

DUPLICITY

Written by

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Dark, gray day. TWO CORPORATE JETS idling on the runway. Big jets, engines whining, faced-off across a hundred yards of blacktop.

TWO LONE FIGURES -- one from each plane -- marching toward the empty middle in SUPER-SLO-MOTION...

ON THE LEFT -- THE BURKETT & RANDLE JET. The famous blue-on-red B&R logo tattooed across its frame. AN ANXIOUS GROUP OF EMPLOYEES -- ASSISTANTS, VICE PRESIDENTS, FLIGHT CREW -- all gathered near the step-ramp, watching HOWARD TULLY, their beloved CEO, striding off into the breach. TULLY the legendary titan. The mythic boardroom shogunate.

ON THE RIGHT -- THE EQUIKROM JET. Slick and aggressive. Silver and green. ANOTHER WORRIED ENTOURAGE gathered at the ramp, watching RICHARD "SICK DICK" GARSIK rushing forward into no-man's-land. GARSIK the buccaneer CEO. A corporate carnivore in his prime. Hypervisionary. Hypereffective. Hyperactive.

CREDITS ROLLING as this slow-motion encounter ripens. And no, this will not be a cordial union of peers. Both men yelling -- screaming -- as they draw closer. Words lost beneath the roar of the turbines. Arms waving. Toe-to-toe. The Finger In The Face. The Belly Bump. The Huff and Puff. The Touch-Me-One-More-Time until...

A punch is thrown.

Even the majestic influence of slow-motion can't pretty this up. It's an instant, ugly, awkward playground brawl. And as TULLY and GARSIK begin rolling on the runway, as those TWO TERRIFIED ENTOURAGES break ranks and start their slow-motion sprint toward the battle, as the CREDITS CONCLUDE...

WE FADE TO BLACK and...

Lunch hour on a sunny day. Midtown in full parade. Streets jammed. Sidewalks busy.

ONE YEAR LATER

RAY KOVAL in motion. RAY with the good suit and the easy smile. Gliding through the pedestrian passing lanes with A PHONE to his ear --

RAY

-- so I wake up, I don't even have a chance to think about how hungover I am, because I look out the window and realize we're driving North --

DALE(OVER/PHONE)

-- he's about three meters behind you --

RAY

-- which is right about when I figure out I've hitched a ride on the wrong bloody convoy --

DALE(OVER/PHONE)

-- he's in a navy turtleneck -- gray jacket -- he's got a phone, he just doesn't seem to be doing any talking --

RAY

-- six hours later, I'm on a mountain in Kurdistan, watching a couple infantry grunts try to wrangle thirty, hungry, U.S. Government Mules off these trucks --

DALE(OVER/PHONE)

-- he made the turn with us on Fifty-First Street --

There's the guy he's talking about. Call him TURTLENECK. Is he shadowing RAY, or not?

RAY

-- meanwhile, we're surrounded by a hundred, well-armed, seriously pissed-off Kurds. Why are they so upset? Because they thought these guys were bringing them Toyotas, not donkeys --

DALE RAIMES is half a block back. Mid-thirties. Appealing and forgettable. He looks to be just another walk-and-talk midtown drone. Anything but.

DALE(OVER/PHONE)

-- why don't you tap the brakes a little, let's see what he does --

RAY -- suddenly -- shit, A PEN -- his pen -- he's dropped it -- there it is clattering across the pavement -- PASSERSBY swarming past as he stops -- kneels -- scrambling to pick the damn thing up and --

TURTLENECK -- caught tailgating -- off guard -- forced to pass -  
- fumbling to stay incognito and --

RAY  
(right back in the flow)  
-- hey, sorry, you still there? --

DALE(OVER/PHONE)  
-- bingo -- that was sweet, man --

And here comes DALE -- passing RAY now -- blowing right by him -  
- as if they were total strangers --

DALE  
-- so look, there's no way he's working  
solo -- if we're gonna bust you out it's  
gotta be now, let's push at the corner --

CUT TO

ONE BLOCK SOUTH. Same time. And here's a new player, this guy  
is walking uptown, toward Ray and Dale. His name is FETYOV.  
Late-fifties. Seen-it-all eyes. Seen-it-all suit. He too is  
working a cellphone as he walks. Except he's speaking Russian:

FETYOV  
(and no subtitles)  
(-- I'm on the East side of the  
street. There's woman, I'm behind her,  
she's wearing an orange sweater --)

CUT TO

RAY back on the move -- behind DALE now -- the two of them  
continuing downtown, about half a block from the corner --

RAY  
(more breezy phone chatter)  
-- so these Kurds, right? -- they start  
getting very chippy about it --

CUT TO

DALE quarterbacking as he walks --

DALE  
-- the pizza place, you see it? --

CUT TO

FETYOV still heading uptown --

FETYOV  
(more untranslated Russian)  
(-- so what the fuck are we doing? --)

CUT TO

RAY  
(just strolling along)  
-- I turn around, there's this  
Lieutenant, he's the CO, and even  
he looks freaked out --

CUT TO

TURTLENECK almost to the corner, trying to stall and --

CUT TO

RAY  
-- he says, "Thank God we got somebody  
on this mission that speaks Kurdish." --

CUT TO

DALE  
-- you want to box him out up here, or  
leapfrog? -- what do you want to do? --

CUT TO

RAY  
-- and I say, "Yeah? Who's that?" --

CUT TO

TURTLENECK, no choice, he's got the light, he has to walk --

CUT TO

FETYOV  
(-- you want me on the corner? --)

CUT TO

DALE  
-- box or leapfrog? --

CUT TO

RAY  
-- and this Lieutenant says, "Yeah,  
very funny. Next thing you're gonna  
tell me you don't have the gas money." --

CUT TO

FETYOV  
(-- talk to me --)

CUT TO

DALE  
-- Ray --

CUT TO

RAY cutting suddenly and sharply to the right --

RAY  
(on the move)  
-- leapfrog --

CUT TO

DALE cutting suddenly and sharply to the left --

DALE  
(in perfect Russian)  
(-- you hear that, Boris? -- you're taking  
the point man --)

CUT TO

FETYOV accelerating suddenly straight ahead and --

FETYOV  
(in English!)  
-- I got it -- I got it --

CUT TO

TURTLENECK turning --

TO SEE

RAY rushing off across Madison Avenue, sprinting away through  
the traffic and --

THE NEXT MOMENT

WHAM! -- pedestrian collision -- TURTLENECK just blindsided --  
falling hard to the street and --

FETYOV  
(standing there over him)  
-- my God, man, watch where you go!  
It's New York, okay? Open the eyes!

3 EXT./INT. PIZZA DELI/MADISON AVE. -- DAY (CONT) 3

RAY through the sidewalk crowd, disappearing inside and --

4 INT. PIZZA DELI BASEMENT STAIRWELL -- DAY (CONT) 4

THE DOOR flies open. RAY hustling past, rushing down the steps, past the bathrooms and --

5 INT. PIZZA DELI BASEMENT CORRIDOR -- DAY (CONT) 5

Another DOOR slamming open. RAY jogging through the bowels of the building. Another DOOR -- another HALLWAY -- another STAIRWELL -- we're lost, but RAY knows where he's going --

6 EXT. MIDTOWN SIDE-STREET -- DAY 6

A fire door popping open. RAY out and up the street. Walking away like a guy that knows there's nobody following him.

7 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION -- DAY 7

The Main Concourse. RAY standing dead center as the world rushes around him. It's 1:58 on the BIG CEILING CLOCK. He checks his watch. Pulls his cellphone. Eyes scanning the crowd as he dials. And then, something catching his eye across the concourse --

HIS POV

A WOMAN COMING DOWN THE MAIN STAIRCASE. Meet CLAIRE STENWICK, a very attractive, stylish, confident woman. And she's rather far away, but it did appear for a moment like she was looking this way. Except wait, now she's looking back the way she came - - now left -- now right... She's lost.

CUT TO

RAY staring. Eyes locked on her.

CUT TO

CLAIRE turning -- she's realized her mistake -- heading back out through the crowd, toward the street behind her and --

CUT TO

RAY moving -- tentative -- trying to keep an eye on her --

RAY  
(activating the phone)  
Dale, hey. You there? --

DALE(OVER/PHONE)  
-- what're you doing? --

RAY  
(walking faster now)  
-- problem --

DALE(OVER/PHONE)  
-- I thought you were in position --

CUT TO

CLAIRE getting farther away --

RAY (OVER/PHONE)  
-- I am -- I was --

DALE(OVER/PHONE)  
-- we're two minutes away! --

CUT TO

RAY in full stride now --

RAY  
-- we're blown --

DALE(OVER/PHONE)  
-- what do you mean? --

RAY  
-- we're blown -- reschedule the meet --

CUT TO

FAR ACROSS THE CONCOURSE. DALE pretending not to panic --

DALE  
-- no -- wait -- Ray! -- no can do! --  
look, I know what it's like, you're  
new on the team, I know you want to  
make a good impression, believe me this  
ain't the way to do it -- you want to  
change the protocol we've got to--  
(stopping because his phone just  
went dead and--)

8

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE -- DAY

8

A minute later. CLAIRE walking uptown. Brisk and easy and --  
ACROSS THE STREET



RAY rushing around the corner -- scanning up and down the block -  
- he's lost her -- no, there she is up ahead --

CUT TO

CLAIRE just noticing that the crosswalk light she's walking  
toward is about to change -- breaking into a little jog as she  
hustles across before the traffic surges and --

CUT TO

RAY and he's losing her -- fuck -- where did she go? --

CUT TO

CLAIRE strolling, window shopping, completely unaware she's  
being pursued and --

CUT TO

RAY and he's spotted her -- there she is, across the street.  
And what appeared to be simply a matter of lust a few moments  
ago is now starting to look a little different, because he's  
pulling off his jacket as he walks, turning it inside out --  
it's reversible -- suddenly, he's in a different color and --

CUT TO

CLAIRE turning a corner and --

CUT TO

RAY starting to run -- out into the street -- HORNS HONKING as  
he dodges through the traffic -- sprinting now -- up the  
sidewalk -- coming around that corner and --

She's gone.

9

INT. SAKS FIFTH AVENUE -- DAY

9

Minutes later. CLAIRE strolling through the first-floor  
cosmetics casbah. Smiling and casual, moving toward the  
elevator bank at the rear, except suddenly, she's not heading  
for the elevators anymore -- there's a side exit to the street  
and she's on her way toward it, when --

RAY

Remember me?

There he is. In her path. Smiling. Waiting...

CLAIRE  
(utterly lost, but--)  
...sure...of course...we...

RAY  
Long time, huh?

CLAIRE  
(it's not coming)  
...yes...I'm...I'm...

RAY  
Gotcha.

CLAIRE  
(she just can't place him)  
...look, I'm sorry, really, I'm just...

RAY  
Just what?

CLAIRE  
I'm drawing a blank.

RAY  
Nice try.

CLAIRE  
Excuse me?

RAY  
A little professional courtesy would  
make this a lot less awkward.

CLAIRE  
How do I know you?

RAY  
"How do you know me?"  
(is she kidding?)  
Wow. That's tough. That's a strong play.  
(impressed)  
Believe me, I spent a lot of time thinking  
what this would be like.  
Where we'd be. What I'd say.  
What you'd say. But I never...

CLAIRE  
I'm terribly sorry, but...

RAY  
You really want to go this way?

CLAIRE

You clearly have me confused with  
someone else.

RAY

I don't know...

(looking her over)

I'm not great on names. I should be.  
I try, but... Faces, I'm definitely  
better. Faces, I'd say I'm like a B,  
B-Minus. What I'm good at? Where I'm  
solid? People-I've-Screwed. (*shagged*)  
That's been a traditional area of  
strength for me.

CLAIRE blinks. But she's a big girl. It's a public place...

CLAIRE

Look, seriously, I don't know who you  
think I am, but wh--

RAY

You charm me. Seduce me. Screw me. Then  
you dope me and ransack my hotel room.

(he still can't believe it)

And how sick is this? Last thing I  
remember before I passed out was how  
much I liked you.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry...I just...you don't look  
crazy, which is the only reason I'm not  
screaming for a security guard, but--

RAY

I can't believe you're going this way.

CLAIRE

Is this...

(glancing around)

...it's a joke, right?

RAY

You have any idea how far my ass was  
hanging out because of you?

CLAIRE

Is this? Are you selling something? What  
are you selling?

RAY

I got up the next morning, went back to  
the consulate and practically crawled

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

over glass to get a copy of the guest list. Then I spent the next twenty-four hours trying to figure out if you were working for MOSSAD, the Syrians, or the Russians.

CLAIRE

Really...  
(maybe he is crazy)  
And who was it?

RAY

Still working for the C.I.A.?  
(like he nailed her)  
We're *supposed* to be on the same side, *Theresa*. Which was a lousy cover name for you, by the way -- you're not a Theresa.

CLAIRE

What the hell are you talking about?

RAY

American Consulate. Dubai. You and me.  
Fourth Of July, 2003.

CLAIRE

You are crazy. (*Does this ever work?*)

RAY

We were drinking red, white and blue Margaritas. I had a knee brace. You had a toe ring -- first toe ring I ever saw, by the way.

CLAIRE

If you follow me, I'll scream.

And she's walking -- fast -- back the way she came -- back into the Perfume Jungle, and he's right on her ass --

RAY

I took vacation time to find you.  
I broke into a U.S. OPSEC archive trying to get your posting!  
(past make-up counters and free samples and--)  
Five years, *Theresa*...every time I walked into an evaluation I had a knot in my stomach waiting for someone to throw your picture up on the screen and say, "So, Ray, anything you'd care to tell us about Dubai?"  
(she's not shaking him this time--)  
(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

So who the hell are you? Cause I  
could never figure it out.

CLAIRE

I'm warning you for the last time.

RAY

Come on...you don't want security  
any more than I do.

CLAIRE

You're right, I want the cops.

RAY

They're gonna want your name.

CLAIRE

Leave me alone!  
(wheeling on him and--)

HER PURSE -- the strap catching his arm -- tearing -- THE BAG  
SPILLING OPEN TO THE FLOOR and --

CLAIRE

-- look -- look what you did! --

CLAIRE dropping -- grabbing at the stuff that's spilled --

CLAIRE

-- get away -- just -- you hear me? --

RAY

Oh, no...

And the way he said it -- the way he looks -- something  
fundamental has shifted here suddenly --

RAY

You?

There -- at his feet -- her keys -- A KEYCHAIN -- a little  
Rubik's cube (*Eight Ball? Troll?*) keychain and --

RAY

You? You're the drop...  
(pulling an identical keychain  
from his pocket--)  
I'm...

CLAIRE

You? You're the meet?  
(yup)  
No...

And the way she said it. And the look on her face. And the way he's just standing there. Reset.

10

INT. MIDTOWN BAR -- DAY

10

Six minutes later. The darkest corner of a dark joint. RAY with a vodka. CLAIRE with a Coke. They're alone here. The vibe is positively glacial.

CLAIRE

You're acting like I owe you an apology.

RAY

Knock yourself out.

CLAIRE

You were an assignment. You're a big boy. You knew what you were doing.

RAY

I guess it's really been eating at you.

CLAIRE

An MI6 case officer takes a strange girl from an embassy party back to his hotel room where there's an unsecured briefcase full of Egyptian Air-Defense codes...

RAY

Did they tell you to shag me?

CLAIRE

I needed the briefcase. I thought the less time I spent with you the better.

RAY

Jesus...  
(downing his drink--)

CLAIRE

How did you get on this project?

RAY

(still stunned)  
...and you?...you're the mole...

CLAIRE

Who the hell hired you, anyway?

RAY

...I just...I can't believe it...

CLAIRE

How did you get this job?

RAY

I've got news for you, okay? The day  
I left MI6, I had fifteen *major* companies  
begging for my services.

CLAIRE

Well, I guess you picked wrong.  
(shouldering her bag)  
But you must be used to that.

RAY

Slow down.

CLAIRE

I have a meeting in twelve minutes.

RAY

Where's the drop? Hand it over.

CLAIRE

Forget it. I'm not working with you.

RAY

What?

CLAIRE

You think I'm gonna let you be my contact  
officer?

(how amusing)

This is way over your head.

RAY

Over my head? Lady, I worked Yemen,  
Athens, and Cairo. I was decorated and  
promoted every place I served.

CLAIRE

Tell Duke to send someone else.

RAY

Look, I'm sure you know your way around a  
bidet, but I did twelve years in the  
field.

CLAIRE

And how long have you been working for  
Equikrom?

RAY

Long enough.

CLAIRE

How long?

RAY

Three weeks.

CLAIRE

Three whole weeks?

(like a knife)

Because I've spent the last fourteen months undercover inside Burkett & Randle. I'm an Assistant Director of Counter Intelligence. I'm all the way in. So let's get this straight: I'm the asset here. You're a delivery boy. And the only thing I'm giving you is a message.

(shouldering her purse)

Tell Duke I don't ever want to see you again.

She starts to move away from the bar. His hand -- like a vise -- pinning her in her seat.

RAY

(fast and hard)

I run field agents for a living. There's only two ways to do it. Either you bring them flowers, or hang em by their heels out the window. Now maybe you're just so used to having your legs in the air you don't realize it, but you're upside down, sister. I own you.

CLAIRE

You've got ten seconds to get your hand off me.

RAY

Or what? You won't be my friend anymore?  
(in total control)

I like this gig. I like the money and I like the hours. So I'm not going anywhere and you're gonna get over it, because if you ever mention again that you don't want to work with me, or that we met before, or that you think maybe someone else might do a better job -- hell, if I get replaced for any reason at all, I'll call those dupes over at Burkett & Randle and tell them that they've got an Equikrom spy in the heart of their security team.

(MORE)



RAY (CONT'D)  
(he lets her arm go free)  
Be a shame to let the last fourteen months  
go down the drain, wouldn't it?  
(the smile)  
So where's my package?

CLAIRE staring. Pale with fury. Beaten and not used to it.  
She reaches into her coat. Pulls out A GRAY ENVELOPE.

CLAIRE  
Tell Duke this is the one he's been  
waiting for. (*moment between them*)  
(envelope on the bar)  
You screw this up, I'll ruin your life.

RAY  
I thought we tried that already.

That's it. She's walking. Fleeing.

RAY  
You want to take one last shot at that  
apology?

11 EXT. THE BURKETT & RANDLE BUILDING -- DAY 11

A fifty-story conglomosaur rising over Midtown. The famous blue-on-red logo cast in steel at the center of the plaza.

12 INT. BURKETT & RANDLE LOBBY -- DAY 12

A BAR OF SOAP. But not just any bar of soap, this is a cake of Burkett & Randle's "Finest Personal Purity Cleanser," in its original paper wrapper. The importance of this simple object becoming manifest, as we start --

PULLING BACK TO REVEAL

This piece of history housed within A PERFECT GLASS CASE and presented with the museum quality of an irreplaceable piece of jewelry. A PLAQUE -- engraved platinum -- with these words:

**BURKETT & RANDLE  
PART OF YOUR LIFE SINCE 1849**

AND NOW WE SEE

THE LOBBY. Huge. Stark. *But real.* The display case like a shrine at the center of the rotunda. And there's...

CLAIRE hustling back to work, just one of the hundreds moving through this temple of imperial corporata. Pulling her laminated credential as she nears THE LOBBY SECURITY DESK.

## TRACKING NOW

As CLAIRE is passed through. As she skips the elevator bank. As she heads for an escalator at the rear of the building...

## ONTO THE ESCALATOR

CLAIRE rising past a A SERIES OF BURKETT & RANDLE LOGOS mounted (*projected?*) on the wall. A hundred and fifty years of trademark law on display -- testimony to the celebrated history of Burkett & Randle. That first 19th Century graphic morphing slightly every forty years into the current B&R logo we recognize from the corporate jet.

13      INT. ESCALATOR SECURITY POST -- DAY      13

CLAIRE one of dozens waiting on line to pass their credentials through a turnstile and ascend to the mezzanine and --

14      INT. MEZZANINE SECURITY CHECKPOINT -- DAY      14

Tucked at the end of a nondescript hallway, TWO EXECUTIVE SECURITY OFFICERS posted near AN EXPRESS ELEVATOR. CLAIRE opening her bag for their inspection and --

15      INT. AN EXPRESS ELEVATOR -- DAY      15

CLAIRE and ONE OTHER PASSENGER alone for the ride. There's only one button on the console. She's pressing it and --

16      INT. THE THIRTY-THIRD FLOOR -- DAY      16

Elevator doors opening. CLAIRE and THE OTHER PASSENGER stepping out into a large, sterile foyer. Etched into a set of glass doors --

## B&amp;R COMPETITIVE INTELLIGENCE LAB

17      INT. COMPETITIVE INTEL LAB -- DAY      17

Through those doors, a final security checkpoint. More serious than the rest. The kind of facility you'd expect to see in the Pentagon. In fact, from this point on, everything we'll see here reeks of military issue. THREE SECURITY TECHNICIANS stand waiting as CLAIRE prepares to surrender herself to A BIOMETRIC SCANNER --

18      INT. COMPETITIVE INTEL LAB HALLWAY -- DAY      18

CLAIRE passing A SERIES OF LABELLED DOORS, each of which leads to a suite of offices within:

**...PHYSICAL SECURITY...TECHNICAL SECURITY...OPERATIONAL  
SECURITY..HUMAN INTELLIGENCE...TECHNICAL INTELLIGENCE ...**

CLAIRE keycarding her credential into a door labelled:

**COUNTERINTELLIGENCE**

19 INT. THE COUNTERINTELLIGENCE BUREAU -- DAY

19

A busy, practical space. Room for a dozen assistants and cubicle employees. There's a central common area dominated by a large display board with cases written in different color markers, very much like a police squadroom: *Active Cases, Pending Cases, Closing Cases.*

CLAIRE on the way to her office when --

BAUER

I thought you were shopping.

JEFF BAUER at his office door. Early thirties. Shifty and engaging. His relationship with Claire complicated by the fact they currently share the number two position in this office. A man torn between the desire to seduce and destroy.

CLAIRE

Didn't see anything I liked.  
(he's got a briefing book in  
hand--)  
You weren't going ahead without me,  
were you?

BAUER hesitates. Caught. Smiles.

20 INT. NED GUSTON'S OFFICE -- DAY

20

NED GUSTON is 50/60. Marine Corps to the Chicago Police Dept. to the F.B.I. to head of this unit. He's alone here with CLAIRE and BAUER in the midst of a weekly briefing. There's A COMPUTER MONITOR just refreshing its image -- TWO MUGSHOTS (male/female) appearing on the screen and --

CLAIRE

Houston. This was over the weekend.

GUSTON

Who are they?

CLAIRE

They're researchers at the fragrance lab  
down there.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(beat)

When they're not dealing ecstasy.

GUSTON

Track it.

(next--)

NEW IMAGE -- A B&R CORPORATE ID PHOTO now on the screen.  
A middle-aged, middle management face (GEOFF K. ZURNIGHER)

BAUER

West Coast Marketing Coordinator for the  
Floorwax Division. He came back from  
lunch on Friday and handed in his  
resignation.

GUSTON

Unexpected?

BAUER

Very. Three kids in private school. He  
just re-mortgaged his house. The  
wife has a heart condition.

GUSTON

Get his financials. Phone. E-mail.  
And get the wife's prognosis.  
(next--)

NEW IMAGE -- ANOTHER PHOTO ID -- bloated, upscale face.  
(PAUL D. VERLAWN)

CLAIRE

Senior VP. Medical Disposables.  
He called in Sunday. He lost his  
laptop in the Denver Airport.

GUSTON

Why does this guy look familiar?

CLAIRE

He had a briefcase full of sales  
projections stolen last year.

GUSTON

Is this the guy who bought the boat?

CLAIRE

Same guy.

GUSTON

Get a team up his ass tonight.

CLAIRE  
I sent them this morning.

GUSTON glances over. Almost smiles. A NEW IMAGE just rising  
as THE PHONE RINGS and--

GUSTON  
(grabbing it impatiently)  
We're in a meeting.  
(and then slowing down fast-  
-)  
Now?  
(beat)  
Everyone?  
(nervous beat)  
They say why?  
(obviously not, because--)

CLAIRE and BAUER watching him slowly lower the phone, until --

GUSTON  
Tully.  
(catching his breath)  
Mr. Tully's coming down.  
(beat)  
He wants the entire floor gathered  
in five minutes.

21 INT. HOWARD TULLY'S OFFICE -- DAY

21

A Bonsai tree. A fountain pen. HANDS FOLDING A SHEET OF PAPER  
with the artistry and precision of an origami master. TULLY  
tucking the paper into his pocket. A LAPTOP the only other  
thing on the enormous stone desk. TULLY moving the  
cursor..."click," and --

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

TULLY alone in this monster penthouse suite. Top of the world.  
Stripped to essentials. Stark, colonial Zen.

A TELESCOPE across the room, parked before a huge picture  
window. Activated by the laptop -- responding to coordinates  
like an automated artillery piece -- gears turning -- axis --  
azimuth -- focus...

TULLY there as it finishes. Eye to the lens and --

TELESCOPIC POV

THE EQUIKROM BUILDING. Ten blocks away. Another imperial  
monolith. Logo at the top. A beehive of offices and people

working. The telescope rising toward the penthouse office, and there -- A SIGN in one of the windows -- handwritten:

EAT ME YOU SENILE OLD LOSER!

TULLY pulling back from the scope. Almost smiling, as --

22      INT. HALLWAY/PRIVATE EQUIKROM ELEVATOR -- DAY      22

DICK GARSIK, AN AIDE and TWO BODYGUARDS stepping in.      GARSIK  
checking his teeth in a mirror as the doors close      and they  
descend --

THE AIDE

There's a dandruff shampoo marketing  
presentation at three...

GARSIK

Cancel.

THE AIDE

The nail polish R&D group from Germany...

GARSIK

Cancel. And the diapers. And the car  
wax. Cancel it all.  
(doors opening into--)

23      INT. SECRET EQUIKROM BASEMENT GARAGE -- DAY      23

An underground VIP-only entrance. BODYGUARDS out first. GARSIK  
and THE AIDE right behind them. A HUGE MERCEDES BULLETPROOF  
STRETCH parked there and --

Front and center -- GARSIK'S DOUBLE -- this guy was probably a  
pretty decent match to start with, but dressed and groomed,  
identically, he's quite a clone. A tableau made more bizarre by  
the TWO BODYGUARD DOUBLES he's got standing beside him.

GARSIK

(to The Double)  
C'mere...

GARSIK practically choking the guy as he fixes his tie.

THE AIDE

(nervously looking around)  
There should be another vehicle...

GARSIK

Change in plans. You're going with them.  
(before the guy can argue)  
Let's go, folks...  
(MORE)

GARSIK (CONT'D)  
(holding open the car door)  
Get out there and sell it.

THE AIDE hustled into THE MERCEDES behind THE DOUBLE, and THE  
MOCK BODYGUARDS and --

GARSIK  
Go! Go! Get the hell out of here!

Like a shot, THE MERCEDES peels up the ramp, chirping around the  
corner, and the moment it's gone --

FROM THE OTHER DIRECTION -- A VAN -- a shitty, rust-bucket  
PAINTER'S VAN -- rumbles into the spot just vacated --

And there's GARSIK and HIS TWO BODYGUARDS rushing to pull paint-  
stained jumpsuits on over their suits. GARSIK done first,  
already jogging around the van and --

GARSIK  
(to the driver)  
Move over. Move -- I'm driving --

THE BODYGUARDS can't keep up, struggling with the jumpsuits,  
hobbling for the van as GARSIK revs the engine and --

24 INT. THE UNIT -- DAY

24

Equikrom's secret guerilla espionage facility. Except all we're  
seeing right now is an abandoned, vacant floor in a midtown high-  
rise office building. Furniture scattered. Carpeting torn up.  
Phone and computer wiring pigtailed here and there. Weird and  
empty, except...VOICES -- SOUNDS -- leading us finally to...

25 INT. THE UNIT/BULLPEN -- DAY (CONT)

25

A secret, windowless bunker of suites at the center of this  
abandoned floor. Two main areas: BULLPEN and TECH ROOM. Lots  
of slick gear, lots of tools and gadgets. But raw.  
Utilitarian. At the moment, SIX PEOPLE are crowded around a  
lab table. RAY, DALE, and FETYOV we already know...

DUKE MONAHAN is sixty, which is a miracle considering all the  
shitty places he has tested his body around the world. He's  
the boss here. Project leader. Mercenary spy for hire.

PARVEZ PATEL is a walking algorithm in his mid-twenties.

PAM FRALES can do anything. Speak Mandarin. Perform a  
battlefield appendectomy. Roll a joint one-handed. At the  
moment, she's using surgical tongs to pull A WINKLED PIECE OF  
PAPER from THE GRAY ENVELOPE Claire passed to Ray.

DUKE  
(nervous coaching)  
...just...just get it on the tray...

PAM  
For crissake, Duke, calm down.  
Do something useful and punch up  
Howard Tully's fingerprints.

TIME CUT

AN OVERHEAD PROJECTOR. As the light switch is thrown and TWO IDENTICAL FINGERPRINTS are projected onto the wall. One from the drop. One from the file.

PAM  
That's a stone cold match.

DUKE  
(turning back)  
Handwriting?

EVERYONE ELSE huddled around the WRINKLED PAPER and --

FETYOV  
(with a magnifying glass)  
Hundred percent. Is from the hand of  
Howard Tully.

DUKE grabbing THE WRINKLED PAPER and --

CLOSE-UP

IT'S A HANDWRITTEN SPEECH. Fountain pen. A working draft. Corrections scribbled here and there. Not much time to read it though, because here he comes --

GARSIK  
Oneth By Land and Twoeth By Sea!  
(swamping the room)  
How y'all doing? Good to see ya.  
I keep forgetting you're all over  
here till I get the damn bill every month.  
So what the hell you got  
there, Duke? What's got everybody so  
fired up?

DUKE with no choice. Handing him THE WRINKLED PAPER, as --



26

INT. THE BURKETT & RANDLE "WAR ROOM" -- DAY

26

HOWARD TULLY pulling that carefully folded SHEET OF PAPER from his jacket. It's a speech, his final draft, handwritten and perfect. And as he spreads it before him, we --

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

A most serious conference room. Full Corporate Strangelovia. The big oval table. The up-lighting. "Generals" at the table, each with a little plaque designating their command: PHYSEC -- TECHSEC -- OPSEC -- HUMINTEL -- TECHINTEL -- COUNTERINTEL. Each director with their Senior Staff in position behind them. Maybe thirty people in the room.

CLAIRE sitting with BAUER behind NED GUSTON. All eyes on --

TULLY

(from the folded paper)

Why are we here? Because it's no longer enough to have the best ideas or the best manufacturing or the best pipeline to deliver your product...

27

INT. THE BULLPEN -- DAY (CONT)

27

GARSIK reading aloud from THE WRINKLED PAPER --

GARSIK

"...We're here today because we find ourselves in a world where duplicity and theft are tested daily as replacements for innovation and perseverance..."

(looking up, incredulous--)

You believe this? This from the guy who bought a dump so he could go through our garbage.

CUT TO

TULLY

...I believe the history of all successful endeavors can be reduced to a series of decisive moments...

CUT TO

GARSIK

...there are moments in the history of all things, where the placement of a single...

(he can't read it--)

Who the hell writes with a fountain pen

(MORE)

GARSIK (CONT'D)  
anyway? How freaking pretentious is  
that?  
(RAY is closest)  
Can you read that?

CUT TO

TULLY  
...where the placement of a single  
molecule can make the difference between  
triumph and catastrophe...

CUT TO

GARSIK  
"...This room we're in right now -- this  
entire program -- was created in  
anticipation of such a moment..."

CUT TO

TULLY  
...You people are the very best at what  
you do. You were chosen by that standard.  
You've been paid and treated accordingly.  
And you have never been tested as you are  
about to be tested...

CUT TO

GARSIK  
(slowing now)  
"...Burkett & Randle will be rolling out  
a new product in the very near future."  
(with mounting anxiety)  
"And while I cannot reveal the nature of  
the product, believe me when I tell you  
that simply by announcing it's  
development, B&R will be dramatically re-  
positioned at the summit of the global  
marketplace..."

CUT TO

TULLY  
...I don't need to explain to anybody in  
this room why the scope, the details, the  
very existence of such a project, must  
remain so carefully protected. I  
expect your best in the days to come. And  
I promise, that if we can stay focused and  
vigilant, we will...

CUT TO

GARSIK

(barely)  
"...all of us..."

CUT TO

TULLY

...prosper.

FINALLY TO

GARSIK standing there, staring at the paper. Staring as if he reads it again it might say something different.

DUKE

Dick...

But GARSIK is frozen. RAY glances to FETYOV who gives him a, "you-don't-want-any-part-of-what's-about-to-happen" look.

GARSIK

(an apocalyptic whisper)  
What the hell does he have over there?

DUKE

Dick, don't go dark on me now...  
(full court cheerleading)  
We've got to stay positive. Look around!  
This is why we're here! When you came  
to me -- our first conversation -- *this is*  
*it*, this is why we built this unit.

GARSIK

I know what he's doing...

DUKE

Dick. Dick, look at me...  
(it's not working)  
This is a great team we've got here.  
We are so prepped -- we are so ready to  
deploy -- you say the word -- you turn us  
loose -- unleash the beast, Dick, and  
we will tear this thing apart!

GARSIK

...he's just timing the blow...

DUKE

No! Wrong. We caught a break here.

GARSIK

A break? You call this a break?  
I've got a shareholders convention in ten days!

DUKE

He's not thinking about that.

GARSIK

Are you out of your freaking mind?  
That's all he thinks about!  
(here it comes)  
And believe me, if he's got a knife,  
that's when he's gonna swing it, because  
that's what I'd do! I'd wait till he  
was right in the middle of a big old  
standing ovation -- I'd wait till he  
was just so overwhelmed with beloved  
waves of adoration that he couldn't  
even hear the sound of his own cojones  
as they hit the floor!  
(eyes back to the paper)  
Oh God, he's gonna crush me...

28

INT. THE B&R OPERATIONAL RESEARCH CORRIDOR -- DAY

28

CLAIRE, GUSTON and BAUER walking back from meeting.

GUSTON

Tell your people not to make vacation plans.

BAUER

They're gonna want to know why...

GUSTON

Then they're in the wrong business.

CLAIRE

How are we supposed to work it up if we don't know what we're protecting?

GUSTON

I don't know!  
(he's frustrated too)  
Assume it's everything.

29

INT. "THE UNIT" -- BULLPEN -- DAY

29

Emergency meeting. Whole team. Show and tell for GARSIK.  
MONITORS, CHALKBOARD, CUSTOM-EQUIPMENT, and first up is --

PATEL

B&R's mainframe network is a beast. We spent ten months probing -- VPN's, Wide-Area Nets, Nodal PEAS -- we got nowhere. The encryption and system awareness are tactically equivalent to anything we had at the Pentagon...

(Duke COUGHS, pointedly--)

Right. Good news. The good news is the two hundred new photocopiers that B&R purchased last month. We took a little *visit* to the vendor and made a few adjustments to one of the units before they shipped. We now have a toehold within the network. So the new issue becomes how do you explore without leaving footprints...

(wheeling out a piece of equipment--)

We call this..."The Ghost."

A LARGE, ODD, PROTO/BETA-LOOKING MACHINE spitting pages every couple seconds into a paper tray --

PATEL

It's not fast. It's not easy. But this device allows us to hijack signal traffic without leaving any electronic residue behind.

(pulling a page)

Right now we're hacking a photocopier in their Human Resources Department. We're still mapping, but so far we've tapped into twelve units.

#### TIME CUT

The PAM and DALE show. COMPUTER SCREENS alive now. Time-lapse shots of parking lots, loading docks, security gates. Comings and goings over the course of a year. Numerical data streaming on two other screens. All background for --

PAM

The B&R Research and Development Unit in Westchester hasn't brought a major new product to market since 1997. In spite of that, we've made it a surveillance priority. Rather than risk resources on a breach mission, we decided to utilize an external, behavioral-predictive forecasting grid to gauge levels of excitement and optimism within the facility.

DALE

1) We graph the volume of traffic and quality of vehicles in the parking lot. 2) We track the stock portfolios and mortgage payments of everyone who works on site. 3) We monitor the frequency of internet shopping and pornography searches from inside the labs.

PAM

Stocks are down, porn is up, and there's plenty of free parking. There's nothing going on here. We feel confident that whatever this new product is, it came from outside the company. The moment this meeting breaks up, we'll be going over every acquisition B&R has made in the last eighteen months.

TIME CUT

FETYOV up there now. RAY standing beside a large schematic drawing of the B&R Building.

FETYOV

This B&R building is very strong with security. Is the same for us like the computer. We are all the time feeling our way around this building, but not getting anywhere.

RAY flips the card. A street map of midtown Manhattan.

FETYOV

Then we make big discovery. Travel Department is not in the big building. Travel Department is four blocks away. (pointing it out on the map) And this building is very different. Very simple. Very basic.

DUKE

(jumping in)

It's a goldmine, Dick. They handle all of B&R's commercial travel -- all the private jets, cars, boats, hotels, housing -- everything runs through here. The boys have some great ideas how to get inside.

FETYOV

Very simple. Very basic.

30 EXT. BROADWAY -- NIGHT

30

After midnight. CLAIRE walking home from work. Striding uptown through the Westside. Her pace intense enough to make you wonder if it's exercise or punishment?

31 EXT. FIFTH AVENUE -- NIGHT

31

Same moment. A TAXI. Cruising downtown.

32 INT. THE TAXI -- NIGHT

32

RAY the passenger. Rolling home. Staring out the window as the city blurs past.

33 EXT. UPPER WESTSIDE APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

33

CLAIRE coming up the sidewalk. Barely slowing as she enters.

34 INT. LITTLE ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

34

RAY alone. Staring at his reflection as he rises.

35 INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

35

CLAIRE just came in. It's a one bedroom on a high floor with a partial view of the park. Clean and bright and anonymously Pottery-Barn-pleasant to the point of sadness.

36 INT. RAY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

36

Actually, it's not an apartment, it's an Execu-Stay Studio. Kitchenette. Bathette. Open suitcase. RAY not watching TV -- not eating the cold sandwich he's dragged back from the deli -- too busy sitting on the sofa-ette staring out into space. Thinking. *She's out there somewhere...*

37 INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

37

CLAIRE should be showering. Should be eating. Should be sleeping before it gets too late. Instead she's standing at the window, staring out over her partial view of the city. Knowing. *He's out there somewhere...*

DISSOLVE TO

38

EXT. PIAZZA NAVONA -- DAY

38

A beautiful late afternoon in Rome. Long shadows in the Old City. Magic. Perfect.

ROME -- TWO YEARS EARLIER

RAY at a sidewalk cafe. RAY with A STUNNING ITALIAN BLONDE. RAY talking and THE BLONDE is laughing and THE WAITER is pouring. And now she's excusing herself for a moment and he's watching her walk back into the cafe, and then his eyes drift out across the passing scene and...he freezes.

ACROSS THE PIAZZA

A WOMAN STANDING AT THE FOUNTAIN. A very attractive, stylish, confident woman. And she's rather far away but it does appear she's looking this way. Except now she's adjusting her bag, so maybe she was just stretching or something.

It's CLAIRE.

CUT TO

RAY staring. Blinking. Stunned.

CUT TO

CLAIRE leaving the fountain now, walking away into the crowded piazza and --

CUT TO

RAY on his feet -- trying to track her and --

CUT TO

CLAIRE getting farther away and --

CUT TO

RAY moving -- trying to keep an eye on her --

WAITER

(Italian)  
(Something wrong?)

RAY

(-- no, I just -- someone I --)  
(forget it--)

She's gone. And there he goes after her --



CUT TO

CLAIRE strolling away toward the edge of the plaza and --

CUT TO

RAY jogging for the fountain -- scrambling over BACKPACKERS and TOURISTS -- climbing the basin wall for a better view -- scanning -- he's lost her -- no, there she goes and --

39      EXT. ROMAN SIDE-STREET -- DAY (CONT)      39

CLAIRE walking briskly, heels clattering on the stones and --

40      EXT. PIAZZA NAVONA -- DAY (CONT)      40

RAY running now -- leaving the plaza -- THREE STREETS -- choices -- shit, he's lost her -- no, wait -- is that her disappearing up ahead? --

41      EXT. ROMAN ALLEYWAY -- DAY (CONT)      41

CLAIRE walking through -- moving now -- past TWO OLD LADIES feeding cats -- past KIDS kicking a ball around and --

42      EXT. ROMAN SIDE-STREET -- DAY (CONT)      42

RAY sprinting -- running hard -- dodging A SPEEDING CAR -- fuck! -- where did she turn? -- here? -- there? -- she's gone. Impossible. Scanning like crazy --

43      EXT. PIAZZA MINERVA -- DAY (CONT)      43

CLAIRE passing the Pantheon. Walking quick through the crowd. Fishing for a key in her bag because there's HER VESPA locked with about twenty others. Just kneeling to the lock, when --

RAY (OS)

Remember me?

She turns. There he is. Breathless. Waiting...

CLAIRE

(utterly lost but--)

...sure...of course...we...

RAY

Long time, right?

CLAIRE

(it's not coming)

...yes...I'm...I'm...

RAY

Gotcha.

CLAIRE

(she's just can't place him)  
...look, I'm sorry, really, I'm just...

RAY

Just what?

CLAIRE

I'm drawing a blank here.

RAY

Don't. Don't even try it.

CLAIRE

Excuse me?

RAY

Can I make a suggestion?  
(enjoying this)  
A little professional courtesy would  
make this a lot less awkward.

CLAIRE

(just baffled)  
How do I know you?

RAY

"How do you know me?"  
(is she kidding?)  
Wow. That's a strong play.  
(impressed)  
And believe me, I spent a lot of time  
thinking what this would be like. Where  
we'd be. What I'd say. What you'd say.  
But I never...

CLAIRE

(trying to beg off)  
I'm sorry, I'm just...you must...

RAY

You really want to go this way?

CLAIRE

You clearly have me confused with someone  
else.

RAY

I don't know...  
(looking her over)  
(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

I'm not great on names. I should be. I  
try, but... Faces, I'm definitely  
better. Faces, I'd say I'm like a B, B-  
Minus. What I'm good at? Where  
I'm solid? People-I've-Screwed.  
That's been a traditional area of  
strength for me.

CLAIRE blinks. But she's a big girl. It's a public place.

CLAIRE

Look, seriously, I don't know who you  
think I am, but wh--

RAY

You talk me up. Seduce me. Screw me.  
Then you dope me and ransack my hotel  
room.

(he still can't believe it)  
And how sick is this? The the last thing  
I remember before I passed out was how  
much I liked you.  
(stopping now because--)

CLAIRE just started laughing. Laughing hard. The kind of  
laughter that simply cannot be stopped --

CLAIRE

...I'm...I can't...I'm sorry...just...

RAY

You think it's funny?

CLAIRE

...no...I know...it's not...you're  
right...I'm just...it's...  
(almost under control for a  
moment, and then--)  
Seduce you? You?

RAY

But you admit it!

CLAIRE

(she can't hold it back)  
...I'm sorry, really...seriously, I'm...  
(but trying to stop just  
makes it worse--)

RAY

No.

(now he's way pissed-off)  
No, you can't do this -- you don't get to  
(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)  
do this -- you do not get to laugh about  
this! This is unacceptable!

CLAIRE  
...I know...it's completely...there's  
nothing funny...seriously...it's not  
you...I mean it, it's not you...  
(managing a very shaky straight  
face--)  
It's not. Not you.

RAY  
What the hell does that mean?

CLAIRE  
Tension. It's tension. Nervous  
laughter.  
(still fighting it)  
Obviously.  
(desperate to focus)  
Your knee! Wow! All better, huh?  
Cause you were really, with that brace and  
everything, you were really hurting  
there...  
(stopping because--)

RAY is just staring at her. Appalled.

RAY  
Yeah. My knee is fine. Lucky for me I  
had three years to rehab or I'd still be  
back at that fucking fountain.  
(she's stopped laughing)  
Do you have any idea how far my ass was  
hanging out because of you?

CLAIRE  
I can imagine.

RAY  
That's all you say?

CLAIRE  
And I'm sorry.

RAY  
I can tell.

CLAIRE  
And the laughing, I don't even know what  
that's about...  
(overly contrite now)  
Nerves. Guilt. Lots of guilt.  
(beat)

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

And regret. Remorse.

(beat)

A lot of things. I was under a lot of pressure back then. So that too. For whatever it's worth.

(then quietly)

I'm assuming you know by now I was working for The Agency, so it was...

(hesitating)

It was work, right?

RAY

This sucks.

CLAIRE

We were under a lot of pressure.

RAY

This is totally unsatisfying.

CLAIRE

What were you looking for?

I mean, in terms of vengeance.

A beat. And then, she just can't help it -- she's laughing again. RAY standing there, very unamused and --

44 INT. ROMAN HOTEL HALLWAY -- DAY

44

A five star, Roman Palace. Sunlight through brocade curtains. AN ITALIAN CHAMBERMAID dusting a vase, looking up as --

HOTEL MANAGER

(hushed Italian)

(Anything moving in number four?)

The MAID shakes her head no. THE HOTEL MANAGER stops at the door to #4. He listens. Hears nothing. He pulls A BULGING ENVELOPE from his pocket. Kneeling, he forces it through a mail slot at the base of the door.

45 INT. SITTING ROOM/ROMAN HOTEL SUITE -- DAY

45

Ultra Euro Luxe. Thick curtains drawn against the daylight. THE CAMERA TOURING this incredible room: A CHAMPAGNE BUCKET with an empty bottle upside down in a puddle of warm water. ROOM SERVICE TRAYS with the remnants of an amazing supper. SPENT BOTTLES OF CHAMPAGNE everywhere. THE FIREPLACE a graveyard of shattered glasses. FLOWERS stripped from vases and scattered in some pagan arrangement across an antique carpet...

AND FINALLY

RAY AT THE BEDROOM DOOR. Propped there with a sheet half clutched around him. Taking in the carnage. Everything he sees a reminder of why he feels the way he does. And there. Shit...

THE ENVELOPE just inside the door.

46

INT. BEDROOM/ROMAN HOTEL SUITE -- DAY

46

RAY with THE ENVELOPE, easing back into the huge, handcarved bed; almost disappearing in its pillowy chaos of goosedown and fine linen. Trying to move as quietly as he can, because --

CLAIRE is beside him. Fast asleep. Face in the pillows.

RAY, with great reluctance, opens THE ENVELOPE...it is, of course, THE BILL. An epic, itemized catalog of the previous three day's debauchery. RAY toughing it out. Dread mounting with every turning page...

CLAIRE

(sleepy dreamy)

...hey...

He doesn't answer, still absorbed in the escalating horror of the bill. She reaches for him -- still more asleep than awake -- there he is...his skin...

CLAIRE

...c'mere...

(reaching for him)

....mmmm...

(one eye finally open)

What is that?

RAY

The reckoning.

CLAIRE

Bad?

RAY

We've been bad.

CLAIRE

How bad?

RAY

We've been very bad.

(still reading)

We're very good at it, but...

RAY on the last page. There it is. The total. Blink.

CLAIRE

Worth it?

He looks over. She's waiting. She's serious.

RAY

Very.

(he's serious)

Very worth it.

And she smiles. And he's dumping the bill. And this could get very friendly, very quickly...

CLAIRE

Hang on...

(hold the thought)

I'm crazy thirsty...

She rolls over. Finding bedside water. There's the clock...

CLAIRE

Omigod...

RAY

What?

CLAIRE

It's noon.

(she's rocked)

It's twelve-fifteen. What happened to the wake-up call?

(pulling away)

I left a wake-up call...

(confirmation from her watch  
on the table--)

Oh, God...

(already in motion)

I had a ten-thirty flight! I'm supposed to be landing in Geneva right now.

Bang. She's up -- she's out of bed. RAY watching her race around the room -- searching -- scrambling -- dressing, as --

RAY

You probably told me all this.  
just don't remember it.

I

CLAIRE

No. I couldn't. It's classified.

RAY

Hell, I was supposed to be in Cairo two days ago...

CLAIRE  
You told me London.

RAY  
The point is I blew it off.

CLAIRE  
And *nobody* called this morning?

RAY  
You were here.

CLAIRE  
I'm a heavy sleeper.

RAY  
What're you saying? I took the call and  
didn't tell you?  
(now he's probing)  
When did you set this up anyway?

CLAIRE  
Last night.

RAY  
Where was I?

CLAIRE  
In the bath.

RAY  
We were in there together...

CLAIRE  
When I went for the ice.

RAY  
(incredulous)  
While I was waiting?

CLAIRE  
(counterattack)  
I can't believe they didn't call.

RAY  
You snuck out of the tub to leave a  
wake-up call?

CLAIRE  
This is a five-star hotel. How does that  
happen?



RAY

Welcome to Italy.

Suddenly, they're silent. Squared off.

CLAIRE

Look, I told you it was classified.  
I shouldn't have to explain that to you.

RAY

Well, this beats the hell out of Dubai.

CLAIRE

What?

RAY

(rolling out of bed)  
I'm still standing, right?

CLAIRE

There. See? *There it is...*

RAY

If you're looking for Egyptian Air  
Defense codes I'm keeping them in my socks  
these days.

CLAIRE

See, I knew it. You'll never get  
over that, will you? You couldn't.

RAY

I'm afraid that's classified.

CLAIRE

You actually think what? That I'm playing  
you?

RAY

Insane, right?  
(he's found a champagne bottle  
with some life in it--)

CLAIRE

This felt like an assignment to you?  
Three days. All this...  
(now she's hurt)  
What was the objective? Rugburn?

RAY

Who knows? Maybe you didn't want me in  
Cairo yesterday.

CLAIRE

Oh God, that's so sad...

RAY

(the Champagne)

Thirsty?

CLAIRE

Because that's exactly what I was just thinking. That maybe you were playing me. That you cancelled my call -- that it was some revenge thing to get back at me for Dubai. Then I'm thinking how terrible it is that I think that way. Then I realized we both think that way. Then I'm thinking, is that what makes this so...

RAY

So what?

CLAIRE

Worth it.

(wide open)

Is that it? That I know you're thinking exactly what I'm thinking? Because then I'm thinking, do we both think like that because of what we do, or are we good at what we do because we think like that?

RAY hasn't moved since she started talking. Staring at her.

RAY

Everybody thinks like that, they just don't say it.

CLAIRE

Civilians don't think like that.

RAY

Bullshit. Nobody trusts anybody. We just cop to it.

CLAIRE

Okay, so cop to it.

RAY

Me? I think you better go first.

CLAIRE

Why? What am I hiding?

RAY

This wasn't an accident, was it?  
Being here. Meeting like this.

CLAIRE

Wow.

RAY

You came looking for me, didn't you?

CLAIRE

You'd like that, wouldn't you?

RAY

I'm right, aren't I?

CLAIRE

Because you went looking for me, right?

RAY

But why? Just for this...  
(the bed? the sex?)

CLAIRE

Isn't that enough?

RAY

Not for you.  
(pressure drop)  
What're we into, Claire?

She hesitates. His hand drifts to her cheek. Everything quieter and more intimate by the moment.

CLAIRE

Can you imagine living like this?

RAY

Aren't we in enough trouble?

CLAIRE

I mean having the money.

RAY

Keep going...

CLAIRE

How much do you think you'd need?

He shrugs, easing the hair back away from her neck...

RAY

I don't know. Twenty million?

CLAIRE  
I was thinking forty..

Her hand now, finding his chest...

RAY  
What do you have to do to get forty  
million dollars?

CLAIRE  
Go private. Be smart. Get lucky.

RAY  
How smart?

His fingers tracing her shoulder...

CLAIRE  
Smart enough to pick the right partner.

RAY  
Private you mean?

CLAIRE  
Corporate.

His mouth to her neck.

RAY  
And lucky?

CLAIRE  
Be someplace when something's happening.  
Be there first. Hear it first.

RAY  
Something inside.

CLAIRE  
Something big.

RAY  
But do it up right.

CLAIRE  
Set it deep. Take your time. Know  
your way out before you go in.

Lips to her ear. Getting warmer.

RAY  
You know what I think?

CLAIRE  
You like the idea.

RAY  
I think you missed me.

She blinks. She did, but...

CLAIRE  
I think you cancelled my call.

RAY  
So we're even.

Forget it. Her mouth finding his before either of them have a chance to say another word. The champagne, sheets, all of it just falling away, as --

WE COME OUT OF FLASHBACK AND INTO

47      INT. MANHATTAN RESTAURANT BAR -- NIGHT

47

A busy, loud, afterwork scene. A swingle-ish suit-and-tie crowd. Meet BARBARA. She's forty. She's alone. She's got her briefcase tucked under the barstool. Sipping the first of the two Cosmopolitans she allows herself on Tuesday and Thursday nights. Putting her drink back on the bar when, suddenly --

MALE VOICE (OS)  
-- oh, damn, excuse me...  
(because--)

HER DRINK has spilled -- she's jumping back -- he did it --

MALE VOICE (OS)  
(thick Tennessee accent)  
-- look at this -- I am so sorry...

It's RAY...just different. Glasses. Tweed coat. Knit tie. And luggage, he's got a suitcase there and one of those rolling carry-ons and tickets and papers falling out of his pockets, which is why he spilled her drink and --

RAY  
(deep sour mash accent)  
-- here I am, squeezing around, making a complete pig of myself --  
(grabbing napkins and cleaning it up--)  
-- look at this -- are you...?

BARBARA

I'm fine. Really. It's nothing.

THE BARTENDER jumping in now to finish mopping up and --

RAY

(her drink)

What was it? Before I got here...

BARBARA

Cosmopolitan.

RAY

That sounds good. Was it good?

BARBARA

(slightly flustered)

Yes. Very good. They're great.

RAY

(to the bartender)

We'll have two of those please.

THE BARTENDER goes to work. BARBARA watching RAY struggle to get his bags and papers organized there --

BARBARA

Coming or going?

RAY

Well, I woke up in Knoxville, I'm supposed to be sleeping in Belgium, and here I am in New York waiting for a Cosmopolitan. I guess I'm just not sure.

BARBARA

(charmed already)

My daddy was from Tennessee.

RAY

You're kidding. Where?

BARBARA

Western part of the state.

RAY

Where?

BARBARA

Just a little town. It was actually named after our family.

RAY  
Your not gonna make me guess, are you?

BARBARA  
Bofferd.

RAY  
Get outta here...

BARBARA  
What?

RAY  
(looking around)  
Is this some kinda joke?

BARBARA  
No. Not at all.

RAY  
I used to go fishing in Bofferd.  
I grew up in Darnum, next county over.

BARBARA  
That's my name. Bofferd. Barbara  
Bofferd.  
(pulling something from her  
pocket--)  
Look...take a look...  
(handing him--)

HER BUSINESS CARD

BARBARA K. BOFFERD  
SENIOR ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE  
BURKETT & RANDLE TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

BACK TO

RAY  
Damn...  
(don't that beat all)  
Well, it's nice to meet you, Barbara.  
I'm Jimmy Tierney...

BARBARA  
You don't seem like a Jimmy.

RAY  
Actually it's James.  
(sheepishly)  
(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)  
Actually, it's Doctor Tierney, but...  
(stopping now because--)

His cellphone is RINGING and he's trying to answer it and pay  
THE BARTENDER who's just delivering their drinks and --

RAY  
(the phone call)  
Hello...yeah...did you get them?  
(bad news beat)  
And nobody there can help me out?  
(worse--)  
And what? Wait at the airport all night?  
(big sigh)  
Nope. It's not your fault. Thanks.

He hangs up. Takes a big sorry swig on that cocktail.

BARBARA  
Travel problem?

RAY  
Yup. I'm a pediatric cardiologist.  
We're opening a clinic in Ethiopia.  
My team's over there waiting for me, I  
was supposed to fly to Brussels tonight  
and then onto Nairobi, but my ticket  
got scrambled, so I got on a flight in  
the morning, but now they're telling  
me it's too late to get ticketed now,  
so I'm gonna have to spend the whole  
night in the airport just to make  
sure I can get on the plane.

BARBARA  
All they have to do is print you out a new  
ticket?  
(he nods)  
Honey, that's what I do for a living.

RAY smiles. She smiles. Ain't life grand...

48

INT. A DARK OFFICE CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

48

At first, just sounds. GIGGLING...WHISPERING...two voices  
getting closer and closer, until...

BARBARA AND RAY appear around the shadows of a corner. They're  
drunk, or damn close to it. Stopping here, because --

A SECURITY DOOR. Blocking their way. The B&R logo.



BARBARA

Shhh....

(a playful finger to his  
lips--)

Quiet. We have to be quiet.

RAY playing along. BARBARA just loving this. Finding her glasses because there's A KEYBOARD SECURITY CONSOLE there by the door.

BARBARA

No peeking...

RAY covering his eyes. BARBARA punching in the numbers and --

THE DOOR opens. And she takes his hand. Leading him inside. And the GIGGLING begins anew, as --

THE CAMERA LINGERS TO FIND

FETYOV in the shadows. Catching the door just before it clicks shut. Waiting as the laughter and whispering drifts farther and farther away...

49

INT. MIDTOWN SALAD BAR -- DAY

49

Lunch. Crowded. CLAIRE in the throng, waiting for her turn at the vinaigrette, when...

BAUER (OS)

You getting that to go?

She turns. BAUER there with a bag. On his way out.

BAUER

Didn't you just get paged?

CLAIRE

I don't know...

(checking in her bag)

Why? I just stepped out.

BAUER

(quietly now)

You read my memo last month?

CLAIRE

Which one?

BAUER

Vulnerabilities at the travel office?

CLAIRE

I don't remember.

BAUER

(backing away with a smile)

I'll see you upstairs...

And he's gone. CLAIRE hesitates. What was that? Forget the salad, she's leaving it there on the rack and --

50 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE -- DAY (CONT)

50

CLAIRE out the door, hustling back to the office. Up the crowded sidewalk. Stopping at the corner. Forced to. She just missed the light. Standing there, waiting, as --

THE CAMERA FINDS

RAY ACROSS THE STREET. Waiting there on the other side. Glancing at his watch. And then the traffic. And then...

He sees her. It is, it's her. Wanting to call over to her, to wave, to do something -- but he can't.

Then, just as the light is about to change, she looks up.

There they are.

Both of them hesitating.

The crowd swarming past them. No choice. They have to walk. They have to walk toward each other. And pass each other. And never say a word.

And they do.

Heading off without turning back...

51 INT. "THE UNIT" TECH ROOM -- DAY

51

A COMPUTER SCREEN FULL FRAME. Data streaming past. A blur. ANOTHER SCREEN beside the first. And ANOTHER...

WIDER TO FIND

PATEL juggling three computers. DUKE, PAM, FETYOV, and DALE all standing there waiting.

DUKE

How much longer?

PATEL

Two, three minutes.

FETYOV

And we get everything?

PATEL

Why do you think it's taking so long?  
This is six years worth of travel orders.

DUKE rubbing his hands. This is big.

DUKE

(over his shoulder)  
Super job, Ray. Outstanding.

RAY sitting away from the group. He nods. A bit subdued. It's a homerun, just not one you want to take bow for.

52

INT. GUSTON'S OFFICE -- DAY

52

A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS. HANDS flipping through them. Black and white shots, and some of them a bit murky, but no question, it's RAY and BARBARA in the midst of their midnight office crawl.

Wait...HERE'S A GOOD ONE -- nice and clear. RAY with a big ole smile and BARBARA laughing and --

WIDER TO FIND

CLAIRE and BAUER in their spots. The door closed and --

GUSTON

Who is this guy?

BAUER

We're not sure.

GUSTON handing the picture to CLAIRE. Surprise. And it's amazing how quickly an intelligence professional can transform shock and anger into an expression that looks almost like curious detachment.

GUSTON

(an even better shot)  
Jesus...

BAUER

Is that where they're on the desk?

CLAIRE like a stone as GUSTON passes this next one over --

GUSTON

Is he an Equikrom agent?

BAUER

If he is, he's new. We don't have him logged. We think they're running some fresh players out there.

CLAIRE handed yet another photo...

GUSTON

Get this woman up here.

BAUER

I was thinking I should conduct the interview over there at the travel office. Rattle their cage. See if there's anybody else who migh--

GUSTON

No. I want her up here. And don't tell her a damn thing.

BAUER

I just thought...

GUSTON

And Claire's doing the interview.

CLAIRE looks up from the photo --

BAUER

But, Ned...I wrote the memo...

GUSTON

I want her to talk to a woman.

BAUER nods, sulking. CLAIRE silent and stoic. Still holding that picture of RAY and BARBARA doing God knows what, as --

53

INT. "THE UNIT"/LOFT AREA -- DAY

53

PILES OF PAPER -- computer printouts -- thousands of them -- spread out in some sort of system across a huge expanse of floor. PAM leading a parade of DUKE, RAY, PATEL and FETYOV through the maze --

PAM

(walk and talk and fast)  
-- we took every company B&R bought last year -- they made fifty-seven acquisitions -- we tossed out anything  
(MORE)

PAM (CONT'D)

where the product was known or on the market already -- then we broke it down smaller -- we started looking for deals that had gone down with the least amount of notice -- when we did that, we found a day last March where B&R bought seven companies in one afternoon. We thought that looked very curious, so we took the travel office records and layered them over the locations of these seven mysterious acquisitions...

DALE across the room, picking up the baton --

DALE

Four of these companies they must've bought over the phone because nobody from B&R New York ever even visited them. The fifth one rated a golf outing for several Assistant Vice-Presidents. The sixth, was toured by a Regional VP and several accountants, but number seven...

PAM

Dunwoodie, Georgia.  
(she's got the winning pile)  
You can't believe the amount of travel last summer between New York and Dunwoodie, Georgia.  
(papers in hand)  
Howard Tully personally made at least six separate visits -- none of which were reported in his official schedule.

DUKE

What the hell's down there?

PAM

Something called Dermavale Labs.

54

INT. B&R INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

54

BARBARA BOFFERD just sobbing her eyes out --

BARBARA

...it was the way...when he talked about the children...helping the little children...mending their broken hearts...

It's a small, sterile room. No windows. Desk. Two chairs. CLAIRES sitting there like a wall, just sucking it up as --

BARBARA

...I know...I do...how I should know  
better...and I'm not...really not a  
gullible person...but the children and  
their little hearts...who could do  
that?...what kind of person?...

(focusing now)

Who could do something like that?

CLAIRE like a robot. Pushing a box of tissues forward.

BARBARA

And yes, I felt special...

(igniting a new wave of sobs)

...that I could help him...and help the  
children...and yes...yes, he was cute...

...I admit it...everything falling out of  
his pockets...and charming...I mean  
special...special like there was nobody  
in the word but me...

(finding Claire again)

Hasn't anyone ever made you feel special?

(sensing the chill across  
the table--)

Maybe for you it happens all the time.  
You've probably got someone making you  
feel that way all the time.

(weepy defiance now)

You know what? I don't even care. Do  
whatever you're gonna do. Because, you  
know what? I loved it! It was worth it!  
It was so very worth it! It was  
incredibly worth it!

(stopping suddenly, swamped by  
another wave of grief--)

CLAIRE still silent. Still blank. Still looking for all the  
world like one tough, hardass interrogator, as we --

DISSOLVE TO

55 EXT. LONDON EST. SHOT -- NIGHT

55

A clear, perfect postcard look up the Thames.

LONDON -- EIGHTEEN MONTHS EARLIER

56 INT. LONDON HOTEL SUITE -- NIGHT

56

Nice room. CLAIRE in the bedroom unpacking her suitcase as THE  
DOOR BELL RINGS. She's surprised. Rushing out --

CLAIRE  
(not quite ready)  
Hello?

RAY (OS)  
(through the door)  
Hey. It's me.

CLAIRE  
Hang on...

CLAIRE primping fast before she opens the door to --

RAY  
(suit and tie)  
There you are...

And she throws her arms around him. Right at it. Both of them  
starving for each other. Barely closing the door...

CLAIRE  
(finally)  
You're so early. I just got in...

RAY  
I ran.

CLAIRE  
It went okay?

RAY  
Not a hitch. God, you feel good...

CLAIRE  
(the suite)  
You like?

RAY  
I'll look at it later.

He's pulling off his jacket and tie even as he works her toward  
the bedroom. She wants to cut loose, but --

CLAIRE  
I can't believe you got here so fast.

RAY  
(greedy for her)  
I'm sorry, but two months is just too  
goddam long...

CLAIRE  
But you did it, right?

RAY

What?

CLAIRE

You told them.

RAY

Of course.

CLAIRE

And you're okay with it?

RAY

I am now...  
(thinking the talking's over,  
but--)

CLAIRE

How?

(that stops him)  
How did you do it? You just walked in and  
said, what? "I quit."

RAY

Basically.

CLAIRE

They must've tried to talk you out of it.

RAY

Not really, no...

CLAIRE

They can't be happy to see you go.

RAY

(antennae up)  
What're you trying to tell me?

CLAIRE pulls away. Flushed but focused.

CLAIRE

You didn't do it, did you?

RAY

Whoa, hang on...

CLAIRE

No way they just let you walk out.  
You just punched out? That was it?

RAY

No, no, no...hang on....



CLAIRE  
Answer the question.

RAY  
Did they ask you to stay?

CLAIRE  
You're ducking the question.

RAY  
(the light dawning)  
They did, didn't they? They asked  
you to stay...

CLAIRE  
Oh, this is classic...

RAY  
You're unbelievable...

CLAIRE  
Look, I know the drill, okay?

RAY  
Did you quit or not?

CLAIRE  
"Deny everything. Admit nothing.  
Make counter accusations."

RAY  
That's what you're doing!

CLAIRE  
I asked you how it went and you evaded!

RAY  
How it went?  
(wide open)  
I just terminated a twelve year career  
with MI6. I spent an hour signing  
non-disclosure forms, I had a quick  
outplacement polygraph, and then I  
turned in my credentials and walked out on  
the only job I've ever really had.  
And now, right now, I'm getting the  
very distinct impression that you've  
changed your mind and kept your job  
and left me out in the cold.

CLAIRE  
They kind of begged me to stay.

RAY

And you don't call to tell me that  
this morning?

CLAIRE

I couldn't risk it.

RAY

But you told them no.

CLAIRE

I was completely surprised.

RAY sags. Holy shit. He quit, but she didn't.

RAY

What am I supposed to do? I can't  
go back. I'm cooked...

CLAIRE

I hope you kept your passports.

RAY

What?

What's she doing? She's unbuttoning her blouse...

CLAIRE

I mean, I turned in a couple to make  
it look good, but...

(he's staring)

We're gonna need decent passports.

(and she's smiling--)

RAY

You bitch...

CLAIRE

*What?*

(backing away)

I was sure they wouldn't let you go.

And you got here so fast...

RAY

(enjoying this now)

Right...

CLAIRE

I got spooked. I wanted to be sure.

I was feeling needy...

RAY

You want needy? I'll show you needy.

Now he's pushing her back onto the bed -- taking over -- and she's eager for that, as --

CLAIRE  
(a final whisper)  
Admit it, you don't trust me either...

He ignores that. But then, a moment later...

RAY  
You did quit, didn't you?

CLAIRE  
Ask me later.

Pulling him back, all the talking is over, as we --

WE COME OUT OF FLASHBACK INTO

57      EXT. DUNWOODIE INDUSTRIAL PARK -- DAY      57

That's what the sign says. An anonymous bunch of corrugated warehouses and office structures baking in the Georgia sun.

58      INT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE -- DAY      58

The place is stripped. Nothing but the floors, walls, and heat. RAY and FETYOV, pretending to be prospective tenants, sweating through their suits as they follow --

REALTOR  
-- the total footprint, that's if you were interested in both buildings, cause they're both available right now, it's about twenty-two thousand square feet...  
(continuing, as--)

RAY feigns great interest, covering for FETYOV who's searching without success for clues.

REALTOR  
...the ventilation, it's zoned, and you've got separate filtration systems for the lab, office, storage and loading.

RAY  
Sure is clean.

REALTOR  
Yes, indeed. Last tenants left the place in terrific shape. It's just spotless.

FETYOV focusing on one of the few things left behind -- a desk -- giving the thing a full-body cavity search...

RAY

What kind of business were they in?

REALTOR

Dermavale? Damned if I know. Some kind of biotech. They took the place, loaded in their gear, and that's about the last we saw of them. Hell, they used to truck out their own trash.

FETYOV coming up empty, SLAMMING SHUT the desk drawer, as --

59

INT. "THE UNIT" -- NIGHT

59

A YEARBOOK PHOTO. Full frame. Some adolescent geek.

DUKE (OS)

Cronin Partiz. Ronny Partiz. Doctor Ronald Partiz. This is ten years ago in Albany. He's graduating high school. He's fifteen in this picture.

WIDER TO FIND

A midnight summit. GARSIK getting an emergency briefing. Also present: PAM, DALE, and PATEL.

DUKE

He's a smart kid. He gets a free ride to Cornell. He finds the biochemistry department and two years later he's in med school...

(continuing, as--)

60

INT. ATLANTA AIRPORT DEPARTURE GATE -- DAY

60

PASSENGERS lining up to board their flight. RAY and FETYOV pretending to be strangers, as --

DUKE (V.O.)

...he's eighteen, he's doing research with some heavy hitters. His evaluations are good. He's rolling along...

61

INT. "THE UNIT" -- NIGHT (CONT)

61

DUKE

...1999, he publishes an article in a magazine called American Dermatologist.

GARSIK

About?

DUKE

Something about a fungus.

GARSIK

What kind of fungus?

DUKE

It doesn't matter.

GARSIK

Doesn't matter? Everything matters.

DUKE

He plagiarized the article. He stole it.  
He got caught immediately.

62

EXT. PARADISE ISLAND BAHAMAS AIRPORT -- DAY

62

JET RAMP to the runway. Passengers deplaning into Caribbean sun. RAY out first. FETYOV at the back, as --

DUKE (V.O.)

So he's tossed outta Cornell. He sets  
up shop in his parent's garage and  
starts making some sort of skin cream...

63

INT. "THE UNIT" -- NIGHT (CONT)

63

DUKE

...something called Spring Skin which  
apparently he tried to sell to some health  
food stores in the area up there.

GARSIK

You sure it's a cream?

(frenzy building)

Or was it a lotion? Cause a lot of people  
confuse the two.

DUKE

We don't know.

GARSIK

Well, Christ, Duke, let's have that! If  
there's even a chance this guy is Tully's  
secret weapon, I need more than his damn  
grade point average! I need the cream,  
man! Show me the cream!

DUKE

Dick.

(get a grip)

He went out of business overnight.

It was a bust, okay? We don't think  
the cream is the answer here.

64 EXT. THE ATLANTIS HOTEL -- DAY

64

The aquatic casino resort. A funhouse nation-state towering  
over Paradise Island. RAY getting out of a taxi as --

DUKE (V.O.)

Okay, so Ronny now, he goes way under  
the radar...

65 INT. ATLANTIS HOTEL HALLWAY -- DAY

65

RAY following a BELLMAN and luggage cart down the hall as --

DUKE (V.O.)

...2002, '03, it's just nothing.  
He disappears. It's like he doesn't  
exist. No taxes, bank statements,  
nothing...

66 INT. RAY'S ATLANTIS HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

66

RAY unpacking. But fast. Spy-tech pull-down. Three bags on  
the bed, he's pulling selected -- seemingly innocuous -- items  
from each of them, as --

DUKE (V.O.)

...then two years ago, he walked into  
a bank in Atlanta. He produced a half-  
a-million dollar letter of credit and a  
Dermavale business card...

RAY assembling this weird bunch of shit that passed through  
security into a very sophisticated listening device --  
HEADPHONES -- A BOOMBOX -- A COLLAPSIBLE MINI-UMBRELLA -- THE  
WIRE LINER OF THE SUITCASE -- HIS PHONE, as --

DUKE (V.O.)

...now we've been digging as fast and hard  
as we can, but so far Dermavale is just a  
blank. We can't find a vendor, we can't  
find an insurance company, we can't find  
one person down there who can tell us what  
the hell Dermavale was about...

67

EXT. RAY'S ATLANTIS HOTEL ROOM BALCONY -- DAY

67

The door slides open. RAY stepping out, there's FETYOV -- right there -- lounging on the next balcony over. Just a guy in a tropical shirt listening to his Ipod drinking a rum punch, and --

DUKE (V.O.)

...we're looking at this travel from New York. You've got Howard Tully running down to Dunwoodie like a busboy...

RAY pretending to be just a guy on his balcony. Taking in the scene. Glancing up to the Imperial Tower, the penthouse highroller suites across the way there, and --

DUKE (V.O.)

...two days after Ronny Partiz sells Dermavale Labs to B&R, three armored trucks roll up outside the building...

RAY -- what's he doing? -- he's popping open the COLLAPSIBLE MINI-UMBRELLA we saw inside -- getting it open and tucking it into the corner of his little patio there, angling it so the handle points up toward the Imperial Tower suites and --

DUKE (V.O.)

...not only that, B&R sent a private security detail down there to guard the load out, which was done at night...

FETYOV scanning for trouble as RAY keeps working --

DUKE (V.O.)

...consider that B&R has yet to disclose any financial statement regarding the acquisition...

RAY is done and now it's clear, the "umbrella" is a dish -- a parabolic surveillance microphone. They're up.

DUKE (V.O.)

...add in the fact that Ronny Partiz has been living for the last six months in a ten-thousand dollar a day penthouse suite in the Atlantis Hotel in the Bahamas...

68

INT. ATLANTIS HOTEL CASINO -- NIGHT

68

The high-roller Baccarat Table. RONNY PARTIZ in the flesh. A scrawny, wasted twenty-five-year-old dude wearing a buckskin jumpsuit, huge blue sunglasses and flip-flops. He's got a huge pile of chips and a fresh Rum & Coke.

DUKE (V.O.)

...and for the Coup De Grace, toss in the fact that he's playing Baccarat whenever he's sober enough to get to the table to the tune of three hundred thousand a week...

GARSIK (V.O.)

Well goddamit, Duke! Let's quit waltzing around and get on this guy!

THAT ENDS THE VOICEOVER -- live sound now -- CASINO SOUND.

BACCARAT DEALER

(waiting)

Sir...

RONNY PARTIZ

(coming to)

Oh, yeah. Card.

(as it comes out)

Nice...

ACROSS THE CASINO

A LOUNGE BAR. RAY finding an open seat next to FETYOV.

RAY

Forget his room. It's like Fort Knox up there. Take a major operation.

FETYOV

I told you.

RAY

So what do you want to do?

FETYOV shrugs, hailing the bartender, as --

69

INT. ATLANTIS HOTEL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

69

FREIGHT ELEVATOR DOORS OPENING -- TWO ROOM SERVICE CARTS wheeling out. TWO WAITERS -- black pants, white jackets all we see at first -- pushing the carts. And we've been here before, this the same hallway we saw Ray with the Bellman. TWO MAIDS, working their way through the evening turndown service, moving aside to let THE ROOM SERVICE CARTS pass and --

A NEW ANGLE REVEALS



CLAIRE AND BAUER are the waiters. Passing THE MAIDS with a smile. Wheeling their carts down the hall and AROUND THE CORNER AND...

Bang -- the moment they're clear -- it's a whole new game. CLAIRE with a key, rushing to RAY'S DOOR. BAUER with a key, he's working FETYOV'S DOOR -- six seconds later, they're wheeling the carts in and --

70      INT. RAY'S ATLANTIS HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT      70

CLAIRE closing the door behind her. Locking it. And then she stops. Standing there. Breathing it in. She's here. His room. Her lover's room. The guy she's turned her life around for. Her partner. Her man. The guy who screwed Barbara Bofferd.

71      INT. FETYOV'S ATLANTIS HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT      71

BAUER has the undercarriage of that serving cart wide open -- pulling stuff out as fast as he can -- laying it out for display across the bed. Bad stuff. A cheater's kit.

QUICK SHOTS: WRAPPED RACKS OF ATLANTIS CASINO DICE...PLASTIC COVERED DECKS OF CASINO CARDS...NIGHT VISION GLASSES...SOME WEIRD LOOKING MODIFIED CALCULATORS...EYEGLASSES WITH WIRES coming out of them, and finally, A HANDGUN...

BAUER -- the moment he's done -- knocking on the wall that connects to Ray's room -- THREE HARD RAPS and...

72      INT. RAY'S ATLANTIS HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT      72

Same drill. CLAIRE finishing an arrangement of equally incriminating items across the bed. Returning the signal -- THREE HARD RAPS ON THE WALL. So she's done, she's on her way out, when she stops... One last impulse.

THE MINIBAR. What's she doing? She's pulling A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE. Tossing it onto the bed. A message.

73      INT. ATLANTIS HOTEL HALLWAY -- NIGHT      73

One minute late. CLAIRE AND BAUER heading out. Wheeling their carts back the way they came.

And here come THE TURNDOWN MAIDS. Just coming around the corner. Like a slow-burning fuse; a couple more rooms and they're gonna get to Ray and Fetyov's.

74

INT. ATLANTIS HOTEL CASINO -- NIGHT

74

THE BACCARAT TABLE. There's a NEW DEALER and NEW PLAYERS, but RONNY PARTIZ is just where we left him. And the passing hours have only deepened the glaze behind his sunglasses.

ACROSS THE CASINO

THE LOUNGE BAR. RAY and FETYOV just where we left them.

RAY

We're wasting time, Boris. You want to sit here all night? Look at him. He's paralyzed. He couldn't leave if he wanted to. Gimme the credit card. Let me get in the game.

FETYOV

Is a five thousand dollar table.

RAY

Okay, so I'll split what I win.

FETYOV

Forget it.

RAY grunts. Looks away. His eyes drifting over the casino floor, when, suddenly --

He freezes.

CLAIRE walking through the crowd. She and BAUER heading for the BACCARAT TABLE and --

RAY stunned. Stunned and trying to hide it. What the fuck? Trying to think quick, what's the play here?

FETYOV

(oblivious)

What we do, okay? We watch like this tonight. Tomorrow we find someone who works upstairs in those rooms. Okay?

But before RAY can answer, or look back for Claire --

MR. SECURITY (OS)

How's it going fellas?

MR. HOTEL SECURITY. A big, smooth, jarhead enforcer.

RAY

Great. We're great. Thanks.

MR. SECURITY

Glad to hear it.

(nice and easy)

I'm hoping you can help me out here.

I need to take a look at your room keys.

CUT TO

THE BACCARAT TABLE. CLAIRE and BAUER waiting at the rope line as A CASINO CAPTAIN whispers to RONNIE PARTIZ and --

CUT TO

RAY AND FETYOV just realizing there are actually SIX SECURITY DUDES around them and --

RAY

This is interesting...

MR. SECURITY

We're just trying to double check on a couple rooms upstairs.

RAY

And you ladies are from housekeeping, right?

MR. SECURITY

(the smile is fading)

I need to see those keys.

CUT TO

RONNY PARTIZ trying to pack up and leave the Baccarat table. He's just so wasted. THE CAPTAIN -- BAUER -- ANOTHER DEALER -- everyone pitching in, trying to help him gather his chips, his drinks, his smokes and --

CLAIRE waiting by the rope line, turning suddenly, because --

ACROSS THE CASINO

A DISTURBANCE -- over before it started -- FETYOV facedown against the bar -- TWO SECURITY DUDES on him like a vise -- MR. SECURITY working a walkie-talkie -- GAMBLERS ALL OVER THE PLACE turning and staring and --

RAY standing there with his hands up. Staring hard across the floor toward the Baccarat table and --

THERE SHE IS STARING BACK

RAY AND CLAIRE finding each other across the crowded room. Eyes locked. And it's only a moment, but there are volumes of meaning and ambiguity exchanged here. What are they now? Conspirators? Lovers? Allies? Enemies? And what do they feel? Is it yearning? Amusement? Jealousy?

All that in one quick look.

AND THEN -- RAY -- like a shot -- swept away into a fast-exiting, flying wedge of SECURITY DUDES --

CLAIRE turning back just in time to see RONNY PARTIZ -- out cold on his feet -- falling toward her, as --

75      EXT. THE NIGHT SKY      75

THE BURKETT & RANDLE JET cruising North and --

76      INT. THE BURKETT & RANDLE JET -- NIGHT      76

A huge, luxurious plane. But only three passengers tonight. RONNY PARTIZ, out cold, curled into a fetal position on a plush leather banquette. CLAIRE and BAUER watching him.

BAUER

This is so heavy.

CLAIRE

Who do you think he is?

BAUER

It's got to be this thing...this new thing, right?

CLAIRE

You think?

BAUER

What else could it be?

That question hanging in the air, as we --

DISSOLVE TO

77      EXT. OCEANFRONT HOTELS -- DAY      77

Beaches. Boats. Sun. Marinaville.

MIAMI -- FOURTEEN MONTHS EARLIER

78

INT. MIAMI HOTEL BUNGALOW SUITE -- DAY

78

Super Luxe. Cottage-style. Palms through the shutters. RAY  
pacing around. Barefoot. Jeans. But hyped up. He's been  
waiting. There's A BOTTLE OF UNOPENED CHAMPAGNE in ice, he's  
checking it for the tenth time. Checking his watch. His  
hair. And then...

THE DOORBELL RINGS. RAY fighting the urge to rush. Slow down.  
Take a deep breath. Stay cool.

RAY  
(opening up--)  
Hey, I was getting worried...

CLAIRE from the airport with a weekend bag. They kiss, but  
she's all about getting inside fast and closing the door --

CLAIRE  
I got off the plane, I thought for a  
minute I was being tailed.

RAY  
By who?

CLAIRE  
I don't know. I was probably just being  
paranoid.

RAY  
That's crazy. Nobody knows we're here.

CLAIRE  
I know. But what was I gonna do? I  
had to run it out.  
(tossing her shoes)  
I've been driving in circles for two  
hours.  
(she finds him, kisses him,  
tenderly this time--)  
I didn't know what else to do. I was  
gonna call, and then I thought, my God,  
we've got everything on the line, I don't  
want to start off sloppy.

RAY  
You cut your hair.

CLAIRE  
Omigod, that was like three weeks ago.  
(unsure)  
You like it?

RAY

I do. I mean it. It's great.  
(lingering)  
You smell good too.

CLAIRE

Please. I smell like a rental car.  
(pulling away, into the room  
now--)  
Wow, this is amazing...

RAY

I upgraded.

CLAIRE

(really seeing it now)  
This is more than an upgrade...

RAY

We're celebrating. I've got some good  
news.  
(she turns back)  
Actually, it's more than good news.  
(he's so excited)  
I nailed it.

CLAIRE

Nailed what?

RAY

We're in!  
(here it comes)  
I've got it. The answer. The key. The  
master plan. I nailed it.

CLAIRE

You're kidding.

RAY

Sit down...  
(steering her))  
Just -- come here -- just sit down --

CLAIRE

Okay.

He's too amped to notice she's a little hesitant; too busy  
trying to open the Champagne to pick up on her anxiety.

RAY

How much money you think was spent  
on frozen pizza last year?

CLAIRE

What?

RAY

Frozen pizza. How big is the market?

(he can't wait for her to  
answer--)

One billion dollars. Billion. That's  
just pizza. I'm not counting enchiladas,  
blintzes, macaroni and cheese. Just the  
pizza.

(pop, and he's pouring--)

Master plan, right? Objective one?

Huge market. Got it. Objective two?  
Conflict, right? Find a market where  
the competitors hate each other so  
much they'd do anything to win.

We get involved, we lead the charge,  
and when the price is right, we ditch.

All we gotta do is find an angle.

Maybe we flip sides. Maybe we shop  
the intel. We buy stock -- we sell  
it -- there's a hundred ways to go!

(headline news)

Frozen Pizza.

(he's so pumped)

We are -- right now -- today -- poised at  
the brink of a pizza war. A war for every  
freezer in every supermarket in America.

There's a company called Foodgem, okay?

Two months ago, the CEO, Mr. Foodgem, is  
watching TV with his granddaughter.

There's an ad on the morning cartoons for  
something called Double-Crust Pizza. Now  
this guy's been working on Double-Crust  
Pizza for six years. He's got fifty  
million dollars invested. It's a major  
new product for him. Trouble is, he  
hasn't rolled it

out yet. The ad he's watching is for  
Pantry-Pride Double-Crust!

(incredible, right?)

They stole his concept, his formula,  
the packaging and the ad campaign.

So Mr. Foodgem is out for blood.

They're taking off the gloves and  
breaking out the checkbook. And here's  
the best part...

(all smiles)

Guess who they like for Director of  
Intel Operations?

CLAIRE  
I took a job yesterday.

RAY  
What?

She just couldn't hold it in anymore.

CLAIRE  
That's why I was so paranoid.

RAY  
What do you mean you took a job?

CLAIRE  
It's not like I could call and tell you.

RAY  
I don't believe this...  
(total incredulity)  
What happened to doing this together?

CLAIRE  
It was too good to pass up.

RAY  
We had a plan! We agreed! We go over  
everything! We go over it -- we do it  
together...  
(the injustice)  
What happened to veto power?

CLAIRE  
Ray, please...

RAY  
Can you get out of it? Of course you can.  
You haven't even started yet.  
(there's hope)  
Claire, look, I know we said we were  
gonna go out and get two jobs and see  
which one came up best, but now, with  
this, the pizza, we can push up the  
timetable. It's perfect! And we can  
be together! I'll take the job -- you  
start working up the exit strategy --  
build up our ID -- set up the banks -- off-  
shore trading accounts -- whatever  
we need, you get it up and running.  
Then I'll bring you in, see? I'm gonna  
need to staff up. You'll apply --  
we'll meet -- we'll like each other,  
hate each other -- whatever works best  
(MORE)



RAY (CONT'D)

-- the point is...  
    (but she's just staring at  
      him--)  
Who did you take the job with?

CLAIRE

Equikrom.

Beat.

RAY

Local?

CLAIRE

New York.

RAY

Really.

CLAIRE

Actually it's two jobs. Equikrom wants to  
hire me under the table and then get me a  
job on the Counterintelligence desk for  
Burkett & Randle.

RAY

They want you to be a mole?  
    (she nods)  
Equikrom?  
    (she nods)  
In New York.

CLAIRE

Where's the pizza thing?

RAY

Cleveland.

CLAIRE

You took it didn't you?  
    (silence)  
You said they offered you the job.

RAY

Of course they did. They love me.

CLAIRE

You took it on the spot.

RAY

What? Like you?

CLAIRE

Deny it.

RAY  
Nothing was formalized.

CLAIRE  
And you're busting me?

RAY  
I know, but...

But shit, what can he say? What can she say? Nothing. So  
he sits. And there's this silence, this deflated sag. The  
two of them perched like bookends.

CLAIRE  
I could turn it down.

RAY  
Oh yeah, that makes sense.

CLAIRE  
How are we ever going to see each other?

RAY  
Very, very carefully.

Another pause.

CLAIRE  
This is what we wanted, right?

RAY  
I think so.

Her hand reaches across the gap. Finding his. Taking it. And  
so they're holding hands. Just that. As the reality of what  
they're getting into begins to fill the room...

WE COME OUT OF FLASHBACK AND INTO

79 EXT. THE BURKETT & RANDLE BUILDING -- DAY

79

Gleaming in the morning light.

80 INT. HOWARD TULLY'S OUTER OFFICE -- DAY

80

CLAIRE has been summoned to Olympus. Sitting there, waiting,  
trying not to be nervous. Watching TULLY'S THREE ASSISTANTS  
quietly buzz around, when THE BIG DOOR OPENS and...

BAUER comes walking out. A little off-balance. Like he's shaky  
but trying to cover it up.

ASSISTANT #1

Ms. Stenwick...

81

INT. HOWARD TULLY'S OFFICE -- DAY

81

CLAIRE in the one chair that faces his desk.

TULLY

Someone made fire. Someone was first. Not the idiot who found a burning stick and kept it going, I'm talking about the fella who could make fire. And until that knowledge was stolen, that fella was the most powerful person on the planet. And that means something. To be first. To be most. It means a great deal. It means you have the opportunity to reproduce with the highest frequency and most desirable partners. It means your offspring will have the greatest chance of survival and a better opportunity to make their own fire. I personally believe human evolution has run its course. We live in a world where people who can make fire have a tendency to wear condoms and sit in casinos and drink themselves into a stupor. I believe individual evolution has been replaced by something else, a shared evolution, a communal contest if you will. I believe, Ms. Stenwick, in Corporate Evolution. I believe that the corporation that is first -- that is most -- has the opportunity to manufacture with the highest frequency and in the most desirable markets. And that its future shareholders will, by extension, have the greatest chance of survival and reinvestment.

(measuring her)

I don't imagine you are quite aware of the service you and Mr. Bauer provided this corporation last night.

CLAIRE

We were just doing our job, sir.

TULLY

Mr. Partiz may appear a fool. He is anything but. He has given Burkett & Randle a gift that will change our business -- our lives -- forever. So the question, Ms. Stenwick, is whether or not you can continue to do

(MORE)

TULLY (CONT'D)  
the kind of job we so desperately need you  
to do without knowing the stakes  
involved? Can you really do your job  
without knowing what it is you're  
protecting?  
(pause)  
What I need to know is, can I share my  
fire with you?

82

INT. JFK AIRPORT ARRIVALS TERMINAL -- DAY

82

FETYOV descending an escalator. He's sporting a fresh black eye and the same stale tropical shirt he was wearing when last we saw him in the Paradise Casino.

THE CAMERA MOVES ABOVE TO FIND

RAY wheeling his carry-on, waiting his turn to get onto the escalator. He too looks a bit ragged and worse for wear.

DOWN BELOW

THE BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA. Crowded with TRAVELERS and SKYCAPS and DRIVERS looking for their passengers and --

TURTLENECK (Remember him from the opening scene?) and his partner MOUSTACHE. These guys are over by the baggage carousel pretending to be waiting for their luggage and --

PATEL pretending to be a limo driver. He's in a black suit, standing with a group of other drivers near the escalator. He's holding a sign for: MR. DEEGLE, and --

FETYOV ignoring him, heading out for the taxi stand and --

MOUSTACHE breaking away to give chase and --

RAY coming DOWN THE ESCALATOR -- so casual and distracted that we're sure he must be missing all this -- until, the moment he steps off -- bam, just like that, he's pulling a U-turn -- jumping right back onto THE UP ESCALATOR and --

TURTLENECK -- he's pissed -- pushing his way through the crowd to get to the escalator and --

RAY back on THE MEZZANINE -- moving fast, but a different direction and --

TURTLENECK jogging up the escalator and --

83      EXT. AIRPORT DEPARTURE LOADING ZONE -- DAY (CONT)      83

It's a madhouse -- cars piled at the curb -- HORNS HONKING --  
RAY out of the building, jogging past HASSLED COPS and SKYCAPS  
and SCREAMING CHILDREN and --

CUT TO

TURTLENECK just coming out of the building -- stalled for a  
moment -- eyes scanning -- where? -- where? -- there -- now he's  
jogging and --

CUT TO

RAY -- suddenly -- bolting out into THE STREET -- into the THE  
ONCOMING TRAFFIC -- weaving between the vehicles --rolling his  
bag down the ramp and --

HERE COMES A VAN -- "DEEGLE & SONS HARDWARE" painted on the  
side. The passenger door opening as RAY passes -- suddenly,  
he's just gone -- and THE VAN, the door is shut and it's  
speeding up now and --

CUT TO

TURTLENECK forty yards back -- baffled -- jumping back as      a  
TAXI HORN BLARES behind him and --

84      INT. THE MOVING "DEEGLE" VAN -- DAY      84

PAM at the wheel. DALE was the guy at the door. RAY catching  
his breath as they speed away from the airport.

RAY

Where to?

DALE

Debrief. Duke wants to talk.

RAY nods. He's playing it cool, but that sounded ominous.

85      EXT. SHEA STADIUM PARKING LOT -- DAY      85

Empty. THE DEEGLE VAN, is pulling away, leaving behind a      BIG  
BLACK SUV.

86      INT. BIG BLACK SUV -- DAY      86

RAY in the back seat. DUKE at the wheel. DALE beside him,  
opening a LAPTOP COMPUTER.

DUKE

You're gonna set a meet with her.

RAY

Okay.

DUKE

And you're gonna bring Garsik.

RAY

To the meet?

DUKE

He wants direct contact.

RAY

That's a terrible idea.

DUKE

It's his dime.

RAY

Yeah, well she's my agent. I told you  
when I came on board; once she's mine, I  
run her my way.

DUKE

Yeah, well, the question's been raised,  
Ray, is it just her you're running?

Pressure drop. DUKE staring at him. DALE too.

RAY

You'd better explain that to me.

DUKE motions for DALE activate the laptop. Suddenly the car's  
audio system fills with THE RAW BACKGROUND NOISE OF THE SAKS  
COSMETIC DEPARTMENT COUNTER and the familiar sounds of --

CLAIRE'S VOICE

*"What the hell are you talking about?"*

RAY'S VOICE

*"American Consulate. Dubai. You and me.  
Fourth Of July, 1999."*

CLAIRE'S VOICE

*"You are crazy."*

RAY'S VOICE

*"We were drinking red, white and blue  
Margaritas. I had a knee brace. You  
(MORE)"*

RAY'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
*had a toe ring -- first toe ring I  
ever saw, by the way."*

RAY like a stone. Watching DUKE stop the clip.

RAY  
Well, I'll give her this, she is one cold,  
nasty piece of work. When did she send  
it to you?

DUKE  
She didn't tape it. You did. We had a  
bug in your phone. We had the whole thing  
wired. We had to. New guy on the team?  
This late in the game...

RAY nods. Pretending he's surprised. Pretending he's been  
caught and gonna take it like man. And they're buying it.

RAY  
What can I tell you? You heard the tape.  
This bitch put me through the ringer.  
(sorry, but--)  
Look, if I'd known it was her I never  
would've taken the job.

DUKE  
You didn't tell us the truth.

RAY  
You firing me, Duke?  
(cold silence)  
Why didn't you do it then? Why not fire  
me that day? Why keep me around?

DUKE  
Why?  
(a big smile blossoming)  
Because you're the biggest swinging dick  
I ever met!  
(DALE too, suddenly he's  
smiling and--)  
Hell, we thought we were losing her!  
We thought we'd left her out there  
too long and she was off the rails.  
*That's* why we brought you in.  
But this?  
(the recording)  
This was more than we'd ever hoped for.

RAY pretending to be confused. And they're buying it.

DALE

When you drop the hammer on her?  
I love this...  
(searching for the cue)  
...this is from the bar...when you take  
her to the bar?  
(hitting the button and--)

CLAIRE'S VOICE

*"You've got ten seconds to get your hand  
off me."*

RAY'S VOICE

*"Or what? You won't be my friend  
anymore?"*

DUKE

No -- no, that's not the one...do the  
other one -- it's before that...

DALE searching for the cut -- clearly he and DUKE have been  
loving this. RAY looking dazed. Playing it to the hilt.

RAY'S VOICE

*"Maybe you're just so used to having your  
legs in the air you don't realize it, but  
you're upside down, sister. I own  
you."*

DUKE

Damn...  
(laughing to Ray)  
Man, do I wish we had video on this.

DALE

(doing Ray)  
"I own you."

RAY

Who else knows about this?

DUKE

Just us. Just me and Dale.

DALE

The way she tries to blow you off in the  
beginning?

RAY nods. Like he's still off-balance.

RAY

So you were kidding about the meet  
with Garsik, right?



DUKE

No. No, that's for real. But don't worry about her. Obviously, she doesn't need to know that we know what's going on here. You just keep playing it straight.

RAY

Absolutely.

DALE giggling, he's found another one --

RAY'S VOICE

*"I'm not great on names. I should be. I try, but... Faces, I'm definitely better. Faces, I'd say I'm like a B, B-Minus. What I'm good at? Where I'm solid? People-I've-shagged. I feel like that's been a traditional area of strength for me."*

God, they just love this...

DUKE

Damn...

DALE

"I own you."

DUKE

Gotta admit, it's pretty amusing.

RAY smiles. Yup. It's a wacky world.

87 EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST BUS STOP -- DAY

87

One hour later. Here comes RAY. Just a guy out for a walk. A guy with a stone in his shoe. Stopping there. Having a seat. Pulling off his shoe. Shaking it out, as --

THE CAMERA FEATURES

RAY'S HAND SPREADING A BAND-AID on the side of the bench. A signal. Visible, but not obvious.

88 INT. PORT AUTHORITY BOWLING LANES -- NIGHT

88

A quiet night. GARSIK and RAY way down in LANE #15, lacing up their rental shoes. GARSIK in "disguise" -- ripped jeans, lumberjack shirt, knit cap, etc.

GARSIK

Never liked this game. Any sport puts  
limit on your score's a waste of time.  
Three hundred? That's it? Bust your  
nut just to do something nine million  
other jokers might do? Stupidest  
damn thing I ever heard of.

RAY

(nice and easy)

So, look, don't turn around. But she just  
came in.

CUT TO

THE BALL RACK. CLAIRE in a kerchief and coat. Choosing a ball.  
As if it were exactly what she came here to do and --

CUT TO

LANE #15. GARSIK more hyped by the minute. Loving this.

GARSIK

We're cool though, right? She sees us?

RAY

Oh, yeah.

GARSIK

I look natural, right?

RAY

Super natural.

No chance for GARSIK to think about that, because --

CLAIRE (OS)

Who picked this place?

There she is. Dropping her ball. Taking a seat.

RAY

You have a problem?

CLAIRE

It's a little bright.

RAY

(re: Garsik)

This gentleman, here is--

CLAIRE

I know who he is.

GARSIK

You do?  
(a bit hurt)  
Even with the hat and...

RAY

She's a trained professional.

GARSIK smiles. Instantly flirting with CLAIRE.

GARSIK

Would you...we've got sodas...you want something?

RAY

She's fine.

CLAIRE

I'm starving.

GARSIK

Well, hell, then...

CLAIRE

I'd love some pizza. They have pizza?

GARSIK

(looking around)  
I'll just bet they do...

RAY shooting her a "what-the-fuck-are-you-doing?" look.

CLAIRE

Even frozen pizza, or...

RAY

I don't think so.

GARSIK

(to Ray)  
Why don't you go take a look see?

RAY

You'd smell it, if they did.

GARSIK

(like a hammer)  
I don't give a damn if you've gotta go to Sicily, get the lady some pizza.

RAY hesitates. Sucks it up.

RAY  
Any particular topping you'd like?

CLAIRE  
Surprise me.

RAY nods. Teeth grinding as he backs away and --

GARSIK  
(now they're alone)  
I want you to know, Ms. Stenwick, the  
job you're doing for us, it's just,  
it's positively heroic.

CLAIRE  
Thank you.

GARSIK  
You met Dr. Partiz?

CLAIRE  
We flew him back to New York last night.

GARSIK  
You spoke to him?

CLAIRE  
I know what the project is.

GARSIK  
You what? You know?

CUT TO

THE BOWLING ALLEY DINETTE. RAY standing there waiting for THE  
COUNTER SLOTH to check his freezer --

COUNTER SLOTH  
...mushroom...mushroom and onion...  
plain...mushroom...pepperoni...

RAY  
Plain.

COUNTER SLOTH moving the box to the microwave.

COUNTER SLOTH  
You like it hot, or...?

RAY  
Hot. Very hot. Extremely hot.

RAY glancing back and --

HIS POV

CLAIRE is standing -- standing like she's saying goodbye. And GARSIK is just sitting there -- sitting there like he can't get up and --

COUNTER SLOTH  
You want something to drink?

RAY  
(turning, distracted)  
What?

COUNTER SLOTH  
A cold beverage?

RAY  
Yeah, sure...whatever...Coke...  
(looking back and--)

CUT TO

CLAIRE is walking out -- she's leaving! -- and fast --

CUT TO

GARSIK looks positively stricken by whatever Claire's just told him -- trying to stand -- bracing himself --

RAY  
(rushing over)  
What's going on? What just happened?

GARSIK  
...you...get Duke...you get Duke...  
tell him he needs a secure line...he's  
gotta call me on the plane...

RAY  
What did she say?

GARSIK  
Secure line, you hear me?  
(wildly)  
Only if he's sure! I gotta get on the  
goddam plane and he's gotta call me!  
But it's gotta be goddam safe!

RAY standing there. Baffled. Watching GARSIK rush off.

RAY

Sir? Dick?  
(Garsik glances back)  
The shoes...

Forget it. GARSIK, drunk with catastrophe, waving him away as he stumbles for the exit. RAY pulling his phone. Speed dialing and --

RAY

(the moment it's answered)  
It's me. I need Duke. Now.  
(beat)  
Yeah, well, tell him to hurry up.

So he's on hold. Tearing off the rental shoes. And then he stops. Stops because --

THERE

ON THE SEAT IN FRONT OF HIM -- A CHAMPAGNE CORK -- right where she was sitting. Meant for him to see. A signal.

DISSOLVE TO

89 EXT. OHIO APARTMENT COMPLEX -- NIGHT

89

Night traffic on the expressway in the distance. The lights of the mini-mall across the street...

CLEVELAND -- THREE MONTHS EARLIER

A FORD TAURUS pulls into the parking lot. RAY emerges with a bag of take-out in one hand and his briefcase in the other. A weary gladiator home from the pizza wars.

90 INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX LOBBY -- NIGHT

90

Stark and fluorescent. RAY enters. Opening THE MAILBOX. Reaching in without looking and then, he stops because --

THERE

IN HIS HAND -- A CHAMPAGNE CORK.

91 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

91

RAY sprinting up the stairs.

92

INT. RAY'S CLEVELAND APARTMENT -- NIGHT

92

RAY rushing in. Lights on to reveal an utterly temporary, two bedroom cardboard cave. And...

CLAIRE

I was starting to lose faith.

There she is. Sipping Champagne. Looking great.

RAY

Why didn't you call me? I could've been home hours ago.

Her answer, a long, hungry kiss. Until...

RAY

(coming up for air)

Where's your bag?

CLAIRE

I'm on the red-eye.

RAY

No...

CLAIRE

I'm supposed to be in Houston. I had to blow the connection. It's the only way I could steal a couple hours.

RAY

You should've paged me. I've been sitting in my office doing field reports for crissake...

CLAIRE

I couldn't risk it.

RAY

From a payphone?

CLAIRE

From anywhere.

RAY

Why? What the hell's going on?

CLAIRE

Nigel Bingham.

RAY

*Nigel Bingham?*

CLAIRE

You were together in Athens.

RAY

He was my Station Chief.

CLAIRE

You on good terms?

RAY

Great, but why?

She's found a juice jar, pouring him some Champagne.

CLAIRE

Equikrom, the Special unit, they're hiring. Duke needs a field officer and I figured out how to get you in.

RAY

(reset)

Whoa... Slow down.

CLAIRE

It's happening, Ray. It's war.

RAY

What do you mean war?

CLAIRE

I mean like a total corporate death match. B&R's about to make a move on Equikrom. Like a *big* move.

RAY

Define big.

CLAIRE

Big. Big like Burkett & Randle big. Big like top-secret, new product big. Big like you can feel it amping up by the day. We've had four top-down tech sweeps in the past two weeks. Three days ago we started auditing passwords *hourly*. This morning I got a message from Duke, he wants me to go active. I'm gonna get word to him tomorrow that unless he gets me a great field officer to work with, he might as well forget it.

(beat)

You gotta get that job. I'm telling you, this is it.



RAY

But you don't even know what it is.

CLAIRE

That's the *point*, nobody does. All we have to do is get there first. You on one side? Me on the other? It's perfect.

RAY

What the hell does this have to do with Nigel Bingham?

CLAIRE

He's posted in New York, he's one of Duke's drinking buddies. They play cards twice a week. You call Nigel -- you're checking in -- tell him you're stuck in Cleveland -- you're going crazy, you gotta get out, you're calling everybody -- tell him to ask around, tell him you're desperate to get to New York.  
(off his look)  
Aren't you desperate to get to New York?

RAY

Of course I am, it's just...

CLAIRE

Just what?

RAY

This pizza thing is really heating up. We're launching Frozen Hawaiian next month. Pineapple and Ham. It's the first time anybody's done that.  
(she's trying to look supportive)

I mean it's not the first-first time. These weasels at Dairy-Fair stole the idea from Pantry-Pride and then we -- this is so great -- we found out the Vice President of Marketing had this twenty-two-year-old assistant who was sixty-thousand dollars in debt to a TV shopping network. Bingo.

CLAIRE

Really... Are these hers?

RAY blinks. And you've got to look close, because whatever CLAIRE is holding up for inspection -- there isn't much to it.

RAY

What is that?

CLAIRE

It's a thong. It was in your closet.

RAY

That's not possible.

CLAIRE

Whose are they?

RAY

Nobody's. Because it's impossible.

CLAIRE

Impossible, what? That someone would leave them? Or you'd forget? Or that I would find them?

RAY

Impossible because I've been faithful.  
(scrambling)  
Which closet?

CLAIRE

Which closet?

RAY

This is insane.

CLAIRE

(waving it at him)  
You're denying this?

RAY

Completely! The only woman who's been in this place since I moved in here is the landlady and she couldn't wear that as a wrist band!

CLAIRE

So where does it come from?

RAY

I swear! I swear to you, Claire. I swear on all things good and true, I have no idea who those belong to. And the fact that you don't believe me, the fact that we've been through everything we've been through and you'd still not trust me on this is, quite frankly -- it's a little disturbing.

A heavy beat. And then...

CLAIRE

In that case, I'll leave them off.

RAY

They're yours?

CLAIRE

(she smiles)

You passed.

RAY

I passed? You're gaming me?

CLAIRE

I just needed to hear you say it.

RAY

(backing away)

Wow...

CLAIRE

You're that upset?

RAY

I think so.

CLAIRE

But kind of turned on too, right?

(that stops him)

The drag is...

(checking her watch)

I only have fifty-five minutes to make it up to you.

And it takes a moment, but then he smiles. The space between them heating up by the moment --

AS WE COME OUT FLASHBACK INTO

93 EXT. WEST VILLAGE -- NIGHT

93

Ten minutes after the Bowling Alley. A TAXI speeds to the curb. RAY jumping out. Sprinting across the street and --

94 EXT. DARKER VILLAGE STREET -- NIGHT

94

RAY hustling past brownstones and little shops. Changing direction suddenly -- disappearing around a corner and --

95      EXT. DARKEST VILLAGE STREET -- NIGHT      95

RAY coming fast -- scanning -- careful. And then, suddenly he stops at A BROWNSTONE. He's got keys. Working fast.      AN IRON GATE beside the stoop leads to A BASEMENT DOOR --

96      INT. "THE SAFE HOUSE" -- NIGHT (CONT)      96

Just an empty, basement studio apartment. Nothing here but a futon, folding table, two chairs and --

THE REFRIGERATOR. RAY rushing it open. Nothing inside but a bottle of Champagne. Pushing that aside. HIS HANDS rushing to work loose the plastic door housing, snapping it off to find A PLASTIC POUCH that's been stashed in here.

THE PLASTIC POUCH tossed onto THE TABLE.

RAY pulling A CANADIAN PASSPORT from his pocket.

TEARING OPEN THE POUCH -- working as fast as he can without destroying the thing -- just about to put that Canadian passport in there, when --

HE STOPS. Because something's wrong. Very wrong. There's something missing from the pouch. He's dumping the contents out over the table. It's PASSPORTS and STACKS OF CASH in a whole variety of currencies, but something's missing, something important...

RAY standing there. Looking like a loser. Like he knows he just got burned and there's nothing he can do about it.

RAY  
You double crossing bitch...

97      EXT. DARKEST VILLAGE STREET -- NIGHT      97

CLAIRE walking alone. Following the same route we saw Ray take. Eyes scanning. Pulling her key and then --

CLAIRE  
(stopping cold)  
What are you doing?

RAY on his way out. Closing the gate behind him. Caught.

CLAIRE  
You're leaving? What're you doing?

RAY  
(under his breath)  
Walk.

CLAIRE  
How did you get here so fast?

Just then -- VOICES -- A DOOR opening two houses down -- PEOPLE  
now -- partygoers -- spilling out onto the stoop --

RAY  
Walk.

RAY taking her arm, and she doesn't need to be told again. Both  
of them instantly, instinctively, snapping into mission mode.  
And no matter how intense this conversation may get, they will  
both attempt to stay quiet, aware, and in motion --

CLAIRE  
Why were you leaving?

RAY  
I didn't think you were gonna show.

CLAIRE  
Why wouldn't I show? I left the signal,  
didn't I?

RAY  
You also cleared out your passports and  
the travel money.

CLAIRE  
Half the travel money. My half.

RAY  
We took a vow! Nobody touches the Mayday  
pouch until it's time to bail.  
I trusted you!

CLAIRE  
Which explains why you were in there  
checking it.

RAY  
When did you do this?

CLAIRE  
When? About five, six hours after I got  
through with Barbara Bofferd from the  
B&R Travel Department.

RAY

Are you kidding? You're kidding.  
(defensive incredulity)  
That? That's what this is about?

CLAIRE

That?

RAY

We're in play for crissake! We don't have  
time for this.

CLAIRE

Why? Is it a long explanation?

RAY

What the hell did you just tell Garsik?  
What's the secret?

CLAIRE

You asshole.

RAY

Oh, Claire, for crissake...

CLAIRE

You screwed her!

RAY

For us! For the project!

CLAIRE

I can't believe you screwed her!

RAY

It was an assignment! It was nothing.

CLAIRE

You should see the pictures.

RAY

No...

(that cuts it)

You're the last person I need to explain  
this to. The only difference between this  
and our first date is that nobody was  
drugged into a coma and left for dead!

CLAIRE

Left for dead? You were asleep in bed  
with a smile on your face.

RAY  
Yeah, for eighteen bloody hours!

CLAIRE  
See?  
(she's walking now--)  
There it is --

RAY  
(in pursuit)  
-- what's the product, Claire? --

CLAIRE  
-- you can't get past Dubai, you say  
you can, but you can't --

RAY  
-- what is the product? --

CLAIRE  
-- and you know what? I came back  
that night. I took the pouch out, my  
passports, my money. And I stood there  
and I thought, "Wait a minute. Maybe this  
is good thing. Maybe it's payback. Maybe  
now we're even. Maybe this is  
how we get past Dubai. Maybe it's  
better this way." So now I'm loading  
it all back, I'm putting everything away  
like it never happened, and then I realize  
there's something missing... "Where's  
Ray's Canadian passport?" --

RAY  
-- okay, slow down --

CLAIRE  
-- which I know for a fact is supposed to  
be in there --

RAY  
-- Claire, wait --

CLAIRE  
-- because I'm the one who taped the whole  
thing together!

RAY  
Yes! Okay?  
(stop)  
Yes, I took the Canadian passport. One  
passport. Why? Because I was paranoid!  
All the probing and testing and not  
(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

trusting me -- it gets to you.  
I thought what's harm in having one little  
parachute in case the plane  
goes down. I wanted a hole card.  
That's it. That's all it was. And  
the travel lady? Did I have to go  
that far? Maybe not. But it worked. And  
you know what? That's my cover. That's  
*always* been my cover. I'm a mess. I'm a  
horndog. I'm a slob.  
That's my rep. That's my edge.  
I mean, we're here trying to run a  
triple game on some very smart, very  
motivated players. What do you want  
me to do, play with one hand behind  
my back?

CLAIRE

It wasn't your hand I was talking about.

RAY

(too hot)  
You know what? *Get over it.*

CLAIRE

(right back)  
You know what? I'm *there*.

He stops. She stops. Face off.

RAY

So what're you saying?

CLAIRE

Same split. New rules. You keep your  
parachute, I'll keep mine. Once we  
score and split all bets are off.

RAY

Wow.

CLAIRE

Is that a yes?

RAY

You're *that* jealous?

CLAIRE

No, I'm that *focused*. I've got two  
years invested in this and the last  
thing I'm gonna do is let some stupid,  
immature, personal baggage compromise  
an otherwise successful operation!



RAY  
So we're strictly business now.

CLAIRE  
Deal with it.

Tough beat. He's rocked. They both are.

RAY  
It might help if I knew what kind of  
business we were in.

CLAIRE  
Hair.  
(he's staring)  
They can grow hair. Where it belongs.

RAY  
You mean, what? Like..?

CLAIRE  
Like from now on Ronny Partiz will be the  
patron saint of all bald men. Except  
there won't be any bald men.

RAY hesitates. Stricken with opportunity.

RAY  
A cure for baldness?

CLAIRE  
Burkett & Randle Wash and Grow Shampoo.  
"Enriched with Activated Partizonol."

RAY  
"Partizonol?"

CLAIRE  
I guess he's smarter than he looks.

RAY  
Hair?  
(breathless)  
That's like...

CLAIRE  
It's huge.

RAY  
Huge? It's beyond huge. It makes  
huge look bloody microscopic!  
(trying to take it in)  
Do you have any idea what that's worth?  
(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

(reeling)

Hair? *To grow hair?* To own that?  
That's the all-time Holy Grail!  
No wonder they've been so crazy...

(get a grip)

The markets? -- just the knock-offs  
alone? -- the Russians -- Chinese  
-- we can lay this off six ways from  
Sunday...

(incredulity deepening)

We've got a cure for baldness and  
you're worried about some meaningless  
incident?

CLAIRE

We don't have it.

RAY

We don't?

(reset)

It's a formula, right? Has to be.  
Has to be a formula with a patent  
application -- has to be.

(mind racing)

So where is it?

CLAIRE

I don't know.

RAY

If you did, you'd be sharing that, though,  
right?

CLAIRE

If I was holding out on you, what would I  
be doing here now?

RAY

I don't know. How about pretending  
to be pissed-off and jealous to keep  
me from thinking about what was really  
going on?

CLAIRE

That's sick. Even for you.

RAY

Yeah, and that's not the answer I  
was looking for.

But everything on hold suddenly -- A PHONE IS BUZZING -- CLAIRE  
digging into her purse -- pulling out A CELL PHONE WRAPPED IN  
ALUMINUM FOIL --

CLAIRE

Quiet.

(RAY stewing as she peels  
the foil away--)

Hello?

98      INT. BACKSEAT OF A MOVING TAXI -- NIGHT (CONT)

98

NED GUSTON alone. Speeding somewhere --

GUSTON

Claire, it's Ned -- I need you back at  
the office -- now -- like immediately --  
I'll be downstairs in ten minutes.

99      EXT. DARKEST VILLAGE STREET -- NIGHT (CONT)

99

RAY staring as CLAIRE puts the phone away --

CLAIRE

I have to go. That was Guston.  
(shouldering her bag)  
I have to get back to the office.

RAY

We don't have any partners I don't know  
about, do we?

CLAIRE

Oh yeah, that's what I want. More  
partners.

RAY

It would be so stupid to burn me now.

CLAIRE

I have to go.

RAY

We're not gonna talk about this?

CLAIRE

You said it, we're in play. We don't have  
time.

RAY

Claire...

CLAIRE

I'm not gonna burn you, okay?  
(hard and sincere)  
We came too far to stop now. It's just  
different, that's all. Once we score  
(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

we're on our own.

(there she goes)

Just try to keep your pants on till we get there.

RAY stuck. Standing there, watching her disappear.

100

INT. B&R BUILDING -- 38TH FLOOR -- NIGHT

100

A vast expanse of cubicles and work stations. It's midnight so it's dark and vacant. CLAIRE and GUSTON in conference with TWO PHYSICAL SECURITY (PHYSEC) OFFICERS --

PHYSEC #1

...we had a motion detector go off on Forty-One. We figured it was just a malfunction till we got upstairs. The whole security cage was wide open. It took a little while, but we found him down here hiding under the desk...

(continuing as THE CAMERA FINDS--  
-)

JEFF BAUER visible through A GLASS PARTITION. Handcuffed to A LARGE STEEL-FRAMED WORKSTATION. Pinned tight. Shirt torn. Covered in sweat. A bruise ripening under one eye. Struggling to figure out what's going on behind him --

PHYSEC #1

...We get to running his ID, he starts trying to tell us the whole thing was some kind of test. We said, "Hey, that's great, but we still gotta call your boss." That's when he started sweating.

(to his partner)

Where's the thing?

GUSTON watching his career flash before his eyes.

PHYSEC #2

Oh yeah...he had this...

(an envelope--)

"Par-ti-zone-all, Six Point One?"

GUSTON

Let's just put that down...

(the envelope)

Right where you picked it up.

(struggling for calm)

Anybody else touch that?

PHYSEC #1

No, sir. Just us. And the suspect.

GUSTON

Suspect? That's no suspect...

(calling into Bauer)

YOU'RE NOT A NOT A SUSPECT, ARE YOU, JEFF?

YOU'RE A BACKSTABBING LITTLE WEASEL!

YOU'RE GONNA BURN, ASSHOLE!

BAUER

(muffled through the glass)

I want a lawyer!

GUSTON

FORGET THE LAWYER, WEASEL! WHAT YOU

NEED IS A NET, CAUSE I'M THROWING YOUR

BACKSTABBING ASS OUT THE WINDOW!

THE TWO PHYSEC OFFICERS a little startled by all this --

CLAIRE

(jumping in)

Is the area upstairs locked down now?

PHYSEC #2

It's got to be cleared out before we  
can re-arm the system.

CLAIRE

How long does that take?

PHYSEC #1

All three floors? Twenty minutes...

GUSTON

Go. Go now. Do it. Do it now.

PHYSEC #2

(re: Bauer)

What about him?

CLAIRE

He'll be fine.

PHYSEC #1

Okay. Back here. Twenty minutes.

GUSTON nods. THE PHYSEC OFFICERS head off. BAUER, the way he's  
shackled, can see them pass --

BAUER

HEY! WHERE YOU GOING? HEY, COME BACK!

YOU HEAR ME? HEY, DON'T LEAVE ME WITH

HIM! HEY!!! YOU HEARD WHAT HE SAID!

So they're alone now. CLAIRE watching GUSTON pace --

GUSTON

Okay...

(on the fly)

You stay here with Jeff. I'll run downstairs and toss his office.

CLAIRE

You don't think we should call it in?

GUSTON

No!

(anything but that)

The only chance we have to save the department is to get out in front of this -- we gotta take the lead before anybody else gets involved.

CLAIRE

(the envelope)

What about that?

GUSTON

Don't -- don't move it -- don't touch it -- just...just leave it.

(sensing she's unsure)

Relax. We're gonna call it in, okay? Let's just figure out what we're into.

(backing away)

Just...just hold the fort.

101

INT. "THE UNIT" ELEVATOR BANK -- NIGHT

101

DUKE, DALE and FETYOV gabbing as they wait to go down.

DUKE

...no, I mean bald like completely. Like I can't remember him with hair.

FETYOV

Losing where? From the top? Or from the pulling back?

DUKE

Everywhere. And man, it went fast.

("ping" as the elevator doors open and--)

Where the hell have you been?

RAY  
(stepping off)  
I thought I picked up a tail leaving the  
bowling alley.

DALE  
Yeah, well, your phone's off.

RAY  
My battery kicked. Where you going?

DALE  
Pizza run.

DUKE  
You want anything?

RAY  
No, but --  
(grabbing the door)  
Wait!  
(they're staring at him)  
What is it? What's the secret?

102 INT. B&R BUILDING -- 38TH FLOOR -- NIGHT

102

JEFF shackled and jabbering --

BAUER  
-- listen to me, Claire, forget Ned,  
forget Tully, do you have any idea what  
this is worth? They can grow hair!  
They can restore hair! Do you have any  
idea what we could sell this for?  
What Garsik would pay for this?  
They haven't delivered patent yet!  
It's an open technology! There it is,  
it's just sitting there -- I can see it,  
there's a fortune ju--  
(stopping because CLAIRE  
just slapped packing tape  
over his eyes--)  
Claire, wait! -- listen! -- there's  
always been a spark between us. You  
know that. That night on the plane--  
(stopping now, because she's  
taped shut his mouth--)

103      INT. "THE UNIT" -- MEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT      103

RAY at the mirror checking his hairline. Deeply involved in this, when HIS CELL PHONE RINGS --

RAY  
(answering)  
Ola...

104      INT. B&R BUILDING -- 38TH FLOOR -- NIGHT (CONT)      104

CLAIRE with a phone and THE FORMULA ENVELOPE --

CLAIRE  
We're up.

105      INT. "THE UNIT" -- BULLPEN -- NIGHT      105

PAM looking up from her desk as --

RAY  
(rushing in)  
-- where's Patel?

PAM  
He's around somewhere.

RAY  
Parvez! PARVEZ! --  
(waving the phone)  
-- she got it! -- she's got the formula!  
--

PATEL appears at THE TECH ROOM DOORWAY --

PATEL  
-- what's up? --

RAY  
-- she's got the formula! -- she's  
on the thirty-eighth floor of the  
B&R Building -- all these copiers you  
hacked, where's the closest one? --

PAM already pushing past PATEL into THE TECH ROOM, racing for the MAPS PINNED TO THE WALLS and --

PATEL  
-- thirty-eight? -- I'm not sure --

RAY  
-- or something close! --



PAM

-- thirty six! -- Human Resources --  
there's a machine on thirty six! --

RAY

(into the phone)  
-- thirty-six -- can you get down to the  
Thirty-Sixth floor? --

106     INT. B&R BUILDING -- 38TH FLOOR HALLWAY -- NIGHT (CONT)     106

CLAIRE

(on the move)  
-- where? -- where on thirty-six? --

107     INT. "THE UNIT" -- TECH ROOM -- NIGHT (CONT)     107

PATEL jamming on the keyboard --

RAY

(from the doorway)  
-- she's gonna need a room, a name,  
something --

108     INT. B&R BUILDING -- 38TH FLOOR -- NIGHT     108

BAUER right where we left him -- blind, cuffed, and muzzled --  
but he's struggling -- squirming and pulling so hard that THE  
WORKSTATION actually shifts position and --

109     INT. B&R BUILDING -- FIRE STAIRWELL -- NIGHT     109

CLAIRE racing down a FIRE STAIRWELL and --

110     INT. "THE UNIT" -- TECH ROOM -- NIGHT     110

PAM digging through piles of paper on the floor --

PATEL

(typing like mad)  
-- just get a name -- the letterhead --

111     INT. B&R BUILDING -- 36TH FLOOR -- NIGHT     111

CLAIRE coming out A FIRE DOOR on the Thirty-Sixth Floor --

CLAIRE  
(into the phone)  
-- okay, where? --  
(but it's dead--)  
No!

112 INT. "THE UNIT" -- BULLPEN -- NIGHT

112

RAY rushing to "THE GHOST," that big, odd computer/printer  
they've been using to slave the B&R machines, as --

RAY  
-- Claire? -- hello? --  
(he's lost her)  
Dammit!

PATEL (OS)  
(from the Tech room)  
-- it's on! -- it should be on! --

RAY  
-- no! -- it's the phone! --

But wait -- HIS PHONE IS RINGING -- she's calling back --

113 INT. B&R BUILDING -- 38TH FLOOR -- NIGHT

113

BAUER -- still blind and mute -- still tugging on those  
handcuffs -- unaware that with every groaning effort he's  
pulling THE WORKSTATION BOOKSHELVES off their housing and --

114 INT. "THE UNIT" -- TECH ROOM -- NIGHT

114

PAM  
(pulling a document)  
-- I got it! -- Thirty-Sixth Floor --  
Clenteen -- Edgar Clenteen! --

115 INT. B&R BUILDING -- 36TH FLOOR -- NIGHT

115

CLAIRE -- phone to her ear -- rushing through A DARK CORRIDOR --  
- scanning names on the doors as she goes --

RAY/PHONE  
-- Clenteen! -- with a "C" --

CLAIRE/PHONE  
-- there's no names! --

116     INT. "THE UNIT" -- BULLPEN -- NIGHT (CONT)     116

                    RAY  
                    (yelling into Pam)  
                    -- call him! --

                            PAM (OS)  
                    -- what? --

                            RAY  
                    -- call the guy's phone! --

117     INT. B&R BUILDING -- 38TH FLOOR -- NIGHT     117

BAUER blindly humping THE WORKSTATION inch-by-inch across the floor -- no idea that behind him, THE BOOKSHELVES are edging further off their mounts with every tug --

118     INT. B&R BUILDING -- 36TH FLOOR -- NIGHT     118

CLAIRE stopping -- behind her -- from one of the offices -- DESK PHONE STARTS RINGING --

119     INT. "THE UNIT" -- TECH ROOM - NIGHT (CONT)     119

PATEL keyboarding like a man possessed, as --

                            RAY (OS)  
                    -- she's in! -- she found it! --

                            PATEL  
                    -- how many pages? --

120     INT. "THE UNIT" -- BULLPEN -- NIGHT (CONT)     120

RAY and PAM waiting by "THE GHOST" --

                            RAY/PHONE  
                    -- how many pages is it? --

121     INT. B&R BUILDING -- CLENTEEN OFFICE -- NIGHT (CONT)     121

CLAIRE in this dark office -- envelope open -- poised at some guy's personal scanner copier --

CLAIRE/PHONE  
(staring at it)  
-- one -- it's just one page --

122     INT. B&R BUILDING -- 38TH FLOOR -- NIGHT     122

BAUER exhausted -- pausing -- breathing hard through his nose --  
- blissfully unaware that THE WORKSTATION BOOKSHELVES are poised  
with kinetic spectacularity behind him and --

123     INT. "THE UNIT" -- TECH ROOM -- NIGHT     123

PATEL scrambling -- A BLUR OF DATA ON HIS MONITORS --

RAY (OS)  
-- she's ready -- what're we doing? --

PATEL  
-- almost! -- almost there! --

124     INT. "THE UNIT" -- BULLPEN -- NIGHT (CONT)     124

RAY AND PAM standing at "THE GHOST" --

RAY  
(to Pam suddenly)  
-- get back in there -- check the map  
-- find another machine --

PAM  
-- why? --

RAY  
-- in case we need a backup! --

PAM like a shot -- rushing back to THE TECH ROOM -- and now RAY --  
and this is important -- the moment Pam leaves, he's  
grabbing two blank pieces of paper and laying them down in the  
empty copier tray --

125     INT. B&R BUILDING -- 38TH FLOOR -- NIGHT     125

BAUER bracing himself for another try, when THE WORKSTATION  
BOOKSHELVES finally give way -- falling -- slicing past -- just  
missing him...but SMASH! -- into THE GLASS PARTITION AND THE  
WHOLE THING JUST COMPLETELY SHATTERING! BAUER sitting there --  
frozen -- listening as THE LAST PIECES OF GLASS twinkle to the  
floor and --

126      INT. "THE UNIT" -- TECH ROOM -- NIGHT      126

PAM and PATEL watching his screen clear and --

                         PATEL  
                         (calling to Ray)  
                         -- go! -- I'm in! -- all she's got      to  
                         do is scan it! --

127      INT. "THE UNIT" -- BULLPEN -- NIGHT (CONT)      127

                         RAY/PHONE  
                         -- go! -- do it! --

128      INT. B&R BUILDING -- CLENTEN OFFICE -- NIGHT (CONT)      128

CLAIRE punching the button -- A SUDDEN FLASH OF LIGHT as the scanner sweeps along beneath the cover and --

129      INT. "THE UNIT" -- BULLPEN -- NIGHT (CONT)      129

"THE GHOST" flickering -- rumbling to life -- here it comes      --  
THE FORMULA, a complex diagram of structural molecular hieroglyphics, except --

                         RAY  
                         (calling to Pam and Patel)  
                         -- nothing! -- it's blank! --

And here's his scam -- he's hiding the copy behind the blank sheets he already laid into the tray -- holding it up and waving it so that --

                         PAM  
                         (seeing it from the doorway)  
                         -- shit! --

                         PATEL (OS)  
                         -- it should be working! --

RAY balling THE "BLANK" COPY -- tossing it into the trash --

                         RAY  
                         (phone to Claire)  
                         -- try it again! --  
                         (to Pam)  
                         -- do we have a backup?--

PAM diving back into the TECH ROOM as --

130      INT. B&R BUILDING -- 38TH FLOOR -- NIGHT      130

BAUER who's discovered THE FALLEN BOOKSHELF just beside him -  
- craning to scrape himself against a jagged corner of the  
thing, trying to peel away the gag tape and --

131      INT. "THE UNIT" -- BULLPEN -- NIGHT      131

"THE GHOST" -- redux -- THE FORMULA coming through again --

RAY  
    (to Pam and Parvez)  
-- yes! -- I'm getting it! --  
    (phone to Claire)  
-- it's coming through! --

132      INT. B&R BUILDING -- 38TH FLOOR -- NIGHT      132

BAUER spitting out the last fragments of tape in his mouth --  
he's gotten the gag off -- gasping for air --

BAUER  
-- Claire? -- anybody? -- hello? --  
    (listening, nothing)  
IS ANYBODY OUT THERE?

133      INT. "THE UNIT" -- TECH ROOM -- NIGHT      133

PAM and PATEL turning back as RAY rushes in, waving THE FORMULA -  
-

RAY  
-- we got it! -- we did it! --

134      INT. B&R BUILDING -- FIRE STAIRWELL -- NIGHT      134

CLAIRE racing up the stairs now and --

135      INT. "THE UNIT" -- TECH ROOM -- NIGHT      135

RAY and PAM and PATEL all high-fiving and happy and --

136      INT. B&R BUILDING -- 38TH FLOOR -- NIGHT      136

BAUER trying to work off the blindfold -- close -- closer --  
almost -- and then... RRRRIIPPP! It's off! He can see!

CLAIRE  
(sitting there)  
Having fun?

BAUER  
Where did you go?

CLAIRE  
I've just been watching you.

BAUER  
Bullshit.

Suddenly, VOICES -- behind them -- GUSTON and THREE MORE PHYSEC  
GUARDS marching past the broken glass --

GUSTON  
What the hell happened here?

CLAIRE  
He got a little frisky.

BAUER  
She's lying! She did something. She  
left! Where's the formula?

CLAIRE supremely bored -- points -- there's THE FORMULA, right  
where they left it --

BAUER  
Ned, I swear! She wasn't here!  
She's up to something!

GUSTON  
(just ignoring him)  
The guys upstairs, they must've called it  
in -- Opsec has people on the way already.

CLAIRE  
Sorry.

GUSTON  
Forget it.  
(resigned)  
They'll *definitely* throw him out the  
window.

BAUER  
You're missing it! She wasn't here!  
She's playing you! She's lying!

GUSTON doesn't want to hear it, and hell, there's THAT ROLL OF  
PACKING TAPE just sitting there --

BAUER  
GODDAMIT, NED! THAT'S WHAT SHE WANTS!  
(silenced again, as--)

GUSTON slaps a length of tape over his mouth.

137      INT. "THE UNIT" -- BULLPEN -- NIGHT      137

It's a half hour later. There's a victorious locker room vibe. Pizza, beer, and a boombox. PAM and DALE sharing a joint. RAY, FETYOV and PATEL laughing about something, and --

DUKE away from the crowd. He's got THE FORMULA in one hand and a hardline phone in the other --

DUKE  
-- yes, right here, I'm looking at  
it. I don't understand a thing on it, but  
then I never took chemistry.

138      INT. EQUIKROM CORPORATE JET/FLYING -- NIGHT (CONT)      138

GARSIK alone in his private cabin -- cradling the phone --  
excited -- nervous, and above all, paranoid --

GARSIK  
Where are you now? I mean right now?  
You're not near a window, are you?  
Because I'm counting on you, Duke,  
I'm counting on you in a big way.  
Nobody sees this thing -- nobody, you hear  
me? You keep that formula wrapped in  
Kryptonite until I get back tomorrow  
night!

139      INT. "THE UNIT" -- LOFT AREA -- NIGHT (CONT)      139

DUKE  
...I understand...yes, sir...right  
now...yup, you got it.  
(hanging up and--)  
Claire!

There she is, just coming in. The ENTIRE TEAM rising for a spontaneous STANDING OVATION, which apparently she doesn't want, because she's waving for them to stop, and you've seen people do that out of modesty, but this looks different --

DUKE  
Claire...  
(as the vibe quickly chills)  
You okay?



CLAIRE

No.

(she is upset)

I'm burned. You burned me.

(pointing at Ray)

You let him burn me.

RAY like he's been slapped. J'accuse...

DUKE

What do you mean? We got it.

CLAIRE

I left a trail back there a mile wide.

I'm lucky I got out of the building! I

can't go back to work -- I can't go back  
home -- I'm totally burned!

RAY

Wait a minute...

CLAIRE

DON'T YOU DARE!

DUKE

(waving Ray off)

What do you need, Claire?

CLAIRE

What do I need? How about a new identity?  
How about Kevlar bodysuit!

RAY

Duke...

DUKE

Stow it, Ray!

CLAIRE

I'm going underground. I'll tell you  
where to send my pay and my bonus.

And it better be more than I expected,  
because this was a nightmare.

RAY

What is your problem?

CLAIRE

A copy machine?

(back to Duke)

He had me running all over the goddam  
building looking for a copy machine!

RAY

It worked, didn't it?

CLAIRE

Why didn't I just fax it?

RAY

Why, because...tell her...

(appealing to Duke)

We had these machines in place.

(to the room)

Who the hell faxes anything anymore?

CLAIRE

I'm running back upstairs wondering how long it's gonna be before someone tosses me out the window, thinking, "What the hell has this guy got me doing?"

(undone)

There were fifty easier ways to do this!

RAY

Did it work or not?

CLAIRE

For who? For you?

(to the room)

Was anybody with him when he got the formula? Has he ever been alone with it? Could he possibly have made a copy of it?

RAY

What?

(truly shocked)

What the hell're you doing?

CLAIRE

I guess that's a no.

But the smell is out. PAM and PATEL trading a look, as --

RAY

You're sick. She's sick. I'd hate to hear what she had to say if it didn't work.

CLAIRE

(straight to Duke)

Look, I know this guy. I should've told you before, but I couldn't because he was threatening the whole project.

RAY

He knows! He knows the whole thing!

This was interesting enough already, but at this point, the rest of the team is completely transfixed --

DUKE

He's right, Claire. I do.

(trying to be delicate)

I mean, I know you met before and...

CLAIRE

Did he tell you he was on a CIA  
Observation Watch List?

RAY

That is total bullshit!

CLAIRE

How'd he get on this project anyway?  
We're doing this for a year and a half,  
how does he show up three weeks before  
the payday?

RAY

I just brought this home!

DUKE

(curiosity piqued)

What kind of Watch List?

CLAIRE

(backing away)

You know what? No. I'm done here.

DUKE

Claire, wait...

CLAIRE

You got what you wanted, Duke.

(her parting salvo)

You just better make sure you're the only  
one who got what you wanted.

And she's gone. And there is a long, nasty silence.

DUKE

(finally)

Pam?

PAM

We weren't in the room with him.

RAY

What? I was right there!

PATEL

(Duke is staring at him)

It's possible...

RAY

This is insane! You bring me in to  
land the big fish and I deliver and  
this is the thanks I get? This is  
the victory lap?

(turning suddenly--)

What are you doing?

(DALE hoisting Ray's  
overnight bag--)

You're gonna search me?

DUKE

Takes five minutes.

RAY

Because of her? Because of that?

DUKE

Does it matter?

DALE

Duke...

Everyone turns. DALE pulling A CRUMPLED BALL OF PAPER from  
Ray's bag -- the one he threw in the garbage -- there it is. THE  
FORMULA. He's busted.

RAY

Ain't that a bitch...

140 EXT. SAN DIEGO CONVENTION CENTER -- DAY

140

A HELICOPTER -- silver and green -- angling for the PARKING LOT.  
On the Jumbotron marquee --

EQUIKROM SHAREHOLDERS CONVENTION!

140A INT. HELICOPTER -- DAY

140A

Coming in for a landing. GARSIK pulling himself together for  
an entrance and --

141      INT. SCHIPOL AIRPORT TERMINAL -- NIGHT      141

Welcome to Amsterdam. CLAIRE camped out in an airport cafe. Like she's been waiting for a while. Alternating between impatience and dread. Scanning the passing travellers. Checking her watch for the umpteenth time. *Where is he?*

142      INT. CONVENTION CENTER ENTRY TUNNEL -- DAY      142

GARSIK leading HIS ENTOURAGE into the bowels of the building. MUSIC and APPLAUSE echoing from the distance.

143      INT. SCHIPOL AIRPORT TERMINAL -- NIGHT      143

CLAIRE still waiting. But not for long, she's out of time. Packing up her stuff, just about to leave, when --

RAY

Remember me?

There he is behind her. But moving slow. Sunglasses to hide the shiner. Looks like he's taken a beating.

CLAIRE

(watching him sit slowly)

I guess Duke bought it.

RAY

Oh yeah.

CLAIRE

I waited.

RAY

I see that.

CLAIRE

I've got the Dutch buyers upstairs. They'll go as high as 35 million.

Gulp.

RAY

Seventeen a piece?

CLAIRE

Seventeen-five.

RAY

Works for me.

CLAIRE

Tell me you have the formula.

Pause.

RAY

I thought you had it.

CLAIRE

I asked you first.

RAY

*You asked me first?*

She hesitates. A crack in her facade.

CLAIRE

If I told you I loved you, would it make a difference?

RAY

If you told me, or if I believed you?

CLAIRE

I love you.

(he's staring)

You can believe me or not, I don't care anymore. Maybe it's better if you don't. Maybe that's it, maybe that's all we've got, this constant thing, this doubt, whatever the hell it is. Maybe we're only good in the game. Maybe it only works for us when we're off-balance or freaked-out, or I don't even know...

(her most vulnerable)

I just keep having this fantasy that we suddenly snap out of it, that we'll come out of this and be like people are supposed to be. Like normal people. Like trusting and honest and...

RAY

We're not like other people.

CLAIRE

I know that! You think I don't know that! Do you have any idea how frustrating it is to know you're the only man who could ever possibly understand me!

(fighting tears)

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Look, I know who you are and I love you anyway.

Silence. RAY staring at her.

RAY

If I find out this is because you don't have the formula and you think maybe I do, I'm gonna be seriously disappointed.

CLAIRE

Okay. Okay, Here's what we do.

(pulling it together)

On the count of three, whatever we have -  
- formula or no formula -- we put it  
out on the table. A one-time, last-time  
deal. No games. No going back. Okay?

RAY

I have it.

CLAIRE

I said the count of three.

RAY

I have it.

(fishing a piece of paper  
from his pocket--)

Why wait? What's the point?

(flat out)

I love you. I think about you all the  
time. I think about you even when  
you're with me. I look at you -- I  
can't stop looking at you -- I look  
at you, and I think, that woman...

(beat)

That woman knows who I am and loves  
me anyway.

CLAIRE

(overwhelmed)

I have it too.

She does. Pulling another copy of THE FORMULA from her bag.  
But he's not even waiting, he's reaching for her across the  
table and she's right there and it's an awkward, but deeply-felt  
kiss that's just gonna continue as *THE SOUND OF MUSIC* AND  
*APPLAUSE RISES IN THE BG., taking us into...*

144      INT. CONVENTION CENTER MAIN HALL -- DAY      144

FOUR THOUSAND PEOPLE ON THEIR FEET CHEERING as GARSIK works his way toward the stage. He's waving -- laughing -- picking out familiar faces -- MUSIC BLARING -- CAMERAS flashing and --

145      INT. SCHIPOL AIRPORT TERMINAL -- NIGHT      145

Escalator up. RAY AND CLAIRE RISING INTO FRAME, so deep in a kiss that they almost miss the exit.

146      INT. CONVENTION CENTER -- DAY      146

GARSIK taking the stage. Waving the audience quiet.

147      INT. SCHIPOL AIRPORT TRANSIT LOUNGE -- NIGHT      147

The hushed, luxe quiet of serious dealmaking. A GROUP OF EIGHT PEOPLE seated in a power corner: THREE DUTCH SUITS -- two men and a woman -- are in charge. Beside them, THREE DUTCH CHEMISTS. Standing guard, TWO DUTCH SECURITY GOONS. All eyes on --

RAY and CLAIRE as they are escorted to the table and --

148      INT. CONVENTION CENTER -- DAY      148

GARSIK

(at the podium)

Everybody here who knows me can tell you, there's three things I don't like. I don't like any kind of controversy...

(laughter)

I can't stand being the center of attention...

(bigger laugh)

Most of all, I think you all know how much I hate rushing into things.

(biggest and--)

149      INT. SCHIPOL AIRPORT TRANSIT LOUNGE -- NIGHT      149

Meeting in progress. RAY and CLAIRE watching THE DUTCH WOMAN SUIT open A BRIEFCASE for their perusal --



BIG DUTCH SUIT  
...cash payment...stock certificates...  
schedule of wire transfers...

150      INT. CONVENTION CENTER -- DAY      150

GARSIK  
...for the past few years we've had a  
highly-secret, special research unit  
working on something we call Project  
Sampson...

151      INT. SCHIPOL AIRPORT TRANSIT LOUNGE -- NIGHT      151

THE DUTCH TEAM watching with great interest as CLAIRE takes  
THE FORMULA from her bag --

152      INT. CONVENTION CENTER -- DAY      152

GARSIK  
....You know how these scientists are.  
They keep telling me to slow down,  
be patient, be careful...  
    (a mocking, whiny voice)  
"But we haven't even published our  
results yet."  
    (back to the brio)  
I say to hell with that! I say to hell  
with keeping our light under a basket! I  
say I'm getting together with my  
shareholders this morning and they have  
a right to know the incredible future  
we've got planned for this company!

153      INT. SCHIPOL AIRPORT TRANSIT LOUNGE -- NIGHT      153

RAY and CLAIRE trying not to enjoy themselves too much, as      THE  
THREE DUTCH CHEMISTS pore over THE FORMULA --

154      INT. CONVENTION CENTER -- DAY      154

An anticipatory hush has settled across the room --

GARSIK  
Folks, I'm here to announce that we  
are in the final testing stages of a  
safe...over-the-counter...home-use...  
shampoo product...  
    (MORE)

GARSIK (CONT'D)  
(he's got them salivating)  
A product that can restore life to  
formerly dead hair follicles!  
(a stunned gasp)  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN -- SHAREHOLDERS  
-- YES! -- EQUIKROM IS IN THE  
HOMESTRETCH ON A CURE FOR BALDNESS!

CHAOS! -- ecstasy -- disbelief -- WAVES OF APPLAUSE crashing  
down upon the stage -- GARSIK in his glory -- bathing in the  
adulation --

155

INT. SCHIPOL AIRPORT TRANSIT LOUNGE -- NIGHT

155

As they were. Except there's this weird buzz amongst THE  
CHEMISTS -- lots of HUSHED DUTCH CHATTER -- all eyes on THE  
FORMULA -- something's off --

RAY  
Is there a problem?

BIG DUTCH SUIT  
Are you testing us, sir?

RAY  
How do you mean?

BIG DUTCH SUIT nods. Handing THE FORMULA back to CLAIRE.

RAY  
I don't understand.

BIG DUTCH SUIT  
Yes. Apparently not.  
(standing now)  
The formula you have here is for a very  
common skin cream.  
(corrected in Dutch by one of  
the Chemists)  
I'm sorry -- a lotion.

RAY and CLAIRE sitting there. Sitting there with THE FORMULA.  
Sitting as the DUTCH TEAM leaves. Sitting like they might be  
sitting there for a long, long time, as we --

DISSOLVE TO

156

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- NIGHT

156

Rooftops. The West Village at night.

MANHATTAN -- THREE WEEKS EARLIER

As we hear...

RAY (VO)  
"Nice try."

CLAIRE (VO)  
"Excuse me?"

RAY (VO)  
"A little professional courtesy would  
make this a lot less awkward."

CLAIRE (VO)  
"How do I know you?"

157 INT. "THE SAFE HOUSE" -- NIGHT (CONT)

157

RAY in the kitchen, wearing nothing but a towel, running a glass  
of water as --

RAY  
"How do you know me? Wow. That's a  
strong play. Believe me, I spent a  
lot of time thinking what this would  
be like. Where we'd be. What I'd  
say. What you'd say. But I never  
thought you'd--"  
(calling into the other room--  
-)  
You can cut me off in there anyplace you  
want.

CLAIRE  
Sorry, I spaced out.

CLAIRE on the futon -- the room's only piece of furniture --  
naked under the sheets.

RAY  
(back with the water)  
Okay, so...

CLAIRE  
You want to start over?

RAY  
No, just go from there...

CLAIRE  
Can I have a sip of that?

RAY  
(handing it to her)  
Go.

CLAIRE  
(fast and flat)  
"You clearly have me confused with  
someone else."

RAY  
"I don't know. I'm not great on names. I  
should be, I try. Faces, I'm definitely  
better. Faces, I'd say I'm like a B, B-  
minus. Where I'm good? People I've  
slept with. That's been a real area of  
strength for me."

CLAIRE  
Wrong.

RAY  
That was perfect.

CLAIRE  
It's, "People-I've-Shagged."

RAY  
Sorry.

CLAIRE  
And you didn't say, "that's been a real  
area of strength for me."

RAY  
That's exactly what I said.

CLAIRE  
No, you said, traditional. "That's been  
a traditional area of strength for me."

RAY  
(like a shot)  
"People-I've-Shagged. That's been a  
traditional area of strength for me."

CLAIRE  
"Look, seriously, I don't know who you  
think I am, but--"

RAY  
You're gonna enunciate, right?

CLAIRE

What?

RAY

You've gotta really speak up. They jammed this piece of crap transmitter in my phone, I'm gonna try and keep it focused, but...

CLAIRE

So you're like *directing* me now?

RAY

You want to go through all this and have them not hear it?

CLAIRE

You are directing me.

RAY

(kidding here)

Yes. Shut up and do what I tell you.

CLAIRE

(seductive)

Come here and say that.

RAY

Claire, c'mon, it's midnight. We've got to do this for real in twelve hours.

CLAIRE

I know, it's just this whole thing makes me think about Rome and when I think about Rome I think about you and when I think about you, well...

(that smile)

I can barely enunciate.

THE CAMERA STARTS DRIFTING AWAY NOW -- ZOOMING TOWARD THE CEILING as --

RAY (OS)

Let's just do it one more time.

CLAIRE (OS)

Can we do it without the towel?

RAY (OS)

I don't work naked.

THERE'S A DOT -- a speck -- ON THE CEILING -- that's where we're heading -- and as we do -- as THE CAMERA BEGINS TO TAKE ON

MICROSCOPIC POWERS -- we will quickly see that it is more than a dot, it's some kind electronic device --

CLAIRE (OS)  
You know I know it.

RAY (OS)  
So show me.

CLAIRE (OS)  
You show me.

And just as we realize what we're looking at is A MICROPHONE, the whole situation begins to...

MORPH INTO

158

INT. HOWARD TULLY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT (CONT)

158

A LOUDSPEAKER on his desk, broadcasting loud and clear --

RAY'S VOICE  
*Tell you what. Let's do it all the way through one more time and I'll take off the towel.*

WIDER TO FIND

TULLY standing beside his telescope, listening to --

CLAIRE'S VOICE  
*If you love me you'll do it without the towel now.*

RAY'S VOICE  
*Okay. From the top. No towel.*  
*(a beat)*  
*"Remember me?"*  
*(the sound of LAUGHTER and--)*

There's JEFF BAUER...

CLAIRE'S VOICE  
*(trying to stop laughing)*  
*"...sure...of course...we..."*

There's NED GUSTON and...

RAY'S VOICE  
*"Long time, huh?"*

There's RONNIE PARTIZ and...

CLAIRE'S VOICE

"...yes...I'm...I'm..."

RAY'S VOICE

*Gotcha.*

There's PAM FRALES and...

CLAIRE'S VOICE

"...look, I'm sorry, really, I'm just..."

RAY'S VOICE

*"Just what?"*

TULLY has crossed the room. Turning down the volume on the speakers. RAY and CLAIRE'S rehearsal CONTINUING VERY QUIETLY in the background, as --

TULLY

They're perfect. We'll never get a better situation than this.

GUSTON

Can we show you what we've got?

A PILE OF MATERIALS spread across TULLY'S DESK --

GUSTON

This is the speech...

(two copies)

We've got your copy, and then this is the rough draft. We'd want you to handle it enough to leave behind some prints.

FLASHBACK -- "THE UNIT" -- TWO FINGERPRINTS projected on the wall side-by-side. THE WHOLE TEAM staring --

DUKE

*Handwriting?*

FETYOV

*Hundred percent. Is from the hand of Howard Tully.*

TULLY moving along the presentation --

BAUER

For the travel records, we've logged about two-hundred dummy trips, cars, hotels, etc., and then buried them in the actual files...

FLASHBACK -- "THE UNIT" -- PILES OF HACKED TRAVEL DOCUMENTS  
stacked across the floor and --

DALE

...four of these companies they must've  
bought over the phone because nobody  
from B&R New York ever even visited  
them...

TULLY smiling now --

GUSTON

...here's an inventory of all the  
backdated Dermavale acquisition stuff...

FLASHBACK -- DUNWOODIE, GEORGIA -- RAY and FETYOV getting their  
tour of the empty warehouse, as --

REALTOR

Dermavale? Damned if I know. Some  
kind of biotech. They took the place,  
loaded in their gear, and that's about the  
last we saw of them. Hell, they  
used to truck out their own trash.

TULLY excited, rushing ahead of them now --

RONNY PARTIZ

That's the Ronny Partiz materials...  
(and whoever this guy is, he  
is nothing like Ronny Partiz--)  
That's the yearbook...transcript...the  
plagiarized article...

FLASHBACK -- "THE UNIT" -- that midnight emergency summit --

DUKE

...and for the Coup De Grace, toss in  
the fact that he's been playing Baccarat  
whenever he's sober enough to get to  
the table to the tune of three hundred  
thousand a week.

GARSIK

Well goddamit, Duke! Let's quit waltzing  
around and get on this guy!



TULLY with a look of almost demonic anticipation --

TULLY

Fine work. Incredible. Marvelous!

(decision time)

Twelve days. That's the goal line.

Garsik's got a shareholders meeting  
in exactly twelve days.

(pacing away)

Put it in play!

THE REST OF THEM watching him dance back to the telescope.  
Sharing a communal sort of, "Can-you-believe-this?" look.

GUSTON

Sir, one question...

(Tully turns back)

Just so we can be accurate with our  
numbers here. If there was a cure for  
baldness -- if the thing actually existed -  
- what would it be worth?

TULLY hesitates. Smiles.

TULLY

Anything.

159

INT, SCHIPOL AIRPORT TRANSIT LOUNGE -- NIGHT

159

RAY and CLAIRE just sitting there. Sitting there as we left  
them. Like they've been sitting there for a very long time.

CLAIRE

(finally)

Don't.

RAY

Don't what?

CLAIRE

Don't say it.

RAY

Say what?

CLAIRE

I know what you're thinking.

(he looks over)

You're wondering if I sent you a bogus  
formula. You're thinking maybe I have the  
real one stashed someplace else.

RAY

That's sick. Even for you.

CLAIRE

But it crossed your mind.

RAY

That's why I get the big bucks.

CLAIRE

Because I would never do that.

RAY

Because you love me.

CLAIRE

Exactly.

Both of them going quiet, because there's A WAITER coming toward them. And he's carrying a silver tray. And on the tray is A BOTTLE OF FINE CHAMPAGNE and TWO CRYSTAL FLUTES.

WAITER

Ms. Stenwick? Mr. Koval?

(they just nod)

May I?

(he wants to open it--)

CLAIRE

Who? Who's it from?

WAITER

Compliments of Mr. Howard Tully.

A long, dead pause. THE WAITER just hanging...

RAY

(barely)

Open it.

And THE WAITER goes to work, as --

CLAIRE

We got totally played, didn't we?

RAY

Yup.

POP! -- and he's pouring, and --

CLAIRE

Must go back pretty far.

RAY

Like...

CLAIRE

Way back.

They have their glasses. Frozen there as the waiter exits.

RAY

I guess, on a strictly professional level  
it's...

CLAIRE

Impressive.

They ponder that a moment. It's sinking in.

RAY

At least we have each other.

CLAIRE

It's really that bad, isn't it?

RAY

Kind of, yeah.

She finally looks over.

CLAIRE

I didn't mean...

RAY

I know.

He takes her hand. One last stunned silence.

CLAIRE

I can't breathe.

RAY

You'll be okay.

CLAIRE

When?

RAY

When we wake up in Rome.

She nods. Downs her Champagne.

CLAIRE

We may have to wake up in Rome for a  
long time.

RAY  
Sounds like a plan.

He drains his glass. Finds the bottle. Finds her smiling at him as he pours another round...

As THE LOVE THEME FROM DUPLICITY begins to swell and...

WE FREEZE.

On them. Like that. As we found them...

THE END