

A SENSE OF SECURITY

by

PETER GARTNER

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INT: BAR - NIGHT

PETE COLSON and ANDY NICHOLLS, CIA agents, are seated at a table with drinks.

COLSON
What do you reckon ?

NICHOLLS
It's not safe.

COLSON
You think so ?

NICHOLLS
Yeah. I'm positive.

Nicholls finishes his drink, then gets up to go.

NICHOLLS
See you tomorrow.

Colson nods.

Nicholls goes out of the bar.

Colson looks around the bar, then reflects on his own situation, looking a little depressed.

He looks at his glass, then picks it up and finishes it.

He gets up and goes out.

CUT TO:

INT: APARTMENT - NIGHT

JANE HARRISON, Colson's girlfriend, hears the phone ringing. She picks it up and answers.

JANE
Yeah...okay...see ya soon. 'Bye.

She puts the phone down.

Later:

A knocking at the door. Jane looks through the eye-glass to see Colson. She opens up the locks and chains and lets him in.

He embraces her and they kiss.

COLSON
Oh, honey, I been missing you.

JANE
I feel...

She breaks off.

COLSON
What ?

JANE
It's not safe.

COLSON
You think so ?

JANE
I am absolutely positive.

Colson goes to sit down.

COLSON
What do you want me to do ?

JANE
Just get out...

COLSON
Ain't that simple. I got promotion.

JANE
Bullshit !

COLSON
Maguire said -

JANE
Fuck him ! He's a God-damn liar.
You can't trust him !

COLSON
You think so ?

JANE
I know so !

COLSON
Promotion means more money...

JANE
I ain't interested in money. I'm
interested in keeping you alive !
You get into your thick skull, what
Maguire says don't mean shit.

COLSON
I got ambition -

JANE
I don't wanna hear this !

COLSON
Ambition - you understand ?

JANE
Ambition that will get you killed.

Colson dismissively shakes his head.

JANE
Who the hell do you think you are ?
You're nobody, nothing !

COLSON

Maguire said -

JANE

What ?!

COLSON

He said I was very promising, so he's promoting me.

JANE

You're not promising - you're an idiot ! He's flattering you.

COLSON

If I'm such an idiot, why do you love me ?

JANE

Because I'm an idiot, too ! But, the point is, I do love you; so, I don't want you to die; I don't wanna lose you.

A beat.

JANE

Ask yourself this: why does Maguire employ such idiots ? There must be a reason - you ever thought about that, huh ? I don't think so; I don't think you ever have.

COLSON (puzzled)

Why ?

JANE

Because you are sent on the decoy missions, not the real missions. He uses a brigade of idiots, for all the unimportant fake missions, to keep the best agents (of which, you most certainly are not one).. for all the real important missions.

COLSON

I never thought of it like that.

JANE

You wouldn't. You're too much of a dumb-ass.

COLSON

If I was that dumb, I wouldn't be an agent.

JANE

You're not a real agent.

COLSON

I am, a real agent.

JANE
You're deluding yourself.

COLSON
I gotta believe in myself.

JANE (imploring him)
I love you !

Colson sighs.

JANE
Get out, for me, please.

COLSON
You can't get out - once you're
in, you're in..for life.

CUT TO:

INT: CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Briefing room. ROBERT MAGUIRE, a senior CIA executive, is briefing Colson.

MAGUIRE
We had problems, you know -

COLSON
Uh-huh - ?

MAGUIRE
Cold War's over, but we reckon there's
still too many communists infiltrating
our country's personnel, especially in
the unions...

COLSON
Not in Russia...?

MAGUIRE
No, not in Russia; not any more. Russia's
gone good and capitalist with some decent
market reforms...The threat's from inside,
organised labour...that's just a cover for
illegal communist activities.

COLSON
Well, I didn't know...

MAGUIRE
You wouldn't know. We keep this secret,
you understand - ?

COLSON
Sure...

MAGUIRE
The enemy within. We're gonna send you
to investigate a union representative
in Pennsylvania, Matthew Pierce, United
Steelworkers. We suspect he is in league
with communists.

COLSON
What do I do ?

MAGUIRE
Find out if he's a communist.

COLSON
How do I do that ?

MAGUIRE
You go and ask him. You pretend to
be a newspaper man.

Maguire looks at Colson.

MAGUIRE
You know why I chose you for this
mission ?

Colson looks puzzled, waiting for Maguire to explain.

MAGUIRE
I chose you because you are smart,
intelligent. This is The Central
Intelligence Agency. Ain't for
dumb-skulls.

Colson looks at Maguire.

MAGUIRE
You go and find me out if that
guy's a communist.

COLSON
Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

EXT: HOUSE - DAY

A car crawls up to a stop outside a house in the suburbs of Pennsylvania.

Colson gets out of the car and goes up the driveway to the porch.

He presses the doorbell.

After a moment, the front door opens, and MATTHEW PIERCE stands in the doorway.

COLSON
Matthew Pierce - ?

PIERCE
That's me.

Colson shows his fake ID as a newspaper reporter.

COLSON
May I come in ?

PIERCE
Sure.

Pierce shows Colson inside, and the front door is closed.

INT: LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pierce has shown Colson through to the living room.

PIERCE
Would you like to sit down, Mister
Colson ?

COLSON
Thanks.

Colson sits on the sofa.

Pierce sits in an armchair.

PIERCE
Well, Mister Colson, what is it
you'd like to ask me ?

COLSON
Er, you are a Union representative,
of United Steelworkers, P A...

PIERCE
That is correct.

Colson takes a moment before asking his question.

COLSON
Are you a communist ?

Pierce is at first surprised and shocked, then smiles and half laughs.

PIERCE
No, I am not. Anyhow, what type of
question is that, to ask a fella
like me ?

COLSON
A direct question.

PIERCE
Too direct.

COLSON
Maybe so.

PIERCE
You ever seen that documentary on
the tee vee, Mister Colson, the Un-
American Activities Committee, where
they ask this guy, "Are you now, or
have you ever been a member of the
Communist Party ?" And the guy says,
"It's unfortunate that I have to teach
this committee..." and the man bangs
down the gavel, and says, "That's not
the answer to the question..." You
ever seen that clip on the tee vee,
Mister Colson ?

COLSON

No; I don't remember that.

PIERCE

Well, I must've seen it at least ten times now on the tee vee...

Colson does not understand what this means and looks puzzled.

PIERCE

The point is, Mister Colson, they disbanded that committee because it was doing too much damage. That accusation is a thing of the past, it must be, seventy years ago now. No-one's a communist nowadays. Heck, even the former USSR, Russia, even they're not communists any more.

Pierce leans forwards a little.

PIERCE

I'm sorry to disappoint you, Mister Colson, but I am most definitely not a communist, and I don't know anyone who is, or, who ever was.

CUT TO:

INT: BAR - NIGHT

Colson with Nicholls at a table, with drinks.

NICHOLLS

Told you.

COLSON

Okay...

A beat.

NICHOLLS

Maguire sent you on a bullshit mission.

COLSON

I guess he did.

Colson takes a sip of his drink.

COLSON

So, what's your mission ?

NICHOLLS

Maguire sent me to check on some scientist. They say he's acting suspicious.

COLSON

What do you reckon ?

NICHOLLS
I think it's all bullshit !

COLSON
Maybe it is..all bullshit.

Nicholls takes a sip from his drink.

They look at each other, both looking depressed.

CUT TO:

INT: CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Briefing room.

Maguire and Colson.

MAGUIRE
So, what did you make o' Pierce ?

COLSON
Well, he's not a communist.

MAGUIRE
You sure of that ?

COLSON
I'm sure.

CUT TO:

EXT: GARDEN - DAY

SIMON KIRAGE, a scientist, is talking to his assistant, DENISE WALTERS.

KIRAGE
Something's happening...

DENISE
What ?

KIRAGE
Something to do with phase harmonics.
I can feel the pulse of the wave...

She looks at him, a little puzzled, and curious.

KIRAGE
It happens, when time and space are
distorted by an extreme gravitational
field.

DENISE
I thought that was just speculation.

KIRAGE
It has become reality. Somehow, time
is being bent in an arc -

DENISE
How ?

Kirage looks serious and gloomy.

KIRAGE
I don't know how. All I know is,
all sorts of things could happen.

DENISE
What does this mean ?

KIRAGE
It means, reality, as we know it,
is gonna, change...

DENISE
"Change...?"

KIRAGE
Change...the fabric of reality is
under attack.

DENISE
From what ?

KIRAGE
That I don't know, as of yet, but,
I feel it, happening, now...

He looks sombre.

CUT TO:

INT: CAR - DAY

Nicholls driving. Colson in the passenger seat.

NICHOLLS
I get, I get into him...

COLSON
How ?

NICHOLLS
Some kinda thought transference.

COLSON
A telepathic link ?

NICHOLLS
I guess so.

COLSON
How ?

NICHOLLS
I don't know.

COLSON
Why you ?

NICHOLLS
I don't...It's like I'm there, with
him...

COLSON
But you're here, with me.

NICHOLLS
I know. My mind...

CUT TO:

INT: HOUSE - DAY

Living room.

Kirage and Denise.

KIRAGE
I can trust you.

DENISE
Sure, you can...

KIRAGE
I think...it's like all our brain
waves are magnified, and you just
think...

DENISE
...What other people think.

KIRAGE
That's it; that's precisely what's
happening.

DENISE
What do you want me to do ?

KIRAGE
Spy for me.

DENISE
Spy for you - ?

KIRAGE
It's like a puzzle; I don't have
all the pieces. I need some more,
information. I need you to gain
access to the main-frame.

DENISE
That nerd, Alex, he's on that thing
all day long. You can't get him off
it !

KIRAGE
You divert him.

DENISE
How ?

KIRAGE
Use your feminine charms.

DENISE
Oh, c'mon, professor !

Denise shakes her head.

KIRAGE
You're an attractive woman...

DENISE
I am not !

KIRAGE
Yes, you are...

Denise doubts this.

DENISE
I got here on merit, not on looks.

KIRAGE
Denise, you are competent, more than competent...You're diligent, makes you a good assistant; but, you are, attractive...Admit it - don't be ashamed of your looks.

Kirage puts his finger and thumb on Denise's spectacles, and carefully takes them off. He then unties her hair, which flows down her shoulders. She is a stunner !

KIRAGE
You're beautiful, Denise !

He kisses her.

DENISE
Professor !

KIRAGE
Call me Simon.

DENISE
Simon -

KIRAGE
You're irresistible.

He kisses her and puts his arms around her.

KIRAGE
Go get him !

CUT TO:

INT: COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

A bank of computer screens and a main frame computer. ALEX LYNES is operating a console.

Denise, her hair down, without spectacles, in full make-up, comes in. She moves in on Alex.

DENISE
What are you working on ?

ALEX
Oh, you know, this an' that.

DENISE
Like what ?

ALEX
My research, you know...

DENISE
Oh, yeah...I see.

Alex looks up at Denise.

ALEX
Gee, Denise, you're beautiful.

DENISE
You think so - ?

ALEX
You are..beautiful.

Denise half smiles out of embarrassment.

ALEX
What are you doing ?

DENISE
What ?

ALEX
Coming in here like that..

Denise is surprised and uncomfortable.

DENISE
Like what ?

ALEX
Like a movie star.

She shakes her head.

DENISE
I am, a scientist.

ALEX
You don't look like one. You look
just beautiful.

DENISE
Thanks...So, would you like to take
me to lunch ?

ALEX
I sure would.

DENISE
C'mon.

Alex switches off the computer console after saving his work, picks up his jacket and goes out with Denise.

Denise smiles a little to herself as she has succeeded in her mission.

INT: CAFETERIA - DAY

Denise and Alex come in.

Kirage sees them and gets up from his table, then goes out.

Denise moves towards the line of customers.

ALEX

Hey, I'll get it. You just go and sit down.

DENISE

Okay.

Denise sits at a table.

ALEX

So, what do you fancy ?

DENISE

That's an interesting question.

ALEX

It is ?

DENISE

Tell you what, I'll have what you're having. Is that okay ?

ALEX

Sure.

DENISE

You choose for me.

ALEX

Okay.

Alex joins the end of the queue. Denise waits at the table.

INT: COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Kirage sits down at a terminal and taps in to get access to files on the main frame computer. He begins copying files.

INT: CAFETERIA - DAY

Alex lays down a tray with two prawn salads and two cups of coffee. He sits down.

Denise smiles.

DENISE

Umm, you got good taste. If I was gonna choose for myself, I might've chosen that.

ALEX

You think so ?

She smiles at him.

DENISE

Sure. I love prawn salad. Yum.

She picks up her fork and picks up a mouthful, which she slowly lowers into her mouth. She swishes it around and swallows.

DENISE

Yep. De-licious.

INT: COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Kirage is downloading files.

MILES POSTON suddenly enters.

POSTON

Hi.

Kirage jumps.

POSTON

I'm sorry.

Kirage turns around to see Poston standing over him.

KIRAGE

No. I'm sorry.

POSTON

Miles Poston.

Poston extends his hand to Kirage, who shakes it.

KIRAGE

Simon Kirage.

POSTON

Nice to meet you, Mister -

KIRAGE

Professor...

POSTON

Professor...

KIRAGE

Kirage.

POSTON

Kirage...

KIRAGE

You - ?

POSTON

I'm just plain Mister Poston, Mister Miles Poston. You know, I come from Boston; so I am "Poston from Boston."

KIRAGE

You new here ?

POSTON

I am...

Poston looks at Kirage.

POSTON

I guess you might be a little
curious what I'm doing here.

KIRAGE

I guess I am.

POSTON

Well, to tell you the truth, Professor
Kirage, I am an operative of the Central
Intelligence Agency...

KIRAGE

CIA - ?

POSTON

The CIA. I'm investigating certain
matters...

KIRAGE

What matters ?

POSTON

I can't disclose that.

KIRAGE

You, investigating me ?

POSTON

If I was, I couldn't tell you. If I
wasn't, I still couldn't tell you.

KIRAGE

Why tell me you're CIA ? Isn't that
a secret ?

POSTON

To gain your trust.

KIRAGE

I don't get that.

A beat.

KIRAGE

How much do you know about me ?

POSTON

I was given certain information
about you; none of which I can
disclose, even to you.

KIRAGE

I see. You know what I was doing ?

POSTON

Looks like, you were copying files...

KIRAGE
That's exactly right, I was copying
files...

Kirage turns the computer off and removes his memory stick, then puts it
in his pocket.

KIRAGE
I've finished.

INT: CAFETERIA - DAY

Colson and Nicholls come in.

Nicholls sits at a table. Colson goes to join the back of the queue.

Alex and Denise are at their table, eating their prawn salads.

ALEX
Why did you take your glasses off,
Denise ?

DENISE
I don't haf-ta wear them all the
time, only when I haf-ta to see
things.

ALEX
You should look at yourself in
the mirror. You look fantastic.

DENISE
Thanks.

Kirage and Poston come into the cafeteria. Denise looks over to see
Kirage, with this man she has not seen before.

POSTON
What d'you fancy ? I'm paying.

KIRAGE
Caviar !

Poston half laughs, and looks at the dishes beneath the glass counter.

POSTON
Don't look like they've actually
got caviar.

Kirage looks at what the dishes beneath the counter.

KIRAGE
I'll have ham salad.

POSTON
I think I'll join you.

Poston joins the queue.

Kirage sits at a table. He looks at Denise.

Later:

Colson sets down a tray with two coffees, then sits down with Nicholls.

Poston sets down a tray with two ham salads, and sits down with Kirage.

KIRAGE

Thanks.

Kirage eats.

NICHOLLS

See that man with Kirage ?

Colson looks in the direction of Kirage.

COLSON

Yeah...?

NICHOLLS

That's Miles Poston.

COLSON

Poston ?

NICHOLLS

He works for us.

COLSON (puzzled)

The same assignment ?

NICHOLLS

The same assignment.

COLSON

Why ?

NICHOLLS

He must be checking up on us.

COLSON

You think so ?

NICHOLLS

Happens all the time.

COLSON

Agents spying on other agents ?

NICHOLLS

It's called, surveillance.

COLSON

I didn't know that.

NICHOLLS

Unless -

COLSON

What ?

NICHOLLS

- they split the assignment.

COLSON (incredulous)
 "...They split the assignment - ?!"

Nicholls sighs at Colson's incredulity.

NICHOLLS
 Like, they gave me some information;
 they gave him some information; but,
 not the same information...part of
 the puzzle...

COLSON
 Why would they do that ?

NICHOLLS
 Maybe, they don't have full confidence
 in me, completing the mission.

COLSON
 I got confidence in you..

NICHOLLS
 They don't have much confidence in him,
 neither...Maybe, that's it.

Poston notices Nicholls and speaks to Kirage.

POSTON
 Looks like they've sent someone to
 watch me watching..

Poston stops in mid-sentence. Kirage looks at him.

KIRAGE
 You almost said, "watching me..."

POSTON
 Watching whoever it is I am watching.

CUT TO:

INT: HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Nicholls and Colson.

NICHOLLS
 I gotta kill him.

COLSON
 Who ?

NICHOLLS
 Kirage - those are my instructions.

COLSON
 You gonna do it ?

NICHOLLS
 Yeah...maybe...hell, no.

COLSON
 Why not ?

NICHOLLS

If I kill him, that ain't no good...
If I don't kill him...

COLSON

What ?

NICHOLLS

Poston kills him...then Poston kills me.
I got no choice.

COLSON

You gonna do it ?

NICHOLLS

I don't know...It would be murder.

COLSON

It would be legal.

Nicholls looks exasperated.

NICHOLLS

Legal !

COLSON

Government says kill someone...ain't
illegal. Covered by national security.

NICHOLLS

How convenient !

COLSON

Sometimes, it becomes necessary to
kill somebody. National Security means,
it ain't considered, murder.

NICHOLLS

What about my conscience ?

COLSON

It don't apply.

NICHOLLS

I got a conscience, God-dammit !
I'm an agent, not an assassin.

COLSON

Orders are orders. You can't just
disobey them. We haf-ta sacrifice
part of our morality, to get by.

NICHOLLS

I don't buy that.

A beat.

COLSON

What are you gonna do ?

NICHOLLS

I don't know.

INT: CORRIDOR - DAY

Nicholls walks down the corridor to Kirage's room. He opens the door to find Kirage working on his PC.

NICHOLLS
Excuse me, Professor Kirage -

INT: ROOM - DAY

Kirage at his desk, sees Nicholls through the opened doorway.

KIRAGE
Who is it ?

NICHOLLS
Name's Nicholls. I work for the CIA.

Kirage looks warily at Nicholls.

NICHOLLS
I come to, protect you.

KIRAGE
Okay. Come in.

Nicholls enters the room.

NICHOLLS
Thanks.

Nicholls carefully closes the door behind him.

KIRAGE
What's the deal ?

NICHOLLS
This !

Nicholls pulls out a pistol and aims it at Kirage's head.

NICHOLLS
What are you working on, Professor Kirage ?

KIRAGE
Don't you know already ?

NICHOLLS
No.

KIRAGE
Didn't Poston tell you - ?

NICHOLLS
No...

KIRAGE
He came to see me, told me he was working for the CIA. Don't you share information ?

NICHOLLS
Professor, you have been identified
as a security risk. You must be terminated.

KIRAGE
Why ?

NICHOLLS
National security.

KIRAGE
Do you know what I'm working on ?

NICHOLLS
I was told to terminate you with
extreme prejudice.

KIRAGE
Who designated me, a security risk ?

NICHOLLS
I cannot disclose that.

KIRAGE
Why would I be a risk to national
security ?

NICHOLLS
I don't have that information.

KIRAGE
But you're prepared to kill me,
despite not having that vital
piece of intelligence why I am
so dangerous ?

NICHOLLS
I don't know that.

KIRAGE
Do you want to know ?

NICHOLLS
No.

KIRAGE
Well, Mister Nicholls, you have
not been properly briefed on this
assignment.

NICHOLLS
What are you talking about ?

KIRAGE
I do not know of any reason why
I should be considered a security
risk; and you don't have a clue.

Nicholls looks at Kirage.

KIRAGE
Think of it like this: what if

KIRAGE (cont'd)
I'm not a security risk, but
someone wanted to get rid of
me...best way would be to get
someone like you don't ever
question their orders -

NICHOLLS
It's not my job to question
my orders -

KIRAGE
Exactly -

NICHOLLS
I'm a simple operative. I don't
make decisions.

KIRAGE
Make one, now.

NICHOLLS
I can't do that.

KIRAGE
Okay. Kill me.

Nicholls holds the pistol down onto the side of Kirage's head.

KIRAGE
Do it...

Nicholls' finger flexes on the trigger several times, beads of sweat
rolling down his face.

Kirage looks up Kirage looking down at him.

Nicholls stands with the pistol at full arm's length, but cannot pull the
trigger. He takes the pistol off the side of Kirage's head.

KIRAGE
You can't do it...

NICHOLLS
No...

KIRAGE
Why not ?

NICHOLLS
I'm an agent; not an assassin.

KIRAGE
You have doubts...?

NICHOLLS
I sure do.

KIRAGE
You're not sure if killing me
is justified. You don't have the
information. You don't want to be

KIRAGE (cont'd)
the unwitting instrument of someone
else's murder...

NICHOLLS
I won't pull the trigger, not on
you, not on anyone, not without
a reason.

Kirage looks relieved.

KIRAGE
That's how it should be.

NICHOLLS
It don't mean you're gonna be safe.
Poston, He'll kill you; and he'll
kill me for not killing you.

Poston suddenly bursts in.

POSTON
I sure will !

Poston quickly aims at Kirage's head and fires three bullets straight into
it. Blood sprays out of Kirage's jerking head.

Nicholls is in shock and does not move.

Poston's pistol fires three bullets into Nicholls' head. Nicholls' body is
thrown against the wall, then flops down as the blood from his head smears
against the wallpaper.

CUT TO:

INT: HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Poston smashes down the door and holds his pistol at Colson's head.

POSTON
You know who I am ?

COLSON
No.

POSTON
C'mon ! Nicholls told you !

COLSON
No.

POSTON
I'm Miles Poston !

COLSON
Poston...

POSTON
Poston from Boston. I just shot
Kirage and Nicholls dead. That
okay with you ?

Colson hesitates and trembles before replying.

COLSON
I guess it is...

POSTON
It has to be...

Colson breathes heavily.

POSTON
I'll kill you as well, unless
you co-operate fully. You understand ?

COLSON
Yes, I understand.

POSTON
Good. Come with me.

Poston puts his pistol in Colson's back and nudges him forwards.

CUT TO:

INT: CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Maguire and JOHN BLAKE, head of Internal Security.

BLAKE
The guy's an ass-hole - a God-damn
jerk, an imbecile !

MAGUIRE
You give him those instructions...

BLAKE
I didn't expect him to carry them
out !

MAGUIRE
You wanted him to disobey his orders ?

BLAKE
That was the idea.

MAGUIRE
How is he supposed to know that ?

BLAKE
What kinda ass-hole would kill
someone without knowing why he
is determined to be a security
risk ?

MAGUIRE
What are you saying ?

BLAKE
I'm saying, Poston should have
used his intelligence...

Maguire scoffs.

MAGUIRE
He ain't got none...

BLAKE

He should've used some initiative.
He should've reasoned it out.

MAGUIRE

You can't play these psychological
games with agents. You're creating
confusion.

BLAKE

I want my agents to think for
themselves.

MAGUIRE

That's too much, for some of them.

A beat.

MAGUIRE

What about Colson ?

BLAKE

I don't think much of him.

MAGUIRE

He might be the only way out of
this situation.

BLAKE

We don't know what Kirage was
working on !

MAGUIRE

Poston caused this mess; he should
clear it up...

BLAKE

You're kidding ! He's a complete
ass-hole !

MAGUIRE

I know that. This time, we'll tell
him what to do.

BLAKE

What's what ?

MAGUIRE

Don't assassinate - interrogate.

CUT TO:

INT: HOUSE - DAY

Kirage's study. Poston and Denise.

POSTON

You don't mind ?

DENISE

No.

Poston looks around the room.

POSTON
You sure - ?

DENISE
I'm sure.

A beat.

POSTON
I gotta look around.

DENISE
Okay.

Poston looks around the room, peering at the bookshelves, then at the desk Kirage would work on.

POSTON
Where's his laptop ?

DENISE
It should be in the desk.

POSTON
It's not on the desk.

DENISE
In one of the drawers...

Poston impatiently opens up some of the drawers, until he finds the laptop.

He sits down behind the desk and opens up the laptop.

He turns it on, but cannot get into any files as they are encrypted.

POSTON
Encrypted. It'll take days to
decipher.

He slams the drawer shut in anger.

DENISE
You're too impatient.

POSTON
I can't help that. I am not
a patient man.

DENISE
I noticed.

An agitated Poston pulls out all the drawers, but finds nothing.

He then turns to speak to Denise.

POSTON
Where are his papers ?

DENISE
Not in the desk.

POSTON

I can see that.

Poston goes over to the bookcase and picks up a book.

He throws it down to the floor and then pulls out a row of books one at a time.

DENISE

Clearly not there.

Poston pulls out another row of books and throws them to the floor.

DENISE

Do you haf-ta ransack the place ?

POSTON

I am not ransacking the place.
I am searching for his secrets.

DENISE

You won't find them there. He kept his secrets in his head. He didn't write anything down. He was afraid someone might discover his research.

POSTON

What was his research ?

DENISE

He didn't tell me much.

POSTON

He committed suicide...

DENISE

I'm not so sure about that.

POSTON

What do you mean ?

DENISE

He wasn't the type. He was so positive about everything.

POSTON

Maybe, the secret was eating away at him. Maybe, he killed himself because the burden of keeping his research a secret was too much for him.

DENISE

I doubt that. I just don't see him ever committing suicide under any circumstances.

POSTON

If it wasn't suicide, then what was it ?

Denise looks sad.

DENISE

I don't know...

POSTON

Do you think it was murder ? Someone murdered him ?

DENISE

It's possible, I suppose.

POSTON

Who would do that ?

DENISE

Someone who wanted to know his secrets.

POSTON

Looks like his secrets died with him, unless you can shine some light on the nature of his research. What was he working on ? I met him in the computer room, working on the mainframe.

DENISE

You met him - ?

POSTON

I'm sorry. I should've said...You were a colleague...

DENISE

His assistant.

POSTON

What did he talk about ?

DENISE

Wave harmonics.

POSTON

Wave harmonics ? What in hell is that ?

DENISE

Something to do with the nature of matter.

POSTON

Explain...

DENISE

I don't know any more.

POSTON

You do know, you bitch !

He grabs her wrists and shakes her.

POSTON

I need ta know.

DENISE
Get your hands off me !

POSTON
Tell me what I need ta know !

DENISE
Go to Hell.

He slaps her across the face. Her nose bleeds.

POSTON
Shit !

He pushes her against the wall.

POSTON
You stupid bitch !

He punches her. She falls onto the floor, blood streaming from her nose.

POSTON
That's great, just great !

Denise vomits.

POSTON
You're useless. You don't know
nothing. One thing you did get
right, he didn't commit suicide,
he was murdered...

Poston aims his pistol at Denise's head.

POSTON
...I shot him dead...

Denise whimpers.

POSTON
...Like this !

He fires. Her head jerks with blood spraying against the wall.

She is dead.

POSTON
Stupid bitch !

Poston starts to ransack Kirage's study.

Later:

The study is a mess. Poston has finished and found nothing. He goes out.
CUT TO:

INT: CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Briefing room. Maguire and Blake. Blake is holding a paper with the headline: "Scientist Murdered. House Ransacked. Scientist's Assistant Found Dead in Pool of Blood".

BLAKE
He's a psychopath.

MAGUIRE
Out of control !

BLAKE
This type of publicity we don't
want.

MAGUIRE
What are you gonna do ?

BLAKE
I'll take care of him.

CUT TO:

INT: APARTMENT - NIGHT

Poston's apartment. Bedroom. Poston asleep in his bed, with his gun and holster on the bedside cabinet.

Darkness.

AGENTS creep silently up to Poston, their pistols drawn.

Poston stirs.

POSTON
Uh ?

AGENT
Don't say nothing.

POSTON
Wha- ?

AGENT
Shut up !

The agent hits Poston across the face.

POSTON
What's going on ?

AGENT
It's not safe - understand ?

The agents pull the sheets off him and push Poston around. They drag him out of bed. The agent turns on the light. The agents drag Poston to the door. They beat him up. His face and nose are bleeding.

Poston moans.

AGENT
Shhh...

The agent punches Poston. He collapses to the floor, unconscious.

They drag him out of the door, then close it shut. The agents drag Poston down the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT: INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Blake standing over Poston, who is tied to a chair. A light is shone in Poston's face.

BLAKE
What do you think you're playing
at ? Huh ?

POSTON
I was following orders.

BLAKE
My orders...

POSTON
Yes..your orders, sir.

BLAKE
I'm head of Internal Security.

Poston pants.

BLAKE
You think you can kill people,
just like that ?

POSTON
I...

Blake slaps Poston across the face.

BLAKE
Do you think you can kill people
without thinking ?

POSTON
Er..no.

BLAKE
You're darn right ! Only special
people can kill people with impunity,
not low-level agents like you.

POSTON
I..I was thinking..

BLAKE
No, you weren't thinking, were you ?

POSTON
No. I was..following..orders.

Poston sighs.

BLAKE
I signed those orders myself. You
ever think for a moment, the idea
was to question those orders, huh ?

POSTON
I don't do that...

BLAKE

No; you don't have the imagination,
to realise, those orders were, immoral.
You were meant to disobey those orders.

POSTON (puzzled)

"Immoral...?"

BLAKE

Immoral orders should be, disobeyed.

POSTON

I didn't know that. Why didn't you
tell me -

BLAKE

It's an aptitude test. You don't have
any. You are a disappointment to me,
Poston.

POSTON

With respect, sir, I don't think that's
fair, not telling me what I was supposed
to do.

BLAKE

You're supposed to use your initiative.

Poston does not get this and looks puzzled.

BLAKE

But now the question is: what am I
gonna do with you ?

POSTON

Retrain me, possibly...?

Blake scoffs at this.

BLAKE

How about, retire you - ?

POSTON

I'm too young for that.

BLAKE

Are you ? Are you really ?

POSTON

I believe I am.

BLAKE

What have you learnt from this
experience ?

POSTON

I don't know, sir.

BLAKE

That only certain people are
allowed to kill, other people.
Think about it...

POSTON
"...certain people...?"

BLAKE
- Like me...

Blake draws out a pistol and places a silencer on the end of it. He tightens the silencer.

POSTON
You're not gonna kill me - ?

BLAKE
Why not ?

POSTON
I don't deserve to die.

BLAKE
You do -

Blake places the end of the silencer in the middle of Poston's forehead.

POSTON
Please...

Blake pulls the trigger.

Blood sprays out of Poston's head as it jerks backwards.

Poston's body slumps down. He is dead.

CUT TO:

INT: BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Blake and Maguire.

BLAKE
Poston's dead. I shot him.

MAGUIRE
Okay.

BLAKE
You heard from Colson ?

MAGUIRE
No

BLAKE
He's still officially under you.

MAGUIRE
I know.

BLAKE
So, what are you planning to do ?

MAGUIRE
You want him, you can have him.

Blake looks at Maguire.

BLAKE
You're giving him to me ?

MAGUIRE
You are in charge of Internal
Security...What are you gonna
do with him ?

BLAKE
I'll have his girl brought in
for questioning. She has been
designated a security risk.

CUT TO:

EXT: SIDEWALK - DAY

A large black limousine draws up past Jane, Colson's girlfriend. A number of AGENTS get out of the back and present their ID's and pistols to her.

AGENT
Get inside.

She does as told.

INT: LIMOUSINE - DAY

The agent ties a blindfold around Jane's eyes.

JANE
Where are you taking me ?

AGENT
You know where !

JANE
I don't.

SECOND AGENT
Headquarters, lady; you already
know that.

A beat.

JANE
I don't understand...

AGENT
You have been designated a risk
to national security.

JANE
I don't get that.

AGENT
Colson told you he was CIA.

JANE
Is that a crime ?

AGENT
You were not authorised, to have
that information.

AGENT SECOND
Telling you that, was a breach
of national security.

JANE
I didn't know that.

AGENT
He did..

JANE
What if he didn't ?

AGENT
He should've known...

CUT TO:

INT: INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Jane, in the blindfold, tied to a chair. Blake is standing near her.

BLAKE
I want you to help me reel in
Colson.

JANE
Me ?

BLAKE
You're his girlfriend.

JANE
I was...

BLAKE
Colson has disappeared. He put
you in this situation by telling
you he was in the CIA. You have
been designated a security risk;
which means, I can have you executed,
any time I want.

JANE
Now, wait a minute ! I got my
constitutional rights !

BLAKE
Once you're covered by national
security, you don't have any rights.
Not only that, if I do decide to kill
you, I can erase you from history.

Though blindfolded, Jane shakes her head.

JANE
No; that can't happen.

BLAKE
Yes, it can. You will not exist. You
will never have existed.

Jane sighs.

BLAKE
That's the way it is, Miss Harrison.

A few seconds pass as Jane is struck by Blake knowing her name.

JANE
Who are you, anyhow ?

BLAKE
I'm Blake, Head of Internal Security.
I want you to bring Colson in.

JANE
How ?

BLAKE
He'll call you -

JANE
He won't -

BLAKE
He will !

JANE
He's not stupid -

BLAKE
He is stupid. He will call...

Blake moves away from her.

Later:

Blake sees a red light on his console accompanied by a buzzing sound. He picks up a phone.

BLAKE
Yeah ?

A SECRETARY speaks on the other end.

SECRETARY (O.S.)
We got Colson on the line...

BLAKE
Put him on.

Colson's voice can be heard on the phone.

COLSON (O.S.)
Where's Jane ?

BLAKE
We got her. You wanna speak with her ?

COLSON (O.S.)
Please...

BLAKE
Okay.

Blake carefully places the phone into Jane's hand.

Jane... COLSON (O.S.)

Pete... JANE

It's me... COLSON (O.S.)

I love you, Pete. JANE

I love you, Jane. COLSON (O.S.)

Pete, you gotta do what Blake says. JANE

I'm Blake, by the way. BLAKE

You gotta come into Headquarters; he wants to talk to you. JANE

What about ? COLSON (O.S.)

A special mission. BLAKE

"A special mission - ?" What does that mean ? COLSON (O.S.)

Blake takes the phone away from Jane and holds it close to him.

Promotion. BLAKE

I don't believe that. COLSON (O.S.)

Well, believe this, Colson, you get here pronto, or I shoot Jane dead. You got that ? BLAKE

I got it. I'm coming. COLSON (O.S.)

Good. BLAKE

Blake puts the phone down.

He's coming. BLAKE

Jane sighs.

INT: BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Colson and Blake.

COLSON
What's the deal ?

BLAKE
I want you to, kill Maguire.

COLSON
Kill Maguire ?!

BLAKE
Yes. Kill him.

COLSON
How ?

BLAKE
You walk in there and you shoot
him dead.

COLSON
It's that simple ?

BLAKE
You point a gun to his head, and
you pull the trigger.

COLSON
What about Jane ?

BLAKE
You kill Maguire, you live..she
lives. You don't kill Maguire,
I'll kill you both. You got it ?

COLSON
Yeah, I got it. Why Maguire ?

BLAKE
He's been designated a security
risk.

COLSON
Why ?

BLAKE
Someone decided to designate him
a risk to national security.

COLSON
Who ?

BLAKE
You don't need to know.

COLSON
I'm curious.

Blake looks at Colson.

BLAKE
Designations, it's like the hand
of God.

COLSON
Who designates someone a security
risk ?

BLAKE
Does it matter ?

COLSON
I think it does.

BLAKE
All I am authorised to say, is..
Maguire must be killed, by you.
I can get you in there; you pull
the trigger.

COLSON
Okay.

CUT TO:

INT: HOUSE - NIGHT

Maguire's house. Bedroom. Maguire asleep in bed.

Colson creeps in, opening the door, with a silencer on the end of his
pistol.

Maguire stirs.

MAGUIRE
What ?

Colson points the pistol at Maguire's head.

COLSON
I've been sent to kill you.

MAGUIRE
Who sent you ?

COLSON
Blake.

MAGUIRE
Blake...

COLSON
I don't wanna kill you. I got
no choice.

MAGUIRE
You always have some choice in
life.

COLSON
Not in this instance. Either I kill
you, or Blake kills me, and my girlfriend.
So, you see, I got no choice.

MAGUIRE
Why would Blake want to kill me ?

COLSON
I don't know.

MAGUIRE
Why would he send you, to kill me ?

Colson shakes his head.

COLSON
I simply don't know.

Maguire looks down the bed in front of him, then up a little at Colson holding the gun to his head.

MAGUIRE
Put the gun down.

COLSON
I can't do that.

MAGUIRE
Put it down.

COLSON
You know I can't do that.

Maguire sighs.

MAGUIRE
Let's work this out.

COLSON
There's nothing to work out. I simply have to kill you. There is no alternative.

MAGUIRE
There's always an alternative.

COLSON
Is there ? What else can I do, huh ?

MAGUIRE
I work with Blake. Why would he want me dead ?

COLSON
I don't think it is, what he wants.

MAGUIRE
What do you mean ?

COLSON
It's like, it's something that has to be done, not what he wants.

MAGUIRE
That makes no sense.

COLSON

Blake said, you had been designated a security risk.

MAGUIRE (incredulous)

He said that ?

COLSON

That's what he said.

MAGUIRE

I don't get that. Who would designate me a security risk ? Why would someone consider me, a security risk ? How did that happen ? What did I do, for anyone to consider me, a security risk ? You know me, I am loyal to the Constitution of The United States. This just makes no sense.

Maguire looks at Colson.

MAGUIRE

Pete, we gotta think this through.

COLSON

I'm as puzzled as you are.

MAGUIRE

Pete, put that gun down, please.

COLSON

I can't do that.

MAGUIRE

Do you really plan to go through with this.

COLSON

I have to. I got no choice. You know that.

Maguire ponders the situation.

MAGUIRE

Does he really intend for you to kill me ? Or...

COLSON

What ?

MAGUIRE

Is this really some kinda game ?

COLSON

A game ?!

MAGUIRE

A psychological game. A test.

COLSON

A test - ?

MAGUIRE

We have to determine, what is the purpose of this exercise ? I can't believe Blake really wants me dead. I find it hard to believe anyone would designate me a security risk.

COLSON

I was sent here to kill you !

MAGUIRE

Maybe, the idea was not to get you to actually kill me; maybe, Blake's idea was to get you to, disobey his instructions...

COLSON

You're confusing me -

MAGUIRE

If you go ahead and kill me, you'll never find out if that's what he really wanted...

Colson shakes his head in confusion.

MAGUIRE

If you don't kill me, that's the only way you can find out if his intention was, for you to kill me. It's safer for you not to carry out his orders.

COLSON

"Safer - ?" He'll kill me if I don't kill you. He'll kill my girlfriend, Jane.

MAGUIRE.

Let's talk about this like sensible adults. Please, put the gun down.

COLSON

Okay.

Colson lowers the gun.

MAGUIRE

Good.

They look at each other.

MAGUIRE

Thanks. Let's think this over. What exactly did Blake say ?

COLSON

He said to kill you.

MAGUIRE

Were those his exact words ?

Blake shakes his head.

COLSON
I don't remember any more.

MAGUIRE
I appreciate, this is hard for you.

Colson sighs.

COLSON
What am I gonna do ?

MAGUIRE
You don't wanna do anything you
might regret.

COLSON
Maybe, I should speak to Blake.

MAGUIRE
Is that a good idea ? I mean, at
this precise moment - ?

COLSON
I gotta speak to him, right now.

Colson moves towards the phone.

MAGUIRE
That's not the answer.

COLSON
You don't want me to speak to him ?

MAGUIRE
Not right now.

COLSON
Why not now ?

MAGUIRE
It's not the right time.

COLSON
When is the right time ?

MAGUIRE
Not now.

COLSON
Okay; you speak to him, then.
Speak to him right now. You pick
up that phone and speak to him !

MAGUIRE
No.

Colson shakes his head and thinks he has realised something.

COLSON
You're in this together, you and

COLSON (cont'd)

Blake...

MAGUIRE

You can't be certain of that.

COLSON

You're making me angry now. He sent me to kill you.

Colson aims the gun at Maguire's head.

MAGUIRE

Colson ! You're making a terrible mistake ! No...don't do this..

COLSON

I gotta...

Colson fires.

EXT: HOUSE - NIGHT

Colson walks out calmly, then sees lights from car headlamps approaching in the distance.

COLSON

Shit !

He runs to hide in the bushes. The cars stops. Gunshots are fired from inside the cars.

Colson moves across a nearby field and hides in a ditch.

EXT: SUBWAY - NIGHT

Colson runs into a subway beneath a freeway and takes a breather.

CUT TO:

INT: CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Briefing room.

Blake talking to agents, including LOU RIDLEY and PAUL YATES.

BLAKE

I want Colson dead ! You get ten thousand bonus if you kill him.

RIDLEY (to Yates)

I'm up for that.

YATES

Me too.

BLAKE

It's a bad day when we can't sleep safe in our beds at night. It's a crime, executing Maguire like that ! What kinda coward...

Blake appears to choke with emotion.

RIDLEY

Sir, you okay ?

BLAKE

He wasn't just a colleague, he was a friend. Bob Maguire and me, we were close.

RIDLEY

We're real sorry, sir.

BLAKE

Kill that son-of-a-bitch !

CUT TO:

INT: INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Jane, blindfolded and tied to a chair. Blake standing near her.

BLAKE

Hi, Jane.

JANE

Oh, hi, Mr. Blake.

BLAKE

I'm a happy man, Jane.

JANE

You are - ?

BLAKE

I sure am. You wanna know why ?

Jane hesitates for a moment, before replying.

JANE

Please...

BLAKE

Pete completed the mission with hundred percent success.

JANE

Great ! Does that mean you'll release us, we can go ?

BLAKE

Sure, you can go...straight to hell !

Blake whips out his pistol and shoots Jane dead.

CUT TO:

INT: DINER - DAY

A roadside diner in desert terrain. Cars and trucks in the parking area outside, seen through the window with blinds half drawn up.

Ridley and Yates at a table, eating sandwiches and drinking beer. Other customers are eating and drinking, or playing pool. Ridley puts down his sandwich and wipes his hand with a paper napkin.

He takes out his pistol from its holster and flexes his finger on the

trigger.

RIDLEY

Feel the power in your hand...
when you pull the trigger, and
blow someone's head off...

YATES

You're showing off now.

RIDLEY

I like that feeling.

YATES

That thing loaded ?

RIDLEY

Sure is.

YATES

You gotta be careful with that.
Too much pressure on the trigger,
and -

RIDLEY

I am being careful. I know exactly
how far to go, before it fires.

YATES

How do you know that ?

RIDLEY

Experiments. I know, on this
particular gun, the precise
tension fires the bullet.

YATES

As long as you know...

Ridley puts his gun back into its holster, wipes his hand on the napkin
and eats the rest of his sandwich.

RIDLEY

In the hands of a skilful
practitioner like me, it's
perfectly safe.

They eat their sandwiches and drink their beer.

RIDLEY

So, where'd you go, if you were
Colson ?

YATES

Dreamland.

RIDLEY

Yeah...?

YATES

Stands to reason; only safe place
to go - put yourself under military

YATES (cont'd)
protection.

RIDLEY
So, he'd be heading out to Nevada ?

YATES
It's a fair bet.

RIDLEY
I think I agree with you there.
That's where we'll head.

YATES
Okay.

They eat and drink.

RIDLEY
Hey, sandwiches are good.

YATES
Yep.

RIDLEY
I mean, you taste the meat - it's
there...

YATES
Sure is.

RIDLEY
I appreciate a good sandwich.

YATES
Umm, real good.

They eat and drink.

RIDLEY
Nice little diner they got here.

YATES
Yeah. You wanna go over and
compliment the staff ?

RIDLEY
You think I should ?

YATES
They might appreciate it.

RIDLEY
Okay...

Ridley gets up and goes over to the counter to speak to a waitress, TRACY EDWARDS.

RIDLEY
Hi.

Tracy might be a little afraid of a customer complaint.

TRACY (warily)

Oh, hi.

RIDLEY

I'd like to say, I really liked that sandwich. You got a real nice diner here, and I appreciate the service...

Tracy smiles, a little relieved it is a compliment and not a complaint.

TRACY

Oh - thank you, sir.

RIDLEY

You deserve some praise.

TRACY

You just made my day !

RIDLEY

Oh, thanks.

Ridley turns and smiles at Yates, then goes over to him and sits down.

YATES

You done it ?

RIDLEY

I did, and she said, I just made her day. I like making people happy.

YATES

You know what ?

RIDLEY

What ?

YATES

Waitresses, ordinarily, they get no praise; people just ignore them. For you, to take the time and trouble to praise them, shows you're a real kind-hearted person.

RIDLEY

Now, you're praising me.

YATES

That girl, she'll remember that praise for, a long time.

RIDLEY

That makes me feel good. Thanks.

YATES

That's okay.

They eat and drink.

EXT: PARKING AREA - DAY

Behind the diner.

Ridley and Yates come out of the diner and go to their car. They get in. Yates drives. The car drives off out onto the desert road.

INT: CAR - DAY

Yates driving. Ridley in the passenger seat.

RIDLEY

Let's get us some beers.

YATES

Yeah. But don't get too drunk
you can't drive or shoot straight.

RIDLEY

I shoot real good when I'm drunk.

YATES

Oh yeah -

RIDLEY

I do. Of course, I shoot better
when I'm not drunk.

YATES

Well, all I care about's you doing
your fair share of the driving -

RIDLEY

I'll do it -

YATES

- Without getting us killed -

RIDLEY

I know my limit.

YATES

Good.

Yates watches the road.

They pass by a motel to the side of the freeway cutting across the desert.
CUT TO:

INT: MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Bedroom.

Colson is lying on the bed. He looks at the window. The blinds are drawn down.

Colson sits up, gets up off the bed and goes into the bathroom.

He washes his hands and then looks at his face in the mirror. A bead of sweat runs down his cheek onto his chin. He places his finger on his chin to stop the bead of sweat. He looks down at the washbasin and puts

his finger under the cold tap.

He turns the tap on for a few seconds to wash away the sweat, then turns the tap off.

He looks up at the mirror to see the ghostly form of Kirage where his own reflection should be.

COLSON

What ?!

KIRAGE

Phase out...

The image of Kirage appears to dissolve. Colson is looking at his own reflection.

INT: CAR - DAY

Yates driving. Ridley in the passenger seat.

RIDLEY

Oh ho ! Beer !

He points to a diner off the road. Yates brakes to a halt.

YATES

Okay. Get 'em iced.

Ridley gets out and watched be Yates from inside the car, goes into the diner. Yates can see a vulture landing on the top of a dead tree.

Yates relaxes and reclines backwards.

Later:

Ridley comes out, holding a crate of beer cans.

Yates sits up.

Ridley goes over to the car, and gets inside. He puts the crate on the back seat.

RIDLEY

Straight out of the ice box.

Yates turns around. He picks up a can and holds it against his forehead, then puts it down.

YATES

It's cool.

RIDLEY

Why don't you drink ?

YATES

And drive ?

RIDLEY

Why not ?

YATES
And get us both killed ? No way.

RIDLEY
Well, I'm gonna have one.

Ridley opens a can and drinks.

RIDLEY
Nice...

Yates puts the car into gear and drives off.

RIDLEY
Don't resent me, having a drink.

YATES
I don't.

RIDLEY
Sure.

Later:

As he drives through the desert landscape, Yates is feeling the heat. Ridley has emptied his can.

YATES
I need a drink. I'm dehydrating.

RIDLEY
Okay. I'll drive.

YATES
No way.

Yates pulls up by the side of the road and opens a can. He drinks.

YATES
That feels so good.

RIDLEY
Told you.

Ridley puts his hand on the steering wheel.

RIDLEY
Lemme drive.

Yates looks at Ridley.

RIDLEY
My turn.

YATES
Lou, I can't let you drive. You've had two cans.

RIDLEY
You're drinking now.

Yates sighs.

YATES

One can. I'm less drunk than you.

RIDLEY

I am not drunk !

YATES

I'm more sober than you. I drive.
We'll wait here till sundown, then
I'll drive us into Vegas.

RIDLEY

Suit yourself.

Ridley opens another can and drinks.

Yates drinks.

Yates pulls down the flaps over the mirrors to cut out the sun's rays,
then flops back into a slumber.

Ridley drinks. He looks out of the windows across the road, where he sees
a small ridge a short distance from the freeway. He burps. He drinks until
he finishes the can, then puts the empty can in the crate.

He opens the door and gets out.

EXT: DESERT - DAY

Ridley walks down towards the ridge. He stands over the edge and pukes up.

A car passes by the agents' car. Ridley is busy puking and takes little
notice.

INT: CAR - DAY

Colson is driving.

DESERT - DAY

Ridley has finished puking.

RIDLEY

That's better.

He walks away from the ridge to the car, and gets inside.

INT: CAR - DAY

Yates is in a slumber. Ridley takes out another can of beer, opens it and
drinks.

RIDLEY

Yip - I sure can hold my beer.

INT: CAR - DAY/NIGHT

Early evening. The sun setting on the horizon.

Yates wakes up and see the stupefied Ridley with his eyes just open.

Yates sighs.

YATES
You God-damn drunk...

RIDLEY
Wha- ?

YATES
You're in no condition to drive.
You're drunk...

Ridley burps.

Yates turns on the ignition and drives onto the freeway.

EXT: FREEWAY - DAY/NIGHT

Evening.

The agents' car drives down the freeway towards Las Vegas, and passes by a sign, saying ten miles to Las Vegas.

INT: CAR - NIGHT

Colson's car is driving into Las Vegas, with its neon lights at the front of the casinos.

INT: CAR - NIGHT

Yates driving. Ridley still under the influence. They near the outskirts of Las Vegas.

YATES
You wanna go to Vegas, Lou ?

RIDLEY
Sure. Everyone wants to go to Vegas.

Ridley sings.

RIDLEY (singing)
Viva Las Vegas,
Viva...viva...Las Vegas.

YATES
You ain't the King.

RIDLEY
I know...

Ridley burps.

YATES
They got slot machines, roulette, card games, and crap shoots. Can be fun, as long as you don't lose too much. Set yourself a limit, because, the house always wins. No good going in there if you're drunk, though.

RIDLEY
I ain't drunk.

YATES
You ain't exactly sober.

RIDLEY
I will be when we get to Vegas.

Yates drives into Las Vegas.

EXT: STREET - NIGHT

Colson's car stops outside a casino. He gets out and goes into the casino.
CUT TO:

INT: CASINO - NIGHT

Colson goes to a one-armed bandit. He puts in some money, pulls the arm. He loses. He puts in more money, pulls the arm, and loses again. He does this a number of times, then gives up.

He walks down the aisle of one-armed bandits. As he passes a customer, coins rain out of the slot of one of the machines. Colson shakes his head.

Colson goes to a crap table and places a bet on a throw of seven. The dice are thrown. A four and a one. Colson loses his money.

He goes to a roulette wheel and watches it spin. He goes to a counter to exchange money for chips. He goes to the roulette wheel and places his money on red. The wheel is spun and stops on a black number. Colson decides his luck is out and makes his way to the bar.

A waitress, JANE POWELL, looks at him. Colson stares at her. She has a certain resemblance to his girlfriend, Jane Harrison. Colson looks sad.

JANE
You lost some money ?

COLSON
I sure did.

JANE
But you still got enough to buy
a few drinks...?

COLSON
I hope so.

Colson continues to look at Jane.

JANE
What's up, big man ?

COLSON
I'm sorry. You remind me of someone,
I used ta know...

Jane half smiles.

JANE
Who ?

COLSON
Just someone I used ta know.

Colson turns to the bartender.

COLSON
I reckon I'll have a tequila. And
for the lady...

JANE
I'd like a tequila, too, please;
my favourite drink.

The bartender fixes the drinks and puts them on the counter.

Colson takes a note out of his wallet and pays.

He takes a sip of his drink. Jane takes a sip of her drink.

COLSON
You know, I didn't win once tonight,
not once.

JANE
It's like that sometimes.

COLSON
I reckon I'm a loser.

JANE
No, you ain't a loser. You got me.

He drinks a little more. She drinks a little more.

JANE
May I ask your name ?

COLSON
Pete...What your name ?

JANE
Jane...

This makes Colson go blank for a few seconds.

JANE
What's up, Pete ?

COLSON
Nothing.

He holds out his hand. Jane shakes it.

JANE
Nice to meet you, Pete.

COLSON
Nice to meet you, Jane.

JANE
So, Pete, what's your line of
work ?

COLSON
I can't tell you that.

JANE
Well, I am a hostess...

COLSON
A "hostess" ?

JANE
You wanna try me out ?

COLSON
I think I'll do that.

JANE
Drink up.

Colson finishes his drink. Jane finishes her drink.

JANE
Let's go.

Jane holds Colson by the hand and leads him away from the bar.

CUT TO:

INT: BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jane shows Colson the bed.

JANE
Well, Pete, I guess you could
say I'm just an old-fashioned
whore, but I like my job, and
I'm good at what I do.

COLSON
You're real pretty.

JANE
Top quality young prostitute.

COLSON
How much ?

JANE
For a gentleman like you, two
hundred dollars.

COLSON
For a fuck ?

JANE
Not just any old fuck, a super
fuck.

COLSON
How super ?

JANE
Super-duper.

COLSON
Sounds good.

JANE
Ain't just a job for me; it is
a vocation.

COLSON
"A vocation - ?"

JANE
I dedicate myself to customer
satisfaction. You know, some
prostitutes will only let you
fuck them, but I will allow you
to kiss me.

COLSON
I can, kiss you ?

JANE
Sure. In fact, I will kiss you,
like this.

She leans over and kisses him.

JANE
You know what, I really fancy
you.

She kisses him again.

JANE
You are so handsome !

She undoes his shirt buttons and kisses his chest.

COLSON
Wow, Jane ! You are a super-duper
whore !

JANE
Told you. Let's do it.

They fall onto the bed and have sex.

Later:

Colson is on the bed. Jane is getting dressed.

JANE
Was it worth it ?

COLSON
Best fuck I've had in ages.

Colson goes to his wallet and takes out two hundred dollars.

JANE
Oh man, you are such a gentleman.

Colson hands her the money. She puts it in her purse.

JANE
Thanks.

COLSON

Jane -

JANE

Yes -

COLSON

You do remind me of someone
very precious to me...she was
called Jane...

Jane looks at him.

COLSON

...My girlfriend...

Colson looks sad.

JANE

What's up, Pete ?

COLSON

I think she's dead.

JANE

Oh, I'm sorry.

COLSON

It was her name, Jane. They
killed her.

JANE

Who ?

COLSON

Blake.

JANE

Who's Blake ?

COLSON

Someone I used ta know. I reckon
she's dead. Blake killed her.

JANE

I'm so sorry.

Jane finishes dressing.

JANE

I'd better be going.

COLSON

Okay.

JANE

Nice meeting you.

COLSON

Nice meeting you, Jane.

She picks up her things and goes out.

EXT: STREET - NIGHT

Colson goes to his car.

Yates catches sight of Colson at the end of the street. He shakes his head, then confirms to himself that he has probably seen Colson.

By now, Colson is in his car. The car drives off.

Yates hurries to the agents' car and gets in.

INT: CAR - NIGHT

Yates turns to Ridley.

YATES
I just seen Colson.

RIDLEY
Where ?

YATES
In the street. Where d'you think ?

RIDLEY
Not in the casino - ?

YATES
Not in the casino, in the street.

Yates turns the ignition and starts driving.

EXT: STREET - NIGHT

The agents' car follows Colson's car at a distance.

INT: CAR - NIGHT

Yates driving in pursuit of Colson. Ridley more sober than before.

RIDLEY
Why didn't you shoot him ?

YATES
I was...surprised. I didn't expect to see him in the street.

RIDLEY
How far were you away from him ?

YATES
I don't know; maybe, fifty feet.

RIDLEY
You could have shot him.

YATES
I couldn't be sure I would hit him at that distance. The thing is, I didn't even think about drawing my gun...

RIDLEY
You missed an opportunity, to
kill him..

YATES
Maybe, I did.

Yates looks at Ridley.

YATES
We will kill him.

Yates looks ahead to see Colson's car some distance ahead of them on
the road.

YATES
We follow him into the desert;
then we kill him.

RIDLEY
Okay.

EXT: FREEWAY - NIGHT

Colson's car heads down the freeway across the desert, followed at some
distance by the agents' car.

CUT TO:

EXT: GARAGE - DAY

A garage off the freeway across the desert.

Colson's car stops near the pumps. An ATTENDANT goes across to him. Colson
speaks.

COLSON
Fill 'er up.

ATTENDANT
Yes, sir.

Colson gets out of the car.

COLSON
You got a washroom ?

ATTENDANT
Sure. Round the back.

COLSON
Thanks.

Colson goes round to the washroom and goes inside.

INT: WASHROOM - DAY

Colson looks in the mirror and washes his hands. He dries them on paper
towels and discards them into a basket. He looks at his face.

He sees the ghostly face of Kirage superimposed on the features of his own
face. Kirage's face then splits into three faces, which float around the
surface of the mirror.

COLSON
What's going on ?

KIRAGE
Remember..wave harmonics..in phase,
you appear..phase out..you disappear.

The faces disappear.

EXT: GARAGE - DAY

Colson emerges from the washroom. He goes to his car. He speaks to the attendant.

COLSON
How much ?

ATTENDANT
Twenty-five dollars.

COLSON
Okay.

Colson pays, gets in his car, drives off.

INT: CAR - DAY

The agents' car.

Yates driving. Ridley in the passenger seat.

RIDLEY
I need a piss.

YATES
I'm not surprised.

Yates stops the car.

YATES
Go and do it.

RIDLEY
Okay.

YATES
Like a dog doing its business.

RIDLEY
I ain't no dog !

Yates sighs.

YATES
Just go and do it.

RIDLEY
Okay.

Ridley gets out of the car.

EXT: FREEWAY - DAY

Ridley walks towards the sand and mutters to himself.

RIDLEY
I ain't no dog. No need to
get nasty. It's only a piss.

He undoes his zip and urinates onto the sand of the desert.

INT: CAR - DAY

Yates is watching. He suddenly sees Colson's car speeding past on the freeway.

He is alerted. Yates leans out of the front window.

YATES
Hey ! Finish with your pissing !

EXT: DESERT - DAY

Near the freeway.

Ridley has just finished. He turns.

RIDLEY
What's up ?

INT: CAR - DAY

Yates shouts out of the window.

YATES
I've seen just Colson.

EXT: DESERT - DAY

The desert, just before the freeway.

Ridley reacts.

RIDLEY
Shit !

He runs to the car.

RIDLEY
You sure ?

YATES
I saw his car.

RIDLEY
Let's get him.

Ridley gets in the car. It speeds off in pursuit of Colson.

INT: CAR - DAY

Yates driving. Ridley takes out his pistol.

RIDLEY
Let's get that son-of-a-bitch !

Yates steps on the accelerator. The speed jumps up past 90 mph, as the car gains on Colson's car.

INT: CAR - DAY

Colson driving at about 50 mph.

He sees the agents' car speeding towards him in the mirror.

He barely has time to react before it bumps into him, knocking his car off the freeway into the sand of the desert.

EXT: FREEWAY - DAY

The agents' car goes some distance past Colson's car, then turns around.

INT: CAR - DAY

Colson sees the agents' car heading straight for him. He swerves his car to avoid them.

EXT: DESERT - DAY

The agents' car chases Colson's car across the desert away from the freeway. The chase continues until Colson drives his car down an old dirt track. The agents' car follows Colson's car.

Colson's car passes a sign saying "Warning - Bridge Out".

Colson slams on the brakes, but the car is travelling too fast.

INT: CAR - DAY

Yates driving. Ridley spots the sign.

RIDLEY
Stop the car !

YATES
What ?

RIDLEY
The bridge is out.

Yates slams on the brakes.

INT: CAR - DAY

Colson is braking hard, but cannot stop the car in time.

He sees the end of the incomplete bridge in front of him.

EXT: BRIDGE - DAY

Colson's car almost stops, but the centre of gravity is past the edge of the bridge. The car topples over.

Colson's car crashes into flames as it hits the ground. The agents' car brakes to a standstill, its front wheels over the edge of the bridge, but

secure on the underside of the chassis.

Colson, badly burned and bleeding, runs from the car just before it explodes, showering the hillside with flaming debris. He runs down to the stream and throws himself into it to put out the flames.

INT: CAR - DAY

Agents' car.

Ridley speaks to Yates.

RIDLEY
Let's get him !

They get out of the car.

EXT: HILLSIDE - DAY

Ridley and Yates run down the hillside, their pistols ready to fire.

Colson wades across the shallow stream. He is smouldering, but the fire itself is out.

Ridley and Yates follow down to the stream and wade across, firing. Colson runs across the desert.

Ridley fires. Colson is hit in the leg. He falls to the ground. He tries to stand, and drags himself along. Yates fires. Colson is hit in the back. He falls face down into the sand. Ridley and Yates walk to him with confident measured pace.

RIDLEY
You wanna do it ?

YATES
We'll both do it...

They look down on the defenceless Colson.

RIDLEY
Colson, you know who we are.

COLSON
Blake sent you...

YATES
That is correct. Do you wanna know our names, before we kill you ?

COLSON
Why would I wanna know that ?

RIDLEY
So you know who to curse, in the seconds before we kill you.

COLSON
Okay, tell me your names.

Yates and Ridley look at each.

YATES

I'm Yates...

RIDLEY

I'm Ridley.

COLSON

Well, Yates and Ridley, I guess you better do what Blake told you to do, without questioning his orders...

RIDLEY

What ?

COLSON

You don't question his orders, do you ?

YATES

Of course not. If we questioned our orders, we'd get shot.

Colson breathes heavily.

RIDLEY

You know our names; you should curse us now.

COLSON

I ain't gonna curse you; I'm gonna curse Blake.

YATES

Well, curse him.

COLSON

Blake, one day, you'll answer for this.

Ridley chuckles.

RIDLEY

What can you possibly do to him ?

Colson has no answer.

YATES

Okay; we're gonna shoot you now.

They aim their pistols at Colson's head.

A moment of silence.

Then, they unload their pistols into Colson's head, which is riddled with bullets. His bloodied head falls into the sand.

RIDLEY

Guess he's dead.

YATES

Yep.

RIDLEY
Let's go and get our reward.

Ridley and Yates go back to the stream and wade across. They can see a figure in the distance.

RIDLEY
Who in Hell is that ?

YATES
Blake, coming to check up on us ?

The figure gets closer. The face appears to be that of Kirage.

RIDLEY
Mister - ?

KIRAGE
Yes...?

RIDLEY
You following us ?

KIRAGE
No.

YATES
What are ya doing here ?

KIRAGE
I was a scientist. I was working on wave harmonics, the nature of matter; how to make it disappear, and appear again. But this was not a conjuring trick. I could make matter dissolve into nothing; and I could reconstitute matter, where there was none. I did this with people. I could be gone...

He disappears.

His voice is heard.

KIRAGE (O.S.)
...or I could be here...

He reappears.

KIRAGE
What do you make of that ?

RIDLEY
I don't like that.

Ridley nods to Yates, and they both aim their pistols at him.

RIDLEY
Don't play hide-and-seek with us, mister.

Kirage walks closer.

KIRAGE
This is not a game. This is the
transmutation of matter. This is
life and death.

Kirage steps closer to them.

RIDLEY
Get back, or I'll shoot.

Kirage walks closer

RIDLEY
Get back !

Kirage walks closer and closer.

RIDLEY
I'm warning you...

Kirage's feet enter the water.

YATES
Keep away from us.

Kirage wades in and walks towards them.

RIDLEY
You asked for it !

Ridley and Yates unload their pistols, to no effect whatsoever, until they are out of bullets. Kirage walks up to within ten feet of them, then stops. His face changes into that of Colson. Colson draws a pistol.

RIDLEY
Impossible - you're dead !

Colson unloads and shoots Ridley and Yates dead, then disappears.

CUT TO:

INT: BEDROOM - NIGHT

Blake asleep in bed. Colson materialises, holding a pistol.

COLSON
Wakey, wakey...

Blake wakes up. He is aghast to see Colson standing above him.

BLAKE
You should be dead.

COLSON
I am dead...

BLAKE
What do you mean ?

COLSON
You know that scientist we were
investigating, Simon Kirage, the
one Poston shot dead, well, he's

COLSON (cont'd)
not dead; well, he is dead, but he
still exists...

BLAKE
What are you talking about ?

COLSON
His research, into phase harmonics...

BLAKE
What in Hell is that ?

COLSON
The nature of matter itself...Life
is just part of the deal. We exist,
and at the same time, we don't. We
occupy space, but we don't. At any
co-ordinate in the Space-Time Continuum,
we both exist, and we don't. Kirage
was able, through his research, to
make a whole body obey the laws of
Quantum Mechanics, to be, and, not
to be, at the same time, in the same
space.

BLAKE
I don't believe that.

COLSON
You wanna see it, in action ?

Blake nods.

COLSON
Okay...I'm here; then...

Colson disappears.

Colson's voice is heard.

COLSON (O.S.)
I'm gone, and then...

Colson re-appears.

COLSON
I'm back.

BLAKE
This ain't real. This is some kinda
party trick.

COLSON
This is real and unreal, at the same
time, in the same space.

BLAKE
God-damn...

COLSON
Before I kill you, one thing I'm

COLSON (cont'd)
a little curious about...

BLAKE
What's that ?

COLSON
Did you want Maguire dead ?

BLAKE
Of course not. We were buddies.
But, the order came through, from
higher up; he had been designated
a security risk.

COLSON
Are you afraid, that might happen
to you one day ?

BLAKE
I guess I am; we all are.

COLSON
You might be designated a security
risk...?

BLAKE
It's possible...I shouldn't be.
I always followed orders, without
question. I am as reliable as an
agent can be. I am totally loyal
to the Constitution. No-one higher
up should doubt me.

COLSON
But they do.

BLAKE
That would be a mistake.

COLSON
When you're dead, it's too late
to do anything about that.

Blake sighs.

BLAKE
So, what are you gonna do ?

COLSON
I'm gonna kill you.

BLAKE
What are you, some kinda supernatural
avenger - ?

COLSON
You deserve to die.

BLAKE
Why ?

COLSON
Because of all the people you
ordered to be killed.

BLAKE
Orders from above...

COLSON
...Which you never questioned...

BLAKE
How could I ? If I disobeyed,
I would've been shot.

COLSON
You're gonna be shot now.

BLAKE
By a ghost ? You ain't real...

COLSON
These bullets are real enough.

Colson's aims the pistol closer to Blake's head.

BLAKE
Please, don't kill me...

Colson's finger flexes on the trigger.

COLSON
You have been designated a security
risk...

BLAKE
Who designated me ?

COLSON
I did !

BLAKE
But you don't exist !

COLSON
I do exist.

Colson unloads his pistol into Blake, who is shot up.

COLSON
Phase out...

Colson disappears.

THE END