

PERMANENT SHADOWING PROJECT

by

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FADE IN:

BOSTON - DAY

The city landscape is seen from aboard a plane. A car is approaching a private house.

INT. CAR - DAY

SECOND AGENT

If you ask me, he'll send us to hell. There's no chance. He is a professor, a VIP.

FIRST AGENT

We'll try. An order is an order. Fat Matt doesn't like jokes. We'll talk to him, report to the chief and that's it.

The two men in dark suits get out of the car. They approach a door and ring the bell. The door opens. There is a strong man, 30 years old.

FIRST AGENT

Mr. Steve Murray? We're from the FBI, (they show badges) Drugs Department. Can we talk to you? We have an offer to make.

STEVE (coldly)

Come in, please.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

They sit down.

FIRST AGENT

Let's talk business. The head of our department is interested in cooperating with you. Your last article (takes out a pack of sheets and reads): "Escape from reality as the latent factor of youth criminality" was studied at the high spheres.

STEVE

Great!

FIRST AGENT

We are here to offer you a job at the FBI.

STEVE (ironically)

Really? What an honor! I am flattered. Me, a professor at the Harvard University, will be catching gangsters. Who could have thought about it?

SECOND AGENT

Sorry, but you are mistaken. We are offering you a position of a science advisor. Narcotics are an escape from reality too, so it should interest you. You will be able to test your theories in practice.

FIRST AGENT

And please take in consider the fine salary they are offering you. It's an important factor too.

STEVE

Thank you, gentlemen, for your trust, but this offer doesn't interest me at this point. I have other plans for my future.

Steve stands up, indicating that the conversation is finished.

FIRST AGENT (standing up)

It is a big opportunity, Mr. Murray. A lot of people dream to work for the FBI. Think about it. Here is my business card.

SECOND AGENT (near the door)

Thank you, Mr. Murray. Good-bye.

STEVE

Good-bye, gentlemen.

Agents leave the house and get into the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

SECOND AGENT

I told you that nothing would come of it.

FIRST AGENT

We had an order, we behaved accordingly and that's it. He will call. He loves success and recognition.

SECOND AGENT

Why should he do it? He's fine as he is.

FIRST AGENT

Although he is ambitious, he is able to keep his cool and disguise his feelings, not like you...

INT. STUDY - DAY

Steve enters the Rector's study. The elderly man talks on the phone. He points to a chair near the desk and continues his phone conversation. Steve sits down and waits patiently. At last the phone conversation is over.

RECTOR

I am sorry to disappoint you. They refused to finance your project, mostly because they don't believe in it. The bottom line - this project is filed as irrelevant.

STEVE

Why? Youth criminality demands in-depth study. We have rather disturbing statistics. The world changes quickly. Today youngsters are more informed than educated. We have to understand the creation mechanism of the criminal outlook.

RECTOR

At the faculty we are already conducting similar researches.

STEVE

They have not progressed in years. It is routine, while I propose new methods and approaches.

RECTOR (strictly)

It's not routine, it's tradition. In Harvard, traditions were always prevailing. You are the youngest professor in our University, you work hard, but it is impossible to participate in everything. Your colleagues want to work as well. We can offend no one.

STEVE

At my own University I can't get support for something that even the FBI has become interested in. Doesn't it seem strange to you?

RECTOR (smiling)

Appeal to the FBI. May be they will be your sponsors? A remarkable idea!

STEVE

Thank you for your advice. I'll do it.

INT. FBI OFFICE - MORNING

The phone rings.

FIRST AGENT

Hello, Mr. Murray, I am glad to hear your voice. (pause) Of course our offer still stands. I will make sure you get an entrance pass.

FIRST AGENT (to Second agent)

He called at last. I told you that he likes to take chances. I'm going to inform Fat Matt though I have a feeling it won't be easy with this Steve Murray.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

Employees stop talking. Fat Matt goes through the office. It is noticeable that all employees are afraid of him. Fat Matt sees Steve.

FAT MATT

Professor! How do you like your new place of work?

STEVE

It's O.K.

FAT MATT

What do you think? Do we have a serious opponent?

STEVE

Of course, but it requires a serious study. I need more time.

FAT MATT (smiles)

O.K.

INT. FBI OFFICE - EVENING

Last employees leave the office. Steve sits in front of his computer. On his table there's a pack of reports. He looks through the papers quickly and prints something. Employees exchange glances and smile ironically.

SECOND AGENT

Steve, aren't you going home?

They laugh and leave.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Inside the car, the two agents are chatting.

SECOND AGENT

What are we waiting for?

FIRST AGENT

Steve. The chief has ordered to take him with to all our operations. I don't understand why it is necessary. He needs to know everything and to be everywhere.

SECOND AGENT

Nobody expects him to check the drug points all night long. And he's not taking any time off. Strange guy! What does he want to prove?

FIRST AGENT

Maybe he wants to show off the chief, though Fat Matt does not take him very seriously. Only our trainer, Mr. Chan, likes him for some reason.

SECOND AGENT

And he doesn't understand jokes. Once I told him, you know, in a friendly way, that he shouldn't work so hard. He stared at me as if I asked him to kill someone. (twists a finger at his head - suggesting craziness).

Steve enters the car. They drive to the city.

STEVE

Why do you check these points? These are small drug dealers. Who cares for them?

FIRST AGENT

It's impossible to get to a big one. Roberto Sanchez supervises this whole area.

First agent shows Steve a picture of Roberto Sanchez.

SECOND AGENT

It is a well-known fact, but what can we do?

STEVE

A rather big Mafiosi, but his file is almost empty, there is not enough information.

FIRST AGENT

He was under surveillance the whole of last year, he was even brought to court, but it didn't

help. He was acquitted.

STEVE

Not enough evidence?

SECOND AGENT

There were no civilian witnesses, only FBI and Police agents. The judge declared our indications insufficient and released him.

STEVE

Why weren't there any other witnesses?

FIRST AGENT

Because they always kill all of the witnesses! (ironically)
Haven't you read it in the file?

STEVE (seriously)

That proves the need of another approach to the drug problem. A criminal must be in prison!

Agents imperceptibly exchange glances and smile.

FIRST AGENT

Any suggestions?

Steve looks at the window thoughtfully.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - DAY

Fat Matt sits in conference with his assistants. He opens the meeting.

FAT MATT

Today we have got a report from our scientific advisor Steve Murray. He has been working for us one year only, but has already important suggestions. Let's listen to our scientist. He probably knows something about the Mafia that we don't. Please come up to the stage, Steve.

He sits down and whispers something to his neighbor.
Steve rises to the stage.

STEVE

My report is devoted to one theme: a method, which allows finding and putting into prison Mafia's leaders. The method is very simple. Each distributor knows his supplier. Then it is possible, starting with any street drug dealer, to climb consistently, level by level, to the top of the pyramid.

FIRST AGENT

How is it possible? They can kill anyone. All witnesses know it.

STEVE

We can protect them.

FIRST AGENT

It is not effective. You will reach nothing with your "simple method".

STEVE

The new approach for undermining drug dealers is a permanent shadowing. We need to know absolutely everything about the dealer, not just his biography and criminal connections. It is important to understand his private world, to learn the stimulus of his activities, his secret desires.

FAT MATT

I don't understand. What kind of desires?

STEVE

We should know everything about a suspect, down to the most intimate details, things he tells his wife at night and to his lover in the afternoon.

SECOND AGENT

That's really interesting!

There is laughter in the hall.

FAT MATT (with surprise)

What do you need all that for?

STEVE

In order to build a full psychological profile. After that any person will lose his inner self-defence. Therefore instead of disclosing his private life, the suspect will hand over his supplier.

SECOND AGENT

It is impossible. Everyone knows it! Nobody wants to die. It's bullshit!

STEVE

Only thus, interested witnesses will appear and it will bring down the Mafia.

FAT MATT

Really? That's what you think?

STEVE

Yes, definitely. The resource for shadowing is always limited therefore I suggest that we reconstruct our work according to the principles of permanent shadowing...

Grumble of indignation and laughter passes along the lines in the hall.

FAT MATT (raising his hand)

Silence please, our dear scientist has come up with an original way to wipe out the Mafia. We should thank him. I personally understood nothing of this theory, therefore we will proceed in the old-fashioned way and you, Steve, will continue

with your theoretical research.

There is laughter in the hall.

STEVE (seriously)

In this case, we can conclude, that (pause) - the work of our department is unnecessary.

FAT MATT

What the Hell! How can you say such bullshit? Why?

STEVE

A nowadays, on the territory of any state, any city, it is easy to buy drugs, therefore we, as a State institute called to protect the population, are not needed. We do not fulfill our basic function.

FAT MATT (with indignation)

It is sheer impudence!

STEVE

Sorry, but the facts speak for themselves. The annual turnover from drug sales in our state is eighty million dollars. We confiscate four million. That's five percent from the total and five percent of success is...

FAT MATT (threateningly)

Damn it! Don't we do anything?

STEVE

Sorry, but you remind me of people who find and partition off streamlets in the wood. They throw sand, isolate and cement them. Let's look back, gentlemen, we have a wide river here. Stop dealing with the streamlets. It is inefficient and it is not noticed by anybody. Moreover, despite your diligence, the river grows wider each year. So tell me what is the point in your activities?

There is silence in the conference hall.

FAT MATT (reddened)
So, in your opinion, we can
close our department and send
all the employees home?

STEVE (seriously)
The problem is that you and the
Mafia exist in different worlds.
You catch an insignificantly
small amount of Mafia's
couriers, receive your bonus,
gratitude and increase in
salary, while the Mafia
continues to receive its super-
profit too. The equilibrium
remains and all the partners are
pleased.

FAT MATT
Damn it! Do you understand what
you are saying?

STEVE
Yes, I understand perfectly. For
example, in fauna your functions
are carried out by predators.
They eat weak and ill animals,
thus creating favorable
conditions for the preservation
and prosperity of healthy
individuals...

FAT MATT
Get out! Get out of here.
Impudent bastard, son of a
bitch!

His face is red, his eyes are furious. With his hand he
shows Steve to the door. Everyone stands up in the
conference hall.

Steve shrugs his shoulders and leaves the conference hall
in complete silence.

INT. TRAINING HALL - DAY

Steve enters the training hall.

CHAN (in front of a new group)

I am not going to make you champions in Judo or Karate. I want you to be able to save your lives, when attacked. There are objects and standard situations only. Besides, we will train with a sword.

Chan demonstrates some exercises with a sword.

CHAN

The sword is an extension of your hand. It demands concentrated force, speed and accuracy. Having mastered the technique of using a sword, you will understand better the potential of your own body.
(sees Steve) Everyone performs a kick.

Chan approaches Steve.

CHAN

I am glad to see you, Steve. How are you? Want to train?

STEVE

I have come to say goodbye and to thank you. I do not want to continue my work for the FBI.

CHAN

Why? I don't understand it. You were my best student. I think that you will find a suitable job easily. Anyhow, I wish you a lot of success. Follow the regime of my morning exercises daily.

STEVE

I promise and thank you again.

Chan suddenly tries to hit Steve, but is blocked. They smile and shake hands.

EXT. FBI PARKING - DAY

Steve takes his car and leaves the parking lot showing

the guard his FBI badge.

INT. STEVE'S HOUSE - DAY

Steve arrives home. He looks at a brochure of an airplane with the Eiffel tower and dials a phone number.

STEVE

Can I book a flight to (pause)
Paris? Yes, for this evening.
Perfect. Steve Murray.

PLANE'S INTERIOR - EVENING

Steve boards the plane, smiles at the stewardess. The passenger next to him is a pretty forty years old woman, who starts a conversation.

ELIZABETH

Flying scares me a lot. Does it
scare you too?

Steve doesn't answer. He is watching Mafiosi Roberto Sanchez (a good looking man) who is sitting nearby.

ELIZABETH

Excuse me, are you OK?

STEVE

What?

ELIZABETH

Are you afraid of flying?

STEVE (smiling)

A little bit but one can't reach
Paris by car.

ELIZABETH

Nice. I live in Washington and
stayed in Boston with my sister.
I am a designer and my husband
is a high-ranking administrator
in the Department of State
Affairs.

STEVE (politely)

Are you going to Paris as a
tourist?

ELIZABETH

No. I fly for the graduation ceremony of my daughter Anna. She graduated from the School of Arts in Paris. Anna is like me; she has a very good taste. It is the main thing both in art and in life. And what is your profession? Commerce? Have I guessed right?

STEVE

Almost. I am a professor in sociology, but nowadays, in our new world, it is very difficult to distinguish commerce from science. (smiles) Both depend on a lot of money.

She sees a tourist's brochure in Steve's hand.

ELIZABETH

Is it your first visit to France?

STEVE

Actually it is. How did you guess?

ELIZABETH (laughing)

Well. I guess also that you are not married yet, am I right?

STEVE (laughs)

I see that you are dangerous. You love being right. What does your husband think of it?

ELIZABETH (with irony)

I assure him that he is always right. You see, State affairs are so complicated.

STEVE (smiles)

Yes, I think your future son-in-law is going to have a difficult life.

ELIZABETH (seriously)

Women in our family prefer men who are not looking for easy

ways.

Then Elizabeth hands her card to Steve.

ELIZABETH

My husband and I will be glad if
you visit us when you're in
Washington.

STEVE

It will be my pleasure.

Steve gives Elizabeth his old business card.

ELIZABETH

A Harvard professor! I have a
feeling we'll meet again.

AIRPORT LOBBY - NIGHT

Anna runs towards Elizabeth. She is 19 years old,
beautiful and naive.

ELIZABETH

Anna, meet Steve Murray. He is a
professor at Harvard University
and a charming travel companion.

ANNA

Anna Dotson. Nice to meet you,
Mr. Murray. Thank you for making
my mother's trip more enjoyable.
Come to my graduation ceremony,
if you find it interesting.

STEVE

Thank you.

INT. HOTEL - MORNING

Steve wakes up and does his morning exercises. He goes
down to the restaurant. While he is drinking his coffee,
he studies a map of Paris.

INT. THE SCHOOL OF ARTS - EVENING

He enters the building of the School of Arts,
approaches Elizabeth and hands her flowers.

STEVE

Accept my compliments on your remarkable daughter.

ELIZABETH

These roses don't smell of politeness, they smell of other emotions, but thank you for your attention.

Everyone is invited to the hall. Students enter.

STEVE

I feel old here.

ELIZABETH (with laughter)

Then what would you say about me, but I don't give up yet.

STEVE

I have wondered whether you'd allow me to take your daughter for a short drive. Maybe she can show me a few sights.

ELIZABETH

Certainly. I can see you like Anna.

Anna listens to the rector's congratulations and steps to receive her diploma. At this moment Steve easily jumps onto the stage and hands her the roses. There is applause and laughter. Anna catches her breath from the unexpectedness.

ANNA (excited)

Thank you.

EXT. THE SCHOOL OF ARTS - NIGHT

Steve approaches the entrance of the School of Arts with his car. Anna, with shining eyes, holding the flowers, gets into the car under the envying looks of her girlfriends.

STEVE

Where do you want to go?

ANNA

Let's go to Fontainebleau. There is a nice lake there, tremendous

architecture of the XV century
and an orchard.

Steve drives along the road. Later, at the entrance to the Summer Royal Residence, Anna looks at him closely.

ANNA

You've deceived me! You know
Paris better than I do.

STEVE

Not Paris but the map of Paris.
Is this the country residence of
Napoleon and Josephine?

Anna jumps up in surprise. Steve laughs.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

They leave the car and walk along the lighted avenue towards the lake.

ANNA

I am so grateful to you for
coming today and for this
outing. Nothing like that has
ever happened to me.

Suddenly, she puts her hands around his neck and kisses him. Steve starts to return the kiss.

ANNA (releasing the embrace)

I have gone absolutely mad, but
I am so happy.

Then still walking, they occasionally stop and kiss again and again. The lake and the summer palace appear before them. They stand still, enchanted by the beauty of this unusual place.

On the way back, while they were walking embraced along the avenue, two strong men with threatening faces block their way. They are in leather jackets, smoking cigarettes. They pull out their knives.

Anna shudders and stands still. Steve looks back. There are two men behind them too. One of them (with a disgusting smile) says something to his partner, pointing at Anna.

STEVE (sharply to Anna)
Don't look!

Anna, unable to shout or to move, remains motionless in her place.

(The fight has to be filmed in a beautiful and artistic way, (possibly in slow motion) showing Steve's skills as a Samurai warrior, with measured movements and maximum concentration).

Unexpectedly, Steve jumps backwards and, bending forward, sharply throws out his left foot and with the edge of a black-varnished boot is indistinctly ramming into the jaw of the high dark-haired guy. The body drops to the ground unconscious.

Without a pause Steve rushes forward with a flat, extended hand and thrusts sharply into the throat of the guy before him. A burning cigarette drops out from an already lifeless mouth.

Steve jumps back, falls to the ground, and with his leg kicks the object at the back on a kneecap. Without stopping, he turns around and with both hands grasps the hand that is aimlessly threatening him with a knife, dives under it and sharply rises, breaking the arm against its natural bend. A sound of pain escapes the object's mouth. A short strike backwards and the sound sharply stops. The body drops to the ground.

A last object remains in front of him. He throws his knife to the ground and draws a gun from his belt. Steve sharply throws his car keys, which strike the guy's face. The guy instinctively closes his eyes, which gives Steve the required time to reach the man. As he hits the hand upward, a single bullet escapes into the dark sky. Steve delivers a blow and blood rushes to the ground.

The battle is over. The aggressors lay around motionless and lifeless. Steve bends to the ground and strongly inhales in order to catch his breath.

STEVE (whispering)
Thank you, Mr. Chan.

Steve takes out his handkerchief and accurately gathers all the weapons in one heap, searching each body separately. After that Steve glances at Anna. She is in shock.

STEVE

Calm down, Anna, it's all over.

ANNA

You... you... are a murderer!

STEVE

But they could have killed us...

ANNA

I am afraid of you...

Anna looks at the bodies scattered around and begins to cry, with both hands covering her eyes.

STEVE

Don't be afraid, Anna, I will take you home. You will go to sleep, and forget all about it. Believe me, everything will be OK.

Steve is trying to get close to Anna.

ANNA (nervously)

Don't come close to me I beg you, don't!

Police cars brake sharply near the place of the accident. About ten policemen jump out with guns pointed at Steve, shouting at him something in French.

Steve stands, as if on stage, the white shirt drenched in blood. Anna rushes to the policemen. The officer pulls out his gun and says something to Steve. Suddenly, Anna shouts something to the officer in French and he repeats it in English.

OFFICER

Hands up. Put them behind your head on the count to three.

Steve obeys the order. The policeman puts handcuffs on him and roughly throws him onto the ground. The officer starts to question Anna, periodically looking back at Steve. Other policemen check the pulse of the lying on the ground and collect all the weapons into a plastic bag for evidence.

An ambulance arrives. A very mobile doctor quickly examines the bodies and starts gesticulating briskly,

explaining something to the officer.

The officer approaches Steve, lying on the ground, staring at him surprised for a long time, with estimation.

OFFICER

Who are you?

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

The chief of the Criminal Department, monsieur Mazelin, interrogates Anna. He is a middle-aged man, with fat cheeks and a moustache. The conversation is conducted in English, in the presence of a secretary.

MAZELIN

So, mademoiselle Anna, do you confirm that Steve Murray alone, without any help, defeated four armed men that attacked you?

ANNA

Yes, I saw it. It was awful.

MAZELIN (with a smile)

How could he have done it? Who is he, Chuck Norris or Schwarzenegger?

ANNA

He is a scientist, a professor at the University.

MAZELIN

A Professor? Are you sure about what you are saying mademoiselle Anna? Your so-called professor destroyed the gang of Boulet in a couple of minutes. You, of course, haven't heard this name, but believe me, they were real bandits.

ANNA

I see.

MAZELIN

Now, we have three corpses on our hands, and one man still alive, but in a very critical

condition. Do you know what kind of universities teach such things?

ANNA

I don't know, but that is what I saw. He jumped forward and backward and they fell to the ground and... died.

MAZELIN (with laughter)

Did they fall voluntary?

Anna doesn't answer.

MAZELIN

I guess not. So how can you explain that there is not a scratch on monsieur Murray?

ANNA

Steve somehow struck them. I can't remember how, everything happened so quickly.

A policeman enters the room, whispers something to Mazelin, putting something into his hand. The ironical smirk disappears instantly from Mazelin's face.

MAZELIN

That is all we needed!

For a few seconds he looks steadfastly at a small square, and then reflects deeply lifting his eyes to the ceiling.

MAZELIN

Professor, ah, professor! What are we going to do with you?

MAZELIN (to Anna)

So, mademoiselle Anna, read and sign your statement. You are free to go now, but don't leave the city. We might need you in the future, as a witness, of course.

Mazelin picks up the phone and dials an inside connection.

MAZELIN (to Jean)

Hi, Jean. How is our American? Asleep? Well, when he wakes up, or no, better wake him up at once and transfer him to chamber N5. Yes, bring him a coca-cola, coffee and something to eat from the café. Well, bring him whatever he wants. (pause) Did I say anything about a woman? Shove your humor up... (he looks quickly at Anna) Got it? Treat him politely. Did I make myself clear? Good. So do it.

MAZELIN (to Anna)

I have to inform you mademoiselle Anna, that Steve Murray is an employee of the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the USA. Here is his badge.

Mazelin shows the dumbfounded Anna the FBI badge with Steve's picture. He hands her his card.

MAZELIN (to Anna)

Thank you for the cooperation. Goodbye.

Then Mazelin nervously glances at the clock. It is three am. He dials a number.

MAZELIN

Mister Commissar? It is Mazelin, excuse me for disturbing you at such an hour, but we detained a USA FBI agent. His name is Steve Murray. I don't know the reason he came here. No, mister Commissar, it is serious. He liquidated the Boulet gang, three corpses and one in reanimation. Yes, single handedly. No, no inquiry from the Interpol. It took place casually, mister Commissar, he walked with a girl and was attacked. Maybe, it was his car. What? I understand, mister Commissar. No, I did not call anyone you are the first. His

condition is good. Thank you,
mister Commissar. I'll see you
in the morning.

Monsieur Mazelin hangs up accurately, once again sighs
heavily and goes to check up on Steve's condition.

INT. ELIZABETH'S HOTEL - NIGHT

Anna comes to the hotel in a police car.

ELIZABETH

What happened? You should have
called me...

She stops, seeing Anna's condition.

ANNA

No, mom, no. Not the way you
think.

Elizabeth gives Anna a drink, sets her down on a sofa and
covers her with a plaid.

ELIZABETH

Now, what happened?

ANNA

You see, mom, we walked in
Fontainebleau and everything was
OK, wonderful. Suddenly four
gangsters with knives and guns
tried to attack us and he killed
them. The police inspector told
me that three were killed on the
spot and one is in reanimation.
He was like a wild animal. You
can't imagine it. It happened
before my eyes. He killed them
so ruthlessly, like a robot. And
then the inspector said, that he
wasn't a professor, but a FBI
agent.

Anna bursts into tears, cradles in her mother's arms.
Elizabeth looks at her with concentration, lifts her face
with both hands, and steadfastly looks into her eyes.

ELIZABETH (seriously)

Always remember that this man
saved your life. Yours, mine and

your father's too. Steve saved our entire family. You are a little, silly girl. You will mature and understand. Now get some rest, try to sleep.

She kisses Anna on her wet cheeks and switches off the light.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

SECRETARY

The American, Elizabeth Dotson, wants to speak to you on the phone about Steve Murray.

MAZELIN

It has begun! What do I need this trouble for?

SECRETARY

What do you want me to tell her?

MAZELIN

That I'm busy.

SECRETARY

She says that if you refuse to talk to her, she will arrive here in half an hour with the United States Consul.

Monsieur Mazelin pales.

MAZELIN (wearily)

Put her through.

INT. POLICE STATION/ ELIZABETH'S HOTEL - NIGHT

MAZELIN (to Elizabeth)

I am listening, madam.

ELIZABETH

My name is Elizabeth Dotson. I am the mother of Anna and my husband is a high-ranked administrator at the State Department of the United States. I want to find out from you, how to say first-hand, why Steve Murray is still being detained?

It is absolutely clear that he was acting in self-defence.

MAZELIN

Mrs. Dotson, after this, as you say, self-defence, there are four corpses and no witnesses at all. Your daughter does not count, as she is an interested party.

ELIZABETH

Three! Anna said that one is in reanimation.

MAZELIN

He died, madam Dotson, half an hour ago. Four corpses are too many to be considered self-defence. I didn't hear anything like this during all of my years of service in the police.

ELIZABETH

So, according to you, Steve should have let them kill him, and allow them to rape and maybe kill my daughter. Then it would be easier to file it as an armed attack in Paris? Is it absolutely impossible to be protected here?

MAZELIN (after a pause)

I am not authorized to discuss this, Madam Dotson, but I assure you, that we will investigate this case according to the French Law. Goodbye, madam Dotson.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Mazelin hangs up and dials a number.

MAZELIN

Jean, well, how is the American? I see. Bring him to me in ten minutes.

Steve enters the study accompanied by a policeman.

MAZELIN

Sit down please. (with a smile)
Why didn't you say that you work
for the FBI, Mr. Murray?

STEVE

Whom was I supposed to say that?

MAZELIN

You could have said it to your
girlfriend, mademoiselle Dotson,
for example. "Professor", I want
to inform you that your
offenders appeared as badly
prepared "students". Everyone is
dead. (smiled) Were you taught
to act this way or has it
happened by accident?

STEVE

What additional information do
you want about the FBI?

MAZELIN

Try to understand, Mr. Murray.
It is necessary for me to get
your confession. Let's have your
description of yesterday's
events without my questions.

Steve silently nods.

MAZELIN

If you require anything, do not
hesitate to ask me, please.
You'll have to spend some more
time here, in case we need you
to clarify something else.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

9 am. Mazelin's office. Commissar L'Etonne is sitting in
Mazelin's armchair and attentively reading the evidences.

L'ETONNE

Incredibly, but there's no
evidence of exceeding personal
self-defence. He did not take

their weapons, so, we have nothing against him. A real professional! The selection at the FBI is quite good, really.

MAZELIN

I agree with you. The attackers were the Boulet gang and he made it easier for us, as well.

Telephone is ringing. The American Consul Mark Mackenzie is calling.

MARK

Good morning, Commissar. My call concerns Steve Murray, a citizen of the United States. Have you charged him with anything?

L'ETONNE

Good morning, Mr. Consul. I checked this case personally and I have good news for you. Steve Murray is innocent. Personal self-defence. Steve Murray may continue his visit to France or return to the USA. Mr. Consul, I must compliment you on the remarkable employees you have at your service. Accept my appreciation, as a professional of the French police.

MARK

Thanks a lot, Mr. Commissar. I want to invite you and your wife to brunch at my residence. I'll be very glad to meet you personally. Goodbye and have a nice day.

A ring on an inner line is heard.

JEAN

Monsieur Mazelin, it is Jean, there is a crowd of French and American journalists here. They demand to see you and threaten...

MAZELIN

Journalists have come, a whole bunch of them, Mr. Commissar.

L'ETONNE (brushing his hair and correcting his tie)

Let them in.

Journalists are quickly setting their equipment in the room.

CORRESPONDENT-1

"Washington Post". Tell us, Mr. Commissar, is it true that an American tourist, an agent of the FBI, destroyed a whole armed gang single-handedly?

L'ETONNE (smiles)

He was not alone. More precisely, a charming girl helped him, although only spiritually.

CORRESPONDENT-2

"Le Figaro". What is in store for Steve Murray after he killed four people?

L'ETONNE

Steve Murray acted in self-defence, he was not armed, moreover, he has not taken any weapons from the gangsters, so I don't see any reason to detain him.

CORRESPONDENT-3

"Gerald Tribune". Is it possible to talk to Mr. Murray now and who is the girl?

L'ETONNE

After the necessary procedures, Mr. Murray will be released and you can meet him. About the girl I can tell you only that she is an American citizen too. That's all, gentlemen.

CORRESPONDENT-4

"France Press". The last question, Mr. Commissar, was Steve Murray on a mission or was he attacked?

L'ETONNE

It was absolutely accidental. Goodbye to you.

He gives a sign to the policemen to clear the room. Journalists leave the study.

MAZELIN

Was it successful, Mr. Commissar? I was so worried.

L'ETONNE

Yes, I am pleased with you, Mazelin. Everything was done professionally and precisely. This was not an easy case. We could have made waves internationally. Now I want to see this superman.

Steve enters the study.

L'ETONNE

Hello, Mr. Murray. You're free to go. The French justice department has no claims against you. American Consul, Mark Mackenzie, has sent a car for you. He is waiting for you at his residence.

Steve leaves the police station, surrounded by a group of shouting correspondents that are asking questions. Steve enters the waiting limousine with the American flag.

INT. RESIDENCE OF CONSUL - DAY

Steve enters the office of the American consul, Mark Mackenzie.

STEVE

It's a pleasure meeting you Mr. Mackenzie.

Mark pours two glasses of whisky.

MARK

Call me Mark.

He offers one glass to Steve.

MARK

With ice, Steve?

STEVE

Thank you, but I don't drink.

MARK

Dear Steve, (quickly swallowing his whisky) your act is going to make a big international impression both on our friends and on our enemies. In your case, we can advertise a positive image of Americans in general and the American special services in particular, which is very important.

Mark stares at Steve's full glass of whisky.

STEVE

Well, Mr. Consul, I must tell you, that I no longer work for the FBI. I was actually fired.

MARK

What are you talking about? I contacted your chief personally; everybody is waiting for your return. They don't understand the reason for your sudden departure. They don't fire a unique man, like you.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Steve arrives at the hotel in an Embassy limousine. A porter informs him that a lady is waiting for him in his room. He jumps out of the elevator and runs to his room. Elizabeth is sitting on the sofa in his room.

ELIZABETH

I came to thank you instead of Anna.

Steve approaches her. She impulsively embraces him.

ELIZABETH

Thank you, my boy, thank you for everything. The world is so dangerous and... Anna behaved like a child. Well, calm down. Let's drink some coffee and talk quietly.

Steve goes into the bathroom to change a shirt. When he returns to the room, the coffee is already on the table. They drink coffee.

ELIZABETH

When I found out, from Anna, what had happened, I immediately called that fool inspector. For some reason he was not glad that the attack ended with their corpses instead of yours, and he believed Anna was the interested party, the cretin! So I called several American and French newspapers.

STEVE

It was you! I am very popular now with the press.

ELIZABETH

Thank God everything ended as it did. Anna is worried terribly. Give her time, she will understand. Good-bye, Steve. I appreciate what you did for us.

STEVE

I did what I had to do. Good-bye, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth kisses Steve on the cheek and leaves.

He sits in his hotel room devastated and depressed, seeing in his mind Anna's face at the airport on their first meeting.

INT. SHOP for FAR-EASTERN MERCHANDISE - DAY

STEVE (to the shop assistant)
I want to buy a gift for my
friend. Something from the Far
East, he would like it.

On a shelf he sees various figures and masks made of
ivory and black wood. Instantly Steve sees the thing he
needs, an ancient Samurai sword. Steve pulls it out.

STEVE (to the shop assistant)
This sword is the most dangerous
of all the weapons. It rises
like an unshakable spirit of a
Samurai from the glowing edge.

INT. AIRPORT - EVENING

Steve carries the sword under his arm.

STEWARD
No weapons are allowed!

Steve silently shows him the FBI badge and, under the
surprised stares of the airport personnel, proceeds to
the plane with the Samurai sword under his arm.

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

At home Steve sees evening newspapers featuring his
picture with bold headlines on the front page: "American
tourist kills a gang in Paris". The phone rings.

PALLET
Welcome back, Steve! I have
called you a hundred times. The
chief wants to see you urgently.
I have already read about you.
Your picture is all over the
newspapers. You are a hero!

STEVE
I will be at the Department in
an hour. See you.

INT. FBI OFFICE - EVENING

Employees welcome him with applause. Smiles,
congratulations. Fat Matt calls Steve into his office.

INT. STUDY - EVENING

FAT MATT

Hello, Steve. Don't think that the article in "Washington Post" has changed my mind. No, I realized that I was wrong after reading your report. It took me all night, but I read it to the end. I personally sent your report to Washington the following morning. I apologize for the coarse reaction.

STEVE

It is I who should ask your forgiveness. I behaved badly, like an infantile, talking nonsense not concerning the subject...

FAT MATT

I received a fax from general Groves, the deputy director of the FBI. You are invited to work in Washington.

He hands Steve the documents for his transfer to Washington.

STEVE

Thank you.

FAT MATT

Your success is our success - we have a common cause. I wish you a lot of success in Washington.

STEVE

Thank you for your kind words.

INT. TRAINING HALL - EVENING

STEVE

Thank you for your training, Mr. Chan, it saved my life.

Mr. Chan smiles at Steve joyfully, but categorically refuses to accept the Samurai sword as a gift.

CHAN

I've read the article. Good job.
Thank you for your present, but
I can't accept it!

He gives Steve a serious estimating pat on his shoulder.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Steve takes out the sword and exercises a few operations with it, then he polishes his new weapon carefully and leaves it on the table. Steve, leaving the house with his packed suitcase, suddenly returns home and takes the Samurai sword with him.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Steve enters the study of the deputy director of the FBI. General Groves sits at the table dressed in civilian. He is a short man, with a quiet voice. Near him there is a young man with a clever face.

GROVES

Allow me to introduce Gregory
Wilson, my assistant.

They shake hands and proceed to a small oval study with a round table in the middle.

GREGORY

Would you like something to
drink? Coffee, tea or something
stronger?

Gregory pours a glass of milk for the general.

STEVE

Thank you, some water please.

After a long silence.

GROVES

Let's get down to business. The
reason I invited you here is not
because you beat up somebody in
Paris and now you are popular,
like a movie star. I hope it is
clear to you. (a long pause) I
invited you, after listening to
the soundtrack of your lecture,

where you suggest liquidating
the Drugs Department.

Groves nods to Gregory and the latter switches on a tape-recorder.

STEVE'S VOICE

A nowadays, on the territory of
any state, any city, it is easy
to buy drugs, therefore we, as a
State institute called to
protect the population, are not
needed. We do not fulfill our
basic function.

Gregory switches off the tape-recorder.

STEVE

I am sorry but it seems to be
the truth. I read this data in
the reports of the Department.
Am I wrong?

The general reflects on something.

GROVES

Yes, I agree with you. It is
still easy to buy drugs in any
American city. The real problem
is that we don't know what else
we can do against the Mafia.

STEVE

You have many possibilities. The
FBI is a very powerful
organization.

GROVES

Thank you, but our aero-patrol
border service and fleet of boat
interceptors are inefficient.
The courts are against us. There
are no forthcoming witnesses.
That is why you are here. I read
your report, consulted experts
and I think that your suggestion
is... an Utopia. I want to say
that I don't believe in it at
all.

The General slowly lifts his head and looks at Steve steadily.

STEVE

What can I say? I personally believe in it.

GROVES

That's good. I don't believe in your method but I believe in you, therefore I decided to undertake this project. I shall provide all you need: money, personnel and processing from the FBI laboratories. If you achieve any results, I promise you... a monument.

STEVE (with an involuntary smile)

I will do it without any monument as well.

GROVES (smiling)

Good. You are responsible for this absolutely secret project and we will look forward to your success.

The general rises, smiles, shakes hands with Steve and leaves the study.

GREGORY

I made an appointment for tomorrow morning at ten o'clock to meet all the division heads.

STEVE

Fine.

GREGORY

There will be about ten people there. The meeting will take place in your new study. You already have a secretary, Mrs. Karen Darrell. If you like her, she'll remain with you. Do you need anything else?

STEVE

No, thank you.

GREGORY

See you tomorrow.

INT. HOTEL - EVENING

Steve takes out his Samurai sword and waves it in the air a few times. He finds Elizabeth's card and dials her phone number.

STEVE

Good evening, Mrs. Dotson. Steve Murray speaking. Do you remember me?

ELIZABETH

Dear Steve, I am so glad to hear your voice. How are you? Where are you?

STEVE

I am in Washington. I was offered a job here. I told you once before that it is dangerous with you - you always appear to be right.

ELIZABETH

Ah, dear Steve, I am very happy for you. Talented people have to advance inevitably. Listen, Steve, come to visit with us right now. Without any ceremonies, we are waiting for you.

He drives his car along the bright streets of the American capital and smiles. He finds the big house with the wide well groomed avenues. An automatic gate opens before him.

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

ELIZABETH

I am so glad to see you. How are you?

STEVE

I'm fine. Thank you. You have a very nice house.

Ted Dotson, Elizabeth's husband, appears with a cheerful smile.

TED

The hero! Pleased to meet you!
Thank you for taking care of my
daughter.

Anna, apparently very nervous, meets them in the dining room, wearing a smooth, fitting dress.

ANNA

Good evening, Mr.
(embarrassed)... Hello, Steve.

The moment Elizabeth and her husband go out, Steve approaches Anna.

STEVE

Anna, let's discuss the incident in a friendly, quiet way. Do you understand now that I had no other choice in Paris? I was obliged to save you. I don't speak about gratitude, but a victim should have some positive feelings to his rescuer.

ANNA (nervously)

Gratitude? Imagine this, for example, I walk in the woods and suddenly wolves attack me. And here comes a tiger.

STEVE (smiles)

Thank you. I understand your meaning.

ANNA

The tiger is alone and the wolves are positive that they can win. A fight begins, squeals of the knocked down wolves, a crunch of broken bones, blood splattering from throats. Following a short and strenuous fight, a mountain of dead bodies is left. The tiger quietly looks around, licks his jaw stained with blood and says with a human voice: "I rescued you, Anna. Can

you love me?" And looks at me as you are doing now.

STEVE

But, Anna, you are acting like an infantile, I was trained in self-defence. It has nothing to do with my character, my personality or my feelings.

ANNA

Say, Steve, could you fall in love with a robot, a terminator, although it resembles a man? Something triggers a latent program and it starts to kill. What happened there was terrifying!

STEVE

You have to agree that in the situation we found ourselves in, winning was essential to both of us.

ANNA

And must not the winner be judged? Are winners always good, always heroes? I don't think so and... I am afraid of you.

STEVE

Are you afraid I may hurt you?

ANNA

No, you've misunderstood me. When I recollect that terrible incident, the thing that amazes me most is the way you disarmed them. To use violence is a way of nature. The world is full of violence, but a close search of corpses and gathering of weapons with a handkerchief in one swipe, is like a programmed actions of a robot. There was neither emotion nor fear. Say, does it sound like a human being?

STEVE (sharply)
It sounds like a professionally
trained human being.

INT. STUDY - MORNING

Steve opens the door of his study. His new secretary, Mrs. Karen Darrell, is already there. Steve sits at his desk, surveying the room. Then, climbing on a chair, he takes off a portrait hanging on the wall and puts the Samurai sword in its place.

The secretary, with no explanations, gets rid of the portrait. Steve engages in studying the files of his employees.

Gregory appears. He comes in with a kind smile on his face and notices the Samurai sword at once. The smile instantly disappears from his face.

GREGORY
You know, Steve, this is the moment when I start to believe in the success of your project. It certainly seems an impossible task, but, on the other hand, if somebody told me about this (pointing at the Samurai sword hanging on the wall) I wouldn't believe it either.

STEVE
And I still can't understand why snipers are included in my team.

GREGORY
We are trying to foresee all the possibilities and guess each impossible situation. Somebody might want to kill our suspect.

STEVE
O.K.

Karen Darrell opens massive door widely and asks the employees into the study. The only woman there, Mrs. Janet Kraft, a 35 years old psychologist with a kind face, blends with the men.

Steve takes the chairman's place, with Gregory on his right and his secretary Karen on his left. Gregory bends to Steve.

GREGORY (whispering)
Should I introduce you to the team?

STEVE (to Gregory, whispering)
Thank you, I'll do it myself.

STEVE
Good morning. My name is Steve Murray. I was appointed to lead this project. Permanent shadowing is my hypothesis. First, I want to hear your opinions, the way you see yourselves participating in this project and contributing to its success. I want to hear constructive suggestions only, and not reasons for failure. Let's start with Barry Crawford, Head of The External Surveillance Service. Attention please.

Head of The External Surveillance Service is a self-assured man forty-five years old. He gathers his thoughts for a moment before speaking.

BARRY
I can't understand, how it is possible to provide undetected permanent shadowing. Usually, although we do our best to stay concealed, a suspect notices or feels surveillance sometimes and at once changes his habitual behavior. I see a problem here.

STEVE
Such a problem does not exist in permanent shadowing. An object, I ask to use this term, will know that we are shadowing him. The main difference between permanent shadowing and the usual surveillance is that it is closer and deeper.

BARRY

Sorry, but it's not so clear.

STEVE

The object is under surveillance permanently. Cameras and overhearing devices will be installed in his car, house and at the place of work. Full control must be on phone conversations and personal meetings. We will be everywhere and constantly. The object will see and hear us always. He will realize, that despite all his efforts, he can't shake us off. These are the key rules of the game.

A small noise rises among the employees in the study.

VOICE

Sorry, but what sense is there in shadowing like that? We see him and he sees us.

The employees are exchanging opinions. Nobody expected anything like that.

BARRY

Well, if so, the object temporarily ceases to be engaged in narcotics and what do we achieve then?

STEVE

Our task is to sustain permanent shadowing of an object, to follow his every step, to write down his every word, to know all about his contacts. That is all, nothing else is required.

VOICE

We shall observe a Mafiosi trimming his lawn and communicating with his family. Is this our purpose?

STEVE

We, at this stage, are not interested in their criminal business, their secrets. I hope this is clear?

But Steve's explanation is not clear. The people around the table start raising their voices with excitement. Mrs. Janet Kraft, the psychologist, lifts her hand.

STEVE

Please, Mrs. Kraft.

JANET

I want to clarify the meaning of permanent shadowing. I understood it just now. The real purpose of the project is... to intimidate the object to such an extent, that he will feel absolutely unprotected, helpless. It is an attempt to squeeze him out of society. Bottom line, this will be very difficult, painful and very bad for the object.

STEVE (smiles)

Why do we have to make their life easy?

People sitting at the table start laughing.

JANET (seriously)

It will be very difficult and very painful. (pause) I don't want to participate in it and I refuse to act as the leading psychologist of the project.

GREGORY

Mrs. Kraft, I order you to stop immediately. Our project is authorized by general Groves personally. You can leave this study in one case only and that is, if Steve Murray tells you to get out! Don't forget that you are working for the FBI.

Mrs. Janet Kraft sits still with a frozen expression, staring at one point.

STEVE

I want to remind you, Mrs. Kraft, that our objects are not graduates from a Baptist school for girls. I understand your feelings, but I do not share them. Drugs are evil and we will fight it in each possible way. Half an hour brake now.

Everybody rises and leaves the study. Gregory keeps on sitting holding his head with his hand.

GREGORY

Tell me strait, Steve. Is she right? Is it the real purpose of permanent shadowing?

STEVE

Yes, she is right! And I want her to participate. She is a professional.

After the break the conversation continues constructively. Finally everybody understands what is required.

VOICE

Bodyguards? They are always armed and at eye contact, may mistakenly identify the surveillance as opponents and undertake active actions. What should we do in such a case?

GREGORY

We have a group of snipers. Anyone with a weapon must be immediately liquidated.

VOICE

And what about the law?

GREGORY

We shall use special rubber bullets with a very strong soporific causing temporary paralysis. After two hours the

"victim" wakes up as if nothing has happened.

STEVE

The order is signed by general Groves, it defines our project as a special operation.

Steve nods to Gregory, who waves a folder with "Top secret" stamped in bold letters on its cover.

VOICE

When the object detects the shadowing, he will start "to twitch", try to disappear, escape. What then?

STEVE

I don't care what means you use, but an object is not allowed to leave the scene.

The meeting is over and everybody leaves the room. Steve dials a phone number.

STEVE

Anna, may I invite you to a short trip? (pause) We must speak. Please, I ask you... Thank you, Anna.

Steve takes the sword from the wall. His secretary looks at it with surprise.

STEVE (smiles)

It's my talisman, Mrs. Darrell.

KAREN (smiles)

You can call me Karen.

STEVE

I'm taking a day off tomorrow. Good-bye, Karen.

EXT. ANNA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Steve's car stops at Anna's luxurious house.

INT. CAR - MORNING

They drive silently but when the city remains behind,
Anna turns to Steve.

ANNA

What are you thinking about,
Steve? Do you want to kill me or
rescue me once again? Where are
you driving?

STEVE

Calm down Anna. I'm taking you
to a country farm. They breed
chicken and serve freshly made
fowl. You will like it.

INT. COUNTRY FARM - MORNING

Anna really likes the farm. Steve introduces Mrs. Laima Roberts to her and leaves her in the care of the woman to whom Anna takes at once. Accompanied by her, she examines the farm and plays with Laima's nice blond children. Steve patiently waits for them near the entrance to the henhouse. They go along the cages till Steve points at one of the hens. Mrs. Laima takes the hen in her hands and they go to the back yard. Mrs. Laima bends, presses the hen to a log, seized an axe and chops off its head.

LAIMA

These are good hens. They are
not fat, as we feed them with
grain only.

Anna shudders, seizes her throat and starts running without making any sound. Steve rushes after Anna, seizes her by the arm and turns her around to face him. Her face flares with anger and disgust.

ANNA (crying out)

You... you... you are a sadist!
Why are you tormenting me? Why
is there always blood? Always
violence? Why?

STEVE

Sorry, but you are addressing a
wrong person. I didn't chop the
head off the hen. She did. Mrs.
Laima. I am here as a visitor,
just like you are. Go tell her
that it is a brutal and
disgusting act, that she is a

terminator, a robot programmed
to murder.

He raises his voice and shakes Anna by her shoulders.

STEVE

You are a very honest person,
Anna, tell her that she has
nothing human in her. Is it
really your opinion? Is she
dangerous? Answer me.

Anna sees Mrs. Laima playing with her children at the
yard.

ANNA

Take me home, please.

They go slowly to the car. Anna stops next to it.

STEVE

Anna, answer me. Am I right?

ANNA

There, in Paris you dragged me
into a nostalgic fairy tale,
carried out my childhood dream
of a prince in shining armor.
The smell of sweet flowers, a
golden carriage, I kissed you
spontaneously and then the clock
struck twelve, while Cinderella
was still lightheaded with
happiness and could not escape
in time. The nice and kind
prince turned into a terminator.

STEVE

Do you think it was my fault?

ANNA

No, I don't blame you, but I
still can't understand you. You
are somehow able to manipulate
people's feelings and... I am
frightened. Tell me sincerely,
Steve, who are you?

STEVE (doubtfully)

I am a warrior.

ANNA

Are you a soldier?

STEVE

Just a warrior!

Steve, confirming his words, pulls out the Samurai sword, which was under his car-sit, and it sparkles in the sun.

ANNA

Oh, my God!

INT. ANNA'S HOUSE - DAY

All the way back they were silent. Steve comes with Anna into the house. Anna's parents are absent. He approaches Anna, takes her into his arms, wants to tell her something, but unexpectedly to her and to himself, he kisses her. She shudders, waves her hands as a bird, and suddenly clasps Steve with force. The world around disappears, only two bodies, disengaging from each other and again merging into an infinite kiss, turning over chairs.

STEVE

Where is your bedroom?

ANNA (pointing)

There.

Steve picks Anna up in his arms and carries her upstairs. Anna lies in his arms with half closed eyes, and flared lips.

STREETS - DAY

Steve invents the "field test". He takes one agent disguised to play the role of a persecuted suspect. When the "field test" begins and the personnel of the permanent shadowing notices the specified car, the "object" behaves calmly - quietly browsing the city center, sometimes suddenly parking the car in the most improper places and making calls from street payphones.

Then he passes on a red light and crosses a bridge. After that the "suspect" looks back. There is no "Ford" with the obscure windows behind him. He lifts his middle finger and smiles, but from a side street another "Ford" with the obscure windows appears and goes behind him.

The car of "suspect" drives into the territory of a private airport and the "suspect" quickly boards a light plane waiting for him there.

The "Ford" leaves on a take-off strip with high speed and partitions off the plane road. The plane stops and the "suspect" loses in this "field test".

INT. STUDY - DAY

Steve and the chiefs of departments are sitting in his office.

STEVE (addressing all of them)
Excellent job! Thank you. We are
ready now!

Gregory comes into the study, carrying a printed page.

GREGORY
I have come straight from
general Groves. It is for inner
use. (reads) Object N1,
suspected in distribution of
narcotics, Barbara Lopez,
nicknamed Barbie, 33 years old.
She is the owner of a massage
parlor, functioning as sexual
services.

STEVE
Attention please. We are
starting the operation
"Permanent shadowing".

Steve marks the beginning of the operation on a big calendar hanging on the wall of his study.

STEVE
In this case we can't ask for
God's help - because it will
sound like blasphemy... but we
absolutely cannot make a deal
with the Devil. Let's rely on
our accurate calculations and
willpower! Allow me to present
object N1. Go on, Janet.

JANET (reads a file)
Barbara Lopez is a professional
prostitute.

INT. BARBARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Barbara enters her apartment.

JANET

(voice over, Barbara can be seen by means of a monitor and afterwards in real life)

Four years ago she offered her pimp Mario to legalize the business. He was afraid of the police, but she organized it by herself. She had important clients who helped. She received a license for a massage parlor and Mario engaged in drugs. He hired a few distributors but when he tried to get more, he had broken the rules and soon was found dead. Barbara remained by herself.

Suddenly Barbara looks out the window. From a house opposite to hers a big camera flashes. She takes out a bottle of whisky and takes a big swallow strait from the bottle. Then she sits down in an armchair and smokes a cigarette, her hands are trembling. Barbara looks at the phone then rises and goes to her neighbor Mary (about sixty years old).

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - DAY

BARBARA

May I use your phone? Something is wrong with mine.

MARY

Certainly, my dear, and I will make some tea.

Mary leaves the room and Barbara quickly dials a number.

BARBARA

Hello, Bruce, it's Barbie speaking. I am in trouble...

INT. STEVE'S STUDY - DAY

A running line appears on the screen of the monitor N1, under Barbara's picture talking on the phone: "At the other side of the line is Bruce Smith, owner of a pub".

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - DAY

BARBARA

...I am under surveillance so don't call me. Can you take all that is left? Oh, Bruce, don't shout, please. No, I am calling from my neighbor's...

Mary comes back and Barbara shuts the phone.

INT. STEVE'S STUDY - DAY

STEVE

Good girl! Thank you, Barbara.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - DAY

MARY (returns with the tea)

You, my dear, have to get married. You are so beautiful and young.

BARBARA

I will never betray the memory of my beloved husband. Thank you, dear Mary, for the tea.

INT. CAR - DAY

Barbara goes to work. Behind her someone drives a "Ford" with obscure windows.

INT. BARBARA'S MASSAGE PARLOR - DAY

Pablo, the bodyguard and watchman of the massage parlor (a strong muscular guy) meets her with a wide smile.

PABLO

Good day, madam. I have some news for you. In the morning all the lights in the house went out, but I, at once, called the electricians, and they repaired it. They worked for about two hours; it appears that we had bad wiring, so they made a general

check up. Good guys and...
didn't touch the girls.

Barbara turns away from him.

BARBARA

Pablo, you are always talking
nonsense.

Barbara gathers the prostitutes together.

BARBARA

You have to answer to all
requests on drugs by: "We don't
have any and we never had".

GIRL

The clients won't like it.

BARBARA

There is nothing to be done. We
have to stop dealing
immediately... for a while...
Is it clear? That's all, what
are you looking at? Return to
work.

The girls return to their rooms.

INT. STEVE'S STUDY - DAY

Steve, Gregory and the chiefs of departments are sitting
in his office. By means of the first monitor they see
Barbara hiding the drug bags under the tiles in her
office.

STEVE

She is very astute.

Gregory laughs.

STEVE (looks at the second monitor)

So, we have the next object in
the chain leading us to the
Olympus of the Mafia. Allow us
to present object N2, Barbara
Lopez's supplier. Bruce Smith
nicknamed Barman, 26 years old,
an owner of a pub. Gregory,
please, read what is written in
his file.

GREGORY (reads the file)
Bruce Smith is in the business
for five years.

INT. CAR - DAY

Bruce, a strong Afro-American man, is driving his car.

GREGORY (voice over)
He was a professional boxer, but
received a profound knock out in
one of his fights. The doctors
said that his life as a boxer
was finished. He began to work
as a barman in the pub of Pedro
Ferreira. Then Pedro offered him
to deal in drugs. A year later
he had many independent
distributors and three years
later he fixed Pedro for eight
years of prison, took over his
business and began to develop
it.

Bruce is driving his car and suddenly sees through the
mirror a "Ford" with the obscure windows following him.

EXT. PUB - DAY

Bruce gets out of his car and sees the "Ford" with the
obscure windows parking nearby.

INT. PUB - DAY

Bruce enters the pub and notices two strong men silently
sitting at a table in the empty bar. He goes quickly into
his office.

INT. BRUCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Bruce hits the wall with anger.

BRUCE
Fucking bitch!

Bruce lifts the phone, does not dial however, and puts it
back. Suddenly the phone rings. Bruce looks at it, not
knowing whether to answer it.

INT. STEVE'S STUDY - DAY

Steve, looking at monitor N2 with the deliberating Bruce, seizes the phone and calls Alan Foster, the head of the team responsible for phone taping.

STEVE

Alan, can you define a phone number if the object does not answer the call?

ALAN

I'm offended chief, all the entering calls with the names of the subscribers are defined, it does not matter whether the call was answered or not.

INT. BRUCE'S STUDY - DAY

At last Bruce answers the phone.

BRUCE

Hello!

VOICE

Hi, Barman, it's Charlie. How are you? I almost finished...

BRUCE

Listen Charlie, do not call me here any more, I will contact you.

Bruce does not wait for the answer and hangs up sharply. He walks around the office for a while and then decides to check up on the two men sitting in his pub. The hall of the pub is empty. The barman wipes some glasses, breathing on them and periodically looking through them to the light.

BRUCE

Where are those two that sat at the table?

BARMAN

Paid and left. Didn't finish their drinks...

EXT. PUB - DAY

Bruce goes out to the street in order to smoke. He circles the pub entrance. The "Ford", that followed him in the morning, is not there. Bruce crosses the street to the pay phone, looks around and dials a number.

BRUCE

Listen, Charlie, I suspect that the cops are on my tail, so we'll wait a little with the business. I'll call when it's safe. (pause) Charlie, you are a fucking idiot, how could I know when, just wait with it.

Bruce hangs the phone.

INT. STEVE'S STUDY - DAY

GREGORY

General Groves congratulates you on your first success. The chain is unwound. Can we let Barbie go now? What do we need her for?

STEVE

And what about interested witnesses in court, have you forgotten? We'll still need her, but only in a couple of weeks.

INT. PUB - DAY

Bruce reenters the pub. The first customers are already at the bar. He sees two new ones, but similar to those he saw before. The same breed - cops.

INT. BARBARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Barbara in a dressing gown with the senseless, depressive face goes in her apartment from wall to wall, sometimes approaches a window and looks at the black "Ford" in the street. Her room is in disorder, her things are scattered on the floor. She sits down on an armchair, switches a lamp on and off, lights a cigarette and extinguishes it at once.

She stands up with a resolute face, then draws the curtains on all the windows, throws some necessary things into a bag and silently leaves, without switching of the lamp. She goes down by the stairs and leaves through the back door to the courtyard. The black "Ford" stands near.

BARBARA (crying)
What do you want from me? Why
are you tormenting me? What do
you want me to do? Answer me!
Please, answer me.

She lowers her head and returns to the apartment. After that she lies down on her bed and begins to cry.

INT. CAR - DAY

Bruce drives to the railway station and a "Ford" with obscure windows drives behind him. He leaves his car and runs into the building. He runs out from another exit, takes a taxi quickly and looks back through the window. Nobody follows him. He smiles, relaxes.

BRUCE (to driver)
Stop here, chief. I need to make
a call.

Bruce enters a booth of a public phone.

BRUCE
Hi, John, I have a problem. Your
guys follow me. (pause) How is
it impossible? A black "Ford"
has been following me all day
long! Why don't you know? Tell
me what do I pay you money for?
(pause) Well, I'll call you
tomorrow.

Bruce comes back into the car and the taxi continues to move. A bit later he slowly looks back again. The "Ford" is behind him.

INT. BARBARA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Barbara is lying on her bed. Stubs are visible on the floor. She rises and pulls out the drugs, makes "a path" and inhales it. The bell at the door is ringing. She hides the drugs and opens the door.

MARY
My dear Barbara, I am bringing
you chicken soup. Eat it. It'll
be good for you.

BARBARA

Thanks, I am so grateful to you,
my dear Mary, but I am not
hungry.

Barbara tries to eat the soup but she can't.

MARY

How do you feel? Have pain?

BARBARA (whispering)

They follow me. I see them
everywhere. They are always
beside me. I feel them even in
my apartment, in my bed. Help
me, please! I am afraid.

Mary looks at her with fear.

MARY

Have a rest, my dear. I must
leave now.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

ROY

Hi, Barman. What's up?

Bruce looks around and then takes out the diminutive
video camera.

BRUCE

Not well, Roy. Look what I have
found in my room.

Roy shakes his head.

ROY

It is bad, Bruce. It is serious.
I never saw such a camera, but I
heard that such toys are
produced at the CIA
laboratories. This has to do
with espionage, international
terrorism or Arabian radicalism.

BRUCE

What?

ROY

You have to think what you are connected to, but don't involve me. I am out.

Roy leaves at once, glancing to all sides - back, left and right.

INT. STEVE'S STUDY - EVENING

Steve and Janet are watching the screen N1.

STEVE

What is she doing?

Barbara draws all the curtains, switches on muted lights, turns on music and, starts to move her body in a seductive way, while looking at the camera. She slowly removes her clothing one after another.

On monitor N1 crawls the phrase: "Wonderful! The guys are very happy!"

Steve seizes the phone.

STEVE (roughly)

If I see it again I'll tear your heads off!

The text on the monitor disappears instantly. Steve looks at Janet.

STEVE

Do you understand what is happening?

JANET

Certainly. It is a ritual dance. She does not know what to do and wants to entice the "Forces". She is playing her last card - sex. She wants to influence you with sex. It helped her always.

They keep watching the striptease.

JANET

It seems to me that after the striptease she will do it.

STEVE

Do what?

JANET

Suicide!

STEVE (on phone, sharply)

The bodyguards group, be ready
in three minutes. Take object
N1.

INT. BARBARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Barbara finishes the dance with no clothes on, still
looking at the camera...

BARBARA (crying)

Say something! Do something! I
cannot stand it...

Tears start running down her face. She takes a deep
breath, lowers her head, goes into the bathroom, turns on
the hot water, gets a razor...

At that moment her arm is firmly grasped by a hand. She
looks back. In front of her she sees a group of armed
men.

BARBARA (crying)

You are messengers of Hell! You
are immortal soldiers of Satan!
Help me somebody! Help me!
Help...

Barbara faints on to the hands of an agent from the
Bodyguards group.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

The interrogation. Steve, Gregory and Janet observe it
through the big see-through glass from another room.

INSPECTOR

Can you tell us whom you bought
the drugs from?

BARBARA

I bought the drugs from Bruce
Smith.

INSPECTOR

Will you testify in court?

BARBARA

I'll do everything you ask.

EXT. ROOM - NIGHT

STEVE

Object N1 fulfilled all expectations completely and can have some rest in jail.

JANET

She is in a very bad state. She must be sent to a special rehabilitation center specializing in post stress experience.

STEVE

O.K.! Now we are left with object N2 only.

INT. STEVE'S STUDY - MORNING

Steve is marking the date on the hanging calendar.

STEVE

Object N2 is dormant. After two weeks of permanent shadowing he got accustomed to the new condition. There is no progress.

JANET

The object hasn't slept for ten days. Moreover, he simulates sleep, afraid to show us, that he is awake. He does not rise at night, doesn't turn, only lies on his side and coughs. He is suffering. He gives us a run for our money, but he will fail eventually.

STEVE

Really?

JANET

The object doesn't follow any known pattern of behavior.

Earlier in his consciousness he connected the shadowing with drugs dealing, but after talking to the "expert", he couldn't think of any rational explanation for the shadowing and it drove him crazy. What does the CIA want from him? A few more days and he will cave in. Nobody can endure it for long.

GREGORY

In my opinion, you exaggerate. You can lie in bed and think about something pleasant. What is so terrible about it?

JANET

You try it, Gregory. Don't fall asleep but stay in bed, fake sleep all night long, not for an hour; and keep on doing it for two weeks.

Gregory only shrugs his shoulders.

JANET (to Gregory)

Lie on the sofa and try it.

Gregory throws a skeptical look at Steve and because he does not get any reaction from him, lies down on the sofa in the other room. Three minutes later Gregory is fast asleep.

JANET (to Steve)

How can he behave so irresponsibly? Is he making fun of me?

Steve laughs.

BRUCE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Bruce's apartment fills with rushing shadows. Bruce enters a room and someone leaves it hurriedly. He almost sees it. He sharply looks under the table near the window. He goes into the bathroom, someone's reflection disappears from a mirror, and he manages to see only his own scared face.

BRUCE (threatening with a fist)
I will show you! I made a
decision. I shall file a
complaint to the police.

INT. STEVE'S STUDY - DAY

Steve shrugs his shoulders and looks questioningly at Janet.

STEVE
An interesting decision for a
Mafiosi: to seek protection at
the police. Very unusual!

JANET
Object N2 wants to find out the
truth at any cost! It is
necessary to talk to him very
proficiently. The fact that he
turned to the police points to a
full mental demolition of his
personality.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

BRUCE
I would like to talk to an
inspector on duty.

SECRETARY (attentively listening
to someone on the phone)
Sit down, please, you'll have to
wait.

Bruce waits. Policemen and other people enter and leave.

SECRETARY
Bruce Smith to room N7, please.

Bruce goes along the corridor, knocks and enters a small study. A hard to please inspector sits at the table writing something rapidly.

INT. INSPECTOR'S STUDY - DAY

INSPECTOR
Don't pay any attention to me.
Say what you want. What kind of
a problem do you have?

BRUCE (quietly)
I am under surveillance.

INSPECTOR (not interrupting his work)
What? Who is following you?

BRUCE
The CIA!

INSPECTOR (smiling)
Are you serious? Why?

BRUCE
I don't know. I think it is a
mistake.

INSPECTOR
Do you really think, that the
CIA will spend money and time
not knowing precisely whom to
shadow? There is terrorism,
espionage or Arabian radicalism.
What are you connected to?

BRUCE
I am not connected to anything.

INSPECTOR
I am sorry, but how can I help
you in this case? What do you
want from the police?

BRUCE (surprising himself)
I am involved in drugs!

INSPECTOR
Can you prove it?

BRUCE (surprised)
What is there to prove? I am a
drug dealer! I have distributors
working under me.

The inspector stops writing, looks with a smile at Bruce
and shakes his head.

INSPECTOR
Mr. (rummages through his
papers) Smith, have you ever
seen real drugs or only in the
cinema? Why are you

incriminating yourself? Are you hiding something really serious?

BRUCE (with indignation)
I have been engaged in drugs for five years. Do you understand me?

INSPECTOR
And where do you get the drugs from? Shops don't sell them.

BRUCE (imitating)
Of course they don't. I have a supplier. I buy the drugs directly from him.

INSPECTOR
What supplier? Does he have a name or is he a mythical person?

BRUCE
Why mythical? Of course he has a name. Do you want me to tell it to you?

INSPECTOR
I want nothing, but I am really not interested in what you have to say if you don't know the name of your supplier. Sorry, Mr. Smith.

BRUCE
I know his name. It's Fred Turner. Are you happy now?

But the name means nothing to the inspector. He shrugs his shoulders and at last puts away his papers.

INSPECTOR
It seems to me, Mr. Smith, that you hammered some nonsense into your head. Take a rest for a couple of days, sports and walking in a nice place will do you a lot of good. It is a friendly advice and now excuse me I am really very busy.

BRUCE

Why don't you believe me?

INSPECTOR

Why should I believe you if you don't have any real proof? Good day, Mr. Smith.

BRUCE

What? I can go home? Don't you want to arrest me?

INSPECTOR

Of course I don't. You must understand Mr. Smith this name you gave me of your "so called" supplier is no real proof. Here is my card.

INT. BRUCE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

At home Bruce pulls out the drugs, makes "a path" and inhales it. After that he begins to pace the bedroom.

INT. BRUCE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

At daybreak some vile, mocking faces start to appear on the walls of his apartment and laugh at him loudly. Bruce pulls out the drugs, makes "a path" and inhales it. After that he takes the inspector's card out of his pocket and calls him.

BRUCE (in a shivering voice)

I can prove it. Now you won't turn me away. I have real proof.

INT. PUB - MORNING

They meet at the pub. Bruce leads the inspector to the warehouse, opens the secret safe and pulls out money and a package with drugs.

BRUCE

Do you believe me now? You have to save me from the CIA. They not only shadow me, they have stolen my dreams. I can't sleep at all and I am afraid, they will put me on the electric chair.

Bruce begins to cry.

BRUCE

I'm not a spy. Help me. Please,
help me.

They take him.

INT. STEVE'S STUDY - DAY

STEVE

This is a classic!

GREGORY (respectfully)

You catch them like flies!

JANET (gloomily)

More correctly, flatten them
like a bulldozer. Look at the
result after your processing. I,
as a psychologist, can tell you,
that they can't return to normal
human activity any more.

STEVE

You mean to drugs? Don't you? So
what, let them sit in prison for
a while. By the way, Janet, I
have to return to an old
subject. You see our objects as
your potential patients and you
pity them. Don't argue! I see it
on your face.

JANET

Criminals are people too. It's
improper to destroy them
totally.

STEVE

Do you think so? Let's take, for
example, your fourteen-year old
daughter, Ruth. Let's suppose
she'll meet Barbie or Barman in
the near future and they will
give her drugs, just to try,
free-of-charge of course. Then
once again, and again, and then
she will start asking you for
money, will begin to steal and
sell drugs or her body to earn

the next doze. Do you want such a destiny for Ruth?

JANET (with indignation)
It is not fair, Steve. Why my daughter?

STEVE
Well, it may be your friend's daughter.

Steve stands up and switches on the video-system.

STEVE
Take a look at this, Janet.

ANNOUNCER
Fatal cases among youths from the use of drugs have recently become frequent. Two 16 years old schoolboys have died today in the hospital. The doctors could not save them. Today there was also a brutal murder of two pensioners, spouses. The police have arrested several young people, who have explained the crime by absence of money for the next doze of drugs. "The Drugs have become our national problem" - a responsible governmental official considers!

Steve switches off the video-system.

STEVE
Isn't it enough for you? You should perceive the drugs not as the abstract evil but as the real horror that can enter any house including your own. I hope you can see it more clearly now.

JANET
Yes, I can. Sorry, Steve.

STEVE
Understand, we are at war and in a war there are victims on both sides. If earlier we hunted

small defenseless animals, now we are proceeding to the group of larger predators. It means they can eat us as well.

GREGORY

But it's impossible - we are the FBI, a Federal organization.

STEVE

Object N3, Fred Turner, is dangerous, he is not afraid of authorities. Therefore, Janet, while it's quiet, let's send your family somewhere far away, under another name of course. I advise you to do it immediately.

Janet turns pale. Gregory rises from his place.

GREGORY

Is it so dangerous? Can they really find us, at the FBI?

STEVE

Yes, it's possible. Besides, I need a new service: ambulances for fast transportation of corpses, their false, and ours, unfortunately, real. If they manage to photograph the bodyguards after their "liquidation", it will be the end of our operation. "Members of FBI kill on Washington streets", general Groves won't be able to digest it.

JANET

Will they try to influence us from outside?

STEVE

Yes, therefore I ask you, Gregory, to prepare a complete list of people who know about our project, including general Groves, the Head of the FBI and all the others. Even the president of the United States

may be on this list. Do you understand me?

GREGORY

Yes I do.

STEVE

Go over my secretary's file, all her charges and purchases for the last three years. I have to be sure that she is loyal. A couple of days of preparation and we'll begin to work on Fred Turner - object N3.

Janet and Gregory leave the study without a word.

INT. STEVE'S STUDY - DAY

Steve, Gregory and the chiefs of departments are sitting in his office.

STEVE

Let me inform you about our next object. Object N3, Fred Turner, 35 years old. He is suspected of distributing drugs, supplying them to Bruce Smith. He is the owner of the "Investment bank" and a security agency "Cool".
(reads a file) Fred joined the drugs business at the age of 15.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Fred sits in his limousine.

STEVE (voice over)

His first boss had a simple system of doing business - you sold nine bags, the tenth was yours. Fred earned a lot of money and nothing scared him. During twenty years Fred Turner climbed the "Organization" like a ladder, regarding each level as a temporary necessity for a higher rise. His motto was: "The power of the words is determined by the number of guns their owner can show".

Fred's personal bodyguard nicknamed Joker discovers the shadowing. He looks back a few times and then tells something to the driver.

JOKER (to Fred)
Chief, please, lay down on the seat. We are being followed.

FRED
What? Who is following us?

JOKER
I don't know, but there is a "Ford" with obscure windows driving right behind us.

Fred turns and closely looks at the car, keeping a safe distance behind them.

FRED (to his driver)
Harry, turn here to the right and on the next crossroad to the right once again.

The "Ford" drives behind them, neither coming nearer nor leaving. Fred dials a number on the mobile phone.

FRED
Listen, Crab, there is a tail behind us. We need to check their credibility. Take ten guys and meet us at the waste ground, behind the baker factory in half an hour. Take the bazooka - they are probably armed. Let one car wait for us at the waste ground and another one drive behind them. Everything clear?

Fred mutters something and with a firm sight stares at the "Ford".

FRED (to the driver)
Harry, circle the streets quietly, then go to the waste ground behind the baker factory. I want us to get there in forty minutes precisely. Then we'll see who dares to tail us.

WASTE GROUND - DAY

When the limousine reaches the waste ground, the bodyguards waited for them already. The jeep with guys from his security agency "Cool" stands in the depth of the deserted waste ground surrounded by a green zone of bushes and young trees.

The limousine, makes a slow turn, and stops behind the jeep for protection. Immediately, five armed men get out of the jeep. The "Ford" drives onto the waste ground and stops. Behind it, as instructed on the phone, the second jeep of guards appears. Five men - the closing group - get out of it. Armed men surround the "Ford" from all directions. But after that nothing happens, nobody gets out of the "Ford". There is no action or movement.

FRED (to Joker)

Who are they? Everything looks
unreal somehow. Go check it out.

Joker nods, takes the automatic gun and gets out of the limousine. The door closes.

The echo of the shots penetrates the silence. Joker falls silently to the ground. Fred sees his bodyguards falling one after the other hit by the crossfire.

FRED (whispering)

Who are they? Who did I piss
off?

Two ambulances arrive silently, without sirens. People dressed in white, paying attention to nobody, quickly collect the corpses and the weapons and drive away. Time goes by, but nobody gets out of the "Ford". The expectation becomes unbearable.

HARRY

Maybe we should leave, chief?
Maybe we should try?

FRED

Who will let us leave after what
has just happened?

The driver waits a little, and then slowly starts to leave the waste ground. The "Ford" remains attached to them, following twenty meters behind. They leave the waste ground and again drive on the city streets.

INT. CAR - DAY

FRED

What was it? Why didn't they
kill us? It is unbelievable.
Where should we go now?

HARRY

May be we should go home, chief?

FRED

Yes, drive home.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

They drive through the powerful iron gates. Fred leaves the limousine and enters his three-stored house. He returns home alive! Taking a deep breath, he looks out the window. The "Ford" stands thirty meters from the gate.

FRED

What is it? A delusion? A
delirium? Who are they?

His wife, Suzan, a young woman with beautiful, round eyes appears.

SUZAN

Why have you returned so early?
You won't believe it! Linda has
just called me to say that she
won't come to our evening party,
if we invite Rita. What shall I
do now? I promised Pete to
introduce them.

Suppressing his emotions, he squeezes out a smile.

FRED

I have some trouble, my dear. I
would like to work now and ask
you not to disturb me.

Fred sharply turns and goes into his study.

INT. STUDY - DAY

He dials the number of the head of the bodyguards.

FRED

The "Ford" with the obscure windows stands near the gate. Tell me its license number, only don't get close to the car.

Fred contacts the transport department of the police.

FRED

One lunatic nearly killed me today. A black "Ford", license number: "D23-WKS".

ATTENDANT

A moment please, I shall check it. (pause) You are mistaken, mister. There is no such number on the file. This car is not registered.

Fred approaches the window and looks at the "Ford". Then he calls his lawyer. (a fat man)

BILL

Hi, boss. I heard what happen to your bodyguards. You have serious problems.

FRED

Hi, old man. I need your help. I am nervous. Who are they? They couldn't have descended from the Moon? How can we get to them? The car is stolen, the number forged, it's clear, but who are they? Can they be a visiting gang?

BILL

I think it's unlikely. What, there is a gang in the city with such forces and you knew nothing about it? Impossible! Besides, they did not kill you! They are not gangsters, definitely not. They are probably policemen.

FRED

But the police never acted in a similar way. Never! Such shooting without any warning, it's impossible. Eleven corpses

at once! Can't be, never was.
The group of silent, operative
hospital attendants suddenly
appeared without warning. Has
anyone called them? Maybe they
really are from outer space?

BILL

Let's reason quietly, without
emotions.

FRED

They were thoroughly prepared
and arranged for the ambush,
hiding snipers in the bushes.
Everything was done competently,
taking into account the lack of
time for preparations. They must
have known the place of our
meeting beforehand. Which means,
they must have been listening in
on my conversation with Crab.
Miracles don't happen. And these
two ambulances appeared a few
minutes after the shooting, as
though they stood on the corner
and waited for a signal.

BILL

They are not gangsters and it's
not the police. It is clear that
it's a state organization,
probably a secret group with a
special training from the FBI!

Fred lifts the receiver of the intercom.

FRED

Send Blond to me.

A high, young man with blond hair enters the study.

FRED

So, Blond, you'll go to our
distributors and question them
closely. Somebody spilled the
beans. It is essential to find
out who it was. Then return at
once. Only make sure that nobody
is following you. While you are
there, warn them not to call me.

Do you understand what you have to do?

Fred approaches the window, looks at Blond passing through the gate.

BILL

I think that we need to prepare in any case. Let's bring your papers to order.

Fred nods, approaches the table and, opening one box after another, begins to take out different documents, accounts and bills. He looks methodically through each paper and throws page after page into the fire. The intercom rings and after that Blond comes into the study.

BLOND

Barman has gone mad! He invited a police agent into the pub, opened the safe and gave him the stock and money for the next purchase. Nobody forced him! He did it of his own free will. They started the shadowing three, maybe four weeks ago. A "Ford" was parked near the pub all the time...

FRED

I know this "Ford" very well. It is parked near the gate of my house now.

BLOND

Barman lay low and behaved normally. Then he started to sink into depression. He kept silent all the time, even ceased to talk to his workers, and then disappeared for a few days. He appeared with the agent, they even came separately. Barman waited for him at the pub. When they took him out, he shouted some nonsense about the CIA and an electric chair.

FRED

You can go.

Blond leaves.

FRED

Barman is a hard nut to crack, a former boxer, strong-willed, a strong man. He ruled his area with an iron hand. How did they break him like that?

BILL

The FBI is a serious opponent. We have to inform the chief, while we still have the possibility.

Fred looks out the window. The "Ford" is in its place near the gate.

FRED

That means they started on me now. Well, what about dinner? Do you want to eat? I am very hungry. I haven't eaten since morning.

BILL

O.K.

Fred calls the kitchen and orders dinner for two. Soon, after a polite knock, a maid comes in quickly and begins to serve snacks and various dishes. Fred lifts the phone but puts it back in place; he decides not to call while the maid stays in the study.

MAID

Is the phone not working again?

FRED

Why? What does "again" mean?

MAID

Only this morning they repaired the phones, they checked all the connections. Mrs. Suzan said that she couldn't live without a phone.

FRED (to maid)

Get out!

Fred seizes the receiver of the intercom.

FRED

Idiots! Strangers were in my house, and I find out about it from a servant! You have no brains at all! I'm working with cretins! All you know is how to shoot.

FRED (to Bill)

I'm a fool! I should have waited, looked around, and then operated. It took one minute to destroy everything that was created in years. Idiot!

The intercom buzzes.

SUZAN

Are you ready for the evening party?

FRED (to Bill)

I'll kill her one day.

FRED (to Suzan)

Go without me!

Fred is looking about, at the walls of the study, at the big desk, at the fireplace.

FRED

The room is tabbed. It means that everything we say or do is heard and seen. There is only one conclusion to be made from today's visit of the telephone "technicians".

BILL

This is very serious. Now you won't be able to get rid of them. Maybe we should notify the attorney and describe the situation?

FRED

Are you crazy? Let's do our business without attorneys.

Fred dials the number of the security agency "Cool".

FRED

You have an expert in surveying systems. Yes, as I remember, his name is Roy. Tell him that I need him.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Roy checks the study thoroughly. He notices something suspicious pulls out a strong magnifier and looks at some places in the corner of a massive frame of Fred's portrait. After that Roy nods and they go out.

INT. FRED'S PARK - DAY

ROY

An unpleasant situation chief, you are under surveillance. There is a micro digital camera. A latest secret product apparently owned by the CIA. I saw a similar one only once in my life, recently, at the place of one of my acquaintances and...

FRED (with amazement)

Where?

ROY

At Barman's.

FRED (after a pause)

Well, clear my house of all these cameras and microphones.

ROY (apologetically)

I can't guarantee a hundred-percent result. They place all the devices double and very artfully disguise them. From my experience, some always remain undetected.

FRED

Then don't touch anything. If there is no guarantee that you can't be overheard, it is better to be sure that you can be

overheard. It disciplines, won't allow you to spill the beans casually.

Fred sends Roy away and goes with Bill for a walk in the park.

FRED

Let's find their weak spot.

BILL

First, they have families. So, it's imperative to find out the names of the men who are responsible for this project. Second, their resources are limited; they physically can't watch all your people. Let's contact all our people and instruct them to be on the move always. That'll keep them busy.

FRED

What an excellent idea, Bill! Let's arrange a telephone game, let all my people call somebody from payphones around the city all the time. And you are right! It is necessary to notify the chief. Urgently!

BILL

They have more than one weak spot. The operation is a secret one. To kill at once so many people openly, legally is impossible, therefore they must be afraid of publicity in the first place.

FRED

It means, that we must repeat the scene at the waste ground again, to arrange a shooting with corpses. So I shall lose ten people more, but we shall arrange for the press to witness it. When everyone sees the shots in the newspapers and the reports from the scene of action

on TV, it will put an end to their special operation.

BILL

But, without the chief's sanction, it is impossible. Can you think of a reliable way to notify the chief?

FRED

I know this way. A leaf from a tree is camouflaged in the wood!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fred lies in bed in pajamas and thinks intensely. Suzan enters and begins to undress, simulating a striptease.

SUZAN

The evening party was wonderful!

FRED

Stop it immediately!

SUZAN (playfully)

Why? Don't you like me?

Fred rises and closely examines the walls of the bedroom, the frames of the pictures.

SUZAN

What has happened to you? You are so nervous and intense today.

FRED

I have some problems.

SUZAN (smiling)

I can make it better. You will forget all your problems.

Suzan approaches and embraces Fred.

FRED (impatiently)

Stop it!

SUZAN (surprised)

What happened?

FRED

I am going to sleep in the other bedroom.

SUZAN (offended)

Can you tell me what it's all about?

FRED (shouts)

No, I can't! I can't explain anything. It is my problem and it doesn't concern you.

SUZAN (shouts)

I know! It's all because of her, because of that prostitute of yours. I hate her!

Fred approaches the door.

FRED

Don't undress in the light.

Fred leaves the bedroom.

INT. STEVE'S STUDY - MORNING

Alan, head of the Telephone Surveillance group, calls Steve.

ALAN (excited)

Chief, something unimaginable happened at the agency "Cool". Since the morning, all employees started calling from payphones around the town, saying the same sentence: "Tell Mr.", a name of subscriber, "not to call Fred, he is in trouble". We detected about thirty phone numbers already; I don't know what to do next.

STEVE

Thanks, Alan, it is an important information. Transfer the list to the Analyzing Department.

Steve hangs up the phone and without a pause lifts it again.

STEVE

Analyzing Department? Hallo, James. Alan will give you a list of names. Try to figure out its structure. Is it taken from a phone directory or from a club members' list, or from anywhere else? There has to be common ground.

After a few minutes Steve becomes impatient and comes into the Analyzes department.

INT. ANALYZES DEPARTMENT - MORNING

STEVE

James, hi. Do you have any good news?

JAMES

We found nothing in common between the names. We checked this list under all known directories, even up to school lists. There is nothing in common between the names, though... our operator, for some reason, thinks that they are all rich.

STEVE

What is the name of your operator?

JAMES

Mrs. Christina Gross.

STEVE

Thank Mrs. Gross for me and give her a raise. Is it clear? Check out the list with the personal accounts at the "Investment bank".

James does it.

JAMES (surprised)

You are right! All subscribers are clients of the "Investment bank" and each one of them is a millionaire.

STEVE

I want a complete list of the
millionaire clients of the bank.

Steve takes a printed list.

STEVE

Thanks, James, it's an excellent
work.

INT. STEVE'S STUDY - MORNING

Steve returns into his study. He is looking at the list.

STEVE

Fifty-three millionaires were
listed as clients of the
"Investment bank". Our next
object N4 is among them. Oh, how
dumb! How can he be there? I
can't believe my eyes.

GREGORY

What happened?

STEVE

Nothing, but I found a close
acquaintance on the list. Well,
the important thing is - we have
solved this puzzle.

GREGORY

How can you be so sure?

STEVE

Gregory, let's pretend you are
object N3, though I wish it to
no one.

GREGORY

"Thank you".

STEVE

You have to deliver an important
message to your chief. Any way
is dangerous. Making a mistake
is fatal for you. You recollect
that the chief is a client at
your bank. Even if the enemy
intercepts the information, he

can do nothing with it. There are a lot of very rich people on the list. Who should be suspected? You delivered the message and there are no suspects. Now, is it clear?

GREGORY

Then I don't see the reason for your good humor, Steve. He deceived us.

STEVE

Not exactly, we have the list with object N4 on it and it is not the end of the game. But object N4 is stronger and more dangerous than Fred, with all his gangsters. By the way, Janet where is your family? Gregory and I are bachelors, so, except paid insurance, we have nothing to lose.

JANET

What are you saying, Steve? It is unthinkable for Ruth to leave in the middle of an academic year and my husband is very busy now. They won't even want to hear about it.

STEVE

Then it is necessary to appoint bodyguards for them. It concerns also the family of general Groves.

GREGORY (gloomily)

General Groves's family is already protected.

The phone is ringing in Steve's study.

ANNA

Hi, darling. My parents invite you to a family supper.

STEVE (to Anna)
I'll come with pleasure. Thank
them for me. I can't speak now
I'll call you later.

INT. ANNA' HOUSE - EVENING

Anna's father invites Steve into his study.

TED
Would you like a cigar?

STEVE
Thank you, I don't smoke.

TED
Sit down, please. One of my
friends told me, that the FBI is
working on an important project
and you are supervising it. I'm
very glad for you.

STEVE
Who told you that?

TED
Don't worry, my dear. My friend
is a very responsible person and
knows many State secrets.

STEVE
Can you tell me his name,
please? It is important. I want
to know.

TED
Why? It is not right for me to
tell you his name, but I can
tell you that he is a member of
the Department of Homeland
Security, therefore there can't
be any doubt in his reliability.
Let's join the women, they are
waiting for us.

INT. FRED'S STUDY - DAY

Fred calms down.

FRED
Let's call it a holiday.

BILL

Really, chief, you can do with
some rest.

Walking about the house, Fred caught himself always
looking at the "Ford" motionlessly parked at the gate,
whenever he is passing near the window.

FRED

They are trying to manipulate me
mentally. A mental attack: well,
you won't break me that easy.
I'm not Barman! You won't get me
this simply.

He strikes the wall with a fist forcibly, as if an
imagined opponent. Fred looks with hatred at his portrait
in a massive golden frame.

BILL

You have to calm down, behave
naturally, as though nothing
happened.

FRED

Yes Bill, you are right, as
always. Thanks, you can leave
now. I want to rest.

Fred switches on the TV, changes channels - films,
advertising and sports, but after a short time switches
the TV off. He calls his bodyguards to play cards, but,
eventually, he throws everybody out of the room with a
rough curse. He pulls out the drugs, makes "a path" and
inhales it.

INT. FRED'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Fred begins to sleep badly therefore he drinks two -
three whiskies in succession before going to bed. He has
a terrible dream and wakes up all covered in cold sticky
sweat. It seems that the walls of his bedroom are slowly
closing in on him and he goes into Suzan's bedroom. She
thinks that he came to make love to her and starts
laughing when he quietly confesses his fear.

INT. FRED'S PARK - DAY

Blond arrives and takes him to the park. Blond shows him the newspaper "Washington Post" with Steve's picture and a document.

FRED

How did you get it?

BLOND

Somebody has put it into our mailbox addressed to you without a return address.

FRED

Thank you, chief.

INT. STEVE'S STUDY - DAY

The phone is ringing.

AGENT

Chief, we have a problem. They killed two security guards and kidnapped Mrs. Kraft's daughter, directly from her school while she was getting into a car. We didn't spot them in time and they disappeared.

Steve hangs up the phone and looks at Janet.

JANET

Is something wrong?

STEVE

They kidnapped Ruth. Two security guards are dead.

A spasm travels through Janet's face, her eyes fill with tears. She presses hands to her mouth.

JANET (crying)

Why? Why my daughter? Ruth, my little girl!

STEVE

Janet, I promise you that all will be O.K. We shall return her. Do you trust me? I never deceived you. He is stupid and we are clever. We shall crush him like cockroach.

Steve is not simply consoling, not simply saying the trivial sentences. His face gets rigid with concentration.

STEVE

We have to intimidate him. Intimidate him so, that he loses all orientation. He understands only force therefore we should demonstrate to him such force, such power that he can't overcome it. We must drive him mad through half an hour.

JANET

But it's impossible! He is a gangster and a rational man, without regular human emotions or weaknesses.

STEVE

Maybe it's impossible but imperative and I shall do it. Listen, Gregory, quickly find me a pair of armored troop carriers or, even better, heavy tanks.

GREGORY (surprised)

What kind of tanks?

STEVE

Fighting, big, on tracks, with guns! However, that is not enough. Helicopters will be best of all. Fighting "Apaches" will suit us wonderfully. Gregory, get for me from wherever you want, even from under the ground, an air squadron of "Apache" helicopters for half an hour.

GREGORY

Fighting helicopters are not connected with our department at all.

STEVE

I don't care.

Gregory, with an expression of utter bewilderment on his face at his chief's order, leaves the study and goes to general Groves.

Steve calls the head of the Snipers group.

STEVE

Is it the Snipers group? Hi, Brad. On my signal you must hit the portrait of object N3 that hangs on the wall in his study.

INT. STEVE'S STUDY - EVENING

Steve rises resolutely, takes off the Samurai sword from the wall and with a long and deep sight stares at the brilliant edge. He even touches it with his hand.

There is a visible struggle on his face.

STEVE

The Samurai, who had this sword many years ago, was accountable for nothing to no one, except his own honor. "You can kill and leave" - the main principle of the Bushido: "The moral code of the Samurais". A Samurai was not dependent on any authority.

GREGORY

What are you talking about?

STEVE

I know exactly what I'm talking about and what I'm going to do.

Then, with a concentrated, rigid look, Steve dials the home number of Fred Turner, object N3.

STEVE

It is Steve Murray speaking, director of the project "Permanent shadowing".

INT. FRED'S STUDY / STEVE'S STUDY - EVENING

Fred Turner smiles. His lawyer Bill listens in to the conversation on another line.

FRED (to Bill)

Now everything will proceed according to my needs. They understand only such a language. I have the upper hand now. I shall dictate the conditions.

FRED (to Steve)

Are you sure that I (pause) want to talk to you?

STEVE

Sure! Otherwise I wouldn't have called.

FRED

O.K.! What can I do for you, Mr. Murray?

STEVE

I want you to return the girl, Ruth, whom you have kidnapped.

FRED

And why have you actually decided that I have any relation to this business? I have not left my house, even your guys can confirm it, and so, I have a solid alibi. If you are so interested in this case I advise you to address it to my lawyer.

Fred winks at Bill.

STEVE

Stop wriggling, Fred, it doesn't suit you. Our conversation is direct and frank. The stakes are very high. I hope you understand that I'm not joking with you, so listen to my conditions.

FRED

But if you are so sure that I am involved, I should dictate the conditions. The kidnapper, as it seems to me, always dictates the conditions. Or have I missed something?

STEVE

Only I dictate the conditions here, so listen to what I have to offer you and make the decision.

FRED

That means you have a serious offer.

STEVE

I certainly do. The bargain I'm willing to offer you, will be difficult to refuse, moreover, I'm sure, that you'll accept it.

FRED

O.K.! I'm listening.

STEVE

The conditions of the bargain are: you return the girl home in one hour and I shall keep you alive.

FRED (to Bill)

It's impudence! Even blackmail has its limits.

STEVE (continues, quietly)

You still have time to make a decision.

FRED (shouting)

Who do you want to intimidate? I will cut your little girl into pieces, make stakes out of her.

Janet tightly clamps her mouth with both her hands but sounds like constrained wheezing, escapes her. Steve, while continuing the conversation, gesticulates to Gregory with a finger to bring her some water.

STEVE (quietly)

So, I understand that you don't accept my offer. Be ready for an attack.

FRED

What attack? You are bluffing! Can you hear yourself?

STEVE

Certainly! At the beginning my people will destroy your protection, as we did on the waste ground, as you surely remember, then I personally will enter your study and chop off your head with the Samurai sword that usually hangs on the wall of my study, and now lies on the table in front of me.

FRED

Are you crazy? What do you mean by the Samurai sword?

STEVE

I'm a warrior and I'll kill you this way. You don't deserve another death. I shall chop off your head, grab your hair and throw it out to the courtyard, onto the heap of fallen leaves, under the window of your study.

Having a wish to mock this psychopath, Fred opens his mouth, but suddenly hears a loud noise coming from outside. He looks out the window.

Three fighting helicopters "Apache", with switched on projectors, flow in a triangle directly in front of his house. They flow very low and hang above his house, surrounding it. Onboard machine guns are directed at him. Security guards rush into the courtyard into view of the projectors and don't know what to do.

Suzan rushes into the study without knocking, but Fred shakes his hand and makes such a brutal look that she runs out without a word.

FRED (to Bill)

He is crazy! He is simply a psychopath, but nobody sees it there. To attack my house with fighting helicopters! Where did you see such a thing?

BILL (to Fred)

Tell him that you are an American citizen and on the

territory of USA. He has no right to do such things.

FRED

You have no right to do this. I'm an American citizen on the territory of USA.

STEVE

You are on my territory. Here I have absolute authority. By the way, it concerns your lawyer too. Hi, Bill.

The lawyer shivers, leaves the table and seizes his head with his hands.

BILL (to Fred)

He'll kill us both. I'm afraid.

STEVE

I can do whatever I like with you, Fred, and if you don't believe me, I can demonstrate. Fire!

The glass in the window tinkles and a round hole appears in it. Fred looks at his portrait on the wall opposite the window and sees a black hole on his painted forehead, exactly between the eyebrows.

FRED (to Bill)

He is crazy! He'll chop my head off, as if I were a hen.

Fred seizes his neck. He shivers with fear.

STEVE

So do you accept my offer?

FRED

Yes!

JANET

Thank God!

BILL

Thank God!

FRED (shouting to Bill)
Get out. I don't need you any
more.

A minute later the "Apaches" switch off the projectors
and leave the place.

INT. STEVE'S STUDY - EVENING

Janet, with red eyes, goes home to kiss her daughter.
Steve slowly relaxes in the armchair, closing his eyes.

GREGORY (nervously)
You were simply lucky that he
believed your bluff! And what
would you have done, if Fred had
the inner power to say: "Go
ahead and attack!" what would
you have done then?

Steve puts his hand on the Samurai sword.

STEVE (tired)
I was not bluffing. I would have
chopped his head off. Otherwise
he would not have believed me.

GREGORY (whispering)
Oh, my God!

INT. FRED'S PARK - MORNING

Fred pulls out the drugs and inhales it.

FRED (whispering)
How I, Fred Turner, the city's
authority of the criminal world,
could let myself be broken,
badgered as a cowardly rabbit.
Shame! How can I explain it to
the chief?

Fred calls Blond. They walk in the park (a place where it
is possible to guarantee the secrecy of the
conversation).

FRED
Listen attentively, Blond. It is
necessary to take three guys and
kill this person. (Fred pointed
at the first name on the

document) You must remember the address. Take into account the bodyguards, so operate cautiously. Do you understand?

BLOND

Yes, chief, it is not my first time. It is clear, but...

FRED

Well, what? Speak out.

BLOND

The guys are nervous. Some of them were strongly affected by the death of Crab and his group. Your driver told them what took place on the waste ground and after yesterday's attack of the "Apaches" nerves became totally unscrewed. They are panicking. They say that everybody here will be shot down like birds. In general, the guys are afraid.

Fred nervously walks back and forth.

FRED

The one thing I need! Tell everybody, that I pay them for doing their jobs, not for being afraid. Soldiers should follow orders. When I order to kill - they should kill, if I order to die - they should die! That is all. Get out.

BLOND

OK, chief.

INT. ANNA'S ROOM - EVENING

Anna suddenly decides to paint Steve naked.

ANNA

Your body inspires me.

After negotiations, he concedes to pose in some wide trousers that Anna, convulsing with laughter, brings him from the closet. He poses sitting as if meditating with closed eyes and his hands on his knees. Sometimes he

furtively slightly opens his eyes and observes Anna working totally concentrated. Anna begs him to close his eyes and keep still.

INT. STEVE'S STUDY - MORNING

GREGORY

Listen, Steve. The head of the bodyguards is complaining about you. You take off somewhere and don't allow his guys to accompany you.

STEVE

What? You think I should take bodyguards on dates with my girl?

GREGORY

But you have once told me, that it is dangerous to behave like that.

STEVE

Believe me, Gregory, if they want to kill me, they will do it, regardless of any protection.

GREGORY

All the same, it is a violation of your own instructions. This time we managed to intercept these gangsters of Fred, but who can guarantee, that next time all will also end successfully. Instructions need to be observed.

STEVE

Depends on life's philosophy, Gregory. Any rule always has exceptions.

EXT. FRED'S PARK - EVENING

FRED (whispering)

They might have been killed or Blond betrayed me. It can't be stopped and the shadowing will continue forever. I'm doomed to

sit in my house, as in a prison.
I'm sentenced to life
imprisonment! I must escape. Run
while I still can.

Fred pulls out the drugs, makes "a path" and inhales it.
He looks out at the "Ford".

FRED (whispering)
No, I shall never leave this
place. I shall never escape from
here!

For the first time in his adult life Fred begins to cry
from lack of power and hope.

INT. STEVE'S STUDY - DAY

GREGORY
General Groves called about the
meeting of the Department of
Homeland Security. He asked me
to accompany him. He says that
it has to do with our project.
They can demand an entire report
and this guarantees to close the
project. We have to act
according to the law, you
understand, and as you know, we
are not always as conscientious
as we should be.

STEVE
"Guard the Constitutional
rights!" is the basic slogan of
the Mafia! I want to join you
there as well.

GREGORY
You can't. It is on another
level. General Groves takes me
as his secretary only.

Steve shrugs his shoulders contemptuously and looks at
Gregory thoughtfully.

STEVE
Our long awaited object N4 will
be there or somewhere near. They
became agitated, felt that
object N3 is cracking and soon

we will know the name of object N4. And then we, as the Champions in aerobatics, shall ascend from the dense layers of gangsters to a sphere of polite diplomats and high government officials. By the way, Gregory, try to get a list of participants in this meeting, maybe our object N4 will sit somewhere near you.

Gregory and Janet exchange looks.

GREGORY

Then, in your opinion, how will our project end?

STEVE

It should be finished, as an antique Greek tragedy, with the death of all the participants in this drama!

Steve bursts into laughter looking at Gregory's humorless face.

INT. FRED'S HOUSE - EVENING

SUZAN

I can't live in this madhouse with my husband finally gone mad.

FRED

Go to Hell!

He turns sharply away from the struck dumb Suzan, and leaves in order to walk in the park.

The house becomes absolutely silent. During nights Fred wanders, as a sleepwalker, about the empty rooms and corridors. Every rustle and remote step he hears frightens him. In the middle of the night he summons his bodyguards to check the apartment.

INT. STEVE'S STUDY - EVENING

GREGORY

General Groves is a real fighter! He declared at the

beginning of the meeting that the information about the existence of our project had reached the Mafia and, if it was discovered that it came from the FBI, he would find the traitor. Meanwhile the FBI report was delayed. Besides, I got the list of the participants of the meeting though it wasn't easy.

Steve's eyes instantly flash with curiosity. He snatches a piece of paper and checks through it.

STEVE

Oh, what a lucky guy! Object N4 was born under a lucky star. There are two possibilities. Two investors of the "Investment bank" are at one meeting. Incredible! But two objects are better than fifty-three. So the loop has tightened.

GREGORY

Seriously Steve, tell us, how can we watch object N4 if he is a member of the Department of Homeland Security? How do you plan to do it?

STEVE

We'll do it in the same way as before, just the same. He is an ordinary object for us, as everyone else.

Steve dials the number.

STEVE

Analyzing department? James, hi. Can you analyze a source of a lot of money? Try to check on the list of millionaires of the "Investment Bank" numbers 4 and 17. Dig in the history of their wealth. (pause) And in addition, check out number 49, Ted Dotson.

Steve hangs up the receiver.

GREGORY

Who is the third one?

STEVE

He is the father of my girlfriend. I don't know whether he is connected to the "Organization", but I must be sure, so I have to check everybody.

Steve says loudly, imitating sport commentators.

STEVE

I'm congratulating our team with the oncoming final!

They see that Fred is wandering around his big house with a slack, senseless face.

JANET (to Steve)

Another couple of days and object N3 will be ready. He is already talking to himself - he wants to fight with you.

STEVE (smiles)

I might agree on condition that the loser discloses everything he knows to the winner. Then, without the shadowing, without further delay, we can find out the name of object N4. For Fred, a fight now is a unique logical way to get out of a critical situation.

JANET

It seems to me, that you are too confident. This Fred is a gangster of a high caliber and a strong man.

STEVE

You say so because you are not familiar with Mr. Chan, my instructor in hand-to-hand fighting. Besides, a duel spells something noble, the spirit of knights. I would prefer to fight with swords.

GREGORY

Yes, a real knight, this Fred, he sent Blond with his gangsters to kill you. How very noble of him.

STEVE

By the way, Janet, I'm interested in your opinion. How is poor Fred in your eyes? Is he completely demoralized, unable to function like a human being, going crazy, completely a broken person? Do you have pity on him?

JANET

No. Not after what he did to my daughter, I don't pity him.

STEVE

A progress! You accused me once of not acting humanly enough. At last you understand the kind of people we are dealing with. That is all for today, thanks for your help.

INT. CAR - EVENING

Steve drives to Anna, when unexpectedly a young girl on a bicycle rides from a sideway directly under the wheels of his car. Brakes creak. The car stops a few centimeters from the girl. But whether from fear, or suddenness, she falls directly under the wheels. Steve jumps out of the car to help her, but at this exact moment feels something pricking his neck and he falls into darkness.

INT. ROOM - EVENING

He regains consciousness in a small study. His hands are handcuffed behind his back. His legs are tied to a chair standing in the center of the room.

A man enters the room. He is about sixty years old, short, skinny, slightly bent, with sparse hair smoothed back from his forehead. He sits down at the table and looks at Steve.

HERBERT

Thank you for responding to my invitation, Mr. Murray. I'm glad to meet you. Excuse me for the circumstances of your being brought here, but the business doesn't suffer any delay.

STEVE

Forget it.

HERBERT

My name is Herbert Walsh. I'm a deputy minister. This is my official post and beside this... I'm the next object of your permanent shadowing.

STEVE

You are mistaken Mr. Walsh. Your name doesn't fit.

HERBERT

I didn't say that I'm the object N4. My number is higher!

STEVE

Why are you so worried? We have not reached you yet.

HERBERT

The leader should reflect on his strategy attack, before the capital is under siege. I wasn't going to wait while you break object N3 and will proceed to N4. It is silly.

STEVE

It's impossible to stop this process.

Herbert Walsh becomes silent, looking at Steve with a long look of cold eyes. After a small pause he goes on.

HERBERT

If somebody told me, that your method of permanent shadowing would pave a straight road from a cranky prostitute to me, a USA government member, I would have

derided him, laughed in his face... but you proved it.

STEVE

Any system can be destroyed if there is sufficient financing.

HERBERT

In the beginning I thought, that it is accidental, luck, like it sometimes happens in a casino, but you won and won, broke one bank after another, and it already threatens to ruin a whole gambling house.

STEVE

No, it is not luck. It is precise calculation.

HERBERT

Military strategy tells us that it is impossible to be on defence only, so it is time for a counterattack. I have heard a lot of advice to kill both Anna and you, but, for some reason, I am unwilling. Talent is always a rarity! In general, I respect clever people, even opponents.

STEVE

Why Anna? What connection is there between Anna and the project?

HERBERT

There is no connection to the project, but a direct connection to you. You can offer your life in the passion of a struggle, but it will be difficult for you to offer Anna's life.

STEVE

I'm stupid for not having sent Anna away. What clever opponents are you talking about?

HERBERT

Do you really think that we wouldn't find her? You don't respect us. By the way, in my opinion, it is uncomfortable for you to sit like that. If you promise me not to jump on me and continue to listen quietly to everything I'm going to say, I shall order to untie you. It is somehow uncomfortable to have a nice, quiet conversation, when one of the parties is tied up. Do I have your promise?

Steve nods.

STEVE

OK, I promise.

Mr. Walsh presses a button and two men enter the room.

HERBERT

Untie him and bring us some coffee. This will be a long conversation.

Steve rises, with an effort massaging his hands, moves the chair closer to the table and sits down opposite Mr. Walsh.

STEVE

Aren't you afraid that I'll kill you?

HERBERT

What will you achieve by it? You are a clever man. Let's assume, Steve, that you have achieved your goal: put everybody, including me, in prison. What further? Do you want to work for the FBI or will you return to academic activity?

There is something human, confidential in the behavior of Mr. Walsh.

STEVE

I think that, in my present situation, to make even short-

term forecasts concerning my future life wouldn't be quite reasonable.

HERBERT

I do justice to your self-control, but I think that you don't know the answer. You haven't built long-term plans. Your style is to achieve quick, concrete success, to solve the unsolvable, to do the impossible and, of course, with a full personal independence. To live like that is tempting, but up to a certain age, further, a man should acquire certain obligations to his wife, children.

STEVE

You talk not as a Mafiosi but as a responsible citizen.

HERBERT

Your relationship with Anna, excuse me for intruding into your personal life, will apparently end in marriage. I have talked to Mr. Dotson, Anna's father and...

STEVE

Is he a member of the "Organization"?

HERBERT

Unfortunately I can't speak about it. So I talked with Anna's father. This family loves you and sees in you a bridegroom.

STEVE

I'll get married if I stay alive after the project.

HERBERT

It depends only on you, whether we are able to reach an agreement or not.

STEVE

We can't come to an agreement. Killing me is the only solution to solve all your problems. To tell you the truth, without me the project won't survive and you know it well.

HERBERT (laughing)

It means that my "Organization" is stronger than yours. You punished this prostitute "Barbie" then "Barman". Do you believe their places will remain vacant forever? Will nobody replace them? Will they be afraid, knowing the way they finished? Will nobody agree to sell drugs? Can you see where I'm leading?

STEVE

But if you take bricks out of a wall, the wall eventually collapses. Don't you agree?

HERBERT

No. In the "Organization" you only replace the personnel. Instead of Barbie there will be Lilly, instead of Barman there will be someone else. So what have you achieved? Do you want to devote your life to the struggle against Evil? It is difficult, ever lasting and, mainly, unpromising the suppression of the human nature process. Your efforts would be justified, if the drug dealers appeared in the vacant place, as mushrooms after rain.

STEVE

Barbie, Barman and lately Fred, are already in the past. The

"Organization" can be destroyed only if we reach the top of the pyramid.

HERBERT

I agree. Let's assume, that you reached the top, arrested everybody, including me. Then, according to your prediction, it is the end. The "Organization" will be disassembled and for no amount of money will it be possible to buy drugs on the USA territory. Is it really what you think?

STEVE

It is the only way.

HERBERT

It sounds very naïve. Somebody else will take my place, I even know who, and the functioning of the "Organization" won't change.

STEVE

Drug is Evil, I'm sure of it.

HERBERT

I see, but my assistants advised me to kill both Anna and you. They were right of course, but I thought that an outstanding person such as you would be capable of perceiving the new information, even if it contradicts his principles and norms. The truth has no morals and that's what saves it!

STEVE

According to your logic, there is no use in fighting against criminality at all.

HERBERT

What kind of criminality? Robbery, corruption, gangsters or street hooliganism and maybe counterfeits. You can add serial murderers and more than one

hundred other kinds of sins.
What do you mean? For the
eradication of what kind of
crimes are you ready to
sacrifice both Anna and your
lives? Why did you choose drugs?
Do you agree that it was a
casual choice? You could, as
well, have continued to lecture
at the Harvard University till
now.

STEVE

But if we don't fight against
criminality, it will expand so,
that it will be impossible to
conduct everyday live in
society.

HERBERT

You stated once very correctly
that there is a balance between
criminality and the police. They
operate in different worlds. The
police catch and put in prison
only the idiots who lost the
feeling of measure. But what are
you doing in the middle of it?
Why are you in this dirty crime
kitchen? You are a scientist!
Well, and what is your final
decision - Anna or Mafia?

STEVE

What can I say? You convinced
me, Mr. Walsh. I have nothing
else to do at the FBI.

HERBERT

Well, but why disrupt everything
so suddenly? You have great
analytical abilities and at the
FBI there is a place for your
talent. Would you like to
function as Head of the
Operational Technology Division?
Sounds good, ah?

STEVE

Do you want to pay me off?

HERBERT

To tell you the truth, I, with pleasure, would have offered you a job in the "Organization", but I know that you'll refuse, and I don't make offers which may be refused.

STEVE

I would certainly refuse.

HERBERT

Anyway I'm very glad that we found common ground. The time for heroes is over. The modern world is a conflict of structures.

STEVE

Certainly I know the right way to get rid of the Mafia. If the government passes a law to legalize drugs, tomorrow the drug Mafia will be annihilated.

HERBERT (smiled)

Shhhhhh... don't tell anyone... I believe that such a law will never be passed.

Mr. Walsh solemnly offers Steve his hand, smiling friendly.

STEVE

You know, Herbert, you are not a gangster! I understood it just now. You described your criminal ideology so realistically that I figured out finally that it is not true. You work for the CIA and collect money this way for your secret operations, bypassing the Congress, having no accountability, official talking and so on. You need free money, a lot of money, so you have organized this business of bringing the drugs to the United States and selling them through your network.

HERBERT

Are you crazy? What a stupid suggestion!

STEVE

You have bases around the world and the means of delivery as well. You can load sealed containers with drugs onto your aircraft in Colombia or Peru, for example, transfer it to a base in Europe and from there into the United States. And no one will ever know what you bring and in what quantities.

Mr. Walsh sits rigidly looking astonished at Steve for some time.

HERBERT

I believe that you are a very smart man. You have, Steve, a valuable feature, you can build a full picture from a separate fragment. It is a rare quality, but please remember that you hold dangerous information. One careless word and you will have a lot of trouble, maybe an accident or just a random murder, so seriously think about it...

INT. STEVE'S STUDY - MORNING

Steve looks at the screen of the monitor. Object N3 is still sleeping.

GREGORY

In the Department of Homeland Security there is a latent struggle and it is very possible, that we will be asked to present an entire report on the project. General Groves is furious, but he can do nothing.

Janet enters the study with a smile on her face and looks at the monitor. She cries with surprise.

JANET

He is dead! Fred is dead! How
have you missed it?

STEVE

What do you mean, "he is dead"?
He is sleeping.

JANET

He is dead, there is no doubt
about it.

STEVE

How could it have happened?

Steve is looking continuously at the still body of Fred,
covered with a blanket up to his nose.

STEVE (to Gregory)

Contact the local police
station, tell them that Fred
Turner is dead, let them get a
signed warrant to search his
estate from the judge and send
our agent with the police to
examine the place.

INT. FRED'S BEDROOM - MORNING

They see policemen entering the magnificent bedroom of
object N3. They cast away the blanket and check the pulse
of the man lying on the bed. Fred Turner is dead.

AGENT (to Steve on the phone)

The doctor determined the time
of death at two o'clock in the
morning, presumably from a heart
attack. It is unlikely to be the
outcome of violence, however a
post mortem is necessary in any
case.

STEVE'S STUDY - MORNING

Janet and Gregory silently look at the motionlessly
sitting Steve.

STEVE

The chain has broken! A dead
witness is no witness at all!

JANET

We didn't want to tell you, but Barbara is dead too. She committed suicide - the stress was too great for her.

STEVE

In that case our project is finally finished. No result! As always, the least guilty were punished. Thank you, friends, for your help. You gave it all.

Gregory with a disappointed pale face runs to consult general Groves. Janet, having sat for a while silently, looking at Steve with a sad obscured sight, suddenly rises and bends over his head.

JANET (whisper)

It has been delightful working with you, stronger... than sex! Thank you for my daughter, you have saved my life.

She kisses Steve on his cheek.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Steve enters general Groves' study.

GROVES

Sit down, please. The project "Permanent shadowing" has reached its end. You are not to blame. This project started to cause too much displeasure in the society. To tell you the truth, we even wanted to award you, but, unfortunately, according to our solicitors, that is impossible in the case of an uncompleted project. I'm sorry. I know how many efforts you put into your work, but this is the reality. Now I want to discuss your new job at the FBI.

STEVE

Thank you but I'm not sure that I want to continue working for the FBI.

GROVES

I understand your feelings. It is really a very hard situation, but I ask you not to make a quick decision.

STEVE

I'm sorry, but what can I do here after what had happened?

GROVES

It is not serious, Steve. You have an excellent recommendation after this project. I repeat once again - you are not to blame that this perfect project failed. I personally ask you to wait a little.

STEVE

OK. Thank you.

INT. BANQUET HALL - EVENING

There is a banquet at a restaurant. Steve's employees from the FBI (the chiefs of the departments, his secretary Mrs. Karen Darrell, Gregory, Janet) are sitting in the banquet hall. Among the invited guests there are some visitors from the Boston department - Fat Matt with his secretary, the First agent, the Second agent, Mr. Chan.

General Groves goes on to the stage.

GROVES

Attention please. Today we are going to pay a tribute to the success of our employee. We have a signed appointment. Steve Murray is appointed the Head of the Operational Technology Division, the depute Director of the FBI. It is a big success. Some of you might wonder how it happened that a new employee was promoted to such a high position in such a short time. The answer is - he deserved this promotion! I can't disclose all the details naturally, but trust me the

quality of his decisions, his hard work and moral aspects of his activity are of the highest level. Congratulations Steve, I wish you lots of success at your new post. Good luck!

Everyone approaches Steve. They congratulate him and shake his hand. Steve rises and smiles a forced smile.

GREGORY

I told you that it will be OK, but to tell you the truth, I wouldn't have guessed promotion to such a high position. It is an excellent victory of you and of our whole team.

JANET

I think so too. Congratulations.

STEVE

Without your help I would have achieved nothing. Thank you, my friends.

FAT MATT

Congratulations, Steve. It is a great honor for us that you came from our Boston department. I saw immediately after reading your report, that there is a big future before you. I hope you won't forget your old friends with whom you began working at the FBI.

First agent and Second agent stand beside him nodding and smiling.

STEVE

Thank you.

CHAN

I'm glad of your success, Steve. You have apprehended my tutoring correctly. Physical and spiritual harmony is the essence of a successful life.

Steve smiles and shakes his hand.

INT. STEVE'S NEW STUDY - MORNING

Steve, with a heavy sigh, examines the new office closely and begins to place his personal belongings, considering where to hang the Samurai sword. He takes it in his hands.

STEVE (looking at the sword)

I know you are thinking that I shouldn't have left the battlefield like that! You are right, but the decision was reached without me, the project was dead already. What could I do? You think I should do Hara-kiri now, do you?

Steve seizes the silvery sword with his hands, lifts it above his head and breaks it in two on his knee, throwing the two shining metal pieces, already good-for-nothing, onto the floor. Then he looks at Anna's picture.

STEVE

I love you, Anna, but what can I do? They bought me like a toy, but I'm no toy!

Steve opens a window high on the wall.

STEVE

I have already tested the prompt vertical ascend and what about the free fall?

He climbs out and stands on the windowsill of his new study. He looks at the city from the tremendous height, like from a wing of a bird.

(The camera is shooting from outside. Steve in a white shirt stands on the windowsill. The camera stops, returns into the study)

Steve jumps off the windowsill, approaches the phone and dials a number.

STEVE

Anna, I want to marry you.
(pause) Yes, it is necessary for me to know it immediately. Don't laugh, please. Tell me, do you

want to be my wife? (pause) I
thank you, Anna. I love you too.

Steve lifts his broken Samurai sword from the floor,
looks at it with a long stare. After that he presses a
button on the intercom.

STEVE

Karen, please, connect me with
Mr. Chan from the Boston
department.

The phone rings.

STEVE

Mr. Chan? How are you? I have a
problem. It is necessary to
repair my Samurai sword, which I
have unintentionally broken. Is
it possible? (pause) Thank you,
Mr. Chan. I'll send it to you.

Steve approaches the window and looks at Washington with
a steady gaze.

After that Steve finds and dials a number.

STEVE

I am a Head Division of the FBI.
I want to speak with a chief
editor of the newspaper. (pause)
Good day, Mr. Editor. My name is
Steve Murray. I have shocking
information for you...

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

Washington landscape is seen from aboard a plane.

THE END