

GEMINI MAN

By

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REVISED First Draft
October 29, 2007

Property of: Jerry Bruckheimer Films
1631 10th Street
Santa Monica, CA 90404

EXT. BELGRADE CENTRAL TRAIN STATION - DAY

TITLE CARD: *Belgrade.*

Two black-on-black Audi Q7s with tinted windows pull up in front of the station. Three MEN step out of each SUV and surveil the area: the PEDESTRIANS passing by on the sidewalk, the traffic in the street, even the rooftops.

None of the six bodyguards is particularly large, they don't have razor scars on their faces, their scalps are no longer shaved-- but even if you didn't know they were ex-paramilitary, you would know enough to step out of their way.

When the bodyguards determine the area is safe, one of them opens the rear door of the second Audi. An older man, COLONEL BORZ (55), steps out of the SUV.

Still wiry and fit, his blue eyes fierce as a wolf's, Borz has the authoritative bearing of a man who has been giving orders for thirty years.

He marches toward the station, his six bodyguards forming a loose phalanx around him. The protection is quiet and efficient-- a casual observer wouldn't even notice Borz and his guardians.

As the Serbs head inside the train station, a decidedly non-casual observer follows twenty paces behind. MONROE, a young American (25) dressed like a college student on a semester abroad, has the Time Out guide to Belgrade in his hands.

He wears a Bluetooth earpiece and speaks quietly.

MONROE

They're in the station.

EXT. SERBIAN HIGHWAY - DAY

A nondescript European sedan cruises down the road.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

HENRY BROGAN (60s) sits behind the wheel. He also wears a Bluetooth earpiece.

Henry has been fighting in one war or another for just as long as Borz, but he doesn't have the rigid demeanor of a career soldier.

A small green playing card spade is tattooed on the inside of his right wrist, faded by time.

He doesn't respond to Monroe's comment, just keeps driving, not too fast and not too slow.

INT. BELGRADE CENTRAL TRAIN STATION - DAY

Monroe follows Borz and his men through the crowded building, always maintaining a safe distance.

The bodyguards, ever vigilant to potential dangers, guide their commander to an outdoor platform where last-minute stragglers jump aboard the Belgrade-Vienna train "Avala."

Borz and his men step into one of the First Class cars.

Monroe boards at the opposite end of the car.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Borz and his bodyguards find a group of seats they want. A YOUNG COUPLE has already claimed two of the seats. The boyfriend plays his girlfriend a song he likes on his iPod and she bobs her head in time to the music.

They look up when they see the ex-paramilitary men staring down at them. For a tense moment nobody says a word. The boyfriend blinks, mutters something to his girlfriend, grabs their bags and leads her away.

Borz sits by the window. His bodyguards sit around him, watching everyone who passes by.

Monroe takes a seat at the far end of the car. A recorded PA announcement crackles over the loudspeakers in Serbian. A moment after that the train begins to roll.

MONROE
(quietly)
Car number six. We're moving.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Henry checks the time on his battered old wristwatch. There's probably a story about the watch but you're not going to hear it. He peers out the windshield, looking for something.

EXT. SERBIAN ROAD - DAY

Henry steers his car off the highway and onto a small, unmarked access road. Clearly he has driven this route before and knows it well.

EXT. KNOLL - DAY

Expertly navigating the rough road, Henry stops at a desolate rise, hidden from all traffic, no humans in sight.

He hops out of the car, walks around to the trunk, pops it open and pulls out a black vinyl case.

The rise affords an unobstructed view of a stretch of train tracks, half a kilometer away, that disappear into a tunnel bored through a hillside.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Monroe has been pretending to read his Time Out Belgrade. Now he looks up and notes Borz's row and seat number (printed in Cyrillic). He whispers the information into his earpiece.

MONROE

4 Alpha. Repeat, 4 Alpha.

EXT. KNOLL - DAY

Henry unfolds a detailed seating chart of the "Avala" train. With a black marker he circles seat 4A in the sixth car.

He pulls a Remington 700 sniper rifle from the vinyl case. He quickly attaches a telescopic sight.

There are far more advanced rifles available than the wood-stocked Remington, but Henry's been shooting with it since 1971 and knows every inch of the weathered old gun.

He fastens the barrel of the rifle to a bipod and lies on his belly, focusing the scope.

He loads a single bullet with the bolt action. One shot is all he gets.

In the distance we see the train approaching.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Monroe stares at the letters above his own seat. Something is bothering him. He peers at the letters above Borz's seat.

MONROE

Hold on... that's not an A. It's a Cyrillic D. He's sitting in 4 Delta. Repeat, 4 Delta.

EXT. KNOLL - DAY

Henry glances at the train schematic again.

HENRY

You sure about that?

The train hurtles down the tracks, still two kilometers away but closing fast.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

MONROE

Affirmative. 4 Delta.

HENRY (O.S.)

'Cause you want to be pretty damn sure.

MONROE

I'm sure.

EXT. KNOLL - DAY

Henry draws a line through 4A and circles 4D. He steadies the rifle and stares through the telescopic sight.

HENRY

Speed?

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Monroe has begun to sweat. He can't help looking out the window, wondering where Henry is hiding. He pulls a small digital gauge from his pocket.

MONROE

188 kilometers per hour. 189.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

Inside the train everything is smooth and quiet, but outside the telephone poles blur past.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Monroe looks up from his gauge and sees a YOUNG MOTHER leading her DAUGHTER (6) to the bathroom.

When they pass Borz and his men, Borz smiles at the little girl. There is something deeply unpleasant about his smile.

From his pocket he pulls a piece of candy in a plastic wrapper and offers it to the girl.

MONROE

We've got two civilians standing by the target.

EXT. KNOLL - DAY

Henry slides his finger off the trigger and looks up from the telescopic sight. He watches the train approach.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

The young mother seems to recognize Borz. She is visibly frightened. When her daughter glances up at her for permission, the mother gives a worried nod.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The train races for the tunnel. In a few seconds it will disappear into the darkness inside the hill.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

The girl accepts the piece of candy from Borz, who winks at her and continues to stare.

The girl's mother squeezes her hand and pulls her away.

MONROE

Clear.

EXT. KNOLL - DAY

Henry has his finger on the trigger again, one eye closed as the other stares through the scope.

HENRY
Confirm that.

The train zooms past at 189 kilometers per hour. The first car enters the tunnel, the second, the third.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Monroe tries not to look too obviously nervous, but he knows how fast the train is moving and how close he sits to Borz.

MONROE
Confirmed.

EXT. KNOLL - DAY

Wait... wait... now. Henry pulls the trigger.

He looks up from the scope, a worried expression on his face. He missed the shot.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Darkness inside as the train roars through the tunnel.

When it emerges back into sunlight on the other side of the hill, Borz is dead, slumped in his seat below a very neat bullet hole punched through the plexiglass window.

His bodyguards cry out in alarm and reach for their guns with no comprehension of what has happened.

Monroe is already in the next car, walking away, speaking quietly into his earpiece.

MONROE
Alpha Mike Foxtrot.

EXT. KNOLL - DAY

Henry stares at the bare train tracks for another moment, still disconcerted. He shakes himself out of his reverie and begins breaking down the rifle.

EXT. BURRGARTEN - DAY

TITLE CARD: *Vienna. Two days later.*

Monroe sits on a park bench near the Mozart monument, watching a lovely AUSTRIAN BLONDE walk her dog.

HENRY (O.S.)
She's out of your league.

Henry sits beside Monroe and takes the younger man's International Herald Tribune. He glances at one of the headlines, which runs above a photograph of Colonel Borz.

Serbian Warlord Gunned Down
Sought by Hague for War Crimes

Henry flips to the back of the newspaper.

HENRY
Crap.

MONROE
What happened?

HENRY
Phillies lost again.

He hands the paper back to Monroe. Unless you were watching carefully, you missed Henry slip a white envelope that had been inside the newspaper into his jacket pocket.

MONROE
Passport, tickets, cash.

HENRY
Who am I today?

MONROE
Henry Borowski.

HENRY
Borowski. That Polish?

MONROE
I don't know. Sounds Polish.
(lowering his voice)
Just so you know... that was the
greatest shot I ever saw.

HENRY
Well, you're young.
(beat; sober)
Where did I hit him?

MONROE
Paper says neck. Why?

HENRY
I was aiming for his head.

MONROE
(tapping newspaper)
The man's dead. So you missed by a
few inches. Who cares?

HENRY
If I missed in a different
direction, someone else might be
dead. We got lucky.

MONROE
I'd rather be lucky than good.

HENRY
That's the difference between you
and me.

He slaps the young man's shoulder and stands.

HENRY
Looks like your girlfriend's coming
back.

Monroe turns and sees the pretty young Viennese woman heading
back their way with her dog. He smiles.

MONROE
I knew she liked me.

HENRY
Ist der ein Boxer?

VIENNESE WOMAN
Halber Boxer, halbes Mastiff.

Henry crouches beside the dog and scratches behind its ears.

HENRY
Solch ein schöner Junge.

Henry stands, nods, and walks away from the woman and her
dog, both of whom seem a little disappointed to see him go.

MONROE

Guten tag!

She glances at Monroe, frowns, and leads her dog away.

EXT. RED BRICK BUILDING - DAY

TITLE CARD: *Arlington, Virginia*

There is no sign outside the windowless building, no barbed wire, no armed Marines. Aside from all the security cameras mounted on the walls, this could be a warehouse.

INT. PATTERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

A bank of silent flatscreen monitors on one wall plays news from around the world with English closed-captioning.

PATTERSON (60s) sits behind his desk, facing Henry, who sits opposite. With his black-framed glasses and intense stare, Patterson has the air of a chess grandmaster.

PATTERSON

The man was a war criminal. The Hague was after him for fifteen years for atrocities committed--

HENRY

It's not about Borz. You're not listening to me.

PATTERSON

I am listening. Your bullet was off course by three inches. It happens.

HENRY

How many years have I been doing this? And how many times have I shot the wrong person?

PATTERSON

Not once.

HENRY

You lose a step, you never get it back. Some other line of work, that might be okay, no one's gonna get hurt. But not this job.

PATTERSON

You're the best we've got. You're the best *anyone's* got, anywhere, and believe me, I keep track. So think of it this way-- if you don't do the work, we've got to give it to someone else, someone who's not as good. Someone who's more likely to miss than you are.

HENRY

Well, that's real flattering, but I don't buy it, boss. You've got good shooters coming up all the time. Kid in Afghanistan got a confirmed kill from over 2400 meters.

PATTERSON

I know. He bragged about it in all the papers. We don't like the kiss and tell stuff.

(beat)

But I hear what you're saying. You've been at it non-stop for a long time. Why don't you take a break? Go down to Florida, take that boat of yours out for some fishing, relax.

Henry squints. A slow smile spreads across his face.

HENRY

Don't remember telling you about the boat, boss.

PATTERSON

You don't tell me about a lot of things. Doesn't mean I don't know them.

The two old soldiers stare at each other, both smiling, neither happy.

HENRY

How come I'm starting to feel a little threatened?

PATTERSON

Because you're old and paranoid?

HENRY

I'm old because I'm paranoid.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

TITLE CARD: *Siesta Key, Florida*

Henry, wearing a Phillies cap, carries his fishing rod and a cooler over the weathered planks of a long dock, passing luxurious boats tricked out with the latest technology.

His own fishing boat, the 1959 *Ella Mae*, might be the smallest in the marina at twenty-one feet. It is surely the only wood-hull in a crowd of slick fiberglass upstarts.

Henry unties the mooring line, turns the ignition key, and steers his boat out of the marina.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - DAY

The *Ella Mae* sways on the waves, several miles from shore. Henry's fishing rod is secured in the holder mounted on the gunnel, the line dangling in the water.

Henry himself sits back with his feet up, sipping from a bottle of beer, watching the seagulls.

He smiles. This is pretty damn good. He reaches into the cooler and pulls out a hardcover edition of *War and Peace*.

He eyes the massive book, flipping through the 1400 pages. Jesus. He takes a deep breath, sets aside the bottle of beer and turns to page one.

EXT. MARINA - SUNSET

Henry walks along the long dock, away from the *Ella Mae*, with his fishing rod and cooler. Other SPORTS FISHERMEN shout to each other as they haul their trophy marlins, taking pictures and waiting in line at the big scale at the end of the dock.

A YOUNG WOMAN wearing a Siesta Key Marina polo shirt and holding a clipboard stands near the scale. There aren't many women around and she's quite pretty-- the men on the dock flirt incompetently as she signs in their slip numbers.

Henry nods as he passes her and she smiles.

YOUNG WOMAN
No luck today, Mr. Brogan?

HENRY
Nah, they outsmarted me.

YOUNG WOMAN
You want us to fill your tank for
you?

HENRY
That'd be good, thanks.

She makes a note in her clipboard.

YOUNG WOMAN
Fishing for marlin?

HENRY
Uh huh.

YOUNG WOMAN
Lure or bait?

HENRY
Bait.

YOUNG WOMAN
We've had a lot of luck using
Spanish mackerel.

She looks up from her clipboard and smiles again.

YOUNG WOMAN
Word to the wise.

He sets down his cooler and extends his hand.

HENRY
Henry.

YOUNG WOMAN
(shaking)
Danny.

HENRY
Short for Danielle?

DANNY
Just Danny. My Dad really loved
that song.

HENRY
Which song?

DANNY
(beat)
Danny's Song.

Henry smiles and shakes his head, picking up his cooler.

HENRY
Probably after my time.

DANNY
Hey now, you're not so old, Mr.
Brogan.

HENRY
Henry.

DANNY
Henry.

HENRY
Well, I'll see you tomorrow.

DANNY
See you tomorrow.

Before Henry gets very far, Danny calls after him:

DANNY
Oh, just so you know, there's a
good band playing at the Oyster Bar
tonight. I mean, I hear they're
good. Maybe they know my song.

Henry turns and squints at her. She really is lovely. He
smiles.

HENRY
How long you been working for them?

DANNY
For who? The marina? Just a couple
of weeks.

Henry watches her. Danny senses that something is off.

DANNY
Sorry, I'm a little confused.

HENRY
Sweetheart, I've been playing this
game a lot longer than you.

He starts walking away. Over his shoulder:

HENRY
I liked that bit about Danny's
Song.

Danny watches him go, chewing her lip. She can't believe she blew it so quickly.

DANNY
(to herself)
That bit is true.

INT. OYSTER BAR - NIGHT

A COVER BAND plays Seventies Southern Rock on a platform stage. The bar is popular with the LOCALS.

Henry sits by himself at the bar, sipping a beer and watching a baseball game on the television. A BARTENDER (40s, female) pours drinks.

DANNY (O.S.)
So what gave me away?

She seats herself on the stool next to him. He glances at her and smiles after a brief delay.

DANNY
A little too aggressive, maybe?

HENRY
In real life, you meet a guy, you invite him out to a bar thirty seconds later?

DANNY
I don't know. If I liked him.
(beat)
Okay, no.

Henry smiles again and returns his focus to the ballgame.

HENRY
Twenty years ago I might have been cocky enough to believe it.

DANNY
I doubt it.

HENRY
Yeah, I doubt it, too.

DANNY
(to the bartender)
Jack and ginger, please.

HENRY

So you called Patterson, told him you blew your cover, and he said keep an eye on him anyway?

DANNY

I think he's gonna make me work at the marina for ten years as punishment.

HENRY

You guys are worried I'm gonna make a run for Mexico or something?

DANNY

You're a legend, Mr. Brogan. The kind of work you've been doing, for as long as you've been doing it, you probably made a lot of enemies. We just want to make sure you're safe.

Henry stares at her. Danny gets her drink and takes a gulp.

HENRY

You really believe that?

DANNY

You don't?

Henry watches her for another second or two, half smiling.

HENRY

Well, I do appreciate the protection.

She looks around at the barroom's tanned crowd.

DANNY

So if anyone starts a fight with you, don't worry, I got your back.

HENRY

You're here because I make Patterson nervous.

DANNY

Why would you make him nervous?

HENRY

'Cause I know where the bodies are buried.

(beat)

(MORE)

HENRY (cont'd)
 He's already got another pair of
 eyes on me, doesn't he?

Henry leans back and surveys the room, eyeing each face,
 making quick judgments. It doesn't take him long.

HENRY
 Guy over there with the moustache.

Danny glances at a MOUSTACHED MAN on the far side of the bar.

DANNY
 Why him?

Henry catches the bartender's eye.

HENRY
 My friend here wants to buy a beer
 for the gentleman over there with
 the moustache. But she's a little
 shy, so don't tell him we sent it.
 Just tell him it's from Patterson.

BARTENDER
 Patterson?

HENRY
 Yep.

The bartender doesn't get it, but whatever. She grabs a beer
 from the glass-door refrigerator, pops the cap, and heads
 over to the mustached man.

HENRY
 (to Danny)
 Now watch his eyes.

The bartender places the beer in front of the mustached man.

BARTENDER
 This is from Patterson.

The mustached man stares at the bartender, frowning. His eyes
 shift to Henry and Danny across the bar.

HENRY
 (to Danny)
 Quality's really gone downhill
 since the Cold War ended.
 (beat)
 No offense.

He raises his beer in salute to the mustached man. Danny
 sighs and drinks her Jack and ginger.

EXT. CONDOMINIUM BUILDING - NIGHT

The building by the waterside has seen better days.

INT. HENRY'S CONDO - NIGHT

Henry unlocks the front door, flips on the lights, and steps inside his apartment. The space is small and spartan but the view of the moonlit Gulf of Mexico is spectacular.

There are only two photographs on the wall. One is of a group of shirtless young men with crewcuts and dogtags, on R&R in Hawaii, flipping the camera the bird.

The second photograph is of a kind-eyed young bride in her wedding dress.

An envelope has been slipped under the front door. Henry opens it and pulls out a sheet of paper. The only text on the page is a set of geographic coordinates and a time: 13:00.

At the bottom of the page is a small green spade, identical to the one tattooed on his wrist.

Henry refolds the page and stares out at the Gulf.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - DAY

Henry checks the GPS receiver mounted near the steering wheel of the *Ella Mae*. He checks the coordinates on the paper. He's in the right place.

He drops anchor and sits down with his copy of *War and Peace*. He's about ten pages into the 1400-page book.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - LATER

Seagulls circle beneath the blazing sun.

Henry snoozes, his Phillies cap pulled down low over his eyes, the novel splayed open on his chest. He's made a good three pages of progress since we last saw him.

Henry's a light sleeper-- he sits up on hearing something, pushing back his cap.

A 75' yacht pulls up alongside the *Ella Mae*. The bigger boat has tinted windows and lots of chrome.

JACK WILLIS (60s) stands on the foredeck, grinning at Henry. The same age as Henry, Jack hasn't kept himself quite as fit.

JACK
Henry Brogan.

HENRY
Senator Willis.

JACK
Don't give me that Senator crap.

Despite his Ralph Lauren clothes and his Rolex watch, Jack still has the demeanor of the barroom brawler he once was.

JACK
Cute little rowboat you got there.
You anchored?

HENRY
Yep.

JACK
I'll send over a dinghy.

EXT. THE SCRATCHED EIGHT - DAY

Henry and Jack sit at the dining room table on the deck of Jack's yacht, *The Scratched Eight*.

Jack also has the faded green spade tattooed on his wrist.

JACK
You keep in touch with any 52s?

HENRY
I get together with the Baron every
now and then.

JACK
Jesus, the Baron's still alive?

HENRY
Wouldn't be much of a get together,
otherwise.

JACK
He's still flying too fast and too
low?

HENRY
Nothing you want to know about.

Henry looks around the plush yacht.

HENRY

Long way from Passyunk Avenue, huh?

JACK

Aah, there's no big trick to making money. What you do-- now that's a tough job.

Henry's expression doesn't change.

HENRY

What is it I do?

JACK

Come on, man. We're from the same block. We went to war together. We really got to talk like we're strangers?

HENRY

What do you want to talk about, Senator?

JACK

Okay, okay. You're right. It's been a long time. You remember fighting with the Marines outside that bar in Saigon? What was it, us against ten of 'em?

HENRY

No, it was you against one of 'em, and by the time I got outside, MPs already had you cuffed.

JACK

Well, I won, didn't I?

HENRY

Sort of looked like a draw to me.

Jack's smile begins to fade.

JACK

Hey... I wanted to tell you. I was really sorry when I heard about Kate.

HENRY

That was nine years ago.

JACK

I know. I wanted to call you, but I kept putting it off, and then too much time had gone by. I should've called. She was a helluva girl.

Henry nods. He doesn't want to talk about this.

HENRY

Why you here, Jack?

JACK

Small talk's over, huh? Okay. I apologize for all the cloak and dagger stuff. Things we need to talk about, I don't want anyone around to hear.

HENRY

So we're the only two people on the boat?

JACK

The whole crew's been working for me for years. I trust 'em.

HENRY

Glad to hear it.

JACK

And I had some boys from Quantico sweep the boat for bugs last week. It's clean.

HENRY

Unless it got dirty this week.

JACK

We can talk freely here, all right? I'm careful about these things.

HENRY

How about you talk freely and I listen?

Jack leans forward and lowers his voice.

JACK

You know I sit on the Committee on Armed Services. I've acquired information related to non-disclosed expenditures. Three billion dollars worth.

HENRY
Someone's stealing?

JACK
Someone's spending. We're talking about the biggest military secret since they built the A-bomb. Codenamed the Ares Project.

HENRY
What are they building?

JACK
Don't know. There's a whistle-blower, someone deep inside, leaking documents to my office. Got one the other day with four hundred names on it. We ran 'em through the databases. Everyone on there served in the Special Forces between 1971 and 2004.

HENRY
So why tell me? Go to the FBI.

JACK
My name's on the list. So is yours.

They maintain eye contact for a beat before Henry looks skyward, detecting a distant gleam of sunlight off metal.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

An LCD monitor displays Henry and Jack on the *Scratched Eight*, shot from an aerial view. A TECHNICIAN sitting at a computer console fiddles with the image, zooming in closer.

Patterson stands behind the technician with Monroe and LESSARD (40), an attractive woman with an air of authority. Everything from her business suit to her hair to her French manicured fingernails is just right and slightly inhuman.

KOVAR (35), an operative in a dark suit, leans against the wall, picking at the calluses on his palm, bored by inaction but clocking everything that happens in the room.

LESSARD
You said they were no longer in contact.

PATTERSON
They haven't talked in years.

LESSARD
They're talking now.

Patterson looks at the video image of Henry and Jack. Henry seems to be staring right at the camera.

PATTERSON
I think he sees us.

TECHNICIAN
Doubt it. Little bird's nine thousand feet up.

Patterson says nothing, watching Henry's pixilated face.

EXT. THE SCRATCHED EIGHT - DAY

JACK
The hell you looking at?

Jack turns and searches the bright sky. He sees nothing.

HENRY
I'm still waiting to hear what you want from me.

JACK
Your name's on a secret list and you're not a little curious?

HENRY
I bet my name's on all kinds of lists. I'm not a detective. Like I said, take it to the FBI--

Jack pulls an 8x10 photograph out of a folder and slaps it on the table in front of Henry.

INSERT PHOTO: A young man's corpse lies on a coroner's steel examining table.

JACK
You remember Ray-Ray Vidro?

HENRY
Yeah, one of our guys. Stepped on a land mine.

JACK
Uh huh, in 1972. His name's on the list, too. Notice anything strange?

Henry sees the date stamp: 05/24/08.

HENRY
This was taken a month ago?

JACK
Yeah.

HENRY
So who's this, Ray-Ray's kid?

JACK
He didn't have any kids.

HENRY
Okay, there's a dead guy who looks like Ray-Ray. What's your point?

JACK
It's something the whistleblower sent. Look at the back.

Henry flips over the photograph. Scrawled in black marker on the back: **This one tried to get out.**

JACK
I know I've been a bad friend to you. Hell, I haven't been any kind of friend. But you know me. You know I don't scare easy. Whatever's going on here, it scares the hell out of me. And all my life, the one guy I wanted by my side if shit got ugly was Henry Brogan.

Henry looks at the message again. **This one tried to get out.**

EXT. SKIES OF FLORIDA - DAY

The Global Hawk unmanned aerial vehicle dips its wings and streaks off to the south.

INT. PATTERSON'S OFFICE

Patterson sits behind his desk, looking at enhanced photos taken by the Global Hawk of the documents Jack Willis showed Henry: the dead Ray-Ray look-alike and the list of names.

Patterson takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes. Lessard sits facing him. She seems simultaneously amused and bored.

PATTERSON

I've known him thirty-five years.

Lessard waits for a piece of information she cares about.

PATTERSON

I'm not sure I can give that order--

LESSARD

Then I'll give it. You know how close we are on Ares. We can't have people nosing around New Mexico.

PATTERSON

And the senator?

LESSARD

That has to be handled differently. We're taking care of it.

PATTERSON

We?

(beat)

I guess I'm not part of "We" anymore.

Lessard stares at Patterson, her blue eyes unblinking.

PATTERSON

I'll make the calls.

LESSARD

Thank you.

She stands, smoothing out her skirt, and heads for the door.

PATTERSON

It won't be easy.

Lessard looks back at Patterson, one hand on the door knob.

LESSARD

Why not? He's an old man with no protection.

PATTERSON

The North Vietnamese used to pay out bounties for American snipers. Standard rate for a Marine Corps marksman was fifty bucks. A hundred if the guy had taken down a few officers.

(MORE)

PATTERSON (cont'd)
 Hundred bucks, that was a lot of
 cash for a peasant in Dak Lak.
 Bounty on Henry was fifty thousand
 dollars. They were more afraid of
 him than napalm.

LESSARD
 That's a wonderful story. You
 should put it in your memoir, after
 you retire.

PATTERSON
 Easy, princess--

LESSARD
 We're in a different century now.
 Make it happen.

She exits the office, leaving Patterson very much alone.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lessard walks out of Patterson's office. Kovar has been
 waiting, leaning against the wall.

LESSARD
 (as they walk)
 I want our new friend ready in case
 Patterson blows the op.

KOVAR
 Kid's untested.

LESSARD
 He's not a kid anymore. And his
 first test is in five minutes.

EXT. PEPINO BEACH - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: *Rio de Janeiro*

A group of TEENAGERS in bathing suits play *futevolei*
 (volleyball where only the feet can be used to touch the
 ball) under the lights.

EXT. BEACH ROAD - NIGHT

A RIDER in a black motocross outfit, wearing a sleek black
 helmet, sits astride a parked Honda XR650r dirt bike,
 stripped down and juiced for speed.

THIAGO (30), a local handler, answers his cell phone, mutters a few one-word Portuguese responses, and hangs up.

He leans over the dirt bike and types coordinates into the small navigation screen clipped onto the left handle bar.

THIAGO

He is with some girls. He likes these girls. You have at least fifteen minutes.

Once the navigation unit is set Thiago pulls a photograph from his jacket pocket and shows it to the Rider.

INSERT PHOTO of ARANHA (30), the leader of Amigos dos Amigos, Rio's most powerful gang.

THIAGO

Okay?

The Rider nods. Thiago steps away from the bike.

THIAGO

See you on the other side, *rapaz*.

The Rider kicks up the kickstand, revs the engine, and zooms into the street, swerving around a city bus and speeding up a steep road that climbs to a sprawling hillside shantytown.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The center screen shows the view from a small camera mounted on the front of the dirt bike. Lessard and Kovar stand behind the Technicians.

TECHNICIAN #2

He's entering Favela Rocinha.

KOVAR

Supposed to be the most dangerous neighborhood in the world.

LESSARD

He's seen worse.

EXT. ROCINHA - NIGHT

The favela spreads across a hill overlooking the ocean. In most cities, this would be expensive real estate.

Shacks with corrugated tin roofs, ventilated with squat stove pipes, huddle together beside narrow, twisting alleyways.

All of the electricity is stolen off the grid with a vast and complicated network of cables. Strings of lights hang above some of the alleys, substituting for streetlamps.

Despite the hour, shirtless YOUNG BOYS roam the favela, sitting on rooftops, rapping along to the Brazilian hip-hop on their boomboxes.

One of these rooftop boys at the perimeter of the favela spots the Rider speeding up the hill. The boy whistles and the whistle is relayed up the hill.

Two GUNMEN with AK-47s strapped to their shoulders step into the road. One of them raises his hand for the Rider to stop.

The Rider does not stop. He swerves around the gunmen, spraying dirt and gravel with his rear wheel as he finds another snaking route up the hill.

One of the young men whips out a cell phone and speed dials.

The favela's defenders spring into action, shouting instructions to each other. Young men place steel barricades and spiked tirebusters across the mouths of alleys.

GUNMEN on the rooftops clamp flashlights to their assault rifles and shotguns. Their lights slash through the darkness.

The Rider races uphill, closing in on the red destination icon on his navigation map.

When his first-choice path is blocked, he shifts to a second- and third-choice, never slowing, always finding a narrow opening he can zip through.

He moves too quickly for the gunmen to get a bead on him. One of these men, a relative elder at 25, makes a call.

INT. ARANHA'S LOVE SHACK - NIGHT

From the outside this shack looks unexceptional, with its cinderblock walls and tin roof. The inside, though, could be featured on an episode of MTV Cribs.

Loud music plays on an advanced home entertainment system. A digital projector splashes an old Steve McQueen movie against one wall. The lighting is dim and sexy.

ARANHA (30) enjoys the company of three LOCAL BEAUTIES. They have stripped him down to his baggy jeans and Timberlands. His wiry body is flecked with knife scars. His cell phone begins to ring.

ARANHA

(Portuguese; subtitled)

Talk.

(beat)

How many?

(disbelieving)

One?

Hearing gunfire outside the love shack, Aranha shoves aside the half-naked women and grabs his .50 caliber gold-plated Desert Eagle from a holster on the floor.

He aims at the doorway and waits. More gunshots and screams, followed by an abrupt and chilling silence.

The sound of boots on the corrugated tin roof. Aranha raises his gun toward the ceiling. A bead of sweat has begun to trickle down the side of his face.

He fires six rounds, perforating the roof. The noise of the big gun inside the shack is deafening. The women cower in the corner, hands over their ears.

Aranha waits, gun still raised, not sure if he's killed the assassin. He hears a rattling and turns to see a grenade drop through the stove pipe and bounce three times on the floor.

Before he can react the grenade goes off-- it's an M84 flashbang, producing an eight million candela flash and a 180 decibel bang.

When we're able to see again, Aranha is on his hands and knees, blood trickling from one ear. He blinks, looks up, and sees the black-clad Rider standing in the doorway, Death come at last.

Severely disoriented but a true gangster to the end, Aranha lifts his Desert Eagle. The Rider fires first. Advancing into the room, the Rider stands over Aranha and fires two more shots to guarantee the kill.

The Rider glances at the women huddled together in the corner. They stare at the faceless assassin, their frightened faces reflected in his mirrored visor. He turns and walks out of the shack.

EXT. ROCINHA - NIGHT

The entire favela has come alive now. BOYS on the rooftops ring bells, OLD MEN stand in the doorways of their shacks, YOUNG MEN with revolvers dash across the alleyways.

GUNMEN on the rooftops fire at the Rider as he blasts past them, their shotgun and pistol muzzles flashing in the night.

The Rider does not bother firing back. He has his hands full racing down the steep hill, skidding around barricades and dodging the buckshot and bullets.

Two young Amigos dos Amigos GANG MEMBERS run to a padlocked kennel. A pack of twenty ferocious PIT BULLS slavers behind the chainlink, growling and gnashing their teeth, the ones in front on their hind legs, front paws on the wire.

When the kennel door swings open, the pit bulls charge out.

The Rider blasts past on his dirt bike and the boys point at him and scream at the dogs:

GANG MEMBER
Matança! Matança!

The Rider glances back and sees the dog pack from Hell chasing after him. The nearest one lunges for him, white teeth flashing in the moonlight, tearing a swatch from the back of the Rider's jacket.

EXT. BEACH ROAD - NIGHT

Thiago sits on the wall beside the beach. Along with other BYSTANDERS, he watches the distant gunfire up in the hills.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The LCD monitor is a blur of speed, flashes of gunfire, the occasional hurtling form of a lunging pit bull.

KOVAR
Not the quietest exfiltration I
ever saw.

LESSARD
We can teach quiet. But this?

She watches the chase with rapt admiration.

LESSARD
Nobody can teach.

EXT. ROCINHA - NIGHT

The Rider manages to make it halfway down the hill without getting shot or mauled, but finally he reaches a plateau where all routes have been barricaded.

The dog pack, seeing their prey cornered, slowly advances, drool dripping from their glistening fangs, their spiked collars gleaming.

The Rider sits motionless. Fifteen feet above him strings of red and green Christmas lights dangle over the road.

When the closest beasts pounce, the Rider opens the throttle wide and shoots off the side of the road, into the air.

His tires come down ten feet below on a corrugated tin roof. Somehow he manages to maintain his balance, the nubbed tires throwing off sparks as they spin over the metal.

The Rider launches himself off that roof and towards the roof of a shack immediately below.

A GANG MEMBER stands on the roof with a sawed-off shotgun. Before he can fire, the Rider twirls the bike in mid-air-- the spinning back wheel crushes the gangster's face and knocks him from the shanty.

The pit bulls can only howl in frustration as the Rider descends the hill, jumping from one roof to the next and racing away from the favela.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Kovar and the Technicians stare silently at the large monitor, awed by what they've just witnessed. Lessard pats Kovar's shoulder, a small smile on her lips.

LESSARD
Don't be too jealous. You know how much it costs to make someone that good?
(heading for the door)
We're a go on the Senator?

KOVAR
Yeah.

LESSARD

Give me all the bloody details when
it's over.

EXT. TEMPLE HEIGHTS - NIGHT

A rough neighborhood in the city of Tampa, an hour north of
Siesta Key.

A white Lincoln Navigator with tinted windows pulls up to a
corner beneath a streetlamp. A tattooed STREETWALKER (30),
wearing motorcycle boots and Daisy Dukes, approaches the
driver's door.

STREETWALKER

You looking for something sweet?

We never see the driver's face, but whatever he says makes
the hooker laugh.

She gets into the SUV and the driver steps on the gas. As the
stoplight ahead turns yellow, the driver seems to hesitate
for a moment before accelerating through the intersection
immediately after the light turns red.

An automatic camera mounted on the light pole flashes as it
photographs the driver and his license plate: WILLIS 1.

EXT./INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The Streetwalker stands beside the DRIVER on the second floor
of the motel, as he unlocks the door. He wears a baseball cap
brimmed low and we still don't see his face.

STREETWALKER

You got something to drink in
there, precious?

He opens the door and the Streetwalker steps into the room.
Her eyes immediately go the unconscious man lying on the bed:
Senator Jack Willis.

STREETWALKER

The hell you trying to--

Her hand is already digging into her purse for whatever she
keeps there, mace or a knife or a pistol, but the DRIVER
seizes her in a chokehold from behind, expertly applied.

Her feet dangle inches from the floor, kicking hard at first
but soon subsiding into weak spasms.

INT. HENRY'S CONDO - NIGHT

The phone is ringing when Henry unlocks the door and steps inside. He puts down the cooler and goes for the phone, in no particular hurry to answer it. The phone line is routed through a black box the size of a voltage regulator.

HENRY

Hello?

MONROE (O.S.)

Do you recognize my voice?

HENRY

Yep.

EXT. 7-11 - NIGHT

Monroe stands at a payphone on the side of an all-night convenience store just off of a lonely Virginia road.

INTERCUT between Monroe and Henry.

Henry types a code into a keypad on the black box. A green light flashes.

MONROE

Is the line safe?

HENRY

Last time I checked.

MONROE

When was the last time you checked?

HENRY

Four seconds ago.

MONROE

New orders went out a few hours ago.

HENRY

Okay.

MONROE

You're the target.

Henry crosses to the light switch and flicks off the lights. Standing at the far edge of the window overlooking the Gulf, he lowers the shades. He does all this without betraying any particular emotion or changing his tone.

HENRY

Okay.

Henry's lack of an audible reaction disconcerts Monroe.

MONROE

Did you hear me?

HENRY

Why would you know?

(beat)

Tell me you're not calling from your cell.

MONROE

You think I'm an idiot? I'm pretty sure I found the last pay phone in Virginia.

HENRY

It's a test, Monroe. They're testing you and you just flunked.

MONROE

I had to tell you--

HENRY

Get in your car and drive. Don't go back to your home. Don't go to your office or your mother's house. Drive to a bus station. Make sure no one's following you. Pay for a ticket in cash. Don't take any money out of an ATM. If you need more cash, steal it. Go somewhere you've never been before.

Monroe's getting nervous.

MONROE

How do I get in touch with you?

HENRY

You don't.

Henry hangs up the phone, walks over to the closet and grabs an already-packed Army green duffel bag. He takes the two photographs off the wall and puts them in the duffel bag.

EXT. 7-11 - NIGHT

Monroe hangs up the phone. As he rounds the corner of the convenience store, he hears strange noises.

He reaches inside his jacket for his holstered pistol.

KOVAR (O.S.)
A little slow on the draw, pal.

Monroe feels the muzzle of a silenced automatic pressed against the back of his skull.

Kovar reaches around Monroe and takes the young agent's pistol. Kovar wears surgical gloves. He gives Monroe a light push forward and they walk around to the front of the store.

Monroe flinches when he hears a shotgun blast inside the 7-11. A second OPERATIVE emerges from the store, carrying a sawed-off shotgun in one hand and a bag full of money and the 7-11's security cameras video tape in the other.

KOVAR
On the bright side, people are gonna think you're a hero. Young intelligence agent walks in on an armed robbery, tries to play Dirty Harry.

Kovar backs away several strides and smiles at Monroe.

KOVAR
You watch a lot of Westerns?

He tosses Monroe's pistol back to him.

Monroe catches it on the fly, gets his finger inside the trigger guard and aims in a fraction of a second. He's fast. He's not fast enough.

He falls to the pavement with a bullet hole between his eyes.

Kovar flips open a cellphone and makes a call.

KOVAR
Alpha Mike Foxtrot on Junior.
Senior's flushed.

INT. CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

Henry steps out of his apartment, walks over to the elevator, hits the call button and keeps walking to the stairway door.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Henry jogs down to the second floor of the building and pushes open the door.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Henry walks down the corridor, passing a number of apartments. He stops in front of a door that still has yesterday's newspaper in front of it.

Henry kicks open the door.

INT. EMPTY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Only ambient light from the street illuminates the room. Henry drops his duffel bag on the bed, opens it, takes out his Remington rifle and quickly attaches a telescopic nightscope and a silencer/flash suppressor.

He slides open the glass door and steps out onto the apartment's small balcony.

INSERT NIGHTSCOPE POV

Henry knows exactly where a crew of well-trained ambushers would lie in wait.

Two SNIPERS stand on the rooftop of the building across the street. One sits in the back of a parked SUV, the rear window rolled down. One lurks in a dark motel room on the corner, the barrel of his rifle peeking through the window. The fifth sniper sits atop the lifeguard tower on the beach.

All five snipers wear earpieces and carry advanced rifles (Barrett M95s with computerized optical ranging systems). If they were looking in the right direction, Henry would be in serious trouble.

END POV

Henry fires five times in two seconds, his feet planted, rotating his Remington from left to right.

Five bullets; five headshots; five kills.

Henry steps back inside the dark apartment.

EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A little Spanish bungalow a few blocks inland from the beach.

INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Danny's asleep when the phone rings. Groggy, she answers.

DANNY

Yeah?

HENRY (O.S.)

It's Henry Brogan.

Danny sits up in her bed.

HENRY (O.S.)

You mind if I come over?

DANNY

Wow. The honey pot routine is starting to work?

HENRY (O.S.)

I'm gonna need some coffee.

DANNY

All right, I'll go make some.

HENRY (O.S.)

Nah, I got it. Where do you keep the sugar?

Danny frowns. What the hell does that mean? She hears a noise. She puts down the phone, grabs an automatic from the bedside drawer, gets out of bed and walks out of her bedroom.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Danny steps into her kitchen and sees Henry preparing a pot of coffee. He holds up the sugar box.

HENRY

Never mind, I found it.

DANNY
What are you doing?

HENRY
I'm glad you were sleeping just now. It makes me think you're out of the loop.

DANNY
Could you please tell me why you're standing in my kitchen at three in the morning?

HENRY
If you're lying, you're getting better at it.
(beat)
Some people tried to kill me tonight.

DANNY
What people?

HENRY
Our people. Milk and sugar?

He pours two cups of coffee.

DANNY
How do you know they were our people?

HENRY
The interesting question is, why didn't you know about the orders?

DANNY
I don't believe there are any--

HENRY
You say Patterson told you to protect me. Now he wants me dead but he didn't tell you? Either you're full of shit or you became disposable.

Danny points her gun at Henry's head.

DANNY
Sounds like a tough call.

HENRY
Glock 28. Nice choice for a lady.

DANNY

Don't give me that "lady" crap. I had the second-highest range scores in my recruitment class. And before you say anything cute, another woman got the highest score.

HENRY

Too bad she's not protecting me.

DANNY

I know how good you are. But I promise you, I can pull this trigger before you can draw.

HENRY

(stirring his coffee)
Christ, I hope so.

DANNY

So when I'm saying you can trust me... well, you can trust me.

She lowers the pistol.

DANNY

All right?

HENRY

(downing his coffee)
All right. Pack a bag. You've got three minutes.

DANNY

Where am I going?

HENRY

If you're not a shooter, you're a target. They'll figure out that I came here, they'll interrogate you for a week-- not the torture-lite stuff, the real stuff-- and they'll dump your body five miles out to sea. You ever seen a body that's been in the water for a week?

Danny's bravado of a moment before evaporates. She stares wide-eyed at Henry.

HENRY

I've seen a lot of ugly corpses, but those are the worst.

(beat)

(MORE)

HENRY (cont'd)
Two and a half minutes. I'll be out
back in the stolen Cadillac.

As he walks out of the kitchen, he remembers something.

HENRY
Oh, and I left your ammo in the
fridge. You know you snore, right?

He leaves. Danny opens the refrigerator door. Twelve rounds
are neatly stacked on the top shelf.

She juts out her lower lip and exhales. She releases the
empty magazine from the butt of her pistol and loads it.

EXT. MIDNIGHT PASS ROAD - NIGHT

A Cadillac cruises down the dark road.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

DANNY
We're not driving off the Key?

Henry fiddles with the radio till he finds a song he likes.

HENRY
Only two bridges off the island.
They'll have local police stopping
every car. Taking a boat's our best
chance.

DANNY
They'll have eyes on your boat.

HENRY
Who said anything about my boat?

DANNY
Ah.

Henry steers the Cadillac into the marina parking lot.

HENRY
They keep copies of all the keys in
the office, right?

DANNY
Yeah, in case of hurricane.

HENRY
Choose something speedy.

DANNY

You need keys? Why can't you just steal it like the car?

HENRY

Where I grew up, we weren't stealing yachts on a Friday night.

INT. MARINA OFFICE - NIGHT

Danny uses her employee pass card to enter the main office. She doesn't turn on the lights. Picture windows look out over the floodlighted marina. She walks over to the pegboard where dozens of key rings hang on numbered pegs.

MUSTACHED MAN (O.S.)

Going for a moonlight cruise, Ms. Zakrzewski?

Danny wheels around. The Mustached Man from the bar sits behind a desk in a dark corner of the room. He stands and walks over to her, his Beretta aimed at her chest.

MUSTACHED MAN

Where's Brogan?

Danny shakes her head. The Mustached Man backhands her with his pistol and she falls.

MUSTACHED MAN

You two were laughing at me back at that bar, huh? Thought it was pretty funny?

Danny stares up at him, blood trickling from one nostril. She grabs for her gun but he stomps down on her wrist. She cries out and he keeps his weight on her wrist.

MUSTACHED MAN

Where is he?

Danny's face is contorted with pain but she says nothing.

MUSTACHED MAN

You can tell me now or you can tell me in five minutes, when all your teeth are gone-- but you're gonna tell me.

With her left hand Danny yanks a knife from her ankle sheath and swings for the man's knees, but he blocks her and twists her hand until she's forced to drop the blade.

MUSTACHED MAN

You waiting on him to come in here
and bail you out? Guess again.
We've got the place surrounded. Old
man's getting predictable.

A rifle shot echoes outside, followed by several more, fired
in quick succession.

Silence.

DANNY

I counted five. How many men did
you bring?

The Mustached Man raises his pistol to shoot her. A bullet
tears through his hand and he screams, dropping his gun.

DANNY

I guess he wants to keep you alive
for questioning.

She stands, her pistol in hand.

DANNY

Why do they want to kill him?

MUSTACHED MAN

How the hell would I know?

DANNY

No, you wouldn't, you're right.

She smacks him in the jaw with the butt of her pistol. He
drops to the floor. Danny grabs a set of keys from the #17
peg on the pegboard and steps over the unconscious agent.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Danny hurries to the dock, where Henry joins her, carrying
his rifle and the black duffel bag. She leads him to slip
#17, passing a few fallen SNIPERS along the way.

HENRY

You all right?

DANNY

Yeah, why?

She wipes the blood from her nose with the back of her hand.

HENRY
 Didn't want to give away my
 position till I spotted them all.

DANNY
 I had it under control.

Henry nods, glancing at her face to make sure she's not too badly hurt. Despite himself, he's starting to like her. Danny hops aboard a Chaparral 350; Henry steps on behind her.

EXT. MOTORBOAT - LATER

The Chaparral speeds across the surface of the Atlantic, its twin Volvo Penta engines churning the black water.

Danny sits on the side of the boat, staring out at the moonlit sea, while Henry stands at the helm. She reaches over the gunwale, drops her cellphone, and watches it disappear.

DANNY
 I thought he was going to kill me.

HENRY
 He thought so, too.

DANNY
 What am I doing here? I went to college. I should have a nice, cozy office job somewhere.

HENRY
 You're easily bored.

Danny glances at Henry and laughs.

DANNY
 Yeah. You got that right.

She walks over to the helm, standing beside Henry as he mans the wheel. She notices the green spade tattooed on his wrist.

DANNY
 Task Force 52. What did the Viet Cong call you? The Green Ghosts?

HENRY
 I never asked 'em.

DANNY
 All that Project Phoenix stuff blows my mind.

(MORE)

DANNY (cont'd)

Is it true they sent you up to Hanoi to take a shot at Ho Chi Minh?

HENRY

Patterson let you read my file?
(off Danny's sly smile)
When do I get to read yours?

DANNY

Mine's about two pages long.

HENRY

Not anymore.
(studying her face)
So what do we got. You hide that Jersey accent pretty well. You're a little embarrassed about where you come from. Must not be the fancy part. You worked your butt off in high school, good grades, captain of the... soccer team?

DANNY

Basketball. Two guard.

HENRY

Got yourself a scholarship to something Ivy. Princeton, maybe.

DANNY

Nice.

HENRY

Most of your friends got monthly checks from Daddy, but you worked all four years, waitress, shop girl, whatever.

DANNY

My Daddy sent checks, too. They just weren't very big ones.

HENRY

He's a cop?

DANNY

How the hell did you know that?

HENRY

You didn't notice half the women in your recruitment class had cop daddies? Interesting, right? Wonder what Mr. Freud would have said.

DANNY

You should work in the carnny.

HENRY

I could guess your weight, too, but that's a dangerous game.

DANNY

You like dangerous games.

HENRY

I guess that's why we're all in this business.

DANNY

So why are they gunning for you?

HENRY

(shrugs)

All I know is they sent their B team after me.

DANNY

How do you know that?

HENRY

'Cause here we are, talking about it.

DANNY

They underestimated you.

(beat)

Where we going? Key West?

HENRY

Key West is about ten miles behind us. No, we got to go somewhere they can't come after us.

DANNY

Where the hell is that?

HENRY

(slow smile)

You know how to do the mambo?

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Lessard stands behind one of the TECHNICIANS, surveying the various monitors. Kovar sits in a free chair, feet up on the console, picking the calluses on his palm.

One of the Technicians turns to Lessard and indicates a satellite heat-signature image of a motorboat heading away from the Florida peninsula, towards Cuba.

TECHNICIAN #1

Keyhole 94's tracking a motor boat heading south-south-east at forty knots from the Siesta Key Marina.

KOVAR

That's him. Scramble one of those UAVs, shoot his ass out of the water.

LESSARD

Yes, and when the Pentagon sees that on their own satellites, do you want to explain to them why we blew up two Americans?

Patterson steps into the room. Lessard examines him for a second before commenting.

LESSARD

That was a fiasco.

PATTERSON

We've got mop up in process. Local PD's already handled. There won't be any repercussions.

LESSARD

Henry Brogan's alive. That doesn't count as a repercussion?

KOVAR

Kind of a rookie mistake, huh? You don't send snipers after the sniper. You want to get the man out of his comfort zone. Could have wired his car with explosives--

PATTERSON

We did. He stole someone else's. Same with the boat.

KOVAR

(to Lessard)

Told you to let me handle it.

PATTERSON

It's lucky for you she didn't.

KOVAR
 (smiling)
 Seems to me like we got a man with
 conflicted interests here.

LESSARD
 (pointing to screen)
 He's heading for Cuba.

PATTERSON
 Smart. We can't send a team after
 him.

One of the young Technicians turns to put in his two cents.

TECHNICIAN
 Cuban Navy might pick him up.

Lessard regards the uppity Technician with distaste, as if he were an unflushed toilet. Kovar looks like he wants to punch the poor kid. Patterson just smiles.

PATTERSON
 You want to bet two months salary?

The Technician, realizing his impropriety, faces front again and busies himself with his computer.

PATTERSON
 He knows Havana. Spent six weeks
 there in '75, setting up a job.

LESSARD
 We can't send a team to Cuba. But
 we can send a soloist.

PATTERSON
 Against Brogan? Good luck with
 that.

LESSARD
 Oh, I think he's up for the job.

Patterson suddenly realizes who she's talking about.

PATTERSON
 You activated him?

LESSARD
 (smiles; to a Technician)
 Get our friend on the next plane to
 Havana.

EXT. CAFE MERCURIO - DAY

TITLE CARD: *Havana*

The sidewalk terrace of a cafe. Henry sits alone at a table, sipping coffee and watching a Spanish-language news program on the small television bolted to the ceiling.

Danny joins him at the table.

DANNY

If you have to be a fugitive, this isn't the worst place in the world to do it.

Danny turns to see what Henry's watching on the television.

INSERT TELEVISION

OFFICERS escort Jack Willis to a waiting car.

END INSERT

DANNY

Senator Willis? What happened to him?

HENRY

He was arrested this morning.

DANNY

For what?

HENRY

Killing a hooker.

DANNY

That could hurt the reelection campaign.

Henry drops a few bills on the table.

HENRY

Let's keep moving.

EXT. STREETS OF HAVANA - LATER

Henry and Danny walk down a cobblestone street, beneath the iron balconies and whitewashed walls of the old buildings, passing by a row of open-air stalls where ARTISTS and CRAFTSMEN sell their wares.

Henry stops at one stall to inspect a portrait of the great Cuban boxer, Teófilo Stevenson.

Danny watches a hand-holding young CANADIAN COUPLE. We know they're Canadian because they wear at least three visible maple leaves so people don't confuse them for Americans.

DANNY

Where did you meet your wife?

Henry blinks and looks up from the painting.

HENRY

Where the hell did that come from?

DANNY

My complicated brain.

They continue walking down the street.

HENRY

Blind date.

DANNY

And you two were married for thirty years?

HENRY

You really studied that file, huh? Thirty-one.

DANNY

What did she do?

HENRY

She taught kindergarten.

DANNY

And then she died.

HENRY

Yeah, and then she died.

DANNY

Patterson told me it wouldn't work. The honeypot routine. He said you were a lifer. One woman, that's it.

HENRY

You figured you'd try anyway?

DANNY

I'm stubborn.

HENRY

When Katie was dying she said she wanted me to find someone young and sweet, have a few kids, open a bookstore or something.

(half smile)

But she was lying. Most jealous woman I ever met. Half-Irish, half-Sicilian-- you know what I'm saying?

DANNY

Yeah. You're saying Patterson was right.

Henry looks at her and stops walking. Danny stops beside him.

HENRY

Patterson doesn't want me dead.

DANNY

He sent a team of wet ops after you to keep you in shape?

Henry glances at the Canadian husband standing nearby, canoodling with his wife. A cellphone is clipped to his belt.

HENRY

They still teaching the "sweet 'n' sour" at the academy?

Danny nods. She walks toward the Canadian couple, her face shifting into a perfect simulacrum of shocked jubilation.

DANNY

Rob? Rob Ryan? Oh my God, what are you doing down here?

She embraces the startled husband.

DANNY

Look at you, all tan and gorgeous!

The bewildered man doesn't seem entirely dismayed to have a gorgeous woman beaming up at him, but when he sees his wife's face he tries to disengage himself from Danny's grip.

Neither of them notice Henry walking past.

CANADIAN HUSBAND

Uh, I think you've got the wrong guy--