



THE LONE GUNMEN

"Bond, Jimmy Bond"

Written By

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& Frank Spotnitz

White
Blue Rev.
Pink Rev.

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No Changes - Blue - October 20, 2000

CAST LIST

Melvin Frohike
Richard Langly
John Byers

Yves Adele Harlow
Jimmy Bond
Japanese Businessman
Toshiro
Stoic Man
Mrs. Goldsmith
Team Medic
Linebacker

Valet (Non-speaking)
Alex Goldsmith (Non-speaking)

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SET LIST

EXTERIORS

DOWNTOWN STREET
MANOR HOUSE

/GROUNDS
/SURROUNDING WOODS

GOLDSMITH HOUSE
P.O.E. HEADQUARTERS
SUBURBAN PARKING LOT
FOOTBALL FIELD

INTERIORS

JAPANESE TEA HOUSE
DARK SPACE
MANOR HOUSE

/BALCONY
/BEDROOM
/ADJOINING BEDROOM
/LOBBY

LONE GUNMAN OFFICE
VW BUS
GOLDSMITH HOUSE

/LIVING ROOM
/ALEX'S BEDROOM
/ALEX'S BATHROOM

P.O.E. HEADQUARTERS
/OFFICE
/BACK OFFICE
YVES' SILVER BOXSTER

TEASER

1 RICE PAPER WALLS

1

Are backlit by the sun. Shadows play over them -- silhouettes of cherry blossoms on gently swaying branches. We PAN to find...

... A JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN. He's graying and distinguished, wears an expensive suit. He looks powerful, formidable -- though at the moment, he sits slumped forward, asleep.

We see him only from the neck up. He suddenly JERKS awake and glances around, confused. We go WIDE to reveal we are inside:

INT. JAPANESE TEA HOUSE - DAY

It's spartan: white rice paper and blond wood. Large, like a martial arts dojo. Moody lighting. We see now the Businessman is seated on the one lone chair in the place. He's TIED to it, his hands behind his back.

As he tests his wrists, realizes he's a captive, a sliding door across from him opens. Into the room strides...

... A young Japanese man, dressed casually. He looks tough, arrogant. Because of his cool swagger, we'll call him TOSHIRO. The dialog is in subtitled JAPANESE.

BUSINESSMAN

W-What..? What is all this? --

Toshiro gives a snort and a cocky grin. He slowly circles the Businessman, fists on his hips. The Businessman grows nervous.

BUSINESSMAN

Where am I? I'm supposed to be in Towson, Maryland.

TOSHIRO

Welcome to Osaka. Lucky I didn't put you to sleep for good.

BUSINESSMAN

How did I get to Osaka?
(tugs at his wrists)
Look, I don't think you know who I am. You're in deep trouble.

TOSHIRO

SILENCE!
(a beat)
I know exactly who you are.
You're the man I'm about to put out of the whaling business.

BUSINESSMAN

What are you talking about?

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED:

1

TOSHIRO

Even now, my comrades are
preparing to sink every last
vessel in your fleet.

(raises his fist)

LONG LIVE OUR BROTHER WHALES! --

From his windbreaker, he draws a bamboo-handled TANTO KNIFE. He traces it along the businessman's neck as he rounds behind him.

TOSHIRO

The entire world will know we're
for real...

CLOSE - THE BUSINESSMAN'S BOUND HANDS

Toshiro grabs the man's pinkie, on which sits a fat SIGNET RING. He rests the razor-sharp blade against the skin just above it.

TOSHIRO (O.S.)

... When "Time" Magazine
receives your finger in the mail.

The Businessman is about to panic when Toshiro is distracted by something o.s. His smile wipes away as...

... A FIGURE appears silhouetted behind a rice-paper screen -- (X)
a compact Mystery Man dressed in traditional Japanese garb. (X)

The Mystery Man draws his arms from his robe, points a finger at Toshiro. Out of his mouth comes a DEEP VOICE speaking JAPANESE.

MYSTERY MAN

You punk. You're going down. (X)

Toshiro's eyes snap open wide. SCHWING! -- he whips his shiny knife up into attack position, ready for battle.

With this, the unarmed Mystery Man eases into view... revealing (X)
himself to be none other than our own MELVIN FROHIKE.

With that... HEE-YAH! They GO AT IT. Toshiro runs at Frohike, who stands his ground. The Businessman watches, eyes widening, as the two men fight in a flurry of stabs, jabs and blocks.

Frohike gives as good as he gets. The younger man is more agile, sending roundhouse kicks his way, but Frohike deflects every one beautifully. He fights like Pat Morita in "The Karate Kid," his feet never leaving the floor. Until...

... Frohike sends Toshiro's knife flying, then connects with a combination PUNCH. Now, the coup de grace: Frohike assumes the crane position, launches off on one leg and --

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

-- SIX FEET IN THE AIR he delivers a kick that's right out of the goddamn "Matrix." BOOM! Toshiro flies backward, CRASHING through a rice paper wall into another room. Out of sight.

Frohike and the Businessman are alone now. The Businessman can hardly believe his eyes.

BUSINESSMAN

Who are you? --

Frohike holds up a hand, silencing him. He speaks in perfect, subtitled JAPANESE, in a deep voice that's clearly not his own.

FROHIKE

There may be others. Quickly --
where is your whaling fleet?

The Businessman stares at him, unsure. Frohike pulls some kind of BADGE from his robe, shows it too quickly for us to see.

FROHIKE

Special investigator. That man
is an eco-terrorist. I need to
stop his gang from destroying
your company's fleet. Give me
ship names and locations. HURRY!

BUSINESSMAN

(hesitates; then)

Taki-maru, Arashi-maru, Tokkan-
maru. All three ships are in
port in Yokohama.

2 INT. DARK SPACE - CONTINUOUS - A LAPTOP

2

CLOSE ON its glowing screen -- an ENGLISH TRANSLATION of the Businessman's last line appears in a protocol box. Above it, a flashing icon reads "JAPANESE TO ENGLISH."

LANGLY

Sits with the laptop on his knees. BYERS hunkers behind him. They're in some unidentifiable space, wearing wireless headsets. As Langly does some rapid typing...

... TOSHIRO pads into frame and joins them, looking none the worse for his recent ass-kicking. Byers gives him a thumbs-up. Reading something off his screen, Langly grins big and WHISPERS:

LANGLY

Bingo. All three check out --

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED:

2

BYERS
(whispers into mike)
Mission accomplished, Frohike.

3 INT. JAPANESE TEA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

3

Frohike plays it cool. To the Businessman, still in JAPANESE:

FROHIKE
*I must go. Others will be here
shortly to free you.*

If we've been paying attention, we realize Frohike has hardly moved from the spot he's been standing on since the moment he entered the room. He bows, starts to back out. But now:

BUSINESSMAN
Wait, I've freed myself!

Frohike hesitates, sees that the Businessman has freed his arms and is making quick work of untying the binds on his ankles.

BUSINESSMAN
*I'll contact my head of
corporate security. He can help.*

Frohike glances back behind him, suddenly acts suspiciously like a man who doesn't understand Japanese.

4 INT. DARK SPACE - CONTINUOUS

4

Langly scans his screen, shakes his head to Byers and Toshiro -- both of them looking panicked. This wasn't part of the plan.

BYERS
(whisper)
Answer him! --

Winging it, Langly frantically types.

5 INT. JAPANESE TEA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - FROHIKE

5

Begins SPEAKING JAPANESE again -- WITHOUT HIS MOUTH BEING OPEN. He hears himself talking and frantically starts moving his lips, trying to look natural. Instead, it's like a bad kung fu movie.

FROHIKE
*Good. I must go. Special
investigator. You punk. You're
going down.*

(X)

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED:

His mouth lets out a weird RADIO SQUAWK. The man studies him -- what the hell? He crosses to Frohike, who's got nowhere to run.

The Businessman peers hard at a nervous Frohike. He notices something, reaches above Frohike's head to touch...

CLOSE - PIANO WIRE

It runs straight down from a hole in the ceiling to disappear down Frohike's collar. The thin wire is nearly invisible. This rig must be how Frohike made his "Matrix"-like leap.

The Businessman realizes he's been had. He gives the wire a YANK, inadvertently making the wall behind Frohike...

... FALL FORWARD. Right out of a Buster Keaton movie, the rice paper wall RIPS over both their heads, leaving them standing. And revealing that behind Frohike...

... Is an empty WAREHOUSE. LANGLEY squats on a milk crate with his laptop on his knees. BYERS and TOSHIRO stand behind him. All three stare at us like deer in the headlights.

The tea house is a set. We're not in Osaka, to say the least. A huge old sign in the b.g. says "MARYLAND SASH & WINDOW." (X)

The Businessman glares at Frohike, who reaches in his mouth and pulls out a homebuilt RF RECEIVER the size of a book of matches. This must be how he faked speaking Japanese. Now, in ENGLISH:

FROHIKE
Sayonara, baby.

TOSHIRO
(in English)
Run for it! --

Toshiro, Byers and Langly take off like rabbits. Frohike is right behind them. Unfortunately...

... He's still connected to his wire. His feet lose purchase and he starts pedaling the floor like a cartoon character. And now, he comes SWINGING RIGHT BACK AT US like a WRECKING BALL.

FROHIKE
AAAAHHHHHHH!! --

As he BLOTS OUT THE FRAME with a BOOM! --

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

6 EXT. MANOR HOUSE - GROUNDS - NIGHT

6

We're LOW and WIDE to establish a stately Italianate villa that's surrounded by a high wall, and beyond it, dense trees. Big money. LEGEND: GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND. 3:03 AM.

We hear a faint WH-H-IP! break the silence, followed seconds later by a PING-PING-PING. As we wonder what this is...

CLOSER ANGLE - TOWN CAR

We TRACK CLOSE past a license plate -- New York State, diplomat. We WIDEN to reveal four Town Cars parked in this private drive. A dozen or more GOLF BALLS litter the pavement around them.

We hear another o.s. WH-H-IP! A GOLF BALL comes arcing in, SPIDERWEBBING the windshield of the nearest Town Car. It PINGS around on the asphalt, and we ADJUST to...

... The big house looming above us. Its many rooms are dark -- except one, on the top floor. There, we can make out a lone FIGURE on the balcony.

7 EXT./INT. BALCONY AND BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

7

A hand reaches down to place a golf ball on the balcony floor. A pair of Converse All-Stars walk along a short line of these balls, all queued up and ready to be chipped.

We ARM UP from the shoes to reveal... ALEX GOLDSMITH, early 20s. His wire glasses and shaggy hair remind us of a young Bill Gates.

Sweat is visible on his temple. TEARS shine in his eyes. He seems to have a lot on his mind -- a lot that he works to block out as he concentrates on his next shot.

As he addresses the ball, we DRIFT OFF him to take in the room behind him, visible through sheer curtains rustling in the late-night breeze. THREE LAPTOPS sit on a desk, linked by a tangle of wires. (X) (X) (X)

CLOSE - THE LAPTOPS

WH-H-IP! -- another perfect drive in b.g. as we TRACK across the laptops, one by one. Each screen displays a "FORMATTING DRIVE" warning with a bar gauge of how much is done. The last one DINGS "FORMATTING COMPLETE." Off it, we RACK TO...

... A door which opens noiselessly. A well-dressed man enters. He has cold eyes and a poker face. We'll call him STOIC MAN.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED:

7

Stoic Man moves to study the laptops. He doesn't like what he sees. Reaching into his jacket, he withdraws a SILENCED PISTOL. He pulls back the slide, making no effort to be stealthy.

ALEX GOLDSMITH

Knows this man -- who stands OUT OF FOCUS in b.g. -- is behind him. Alex sucks in a ragged breath, steadies himself. WH-H-IP! He makes one last, perfect drive through the wide gaps in the wrought iron railing. He watches the ball fly.

We hear it CRASH off a distant car. Alex turns to face Stoic Man, who stares at him through the open window with dead eyes. Alex stares back, trying hard to face this moment like a man. (X) (X)

STOIC MAN

Fore.

POP-POP-POP! Alex takes three in the chest, stumbles back and flops head-first backward over the railing.

8 EXT. MANOR HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

8

We're on the ground, looking up three stories as Alex's lifeless body falls past, THUDDING offscreen. Stoic Man appears at the railing above, looking down. Off his cold stare...

CUT TO:

9 EXT. LONE GUNMAN OFFICE - MORNING

9

LEGEND: OFFICES OF "THE LONE GUNMAN," TAKOMA PARK, MARYLAND. We establish a windowless, nondescript corner building in an urban warehouse district. The Lone Gunmen's beat-up VW BUS chugs into view, pulls to a stop at the curb. Byers climbs out, looking like his dog just died.

10 INT. LONE GUNMAN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - FROHIKE

10

Wears a satin smoking jacket, holds a bag of ice to his neck. A BAND-AID is on his forehead -- a souvenir of his kung fu experience. He undoes the last few locks and opens the door.

FROHIKE

That was fast.

Byers says nothing, walks past him. Frohike looks out the door.

FROHIKE

Where are the papers?

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED:

10

BYERS

Sitting on some loading dock.
The printers wouldn't give them
to me on credit.

Frohike looks panicked.

FROHIKE

Whoa. Uh-uh. Byers, we gotta
get that Japanese whaling story
to the public!

(X)

BYERS

What do you want me to say?
We spent our last twelve hundred
dollars getting the story. We
didn't save any money for
publishing it.

(X)

(X)

Frohike can't believe what he's hearing. Langly meanwhile has
been working at a computer this whole time, seemingly paying no
attention. But now, he speaks up.

LANGLY

I figured this would happen.

BYERS

I'm not in the mood for I-told-
you-so's, Langly.

Langly gives a shake of his head as he crosses to an 11x14 color
PRINTER, which starts chugging something out.

LANGLY

Far from it. If you guys are
interested, I've figured out the
answer to all our money problems.

FROHIKE

Oh, yeah? And what's that?

LANGLY

We need to sell more papers.

BYERS

Easier said than done.

Langly pulls a print from the machine, holds it up triumphantly.

LANGLY

Not if you've got... "The Lone
Gunwoman of the Week."

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

Langly beams as he presents a mock-up of their front page. It looks like a typical issue... except for the over-the-fold photo of a buxom HOTTIE in a red, white and blue bikini.

Byers stares, horrified.

BYERS

Good lord. Langly, you can't do that. She's... she's...

FROHIKE

She's amazing.

Byers shoots him a look. Frohike finds the proper indignation.

FROHIKE

And doesn't belong on the cover of any legitimate publication.

Langly flares, frustrated.

(X)

LANGLY

We're supposed to be fighting for truth, justice and the American way here!

(X)

Frohike pulls off the bag of ice, indicating his injured neck.

(X)

FROHIKE

What the hell do you call this?! This isn't fighting!? I put my butt on the line week in, week out, while you and Byers hide behind the scenes!

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

LANGLY

Yeah, your butt, my brain! I'd be a dot-com gazillionaire if I wasn't gracing you two with my hacking brilliance.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

BYERS

Bickering won't solve anything --

(X)

(X)

FROHIKE

Don't get holier than thou, Byers!

(X)

(X)

(X)

LANGLY

Yeah, Mr. Mission, Mr. Big Picture!

(X)

(X)

(X)

(more)

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

LANGLY

It's easy to talk about the stories we need to write -- fighting against whaling, or illegal government surveillance, or who killed JFK -- but you have to ask yourself, how far will you go to print them?

BYERS

(points to mock-up)

Not that far.

A BUZZER at the front door turns their heads. Byers moves to answer it. Langly looks to Frohike, eyes pleading for support. (X)

FROHIKE

Sorry, buddy.

Langly is disgusted with the pair of them, tosses the mock-up onto the table. In b.g., Byers checks the CLOSED-CIRCUIT MONITOR by the front door. He's stunned by whom he sees on it.

BYERS

Uh. Guys...?

Frohike and Langly come look, stunned as well -- and NERVOUS. Another BUZZ. Byers eases open the door. (X)

Standing revealed is YVES ADELE HARLOW, the gorgeous hacker who was the Gunmen's nemesis -- and reluctant ally -- in the Pilot. She's stunning in jeans and T-shirt. Eventually:

YVES

Well? Aren't you going to invite me in?

FROHIKE

Depends. You here to kill us?

YVES

Melvin. Would you really be caught dead in that robe?

She assays Frohike's Hef look with a disdainful frown. He snugs his smoking jacket tighter. Yves enters without being invited.

She moves about the place, disinterestedly checking things out. It's like the head cheerleader just crashed the chess club.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (4)

10

YVES

I must admit, the thought of revenge did cross my mind. You cost me a tidy profit when you stole my Octium IV chip...

LANGLY

Our Octium IV chip.

BYERS

And we've returned it to its rightful owner, now that we've published our exposé of it.

(X)

(X)

YVES

How wonderful of you.

She finds the "Lone Gunwoman" mock-up, holds it up with a smirk.

YVES

Ah, conspiracy theories and masturbation -- I suspected there was a connection.

FROHIKE

What do you want, Yves?

She drops the mock-up from two fingers like it was a dead fish.

YVES

Right. Down to business, then. This morning, a body was found in a Long Island dumpster. A young man called Alex Goldsmith. Better known as "DoubleBogey."

The boys look to one another, recognizing the name.

LANGLY

D.B. The golf nut...

FROHIKE

And hacker extraordinaire.

YVES

You knew him?

BYERS

By reputation. After the '97 Masters Tournament he highjacked the Jumbotron screen in Times Square -- made it flash "Tiger is God" for twenty-six minutes.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (5)

10

FROHIKE

Classic hack. Who smoked him?

(X)

YVES

The police seem to think it was a drug deal gone bad. Which doesn't take into account the three match-grade frangible slugs dug from his chest. Ammunition used by intelligence services around the globe... but certainly not gangbangers.

BYERS

(rhetorically)

So... just who wanted one of the world's best hackers dead?

FROHIKE

And why are you telling us?

Yves studies them, inscrutable. She dodges the question.

YVES

There's a story to be uncovered here, wouldn't you say? Unless you're no longer journalists, but budding pornographers.

Again, she holds up the "Lone Gunwoman" cover. Off the Gunmen, silenced by the challenge:

CUT TO:

11 MONTAGE - VARIOUS SHOTS, INT./EXT. GUNMAN'S HQ

11

To the beat of Beck's "Mixed Bizness," we see...

BYERS packing a suitcase -- with a suit identical to the one he's wearing...

FROHIKE (without Band-Aid) sliding open the Lone Gunmen's VW minibus, loading it with all manner of electronic equipment...

LANGLY locking the half-dozen locks that keep the office secure.

THE THREE LONE GUNMEN climbing into their bus, taking their places on the front bench seat, Byers behind the wheel.

12 INT. VW BUS - DAY - BYERS

12

Starts the engine, which ROARS to life. But now, the Beck track abruptly ENDS with the sound of a needle SCRATCHING a record... just as the VW engine SPUTTERS OUT. Byers tries the key again, but the bus won't turn over. He squints down at:

HIS POV - THE GAS GAUGE

The needle is sunk deep into "E" territory.

Byers glances sheepishly at his compatriots. As we PAN ACROSS him and Frohike to see Langly's disgusted, I-told-you-so look:

CUT TO:

13 EXT. GOLDSMITH HOUSE - DAY

13

LEGEND: STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK. We're HIGH over a tree-lined street. Smallish clapboard houses, green lawns. Lower middle class, but pleasant. We CRANE DOWN to find...

... A particularly modest home. The mailbox says "GOLDSMITH." The CHUG of an air-cooled engine draws our attention. We ADJUST to find the Lone Gunmen's VW motoring to a stop at the curb.

14 INT. VW BUS - CONTINUOUS

14

Byers and Frohike stare at this sad little property. The grass is mowed neat, but the house could stand a coat of paint.

BYERS

This is the place, right?

They look to Langly, who sits with his head lolled out his open side window, green around the gills. He stirs, squints and nods.

LANGLY

Yeah, yeah. Turn off the damn engine -- stop wasting my gas.

Byers cuts the engine as Frohike rolls his eyes.

FROHIKE

Here we go with the gas again.

LANGLY

It's a known carcinogen, you ingrate! I got like a pint of it in my stomach!

(X)

(rubs his belly)

It's moving around down there.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED:

14

FROHIKE

You drew the short straw. How
is it my fault you don't know
how to work a siphon?

Langly belches into his fist, turns to glare at Byers.

LANGLY

And you -- Mr. Goody Two-Shoes!
Mr. "Steal One Gallon From Ten
Cars Instead of Ten Gallons From
One Car!"

BYERS

(hurt)

Ethically, that seemed somewhat
more defensible.

Langly groans, squeezes his arms tight against his stomach.

LANGLY

You'll be sorry when I'm dead.

FROHIKE

Yeah? Prove it.

Langly glowers at him, exits the VW. The other guys climb out
after him. Off the Gunmen, heading for the Goldsmith house:

CUT TO:

15 INT. GOLDSMITH LIVING ROOM - DAY - A PHOTO

15

Of Alex Goldsmith sits atop a side table. It's a typical high
school graduation portrait. A woman's hand picks it up.

We find MRS. GOLDSMITH, a gentle woman in her 50's. Her eyes
are red from crying. She stares at her son's photo, heartbroken.

MRS. GOLDSMITH

Alex wasn't into drugs -- that
much I know for certain. He had
so much going for him with the
computers. He was brilliant.

(softer)

And such a good heart.

The boys sit on her Sears Roebuck sofa, listen respectfully.
Langly hugs his stomach, stifles another belch.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED:

15

MRS. GOLDSMITH

You'll put that in your article?
That he didn't sell drugs?

(off their nods)

I guess you can see I couldn't
give him a lot, growing up. But
I did teach him right from wrong.

Byers gently speaks up.

BYERS

How did Alex spend his time?
Did he have a specific project
he was working on?

MRS. GOLDSMITH

A while back, he said he might
do some consulting work, but
then I didn't hear any more
about it. I didn't see much of
him these last few weeks.

Her eyes drift to the floor. Langly HICCUPS, hugs his stomach.

BYERS

Uh. May we see Alex's computer?

CUT TO:

16 INT. ALEX'S ROOM - DAY

16

Cluttered like the Gunmen's office, it has two themes:
computers and golf. Nothing in here is pricey or fancy,
however. The boys enter, surveying the place. Frohike takes a
seat behind the somewhat out-of-date computer, switches it on.

Mrs. Goldsmith notices Langly standing in a far corner. From
this angle, it appears he's staring down at an empty GOLF BAG.

ANOTHER ANGLE - LANGLEY

His eyes are actually CLOSED. He's trying desperately not to be
sick. His eyes pop open as Mrs. Goldsmith steps up behind him.

MRS. GOLDSMITH

That was his very favorite thing
in the world. Alex said if the
house ever caught fire, it was
the only thing worth saving.

She pats the custom white leather golf bag, runs a loving hand
along the rim. We see now the bag is covered with SIGNATURES.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED:

16

MRS. GOLDSMITH

He got it autographed by every
player in last year's U.S. Open.
Even Tiger Woods... see?

Langly swallows back his rising bile, prays for her to go away.

LANGLY

W-Wow.

She stares at it, saddened. Wanting to be a proper hostess, she
bucks up and heads for the door.

MRS. GOLDSMITH

I'm sure you gentlemen could do
with a snack. I've got nice
deviled eggs... some fresh lox...

Langly's eyes snap open -- that does it.

MRS. GOLDSMITH

I'll be right back.

Byers and Frohike smile at her. Just as she exits, Langly
pitches forward and BARFS INTO THE GOLF BAG.

Byers and Frohike turn from the computer at the sound of
RETCHING. Their eyes go wide. They both hurry to Langly, who
lifts his head from the priceless golf bag.

BYERS

Langly! --

LANGLY

S'okay. I feel better now...

FROHIKE

Fix it! Quick! --

Frohike indicates a half-closed door. Langly drags the SLOSHING
golf bag behind him, hurries into the adjoining bathroom.

BYERS

Good grief.

Frohike shakes his head, settles back behind Alex's keyboard.

17 INT. ALEX'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS - LANGLY

17

Cranks the SHOWER on, dumps the contents of the golf bag into
the bathtub. He sniffs the bag and winces, then grabs the Lysol
and splashes a ton of it inside. Water is jetting everywhere. (X)

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED:

17

He shuts off the shower and wipes down the bag with a towel. After a few swipes, we -- then he -- realize... he's ERASING the AUTOGRAPHS! "TIGER WOODS" is down to "TIG."

Off Langly's oh-shit look...

18 INT. ALEX'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS - BYERS

18

Stands behind Frohike, checks out his progress at the computer.

BYERS

What do you have?

FROHIKE

Big lotta nothing.

(taps computer)

Hard drive's been reformatted.

Frustrated, Byers peers around the place, desperately searching for something -- anything. He and Frohike both look over as Langly exits the bathroom, dragging the golf bag behind him.

BYERS

Did you clean it up?

LANGLY

Oh, yeah.

Byers glances around him to the golf bag, wonders why there's a TOWEL draped over it. Lifting it, he's struck momentarily speechless by what he finds. Frohike, on the other hand, isn't.

FROHIKE

You washed off all the NAMES! --

LANGLY

(sheepish)

Either of you guys got a magic marker?

Byers and Frohike stare at the bag, aghast. Just then:

MRS. GOLDSMITH (O.S.)

Fellas? How does lemonade sound?

BYERS

Oh, damn.

Langly rifles through the desk drawers, finds a black marker. All three of them drop to their knees before the golf bag.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED:

18

Langly frantically forges golfers' names. Not only is he shitty at forgery, but the INK RUNS. Frohike and Byers try to help by dabbing off the excess water -- all they do is make it worse.

FROHIKE

(hissing)

You spelled it "TIGGER," you
imbecile! --

Langly tries to erase it with his forearm, which screws things up further. Wincing, Byers pats at the wet bag. As he wipes inside a ball pocket, he finds a folded slip of paper -- a CHECK.

Byers alone sees what's printed on it. His eyes go wide. But just as he's about to share it with his comrades --

-- FOOTSTEPS. PANIC. Langly throws the towel back over the bag just as Mrs. Goldsmith appears with a pitcher of lemonade.

BYERS

Oh. That's lovely. But uh...

FROHIKE

But we gotta go. Sorry.

LANGLY

R-Really sorry. Really. Sorry.

Langly gives a wave with an INK-BLACKENED HAND. The boys edge past her out the door. Perplexed, Mrs. Goldsmith is about to follow when a faint PEEING SOUND gets her attention. She sees...

... INKY WATER dribbling off the golf bag, pooling on the floor in f.g. As Mrs. Goldsmith leans down into LENS to examine this:

19 EXT. GOLDSMITH HOUSE - DAY - THE GUNMEN

19

Emerge and hurry down the walk as a SCREAM of HORROR is heard. The cringing Gunmen pick up their pace and pile into the VW. Langly yells back to the house before he jumps in.

LANGLY

WE'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU! --

20 INT. VW BUS - CONTINUOUS

20

In the back, Frohike glowers at Langly, ready to murder him.

LANGLY

(a beat; shrugs)

Told you I was sick.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED:

20

In the driver's seat, Byers is too preoccupied to start the engine. He's staring at the CHECK he found in the golf bag.

BYERS

Guys? I'm not sure Alex was the
saint his mother thinks he was.

He turns in his seat, holds it up for the other two to see.
It's a CASHIER'S CHECK drawn on the Cradock Marine Bank.

FROHIKE

What's that?

BYERS

A bank check dated four days
ago. Made out to Alex Goldsmith
for one million dollars.

Say what? Frohike and Langly look to one another, surprised.
Frohike snatches the check, both of them taking a closer look.

Off the three Gunmen, definitely intrigued...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

21 EXT. P.O.E. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

21

LEGEND: COMMACK, LONG ISLAND. We're in a quiet office park, across the street from an unexceptional building. We SLIDE OVER to reveal the Gunmen's VW bus in f.g., facing it. We notice...

... Atop the bus roof, a tiny LENS TURRET rotates. It's inconspicuous -- we only see it because we're supposed to.

PERISCOPE POV - THE BUILDING

We're extremely LONG LENS. We ZOOM IN on the name painted on the glass of the door: "PHILANTHROPIC OUTREACH ENTERPRISES."

FROHIKE (O.S.)

That's them: "Philanthropic
Outreach Enterprises." P.O.E.

INTERCUT WITH:

22 INT. VW BUS - CONTINUOUS

22

In the back, Frohike works a camcorder mounted to a periscope lens. He watches the image on a nearby monitor. Byers sits up front, examining the MILLION DOLLAR CHECK in his hand. On the memo line is typed "P.O.E. Corp. -- consulting fees."

BYERS

P.O.E. Corporation. Are we to
believe Alex Goldsmith was
working for a charity?

FROHIKE

Some charity -- cutting million
dollar checks to hackers.

LANGLY

Sounds good to me.

Langly taps away on a laptop. He shakes his head at the screen.

LANGLY

State corporation commission has
jack-squat on 'em. The name
they give for their CEO is
"James Bond," for God's sake.
(a beat)

One million bucks. I'd settle
for four hundred in cash to get
my damn stomach pumped.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED:

22

He rubs his aching belly. Frohike focuses his periscope on a new black Trans-Am parked in front of P.O.E. -- it's the only car there. We ZOOM IN on the rear plate: "MODIV 8." (X)

FROHIKE

Langly, run a plate. New York state, M-O-D-I-V numeral eight. And shut up about your stomach. (X)

LANGLY

Sure. My liver's shutting down, but who cares?

Langly frowns and goes to work, hacking the DMV.

FROHIKE

"Philanthropic Outreach." I'll bet the last donation these guys made was the three bullet holes they gave Alex Goldsmith.

BYERS

You're guessing he hacked for them, and then they killed him?

Frohike nods. Byers thinks about it.

BYERS

If that's true, I'd think they'd be long gone. Except that they're still here.

Frohike and Langly wonder about this themselves. Langly finds the DMV records he's looking for. He points to the Trans-Am.

LANGLY

The car's registered to one...
(snort)
James Bond. Cute.

BYERS

Let's stick a tracking bug on it.

Frohike fumbles in a drawer full of home-built electronics, coming up with a small BUG. Its wires hang loose.

FROHIKE

Buddy, I'd love to oblige you...

BYERS

But what?

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

FROHIKE

It needs a "P" type watch
battery. Radio Shack cut us off
yesterday -- no more credit.

LANGLY

Beautiful.

BYERS

"P" type?

Byers pulls off his watch and peers at it, then looks to Langly.

BYERS

Check your watch for a "P" type.

LANGLY

It's a wind-up! Mickey Mouse!
Just like this entire operation!

FROHIKE

Somewhere else you'd rather be,
princess? Can I peel you a
grape?

BYERS

(sardonic)

Langly, no one gets rich
fighting for truth, justice and
the American Way.

LANGLY

Yeah, but I didn't take no vow
of poverty, neither!

Frohike, watching the periscope monitor, quickly interrupts.

FROHIKE

Hey. Check it.

The boys look. Across the street, the door to the P.O.E. opens
and a man exits. He's 25-30, tall and handsome, walks with the
grace and confidence of an athlete. He wears sunglasses.

SUNGLASSES MAN rounds to the driver's door of the Trans-Am,
unlocks it and climbs in. Frohike ZOOMS IN on him.

FROHIKE

Mr. Bond, I presume?

BYERS

Let's follow him.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

FROHIKE

You down with that, Langly? Or
you just wanna cry some more and
poop your diapers?

LANGLY

Hey, have at it -- only I ain't
pushing when we run out of gas.

Byers starts the VW and chunks it into gear.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. SUBURBAN PARKING LOT - DAY - HUNTER GREEN

23

Fills frame. We PAN to reveal we're looking down the length of
a long, tall green BARRIER. This is cyclone fencing with opaque
fabric bound to it -- we can't see what's on the other side.

It borders a parking lot which contains a couple of vehicles.
The Trans-Am speeds into view, parking beside the cars.
Sunglasses Man gets out as... the VW creeps into the distant b.g.

24 INT. VW BUS - CONTINUOUS

24

We're looking out through the windshield of the moving minibus.
In the distance, Sunglasses Man heads for a gate in the fence.

BYERS

He's certainly in a hurry.

FROHIKE

Late for a secret meeting..?

The Gunmen wonder. Byers brings the VW to a stop.

25 EXT. SUBURBAN PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

25

In f.g., Sunglasses Man steps through a gate in the fence, out
of sight. In b.g., the boys exit their VW and scurry toward us.

TRACKING WITH - THE LONE GUNMEN

They move noiselessly, stopping here and there to try and get a
peek through the seams in the fence. No dice -- they can't see
a thing. But now, they hear...

... BEEPING. Faint at first, but growing louder -- ELECTRONIC
BEEPING, LOTS OF IT, coming from behind a tall hedge. It's (X)
moving, apparently emanating from many different sources.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED:

25

The boys look to one another, concerned. No one knows what to make of the ominous BEEPING. They creep toward the hedge.

26 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

26

Byers, Langly and Frohike peek into view, parting the bushes to see. The BEEPING is louder here. What they see surprises them -- puzzles them, actually.

No longer hiding, they step through the gate and gingerly walk onto a grass field. We PUSH IN on them as they look at:

THEIR POV - A FOOTBALL FIELD

A scrimmage game is being played in the distance. The cacophony of BEEPING seems to be coming from the college-age PLAYERS themselves, who are divided into seven-man teams. There are no spectators here, as this seems to be a practice session.

Kickoff -- the ball gets booted in a high arc toward us, comes bouncing onto the sidelines. It is BEEPING LOUDLY. It beeps at a different rhythm and pitch than all the other BEEPING we hear.

THE GUNMEN

Glance to one another -- huh? Frohike steps over to the strange football, picks it up. He turns back to his partners. (X)

FROHIKE

Whaddya figure?

Langly and Byers are looking elsewhere, however. Past him.

BYERS

Frohike...

LANGLY

Dude..?

Frohike turns back just in time to see --

-- Three or four FOOTBALL PLAYERS galloping straight at him in a blur. It's as if they don't see him.

WHAM! Frohike gets SACKED -- one second he's there and the next he's gone, squashed under a big pile of BEEPING linebackers.

SUNGLASSES MAN

Appears, blowing a WHISTLE. He comes jogging up the sideline, calling to his players.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED:

26

SUNGLASSES MAN

Time out! Civilians on the
field! --

The linebackers pick themselves up. Langly and Byers rush to Frohike, sprawled flat on his back and completely out of it.

BYERS

Frohike! You okay? --

FROHIKE

Oh, sure. Somebody's car alarm
keeps going off.

Langly gently smacks his cheeks as the rest of the football team wanders over. Langly glares up at the players milling around.

LANGLY

WHAT THE HELL?! YOU GUYS BLIND,
OR WHAT?! --

BYERS

Uh. Langly..?

Langly takes in Byers' expression, then looks back at the team. Something slowly dawns on him.

LANGLY'S POV - THE TEAM

All the BEEPING is coming from electronic MODULES in their helmets. The players approach gingerly, one or two of them feeling a hand out in front of themselves. Several wear dark glasses. A couple of guys clunk into one another by accident.

They are blind. All of them. All except for Sunglasses Man, who approaches us, looking down at Frohike. As he takes off his sunglasses, staring down with concern:

CUT TO:

27 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - MINUTES LATER - FROHIKE

27

Sits on the bench, head tilted back. The TEAM MEDIC checks his pupils. Frohike has cotton balls stuffed in his nostrils, but has otherwise recovered. He's incredulous.

FROHIKE

A blind football team..?

Sunglasses Man stands over Frohike, as do Langly and Byers. In the b.g., one or two ASSISTANT COACHES work out the team, running tackle sled drills.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED:

27

SUNGLASSES MAN

Not just a team, but a league.
We're the first, but we've got
franchises starting up in
California, Arizona and Florida.

He pauses to stare proudly out at his boys, fists on his hips.

SUNGLASSES MAN

Some said it couldn't be done.

LANGLY

Uh-huh...

SUNGLASSES MAN

God bless modern technology!
Sonar helmets, beeping
footballs... I know it'll work.
I promise you, one day, you'll
be watching these guys on ESPN.
(to Frohike)
How you feeling?

Frohike pulls a cotton ball out of his nose, squints at it and
flicks it away.

FROHIKE

Peachy.

TEAM MEDIC

Nothing broken.

The Medic pats Frohike on the shoulder and moves off.

BYERS

So, all of this was your
brainchild, Mr..?

SUNGLASSES MAN

Bond. Jimmy Bond. Call me
Jimmy.

As Jimmy offers his hand, a tackle sled veers our way, being
pushed by huge, enthusiastic blind linebackers. Jimmy and the
Gunmen quickly sidestep it as it comes SLAMMING into the bench.

JIMMY

Whoa. Good hustle, guys! Now
give me some wind sprints!

LINEBACKER

You got it, coach! --

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

The linebackers all yell "BOO-RAH!" and run off in the wrong direction. Jimmy turns to the Gunmen, and Frohike in particular.

JIMMY

Listen, I'm real sorry about you getting tagged, but this practice is private. You gentlemen here for a reason?

The Gunmen glance to one another. Byers speaks up.

BYERS

We're journalists. We're interested in doing a story about your league.

JIMMY

"Sports Illustrated?"

LANGLY

"The Lone Gunman."

JIMMY

Right on. Hunting and fishing, I like that.

Frohike and Langly trade looks -- "O-kkay." Byers tries to steer the conversation back to someplace useful.

BYERS

Specifically, I'm wondering how you fund this operation. It must be expensive.

JIMMY

Yes, it is. But how do you put a price tag on a dream? I know it sounds corny, but when I see the looks on these men's faces when they make a tackle, or when they catch a pass...

(thinks about it)

... Okay, that hasn't actually happened yet, but... still. To me, that's worth all the silver in Fort Knox.

FROHIKE

Very touching.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

JIMMY

I mean, this is America. Every citizen has a God-given right to play football.

LANGLY

(losing patience)

Where do you get the money from?

JIMMY

We're a charitable endowment. We have benefactors who really believe in what we're doing here.

BYERS

Who are they? We'd love to talk to them.

JIMMY

I would, too -- to thank them. They're completely anonymous. That's the way they want it. They're not in it for the glory.

(a beat)

Should you be writing this down?

The Gunmen look to one another -- no sense talking to this dope.

FROHIKE

Yeah. We're just gonna go back to the uh, mobile news unit and grab a tape recorder.

LANGLY

We'll be right back.

The Gunmen head off the field. Jimmy takes a seat on the end of the bench and stares after them, his smile friendly and utterly without guile. Meanwhile, in the b.g...

... Two players sneak up behind him. They hoist a big cooler full of Gatorade and DUMP IT over the opposite end of the bench. Off Jimmy, ten feet away and bone-dry, glancing back at them:

CUT TO:

28 EXT. SUBURBAN PARKING LOT - THE LONE GUNMEN

28

Walk fast toward their VW. Frohike glances over his shoulder.

FROHIKE

Yeesh. Can that guy be for real?

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED:

28

BYERS

He's no criminal mastermind --
of that I'm fairly certain.

(thinks about it)

But this P.O.E. has a secret
agenda, even if he doesn't.

LANGLY

Let's just get the hell out of
here. We've wasted enough time.

Byers and Frohike look to Langly. He's still in his bad mood.
The guys pile into the VW. Langly climbs behind the wheel and
cranks the ignition. The little bus starts right up, then...

... PUTT-PUTT-BANG! It promptly sputters and dies. Silence for
a beat. Langly slowly leans back in his seat, stares balefully
at Frohike and Byers. He tosses them a SIPHON HOSE, climbs out.

LANGLY

Mickey, Minnie... knock
yourselves out.

FROHIKE

Where are you going?

LANGLY

Someone's gotta suck the pipe
and it's not gonna be me.

He starts away on foot. His comrades get out, stare after him.

BYERS

Langly --

But he walks off without looking back. Off Byers and Frohike:

CUT TO:

29 INT. P.O.E. HEADQUARTERS - DAY - AN OFFICE WALL

29

"Philanthropic Outreach Enterprises" is shadow-cast down the
office wall as sun streams past the lettering on the front door.

A LONG-HAIRED SHADOW appears, blotting out the words. We PAN to
find Langly, peering in through the glass of the front door.

Langly tries the knob. The door is unlocked. He gingerly
enters the silent office, looking around.

LANGLY

Hello..? Anybody?

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED:

29

No answer. There's not much to the place -- just a reception area and a hallway leading back to one or two small offices. Treacly "Climb Every Mountain"-type inspirational posters provide the only personality there is.

(X)

30 INT. BACK OFFICE - A COMPUTER

30

Sits atop an empty desk, an n.d. screensaver bouncing around the monitor. In b.g., Langly appears in the doorway, peeking in.

Crossing to the computer, he brings up the screen. Just boring, boilerplate charity stuff -- no smoking gun. As Langly reads...

... A figure silently appears in the doorway behind him. It's STOIC MAN, the assassin. He watches, then:

STOIC MAN

Can I help you?

Langly freezes, caught. Though nervous, he thinks fast.

LANGLY

I can help you.

(beat)

For a price.

Stoic Man remains in the doorway, blocking Langly's exit.

LANGLY

I'm guessing you knew a kid
named Alex Goldsmith.
DoubleBogey, number two hacker
in America?

Stoic Man's face gives up absolutely nothing. He simply listens.

LANGLY

Why settle for number two when
you can have number one?

STOIC MAN

That would be you?

LANGLY

Exactly. Whatever he was doing
for you, I can do it better.

STOIC MAN

Without even knowing what it is?

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED:

30

LANGLY

Doesn't matter, as long as we're talking computers. I got the mad skills so it's all downhill, you know what I'm saying?

(off the man's stare)

Check me out.

Langly turns to the computer, gives it a THUNK. Off Stoic Man, exuding the faintest whiff of interest...

TIME CUT TO:

31 INT. BACK OFFICE - LATER - THE COMPUTER

31

We do a slow ARC around the desktop computer as fingers fly on the keyboard. On the monitor, different screens quickly come and go, opening and closing, tiling atop one another. Finally, up comes... "UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE - CLASSIFIED."

We ADJUST to Langly, easing back in his chair and tapping a finger to the home page on the screen, a cocky smile on his face.

LANGLY

You wanna be a five-star general? Push of a button.

(X)

Stoic Man unfolds his arms and steps forward, studies the screen. He gives away little, as usual -- but we sense he's impressed.

LANGLY

That makes the Pentagon, the Jet Propulsion Lab and Queen's Bank of Georgetown, Grand Cayman. I cracked them all inside of...

(checks his watch)

Nineteen minutes. Plus, I reset your system clock. Daylight savings. I got the job?

Stoic Man looks from the screen to Langly, considers.

STOIC MAN

You got the job.

Langly grins. Stoic Man leans past him, slides open the desk drawer. What Langly sees inside mildly confuses him.

CLOSE - INSIDE THE DRAWER

The drawer is completely empty except for a roll of DUCT TAPE.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED:

31

LOOKING SIDEWAYS - ON THE DECK

Langly's head SLAMS into view as his body hits the floor. As he starts to yell, a strip of duct tape gets pressed over his mouth.

Arms bound, he struggles, to no avail. Off Langly, eyes wide:

CUT TO:

32 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY - A BIG GAS CAN

32

Gets pulled out of a maintenance shed. Jimmy hands it to Byers, who nearly drops it -- as Jimmy is so much stronger.

BYERS

Thank you.

JIMMY

Glad to help.

In b.g., Jimmy's team begins a play. A CELL PHONE clipped to Frohike's belt RINGS, sounding a bit like the beeping football.

Frohike pauses to pull the phone off his belt, not noticing that behind him, two disoriented LINEMEN veer off and run his way.

FROHIKE

Hello?

WHAM! -- Frohike gets SACKED again, right INTO CAMERA.

INTERCUT WITH:

33 INT. SILVER BOXSTER - DAY - YVES ADELE HARLOW

33

Sits behind the wheel of her parked Porsche, a tiny cell phone pressed to her ear. She peers through binoculars as she talks.

YVES

I should have known better than
to trust you three incompetents.

(no response)

Hello? Frohike? Hello..?

CLOSE - ON THE DECK

Linebackers stand up from their tackle, revealing Frohike lying face-down, his face in the turf and the phone still to his ear. As Byers and Jimmy hurry to assist him, he speaks into the phone.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED:

33

FROHIKE

Yves? Yeah, I'm uh...
(to a linebacker)
Get off me, dammit! You're
crushing my pelvis! --

Yves frowns, trying to picture what's happening on the other end.

YVES

Are you talking to Byers?
Should I call back?

FROHIKE

No! It's not Byers, it's just
some huge guy! I-I mean, uh...
(what's the use?)
What is it, Yves?

YVES

I thought you should know the
whereabouts of your obnoxious
friend.

FROHIKE

Langly? Where the hell is he?

YVES

At the moment? Being loaded
into a car trunk.

Frohike looks to Byers, his expression turning ashen. Byers
stares at him, concerned and waiting to hear.

Yves peers through her tiny binoculars, staring out the side
window of her sports car. She sees:

34 EXT. P.O.E. HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS - YVES' POV

34

As seen through a BINOCULAR MATTE, Stoic Man loads a gagged and
hogtied Langly into the trunk of a TOWN CAR. Langly's wide eyes
are the last thing we see of him before the lid gets slammed.

Off Yves, lowering her binoculars, her expression grim...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

35 EXT. P.O.E. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

35

We CRANE DOWN as the Lone Gunmen's VW approaches, SQUEALS to a stop in the empty parking lot in front of the building. Byers and Frohike hurry out and scan the area, which appears deserted.

Frohike rattles P.O.E.'s locked door. Byers tries to peer in.

YVES (O.S.)

I take it back...

They spin to find Yves standing behind them, arms crossed -- having stepped out from a nearby hiding place.

YVES

... Stick with pornography.

FROHIKE

What's this about Langly being
"taken?"

She indicates the deserted office building before them.

YVES

This sham charity -- P.O.E.
They were short one hacker since
Alex Goldsmith was "let go."
Now, they've got one.

(off their looks)

You were supposed to blow the
lid off this -- not give them
exactly what they need.

(X)

BYERS

Wait a minute. What was Langly
even doing here?

YVES

You tell me. He came to them.

(off their surprise)

Well, well. I'd say young
Langly has turned quisling.

FROHIKE

Quizz-what?

BYERS

Quisling. A traitor.

FROHIKE

Uh-uh. You're barking up the
wrong fish, sister.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED:

35

BYERS

Langly wouldn't join forces with
a gang of killers.

YVES

Not even for a million dollars?
You're saying he shows no
interest in money?

Frohike and Byers glance to one another -- they can't honestly
say that. However, they're still not buying her take on things.

BYERS

There's got to be another
explanation.

FROHIKE

Damn straight. We need to find
out where they've taken him.

YVES

Finding him is easy. Getting to
him is another matter.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. MANOR HOUSE - SURROUNDING WOODS - DAY

36

We're peering through a BINOCULAR MATTE. Through some trees and
beyond an imposing wall and gate, we glimpse the MANOR HOUSE.
As we PAN AROUND, scanning the compound:

FROHIKE (O.S.)

Langly's in there?

YVES (O.S.)

Top floor, most likely. I'm
guessing this is where Alex
Goldsmith was murdered.

FROHIKE, BYERS AND YVES

Crouch in a dense grove of trees outside the wall. Frohike
lowers the binoculars and passes them to Byers, who uses them.

BYERS

What is this place?

YVES

The Byelamirsk Embassy.

(This is two syllables: "BELLA-MEERSK")

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED:

36

FROHIKE

Where the hell's Byelamirsk?

BYERS

It's a breakaway republic from
the former Soviet Union --
recognized by the U.S. last year.

(X)

(X)

YVES

(referring to Byers)

At least there's one of you who
isn't completely hopeless.

Frohike shoots her a dirty look. Byers lowers the binoculars.

BYERS

It looks secure.

YVES

Very. Motion detectors, armed
guards. Not to mention
diplomatic immunity. Langly may
as well be in Byelamirsk.

FROHIKE

But what does a breakaway
republic in the Baltics have to
do with a bogus charity?

YVES

An arms deal. The ruling party
is faced with a rebel faction it
wants to quash. They reckon a
few metric tons of nerve gas
will do the trick nicely.

(beat)

P.O.E. is a shell company
created to hide the transaction.

BYERS

And for some reason they need a
good hacker to complete the deal.

Yves nods. Frohike considers this. He eyes Yves closely.

FROHIKE

You know a hell of a lot about
this that you didn't tell us
before. And what are you doing
in Long Island, anyway?

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

BYERS

I assume you're profiting off
this somehow.

(X)
(X)

Yves stares at them evenly, not confirming it.

FROHIKE

What's your angle? Sure as hell
ain't the pursuit of justice.

YVES

It's none of your business.

FROHIKE

I'm gonna take a wild stab and
say "money." Filthy lucre.

Yves' silence is neither assent nor denial. Byers studies her.

BYERS

If money's all you want, why
didn't you walk in there and do
their hacking yourself?

YVES

You think they'll let Langly
live to enjoy his profits?

The boys share a look of concern as we PRELAP a MUFFLED SCREAM.

CUT TO:

37 INT. MANOR HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY - LANGLEY

37

Lets out a short SCREAM as the tape is RIPPED from his mouth.
He stares up angrily at Stoic Man, who just did the honors.

LANGLY

AHHH! Watch the lips, man!
(rubs his mouth)
I gotta say, so far this job
SUCKS!

Stoic Man ignores his outburst. Leaving Langly seated in a
nearby chair, he crosses to... the three familiar LAPTOPS.
They're exactly where Alex Goldsmith left them.

STOIC MAN

You'll use these. You have T-1
access, of course.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED:

37

LANGLY

What's the hack?

STOIC MAN

E-Stock online accounts. Set up a bogus corporation. Access the account debiting protocols and transact a fifty share IPO purchase at \$10 a share -- on every E-Stock account.

LANGLY

Every account? That's probably a hundred thousand people. Fifty shares at ten bucks a share... you'll raise fifty million dollars like that.

Langly SNAPS his fingers. Stoic Man doesn't deny it.

LANGLY

And like that...

(SNAPS again)

You'll have the SEC and Justice on your tail. You gotta know they monitor every online transaction for fraud.

(X)

STOIC MAN

Not your concern. Just make it happen by midnight.

He exits. We hear the door LOCK behind him. A nervous Langly rises, tests the knob. He looks around, finds a lone GOLF CLUB propped in a corner -- a sad reminder of Alex.

Langly hefts the driver, checking the balance. Off him, sighing and taking in his plush prison...

CUT TO:

38 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

38

Jimmy guides his players to a nearby locker room. Practice is over. Helmets BEEPING, each player follows the man before him.

JIMMY

Good scrimmage, guys. Way to go!

(to the last man)

Nice TD, Benny. High-five!

Just as the blind man trots over to high-five his coach...

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED:

38

BYERS (O.S.)

Mr. Bond?

... Jimmy turns to Byers and Frohike -- oblivious to his player, who misses the high-five and tumbles forward out of frame.

Byers and Frohike look grave. Jimmy greets them with a smile.

JIMMY

Back for more, huh? It's irresistible, the passion of these guys. I tell ya, Monday Night Football better watch its butt! I love this game!

FROHIKE

Enjoy it while you can.

(off Jimmy's look)

I think you just watched your last blind football game.

JIMMY

What are you talking about?

FROHIKE

There is no league, bub. We checked. The other franchises don't exist. There's just you.

Jimmy squints at them, not understanding.

BYERS

P.O.E. is a front. Set up to cover an illegal arms deal.

FROHIKE

And you're the fall guy.

JIMMY

Me..?

BYERS

Yours is the only name on record. Your company had a bank check cut to a computer programmer named Alex Goldsmith.

JIMMY

Alex Goldsmith. He was gonna design our webpage.

BYERS

He's dead.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

FROHIKE

Murdered by your friend at P.O.E.

Jimmy takes a long beat to consider this disturbing story.
Something in the Gunmen's tale rings true.

JIMMY

I knew it! I knew something was
up with that guy! Wouldn't give
me his name, his phone number.
Always talking about "anonymous
benefactors!" Oh, man...
(smacks his forehead)
Stupid! Stupid!

BYERS

Anybody could've made the same
mistake...

FROHIKE

(under his breath)
Yeah, blind football. Who
wouldn't sign on for that?

JIMMY

That was my idea! I thought it
up! --

Frohike raises an eyebrow. Jimmy continues, calming somewhat.

JIMMY

What about my team? What
happens to them?

Byers doesn't have an answer. Frohike couldn't care less.

JIMMY

You know, some people actually
laugh at these boys? Like blind
football is funny. Like it's a
lost cause...

Frohike and Byers share a slightly guilty look.

JIMMY

I think they're missing the
point. These boys are out here
because it's difficult. Because
people say it can't be done.
(more)

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED: (3)

38

JIMMY

(beat)

They have courage. And thank
God for guys like that -- guys
who have the courage to fight
lost causes. Because every now
and then, one of them wins.

Byers looks to Frohike, both of them realizing this speech could
just as easily describe the Lone Gunmen.

Respectful silence. Frohike returns to the subject at hand.

FROHIKE

That guy who set you up. We
know where you can find him.

Off Jimmy, his look hardening:

CUT TO:

39 INT. MANOR HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE DAY

(X) 39

We PIVOT off the three unmanned laptops, their bouncing ball
screensavers bouncing away...

... To find Langly in b.g., crouching beside the locked door.
He raises Alex's golf club like a baseball bat. He takes a deep
breath, steadies his nerves. Ready, he BANGS a fist on the door.

LANGLY

SOMEBODY?! I'M HAVING TROUBLE
BREATHING! I CAN'T BREATHE!!

Langly checks his grip on his club, gets ready to swing the
moment that door opens. Steady now... steady...

Nobody comes. Trying harder, Langly fakes a wet, choking COUGH.

LANGLY

HELP ME!! HELP!! --

NEW ANGLE - LANGLY

We're ninety degrees around -- we see another wall of the room
behind him.

LANGLY

AAAHHHHH!! I NEED MY MEDICINE!!
I... NEED... MY... MEDICINE!! --

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED:

39

In b.g., a door to an adjoining suite OPENS. Stoic Man casually enters behind Langly, who doesn't notice him. Langly just keeps waiting to clobber anyone who comes in his door.

STOIC MAN

What are you doing?

Langly freezes -- oh crap. He lowers his golf club, turns to face Stoic Man. He fakes a little COUGH, points to his throat.

LANGLY

Gotta kinda... tickle. Got any Robitussin?

(off his silence)

That's cool. I'm good.

Langly vamps with the golf club, fakes a Johnny Carson sort of drive. Stoic Man steps forward and takes the club from him.

A business-suited VALET appears behind Stoic Man, whispers to him in Russian. Whatever is said mildly surprises him. Stoic Man follows the Valet out, pausing at the door.

STOIC MAN

(to Langly)

You're running out of time.

(X)

He takes away the golf club, LOCKS the door. Off Langly, boned:

CUT TO:

40 EXT. MANOR HOUSE - SURROUNDING WOODS - LATE DAY

(X) 40

We're LONG LENS, BINOCULAR MATTE. We're focused on JIMMY, who stands at the embassy gate, buzz-buzz-buzzing on the call box. He gives up, grabs hold of the iron gate and rattles it in his fists. We hear his angry voice, faint with distance:

JIMMY

OPEN UP! YOU PEOPLE OPEN UP!

We reveal we're in the POV of:

YVES

Who crouches in the dark woods where we left her -- alone now. She lowers her binoculars, wondering who this odd man is and what the hell he's doing. She raises her binoculars again.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED:

40

YVES' BINOCULAR POV - JIMMY

Keeps pulling on the gate when suddenly it MOTORS OPEN. Jimmy steps through, stalking onto the embassy grounds. We PAN off him to find...

... Stoic Man and the Valet walking to meet him, having just come from the house. Stoic Man still carries the GOLF CLUB.

41 EXT. MANOR HOUSE - GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS - JIMMY

41

Strides toward Stoic Man, meets him halfway. Jimmy's pissed.

JIMMY

Hey there. Remember me? How's it shaking, buddy?

STOIC MAN

Mr. Bond. Why are you here?

JIMMY

I was in the neighborhood! Came to meet the "anonymous benefactors!" Whaddya say? Trot 'em on out here!

(bellowing)

HELLO...? ANONYMOUS BENEFACTORS!

He yells up to the house, tries to sidestep Stoic Man and the Valet. The two Russians subtly put themselves back in his way.

STOIC MAN

Mr. Bond...

JIMMY

Oh. You know what I just found out? There AREN'T ANY! Know what else I found out? You're a murderer who plans to buy a bunch of nerve gas, and you set me up to be your FALL GUY!

(angry at himself)

God! And I couldn't see it! It was like I was, uh... you know...

He taps his eyes, too frustrated to be able to come up with the word "blind." Stoic Man stays cool.

STOIC MAN

Where did you get these ideas?

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED:

41

JIMMY

I know some people, okay?
Investigative journalists! They
write for this hunting and
fishing magazine, and they set
me straight about everything.

(cocky smirk)

You're going down, my German
friend.

STOIC MAN

I'm not German.

JIMMY

-- You're going up, up, up the
river. Just wanted to tell you
personally. So that every time
you're in that prison TV room,
watching football, you think
about me and my boys.

Whew -- Jimmy feels a lot better with all this off his chest.
He shoots a triumphant glare at the big Valet, then at Stoic
Man. Finished, he saunters off the way he came.

He doesn't get three steps before... WHACK! Stoic Man cold
cocks him from behind with the golf club. Jimmy drops to his
knees, then does a face-plant into the pavement.

(X)

42 EXT. MANOR HOUSE - SURROUNDING WOODS - CONTINUOUS

42

As seen through BINOCULARS, a distant Stoic Man and the Valet
each take an elbow and drag Jimmy on his knees to the house.

CLOSE - YVES

Lowers her binoculars, wincing. She mutters under her breath.

YVES

Hell of a plan, guys.

Off her concerned look:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

43 INT. MANOR HOUSE - ADJOINING BEDROOM - NIGHT - JIMMY

43

Lies face-down atop an expensive Persian rug, arms and legs sprawled like Wile E. Coyote having just fallen off a cliff. We're looking straight down on him, his head at six o'clock. From o.s., we hear a faint TAP-TAP-TAP.

LANGLY (O.S.)

Psst. Hey, guy. James Bond.

TAP-TAP-TAP. Jimmy jerks awake, fumbles a hand to the back of his aching head. He glances around this elegant suite (a sister room to Langly's, but painted a different color). He spies:

JIMMY'S POV - A NEARBY DOOR

It has an inch and a half of clearance underneath it. We see a couple of FINGERS poking through, WRIGGLING at us.

Jimmy crawls over, lies on his side and peers under the door. He sees long blond hair and a single eye peering back at him.

JIMMY

Is your name Langly?

INTERCUT WITH:

44 INT. MANOR HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

44

Langly lies on his side, mirroring Jimmy. Both of them WHISPER.

LANGLY

Yeah. What are you doing here?

JIMMY

I'm undercover. Brought you a little present from your friends. I don't think it'll fit under the door, though.

(beat)

Oh, wait. I just had a thought.

We hear him stand up and... BOOM! A BIG FOOT KICKS THROUGH THE DOOR, splintering the wood. Subtle. Langly expects the bad guys to come running in the far door. Jimmy's grinning face appears in the hole. Still WHISPERING: (X) (X)

JIMMY

How's that?

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED:

44

LANGLY

(normal voice)

By all means, keep whispering.
Don't let 'em hear you.

Through the hole in the hall, Jimmy's hand appears, holding a small CIRCUIT BOARD. Langly recognizes it immediately, happy to see it -- but Jimmy feels a proud need to explain it nonetheless.

JIMMY

Anyway, here you go. This is what you call a uh, "ghostly mode circle."

LANGLY

"Ghost modem circuit."

JIMMY

Yeah, pretty much. It enables you to contact your buddies outside without fear of uh, electrical surveillance over... riddance which has to do with the... impedance of the...

LANGLY

-- Don't even try, alright?

Langly jumps up, runs the circuit board to the nearest laptop. Jimmy keeps talking to him through the hole.

JIMMY

Basically, in layman's terms, you're cool. You just plug it to your AC power there.

Langly runs back, slides over a WASTEBASKET to cover the hole -- and Jimmy's face.

LANGLY

DC. Thanks.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. MANOR HOUSE - SURROUNDING WOODS - NIGHT

45

Seen through the underbrush, the embassy looms in the distance. We ADJUST to find the Gunmen's VW bus parked just off the road here, facing it. Faint BLUE LIGHT glows in the bus windows. (X)

OVER THIS, we hear the familiar "handshake" of an incoming MODEM TRANSMISSION.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED:

45

FROHIKE (V.O.)
We got traffic --

46 INT. VW BUS - CONTINUOUS

46

Frohike swivels in his seat. Yves is here -- she puts down her binoculars and moves to look over Frohike's shoulder, as does Byers. The bus interior is BLUE-LIT to preserve night vision. (X)

ANGLE - LAPTOP SCREEN

Up pops LANGLEY'S FACE, seen in jerky QuickTime video.

BYERS
Langly!

FROHIKE
What the hell are you doing in there, you quisling? --

LANGLY
Quizz-what?

FROHIKE
Quisling, you moron! A traitor!

Langly frantically waves a hand, shushing him. He whispers.

LANGLY
I'm not a quisling! I put my butt on the line, trying to get the scoop on P.O.E! (X)
(X)

BYERS
And did you?

LANGLY
This guy wants me to rip off E-Stock for fifty million bucks! Only, I don't know what for.

FROHIKE
We do. It's their little slush fund for buying nerve gas. Meant to be dropped on the rebels in Bell... Bella --

YVES
(impatient)
-- Byelamirsk.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED:

46

BYERS

They'll kill thousands, Langly.

Langly takes this in, stunned.

LANGLY

Alex Goldsmith must have found
out about that. He probably
refused to do the work.

BYERS

And they murdered him for it.

This hangs heavy in the air. Frohike grows concerned.

FROHIKE

So what are you thinking, man?

LANGLY

I'm not stealing them their
fifty mil, that's for sure. I'm
not gonna help kill a bunch of
Bella-whatevers.

BYERS

But then they'll kill you.

Silence. Langly is aware of that, and scared. Yves considers.

YVES

Do exactly as they say.

(X)

LANGLY

Excuse me?

(X)

(X)

Byers and Frohike are confused, too, but Yves is hatching a plan. (X)

YVES

Did they provide an account
number to transfer the money
into?

(X)

LANGLY

Yeah, some Eastern European bank.

Yves nods, turns to Byers and Frohike.

(X)

YVES

Langly's just where we need him.

The boys are mystified. Off them, we PRELAP a deep CHIME.

CUT TO:

47 INT. MANOR - HOUSE LOBBY - NIGHT - A GRANDFATHER CLOCK 47

CHIMES MIDNIGHT. A figure wipes past -- we PICK UP Stoic Man heading for the broad staircase. As he mounts the steps to the second floor, and the funereal CHIMING continues...

48 INT. MANOR HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - THE DOOR 48

Unlocks and opens. Stoic Man stands in the threshold. We can still hear the CHIMING coming from downstairs.

STOIC MAN

I trust you're ready.

PUSHING IN ON - LANGLEY

He sits at his three laptops. He laces his fingers, CRACKS them.

CUT TO:

49 INT. VW BUS - NIGHT - THE LAPTOP SCREEN 49

QuickTime shows Stoic Man stepping up behind Langly. We ADJUST off this to Yves. She nods to Byers, who speaks into a HEADSET.

BYERS

Frohike. Showtime.

50 EXT. MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT 50

The lighted balcony windows are in b.g. We CRANE DOWN the tall wrought-iron gate in f.g. We find Frohike, dressed all in black.

FROHIKE

(into headset)

Here goes nothing...

Frohike hoists a small BOTTLE JACK into view, shoves it between the bars. The electrically driven jack quietly WHIRRS to life. Off the SQUEAK of bending steel:

51 INT. MANOR HOUSE - ADJOINING BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - FROHIKE 51

As seen through the balcony glass, Frohike can just be made out way down in the distant darkness, bending the bars in the gate. We PULL BACK to find Jimmy staring out at him. It's time.

Jimmy turns around, puts his back to the locked balcony door. He fakes a really LOUD, LAME COUGH and simultaneously HAMMERS the door with his elbow, breaking the lock. This guy's a moose. Off him quietly opening the door and exiting onto the balcony...

52 INT. MANOR HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - FINGERS

52

Type madly. We TILT UP to Langly, wired. He smacks one last key and pushes back from the laptop, stares up at Stoic Man. Somewhere o.s., we hear two or three faint RINGS of a TELEPHONE.

STOIC MAN

That's it?

LANGLY

That's it. Fifty million clams.
Told you I was the best.

STOIC MAN

All of it transferred to the
account number I gave you?

Langly TAPS a box on the screen. Stoic Man studies it, pleased.

STOIC MAN

An excellent job.

LANGLY

Damn straight it is.

Feeling good, Stoic Man turns his back. Langly can't see that he's carefully threading the SILENCER onto his PISTOL.

STOIC MAN

Let's see that you get paid.

Just then, the Valet bursts in the room. He's panicked, jabbers in RUSSIAN. Stoic Man holsters his pistol. He doesn't like what he's hearing. They have a terse conversation, no subtitles.

Stoic Man brushes past Langly, re-checks the laptop screens.

LANGLY

What's going on?

He eyes Langly warily. The Valet motions for Stoic Man to come.

STOIC MAN

I'll be back.

Not something to look forward to. Stoic Man follows the Valet out. The door SLAMS and gets LOCKED. Langly is left alone.

LANGLY

The hell just happened?

A beat. Behind him, the locked glass door of the balcony...

... SHATTERS as a ROCK flies through it. Langly FREAKS, then realizes who this is. He stumbles through the broken glass.

53 EXT. MANOR HOUSE - BALCONY/GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

53

Langly hurries onto the balcony, looks down over the railing. Three stories below stands Jimmy, whispering up to him.

JIMMY

C'mon! Jump!

Off Langly, sure as hell not about to do that:

CUT TO:

54 INT. VW BUS - YVES

54

Hits the "enter" key on the laptop, then yanks a disk from the drive. Byers sits nearby, peering through binoculars -- he's caught by surprise when Yves KISSES HIM ON THE CHEEK.

YVES

Good luck.

BYERS

What? Where are you going? --

She doesn't answer -- just slides open the door and departs into the night. Off Byers, staring after her, confused:

CUT TO:

55 EXT. MANOR HOUSE - BALCONY/GROUNDS - LANGLEY

55

Still stands at the railing, looking down fearfully.

JIMMY

Do it! Jump! --

LANGLY

What are you, nuts?!

JIMMY

I jumped! It's not that far!
C'mon, I'll catch you!

LANGLY

CATCH me?!

(considering)

You promise? --

Jimmy nods and holds out his arms, ready. Behind him, Frohike slips through the bent bars of the front gate and comes running.

Langly hears the BEDROOM DOOR UNLOCKING behind him. He steels himself, climbs over the railing.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED:

55

ON THE GROUND - FROHIKE

Runs up behind Jimmy.

FROHIKE

Hurry up!

Jimmy turns to Frohike, thereby missing Langly -- who PLUMMETS straight down through frame and lands o.s. with a THUD.

Jimmy sheepishly scratches his head. Frohike frowns up at him. They both help up a dazed Langly, half-drag him to the gate.

ANGLE - AT THE GATE

We PULL BACK through the bent bars as Jimmy and Frohike hurry toward us, push Langly through. Stoic Man and the Valet appear on the balcony, yelling in RUSSIAN. Stoic Man takes aim.

THUP! THUP! Bullets RICOCHET off the gate. The VW rockets into view out of the underbrush. Langly, Frohike and Jimmy madly pile into the VW, which then SQUEALS OFF into the night.

56 INT. VW BUS - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

56

Byers is behind the wheel, putting the pedal to the metal. The guys lie in a big heap behind him. Jimmy lets out a REBEL YELL.

JIMMY

All-RIGHT! Man! You fellas
live life on the EDGE! --

FROHIKE

Aaahh! Get off me!

It looks like a game of "Twister" back here. A panicked Langly crawls out from under, grabs Byers by the shoulder.

LANGLY

Byers, we can't just leave.
I got that guy his money! He's
gonna buy nerve gas with it!

BYERS

No, he won't. The ruling party
of his country is bankrupt.

(X)

LANGLY

What are you talking about?

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED:

56

BYERS

Yves siphoned clean the
Byelamirsk government account
you provided her. Stole God
knows how many millions.

(X)

Langly can't believe what he's hearing.

LANGLY

What? What about the fifty
million I stole?

BYERS

You never stole it. Yves only
made it look like you did.

FROHIKE

Hey. Where the hell is Yves?

Byers gives an unhappy shake of his head.

BYERS

She left. After having
transferred the money to an
untraceable account, I assume.

FROHIKE

(realizing)

Take the money and run. That
was her plan all along.

Langly lets all this sink in. He's thoroughly disgusted.

LANGLY

And we're right back where we
started.

Glum silence. Off JIMMY, listening with quiet interest...

DISSOLVE TO:

57 EXT. GOLDSMITH HOUSE - DAY

57

We TILT DOWN from sky to re-establish a forlorn little home.
LEGEND: STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK. TWO DAYS LATER.

We watch from a distance as the door opens and Langly exits.
Mrs. Goldsmith is right behind him. And, to our surprise...

... She's not angry. She exchanges a few last words with
Langly, which we can't hear from here. Then, she gives him a
big HUG. Langly smiles faintly, hugs her back.

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED:

57

Langly waves and heads up the walk toward us. Mrs. Goldsmith returns the wave, pulls a familiar CHECK from her apron pocket. She studies it as she goes back inside her house.

We SLIDE OVER to reveal the VW bus parked at the curb -- Byers and Frohike are inside, having watched this whole scene.

58 INT. VW BUS - CONTINUOUS - LANGLEY

58

Squeezes into the front seat with his two comrades.

FROHIKE

So, she forgives you?

LANGLY

A million bucks forgives a lot.

BYERS

That was good of you, Langly.
Giving her the check was the
right thing to do.

FROHIKE

Yeah, man. I'm proud of you.

LANGLY

Ah, shut up. Both of you.
(off their looks)
We're still flat-ass broke.
Sitting on yet another great
story we don't have the money to
publish. And we still can't
even get last week's issue off
the loading dock.

Byers and Frohike can't argue.

LANGLY

Let's just go home.

Byers turns the key in the ignition. PUTT-PUTT-BANG! The motor SPUTTERS and dies -- no GAS.

Silence. Off Langly's now-familiar look to Frohike and Byers...

CUT TO:

59 EXT. LONE GUNMAN OFFICE - DUSK

59

We're on the deserted street in front of the Gunman building. Around the corner into view inches the VW BUS. We realize it's being pushed by a straining Frohike, Langly and Byers.

LANGLY

That's it. I'm getting a horse.

Frohike, operating the steering wheel as he pushes, is the first to notice something o.s. He stops and stares our way, amazed.

FROHIKE

Oh, man. Guys --

As the others look, we PULL BACK, bringing into frame...

... PILES of NEWSPAPERS stacked on the sidewalk. Frohike, Langly and Byers hurry over to see. Their VW BUS continues to silently ROLL THROUGH FRAME without them. They never notice.

Frohike yanks loose a copy. Below a familiar red and black masthead, huge type screams "CRIMINAL WHALERS EXPOSED!"

FROHIKE

It's last week's "Lone Gunman!"

BYERS

It's the entire press run!
Where'd it come from?

LANGLY

Oh, no. No way...

Byers and Frohike turn to see what Langly is looking at.

NEW ANGLE - JIMMY BOND

He's seated on their steps. He stands up, smiling shyly.

BYERS

Jimmy..? You paid for these?

Jimmy shrugs, nods. He sees they don't understand. He explains.

JIMMY

You guys fight the lost causes.
I want to help.

CREEP IN ON - THE THREE LONE GUNMEN

They look to one another uneasily -- oh, shit. As their runaway VW CRASHES into a distant PARKED CAR behind them...

THE END