course not.

EXT. BRAZIL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The motorcycle follows the green van.

The green van's doors still open, the Triplets asleep.

The green van swerves, swerves again.

INT. GREEN VAN - NIGHT

Masterson fights sleep. His head droops, his eyes close.

EXT. BRAZIL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The van slows, sails off the highway. Crash. Roll. Stop.

The Triplets don't wake up.

The motorcycle keeps on into the dark.

EXT. RIO HOTEL - DAY

Fontaine, Loni, and Demidov carry their arsenal up the back staircase.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The same room as at the beginning.

Fontaine and Loni both on the bed, bone-tired, stare at the slow-revolving fan.

Demidov opens the door to the room, pokes his head in.

DEMIDOV

Will world peace be waiting for a nap?

FONTAINE

Did you know I couldn't cry? When Maureen died. I've seen so much death, I couldn't even cry.

Fontaine's eyes lose focus, stares out the window. Loni waves her hand to Demidov: "Go away."

Demidov's mouth makes an "Oh", creeps out, closes the door.

Loni hugs Fontaine, brings him close.

INT./EXT. GREEN VAN/RIO HOTEL - DAY

The green van limps into a parking spot, its front end smashed.

CADEN

This was the hotel, yes.

JAYDEN

Locating the prey should be unproblematic. A simple algorithm--

MASTERSON

Then you go take care of it.

Jayden's face brightens. He clambers out of the van, gun in his waistband. He struts across the parking lot.

EXT. RIO HOTEL - DAY

The green van pulls out of the space, peels out of the parking lot as if in a great hurry, speeds across the street into a small restaurant, screeches to a halt.

INT. RIO HOTEL - HALLWAYS - DAY

Jayden walks boldly to a random hotel room door.

He knocks.

JAYDEN

Room service.

VOICE FROM INSIDE (O.S.)

(in Spanish)

What did you say?

Jayden walks to the next room. Knocks.

JAYDEN

Room service.

VOICE FROM INSIDE #2 (O.S.)

(in Spanish)

Go away.

And the next room.

INT. DEMIDOV'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Demidov sits crosslegged on the floor, cell phone to ear.

DEMIDOV

(in Russian)

Your orders were: do not call me... I follow my orders, follow yours... Fine... Did you bribe them yet?...

INT. RIO HOTEL - HALLWAYS - DAY

Jayden, less perky, tramps to yet another hotel room.

JAYDEN

(in Spanish)

Room service.

FONTAINE (O.S.)

(muffled, in English)

Didn't order any.

Jayden straightens, energized. Pulls the gun out of his waistband, turns the handle, and walks smack into the door.

It's locked.

Jayden knocks again, wheedles in falsetto.

JAYDEN

Room service, por favor.

A sigh from inside. Noises, moving about.

The door opens a crack, a gun pokes out. Fontaine behind it.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The door opens all the way.

Fontaine backs into the room, Jayden's gun to his forehead, Fontaine's gun to Jayden's chest.

Loni sits up.

JAYDEN

This is so awkward, this spy game and guns. Covert is so passe. These days, push a button, bam, bye, bye Rio. How elegant is that?

Fontaine backs into the wall, no more room. He stalls.

FONTAINE

When did death become elegant?

Loni's fingers close around the blade of a small knife.

JAYDEN

Orders are orders. Simple ratio of income to satisfaction.

FONTAINE

You killing me, is that satisfaction?

JAYDEN

Not for me, for the General. Of course, I've never killed anyone before. Shouldn't be hard, really, just a simple algorithm—

Loni throws the knife at his gun hand. It sticks.

Jayden drops the gun.

Fontaine swings his gun, uppercut, knocks Jayden to the floor.

Jayden falls. A stash of candy bars pours from his shirt.

FONTAINE

Thanks. Lunch.

Fontaine grabs Jayden by the hair.

EXT. RIO HOTEL - DAY

Fontaine drags Jayden out the back way.

FONTAINE

That way's north. You know what's north of here?

Jayden shakes his head, fearful.

FONTAINE

IBM. Apple. Microsoft. Silicon Valley. You know what those have in common?

JAYDEN

(stammers)

Computers?

FONTAINE

I won't hunt you there.

Fontaine kicks Jayden in the butt, lets him go.

Jayden runs as fast as his legs will churn. North.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Fontaine comes back in.

Loni lays back on the bed, an inviting pose...

He lays down facing Loni, a hand on her waist, but no real contact. They lie there.

Fontaine pulls the torn, pulped picture of Maureen from a pocket. He lays it on the bed between them.

They look at the picture.

Fontaine pushes it to Loni.

Loni puts it on the table behind her.

LONI

Thank you, John.

Fontaine and Loni.

Peaceful.

Loni smiles.

INT. LITTLE RESTAURANT - DUSK

A cute authentic South American eatery with cute authentic South American WAITRESSES. Large emptied plates in front of Masterson, Caden, and Braeden.

Masterson shakes his head.

MASTERSON

No one understands. It's not a bloodlust. It's not. All I want is to save all the Bubbas.

CADEN

It's been way too long. Jayden isn't cut out for the spy life.

MASTERSON

I ever tell you about Bubba?

Caden and Braeden look uncomfortable, look away.

MASTERSON

Grew up with the kid. Enlisted at the same time. Couldn't strip a rifle to save his life, but loyal. He wouldn't pull his ripcord if I told him to wait. We invade Grenada in eighty-three to squelch revolutionary bullshit, drop in, dumb shit's plugged by AA fire in the air. Nineteen casualties in the whole goddamn war, one of them's gotta be Bubba before he even hits the ground. Before he died, I put his guts back in him.

Masterson burps. He holds his heart, searches his pockets.

MASTERSON

Ugh. Authentic South American cuisine. Where are my...?

BRAEDEN

Aren't any left.

Masterson looks thoroughly depressed.

MASTERSON

Let's get on with it.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Fontaine and Loni hold their skin-tight non-reflective black catsuits, but now sexual tension crackles between them.

They turn their backs, strip.

They sneak glances of each other while dressing. Pretend they didn't.

Fontaine's holster for Peacekeeper is noticeably empty.

A knock on the door.

DEMIDOV (O.S.)

It is time.

EXT. ACEDO COMPOUND - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The green van pulls in the front drive, parks.

Masterson climbs the front steps, ring the doorbell. A foyer light turns on, but the thick wooden door does not open.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(in Spanish)

Who is it?

MASTERSON

(in English)

This is the United States Police, ma'am. We have a warrant to search the premises.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(in Spanish)

Go away.

MASTERSON

(in English)

I'm warning you, let us in.

The foyer light turns off.

MASTERSON

(in English)

Open the goddamn door!

Masterson burps. He holds his chest, heartburn.

Masterson glares at the door, but even his stare will not force the door open.

Caden and Braeden spill out of the van, follow Masterson to a side wall into the back courtyard.

BRAEDEN

What's back there?

CADEN

First one over the wall gets called "Nitwit".

Caden puts his hands under Braeden's foot, hoists Braeden to the top of the wall.

These two are not born athletes. Stumbling, bumbling.

Braeden reaches back, reaches out a hand for Masterson. His other hand grasps the barbed wire. He gasps in pain.

Masterson scrambles up the wall, noisy, muttering, heavy.

Caden reaches up both hands, pulled up and over.

EXT. ACEDO COMPOUND - NIGHT

Masterson goes straight to the stone mansion, looks for a way in. Caden taps his shoulder, points to the koi pond.

CADEN

The entrance would have been from the south last time, the market.

MASTERSON

All right, good.

Caden stands there, unsure, while Masterson continues to scout the house.

MASTERSON

Well?

CADEN

What are the orders?

MASTERSON

Go over there!

Caden beams, a happy smile, all is right again.

Caden runs to the koi pond, looks at the wall.

He jumps, tests the height of the wall.

He rubs his hands, ready to do his job.

Caden, a sudden blank look.

CADEN

Now what?

A strange silent horizontal explosion rips through the wall right in front of Caden, virtually vaporizes his body.

On the other side of the gaping hole in the wall: Demidov holds his superultrasonic box.

Fontaine and Loni, in warrior's crouches, clamber through the opening, leapfrog their way through the compound, from tree to tree, cover each other, make their way to the house.

WORM'S EYE VIEW

The ground littered with three-pronged wires.

Fontaine and Loni dart between the wires, luck keeping them alive.

BACK TO SCENE

Masterson still circles the house, looks through windows, oblivious to them. He burps.

Fontaine and Loni hit the deck, the burp sounding like a gunshot in the night stillness, their eyes restlessly search the darkness, see nothing.

Loni pulls out a gun, her hand rests just an inch from a three-pronged wire.

Masterson burps again. He leans against the mansion, groans.

Fontaine and Loni dash forward, pinpointed the source of the noise.

They leap over half-walls, parkour over statues, approach Masterson and Braeden like Valkyries on the wind.

Fontaine and Loni, two guns each, materialize out of the night right next to Masterson and Braeden, each point a gun at their heads.

Masterson has guns of his own, brings them to bear on Fontaine and Loni. Braedon: one bloody hand, one gunhand.

A standoff. Eight guns, four heads.

No one wants to move, no one wants to die.

Demidov saunters up to the little group, laughing.

DEMIDOV

(mocking)

We want peace, we just want peace, we are all being better than you.

Demidov slinks behind Fontaine, whispers in his ear.

DEMIDOV

Shoot him, stop wasting time.

FONTAINE

I'm not here to kill him.

Demidov points a gun at Masterson, another at Fontaine. Masterson swings a gun at Demidov.

Fontaine, surprised that Demidov would aim at him.

DEMIDOV

You thought I had changed?

Demidov winks, chuckles.

Everyone in the standoff backs up slightly, more room to maneuver, the circle expands. Aims shift, guns move from target to target, fluid.

Nerves taut, trigger fingers tremble.

MASTERSON

He doesn't belong here, he's not one of us, he doesn't understand.

DEMIDOV

I do not understand killing off a highly profitable civil war? No, I do not understand.

MASTERSON

You wouldn't.

FONTAINE

General, I've got an idea that'll let us all go home.

MASTERSON

What home is that, Fontaine? What home have you left me?
(to Braeden)
Goddamn, your safety's on again.

Braeden looks at his guns. Sure enough.

MASTERSON

Thick as my d--

A back door of the mansion opens, out comes a rickety native OLD WOMAN (80s), wrinkled and toothless, down a stone staircase, step by painful step, almost oblivious to the circle of death playing out in front of her.

She is escorted and supported by Hank Kriff.

The standoff players turn, watch them, mesmerized.

Kriff and Old Woman reach the bottom of the staircase. He helps her sit on the bottom step, lowered with creaks.

KRIFF

Good to see you again, John.

FONTAINE

Thanks, Hank.

LONI

Hank who?

KRIFF

Hank Kriff, FBI. John told me he'd be coming down here.

FONTAINE

(to Loni)

I told him everything.

MASTERSON

You're out of your jurisdiction.

KRIFF

As are you.

Kriff pulls a gun from a pocket, butt first, eases Demidov's nerves. He tosses the gun to Fontaine. It's Peacekeeper.

Fontaine gives a cry of joy, drops one of his guns, fondles Peacekeeper's notched handle, stands a little straighter.

MASTERSON

(to Kriff)

Look at this guy.

Masterson points to Demidov.

MASTERSON

Who got the WMDs out of Iraq? Who was the first into Chechnya? Who shot Tupac?

Demidov's eyes glitter with glee, but he says nothing.

Old Woman says something in slurred, fast Spanish.

MASTERSON

Huh?

Old Woman spews some more words, grows animated.

MASTERSON

What'd she say?

FONTAINE

She said once Acedo died, everyone left, and now she's stuck here with the electric bill. She wants you to pay it.

MASTERSON

She said that?

Demidov swings a gun on Old Woman.

DEMIDOV

So we will help her.

LONI

Not like that!

FONTAINE

(in Spanish)

I am here to save Beatrisa Acedo. Go back inside, old woman. I need to clean up this mess first.

Old Woman stands, creaks her way back up the staircase, goes inside.

The standoff takes on a new intensity, trigger fingers tighter. Eyes never still, always moving.

Who will be the first to fire?

Masterson burps. Groans. He puts down a gun, searches a pocket, finds nothing.

MASTERSON

Where are my...?

BRAEDEN

Aren't any left.

Masterson flies into a rage, pushes Braeden with his free hand.

Braeden takes a step backwards, involuntary.

Braeden steps on a three-pronged wire.

A bounding mine pops into the air, right in front of Braeden's startled, bugged-out eyes.

Braeden loses his balance, falls to his knees.

Everyone dives for cover, behind statues, under stone benches, behind walls...

All except Braeden, who is riveted to the spot.

BAM! The mine explodes. Braeden's head disappears, vanishes, taken clean off his body and pulverized.

All hell breaks loose. Gunfire everywhere.

Stray bullets hit more three-pronged wires, mines pop up all over the yard, explode, turn the compound into rubble.

Fontaine, Loni, Demidov, Kriff, Masterson: all crawl around on the ground, heads down, fire almost aimlessly, shoot at everything that moves and everything that doesn't.

A slight lull, a time for reloading.

Masterson seizes his opportunity, dashes up the staircase, into the back door.

Fontaine follows him.

INT. ACEDO MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Masterson, guns at the ready, tiptoes through the darkened house, opens closets, looks behind couches. He whispers, singsong.

MASTERSON

Beatrisa, Beatrisa, I know you're here, come to me...

INT. ACEDO MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Fontaine stalks Masterson, a room behind.

INT. ACEDO MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Masterson opens a door to the basement, creeps down the stairs.

Fontaine slips behind the basement door, waits, patient.

MASTERSON (O.S.)

(sing-song)

Where are you, little person who can make my life hell? Beatrisa?

Masterson comes back up the stairs, closes the basement door.

Fontaine springs out, hits his thick head with Peacekeeper.

Masterson, though out of practice and out of shape, stays on his feet.

Masterson huffs and puffs his way through a talented hand-to-hand combat fight with Fontaine.

A silent, vicious, deadly fight, the two men aim for eyes, throats, groins, kill punches.

Neither is able to get a gun up, skillful parries keep the gun hands down.

Fontaine kicks the back of Masterson's trick knee.

Masterson goes down on one knee, can't straighten up.

Finally, Fontaine wrestles an exhausted Masterson to the ground, clamps Peacekeeper to his head.

Masterson stops struggling.

FONTAINE

(out of breath)

I said, I have, an idea.

MASTERSON

I'm all ears.

FONTAINE

This was all a plan, an elaborate way to smoke out the RTZV.

MASTERSON

A plan?

FONTAINE

Everything I said on the Ray show was made up to get Demidov on my trail. We're Secret Service agents, ready for retirement.

MASTERSON

Retirement?

FONTAINE

I mean, really, a secret unnamed paramilitary organization that sucks a budget from the Farm Fund? Does that sound realistic to you? 'Course not.

MASTERSON

'Course not.

FONTAINE

I promise you, I'll take care of Beatrisa. You can go home.

Masterson nods. Fontaine jams Peacekeeper into his temple, wants extra assurance. Masterson nods again.

MASTERSON (nervous chuckle) All's well that ends.

Fontaine roots in Masterson's pockets, finds a small wad of cash, takes it, points to the front door.

Masterson heaves to his feet, leaves through the front door.

The sound of the green van starting, pulling away.

Old Woman enters. Fontaine presses the money into her hands, bends to her ear, whispers something. Old Woman gives him a big toothless kiss.

Fontaine pulls out a small card and pen, listens to Old Woman's whispered dictation, writes it down.

ACEDO COMPOUND

Ouiet. Rubble.

Loni pops her head up, looks around. She's alone.

LIVING ROOM

Sirens from outside. Cars squeal to a stop in front. Flashing lights radiate through the windows.

Demdiov stands at the front door, gun pointed at Fontaine. He locks the door with a casual wrist flick.

Fontaine pushes Old Woman out of the way, into the kitchen. Old Woman protests in loud, unintelligible Spanish.

Knocking at the front door.

Fontaine puts Peacekeeper down on the floor, steps back.

DEMIDOV

And history records another loss to American imperialism. They are being here to arrest you.

FONTAINE

Me?

DEMIDOV

You could not have paid them more than I have done.

Demidov smiles, cherubic.

ACEDO COMPOUND

Loni races up the back steps.

LIVING ROOM

Thuds at the front door, deep booming of heavy bodies.

DEMIDOV

And the world will think: You are the villain.

KITCHEN

Loni sprints through, hears voices in the

LIVING ROOM

FONTAINE

Demidov, peace, remember? We can still have it, together.

Demidov shrugs.

DEMIDOV

Peace. With me being in charge.

Demidov raises the gun, fires.

Loni crashes from a side doorway, pushes Fontaine out of the way. The bullet goes through her chest, still hits Fontaine's shoulder as they fall.

Demidov stamps his foot, angered. Raises the gun for another shot...

BOING! Old Woman knocks out Demidov with one swing of a solid iron frying pan. Demidov goes down.

Kriff comes in the back door, slaps handcuffs on Demidov.

POLICEMEN batter down the front door.

Fontaine, on the ground, holds Loni.

His shoulder stained with blood.

FONTAINE

Oh, Loni.

LONI

(peaceful)

I never killed anybody.

FONTAINE

It's better that way.

LONI

You were my first. You were my only.

Fontaine kisses her, his lips sending his final farewell, his acknowledgement of her love, his gratitude.

Mid-kiss, Loni dies.

Fontaine remembers how to cry...

Kriff holds up his identification as Policemen swarm all throughout the house.

A cell phone rings. Every Policeman checks his pockets.

It's Demidov's phone.

Kriff digs through Demidov's pockets, pulls out the phone. He sees the caller ID: "Laskoff". He smiles, grimly, puts the phone to his ear.

KRIFF

Hank Kriff, FBI.

Click. Hang-up.

INT. RTZV SUMMONS ROOM - NIGHT

The Blackberry in the middle of the table.

It rings.

Laskoff, face like a frightened child, stares at the phone.

He reaches out a trembling finger, pushes a green button.

MADAME EXECUTOR (V.O.)

(conversation in Russian)

Destroy everything.

Laskoff gulps.

LASKOFF

Everything?

MADAME EXECUTOR (V.O.)

Everything.

CLICK! Finality.

INT. MORGAN CONSULTING - NIGHT

Laskoff wanders around, mutters to himself, dumps a can of gasoline on Demidov's desk.

He shuffles towards a nondescript closet door, opens it, walks through it into...

INT. RTZV SUMMONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Large cases of explosives stacked on the table.

Laskoff plops down in the carved wooden throne, holds a lighter above his head. His arms and legs splayed in drunken glory, but his face is streaked with tears.

The room is soaked. Even Laskoff is sopping wet.

LASKOFF

(sneers in broken English)
For God and Country.
 (in Russian)
Burn, you bastards.

Laskoff chugs down an entire bottle of vodka, a vain display of prowess. He chokes back a sob.

He clicks the lighter on, drops it to the ground.

BLAM!

EXT. SEARS TOWER - NIGHT

A massive fireball jets from the side of the Sears Tower, near the top.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. ON SET - TELEVISION STUDIO - NIGHT

A cheering audience, standing ovation.

Brendan Ray waves to the audience, settles them down. He turns to the camera, winks.

BRENDAN RAY

Good evening and good thoughts, America. Brendan Ray LiveTalk at PrimeTime here to celebrate an hour with you tonight, and, boy, is this a busy night. INT. GREEN ROOM - TELEVISION STUDIO - NIGHT

Fontaine sits at a little table in a posh backstage waiting area, wears a crisp black suit, black tie. A manila envelope on the table in front of him.

His face, still beaten and bruised, but healing.

On a corner monitor, Brendan Ray's beaming face.

BRENDAN RAY (O.S.)

(on television)

Before we get to our amazing guests, first, an update from Chicago on the terrorist explosion that rocked the world last night.

Fontaine pulls a small white card from a pocket, a black permanent marker from another.

BRENDAN RAY (O.S.)

Not a person was lost in the evacuation, which consisted mainly of janitorial crews and security personnel. Amazingly, expert architects report that the Sears Tower remains architecturally sound, and can be structurally repaired within the month.

Fontaine copies the card onto the manila envelope: it's an address. He holds his wounded shoulder, still painful.

BRENDAN RAY (O.S.)

And the world longs to know, who is responsible for the most ineffectual terrorist bombing in recent history? The answer, after these messages.

Brendan winks, the audience erupts. Cuts to commercial.

A STAGEHAND pokes a head into the room.

STAGEHAND

Ninety seconds, Agent Fontaine.

Fontaine stands, licks the envelope shut.

FONTAINE

Throw that in the mail, would you?

Stagehand takes the manila envelope with a helpful nod.

Fontaine straightens his suit, strides out.

INT. ON SET - NIGHT

Fontaine waits in the wings, nervous, shifts from foot to foot, rubs sweating palms together.

FONTAINE'S POV

On stage, Brendan Ray and Tia Dawson face the cameras.

BRENDAN RAY

...White House Spokeswoman, Tia Dawson.

TIA

Operation Smoking the Bear, a complete and rousing success, has come to a completion. We beg America's indulgence for our half-truths in the public interest. We have dealt a blow to the evil RTZV by taking their foremost assassin, Amnul Demidov, into custody. Demidov is accused of hundreds of murders and assassinations around the world, including last night's bombing. It's all over, all for the better! And now, I present to you, a marvelous actor and brave American, John Fontaine.

Fontaine walks out, humble, not waving. The audience rises to its feet, the most rousing ovation in the history of television. Women cry in the front row.

Fontaine blinks at the bright lights.

His shirt, a hint of seeping blood at the shoulder.

INT. SHEDD AQUARIUM - DAY

Kriff and Fontaine stand in front of the giant cylindrical tank, quiet, reflective, welcome the silence.

KRIFF

Want me to get you some tomato juice?

FONTAINE

Nope. Cold turkey. (beat)

FONTAINE (CONT'D)

I've always killed people far away, to serve people far away. Real people are something else altogether.

KRIFF

Love is blood and death.

FONTAINE

Yep.

KRIFF

It's a tough world.

FONTAINE

Yep.

INT. RIO HOTEL - FRONT DESK - DAY

A HOTEL MANAGER (30s), slicked machismo hair, wears Fontaine's distinctive, offensive tourist shirt.

The suitcases previously abandoned by Fontaine and Loni are stacked against a back wall.

Hotel Manager rubs sleepy eyes, yawns, flips through the mail bins for each room. Most are empty.

KRIFF (V.O.)

Still want to change it?

FONTAINE (V.O.)

Yep.

KRIFF (V.O.)

Yeah.

In one of the bins: Fontaine's manila envelope with permanent marker address...

INT. RIO HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

Hotel Manager knocks on a room door.

KRIFF (V.O.)

Not with TV.

FONTAINE (V.O.)

Nope.

Beatrisa Acedo opens the door, Vijuanito in her arms. Behind her, the hotel room is move-in messy, small boxes littered all over.

KRIFF (V.O.)

Politics?

FONTAINE (V.O.)

Nope.

Hotel Manager, obviously smitten by her beauty, simpers as he offers her the mail. She gives him a charming smile, takes the manila envelope.

INT. BEATRISA ACEDO'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Beatrisa brushes two previously-opened manila envelopes off a cardboard box, onto the floor.

KRIFF (V.O.)

Any good ideas?

She holds Vijuanito on her lap so he can watch her...

Tear the manila envelope open with her teeth.

American twenty-dollar bills spill over the box.

FONTAINE (V.O.)

One person at a time?

Beatrisa, a look of joy, thanks, adoration.

Turns to a wall picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

Lifts an arm in exuberance.

KRIFF (V.O.)

(doubtful)

We'll see.

FADE OUT.

THE END