

THE BARNHART EFFECT

by

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EXT. SHIPPING DOCK - NIGHT

The water is icy and dark. Sleepy beams of light and boat horns fill the cold, piercing air.

SUPER: RUSSIA

Two MAFIOSO'S lean up against a sleek black Cadillac. Their hair is loaded up with grease. They smoke and talk to one another in Russian.

A forklift approaches, drops off a large wooden container. The DRIVER jumps down. MAFIOSO #1 hands him some money.

MAFIOSO # 1  
(in Russian)  
You didn't see anyone tonight...

The driver disappears. MAFIOSO #2 pops the trunk, removes a crowbar then -- they CRACK open the container.

The passenger side window slowly rolls down -- a shadowy figure inside. Call him VLADAMIR GINADI --

GINADI  
(in Russian)  
Is that all of it?

They inspect the inside of the container.

MAFIOSO # 1  
(in Russian)  
Looks like it.

GINADI  
(in Russian)  
Take it. We'll test it later.  
Let's go.

The window rolls back up. They flick away their cigarettes and load the cargo into the trunk.

INT. UNIVERSITY LAB - NIGHT

Silence. A single desk lamp gives off barely enough light to read.

SUPER: ALEXANDRIA, VA

HENRY BARNHART (64) your typical grey-headed, wise grandfather, stands over a microscope. He scribbles onto a pad. He is a wealth of knowledge.

A CRASH outside the door --

Henry, suspicious, shuts off the light and hides in the shadows.

The doorknob slowly turns, the door swings open, then --

The MOLE, wearing black clothing, a black mask, and gripping a silencer, combs the lab for signs of life. Methodically. Thorough.

Henry, seeing no way out of this predicament, steps forward.

HENRY

I knew he'd send someone.

The mole snaps around, pointing the gun out in front.

MOLE

Where is it?

HENRY

It's not here.

MOLE

Where can I find it?

HENRY

You'll never find it.

SNAPPH! A SHOT to the left thigh. The bullet tears through the flesh.

Henry applies pressure to the wound, grinding his teeth in agony. Blood seeps through his trousers.

MOLE

One more chance, where is it?

HENRY

(struggles)

Do what you want with me but I'll never tell him where it is.

MOLE

He thought you might say that.

SNAPPH! -- SNAPPH! -- Two more SHOTS, right in the chest.

Henry falls on his back, convulses, then no movement.

The mole drags the lifeless body into a storage closet, locks it inside, destroys the lab and leaves in a hurry.

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM/ HEADQUARTERS - DAY

SUPER: VIRGINIA

Big screens and video monitors.

Several CIA MANDARINS sit around a table like angry parents. Most notably is Vice-Director WILLIAM OLINSKY (55) a thirty-year veteran in the department with a short fuse. All is tense and unhumorous.

PARKER (32) presentable and somewhat new to the investigation, has the floor.

PARKER

As most of you already know, Henry Barnhart was murdered last night in his lab in Virginia. There haven't been any arrests yet, in what appears to be robbery of some kind. Mind you nothing was taken... but that's what they're calling it.

A photo of the body appears on the screen behind him.

PARKER

He was shot three times. Once in the leg, maybe a warning shot, then twice in the chest...ultimately the fatal wounds. The body was thrown in a storage closet which adjoined several other rooms, which means the killer probably wanted it to be found. The lab itself was vandalized pretty heavily, and there is no surveillance of anyone entering or leaving the premises after four o'clock in the afternoon.

Olinsky shakes his head.

PARKER

We've had eyes on Barnhart for several months now, so whoever was responsible for the murder knew how to manipulate our system. The loss is nothing short of detrimental to our investigation, so if anyone has any ideas on who we should be probing, by all means...

INT. THE CORE - DAY

A hidden department. No access granted. Red tape and security codes. Silent and busy. Unmarked computers. Untraceable hard lines. Unlimited resources.

A staff of NINE. Three communication technicians, three research and three intelligence specialists. They sit in The CORE.

A calm during the storm, this place does not exist. It is run by --

JOHN BISHOP (45) business as usual. Smart. Pressed and deliberate. All knowing as far as everyone down here is concerned.

Parker appears from behind.

BISHOP

So, how did it go?

PARKER

Olinsky wants to see you. His office.

BISHOP

When?

PARKER

Five minutes ago.

BISHOP

Did you tell him I was busy?

PARKER

He wasn't in the mood today, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. OLINSKY'S OFFICE- MINUTES LATER - DAY

Olinsky at the window. Bishop at the door, arms crossed.

OLINSKY

(looking out)

I have a suspicion, and it's  
pointed in your direction.

BISHOP

I'm not certain I know what you're  
talking about.

OLINSKY

(to him)

Don't you? I have this vision in  
my head of you sending someone to  
interrogate Barnhart and things  
not going exactly to plan.

(direct)

Am I scratching the surface?

BISHOP

You're implying?

OLINSKY

I'm asking.

BISHOP

I have my people looking into the  
murder.

OLINSKY

You know what your problem is? You  
think that you're untouchable.  
They're going to look into this  
thing. The murder - everything.  
They're forming teams to look into  
every last one of us who ever knew  
Barnhart. How in the world do you  
expect me to protect you now?

BISHOP

You know, as well s I do, I don't  
need protection. They can look  
into it but they aren't going to  
find anything.

OLINSKY

And what happens if blood spills  
into the streets on this one?

BISHOP

Then I would advise you to buy up  
as much property as possible.

An intense stare --

OLINSKY

Clean it up.

BISHOP

Yes sir.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Early morning, Wall Street. Everyone is sleepy eyed and reserved.

BAY BARNHART (25) stylish and preconceived, fights his way to his office building. Everything about him is planned, organized and hygienic.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING- LOBBY - DAY

A long corridor, sterile -- marble. A reception desk, a pretty girl there.

BAY

(to her)

Good morning, Linda.

LINDA

Hey. There's a message for you.

She hands him the slip. He reads it. Concern.

BAY

When did this come?

LINDA

It was here this morning when I  
got in... is everything alright?

He doesn't answer, just walks away.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE- LATER - NIGHT

Stark light, rubber gloves, pallid sheets. One is drawn back. Bay hovers over it. Silent and lethargic.

CORONER (OS)

Three wounds. One in the left thigh, the other two in the chest.

No rebuttal. Henry's body on the slab -- dead, bloated.

CORONER (OS)

I don't mean to be insensitive, but I need to know if I can put a positive ID on the body?

Bay nods yes. The sheet is draped back on.

BAY

(low)

Is there something I need to sign?

INT. BISHOP'S OFFICE/ THE CORE - DAY

Bishop and Parker sit opposite one another, overlooking the CORE, then --

PARKER

So what now?

BISHOP

We go in a different direction. We find out who Barnhart was talking with, and who he was close to.

PARKER

There isn't much there.

BISHOP

Well for my sake, for the sake of all of us, we better make something appear.

PARKER

The man was a hermit. Up at five, in bed at ten. He had no friends, no colleagues, no one he spent significant time with. He spent all his free time alone or in the lab --

BISHOP

-- the bastard had to have a family --



PARKER

-- parents are dead, no siblings,  
wife died three years ago --

BISHOP

-- how?

PARKER

Breast cancer, I think.

BISHOP

He lived alone?

PARKER

Completely. He didn't even own a  
goldfish.

BISHOP

Children?

A pause. Parker doesn't have an answer.

CUT TO:

THE CORE-

Bishop storms into the room, Parker close behind. The bustling slows as Bishop's serious demeanor demands their attention.

BISHOP

(to the team)

Listen up people! Take everything  
you're doing, everything you've  
been working on, and put it on the  
back burner.

He walks to the whiteboard, erases the writing with the palm of his hand and grabs a marker.

BISHOP

(to the team)

We're shifting course. Our new  
target is this man...

Writes on the board : BAY BARNHART.

BISHOP

(to the team)

Henry Barnhart's son. His only  
child and our only lead at this  
point. If we're lucky, Henry may  
have passed down information to  
him. So I want to know everything,

(MORE)

BISHOP (cont'd)  
 and I mean everything, about this  
 kid. Where he lives, what he eats,  
 where he works...if he takes a  
 shit, I wanna know how long it  
 took. Get every pair of eyes we  
 have on him and stay close. Get me  
 mobile teams on stand by.

The team begins to grind. Keys CLICK. Phones RING. Hard  
 work.

BISHOP  
 (to Parker)  
 Find Bay Barnhart.

EXT. ISOLATED FIELD- MOSCOW - NIGHT

SUPER: MOSCOW

Brown grass, snow and cold wind. There is no one around for  
 miles.

The two Mafioso's rig up a bomb to an abandoned car. Ginadi,  
 sleek and professional, smokes in the distance. They finish  
 securing the bomb, walk to him and --

MAFIOSO # 1  
 (in Russian)  
 We're ready.

GINADI  
 (in Russian)  
 How high did you set it?

Mafioso #2 hands Mafioso #1 the detonator.

MAFIOSO # 1  
 (in Russian)  
 Ten percent.

GINADI  
 (in Russian)  
 Do it.

Their eyes fixated on the car. With steady fingers on the  
 detonator, he clamps down on the pin, then -- nothing.

Ginadi's face says it all, aggravation. His temper is  
 fierce.

GINADI  
(in Russian)  
What the hell happened?

MAFIOSO # 1  
(in Russian)  
I have no idea...

He clamps down several more times -- CLICK, CLICK -- nothing.

MAFIOSO # 1  
(in Russian)  
It's not working.

GINADI  
(in Russian)  
You're positive you set it up properly?

MAFIOSO # 1  
(in Russian)  
Positive, yes.

GINADI  
(in Russian/ stern)  
Get our American friends on the phone.

INT. CREMATORY - DAY

Eerie silence -- the CLATTER of machine -- industrial furnace -- fuel.

Bay stands there alone, wearing a black suit and tie. His eyes waging war with the inevitability of the furnace ahead. Henry's body is charged.

Not a word is spoken. No goodbyes.

INT. CHIROPRACTOR'S OFFICE- LATER - DAY

Pastels -- framed artwork on the walls -- low, soft music.

Bay waits for the doctor. He undoes his tie, staring at himself in the wall mounted mirror. The door opens --

DR. REINALD  
Hey there, good to see you again.

BAY

Thanks for seeing me on such short notice.

DR. REINALD

No problem, what's the occasion?

Bay seems confused, then realizes he's still in his suit.

BAY

It was a funeral.

DR. REINALD

I'm sorry to hear that. Anyone close?

He takes a minute.

BAY

Sort of...

DR. REINALD

Well, what can I do for you today?

BAY

My neck is not getting any better. It seems like it only gets worse every time I get it adjusted.

DR. REINALD

Did you go to that specialist I referred you to?

BAY

Yeah. He told me to come back here. He couldn't find anything wrong.

DR. REINALD

How long has it been now?

BAY

Since I was a kid. Years.

DR. REINALD

Hmm. Okay, well lets take another look at you.

Bay lays on his stomach. The doctor goes right to work on his neck.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CORE - DAY

The core is WIRED: calls to New York, twenty monitors of surveillance, Bishop watching from behind, communication in all directions and Parker on the phone. He looks to Bishop  
--

PARKER

(covers the  
receiver)

All teams in New York are standing  
by.

BISHOP

I want a full breakdown of this  
kid's daily life as soon as  
possible. Talk it out.

Across the room -- RESEARCH TECH, at her computer, speaks  
up.

RESEARCH TECH

He has an apartment in Chelsea and  
works for an large investment  
banking company off Wall Street.

BISHOP

How long, on both.

RESEARCH TECH

Been at both places for just about  
four years. Looks like he was in  
Jersey prior to that...

BISHOP

Do we have something in the  
apartment -- ?

COM TECH

-- yes sir. Working on a bug.  
We've got a team ready to be  
stationed inside the building.  
They're on their way right now.

Bishop rushes to look, excitement in his step.

BISHOP

Stay on the apartment. I wanna  
know where he goes at all times.  
What about our mobile team?

COM TECH

On their way sir.

BISHOP  
How long? On their way means  
nothing to me.

COM TECH  
Fifteen minutes.

PARKER  
(on his cell phone)  
I'm getting information from  
downstairs.

Bishop perks up.

PARKER  
(listening)  
...I have a social security number  
and file on their way up right  
now.

BISHOP  
(to the team)  
This is a good start, now lets  
turn it up a notch.

Their fingers type as fast as possible. Nothing is done  
slowly, uploads, downloads, second checking of data.

COM TECH  
Visual on screen one in ten  
seconds.

A photo of Bay's face appears on the large screen,  
surveillance of his apartment is next. Bishop positions  
himself directly in front --

BISHOP  
How old is this picture?

COM TECH  
Taken a month ago for a passport.

BISHOP  
I want the apartment on screen one  
at all times, the office on two,  
and our teams on the street get  
three and four... who's got the  
phones?

PARKER  
I'm on it.

BISHOP  
(to Parker)  
Where's that file?

Parker shrugs, cell phone in hand -- controlled chaos.

BISHOP  
I want his credentials run  
immediately, check for credit  
cards, assets, bank accounts-  
anything we can freeze up for a  
period of time.

RESEARCH TECH  
I have his phones. Land line in  
the living room... office  
extension as well.

PARKER  
We're gonna need his cell phone  
and email forwarded here.

RESEARCH TECH  
Working on it.

PARKER  
Have everything hit us before it  
hit the wire. Channel it through  
this room.

Bishop paces the floor.

BISHOP  
I want driving records, police  
records, education files, all of  
it. We need to know everything he  
says and everyone he says it to.  
Someones got to be on his tail  
twenty-four hours a day.  
(pauses)  
We're gonna be at this as long as  
it takes.

INTEL TECH  
I'm working on the office PC, it  
might take me and hour to crack  
the firewall there --

COM TECH  
-- apartment team is go green.

BISHOP  
(angry)  
Where the hell is that damn report  
from downstairs!

PARKER  
Just got it...

Parker hands it to a the research tech. Bishop wears a look of satisfaction. A good start.

EXT. SEISHIN- KARATE DO JO - NIGHT

Bay exits the front door, sweat around his neckline, dressed in his full Gi and black belt. He proceeds down the busy street.

UP THE STREET-

MOBILE ONE, in plain street clothes, watches him closely. He leaves a few seconds in between them, then follows.

MOBILE ONE  
(into radio)  
This is mobile one. Subject is on  
the move, I'm in range.

INTEL TECH (OS)  
Copy that Mobile One. Stay in  
range.

INT. / EXT. THE CORE/ STREET - NIGHT

The Core is a frenzy -- all eyes on the the screens. Bishop directs --

BISHOP  
Tell him to stay a good distance  
back --

COM TECH  
(into radio)  
-- Mobile One, stay a safe  
distance back.

BISHOP  
(into speaker  
phone)  
Mobile one, this is Bishop. Where  
did he just walk out of?



MOBILE ONE (OS)

It was a karate place, he must  
have just finished up.

They are all over it --

RESEARCH TECH

It's called Seishin Karate, it's a  
training facility and supply  
store.

BISHOP

(watching)

Is that a black belt he's wearing?

MOBILE ONE (OS)

Confirmed, it is a black belt.

PARKER

Should we consider him dangerous?

BISHOP

Someone let me know if Barnhart  
should be considered a threat.  
Find out how long he's been going  
to that place.

Keyboards CLICKING -- phones RINGING.

Screens three and four light up with footage of Bay walking  
down the street.

STREET

Bay, oblivious, steps into his building.

THE CORE

Maps on screen. Red dots. Arrows.

PARKER

What's the address on that  
building he just walked into?

MOBILE ONE (OS)

733 Channel Avenue.

BISHOP

Run that --

COM TECH

-- don't have to, we have it as  
his apartment.

BISHOP  
So that's his home?

COM TECH  
Yes sir.

BISHOP  
Okay...Mobile One stand by.

STREET

Mobile one stops, blends in with the crowd, steps into a magazine stand.

MOBILE ONE  
(into radio)  
Standing by.

THE CORE

BISHOP  
Does he own a vehicle?

Checking, then --

RESEARCH TECH  
Nothing registered in his name...

PARKER  
The subway could be a problem,  
sir.

BISHOP  
We'll cross that bridge when we  
come to it.

INTEL TECH  
We have visual of the apartment.

BISHOP  
Give me the apartment on one, now.

Screen one -- the apartment -- grainy video.

BISHOP  
Is the inside team watching this?

INTEL TECH  
Yes, sir. They're listening in.

Information flooding in --

## RESEARCH TECH

Barnhart's been going to Seinshin for several years, credit card deposits confirm as early as 2004.

## BISHOP

(to Parker)

Which means he could be dangerous. Tell our teams to proceed with caution when approaching him.

The room watches, listens, waits.

Parker walks to Bishop, whispers --

## PARKER

Are we going to be bringing him in?

## BISHOP

I'm not sure yet.

## INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Olinsky, with a troubled look on his face, speeds down the corridor. Determination.

## INT. THE CORE- MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

Olinsky KNOCKS on the glass door -- restricted access. Parker sees him, grabs Bishop and diverts his attention to the door.

Bishop sees Olinsky's bothered face.

## BISHOP

(to Parker)

Stay alert, if you find anything, come get me. Do not hesitate.

Bishop leaves the room.

## INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Empty. Olinsky is exhausted, Bishop with coffee.

## OLINSKY

Do I even need to tell you?

BISHOP

(sips)

Tell me what, Bill?

OLINSKY

While you've been busy playing a game of human Risk in there, I just got off the phone with a certain Russian friend of yours.

BISHOP

As I recall, you introduced me.

Olinsky is not in the mood to argue --

OLINSKY

It's a problem.

Silence.

BISHOP

There's always a problem, that's why people like us exist.

OLINSKY

The test didn't work.

BISHOP

Are you asking me or telling me?

OLINSKY

Did you know?

BISHOP

You know all the same secrets as I do, Bill.

Olinsky grows impatient.

OLINSKY

Let me ask you something, are you trying to start a fucking world war? Because that's on the top of a very short list of possible outcomes. Or are you trying to reignite the Cold War --

BISHOP

-- that's why we're after the boy. It'll turn up.

OLINSKY

Are you sure? With Barnhart dead,  
we won't be able to recover.

BISHOP

With Barnhart dead, they won't be  
able to recover it either. It's  
called damage control --

OLINSKY

-- damage control?

BISHOP

I knew it didn't work, the test or  
the actual. Barnhart had too big  
of a misplaced sense of  
self-righteousness to go through  
with it.

OLINSKY

Maybe he was just smarter than us.

BISHOP

I doubt it. The kid will tell us  
what he knows.

OLINSKY

How do you know if he can tell us  
anything?

BISHOP

What else would you have me do?

OLINSKY

You found him?

BISHOP

(unbreakable)

I really should be getting back.

Bishop stands, begins to walk out, then --

OLINSKY

We're gonna have some decisions to  
make. Who we can trust and who we  
can't.

INT. RUSSIAN LAB - NIGHT

SUPER: MOSCOW

Stark. Cluttered. This room is underused and unknown to most.

Ginadi, an UNKNOWN SCIENTIST and the Mafiosos hover over a cold, metal table. The bomb placed on top.

GINADI  
(in Russian)  
What do you think?

UNKNOWN SCIENTIST  
(in Russian)  
I've never seen anything, this complex.

GINADI  
(in Russian)  
Do you think you can finish it?

UNKNOWN SCIENTIST  
(in Russian)  
I have my doubts. Not without the computer chip. Where did you get this?

GINADI  
(in Russian)  
A friend.

UNKNOWN SCIENTIST  
(in Russian)  
Your friends have given you an malfunctioning weapon.

Ginadi nods to Mafioso # 1.

GINADI  
(in Russian)  
Pay him.

Mafioso # 1 takes out the cash, hands it over.

INT. THE CORE - NIGHT

Bishop walks to the security pad, dials in, the glass door opens.

Parker greets him there.

PARKER  
Is everything alright?

BISHOP

Fine. What's our status?

PARKER

Besides a shower and call for Chinese food, nothing.

BISHOP

We're still watching, yes?

PARKER

Absolutely sir.

Less chaotic. Maps, night vision and phone taps. The team is alert. All is normal.

BISHOP

(to Parker)

I need to see a colleague. You'll be in charge until I get back.

PARKER

How long?

BISHOP

A few hours at most. Call my cell if anything changes. And I do mean anything.

PARKER

Yes, sir.

Bishop grabs his coat on the way out.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING DECK - NIGHT

Silent and dark. Cars are sparsely sprinkled throughout. Bishop emerges from the back, the phone at his ear.

BISHOP

(into phone)

I'm on my way...

He reaches his car, hangs up the phone and settles into the driver's seat.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bishop enters. The room is hardly touched. Bed still made. Bar unopened. All the blinds closed.

The Mole waits for him. Young. Intimidating. Unwavering.

MOLE

I don't want to have to wait like this.

BISHOP

For what?

MOLE

To get paid.

Bishop tosses him a thick envelope.

BISHOP

I got sidetracked.

MOLE

That's not my problem.

BISHOP

It will be if you don't lay low for a while.

MOLE

Is business slow?

BISHOP

Not quite. The opposite actually.

The mole counts the cash, it's all there.

MOLE

Next time, I want all of it up front.

BISHOP

Why's that?

MOLE

I don't wanna know what your motives are...but mine is simple. Money up front, or I walk.

BISHOP

Who says there's going to be a next time?



MOLE

Isn't there?

Bishop smirks. The mole's face is stoic.

BISHOP

I'll be in touch.

He leaves, shutting the door behind him.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Warm and busy. Children playing in the fountain. Artists drawing freehand. Conversations.

Bay, on a park bench, drinking expensive coffee. Sitting there, staring off, lost in thought.

He is able to see Mobile one through the corner of his eye. Suspicious.

SEVERAL YARDS AWAY

Mobile one is in position, reading a paper, in sunglasses.

MOBILE ONE

(into radio)

Nothing on my end. He's stationary.

COM TECH (OS)

Copy that mobile one.

INT. THE CORE - DAY

Screen three -- they see what mobile one sees. Bishop watches intently, Parker beside him.

COM TECH

Sir, we're getting hits from the NYPD database --

BISHOP

-- tell them to back off. In fact, no one talks to the police department until I say so.

PARKER

He leads a pretty uneventful life.

BISHOP  
Like his old man.

PARKER  
Are we bringing him in?

BISHOP  
That decision hasn't been made  
just yet.

PARKER  
By who, sir? How long are we gonna  
play this game?

BISHOP  
What game?

PARKER  
Cat and mouse.

BISHOP  
As long as it takes.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Bay stands, natural, and begins down the trail out of the park. Tosses away his empty cup and can feel that someone is following him, but he plays it cool.

CLOSE BEHIND

Mobile One moves with him. Twenty feet back.

MOBILE ONE  
(into radio)  
He's moving.

COM TECH (OS)  
Stay on him.

BAY

Slowly reaches a corner. There's a stop ahead, he waits.

MOBILE ONE (OS)  
(into radio)  
There's a bus stop. What do you  
want me to do if he gets on?

BISHOP (OS)  
Follow him, no matter where he  
goes.

INTEL TECH (OS)  
That bus makes twelve stops on  
it's route down Broadway.

BISHOP (OS)  
He won't get far if he gets on.

Bay catches a glimpse of mobile one in the reflective glass,  
thinks nothing of it, or does he? Walks on.

MOBILE ONE

Staying a safe distance away.

MOBILE ONE  
(into radio)  
He ditched the bus. I'm on him,  
traveling west.

BISHOP (OS)  
Give him some room, you can't get  
made here --

BAY

Senses something, turns -- mobile one ten feet behind him.  
Bay takes a few awkward backward steps, still playing it  
casual. Then turns and continues to walk.

PARKER (OS)  
What was that?

BISHOP (OS)  
Mobile One, did you just get made?

MOBILE ONE (OS)  
(into radio)  
He looked right at me, but I think  
I'm still okay. There's a ton of  
people out here.

INTERSECTION

PARKER (OS)  
Mobile One, back off a bit --

Bay stops at the crosswalk -- checks his watch, then turns  
again -- mobile one right on him. This time it's too  
obvious.

BISHOP (OS)  
You're too close dammit! Back off!

A second later, Bay takes off.

INT. THE CORE - JUST THEN - DAY

Chaos ensues. Bishop, Parker and the team engaged with the screens, tension builds between one another.

BISHOP  
(furious)  
What the hell just happened?  
Mobile One are you in pursuit?

Slight hesitation.

BISHOP  
Mobile One answer the damn  
question!

MOBILE ONE (os)  
I am in pursuit... he went back  
into the park!

PARKER  
Sir, do you want us to follow him  
in?

BISHOP  
Make sure we don't lose him in  
there!

Calls are made -- back to furious typing -- Bishop is about to blow.

INTEL TECH  
Sir, I have three other teams  
ready to send in.

BISHOP  
Dammit! We can't send anyone in if  
we don't know where he is!

PARKER  
We're losing Mobile One's video  
feed.

COM TECH  
With all the running, we're gonna  
lose the feed until they're  
stationary again.

BISHOP

He was too damn close! Tell all the teams to stay put for now. I have to believe he's not gonna run forever. I wanna be ready wherever he decides to stop, but Mobile One needs to stay on him. We've tracked guys ten times as cunning as Barnhart...

(pause)

Tell him to bring Bay in!

EXT. CENTRAL PARK / VARIOUS LOCATION - DAY

Bay running through the crowds and trees. A tremendous pace given the number of people around. Smooth stokes -- breathing heavy. Fast. Faster. Making sure no one can keep up.

A check over the shoulder -- no one. Bay is not slowing down.

INT. THE CORE - DAY

Uncharacteristically silent. Video is offline. Bishop is a stove top. Parker, a deer in headlights.

BISHOP

Did we just lose him?

PARKER

It appears so, sir.

No one wants to explain.

BISHOP

(to the team)

Where the hell is everyone?

INTEL TECH

Teams are in tact sir, Mobile One is still in pursuit.

BISHOP

Tell him to fall back. It's pointless now.

PARKER

Sir?

BISHOP

(to Parker)

As far as I know, Barnhart isn't a friggin' superhero. He has to come home sometime.

PARKER

He did just shake our guy.

BISHOP

A guy who'll be out of a job by tomorrow!

(to Intel Tech)

Make the call!

INTEL TECH

(into headset)

Fall back to your original locations and standby. I repeat, stand by.

Bishop looks over the room, they all work hard to correct their mistakes.

GLASS DOOR

STEPHEN GABLE (54), Senior Investigation Director, glances in on the core, Olinsky at his side. Bishop knows exactly why they're here.

INT. GABLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Gable sits behind his desk. Ivy league. Sharp and determined to get answers. Bishop and Olinsky sit opposite him, avoiding any eye contact.

Gable holds up a file.

GABLE

So how do I explain this one?

No answer, he slams the file down.

GABLE

Nothing? No ideas on why a certain Russian Mafia head would tell a Moscow newspaper that the United States provided him with a weapon which could duplicate the aftermath of September eleventh?

Silence again.

GABLE

We are in the business of give and take, that's how this works --

BISHOP

-- with all due respect, sir, you can't always believe what you read in the papers.

GABLE

Well, the President does and he wants answers.

BISHOP

Tell him what happened. Tell him it was stolen.

GABLE

He gets briefed on these things every morning --

BISHOP

-- and don't we write those briefings?

GABLE

And what exactly do I tell him was stolen?

BISHOP

Barnhart's bomb. What do we care... it doesn't work. Neither of them.

GABLE

There's more than one?

OLINSKY

Every good scientist wants to test his work.

GABLE

Would it be foolish for me to ask, if we did all we could to resolve this?

BISHOP

We threw buckets of money at Barnhart. In the end, his conscience got the better of him. You can't do anything with a man like that.

OLINSKY

With Barnhart dead, there's no way to find the chip. No one can use the bomb without that piece of the puzzle.

GABLE

Do you think the Russians are gonna look for it? Is there a chance they could find it before we did?

OLINSKY

There are a few scientists they can turn to.

BISHOP

Probably. But we have a head start. I wouldn't assume they're capable or smart enough to recover it before we could.

OLINSKY

They'll eventually send threats.

GABLE

Very well. Find it.

Gable stands up, walks to the door and opens it for them to exit.

GABLE

You know, it's who we are that drives us to do what we do. Ask any mother in America if they want a CIA escort following their children on a daily basis, and the answer is always "hell no." But ask them if they want us to help find their child once they've been missing... then it's always, "please."

Gable shoots them a look of concern.

GABLE

It's what we are.



INT. BANK - DAY

Bay, breathing heavy and worn-out, approaches an ATM machine. He inserts his card, waits and surveys the busy bank floor.

ON THE ATM SCREEN : THERE WAS A PROBLEM WITH YOUR REQUEST.

He repeats the same process. Inserts, waits, surveys -- same result.

He rips the card out of the machine and shuffles his way back outside.

CUT TO:

INT. NYPD LOCAL OFFICE - DAY

Stale. The coldness of gray. A few plastic chairs in the waiting area. Posters of missing children. Angry faces and uniformed cops.

Bay steps inside and approaches an open window. An uninterested UNIFORMED OFFICER sits just behind the glass.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

(banal)

Can I help you?

BAY

Yes, I want to know if there is a warrant out in my name?

UNIFORMED OFFICER

What's your name?

BAY

Bay Barnhart...

The officer begins typing the name into his computer, an uneasy interim.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

There's no warrant in that name --

BAY

-- okay, thank you --

UNIFORMED OFFICER

-- do me a favor pal and have a seat. An officer will be right out to talk to you.

BAY  
Is something wrong?

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
Just have a seat.

Bay reluctantly turns and finds a seat in the waiting area. His eyes remain fixated on the officer at the window, waiting for a perfect time to escape.

The officer spins his seat around -- here's Bay's chance -- he jolts out of the police station unnoticed.

INT. THE CORE -- THAT MOMENT - DAY

Everyone is hard at work. They type, place outgoing phone calls and stream live video throughout. Bishop observes -

BISHOP  
What's going on people?

The tema begins to report new information -

COM TECH  
He's popping up everywhere. ATM machines, police stations...

BISHOP  
He's panicking. Do we have his bank accounts?

RESEARCH TECH  
Frozen, sir.

BISHOP  
How many times has he tried to access his accounts?

COM TECH  
Three different locations, all along the same street.

BISHOP  
(to Parker)  
So now he knows something is wrong.

PARKER  
What do you think he wanted with the police?

BISHOP  
Maybe protection --

INTEL TECH  
-- negative, sir. His name came up  
on a state-wide warrant search.

PARKER  
He's checking on warrants?

BISHOP  
What do the police see when they  
type his name into their database?

INTEL TECH  
A standard detain message.

BISHOP  
He thinks the police are after  
him. Stay on his location and get  
someone in position to bring him  
in.

CUT TO:

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Bay stands at the counter and removes his watch. A sleazy  
PAWN SHOP OWNER takes it from his hand, looks it over.

PAWN SHOP OWNER  
(skeptical)  
Is it real?

BAY  
(rushed)  
Yeah, it's real. It's only a year  
old.

PAWN SHOP OWNER  
Do you have proof?

BAY  
How much can you give me for it?

PAWN SHOP OWNER  
Two hundred...

BAY  
It's a Rolex, c'mon now.

PAWN SHOP OWNER  
Three-hundred --

BAY  
-- three-fifty.

PAWN SHOP OWNER  
Three-twenty-five.

BAY  
(without thinking)  
I'll take large bills.

INT. THE CORE - DAY

Bishop and Parker anxiously walk the floor.

INTEL TECH  
Mobile One is en route, ETA is  
five minutes.

BISHOP  
Get me a second team there. I do  
not wanna lose him this time. It's  
critical that there are no  
mistakes.

PARKER  
(to the team)  
Have the vehicles ready.

EXT. PAWN SHOP / STORE FRONT - DAY

Bay steps outside, everyone looking suspicious to him now.

There are steady streams of unknown people in all  
directions. Decision time. Bay begins walking to his left,  
steps to the curb and hails a cab. Then --

MOBILE ONE (OS)  
Mr. Barnhart?

Bay turns to him. Mobile one stands there, holding open the  
backseat passenger door. He slips out his credentials.

MOBILE ONE  
Get in the car. Please.

Bay freezes. Mobile one inches closer to him. Both men on  
edge.

MOBILE ONE

There's no need to make this harder on yourself. We'll explain everything once you get in the car.

Bay knows exactly what that means.

MOBILE ONE

We'd like to not have to use cuffs.

Another black car PULLS UP FAST from behind, leaving Bay boxed in.

Mobile one steps forward, he reaches for his gun and --

Bay goes on the offensive. SMACK! Nerves and harnessed strength drop Mobile one to the pavement in a collective heap -- no movement.

The AGENTS in the black car can barely open their doors before Bay is sitting in Mobile ones driver's seat -- starts the engine -- PEELS away -- careening down the street. Agents in pursuit.

INT. / EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS / CARS / FACES - DAY

Bay's driving down the busy street -- weaving wildly and --

A cop car COMES OUT OF NOWHERE -- joins the chase. Missing pedestrians by inches --

Bay driving, searches the side streets for a good turn off.

The BLACK CAR pulls up fast! Right on his bumper --

Bay makes a choice -- right turn -- bad move! A cop car sitting just ahead -- flanking him.

The BLACK CAR follows.

Bay FLOORS it -- head on -- just misses the cop car.

The BLACK CAR just behind -- clips the black and white -- still going strong.

Bay turns again, wide left -- in and out of traffic.

JUST BEHIND HIM -- the BLACK CAR and three police cars are right on his ass.

Bay -- white knuckle tight, screeching past slower cars.

The BLACK CAR is right there with him, closing the gap --

Bay tries to keep calm -- it's getting hairy now -- A TRUCK!  
He swerves to avoid it.

The BLACK CAR rallies behind -- there's no shaking it --

The bridge ahead -- TWO more cop cars running up behind.

A fork in the road -- left is the tunnel, right is the  
bridge and open air. STAY LEFT!

Bay, at the last minute JERKS the wheel -- total fake out  
causing --

TWO cop cars to SMASH into the median, a third joins the  
chaos, CRASHING into the mess of metal -- not to mention  
several other CARS having nothing to do with the chase --

The BLACK CAR makes it through -- the cops are out of the  
race...for now.

G.W. BRIDGE -- four lanes -- slower traffic.

BOTH cars squib past SUV's and Minivans -- Bay can't add to  
his lead --

Bay checks the mirror -- unafraid, has he done this before?

The BLACK CAR roars after him, unrelenting -- gaining --

Minutes later -- both cars are neck and neck -- battling for  
each inch of the upper hand.

Bay eyes a TANKER up ahead -- gotta get there --

The TANKER -- Bay reaches it's side, the BLACK CAR right  
behind --

Bay -- hard left! Cuts off the TANKER -- wheels lock --  
brakes fail --

The BLACK CAR attempts to turn -- no room -- the TANKER in  
the way, splitting the two of them.

Bay falls back, seeing the TANKER swerve -- the BLACK CAR  
fighting the angle --

Bay GUNS it! Right up on the BLACK CAR'S ass now -- payback  
--

SLAM! SLAM! into the back -- bumpers hanging off both cars now -- let's finish this.

The BLACK CAR hits the brakes -- rubber burning -- metal sparking --

Bay's front end RIGHT INTO IT -- pushing the BLACK CAR into traffic, the force of the collision sends them into an uncontrolled frenzy --

The AGENTS frown -- a line of PILLARS ahead --

Bay sees it, hits the brakes and unlocks himself from the BLACK CAR -- free!

WHAM! the BLACK CAR is no match for steel and concrete. A horrific and direct impact --

Bay watches, but not for too long. He whips the wheel -- pulling away from the scene and making his way into New Jersey.

INT. THE CORE - DAY

You can cut the tension with a knife. The feed cuts off. No one moves. No one makes a sound. Stunned.

PARKER

Why did we lose the feed?

COM TECH

All mobile units are non-responsive.

Bishop explodes --

BISHOP

That shouldn't happen!

RESEARCH TECH

There's a report of an accident on the George Washington Bridge --

BISHOP

-- our guys?

No answer.

BISHOP

There's no excuse! The fucking karate kid is still out there, on the move, and we're sitting here with our dicks in our hands!

Embarrassment throughout.

BISHOP

(calming down)

I'm gonna try to make some sense of this. When I get back, we'd better be in a much better position than we are right now. And I want the NYPD off our asses! This is our target, not theirs!

Bishop storms out, Parker watches him closely, not sure how to sort out the current mess.

INT. UNDERGROUND PATH TRAIN STATION/ RESTROOM - DAY

SUPER: HOBOKEN, NJ

Long lines. Delays. Cold faces and frustration. Bay fits in perfectly.

He knifes his way through the lines of awaiting passengers, sees the restroom and makes his way inside.

RESTROOM

Disgusting and unclean. Bay tosses the car keys in the toilet, flushes. He walks to the sink and splashes some water on his face, rubbing the back of his neck -- what the hell is going on?

TRAIN STATION

Bay reviews a New Jersey Transit map, carefully planning his next move. He can't stay in one place for very long.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSCALE BAR AND RESTAURANT - DAY

Olinsky sits at the bar, making love to his scotch. He is down in the mouth, alone in more ways than one.

Bishop takes a seat next to him.



BISHOP

Why the long face, Bill?

Olinsky never takes his eyes off his drink.

OLINSKY

Do you know what the definition of a traitor is?

BISHOP

More or less --

OLINSKY

(lowers his voice)

-- someone who violates his allegiance and betrays his country.

BISHOP

Is that what you think you are?

OLINSKY

I can't tell anymore. I can't even tell if it was worth it.

BISHOP

As I remember, it put quite a bit of money in your Swiss bank account.

OLINSKY

Money means nothing if you can't face yourself in the mirror each morning.

BISHOP

And what about me?

OLINSKY

You? You don't seem to feel anything. I wouldn't expect you to understand.

BISHOP

(snaps back)

I just refuse to feel remorse for my actions, Bill. And you shouldn't either. What's done is done.

OLINSKY

(looking at Bishop)

Why? Tell me. Because one day, when my time is up at the agency,

(MORE)

OLINSKY (cont'd)  
 I'll get shiny plaques and badges  
 of honor? Vacations in Thailand?  
 An enormous pension? Is that what  
 we do here? I thought we worked  
 for our country, not against it.

BISHOP  
 You had a way out.

OLINSKY  
 Maybe I should have taken it?

Bishop leans in.

BISHOP  
 We knew things about Oswald a  
 month before the assassination.  
 (pauses)  
 We join the CIA for the secrets.  
 We're born wanting to know  
 everything.

OLINSKY  
 There's a very fine line between  
 knowing... and arranging.

BISHOP  
 (smirks)  
 Keep your phone on.

Bishop leaves him there, alone and drowning.

EXT. LONDON'S HOUSE - HOURS LATER - DAY

SUPER: CAMDEN, NJ

A white, two-story colonial. Blue shutters. Sign on the door  
 that reads "keep out."

Bay knocks several times. No answer.

LONDON (OS)  
 (From Behind)  
 What are you doing here?

Bay spins around. LONDON (26) is a conspirator. A sexy one  
 at that, but in an intimidating, heart-breaking kind of way.  
 She stands in the driveway, outwardly not exactly thrilled  
 to see him.

BAY

Hey.

LANDON

Hey yourself.

BAY

I hope you don't mind me dropping  
in like this.

LANDON

(sarcastically)

Why would I mind? It's perfectly  
normal to stop by after not  
talking for four years.

Bay meets her halfway.

BAY

I didn't know where else to go. I  
didn't know where I'd be safe.

LANDON

Safe? What did you do?

Worry in his eyes.

BAY

I might have done something very  
bad and I need your help.

LANDON

I know I'm gonna regret this, but  
come inside.

She leads him to the front door.

INT. LANDON'S HOUSE - DAY

More of a fallout bunker than a home: weapons lining the  
walls, machine guns, hand guns, knives, piles of Kevlar,  
computers and television screens. Packaged food and radios.

LANDON

Make yourself at home.

Bay soaks it in, stunned by the sheer number of illegal  
weapons around him.

Landon sits at her computer desk, staring at him.

LANDON  
Something wrong?

BAY  
(stutters)  
No, not at all. I just --

LANDON  
-- feel out of place? It's not  
quite Princeton is it?

Bay corrects her.

BAY  
I was gonna say, that you haven't  
changed much.

LANDON  
Someone has to be ready. With way  
our elections have been turning  
out, the smart ones need to be  
prepared.

BAY  
That's what I mean by you haven't  
changed.

LANDON  
Nobody changes. Some people just  
try running from who they are.

Awkward silence.

BAY  
Can you help me?

LANDON  
You haven't told me what kind of  
mess you're in yet.

BAY  
I think someone's after me.

LANDON  
That's usually something you know  
and not assume.

BAY  
I know they are.

LANDON  
Who?

BAY

I thought it was the cops, but  
it's not.

LANDON

Did you do something wrong?

BAY

I think it's the CIA.

The air is sucked right out the room.

LANDON

(slowly)

You... think it's the CIA?

BAY

Yeah.

LANDON

Can you tell me why?

BAY

That's the thing, I have no idea.  
I saw this guy following me at the  
park and I just knew something  
wasn't right, so I just took off  
running.

LANDON

Did he follow you?

BAY

I was able to lose him in the  
park.

LANDON

How did you get here?

BAY

I tried to take out some cash to  
pay for a cab, but none of my ATM  
cards worked. I had to pawn my  
watch just to get some money --

LANDON

-- and you're sure it's not the  
cops?

BAY

I went to the police. If they were  
after me, they sure as hell didn't  
show it.

LONDON

(jokes)

So you assume it has to be the CIA then? I mean, why not the FBI?

BAY

I know it's CIA. They stopped me, and I wasn't thinking, and I attacked one of the agents and took his car.

LONDON

That's one way of dealing with it.

BAY

I caused a huge wreck on the George Washington and I don't even know why I'm running or if I even should be.

(pauses)

I dunno why they're looking for me or what to do next. I'm hoping you can help.

She stands up and walks over to him. She gets close. There is a long and painful history between them.

LONDON

I can't say I'm that upset to see you again.

BAY

Look, it's not that I don't care, but can we just put all that behind us for a while and figure out what I should do?

LONDON

I heard about your father.

BAY

You did?

LONDON

I read about it online.

(hesitates)

I'm so sorry.

BAY

Don't be. He was barely my father anyway.

LANDON  
You don't mean that.

BAY  
Yes, I do.

She gazes into his eyes.

BAY  
So, can you help me?

LANDON  
I'll do what I can. Why don't you  
clean up?

He nods and walks away, heading for the bathroom. She stops him.

LANDON  
You know, I stopped running from  
who I was a long time ago.  
(low)  
I was kind of hoping you were here  
to tell me the same thing.

His face remains stoic. No emotion. He closes the bathroom door behind him.

INT. BISHOP'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bishop is under a pile of paperwork. The core -- quiet and steadily putting out fires. Parker walks in, a bounce in his step, holding a file.

PARKER  
How far back did we reach on  
Barnhart?

BISHOP  
Which one?

PARKER  
Bay.

BISHOP  
As far back as humanly possible  
and then a little further. Why?

PARKER  
That's not correct sir.

He hands Bishop the file with a sense of self-righteousness.

BISHOP  
What is this?

PARKER  
Read the cover page, sir.

He does, his eyes stunned at what he is reading.

BISHOP  
Where did you get this?

PARKER  
We looked in every direction with Bay. We checked every file we had, every number or bar code we could get our hands on...

BISHOP  
So this --

PARKER  
-- is the one place we forgot to look, his medical records.

Bishop reads more of the file.

BISHOP  
And this procedure?

PARKER  
It was done at Arlington Medical when Bay was fifteen, and not one doctor in the entire hospital was present during this mysterious surgery.

BISHOP  
So, who the hell performed the procedure and what was exactly was it?

PARKER  
The only two people in the room that night were fifteen-year-old Bay Barnhart and his father.

BISHOP  
He operated on his son?



PARKER

This all happened around the same time he refused to finish the project; when he hid the last piece of the puzzle from you.

BISHOP

So you think he put it --

PARKER

-- exactly.

(lets it all out)

Maybe, just maybe, Bay has had the missing link inside himself for the last ten years of his life, and didn't even know it.

INT. LONDON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bay, hovering above Landon and her computer screen, rubs the back of his neck.

The room spins as they attempt to pull together some answers.

LONDON

This program allows me to access certain government databases, that are otherwise classified --

BAY

-- how did you get your hands on this?

LONDON

A friend of a friend.

She CLICKS, waits and information begins to fill the screen. She reads it over.

BAY

How do they know so much about me?

LONDON

(reading)

They know everything about everybody. Most of the time, that's a good thing.

More CLICKS and more waiting -- more information flooding in.

LANDON

They're definitely looking in your direction.

BAY

How can you tell?

LANDON

If it is the CIA, and it looks like it is, they've frozen your bank accounts, stocks, investments, all of it.

BAY

That would explain the bank --

LANDON

-- they have files on every aspect of your life, background checks, NYPD, college transcripts, work history, you name it.

(she looks back at him)

What did you do?

BAY

Nothing. So what now? I can't use my credit cards?

LANDON

Not if you don't want them to find you, and they probably still will.

BAY

What do you mean?

LANDON

I mean they're not calling your house looking for you. This is the real deal and they'll find you if you they want to. You're all over the grid which means there's little you can do to get away. Forget about using credit cards, a driver's license, any identification at all. You shouldn't even use your real name.

BAY

Does it say why they're after me?

LONDON

Unfortunately no. There's still some information that even I can't get to.

BAY

So, what do we do?

LONDON

If it were me, I'd resist. Whatever those agents want, it can't mean good news for you.

BAY

What is that supposed to mean?

LONDON

That you have a lot to lose. In fact, you've lost a lot already. They are just coming for the rest.

Bay sits on the sofa, lost in thoughts. Confused.

She sits next to him.

LONDON

Look, you probably don't want to talk about this, but could this have anything to do with your father?

BAY

How do you mean?

LONDON

He was just murdered and now you're getting all this attention. Do you think there might be a connection?

BAY

Even if there is, I haven't spoken to my father in years. I couldn't tell them anything about him.

LONDON

What about his work for the government?

BAY

Exactly my point. I had no clue who he worked for. He left for work before I was up and came home after I was in bed. He was a

(MORE)

BAY (cont'd)  
ghost.

LANDON  
You know that, but maybe they  
don't.

BAY  
What are you getting at?

LANDON  
Obviously I've kept up with your  
family more than you have.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CORE - NIGHT

The room is BUZZING. Everyone fixated on some new technology  
being performed on screen one --

A picture of Bay captured by Mobile one, full body -- head  
on --

PARKER  
The guys downstairs cooked up an  
infer-red scanning technology that  
can detect and locate metallic  
objects...

(clicks)  
Here's Bay earlier in the park.  
We'll start with the front half of  
his body.

BISHOP  
How accurate is this?

PARKER  
It was used to find the shoe bombs  
just after 9-11.

BISHOP  
(convinced)  
Run it.

Parker gives the "go-ahead" to the Intel Tech --

He types in some code -- Bishop close behind, pacing.

The photo is scanned -- negative results.

INTEL TECH

Nothing sir.

BISHOP

Use the other photo.

A picture of Bay running away from Mobile one --

PARKER

Here's the second shot.

The Intel Tech types -- the photo is scanned and BEEPS --

INTEL TECH

We have a possible find.

BISHOP

Where?

Searching, zooming in to reveal -- a computer chip.

INTEL TECH

Foreign object located in the  
cervical vertebra. It's not metal  
either.

Bishop looks to Parker. BINGO! The room rejoices.

BISHOP

That's it. That's what we're  
after.

PARKER

So how do we get to it?

BISHOP

(forceful)

Bay Barnhart is now a matter of  
national security, level four. We  
can and will use everything we  
have in our arsenal to find him  
and bring him in, one way or  
another.

INT. LIVING ROOM- THAT MOMENT - NIGHT

Landon's computer program begins to PING repeatedly. The  
sound grabs their attention.

BAY

What does that mean?

She walks to the screen --

LANDON  
I left your file open in case  
anything were to change.

She reads the new data --

BAY  
Has it?

LANDON  
You could say that.

BAY  
What is it?

LANDON  
You've just been flagged a  
national security risk. Anyone and  
everyone with a badge is gonna be  
looking for you.

INT. THE CORE - NIGHT

The hunt is on. Outgoing calls, emails, advisories to law  
enforcement and official memos.

Olinsky enters the room, determined and gunning for Bishop.  
They meet in the center of the room.

OLINSKY  
What the hell is going on? Why did  
you just issue a level four  
threat?

BISHOP  
We found it.

OLINSKY  
Found what?

BISHOP  
Barnhart's missing piece. The  
chip.

OLINSKY  
Where?

BISHOP  
Inside Bay Barnhart, surgically  
placed near his vertebrae.

OLINSKY

By whom?

BISHOP

Who else? By our boy scout  
scientist himself, Henry

OLINSKY

Are you positive?

BISHOP

I'm not paid to be wrong.

OLINSKY

(forcefully)

Shouldn't we discuss this before  
we send every available agent on a  
wild goose chase!

BISHOP

(angry)

There is nothing to discuss! We  
find him, we bring him in, we get  
that thing out of him and we're  
done with it. No discussion  
necessary!

Olinsky fires right back --

OLINSKY

This run and gun crap doesn't work  
anymore, John! We have ways of  
getting things done --

BISHOP

-- I don't give a shit about your  
ways of getting things done. I'm  
not taking anymore risks with this  
kid. Now you either get on board  
with my investigation or you get  
the hell out of my room.

Intense stare between them. The room is silent.  
Anticipation.

OLINSKY

(low)

Fine. You do this your way.

BISHOP

I intend to.

OLINSKY

Even if you have the chip, do you really think anyone besides Henry is going to know how to use it? It's pointless. The man was a genius and he was planning on having the last laugh all along!

BISHOP

I'll let you know when I have it, until then...

(pauses)

Stay out of my way.

Olinsky stampedes out of the core. Parker left in a state of confusion. Bishop is relentless.

INT. BISHOP'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bishop slips into his office, locks the door behind him and grabs his cell phone. He dials, waits --

INT. DANCE CLUB -- THAT MOMENT - NIGHT

Cheesy music. Gorgeous women. Booze. Drugs. A party.

Ginadi sits on a red leather couch, his Mafiosos nearby. Shameless women dancing for his pleasure. He tosses money at them like animals, his cell phone RINGS --

GINADI

(into phone/ in Russian)

Hello.

INTERCUT- PHONE CONVERSATION

BISHOP

(into phone)

I've found what we've been missing.

GINADI

(into phone/  
broken English)

Is that right?



BISHOP  
(into phone)  
Yes. I'll have it shortly and I  
will personally make sure you  
receive it.

GINADI  
(into phone)  
How long?

BISHOP  
(into phone)  
As soon as I get my hands on it.

GINADI  
(into phone)  
I will be waiting.

BISHOP  
(into phone)  
Very well --

GINADI  
(into phone)  
-- I will admit, having to wait  
this long makes me..uneasy. You  
have not been asked to wait as I  
have.

BISHOP  
(into phone)  
I am working as hard as I can.  
We've never bartered with things  
of this magnitude prior to this.  
(stern)  
Now, I can understand your  
frustration, but if you ever pull  
a stupid move like talking to the  
papers again, I'll be sure the  
next one works. And that it goes  
off in front of your family.

Bishop hangs up.

BACK TO:

INT. BISHOP'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A knock on the door. Bishop hides his phone.

BISHOP  
Yeah come in.

Parker sheepishly enters. Inquiring eyes.

PARKER

I'm sorry to bother you, sir --

BISHOP

-- what's so important?

PARKER

It's just that, there's something that I can't stop thinking about. It may not mean anything but I think it's worth a shot.

BISHOP

Spit it out, son.

PARKER

Well, Barnhart was asked to build the bomb and for whatever reason left it incomplete. Then he hid the missing piece with his son for all these years so that no one would find it, thus rendering the bomb useless. Then, the Russians come into play, steal it, test it and discover it doesn't work --

BISHOP

-- what's your point?

PARKER

If you had something that powerful, wouldn't you want the missing piece? Wouldn't you go after it? As far as we know there isn't anyone looking for it but us.

BISHOP

What the hell are you getting at, Parker?

PARKER

(accusing)

It doesn't add up. It's almost like they bought a broken toaster and now they're patiently waiting for replacement parts. Except it wasn't a toaster... was it, sir?

Brief silence.

One accusation too many. Bishop leans back in his chair and levels with him.

BISHOP  
What do you want?

PARKER  
Answers.

BISHOP  
Out of your career, what do you want?

PARKER  
Success, I suppose.

BISHOP  
I'll tell you what you really want. You want my desk.

PARKER  
I'm sorry sir, maybe you've misunderstood --

BISHOP  
-- all my years here have taught me one thing. One thing above all others.

(pauses)  
That this world we live in is dirty and dangerous. There are things that the average American just should not know, things they don't need to know.

Parker is interested, but puzzled.

BISHOP  
Barnhart never finished the bomb because someone thought it might be helpful to tell him the purpose of our project. It turned out not to be very helpful at all. We never intended to use the bomb or give it away...

(breathes deep)  
It was going to be sold.

Parker's face turns pale --

BISHOP  
(more)  
Olinsky and I were in charge of making sure the Russians received  
(MORE)

BISHOP (cont'd)  
a completed weapon, but since we  
couldn't find the chip, we sold it  
to them anyway, without it.

PARKER  
(shocked)  
You sold a nuclear weapon to a mob  
boss?

BISHOP  
It made a lot of us very rich. We  
knew it would come back to bite  
us, but we figured we'd have the  
chip by then. Unfortunately, it  
didn't work out quite as planned.

PARKER  
Why the Russians?

BISHOP  
We're in business with everybody.  
It's like a virtual black market,  
secrets for protection, cash falls  
in every direction.

PARKER  
So who killed Henry?

BISHOP  
Someone close to our situation.

PARKER  
So are we looking for the chip so  
that they don't get it or are we  
looking for it so that we can hand  
it over to them?

BISHOP  
We're Americans. We always deliver  
on our promises.

Parker, in total shock and denial, turns for the door.

BISHOP  
I'm confident that you'll keep  
what I've just told you inside of  
our circle.

PARKER  
(disgust)  
For your sake, let's hope so.

BISHOP

No matter what you're feeling, we did this for a reason. We did it to make our country safer.

PARKER

(unbelieving)

Is that what you call it... sir?

Parker exits. Bishop reaches for his cell phone a second time.

INT. LONDON'S GARAGE - DAY

Creepy. More guns and ammunition. A vintage Shelby in the center. Bay is inspecting the contraband.

LONDON

Pop the trunk for me?

BAY

(sarcastically)

So I take it all of this is legal?  
I mean you do have permits right?

LONDON

(smiles)

Sure. I just can't remember where  
I put them all at the moment.

The trunk is filled with garbage bags chock full of cash.

BAY

What's all this?

LONDON

That? My paycheck.

She begins stuffing a duffel bag with stacks of twenties.

BAY

What are you really doing with all  
this? Honestly.

LONDON

I'm keeping my eye on the ball.

BAY

A girl like you shouldn't be stock  
piling guns and filling trunks  
with bags of cash.

LONDON

Yeah? Then what should girls like me be doing?

BAY

I dunno, settling down.

LONDON

Settling down? What's that all about? Barbecues and baseball games? no thanks.

She finishes stuffing, then swiftly loads up a few hand guns.

BAY

Is that little trick popular with the guys?

LONDON

It worked on you, didn't it?

BAY

What can I say, I guess I'm a sucker for girls with guns huh?

LONDON

Then why are you still running?

He quickly changes the subject --

BAY

You know, if I turn myself in after everything I've done, they'll lock me up for the rest of my life --

LONDON

Then run, you should be used to it by now.

BAY

Okay, what the hell are you talking about?

LONDON

I'm talking about the fact that you're so comfortable with your life of running from the people you used to care about. Your father, me, everyone.

BAY

I'm here with you now aren't I?

LONDON

(aggravated)

Only because you had nowhere else to go. You didn't come here to apologize for leaving me the way you did. You came here for my help, which I'm gonna give you because, even after all this time, I'm too stupid or just too stubborn to see how full of shit you really are --

Bay takes her and kisses her on the lips. Deep. Passionate. She pulls back, caught of guard.

LONDON

What was that? Obligation?

BAY

An apology.

Awkward glance. Still very close to each other.

LONDON

They'll eventually figure out where you are. We should leave in the morning.

INT. PARKER'S HOME - DAY

The apartment is immaculate. Nothing out of place. Everything expensive and cataloged.

Parker, sits on the the edge of his bed, fresh out of the shower. Holding expensive Vodka, drinking straight from the bottle. Remorse.

A KNOCK on the door.

FRONT DOOR

Parker in his towel, glistening. KNOCK -- KNOCK.

PARKER

Who is it?

No answer -- KNOCK --

PARKER  
I said, who is it?

Not thinking straight -- buzzed -- opens the door then --

MOLE  
You Parker?

PARKER  
Who are you?

SNAPPH! A small caliber shot to the chest -- Parker falls back onto the foyer floor -- the Mole follows him in -- shuts the door behind him. Finishes him off --

SNAPPH! -- SNAPPH! -- Parker is dead.

The Mole's gloved hands unscrew his silencer and place the weapon in his belt. He gets down to business --

Grabs Parker's briefcase -- dumps it into the fireplace-- paperwork -- Parker's wallet -- badges -- laptop -- all of it.

He finds some matches -- ignites -- watches it burn.

The front doorknob TURNS -- the Mole spins -- readies his weapon and points it at the door.

A cute girl walks in -- innocent. Bundled up. She sees the body and covers her mouth.

PARKER'S GIRLFRIEND  
(looking down)  
Oh my God!

Then she sees the killer -- no time to act -- SNAPPH!  
SNAPPH!

INT. THE CORE - NIGHT

Bishop watches his team, minus Parker, busy at work. There is a calmness to the room. They talk to one another, exchanging information.

Bishop's phone vibrates. An incoming message --

THE SCREEN READS: DONE...AND MORE.

He flips the phone closed -- satisfied, then --



BISHOP

Where are we on the list?

RESEARCH TECH

Sir, this guy's been linked to hundreds of people. It's gonna take some time to nail it down.

BISHOP

How much time?

RESEARCH TECH

A few hours, possibly more.

BISHOP

We don't have hours. Look for anyone who might be a person he'd turn to at a time like this. Relatives, drinking buddies, girlfriends, anyone who might have the resources to help him. Cross reference those names with our database twice if you have to.

INTEL TECH

Whoever helping him, knows what they're doing. He hasn't shown up on our radar since the bank --

BISHOP

-- he went to Princeton, he's no idiot. Where do we have him last?

INTEL TECH

The last known location was the bridge, headed into New Jersey.

BISHOP

And who do we have looking for him there?

COM TECH

Everyone.

BISHOP

Our own guys or law enforcement?

COM TECH

Both sir.

BISHOP

I want more agents on this than cops. I don't trust the police and I sure as hell don't want them to  
(MORE)

BISHOP (cont'd)  
find him before we do.

Finally, something intelligible --

RESEARCH TECH  
Landon Berkley.

BISHOP  
What does that mean?

RESEARCH TECH  
Landon Berkley was Barnhart's  
girlfriend at Princeton, she was  
expelled for tapping into a  
professor's email account,  
arrested three times at three  
separate anti-government rallies  
and currently under investigation  
for the illegal fencing of  
firearms in Nevada.

BISHOP  
Where is she now?

RESEARCH TECH  
Her last known residence is  
Camden, New Jersey, but the data  
could be old. We don't have any  
record of a bank account, driver's  
license, passport or anything with  
her name on it that could confirm  
her location --

BISHOP  
-- that's still the best person to  
start with. Send a team wherever  
you think she might still be, we  
might get lucky and find Bay  
there.

The search continues -- phone calls and research.

BISHOP  
Agent Parker has been removed from  
the investigation, so all  
information comes directly to me.  
Nothing happens without my  
knowledge.

Gable peers in, just beyond the glass doors, a concerned  
look on his face. Bishop's face lets us know that he's been  
expecting the visit.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Light drizzle, almost a mist. Gable holds a photo -- Landon's face -- smiling -- taken years ago.

Bishop looks out over the building -- leans up against the rail--

BISHOP

Her name is Landon Berkley. We think she might be hiding Barnhart, or at least helping him to some degree. She's tough. No ID, no taxes, no employment records, nothing...

(back tracks)

But you're here to ask me about Parker aren't you?

GABLE

They found his body in his apartment, along with his girlfriend.

BISHOP

Things happen. That wasn't part of the arrangement but we did what we had to do.

GABLE

I'm assuming you know how touchy this sort of situation can be?

BISHOP

I explored every possibility. We knew that a time might come when certain people got too close to the fire.

GABLE

Can anything be traced back?

BISHOP

No.

GABLE

Good. I wish all our problems were that simple.

Curious.

BISHOP  
All our problems?

GABLE  
The President is putting together an oversight committee as we speak. He feels that under the current circumstances, we need fresh faces looking in on our operations. I guess he didn't like the explanation I gave him regarding our Russian friends.

BISHOP  
They've formed these committees before --

GABLE  
-- not like this. These are people from upstairs. They want second opinions and when they get 'em, they're gonna want third and fourth opinions too.

BISHOP  
Where are they gonna start?

GABLE  
Budgets, personnel, line item by line item.

BISHOP  
Any specific people?

GABLE  
They have a list. They've already begun peeling back the skin.  
(pauses)  
Starting with Olinsky.

Bishop's face -- anyone but him!

BISHOP  
He's not thinking clearly right now. He's a lose end as far as I'm concerned.

GABLE  
I have reason to believe he's gonna talk.

Bishop wants to explode, but centers himself.

BISHOP

Why can't he see past his own face?

GABLE

I know you have someone you can use... in these situations.

BISHOP

Are you suggesting that we look into making this go away?

GABLE

Not we... you.

BISHOP

I can look into it.

Gable places his hand on Bishop's shoulder.

GABLE

You know, the other day I was walking to my car and I saw a man who wasn't there. Then, today I looked in the same spot and he wasn't there a second time... which means he must be CIA.

Gable smirks.

BISHOP

Just make sure the line items are clear.

INT. OLINSKY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Olinsky tosses down a tall glass of Jameson. Sloshed.

The voice in his head :

OLINSKY (VO)

"Do you know what the definition of a traitor is? ... is that what we are?"

He closes the blinds -- places some files in his safe -- locks it -- then grabs his briefcase and heads for the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Olinsky dolefully walks to his car -- the doors unlock and he gets in.

Remembering his past :

OLINSKY (VO)  
 "I joined this agency to help  
 Americans, to protect and serve...  
 this is not what I signed up for."

EXT. / INT. THE STREET/ FRONT SEAT - NIGHT

The rain falls heavier now. Windshield wipers on high. The roads are pretty barren this time of night.

FRONT SEAT

Olinsky checks the rearview mirror -- someone keeps a few car lengths between them.

As he turns, the car behind follows. Olinsky keeps a suspicious eye on his tail.

OLINSKY (VO)  
 "... I had a way out. Maybe I  
 should have taken it."

EXT. DRIVEWAY- OLINSKY'S HOME - NIGHT

Olinsky gets out of his car -- standing there in the pouring rain, as if he's waiting on someone.

The other car pulls up behind him. The mole. He gets out and confronts Olinsky. Cool and collected --

OLINSKY  
 (through the rain)  
 So this is how he repays me? By  
 sending you?

MOLE  
 Let's walk out back.

EXT. BACKYARD -- MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

They stand in the rain -- lightening -- then THUNDER. The perfect cover for gun shots.

OLINSKY  
Just do it already.

MOLE  
Turn. Get down on your knees.

OLINSKY  
Is that how he wanted it done?

Lightening crashes --

MOLE  
(pulls out a gun)  
Turn.

Olinsky slowly turns.

OLINSKY  
I'd rather be dead than be called  
a traitor. At least I would have  
pulled the trigger myself!

MOLE  
Your knees.

OLINSKY  
Even you, what you do, is a form  
of treason!

Thunder cracks --

Olinsky falls to his knees.

OLINSKY  
Tell him that I didn't beg you. I  
want him to know we're not all  
like him... I still have a soul --

The Mole points the gun at the side of Olinsky's head --  
waits for a loud RUMBLE -- then pulls the trigger. The  
THUNDER masks the sound of the GUNSHOT.

He cleans off the gun, places it in Olinsky's hand -- the  
perfect suicide.

INT. LANDON'S HOUSE- VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

BEDROOM

The light is gorgeous in the morning -- pours in from the  
windows.

Bay sits on the edge of the bed, staring back at --

Landon, on her stomach, her bare back exposed, so perfect. Resting from whatever happened the night before and peaceful.

FRONT PORCH

A team of THREE AGENTS move in, focusing on the front door, prying it open with ease. They take measure of their surroundings.

BEDROOM

She wakes up --

LANDON

(smiles)

What are you looking at?

BAY

I should have never left you the way that I did --

She is speechless -- sits up and puts her shirt on

LANDON

You always told me you didn't have a choice.

BAY

There's always another choice.

She changes the subject out of awkwardness.

LANDON

I should get dressed.

BAY

I'll wait downstairs.

STAIRCASE

Bay reaches the top step -- stops dead in his tracks -- VOICES downstairs.

He listens -- can't make them out -- takes slow, cautious steps down.

LIVING ROOM

The agents. In grey suits, wearing badges, toting guns and bad attitudes.



AGENT #1  
Mr. Barnhart?

No answer. Bay at the bottom of the stairs.

AGENT #1  
I'll take your silence to mean  
that we have your name correct.  
Have a seat, please.

BAY  
How did you get in here?

AGENT #1  
I'll only ask once.

Bay makes his way to the sofa. Sits.

AGENT #1  
Does this house belong to a Landon  
Berkley?

BAY  
I dunno.

AGENT #1  
Don't play games with us. Yes or  
no.

BAY  
No.

AGENT #1  
Are you positive? Because we  
already know the answer.

Bay nods yes. Apprehensive.

AGENT #1  
(to the other  
agents)  
Search the house, I'll get him in  
the car. Let Bishop know we have  
him and that we're bringing him  
in.

Agent #1 removes handcuffs then -- ALL HELL BREAKS LOSE!

Bay kicks the coffee table HARD and it slams into Agent #1's  
knee caps --

Agent #1 falls back, in pain, holding his knees --

AGENT #2 advances -- Bay drives his open palm into his neck -- no air, the body falls backward, gasping --

Agent #3 comes at him -- gun in hand -- not quick enough -- Bay kicks the gun away, he's so fast, all that training paying off -- grabs the agent's arm like a rope and jerks it -- it rips from the socket.

BAY  
(yells)  
Landon!

Agent #3 wants seconds -- one arm, swinging and missing -- Bay punches -- makes contact with his face -- blood pours out --

Agent #1 attempts to get up -- WHAM! -- Bay chops the gun loose, then the agent's face -- a fist full of pain --

BAY  
Landon hurry!

It all happens so fast -- PHFT! PHFT! PHFT! PHFT! -- automatic weapons -- Landon firing on her way down the steps as the agents scurry for cover --

LANDON  
The garage!

Agent #2 on his feet -- fires back -- three shots, all missing, shattering glass and drywall --

Landon grabs Bay and takes cover beyond the kitchen doorway -- a barrier -- she waits three seconds, breathes deep, then --

PHFT! PHFT! -- exchanging rounds with the injured agents.

Guns CLATTERING. Shots out of control. First the agents, then Landon. Round for round.

The Agents call in for backup --

AGENT #1  
(in pain, into  
radio)  
I need backup now! I repeat, send  
backup immediately!

Landon and Bay make their way into the garage -- racing for the car --

The agents are slowed. Bleeding -- breathing with arms hanging like string, trying to keep up.

GARAGE

They both get in, Bay's driving. Ignition -- in gear -- reverse --

BANG! BANG! -- Agent #1 is still kicking. Landon fires back -- the bullet catches his arm, not killing him, but he's useless --

LANDON

Go! Go! Go!

DRIVEWAY

The car SLAMS right through the wooden garage door -- spraying wood and glass everywhere. Bay begins his three-point turn, his hands shaking.

INT. FRONT SEAT - DAY

They both glance back at the house, they'll never see it again. Bay raving and intense --

BAY

Where am I going?

She hesitates --

LANDON

Anywhere! Just drive!

He puts it in drive -- the tires SCREECH -- leaving marks behind.

INT. THE CORE - DAY

Blank screens. No video feeds. Devastation. No one makes a sound. They're either too afraid or too ashamed. Bishop hangs his head.

INTEL TECH

We've temporarily lost them sir.

BISHOP

Temporarily? Is that a joke?

INTEL TECH

I don't have contact with anyone  
from inside.

BISHOP

I can see that.

COM TECH

Wait...I have one agent still up.  
He's in pursuit, sir.

BISHOP

Tell him to follow them, find out  
their location, relaying it back  
to us and then get the hell out of  
there.

INTEL TECH

Sir?

BISHOP

I'm sending someone else in.

Silence. He grows impatient --

BISHOP

I don't see anyone moving! Let's  
go! Get on it!

They work, anger --

INTEL TECH

We've now lost all video, sir.

BISHOP

For how long? This is  
unacceptable!

INTEL TECH

An hour, maybe more --

BISHOP

(loud)

How the fuck does that happen!

He goes on a tear, tosses a chair across the room, slams a  
filing cabinet down, unplugs a monitor and thrusts it  
against the wall.

BISHOP

Everyone out!

No one budges --

BISHOP

What are you deaf? Get out! All of  
you! Out! Now!

They make their way out, embarrassed and made a mockery of.  
He's still tossing things around the room -- headsets --  
keyboards.

BISHOP

Go home, all of you!

He is alone in the core, out of ideas, his ego broken. Picks  
up a phone and dials --

BISHOP

(into phone)

Get me Gable.

(waits)

It's me, get me a flight to New  
Jersey.

GABLE (VO)

It's done. Maybe it's time we send  
someone else in.

BISHOP

(into phone)

I'll let you know when I land.

Hangs up. He walks to his cell phone, flips it open and  
dials.

BISHOP

(into phone)

I need to see you as soon as  
possible.

INT. NEWARK AIRPORT, TERMINAL B - DAY

SUPER: NEWARK, NJ

Bishop sits near the giant window, drinking coffee, watching  
the passing faces.

The Mole sits behind him, never making eye contact, never  
talking directly to him, only over the shoulder --

BISHOP

How was your flight?

MOLE

Delayed.

BISHOP

I take it everything went smoothly  
with our old friend?

MOLE

He wanted me to tell you that he  
didn't beg. That, unlike you, he  
still had a soul.

BISHOP

Yeah? Is that what you think?

MOLE

I'm not paid to think.

Bishop slides him an envelope.

BISHOP

I'm keeping you busy these days.

He slides the Mole a file tagged "BAY BARNHART."

MOLE

One of your own again?

BISHOP

No, not this time. This one is  
special.

MOLE

(reading the file)

Is this location accurate?

BAY

That's his last known location,  
yes. They seem to be on their way  
out of the state.

MOLE

What if the location changes?

BISHOP

I'll send it to you. I have a  
single agent following him in real  
time.

MOLE

I'll find him.

BISHOP

Bring him in however you can.

MOLE

Alive?

BISHOP

Doesn't make a difference.

Bishop stands. The Mole stops him --

MOLE

Someone once told me, if you kill one man, they call you an assassin. If you kill a hundred men, they call you a leader. If you kill everyone, they call you God.

(pauses)

What would they call you?

BISHOP

They wouldn't know that I exist.

They go their separate ways.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

SUPER: SOMEWHERE IN NEW JERSEY

Dingy. Depressing. The room is tinted yellowish orange.

Bay and Landon stagger inside, beaten and worn down. She clings to a duffel bag across her chest.

The CLERK, (35) creepy and irregular, stands up behind the counter. He hasn't seen a customer in who knows how long.

CLERK

Can I help you?

BAY

We need a room.

CLERK

How many beds?

BAY

Doesn't matter.

The clerk passes them a form and room key.

LANDON

How much is the room?

CLERK

Thirty-nine a night. How many nights you need it for?

BAY

A few.

CLERK

I take two nights charge as a deposit.

Bay watches Landon dig through her bag -- take out a stack of bills -- tosses them on the counter. The clerk's eyes explode.

LANDON

Will that help you to forget the paperwork?

Without hesitation --

CLERK

Absolutely.

Bay takes the room key. They walk outside, leaving the clerk to gather his treasure.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Bay and Landon rendezvous back at the car. They stand there, melancholy, in the pink light of the vacancy sign.

LANDON

You should wait here.

BAY

Where are you going?

LANDON

I'm getting rid of this car and finding us a new one.

BAY

At this time of night?

LANDON

(grins)

My dad taught me how to hot wire, along with a few other things.

BAY

I'll wait in the room --



LONDON

-- here.

Landon hands him a 9 mm.

BAY

I don't even know how to use one  
of these.

He hides it in his belt.

LONDON

Hopefully you won't have to.

She gets in the driver's seat.

BAY

I'd understand if you didn't come  
back.

She can't hide her emotions from him.

LONDON

If I'm running anywhere, it's  
gonna be with you.

She pulls off, leaving Bay behind to fend for himself.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bay enters alone. Flips on the lights. The room is old --  
very old. Flowered bedding, antique lamps and worn down  
furniture. Smutty. A sink in the rear.

EXT. MOTEL STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The Mole creeps up the stairs. He is mindful of his  
surroundings. Calm. One track mind. He makes his way to  
Bay's room.

He cell vibrates, he checks it --

It reads: BAY IS AT THE MOTEL.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - A MINUTE LATER - NIGHT

A shadow underneath the door, from outside.

THE SINK

Bay rinses his face off several times.

THE DOOR

The knob gradually turns.

THE SINK

Bay dries his face off. Did you hear something?

THE ROOM

The Mole is inside. All black. Blending in with the shadows.

Bay drops his towel, turns quickly with --

The 9mm in hand!

The Mole, armed, points right back at him. Two guns. One outcome. Who makes the first move --

BAY  
Who sent you?

MOLE  
Put the gun down.

BAY  
I'm not that easy.

Intense standoff.

MOLE  
Drop it.

BAY  
You first.

The Mole, looking for an advantage, begins to tempt Bay into a street brawl --

BAY  
What are you doing?

MOLE  
You ever fire a gun before?

BAY  
Sure.

MOLE

It isn't easy to look a man in the eyes just before you kill him.

BAY

Stop talking --

MOLE

-- it can haunt you, forever.

The Mole lowers his weapon -- tosses it on the bed behind him.

MOLE

I probably know more about you than you could ever imagine --

He takes out his secondary gun and knife from his belt, tosses them back as well.

MOLE

-- I know that you're not a killer.

BAY

(pointing the gun)

You wanna bet on that?

The gun -- right in the Mole's face --

BAY

You were sent here to kill me. By who?

MOLE

No one. By a man who doesn't exist.

BAY

Liar!

MOLE

Then kill me.

BAY

Is it CIA? Did they send you after me?

MOLE

How would I know?

Bay scanning the room -- the door and windows -- he's hesitating, then --

SMACK! Out of nowhere -- the Mole on the attack, knocking the gun lose -- it lands across the room, he throws a second punch that hits Bay HARD --

The Mole piles it on -- a knee to the face, backhanding him and dragging Bay along the floor -- Bay is outmatched.

The bell has rung, the brawl for it all, the Mole is stronger and quicker -- not letting Bay recover from the first round of beatings -- they grapple and fall.

Bay and the Mole -- they reach the gun at the same time-- ten fingers on it, struggling until -- Bay lands an elbow knocking the gun lose again -- further from them.

Bay sprints to the adjoining room door -- busts through it, The Mole gathers his weapons -- then --

#### THE NEXT ROOM

The Mole all over him -- punching and nailing him twice -- Bay blocking, then tackling him to the floor -- his turn -- WHAM! WHAM! -- blood on his knuckles --

The Mole has -- the knife! They both stand and the Mole SWIPES through the air, missing by inches -- Bay grabs the ice tray -- using it as a shield and blocking the swings -- finding an opening to hit back -- SMACK! the Mole's head jerks --

Bay grabs his arm and pulls it -- clothesline to the neck -- the Mole is down -- Bay sees his chance -- but wait! The Mole's got another gun -- Bay grabs the barrel, they struggle with it.

BOOM! A wild shot -- goes through the window, glass shatters --

Bay lands an elbow -- takes a backhand, it's blow for blow!

Bay CHOPS the gun away, he's got the upper hand -- he stands -- the Mole follows suit, like dueling prize fighters, waiting for the next jab -- Bay kicks -- WHAM! Teeth fly --

The Mole comes at him, sloppy, and pins Bay against the wall -- leaving a cracked outline -- Bay pounding his fists into his back --

Bay ends this -- shoves him off and spear tackles him -- pins his knees on the Mole's shoulders -- his hands on his throat -- the Mole fights it, but Bay -- chokes until there is nothing left.

Bay jumps off the body. Lifeless. Searches the Mole for anything that can be found. He finds a cell phone.

Landon enters from behind. Shock.

LANDON  
What the hell happened?

Bay breathes deep. Blood on his hands and face.

BAY  
We have to leave, right now.

LANDON  
Who is he?

BAY  
No one. We need to go.

INT. CIA INTELLIGENCE OFFICES - DAY

SUPER: NEW YORK CITY

Bishop sits at an unfamiliar desk. The office is cold. His cell phone at his ear.

BISHOP  
(into phone)  
I understand your frustration, but I assure you that things will be patched up quickly.

GINADI (VO)  
I don't think I can wait much longer.

BISHOP  
(into phone)  
A few days. You'll have the chip and a working weapon. Are we clear?

GINADI (VO)  
Two days.

BISHOP  
(into phone)  
I'll be in touch --

GINADI (VO)  
So will I.

Bishop hangs up the phone. Angry.

Before he can put it down -- RING! RING! -- he answers it again --

BISHOP  
(into phone)  
John Bishop.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN NEW JERSEY - JUST THEN - DAY

Bay leans up against Landon's stolen Jetta. The phone at his ear - he says nothing.

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION

BISHOP  
(into phone)  
Hello?

Bay just listens. Then --

BAY  
(slow)  
Hello.

BISHOP  
(concern)  
Who is this?

BAY  
Not someone you were expecting.

BISHOP  
Then who the hell is this?

BAY  
Right now, I'm calling you from a  
dead guy's phone. That should help  
you out a bit.

BISHOP  
(realizes)  
Bay? Is that you?

BAY  
What do you want from me?

BISHOP  
I'm agent John Bishop, CIA. I need  
to speak with you son.

BAY

You need to speak with me or you need to kill me? Isn't that what your hitman was trying to do --

BISHOP

-- now I don't know anything about that, but I hope we can set up a meet so that we can discuss some --

BAY

-- I'm not setting up shit with you.

BISHOP

That's discouraging. I have some information that you might be interested in.

BAY

Information?

BISHOP

Yes, about you and your father. Why don't you set a time and place and we'll discuss it face to face?

BAY

Keep it handy, I'll be seeing you real soon.

Bay hangs up.

INT. BISHOP'S OFFICE / NYC - DAY

He hangs up as well. Overwhelmed at how quickly everything is coming unraveled. He grabs his coat and heads for the door.

EXT. NYC STREET - DAY

Bishop scampers down the crowded sidewalks, uneasy and alone. For the first time, he seems vulnerable. Almost human.

INT. HOTEL ROOM- LATER - DAY

Bishop enters the swanky hotel suite. Immaculate. Trendy.

He makes his way to desk near the window, his laptop there, he logs into his machine when --

From behind, Bay is standing in the bathroom doorway. Arms crossed. Steady.

Bishop doesn't have to ask, he already knows. He sits in the chair -- natural -- faces Bay.

BISHOP

How did you get in here?

BAY

Does it really matter?

BISHOP

How did you find me?

BAY

I have my people too.

They stare at one another -- disbelief.

BISHOP

So what do you want?

BAY

I want to know what this is all about. All of it.

BISHOP

And you think I can just give you that kind of information, just like that?

Bay is unwavering.

BAY

Yeah.

BISHOP

You're out of your mind son. You have no idea what you've gotten yourself into.

BAY

This is gonna end, in this room, one way or another. You can count on that.

BISHOP

Fine. Have it your way. What do you wanna know?



BAY

Why are you after me?

BISHOP

Because of your father.

BAY

My father?

BISHOP

You don't know much about him, do you? The kind of man he was? His work?

BAY

Start at the beginning.

BISHOP

The beginning? Okay. He was a genius. Hands down, the smartest man any of us ever came into contact with. We hired him to build a bomb, Barnhart's bomb. It was his special project and he never complained or asked questions. Until, he found out that it was going to be sold to some Russian mob figures we'd been working with. Then, he decided to work against us and not with us.

BAY

Who sold it?

BISHOP

I did. Along with some colleagues of mine. Who, at the time, were on board with our little operation.

BAY

At the time?

BISHOP

Your father left an intricate piece of the weapon hidden from us. He vowed never to tell us where it was and we sold the bomb knowing that it would never function properly.

BAY

Who knew about this? That you sold a bomb?

BISHOP

The cover was that the bomb was stolen and that we were looking for the chip so that the Russians wouldn't be able to find it first.

BAY

Were they even looking?

BISHOP

No.

BAY

So then why look for it?

BISHOP

That's how wars get started. By not making good on your promises.

BAY

(disgust)

So you were getting rich by selling weapons to our enemies?

BISHOP

Oh grow up son. Do you think the American people are kept safe at night by the police and alarm systems? It takes discussions. It takes dealings with men that aren't always wearing our colors. It's been that way a thousand years. Neighborhood watches don't cut it in this game.

BAY

So the bomb didn't work and the Russians did what? Returned it?

BISHOP

They gave us an ultimatum. Send them the missing chip or they'd share some of our dirty little secrets with the press.

BAY

So why didn't you ask my father for the missing piece? Why didn't you tell him the truth?

BISHOP

We did ask. And when he refused enough times --

BAY  
-- you killed him.

BISHOP  
You think he was the only loss? He  
wasn't. I lost colleagues and  
friends for this cause --

BAY  
-- like the guy in the hotel room?  
You lost him too right?

BISHOP  
(angry)  
I did what I had to do to protect  
my country. If that means making  
someone expendable, then so be it.  
American, Russian, it doesn't  
matter.

BAY  
So what do you need with me?

BISHOP  
Do you remember the operation?

BAY  
What operation?

BISHOP  
Your neck. The way it's always  
given you trouble. The frequent  
visits to the doctor.

BAY  
What operation --

BISHOP  
-- you were fifteen. Your father  
implanted the missing chip in the  
back of your neck. It explains the  
constant neck pain and the reason  
we've never been able to find it.  
You've been carrying it all these  
years --

BAY  
-- bullshit!

BISHOP  
You really don't remember do you?

BAY

If that's true, where's the scar?

BISHOP

It happened. Just as I said. Your father figured out a way to get it in you without you or anyone else knowing.

Bay mulls it over.

BAY

Even is that's true, you're sure as hell not cutting me open.

BISHOP

Are you sure about that? I still have two days to get them that chip son.

BAY

I'll run.

BISHOP

You run, and I'll give you two of the longest days of your life.

BAY

You're not untouchable. No one is.

BISHOP

Is that right? You think you can waltz into Langley with your credentials and your sob story and they're gonna give a shit? Dream on. It's your word against mine and I know how to manipulate the system in ways you can't even imagine.

BAY

I've got a better idea --

BISHOP

-- yeah? What's that?

Landon appears behind Bay. Holding a tape recorder. GOT YA! She CLICKS the stop button.

BAY

We'll get inside Langley...and let you do the talking.

Bishop's face is white. Paralyzed. Petrified.

Bay and Landon step to the door.

BISHOP  
This will never end...

BAY  
It just did.

Bishop buries his head in his hands.

INT. FRONT SEAT - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Bay and Landon settle in. She starts the car.

LANDON  
So, where to?

BAY  
(satisfied)  
Just drive, and wherever we stop  
--

LANDON  
-- what about the tape?

BAY  
We'll hand deliver it.

LANDON  
When?

Bay sends her a bright smile -- runs his fingers down the side of her face --

BAY  
Soon. But right now lets get out of here.

LANDON  
You got it.

She pulls out of her spot --

BAY (OS)  
(jokes)  
Didn't anyone ever tell you stay away from guys like me? We're nothing but trouble.

LONDON (OS)  
Like I would have listened.

EXT. SCRAP YARD - DAY

SUPER: MOSCOW

They begin to drop like flies. The Russians first --

Ginadi and his mafioso's talk MOS. Bags of cash. Weapons nearby. Heaps of metal. Car parts.

NEWS REPORTER (VO)

" An oversight committee formed by the President was put into place this week to investigate reports that a section chief and several CIA members were in private discussions with Russian mafia members for the last fifteen years..."

Cars PULL up fast -- agents step out -- surround Ginadi and his men -- guns blazing -- hands in the air --

NEWS REPORTER (VO)

(more)

"... Russian mob figure Vladamir Ginadi was arrested in Moscow today and is currently being held for questioning for his involvement in the purchase of weapons from CIA operatives..."

Ginadi is shoved into the back seat -- the door SLAMS behind him -- his face full of sorrow.

EXT. BISHOP'S FRONT PORCH - DAY

Two UNKNOWN AGENTS lead Bishop out of his front door. Handcuffed. Embarrassed. Camera FLASHES. Television crews.

NEWS REPORTER (VO)

(more)

" CIA Division Chief Johnathan Bishop was also arrested for his possible involvement in the sale of weapons to Russian mob figures. He is also suspected of organizing and ordering the murders of fellow agents ..."

INSERT: Photo of William Olinsky --

NEWS REPORTER (VO)  
 (more)  
 "William Olinsky..."

INSERT: Photo of Agent Parker --

NEWS REPORTER (VO)  
 (more)  
 "... and Agent Paul Parker."

Bishop is led into a backseat like any other guilty criminal would be.

INT. THE CORE - NIGHT

NEWS REPORTER (VO)  
 "CIA officials refused to comment, but many individuals close to the proceedings speculate that a recorded conversation between Agent Bishop and a civilian was delivered to the oversight committee, linking this very disturbing and troublesome story together..."

The technicians work. Normal. The only thing missing is Bishop's oversight.

Suddenly, a flood of Agents force their way inside, shattering the glass door. Everything stops. It's a raid --

LEAD AGENT  
 (to everyone)  
 Everyone stop what you are doing right now! I need statements, starting with your names and the jobs you performed while in this room.

(to the agents)  
 Line them up, one by one. Get everything in here sectioned off.

They get right into it -- seizing computers -- taking names.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

SUPER: VIRGINIA

LOBBY

Sterile. Reserved. Nothing exciting. People scattered.

We do not see her face, but a delivery woman; long black hair, sunglasses and uniformed hat, approaches the front desk holding several packages. One is a small brown box.

At the desk -- she places the box down -- directs the OFFICER there --

DELIVERY WOMAN

There's a delivery here that needs to be sent directly to an Agent Stephen Gable. Can you take it to him?

OFFICER

Sure. Sign here.

The delivery woman quickly signs off and struts to the front door.

THE PACKAGE

We follow it. The officer takes it to security and it is put through the metal detector, it clears, and move to a second detection area where it clears yet again.

INT. GABLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Gable is business as usual. Steady. Papers to be reviewed. Files to be looked over. He is off in his own world.

His assistant brings in the brown package --

ASSISTANT

Sir, this just came for you.

GABLE

What is it?

ASSISTANT

I'm not sure sir. The label just has a name on it.

GABLE

Who's it from?



ASSISTANT

It looks like it's from a Mr.  
Barnhart...

His eyes grow large, his face perks up with life.

GABLE

Leave it. Thank you.

She places it on his desk. He waits until she is gone --  
then tears into it --

Cardboard, bubble wrap, tissue paper and more padding, until  
we reach --

THE CHIP!

Gable looks it over in the sunlight -- amazingly made and  
brilliant. There's a note too. He reads it to himself --

BAY (VO)

"Right now, you're probably filled  
with some sort of relief. Don't  
be. You're also thinking you're  
safe, you're not. The chip is  
useless, because this is only half  
of it. I just wanted to let you  
know that I'm still out here and  
I'll be watching..."

Gable tosses the package across the room. Disappointment. He  
is left with nothing in the end. No hope.

EXT. PARKING LOT/ ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

The delivery woman is walking along the side walk. She  
removes her sunglasses, her hat and lastly the wig -- it's  
LANDON!

Up ahead, Bay leans up against a sleek little sports car. A  
huge smile on his face.

She reaches him, leans in and kisses him on the lips.

BAY

You think he got the message?

LANDON

Loud and clear.

BAY

Let's hope so.

LANDON  
So where to now?

BAY  
Oh I dunno, somewhere tropical and  
warm?

LANDON  
Perfect.

BAY  
You know, I kind of liked the  
black hair.

She kisses him again. We see the back of Bay's neck. A tiny  
scar --

An incision...

The End