

FADE IN:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM-NO WINDOWS

UNSEEN PEOPLE surround a conference room table. They watch a screen with several images and stories of a collapsing US economy (in 2008). It ends. On the table a newspaper with the headline: OBAMA WINS!

MAN #1

And we're sure this will work?

MAN #2

Preliminary evidence suggests it.  
Otherwise we're facing full economic  
collapse.

Everyone sighs and groans.

MAN #1

How many would die?

MAN #3

About three million.

MAN #1

What's next?

MAN #2

We'll have to fully vet the models,  
which will take us about four months.

THE CITY-DAY

Hustle and bustle. Traffic. Smog. Blight.

INT. OFFICE-DAY

A field of cubicles. Ties, slacks, shirts.

INT. CUBICLE

BLAKE COLLINS, mid 30's, sits at his desk. Regular Joe, has his head on one hand as he works the mouse with another. He peruses CNN.com. December 1, 2008. Economic mess. Home prices in free-fall. Job losses.

On the cubicle walls are a calendar with a picture of a bored-looking orangutan. Blake and the monkey look very similar. Also, there are remedial doodles of faces with various expressions; sad, happy, confused, etc.

DANIEL, 20s, at the next-door cubicle, pulls off his phone headset as he turns to Blake.

DANIEL

Okay. Tenant says he doesn't want to go forward.

BLAKE

Let the leasing agent know.

DANIEL

That's it?

BLAKE

That's it. Not much to this job.

Pause.

DANIEL

And you've been here how long?

BLAKE

12 years. Came here when I was your age.

Daniel seems confused.

DANIEL

What keeps you here?

Blake twists around and faces the kid.

BLAKE

Money! I'm not what you call a "high achiever." This is a good alternative to actually choosing a vocation. 'cause I never got a good answer to my question.

DANIEL

What question?

BLAKE

Why?

Blake's phone rings. He answers. Listens and then hangs up.

BLAKE  
Meeting with the boss.

Blake stands.

BLAKE  
What THAT is worth.

INT. OFFICE

Blake enters a corner office and hesitates. Seated are a portly MICHAEL, 50s, and MICHELLE, late 40s.

MICHAEL  
Sit down, Blake.

Cautious, he takes a seat.

MICHAEL  
You know Michelle from H.R.

Michael refers to a piece of paper. He recites:

MICHAEL  
Due to changes in the company and issues with the economy, I'm afraid we have to terminate your employment.

Silence as Blake soaks this in. Slowly he comes to life again.

BLAKE  
You're going to fire all the Tenant Admins?

Michael glances at Michelle.

MICHAEL  
Actually it will only be you.

Blake flashes a curious eye.

BLAKE

Uh. I'm the senior person. You just hired the kid. The other four have half-the-experience that I do.

Uncomfortable, Michael nods toward the window that overlooks the office. A moment later a very large SECURITY GUARD enters.

Blake looks to Michelle.

BLAKE

And this is okay? What is loyalty worth? He's doing this 'cause I questioned him.

MICHELLE

Well, there is a thoughtful criteria that our Managers follow in this situation.

Blake nods.

BLAKE

What are ya? New? He's not qualified to lick a homeless man's ass.

Michael nervously laughs.

MICHAEL

I would hope not.

Michelle looks at him. Blake rolls his eyes.

INT. PARKING LOT-DAY

A trunk opens and a box drops inside. Inside the box are a couple of frozen dinners, a Vonnegut paperback, two DVDs and various nick-nacks.

INT. ECONOMY CAR

Blake sits behind the wheel in a trance.

BLAKE (V.O.)

12 years. Most of my professional life.  
Professional life?

Smirks. The visor flips down and there sits a row of CDs. Picks out one and slips it into the player as he starts the car.

The stereo pumps out some growling death metal.

EXT. HOUSE-DAY

Blake pulls to the curb. Hesitates, sighs and then shuts the car off. The music cuts out, too.

EXT. STREET

Blake steps out. Slowly his eyebrows curl down to a quizzical look.

In the driveway sits a high-end pick-up truck loaded with a few pieces of furniture and a lot of boxes.

As he approaches the truck, he sees the DRIVER behind the wheel. The driver, 30's, look at him.

DRIVER

You must be Blake.

BLAKE

Yeah. What is all this?

DRIVER

She's inside. She can tell you.

Blake turns to the house, totally confused.

INT. HOUSE

Nothing really memorable in the house. Holes in the decor that likely now reside on the truck. A CAT sits on a bookcase above as it critically surveys the scene.

BLAKE

Corrina?

Nothing.

BLAKE

Corrina?

Blake starts toward the hallway as CORRINA, 30s and a regular Jane, appears.

CORRINA

Blake? What're you doing here?

BLAKE

I got fired. Downsized. Laid off. Let go. Like I had a place to be. Wait! What's going on?

She shrugs and walks back into the bedroom.

BLAKE

Corrina?

He follows.

INT. BEDROOM

She finishes packing a final box.

BLAKE

Are you...? Uh...?

CORRINA

Leaving you? Yes.

Blake zones out again and then shakes it off.

BLAKE

What? Why? You never talked about this.

CORRINA

We never really talked about anything. And I love someone else.

BLAKE

Just like that? The guy in the truck? But I love you.

She turns and faces him.

CORRINA

No you don't! You really needed me. You kept going and going. It felt like the thing to do. It seemed to make you happy. And I thought that I wouldn't love anyone else.

The final box gets snapped up and she walks out.

INT. LIVING ROOM

She starts to rush out and he appears.

BLAKE

What about the house! We bought a house for christ sakes!

CORRINA

YOU bought a house! I didn't want you to use all your savings. But you didn't listen. You can sell it.

With that, she leaves.

BLAKE

In this market?

The cat leaps down to a chair and looks to Blake. A very harsh and critical MEOW cuts the air.

Blake looks down to the feline.

BLAKE

Yes, ma'am.

Pets the cat.

BLAKE

Did you know about this?

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT

Blake on video phone with ANTHONY, 30s. A kitchen in Anthony's background.

ANTHONY

Wow! Whatcha gonna do?

BLAKE

Find another job. If I can.

ANTHONY

In this economy?

BLAKE

Thanks. That's motivating. I admit that the job wasn't very good, but it did provide security. Corrina was probably right, but she was someone to wake up to. That's all I needed. Or need. And a little peace.

ANTHONY

Go back to school.

BLAKE

Even if I had something I wanted to do, I just don't have it in me. Lend me money?

ANTHONY

I just graduated with \$160,000 in debt.

BLAKE

Excuses, excuses.

ANTHONY

What DO you want?

BLAKE

(pause)

Just a little peace and security. Is that too much to ask for?

ANTHONY

Yes. It costs way too much.

BLAKE

Touché.

ANTHONY

Well, if you lose the house, you can come live with Joan and I. In the basement.



BLAKE

That's going to be great for the ego.  
What's left of it. And 12 years of  
Savings. POOF!

Behind Anthony, a couple kids run across the screen to the  
'fridge.

ANTHONY

Oh. Gotta go. Kids are here.

BLAKE

You still have those?

ANTHONY

They're the light of my life. My pride  
and joy. The reason I get up in the  
morning. And it's only another 6 years  
before they're out on their ass.

BLAKE

Finally, I'm getting through to you!

INT. GYM-NIGHT

Blake works out on a Stairmaster at a plain-looking gym. He  
overdoes it and stops in frustration.

BLAKE

Shit.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Blake in bed. Twists and turns. Then kicks the blankets off.

BLAKE

Shit.

INT. ROOM

A light comes on. Wall to wall shallow bookcases filled  
with music CDs. In the center sits a desk with a deluxe CD  
player and receiver with headphones. On the other side a  
computer.

Blake picks out a CD from the sea of music.

INT. ROOM-DAY

Blake wakes suddenly in the chair, nose to nose with the cat. Another critical MEOW!

BLAKE

What? I don't have anyplace to be.

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Blake sits in a slouch as he flicks through daytime TV.

MONTAGE

Blake takes control of his computer. Dot-coms related to finding a job flick by.

"Apply Now" buttons clicked, and clicked, and clicked.

Resumes and cover letters are stuffed into envelopes amid beer bottles and food packages.

More daytime TV.

More working out at the gym.

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Across the room Blake stares at the phone.

On the TV CNN:

NEWSCASTER

Barack Obama becomes the forty-third  
President of the United States.

Blake's eyes go to the TV.

BLAKE

Maybe he's got a job for me.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

The clock reads 12:17 AM.

A LATE PAYMENT notice for his mortgage stares Blake down.  
As he sets the letter aside, an e-mail on the computer

screen catches his eye.

The e-mail subject line reads: *You need a job? We need a unique person.*

The arrow opens the body of the e-mail which reads: *Take Our Test.* Blake follows the link.

The screen switches to a list of questions. Blake's expression shows his confusion.

BLAKE

"Green is important to you? Is Mickey a mouse? The Oscars are fixed?"

Blake hesitates, then starts to answer.

LATER:

At the end, he presses SUBMIT. The screen then switches back to the e-mail.

BLAKE

The e-mail deleted itself?  
(Pause)  
I gotta get out more.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Blake sleeps.

INT. ARENA-EMPTY-NO WINDOWS

Michael (Blake's boss) stands in the middle of the dirt floor of the empty arena. Eyes dart around as he sweats. Nowhere to run!

A door opens and a LARGE MAN enters. A huge guy. Massive. Dresses in dirty overalls. A machete in one large hand. A hockey mask covers his face.

Michael gasps. Tries to run as the LARGE MAN approaches. Raises the machete.

INT. BEDROOM-DAY

The clock reads 7:22.

*RIIINGGGG* goes the phone.

Blake bursts out of the blankets. Focuses and grabs the phone.

BLAKE

Hello?

Voice on the other end, REX STEVENS.

REX

Is this Blake?

BLAKE

Yes?

REX

Hello Blake, my name is Rex Stevens.

BLAKE

Okay?

REX

You took our test last night for employment.

BLAKE

Oh yes. The we...unusual one.

REX

You can say that, I guess. We were rather impressed with your results. Looks like you're what we need.

BLAKE

Oh. Great. But I didn't put down any personal info. No place to do that.

REX

We tracked you down through your URL.

BLAKE

Would it not be easier just to ask for the info? Is that even legal?

REX

I would doubt it. So, I'd like to meet you to discuss an opportunity with our organization.

BLAKE

Uh. Sure?

REX

How 'bout 8am at the Denny's on 6<sup>th</sup> and Forrester.

BLAKE

That's right around the corner from me.

REX

Yes. Thought it would be convenient for you.

BLAKE

Uh. What position is this for?

REX

See you at eight then.

The line goes dead. The cat jumps on the bed and gives Blake another critical and guttural "MEOWWWW."

BLAKE

I know. Weird.

LATER:

Blake, dressed in his shirt, tie, slacks, jacket, examines himself in the mirror. A sigh.

INT. DENNY'S-DAY

Morning crowd. Blake enters cautiously with a small notebook under his arm. Glances around.

Out of nowhere REX STEVENS, 50s, appears in a very nice suit.

REX

Blake?

BLAKE

Yes.

REX

Rex Stevens. Thanks for coming.

Rex points to Blake's tie.

REX

I like that tie.

BLAKE

Uh. Thanks.

REX

I have a table over here.

INT. TABLE

The two men sit opposite each other. Rex, with his crew cut and creepy big smile.

REX

So, here we are.

BLAKE

Yes. Before we...get started...I have to say much of this is very irregular. Well, all of it is very irregular.

REX

Absolutely. But this position is with a secretive department of the government and we feel it necessary to be COVERT about it.

Rex pulls out a notebook of his own and peruses the contents as Blake tries to take all of this in.

BLAKE

O-kay. Would you like to see my resume?

Blake starts to go for his notebook.

REX

No, no. We know all about you.

Rex laughs as he reads his notebook.

REX

This was wonderful. The question was  
"Chicks dig musicians?" You wrote:  
"But they also like big hats and hate  
wrestling." What made you say that?

Blake shrugs.

BLAKE

I feel strongly about that.

REX

And "Cats use sleep to meditate?" You  
said: "Only when they're not stealing my  
soul."

Rex closes the notebook when the WAITRESS comes over with a  
coffee pot.

WAITRESS

Coffee?

REX

Absolutely.

She pours. Blake gestures "no." She leaves.

BLAKE

Is this for real? I'm not a good  
candidate for "spy."

REX

No, no. It's for Warehouse  
Superintendent. To look over our spy  
stuff.

Blake smiles.

BLAKE

Okay. You had me goin' for a minute,  
since I really need a job. But you  
can't be serious. Where're the  
cameras?

Rex hesitates.

REX

I know this is strange but we need a certain type of person for this, and you come very close. Low aspirations but a need for security. Does well when an opportunity is placed before you. And---

Rex refers to his notebook.

REX

---unrealistic expectations about love relationships.

Blake hesitates.

BLAKE

The test told you that?

REX

Yes. But don't worry. We all have our quirks. Look, you need this job. You're about to lose your house. We need someone with a special make-up to handle it. Not like it's hard. We need discretion and you are someone who would like security for the rest of your life. This pays \$132,000 a year.

Blake's eyes widen.

REX

I know. Twice what you were making in that other job, where you thought you wouldn't do any better.

Rex finishes his coffee and reaches into his pocket. Presents his business card with only an address.

REX

Be here at 4pm tomorrow. I like you, kid.

With that, Rex slips out of the booth.



REX

Have breakfast. Anything. I'll pick-up  
the tab.

Then gone.

BLAKE

Warehouse? I've never worked in a  
warehouse.

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT

Blake on the video phone again with Anthony. Behind Anthony,  
the two kids work together as they try to make a haphazard  
ice cream sundae.

ANTHONY

You ever work in a warehouse?

BLAKE

No. But they thought I would be good at  
it. Whom I to complain?

ANTHONY

What do they do?

Blake hesitates.

BLAKE

Car parts.

ANTHONY

(Sarcastic)

That sounds fascinating.

BLAKE

It could be.

INT. OFFICE

At the computer, Blake clicks through various photos of him  
and Corrina. In all of them she seems distant and unhappy.  
Beer bottles litter the area.

Points to the screen.

BLAKE

Now I get it.

INT. BEDROOM

Dark. Blake sleeps. Suddenly he bolts upright. Slowly turns his head and, in the same bed beside him, sits HIMSELF /  
BLAKE #2.

BLAKE

I don't think I like this.

BLAKE #2

What're we gonna do about this job?

BLAKE

Go and see what it's about?

BLAKE #2

What if it's something bad? What if we get raped?

BLAKE

What do our rapists look like?

BLAKE #2

They're DUDES!

BLAKE

Oh.

BLAKE #2

Or if they're bad guy spies. Like in Alias where she worked for those bad guy CIA guys and didn't even know it.

BLAKE

That was a TV show.

BLAKE #2

What is this? Some regular guy gets a job at the CIA out of the blue?

BLAKE

Well, it IS the government. They're good at crazy shit. And we do need a job. Besides, look what questioning the dumb stuff got us in our last job.

Blake #2 shakes his head in disbelief.

BLAKE #2

Oh boy.

INT. BEDROOM-REALITY

Blake wakes with a gasp in bed---alone. Sighs in relief.

INT. BATHROOM-DAY

In the mirror, Blake fixes his tie.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA-DAY

Blake's car appears as Zydecho music pours out of the speakers.

INT. CAR

Blake checks the buildings versus the card Rex gave him. The music cuts out. Finds the right address. A plain but large warehouse.

Pulls the car to the side.

INT. WAREHOUSE-DAY

Blake enters. Nothing spectacular in the small waiting room. The muffled sounds of a warehouse filter in.

Steps up to the RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

BLAKE

I'm here to see Rex. He gave this to me.

Blake hands over the card.

INT. OFFICES

Rex leads Blake through plain offices. But nobody around.

REX

I'm glad you took me up on the job. You don't know how long we've been looking for the right person.

BLAKE

Okay.

Blake hesitates as they walk into an inner regular office.

BLAKE

I don't know what's going on but this is clearly not a secret spy organization. Is this some stupid reality show? I've been through a lot and don't really need to be jerked around.

A nervous pause as Rex closes the door. Takes out a cell phone and pushes a few buttons. Blake uncomfortable.

REX

I suppose so.

Rex hits the final button. With that, the far wall lifts up to reveal a vast and high-tech warehouse full of boxed items.

Shocked, Blake glances up and sees a big speaker where the warehouse sounds come from.

Blake looks embarrassed and uncertain.

BLAKE

Touché?

INT. LOCKER ROOM-NO WINDOWS

Blake closes a locker in the empty room. Looks at his new outfit in the full-length mirror: black, tailored, slick overalls. More like a super-hero outfit. An ID card hangs around his neck.

CHARLES, 60s and big African-American, appears in the

doorway. One step removed from a drill instructor and in the same outfit as Blake.

CHARLES  
Looks like it fits.

BLAKE  
Yes, I think so.

CHARLES  
Comfy?

BLAKE  
Comfy?

CHARLES  
Yes, son. Know what the word means?

BLAKE  
Yes, seems to be comfy.

Charles nods.

CHARLES  
Doesn't ride up into the nuts, does it?  
Pinch in the nards? Sometimes it does.

BLAKE  
Uh. No. I don't think so.

CHARLES  
You DO have testes, right?

BLAKE  
Last I checked.

CHARLES  
That's good. That's good. Let's get  
started.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Concrete floors. Four level rows.

CHARLES  
This is your station.

Charles shows a plain desk with a computer.

CHARLES

Very basic Excel-type logs for all this stuff.

Double clicks one record and it comes up.

CHARLES

That's the inventory. That's the only record you need.

BLAKE

Does it have Internet?

Charles stares at him.

CHARLES

THAT is the only thing you need.

Blake nods. Ahead of that a heavy roll-down door.

CHARLES

Basically you are the record keeper of all this stuff. Some you will know what is inside. Most of it you won't.

Points in the opposite direction, a shallow ramp that leads down to a very thick, blast-type door that could fit a large truck. To the side of that another, smaller one for people access.

CHARLES

That is where "they" work. I don't know who "they" are. I don't ask and you don't ask. Your job is up here. "They" can see you there.

Charles points to a camera above. Blake nods again.

CHARLES

Again, they will ask you to bring something forward, to the door. They will contact you with this.

Hands the kid a cell phone.

CHARLES

They'll take it from there. You get it with that.

Charles directs his attention to a slick forklift.

CHARLES

It's automatic with a lever that goes up and down.

Gives a questioning look to the young man.

BLAKE

Up and down.

CHARLES

Good. Any questions?

BLAKE

Uh. I don't think so.

CHARLES

Good. It's all yours.

With that, Charles turns and begins to walk out. After the initial shock, Blake follows.

BLAKE

What does that mean?

CHARLES

I am now retired.

BLAKE

Retired? But I just got here?

CHARLES

You'll be fine. Not much to the job.

BLAKE

Really? There HAS to be more to it.

Charles reaches another thick door and swipes a card. It opens.

CHARLES

No. That's about it. Only 30 more years  
and you can retire, too.

The door WHOOSHes shut behind him and leaves Blake alone.  
Frozen. After a moment, turns back to his new job.

BLAKE

More like thirty FIVE years 'til  
retirement.

Blake walks the first row. A variety of items with clear  
numbers. Hesitates at a coffin-like metal box with a keypad  
on the side. Pushes himself away.

Row Two and Blake tries the forklift. No problemo.

Finds another box with latches. After a glance in either  
direction, pushes open the latches and about a dozen  
handguns inside.

A faint squeal. Blake looks up and sees the camera rotate  
down on him. Fumbles with the box and quickly closes it.  
Uncomfortable, he waves and continues on.

Row Three and Blake's eyes widen. Before him sits three  
cars. But these aren't cars, they're pieces of art. Bullets  
with wheels. Slowly steps around them.

Blake sits at the desk and tries to be comfortable in the  
chair. Pulls open each drawer. Nothing. An old pencil. A  
sigh.

MONTAGE

Blake paces.

Blake takes a bathroom break.

Blake practices with the forklift.

BLAKE

sits at the desk. No sound.

BLAKE #2

This is just weird.



Blake #2 appears on the other side of the desk.

BLAKE  
Who're I to say?

BLAKE #2  
What the hell happened to us?

BLAKE  
It's no more boring than our last gig.

BLAKE #2  
Yeah. What's with that? Twelve years there. Why aren't we more driven?

BLAKE  
What should we have been? Engineer? Lawyer? Doctor? Oh. I know. Writer. It all seemed so---overwhelming.

BLAKE #2  
Pussy.

The sound of a door as it creaks open. Then closes. The hard click of footsteps. Women shoes.

AMY MARIE, 30s, appears and stops. She has a cold air and a professional look with distinctive red hair. Tilts her head and only sees one Blake.

AMY  
Who are you?

BLAKE #2  
Oh shit.

BLAKE  
My name is Blake.

Blake stands and hits his knee on the desk. She studies him with no expression.

AMY  
Where's Charles?

Blake looks intimidated.

BLAKE

Retired? I'm the new guy. First day.

She nods, turns away and walks toward the smaller door.  
Flicks her ID card and enters the secret area.

BLAKE

Nice to meet you.

BLAKE #2

That's not a good thing.

BLAKE

Why? I don't even know her. Maybe there's  
nothing to like.

BLAKE #2

Oh, you'll find a way.

INT. SECRET AREA

Amy sits at her desk and accesses her computer. Switches  
screens.

A line on the screen says:

*ESTIMATED CASUALTIES: 3,000,214.*

*MISSION DATE: 10 DAYS, 5 HOURS, 23 MINUTES.*

She sighs.

### **FLASHBACK**

The cheers of a crowd grow louder in her memory. The sound  
of a whistle.

INT. GYM-DAY

A girls basket ball game. A YOUNG AMY, 15, (with the  
distinctive red hair) has the ball. She dribbles down the  
court. For a moment, she catches MOTHER AND FATHER type in  
the stands, Father in an Army uniform and MOM in a spotless  
dress. Both happy and proud.

Young Amy shoots and scores to cheers.

She looks up to Mom and Dad and their approval.

INT. CHURCH-DAY

Young Amy sings in the choir.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Young Amy in bed. Darkness. The door opens and Young Amy sees Dad in the doorway.

**BACK TO REALITY**

She sighs.

INT. BLAKE'S HOUSE-DAY

Blake does the dishes.

Blake vacuums the floor.

Blake watches TV (more reminders of job losses and economic collapse. Something about Swine Flu.)

Blake sighs.

INT. WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

More boredom.

Blake sits at the desk and does doodles of faces with various overt expressions.

Suddenly the phone rings and startles him. Answers.

BLAKE

Hello?

VOICE

Row 3. Box 14. Place before the door.

BLAKE

Oh. Right away.

The phone goes dead.

On the forklift, Blake manages to grab-up the box in question.

The forklift sets the box down in front of the big blast doors.

Then---nothing. Blake looks around.

BLAKE  
I do something wrong?

With a WOOSH the door slowly opens. Two gunmen with rifles and sunglasses appear in front of another forklift. Take the box inside and the door closes.

BLAKE  
Now that was very dramatic.

INT. OFFICE-NIGHT

A plain, windowless office with a utilitarian desk.

Alone, Amy sits at the guest chair without an expression. A thick file lays in her lap. After a moment, her eyes drop and she sighs.

The door opens with a BOSS' wrinkled hand. Face not shown. His voice older.

BOSS  
Oh. Good. You're here.

The Boss crosses the office and sits at his desk. Amy regains her hardened exterior.

BOSS  
So, did you run the model again?

AMY  
Yes sir. Same result.

BOSS  
I kind of guessed that.

AMY  
Yes. Same as the last seven. With small variations. Very small.

Pause. The man leans back in his chair.

BOSS  
And what do you think of that?

Her eyes widen slightly. Licks her lips.

AMY  
I'm confident that it will do what is  
needed.

BOSS  
That's not what I meant.

AMY  
Sir?

BOSS  
The loss of life. Three million is a  
lot of people.

Pause. She slowly nods.

AMY  
Yes it is.

A glimmer of being rattled shows in her expression.

AMY  
But unfortunately the alternative would  
be much worse.

The Boss leans forward.

BOSS  
And you understand that? We have five  
days to go, you know.

Pause.

AMY  
Yes sir.

INT. WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

More boredom. Blake paces the floor.

Then the smaller door opens. Amy appears agitated and  
doesn't notice him. She exits through the outside door.

Blake glances around. Nothing. The door shuts.

He steps forward.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Blake peers out.

Amy paces angrily around. She then throws a very powerful kick into a trash bin. A deep metallic rattle.

Blake clears his throat. She whips around and glares at him. Blake notices an outside camera tilt around to them.

BLAKE  
Is everything okay?

Eyes narrow as she studies him. Angry but at a low volume:

AMY  
Has there ever been a time when  
EVERYTHING has been okay?

Blake's eyes widen and then he slowly nods.

BLAKE  
Good point. I'll leave you alone.

He slowly shrinks back into the building.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Blake paces some more.

After a moment, Amy enters. She hesitates as their eyes meet again. Not so angry anymore.

But Blake turns away and pretends to study the storage area.

She continues on.

INT. BLAKE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Blake watches TV.

Cat looks at him and gives another critical MEOW.

BLAKE  
I agree.

INT. PIZZA JOE'S - NIGHT

Blake enters the sit-down pizza place.

LATER:

Blake peruses the menu. Then notices Amy at another table. She sees him, too. He hesitantly waves. She nods.

LATER:

Blake raises a piece of pizza to his mouth as Amy sits across from him.

AMY

Do you bowl?

BLAKE

Like with pins and a big ball?

AMY

Yes.

BLAKE

I guess.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY-NIGHT

Amy throws the ball and hits most of the pins. Blake's eyes widen. Blake #2 leans in.

BLAKE #2

What do you think she wants?

BLAKE

To---bowl?

BLAKE #2

Has to be more than that.

AMY

I love to bowl. Use to as a kid. Never have the time for it now.

She grabs another ball and knocks down the rest of the pins.

BLAKE

Well, I won't be much competition.

AMY

I figured that.

But she seems more into the game vs. interactions with him.

LATER:

Amy and Blake sit in the scoring desk. Amy chows on chicken wings. Blake has a confused look.

BLAKE

So.

(pause)

How long have you worked---

But Amy gives him the evil eye.

AMY

You shouldn't talk about that.

BLAKE

I just figured since we both---

AMY

No!

A pregnant pause.

BLAKE

Can I talk about Fight Club instead?

Amy sighs and then puts the food down.

AMY

Maybe we should call it a night.

She begins to collect her things.

AMY

(mumbles)

Just wanted some normal time.

BLAKE

Look, I'm sorry.



She leans in with a stone-cold stare.

AMY

You can never talk about it.

Stares him down. He nods. She walks away.

BLAKE

I don't even know her name.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Blake wide-awake in bed in the dark.

Blake #2 in a smoking jacket and pipe sits at the end of the bed.

BLAKE #2

Strange girl, don't you think?

BLAKE

I suppose so.

BLAKE #2

Then why're you worrying about it?

Blake thinks about it.

BLAKE #2

You're like one of those regular girls  
who want to be swept up by the doctor,  
or lawyer or Navy pilot.

Blake gives a critical eye to Blake #2.

BLAKE

What are you wearing?

INT. WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

Blake sits at the desk in the middle of the empty, quiet warehouse.

The sound of a heavy door opens and closes. Then the sound of footsteps. Blake's eyes widen.

Then Amy appears around the corner as Blake straightens in

his chair. She doesn't seem to notice him as she passes and disappears through the other door.

LATER:

Blake exits the restroom and comes upon a MAN IN SUNGLASSES beside the desk.

BLAKE

Oh. Hello.

MAN IN SUNGLASSES

We need a light truck.

BLAKE

Light truck?

MAN IN SUNGLASSES

Short blue truck in the lot. Keys inside.  
Follow the three other ones.

Then he turns toward the door. Blake nods and crosses to the exterior door.

EXT. LOT

Three other panel trucks (big vans) idle. A DRIVER pokes his head out.

DRIVER

Wanna hurry up? We're on a schedule.  
The one in the corner.

EXT. STREET

In another panel truck, Blake follows the others onto the freeway.

LATER:

They exit the freeway.

They exit any semblance of the city and into the hills.

INT. TRUCK

Blake's phone rings.

VOICE  
We're coming up on it.

They round a corner and a similar truck sits before a cave in the moonlight.

The three other trucks pull to the side.

VOICE  
Park parallel next to the other truck.

Blake positions the truck cab in front of the other one. Another DUDE sits behind the wheel with a backwards baseball cap. Waves at Blake.

The dude then exits the truck and comes beside Blake's window. Wears a similar outfit to Blake's.

DUDE  
Hey man. You guys from Westside?

BLAKE  
Uh. I'm not sure. But we're on the Westside.

DUDE  
That would be the giveaway. See the red button?

Blake notices a red button on the dash.

Then a sharp animal groan from the cave.

BLAKE  
What was that?

DUDE  
I dunno. They don't tell me nuthin'. But we get one about every month. When I hit my lights, you do yours.

The dude casually climbs back into his truck.

On the other truck, the side wall peels back and a bank of brilliant lights spill into the cave.

BLAKE

Whoa.

Blake pushes his lights with double the effect. Another animal grunt from the cave.

Then the three other trucks empty with several dozen heavily-armed personnel in full black body armor and face masks.

They all swarm into the cave.

Blake wide-eyed as he hears several voices bark back and forth mixed with the animal protest.

The dude appears again at Blake's window. But this other guy seems almost bored.

DUDE

You just started, huh?

Blake whips around.

BLAKE

What? What's going on?

DUDE

Don't worry about that. Whatever it is, they usually get it under control.

BLAKE

Usually?

Then someone goes airborne out of the cave and lands on the ground.

DUDE

Whoa. Don't see that every day.

The person stands and then pulls off their face mask. Amy! Blake's eyes saucers.

She then tosses the mask away and charges back into the cave. After a moment, the noise of commotion calms down.

DUDE

And there you go.

The dude notices Blake's anxiety.

BLAKE

You'll get used to it. It's the government after all. They know what they're doing.

The dude then returns to his truck.

Another of the trucks appears and backs up against the cave entrance, doors open. Blake sees quick flashes of a large tarp that covers something big as it loads into the back.

EXT. FREEWAY-NIGHT

Blake follows the other trucks.

INT. WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

Blake steps into the warehouse as the big mysterious interior doors closes with a hiss.

He drops down into the desk and sees a small piece of paper on his computer. Opens it up and reads: BOWLING. SAME PLACE. 12 NOON TOMORROW. The expression on his face switches from happy to confused to happy to confused.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY-DAY

Blake enters and looks around. Very slow today. Amy plays at the far lane.

Amy throws a ball and gets all but one pin. A blank expression greets Blake.

BLAKE

Hi. Got your note.

She nods.

BLAKE

Can I at least ask your name?

AMY

Amy.

Pause.

AMY  
I'm glad you came.

Turns back as her ball appears.

Blake glances at Blake #2.

BLAKE #2  
I got nothin'.

Amy rolls a strike and lets out a cheer. Blake looks at her and then approaches. Eyes meet.

BLAKE  
I don't know why I'm here. But I know  
it's not 'cause of anything romantic.  
On your part.

Amy contemplates this and nods.

AMY  
Fair enough. Your turn.

MONTAGE

Amy rolls well. Blake rolls badly. Amy rolls well. Blake does even worse.

Blake sits beside Amy.

AMY  
You were right. You are bad.

BLAKE  
Told you. You're going to get the same  
performance on the pool table, too.

Pause.

AMY  
You're here 'cause I wanted to bowl  
with someone normal. That place doesn't  
have any normal people. Not anymore.

BLAKE  
I don't know if I'm "normal."

AMY

Oh. You are. At least for now.

BLAKE

And what are you?

AMY

Someone led astray.

With that, she stands and steps up to the lane.

Amy hits another strike. Turns and sits beside Blake.

BLAKE

Oh good. More humiliation. But I'm used to it.

Blake starts to stand.

AMY

To answer your question.

Hesitates and looks at her

AMY

I'm someone who fixes other people's screw-ups.

Blake mulls this over.

BLAKE

I'm 34 and my girlfriend of 5 years just left me.

He reaches for a ball.

BLAKE

My only girlfriend in 34 years.

Amy has a quizzical look.

AMY

Okay, that IS weird.

BLAKE

The leaving me part?

AMY

No. The other part. 34 years?

Blake nods.

BLAKE

Told you I wasn't normal.

With that, Blake throws the ball, which promptly find the gutter.

MONTAGE

They bowl as they talk.

AMY

How'd you only get one woman in that time?

BLAKE

Time flies. You get busy with other things. Your turn.

She studies Blake.

AMY

I've only had three boyfriends.

Blake nods.

BLAKE

I would have guessed more.

AMY

Now you.

BLAKE

My parents died in a car crash.

A pause.

AMY

Really? So did mine.

Another pause.



BLAKE

Sucks, huh?

AMY

Yeah. I'm pregnant.

Blake hesitates.

BLAKE

Oh---congratulations?

AMY

I won't be for long.

BLAKE

Oh.

Pause.

BLAKE

Does this mean we're friends?

AMY

Sure. Why not?

BLAKE

'cause I don't have anything like that.

AMY

Probably because you're normal.

INT. BAR-NIGHT

The bar attached to the bowling alley behind. Amy and Blake drunk.

BLAKE

She was right. I didn't love her. I just guess I'm needy. Do I seem needy?

AMY

Yeah. You do.

BLAKE

Wow. You're honest. I'd expect you'd placate me.

AMY

I'm not that type of girl.

Blake nods.

BLAKE

Who's the daddy of your kid?

He leans in and whispers.

BLAKE

A spy?

AMY

No. Just someone. He doesn't know.

BLAKE

It must be easy. Pretty gal wants some companionship, she just picks and chooses. Regular guy like me?

He shakes his head.

BLAKE

No.

AMY

Sounds about right.

BLAKE

THIS is when you suppose to placate me.

AMY

I don't know how.

BLAKE

Okay, time for coffee.

LATER:

Blake drinks coffee.

AMY

My father was a Marine. All his life.  
So I joined the Marines out of college.  
I was then recruited by the "service."

BLAKE

That's who we work for?

She nods.

BLAKE

You know what I always wanted to be?

She shrugs.

BLAKE

Nothing. My father was an accountant. Never wanted to be one. I love music. Never picked up an instrument or ever had the drive. Nothing ever came to mind. I always thought that people really wanted to be what they ended up as. A dentist once told me he liked sculpting. So he thought it was the logical conclusion. Another said he wanted to be a macro-biologist or something. But it was too hard. So he chose architecture. A girl I met had two majors and didn't care about either. She just did it. But me? I could never bridge that divide.

A pregnant pause.

AMY

Maybe we should go back to drinkin'.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY-NIGHT

Amy and Blake exit. They hesitate.

AMY

Are you all right to drive?

BLAKE

Oh yeah. I had three cups of coffee.

Pause. Blake looks to her.

BLAKE

Well, it was fun. Good to have a friend.

AMY

Yeah.

BLAKE

Oh. What was that thing that threw you  
out of the cave?

She smiles.

AMY

Goodnight, friend.

She steps away. Blake #2 appears by his side as he eats an  
ice cream cone.

BLAKE #2

You two seem to get along together  
great. Too bad she won't fuck you.

Blake #2 slaps Blake on the back and walks off, too.

BLAKE

Do you have to be so blunt?

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT

Blake lays asleep in a chair as CNN broadcasts.

CNN

And there are more deaths reported in  
Mexico City from the Swine Flu epidemic.

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Amy stands in her utilitarian apartment. A few family  
pictures on the wall. But she stares at her diploma on the  
wall: MATHAMATICS-M.I.T.

AMY

The numbers don't lie. The numbers don't  
lie.

An apparition (more faint than Blake #2) of her Father  
appears behind her in his Army dress.

FATHER

That's right. They don't. I'm so proud of you.

He steps around her with a beaming smile.

FATHER

This is exactly what I expected of my little girl. Strong. Smart. Serving her country.

Amy conflicted.

FATHER

You'll save a lot of lives. You'll make our country strong again.

AMY

Why, dad?

FATHER

Why? I pushed you 'cause I loved you. I thought you could be the best. And now you are.

AMY

No. Not that.

Father loses his good cheer for a moment. Then he starts to smile again. But this smile slowly morphs into something wicked and evil. He leans in.

FATHER

I've always loved you.

Alone in the room, Amy crosses her arms and shivers.

INT. WAREHOUSE-DAY

Blake sits at the desk. No sounds. Alone.

Blake #2 appears.

BLAKE #2

How long do you think you can be "just friends"?

BLAKE  
It's not an off-or-on, black-or-white  
thing.

BLAKE #2  
So what's it at now?

BLAKE  
What part of IT?

BLAKE #2  
You're a pain in the ass.

The sound a door as it opens. Then closes. Then the sound  
of footsteps.

Amy appears and hesitates. She eyes Blake, expressionless.  
Blake slowly loses his smile.

BLAKE  
Workin' hard, eh?

He smiles.

BLAKE  
Only 35 years left. Then retirement.

AMY  
If we make it.

Amy continues on to the secure door and disappears inside.

INT. HALLWAY

Amy steps down an office hallway and past one office.

INT. OFFICE

Inside the office sits, JOE, 50s. Alone at his desk and in  
deep thought. After a moment, looks down at the top of his  
desk.

A vest, full of C4. Like one you'd see on a suicide bomber.  
A detonator.

**FLASHBACK**

INT. HOSPITAL-DAY

Joe stands over the hospital bed of a WOMAN, 50s, unconscious, sickly. Holds her hand.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM-DAY

Other suited types, that include Joe, around the table. They listen to Amy's unseen Boss.

BOSS

---and are expecting about three million fatalities.

EXT. GRAVE YARD-DAY

A funeral around a casket. Joe stands there, too.

**BACK TO REALITY**

Joe lifts the belt off the desk.

INT. CUBICLE

Amy works at her terminal. She stands, picks up a file and walks out.

INT. HALLWAY

She walks past Joe, jacket buttoned, without acknowledgment.

JOE

appears in the small but equipment-laden workspace with several other employees. The detonator appears in his hand. Nobody takes notice of him.

JOE

It's not wrong---

AMY

enters another office full of stations and computer racks and sits at another terminal.

BLAKE

still at the desk.

BLAKE

35 more years.

JOE

unbuttons his jacket, the suicide vest underneath. People begin to notice.

JOE

---if nothing is right.

He pushes the button.

Joe evaporates into a red stain as the explosives cough out a giant fireball and swallow everything in its path.

THE WALL

collapses and slams Amy against the far one.

INT. WAREHOUSE

The big door buckles out, flies across the floor and catches Blake as it goes.

Nothing moves for a long moment. Fire. Smoke.

AMY

stirs. Gets to her feet. Cuts and bruises.

A voice in her head.

FATHER (V.O.)

Get up, honey! Get up!

BLAKE'S

eyes flutter open.

AMY

makes her way through the debris and bodies to the main



control room. Nothing moves.

The Father apparition appears behind her.

FATHER

They're gone. It's only you now.

She turns and nobody there.

BLAKE

on his feet and not a clue what to do.

AMY

turns around and heads out.

BLAKE

sees Amy appear out of the secret place. Study each other.

BLAKE

What was that?

AMY

I think a difference of opinion.

A thought shows through her eyes.

AMY

We have to go.

BLAKE

Shouldn't we call 911? Help anybody else.

AMY

We have to help ourselves.

EXT. STREET

Amy and Blake make it to his car. They climb inside. Sirens in the distance. Smoke and fire at their back.

INT. CAR

Blake starts the engine and drives.

BLAKE

Where're we going?

AMY

I have a storage locker.

Blake thinks.

BLAKE

Are we in trouble? It seems like we're running.

AMY

We are in trouble, Blake. I think I could use your help right now. It's either that or try and disappear, 'cause they'll try to kill you once they find out you survived.

Confusion floods his face.

BLAKE

Yeah. I'll stick with you.

AMY

Thank you, Blake.

INT. STORAGE LOCKER-DAY

The door of a nondescript storage locker opens and Amy enters. She turns on a light.

AMY

Come in.

Blake enters and she closes the door.

Blake looks over several footlockers as Amy opens one. Has a few trays of handguns and clips. She chooses a couple three and begins to stuff a FedEx box with them.

BLAKE

This is very strange. I feel I SHOULD be freaking out, but I don't actually feel like that. But what happened back there?

AMY

I'm not sure. I would assume we were sabotaged. I don't know by who, though.

INT. WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

Firemen douse the mess. A few AGENTS (1-4) in the background; one of the agents on his cell phone. He closes it.

AGENT #4

The police have been pushed back.

Another AGENT (#5) approaches the group.

AGENT #5

They're all dead. But we have two missing.

AGENT #1

Who?

AGENT #5

A new warehouse guy. And an analyst. The main architect of the plan.

Agent #1 nods.

INT. STORAGE UNIT-NIGHT

BLAKE

What do we do now? Mexico?

AMY

I have to finish something and have two days to do it. Wanna go?

BLAKE

I have a cat.

AMY

You know, you can never go back there.

Blake nods and thinks.

BLAKE

Maybe I can call animal control? At least give her a chance.

Amy hands him a cell phone. She then pulls some fresh clothes out.

She boots up a laptop on a table. Blake then positions himself in front of a white backdrop. A camera appears and she takes his photo.

BLAKE

What's that for?

A few keystrokes and a template for a California Drivers' License appears.

BLAKE

Whoa? You are prepared.

AMY

Standard procedure. You want to choose another name?

EXT. STREET-DAY

Blake and Amy in front of a convenience store as they wait. Blake looks at his new fake ID: GARY STEELE. Blake #2 appears at Blake's side.

BLAKE #2

What're you doing?

BLAKE

I don't know. It seems like the thing to do.

BLAKE #2

But this is crazy.

BLAKE

Yeah. That is true.

BLAKE #2

If this is to get in her pants, it's going too far.

BLAKE  
I don't think it's that.

BLAKE #2  
Then what?

BLAKE  
I---don't know.

BLAKE #2  
Aren't you afraid of dying?

Blake looks at Blake #2.

BLAKE  
I would. If I had something great to  
live for.

BLAKE #2  
Well, isn't that dramatic.

INT. CAB-DAY

Blake and Amy in the back of a cab.

BLAKE  
Okay, going to the airport. But where  
are we going?

AMY  
New York. My boss was to give the final  
code to start the operation, but he  
won't now. We have to do it on site.

Blake thinks.

BLAKE  
What is the "operation"?

Amy hesitates.

AMY  
It's hard to explain. But I will. Soon.

Blake sighs.

BLAKE

Can you give me a hint?

Amy eyes the driver.

AMY

No.

INT. AIRLINER-NIGHT

Amy and Blake sit side-by-side in the near-empty 747. She sleeps as Blake absently taps his finger on the tray. Occasionally pops a peanut as Blake #2 paces up and down the aisle.

A \$20 bill appears on the tray as:

AMY (O.C.)

Do you believe in the Devil?

Blake looks to her as Blake #2 appears. Blake picks up the twenty.

BLAKE

Is this a root-of-all-evil question?

AMY

That IS the Devil. We'd be lucky to have the traditional horns and pitchfork. At least we would know he is and that he is looking to hurt us. We would have an alternative to him. We could turn away from him.

She reaches over him and taps the bill.

During Amy's monologue, various images of:

INT. STREET-NIGHT

**A SLEAZY MAN smiles at a BUSTY PROSTITUTE. He produces two twenty dollar bills.**

INT. MANSION-DAY

**Beautiful. Expensive car outside the window. MIDDLE AGED MAN sits in a chair. A YOUNG WIFE approaches.**

INT. LIQUOR STORE-NIGHT

**A SHIFTY MAN holds up a CLERK. The crook grabs the money and then shoots the clerk.**

INT. RESTAURANT-NIGHT

**A YOUNG MAN smoozes an OLD RICH WOMAN.**

INT. WALL STREET TRADING FLOOR

**Various images of numbers on the board as they drop like rocks.**

EXT. HOUSES-DAY

**Several houses with FORECLOSURE signs.**

AMY

This is part of us all. Each and every person on Earth. It provides for us. And it takes from us. How many people have lied for it? Geared their lives toward it? Been destroyed by it? Have stolen it? Have killed for it? And how we value it over others.

She sits back with the twenty.

AMY

Even if we hate it, we can't escape it. Now a few people have turned this against us. Those few have turned this beast against us and its hunger for souls is now insatiable.

She waves the bill.

AMY

We have to satisfy it. Sacrifice a few to make a better life for the majority.

BLAKE

Isn't there another way?

She smiles.

AMY

We asked that. And again. And again. And then asked our smart electronic boxes. We came up with one answer. People must die to make room for others. They must die in a certain way to reset this--- thing.

Blake sighs and drops his head.

BLAKE

How many?

AMY

About three million.

BLAKE

Many more than that are jobless.

AMY

That's not the purpose. It's resetting the machine.

Blake's eyes close in pain.

BLAKE

Don't you value human life?

Amy hesitates and then leans into him.

**As she speaks, various images of:**

**Murder. War. Spousal abuse. A sleazy man as he stalks children.**

AMY

Look around. Humanity doesn't value human life. It made up its mind long ago. My job is just to keep it going, whatever that may be.

BLAKE

What if I don't help you? What if I try to stop you?



AMY

You know you can't do that. I won't even kill you. You talk, and you'll kill yourself by doing that. And nobody will believe you.

She pats him on the leg.

AMY

I like you Blake.

She leans back in the chair and closes her eyes.

AMY

Let me know when we land.

EXT. AIRPORT-DAY

The plane lands.

INT. AIRPORT

Amy and Blake exit the plane. Blake finds a water fountain.

AMY

Did you sleep at all?

BLAKE

No.

AMY

Too much on your mind? I'm sorry about that. But are you going to stick with me?

Blake thinks.

BLAKE

Why not? Even though it's fuckin' nuts, it does make sense. Where do you think it started?

AMY

What?

BLAKE

The belief that we each have some sort of worth.

Amy smiles.

AMY

I hope that we have value, Blake. I really do. I just haven't found out what that is.

Amy starts to walk off as Blake #2 appears.

BLAKE #2

Are you nuts?

BLAKE

Probably. But it's kind of---soothing.

Blake follows Amy.

INT. SMALL CONTROL ROOM-DAY

Windowless. The Agents work on their consoles.

Agent #1 steps by.

AGENT #2

Found 'em.

The Agents group around.

Onscreen a frozen picture of Amy and Blake, likely from a surveillance camera.

AGENT #2

Facial recognition failed to catch them leaving LA, but they arrived in New York 20 minutes ago.

Agent #1 has a phone.

AGENT #1

We need the plane wheels-up in one hour. We're going to New York.

EXT. HOTEL-DAY

The cab pulls to the curb and lets off Blake and Amy at the posh hotel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Very nice. Blake and Amy enter.

BLAKE

I thought we would just go do it. Now.

AMY

We have time. And I needed a shower.

Blake opens the drapes and reveals a breathtaking view of the city.

BLAKE

Are we going to die, too?

AMY

No. We'll have time. We just have to leave the city limits within an hour or so.

Blake nods.

BLAKE

Then what happens?

She purses her lips as she begins to undress.

AMY

I don't know. Truck stop waitress in Wichita?

Down to her underwear, she looks at him.

AMY

Wanna take a shower?

BLAKE

I will. After.

Steps up to him.

AMY

I thought you wanted me.

BLAKE

Yes. I did.

AMY

Not now?

BLAKE

I don't know what I want now.

Study each other. Amy nods and turns. Disappears into the bathroom.

Blake #2 appears.

BLAKE #2

This isn't good.

BLAKE

This? I agree. But it's not the only thing.

BLAKE #2

Can't we just go back to how it was before?

Blake smirks.

BLAKE

That was even worse. We just didn't know it.

BLAKE #2

I was okay with it.

BLAKE

This is it. Truth. Reality. We're just cogs in a machine. Fodder for the cannons. We said this to ourselves, but really didn't believe it. There was a hint of doubt which told us that, sure, "life's a bitch and then we die." But. If you try a little harder. You save a little more. You are that much more a good person, then life would

BLAKE (CON'T)  
grant you some happiness. Some  
contentment. But her computer says  
different. And her computer is right.

Blake #2 leans in and grins with clenched teeth.

BLAKE #2  
Then why aren't you in there right now?

Gestures to the bathroom and the sound of the shower.

BLAKE #2  
Why aren't you getting what you can from  
probably the hottest women you would  
ever get. Outside a three-grand hooker?

Blake grimaces.

BLAKE  
Because it doesn't matter anymore.  
Never did in the first place.

BLAKE #2  
It'd put a smile on your face at 85.

BLAKE  
85? We're already dead. Have been. For  
a long time now. Catch up.

EXT. SKY-NIGHT

A private jet streaks through the clouds.

INT. JET

The five agents. No one else. Agent #1 checks his phone.

AGENT #1  
Another two hours.

Agent #1 looks around. Across from him Agent #2, nose in  
his laptop. The screen flashes through hotel lobby video.

Agent #3 sleeps with arms crossed in his chair. Agent #4  
eats a small package of cookies. Agent #5 has a look of  
deep contemplation.

AGENT #1

What's on your mind?

Agent #5 looks up.

AGENT #5

I have a neighbor. At my apartment. He plays music very loud. Won't listen to reason.

Silence. A glance at his colleagues.

AGENT #4

Kill him?

INT. HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

Blake's eyes open and he sees Amy in a beautiful evening dress.

AMY

Ready?

BLAKE

For what?

AMY

Dinner.

He hesitates.

BLAKE

Dinner?

AMY

Yes. We're in New York. Have to have dinner here. We'll finish work tomorrow.

BLAKE

O-kay.

He stands.

BLAKE

Where'd you get the dress?

AMY

Ordered it from the store downstairs.  
And got you some fresh clothes in the  
bedroom. 32 length, 32 waist?

BLAKE

Uh. Yes.

Steps into the bedroom and finds slacks, shirt, coat, shoes,  
socks and underwear.

INT. CAB-NIGHT

Blake and Amy ride in the cab. Don't talk. Looks her over.

BLAKE

You look very nice.

She smiles.

AMY

Thank you.

EXT. FANCY RESTAURANT-NIGHT

They exit the cab. She pays.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT

At a table Blake looks over a menu with very expensive  
prices. Amy absent.

BLAKE

Ho-ly shit.

Blake #2 looks over his shoulder.

BLAKE #2

I'd say soufflé.

BLAKE

We were ten. I don't even remember if  
it was any good.

BLAKE #2

Who gives a shit? You don't know what  
half these things taste like.

INT. RESTROOM

Amy adjusts her hair in the mirror. Father appears behind her. Her face goes dark.

FATHER

You know they'll come for you.

AMY

I know.

The door opens and another woman walks in. Only sees Amy.

Amy exits.

INT. RESTAURANT

Amy appears in the dining room. Father steps in front of her.

FATHER

You should do it soon.

AMY

We have some time.

She steps around Father.

BLAKE

looks up as Amy appears and sits down.

BLAKE

I don't know what to order.

AMY

It's all delicious. Trust me.

She picks up her menu.

BLAKE

Who was that guy you were talking  
to?

Her eyes widen.



AMY

Guy?

BLAKE

The one in the uniform.

Shock over her face but hidden behind the menu.

AMY

Nobody.

LATER:

The WAITER takes away the plates.

BLAKE

I think that was the best meal I've  
ever had. Last meal?

Amy smiles as she sips her drink.

AMY

Don't be so---negative.

Silence.

BLAKE

Maybe we should have sex.

Amy's eyes widen.

AMY

You think so? What if I changed my mind.

BLAKE

I didn't necessarily mean with each  
other.

Silence.

BLAKE

Do you think it'll work? Will everyone  
find a chicken in their pot? Will  
little Billy go to college? Will the  
world be safe for democracy?

A look at him. The waiter returns.

WAITER

Would you like to see the dessert menu?

Amy raises an eyebrow to Blake. He smiles.

BLAKE

Sure.

The waiter disappears. Pause. Amy's eyes drop and turn dark.

AMY

Maybe I should tell you exactly what we  
need to do.

Blake hesitates.

BLAKE

Why?

AMY

In case.

BLAKE

You think I would do it?

AMY

You have to.

The waiter reappears with the dessert tray.

INT. RESTAURANT-LOBBY

Amy faces the door of the restaurant. Very few people  
around. She sees next to no one on the street.

Blake appears.

BLAKE

Okay. Ready.

She stops him.

AMY

You still have it?

Uncomfortable, he smiles.

BLAKE

Yes.

A piece of paper appears from his pocket. Nods and then looks into his eyes; Blake uncertain about her. Absently touches him.

AMY

I'm sorry.

After a moment, understands her look and nods.

BLAKE

Yeah. So am I.

She turns and they step out to the street.

EXT. RESTAURANT

BLAKE

A cab?

AMY

Yes.

BLAKE

How do you do that?

AMY

Just raise your hand.

Blake steps to the curb, sees a cab and raises his hand.

Then a brief whistle in his ear. Puzzled, he turns.

Amy, wide-eyed. Her mouth opens and closes like a fish out of water. A red spot on her chest grows wider.

Takes a step toward her but another shot kicks her back against the wall. Falls to the ground as he leans over. The few pedestrians go the other way or take cover.

BLAKE

What happened? What happened?

Suddenly Agent #1 & #2 appear. An SUV pulls up driven by Agent #3. Agent #4 & #5 appear and try to lead a catatonic

Blake away. #1 & #2 attend to Amy.

AGENT #3  
Come on, pal. Let us help her.

Amy, barely conscious, looks up to #1 & #2. She focuses on #2.

AMY  
Steven?

AGENT #2  
Hello Amy.

AMY  
You. Killed. Your son.

Agent #2 hesitates. A small gun appears in her hand and she shoots Steven in the head. He drops.

AGENT #1  
Gun!

Agent #1 has his gun out and fires into Amy. Blake watches it, helpless.

#3 and #4 release Blake a second later. Blake's eyes go to #4's holster and grabs the agent's gun before he does.

Blake stumbles back and fires wildly. #4 takes a shot in the shoulder. #1 and #3 train on Blake a moment after he ducks into an alley.

Then Blake with a ten-second lead on the Agents.

Blake passes in and out of the shadows. Then sees an open window of a dark apartment. Leaps through and crashes over a bureau.

INT. APARTMENT

With a groan, Blake returns to his feet and yanks the window closed.

No sound. Eyes dart around. A few seconds later the SUV slowly passes the window. The sound of a heart as it beats very fast.

Blake #2 appears behind.

BLAKE #2

Take a minute. Catch your breath.

Blake closes his eyes. The heart beats slow and disappear.

BLAKE

They shot her.

BLAKE #2

I know. You shot that guy.

BLAKE

I know. Who are they?

BLAKE #2

Some kind of agents. That want to stop her plan.

Pause.

BLAKE

How'd I get out of that?

Looks at the gun. His shoulder drops.

BLAKE

They killed her. She's dead.

BLAKE #2

You're going to do it, aren't you?

Blake doesn't have an answer.

BLAKE

I should get out of here. Before these people come home.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING-HALLWAY

Blake peeks out. Nobody around. Exits the apartment. Then haphazardly conceals the gun. Eyes wide, his glance darts around.

EXT. STREET

Blake appears.

BLAKE

It was an SUV. A dark SUV.

Walks to the corner, alert. Finds a cab and jumps inside.

INT. CAB

The CAB DRIVER turns around.

CAB DRIVER

Where to?

Blake frantically searches his pockets. Finds the piece of paper.

BLAKE

1212 Sterling Drive.

The driver nods and the cab pulls out.

BLAKE #2

So.

Blake just looks at him in the seat beside.

BLAKE #2

Shouldn't something else happen.

BLAKE

Like what?

BLAKE #2

I don't know. Some revelation about  
life. Some churning of the soul.

BLAKE

I'm not feelin' it.

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

The cab turns the corner and stops at a nondescript  
apartment building labeled 1212.

INT. CAB

DRIVER

\$17.37.

Blake pulls out his wallet. First goes for his credit card then hesitates. Takes out a 20 and hands it over.

BLAKE

Keep it.

Blake exits. The cab drives away.

EXT. STREET

Blake looks up the building. Uncomfortable, looks around. A bar at the corner.

INT. BAR

A near empty low-end joint. Blake enters and takes a seat at the bar. OLD BARTENDER comes over.

OLD BARTENDER

What'd be, kid?

BLAKE

Tequila. And a beer. Tap.

Old bartender nods and sets Blake up. Shoots the tequila and winces.

BLAKE

Do you know me?

OLD BARTENDER

Sorry?

BLAKE

Do you know me?

The Old Bartender looks at him closely.

OLD BARTENDER

I don't think so, son.

BLAKE

I'm a lost man. I've sold my life for  
compromise and that wasn't even enough.  
I'm a nobody.

OLD BARTENDER

Yes. I think I've met you before.

BLAKE

I think I'm a good person, but that  
isn't worth anything.

Shakes his head.

BLAKE

The world is crazy and I think I'm on my  
way to joinin' it.

OLD BARTENDER

What took you so long?

Blake acknowledges him with an overt point of his finger.

BLAKE

I wasted a few years on a woman that  
didn't love me. And I had no clue. I  
totally had my head up my ass. Then I  
met a woman that was---I don't know if  
there's a word.

Trails off.

BLAKE

She was the fork in the road. Reminding  
me of my limitations. Reminding me of  
my purpose in life. My role. And it  
wasn't meant to be profound.

The bartender nods.

BLAKE

Do you know what it is to be worthless?  
Irrelevant?

The bartender leans in.



OLD BARTENDER

Son, you're in the right place.

The bartender knocks on the bar and then steps off.

Blake finishes his beer and then checks his wallet. No cash.  
Puts a credit card on the bar.

INT. RESTROOM

Blake finishes at the urinal and then turns to the sink.  
Washes as someone else appears out of a stall. A fat guy.  
His head down. He humms "New York, New York." He takes the  
other sink.

Blake looks over and sees Michael, drunk. His old boss. The  
one that fired him.

MICHAEL

I love this town. I'm on vacation. My  
wife is at the hotel.

Michael turns and sees Blake. Then he does a double take.

MICHAEL

Blake.

He steps back, startled. Blake just stares. An  
uncomfortable pause.

MICHAEL

This is weird.

He smiles nervously. Nothing from Blake.

MICHAEL

Hope you're doing well.

BLAKE

No you don't.

MICHAEL

Of course I---

Another pause. Slowly, Michael's expression turns sour.

MICHAEL

No I don't. I don't give a shit. If you would have kept your mouth shut you'd still have a job. But you had to be some asshole. It was all your fault.

Another pause. Michael ready for an attack.

Blake pulls out the gun and shoots the man in the knee. The fat guy drops as the shot resonates in the tiled room. He screams. Blake sighs and leans over the wounded man.

BLAKE

I do have a job. A very important one.

Blake turns and steps out.

EXT. BUILDING 1212

Blake hesitates and looks up to the building. Then enters.

INT. BUILDING

Blake steps up the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor.

Apartment #2B

Tries the doorknob and it turns. Enters.

INT. APARTMENT

Another door. Thick and metal. A numbered pad to the side.

Blake pulls out the piece of paper and dials in five numbers. The door clicks open. Enters.

INT. HALLWAY

A long hallway. No furniture.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Blake finds the light switch.

All the windows have drapes. Over those drapes steel bars. No furniture here, either.

Then the device. A plastic drum with tubes that lead up to the roof. A computer terminal hooks-up to everything.

Blake touches the computer.

EXT. DIVE BAR-NIGHT

Cops cars and an ambulance at the dive bar. The paramedics roll out Michael.

The Agents' SUV appears at the corner.

INT. SUV

#5 drives. #1 in the passenger seat. #3 and #4 in the back seat. #4 looks weak with a patch on his bloody shoulder. #1 checks a computer tablet.

AGENT #1

That's the bar he used the credit card.

#3 has an earphone that leads to a police scanner.

AGENT #3

Cops haven't found him.

AGENT #1

He's close.

EXT. STREET

The SUV slowly continues down the street and stops.

Agent #1 eyes the area.

AGENT #1

He couldn't have walked here. He took a cab.

Refers to the tablet.

AGENT #1

This will take a few minutes.

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

The computer boots up and asks for a password. Blake enters

something. After a moment, the screen "blings."

Blake smirks.

BLAKE

Just press enter? That figures.

EXT. STREET

The Agents exit the truck. In the back, under a blanket the bodies of #2 and Amy.

The Agents stand in front of 1212 and study the building.

AGENT #1

This is where the cab dropped him. He must have gone to the bar after that. To think what he was about to do.

AGENT #4

There. The second floor.

Focus on a corner apartment. Draped windows. The haze of the bars behind.

AGENT #1

Who puts bars *inside*?

INT. APARTMENT

Blake's finger hovers over the keyboard.

BLAKE

Just press enter.

Blake #2 appears.

BLAKE #2

Is there any way I can talk you out of this?

BLAKE

Sure. Bring Amy back to life. Then she can talk me out of it.

He steps back.

BLAKE #2

What's wrong?

BLAKE

I can't seem them.

BLAKE #2

The three million. None of 'em. The children. The people with their lives ahead of them. The ones in the sunset of life. Life, life, life. Maybe you're just an asshole.

BLAKE

Michael said that. You saw what happened to Michael.

Blake #2 puts his hands up. Waves his fingers.

BLAKE #2

Sorry.

Pause.

BLAKE #2

It's not like three million is a lot of people, relatively speaking.

INT. BUILDING-2<sup>ND</sup> FLOOR

The four agents narrow in on apartment #2B. #1 tries the door.

INT. APARTMENT

The four fit in the small space and close the door. Guns appear.

Agent #1 finds a tiny tool in his pocket and takes apart the dial pad.

INT. APARTMENT

The door clicks open. No sound. The Agents step in. #1. #3. #4. #5.

They near the light in the living room.

A side door opens by Blake, who shoots #5 in the face. The door slams shut a moment before the agents open fire.

INT. ROOM

Blake narrowly leaps into an adjoining room as bullets punch holes in the walls.

#1, #3, and #4 break down the door. Nobody there.

Bullets burst through the adjoining door and drop #3. #1 and #4 return fire.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Blake appears, his eyes wide. Blood patch in his gut. Eyes the computer across the room.

Takes a step.

#1 and #4 appear.

AGENT #1

Don't move, kid.

Blake begins to collapse but, as he does, his arm whips out and blasts #1 in the face.

AGENT #4

Shit.

Agent #4 kicks the gun away.

On his back, Blake looks up to the ceiling. Smiles as he coughs up blood.

BLAKE

I'm just some dude and I killed most of you. You guys really suck.

Agent #4 bites his lip.

Blake's eyes flutter. A sigh.

BLAKE

I don't feel anything. It's great. No pain. No more pain.

Then he dies.

The sound of running footsteps grow louder from the street into the building.

INT. BLAKE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

The Cat wakes suddenly. He looks over the still, dark house. Stands.

EXT. BLAKE'S HOUSE

The Cat appears and crosses to the fence. Leaps up and over.

INT. BACK YARD

The Cat surveys the house next door. The old lady watches TV in the living room. The Cat glances back and then trots forward.

INT. THEATRE-NIGHT

A smattering of men in suits. 50s. 60s.

On the movie screen a photo of the contraption from the apartment. An OLD MAN to the side at a podium.

OLD MAN

And it didn't succeed. They were short sighted. It would have fixed things. For awhile. But would have only delayed our plans.

The slides change. Pictures of hoards of people.

OLD MAN

We are the ones that stand by the free market. We are the ones that say it's all part of freedom. We know that is- "misleading." It doesn't work for this many.

Gestures to the photos above.

OLD MAN

So we have to make a correction. We have to make it work again. We have to re-create a country. A strong country. One for you and all the other like-minded people. But the ones that don't fit in.

The Old Man trails off.

OLD MAN

My kids won't see this. But I hope my grand kids will. They will be free of them. They will be gone.

EXT. HOUSE-DAY

A lush, huge and obscene house.

INT. HOUSE-STUDY

A gigantic desk. A golf club gently hits a ball and it clinks into a cup on the other side of the room.

An OLD MAN #1, 60s in a nice suit, walks across and picks up the ball. Returns to the other side of the room.

Behind the desk sits OLD MAN #2, same age and looks similar to the other. Across him a LARGE MAN, 40s, in a dark suit.

Pause.

LARGE MAN

One guy.

OLD MAN #2

Yes. Killed four out of five.

The large man's eyes widen and he nods.

LARGE MAN

Interesting.

OLD MAN #2

A fluke. But they didn't succeed. That's the important part. So.

(Pause)

Can you put together another team?



LARGE MAN  
That's not a problem.

Old Man #2 smiles.

OLD MAN #2  
Good.

LARGE MAN  
Would it have worked?

OLD MAN #2  
Their plan?

Pause. Mulls that over.

OLD MAN #2  
Yes. For awhile. A decade. But it would  
have only delayed ours.

LARGE MAN  
Yours seems very ambitious. Are you  
certain it will work?

OLD MAN #1 steps up.

OLD MAN #1  
It has to, young man. This country is in  
a cycle that cannot be fixed. It must be  
destroyed, and then rebuilt. To be a  
better country. A leaner country. Many  
millions will suffer. Many will die. We  
regret this. But there is no other way.

OLD MAN #2  
My brother and I won't live to see it.  
But we are hoping that our grand  
children will. With your help and  
support. Do you want to see a better  
America?

The Large Man looks from one brother to another.

LARGE MAN  
Yes sir. I do.