

NSA INNOCENT

(temporary title)

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ACT ONE

On black, the word: MONDAY

FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY

A MAN, 30, stumbles across the roof, twenty stories high... his breathing is ragged, his expression desperate...

Behind him another man, BAKER, is in pursuit... he's a bit older, has trouble keeping up but is not about to quit...

EXT. STREET

Twenty stories below a second man, WICKS, tries to keep pace with the two rooftop runners... he's Baker's age, moves pretty well despite a noticeable limp.

ON THE ROOFTOPS

The MAN comes to the edge of the building... there's a yawning gap between him and the next rooftop... as he tries to decide whether or not to try it, Baker comes up behind him...

BAKER

Listen, we can work something out.

The man just shakes his head.

BAKER (CONT'D)

We're not cops, we make our own rules... tell me what you want...

The man looks back at the roof of the other building.

BAKER (CONT'D)

... you'll never make it...

This decides things, though not the way Baker intended. The Man smiles, as though realizing something:

MAN

You mean, you'll never make it.

And he JUMPS across the gap... he lands on the other roof, barely... for a moment he's suspended, balanced perfectly, but he doesn't quite have enough purchase to keep his weight forward... he FALLS. Baker reacts, then yells:

BAKER

Look out!

ON THE STREET

Wicks hears Baker's warning, looks up... jumps aside just as the MAN strikes the sidewalk with a horrible CRACK. Off Wicks, grimacing...

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Wicks and Baker stand over the body. Wicks has a bit of a Texas twang and attitude (Tommy Lee Jones). Baker is more straight-ahead, but just as formidable (Ed Harris). Baker searches the body, finds nothing of interest.

BAKER

Dumb bastard. Guess he thought he could fly.

WICKS

For a little while there, he did.

BAKER

He must have something...

WICKS

Maybe he hid it up there somewhere.

BAKER

... wait, here's something in the liner of his wallet...

He pulls out a piece of paper.

ON THE PAPER

A string of numbers, beginning 444, and a corporate LOGO.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Looks like a satellite phone number.
And I know that logo...

CUT TO:

SIDE OF AN OFFICE BUILDING - CLOSE ON CORPORATE LOGO

Which matches the logo on the paper. We're in

EXT. CLAYMORE INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

A modern building in an industrial park.

INT. CLAYMORE INDUSTRY - LASER LAB

A LASER BEAM bounces off a concave mirror, targets a two inch thick metal plate, through which it is boring slowly as the metal heats up. The beam is emitted from a:

LASER - a piece of equipment mounted on a platform thirty feet away. A trio of men operate the laser.

PAUL FISHER, late 30's, intellectual bent but athletic build (Harrison Ford in "The Fugitive"). He's a scientist, at home in the world of ideas and abstractions. He's casually dressed, jeans, shirt and running shoes. Paul works with:

BARRY and JEFF, early 30's, geeks, t-shirt and jeans. Paul's team. Jeff peers through a sighting mechanism on the laser. [While the laser is operating, the men wear dark protective GLASSES. We also note a number of industrial strength MAGNIFYING GLASSES used for close-in work.]

PAUL

You got it calibrated?

JEFF

It's still a hair off. Where's the screwdriver?

Paul takes out a penknife.

PAUL

This'll work.

Paul uses the screw driver component to adjust the site. Then he switches off the laser. The beam disappears.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You have the a-chip?

Barry nods, opens the laser's housing, and carefully takes another chip from a plastic box. He snaps the new chip into place, under which he says, with mock pretentiousness:

BARRY

The auto-calibrated, synchronized, augmentation chip, is now in place.

Making a joke out of the complicated name, but the fact is, this is their baby and they're very proud of it. Paul turns the laser back on, presses the trigger. A very intense beam shoots instantly bores a hole in the metal plate.

JEFF

... two inches of steel, like it was paper...

BARRY

Works better every time.

They shut it down. Paul checks his watch.

PAUL

Let's knock off for the night.

As they start to put things away:

BARRY

Another few weeks, I think we can take this to DOD.

PAUL

We need to test the atmospheric vectors, but, yeah, it won't be long.

JEFF

We're gonna grab a beer at Grady's...

PAUL

Thanks, I have plans.

Jeff and Barry look at one another, amused and skeptical.

BARRY

Oooo. Paul has plans. New issue of Scientific American come out today?

Paul waves them away good-naturedly, heads out as the others begin cleaning up the lab.

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Paul, briefcase in hand, is on his way out when he's met by his boss, FRANK CONROY, 50's. Less the scientist and more the executive, he wears a shirt and tie. He holds a file.

FRANK

Glad I caught you. These variance margins don't look right.

PAUL

They're not. I have to rework them.

FRANK

Can I have them tonight?

PAUL

Actually, Frank, I was just leaving...

FRANK

The a-chip's high priority, Paul.

PAUL

I know... I just thought I'd try to have dinner with my wife for a change.

Frank hesitates, deciding whether to insist, then relents.

FRANK

Can't blame you.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Maybe if I'd made it home for a few more dinners, I'd still be married. But get these to me in the morning.

As Paul nods his gratitude and heads out

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Paul dials his cell as he walks toward his car. The lot is nearly deserted, but not far away is a van, with the GAS COMPANY'S logo and lettering on the side.

PAUL

(into cell)

Kate?

INT. FISHER HOME - DINING ROOM - INTERCUT:

KATE FISHER, late 30's, pretty, mind of her own (Maria Bello in "History of Violence"), lights candles on a table set for two. She has a mobile phone in her other hand:

KATE

(into phone)

Where are you?

PAUL

Just leaving.

KATE

Hurry - Andrew'll be home by eleven.

PAUL

I'm hurrying. I had a narrow escape as it was - Frank wanted me to stay, I talked him out of it.

KATE

That's 'cause he has a crush on me.

PAUL

(smiles)

True enough. See you in a bit.

They hang up. We stay with Paul as he takes out his keys, starts to get into his car... when

A HOODED MAN

grabs him from behind... the briefcase and keys hit the ground... a second hooded MAN appears and they drag Paul

INSIDE THE VAN

Where he's strapped to a seat and a gag is stuffed into his mouth - the door closes and he's helpless.

EXT. PARKING LOT

One of the hooded men hurries to the drivers's side of the van, gets in... the other picks up Paul's briefcase and keys and gets in his car... the two vehicles pull away...

INSIDE THE VAN

Paul struggles against the straps... outside streetlights and headlights flash by... he can see his own car keeping pace with the van... it all happens so fast he doesn't register any coherent thoughts - just sheer terror...

EXT. QUIET URBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A mixed business and residential area. The van and Paul's car glide to a stop at the curb, one behind the other. The man driving Paul's car gets out, walks to the van.

INSIDE THE VAN

The door opens, the other man gets in. A small light comes on, both men take off their masks. They are Wicks and Baker. Baker takes off Paul's gag.

PAUL

... who are you? What do you want?

BAKER

Dr. Fisher, I promise you we will not hurt you in any way. I'm Greg Baker, this is Tom Wicks. We're with the National Security Agency.

Under this they show Paul their badges.

PAUL

... NSA... why the hell would you do something like this?

BAKER

We apologize. But we had to talk to you tonight and we had to do it with absolute secrecy.

Under this he unstraps Paul's arms and legs.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

PAUL

No, I'm not all right. You scared the hell out of me! I'm an American citizen goddammit and you can bet I'm going to be talking to a lawyer about this...

BAKER

(ignores)

You're manager of a Project Dedalus, which involves a new laser technology called the a-chip.

Paul doesn't answer.

BAKER (CONT'D)

It's our business to know that kind of thing, Dr. Fisher.

PAUL

Suppose I am, what of it?

BAKER

You agree if the a-chip fell into the wrong hands it would be a disaster for this country?

PAUL

... yes.

WICKS

Well, it's about to happen. Someone's going to sell it.

PAUL

... who?

WICKS

Your boss, Frank Conroy.

Paul is shocked, then incredulous.

PAUL

I don't believe it. He's as patriotic as anyone I know.

(beat)

For that matter, how do I even know you're really NSA? You could have got those badges anywhere.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. N.D. APARTMENT BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

Paul and the agents enter a small foyer, with mailboxes, a tenant roster with buzzers, and a second door. Wicks places a plastic card on the door - there's a CLICK and it opens.

INT. THROUGH THE DOOR -- CONTINUOUS

A different world. Various workstations with laptops and other high-tech equipment. This is the real deal, and Paul knows it. A half dozen people are at work. A few look up curiously as Wicks and Baker escort Paul down a hallway to a small room.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. SMALL ROOM -- LATER

The room is dark except for a laptop screen, which Baker and Wicks are using to bring Paul up to speed. The LAPTOP shows surveillance shots of the man who fell from the roof earlier.

WICKS

This is Vesalin Danov, a known agent for buyers of black market technology. He was killed early this morning.

Now the laptop shows the paper with the logo and number.

WICKS (CONT'D)

This document was in his pocket. It has your company's logo and a satellite phone number. The phone belongs to Frank Conroy.

The laptop now shows a headshot of Frank.

PAUL

There could be a lot of explanations for that.

BAKER

We also intercepted some emails from your company's server. We traced the digital signatures to Frank's desktop.

PAUL

What kind of emails?

BAKER

We can't tell you that, but they were compromising.

Frank doesn't look convinced.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Frank's job is what we call a nexus point. Connections to business, technology, and diplomacy. The temptations are huge. He gave in to them.

PAUL

Then why not arrest him?

BAKER

Because we don't know who he's selling to. And that's crucial.

As Paul mulls this over, his CELL RINGS. He checks it.

PAUL

... my wife. She was expecting me thirty minutes ago.

WICKS

Make up an excuse.

Paul hesitates, turns on the phone.

PAUL

(into phone)
Honey...?

INT. FISHER HOME - DINING ROOM - INTERCUT:

Kate is on the other end, a little worried.

KATE

Are you all right?

PAUL

I was just about to call, I'm not going to be able to make it...

KATE

Why not? You said you were on your way.

Paul hesitates, fumbles for a lie.

PAUL

I know, I'm sorry... one of our programs crashed... I had to go back.

Kate frowns, noticing how ill at ease he sounds.

KATE

... that's too bad.

PAUL

I'm really sorry. Don't wait up, I'll see you tomorrow.

KATE

Okay. Good night.

She hangs up. A beat, then she puts out the candles on the dinner table, her expression troubled. Then we return to

INT. NSA OFFICE

Paul has also hung up - we see he didn't enjoy lying to Kate. He looks back at Baker.

PAUL

Look, suppose I agree to help. What are you asking me to do?

BAKER

Frank's satellite phone has a scrambling device on it.

Baker produces a tiny, transparent plastic disk.

BAKER (CONT'D)

This will neutralize the scrambler - let us hear his conversations. We need you to attach it to the phone.

PAUL

How would I find the phone?

BAKER

We think he keeps it at home, most likely in his study. He's having a party there, tomorrow night.

PAUL

Yeah. But it's a huge party, there're going to all kinds of big shots -

BAKER

Exactly. A perfect chance for you to be unnoticed.

Baker takes out a slip of paper, with the 444 number.

BAKER (CONT'D)

This is the number, it should help you locate the phone.

Paul glances at the slip of paper but doesn't take it.

PAUL

I'm not sure I can even do this...
(beat)
... could it get dangerous?

Wicks barely tries to hide his disgust at this question.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I have a family, all right?

WICKS

So do we. Fact remains, certain things need to get done.

Wicks' contempt is so noticeable that Paul looks to Baker and back to Wicks - what's your problem? Wicks continues:

WICKS (CONT'D)

You work in a nice safe lab, making things that hurt people, but when things get dicey, you want no part of it. Maybe you call that being smart, I call it something else.

BAKER

Back off, Tom.

Wicks puts up his hands - I'll back off.

BAKER (CONT'D)

(to Paul)

The people we're after aren't nice. But the danger to you is minimal. As for your family, best way to protect them is the obvious way - tell them absolutely nothing.

(beat)

If you believe Frank is innocent, this is your chance to prove it.

A manipulation, but one that's hard to resist. A final beat:

PAUL

All right. I'll do it. Or at least I'll try.

Paul takes the piece of paper from Baker.

BAKER

Memorize that, then burn it.

Baker hands him a second slip.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Same with this. It's our number, we're available 24/7. And Dr. Fisher, thank you. This is important work.

Paul nods. Glances at Wicks, who looks back at him stonily.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Come on, I'll walk you to your car.

Off Paul, already having second thoughts - what the hell has he gotten himself into?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

On black, the word: TUESDAY

FADE IN:

INT. FISHER HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Kate is cleaning up. ANDREW, sixteen, is at the breakfast table, finishing his cereal and juice but mostly text messaging on his cell phone. Paul enters - Andrew quickly hides the phone, though Paul has no interest in reading it.

PAUL

Hey, pal.

ANDREW

Hey.

Andrew resumes texting. Paul crosses to Kate.

PAUL

Morning.

KATE

Morning.

He kisses her from behind, she turns into the kiss - it's natural, affectionate.

KATE (CONT'D)

What time did you get in last night?

PAUL

Little after midnight. I am sorry.

KATE

It's all right.

He pours himself some coffee. Looks back at Andrew.

PAUL

How was the chemistry test yesterday?

Andrew doesn't hear - too absorbed in texting. Paul and Kate exchange a wry look.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Earth to Andrew.

(Andrew looks up)

How was the chemistry test?

ANDREW

... it was fine. I gotta go. See you tonight.

He stands up and leaves.

KATE

He's so distracted all the time...
you don't think he's on drugs...?

Paul doesn't completely dismiss this, but:

PAUL

... no, he's just a teenager.

KATE

I hope so.

(beat)

Well, I have to run - make sure I
get back in time for Frank's party.

PAUL

(beat)

... honey, I know how much you hate
these things, don't feel you have to
come if you don't want to...

She looks at him, surprised and a little hurt.

KATE

I don't hate these things. Besides,
it might be nice to spend a little
time together.

PAUL

... sure. Great.

A beat - they kiss again, but this time it's awkward.

KATE

Bye.

She leaves. Hold on Paul for a bit, realizing he messed up
with Kate... then

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON KATE'S HANDS, AS SHE REMOVES HER WEDDING RING

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I don't think he was lying exactly.

PULL BACK to reveal we're in

INT. ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL - SCRUB ROOM - DAY

Kate, in green scrubs, pins her wedding ring to her top as
she speaks with another O.R. nurse, ANGELA, mid-thirties.

KATE

It's just, his excuse sounded lame,
like he was making it up as he went
along.

ANGELA
That's called lying.

KATE
And...

ANGELA
What?

KATE
Well... there's this party we're going to, at his boss's house, and he almost acted like he didn't really want me to go.

ANGELA
What kind of party?

KATE
His boss runs the whole division, there'll be a lot of VIPs there - executives, politicians...

ANGELA
Anyone else?

KATE
Like who?

ANGELA
Like someone he knows, who he doesn't want you to know he knows?

KATE
You're saying he's having an affair?

ANGELA
Well, he works late, makes lame excuses, wants to go out by himself...

KATE
No way. It's something else. Maybe he's just bored with me...

ANGELA
Don't start blaming yourself.

KATE
Paul's just not the type to cheat.

ANGELA
That's what I said about Ernie. Also Benjamin. Wrong and wrong. I admit, after twenty years of marriage you're a lot further down the road than I ever got, but - men are men.

KATE

Paul wouldn't cheat.

ANGELA

Well, I know the number of a good P.I. if you ever want to find -

KATE

Angela.

(beat)

Paul's not having an affair and I do not need a private detective.

Angela gives a so-ree look and walks away. Off Kate, knowing she overreacted and wondering why

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK CONROY'S HOME

A large, elegant home. Catered affair - not black tie, but business formal. A lot of distinguished-looking men, some of foreign appearance (two are in Arab robes), and quite a few beautiful women, most younger than the men. Waiters glide by with trays of hors-d'oeuvres. In this milieu, we find

PAUL AND KATE

Making their way through the room. They overhear snatches of conversations, including a variety of accents:

VARIOUS VOICES

... the new contract with Saudis is win-win... Chavez doesn't understand what he's dealing with... actually, I think the ambassador's here tonight... [etc.]

Even in this crowd, Kate turns a few heads. For her part, she's amused at (but not contemptuous of) the scene. Paul on the other hand is tense, distracted.

KATE

I guess this is as close as we'll ever get to being in a James Bond movie...

PAUL

(a bit startled)

... what do you mean?

KATE

... nothing, just...Frank's parties are always so exotic...

He manages a strained smile. Kate notices his distraction, takes his arm, still hoping for a little togetherness. As they move off, Kate wondering what he's so jumpy about,

CUT TO:

SAME - LATER

On Kate, who stands in a circle of half a dozen people, including an older man she has unwillingly charmed (DANI). He speaks with a slight Eastern European accent.

DANI

... then, through my contacts at the embassy, I became involved in the defense industry. Coming to this country was a great blessing.

(beat)

And what do you do?

KATE

I'm a surgical nurse.

DANI

Lovely. You save lives, most people in this room try to end them. You're here with...

KATE

My husband is a project manager with Claymore Industries...

Over this she turns to introduce Paul - but he's not there. She's surprised and embarrassed.

KATE (CONT'D)

... I'm so sorry, he was just here...

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS

Paul steps on to the landing. The sounds of the party drift up from downstairs. He walks to a door - he knows it's Frank's office - tries the knob. It's locked.

Not a surprise. Paul has a Plan B. He walks down the hall, opens a door, steps outside onto

A SMALL VERANDA

He closes the door behind him. Adjacent to the veranda, an arm's length away, is a WINDOW. Paul leans over as far as he dares, puts his fingers under the upper sill and lifts. To him relief, the window opens. Paul manages to climb from the veranda through the window - he's two floors up but it's awkward rather than dangerous.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Paul climbs into the room, looks around. A large working desk, with various papers, an industrial magnifying glass like those in the lab, chip diagrams. Etc.

There's also a treadmill, a TV set, and large number of shelves with various books, technical and otherwise. Paul takes a cell phone from his pocket, dials

ON THE PHONE

We see him dial the number beginning with 4-4-4.

RESUME SCENE

After a beat he hears the TONE of the answering phone. On the second ring he locates the source - the top drawer of the desk. He tries to open the drawer. It's locked.

He takes a pen knife out of his pocket, inserts it into the keyhole, starts working it around.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - MAIN PARTY

Kate, feeling a little lost, tries not to look that way. She's approached by Frank.

FRANK

Where's Paul?

KATE

I was wondering the same thing myself.

They both look around - Paul is nowhere to be seen.

FRANK

He should be circulating, meeting people - and, of course, not leaving you all alone...

(beat)

I'm going to find him.

KATE

Frank, you don't have to -

FRANK

I'm going to find him and give him a good talking to. I'll be back.

He leaves, searching for Paul...

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE

Paul is still working the keyhole with his knife. After a beat there's CLICK. He opens the drawer. No phone, but some PAPERS, with unusual printing on them, and a book: "BASIC KOREAN."

Paul stares - knows immediately that this doesn't bode well for Frank's innocence. He closes the drawer, uses his knife to lock it again, goes on to the next drawer down.

This time the CLICK happens more quickly - he opens the drawer... and sees the phone. Paul takes a small box out of his pocket, removes the tiny, transparent DESCRAMBLER - and drops it on the floor.

THE FLOOR - PAUL'S POV

A thick carpet - good luck.

RESUME SCENE

Paul kneels down, searches the carpet intently. No joy. He glances back at the desktop, sees the MAGNIFYING GLASS...

THE CARPET - PAUL'S POV THROUGH THE GLASS

The individual fibers are visible... maybe he has a chance...

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - MAIN PARTY

Frank has satisfied himself that Paul is nowhere to be found downstairs. He starts up the stairs.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE

Finally Paul sees the descrambler... picks it up carefully ... puts it on the phone.

ON THE PHONE

The descrambler is invisible to the naked eye.

RESUME SCENE

Satisfied, Paul replaces the phone and closes the drawer. He uses his knife to re-lock it - but there's no CLICK.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS

Frank walks past his closed office door, looks in another room off the hallway (the library).

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE

Paul finally hears the CLICK of the drawer re-locking... but when he tries to withdraw the knife, it's stuck... he gives it a twist... it SNAPS off in the keyhole.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS

Frank is just walking past his office - the snap was pretty loud. He reacts. Sounded like it came from his office, but the door is locked... he takes keys out of his pocket and starts to open the door... it's the wrong key...

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE

Paul hears the noise at the door... knows he has seconds to get the damn blade out of the keyhole...

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS

Frank finds the right key, inserts it, opens the door...

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS - FRANK'S POV

- he enters, closing the door behind him. The room is empty, the desk undisturbed, there's no blade in the keyhole.

REVERSE ANGLE

As Frank looks around, we see (though he doesn't) THE WINDOW in the b.g. slide silently shut.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS

Paul steps in from the veranda, closes the door. If he can just get past Frank's office before Frank comes back out - but he can't. The door opens. They're face to face.

FRANK

Where the hell have you been? I've been looking for you, so has Kate...

Under this Frank closes his office door and locks it.

PAUL

I was in the library.

FRANK

I looked there, thirty seconds ago.

PAUL

I was in the corner, with -

FRANK

With your nose in a book - tonight of all nights.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Paul, get downstairs and mingle, for God's sake, that's the whole point of these things.

PAUL

I know...

A beat. This is a familiar discussion for these two.

FRANK

Look. You're a great scientist and a great project manager. You don't have to be Mr. Gladhand, like me. But you've got to do some of it. I'm going to get promoted soon and I want you to take my place. That way we can still work together. You want that, too, right?

PAUL

Of course.

FRANK

Okay. I've been singing your praises to the Board, and they like you, but you've got to get yourself better known. So when your name comes up, people say, yeah, I met him at Frank's, or I played golf with him Saturday... whatever.

PAUL

Yeah. I got it.

Frank puts his arm around Paul, leads him towards the stairs. Off Paul, feeling like Judas -

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - MAIN PARTY

Frank brings Paul downstairs, they spot Kate. Frank sort of launches Paul in her direction with a what-can-you-do look, then goes his own way. Paul rejoins Kate, who doesn't quite know what to say. Neither does he.

PAUL

... hi... you need another drink?

KATE

No, I don't.

PAUL

... I do. Be right back.

He walks off, tension and guilt fighting it out inside him.
Off Kate, alone again

CUT TO:

INT. FISHER HOME - NIGHT

A WALL CLOCK shows 3:30 in the morning. Paul, obviously unable to sleep, sits downstairs by a phone - finally picks it up, dials. Someone answers.

PAUL
(into phone)
Agent Baker?

INT. NSA OFFICE - INTERCUT:

Baker is on the other end.

BAKER
Dr. Fisher.

PAUL
You said you were available 24/7...

BAKER
No problem.

PAUL
I planted the bug.

BAKER
We know.

PAUL
... you know?

BAKER
Frank already used the phone.

PAUL
... he's dealing with North Koreans,
isn't he?

BAKER
What makes you say that?

PAUL
Something I saw in his office.

BAKER
Officially I can't answer, but you
saw what you saw.

PAUL

I was wondering, can't you approach him, try to get him to cooperate? Instead of spying on him, waiting for him to make contact...

BAKER

This is what we do, Dr. Fisher. Why don't you let us make that decision.

INT. FISHER BEDROOM

Kate stirs in bed, also not sleeping well after the party. She wakes up - notices Paul is gone. She glances around, sees the clock on the nightstand - and next to it

A PHONE

One line is lit up. As Kate reacts -

INT. FISHER HOME

PAUL

... realize he's doing a terrible thing. But I've known him a long time, there's a lot of good in him.

Needless to say, Baker is unimpressed.

BAKER

Dr. Fisher, you've been a great help and we appreciate it. Good night.

He hangs up.

Reluctantly, Paul hangs up as well.

IN THE BEDROOM

Kate watches as the light on the bedside phone goes dark. She's trying not to be suspicious of her husband but it's getting harder all the time, as we

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

On black, the word: WEDNESDAY

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Andrew and a friend, GARY, are talking quietly at lunch.

ANDREW

I have two hundred.

GARY

I got a hundred fifty, and a hundred from Austin - he wants a cut.

ANDREW

So four hundred fifty dollars. How many uppers you think that'll buy?

GARY

Here, not that many. But I've been thinking... in Mexico, a lot.

ANDREW

Mexico...

GARY

Just a three hour drive, each way...

ANDREW

We'd have to skip school.

GARY

Forge notes, like always.

Andrew still hesitates.

GARY (CONT'D)

We could sell what we get for five or six times what we paid.

(off Andrew)

That's over two thousand bucks.

Off Andrew, starting to be tempted...

EXT. STREET NEAR SCHOOL

A car is parked a couple of blocks away.

INSIDE THE CAR

A man, CRAWFORD, has a directional antenna pointed towards the school. A wire goes from the antenna to an earwig.

CRAWFORD'S POV

Andrew and Gary talk, we hear it through Crawford's earwig.

ANDREW'S VOICE

It's a little risky.

GARY'S VOICE

It's worth it, man. Your cut would be nearly a thousand bucks.

Crawford turns off the antenna, dials a cell phone.

CRAWFORD

(into phone)

Hey, it's Crawford. I'm on the family detail for this Doctor Fisher...

INT. NSA - INTERCUT:

Wicks as on the other end, at an NSA workstation.

WICKS

(into phone)

Yeah.

CRAWFORD

Wife seems okay. But his kid's talking with a friend about going to Mexico to buy amphetamines.

WICKS

To use or deal?

CRAWFORD

Sound like they're gonna deal. Are we done with his father?

WICKS

Probably. But we haven't moved in on the boss yet. Until we do I want to keep our options open.

CRAWFORD

I just don't want him screwing something up for us because he's worried about his kid.

WICKS

Keep an eye on the boy and stay in touch.

CRAWFORD

Will do.

They hang up. Off Gary and Andrew, completely unaware that they've been drawn into a different world, we

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Paul sits at his desk, wrestling with his conscience. The office is deserted, except for Paul and

FRANK

Who's visible through the glass walls of his private office.

RESUME PAUL

Who watches as Frank starts to pack up to leave. Should Paul try talking to him or not? Frank walks out of his office and past Paul's - catches sight of Paul.

FRANK

Didn't know you were still here.

PAUL

... yeah.

FRANK

Don't stay too late. You got someone pretty special waiting for you.

Frank moves on. Hold on Paul... he finally decides, stands up and steps into the hall.

PAUL

Frank!

Frank turns.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I need to talk to you.

Off Frank

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

They've just walked in. Paul closes the door behind them.

FRANK

Something wrong?

PAUL

... I don't know how to say this except to just say it. I know what you're doing.

Frank doesn't answer or respond.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I know you're trying to sell secrets
to the North Koreans.

Frank tries to keep a poker face, doesn't quite succeed.

FRANK

That's ridiculous.

PAUL

Don't screw around with this, Frank.
Not only do I know, so does the NSA...
they asked me to spy on you.

FRANK

Spy on me...

PAUL

At your house, last night, I found
the phone in your desk, put a
descrambler on it. You made a call
after the party - the NSA heard it.

FRANK

... Jesus Christ.

All pretense is gone.

FRANK (CONT'D)

How could you do this to me?

PAUL

They knew, Frank. They came to me.
(beat)
How the hell could you commit treason?

A beat - Frank gives a short bitter laugh.

FRANK

You think the Koreans won't get this
technology sooner later? And the
Arabs and everyone else, too? Hell,
we'll probably sell it to 'em
ourselves! Today's mortal enemy is
tomorrow's trusted ally, or haven't
you noticed?

PAUL

You're a traitor, Frank. You can't
cover that up with words.

FRANK

If you'd seen the things I've seen
in this job you'd know, there are

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

only two rules in life. Take care of yourself, take care of your friends. And I've always taken good care of you, haven't I? Haven't I!?

PAUL

Now I'm trying to take care of you. I'll call NSA, set up a meeting. Tonight - right now.

Under this, Frank turns away, looks out the window, perhaps to cover how distraught he really is. Paul steps closer.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Negotiate with them. I'll help you all I can. It's the first time you've ever done anything like this, do whatever they want, tell them what you know, maybe you can avoid jail or at least hard time. I'll call them, all right?

(beat)

Frank?

Frank turns around.

FRANK

What makes you think this is the first time?

Paul is too stunned by this to even answer.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You haven't left me much choice. In fact, I don't have any choice at all.

He opens a desk drawer. He takes out a REVOLVER.

ON PAUL

Shocked, terrified... realizes he's about to die... the two men hold a look... then

FRANK

Puts the weapon to his own head -

ON PAUL

Who barely has time to scream -

PAUL

NO!

- before the SHOT SOUNDS and DROPS OF BLOOD splatter on Paul's face and shirt. He looks down at Frank's body.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Oh, God... Oh, Jesus...

Off this

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTED STREET

The GAS COMPANY VAN is parked by the curb. Paul's car is parked behind it.

WICKS (O.S.)

What the hell were you thinking?

INT. VAN

A dim light casts on eerie glow on Wicks, Baker and Paul.

PAUL

I told you, I thought he'd listen to reason, I was trying to help... I'm sorry.

WICKS

You're sorry.

BAKER

You're lucky to be alive, Dr. Fisher. He could have taken you with him.

PAUL

I realize that.

BAKER

And you've left us with a big problem.

Paul looks up.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Frank set up a meeting with a middleman. It's going to happen Thursday. The middleman's going to take him to the Koreans. We were going to follow them and make the bust. Obviously, that can't happen.

PAUL

... I don't know what to say...

BAKER

We know from the emails and the phone calls, neither the middleman nor the

(MORE)

BAKER (CONT'D)

buyers have actually met Frank.
They don't know what he looks like.

A beat. It takes a while, but then Paul realizes...

PAUL

... you want me to go in his place...
pretend to be Frank...

BAKER

Yes. We do.

PAUL

Wait a minute. You're the NSA for
Chrissake, you must have a hundred
people you can send...

BAKER

You know the technology. You know
the company. You knew Frank. We
can send one of our agents - but if
you go, it'll increase the chances
of success considerably.

PAUL

It'll also increase the chances of
my getting killed considerably.

BAKER

We'll be monitoring the situation.
Be ready to move in any time.

Paul shakes his head - no.

WICKS

You owe us, Dr. Fisher.

PAUL

I owe you!? I don't owe you anything!
You came to me and asked for help
and I helped you. I'm sorry Frank
killed himself but if you'd gone to
him like I suggested maybe he wouldn't
have. This is your line of work,
not mine. I just watched one of my
best friends blow his brains out and
I'm sorry, but I'm through.

He jerks open the door and climbs out. Wicks, angry, starts
to follow, but Baker reaches out a hand and stops him. The
two agents watch as Paul gets in his car and drives away.
From their expressions we know, it's not over...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

On black, the words: THURSDAY MORNING

FADE IN:

INT. FISHER HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Paul stands at the sink, sipping coffee, staring out the window, still reliving Frank's suicide. Kate enters, holding Paul's shirt from the night before.

KATE

Good morning.

PAUL

Good morning.

Cordial, but no kiss.

KATE

I found this shirt in the dryer...

Paul reacts - he'd forgotten about laundering his bloody shirt.

PAUL

Right. Thanks.

KATE

Since when are you doing your own laundry, in the middle of the night?

PAUL

It got stained in the lab.

Kate doesn't believe him. He senses it.

KATE

Paul... is anything wrong?

PAUL

No. It's just work. There's a lot of pressure right now.

KATE

You've been under pressure at work before. This seems different.

PAUL

No, it's just work. I'll see you tonight.

Paul exits. Off Kate, holding the shirt

CUT TO:

INT. CLAYMORE INDUSTRIES - FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

WORKERS scrub the carpet and desk, trying to erase the remnants of Frank's suicide.

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE

Paul stands down the hall, watching, lost in thought, as other workers mill around, talk in subdued voices.

CHAIRMAN TAYLOR (V.O.)

Terrible thing.

Paul turns to find CHAIRMAN TAYLOR, early 60's, tough, smart.

PAUL

Mr. Taylor.

CHAIRMAN TAYLOR

I'm sure it's a great shock to you.

PAUL

Yes, it was. Is.

CHAIRMAN TAYLOR

Did Frank seem particularly stressed lately, or despondent...?

PAUL

No. But maybe I should have been paying closer attention.

Chairman Taylor takes Paul's arm.

CHAIRMAN TAYLOR

Walk with me, Paul.

(beat)

This is a tragedy. But we all have our obligations and of course so does the company.

PAUL

I understand. I'll keep the a-chip on track, I promise you.

CHAIRMAN TAYLOR

I appreciate that, but there's a larger point. Frank's death leaves a void in our management team.

(beat)

We want you to take his place as head of the division.

At this moment, a promotion is the last thing on Paul's mind.

CHAIRMAN TAYLOR (CONT'D)

That possibility hadn't occurred to you, had it?

PAUL

No, it hadn't.

CHAIRMAN TAYLOR

(smiles)

I admire your modesty, but you're going to have to start thinking bigger. The Board thinks you're the man to step in. As Chairman I agree with them. So the only question is - do you agree?

PAUL

Mr. Taylor...

CHAIRMAN TAYLOR

Carl, please.

PAUL

Carl... to be honest, I'm not sure. Frank was the politician...

CHAIRMAN TAYLOR

You can grow into that part of the job. In the meantime a lot of our clients will enjoy dealing with a man with your technical expertise.

Paul glances toward Frank's office, uncomfortable.

PAUL

I just hate to feel like I'm benefiting from Frank's death.

CHAIRMAN TAYLOR

It's not like it's your fault.

Paul manages a nod.

CHAIRMAN TAYLOR (CONT'D)

The job is yours if you want it. What do you say?

A short beat, then:

PAUL

I'm honored.

Chairman Taylor puts out his hand.

CHAIRMAN TAYLOR

Excellent. Congratulations.

As they shake hands, Paul can't prevent a last guilty glance at Frank's office, and we

CUT TO:

EXT. TIJUANA - SIDE STREET - DAY

Andrew's car is parked in an alley. Andrew and Gary stand with a DRUG DEALER who hands them a paper bag. Andrew and Gary check the contents.

DEALER

It's all there. Let's see the cash.

Andrew hands the dealer some bills. The dealer counts it. He nods, moves away. Andrew and Gary get back in the car. Both boys were nervous, now seem relieved.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Gary stuffs the paper bag under the dash.

GARY

Well, we did it.

ANDREW

We still gotta get back.

GARY

Yeah, but the hard part's over.

Andrew starts the car, pulls away from the curb.

EXT. /INT. GARY'S CAR - TIJUANA STREET - DAY

A crowded commercial street. Cars, pedestrians, animals and vendors. They haven't gone half a block when a SIREN blares behind them. They look around:

A POLICE CAR, LIGHTS FLASHING is on their tail.

ANDREW

Oh, God.

GARY

Pull over. Maybe he's after someone else.

Andrew pulls to the curb. The cop car pulls in behind. The boys look at one another, terrified. Two formidable looking MEXICAN POLICEMEN approach the car.

POLICEMAN

Senor Fisher, please step out of the car.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAYMORE INDUSTRIES - PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

Paul is on his office phone.

PAUL
(into phone)
Thank you, I look forward to working
with you, too. Take care.

He hangs up. Thinks: the promotion is really happening.
On the whole, maybe not such a terrible thing. Suddenly his
CELL PHONE, sitting on his desk, RINGS.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(into cell phone)
Hello?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

INT. TIJUANA - JAIL - DAY

Andrew stands in a crowded room. CAPTAIN SOLAREZ is with
Gary. Other COPS and PERPS are in evidence. It's a scary
rat hole of a police station. Andrew is near tears.

ANDREW
Dad? I really screwed up.

PAUL
What's wrong?

ANDREW
I'm in jail. I'm really sorry.
Gary and I bought some pills...

PAUL
What kind of pills?

ANDREW
Uppers.

PAUL
You bought them where, on the street?

ANDREW
Yeah...

PAUL
For God's sake, Andrew...

ANDREW
I know, I'm so sorry. Please come
get me out of here.

PAUL
Where are you?

ANDREW

...Tijuana...

PAUL

Tijuana!? What the hell are you doing there? You're telling me you went to Mexico to buy drugs?

ANDREW

Dad, please. You don't know what this is like, just get me out of here...

Paul hears the panic in Andrew's voice, forces himself to calm down.

PAUL

Is there someone I can talk to? One of the officers?

Andrew holds the phone out to CAPTAIN SOLAREZ.

ANDREW

My Dad.

The Captain, a decent man, takes the phone.

CAPTAIN SOLAREZ

Mister Fisher. I'm Captain Solarez, Tijuana police.

PAUL

How serious is this?

CAPTAIN SOLAREZ

Very, I'm afraid. Your son had a considerable quantity of illegal drugs in his possession.

PAUL

How do I arrange bail?

CAPTAIN SOLAREZ

Bail is a problem. He's not a citizen, he'll be considered a flight risk.

PAUL

He's a kid. Not even seventeen...

CAPTAIN SOLAREZ

I think you'll agree, Mister Fisher, he's old enough to know better. He had enough drugs to sell, which down here means a long sentence.

PAUL

You're saying there's no way I can get him out of jail, even temporarily?

CAPTAIN SOLAREZ

Not for quite a while. Weeks, maybe months - if at all. I'm sorry. He seems like a nice boy, but, as I said, it is very serious.

Paul absorbs this.

PAUL

Thanks for your time. Can I talk to him again please?

Captain Solarez hands the phone to Andrew.

ANDREW

Dad, you've got to get me out of here. I'll never do anything wrong again, I swear, just... I want to come home...

PAUL

I'll do everything I can. Hang in there, I'll be in touch soon.

(beat)

I love you.

ANDREW

I love you, too...

He breaks down, which Paul can hear or sense, just as they disconnect. We stay with Paul, fighting panic, trying to come up with a plan... he thinks for a very long beat... then, slowly, like man in a nightmare, dials his cell phone.

PAUL

(into cell)

It's Paul Fisher. Maybe I can help you after all.

Off this

CUT TO:

INT. /EXT. BAKER'S CAR - N.D. LOCATION - DAY

Paul sits in the front passenger seat with Baker. Baker has the advantage - he's calm, judicious, thinking it over.

BAKER

We have another agent, ready to go.

PAUL

You said yourself, I'm the best one to do it.

BAKER

The meeting's in a few hours. It doesn't allow much time to prepare.

PAUL

Just tell me what you want me to do and I'll do it. As long as you can get my son out of there.

BAKER

And his friend?

PAUL

His friend, too. But, my son...

(beat)

Can you do it?

BAKER

We have some influence in Tijuana. We can certainly get him out of jail.

PAUL

Can you get the charges dropped? I don't want his life ruined by one stupid mistake.

BAKER

Yes, I think we can.

PAUL

Then do it. And I'll go to this meeting, pretend to be Frank, whatever it takes. Do we have a deal?

BAKER

Not quite.

(off Paul's look)

You do your part first, then we'll help your son. That's the deal.

A beat.

PAUL

Let's get started.

Off Paul

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

On black, the words: THURSDAY AFTERNOON

FADE IN:

A LARGE COMPUTER SCREEN

Shows a headshot of a thickset thug (DMITRY).

BAKER (O.S.)

This is Dmitry Vashkin. He represents
the buyers. You'll meet him first.
Alone.

We're in:

INT. NSA OFFICES

Where Wicks and Baker are prepping Paul for the mission.

BAKER

He's dangerous, but he's got no reason
to hurt you. His job is to take you
to the buyers and complete the deal.
You'll meet him here.

THE COMPUTER SCREEN

Show several angles of a run-down commercial building.

RESUME SCENE

BAKER (CONT'D)

He may have a piece of equipment to
validate the chip, so you'll to take
a real chip with you. He'll probably
ask you some questions about it.
Answer them truthfully.

(Paul nods)

Once he's satisfied, he'll take you
to the buyers.

PAUL

Where will that be?

BAKER

(smiles slightly)

If we knew that, we wouldn't be asking
you to do this. We'd just move in
and arrest the buyers.

PAUL

(dumb question)
... right.

BAKER

Wherever you end up, we'll be following you the entire way. But not by line of sight. Dmitry's very experienced, he might see us. Instead we're going to put a tracker on you.

Wicks steps forward with a large pneumatic hypodermic.

WICKS

It'll be under your skin, in case he searches your clothes. Ready?

Paul nods. Wicks holds the hypodermic against Paul's inner forearm, compresses it. Paul winces. Under this Baker has taken out a RECEIVER, which he now turns on... it shows a grid map, with a blinking red DOT.

BAKER

All set.

Paul starts rubbing his arm.

WICKS

Don't rub it. Those things can be a little sensitive.

Paul grits his teeth, stops rubbing.

PAUL

As soon as Dmitry takes me to the buyers, you guys move in...?

BAKER

That's right. Just play along for a minute or two, maybe not even that. Then we'll be there.

(beat)

Ready?

Paul hesitates a beat.

PAUL

Whatever happens to me, you get my son out of jail.

BAKER

We will. That's a promise.

Off Paul

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S CAR -- DAY

Paul is alone in the car. We can see the tension in his face. He looks out the windshield, sees

THE BUILDING

Whose picture he saw in prep. He pulls over to the curb.

INT. NSA CAR -- DAY

Baker driving, Wicks monitoring the receiving unit, on which Paul's transponder shows up as a blinking dot.

WICKS

All units, he's at initial contact.
Break off line of sight, rely on the
tracker only.

Close on the BLINKING DOT, then we go to

THE STREET

Where Paul hesitates slightly outside the target building, then walks inside.

INT. BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

Paul enters an empty room, a counter and shelves; the remnants of a small store. He becomes aware of a GUN pointed at his head. Dmitry has appeared silently behind him.

DMITRY

Don't move, Mr. Conroy.

Dmitry produces a detector and runs it over Paul's body. As the device passes forearm where the tracker is hidden, it BEEPS... Paul tries to keep his composure... but Dmitry pats down not his arm but his pants pocket - and finds the penknife. He smiles - it's harmless - but he puts it in his own pocket, then holsters his gun.

DMITRY (CONT'D)

I'll keep this for the time being if
you don't mind.

Paul just nods, trying not to look as scared as he feels. Dmitry looks him over curiously.

DMITRY (CONT'D)

Scrambled phones don't always give
the truest tone, but still... from
your voice I'd expected someone older.

PAUL

Yeah. I get that a lot.
(beat)

I guess you want to see the chip.

Paul produces the chip from his pocket, Dmitry takes it.

DMITRY
I'll need to validate.

Paul nods. There's a piece of digital equipment on the counter. Dmitry puts the chip into a slot, presses a button. Lights on the equipment begin to blink, etc.

DMITRY (CONT'D)
It's a solid-state base?

PAUL
That's right.

DMITRY
And of course, the metal vapor is ionized.

PAUL
No. That would destabilize the beam.

Dmitry smiles, nods - this was a trap, but Paul's answer was satisfactory. The equipment stops blinking, produces a low steady beep, which is a good thing.

DMITRY
Excellent. Shall we go?

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BUILDING

Dmitry and Paul walk out of the building, Dmitry gestures to a black town car. He and Paul get in, Dmitry driving.

INT. TOWN CAR

Dmitry drives - there's an open sun roof. His eyes constantly flit from windshield to mirrors to sun roof. Baker and Wicks were right to avoid line of sight surveillance.

In fact Dmitry is so concerned with the possibility of being followed that he doesn't pay enough attention to the road in front of him - a car pulls out suddenly and Dmitry SLAMS ON THE BRAKES, narrowly avoiding a collision.

The town car jerks to a stop... Paul slams forward into the dash, instinctively cushioning the impact with his forearms.

DMITRY
Sorry.

PAUL
No problem.

CUT TO:

INT. NSA CAR

Where Wicks, looking down at the monitor, suddenly frowns... he hits some keys...

WICKS

Dammit.

BAKER

What?

Wicks hits some more keys...

BAKER (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

WICKS

I don't know... we lost him...

Under this, we see the grid - with no blinking dot. As Wicks continues to fiddle with the receiver:

BAKER

(into radiophone)

All units, ignore prior protocol, I repeat, ignore prior protocol.

(beat)

Does any unit have visual contact...?

There's no answer. Baker looks worriedly at Wicks, who shakes his head - the receiver's not working. They look out into

THE CROWDED CITY

Traffic, pedestrians, etc - Paul could be anywhere...

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE

Dmitry and Paul enter. It's an abandoned body shop. Auto parts, hulks, etc., are scattered throughout.

Waiting for them are two KOREANS in business suits and two BODYGUARDS. One of the Koreans, KIM, steps forward.

KIM

Mr. Conroy. I am Kim Chong. I hope this will be the beginning of a fruitful relationship.

PAUL

Me, too.

They shake hands. Kim gestures to the other Korean, who puts a briefcase on a table and opens it.

INSIDE THE BRIEFCASE

Are stacks of hundred dollar bills.

RESUME SCENE

Paul looks at it and nods.

KIM

Perhaps you'd like to count it.

PAUL

No, that's okay. I trust you.

Kim likes this, and gives a little bow of appreciation. But Dmitry isn't impressed. He already regards Paul with a tiny bit of suspicion - this only deepens it.

Under this, Dmitry hands Kim the chip.

KIM

A quick test, then we're finished.

DMITRY

I already tested it.

KIM

I'm sure you'll understand if we validate for ourselves.

Dmitry shrugs - fine. Paul tries not to look nervous. But where are Wicks and Baker?

CUT TO:

INT. NSA CAR

BAKER

He can't be too far away. It's only been a few minutes...

WICKS

(sudden thought; into mic)

Airborne, this Alpha, any chopper traffic in the last ten minutes...?

VOICE IN RADIO

Negative, Alpha, no choppers.

Baker and Wicks relax slightly.

BAKER

He's still on the ground. We just have to find him.

WICKS

Hell with him. We lose that chip,
we can kiss our asses goodbye.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE

Kim has set up a small laser, similar to ones in Paul's lab. Kim presses a button, a BEAM strikes an old auto hulk, charring a dime-sized portion of metal slightly.

KIM

Now if you will please replace this
chip with the augmented version.

Paul places the a-chip in a slot. His hands are shaking slightly. Dmitry notices.

Paul presses the button again. Instantly a more intense BEAM drills a dime-sized hole through the metal. Kim smiles. Paul smiles back (where the hell are Baker and Wicks?)

KIM (CONT'D)

(to Dmitry)

If you'll hand Mr. Conroy the
briefcase, we can go our separate
ways.

(to Paul)

The chip, please.

Paul removes the a-chip from the laser, replacing it in the small plastic box. He hands it to Kim.

KIM (CONT'D)

A pleasure, Mr. Conroy.

(to Dmitri)

You'll dispose of the laser?

DMITRY

Of course. But first I'll stay a
while with Mr. Conroy.

Paul is shaken by this.

PAUL

What are you talking about? Why?

DMITRY

Call it a precaution.

Dmitry places himself between Paul and the door.

KIM

Thank you.

(to Paul a slight bow)

Mr. Conroy.

The Koreans and their bodyguards walk out with the chip, leaving Paul and Dmitry alone. Still no Wicks and Baker. Paul knows he has to do something.

PAUL
This is ridiculous. I'm leaving.

DMITRY
In a minute.

PAUL
I want my money.

Paul approaches Dmitry, who doesn't give ground, which allows Paul to get right up to him.

DMITRY
You'll get your money soon enough.

Paul suddenly takes a swing at Dmitry... who, very not taken by surprise, blocks the blow easily. Then he hoists Paul over his head like a WWF wrestler and HURLS HIM against a nearby wall. Paul hits the floor, dazed. Dmitry regards him curiously.

DMITRY (CONT'D)
Who are you?

Paul doesn't respond.

DMITRY (CONT'D)
You're obviously not Frank Conroy.
Yet you know lasers... today I teach
you a little more...

And Dmitry points the laser at Paul.

DMITRY (CONT'D)
Tell me what's going on.

Paul doesn't answer. Dmitry presses the button. A BEAM shoots out, burns into Paul's leg. He yells in pain.

DMITRY (CONT'D)
Why did you attack me?

Paul writhes across the floor as more BEAMS burn his clothing and skin... Paul sees a large side mirror lying loose on the floor - holds it up just as Dmitry fires the BEAM -

ON THE MIRROR

Blindingly bright, then

ON DMITRY

As the beam reflects fully into his eyes. He SCREAMS, temporarily blinded, and covers his face with his hands...

But a beat later he draws his GUN - and, still blind, FIRES two SHOTS near the place where he last saw Paul... Paul scrambles up and to the side, the shots miss... then Paul freezes...

Dmitry listens intently, ready to FIRE at the slightest sound...

Paul doesn't dare move... one sound and he's dead... Paul still has the mirror in his hand... he TOSSES it off to the side, it hits the ground with a crash...

DMITRY

Swivels and FIRES at the sound...

PAUL

Grabs a stray fender on the floor ... picks it up and SMASHES Dmitry over the head. Dmitry goes down. Off Paul

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Paul stands over Dmitry who is sitting on the floor, his hands tied behind him and around a table leg. Paul slaps his face until he wakes up. He opens his eyes, tries to focus. Paul gets in his face.

PAUL

Your vision should be coming back now... look at me. Look at me!

Dmitry forces himself to focus on Paul as best he can.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Listen to me you son of a bitch, I have more at stake here than you can possibly imagine, so you tell me what I want to know or I swear to you my face is the last thing you'll ever see in this life, do you understand me?

Dmitry doesn't answer but it's clear to him that Paul is crazed.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Where is Kim going with the chip?

DMITRY
... helipad. Burbank Hilton.

Paul dials his cell phone.

INT. NSA CAR - INTERCUT:

Wicks and Baker - Wicks answers.

WICKS
Hello.

PAUL
It's me.

WICKS
Fisher - where the hell are you?

PAUL
Doesn't matter. A Korean named Kim
Chong has the chip, he's on his way
to the helipad at the Burbank Hilton.

WICKS
Got it...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE -- LATER

Dmitry is being put into the back of an N.D. NSA car by
several AGENTS. Paul waits wearily nearby.

A car drives up, pulls to a stop. Wicks and Baker get out,
Baker is carrying a cell phone. Paul goes to them.

WICKS
We picked up Kim at the helipad. I
think he's gonna lead us to a lot of
other folks we'd like to chat with.
Got your chip back, too.
(beat)
You did good.

PAUL
What about my son?

Baker, with a smile, hands the cell phone hands to Paul, who
grabs it -

PAUL (CONT'D)
Andrew?

INT. /EXT ANDREW'S CAR - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Andrew and Gary... Andrew on his cell.

ANDREW

Dad?

PAUL

Where are you?

ANDREW

We're back in the U.S. They just came in and let us go. What did you do?

PAUL

... nothing, I just know some people...

ANDREW

Thank you so much. I swear to God I'll never do anything like this again.

PAUL

You damn well better not. Drive straight home and stay here.

ANDREW

I will.

PAUL

We'll talk later. And Andrew.... don't tell your mother. I can't...

He hesitates, glances around. What he means is "I can't tell her what really happened" but what he says is:

PAUL (CONT'D)

I don't want to upset her.

Great news, as far as Andrew's concerned.

ANDREW

Whatever you say, Dad.

They disconnect. Paul slumps back. Baker regards him, not without sympathy:

BAKER

Long day, huh?

PAUL

Yeah.

BAKER

I'm afraid it's going to be a bit longer. We need to debrief you, probably take a couple hours. Then you'll be free to take care of... whatever you need to.

Off Paul, more spent, emotionally and physically, than he's ever been in his life,

CUT TO:

INT. FISHER HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kate, alone, sits on the couch, her expression hard. She looks up at the sound of a key in the front door. Paul enters, cleaned up a bit, still exhausted.

KATE

Where have you been? I've been trying to get hold of you for hours.

PAUL

What's wrong?

KATE

What's wrong is, it's after nine. Andrew didn't come home for dinner, he finally got here half an hour ago, I can't get a straight answer out of him about where he's been, and the whole time I have no idea where you are. That's what's wrong.

PAUL

I'm sorry. I'll talk to him.

KATE

Do that.
(beat)
Where were you?

PAUL

Work.

KATE

I called your office. They said you left before lunch and haven't been back since.

PAUL

I had meetings downtown at corporate.

KATE

I tried corporate. They said you weren't there.

PAUL

They made a mistake.

A beat.

KATE

Paul, is there something you want to tell me?

PAUL

What do you mean?

KATE

Talk to me, Paul. Whatever it is, I'd rather know than go on like this.

A beat. Paul hesitates, then:

PAUL

It's been a bad week. But it's over now. That's all, really.

(beat)

Andrew upstairs?

KATE

In his room.

Paul goes past her and up the stairs. Kate looks after him, very unsatisfied and very sad.

CUT TO:

INT. FISHER HOME - ANDREW'S ROOM - NIGHT

Andrew lies on his bed text messaging when Paul knocks and enters. Andrew closes his phone and looks up.

PAUL

What you did was incredibly stupid.

ANDREW

I know. I'm sorry. Really.

PAUL

You're getting tested for drugs.

ANDREW

I'm not taking drugs...

PAUL

This isn't a discussion.

ANDREW

... okay.

PAUL

This could have turned out a lot worse, Andrew. You could have been in that jail for a very long time.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm not punishing you, because I don't want your mother to know what you did. But if you get out of line again I'll take your car away and sell it. Period.

ANDREW

I understand.

Paul, too tired to fulminate further, turns to leave.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Dad... thanks again.

PAUL

Yeah.

Figuring the worst is past, Andrew begins to open up a bit, exhilarated by his narrow escape.

ANDREW

Man, I've never been so scared in my life. You have no idea...

Paul just smiles.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

And you know, those Mexican cops are good. Scary good. I mean, the one that stopped us, when he came up to the car, he already knew my name.

(off Paul's look)

Yeah. He walks right up and he goes, "Senor Fisher, please step out of the car." It was weird.

Off Paul, taking this in

CUT TO:

INT. FISHER HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Kate stares at the phone - then picks it up and dials.

KATE

Angela, it's Kate. You know that private detective you mentioned... do you have the number handy?

Off Kate,

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

On black, the word: FRIDAY

FADE IN:

INT. CLAYMORE INDUSTRIES - FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

Paul is in Frank's old office. He speaks to Jeff, Barry and about twenty other WORKERS. Paul now wears a coat and tie.

PAUL

This is a difficult time for all of us. Frank's death was a tragedy, and we'll mourn him. But we also have to keep focus. Our projects all have the same delivery date. If Frank could talk to us now, we all know what he'd say. "Eyes on the calendar, people."

Everyone smiles, remembering the familiar phrase.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I just want to say, the door's wide open, like always. Come talk to me about anything anytime. If I'm going to do this job right, I need every single one of you.

(beat)

Let's get back to work.

Scattered light applause, people AD LIB "Good luck, Paul," "You'll do great" etc. The congratulations seem sincere, Paul is well liked. Off this

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Paul walks to his car. He's on his cell.

KATE'S VOICE IN PHONE

This is Kate, leave a message at the beep.

PAUL

(into phone)

Honey, it's me. I'm on my way home, don't make dinner, we're going out. Andrew can fend for himself. I'm sorry I've so distracted lately, but things are going to change. Starting tonight.

He hangs up. Then he gets in his car.

INT. CAR

As he puts the key in the ignition

WICKS

Appears in the rear view mirror. He's sitting in back.

PAUL

Jesus!

WICKS

Dr. Fisher. Sorry if I startled you.

PAUL

... what do you want?

WICKS

One last meeting, back in our office. Won't take long. You mind?

CUT TO:

INT. NSA OFFICE

The same room they've met in twice before. Baker's already there. Wicks escorts Paul in, closes the door.

BAKER

First, thanks again for your help. You did great.

PAUL

I really need to get home. Can we make this fast?

BAKER

(ignores)

Second, congratulations on your promotion. It's a unique job, as we mentioned before. Multinational corporations, technology, diplomacy...

PAUL

Right, a nexus point.

BAKER

If Frank had lived, we'd own him now. There'd be a charge of treason hanging over his head. We could use him for counterintelligence work as long as we needed.

Paul knows immediately what they're getting at.

PAUL

Now you want to use me instead.

BAKER

Why not?

PAUL

Because I'm not crazy. Because you almost got me killed.

(beat; hard)

And because you set my son up.

Baker and Wicks trade a look.

PAUL (CONT'D)

The cop knew his name before he even busted him. You were behind it somehow. Had to be. You figured I'd come to you for help.

BAKER

Your son went to Mexico to buy drugs. We had nothing to do with that.

PAUL

No, but you made sure he got busted. And the dealer - was he one of your people, too?

BAKER

Your son learned a lesson he'll never forget. That's a good thing.

(beat)

And the fact remains, we need your help.

PAUL

That's not going to happen.

(beat)

Best of luck, I'm sure you do a lot of good when you're not screwing with people's lives, but we're finished here. Goodbye.

He walks to the door, turns the knob. It's locked.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Open the door.

A beat.

BAKER

We made those drug charges disappear. We can make them come back.

Paul reacts, turns around, stunned at the implication.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Evidence is still in our custody.
Cops will do whatever we tell them.

Paul feels the trap closing... fights it.

PAUL

... no... not in a million years...
I'll get a good lawyer...

BAKER

Best lawyer in the world won't help,
for the simple reason that your son's
guilty. We'll produce five
eyewitnesses. Ten if we need to.

WICKS

One word from us, your son's back in
that Mexican jail. The penalty for
possession with intent to sell is
ten years. And he'll serve every
day of it.

A beat.

PAUL

You son of a bitch!

He launches himself at Wicks - who handles him easily, pushes
him away forcefully.

WICKS

Back off. And I'd advise you to
think this over very carefully.

PAUL

I'll make sure every paper in the
country gets this story. It'll blow
up in your face...

WICKS

We don't even exist if we don't want
to. We can drop off the face of the
earth in thirty minutes.

(beat)

And your son will spend the next ten
years of his life in jail.

BAKER

Dr. Fisher. You can be smart - help
us and help your country. Or you
can be very foolish and destroy your
son's life. Your choice.

PAUL
...no ... you wouldn't do this...
you're bluffing.
(desperate)
You're bluffing!

Wicks and Baker stare back at him... they sure as hell don't look like they're bluffing.

Off Paul... they're inside his head now, and he's beginning to suspect that he may never be able to get them out, as we

FADE OUT:

THE END