

## PRECIOUS SECONDS

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By

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FADE IN:

INT. GLEN BURNIE, MARYLAND - CHOP SHOP - DAY

Outside, a silver Lincoln SKIDS to a halt. LOCKHART, 55, arrogant and Armani clad, swings out. Marches into the NOISY garage. Passes Harleys and hotrods in various stages of modification.

BACK OFFICE

BULL, 50, biker tats, tie-dyed buzz cut, plays slap and tickle with a double-barreled blonde. Lockhart throws open the door.

BULL  
Ain't ya heard of knocking?

LOCKHART  
You and me. Now.

BULL  
(to the blonde)  
Catch ya tonight, sugar.

The blonde shimmies pulling down her leather mini. She shakes her money-maker at Lockhart. Lockhart slams the door behind her.

LOCKHART  
It's been thirty-six hours and  
I haven't heard word one.

BULL  
This dude's a tough nut to  
crack.

Lockhart whips out a nickel-plated Beretta. Levels it at Bull's furrowed brow.

LOCKHART  
How tough do you think it's  
going to be to wipe your  
brains off that wall?

Bull's cool demeanor turns into a scared sweat.

LOCKHART  
I paid you, Bull. Two  
thousand. Cash. Instead of  
results, I see you feeling up  
some low rent lap dancer.

Bull can't peel his eyes away from the shiny muzzle  
aimed at his forehead.

BULL  
You wanna see him?

LOCKHART  
What do you think?

#### STORAGE ROOM

A metal door flies open. Lockhart strides in followed  
by Bull. CHASE, 35, intense like a speeding  
rollercoaster, sits strapped to a wooden chair. His  
chin resting on his sweat-stained T-shirt.

LOCKHART  
When was the last time you  
questioned him?

BULL  
I rotate it. Hour on. Hour  
off.

Lockhart yanks Chase's head back by his long, greasy hair.  
Half-conscious, Chase focuses on Lockhart's angry face.

LOCKHART  
Tell me what you know about  
Khun Sa or you will suffer in  
every corpuscle of your being.

Lockhart's eyes follow an electrical cable. It runs  
from a car battery to metal clamps pinching Chase's  
bloody ear lobes.

LOCKHART  
(to Bull)  
Give him more voltage.

BULL  
No way. It'll toast him.

LOCKHART  
Since when did you become a  
humanitarian?

Lockhart gets in Bull's pockmarked face.

LOCKHART  
Do it.

BULL  
I'll hook him up, but I ain't  
flickin' the switch.

Bull disconnects the car battery. Replaces it with a  
monstrous truck version. Bull hands Lockhart a small  
switch box.

BULL  
He's wired.

Lockhart flips the switch.

An electrical charge ~~SIZZLES~~ shooting through the cable.

Chase snaps back in the chair. His eyes roll zombie white.

Mentally, Chase is transported to another time and place.

FLASHBACK - EXT. DUBLIN, IRELAND - DAY (1915)

A Model T chugs and sputters down a cobblestone street.  
FIONA, 20, fiery eyes and a tangle of curly red tresses,  
pulls BRENDAN, 25, Chase in a prior life, past quaint  
little shops.

FIONA  
Hurry, Brendan, we're going to  
be late!

INT. STUDIO - DAY

A French PHOTOGRAPHER buzzes around Brendan and Fiona.  
Fixes their hair. Adjusts their clothes.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
C'est magnifique!

Looks at them seriously.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Hold that pose.

The photographer scurries behind an old-fashioned tripod camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Say, fromage!

BURST of flash powder captures Brendan and Fiona in a moment in time.

EXT. OLD DUBLIN POST OFFICE - DAY

Dashing in the rain, Brendan and Fiona find shelter beneath the portico.

FIONA

Look at us, we're soaked!

Brendan withdraws an envelope from his tweed jacket. He peeks inside.

FIONA

Ah, no fair!

Fiona snatches the envelope from her boyfriend. Slides out a black and white photograph. She smiles ear to ear.

FIONA

You're a handsome man, Brendan Fitzgerald.

Brendan peers over Fiona's shoulder. Steals a glance at the picture.

BRENDAN

And you're the most beautiful lass this side of Galway.

Brendan tilts Fiona's face towards him. Kisses her.

BRENDAN

Marry me, Fiona.

FIONA

Go on with you.

Brendan draws Fiona into his arms.

BRENDAN

I'm serious.

A ray of sunshine breaks through the storm clouds.  
Shines down on the young couple. Brendan kneels on the  
damp concrete.

BRENDAN

Fiona Margaret O'Ryan. Will  
you do me the honor of being  
my wife... now and forever?

Fiona's smiling face turns serious.

FIONA

You really mean it?

Brendan nods.

FIONA

Brendan Fergus Fitzgerald. I  
will be your wife... now and  
forever.

Both laughing, Brendan lifts Fiona off the ground.  
Spins her in a circle.

PRESENT - INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - ST. ELIZABETH'S - DAY

Mental patients line up at a NURSES' station.

NURSE #1

Next!

Chase shuffles forward. Looks brain dead.

NURSE #1

Name?

Chase stares blankly. NURSE #2 approaches.

NURSE #2

That one was admitted last  
night.

Nurse #2 slides on her glasses. Runs her finger down  
the other nurse's list.



NURSE #2  
There he is. Detrick, Chase.

Nurse #1 doles out a cup of water and two pills. Chase wanders off.

NURSE #1  
Ah-ah!

Chase is boxed in by a BIG ORDERLY.

NURSE #1  
You have to take them here.

Again, Chase stares blankly.

NURSE #2  
(to nurse #1)  
I've got him.

Nurse #2 inserts the pills into Chase's mouth. Forces him to swallow the water. Chase strolls off.

DAY ROOM

Chase plops down on a sofa. Looks around. Sneaks the pills from his mouth. A C.N.N. REPORTER appears on a T.V. overhead.

INSERT - TELEVISION

C.N.N. REPORTER  
Headlining our news this morning... Rasheed al-Bakar, reputed international arms dealer, was convicted today for the two thousand seven slayings of two undercover A-T-F agents.

The newscast switches to footage of shouting reporters swarming a New York federal courthouse.

C.N.N. REPORTER  
The government's case rested primarily on the testimony of this man, Ahmed Qassim, seen here with his wife.

A video shows AHMED, 40, urbane, Middle Eastern accent, and LALEH, 35, bears a striking resemblance to Fiona O'Ryan, being hustled into a van by U.S. marshals.

C.N.N. REPORTER (V.O.)

Mister Qassim not only gave an eyewitness account of the double homicide, but also provided state's evidence linking al-Bakar to such terrorist groups as ...

RETURN TO SCENE

Chase leans forward. His jaw drops.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

DR. STANHOPE, 65, retro hippy with a greying ponytail, stands by a window perusing a file. A KNOCK at the door.

DR. STANHOPE

Yes?

Nurse #1 opens the door.

NURSE #1

Doctor Stanhope. Mister Detrick is here for his session.

DR. STANHOPE

Bring him in.

The nurse escorts Chase. Seats him in a chair.

DR. STANHOPE

Thank you.

The nurse closes the door on her way out.

DR. STANHOPE

How are you, Chase?

Chase still has that "lights out" look. Dr. Stanhope motions to the folder he's holding.

DR. STANHOPE  
Your file is very scarce on  
details. Would you like to  
tell me about yourself? How  
you came to be a patient at  
Saint Elizabeth's?

No response. Dr. Stanhope walks around his desk.  
Crouches beside Chase. Notices the word "FORECON"  
tattooed on Chase's bicep.

DR. STANHOPE  
Look, I know someone has hurt  
you. You have electrical  
burns on your body. Do you  
want to tell me about it?

Chase continues to stare off into space.

DR. STANHOPE  
When you're ready to talk,  
Chase, just tell one of the  
nurses.

Dr. Stanhope heads for the door.

CHASE  
Wait.

Shocked, Dr. Stanhope retraces his steps. Chase appears  
surprisingly lucid.

CHASE  
Can I trust you?

DR. STANHOPE  
Anything you tell me will be  
held in the strictest  
confidence.

Dr. Stanhope sits on the corner of his desk.

DR. STANHOPE  
Your tattoo. Force Recon.  
You served in the Marines,  
didn't you?

Chase nods.

DR. STANHOPE  
I was attached to a MASH unit  
at Quang Tri back in  
seventy-two. On occasion,  
American G-Is were choppered  
in who had been tortured by  
the V-C.

The doctor looks away. A darkness takes over his  
buoyant face.

DR. STANHOPE  
One method the Viet Cong used  
was hooking up the  
interrogated to a car battery  
and shocking them until they  
cracked.

CHASE  
Is it possible...

Dr. Stanhope looks back at Chase.

CHASE  
... if a person is severely  
traumatized, they can suffer  
hallucinations?

DR. STANHOPE  
It's been know to happen.

CHASE  
What about revisiting a former  
life?

DR. STANHOPE  
What do you mean?

Chase sits back. Looks unsure if he'll say anything  
more.

DR. STANHOPE  
Are you saying you have had a  
past life experience?

Chase leans forward. His face is deadly serious.

CHASE  
I saw a woman recently on T-V.  
A woman I swear I knew in  
another life.

DR. STANHOPE  
 This woman. Is she an actress?  
 A talk show host?

CHASE  
 No. She was in the news.

DR. STANHOPE  
 In your former life, what was  
 this woman's relationship to  
 you?

CHASE  
 I think we were married.

DR. STANHOPE  
 What about now? What feelings,  
 if any, do you have for this  
 woman?

Chase glances out the window. Sees construction workers  
 dumping debris into a roll off.

CHASE  
 I don't know why, but I feel  
 this need to be with her.

The doctor walks back to his desk. Sits down.

DR. STANHOPE  
 Past life regressions can be  
 extremely vivid to the person  
 experiencing them. However,  
 there is no empirical data  
 which scientifically proves  
 the theory of reincarnation.  
 (beat)  
 I would like to discuss this  
 issue further in our next  
 session.

Chase continues gazing out the window. Shows zero  
 interest in the doctor's recommendation.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Wielding a flashlight, a young orderly looks in on  
 patients through a glass pane in their doors. Checking  
 the last room, the orderly observes an unmade bed and  
 nobody in it.

## PATIENT'S ROOM

The door UNLOCKS.

The young orderly hits the lights. Sees no one.

He reaches for his walkie-talkie.

Chase drops from a high shelf. Pounces on the orderly.

## HALLWAY

The big orderly stocks a supply closet. Wearing the young orderly's uniform, Chase walks briskly by.

BIG ORDERLY

Hey! How 'bout giving me a hand before you go on break?

Chase keeps hoofing it.

BIG ORDERLY

Yo! I know you just didn't ignore me.

Chase stops. Doesn't turn around. The big orderly plants his huge fists on his hip.

BIG ORDERLY

What the hell's your --

Chase turns around. Faces the big man.

BIG ORDERLY

Hey, what are you --

The big orderly grabs Chase by the collar.

Chase slams the big man with a judo throw.

Hightails it to a secured door.

Chase tries an access card. Nothing happens.

BIG ORDERLY

(into a walkie-talkie)  
There's an escape on level --

## VISITORS' LOUNGE

Chase dashes in.

Picks up a chair.

Hurls it against a shatterproof window.

The chair bounces off.

BIG ORDERLY

Hey, chump!

The big orderly closes in.

Chase stands on the chair.

Punches out a ceiling vent.

Claws his way into the ductwork.

BIG ORDERLY

Oh no you don't --

The big orderly snags Chase by the ankle.

Chase kicks the orderly in the mouth.

Spins him around with his feet.

Sends him sailing into a security guard.

## EXT. ST. ELIZABETH'S - ROOFTOP

Chase pops out of a vent stack.

Simultaneously an access door BANGS open.

The big orderly and a pair of security guards rush out.

Chase sprints ahead of them.

BIG ORDERLY

Don't --

Chase hops on the ledge. Jumps.

The big orderly runs to the edge of the building.

He spots Chase climbing out of the roll off.

Chase hauls ass into the night.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Lockhart munches on lobster salad while checking her BlackBerry. A MAN FROM MYANMAR, a nasty scar creases his emaciated face, slides into the leather booth. Lockhart stares at him coldly.

LOCKHART

Get out.

The Asian man does not budge. Lockhart swings out the other side. A second Myanmarese man shoves Lockhart back in the booth.

LOCKHART

I contact you. You don't contact me.

MAN FROM MYANMAR

Why did you shut down the operation?

LOCKHART

I have no intention of discussing --

A gun COCKS beneath the table.

LOCKHART

You don't have the guts to shoot me in public.

MAN FROM MYANMAR

You have obviously forgotten who you are dealing with.

Worry lines become visible in Lockhart's face.

LOCKHART

Detrick is back in the U-S.

MAN FROM MYANMAR

Do not be coy with me, Ms. Lockhart. We both know you committed Detrick to an asylum and he escaped.



The man from Myanmar picks up Lockhart's salad knife.  
Rolls it between his bony fingers.

MAN FROM MYANMAR  
You should have killed him in  
Phuket when you had the chance.

LOCKHART  
It is not that simple.

MAN FROM MYANMAR  
Khun Sa's opium is stacking up.  
Nothing has moved for two  
weeks.

LOCKHART  
You don't understand.

MAN FROM MYANMAR  
No, Ms. Lockhart, you do not  
understand. People are  
depending on my employer to  
move his product. If he does  
not, there will be dire  
consequences.

The man from Myanmar leans into Lockhart's space.

MAN FROM MYANMAR  
If Khun Sa is at risk, then  
you, madam, are also at risk.

Lockhart's trademark arrogance shows signs of waning.

LOCKHART  
Give me three days.

MAN FROM MYANMAR  
You have two.

The men from Myanmar slide out of the booth and walk off.  
Lockhart sweeps her lobster salad off the table.

INT. HI-RISE CONDOMINIUMS - HALLWAY - DAY

An elderly BUILDING MANAGER with a garish dye job  
unlocks a unit. Chase places his hand on the old lady's  
shoulder.

CHASE  
Thanks, Mrs. Miller. By the way, I like the new do.

BUILDING MANAGER  
Oh Chase, you're such a flirt.

The old lady toddles off. Calls out over her shoulder.

BUILDING MANAGER  
Let me know, sweetie, if you can't find your key!

CONDO

Chase tosses a bundle of mail on a coffee table. Flops on a couch. Massaging a headache, Chase notices a piece of fabric sticking out of the closet.

CHASE  
Shit!

Chase bolts for the front door.

An intruder leaps out of the closet. Tackles Chase.

Chase pounds his face. Breaks the intruder's nose.

Chase locks the man in a full nelson.

CHASE  
Who sent you?

A second intruder FIRES a stun gun.

Chase shields himself. The Taser ZAPS the first intruder.

Chase sweeps the second intruder off his feet.

Chase rifles through his suit. Extracts a wallet.

INSERT - WALLET

Laminated I.D. reads: "U.S. DEPT. OF HOMELAND SECURITY".

EXT. HIGH-RISE CONDOMINIUMS - DAY

Chase slings a duffle bag into a black Challenger.

Jumps behind the wheel.

LAYS A PATCH down the street.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

Chase sits ensconced in an alcove. He flips open the first in a stack of books and reads.

CHASE (V.O.)

"Reincarnation, literally to be made flesh again, is a metaphysical belief that a human being survives death and that his or her soul is recast into a new body. A new life."

Chase scans his finger to the bottom of the page. Continues reading.

CHASE (V.O.)

"Therefore each of us is continuously reborn in the wind of our own desires."

EXT. 7-11 - NIGHT

Chase punches a number on a pay phone.

CHASE

(into the phone)

You know who this is?

A police cruiser pulls up. Two uniformed cops step out. Chase turns his back to them. The officers approach Chase -- then detour into the convenience store.

CHASE

(into the phone)

Listen, I need a favor.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

L.T., 40, ex-gyrene who still wears it high and tight, slides a large envelope across a kitchen table. Chase looks at it, but doesn't touch.

L.T.

That's the F-B-I file you wanted.

Chase folds the envelope in half. Tucks it inside his leather jacket.

L.T.

What's this Qassim woman to you?

No reply.

L.T.

Ain't none of my business, right?

(beat)

I also hacked into the D-E-A like you asked.

L.T. slurps his black coffee.

L.T.

There's a warrant for your arrest.

Chase shows no emotion.

L.T.

Came across an email from the D-E-A section chief in Myanmar. He claimed to have evidence you were supplying names of governmental operatives to the opium cartel.

L.T. sits back. Stares into Chase's poker face.

L.T.

What kind of bullshit is this? Who the hell is hanging you out to dry?

CHASE

Let it go, L-T.

L.T. leans forward on his muscular arms.

L.T.

We did two tours in Iraq  
together. I got your back,  
Chase.

Wanting to say more, Chase just looks away.

CHASE

It's better you don't know.

Chase extracts a bank envelope. Slides it toward his  
battle buddy.

L.T.

What's that?

CHASE

I don't expect freebies.

L.T. shoves the envelope back at Chase.

L.T.

Your money's no good here.

Reluctantly, Chase pockets the cash. Looks around the  
cluttered kitchen.

CHASE

How long's it been since  
Lakeisha split?

L.T.

Six months to the day.

A queer smile crosses L.T.'s chisled face.

L.T.

It's funny, you know? Finally  
got my shit together... thanks  
to you. You got me in rehab.  
Helped me kick the ice.

L.T. traces the Marine emblem on his coffee mug.

L.T.

Eighteen weeks later I come out the other side. Clean and sober. That's when my wife decides she's had enough.

CHASE

How's Marcus?

The hopelessness in L.T.'s face becomes more obvious.

L.T.

Still the same. Docs tell me not to expect much. He can live another five years. He can die next week.

CHASE

I'd like to see him before I go.

BEDROOM

Chase's eyes fall upon MARCUS, 5, a beautiful smile, but mentally not there. Chase kisses the child. Leaves the envelope of money next to the boy.

EXT. TOWN HOUSE - DAY

The front door swings open. Laleh hurries outside.

LALEH

Come on, Nilou, you're going to be late!

Cramming her lunch in a backpack, NILOU, 8, her short hair styled like her mom's, hops in a Mercedes.

INT. CHALLENGER

Slung low in the front seat, Chase watches Laleh and her daughter drive off.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Laleh pulls up to a private grade school. Nilou opens the car door.

NILOU

Bye, mom!

LALEH

Hey! Where's my kiss?

Nilou busses her mom. Scampers off.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - DAY

Laleh climbs out of the Benz. Walks toward a supermarket.

INT. MERCURY

Middle Eastern HIT MEN lock 'n' load their weapons. Their callous eyes follow Laleh. One of the hit men throws open the car door.

LEAD HIT MAN

(in Arabic)

Hold it!

Security swings by in a golf cart. The hit men lose sight of Laleh.

INT. SUPERMARKET

Laleh steers her shopping cart around a corner. Bumps into Chase.

LALEH

Oh, I'm so --

Chase stares at Laleh. Can't believe the drop-dead likeness to Fiona, his long ago love. Looking uneasy, Laleh moves on.

BAKERY AISLE

Laleh pushes her cart.

Comes face to face with a sawed-off shotgun.

A man's hand yanks her out of the aisle.

The shotgun EXPLODES. Disintegrates a dessert display.

## SODA AISLE

Chase drags Laleh screaming.

A hit man runs parallel in the other aisle.

BLASTS AWAY between cases of pop.

## PRODUCE SECTION

Chase whips Laleh out of the soda aisle.

A STOCK BOY reaches for the sky.

STOCK BOY  
(to Chase)  
Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

Buckshot RIPS through the boy's back.

Chase heaves a head of lettuce.

Nails the hit man between the eyes.

## EXT. SUPERMARKET

Chase stuffs Laleh into his Challenger. She fights him tooth and nail.

CHASE  
Get in!

LALEH  
Let me go!

HOT LEAD chops the hood of the Challenger.

CHASE  
It's either me or them. Now  
get in!

BULLETS tattoo the side of the Challenger.

Laleh hops in.

Chase jumps behind the wheel.

The Challenger PEELS OUT.



INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Chase shoves Laleh inside. She flops on the bed. Chase locks the deadbolt. Wedges a chair beneath the doorknob. Laleh looks strangely at Chase.

CHASE

What is it?

LALEH

I think I've been shot.

Blood seeps through Laleh's blouse. Chase hurries to a sink. Wets and soaps a face cloth. Chase rips open Laleh's sleeve. Gently wipes her bleeding arm.

CHASE

Bullet passed right through.

Chase tears a pillow case into strips. Wraps Laleh's arm with a makeshift field dressing. She watches with disbelief.

LALEH

Who are you?

CHASE

Chase.

LALEH

How did you know --

CHASE

I didn't.

Chase ties off the shredded pillow case. Looks intently at Laleh.

CHASE

I followed you into the supermarket because I needed to talk to you.

LALEH

Talk to me? I don't even know you.

Chase paces the room.

CHASE  
How much do you know about  
transmigration?

LALEH  
What?

CHASE  
Reincarnation.

LALEH  
What does that --

CHASE  
What if I told you we were  
married in another time?  
Another life?

Laleh's eyes shift to the barricaded door.

CHASE  
I can prove it. I have  
something --

An ominous shadow is cast against the curtains.

CHASE  
Damn it!

Chase tackles Laleh to the carpet. Front window **IMPLODES**.

**MACHINE-GUN FIRE** strafes the entire room.

Chase springs to his feet.

Slices the hit man's throat with a shard of glass.

**EXT. MOTEL**

Laleh leaps through the shattered window and sprints.

The black Mercury **CHARGES** after her.

Chase snaps up the hit man's M-16. **BLOWS OUT** the tires.

The Mercury **FLIPS** end over end. **COPS** seal off the motel.

COP  
(over a loudspeaker)  
Freeze!

Chase dumps the machine gun.

Runs off in the opposite direction.

INT. TOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

A KNOCK at the front door. An F.B.I. agent squints through a peephole. Opens up. SPELLMAN, 60, African-American, dresses like an ivy league professor, strides in.

SPELLMAN

Where is he?

The F.B.I. agent gestures with his head.

STUDY

Ahmed gazes out a bay window. Swirls the ice in his scotch. Spellman walks in. Looks perturbed.

SPELLMAN

It's not wise to stand by the window.

Ahmed glares at his uninvited guest.

SPELLMAN

I understand your wife is going to be all right.

AHMED

So much for your Witness Protection Program.

SPELLMAN

Our security was breached.

AHMED

Your security is a joke!

Ahmed heads for the liquor cabinet. Spins around.

AHMED

Even behind bars, you people can't prevent Rasheed --

SPELLMAN

Rasheed didn't order the hit.

Spellman whips the curtains closed.

SPELLMAN

It was Sabha.

AHMED

His sister?

SPELLMAN

Sabha flew in from Damascus  
twenty-four hours after  
Rasheed was sentenced. Their  
illegal arms business hasn't  
skipped a beat.

Spellman picks up a figurine of Medusa. Examines it.

SPELLMAN

Sabha, for all intent and  
purposes, is the current head  
of the al-Bakar crime family.

Ahmed splashes more scotch into his glass. Knocks it  
back.

AHMED

This man. The one who saved  
Laleh. What do you know about  
him?

SPELLMAN

A first name and a description.  
My people are running it down.

Ahmed heads for the door. Turns around.

AHMED

I don't understand. Why would  
a total stranger lay his life  
on the line like that?

SPELLMAN

Perhaps that's a question you  
should ask your wife.

Ahmed looks curiously at Spellman. Walks out.

## BEDROOM

Ahmed sits on the edge of a bed. Gently strokes his wife's hair. Laleh rolls over. Winces as she moves her wounded arm.

AHMED

I'm sorry, Laleh.

Laleh sits up. Hugs her husband tightly.

## INT. CHALLENGER - NIGHT

Chase rumbles into a truck stop. Parks his street rod between two Peterbilts. Chase shuts down the big block Hemi. Extracts an old black and white photograph from his leather jacket.

## INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

Pictured are Brendan and Fiona taken during that rainy day in Dublin almost a hundred years ago.

## FLASHBACK - INT. DUBLIN, IRELAND - ROW HOUSE - NIGHT (1916)

A New Year's eve party is in full swing. Fiona and LIAM, 30, tall as he is wide, dance a jig in the living room. Liam bumps the phonograph. Kills the MUSIC with a SCRATCH. Laughing, Fiona and Liam join Brendan.

FIONA

(to Brendan)

Your brother Liam's quite the dancer.

BRENDAN

Aye, like a bull in a china shop.

Brendan and his brother trade playful punches.

FIONA

If you gents will excuse me, I have to attend to my other guests.

Fiona kisses Brendan. Mingles with the crowd.

LIAM  
I'm telling ya, mate. Ya  
married yourself a fine lass.

Brendan's eyes follow Fiona as she chats it up with  
their other guests.

BRENDAN  
She's my heart and soul.

The front door is BOOTED in.

A BRITISH CAPTAIN and two soldiers barge in.

Brendan stands toe to toe with them.

BRENDAN  
What the bloody hell --

BRITISH CAPT.  
Are you Brendan Fitzgerald?

BRENDAN  
What of it?

BRITISH CAPT.  
I have an arrest warrant for  
one Liam Fitzgerald. Your  
brother.

Brendan's eyes flash to Liam. Then back to the captain.

BRENDAN  
He's not here.

BRITISH CAPT.  
Is that so?

The British captain snaps open a wanted poster.

Carefully scans the packed room.

Liam bolts for the back door.

A soldier's rifle HAMMERS him to the floor.

BRENDAN  
Liam!

Brendan rushes to his brother.

The British captain pistol-whips him.

BRITISH CAPTAIN  
Stay down, boy, or you will be  
the next one hauled out of  
here.

The British captain signals his soldiers. They drag  
Liam out the door and into the street.

EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT

A billowy fog lingers over the docks. Nervously,  
Brendan takes a drag off a cigarette. CORRIGAN, 50,  
body of a bricklayer, face of a poet, emerges from the  
fog like an apparition. Startles Brendan.

BRENDAN  
Ah, Christ.

Flicks his cigarette into the river Liffey.

BRENDAN  
I was certain you wouldn't  
show.

CORRIGAN  
Why? Because the last time we  
met, you called me a butcher  
and a murderer?

A ship's bell CLANGS. Corrigan shifts his attention to  
a trawler setting sail into the shrouded waters.

CORRIGAN  
Heard about Liam.

Looks back at Brendan.

CORRIGAN  
Papers said he died of a heart  
attack while in custody.

BRENDAN  
Fucking liars. We both know  
those British bastards beat my  
poor brother to death.

Brendan grabs the sleeve of Corrigan's pea coat.

BRENDAN

I want in, Frank. I want to  
join the I-R-A.

Corrigan stares Brendan down. He releases his grip.

CORRIGAN

Liam gets the yank from the  
Brits and suddenly you're  
bleeding green, white and  
orange?

BRENDAN

He was my brother, goddamn it!

CORRIGAN

And I've lost more family and  
friends than you will ever  
know!

Corrigan roams the foggy docks. His piercing eyes  
searching for spies.

CORRIGAN

You'd be risking everything...

Turns back to Brendan.

CORRIGAN

... including your wife and  
child.

BRENDAN

Look, I know --

Corrigan grabs Brendan. Pulls him nose to nose.

CORRIGAN

You don't know shite!

(beat)

We're not playing toy soldiers,  
Brendan. Blood flows and  
people die. Unless you're  
willing to make that kind of  
commitment, I suggest you stay  
at home.

Corrigan releases Brendan. Vanishes into the thick fog.



PRESENT - INT. NEW YORK CITY - PENTHOUSE - DAY

SABHA, 30, sports a gothic Arab look, holds court with her well groomed UNDERBOSS.

UNDERBOSS

Your brother made a deal, Sabha.

Sabha slams a desk top with her manicured fingers.

SABHA

Rasheed no longer runs this organization. I do!

Sabha leans across the Rococo desk.

SABHA

Tell the Ukranians I'll pay one million six for the plutonium and not a penny more.

UNDERBOSS

They were promised two million. If the Ukranians do not get it from us, they will shop it around.

Sabha sits back in her brother's ornate chair. Glares at the underboss with her viper eyes.

SABHA

Make the Ukranians understand. If they sell the plutonium to anyone else, they will never live to spend the money.

Looking stressed, the underboss gets up and leaves. SABHA'S pumped up BODYGUARD ambles in.

SABHA'S BODYGUARD

Mustafa's here.

Sabha nods. The bodyguard signals the lead hit man who struts his stuff. Sabha stands. Smacks the smirk right off his face.

SABHA

Twice you could've killed Qassim's wife and twice you screwed up!

LEAD HIT MAN  
The bitch had protection.

SABHA  
Protection? One unarmed man  
against your crew?

LEAD HIT MAN  
Gimme another shot, Sabha.

Sabha circles the hit man like a stalking animal.

SABHA  
Do you know what your problem  
is, Mustafa?

Sabha swipes a pointed letter opener off the desk.

SABHA  
You never know when to cut  
your losses.

The letter opener shish kabobs the hit man's trachea.

Gagging, he drops in a pool of blood.

Sabha casually steps over the dead man's body.

SABHA  
(to her bodyguard)  
Call Munich. Tell Gunther I  
have a job for him.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING - DAY

Chase chews on a corn dog at a vendor's stand. Observes  
a pair of Suburbans with smoked windows SPEED into an  
underground garage.

INT. J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING

A secretary ushers Laleh and Ahmed into a well appointed  
office. Spellman rises from behind a large desk.

SPELLMAN  
Please, sit down.

Everyone takes a seat.

AHMED

What's all this --

Spellman slides a tiny black disk across his desk.

SPELLMAN

That's a G-P-S tracking device.  
It was attached to your wife's  
station wagon.

AHMED

Are you saying Sabha --

SPELLMAN

How else could she have known  
your wife's movements?

Spellman's tone grows ominous.

SPELLMAN

There's something else.

Pulls a dossier from his desk drawer.

SPELLMAN

Forensics lifted a partial set  
of prints from the motel.  
They were positively matched  
to a Chase Allen Detrick.

AHMED

Who is this... Detrick?

Spellman opens the dossier. Reads aloud.

SPELLMAN

He's a former master sergeant  
with an elite Marine unit.  
Pentagon confirmed Detrick  
completed one tour in  
Afghanistan and two in Iraq.

Spellman flips the page. Continues reading.

SPELLMAN

Following an honorable  
discharge in oh-five, Detrick  
joined the Drug Enforcement  
Agency. During his last  
assignment for the D-E-A...  
Detrick went missing.

LALEH

Missing?

SPELLMAN

Until three days ago. That's when he turned up in a psychiatric unit at Saint Elizabeth's.

Ahmed vaults out of his chair.

AHMED

Not only is there a death warrant issued against my family, but now there's a crazy man pursuing my wife. What possible connection could this lunatic have to Laleh?

SPELLMAN

Mrs. Qassim?

Laleh diverts her eyes from her angry husband.

LALEH

This man. Chase. He claims the two of us were married in a prior life.

AHMED

What?

SPELLMAN

Do you have any idea why he would make such an assertion?

LALEH

No, but he said he had proof.

AHMED

Proof? Of what? That this imbecile should be permanently institutionalized?

Ahmed leans across Spellman's desk.

AHMED

Prior testifying at Rasheed's trial, my family was guaranteed two things. A new identity and a safe place to live. As of this very moment, we have neither.

SPELLMAN

The Bureau is currently arranging an alternate location for you and your family. However, the process takes time.

AHMED

Time, Agent Spellman, is one thing my family does not have.

Ahmed grabs Laleh. Blazes out of the office.

UNDERGROUND GARAGE - DAY

F.B.I. agents escort Laleh and Ahmed to a pair of bulletproof Suburbans.

AHMED

I have to stop by the office. Are you going to be okay?

Laleh nods. Kisses her husband good-bye.

LALEH

See you when you get home.

Laleh and Ahmed climb into separate S.U.V.s.

INT. SUBURBAN

Laleh gets in. The F.B.I. agent next to her is unconscious.

A second F.B.I. agent hops in front.

Comes face to face with Chase.

A karate chop to the neck. The F.B.I. agent falls out.

LALEH

What are you doing?

Chase RAMS the Suburban through a guardhouse gate.

FISHTAILS into a busy street.

Laleh throws open the rear passenger door.

Chase whips out a nine millimeter. Aims it at Laleh.

CHASE

You'll be dead before you hit  
the ground.

Laleh looks down the barrel of Chase's Glock.

Then at the rushing pavement outside.

She shuts the passenger door.

CHASE

Climb in front.

Laleh hesitates.

Chase thumbs the hammer back.

CHASE

Now!

Laleh complies.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Overhead lights switch on. A movie screen retracts into the ceiling. Standing, Lockhart looks around at her department chiefs.

LOCKHART

Those are the most recent  
updates on the National  
Response Plan.

Lockhart picks up her leather organizer off a conference table.

LOCKHART  
Remember, people, Robert  
Bonner with U-S Customs and  
Border Patrol will be here  
Thursday. Commissioner Bonner  
will detail the latest  
interdictions along the  
Arizona and New Mexico borders.

Lockhart walks out.

HALLWAY

Lockhart's MALE SECRETARY catches up with his boss.

MALE SECRETARY  
Ma'am. Rear Admiral Mullen  
is here for his eleven o'clock.

LOCKHART  
Tell him...

A FEMALE D.H.S. AGENT stares at Lockhart from the other  
end of the hallway.

LOCKHART  
... tell the rear admiral I'm  
on my way.

STAIRWELL

Lockhart hurries in. Finds the D.H.S. agent leaning  
against the wall.

FEMALE D.H.S. AGENT  
My contact at the N-S-A has  
been monitoring internal comms  
at the F-B-I. Detrick's name  
came up.

The stairwell door swings open. Lockhart greets a  
MALE D.H.S. AGENT with a stern look.

MALE D.H.S. AGENT  
Sorry.

The agent quickly backs out.

FEMALE D.H.S. AGENT

There was a security breach at the Hoover building at nine-forty-seven this morning. Detrick hijacked a vehicle and kidnapped a thirty-five year old female from Witness Protection.

LOCKHART

Any casualties?

FEMALE D.H.S. AGENT

None that were lethal.

A stairwell door SLAMS a few floors below. FOOTSTEPS are heard climbing the stairs.

LOCKHART

I want background on the kidnapped woman. Who is she? What's her connection to Detrick, if any?

The FOOTSTEPS in the stairwell echo closer. Lockhart drops her voice.

LOCKHART

Also I want your contact to monitor all radio transmissions involving Metro P-D. If Detrick is living on the streets, they'll likely have first contact with him.

The FOOTSTEPS stop. Lockhart and the female agent stare at each other in silence. A stairwell door CREAKS open. The echoing FOOTSTEPS fade out.

LOCKHART

I want you to push your guy at the N-S-A. Do you understand?

Lockhart turns to leave.

FEMALE D.H.S. AGENT

My supervisor has been asking questions...

Lockhart freezes.



FEMALE D.H.S. AGENT  
... about these  
extracurricular assignments.

LOCKHART  
What's your supervisor's name?

FEMALE D.H.S. AGENT  
Philip Martone.

LOCKHART  
By C-O-B today, Mister Martone  
will be seeking employment  
elsewhere.

The female agent flashes a sinister grin.

FEMALE D.H.S. AGENT  
You can do that?

LOCKHART  
As Director of Homeland  
Security, I can do anything.

Lockhart vacates the stairwell.

INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - DAY

A wrapped hand punches a hole through a grimy window.  
Chase reaches in. Unlocks a side door. Laleh is marched  
in at gunpoint.

CHASE  
Sit down.

Laleh's eyes search for an escape. Chase pushes her  
onto a dusty airplane seat. Chase pulls out an old  
black and white photograph. Extends it to Laleh.

CHASE  
Take it.

Laleh glares at Chase. He shoves the photo in her hand.

CHASE  
Look at it!

Laleh glances at the picture. Extends it back to Chase.

CHASE  
 (enunciating)  
 Look at the faces.

Laleh focuses on the photograph. Her expression is one of pure shock.

LALEH  
 They look like...

CHASE  
 Us.

LALEH  
 Where did you --

CHASE  
 I got the picture from an old woman. She lives in a nursing home in Virginia. The couple in that picture are her parents.

(beat)  
 The old woman was... is our daughter.

Laleh ejects off the seat.

LALEH  
 That's insane!

CHASE  
 Is it?

Chase snatches the photo from Laleh.

CHASE  
 You think it was an accident I saw you on T-V? That I tracked you down the very same day you were attacked in that supermarket?

Chase clutches Laleh.

CHASE  
 Don't you see? We are destined --

Laleh sprints for the door. Chase runs her down. Spins Laleh around.

CHASE  
You think I'm crazy.

Chase releases Laleh.

CHASE  
Give me your hands.

Fiona steps back. Chase grabs her wrists. Twists her palms toward the ceiling.

LALEH  
What are you --

CHASE  
Shut up!

Chase grips Laleh's hands tightly.

CHASE  
Close your eyes.

Laleh keeps them open.

CHASE  
I said, close them!

Laleh does it. Chase breaks into a hypnotic chant. Gradually releases his firm grip. Chase lightly brushes his fingertips across Laleh's palms. After a few strokes, Laleh's eyelids flutter wildly.

LALEH  
What -- what's happening to me?

Laleh grasps Chase's hands. Her entire body seizes up. The two are cast into a deep trance.

FLASHBACK - INT. DUBLIN, IRELAND - ROW HOUSE - NIGHT (1920)

Fiona sleeps peacefully in bed. Silently, Brendan dons a wool coat. Eases a revolver into his belt.

## BEDROOM

Brendan covers his four-year-old daughter MARGARET with a quilt. Kisses her softly.

## FOYER

Brendan turns up the collar of his coat. Tying off a robe, Fiona appears behind him.

FIONA

You're going out to kill again,  
aren't you?

Brendan holds his tongue.

FIONA

Don't do it, Brendan.

BRENDAN

This is none of your affair,  
Fiona.

FIONA

The hell it isn't!

Fiona wheels Brendan around.

FIONA

If you won't stop for me, then  
at least consider our daughter.

BRENDAN

It's because of Margaret I'm  
doing this. I don't want our  
child growing up a  
second-class citizen in her  
own country.

FIONA

Spare me the politics, Brendan.  
Only reason you signed on with  
Frank Corrigan is to carry out  
your own personal vendetta.

Brendan reaches for the door. Fiona reels him in.

FIONA  
Liam is dead, Brendan. No  
matter how many British  
soldiers you kill, it will not  
bring your brother back.

Brendan flings open the front door.

FIONA  
Brendan!

He doesn't look back.

FIONA  
If you step out that door,  
don't bother coming back.

Brendan steps out into the falling snow. Fiona slams  
the front door. Brendan hears the key lock CLICK behind  
him.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

British BLACK AND TAN soldiers drunkenly sing  
"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN". An IRISHMAN swivels around on his  
bar stool.

IRISHMAN  
Put a cork in it, will ya?

A Black and Tan soldier moseys over to the Irishman.

BLACK AND TAN SOLDIER  
Uh, what was that, mate?

IRISHMAN  
Are ya deaf as well as drunk?  
I said --

A steel truncheon bashes the man's skull.

The Irishman collapses like a bad souffle.

The Black and Tan soldier waves his nightstick in the air.

BLACK AND TAN SOLDIER  
Any other requests?

Fuming, Brendan swings out of the booth. Walks out.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Brendan jogs across the snowy street. Lurking in a building's shadows are Frank Corrigan and an I.R.A. gunman.

BRENDAN

There's three of 'em. Black  
'n' Tans.

Buzzed, the British soldiers stumble out of the pub. Corrigan eyes them like a wolf sizing up its prey.

CORRIGAN

Speak of the bloody Devil.

Corrigan checks the load in his revolver.

CORRIGAN

All right, lads, you know what  
to do.

ALLEY

Passing a gin bottle, the Black and Tans weave down the snow covered cobblestone. Three silhouetted men block the other end of the alley.

BLACK AND TAN SOLDIER

Oi! Don't you know there's a  
bleedin' curfew?

Brendan, Corrigan and the I.R.A. gunman step into the lamplight.

BRENDAN

Why don't you bastards come  
over here and arrest us?

The gin bottle falls and breaks. The Black and Tans reach for their pistols. The I.R.A. men draw first.

CORRIGAN

Don't worry, lads. We'll give  
ya a sportin' chance!

Corrigan, Brendan and the I.R.A. gunman cock their six-shooters.

CORRIGAN

On the count of three. One...  
two...

The Black and Tans draw early.

BLASTS of gunfire light up the dark alley.

The smoke clears.

The soldiers lie motionless on the snowy ground.

PRESENT - INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - DAY

Laleh breaks away from Chase. Severs the trance.

LALEH

Stay away from me!

Laleh gives into the tears. Chase grabs her.

CHASE

Listen to me.

LALEH

No!

Chase shakes Laleh.

CHASE

Look, I know none of this  
makes sense.

(calmer)

I know you don't trust me.

Chase relinquishes his grip.

CHASE

Whether you believe it or not,  
you and I were reunited for a  
reason.

(beat)

Maybe it's simply to keep you  
alive.

Chase raises his hand. Laleh flinches. Chase brushes  
the hair from Laleh's face. Looks deep into her fearful  
eyes.

LALEH

Please...

CHASE

I want to look into your eyes.  
The same eyes that loved me a  
hundred years ago.

Slowly, Laleh takes a step back. Away from Chase.

LALEH

... I want to go home.

INT. CHALLENGER - DAY

Chase parks in the shade of an old elm. Leaves the engine running. Down the street, police cars cordon off a cul-de-sac. Chase turns to Laleh sitting beside him.

CHASE

You'll have to walk the rest  
of the way.

Laleh opens the passenger door. Chase grabs her.

CHASE

Here. I want you to keep this.

Chase places the old black and white photograph in Laleh's hand.

CHASE

I need twenty minutes before  
you tell them where I'm at.

Laleh climbs out of the Challenger. Chase shifts in reverse. Slowly backs down the road.

INT. NEW YORK CITY - PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A tangle of satin sheets. Sabha and her studly LOVER breathe heavily after sex.

SABHA

Did you feel that?



SABHA'S LOVER

Feel what?

SABHA

The walls vibrating.

SABHA'S LOVER

Yeah, baby and the earth moved  
too.

SABHA

Maybe for you --

Sabha smashes an elbow in her lover's face.

He rolls off the bed.

She rolls out.

LIVING ROOM

Gripping a MAC-10, Sabha's bodyguard observes a  
searchlight sweep across the penthouse patio. Throwing  
on a silk robe, the boss lady marches in.

SABHA

What is it?

SABHA'S BODYGUARD

Chopper.

A helicopter flies dangerously close to the penthouse.  
The bodyguard's eyes get real big.

SABHA'S BODYGUARD

They're dropping repel lines.  
It's a hit!

The bodyguard RACKS the machine pistol. Sabha holds him  
back.

SABHA

Wait!

The helicopter's searchlight flashes off and on.

EXT. PENTHOUSE PATIO

Her robe flapping in the downdraft, Sabha eyeballs the hovering helicopter. GUNTHER, 45, mischevious twinkle in his eye, and two other lean and mean hit men easily repel onto the terra cotta. The chopper FLIES OFF.

SABHA

What's the matter, Gunther?  
All the cabbies in New York on  
strike?

GUNTHER

You know how I despise the  
traffic here.

Gunther motions to the Asian and Indian hit men.

GUNTHER

You of course remember Masato  
and Kashif?

Sabha eyes the ice cold assassins.

SABHA

How could I forget your little  
gargoyles?

GUNTHER

Careful, Sabha. You might give  
them a complex.

Gunther strokes Sabha's chin seductively.

GUNTHER

So, who is the target this  
time?

SABHA

Ahmed Qassim.

Gunther erupts into laughter.

GUNTHER

Rasheed's bookkeeper? What  
did he do? Fuck up his tax  
return?

SABHA

Ahmed is the reason my brother  
is on death row.

GUNTHER

Payback is hell.

Sabha lays her hand on Gunther's shoulder.

SABHA

And that, my dear Gunther, is  
exactly where you will send  
him.

INT. MANASSAS, VIRGINIA - NURSING HOME - DAY

Flanked by a pair of F.B.I. agents, Laleh walks up to  
a well dressed RECEPTIONIST.

LALEH

Hello. I'm here to see  
Mrs. Donahue. Margaret  
Donahue.

RECEPTIONIST

Your name?

LALEH

Laleh.

The receptionist keypunches on a computer.

RECEPTIONIST

We weren't expecting you until  
two o'clock.

LALEH

I know. I'm a little early.

The receptionist hands Laleh an I.D.

RECEPTIONIST

This is your visitor's badge.

Laleh gestures to the F.B.I. agents.

LALEH

They'll need one too.

RECEPTIONIST

And they are?

LALEH

My cousins.

The receptionist forks over more visitor's badges.

RECEPTIONIST

Mrs. Donahue is in the main garden.

(points)

Turn right at the end of this hallway. You'll find a door that will lead you outside.

LALEH

Thank you.

Laleh heads down the hallway trailed by the F.B.I. agents.

EXT. NURSING HOME - MAIN GARDEN

In plain view of her F.B.I. escort, Laleh wanders the landscaped grounds. She spots MRS. DONAHUE, 95, slight Dublin accent, sitting in a wheelchair speaking with a YOUNG WOMAN. Laleh approaches them.

LALEH

(to Mrs. Donahue)

Excuse me. You wouldn't be Mrs. Donahue, would you?

MRS. DONAHUE

Why yes I am.

LALEH

I'm Laleh. We spoke over the phone.

The young woman glances at her watch.

YOUNG WOMAN

I've gotta go, granny.

The young woman kisses Mrs. Donahue. Smiles at Laleh as she leaves. Laleh is distracted by the young woman's likeness to her.

MRS. DONAHUE  
Would you like to sit down,  
my dear?

Laleh snaps out of it.

LALEH  
Of course.

Takes a seat on a park bench.

LALEH  
Was that your granddaughter?

MRS. DONAHUE  
Great granddaughter.

Her weary eyes follow the young woman through the garden.

MRS. DONAHUE  
Patricia attends U-V-A. She  
wants to be a surgeon like her  
mother.

LALEH  
That's very ambitious.

Mrs. Donahue turns back to Laleh.

MRS. DONAHUE  
You said you had questions  
about Chase.

LALEH  
Yes. I understand he paid you  
a visit.

MRS. DONAHUE  
Chase was interested in my  
family history. Particularly  
my childhood in Ireland.

LALEH  
Did he say why he wanted this  
information?

MRS. DONAHUE  
I think you already know the  
answer to that question.

Laleh digs out an old black and white photograph from her purse. Offers it to Mrs. Donahue.

LALEH

Did you give Chase this picture?

Mrs. Donahue dons the reading glasses hanging around her neck. Looks closely at the photo.

MRS. DONAHUE

Yes. It's a photograph of my parents taken before they were married.

LALEH

Chase claims that he and I knew each other in a prior life. According to him, that picture is a picture of the two of us.

Mrs. Donahue removes her specs. Looks quizzically at Laleh.

MRS. DONAHUE

And what do you believe, my dear?

LALEH

I was raised a Moslem, Mrs. Donahue. I was taught that each of us is given only one life to live.

Laleh's attention drifts to the picture in Mrs. Donahue's hand.

LALEH

The problem is the more I know about Chase, the more I begin to doubt my own beliefs.

EXT. TWO STORY COLONIAL - DAY

Chase raps on the front door. It swings open. With toys in their hands, a Hispanic boy and girl look curiously at their visitor.

CHASE

Hey, guys! Got a hug for  
Uncle Chase?

The boy and girl envelope Chase in a group hug. ROSA, 30, looks older than her years, appears in the doorway.

ROSA

Chase? I thought --

Chase plasters his hand over Rosa's mouth. Hustles her and the kids inside. The door slams shut.

EXT. BACK YARD

Chase and Rosa sit beneath a patio umbrella. They watch the kids playing on a swing.

ROSA

You really know how to make an  
entrance.

CHASE

Your place could be bugged.

Takes a sip of lemonade.

CHASE

When did they bust Angel?

ROSA

Shortly after you disappeared.

CHASE

What were the charges?

ROSA

Narco-trafficking. Ironic, huh?  
A D-E-A agent convicted of  
selling drugs.

Rosa glimpses her son pushing his little sister in the swing.

ROSA

Not so high, Ernesto!

(to Chase)

You and I both know Angel  
would never --

CHASE

Your husband was set up, Rosa,  
just like me.

Rosa takes hold of Chase's hand.

ROSA

What's going on, Chase?

Chase looks around. Checks for nosey neighbors.

CHASE

During our last assignment,  
Angel and I uncovered a major  
smuggling op.

Turns back to Rosa.

CHASE

Heroin from Myanmar was being  
flown in on military transport  
to selected air force bases in  
the U-S. Once in country, the  
drugs were passed onto  
mid-level traffickers.

ROSA

I'm not following. What does  
this smuggling operation have  
do with Angel getting arrested?

Chase leans forward. Lowers his voice.

CHASE

Somebody high up was running  
the show stateside. Somebody  
who had a lot to lose if their  
name was connected to the  
heroin.

ROSA

Who is it? Someone at the  
D-E-A?

Chase pushes back in his chair. The tension is evident  
on his face.

CHASE

It's better you don't know.



ROSA

You can't sit on this, Chase.  
You have to tell someone. The  
newspapers. The attorney  
general --

CHASE

I can't.

ROSA

Why not?

CHASE

Because there's no one I can  
trust!

Chase's outburst halts the kids from playing.

ROSA

My husband is doing fifteen  
years in a federal prison.  
For what? A crime he didn't  
commit?

(beat)

You know what they do to cops  
behind bars.

Getting no reaction, Rosa kicks out her chair. Herds  
the kids inside. Chase sweeps up the patio umbrella.  
Pile drives it into the lawn.

INT. CHALLENGER - DAY

Using high-powered binoculars, Chase assesses the layout  
of a federal penitentiary. Refocusing the lenses, Chase  
observes a delivery truck driving through a guarded  
entrance.

INT. MANSION - DAY

Spellman guides Laleh, Ahmed and Nilou through a  
lavishly decorated living room.

SPELLMAN

It belonged to a senior vice  
president of a bank. He was  
convicted last year of  
siphoning off two hundred  
million dollars from their  
corporate trust department.

Spellman cocks his head looking at an abstract painting.

SPELLMAN

Apparently, he rigged the bank's computers to skim half a percent off every incoming wire and divert the funds into his personal account.

Spellman cocks his head the other way. Still doesn't get the strange painting.

SPELLMAN

Now the government uses this place as a safe house.

Ahmed sizes up a picture window overlooking a well manicured yard.

AHMED

What's the level of security?

SPELLMAN

There's a built-in state-of-the-art alarm system with twenty-four hour monitoring.

Spellman sidles up to Ahmed. Waves his hand at the acreage outside.

SPELLMAN

The grounds are patrolled by two teams of agents rotating eight hour shifts.

Appearing uneasy, Nilou squeezes between Spellman and her father.

SPELLMAN

Lastly, we've coordinated with county P-D to conduct scheduled drive-bys.

(beat)

Well, I'll let you folks get settled in.

Spellman vacates the room. Laleh joins her husband.

LALEH  
How long do they plan on  
keeping us here?

AHMED  
Hopefully, not long.

Ahmed looks around the posh surroundings.

AHMED  
It could be worse.

Takes Laleh in his arms.

AHMED  
We could be stuck at my Uncle  
Walid's house. The one who  
lives by the airport.

Ahmed and Laleh chuckle.

EXT. CAPITAL BELTWAY - REST AREA - NIGHT

Parked side by side. Chase in his Challenger. Rosa in  
a minivan.

CHASE  
How often does Angel have  
kitchen duty?

ROSA  
Every Monday and Friday.

CHASE  
When do you see him?

ROSA  
Not till next month.

CHASE  
You need to get word --

Headlights from a prowler car appear in Chase's rearview.  
He ducks down. Rosa follows suit. Slowly, a state  
trooper cruises by. Peeking out of their vehicles,  
Chase and Rosa sit up.

CHASE  
Tell Angel he needs to be at  
the loading dock this Friday.

ROSA  
Why?

Chase shoots Rosa a look.

ROSA  
I know. It's better I don't  
know.

INT. CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND - FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - DAY

A bread truck backs into a loading dock. Chase hops out. He's clean shaven. His long hair tucked underneath a cap. A beefy PRISON GUARD approaches.

PRISON GUARD  
You're late.

CHASE  
Sorry. First day on the job.

The prison guard gives Chase the once-over. He plays it cool.

PRISON GUARD  
(to an inmate)  
Brody! Check the order.

A tattooed INMATE saunters up. Opens the back of the truck.

CHASE  
(to the inmate)  
I, uh... I left my clipboard  
in the cab.

Chase reaches into the truck. Retrieves a clipboard and a syringe. He hurries back to the loading dock.

CHASE  
Here ya go...

Chase hands off the clipboard to the inmate. Palming the syringe, Chase spies ANGEL, 35, short, muscular Latino, stacking empty milk crates.

The inmate turns to the prison guard. Nods okay.

PRISON GUARD

All right, roll 'em out!

Chase wheels out stacks of bread to the tattooed inmate. With his back turned, Chase jabs the prisoner. Empties the syringe into his butt.

INMATE

Hey, mutha --

The inmate shakes violently and collapses. He writhes on the loading dock in a frothing fit.

PRISON GUARD

(into a Blue Tooth)

This is Johnson. I've got a medical on loading dock one!

The prison guard runs to the seizing inmate. Chase taps Angel on the shoulder. He can't believe his eyes.

ANGEL

Chase?

Chase shoves Angel into the back of the delivery truck. Rolls down the rear door. Amidst the chaos, Chase jumps into the truck. Drives off.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Steam wafts from the Challenger's Hemi. Chase tinkers under the hood while Angel keeps lookout.

CHASE

Got it.

ANGEL

What was it?

CHASE

Radiator clamp came loose.

Chase steps away from the overheated engine.

CHASE

I'll top her off when she cools down.

A tractor trailer pumps its BRAKES to stop. Chase quickly waves the trucker off. The semi picks up speed. Resumes its haul.

CHASE

Come on. Let's get off the shoulder before someone I-Ds us.

Chase and Angel retreat into the shade of a weeping willow.

ANGEL

They told me you set me up.

CHASE

They told me you were dead.

Chase and Angel trade smiles.

ANGEL

Where's Rosa and the kids?

CHASE

Motel outside of Richmond. She's got enough cash to get you all to the Mexican border and beyond.

ANGEL

What about you?

CHASE

I'm headed north.

Chase gazes down the road. Angel detects a forlornness in his partner's face.

ANGEL

What's the hitch?

CHASE

Long story.

Angel motions to the cornfields around them.

ANGEL

Hey, it's not like we can go anywhere.

CHASE  
I met this woman. She's got  
a bounty on her.

ANGEL  
What kind of bounty?

Chase looks Angel in the eye.

CHASE  
Her old man traded state's  
evidence for an immunity plea.

ANGEL  
She's married?

Chase nods.

ANGEL  
Who'd this hombre snitch on?

CHASE  
Weapons dealer by the name of  
al-Bakar.

Angel raises his eyebrows.

CHASE  
What?

ANGEL  
There was this vato on C-Block.  
Kinda loco, you know? Used to  
deal A-Ks and A-Rs out of the  
back of a hearse.

CHASE  
Yeah?

ANGEL  
One of his main suppliers was  
Rasheed al-Bakar.

Angel has Chase's complete attention.

ANGEL  
This homey got word yesterday  
the al-Bakars were importing  
some heavy hitters from Europe.  
He didn't drop any names, but  
the target is a former  
employee of Rasheed's.

The blood drains from Chase's face.

INT. MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

It's dark except for flickering candlelight. A KNOCK at the French doors.

LALEH (O.S.)

Ahmed? May I come in now?

Dead silence. The doors slowly open. Laleh steps into the dimly lit room.

LALEH

Ahmed?

Someone strikes a match. A man's hand lights a second candelabra. Laleh looks past her husband at an elegantly set table.

AHMED

Happy anniversary, my love.

LALEH

My God. How did you --

AHMED

Nilou helped me set the table  
and Spellman's people smuggled  
in the food.

Ahmed pulls out a chair and seats Laleh. Ahmed pops the cork on a pinot noir.

AHMED

Dinner is from Shamsiry. They  
have the best Persian food in  
D-C.

Ahmed pours two glasses of wine. Hands one to his wife. Ahmed kneels beside Laleh.

AHMED

Nine years ago, I asked you to  
marry me. Nine years ago, you  
said yes.

(beat)

This is not where I planned  
for us to be, but this is  
where we are.



LALEH

It makes no difference to me  
if we're in a safe house or a  
chalet in Zermatt.

Laleh cups her hands around Ahmed's face.

LALEH

What's important is that I'm  
with the man I love.

AHMED

After all we've been through,  
Laleh. After all of that.  
I would not blame you if --

Laleh places her fingertip on Ahmed's lips.

LALEH

You're not only my husband,  
Ahmed. You're also my best  
friend.

The two clink glasses and kiss.

AHMED

Come. Let's enjoy this  
wonderful meal before it gets  
cold.

Ahmed serves it up.

MASTER BEDROOM - NEXT DAY

Nilou helps her father pack a suitcase. Draped in a  
towel, Laleh steps out of the bathroom.

LALEH

Was it something I said?

AHMED

Spellman just phoned. He  
wants me to check out a new  
place.

LALEH

Where's it this time?

NILOU  
Daddy's going to Iowa.

                            LALEH  
Iowa?

                            AHMED  
Des Moines.

Ahmed continues packing.

                            AHMED  
Spellman is flying me out to  
take a look.

                            LALEH  
Just you?

                            AHMED  
Makes it easier.

Laleh straightens the collar on Ahmed's shirt.

                            LALEH  
I enjoyed our celebration last  
night. Especially...

Nilou looks at her mom with inquiring eyes.

                            LALEH  
... dessert.

Ahmed caresses Laleh's sexy shoulders.

                            AHMED  
Did I mention I won't be gone  
long?

                            LALEH  
                            (seductively)  
I'll be waiting.

                            NILOU  
Me too, daddy!

Laughing, Ahmed wraps his arms around his wife and  
daughter.

KITCHEN - LATER

Laleh loads up the dishwasher. Nilou walks in clutching a teddy bear.

LALEH  
Did you finish your homework,  
Nilou?

NILOU  
Except for math. Daddy always  
helps me with that.

LALEH  
Being the C-P-A in the family,  
your father has the edge on me.

Laleh looks into her daughter's pouty eyes.

LALEH  
You miss daddy already, don't  
you?

Nilou nods.

LALEH  
He'll only be gone a couple of  
days.

Laleh crouches down on her daughter's level.

LALEH  
Tell you what. I'll help you  
with your math and later we  
can play a video game.

NILOU  
Cool. How about Grand Theft  
Auto?

LALEH  
I was thinking more along the  
lines of Super Mario Brothers.

NILOU  
That's for kids.

Frustrated, Laleh scrunches up her face.

LALEH

Why don't we compromise and  
watch a D-V-D?

NILOU

Okay, how about Transporter  
Three?

Laleh rolls her eyes.

EXT. MANSION - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

F.B.I. AGENT #1 approaches a wrought iron gate. On the  
other side, he sees F.B.I. AGENT #2 checking her watch  
in the moonlight.

F.B.I. AGENT #1

How much time have we got?

F.B.I. AGENT #2

Another forty minutes, give or  
take --

A garrote slings around the F.B.I. agent's throat.

Gunther drags him into the shadows kicking.

F.B.I. AGENT #2

Hey!

F.B.I. agent #2 draws her gun.

From behind --

The Asian assassin jams a dagger in her kidney.

BACK GARDEN

Movement behind a bush.

F.B.I. AGENT #3 unleashes a barking Doberman.

A silencer SHOOTS the dog dead.

The F.B.I. agent sights the Indian assassin with his gun.

F.B.I. AGENT #3

Hold it --

A muffled SHOT.

The F.B.I. agent crumples over.

INT. MANSION - FAMILY ROOM

Snacking on popcorn, Laleh and Nilou are glued to an ACTION MOVIE on T.V. The house lights flicker and go out.

                              NILOU  
                    What happened, mommy?

                              LALEH  
                    I don't know.

Laleh feels for a walkie-talkie on the coffee table.  
Speaks into it.

                              LALEH  
                    Agent Reed?  
                    Agent Hernandez?  
                    Hello, can anyone --

A window SHATTERS somewhere in the mansion.

Laleh grabs Nilou. They stumble to a security panel.

Laleh mashes the panic button again and again.

No alarm.

                              NILOU  
                    Mommy --

A gloved hand snatches Nilou.

Laleh grabs the Asian assassin by his mohawk.

Slams his head against the wall.

                              LALEH  
                    Come on!

Laleh trips up the stairs dragging her daughter.

## INT. CHALLENGER

Chase overshoots the safe house. Reverses. Chase spies the upturned shoes of a murdered F.B.I. agent.

## INT. MANSION - MASTER BATHROOM

Straining, Laleh lowers Nilou out of a window.

The bathroom door is KICKED in.

The Asian assassin slashes Laleh across her back.

Laleh loses her grip. Drops Nilou.

NILOU

Mommy!

The Asian assassin swings the dagger for a killing blow.

Chase catches his hand in midair.

Stabs the assassin repeatedly with his own blade.

LALEH

My daughter!

Chase notices the open window. Leans out.

## EXT. MANSION

Chase spots Nilou dangling from a gable.

The Indian assassin SHOOTS at Chase from below.

He ducks.

Chase leans out again. Unfurls a large towel.

CHASE

(to Nilou)

Grab it!

Nilou latches onto the towel with one hand.

Bullets RICOCHET around her.

The girl screams.

CHASE

Use both hands!

Nilou lets go of the gable.

Swings wildly amidst a hail of BULLETS.

With his free hand, Chase returns FIRE.

BLASTS the Indian assassin back to Mumbai.

CHASE

Hold tight!

Chase heaves the towel with a quick jerk.

Reels Nilou in through the window.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - NIGHT

Chase, Laleh and Nilou jump in the front seat.

A knotted garrote loops around Chase's neck.

Cuts off his windpipe.

LALEH

(to Gunther)

You son of a --

Laleh claws her nails into Gunther's face.

He howls like a banshee.

Chase leaps out of the car. Opens up with the GLOCK.

TATTOOS Gunther to the back seat.

FRONT GATE

Police cars SCREECH to a halt. They block the driveway.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA

Chase hotwires the V-8. SMOKES the tires.

Chase CRASHES the front gate.

CRASHES the cop cars.

ROARS OFF into the night.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Stripped to her bra, Laleh sits apprehensively on an army cot with Nilou. Chase heats up a Ka-bar over a kerosene lamp.

CHASE

It's gonna hurt like a bitch.

Nilou holds her mom's hand. Chase separates the two. Places Nilou hands over her own ears. Chase pulls the red hot blade from the lamp flame.

CHASE

Ready?

Already in pain, Laleh can barely nod. Chase flattens the searing blade against Laleh's open wound.

LALEH

Ahhhhhhh, shit!

Wincing, Nilou turns her head. Chase pulls the bayonet away. Laleh looks like she's ready to pass out. Chase shoves a liquor bottle at her.

LALEH

What's that?

CHASE

Kentucky bourbon. Best painkiller there is.

Laleh takes a swig. Coughs like a newbie. Chase squeezes salve from a tube.

CHASE

This is an antibiotic.

Chase smears it on Laleh's cauterized knife wound. She arches her back in agony. Chase wipes off his hands.

CHASE

After it dries, I'll bandage it.



Laleh takes another swig of the small batch bourbon.  
Coughs again.

CHASE  
Where's your husband?

LALEH  
Out of town. The F-B-I are  
showing him a house to  
relocate us.

Nilou leans back to see her mom's wound. Laleh pulls  
her daughter close.

LALEH  
Mommy's going to be all right.

CHASE  
How did you and your husband  
meet?

LALEH  
We were both transfer students  
at Fordham. Ahmed from Egypt.  
Me from Iran.

CHASE  
Let me guess. You majored in  
political science.

LALEH  
World history.

Chase settles in on the concrete floor.

LALEH  
I wanted to be a teacher. I  
was for a while -- Sacred  
Heart in Queens. I was the  
only Moslem in a Catholic  
high school.

CHASE  
Is that where you hooked up  
with Rasheed? In New York?

LALEH

Yes. Ahmed was working at Price Waterhouse. A client of theirs introduced him to Rasheed. He offered Ahmed twice his hourly rate.

CHASE

Didn't your husband know what he was getting into?

LALEH

Not at first.

Laleh shivers. Chase drapes his leather jacket across her lap.

LALEH

At the time, Rasheed owned one of the largest produce companies in the city. It wasn't until months later that Ahmed realized Rasheed was importing much more than leeks and zucchini.

CHASE

Why didn't your husband split when he had the chance?

LALEH

Rasheed was very generous to Ahmed. He allowed him the use of his yacht. His private jet. The villa in Tuscany. It was all very intoxicating.

CHASE

Speaking of...

Chase takes a swallow of the Kentucky bourbon.

LALEH

When Rasheed executed those two undercover agents, Ahmed decided to walk away. We literally moved in the middle of the night.

Chase witnesses the fear in Laleh's face.

LALEH

We got as far as Rhode Island  
before Rasheed tracked us down.

CHASE

What happened?

LALEH

Rasheed told Ahmed it was  
impossible for him to leave.  
If Ahmed didn't return to  
New York, Rasheed would have  
killed us then and there.

(beat)

Now you know my story and I  
know nothing of you.

CHASE

What do you want to know?

Laleh strokes her daughter's hair who has fallen asleep.

LALEH

Are you married? Do you have  
any children?

CHASE

No.

LALEH

Why not?

CHASE

I could tell you it's because  
of choices I've made in my  
career. Truth is I've never  
met a woman...

LALEH

Who really stood out?

CHASE

Something like that.

Chase takes another hit off the liquor bottle.

LALEH

The F-B-I said you went  
missing after your last  
assignment for the D-E-A.

(beat)

Did something happen? Is that  
why you ended up...

CHASE

In a loony bin?

Chase's face turns serious.

CHASE

It's better you don't know.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NEXT DAY

Gripping chains dangling from the ceiling, Chase sweats  
like a champ doing extreme pull-ups. Looking like she  
just woke up, Laleh wanders over.

LALEH

Do you always start your  
mornings like this?

CHASE

Beats reading the Wall Street  
Journal.

Chase lowers himself to the ground. His muscles are  
pumped and glistening.

CHASE

How's the back?

LALEH

Let's put it this way...

Points to the chains Chase was working out with.

LALEH

... I won't be doing any of  
those.

CHASE

Your daughter's a real trooper.

LALEH

She gets that from her dad.

CHASE

No. She gets that from you.

Laleh watches Chase towel off.

LALEH

I never really thanked you for  
saving our lives.

(beat)

Strange as it sounds, I  
believe you're the only one  
who can keep my daughter and  
myself alive.

Laleh meanders through the dilapidated warehouse.  
Notices for the first time rows of dusty old sewing  
machines. Broken conveyor belts. Remnants of a  
bygone industry.

LALEH

The last time we were together  
something happened.

CHASE

You mean when we went back in  
time?

Chase rests his tired body against the concrete wall.

CHASE

When I was dumped into the  
psyche ward, they pumped me  
full of tranquilizers.  
Anti-psychotics. I busted out,  
as I'm sure you already know.

Laleh gives no indication.

CHASE

Because of what I was  
experiencing. This... other  
life. I needed to know if I  
was losing my mind?

Chase takes a gulp of water.

CHASE

I researched it. Read book  
after book on various theories  
of time and space.

Chase pushes away from the wall. Approaches Laleh.

CHASE

I studied recall techniques.  
Self-hypnosis. The Christof  
Method. I was determined to  
find a way that you could  
experience what I was seeing  
and hearing in that other life.

LALEH

I... I want to try again.

CHASE

Why, if you don't believe?

LALEH

I don't know. Maybe curiosity?  
(beat)  
Like you said. Whether I want  
to admit it or not, there is  
some connection between you  
and I.

Laleh holds out her hands. Palms facing skyward. Chase  
tosses the water bottle. Grasps Laleh's hands.

CHASE

Erase all thoughts from your  
mind.

Laleh closes her eyes. She looks serene.

CHASE

This time go with the feeling.

Chase begins chanting. He slowly releases his firm grip.  
Chase lightly brushes his fingertips across Laleh's  
palms. Her head thrusts back. Together, Chase and  
Laleh transcendently revisit their prior life.

FLASHBACK - EXT. DUBLIN, IRELAND - BACK YARD - DAY (1921)

Fiona hangs laundry on the line. Her daughter Margaret  
half-heartedly plays with a doll. The next door  
NEIGHBOR sidles up to a stone fence.

NEIGHBOR

Mornin', Fiona.

FIONA  
Hello, Nora. Beautiful day,  
isn't it?

The neighbor takes in the fresh air and sunshine.

NEIGHBOR  
Spring's finally arrived.

She gazes at Fiona with a mischievous look.

NEIGHBOR  
Guess who I ran into at the  
market?

FIONA  
And who would that be?

NEIGHBOR  
Your husband.  
(beat)  
He was asking after you.

Trying to look uninterested, Fiona continues hanging  
laundry.

NEIGHBOR  
He wants to come home, Fiona.

The neighbor leans on the stone wall separating them.  
Her tone is no longer playful, but frank.

NEIGHBOR  
Woman to woman. Brendan still  
loves you and I'd wager you're  
still in love with him.

Fiona halts her chores. Doesn't look at her neighbor.

NEIGHBOR  
Talk to him, Fiona. There's  
still time to make things  
right.

The neighbor walks away. Fiona turns. Catches the  
sadness in her daughter's eyes.

MARGARET  
Is da coming home, mama?

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

The place is packed. Dressed in his Sunday best, Brendan sits alone at a table. Fiona walks in. Spots her husband. She turns around to leave.

BRENDAN  
Fiona!

Fiona steadies herself. Approaches her husband.

BRENDAN  
I thought you might have  
begged off.

FIONA  
I almost did.

Brendan pulls a chair for Fiona and sits down. A waitress swings by.

FIONA  
Nothing, thank you.

The waitress leaves.

BRENDAN  
How's our daughter?

FIONA  
Precocious as ever.

Brendan allows his eyes to roam over Fiona's smart outfit.

BRENDAN  
Can't remember the last time I  
saw you all fancied up.

FIONA  
It was New Year's last. When  
the soldiers hauled Liam away.

Brendan fingers the wedding band on Fiona's hand.

BRENDAN  
I want... I would like to come  
home, Fiona.

Fiona withdraws her hand from Brendan's.



FIONA

That will never happen as long  
as you call Frank Corrigan  
your friend.

Brendan sits back in his chair. His starry gaze erodes  
into a cold stare.

BRENDAN

So that's my choice, is it?

Fiona maintains her steely demeanor.

BRENDAN

The last three months...  
they've been an eternity.

Brendan leans forward. Looks deeply into Fiona's  
faraway eyes.

BRENDAN

You and Margaret. You're my  
life.

(beat)

Whatever you want, Fiona, I  
will do it.

Tears cascade down Fiona's cheeks. She takes Brendan's  
hand in hers and squeezes tightly.

PRESENT - INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Sitting side by side on the army cot, Chase and Nilou  
finish off their M.R.E.s.

CHASE

Want another?

Nilou shakes her head.

CHASE

Does that mean you don't have  
room for this?

Chase digs out a candy bar from his duffel bag. Nilou  
flashes a big smile. Takes the sweet treat.

CHASE  
You know you're safe here.  
No one can harm you.

NILOU  
Will my dad be able to find us?

CHASE  
That's up to your mom.

Chase joins Laleh who's gazing out a cracked window.

FIONA  
Those men. How did they  
locate the safe house?

CHASE  
Probably the same way I did.

Chase turns Laleh to face him.

CHASE  
I can take you away from all  
of this. You and your  
daughter. Start a new life  
where no one would even think  
of looking for you.

LALEH  
What about my husband? Am I  
just supposed to abandon him?

CHASE  
As long as there's a  
connection between you and him,  
you and your daughter will  
always be a target.

Laleh looks point blank at Chase.

LALEH  
What if positions were  
reversed? Could you leave  
behind someone you loved?

CHASE  
I did. A hundred years ago.

EXT. OLD TOWN ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA - DAY

Sipping a latte, Spellman takes a stroll with his collier. A sedan SKIDS to a halt. An F.B.I. AGENT powers down the window.

F.B.I. AGENT  
We've got a possible on  
Qassim's wife and daughter.

SPELLMAN  
Where?

F.B.I. AGENT  
Southeast waterfront.

Spellman chucks the latte. Piles into the back seat with his dog.

INT. SEDAN

The driver punches the GAS. The F.B.I. agent turns to Spellman.

F.B.I. AGENT  
Nightstalker registered a  
positive hit on an abandoned  
warehouse. Infrared detected  
two adults and one child on  
the fourth floor.

SPELLMAN  
How do we know they're not  
homeless?

F.B.I. AGENT  
Metro P-D spotted a Crown Vic  
stashed in a nearby alley.  
The front end looked like it  
had been through a war. When  
they ran the plates, the car  
came up as one of ours.

SPELLMAN  
I want tactical dispatched to  
that warehouse. Now.

The F.B.I. agent hits the demon dial on his cell.  
Relays Spellman's orders over the phone.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Nilou snoozes on the army cot. Chase packs up his duffel bag. Laleh kneels beside him.

LALEH  
Where will you go?

CHASE  
What do you care?

Chase breaks from the packing. Looks at Laleh in the lamplight.

CHASE  
I won't ask you again to come  
with me.

Chase shoves more of his gear into his bag. Laleh stops him.

LALEH  
You want something from me,  
Chase, that I can't give you.

Realizing she's holding Chase's hand, Laleh releases it.

LALEH  
Even if what you have shown me  
is true. That we lived and  
loved in another time.

Laleh's eyes fall upon her sleeping daughter.

LALEH  
The present is the reality I  
must deal with.

Chase cinches up his duffel bag.

CHASE  
You've made your call.

Chase sets the alarm on his special ops watch.

CHASE  
I'm digging out at midnight.  
I'll drop you and your  
daughter wherever you want.

Using his duffel bag as a pillow, Chase lays on the concrete. Laleh watches in silence as Chase drifts off to sleep.

LATER

A hand clamps down on Laleh's mouth. She awakens unable to scream.

CHASE  
(whispers)  
Somebody's here.

Laleh crawls on her stomach to Nilou.

In the dark, Chase stalks an intruder clad in black. Chase locks him in a sleeper hold. Drops him gently. Red laser dots appear all over Chase's torso.

F.B.I. AGENT (O.S.)  
Hold it! F-B-I!

Chase remains perfectly still.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

The cabin door opens to a government LearJet. Ahmed hustles down the stairs. Spellman greets him with a long face.

AHMED  
What the hell happened?

SPELLMAN  
They were imposters.

Ahmed makes a beeline for a blacked out Suburban. Spellman keeps pace.

SPELLMAN  
Tactical recovered Laleh and Nilou from a warehouse in Southeast. When they were handed off to a transport team, they were never seen again.

Ahmed shoots Spellman a nasty look. Keeps hoofing it.

SPELLMAN

Search warrants have been issued on Sabha's New York penthouse, her condo in Miami and three other residences titled under the al-Bakar name.

AHMED

Where's Detrick?

SPELLMAN

In custody.

INT. SUBURBAN

Ahmed hops in followed by Spellman.

AHMED

Do you think they're dead?

SPELLMAN

No.

AHMED

How can you be so certain?

SPELLMAN

Their bodies would have surfaced by now.

Ahmed looks out the window. Searches the empty runway for answers.

AHMED

If Sabha has my family, why hasn't she contacted you?

SPELLMAN

Her people will probably run it through a third party. That way it can't be traced to her.

Ahmed looks back at Spellman. His eyes are filled with animosity.

AHMED

I should have never testified for you people.

INT. J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING - OFFICE - NIGHT

Spellman is on the phone. Ahmed barges in.

SPELLMAN  
(into the phone)  
I'll get back to you.

Hangs up.

AHMED  
What do they want?

SPELLMAN  
You.

AHMED  
Set it up.

SPELLMAN  
I can't.

Ahmed pounds on Spellman's desk.

AHMED  
Don't give me that!

SPELLMAN  
The Bureau's policy --

AHMED  
To hell with your damn policy!  
We're talking about my wife  
and child!

SPELLMAN  
The Bureau does not exchange  
one life for another.

Looking defeated, Ahmed drops in a chair.

AHMED  
What are you going to do? How  
are you going to fix this?

SPELLMAN  
Justice is coordinating with  
the I-R-S. They're planning  
to seize all assets which can  
be directly linked --

AHMED

Forget it. The al-Bakars  
possess more offshore accounts  
and shell companies than  
Bernie Madoff ever thought  
about.

(beat)

I should know. I set them up.

Ahmed walks over to the window. Checks out D.C.'s rush  
hour.

AHMED

There is one thing you can do.

(beat)

Release Detrick.

SPELLMAN

No.

Ahmed faces Spellman.

AHMED

Why not?

SPELLMAN

Detrick is facing kidnapping  
charges himself, not to  
mention --

AHMED

I'm well aware of Detrick's  
rap sheet.

Ahmed walks back to Spellman. Leans across his desk.

AHMED

Let me put it to you this way,  
Agent Spellman. Either you  
secure the safe return of my  
wife and daughter or I go back  
to the federal prosecutor and  
recant my testimony indicting  
Rasheed al-Bakar.

Ahmed straightens up. Looks down at Spellman.

AHMED

What's it going to be?



CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Ahmed sits alone at a long table. The door opens. An F.B.I. agent shows Chase in. He closes the door on the two men.

AHMED  
Sit down.

Chase remains standing.

AHMED  
I'm --

CHASE  
I know who you are.

Chase scans the large room for hidden cameras. One-way mirrors.

CHASE  
How did you swing this? How  
did you get me out?

AHMED  
I blackmailed the agent in  
charge.  
(beat)  
Laleh and Nilou have been  
kidnapped.

Stunned, Chase pulls out a chair and sits down.

CHASE  
The al-Bakars?

Ahmed nods.

CHASE  
Doesn't add up. Up until now,  
they've had a contract on you  
and your family.

AHMED  
It's Sabha's way of flushing  
me out.

Chase pensively scratches his five o'clock shadow.

CHASE  
Where do I fit in?

AHMED  
I need a negotiator.

CHASE  
The Feds have plenty of them.

AHMED  
They won't touch this. Sabha  
wants an exchange. Laleh and  
Nilou for me.

Chase sits back. Looks hard at Ahmed.

CHASE  
You know who I am. You know  
how I feel about your wife.

AHMED  
I also know you safeguarded my  
family when others could not.

CHASE  
If you go through with this,  
you will never see them again.

AHMED  
You laid your life on the line  
for my wife and child. How  
can I do anything less?

INT. NEW YORK CITY - PENTHOUSE - DAY

Sabha fences with a sparring partner in a workout room.  
Her bodyguard walks in with Chase. Sabha scores the  
winning point. Removes her fencing mask.

SABHA  
(to Chase)  
So you're Ahmed's errand boy.

CHASE  
He'll do the exchange, but he  
wants guarantees.

SABHA  
What sort of guarantees?

CHASE  
The woman and the girl walk  
away clean. No more contracts.  
No more kidnappings.

A uniformed butler reports with a silver salver. Sabha  
relieves him of a mimosa. She takes a long sip.

SABHA  
What's your name?

CHASE  
What difference does that make?

Sabha snaps up her fencing foil. Presses the point  
against Chase's Adam's apple.

SABHA  
Because I asked.

CHASE  
Chase.

Sabha sizes up Chase's hard body beneath his leather  
jacket.

SABHA  
You're the one who's been  
protecting Ahmed's wife and  
little brat.  
(beat)  
The one who killed my people.

Chase maintains his game face.

SABHA  
What's your interest in this?

CHASE  
Who says I've got an angle?

SABHA  
The whole world has an angle.

CHASE  
(beat)  
Laleh.

SABHA  
Does Ahmed know?

CHASE

He's a dead man.

SABHA

And you're the beneficiary.

Sabha finishes off her morning cocktail. Hands the empty flute to her butler.

SABHA

Tell Ahmed he has his guarantee.

Sabha slides on her mask. Resumes her fencing match.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DEPT. OF HOMELAND SECURITY - DAY

Ladies room. Lockhart reviews a file while sitting on a commode. Someone steps into the next stall. A piece of paper slides across the tile floor. Lockhart looks at it. Picks it up.

INSERT - NOTE

The handwritten message reads: "DETRICK IS IN N.Y."

RETURN TO SCENE

Lockhart scribbles something on the back of the paper. Returns it to sender.

NEXT STALL

The female D.H.S. agent reads the returned note.

INSERT - NOTE

Lockhart's reply reads: "CONFIRM IT!"

EXT. LUXURY TOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

A silver Lincoln eases up a circular driveway. Lockhart climbs out. Leans back in the sedan.

LOCKHART  
(to her driver)  
I need to be at Dulles by six  
a-m tomorrow.

INT. LUXURY TOWN HOUSE - FOYER

Lockhart steps in and locks the front door. The first floor is dark. Upstairs a muted light casts a strange shadow.

LOCKHART  
(calls out)  
Walter?

A lamp in the parlor flicks on. The man from Myanmar looks intensely at Lockhart.

MAN FROM MYANMAR  
Your husband is in the  
upstairs bedroom bound and  
gagged.

Lockhart's hand dives under her suit jacket.

A gun muzzle presses against her temple.

A second man from Myanmar unholsters her Beretta.

MAN FROM MYANMAR  
Sit down.

Lockhart does not budge. The other Myanmarese man shoves her forward.

PARLOR

The man from Myanmar motions Lockhart to take a seat. This time she complies.

MAN FROM MYANMAR  
Your forty-eight hours has  
turned into almost a week and  
still we have heard nothing  
from you.

LOCKHART

My people are close to nailing  
Detrick.

The man from Myanmar moves closer to Lockhart. The scar  
creasing his face appears deeper. More horrid.

MAN FROM MYANMAR

My employer, Khun Sa, has  
begun discussions with the  
Triads. Since you appear  
unwilling or unable to  
transport the opium --

LOCKHART

This is a minor delay.

The man from Myanmar stabs his bony finger at Lockhart.

MAN FROM MYANMAR

This is a breach of contract!

He straightens his silk sportcoat. Regains his cool.

MAN FROM MYANMAR

Four years ago you came to us.  
You were Secretary of the Air  
Force then. You had this  
grand scheme to transship  
heroin into the United States  
completely undetected -- and  
it worked.

The man from Myanmar caresses a floor lamp made from  
hand blown glass.

MAN FROM MYANMAR

Many individuals became rich.

Looks accusingly at Lockhart.

MAN FROM MYANMAR

Some more than others.

LOCKHART

Make your point.

MAN FROM MYANMAR

With success comes obligation.

The man from Myanmar stands directly in front of Lockhart.

MAN FROM MYANMAR

If you cannot fulfill yours,  
then your value to Khun Sa  
will have expired.

Lockhart ejects from her Queen Anne chair. Towers over her uninvited guest.

LOCKHART

Listen to me, you little  
rodent.

This time Lockhart stabs her finger in the air.

LOCKHART

With one phone call, I can  
have you, Khun Sa and his  
entire opium operation wiped  
off the face of this planet!

The man from Myanmar looks unimpressed.

MAN FROM MYANMAR

Your fate is in your hands,  
Ms. Lockhart. Choose wisely.

The men from Myanmar depart.

INT. NEW YORK CITY - UNDERGROUND GARAGE - DAY

Clutching a gym bag, Chase approaches a pair of Range Rovers parked side by side. Chase drops to the ground. Rolls under one of them.

UNDERCARRIAGE

Chase extracts something from the gym bag. Affixes it to the bottom of the gas tank. Heavy FOOTSTEPS approach. Chase stops breathing.

RANGE ROVER

Sabha's bodyguard strolls up. Drops the ignition keys. Stoops down.

## UNDERCARRIAGE

The bodyguard's hand sweeps the ground. Chase lifts up on one shoulder. The bodyguard's hand barely misses him as he snags the car keys.

## UNDERGROUND GARAGE

Sabha's bodyguard climbs in the S.U.V. and REVS the engine. The Range Rover pulls out. Chase lies on the garage floor as still as a dead man.

## EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

A full moon lights up a clearing. Looking uptight, Ahmed and Chase wait by his bullet ridden Challenger.

AHMED

I want you take Laleh and  
Nilou as far away as humanly  
possible.

Turns to Chase.

AHMED

Promise me that.

Pair of black Range Rovers roll up. Sabha steps out with her henchmen. She walks up to Ahmed. Backhands him with all she's got.

SABHA

You fucking traitor!

Sabha spits in Ahmed's face.

SABHA

Rasheed treated you like  
family and you ratted him out.

AHMED

I told Rasheed I wanted out of  
the organization. I told him  
that to his face.

Ahmed wipes the spit from his.



AHMED  
Your brother refused to listen.

SABHA  
So you turned informant.

AHMED  
Rasheed killed two police officers in front of me. He made me an accomplice to murder.

SABHA  
Murder is the price of doing our business.

AHMED  
That was never my business.

SABHA  
Is that so?

Sabha flicks the lapels on Ahmed's sharkskin suit.

SABHA  
Tell me, Ahmed. How do you afford these Versace suits? The six figure town house in D-C? The private academy you send your daughter to?

Sabha gets in Ahmed's face.

SABHA  
I'll tell you how. With the blood money my brother paid you.

Ahmed matches Sabha's steely gaze.

AHMED  
Where are my wife and daughter?

Sabha snaps her fingers. Her henchmen yank Laleh and Nilou from the S.U.V.s. Their eyes latch onto Ahmed for salvation.

AHMED  
Let them go.

SABHA

No.

CHASE

That was the agreement.

SABHA

And you believed every syllable?

Sabha's henchmen train their guns on Chase and Ahmed. Chase withdraws a remote control. Aims it at Sabha. She chuckles.

SABHA

What are you going to do?  
Shoot me with a T-V remote?

CHASE

There's twenty pounds of C-four strapped to the belly of your vehicles.

Waves the remote control.

CHASE

This triggers the detonator.

SABHA

You're full of shit.

CHASE

You willing to bet your life?

Sabha stares a hole through Chase. He doesn't blink.

SABHA

(to her bodyguard)

Sharif!

Her bodyguard grabs a flashlight from one of the Range Rovers. Illuminates the undercarriage. Sheepishly, the bodyguard nods to his boss.

SABHA

You stupid --

Sabha whips out a gun.

BLOWS a hole in her bodyguard's forehead.

SABHA  
 (to Chase)  
 Take the bitch and the little  
 brat.

Sabha's henchmen shove Laleh and Nilou forward. They  
 cling to Ahmed.

SABHA  
 (to her henchmen)  
 Get him.

CHASE  
 He stays.

SABHA  
 The deal was --

CHASE  
 And you believed every  
 syllable?

Sabha's henchmen LOCK and LOAD. The boss lady levels  
 her weapon at Ahmed.

SABHA  
 That piece of filth is not  
 leaving here alive.

Chase aims the remote at the Range Rovers.

CHASE  
 Then you better pray to  
 whatever God you believe in.

A chopper FLIES in hugging the tree line. Blinds everyone  
 with a megawatt spotlight.

SPELLMAN  
 (over a loudspeaker)  
 Federal agents! Throw down  
 your weapons!

Unmarked sedans FISHTAIL to a halt.

F.B.I. agents bail out.

They arrest Chase, Sabha and her thugs.

The chopper lands. Spellman hops out.

CHASE  
(to Ahmed)  
You used me.

AHMED  
Forgive me, but that was the  
hand I was dealt.

A white Buick BRAKES hard.  
Lockhart and her men jump out.  
They push past the F.B.I. grunts.

LOCKHART  
Who's the A-SAC?

SPELLMAN  
Who are you?

LOCKHART  
Lockhart. Homeland Security.

Lockhart flashes an I.D. Gestures to Chase.

LOCKHART  
I have an arrest warrant for  
that man.

SPELLMAN  
So do we.

LOCKHART  
Detrick has been the subject  
of a D-H-S investigation long  
before he ever appeared on the  
F-B-I's radar.

SPELLMAN  
That may be, but until Mister  
Detrick is arraigned on  
federal charges, he will  
remain in F-B-I custody.

Lockhart steps right up to Spellman.

LOCKHART  
What did you say your name was?

SPELLMAN

Spellman.

LOCKHART

Let me educate you, Agent Spellman. Department of Homeland Security supercedes any other jurisdictional authority, including the F-B-I. That is per a presidential directive.

SPELLMAN

Look Agent Lockhart --

LOCKHART

That's Director Lockhart.

SPELLMAN

If you have a problem --

Lockhart jams a finger in Spellman's face.

LOCKHART

No, Agent Spellman, you are the one with the problem. And it's about to get exponentially worse.

Lockhart signals one of her agents. He passes her a cell phone.

SPELLMAN

If you think calling my --

LOCKHART

Do you know who Senator Collins is? She's the ranking member of the Senate Committee on Governmental Affairs.

Lockhart hits the speed dial on the cell.

LOCKHART

Have you ever spoken with the senator? Well I do. On a daily basis.

Lockhart raises the phone to her ear.

SPELLMAN  
(to an F.B.I. agent)  
Transfer custody of Mister  
Detrick.

Lockhart closes the cell phone. The F.B.I. agent hands over Chase to Lockhart's men.

LOCKHART  
The key?

Spellman nods to the F.B.I. agent. He supplies Lockhart with the cuff key.

LOCKHART  
I'll make sure the Bureau gets  
full credit for the  
apprehension.

Lockhart and her men stuff Chase into the Buick and get in. The four door sedan BURNS RUBBER.

INT. BUICK - NIGHT

Handcuffed in back, Chase is wedged between Lockhart and one of her agents.

LOCKHART  
You should have stayed in that  
asylum.

CHASE  
Do you believe in karma?

LOCKHART  
No, but I believe in finishing  
a job.

Lockhart draws a gun.

Chase headbutts her.

Bites off the ear of the agent.

A gun barrel jams against Chase's skull.

LOCKHART  
You are a dead man --

GUNSHOT.

The front windshield SPLINTERS.

The driver slumps over the wheel.

LOCKHART

What the --

Chase leans over the front seat. Grabs the steering wheel.

A Myanmarese assassin OPENS FIRE from a speeding Kawasaki.

A barrage of BULLETS lights up the interior.

Lockhart FIRES back with a fury.

EXT. CITY STREET

Chased at high SPEEDS, the Buick swerves violently.

A truck is doubleparked.

SMASH.

The Buick EXPLODES. ROCKS the city block.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

A driver pushes Mrs. Donahue down a ramp in her wheelchair. Laleh hops out of a taxi. Hurries over to the old lady.

LALEH

Sorry I missed the service.

MRS. DONAHUE

I didn't think you would come.

LALEH

What about Chase's family?

MRS. DONAHUE

Chase was an only child. His parents died years ago. At least that's what he told me.

Mrs. Donahue reads the look on Laleh's face.

MRS. DONAHUE  
You're still troubled by all  
of this, aren't you my dear?

LALEH  
I just don't know what to  
think.

MRS. DONAHUE  
My mother used to tell me,  
when in doubt, listen to your  
heart.

The old lady grasps Laleh's hand.

MRS. DONAHUE  
Take care, my dear.

The driver wheels Mrs. Donahue into a nursing home van  
and drives off. Laleh walks back to the taxi. A man  
with a bad limp approaches her. As the man hobbles  
closer, Laleh recognizes the scarred face.

LALEH  
You can't be...

CHASE  
A cat with nine lives?  
(beat)  
I bailed out before the crash.

Leaning from his injuries, Chase soaks in Laleh's  
wholesome beauty.

CHASE  
I knew you would come.

LALEH  
Mrs. Donahue didn't think so.

CHASE  
She doesn't know you like I do.

LALEH  
I wish --

Chase shakes his head.



CHASE

You and I were meant to cross paths, but we weren't meant to stay in each other's lives.

LALEH

I would have liked to have known you in another time and place.

CHASE

In another life?

LALEH

(beat)

I don't believe I've ever heard you say my name.

CHASE

Do me a favor... Laleh. Don't tell anyone you saw me.

LALEH

They wouldn't believe me anyway.

Laleh kisses Chase on his lacerated cheek and walks off. After a few steps, Laleh turns around.

LALEH

Do you know what happened?  
To us?

CHASE

No. I'm not sure I want to.

LALEH

What if I go with you?

Laleh holds out her hands. Chase doesn't move.

LALEH

Please.

CHASE

(beat)

Are you sure?

Laleh nods. The two lock hands and close their eyes.

Chanting, Chase lightly brushes his fingertips across Laleh's palms. Her eyelids flutter. Her head thrusts back. Chase and Laleh revisit their past one last time.

FLASHBACK - EXT. DUBLIN, IRELAND - CHURCH - DAY (1923)

Clutching umbrellas, parents congregate in the rain by the front steps. Brendan takes hold of Fiona's hand.

BRENDAN

You know I longed for this  
when we were separated.

FIONA

Standing in the rain?

BRENDAN

No, smarty. Being with you.  
Holding your hand.

FIONA

Funny, isn't it? How you miss  
the little things.

Brendan draws Fiona's face close to his.

BRENDAN

What did you miss about me?

FIONA

Let me think...

Fiona cops a pensive pose. Brendan bumps her into the rain.

FIONA

Oh, you --

Fiona clings to Brendan beneath the umbrella.

FIONA

Do you know what I missed?

BRENDAN

Tell me.

FIONA

You lying next to me in bed.  
It's when I felt the most  
apart from you.

Brendan slow kisses Fiona.

BRENDAN

You'll never have to worry  
yourself about that again.

FIONA

I had better not or else...

This time Fiona pushes Brendan in the rain. The two of  
them giggle like teenagers. A beggar man walks slowly  
by. Eyes Brendan and Fiona suspiciously.

FIONA

They're coming!

Church bells RING in celebration and for some --  
atonement. Children dressed in white scurry to their  
awaiting parents. Margaret, now seven, huddles with  
Brendan and Fiona beneath the umbrella.

FIONA

How does it feel, Margaret,  
having your first communion?

MARGARET

No difference really.  
(to Brendan)  
I'm famished, da. May we have  
something to eat?

BRENDAN

And what does my darling  
daughter desire for her first  
communion breakfast?

MARGARET

Ice ceam.

BRENDAN

Ice cream?

FIONA

On a day like this?

Margaret pleads with praying hands.

MARGARET  
Oh please, da.

BRENDAN  
(to Fiona)  
What do you say, mother?

Fiona looks at her daughter out of the corner of her eye.

FIONA  
All right, lass, but just this  
once.

Margaret hops up and down with excitement.

EXT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY

Brendan, Fiona and Margaret emerge with their favorite cones. The beggar man signals four men in topcoats and fedoras.

FIONA  
I can honestly say this is the  
first time...

Brendan spies the four men crossing the street. Their eyes fixated on him. Brendan dumps his ice cream.

BRENDAN  
(to Fiona)  
Take Margaret and walk away.

FIONA  
What?

BRENDAN  
Walk away and don't look back.

FIONA  
Brendan --

BRENDAN  
For chrissakes --

Brendan shoves Fiona and Margaret down the sidewalk.

He cuts into an alley.

The four men sprint after him.

FIONA

Brendan!

GUNSHOTS echo in the alley.

Fiona clutches Margaret. Covers her ears.

FIONA

Dear God.

More GUNSHOTS. A chilling silence.

The four men stride out of the alley.

They pocket their smoking revolvers.

Fiona attacks the men. Hammers them with her fists.

FIONA

You bloody bastards!

One of the men pins Fiona against a lampost. She glimpses a shiny badge beneath his coat. Fiona breaks away. Dashes into the alley.

EXT. ALLEY

Fiona stops running. Her face is a melange of despair and helplessness.

FIONA

Brendan...

Brendan is slumped against a dead-end wall. Bullet holes perforate his bloodstained clothes. Fiona plummets to her knees. Her arms reaching out for her husband.

FIONA

Brendan, please...

Fiona draws Brendan's shot-up body to her breast. She gazes into his half-opened eyes.

BRENDAN

Always... love you...

Brendan's head drops. Sobbing, Fiona rocks her husband's lifeless body. At the mouth of the alley, Margaret stands alone. The falling rain melting her ice cream.

FADE OUT.