

PERCEPTION

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"PERCEPTION"

FADE IN:

EXT. CAPITOL BELTWAY - AFTERNOON

Heavy traffic, moving in fits and spurts. Distant SIRENS wail in the background, getting closer.

A Lexus repeatedly switches lanes, advances, hits the brakes, probes for an opening.

INT. LEXUS

FRED MILLER, 60ish, suit, tie, talks into cell phone headset.

MILLER

Nah. I'm stuck on the inner loop.
It could be another half hour at
this rate. Apologize for me and
give 'em some coffee.

A horn BLARES. Angrily, Miller looks up. A black Lincoln SUV, damaged hood and front passenger fender, completely fills the rear-view mirror.

MILLER

(yells)
Just where the Hell do you expect
me to go?

EXT. CAPITOL BELTWAY

Brake lights on the Lexus. The Lincoln almost hits it, lays on the horn again.

A large green pickup catches up to the Lincoln.

Farther back, two police cruisers and a black unmarked police car weave through traffic with LIGHTS and SIRENS.

INT. LEXUS

The Lincoln's horn honks insistently.

MILLER

BACK OFF ASSHOLE!

He steps on the brakes, to make the point.

The Lincoln speeds up, SLAMS into the Lexus.

EXT. CAPITOL BELTWAY

The Lincoln RAMS the smaller Lexus into the car in front of it. Both hit the brakes, slide out of control.

The Lexus spins, tags the guard rail, slides to a stop facing oncoming traffic. Other cars swerve to avoid the wreck.

INT. BOOMER'S TRUCK

BOOMER MCGEE (40s), hairy, bearded, biker, drives hard to stay with the Lincoln. TOM WILSON, long grey hair, pony tail, do-rag, hangs on as the Boomer swerves through chaos.

A gun appears out the Lincoln's driver's window. Two shots. A bullet hole in the upper left corner of Boomer's windshield.

BOOMER

Oh, HELL no! I know you didn't
just shoot at ME!

He RAMS the big pickup into the Lincoln.

EXT. CAPITOL BELTWAY

The Lincoln fishtails, recovers, shoots through a gap between spinning, sliding, braking cars. Boomer stays on his tail.

The gun reappears. Another shot.

INT. BOOMER'S TRUCK

Another hole, lower, closer.

With a guttural yell, Boomer whips to the left and guns it.

EXT. CAPITOL BELTWAY

Boomer's truck pulls along the driver's side of the Lincoln.

Boomer hits the brakes, swings right hard, rams the rear quarter panel of the Lincoln in a textbook P.I.T. maneuver.

As the SUV starts to turn sideways, Boomer guns the engine. The Lincoln steers into the skid, but the front passenger tire pops off of the rim.

The Lincoln rolls twice, spewing glass, trim, other debris.

Boomer's truck, full throttle, clear of the SUV, shoots off the right side of the road, smashes into a guard rail. Inertia carries the pickup over the rail and onto its roof.

The police cruisers pick their way through the chaos. The unmarked sedan and one cruiser move toward the wrecked Lincoln SUV. The other inches toward

BOOMER'S WRECKED TRUCK

Tom hangs upside down. The long grey hair and do-rag lay amid broken glass, obviously a wig.

He struggles to release the seat belt, drops hard to the ground. Sounds of traffic and sirens fade into

INT. FOREIGN TRAIN STATION - DAY

Sounds of a very large crowd. Public address announcements in a foreign language.

SUPER: EIGHT DAYS EARLIER

Tom, glasses, jacket, neatly trimmed beard reads an Arabic newspaper, glances occasionally at the crowd.

Train arrives, passengers disembark.

THE CONTACT (50s) is swept along by the crowd. Three PURSUERS catch up, grab his arms. THE LEADER stabs him repeatedly. People move away, but the crowd surges on.

The Contact clutches his stomach, drops to his knees. He looks at his bloodstained hands, uncomprehending, then falls forward. Blood pools beneath him.

The Leader hands photos to the other Pursuers, points to the exits. The men scan the crowds, comparing faces to the photo.

Tom tucks the newspaper under his arm, picks up a satchel, fades into the crowd.

INT. TRAIN STATION TOILET

A quick shave. Tom now has a goatee, no tie, no coat, open shirt.

He pulls a wig from the backpack. Shaggy unkempt greying hair, a short pony tail. He dons it, stuffs the coat and tie into a trash bin, heads for the door.

EXT. STREET

Tom melts into the crowds on the street. Pursuer #1 sees him, tries to follow. Tom sidesteps into an alley.

EXT. ALLEY

Pursuer #1 runs into the alley. Tom's round-house kick takes him by surprise.

He staggers, clutches at air, falls to his knees, struggles back to his feet fumbling with a gun. Tom steps in close, grabs the gun, twists it from his hand, tosses it away.

Pursuer #1 twists free, tries to pull a knife. Tom lunges forward with a quick chop to the throat. Pursuer #1 drops the knife, choking, gasping for breath.

Tom steps behind, applies a sleeper hold. Pursuer #1 struggles, goes limp. Tom drops him to the pavement, retrieves a photo sticking out of the pursuer's shirt pocket.

CLOSE ON odA head and shoulders shot of Tom, clean shaven.

EXT. ALLEY

Tom places the photo into his own pocket.

EXT. STREET

The Leader and Pursuer #2 run through the crowds, searching. The Leader climbs onto a parked car to see better. Pursuer #2 glances into the alleyway, yells to the Leader.

EXT. ALLEY

The Leader and Pursuer #2 find Pursuer #1 on the pavement, unconscious.

A long-sleeved shirt, pair of slacks and wig lie in a pile near by. The Leader picks them up, examines them.

Pursuer #2 tries to wake his unconscious colleague.

EXT. STREET

Tom, shorts, tee shirt, looks for something in the backpack. He pulls out ball cap, sunglasses, cell phone. He dials a number, talks as he walks through a crowded marketplace.

TOM

This is Joseph. I have some bad news. The package was damaged in transit - a total loss I'm afraid...Tell Mr. Smith that I'm making alternate arrangements. I'll call again when I have the details.

Tom finishes the call. He waves. A taxi pulls over. He gets in. The taxi pulls away.

THE TAXI'S REAR TIRE (C.U.)

The phone lies in the road, crushed by the tire.

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY GATE - DAY

Taxi stops. Tom gets out, walks past vehicle barricades, to the guard shack, hands a passport to the GUARD.

TOM

Hi...I need some help. My name is Samuel Morgan. I'm an American citizen. My luggage and wallet were stolen. A Mr. Reynolds said to come here and you could help me.

GUARD

One minute please, Mr. Morgan. I'll need to make a call.

Tom nods. The guard picks up a phone, dials, talks briefly, nods, hangs up.

Another taxi pulls up. The three pursuers jump out, run toward the embassy gate, yelling.

Two Marines step forward, raising their weapons. The pursuers stop, raising their hands. The Leader gingerly reaches into a pocket, pulls out an official looking badge.

LEADER

Hold! Do not shoot! We are Police!

The Marines don't flinch.

LEADER
 (pointing at Tom)
 This man...he is a criminal. You
 must give him to us!

The embassy guard appears next to the other Marines, with a handgun drawn. He says something to one of the Marines, who nods in understanding.

GUARD
 This man is an American citizen and
 he has asked for our help.

LEADER
 (gesturing futilely)
 But, he...he is a criminal! You
 cannot give him...what is the word?

GUARD
 Asylum?

LEADER
 Yes. Asylum. You must give him to
 us, he has broken our law!

GUARD
 Then your government can request
 his return through the appropriate
 channels.

LEADER
 (angrily)
 CHANNELS?!? You would shelter a
 known criminal from...

The Leader takes a step. Tom moves closer to the embassy guard. The two Marines inch forward, looking more menacing. The pursuers back down, turn, quickly walk back to the taxi.

GUARD
 Mr. Morgan? Mr. Reynolds will see
 you. He has requested that I bring
 you directly to his office.

TOM
 I think that would be a very good
 idea, under the circumstances.

The Marines lower their weapons, move back to their posts.

INT. MR. REYNOLDS' OFFICE - DAY

Tom enters, followed by the Embassy Guard. MR. REYNOLDS sits behind an ornate desk, with several phones. He holds a folder, marked "TOP SECRET//NOFORN: U.S. EYES ONLY"

MR. REYNOLDS
Mr. Morgan, I presume?

Tom nods. Mr. Reynolds looks at the guard, nods. The guard makes a discrete exit, closing the door behind him.

MR. REYNOLDS
Apparently, I don't know your real name. It's not in the file.

TOM
Understandable. It's not necessary.

MR. REYNOLDS
Hmm. Well, Mr. "Morgan", what can your government do for you today?

TOM
I need to use your secure phone.

MR. REYNOLDS
No problem. What about your luggage and personal items?

TOM
They are all - replaceable. I would appreciate a change of clothes. Maybe a comb, toothbrush and such.

Mr. Reynolds nods, pushes his secure phone toward Tom. Tom reaches into his bag, retrieves a special key that fits into a slot on the phone. He starts to insert the key, pauses.

TOM
Could I have a couple of minutes to make a private call?

MR. REYNOLDS
Mi telefono es su telefono.

TOM
Gracias.

Mr. Reynolds exits, pulling the door closed. Tom inserts the key into the phone, waits, then dials a number.

INT. BILL RATLIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

A similar secure phone rings as BILL RATLIFF enters, holding a cup of coffee. Bill picks up the phone.

RATLIFF
Hello. 4329.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BILL AND TOM

TOM
Mr. Smith?

RATLIFF
Yes. Is this...ah...Joseph?

TOM
Affirmative.

RATLIFF
I hear you've run into some trouble
- are you safe?

TOM
Yes, but the mission was a failure.

RATLIFF
I'll arrange transport from this
end. We can talk when you arrive.

TOM
Roger.

RATLIFF
Best of luck.

TOM
Thanks. Good-bye.

Tom hangs up the phone, removes his key.

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE, TARMAC - DAY

Military transport. Loading ramp drops to the tarmac. A few uniformed troops walk down. Tom is among them, dressed in camouflage fatigues.

He walks to a waiting black SUV, gets in the passenger door, is surprised to find it driven by JACK CARTER (30s).

TOM
You get demoted to taxi duty?

JACK
I asked for it. I...I...

Jack struggles for words.

JACK
Aw, Hell, Tom. They told me about
your Mom.

TOM
Can you tell me what happened?

JACK
Not really. They said she didn't
show up for class. Some of her
students got worried, went to her
house...and --

Jack tries to continue, can't find the words. Tom stares out
the windshield, motionless.

TOM
Do you know where she is now?

JACK
Yeah. Smithfield Funeral Home.

TOM
That's where we took Dad. They did
a good job.

JACK
Look, I'm sorry, man...if there's
anything I can do --

Tom nods slightly, continues to stare out the windshield.
Jack starts the SUV, pulls away from the plane.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, ESTABLISHING - DAY

Stock shot of CIA headquarters.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS FOYER - DAY

Tom and Jack enter, Tom still in fatigues. Tom talks to the
guard while Jack waits. The guard makes a phone call.

A young WOMAN approaches carrying a large brown envelope. She
hands Tom a form. He signs it, hands it back.

She opens the envelope, retrieves a badge, looks at the picture, compares the signatures on the form and badge. Satisfied, she hands Tom the badge and envelope.

WOMAN

Welcome back, Mr. Wilson.

Tom nods, turns. He stops, looks at the badge.

TOM

Sonofabitch!

WOMAN

Sorry? Is there a problem?

TOM

(to the woman)

No. Sorry. I just remembered something.

She nods, turns to go. Tom grabs Jack's arm, nods toward a line of turnstiles.

Tom approaches a turnstile, holds his badge near a panel, then enters some numbers on a keypad. It beeps. He goes through the turnstile. Jack does the same.

INT. CIA HALLWAY

They turn a corner. Tom looks around, makes sure nobody is within ear shot. He retrieves the photo he took from the pursuer, hands it to Jack.

JACK

Okay, it's not a great picture of you. Looks like a driver's license shot, maybe.

Tom holds up his CIA identification badge so that Jack can see the picture. Jack glances back and forth.

C.U. PHOTO AND BADGE

They're both the same picture.

HALLWAY

JACK

I don't follow --

TOM
The mission went south. A couple of bad guys tried to take me out. I took that photo from one of them.

JACK
Some agent overseas had your CIA badge photo?

TOM
Yeah.

JACK
Holy crap!

Tom frowns, sighs, nods his head.

TOM
I have to debrief. I'll catch up later.

JACK
All right. Later.

Jack stops, catches Tom's arm.

JACK
About your Mom...if you need anything, want to talk, or just want to grab a beer, you call me. Okay?

Jack makes the "Ghost Squad" sign - points two fingers at his own eyes, then makes a fist over his heart. Tom nods, makes a fist in return, silently turns, walks down the hall.

INT. BILL RATLIFF'S OFFICE - LATER

Bill looks through a sheaf of papers. A knock at the door.

RATLIFF
Enter.

Tom enters. Slacks, long sleeve shirt, tie, hair still wet from a shower. He sits. Ratliff lays the papers face down, on the desk.

RATLIFF
Well?

TOM
They knew I was coming.

RATLIFF

I'm not surprised. You can't tell the players over there anymore.

TOM

They were waiting for me. They had a photo of me, Bill. A copy of my damn CIA badge photo!

He holds up his badge, points to the photo.

RATLIFF

Are you sure? Did you see it?

Tom tosses the photo onto Ratliff's desk. Ratliff is momentarily surprised, but regains his calm.

TOM

They picked me out of the crowd. Chased me all the way to the Embassy. I took this off one of them.

RATLIFF

Okay, okay. I'll look into it. At least you got out in one piece.

TOM

The guys chasing me were cops!

RATLIFF

(looking thoughtful)
I don't think so. Their government would be raising Holy Hell by now.

TOM

They didn't file a protest?

RATLIFF

Not a peep.

TOM

Weird.

RATLIFF

I heard about your Mom. I'm sorry.

TOM

Yeah.

RATLIFF

Go home. Take some time off to decompress, take care of things.

Tom nods.

RATLIFF

Go on, get out of here. Check with me in a couple of days and we'll see how you're doing, okay?

Tom nods again.

RATLIFF

GO!

Tom leaves.

Bill's good-natured grin fades into an irritated expression. He picks up the photo, sighs, gets up, stares out the window.

EXT. GRAVESIDE SERVICE - DAY

Light rain. A dozen people watch as a casket is lowered into a new grave. Tom steps forward, drops a single red rose into the open grave.

He takes a shovel, tosses a shovel full of dirt onto the casket, hands the shovel to another person. He steps back to watch as other people follow suit.

CAROL WILSON (30s), his wife, stands silently by his side.

INT. TOM'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

The door opens. Tom enters, followed by Carol.

CAROL

You haven't said ten words since you got back!

TOM

I have a lot on my mind.

CAROL

Your mom - or the mission?

TOM

Both.

CAROL

What happened over there that's got you so wound up?

TOM

You know I can't --

CAROL
(getting angry)
Why not? I'm your wife!

TOM
Carol --

CAROL
Damn it, Tom! My clearance is just
as high as yours! Why won't you
talk to me?

Tom stops talking, faces Carol with a blank look on his face.

CAROL
Oh, Hell, no! Not the stare!
(Frustrated)
You son of a bitch! If I were a
man, I'd knock you on your self-
righteous ass!

TOM
(quietly)
If you were a man, I'd let you try.

Carol, about to explode, pulls car keys from her purse, heads for the front door, opens it.

She turns back to Tom, starts to say something, thinks better of it, leaves, slamming the door behind her.

Tom stares at the closed door, expressionless. A car door slams, the engine starts, revs too high. Tires squeal, stop, squeal again as the car leaves.

Tom sighs, walks into the kitchen, gets a beer. He goes into the living room, sits in a large recliner, turns on the television, sips the beer as he surfs the channels.

INT. TOM'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Football on the television. An empty beer can on the table by Tom's chair. Tom sips a second.

He sets down the beer, fishes in a pouch on the side of his chair, retrieves a small metal flask. He removes the lid, takes a sip.

He stares at the screen, distracted, mind elsewhere. The announcer raves about a touchdown, the crowd goes wild. Tom barely notices. He takes another swig from the flask.

Outside, a car door shuts. He quickly re-caps the flask, tucks it back into the pouch on the side of the chair. The front door opens. Carol comes in with a couple of bags.

CAROL
I'm sorry about earlier. I just get
so --

Tom nods, doesn't look at her.

TOM
No problem. Forget it.

CAROL
Really. I'm sorry.
(holds up bags)
Peace offering. Italian. Hungry?

Tom nods again, eyes still on the television.

TOM
I could eat.

INT. TOM'S KITCHEN

Carol puts the bags on the counter, gets two plates, wine glasses.

She dishes food from containers food onto plates, opens a bottle of wine, fills the wine glasses.

She pulls a small bottle from her purse. She holds the bottle tightly, in the palm of her hand.

CAROL
What we need is a vacation.
Someplace with no pressure, no job,
no worries. The beach, maybe.

Tom watches the game, lost in thought, not paying attention.

CAROL
Tom? Did you hear me?

TOM
(distracted)
Yeah. A vacation. Sounds nice.

Carol frowns, stares at the small bottle in her hand. With a deep sigh, she empties the vial into a glass of wine.

She brings a plate and silverware to Tom, sets the wine glass on the table beside the two beer cans.

She goes back, gets her own plate and wine, returns.

Tom takes a few bites, washes them down with a big sip of wine. Carol eats in silence, irritated.

INT. TOM'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Tom is asleep. Carol takes the plate and silverware from Tom's lap, picks up the empty wine glass.

SEQUENCE OF SCENES

Fitful dreams. Distorted images, sounds.

A glimpse of Carol talking to a shadowy figure.

Afghan mountain village. A house EXPLODES, showering debris on civilians as an Apache Longbow helicopter ROARS overhead. Automatic WEAPONS FIRE. Jack Carter falls, grabs his leg. Tom provides COVER FIRE. Two other soldiers drag Jack to safety.

Crowded middle-east TRAIN STATION. The Contact clutches his stomach. Bewildered, he looks at his blood-soaked hands.

A hazy, shadowy form draws back a heavy hand, STRIKES!

INT. TOM'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Tom coughs. His eyes flutter open. Smoke floats through the room. He sits up, tries to stand, falls.

TOM
CAROL? CAROL?

He struggles to his knees, confused. Empty beer cans litter the table and floor.

He looks up the stairs. Smoke billows out of a bedroom door.

He stumbles, crawls to the stairs, claws his way upward, crawls into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM

Flames dance on the bed, crawl up the drapes. Thick smoke fills the room. A woman's feet hang over the edge of the bed.

TOM
CAROL! CAROL! CAN YOU HEAR ME?

He crawls toward the bed, bumps into something. He picks it up. A sawed-off shotgun. A horrified look crosses his face.

Through the smoke, he belly-crawls his way up to the bed.

A woman's body, engulfed in flames, shot in the chest and face. He reaches. The flames are too intense. Smoke obscures his vision.

He falls to the floor, pulling his shirt over his face.

He scrambles, crawls back toward the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY

Tom half crawls, half falls down the stairs. He crawls to the table by his chair, pulls the phone to the floor.

It's dead.

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - EVENING

Thick black smoke pours from an upstairs window.

A car stops in front of the house. A WOMAN gets out, talking excitedly into a cell phone.

A second car stops. Two young men get out, run to the house, begin beating frantically on the front door.

Sirens in the distance, getting closer. One man takes a step back, raises his foot to kick the door.

A picture window explodes as Tom flies out, lands in a ball and rolls on the lawn. The two men jump down from the porch, run over to Tom.

A police car pulls onto the lawn. An officer jumps out, helps Tom to the car, steadies him on the hood.

Fire trucks turn onto the street, then up to the house. A flurry of activity as firemen pull equipment from the truck. Three firemen with breathing gear run up to Tom.

FIREMAN
IS ANYONE STILL INSIDE?

TOM
(coughing)
My wife. I think she's --

Tom nods off. A fireman shakes him, yelling.

FIREMAN
SIR! WHERE IS YOUR WIFE?

TOM
Bedroom...upstairs --

The three firemen run to the front door, crash it open, disappear. Other firemen point a stream of water at the upstairs window.

Two firemen scurry up a ladder to the roof, then begin chopping a hole to vent the smoke. Two more firemen drag a hose in through the open front doorway.

LATER

Tom in the open back of the ambulance with an oxygen mask.

An OFFICER talks to two of the firemen, nods. He and a fellow officer approach Tom.

Tom looks up, bleary eyed. He has a scrapes and cuts from jumping through the window. Parallel scratches run down the side of his face.

OFFICER
(cautiously)
Mr. Wilson, can you stand? I need
you to stand up for me.

Tom stares for a moment without understanding, nods, tries to get to his feet. The paramedics help him up.

OFFICER
(pulling out handcuffs)
Mr. Wilson, you're going to have to
come with us.

Tom starts to protest, but is too wasted to put up a protest. They handcuff him, put him into a police cruiser.

He lays his head back, closes his eyes.

SERIES OF SCENES

Tom is booked into jail. Fingerprints. Mug shots. Wearing an orange jumpsuit. Being led through the halls.

INT. JAIL INFIRMARY - NIGHT

OFFICER #2 escorts Tom, in shackles and orange jumpsuit. Ugly, red scratches on one cheek, the other cheek bruised.

NURSE
What's the story here?

OFFICER #2
New intake. Stoned. You need to give him the once over.

NURSE
You smell smoke?

OFFICER @2
It's him. They said he killed his wife, set his house on fire.

NURSE
Lovely.
(points to a chair)
Sit.

Tom groggily complies, nods sleepily as she examines him.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

Detective Joseph MCMILLAN sits at a desk, reading a case file. His partner, Sam BRICKMAN sits down.

MCMILLAN
What's up?

BRICKMAN
Homicide. The guy off'd his wife with a shotgun, then tried to burn the body. Set the house on fire.

MCMILLAN
(looking at his watch)
Wonderful. Another late evening.

He sighs, puts away the file he's working on, gathers his items and coat.

INT. TOM'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The room is water-logged. Smoke stains the walls. Portable work lights cast a harsh glare on the scene. BARRY, a crime scene investigator, photographs the room as McMillan enters.

MCMILLAN

Hey, Barry. What do we have here?

Barry manipulates his camera, shots appear on the rear view screen. He shows a couple of shots to McMillan.

BARRY

Female victim in the upstairs bedroom. Close range shotgun blasts to the chest and face. Looks like the fire started on the bed. I'm guessing an accelerant was used, but it burned slow. Maybe kerosene. This was found on the floor just inside the room.

Barry reaches down, picks up a large, clear evidence bag containing the sawed-off shotgun.

BARRY

Looks like a domestic fight, and she lost.

MCMILLAN

Can you e-mail me these pictures when you get back to the office?

BARRY

Sure, no problem.

Barry returns to taking photographs. A forensic technician bags items, logging them on a clipboard.

INT. JAIL CELL - EVENING

Concrete, bunk beds, steel toilet/sink. Grey. Cold.

The door opens, Tom steps in. The officer removes handcuffs.

OFFICER #2

Lights out in two.

Tom stands silently.

OFFICER #2

I said lights out in two! Do you understand?

Tom nods slightly. Officer Smith shrugs, leaves, closing the cell door. Tom unsteadily climbs into the bottom bunk, sits, back to the wall.

The lights dim, but don't go out entirely. Tom stares into space, leaning against the wall. His eyes slowly close.

JAIL CELL - LATER

Tom jerks awake, confused. Body motionless, his eyes quickly scan the cell. He shakily stands, tries to clear his head.

He moves to the door, looks out the window, inspects the lock mechanism and tray pass flap.

He looks over the bare cell again, goes back to the bunk bed, easily swings onto the top bunk.

He sits, back to the wall. Slowly, his eyes close.

DREAM SEQUENCE

Military field hospital. Jack Carter on a stretcher, Tom tries to stay close, is in the way. CAROL WILSON, nurse, pulls Tom away.

CAROL

You have to keep out of the way!

(softer)

It's what we do...and we're pretty good at it. He's in good hands. Now stand down and let us do our jobs.

Crowded military mess. Tom eats in silence, alone.

CAROL

Is this a private party?

Carol sits, melts him with a smile.

CAROL

Your friend came through just fine. It looked worse than it really was. He'll have full use of the leg.

Beach. Carol runs to the water's edge, looks back at Tom.

CAROL

Come on, Grumpy Gus! Last one in buys lunch!

Tom grins, watches as she bounds into the surf, laughing.

Wedding chapel. Tom and Carol in dress uniforms - her Navy whites, him Marine blues. Military chaplain.

CHAPLAIN
You may kiss the bride.

And he does.

An argument. Carol, a head shorter than Tom, stands toe-to-toe. A ball of fire. No quarter asked or given.

CAROL
(yelling)
You just don't get it, do you? I die a little every time you disappear on one of your "missions". I just know one day I'll answer the door and...

Suddenly, silently, Tom pulls her close, kisses her. Furious, she tries to push away, eventually gives in.

END DREAM

JAIL CELL

Cell door UNLOCKS, opens.

Tom's eyes open, instantly alert, then close again. An officer looks in, ducks back out.

Two officers bring in Boomer McGee, large, long hair, beard, jeans, Harley-Davidson tee shirt. Very drunk.

The officers struggle to hold Boomer up while removing hand cuffs. They let go. He collapses into the bottom bunk, moans.

The cell door closes.

Tom sits motionless, eyes open. Moans give way to snoring.

Tom's eyes close again.

LATER

Tom still sits, back to the wall, eyes closed. The snoring stops. Tom's eyes open. He doesn't move.

Boomer climbs out of the bunk, wobbles over to the toilet, relieves himself. He snorts, spits, belches, comes back to the bunk. He spies Tom.

BOOMER
What the Hell you lookin' at?

Tom doesn't move. Boomer starts to say something else, decides to lay back down instead.

The snoring resumes. Tom sits motionless, eyes open.

INT. JAIL CELL - MORNING

Tom, half out of his orange jump suit, takes a quick wipe-down at the sink with toilet paper.

Boomer's snoring stops. Tom turns as Boomer sits up, holding his head.

BOOMER

Ugh...Have I been here all night?

Tom nods.

BOOMER

Did I do anything stupid?

Tom shrugs, starts to put back on the jumpsuit. Boomer stands unsteadily, extends his hand.

BOOMER

Bill McGee. They call me Boomer.

Tom hesitantly shakes the hand.

Boomer sees the tattoo on Tom's arm. A skull, guarded by a scorpion. A red tear falls from an empty eye socket.

BOOMER

DAMN! Is that...?

Boomer tries to get a closer look. Tom quickly pulls on the jumpsuit.

BOOMER

I never met a Ghost before. We all heard about you guys, but I never --

Tom doesn't say anything.

Suddenly, Boomer gestures wildly for Tom to move away from the sink and toilet. Tom returns to the top bunk.

Sounds of Boomer RETCHING into the toilet.

LATER

Tom sits against the wall, top bunk, motionless, eyes open.

BOOMER
Were you in Afghanistan?

Silence.

BOOMER
I was. 82nd Field Artillery. That's why they call me Boomer. Used to brag I could blow the wings off a fly at 20 clicks.

A long silence.

BOOMER
They had us hit a village about 15 clicks out, said a high value target was there. The weather was too bad for an air strike. Took out two warlords who were working with the Taliban. Didn't find out till later it was a wedding - sixteen dead, including the bride and four kids. Of course, they called it collateral damage.

(beat)

That's when I started drinking. Been in and out of rehab four times since...What's your story? What're you here for?

Tom takes a while to answer.

TOM
They say I killed my wife, set our house on fire.

BOOMER
Damn. Did you?

TOM
I don't know...can't remember.

BOOMER
Well, you sure ain't getting out anytime soon. Tell ya what. I'll give you my number. You call me if you need anything, okay?

TOM
Just say it. I'll remember.

BOOMER
Really? 202-555-8489. Got it?

TOM
202-555-8489.

Boomer falls silent. Tom remains sitting, motionless.

INT. JAIL REC ROOM - DAY

Several inmates. One blocks Boomer's path. Boomer has six inches and a hundred pounds on him. Boomer stares him down.

The thug turns, pushes Tom.

BOOMER
Man, you really don't want to do
that.

The thug shoves Tom again, hard.

Tom grabs the thug, SLAMS him into the wall, face first. He steps behind the stunned thug, wraps him in a sleeper hold.

BOOMER
Dude! Let it go, he's not worth it!

TOM
Why not? What's one more?

The thug's thrashing slows, stops.

TOM
(whispers)
Nightie night.

Tom drops the thug. Two more run toward him.

Tom steps into the first. Quick chop to the throat. A sweep of the legs. He goes down, holding his throat, choking.

Tom turns. A lightening jab to second thug's nose. The thug grabs his face as blood runs between his fingers.

Several guards run into the room, batons drawn. Inmates move to the far wall, except Tom and the three thugs on the floor, one unconscious, one choking, one bleeding.

Tom waits silently, arms out. He is cuffed and whisked away. Other guards tend to the three injured thugs.

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT CELL

Two officers guide Tom into the cell, take off the cuffs, quickly exit, watching Tom warily. Tom climbs onto the bed, sits cross-legged, stares into space.

LATER

The door to the cell is UNLOCKED. Two officers enter.

OFFICER #3
C'mon, someone here to see you.

Tom stands, waits for the cuffs. The officers cuff Tom's hands behind him.

One officer exits. Tom follows. The other officer brings up the rear.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Tom is escorted in. He turns around, waits for the officers to unlock the handcuffs.

OFFICER #3
I don't think so. Sit down.

Tom turns, looks into the officer's eyes. Never breaking eye contact, Tom flexes, steps through the handcuffs, bringing them in front of his body.

Then he sits, still looking into the officer's eyes.

Detectives McMillan and Brickman enter.

MCMILLAN
I'm Detective Joe McMillan, this is Sam Brickman.

Detective McMillan sits, lays a file folder on the table, pulls out a note pad.

MCMILLAN
Let's start at the beginning. Why don't you tell us what happened?

TOM
I don't really remember. It's all fuzzy, mixed up.
(collects his thoughts)

I must have dozed off watching the game...I woke up and the house was full of smoke. I went upstairs and found...I tried to get to her. The flames and smoke were too much...

(quietly)

She was already dead.

MCMILLAN

What? I didn't quite catch that.

TOM

She was already dead. I could tell, through the fire...so much blood.

Tom pauses to regain his composure.

TOM

I think I jumped through a window. I remember sitting in an ambulance.

He pauses again, shakes his head.

TOM

Then I woke up here, in jail. The rest is just blurs and flashes.

McMillan thinks, briefly looks over his notes.

MCMILLAN

How much did you have to drink?

TOM

Uh...two beers, I think. And a glass of wine with dinner.

MCMILLAN

Just two? You didn't have more beers? Several more?

TOM

No. Just the two.

McMillan opens the folder, pulls out several photos paper-clipped together. He removes the paperclip, lays it on the table, finds a photo, slides it across the table to Tom.

MCMILLAN

How would you explain these?

The photo is of Tom's chair and table. Several beer cans sit on the table, a few more on the floor.

TOM
(puzzled)
I don't know. I only had --

MCMILLAN
Nine. Nine empties.

TOM
I never drink more than one or two
beers at a time.

MCMILLAN
And --

McMillan places another photo on the table. A close-up of
Tom's silver hip flask.

MCMILLAN
Maybe a pint of whiskey on top of
the beer?

TOM
That flask was almost full. It's
just sipping whiskey.

MCMILLAN
It was on the floor. Empty.

Tom slides the two photos back to Det. McMillan. He stands,
tries to reach for the other photos.

Det. McMillan pulls the file and photos away. Officer #3
steps forward, ready to take action. Tom stares him down.

OFFICER #3
You need to sit back down.

Tom slowly sits, never taking his eyes off of Officer #3.

The paperclip is no longer on the table.

TOM
(to McMillan)
I never let myself get drunk.

MCMILLAN
Really? Never?

TOM
Never.

MCMILLAN
I see.

McMillan lays a photo of a sawed-off shot gun on the table.

MCMILLAN
Tell me about this.

TOM
It was on the floor of the bedroom.
I've never seen it before.

MCMILLAN
It's not yours?

TOM
Of course not. That's a coward's
weapon. I'd never own one.

MCMILLAN
A coward's weapon?

TOM
Yeah, the only reason to cut down a
gun like that is so some idiot gang-
banger can hide it under his coat.

MCMILLAN
You know a lot about shotguns for
someone who would never use one.

TOM
I didn't say I wouldn't use one. I
said I'd never own one.

Tom is silent, gazing at McMillan.

MCMILLAN
It was on the floor of the bedroom.
How do you think it got there?

TOM
Whoever shot my wife left it there.

MCMILLAN
I see. How do you explain your
fingerprints on the gun?

TOM
I remember picking it up, but I
really don't remember much else.

MCMILLAN
Let me take a stab at this. This is
just a theory at this point, mind
you. After the funeral, you came
home and got into an argument.

The neighbors said she stormed out and left in her car. Maybe you started drinking when she left.

McMillan pauses, trying to read Tom's face. Tom gazes back, with a blank expression.

MCMILLAN

At some point, she came back. The argument continued and ended up in the bedroom. Then you shot her, twice, in a fit of drunken rage.

McMillan pauses again, searching Tom's face. Tom's jaw clenches a little bit. His expression remains unchanged.

MCMILLAN

(leaning forward)
Then, you set the fire to try to destroy the evidence.

MCMILLAN

Well? Anything to say?

TOM

(evenly)
Can I go back to my cell now? I'm tired.

Tom continues to gaze at McMillan, who gazes back. The silence grows strained. McMillan changes the subject.

MCMILLAN

Your bond hearing is at one o'clock this afternoon.

TOM

Where?

MCMILLAN

Here. Closed-circuit TV.

TOM

What are the charges?

MCMILLAN

They'll tell you at the hearing and the judge will set bail. Don't get your hopes up, though. No bail on a murder charge.

TOM

So, what do I have to do?

MCMILLAN

Just answer when the judge calls
your name.

Tom seems distracted, brooding. Brickman opens the door,
beckons to the officers waiting outside.

INT. JAIL HALL - LATER

Two officers escort Tom. One opens a jail cell, points.

INT. JAIL CELL

Tom enters, turns for them to take off the handcuffs. One
officer (name tag says DORFMAN) grins, waves, shuts the door.
Tom still wears the handcuffs.

THUG

Oh, HELL, yeah!

The thug from the rec room is delighted to find Tom standing
there wearing handcuffs.

THUG

(grinning)

Payback's a bitch, bitch!

The thug lunges at Tom, draws back, fires a fist at Tom's
face. Tom lowers his head. The thug screams in pain as his
fist bounces off the top of Tom's head.

Tom springs forward, drives his forehead into the thug's
face. The thug falls backward, tries to scramble away.

Tom steps through the handcuffs. He reaches up, pulls the
missing paper clip from his mouth, unbends it, deftly picks
the handcuffs, tosses them away.

He smiles very slightly, steps toward the thug.

INT. JAIL HALL - LATER

Officer #4 walks the hallway, bored. He jumps at the clatter
of metal behind him, turns, sees empty handcuffs on the floor
of the hallway. He picks up the handcuffs, calls for help.

Another officer arrives. They open the cell, enter. Tom sits
on the top bunk. The thug snores in the bottom bunk.

OFFICER #4

Any problems in here?

TOM

Nope.

The officers look around again, leave.

INT. ARRAIGNMENT ROOM - DAY

Tom sits on a bench with other inmates in orange jumpsuits.

Officer #5 works a video camera. Another officer stands to the side, watches the inmates.

In a large flat-screen television, mounted on one wall, a JUDGE opens a folder, scans the contents.

JUDGE

Sullivan, William.

SULLIVAN (60), thin, weathered skin, shaggy grey hair, stands. The officer turns the video camera toward him.

JUDGE

You are charged with Drunk and Disorderly. How do you plead?

SULLIVAN

No contest, your Honor.

The judge glances down at the folder.

JUDGE

Mr. Sullivan, this is your sixth arrest for public drunk, and two more for Driving While Intoxicated. Is this correct?

SULLIVAN

I'm not sure. That sounds about right.

JUDGE

I see. Bail is set at one hundred thousand dollars.

Sullivan starts to protest. An officer sits him back down on the bench. The judge picks up another folder.

JUDGE

Wilson, Thomas.

Tom stands.

TOM
Yes, your Honor.

JUDGE
You are charged with Murder in the
Second Degree. How do you plead?
(beat)
Mr. Wilson? Did you hear me?...Mr.
Wilson?

Tom's gaze is fixed. A slight tremor. Suddenly, he falls to
the floor, stiffens, begins jerking violently.

OFFICER #5
Stand back, he's seizing!
(keying his radio)
MAN DOWN! Inmate down in 116!
Officers need assistance!

Bells ring. Tom flops, jerks, drools, eyes rolled back.

Other inmates watch, fascinated. Two officers position
themselves in front of the inmates, batons drawn.

JUDGE
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON THERE?

OFFICER #5
(yelling over shoulder)
Wilson is having a seizure! We've
called for assistance!

JUDGE
(to someone off-screen)
Call me when they get this cleaned
up and they're ready to continue.

The judge leaves the monitor.

The door bursts open. Several officers and a NURSE pour in.
Officers have the inmates stand, march them out the door.

The nurse attends to Tom.

NURSE
Looks like a Grand Mal seizure --

OFFICER #5
What do you want me to do?

NURSE
Get that camera out of the way!

The officer moves the camera. The nurse checks on Tom.

OFFICER #5

Do I need to hold him down?

NURSE

No. We just wait until the seizure stops...Go ahead and have security call 911. We're probably going to have to send him out.

EXT. JAIL VEHICLE SALLY PORT - DAY

Two EMTs load a gurney into the back of the ambulance. Tom is strapped down, unconscious.

One EMT climbs into the driver's seat. The other climbs into the back. Officer Dorfman joins the EMT in the back. The ambulance doors close.

The sally port gate slowly opens and the ambulance pulls out, lights flashing.

INT. AMBULANCE

Tom starts to wake, confused, incoherent. The EMT unhooks the upper straps, tries to take vital signs. Tom fights, moaning, weakly pulling away.

EMT

(to Dorfman)

Can you help me hold him down? I need to get his vital signs.

DORFMAN

(irritated)

How about if I cuff his hand to the gurney?

EMT

Yeah, I guess. If that'll keep him from thrashing around.

Dorfman fishes in his pocket for a key, reaches over, grabs Tom's left arm. Tom weakly pulls away. Dorfman grabs him again, roughly, unlocks the left handcuff.

Tom lurches upward, shoves the EMT backward. Dorfman tries to grab Tom's free arm, but Tom clamps the open handcuff around Dorfman's right wrist.

They struggle. Dorfman falls on top of Tom. Dorfman transfers the key to his left hand, tries to grab for his weapon.

Tom keeps him off-balance, unable to control the situation. Tom releases the lower gurney strap, shoves Dorfman off him.

They crash to the floor of the ambulance. Tom rolls on top of Dorfman, with Dorfman's arm behind his back.

Tom grabs Dorfman's gun with his left hand, chambers a round, holds the gun to Dorfman's head.

TOM
(panting)
Let's all just calm down, and everyone goes home to their families tonight.
(to the driver)
Turn down a side road, drive till I tell you to stop. And don't touch the radio.
(to the EMT)
Find that handcuff key!

The EMT reaches down, picks up the key.

TOM
Uncuff me and cuff him to the gurney.

Tom watches the road through the windshield as the ambulance turns onto a two-lane road and heads into farmland.

TOM
(to the driver)
This is far enough. Pull over and stop. Leave the keys in the ignition and come back here.

The ambulance rolls to a stop. The driver stands, holds his hands up.

TOM
Put your hands down. Come back here and join the party.

With Tom distracted, Dorfman reaches for his ankle. Tom cracks Dorfman's hand with the butt of the gun. Dorfman yelps, draws his hand back.

Tom feels Dorfman's ankle, finds a bulge. He pulls up the pants leg, reveals an ankle holster. Tom retrieves a small revolver from the holster, looks at it closely.

TOM
You sleazy --

He holds up the gun so the EMT and driver can see it.

TOM

Drop gun. Untraceable. Serial number's been ground off. Some cops carry 'em, to plant on a suspect after a shooting so they can claim self-defense.

Tom points Dorfman's service weapon at his head again. Dorfman is terrified.

Tom reaches out, grabs Dorfman's neck, squeezes. Dorfman tries to fight, but can't get loose. After a few seconds, Dorfman is still.

EMT

What the Hell! Are you crazy?

TOM

Relax, he'll wake up confused in about 15 minutes, with a nasty headache.

(looking at the driver)

You. Strip down to your civvies.

The driver looks astonished. Tom raises Dorfman's gun, gives the driver a hint. The driver unbuttons his shirt.

EXT. AMBULANCE - LATER

Tom, wearing the driver's clothes, watches as the driver (now wearing the jail jumpsuit) and the EMT unload the gurney. Dorfman is still unconscious.

Tom takes Dorfman's wallet, cell phone, police radio.

TOM

Give me your cell phones and money.

The EMTs hand over cell phones and some bills.

TOM

Gentlemen, I'm sure someone will be along soon to give you a ride.

Tom climbs into the ambulance, starts it, makes a U-turn. He stops, rolls down the window.

He holds up Dorfman's gun, releases the clip, removes the bullets, clears the chamber, puts the empty clip back into the gun, tosses it out the window towards the driver and EMT.

He drives away.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Sign on the wall - Remember Floor 3 Section G. The ambulance pulls into an empty parking space.

INT. AMBULANCE

Tom pulls the three cell phones out of his jacket pocket, removes the batteries. He putss Dorfman's phone and battery in hia pocket, tosses the others into the passenger floor.

He climbs into the rear of the ambulance, searches through things. Most of the cabinets are locked.

He finds an equipment bag, like a large gym bag. He unzips the bag, pulls items out. Oxygen tank. Splints. Bandages. He tosses the items back into the bag.

INT. PARKING GARAGE

The rear ambulance door opens, Tom climbs out. He locks the door, pockets the key, walks toward the stairs.

INT. SHOPPING MALL

Tom walks through the crowds, dressed as an EMT. He enters a variety store.

MEN'S DEPARTMENT

Tom looks at shirts. Sign on the rack - "Clearance, 70% off"

CHECKOUT

Tom puts items on the register - shirts, ball cap, back pack. He pulls a thin pad of bills, folded in half, from a shirt pocket as the clerk rings up the items.

SHOPPING MALL

Tom walks through crowds toward the Mens' rest room, with a shopping bag.

SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Tom emerges from the Mens' rest room, with a different shirt, ball cap, and back pack.

INT. AMBULANCE - LATER

The door unlocks, opens. Tom climbs in, shuts the door. He strips off the back pack, unzips the equipment bag, selects several items and tosses them into the back pack.

INT. PARKING GARAGE

The rear ambulance door opens, Tom climbs out, shuts the door, locks it.

He walks around to the passenger door, unlocks it, tosses the keys onto the passenger's seat, locks the door, shuts it.

He puts on the backpack as he walks toward the stairs.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE, BUS STOP

A few shoppers climb into a Metro bus, carrying their bags and packages. Tom is in the group.

EXT. METRO STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

The Metro bus pulls up, people disembark. Tom steps down from the bus, walks toward the Metro station.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LATE AFTERNOON

Det. McMillan looks over several photos spread out on a desk. Sam Brickman approaches.

BRICKMAN

The Wilson homicide?

MCMILLAN

Yeah. There's something fishy, but I can't put my finger on it.

BRICKMAN

Just got word. Tom Wilson escaped about an hour ago.

MCMILLAN

From county lockup?

BRICKMAN

Faked a seizure. They sent him out to the hospital. He overpowered the guard and stole the ambulance.

MCMILLAN

Unbelievable!

BRICKMAN

The EMTs said he tossed the officer's service weapon out the window before he drove off. But, get this...the officer had a second weapon on him. Wilson kept it, and everyone's cell phones

MCMILLAN

Wonderful. Now he's armed.

BRICKMAN

The county boys picked them up on a farm road. The officer was cuffed to a gurney. Wilson got about a twenty minute head start.

MCMILLAN

Okay. Let's circle the wagons, see if we can figure out where Wilson's going to go to ground.

As Brickman walks away, McMillan picks up the case folder, flips to a page of notes, picks up the desk phone, dials.

INT. BILL RATLIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

A yellow signal on the ceiling spins, flashing a warning. The door opens. A GUARD looks in.

GUARD

UNCLEARED!

Bill Ratliff glances at his bare desk, motions for the guard to enter. The guard escorts Detective McMillan into the office. He wears a badge with a large red "V".

Bill stands. McMillan shows him his police badge.

MCMILLAN

Detective Joe McMillan. I called you about Tom Wilson. I need to ask you a few questions.

Bill motions for him to sit, nods at the guard. The guard leaves, shuts the door.

RATLIFF

I heard about his wife. A real shame. Real unexpected. I guess he just snapped. You know he buried his mother earlier the same day.

MCMILLAN

No. I wasn't aware of that fact.

RATLIFF

She died unexpectedly while he was out of the country. I told him to take a few days off to sort things out, pull himself together.

McMillan writes notes in a small notebook.

MCMILLAN

Are you aware that Mr. Wilson escaped from police custody?

Bill is stunned, speechless. He recovers.

RATLIFF

No - I hadn't heard. When?

MCMILLAN

About two hours ago. Do you know any of his acquaintances, friends, places he might go?

RATLIFF

No, not really. He kept pretty much to himself -- occupational hazard.

MCMILLAN

Can you think of anything else we should know?

RATLIFF

No, not really. But...the only way you'll find Tom is if he wants to be found.

MCMILLAN

I don't follow.

RATLIFF

Tom is a field operative. A good one. He can hide in plain sight and you'd never notice him.

He might be the cop on the corner
or the bum sleeping it off on a
park bench. A face in the crowd --
a ghost.

Bill waits while McMillan considers this statement.

McMillan places a business card on Bill's desk.

MCMILLAN

If anything comes to mind, call me
at this number.

Bill picks up the card, nods. McMillan stands.

RATLIFF

I'll escort you out.

INT. CIA FOYER - LATER

Bill Ratliff walks McMillan to the front desk. He hands the
guard the visitor badge.

RATLIFF

You'll be the first to know if I
learn anything.

MCMILLAN

Thanks for your time. I'll be in
touch.

Bill turns, heads back toward his office as McMillan heads
toward the door and the parking lot.

INT. BILL RATLIFF'S OFFICE

Bill picks up the phone, dials a number.

RATLIFF

Hey, it's me...A local police
detective just dropped in, said
that Tom overpowered a guard and
escaped...Uh-huh...early this
afternoon...No, I don't think so.
But, we can't be too careful...
Right, right. I'm going to put
someone on it...Of course. Listen,
I have to run an errand after work.
I'll call you when I'm done...I
love you too. Bye.

Bill hangs up, opens a desk drawer, fetches a pocket organizer. He flips a couple of pages, finds what he's searching for.

He picks up the phone again, dials a number, waits a few seconds, hangs up.

INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

A pager BEEPS. The driver (30s), wiry, unremarkable in almost every respect, retrieves the pager, looks at the number.

This man is known to certain members of the intelligence community only as THE MOUSE. To anyone else, he's invisible, a shadow. A ghost.

INT. BILL RATLIFF'S OFFICE - LATER

Bill inserts a photograph and folded piece of paper into an envelope, seals it.

He stands, puts on an overcoat, slips the envelope into the breast pocket, goes to the door, turns off the light, leaves.

EXT. PARK - DUSK

The Mouse walks along casually. Joggers, tourists, lovers walk by. He sits on a park bench, waits for a couple to walk by. He reaches under the bench, pulls something loose.

It's the envelope Bill prepared, taped to the bottom of the bench. He slides the envelope into his coat pocket, gets up, walks away.

INT. WHITE VAN

The white van is caught in evening traffic on the Washington, DC beltway.

The Mouse, in stop-and-go traffic, tears open the envelope, pulls out the folded paper and a photo.

THE PHOTO (C.U.)

Is of Tom Wilson.

INT. WHITE VAN

The Mouse picks up a cell phone and battery. He inserts the battery into the phone, dials a 10-digit number.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER PARKING LOT

A black LINCOLN SUV idles, parked away from the other cars.

INT. LINCOLN SUV

A cell phone RINGS. Bill Ratliff answers.

RATLIFF

Hello.

INTERCUT: INT. WHITE VAN AND INT. LINCOLN

MOUSE

Tell me about Mr. Wilson.

RATLIFF

He has become a significant liability to the company. We need to contain the damage.

MOUSE

I understand that he has had certain personal problems recently. Does this make him a threat?

RATLIFF

Mr. Wilson has gone off the reservation, selling information on the open market.

MOUSE

Why not let the local constabulary deal with this? Or perhaps our mutual friends at the company?

RATLIFF

The company has decided to stay clear, since he has been charged with a capital crime.

MOUSE

And you have a problem with that?

RATLIFF

Normally, no. But we have a unique situation here.

MOUSE

Go on.

RATLIFF

It seems that Mr. Wilson decided to go for a walk today.

MOUSE

Escaped?

RATLIFF

Yes.

MOUSE

I see. What do you want me to do?

RATLIFF

We need your special talents. Find Mr. Wilson. Terminate him.

MOUSE

You're aware that it's highly illegal to take this sort of action on U.S. soil.

RATLIFF

No more so than some of the other jobs you've done for us.

MOUSE

True. Any suggestion as to where I should begin looking?

RATLIFF

His mother just passed away. Susan Greenwood, in Fairfax. You might start there.

MOUSE

Wouldn't the local boys already be watching her place?

RATLIFF

They haven't connected the dots yet. She was divorced and used her maiden name, Greenwood.

MOUSE

Standard payment arrangements?

RATLIFF

Yes. Half transferred to your account to start. The balance to be paid upon completion.

MOUSE

Agreed. I'll engage after I confirm
the transfer.

The Mouse ends the call, removes the battery from the cell
phone.

EXT. METRO STATION - NIGHT

Tom exits the Metro station, boards a Metro bus along with
other passengers.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Tom walks down a residential street. Cars are parked in
driveways and on the street in front of houses.

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom arrives at his fire-damaged house. Crime scene tape
flutters in a light breeze. Plywood covers living room
windows, bedroom windows, a hole in the roof.

He looks around, ducks quickly around the side of the house.

He tries the side garage door knob. Locked. He hits the door
with his hip. The door jamb cracks and gives.

Tom quickly slips inside, closes the door.

INT. TOM'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Dark. Two cars fill the garage. Tom feels his way around the
cars. He pulls down stairs to the attic, climbs upward.

Sounds of BOXES being moved in the attic.

Outside, a CAR DOOR shuts.

Tom's head emerges from the stair opening. Through the front
garage door windows, he sees part of a police cruiser.

He pulls the stairs up into the closed position.

The side garage door slowly opens. A flashlight sweeps the
garage. Two officers come in, looking around, in the cars,
under the cars.

The FIRST OFFICER spies the attic stairs, points. The second officer makes a "go ahead" gesture. The first officer shakes his head. They do rock-paper-scissors.

The first officer loses. He gingerly pulls down the stairs, climbs up to look in the attic. He quickly glances around, climbs down, shuts the stairs.

FIRST OFFICER
Nothing. Probably neighborhood
kids. Let's check the other doors.

The officers exit. Several long moments later, the stairs open again. Tom climbs down, carrying a small gym bag and his back pack. He quickly leaves through the side door.

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - LATER

The officers climb into the cruiser. It pulls away.

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE

Tom emerges from the shadows, walks back down the street, away from his house.

A nondescript white van starts, pulls away from the curb, drives past Tom, then continues on into the night.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Tom enters, with the back pack and gym bag. He wears glasses, sports a moustache, longer greying hair. He approaches the desk, waits for the desk CLERK.

TOM
(British accent)
I wonder if I might have a room for
the night?

The clerk looks at him a bit askance, checks the computer.

CLERK
Your name?

TOM
Covington. John Covington.

The clerk searches the computer records.

CLERK
I'm sorry, I don't --

TOM

Oh, I neglected to mention that I do not yet have a reservation. The other hotel was overbooked and they recommended I come here.

CLERK

Ah. Queen or King?

TOM

Queen will be satisfactory.

CLERK

Smoking or non-smoking?

TOM

Non-smoking, if you please. Nasty habit. Gave it up years ago.

CLERK

The rate is one eighty-five. Will this just be for one night?

TOM

Actually, might I reserve it for five nights?

CLERK

Five nights it is, Mr. Covington.
(hands Tom a form)
Please fill out your home address, auto make and tag number.

TOM

No auto. I just got in, and took the tube over from the airport.

The clerk stares, confused.

TOM

The tube...ah...the Metro. Quite convenient.

CLERK

Credit card?

TOM

Unfortunately, they are in my bags, which are likely in Jamaica at this point. The bleeding airline mis-routed my luggage. May I give you a cash deposit to cover the room until they retrieve my things?

CLERK

Ah...yes, We can do that. We'll need a deposit of three hundred.

Tom reaches into his pocket, pulls out a wad of multi-colored money, starts to peel off some bills, then stops.

TOM

Sorry. Wrong currency.

He puts the bills back in his pocket, reaches into another pocket, pulls out a wad of American dollars. He peels off three one-hundred dollar bills, hands them to the clerk.

CLERK

You'll be in room 434. Do you need a wake-up call?

TOM

No thank you. I may be sleeping all day. Jet lag and all. Cheers!

Tom turns and walks off toward the elevator.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Tom tosses his things on the bed, locks the door, engages the security latch. He walks through the room, looking in the bathroom, closet, out the window.

He sits on the bed, unzips the gym bag. He pulls out a cloth roll, unties it, unrolls it on the bed. A flap covers obvious pockets. He folds the flap upward.

The pockets hold various tubes of what appears to be stage makeup, pairs of glasses, plastic bags holding pieces of different color hair.

Tom removes the glasses and grey wig, carefully peels off the moustache. He tucks the moustache into a plastic bag, inserts it and the glasses into pouch pockets.

He pulls an empty plastic bag from the gym bag, stores the gray wig in it. He rolls pocket pouch back up, places it and the wig in the gym bag.

He picks up the TV remote, lays back on the bed, surfing the channels. He stops on a local news broadcast, showing his police mug shot.

T.V. NEWS ANCHOR

...escaped today while en-route to a local hospital.

If you have seen Mr. Wilson or have any information, please call the number at the bottom of the screen. Remember, Mr. Wilson is considered armed and dangerous...When we return, police are asking for your help in solving a rash of daylight burglaries.

The television cuts to a pizza commercial. Tom sighs, continues surfing channels.

EXT. SUSAN GREENWOOD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A small, neat rancher in a middle-class neighborhood, dark, silent. The white van pulls up, parks in front of the house.

The Mouse emerges. He wears dark tight-fitting clothes, carries a black gym bag. He pulls on a ski mask.

He sprints to the garage, pulls a small pouch of lock-pick tools from a pocket, picks the side garage door lock, enters. The door locks from the inside.

INT. SUSAN GREENWOOD'S GARAGE

The shadowy mass of an older 4-door Buick fills the garage.

The Mouse uses a pen-light to quickly glance around, then places the bag on the hood of the car. He transfers the pen-light to his mouth.

He unzips the bag, pulls out an electronic device, duct tape, a phone. He picks up the device, powers it on, presses a button until it beeps twice. The phone buzzes quietly.

PHONE (C.U.)

He picks up the phone, presses TALK. A map appears, with a flashing red dot. He presses END, lays the phone back down.

THE CAR

He picks up the duct tape and device, lays down, slides under the car. Sounds of DUCT TAPE being unwound, ripped. He stands back up, returns the phone to a pocket, zips the gym bag.

INT. SUSAN GREENWOOD'S KITCHEN

A shadowy figure outside, visible through frilly curtains.

DOOR KNOB (C.U.)

Scraping sounds. The lock clicks, turns. The door slowly opens. The Mouse enters, locks the door. He uses the pen light to look around.

He places the bag on a table, removes three small devices that look like home security system motion-detectors.

He picks up one of the devices, presses a button on the side. A red light flashes twice. He repeats the process for the other two devices.

He peels a piece of plastic off of the back of one of the devices, then sticks it high up on a wall. He picks up the other two devices, heads into the living room.

INT. VAN - LATER

The Mouse climbs into the van, removes his mask. He retrieves the phone, taps the screen several times.

PHONE (C.U.)

A box appears with words "3 IMAGES". The box is replaced with a folder showing three miniature photos.

The folder is replaced with one of the photos - an infrared shot of the Mouse, in Susan Greenwood's kitchen.

Another shot, zipping up the gym bag. A third shot, the Mouse reaching for the kitchen door.

A message box - DELETE ALL, two buttons, YES / NO. The YES button flashes. A message box, "0 IMAGES".

INT. WHITE VAN

The Mouse places the phone in his pocket, drives away.

SEQUENCE OF SCENES

Hotel room. Tom's eyes open, instantly awake. He rises, checks the window, door, scans everything in the room.

Tom doing martial arts exercises, push-ups, sit-ups.

He emerges from a steaming bath, hair wet, wearing a towel.

Tom, dressed the same as the day before, wearing the same wig, finishes affixing the moustache to his upper lip. He puts on the glasses, checks himself in the mirror.

EXT. SUSAN GREENWOOD'S HOUSE

A cab stops. Tom gets out, still in disguise. He waves at the cabbie, walks toward the garage. The cab pulls away. Tom changes course, toward the back door.

He stops, looks for something in a flower bed. He picks up a painted frog statue, turns it over, slides open a small cover, pulls out a key.

He puts down the frog, goes to the back door, unlocks the door, enters.

INT. SUSAN GREENWOOD'S KITCHEN

Tom opens drawers. Silverware, knives, kitchen utensils. A drawer with papers, envelopes, miscellaneous items. He rummages through the papers, finds a set of keys.

TOM

Sorry, Mom. I need to borrow the car.

(beat)

Sorry I wasn't here for you.

INT. THE MOUSE'S KITCHEN

The Mouse looks in his refrigerator. His phone rings on the counter. He picks it up, presses a key.

PHONE (C.U.)

A dialog box says "5 IMAGES". An image appears, another. Tom entering the kitchen. Tom opening drawers, two of him rummaging through a particular drawer, Tom leaving.

INT. THE MOUSE'S KITCHEN

MOUSE

(grinning)

Come, Watson! The game is afoot!

The Mouse dials a long-distance international number, waits.
He presses the SPEAKER button

AUTOMATED VOICE
...enter your account number,
followed by the pound key.

He enters several digits on the keypad.

AUTOMATED VOICE
Enter your access code, followed by
the pound key.

He enters more digits, then presses the pound key.

AUTOMATED VOICE
Today's balance is one hundred
sixty-five thousand three hundred
forty-six dollars and seventy-eight
cents. To hear account balances in
different currencies, press 1 for
pounds, 2 for francs, 3 for euros,
4 for --

He grins, turns off the phone.

MOUSE
Time to rock and roll!

INT. WHITE VAN - LATER

The Mouse looks at his phone while stopped at a light. He
taps a few times.

UNDER CAR (C.U.)

Underneath Susan Greenwood's car. The Mouse's tracking device
is securely taped to the frame.

INT. WHITE VAN

MOUSE
Still on 370...yep, Shady Grove
Metro! Our Mr. Wilson seems to
prefer public transportation.

EXT. SHADY GROVE METRO PARKING - LATER

The white van slowly drives through the parking lot, stops
for a moment behind Susan Greenwood's Buick.

INT. WHITE VAN

The Mouse glances around, spies a line of trees a couple hundred yards away. He smiles, drives away.

EXT. STREET - LATER

The Mouse, in faded jeans, jacket, ball cap walks along with a guitar case. He turns toward the line of trees, appears to be looking for something. He slips into the tree line.

EXT. TREE LINE

The Mouse looks out from the trees. The Metro parking lot is a couple of blocks away.

The Mouse opens the guitar case. A hunting rifle, powerful scope, folding shovel, several other items. He pulls out a tarp and the shovel, scrapes away leaves and sticks.

EXT. TREE LINE - LATER

The guitar case is barely visible, covered by leaves.

The Mouse lies under the tarp, covered by brush and leaves, invisible to a casual passer-by. The rifle barrel and sighting scope stick out from under the edge of the tarp.

INT. CRYSTAL CITY UNDERGROUND - LATER

Tom stands in a food court, nursing a coffee and a muffin. His eyes dart back and forth, examining people and faces.

He gets up, walks toward an electronics shop.

INT. ELECTRONICS SHOP

Tom waits at the counter for a CLERK.

TOM

(British accent)

Can you recommend a cellular telephone with pre-paid minutes? My mobile doesn't seem to operate on this side of the pond.

The clerk places a phone (in a plastic sleeve) on the counter.

TOM

I shall also need an automotive charger.

The clerk places a charger on the counter.

CLERK

You'll need to buy minutes. One hundred minutes for twenty-nine dollars, five hundred minutes for one hundred dollars.

TOM

Give me five hundred minutes, please. Is the battery charged?

CLERK

No, you'll need to charge it for twelve hours before you use it.

TOM

Oh, dear. I really must have a functional phone. Could I perhaps exchange the battery for one that is already charged?

The clerk pulls an identical phone from his pocket, removes the battery, places it on the counter.

CLERK

Fifty bucks.

TOM

I don't wish to buy another battery, I simply wish to exchange the new battery for one which has already been charged.

CLERK

(nodding toward counter)
Fifty bucks. Plus one eighty, sixty-nine for the other stuff.

TOM

Right --

Tom peels off some bills, tosses them on the counter. The clerk pockets two twenties and a ten, rings up the other items.

TOM

(muttering)
Bleeding wanker!

INT. METRO - LATER

The nearly empty Metro car clack-clacks along an above-ground section of track past parking lots and industrial buildings decorated with graffiti.

Tom stares out the window, distracted, a thousand miles away.

The train enters a station, stops, doors open. Passengers leave, more enter. Tom quickly scans them as they sit down, then returns to staring out the window.

EXT. SHADY GROVE METRO STATION

Passengers emerge, walking toward the parking lot. Tom is in the crowd.

INT. UNDER THE TARP

The rifle rests on a pile of bean bags. The Mouse studies the emerging passengers through the scope.

MOUSE

Show time.

POV THROUGH SCOPE

The rear of Susan's car. Cross-hairs centered on the driver's seat. Tom walks through the view, unlocks the door, starts to get in. A pickup truck passes, blocking the view.

INT. SUSAN'S CAR

Tom fumbles with the keys, drops them. He starts to bend over, to retrieve the keys.

POV THROUGH SCOPE

The pickup clears the view. A BANG. The rear window of the car SHATTERS.

INT. SUSAN'S CAR

A loud CRACK. The bullet grazes Tom's left bicep as he bends over, shattering the instrument panel. Tom grunts, drops sideways into the seat.

He gingerly reaches up to feel the injured arm, sees his hand covered in blood. He holds pressure on the wound to slow the bleeding.

He retrieves the keys, inserts them in the ignition, turns it to "on". Still lying down, he reaches for the window button, rolls down the driver's window.

He feels under the driver's seat, retrieves the handgun he took from Officer Dorfman.

And he waits.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

The white van pulls into a parking space near Susan's car.

INT. SUSAN'S CAR

Nearby, a car door OPENS, SHUTS.

Tom takes a deep breath, closes his eyes, exhales, relaxes (lying on the seat in his blood). He opens his eyes in an unnatural stare, looking at the dash.

The Mouse appears, peers into the window. He looks around, then reaches into his jacket. The butt of a handgun appears.

Suddenly, Tom blinks, raises his handgun, fires through the open window, striking the Mouse twice in the chest.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The Mouse falls backward. His gun skids under a car.

Tom kicks open the door, rolling out into a crouch, levels his handgun at the Mouse. The Mouse closes his eyes.

CLICK. CLICK-CLICK. Tom's gun is empty.

Tom stands. The Mouse opens his eyes, sees the Ghost tattoo on Tom's bloody arm, then Tom's foot, stars, blackness.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

VOICE

Mister? Mister? Are you OK? Do you need me to call 911?

The Mouse opens his eyes. An elderly man is shaking him gently. He stands, shakily.

MOUSE

Oh, man! I tripped, must have hit my head. I'll be okay. Thanks.

ELDERLY MAN

Are you sure, young man? It looks like you took a nasty fall there.

The Mouse reaches up, touches the raw skin on his face and temple.

MOUSE

Yeah, I did. I'll be fine. More embarrassed than anything. Thanks for stopping, though. Most folks aren't that nice anymore.

He shakes the elderly man's hand, smiles. The man nods, pats him on the shoulder, turns and starts to walk off. The Mouse smiles until the man is gone, then looks in Susan's car.

Blood is pooled on the driver's seat and smeared on the back door handle. Drops of blood lead away, toward a busy street.

The Mouse drops to his knees, retrieves his gun. He walks to the van, gets in, slowly drives away.

EXT. TREE LINE

Tom rummages through his backpack, pulls out a roll of gauze, gauze pads, alcohol.

He opens the package of gauze pads, takes a couple out, pours alcohol on them. He unwinds a length of gauze, tears it. He places the gauze pads on his wound, grunting in pain.

He wraps the gauze strip around the arm, uses a stick to improvise a pressure bandage. He pours alcohol on more pads, uses them to clean off some of the blood from his arm.

He brushes the leaves aside, digs a shallow hole. He tosses the empty packages and used gauze into the hole, then covers them with leaves.

He pulls out Dorfman's cell phone from his bag, fishes in a pocket for the battery. He inserts the battery, thinks for a second, makes a phone call.

INT. BOOMER'S LIVING ROOM

A game on the television. Boomer watches, sitting on a well-worn couch, beer in hand. The phone RINGS.

BOOMER
Your nickel.

TOM (O.S.)
Boomer McGee?

BOOMER
Who wants to know?

TOM (O.S.)
A recent room-mate, courtesy of the county.

BOOMER
(beat)
The ghost?

TOM (O.S.)
Yeah.

BOOMER
For real? Man, you're all over the news. Did you really escape from county lockup?

TOM (O.S.)
An ambulance.

BOOMER
What?

TOM (O.S.)
I escaped from an ambulance.

BOOMER
So what's up, man?

TOM (O.S.)
I need help. Someone I can trust.

BOOMER
Name it. What do you need?

TOM (O.S.)
I need a ride and a place to crash.

BOOMER
I can probably do that, if you're not proud. Where are you?

TOM (O.S.)
 Rockville. The Post Office near the
 Shady Grove Metro station.

BOOMER
 Rockville? It'll take me a while to
 get up there this time of day.

TOM (O.S.)
 Understood. Pull up to the mailbox
 and drop something into it. Then,
 exit and turn right onto Shady
 Grove. Be watching for me. What
 will you be driving?

BOOMER
 Big green pickup. Roll bar and
 lights. Hard to miss. You want me
 to call you at this number when I
 get there?

TOM (O.S.)
 Nope. I'll be watching.

BOOMER
 I'll be there as soon as I can.

TOM (O.S.)
 Thanks. I'll owe you.

Boomer stares at the TV.

BOOMER
 I'll be damned. Watch the house,
 Bear. Daddy's got to run an errand.
 We're gonna have company tonight.

A large Rottweiler, laying by the door, lifts an enormous
 head, looks at Boomer.

EXT. POST OFFICE PARKING LOT - DUSK

Large green pickup, roll bar, lights, pulls into the Post
 Office, goes to the drive-up mailbox. Boomer drops something
 into the box, then pulls out of the lot as instructed.

A block past the Post Office, Tom steps out from behind some
 brush, waves. Boomer slows. Tom tosses gym bag and backpack
 into the truck bed, opens the passenger door, climbs in.

INT. BOOMER'S TRUCK

Tom slides down in the seat, trying to disappear.

Boomer sees the bloody clothes and blood-soaked bandage on Tom's upper arm.

BOOMER

Damn, man. What the hell happened?

TOM

Later. Just drive. We need to put some miles behind us. And make sure you're not being followed.

Boomer reaches behind the seat, pulls out a drop cloth.

BOOMER

Here, sit on this. Try to keep the blood off the upholstery, okay?

He helps Tom tuck the drop cloth under his left side.

Tom finds the seat belt, fastens it.

BOOMER

So what's the story, man?

TOM

Ambush. They were waiting for me.

BOOMER

Waiting for you? Who?

TOM

I don't know - yet.

Tom grimaces, holding his arm, stares out the window. Boomer drives in rush-hour traffic, not knowing what to say.

BOOMER

We gotta get that taken care of. Try to hold pressure on it. You're bleeding like a stuck pig.

TOM

Yeah. I'm open for ideas. I can't exactly call an ambulance.

Boomer pulls out a cell phone, starts looking for a number.

TOM

No calls.

Boomer finds the number, dials.

BOOMER
Weasel? Boomer...You got your kit
with you?

Tom pulls the gun, points it at Boomer.

TOM
I said no calls.

Boomer glances sideways, doesn't seem worried.

BOOMER
Chill. I'm getting you some help.

Tom sighs, lowers the gun.

TOM
Sure, why not.

He holds the gun against his own temple, pulls the trigger.

CLICK!

BOOMER
(in phone)
Yeah, my place. About 30
minutes?... Gunshot. He's got some
sort of bandage on it, but he's
still bleeding pretty good.
(to Tom)
You feeling lightheaded, dizzy?

TOM
No, not yet.

BOOME
(in phone)
Okay, yeah. I'll tell him.
(to Tom)
Put the toy away. You gotta keep
pressure on that wound. You can't
afford to lose any more blood. I
got help om the way. He's gonna
meet us at my place.

Tom pockets the gun, leans back, closes his eyes, holding
pressure on the dressing.

INT. THE MOUSE'S BATHROOM - EVENING

The Mouse gingerly takes off his shirt, revealing a bullet-proof vest. He strips off the vest and the tee shirt underneath.

Two large blotches on his chest, beginning to bruise, angry and purple. Clearly visible on his left arm - a Ghost tatoo.

He talks to himself in the mirror.

MOUSE

(touching the bruises)

Impressive.

(looking at tatoo)

What's the real deal here? Did he really go off the reservation?

Or...or what?

(beat)

Either way, we have a job to do.

(sighs)

Semper Fi.

INT. BOOMER'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The door opens. Tom stumbles through, supported by Boomer. Bear lurches to his feet with a low rumbling GROWL.

BOOMER

Bear! Down!

Bear lays down, growling softly as Boomer leads Tom toward the dining area. He seats Tom in a chair, heads into the kitchen.

The front door opens again. WEASEL (50s), a stocky, weathered, barrel-chested man in jeans, boots, John Deere ball cap enters, carrying a bag with a large red cross on it.

Bear BARKS once, runs over to Weasel, happy to see him.

WEASEL

Bear! How's my good puppy?

Bear lays down, rolls over on his back. Weasel rubs and scratches his tummy. Bear is in heaven.

BOOMER

(emerging from kitchen)

Weaselman! How's it hangin?

He hands a beer to Weasel. He turns, opens a bottle of whiskey, hands it to Tom.

BOOMER

Pain killer. You're gonna need it.

Tom nods, lifts the whiskey bottle, downs a large slug, grimaces. Weasel approaches Tom, glances at the dressing.

WEASEL

You've had training.

TOM

Basic field first aid.

WEASEL

Afghanistan?

Tom nods.

WEASEL

Let's see what we've got.

He opens the gym bag, sets several items on the table beside Tom - gauze, tape, suture kit, medicine vials, syringe.

TOM

You a doctor?

WEASEL

Veterinarian.

TOM

(wryly)
Perfect.

BOOMER

Weasel's the club's doc. Whenever someone gets banged up, cut up or shot, he's the one we call. Less questions that way.

WEASEL

And, I haven't had to buy my own beer for years now.

Weasel cuts the bandage on Tom's arm, pulls it loose.

WEASEL

Damn! Son, you're lucky to be here.

TOM

Yeah. I feel like I won the damn lottery.

WEASEL

Someone wants you dead, for sure.
Definitely a rifle. Maybe a 30-06?

TOM

More likely a jacketed 762.

WEASEL

Military? Just who the Hell did you piss off? Another inch and you'd have lost that arm, probably bled out before anyone found you. Eight inches, you'd have been dead before you knew you'd been hit.

He turns, picks up the syringe and a vial.

WEASEL

Entrance wound's pretty clean, but that exit wound is ugly. I'm gonna be sewing for a while. I can't give you any drugs, but I can numb it up good while I'm stitching. It's gonna leave one hell of a scar --

Tom nods. Weasel fills the syringe, makes multiple injections in and around the wound. Tom flinches, breaks out in a sweat.

Bear lays his huge head on Tom's leg, sighs. Tom strokes Bear's head while Weasel threads a wicked-looking hooked needle, begins to sew.

Boomer watches from the background, grimacing, sipping on a beer. Tom's hand shakes slightly as he takes another large gulp of whiskey.

EXT. BILL RATLIFF'S STREET - DAWN

A semi-rural housing development. Large lots, two-story houses set back from the road, manicured lawns.

The Mouse's white van sits along-side the road. Magnetic signs on the doors advertise a local plumbing company.

EXT. BILL RATLIFF'S HOUSE

The Mouse, in dark tight-fitting clothes and hood, crouches beside Bill Ratliff's garage. Bill's black Lincoln SUV and another car sit in the driveway.

The Mouse pulls two GPS tracking units and a roll of duct tape from a small bag. He crawls quickly, silently, to the two vehicles, disappears between them.

INT. WHITE VAN

The Mouse opens the van door, places the small bag on the console, climbs in, shuts the door. He removes the dark hood, puts on a ball cap with the plumbing company insignia.

He sets the bag on the floor, pulls out his phone, taps a few times. A map is displayed with two red dots. He waits.

INT. WHITE VAN - LATER

The phone beeps. The Mouse looks at the map. One red dot is flashing. A block away, Bill Ratliff's SUV pulls out of the driveway and drives away.

He looks back at the phone. The other red dot is also flashing. He looks up. A woman in the other car also pulls out of the driveway.

MOUSE

And sometimes, you just get lucky.

EXT. BILL RATLIFF'S HOUSE

The van pulls up the driveway, stops in front of the house.

INT. WHITE VAN

The Mouse uses a small spotting scope to scan the outside of Bill Ratliff's house.

POV: THROUGH THE SPOTTING SCOPE

Focus on the front door. An alarm company sticker. The door looks solid, with a deadlock. Focus on the eaves. Two security cameras are visible.

INT. WHITE VAN

The Mouse pulls out a plastic bag containing some small electronic gear, dons the dark mask again. He gets out of the van, runs toward the back of the house.

EXT. BILL RATLIFF'S HOUSE

He locates the telephone connection box, cuts the phone line.

MOUSE
(muttering)
One one-thousand, two one-thousand,
three one-thousand...

He runs to the rear door, kicks it open. The frame splinters.
An alarm sounds somewhere in the house.

INT. KITCHEN

The Mouse, still counting, pulls a small transceiver from his bag, sticks it under the edge of a counter near the sink.

He opens cabinet doors, knocks items onto the counter and floor. He opens drawers, tossing items onto the floor. He sees some keys, puts them in a pocket.

MOUSE
Twenty-seven thousand, twenty-eight
thousand...

INT. LIVING ROOM

The Mouse runs through the living room, grabs some items, tosses them, turns over some furniture. He heads up the stairs.

He opens anything that looks like a closet, tosses clothes, linens, whatever. He heads into the master bedroom, pulls out another transceiver, places it behind the bed's headboard.

MOUSE
Fifty-six thousand, fifty-seven
thousand...

He heads into the master bath, tossing items as he goes.

INT. MASTER BATH

He opens the medicine cabinet, rakes items onto the counter and sink, pockets several bottles of pills, then turns, runs.

EXT. BILL RATLIFF'S HOUSE

The Mouse emerges from the kitchen door at a dead run.

MOUSE
 Eighty-six thousand, Eighty-seven
 thousand...

He jumps into the van, nails it, tears up the manicured lawn.
 Tires smoke when they hit driveway pavement.

INT. WHITE VAN

He pulls off the hood, replaces it with the plumbing company
 cap. He turns out of the driveway, drives toward the main
 road. He stops, turns onto the main road.

Two police cruisers flash past with lights and SIRENS, toward
 Bill Ratliff's house.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER PARKING LOT

The white van pulls around behind a shopping center. The
 Mouse emerges wearing gloves, with a black trash bag.

He pulls keys and pills out of his pocket, tosses them into
 the bag. He pulls the magnetic plumbing company signs off of
 the van, puts them into the bag.

He tosses the black bag into a dumpster.

He removes the van's license plates (attached with magnets),
 gets back into the van, drives away.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Office area. Photos spread out on a desk. McMillan paces,
 studies the pictures, fumes. The door opens. Brickman enters
 with two coffees.

BRICKMAN
 Thought you might like some decent
 joe for a change.

He hands a coffee to McMillan, glances at the photos.

BRICKMAN
 (puzzled)
 The Wilson case? What's up? Seems
 pretty open and shut to me.

MCMILLAN
 Dunno. Something bugs me. I can't
 quite put my finger on it.

He leans in, moves one photo to the top.

MCMILLAN

Here. What do you see?

BRICKMAN

A closet. Is this a trick question?

MCMILLAN

Aren't there are some clothes missing?

BRICKMAN

So? They're probably dirty, in the laundry.

MCMILLAN

What about the shoes?

BRICKMAN

Okay. I see shoes. In a rack. Your point is...?

MCMILLAN

Six pairs of shoes are missing.

BRICKMAN

So what? You're bugged because she didn't put her shoes back in the closet?

MCMILLAN

(arranging photos)

Where are they, Sam? They're not in the bedroom, or the bathroom. Not in the living room. Where are they?

BRICKMAN

Hell, I dunno. Maybe she gave them to Good Will or something. Maybe she took them off in the garage. Let it go, Joe.

MCMILLAN

I can't, Sam. There's something wrong. I just don't see it yet.

BRICKMAN

It's not that complicated. Wilson shot his wife, then set the house on fire to cover it up. The end.

BRICKMAN shrugs.

MCMILLAN

Any progress on the phones?

BRICKMAN

Waiting on the judge's signature.

MCMILLAN

(sighs)

Awright. Keep me posted.

Brickman nods, leaves. McMillan continues to shuffle the pictures, studying, searching.

INT. BILL RATLIFF'S HOUSE - LATER

Bill's disheveled living room. Two POLICE OFFICERS and a crime scene photographer. Front door opens, Bill enters.

RATLIFF

(looking around)

Oh my God!

POLICE OFFICER

And you are...?

RATLIFF

Bill Ratliff. This is my house.

He pulls his wallet, hands his driver's license to the officer. The officer glances at it, hands it back.

RATLIFF

The alarm company called me.

POLICE OFFICER

Really? And how does that work? The phone line was cut.

RATLIFF

The alarm system can make a wireless call if the phone line's down. It's an additional safety feature because...uhm...because of my line of work.

POLICE OFFICER

Well, it looks like your typical smash-and-grab. They kicked in the kitchen door, headed for the bathroom medicine cabinet.

RATLIFF
Unbelievable. Look at this mess!

POLICE OFFICER
You'll need to go through the house
and list anything that's missing.
Don't forget to include serial
numbers or other identifying marks.

The officer hands Bill some forms. Bill sighs, nods.

INT. BOOMER'S LIVING ROOM - MID-DAY

The front door opens. Tom wakes, rolls off the couch into a crouching position, groans, grabs his bandaged arm.

Boomer enters with a bag of groceries. Tom stands, groggily, holding his arm. Boomer tosses a pill bottle at Tom. Tom barely catches it.

BOOMER
Percocet. For the pain.

Tom looks at the pill bottle. There is no label.

TOM
Where'd you --?

BOOMER
Don't ask. They're safe.
Prescription.

TOM
How long have I been out?

BOOMER
It's almost ten, so - about twelve
hours, give or take. You passed out
after half a bottle of pain killer
last night.

TOM
(holding his head)
Yeah, not used to drinking.

BOOMER
Or getting shot, huh? Take a pill.
We'll see how you feel in an hour.

TOM
(looking a bit ill)
You got anything to drink - other
than alcohol?

Boomer fishes in the bag, hands Tom a bottle of orange juice and a bottle of aspirin.

BOOMER
For the hangover.

Tom sits unsteadily, fumbles with the pill bottles, pops a percocet and a couple of aspirin in his mouth, opens the juice, washes down the pills.

Boomer heads into the kitchen with the groceries. Tom lays back on the couch, closes his eyes, groans softly.

INT. BOOMER'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Tom sits on the couch, staring into space, expressionless, Bear at his feet. Boomer enters from the kitchen with two plates with sandwiches, hands one to Tom.

BOOMER
How you feelin'? Should be taking
the edge off by now.

Tom slowly turns to look at Boomer.

BOOMER
That good, huh?

TOM
Still hurts some, but I'll manage.
I've had worse. B'sides, I got
other things to worry about.

BOOMER
(sitting down, eating)
Such as?

TOM
Oh, I dunno. maybe figuring out who
shot me.

BOOMER
Any ideas?

TOM
Nope. Been trying to put it
together but the pieces don't fit.

BOOMER
Think it's connected to your wife
somehow?

TOM
Nah. Doesn't make sense. They were after me, waiting for me. The shooter was a pro.

BOOMER
A pro?

TOM
A specialist. Hired shooter.

BOOMER
A hit-man? You think someone put out a contract on you? Why would they kill your wife, then?

TOM
Dunno. That wouldn't make sense, unless they wanted to send a message. But then why would they come after me?

BOOMER
Maybe you're a threat to someone?

Tom pauses, brow furrowed, tries to think.

TOM
(a bit dazed)
You know what? I don't care. I'm just going to find the sonofabitch that killed my wife and send him straight to Hell.
(beat)
After that, I don't give a damn what happens.

Boomer stares at Tom, decides he's serious. He shudders at the thought.

BOOMER
You need anything?

TOM
Yeah. I need you to drive me around. I gotta be moving while I make some calls. Don't think I should be driving right now.

Tom grins a slightly stoned grin.

BOOMER
No problem. Where to?

TOM

The other side of the beltway.
Maybe Baltimore. I need to get 'em
looking in the wrong direction.

BOOMER

Well, You're gonna need a shirt.
Let me see what I can find.

Boomer goes into the other part of the house.

Tom grabs his gym bag, opens it, retrieves a wig, ball cap,
sun glasses. He puts on the wig - long dirty blond hair cut
in a mullet. He dons the ball cap and glasses.

Boomer emerges from the bedroom, carrying a flannel shirt. He
freaks when he sees Tom, then recognizes him.

BOOMER

Damn, dude! You nearly gave me a
heart attack!

Tom grins.

BOOMER

(looking more closely)
That's wild.
(holding out the shirt)
This is the only thing in your
size. It belonged to my ex-wife.

Tom takes the shirt, gingerly pulls it on over his bad arm,
manages to put it on and button it. It's a man's shirt.

BOOMER

You ready to travel?

TOM

Ready when you are.

Tom fishes in his pants pocket, pulls out his money clip, fat
with US currency. He tosses it to Boomer.

BOOMER

What's this?

TOM

For gas and the pills.

Boomer pulls out the bills, ruffles them. There are clearly a
couple thousand dollars or more. He pulls out couple of
hundreds, puts the rest back in the clip, tosses it back.

BOOMER
I'll meet you at the truck.

Tom nods, picks up his gym bag. Boomer heads toward the bedroom again.

INT. BOOMER'S TRUCK - DAY

Tom sits in the cab, gym bag on his lap, wrestling with the prepaid cell phone package. Boomer opens the driver's door, pulls the seat forward, puts a gym bag and a couple of rifle cases behind the seat.

TOM
I don't think we'll need those.

BOOMER
I'd rather have 'em and not need
'em than need 'em and not have 'em.
You want some help with that?

TOM
Got a knife?

Boomer pulls out a folding survival knife, expertly flips it open, hands it to Tom. Tom slices the package open, flips the knife closed again, hands it back to Boomer. Boomer grins.

Tom retrieves the charged battery from his bag, installs it in the new cell phone.

BOOMER
Need anything before we head out?

TOM
Got any .38 shells?

Boomer folds the seat forward again, unzips the gym bag, rummages around.

BOOMER
Nope. Nothing that small. Sorry.
You ready?

TOM
Sure. Let's roll.

Boomer climbs into the truck, starts it, backs out of the driveway.

EXT. BELTWAY - DAY

Boomer's truck moves through moderate traffic on the Washington DC beltway.

INT. BOOMER'S TRUCK

Tom dials a number on the cell phone.

INT. JACK CARTER'S CUBICLE

Jack reads e-mail on his computer. His phone rings. He looks at the display, doesn't recognize the number. He picks up.

JACK
4378.

TOM (O.S.)
Don't hang up.

JACK
Tom?

TOM (O.S.)
Yeah.

JACK
Man, where are you? The locals were here, looking for info. Said you escaped from jail.

TOM (O.S.)
An ambulance.

Jack looks for a pen and paper.

JACK
What? An ambulance?

TOM (O.S.)
They were transporting me to the hospital.

JACK
Are you okay? What happened?

Jack writes TRACE THIS CALL in large letters.

TOM (O.S.)
I faked a seizure and took over the ambulance after we left the jail. The guard tried to shoot me.

JACK
Uh, isn't that his job?

TOM (O.S.)
The coward had a drop gun.

Jack attracts a co-worker's attention.

He hands him the paper, points to his phone. The co-worker looks to see the extension number, nods, picks up a secure phone at another desk, dials, talks urgently in hushed tones.

JACK
Uh..a what? What did you just say?

TOM (O.S.)
They can't trace the call, Jack.
I'm on a cell phone and I'm moving.

JACK
Damn it, Tom! Why the hell did you have to call me? Now they're gonna be up my ass, too. You know I'm going to call security as soon as you hang up.

TOM (O.S.)
I expect they'll be there any second now.

JACK
(sighing)
Wonderful. It's your nickel, Tom.
What's on your mind?

Two serious looking visitors appear at Jack's cubicle, flashing identity badges.

AGENT BOB CARLSON (50s), an angular man with close-cropped greying hair, is obviously in charge. He points at the phone with a questioning look. Jack nods.

TOM (O.S.)
I want you to give a message to security. Maybe they'll pass it on to the locals.

Jack presses the speaker button on the phone.

JACK
Tell them yourself. You're on speaker phone.

TOM (ON SPEAKER)
Efficient as usual, I see. Good
morning gentlemen.

The visitors are silent, not amused.

JACK
What do you want, Tom?

TOM (ON SPEAKER)
Someone wants me dead.

JACK
My guess would be Carol's family,
don't you think?

TOM (ON SPEAKER)
Someone hired a specialist. He
almost got me at the Shady Grove
Metro station yesterday.

JACK
What? Were you hit? Are you okay?

TOM (ON SPEAKER)
Do I detect a note of concern? A
minute ago you wanted to chop my
freakin' head off.

JACK
C'mon, Tom. You know better.

TOM (ON SPEAKER)
(wryly)
Yeah, Semper Fi - flesh wound,
hurts like hell but I'm still
moving. He was in some woods about
two hundred yards out.

JACK
Either he's an amateur, or you're
damned lucky.

TOM (ON SPEAKER)
I'm betting on lucky.

Another visitor appears, delivers a piece of paper to Agent
Carlson. He's not happy.

JACK
What are you saying? You think
someone here brought this guy in?

TOM (ON SPEAKER)

Think about it, Jack. The picture? Someone outed me on the last mission. Then, they killed Carol. Now they're trying to kill me. Connect the dots, Jack!

AGENT CARLSON

(leaning into the phone)
Mr. Wilson, this is Special Agent Bob Carlson speaking. Let me send one of my people out to pick you up. I'll arrange to have you placed in protective custody until we get a handle on this. I will personally guarantee your safety.

TOM (ON SPEAKER)

I don't think so, "Bob". I like my chances better here on the outside. Besides, I have a score to settle. You could do me a favor, though.

AGENT CARLSON

And what would that be?

TOM (ON SPEAKER)

Find the sonofabitch behind this. Give me his name and I'll save the tax payer a lot of money. I don't care what happens after that.

AGENT CARLSON

Get real, Tom. Everybody and their dog's after you, and you're running out of places to hide. Come on in, and let us work this the right way.

TOM (ON SPEAKER)

No disrespect, Special Agent Carlson, sir, but I'm not all that worried. And, I'm pretty good at hiding. It's what I do.

AGENT CARLSON

Maybe so, but you're not a specialist, Tom. You're a handler. Come on in, and let us do our jobs.

TOM (ON SPEAKER)

(getting irritated)
Okay, "Bob", here's the deal.

If you want to do your job, then get your people off their asses and find the bad guy. I can't get to the evidence. You can. Turn over the rocks and see what crawls out! Someone is dirty there. So do your "job" and find them!

AGENT CARLSON

Okay, Tom. You have the upper hand for now...Tom?...Tom?

A dial tone comes out of the speaker phone, followed by the automated PLEASE HANG UP announcement. Agent Carlson hands the paper to the other agent.

AGENT CARLSON

Didn't have time to get a good fix, but we have his cell number. I'm guessing that he was driving on the beltway. Should be able to get a GPS fix whenever he stops moving. We'll put a tap on this line. I'd also like permission to tap your personal phones.

JACK

Sure, no problem. I've give you a list of my phone numbers.

AGENT CARLSON

No need. We already have them.

JACK

(muttering)

Of course you do. Big surprise.

The agents walk away. Jack looks at the phone.

JACK

(quietly)

Semper Fi, buddy. Give 'em hell.

INT. BOOMER'S TRUCK

BOOMER

What was that about? Seems to me that's about as smart as hitting a hornet's nest with a stick.

TOM

I'm just stirring the pot a bit.
People get more motivated when
they're pissed off.

Tom removes the battery from the cell phone, puts it in his pocket, tosses the cell phone in the glove compartment.

BOOMER

All right, what now?

TOM

Let's find someplace quiet where I
can think. Why don't we head down
to the mall?

BOOMER

You sure? That's an awfully public
place.

TOM

Best place to hide is in plain
sight. They won't be looking for me
in a public place.

BOOMER

(not convinced)
Sure. Whatever you say.

EXT. JEFFERSON MEMORIAL TIDAL POOL - LATER

Boomer and Tom sit on a bench, eating hamburgers and watching the tourists.

BOOMER

(looking around warily)
I feel like everyone's staring at
us.

TOM

Relax. You look like the cat that
just ate the canary.

(beat)

Look, it's real simple. People
don't want to get involved with
strangers. See that group of people
from the tour bus?

BOOMER

Yeah. What about them?

TOM

Wait and at least one of them will look over at us. Everybody's a little curious, but they're afraid to get caught looking. So, when that person looks your way, just stare at them. They'll look away as soon as they catch your eye. But, they'll look back again, to see if you're still watching them.

Almost on cue, a young woman in the group glances at them, realizes she's being watched. She looks away, then looks back. Uncomfortable, she moves to put other group members between herself and Boomer.

BOOMER

(grinning)

That's sick man. Sick.

TOM

Human nature. They can't help it. We're trained to use it to our advantage...Here, watch this.

A uniformed officer walks nearby, watching the crowds.

Tom, in mullet wig and ball cap, rises, walks directly to the officer. He chats briefly, and the officer points, explaining something. Tom thanks the officer, returns to the bench.

BOOMER

What the Hell? You got a freakin' death wish or something? What was that about?

TOM

Object lesson. Perception is reality. People see what they expect to see. He expected to see a tourist, not an escaped felon. So, he only saw a tourist.

BOOMER

Dude, there's something way wrong with you guys. Is this how they spend our tax dollars?

TOM

Someone's gotta take out the trash. Joe Citizen doesn't like to get his hands dirty.

Boomer studies his hamburger, shaking his head. Tom grins and nods to a young couple, walking by with a baby carriage.

INT. MOTORCYCLE DEALERSHIP

Boomer and Tom enter. Boomer goes to a GPS locator display, motions for Tom. Tom walks over, Boomer hands him a box.

BOOMER

I got one of these on my hog. Kinda like LOJAC with a built-in cell phone. When the bike's moving, it calls and reports the location. You can call the company or log in with a computer, and it'll tell you exactly where the bike's at.

Tom reads the instructions on the back of the box.

TOM

Is there a Radio Shack around here?

BOOMER

There's one on the way home. Why?

Tom grins.

INT. BOOMER'S TRUCK - LATER

Rock music fills the cab. Tom in a Harley tee-shirt, leather jacket, mirrored glasses, a do-rag. The long hair is gone.

Boomer's truck parks in front of a Radio Shack.

TOM

(getting out of truck)
Be right back.

He walks into the store, singing "Born to Be Wild".

INT. BOOMER'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Tom hands the tracker, connected and taped to a home-made battery pack, to Boomer.

TOM

Tape it onto the frame, away from the muffler. Don't be afraid to use plenty of tape.

Boomer nods, exits the truck, slips away into the night.

EXT. BILL RATLIFF'S HOUSE

Boomer creeps up to the rear of Bill's Navigator, moving fast for a man his size. He drops to the ground, makes sure he has the tracker and tape, and rolls under the Navigator.

INT. BOOMER'S TRUCK

The door opens, Boomer climbs in. He stares at Tom for an uncomfortably long time.

TOM

What?

BOOMER

Man, you're in deep kimche here.

Tom waits for an explanation.

BOOMER

That's not the only thing taped up under the rear end of that truck.

TOM

Okay -- ?

BOOMER

(agitated)

There's two other packages stuck under that truck. I thought they were bombs at first. Scared the shit out of me. But, they look kinda like some kind of trackers or radios or something. They look military, but I didn't see no markings on either one of 'em!

Tom scowls, trying to put the pieces together.

TOM

Damn. He's my only lead. We have to get to him before they take him out too.

BOOMER

Why don't we just ring his doorbell and grab him?

TOM

He's ex-Navy intel. He's not going to open the door to strangers. Not without some kinda backup.

Boomer thinks for a moment.

BOOMER
Bump and grab?

TOM
I guess. I don't see any other way.

Boomer nods, starts the truck, pulls away into the night.

INT. THE MOUSE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Mouse sits at a computer with multiple screens. He clicks a few times, pulls up a list with dates and times, clicks on the first entry in the list.

A recording opens up, muffled voices, male and female, talking about food. He closes the window, clicks on another.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(from another room)
DAMMIT! He stole my damned birth control pills! What the Hell would he want with birth control pills?

RATLIFF
(close)
How do you know it was a he? Maybe it was a woman.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(getting closer)
I'd like to find the sonofabitch and...you don't think it was Tom, do you?

RATLIFF
Nah. He's halfway to Jamaica or someplace like that by now. Besides, why would he want to steal your birth control pills?

Giggling. Rustling of bedclothes. Kissing.

RATLIFF
Seriously, there's so much heat on him right now - the cops, the company, probably some others, too.

WOMAN'S VOICE
What if he puts it together? Maybe we should leave town until they find him.

RATLIFF

I don't think Tom will be walking
the streets much longer.

More giggling, rustling.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Ocean breezes, moonlit beaches --

RATLIFF

Well - I suppose we --

Bill moans in pleasure. The woman giggles again. Quiet,
punctuated by smooching and moaning.

The Mouse clicks STOP. He opens a drawer, pulls out surgical
gloves and puts them on.

He locates a CD, inserts it into the computer, copies the
recordings onto it. He removes the CD, writes "RE: TOM
WILSON" on the CD and its sleeve.

He picks up car keys, heads for the door, carrying the CD,
still wearing the rubber surgical gloves.

INT. MCMILLAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

McMillan is awakened by a ringing phone. He groggily answers,
listens, hangs up. He sighs, sits up, rubs his eyes, rises.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Police cars, crime scene tape and barricades around a section
of outer wall.

Sam talks to a uniformed officer as McMillan arrives.
Brickman points to some pipes running along the ceiling,
inside the area marked off by crime tape.

BRICKMAN

(pointing with flashlight)
On top of that pipe. We're just
waiting for the bomb squad and
hazmat.

McMillan glares at him, gets back into his car, starts it,
drives through the crime tape, stops with the hood underneath
the pipe, causing a ruckus among the uniformed officers.

He hops out, climbs up onto the hood, reaches up, retrieves
the CD. The officers shrink back, ducking for cover.

BRICKMAN

JOE! WHAT THE HECK, MAN? You gotta wait for the bomb boys!

McMillan opens the CD sleeve, holds it up.

MCMILLAN

BOOM!

(beat)

It's just a CD, Sam.

He gets down, gets back into his car.

INT. MCMILLAN'S CAR

McMillan turns the key. MUSIC from the radio. He inserts the CD he retrieved from the pipe.

Indistinct male and female voices talking about food. He hits skip. A recorded conversation emerges from the car speakers.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(from another room)

DAMMIT! He stole my damned birth control pills! What the Hell would he want with birth control pills?

RATLIFF'S VOICE

(close)

How do you know it was a he? Maybe it was a woman.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(getting closer)

I'd like to find the sonofabitch and...you don't think it was Tom, do you?

RATLIFF'S VOICE

Nah. He's halfway to Jamaica or someplace like that by now... Besides, why would he want to steal your birth control pills?

Giggling. Rustling of bedclothes. Kissing.

RATLIFF'S VOICE

Seriously, there's so much heat on him right now - the cops, the company, probably some others, too.

WOMAN'S VOICE

What if he puts it together? Maybe we should leave town until they find him.

RATLIFF

I don't think Tom will be walking the streets much longer.

McMillan removes the CD, turns off the car.

MCMILLAN

(to Brickman)

It's gonna be a long night --

EXT. BILL RATLIFF'S STREET - MORNING

Bill's black Navigator pulls out of the driveway. A black sedan, parked down the block, follows at a discrete distance.

INT. BILL RATLIFF'S NAVIGATOR

Bill Ratliff holds the steering wheel and a scrap of paper with a phone number with one hand. With the other, he dials his cell phone.

RATLIFF

We need to talk.

VOICE (O.S.)

(mid-eastern accent)

What is on your mind?

RATLIFF

You have to bring me in. I think I've been compromised.

VOICE (O.S.)

Have you found the items we discussed?

RATLIFF

Yeah, yeah. Didn't you hear me? I'm expecting them to pick me up any time now. Every time the phone rings or someone knocks on my door, I just about jump out of my skin.

VOICE (O.S.)

Can you deliver the items or not?

RATLIFF

(taken aback)

Uh...yeah. I can make one more drop. But that's it. I'm done. You have to bring me in, and help me get out of the country.

VOICE (O.S.)

After we confirm delivery of the items, I will make the necessary arrangements...When we call you, come to the embassy and we will take care of you.

RATLIFF

And my wife. You have to arrange for her to come with me.

VOICE (O.S.)

(pause)

Very well, we will take care of both you and your wife. Make the delivery and then await our call.

RATLIFF

Agreed.

VOICE (O.S.)

Good day.

The call ends. Bill places the phone in his pocket, looking very concerned.

EXT. BILL RATLIFF'S HOUSE - MID-MORNING

An unmarked police car and a black-and-white unit pull into Bill's driveway. McMillan and Brickman emerge from the unmarked car, open the trunk, get out a battering ram.

MCMILLAN

You got the search warrant?

Brickman pulls open his coat, points to an envelope sticking up from the inside pocket. Two uniformed officers join them. McMillan hands Brickman the ram.

MCMILLAN

(to officers)

You guys go around and cover the back. We'll take the front.

The officers nod, head around to the back. Brickman and McMillan walk up onto the front porch. Brickman leans the ram against the wall.

They both pull their revolvers. McMillan rings the bell, pounds on the door.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(in intercom by door)
Yes? Can I help you?

MCMILLAN
(into intercom)
Police, ma'am. You need to come to
the front door...Ma'am?...Ma'am,
please - come to the door and --

Muffled shouting, crashes, from inside. McMillan and Brickman holster their weapons, grab the battering ram. The deadbolt on the door CLICKS.

Brickman and McMillan toss the ram into the yard, drawing their weapons as the door opens. One of the officers beckons them to enter, points into the

LIVING ROOM

The other officer has a woman on the floor, knee in the small of her back, locking the handcuffs. He gets up, raises the woman to her feet.

Carol Wilson stares hatefully at McMillan.

MCMILLAN
(stunned)
Mrs. Wilson?

She stares, sullenly. McMillan motions for the officers to take her out to the cruiser.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM

Brickman and an officer sit at a table, mirror to their back, opposite the disheveled Carol Wilson. McMillan enters, sits, waits. Carol stares back, showing no emotion.

MCMILLAN
Do you understand your rights?

Carol nods, sullenly.

MCMILLAN
You'll have a choice, you know.

Long pause. He waits her out. She eventually responds.

CAROL
About?

MCMILLAN
Virginia law allows you to choose.
Lethal injection or electric chair.

It takes a while, but Carol's hateful stare starts to crack.

CAROL
I didn't do it.

MCMILLAN
Do what?

Another long pause. Carol is playing a losing hand, and she knows it.

MCMILLAN
(to Brickman)
Let's just lock her down till the
DNA results come back.
(to Carol)
Personally, I'm betting that the
body in your bed was the ex-Mrs.
Ratliff, since you're driving her
car and sleeping...in her bed.

Carol starts to crack.

MCMILLAN
I figure you'll be looking at
murder one.

CAROL
ALL RIGHT! All right. But I didn't
kill anyone. She was dead already.
Bill did it. He made me help cover
it up, said he'd tell Tom about our
affair if I didn't...Tom would have
killed me...So, you see, in a way,
it was self-defense.

MCMILLAN
(to Brickman)
Get a warrant going for Mr. Ratliff
and see if he's at work.

Brickman nods, gets up, leaves the room.

MCMILLAN

You were saying Mrs. Ratliff was already dead?

CAROL

(collecting herself)

Bill called me, hysterical, said he and Sheila were arguing again. He said she fell down the stairs. He tried to do CPR, but it didn't do any good. So he called and wanted me to help get rid of her body.

She pauses, thinking, choosing her words.

CAROL

He came up with this crazy plan, to make everyone think I was the one that died, and I'd take Sheila's place. We'd wait a while and leave the country as husband and wife. Nobody would figure it out until after we were gone. It was perfect...except for Tom. Mr. 007. Mr. Super-spy.

MCMILLAN

How was the plan supposed to work, before Tom got in the way?

CAROL

I drugged him, and the fire...or the smoke...he...he wasn't supposed to wake up. I gave him enough drugs to knock out a HORSE! He wasn't supposed to wake up!

McMillan makes notes, waits for her to compose herself.

MCMILLAN

Tell me about the shotgun. I thought you said she was already dead?

CAROL

That was Bill's idea, too. He said they could identify the body from her dental records. He --

Carol is horrified, takes a moment to compose herself.

CAROL

He put her on the bed, then told me to leave.

I heard two shotgun blasts. He said he had to destroy the dental...evidence --

She pauses, coming to grips with the horrific nature of her and Bill's actions.

CAROL

He set the fire, and then came downstairs. He hit Tom a couple of times, to make it look like we'd been fighting. I dumped a bunch of empty beer cans around his chair. Then we...we just left.

Carol stares at McMillan, trying to read him.

CAROL

What now?

MCMILLAN

First, we're going to book you. Then we're going to go pick up your boyfriend.

CAROL

What are the charges?

McMillan makes some notes before answering.

MCMILLAN

Attempted murder. Arson. Tampering with evidence. I don't remember the exact charge when you deface a cadaver. I'll have to look that one up. It's something we don't see every day.

CAROL

Can we make some kind of deal? I mean, she was already dead. And I didn't really do all that stuff. It was all Bill. Not me.

McMillan looks up, studies her face. She's desperate. He sighs, shakes his head.

MCMILLAN

I really don't see a deal here. The evidence pretty much speaks for itself. Unless you have something else you want to get off your mind?

CAROL

Fine. I'm not saying anything else until I talk to my attorney.

MCMILLAN

That's your right.

McMillan nods at the officer, who has Carol stand, cuffs her behind her back. He leads her out of the room.

McMillan places the notes in the folder, pulls out the picture of the closet and shoe rack. He sighs, then puts the picture back in the file.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS, MCMILLAN'S DESK

Brickman approaches, lays a paper on McMillan's desk.

BRICKMAN

Here's the warrant for Ratliff.

MCMILLAN

No word on his 20?

BRICKMAN

He's not in his office. They won't tell me if he's in the building.

MCMILLAN

Great. Let's get an APB out and send an unmarked unit to watch his house. Maybe we'll get lucky.

Brickman sits, picks up the phone, dials a few digits.

BRICKMAN

I need to broadcast a wants and warrant...William Prentiss Ratliff. R-A-T-L-I-F-F. AKA Bill Ratliff. Presumed armed and dangerous. May be driving a Black 2008 Lincoln Navigator, Virginia license Nancy Victor Hugo 3-5-9...

EXT. PARK (PARKING LOT) - DAY

Bill's Navigator pulls into a space. Bill gets out, looks around, retrieves an envelope from the dash, slides it into his inner coat pocket. He follows a path into the woods.

A black 4-door sedan pulls into the parking lot, parks a few spaces away from Bill's SUV. Special Agent Bob Carlson gets out, walks into the woods after Bill.

Boomer's truck pulls up, stops behind Bill's SUV. Tom gets out, leather jacket, long hair, a do-rag, mirrored glasses. He briefly looks into Bill's SUV, then follows the path into the woods.

Boomer's truck backs up into a parking space where he can see Bill's SUV.

The Mouse's white van pulls into the lot, past Bill's SUV, parks near the exit.

EXT. PATHWAY

Bill stops, sits on a bench next to a garbage can. He waits, looking lazily at the sky and the woods. He pulls out a Blackberry phone, busies himself reading, punching keys.

Bob Carlson walks past the bench, apparently having a heated argument with someone on his cell phone. He doesn't look at Bill, but walks on by, talking intently into the phone.

DOWN THE PATH

No longer in Bill's line of sight, Carlson yells a final epithet into the phone, ducks off the pathway into the underbrush, begins carefully working back toward

THE PARK BENCH

After Carlson passes, Bill pulls the envelope out of his inner coat pocket. He retrieves a roll of duct tape from another pocket, tapes the envelope under the park bench seat.

IN THE UNDERBRUSH

Special Agent Carlson watches Bill tape the envelope under the seat.

EXT. THE PARK BENCH

Bill pulls a piece of chalk from his pocket, looks both ways. Satisfied, he walks over to the trash can. Using the chalk, he draws a circle with a line through it on the trash can.

He walks back down the path, toward his SUV.

EXT. ON THE PATH

Bill almost bumps into Tom, doesn't recognize him. He nods, continues onward.

TOM

Bill?

Bill stops, surprised, turns.

TOM

Bill Ratliff? Man, it's been a long, long time!

RATLIFF

I'm sorry. Do I know you?

Tom takes a step closer, removes the glasses.

TOM

Come on now, you don't recognize an old employee?

Bill is stunned, speechless as he recognizes Tom. He looks around, frantically. Tom pulls Officer Dorfman's gun.

TOM

Don't be stupid, Bill. Let's just sit down and have us a little chat.

RATLIFF

Okay. Okay. What do you want from me?

TOM

Let's start with the mission, and see where we end up. Who outed me, Bill? How did they get my CIA badge photo? Let's start there, okay?

A female JOGGER comes up the path. Tom places the gun under his arm, out of sight. Tom and Bill both smile and nod as the girl approaches.

As she passes, Bill jumps, grabs her from behind, a survival knife held to her throat. Tom produces the gun again.

TOM

Let her go, Bill.

Bill shakes his head, pulls the girl a few steps backward, away from Tom.

TOM

Bill, let her go NOW or I'm going to kill you.

Tom raises the gun, aims. The girl faints, going limp. Bill can't hold her dead weight. She slumps to the ground. Bill is flustered, having lost his human shield. He drops the knife, raises his hands in surrender.

The girl has not really fainted. She's faking. She opens her eyes, lashes out, expertly delivering a sound thrust-kick to Bill's groin.

The kick knocks Bill backward, off his feet. He lays on the ground, moaning, holding his crotch.

The girl regains her feet, flashing a terrified look at Tom and the gun. Tom lowers the gun. She breaks into a run, back down the path.

Tom stands over Bill, pointing the gun at his head.

TOM

TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW OR I'LL PAINT THIS PATH WITH YOUR DAMNED BRAINS!

Bill looks upward, still in pain. He raises a hand.

RATLIFF

All right. All right. I'll tell you anything you want to know.

Bill starts to sit up, but suddenly sweeps Tom's legs out from under him instead. Tom falls, hard, onto his left side and injured arm.

Bill bolts into the underbrush, crashing away from the path.

Tom grimaces, laying face down on the path, in crushing pain, too weak to take up the chase. He struggles to his feet, heads down the path toward the parking lot.

INT. POLICE CRUISER

OFFICER MARY BEARDEN's cruiser sits behind Bill's SUV. She listens to instructions on the radio.

RADIO DISPATCHER

Repeat. Suspect is presumed armed and dangerous. Do not engage until backup units arrive.

OFFICER BEARDEN

10-4.

She pulls away from the SUV.

EXT. PARK (PARKING LOT)

The terrified female jogger emerges from the woods, screaming. Halfway backed into a parking spot, Officer Bearden stops the cruiser. She gets out, goes to the jogger.

JOGGER

A man grabbed me! He had a knife!

OFFICER BEARDEN

Are you hurt?

The jogger shakes her head and points.

JOGGER

Another man had a gun! I think they were fighting. He grabbed me!

OFFICER BEARDEN

(into her radio)

Dispatch. Baker 36. I need that backup. We have two men with weapons in the park, at least one with a gun.

RADIO DISPATCHER

Baker 36. Backup units have been dispatched. Do not engage until they arrive. Repeat. Do not engage.

OFFICER BEARDEN

I may not have a choice! What's the ETA of my backup?

RADIO DISPATCHER

(slight pause)

The nearest is ten blocks.

OFFICER BEARDEN

10-4.

(muttering to herself)

Wonderful.

Officer Bearden guides the jogger to the sidewalk, away from the parking lot.

Ratliff runs out of the woods, jumps into his SUV. Tires squeal, smoke as he backs out.

He slams it into drive, guns it. He smashes a glancing blow to Officer Bearden's cruiser, then shoots out the parking lot exit.

The Mouse's white van pulls out, follows the SUV.

SIRENS getting louder.

Tom limps out of the woods. Boomer's truck pulls up, and Tom climbs in. The truck tears toward the exit, tires smoking, past the crippled police cruiser.

Agent Carlson runs from the woods, holding the envelope Bill had taped under the park bench. The sedan picks him up, and screams toward the exit.

Two police cruisers, lights, SIRENS, pull into the parking lot. A window rolls down. Officer Bearden has a short conversation with one. Both cruisers head for the exit.

EXT. CAPITOL BELTWAY

Ratliff's SUV weaves through traffic, lights flashing, HORN blaring. Regular traffic makes way, too slowly. Ratliff sideswipes a car, bumps the rear of another until it moves.

The white van follows, several car lengths back, far more cautiously.

Boomer's large pickup truck blasts by the white van, weaving, flashing its lights and HONKING. Traffic, skiddish from Bill's assault, is easily convinced to make way.

Head lights flash. SIREN. Hidden colored lights in the grill. Agent Carlson's sedan, a police cruiser in disguise, blows past the white van, expertly weaves through the traffic.

Two police cars, lights, SIRENS wailing, try to catch up.

Ahead, a Lexus repeatedly switches lanes, advances, hits the brakes, probes for an opening

INT. LEXUS

FRED MILLER, 60ish, suit, tie, talks into cell phone headset.

MILLER

Nah. I'm stuck on the inner loop.
It could be another half hour at
this rate. Apologize for me and
give 'em some coffee.

A horn BLARES. Angrily, Miller looks up. Ratliff's black Lincoln SUV, damaged hood and front passenger fender, completely fills the rear-view mirror.

MILLER
(yells)
Just where the Hell do you expect
me to go?

EXT. CAPITOL BELTWAY

Brake lights on the Lexus. The Lincoln almost hits it, lays on the horn again.

Boomer's pickup catches up to the Lincoln.

INT. LEXUS

The Lincoln's horn honks insistently.

MILLER
BACK OFF ASSHOLE!

He steps on the brakes, to make the point.

The Lincoln speeds up, SLAMS into the Lexus.

EXT. CAPITOL BELTWAY

The Lincoln RAMS the smaller Lexus into the car in front of it. Both hit the brakes, slide out of control.

The Lexus spins, tags the guard rail, slides to a stop facing oncoming traffic. Other cars swerve to avoid the wreck.

INT. BOOMER'S TRUCK

Boomer drives hard to stay with the Lincoln. Tom hangs on as the Boomer swerves through chaos.

A gun appears out the Lincoln's driver's window. Two shots. A bullet hole in the upper left corner of Boomer's windshield.

BOOMER
Oh, HELL no! I know you didn't
just shoot at ME!

He RAMS the big pickup into the Lincoln.

EXT. CAPITOL BELTWAY

The Lincoln fishtails, recovers, shoots through a gap between spinning, sliding, braking cars. Boomer stays on his tail.

The gun reappears. Another shot.

INT. BOOMER'S TRUCK

Another hole, lower, closer.

With a guttural yell, Boomer whips to the left and guns it.

EXT. CAPITOL BELTWAY

Boomer's truck pulls along the driver's side of the Lincoln.

Boomer hits the brakes, swings right hard, rams the rear quarter panel of the Lincoln in a textbook P.I.T. maneuver.

As the SUV starts to turn sideways, Boomer guns the engine. The Lincoln steers into the skid, but the front passenger tire pops off of the rim.

The Lincoln rolls twice, spewing glass, trim, other debris.

Boomer's truck, full throttle, now clear of the SUV, shoots off the right side of the road, smashing into a guard rail. Inertia carries the pickup over the rail and onto its roof.

Agent Carlson's sedan and the two police cruisers pick their way through the chaos. The sedan and one cruiser move toward the overturned SUV. The other inches toward

BOOMER'S WRECKED TRUCK

Dazed, hanging upside down, Tom looks around. He unhooks the seat belt, dropping heavily amid broken glass. Tom's wig, do-rag and glasses are missing.

Two MEN reach in, help pull Tom through the broken window. Once out, he turns back, grabs Officer Dorman's gun. The men shrink back when they see it.

Tom struggles to his feet, climbs over the guard rail, lurches toward Ratliff's wreck SUV.

A police cruiser pulls up to the damaged guard rail. An officer gets out as several men help Boomer to the cruiser, bleeding from a few cuts, mostly unharmed.

INT. MCMILLAN'S CRUISER

Brickman dodges a stopped car at the edge of a sea of red tail lights. He whips onto the shoulder, SIREN wailing, HONKING at cars trying to pull over.

Brickman lays on the horn as the Mouse's white van pulls onto the shoulder. The van pulls further over, onto the grass, as the cruiser inches past. The van stops.

BRICKMAN
Freaking idiot!

They approach Boomer's overturned truck, can go no further. As Brickman and McMillan get out, McMillan spots Tom moving toward Bill's SUV.

MCMILLAN
(pointing)
I think that's Wilson!

He and Brickman run toward the wrecked SUV.

EXT. FREEWAY

The Mouse gets out, goes around to the passenger side. He opens the sliding door, reaches in, pulls out the guitar case containing his rifle. He runs into the woods beside the road.

EXT. WOODS

The Mouse picks his way up the hill, looking out toward the wreck and flashing lights in the distance. He lays the case on the ground, opens it, pulls out the rifle and scope.

EXT. BILL'S SUV

The SUV is on it's wheels, very much the worse for wear.

Bill, bloodied and bruised, kicks at the door from the inside. It gives, creaks open enough for him to slide out.

As Bill struggles out of the SUV, Tom arrives.

TOM
Honey, I'm home.

Bill, surprised, lurches toward the crumpled door, reaches into the SUV. Tom body checks the door, protecting his injured arm. Bill yells, pulls his arm back, turns to run.

Tom grabs wildly, catching Bill's shirt collar. He pulls. Bill stumbles backward, crashing into Tom. They both fall, wrestling, Bill trying to get free, Tom trying to hold on.

Several car lengths away, the police cruiser and Agent Carlson's cruiser can go no farther. OFFICER SMITH, Agents Carlson and LEE emerge from the two cars, run toward the SUV, guns drawn.

Officer Smith arrives first, dodges behind a stopped car, aims his weapon at the men wrestling by the SUV.

OFFICER SMITH
LET ME SEE YOUR HANDS! NOW! LET ME
SEE YOUR DAMN HANDS!

Agents Carlson and Lee run beside Officer Smith, weapons drawn. He freaks, jumping back, unable to decide whether to aim at the men by the SUV, or the two strangers beside him.

Agent Lee raises her gun to the sky, slowly reaches into a pocket.

AGENT LEE
Steady, steady. Federal officers.

She produces a shield, hands it to Officer Smith.

AGENT LEE
Agent Samantha Lee. This is Agent
Carlson. CIA Office of Special
Investigations.

Officer Smith, somewhat satisfied, hands back the shield, aims his weapon back toward the SUV.

Tom rolls onto his back, holds his battered arm. Bill tries to stand, falls to his hands and knees.

Brickman and McMillan arrive, distracting the two agents and Officer Smith. Officer Smith looks back first.

OFFICER SMITH
DROP THE WEAPON! DROP IT!

All eyes return to the SUV.

Tom, on his knees, aims Officer Dorfman's gun at Bill's head.

AGENT LEE
(taking careful aim)
I can take him. Give the word.

AGENT CARLSON

Not yet. Anyone know the guy with the gun?

MCMILLAN

Yeah, Tom Wilson. He's MY problem.

AT THE SUV

RATLIFF

What the Hell do you want from me?

TOM

The truth! I want the damn truth.

RATLIFF

Listen, Jarhead, you wouldn't know the truth if it bit you on the ass!

Tom loses it, cracks Bill with the butt of the gun. Bill falls onto his back, holding his head. Tom leans in, presses the barrel of the gun against Bill's face.

TOM

You sonofabitch! Tell me! Who set me up? Who killed my wife?

RATLIFF

That's what this is about? Your wife?

Bill starts laughing.

EXT. WOODS

The Mouse looks through the rifle scope. The rifle rests on a beanbag, laid in the crotch of a tree-limb.

POV THROUGH THE SCOPE

A view of Tom in the cross-hairs, leaning over. Bill is not visible. The view is partially blocked by a car.

AT THE SUV

MCMILLAN (O.S.)

THOMAS WILSON! TOM! THIS IS DETECTIVE JOE MCMILLAN! I KNOW YOU DIDN'T KILL YOUR WIFE! YOU NEED TO STAND DOWN AND LET US HANDLE THIS!

Tom pauses.

TOM
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU SAYING?

MCMILLAN (O.S)
SHE'S NOT DEAD, TOM. YOUR WIFE IS
NOT DEAD. WE HAVE HER IN CUSTODY.

Tom leans back, pulling the gun away from Bill's face. He looks at McMillan, exhausted, confused.

Swiftly, Bill grabs the gun barrel, twists it away, out of Tom's hand. He kicks, thrusting his leg into Tom's chest, hard. Tom falls sideways.

Bill struggles to his feet. Five people yell variations of "DROP THE GUN". Bill holds the gun under his own. Tom looks upward at Bill through a fog of exhaustion and pain killers.

AGENT CARLSON
Lower the gun, Mr. Ratliff. It's
over. We found the drop and we have
the list. Don't make it any worse.

Bill closes his eyes, pulls the trigger. CLICK!

Bill opens his eyes, surprised. CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

He looks down the barrel of the gun, into the cylinder.

RATLIFF
Perfect. Empty.

He points the gun at the officers.

MCMILLAN
Hold your fire!

The officers and agents duck and scatter.

CLICK! CLICK! Bill laughs hysterically.

POV THROUGH THE SCOPE

Bill, centered in the scope, waves the revolver, pointing it at bystanders and traffic.

AT THE SUV

THWACK! A red spray paints the side of Bill's SUV. Bill stumbles back, looks down at the neat hole in his chest and the red stain, growing with each heartbeat.

Bill touches the blood, looks at his fingers, looks up with a bewildered expression.

He falls, face first, blood pooling underneath him.

Officer Smith and the detectives scan the cars, people and mayhem, trying to spot the shooter. The CIA agents carefully make their way toward the SUV, using other cars for cover.

EXT. WOODS

The Mouse emerges from the woods, moves quickly to the van. He opens the side door, tosses in the guitar case, closes the door, walks around the front of the van.

He nearly steps out in front of a police cruiser, gingerly making its way along the shoulder. The VIRGINIA OFFICER stops, rolls down the passenger window.

VIRGINIA OFFICER

You okay?

MOUSE

Overheated. Pulled over to let it cool down.

VIRGINIA OFFICER

All right, just keep the shoulder clear for emergency vehicles.

The Mouse nods, waves, climbs into the van. The cruiser creeps on down the shoulder.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

A uniformed officer directs a single lane of traffic past an ambulance and other emergency vehicles. A tow truck operator hooks up Bill's SUV.

EXT. AMBULANCE

A PARAMEDIC finishes putting a field dressing on Tom's arm.

PARAMEDIC
You ripped out about a half dozen
stitches. Otherwise, you're in
pretty fair shape, considering.

Det. McMillan and Agent Carlson approach.

MCMILLAN
Mr. Wilson.

TOM
Detective. Who's your friend?

AGENT CARLSON
Bob Carlson. OSI.

TOM
You were the one on Jack's phone.

AGENT CARLSON
Yes, I was.

TOM
I see you took my advice.
(to McMillan)
So what happens now?

MCMILLAN
Still trying to figure that one
out, Tom. There's a little matter
of escaping from county jail.

TOM
To be fair, I was already out.

MCMILLAN
Okay, granted. Escaping from police
custody then. Three counts of
kidnapping.

TOM
I didn't really kidnap them, more
like an unlawful detainment for
maybe ten minutes. Fifteen tops.

MCMILLAN
We'll have to get a judge to rule
on that one. Oh, I almost forgot!
Stealing an ambulance.

Tom shrugs, nods, grudgingly.

MCMILLAN

I'm afraid it's all going to take a while to untangle.

AGENT CARLSON

In the meantime, the good detective is going to remand you into my custody.

Tom sighs, holds out his hands to receive handcuffs.

AGENT CARLSON

Put 'em down. We're taking you into protective custody. National security and all.

Tom nods, grins slightly.

AGENT CARLSON

Let's go get you stitched up. Then, we're gonna have a nice, long talk.

Agent Carlson helps Tom, a bit wobbly still, stand up. They wait for a chance to cross the single lane of traffic.

The officer holds up a hand, stopping the flow. As they cross in front of a white van, the van's horn beeps briefly.

Tom looks up, at the driver - the Mouse. Their eyes meet. The Mouse gives Tom the Ghost sign, nods slightly.

The traffic starts to move again. Tom watches as the white van picks up speed and merges into traffic.

FADE OUT.

THE END