

THE TEMP

TV Pilot

By

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DRAFT

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Martini Productions
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2004

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THE TEMP

"PILOT"

1 INTRO TEASER

WELCOME TO BOSTON - aka Bean Town; home of The Patriots.

DAYBREAK - The Boston city skyline. Full of promise, new construction and, yes, *traffic headaches*.

A hustling city packed to the gills with college students and the WORKADAY ARMY; people on foot, in cars, on bikes, and the subway, getting to work. Lawyers, bankers, bakers... The day is BRIGHT with hope.

It is a weekday. Mid-October. Vibrant leaves pepper the sidewalks and dot the city's main park: Boston Commons.

We ISOLATE one BUILDING in particular, one out of many. The modest SIGN stands at attention out front: RYCOTECH CORP.

2 INT. - RYCOTECH BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

RYCOTECH: a business *growing by leaps and bounds, gobbling up small companies* in the states and abroad. It's a company that OWNS companies. Basically, it acts as a glorified estate manager. A company so vast even the most loyal and dedicated employees sometimes wonder "*Can we get any bigger?*"

The lobby, hallways and offices are BRIMMING WITH EMPLOYEES; each moving around with purpose - or a handful of files at the least.

We close in on a BOARD ROOM, peering through a small glass window on the entrance door. Inside...

3 INT. - RYCOTECH BOARD ROOM - DAY

The blinds are drawn shut. The room, other than the light from an overhead projector, is dim; almost DREARY. We sense a mood over the setting, *a sullen mood*. Roughly A DOZEN employees are seated around the long rectangular desk.

At the top of the desk, in front of the white dry erase board, stands LOUIS NEELY (48, stuffed into a 3-piece suit) who is finishing up a down-beat discussion.

LOUIS

(hesitant)

... so... regarding this transitional period...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOUIS (cont'd)
I know Ben Grafton, our Chief
Operations Director has a few words
to share with us. Ben?

Louis motions to BEN GRAFTON (53, a business student's ICON) who slowly rises, grabs his briefcase and moves to the front.

Ben GENTLY places his leather briefcase onto the desk, as if it were a *tray of martinis*. Louis is now standing to the side. The collection of employees await his news.

Ben, in a fog, glances over the faces of his coworkers.

BEN
(calmly, deadpan)
I never meant for it to come to
this. Someone in my position...

Ben's concentration is broken, searching for the right words. His hands are still on the briefcase.

BEN (cont'd)
But in life, as in business, the
failure of one can sometimes...
eclipse the accomplishments of all.

CLICK, CLICK. Ben OPENS the briefcase latches. Louis perks up, "*Did he forget the paperwork?*"

BEN (cont'd)
With that said, I wanted to
personally shed some light on the
matter.

Ben inches the top of the briefcase open. Slowly...

BEN (cont'd)
(solemnly)
I'm sure most of you will be
satisfied with my final decision,
while others may wonder "Why?" All
I can say, in my defense is...
forgive me.

FROM THE BRIEFCASE, Ben pulls out a MEDIUM-SIZED REVOLVER-- Once visible, the group of EMPLOYEES LURCH BACK, some SCREAM "Oh my god!" - others DUCK.

BEN lifts the GUN, jabbing the barrel under his chin.

BEN (cont'd)
Please, forgive me.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

LOUIS reaches his HANDS OUT to Ben.

LOUIS
Ben! NO! Don't, don't!!

Ben MAKES EYE CONTACT with Louis; complete despair fills BEN'S eyes: "*I'm sorry.*"

CUT TO:

Shot of the HALLWAY and cubicles outside the room. People are milling about their business. We HEAR the BANG! of a gun shot. Everyone is lurches one way or another, ducking down.

Employees from the hallway and offices are screaming. After all, when there's one gunshot in an office setting, there could be more. But not today. *Not today...*

CUT TO:

BLOOD now paints the wall, the dry erase board, the overhead projector. CHAOS. Total MAYHEM.

Louis, with hand over mouth, crouches down to Ben's body; which is oddly propped up, resting against the wall; his eyes now half-open, *still in a fog*.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

4

THE TEMP

5

ACT I

OPENING SEQUENCE: Surveillance-style camera shots, employees working in all types of corporate and commercial settings; hallways, office rooms, lobbies. At first glance, it appears to be "business as usual", but upon CLOSER inspection the workaday routines appear sketchy, almost criminal--

Employees swapping luggage in empty stairwells, unloading boxes from car trunks to vans, palming notes and files to one another in busy hallways, and digging through bins of shredded paperwork. These actions are anything but routine.

WHITE-COLLAR CRIME is percolating right under the everyday veneer of "business as usual" -- and the felons must be brought to justice.

SMASH CUT TO:

6

FADE IN - SUPER: 5 MONTHS LATER

7

EXT. BOSTON SKYLINE - DAY

We are back in Boston, the Rycotech Corporation headquarters to be exact... and the late winter weather is cold and nasty.

8

EXT. RYCOTECH BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Enter SHANE McBRIDE (31, all-American nice guy) with a STREET MAP print out in one hand, cell phone in the other and a courier bag slung over his shoulder. He awkwardly approaches the front desk...

SHANE

(wrapping it up)

... Okay. Yep. Thanks. I think I found the place. A little late, but I'm here. Alrighty. Bye.

SHANE clicks his phone shut and finds TRUDY WILLOUGHBY (65, gruff around the edges) the main receptionist/curmudgeon glaring, sizing him up.

TRUDY

You must be Nelson from Shane Staffing?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

SHANE

Actually, I'm Shane from Nelson Staffing. Sorry I'm late. I took the wrong left.

TRUDY

(irked)

Right. Sign here.

Trudy slides a clipboard at him. SHANE nods and gets her drift. He checks his watch. Wednesday, 8:17am.

9 INT. - RYCOTECH BUILDING - CUBICLE - DAY

Close-up on a COMPUTER SCREEN. We move along with the blinking cursor as it spells out a word: W E N D S D...

JUDITH MONTARA (42, Hispanic, full-figure) pecks at the keyboard, frustrated.

JUDITH

Now that's a do-over if there ever was one. I just don't get it.

Sitting opposite Judith is CONNIE NEWSOME (39, working Soccer mom) who is searching for something on her cluttered desk. She addresses Judith without looking up.

CONNIE

What are you yapping about now?

JUDITH

Explain to me... since when are D's silent?

CONNIE

Since they invented Wednesdays.

JUDITH

Why not spell it like it sounds?

CONNIE

Girl, like I say: if we were makin' the rules, we wouldn't be takin' it from fools.

JUDITH

Who you calling a fool, girl?

They turn to one another - peering over their eye glasses from behind their respective computer monitors - a stare down. Just then...

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

SAL DiCICCO (60, nipping at retirement's heels) swaggers in to drop off some files for their INBOX.

SAL
(all smooth-like)
Ladies.

Sal continues on. CONNIE and JUDITH bust out laughing.

CONNIE
Guilty as charged.

Judith goes back to fix the spelling: W E D N E S...

CUT TO:

10 SURVEILLANCE-STYLE MONITORS: LOBBY, HALLWAYS, STAIRWELLS

11 INT. RYCOTECH BUILDING - MAILROOM - DAY

Despite the previous HUSTLE and MAGNITUDE of Rycotech's staff, 5-months have passed and business has slowed down - considerably.

Here, in the basement mailroom, DUANE PETERSON (45, slow-and-steady) tends to the daily routine of sorting mail.

DUANE
(sternly)
You gotta make sure to check all those bins. Last week I got some complaints from you-know-who.

DUANE motions his thumb "upstairs".

Opposite the mail table, DEREK VOUPOLOUS (32, handsome Greek charmer) rolls his eyes, setting down an empty mail bin.

DEREK
Come on, Duane. They can't be *that* uptight.

DUANE
I know, I know... It's not me, man. I could give a flying fart. Just needed to say it.

DEREK
I hear ya. Sorry 'bout that.

The two get back to work. DUANE is feeling bad about coming down on DEREK, but as the head mailroom guy, that's his job.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

DUANE

(reflecting)

Nope. It ain't like it used to be around here. Not since October anyway... well, you've heard all about that I'd imagine.

DEREK

Must have been pretty tough on everyone. Sounded like a nice guy.

They continue to sort mail and file papers while gabbing.

DUANE

Just didn't seem like the type.

DEREK

Suppose they never do.

Duane pauses in his work, making eye contact with Derek.

DUANE

So the guy had some problems - just like everyone else. But to go and do something like that... makes you wonder. It really does.

DEREK

At least he didn't take anyone with him. That would have been terrible.

From the plastic mail bin, DEREK pulls out an oversized manila envelope addressed to BEN GRAFTON and holds it aside.

DEREK (cont'd)

... speaking of Ben. Who gets his mail again?

Duane looks up, a bit startled. He points to the mailbox for: LOUIS NEELY.

DUANE

The *acting* Director of Operations...

Derek slides the envelope into the slot. The two get back to work. Hold on LOUIS NEELY'S name...

12 INT. RYCOTECH BUILDING - LOUIS NEELY'S OFFICE - DAY

LOUIS NEELY, now the acting Director of Operations, is at the tail end of a heated phone call.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He has dropped about 20-pounds since we last saw him and is wearing a better suit. Overall, a more "together" appearance.

Sitting cross-legged with clipboard in hand, KAYLA KASNER (26, sharp, elegant) is jotting down notes onto a legal pad of paper. LOUIS pipes in...

LOUIS

(unwavering)

Listen, Dr. Phao, there's no amount of pandering that will change my decision. You've already tested my patience long enough.

KAYLA looks up from her notes, surprised at the tone of Neely's language. *"He's usually curt, but this is different."*

LOUIS (CONT'D)

(butting in)

What Mr. Grafton promised is no longer applicable to this transaction, Dr. Phao. You of all people should know that.

(pause)

Now if you'll excuse me, I have other matters to attend to.

Click. Louis punches out of the conference call.

LOUIS (cont'd)

(directly to Kayla)

I want every shred of paperwork related to our Thailand accounts on my desk by Friday, along with the Norcutt deal and Halifax reports. This is getting under my skin.

Kayla jots down her assignment.

KAYLA

Norcutt... Halifax. Got it.

LOUIS

And have Sherry cancel my 2 o'clock with accounting. They're already under my skin.

Kayla acknowledges his request then turns to the door of Mr. Neely's stark office.

13 INT. RYCOTECH - KAYLA'S OFFICE - DAY

Kayla steps into her ad-hoc office; cramped, cluttered, no window. She plunks down onto her desk chair and picks up her "Blueberry" *Personal Messenger*. Starting to type--

KAYLA
(to herself)
Here you go, folks. Let the games
begin.

14 INT. RYCOTECH - JUDITH AND CONNIE'S CUBICLE - DAY

CONNIE is on the phone. JUDITH is sorting through some files, but can easily hear Connie's fevered conversation.

CONNIE
When *can* he meet with me?
(beat)
This is the third time...
(beat)
These numbers need to be reconciled
before we...
(beat)
Fine.

Connie thwacks the phone down and let's out a GASP of frustration. Judith responds.

JUDITH
I'll take a stab... Neely can't
make the meeting.

CONNIE
And now he's going on some trip.

JUDITH
Oh yeah? Where to?

CONNIE
Thailand, Taiwan... I don't know.
And at this point, I don't care.

JUDITH
That's the spirit. If you can't
beat'em, join'em.

CONNIE
I'd *rather* beat him. Might do the
jerk some good.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

JUDITH

If you ask me, Connie, they *all*
need a good beating.

Judith reaches for a pen. In the corner of a scribbled pad of paper she writes down: Thailand Taiwan? She circles it.

15 INT. RYCOTECH - STORAGE ROOM - DAY

SHANE is getting directions from GREG NOBLE (37, a dorky office assistant). Shane is pretending to be interested as Greg shows Shane how to use... a photocopier.

GREG

(monotone)

Then you make two copies. One for us and one for them. Then you put the new copies into a new folder. Then you label the new folders like the old folders. Then you repeat the process for all of *those* boxes.

Greg points to a TOWERING STACK of legal boxes, piled five high and lining the entire length of a wall.

SHANE

All those?

GREG

And those.

(pointing to another wall
of boxes)

Any questions, dial extension 235.

Greg starts back to his office.

GREG (cont'd)

(cynical)

Oh yeah. Try not to leave any of those files open. Apparently it's all "confidential".

Greg is gone. Shane stands alone, a Temporary Zombie, WHEN his cell phone BUZZES. He cautiously flips it open: You have a text message.

TEXT MESSAGE READS: DR. PHAO - NORCUTT - HALIFAX

Shane looks back at the boxes, dizzy.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

SHANE
(to himself)
I'd almost *rather* be in prison.

CUT TO:

16 SURVEILLANCE-STYLE MONITORS: LOBBY, HALLWAYS, STAIRWELLS
BLACK AND WHITE MONITOR IMAGE OF A HALLWAY DISSOLVES TO--
The SAME SCENE, now in COLOR.

17 INT. RYCOTECH - HALLWAY - DAY

DEREK is making his way from room to room, dropping off bundles of mail and inter-office folders. He stops mid stride to check his PAGER...

PAGER READS: DRPHAO-NORCUTT-HALIFAX

Reflecting on the message, he checks his watch then moves on.

18 INT. RYCOTECH - JUDITH AND CONNIE'S CUBICLE - DAY

Connie gets up with her coffee mug.

CONNIE
(to Judith)
Need a topper?

JUDITH
I'm good. Seven cups is my limit.

CONNIE
Suit yourself.

Connie leaves. JUDITH watches her disappear, then calmly moves to Connie's computer. She logs on:

We now see Connie's computer monitor. The pointer moves over a folder named: RECON_2003

Judith clicks it OPEN, quickly scanning the contents. Just then, SMACK!

DEREK drops a pile of mail onto their INBOX. Judith is startled. Derek delights in her reaction.

JUDITH
My god. As if this project wasn't already driving me batty, they have me working with... Man Boy.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

DEREK

Hey now. That's Mr. Man Boy if you don't mind.

(gesturing)

My pager tells me we're in for stormy weather. Believe that?

JUDITH

So I hear.

DEREK

Stay warm.

Derek rambles off, whistling.

JUDITH

Prick.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN: Judith CLICKS the file - NEELY-LEGAL - and DRAGS it onto a JUMP DRIVE. It instantly copies. She snatches it out of the computer.

SMASH CUT TO:

19 LATER - RYCOTECH - STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Shane is now surrounded with LEGAL BOXES full of: MEMOS, PLANE TICKETS, CONTRACTS, SPREADSHEETS, RECEIPTS, PHOTOGRAPHS, HANDWRITTEN NOTES, etc.

His head is swimming in names, numbers... filtering through STACKS of endless information. All seemingly mundane, UNTIL--

HE SPOTS an AGED manila folder, strapped with crusty elastics, labeled: Summer, 2002, Halifax Reports

Shane glances outside the storage room: "Anyone around?"

A few EMPLOYEES pass by, but no one to bother him. After all, he's just a temp... *he might as well be a ghost.*

He snaps off the elastics then slides the contents onto the floor, next to the other piles of miscellaneous paperwork.

Jackpot. Pay dirt. *The mother lode...*

Shane paws through the materials, WHEN-

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN. Greg enters catching Shane red-handed.

GREG

Shane...

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

Shane perks up, worried. Greg stares at the mess of files, folders and general disarray. Shane is frozen, speechless.

GREG (cont'd)
... that's lunch, buddy. Catch you
in an hour.

Greg exits. Shane lets out a breath, shaking his head.

SHANE
(mocking Greg)
That's lunch, buddy.

He SLAPS the folder shut and checks his watch.

20 INT. RYCOTECH BUILDING - KAYLA'S OFFICE - DAY

Kayla is busy tapping away at the keyboard, donning her headset. The door swings open. It's Louis Neely.

LOUIS
(abruptly)
No rush on those files. I'll be
seeing Dr. Phao in person.

KAYLA
Oh... Okay. What about Norcutt or
Halifax?

LOUIS
See what you can dig up. There's a
list on my desk. I'll be back after
lunch, then I'm gone for a week.

KAYLA
Have a good one.

Louis forgets a polite "Goodbye" and rushes off. Kayla sits for a moment and then...

21 INT. RYCOTECH - NEELY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Kayla enters Louis Neely's office. She moves to his desk and looks for the list he mentioned.

Files of paperwork clutter the desk. If there was a note, it's camouflaged by everything else - except his laptop.

CLOSE IN on Kayla, inching towards his laptop. She spots a legal pad with a "to do" list: finish spreadsheet projects, water plants, territory files if time.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

KAYLA

Why the change of heart, Louie? Too many cooks in the kitchen?

Stricken with CURIOSITY, Kayla moves the keypad on his laptop, making the desktop visible. She IMMEDIATELY checks the "most recently opened documents" menu and finds...

CUT TO LAPTOP SCREEN: we see SPREADSHEET FILES, TEXT MEMOS, BROWSER FILES, LEGAL DOCUMENTS - general office stuff.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

Or maybe you're just an idiot.

She digs a little deeper, clicking open MISC. FOLDERS then further into other documents. One pops up that looks like a standard form letter. Kayla CLICKS it open...

Close in on the COMPUTER SCREEN. The letter reads:

Dated 1/20/05 - this year. Attention: Gus Farthing, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Signed, BENJAMIN T. GRAFTON

CUT TO the electronic signature of Ben Grafton. Kayla fixes her eyes on the screen.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

Or maybe you're pretending to be a dead man. Either way... welcome to justice.

Kayla, now beaming with confidence, scrolls up to PRINT the file. As she clicks PRINT we...

SMASH CUT TO:

22 SURVEILLANCE-STYLE CAMERA SHOTS, RAPID FIRE CUTS, FAST-FORWARD MOTION OF EMPLOYEES, THE WORK FORCE, AND BOSTON

FADE OUT

23 END OF ACT I

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

THE TEMP

ACT II

23 EXT. SOUTH BOSTON STREETS - DAY

Vehicles slop through the slushy wet potholes of downtown Boston. For an overcast day, the sidewalks are surprisingly full of pedestrians and workers out for a hot lunch. Even in the dead of winter, people are willing to fight the cold for a decent bite of food.

We are now in a less affluent area of the city: SOUTH BOSTON. The sprawl of commercial buildings, rundown storefronts and empty lots seem endless.

We close in on a MASSIVE BRICK BUILDING, covered in graffiti, encircled with barbed wire, boarded up with plywood.

24 INT. BRICK BUILDING - DAY

A heavy steel DOOR is slammed shut by a man. JAMES HELVART (50, stocky, chiseled and clean-cut) turns around, checks his watch and grumbles something, almost inaudible.

HELVART

Let's do this.

The open room looks like an ad hoc outpost of sorts. A long table lines the front and to the side, a large dry-erase board scribbled with some words and charts.

Helvart makes his way to the front and leans back against the large desk. He calmly folds his arms, lets out a sigh and addresses the audience directly.

We see the backs of heads and shoulders, but NO FACES.

HELVART (CONT'D)

While I'd like to say I'm all smiles, your performances have done everything but impress me. So for the sake of my reputation and this agency's, can someone here give me one good reason why you all shouldn't be doing 7-years a piece for, what was it...

(Helvart flips through some files on the desk)

Hacking banks? Identity theft? Fraud? Or, let me see... Oh yeah. Good old fashioned embezzlement?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

Helvart stares into the SILENT room. *Who is he talking to?*
From the back of the room, a hand is raised.

HELVRT (CONT'D)
Enlighten me.

CUT to Shane McBride, lowering his hand like a 4th grader.

SHANE
Because they don't practice safe
sex in prison?

The room busts up into snickering.

WE now REVEAL our FOUR TEMPS, sitting in chairs at what looks like a military-style debriefing. DEREK, JUDITH, KAYLA and SHANE all are tittering like school kids.

Then - a BOOMING voice comes from the side of the room. A voice we haven't heard before.

VICKI CHAMBERS (36, slender, well-dressed and sculpted) stands at attention, arms folded much like Helvart's.

CHAMBERS
Or maybe it's because your fluffy
white ass couldn't handle an honest
day's work.

The LAUGHTER dissipates. The mood returns to serious. Shane decides against a retort.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)
(to Helvart)
They're all yours, James.

Helvart nods at Vicki's invitation.

HELVRT
With pleasure.

Cut to Derek, Shane, Judith and Kayla making uneasy eye contact with one another.

HELVRT (CONT'D)
As we now know, our man Mr. Louis Neely is on the move. His flight plans are sketchy, but Kayla will be fleshing out the details as they become available.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Helvart motions to Vicki who is now leaning over a LAPTOP.

HELVART (cont'd)

Vicki will be tailing him since she's the only operative we know he can't identify. She'll be counting on field support from Kayla and Mr. Funnybones here.

(to Shane)

What's the word on Halifax?

Shane, irritated but humbled, speaks to the group.

SHANE

I just started digging into it. At a glance, there was some paperwork for a company called Semcol Systems. No red flags yet. I'll have more by tomorrow morning.

HELVART

(to Judith)

Judith. Any names or numbers worth mentioning?

JUDITH

Not a one. 2003 looks clean at this point. I was planning on line checking with the annual. That will take a few days.

CHAMBERS

(flashing a look)

That's a few days too long.

JUDITH

I'll get on it.

At first it seemed that Helvart was the "bad cop" between the two, but Vicki Chambers clearly has stepped up to that role.

HELVART

The big question is: who's talking? We need a chatterbox on our side; a squeaky wheel. Anyone dishing on Grafton? Neely? Come on folks. We can't rely on a trail of bread crumbs here. We need witnesses. Magpies. Lot's of 'em.

The FOUR TEMPS ruminates the question. Derek lights up.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK

Duane.

HELVART

Duane?

DEREK

Duane Peterson. The mail guy.

HELVART

(skeptical)

The mail guy?

DEREK

Yeah. The mail guy.

HELVART

Okay, Derek. Lay it on us.

DEREK

I have a hunch... he didn't tell
the investigation everything.

CHAMBERS

And I have a hunch you're pregnant.
Try again, Derek. What makes you
think he knows a damn?

DEREK

He gets around the building. He
listens a lot. Doesn't do much
talking, but when I ask him the
right questions... he opens up.

HELVART

Why?

Derek thinks for a moment. *"Good question."*

DEREK

Pride.

Helvart reacts, *"Good answer."*

CHAMBERS

That's crap and you know it.

DEREK

(sharply)

No. It's not.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEREK (cont'd)

The guy might not be crunching numbers or signing deal memos, but that doesn't make him an idiot. He's a hard worker and makes the most out of his job - which is more than I can say for the suits upstairs. Now, granted, there might not be a lot to learn about the mailroom, but there's always something new to learn about your coworkers. I think he's our man.

Helvart, Chambers and the THREE TEMPS look interested, if not impressed, with Derek's soapbox speech.

HELVART

Go on.

DEREK

He invited me to watch the Celtics at a sports bar this weekend. I think I can get him to talk--

CHAMBERS

(butting in)

A sports bar? What is this, a little R&R getaway? I don't buy it.

Helvart jumps in over Vicki.

HELVART

But I do.

Vicki backs off.

DEREK

After a few beers in a social setting people loosen up. Plus... he trusts me. He knows I listen.

Helvart plays it out in his head. Vicki leans back on her desk, frustrated. Shane, Kayla and Judith sit waiting...

HELVART

Who they playing?

DEREK

The Kings. Should be a good game.

HELVART

Should be. But get something solid. I want proof you're not jerking us around. Remember...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

HELVART (cont'd)
 and this goes for all of you...
 (severely)
 You and your names are alive and
 kicking because *this* agency decided
 to clean them up and keep 'em that
 way. *You* made a deal with *us*.
 (pause)
 But if you'd rather serve your time
 for screwing the system and
 financially dicking over your
 fellow Americans, please, don't
 hesitate to ask. I'd be happy to
 have that conversation with you.

The room remains silent.

DEREK
 Thank you, sir. I'll do my best to
 get what we need.

Derek shoots Vicki Chambers a glance, "*Touché*". Helvart's
watch alarms starts to beep.

HELVART
 That's all, folks. Back to work.

Vicki, ticked off, SLAMS her laptop SHUT, glaring at Helvart.

SMASH CUT TO:

25 EXT. TROPICAL BEACH - BOARDWALK - DAY

PALM TREES sway in the warm breeze against the bright BLUE
 SKY. A few puffy clouds speckle the backdrop as seagulls dart
 past. The sound of an ocean surf washes over the scene.

We are *definitely* NOT in Boston anymore.

Close in on a busy seaside BAR...

26 INT/EXT. SEASIDE BAR / CAFE - DAY

VICKI CHAMBERS, dressed in a white bikini and draped with a
 floral printed sarong, sits peacefully at a side table near
 the register enjoying an UMBRELLA DRINK. Despite the shady
 overhang of the building, her sunglasses and hat have not
 been removed. This Vicki Chambers is younger than the one we
 just met in Boston.

She rests her PULP NOVEL onto the small bistro table next to
 her mini-laptop and picks up her cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The establishment is busy with patrons, mostly tourists, but some locals: buying drinks, trinkets, suntan lotion, hats - whatever the place offers. As with any tropical destination, these tourists are fairly affluent and some are retired.

VICKI makes like she's trying to connect to her cell service. When the connection can't be made, she turns the phone off and walks over to the counter. A FRIENDLY CLERK greets her.

FRIENDLY CLERK

Yes miss?

VICKI

First off, your drinks are killing me... with perfection. Compliments to your bartender.

FRIENDLY CLERK

You hear that, Denago? Your drinks are a hit.

DENAGO, the chubby Hawaiian bartender, flashes a HUGE GRIN at Vicki and starts the blender.

DENAGO

Next drink on the house!

He clangs a brass bell on the wall.

VICKI

(shouting over the blender
and bell)

You're too kind!

Back to the Friendly Clerk...

VICKI (CONT'D)

(nice as pie)

I know I'm imposing, but I just can't seem to get a signal on my cell phone and I really need to get some business information... would it be possible to use your internet connection for just a few minutes. I'm at a loss with this darn phone and it wouldn't take a moment to log on and...

FRIENDLY CLERK

For the beautiful lady? Of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cut to the Bar. Vicki is sitting in front of her laptop, screen open, internet cable hooked in... And she's BUSY AS HELL. Clicking away, sipping her drink.

WE CLOSE IN ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN. She HACKS through the BAR'S FIREWALL, through security, and into the debit/credit card machine information - which is linked to the computer.

It's obvious Vicki is EXTREMELY TECH SAVVY and capable of getting around a secure operating system. She takes a long sip of her banana daiquiri.

VICKI
(to herself)
I need to take more working
vacations. This is too fun.

WE CLOSE IN on her laptop screen. Names, numbers, security codes, passwords, and user names flash by. Each one tied to a person, each one an open target for Vicki... FOR THE WORLD OF IDENTITY THEFT.

Vicki promptly cross-references names with debit numbers, then bank accounts, searching for passwords...

NAME: Walter H. Grayling

Cut to WALTER H. GRAYLING walking into the Seaside Bar with his wife, standing at the counter, taking out his debit card, sliding it through, purchasing the items, then hopping into their rental car.

NAME: Theresa D. Vallencourt

Cut to THERESA D. VALLENCOURT walking into the Seaside Bar with her friends, buying a round of drinks, then another, then another, until the whole party is sloshed. She hands over her credit card willingly. Signs, and leaves.

THESE QUICK VINGETTES CONTINUE until... Vicki abruptly shuts the laptop screen and sucks up the last of her drink.

The Friendly Clerk approaches.

FRIENDLY CLERK
All set miss?

VICKI
Eleven grand, my friend. Not bad
for an hour's work. Thank you!

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

She SLAPS DOWN her cash bill and FAT TIP, thanks the staff and saunters off into the glow of the tropical afternoon.

SMASH CUT TO:

27 INT. BEACH DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

SWIRLING LASERS and techno house music wash over the young, hip crowd on the dance floor; a wave of pure abandon.

VICKI CHAMBERS is dancing elbow-to-elbow with the resort youth. Although she'd like to think of herself as younger, at 34, she can still move like a sorority vixen. In a bizarre way, she fits right in.

CUT TO THE DANCE BAR. Vicki slides up and orders a G&T.

VICKI
Heavy on the G!

The bartender hands it over.

28 EXT. BEACH DANCE CLUB - PATIO - MOMENTS LATER

The OUTDOOR PATIO is refreshingly quiet and cooler than the inside dance floor, but the deck is just as crowded.

Vicki finds a spot along the wood railing and leans against it, reflecting on the day's adventures, reeling with adrenaline from dancing, and, from the success of her chosen profession: IDENTITY THEFT. "*Could it get any easier?*"

Just then, a voice - a voice we've heard before - creeps into her swimming head.

VOICE
May I join you?

Vicki, lost in her dreams, turns to the VOICE. The voice of JAMES HELVART.

Vicki, almost without concern or questions, slides over.

VICKI
If you don't mind the sweat.

JAMES
I'm allergic to a lot of things.
Body heat's not one of them.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

VICKI
I haven't danced like that since
college.

JAMES
Then you fooled me.

Now Vicki is surprised.

VICKI
Didn't know I had an audience.

JAMES
Didn't think you'd care.

Vicki smiles at his persistence AND his handsome build.

VICKI
You could have joined me.

JAMES
And here I am. Cheers.

James tips his glass towards Vicki's. She makes the effort,
but hesitantly.

JAMES (CONT'D)
James Halvert.

VICKI
Vicki Chambers.

JAMES
Care to dance?

She starts a smile and lifts her glass.

VICKI
Care to drink?

James laughs. They both laugh.

JAMES
Now *that* I can do.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. TROPICAL BEACH - BOARDWALK - LATER

VICKI and JAMES are walking along the boardwalk, taking in
the cool night air and getting to know one another.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

What about yourself? What brings you here, to the end of the world?

VICKI

Isn't this where social introverts are supposed to spend their time?

JAMES

Really. A social introvert. I wouldn't have pegged you for one. At least not after seeing you on the dance floor.

James imitates Vicki's dancing - poorly. He starts to grind his hips close to hers until Vicki playfully shoves him away.

VICKI

That is so not how I dance. I'd like to see you up there.

JAMES

Next time.

VICKI

Next time?

JAMES

Another time, I mean.

VICKI

But if you'd rather just watch...

Vicki and James continue on down the boardwalk.

EXT. TROPICAL BEACH - HOTEL - NIGHT

James and Vicki stop walking. James points to the hotel.

JAMES

Well, this is where I get off.

Vicki enjoys a hearty laugh.

VICKI

Spoken like a typical male.

JAMES

What? I didn't think you'd join me.

VICKI

Next time.

30 CONTINUED:

JAMES

Next time?

VICKI

I'm sure I'll see you around.

JAMES

Let me catch you a cab. It's a long walk back.

VICKI

I'll be fine. This sea breeze is the perfect chaser for all those drinks.

JAMES

Stay on the sidewalk. The beach is dangerous this time of night.

VICKI turns and rambles down the sidewalk.

VICKI

Again. Spoken like a typical male!

JAMES watches the beautiful Vicki drift away into the night.

JAMES

(to himself)

Sorry, babe. I'm anything but typical.

31 INT. TROPICAL BEACH - HOTEL - NIGHT

Inside the ELEVATOR, Vicki punches the button to FLOOR 17. She is still a bit woozy from the evening's events.

CUT TO THE HALLWAY. Vicki is standing in front of door 1743. She opens up her purse and looks for her key-card. It's nowhere to be found. She hurriedly searches, no luck.

VICKI

You gotta be kidding me.

CUT TO:

THE HOTEL LOBBY... Vicki approaches the NIGHT CLERK.

VICKI (CONT'D)

Excuse me, but I misplaced my key, my room card. Room number 1743.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

NIGHT CLERK

Your name and photo ID, please.

CUT BACK TO FLOOR 17. Vicki approaches her door with the new key-card and slides it through. GREEN LIGHT. She opens the door...

32 INT. TROPICAL HOTEL - ROOM 1743 - CONTINUOUS

Vicki enters, now exhausted, peeved. She shuts the door and flicks on the light.

JAMES HALVERT IS SITTING AT THE SMALL DESK WITH VICKI'S LAPTOP OPEN, directly in front of him.

VICKI

So that's where my key went.

JAMES

Sorry. Was the only way in. I'm not much of a climber. Seventeen floors is a bit much, wouldn't you say?

VICKI

I'd say you better tell me why you're in my room snooping on my computer before I scream bloody murder and throw your ass in jail.

JAMES

Don't want to disappoint, Vicki, but from the looks of these bank files... I'd say the only one at risk of going to jail would be you.

VICKI

I don't have to take this. I'm calling the front desk.

JAMES pulls out his WALLET and flashes a BADGE of sorts.

JAMES

Touch that phone and you'll be going to jail for more than just identity theft. I'll see to it.

VICKI steps back from the phone.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Now. Take a load off and listen up. There's a lot to cover.

(pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

JAMES (CONT'D)

Believe me. I wouldn't be here if
there was another way.

Vicki moves to the bed and sits down.

VICKI

Am I under arrest or what?

JAMES

Not yet, but if you want to be I
can arrange for it.

James takes out his cell phone, very official looking. Vicki
thinks for a moment. James holds the phone, poised to dial.
Vicki caves in...

VICKI

Just get this over with.

JAMES puts the phone away and begins...

HOLD ON VICKI'S FACE, a close up. We hear James' voice
rambling on, overlapping words, sentences... We're closer to
Vicki's eyes, she is stunned, trapped, worried.

SMASH CUT TO:

SHOT SERIES: James meeting THE TEMPS at different settings:

JAMES HALVERT TALKING WITH SHANE MCBRIDE AT THE GYM...

... WALKING UP TO KAYLA KASNER ON THE SIDEWALK

... BUMPING INTO JUDITH MONTARA AT THE GROCERY STORE

... SITTING DOWN WITH DEREK VOUPOLOUS AT A CAFE

Cut back to VICKI CHAMBERS, sitting on the hotel bed...

DISSOLVE TO:

33

INT. CAR - BOSTON - DAY

Close-up on VICKI'S FACE. We're back in BOSTON.

Vicki is staring ahead through the window. James is behind
the wheel. He pulls into an EMPTY LOT and parks the car.

After the engine stops, he turns to Vicki.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES

We've been over this before, Vicki. When you said yes to this project, this lifestyle, you knew there was a lot you were giving up.

Vicki is static, staring into the snow filled lot, flakes gently covering their car.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I know we had plans to pull you out sooner. I know that. Believe me. I've tried. But I can't make that happen right now. The agency--

VICKI

(fervently)

The agency. Yes. Let's talk about this agency or whatever it's called. I swear. Sometimes it sounds like a figment of your twisted imagination, something from the dark corners of your life back in, what, the Secret Service? CIA? Remind me, James, because I almost don't remember anymore.

James reflects on her comments.

JAMES

I almost regret watching you on that dance floor, back in the Philippines. Almost. But, hey...

(pause)

What's a typical male to do?

Vicki finally turns to James, her icy mood melting. She takes off her seat belt...

VICKI

There's only one thing to do.

Making like she's going for the door, she SPINS AROUND IN THE FRONT SEAT and SLIDES on top of JAMES, planting her lips on his. Her thigh hits the car horn, and her boot hits the windshield wipers. They both start laughing.

VICKI (CONT'D)

This was so much easier when I hated you.

DISSOLVE TO:

34 SHOT OF RYCOTECH BUILDING

35 INT. RYCOTECH BUILDING - STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Shane McBride is back to the files and photocopying. He is moving boxes aside, making room for the growing mess. In his haste, a few of the cheap cardboard storage boxes TOPPLE OVER, spreading the contents across the floor.

SHANE

Dammit.

As he wrestles with the flimsy boxes, shoving the files back in, he spots a FOLDED BROWN ENVELOPE with B.G. PERSONAL scrawled on its side. "Ben Grafton?" Shane scoops it up and takes a look...

Inside, amongst various bits of minutiae, Shane comes across a wad of Polaroid pictures, bound together with an elastic. Shane unwraps them and takes a look.

RANDOM PHOTOS OF: generic buildings, empty lots, construction sites and equipment, heavy machinery, workers working, etc. Nothing interesting at all. Until...

At the bottom of the pile, TWO POLAROIDS ARE STUCK TOGETHER, emulsion sides in. Shane gently tugs them apart. But not gently enough. The emulsions rip, some of one sticks to the other and vice versa. Shane inspects the subject matter...

SHANE (CONT'D)

Nice move, Slick. Such a bonehead.

Both photos are poorly framed and very faded.

PHOTO ONE is of a low-budget hotel room. In the corner, a large man sits in a chair, holding a beer. A maroon cowboy hat floats above his indistinguishable face. LAYING FACE DOWN ON THE BED IS A HALF-NAKED WOMAN, her arms dangling off the mattress; her face flat against the pillow. A white sheet is draped over part of her body, covering her buttocks.

PHOTO TWO is of a YOUNG WOMAN, brown hair, college-aged, with a tight fitting T-shirt almost exposing her breasts. Her eyes are glassy, and her expression is dull, lifeless. She is staring past the camera, dazed. FLANKED ON EITHER SIDE OF HER STAND BEN GRAFTON AND LOUIS NEELY, arms slung over her shoulders, groping her sides, beaming like drunk frat boys.

SHANE FINALLY TAKES A BREATH. He immediately lifts his head and scans the office hallway: no one around. The Polaroids slip from his hand onto the floor.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

When he bends down to pick them up, he slides both photos into his socks, adjusts his shoelaces, then stands up. When he does...

We see GREG NOBLE planted where he wasn't just seconds before. Shane snaps back.

SHANE (CONT'D)
(unnerved)
Damn. Greg. Man. You can't do that.

GREG
Sorry. My bad.

SHANE
Give me a heart attack...

GREG
At least you could score workman's comp. That'd be sweet.

SHANE
Yeah. Whatever.

GREG
Hate to ruin all your fun, but it's quittin' time. Gotta lock up. Security and all.

Greg motions for both of them to head out.

SHANE
Good. I need a drink.

GREG
Come on, buddy. Can't be that bad. After you're here for seven years like me, you won't mind so much.

36 SURVEILLANCE-STYLE CAMERA SHOTS, RAPID FIRE CUTS, FAST-FORWARD MOTION OF EMPLOYEES, THE WORK FORCE, AND BOSTON

FADE TO BLACK.

37 END OF ACT II

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

THE TEMP

ACT III

38 SHOT OF BOSTON SKYLINE AT NIGHT

39 EXT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

An ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WAITRESS places a full pitcher of beer on the table between DEREK VOUPOLOUS and DUANE PETERSON. She smiles and maneuvers to another table.

DUANE
(gawking)
Damn. It's just criminal.

Derek joins in. Derek raises his pint glass.

DEREK
To grad students!

DUANE
Who serve cold beer!

The two clink glasses and gulp some beer.

DEREK
Thanks for the invite. It's cool to meet coworkers outside of the *work camp*.

DUANE
(shrugging)
I usually don't fraternize with folks. Most of the suits are uptight family guys or too square to cut loose once in a while.

DEREK
I bet.

DUANE
Although... I won't say that for all of them. Some were... Well, I really shouldn't talk about it.

DEREK
What's that?

(CONTINUED)

DUANE

Nothing, really. I'd feel weird mentioning it. But it's not like you knew the guy.

DEREK

Who?

Duane grabs a handful of peanuts.

DUANE

Ben Grafton. The guy who...

Duane mimics the action of a gun to the head with his hand.

DEREK

(playing dumb)

Oh. Yeah. Well... I don't mind listening. But, whatever...

Before continuing, Duane looks up at the game for a moment. CELTICS vs. THE KINGS and the Celtics are getting clobbered.

DUANE

Ever been to the Hands Down poker joint up in Dansbury?

Derek sips some beer, thinking.

DEREK

That strip bar on the north shore?

DUANE

Ever been?

DEREK

Some buddies from B.U. checked it out, but I never went. Why?

DUANE

It's not the most savory of places.

Derek perks up.

DEREK

Sorry, man. You lost me. What's this got to do with Ben Grafton?

Duane leans in and looks Derek straight in the eyes.

39 CONTINUED:

DUANE

Look. Just because I'm a single guy doesn't mean everyone has to know I go to strip bars... especially coworkers.

Derek is trying to piece Duane's story fragments together.

DEREK

So you've been to Hands Down. Big deal. Lots of guys go. Even married guys. Especially married guys.

DUANE

But Ben wasn't the type. At least I didn't think so.

Derek takes time, scripting his next words carefully.

DEREK

You think he would've cared if you saw him at a strip bar?

Duane takes a huge gulp and finishes his beer.

DUANE

No, man. I think it was the other way around...

SMASH CUT TO:

40 INT. HANDS DOWN STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Hands Down is an "Old Time" gentlemen's club where men PLAY POKER, enjoy NUDE DANCING, and drink at the bar or together around tables. The place is dimly lit and packed with men, all types - all ages, as well as nude dancers and SEMI-NUDE COCKTAIL WAITRESSES. The only men actually working at this establishment are the bouncers, the VERY BIG BOUNCERS.

Close in on DUANE PETERSON, sitting alone at a small table near the side wall. He's sipping a whiskey, smoking a cigar and watching the dancers from afar. He looks to be enjoying himself, taking in the scenery.

For the most part, the crowd is tame, but an occasional outburst of rowdy laughter is heard over the house music.

Through the crowd, Duane catches a glimpse of BEN GRAFTON at a poker table with a few other men, mostly Asian foreigners.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

Duane is far enough away to go unnoticed, but close enough to recognize the likeness of his coworker Ben Grafton.

Curious, Duane divides his attention between the dancers, the bar, and Ben Grafton's table.

After finishing his whiskey, Duane tips the waitress and requests his jacket - making sure to avoid eye contact with Ben Grafton. He hits the rest room then leaves.

41 EXT. HANDS DOWN STRIP CLUB - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Duane jumps into his car and quickly starts it, allowing the engine to warm up in the bitter November night. He then hops out to scrape a thin frost off the windows.

While scraping, he hears what sounds like an ARGUMENT in a foreign language coming from the other side of the parking lot. Duane looks up to see what the commotion is.

There, standing next to a gray van is BEN GRAFTON, bickering face-to-face with one of the Asian men that was sitting at his poker table inside the club. BOTH ARE SPEAKING THAI, with some broken English.

Next to the THAI MAN stands a WOMAN, wearing a heavy long coat and a dark winter hat. The Thai Man shoves the woman towards Ben. She stumbles a bit and yells at the Thai Man.

Then, from around the van, another familiar face joins the group: LOUIS NEELY. Standing next to Ben, wearing black gloves and a wool coat and holding a large white envelope, Louis Neely gestures to Ben and the TWO MEN behind the Thai Man. He holds out the envelope and the THAI MAN grabs it.

After the Thai Man inspects the contents, he throws it back at Ben Grafton. It lands on the pavement. Then he motions to the WOMAN and the two men. One of the men opens the side door to the van. Everyone but Ben Grafton and Louis Neely climb inside. The van jolts into gear and speeds off.

Louis picks up the envelope while Ben watches the van disappear. The two walk to their car and take off.

42 INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Derek is staring at Duane, dizzy. Duane sips his beer.

DUANE

That was three years ago. I haven't been back since.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

DEREK

And you didn't mention any of this to anyone? Not even the cops?

DUANE

Hell no. That's what I'm talking about. Jeez. I can't believe I'm telling you. If I opened my mouth that I was there they'd think I had something to do with it.

DEREK

With what?

DUANE

(agitated)

The god damn girl!

(stopping himself)

Look. Forget it. It wasn't my business then and it ain't my business now. I gotta take a leak.

Duane gets up and heads to the rest room. Derek takes out his CELL PHONE and makes a call.

SHOT OF BRICK BUILDING IN SOUTH BOSTON

43 INT. BRICK BUILDING - NIGHT

JAMES HELVART and SHANE McBRIDE are crouched around a computer screen, their faces lit by its glow. Helvart's cell phone rings. It's Derek. He flips it open.

HELVART

Who's ahead?

44 INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Derek, keeping an eye open for Duane.

DEREK

The Kings. Does Hands Down strip bar mean anything?

45 INT. BRICK BUILDING - NIGHT

HELVART

I thought you were at a *sports bar*?

DEREK (o.s.)

Funny. Look into Hands Down poker joint in Dansbury, Mass.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

DEREK (o.s.) (cont'd)
It's a gentlemen's club. Sounds
like Grafton *and* Neely were trading
business for pleasure.

HELVART
Neely, too?

DEREK (o.s.)
Some kind of black market swap went
belly up. Definitely South Asian.

HELVART
Do you think he'll testify?

46 INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Derek spots Duane walking back to the table.

DEREK
Not sure. There was a woman
involved, maybe with Grafton. This
was about three years back--

Derek grabs the pitcher and pours Duane some beer as he
approaches their table. Duane takes a seat.

DEREK (cont'd)
(raising his voice)
Yeah, Dad. I told you they were
gonna choke. They always do.
(pointing at the TV)
Next time don't bet so much.
Alright. Catch you later. Bye.

DUANE
I'm gone three minutes and they're
down eleven points. Unbelievable.

47 INT. BRICK BUILDING - NIGHT

Helvart clicks his phone shut.

HELVART
How we doing?

SHANE
Just a second. There.

Cut to the COMPUTER SCREEN. The two Polaroids that Shane
snagged from Rycotech have been scanned into the computer and
are being manipulated with a photo imaging program.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

SHANE (cont'd)

They were in rough shape, but I was able to tweak the contrast just enough. Take a look.

Shane points to the pictures on the screen. On the left, PHOTO A: BEN GRAFTON, LOUIS NEELY and the YOUNG WOMAN. On the right, PHOTO B: the WOMAN on the bed and the LARGE MAN with the maroon cowboy hat.

HELVART

Good Lord. What's that girl on, crystal meth?

SHANE

And various derivatives thereof. I scanned them at a high res so we can zoom in.

Shane clicks the mouse. PHOTO B is enlarged 400%. We're now close up on the wall of the hotel room. Shane moves the photo sideways towards the LARGE MAN.

HELVART

Any guesses?

SHANE

Beats me. Roach Motel. Anytown USA.

Both Helvart and Shane are staring at the same photo as it scrolls to the right.

HELVART

Stop. Can you get closer?

SHANE

Sure. On what?

HELVART

Wait. Back out for a second.

Shane resizes the photo back to 100%. We can see the entire contents of the frame. Helvart points to the screen.

HELVART (cont'd)

The beer.

Shane selects the magnifying glass and ZOOMS into the beer bottle. Click, click, click. Now at 800%. The bottle is huge, but the label is fuzzy.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

HELVART (cont'd)
Thought you said we could zoom in.

SHANE
(annoyed)
We just did. I'll sharpen it.

Shane selects the sharpening menu. The image becomes clear, clear enough to read the vague lettering.

HELVART
Or maybe Roach Motel, Halifax.

The beer bottle has a French name, "La Fontaine d'Hiver".

SHANE
The Fountain of Winter. Maybe it's popular with fat hicks?

Shane opens an internet search engine and types in: la fontaine d'hiver. The screen fills with a list of links, only a few look promising.

We see the mouse scanning down, down... Then a hyperlink to La Fontaine d'Hiver distribution plant, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. Shane clicks it.

A new window opens. Nothing amazing. Just information on the bottling plant and the brewery. What interests Helvart and Shane is merely the location.

Helvart hits the speaker phone and dials.

48 INT. APARTMENT ROOM - NIGHT

A fluffy cat leaps onto a cluttered desk, knocking some papers off. A TV in the background is tuned to the basketball game. JUDITH, sitting in front of a computer monitor, picks up her cell and checks the caller ID. She puts on her headset and flips the phone open.

Their conversation cuts back and forth between locations.

JUDITH
Your boys are taking a beating.

HELVART (o.s.)
Didn't know you were a fan.

JUDITH
I grew up in Sacramento.

(CONTINUED)

SHANE (o.s.)

Go Celts!

JUDITH (o.s.)

You guys are sad.

HELVART

Do you have any information we actually want to hear?

JUDITH

Oh, let's see... some bogus profit distribution, phantom mutual funds and run-of-the-mill corporate sleight of hand. Standard issue delinquency if you ask me.

HELVART (o.s.)

And the slime trail leads to Neely?

JUDITH

Or circles him rather. Ever come across the name Majmal Phaopok?

SHANE

Isn't he the Ambassador of Mars?

Close-in on Judith's computer screen. She starts scrolling through internet pages filled with various text boxes, graphs, charts, and some nauseating scientific photos.

JUDITH (o.s.)

Actually Uranus. Aka Dr. Maj Phao, bio-tech trailblazer for several overseas genetic R&D firms, one of which was *almost* in bed with Rycotech. When his research methods put him in hot water with the Thai government, Rycotech dropped the deal before word went public.

HELVART

Explain *methods*.

JUDITH (o.s.)

Human vivisection, cerebral rewiring, stem cell mutations... your standard issue sci-fi experiments gone amuck.

SHANE

Where does Grafton fit in?

(CONTINUED)

JUDITH

Back door funding. You mentioned a company Semcol Systems. Now, if they were in business, they aren't anymore. But I did find a Somcel Project that fits the bill.

HELVART (o.s.)

A rose by another name?

JUDITH

... would still have as many thorns. Check your fax.

HELVART

Paint a picture of Somcel.

JUDITH (o.s.)

Som-Kill is more like it.

Cut to their fax machine, busy printing out papers.

SHANE

Great. Another conspiracy theory.

HELVART

If you mention Watergate or Attica again I'll be forced to hang up.

Cut to Shane grabbing the faxed papers.

JUDITH

Maybe Shane can help yank the imagination from out of your ass. I forget how far up it gets stuck.

Shane actually laughs out loud. Helvart glares.

HELVART

Go on, Judith.

JUDITH (o.s.)

Som-Kill. Sleep death. Basically rewiring the brain to shut down and power up like a... like a computer.

HELVART (o.s.)

Tell me you're not suggesting mind control. I just can't take another--

(CONTINUED)

JUDITH

Hardly. Religion and government already have that covered. Hello? Suicide bombers? But the ability to switch it on and off against human will, that's a different mousetrap.

SHANE

So where's the payoff? Why not go mechanical with robotics?

JUDITH (o.s.)

Think sex trade meets terrorist blueprint. Third world teens with nothing to lose. Street scum turned lab rats for crack cocktails and a hot meal. Pick'em off the sidewalk, scramble their insides a touch, put'em under a microscope and take notes. Improbable? Perhaps. But impossible? Not in 2005.

Helvart shuffles through the faxed papers.

HELVART

Sounds like Grafton was forming a team of bio-tech radicals with hopes of Rycotech jumping in after the project was safe and solvent.

JUDITH

Up until something went wrong.

SHANE

Fatally wrong.

HELVART

The question remains, folks: Who did Grafton take a bullet for?

JUDITH

I'll sleep on it and let you know.

Helvart tosses the papers onto the desk.

HELVART

Not too shabby... for a Kings fan.

SHOT OF the end of the basketball game on TV.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

JUDITH
 Better luck next time, guys. Celts
 just lost by seven. Adios.

Judith clicks the phone off.

Cut to Shane and Helvart listening to the dial tone.

SHANE
 Screw the Kings. Artless monkeys.

SMASH CUT TO:

49 SHOT OF JET AIRLINER TOUCHING DOWN ON TARMAC - DAY

Insert: Bangkok, Thailand - Sunday

50 INT. BANGKOK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TERMINAL - DAY

Vicki Chambers is tailing LOUIS NEELY from afar. She is dressed in a simple suit and blends in with the hundreds of other business travelers. She slides on her small cell phone ear piece and punches the keypad.

51 INT. BOSTON HIGH-RISE - NIGHT

James Helvart wakes from sleep and picks up his remote phone.

HELVART
 Hello. Wish you were here.

52 INT. BANGKOK AIRPORT - DAY

VICKI
 No. I wish *you* were here.

HELVART (o.s.)
 This is true. How's Neely?

VICKI
 In sight, looking frazzled and...

We see Louis Neely in the distance, walking at a brisk pace turning into the men's room.

VICKI (CONT'D)
 ... he just stepped into the boys
 room. Should I follow?

HELVART (o.s.)
 Ahh. The element of surprise.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

VICKI
And then some.

Beat.

HELVART
Hey. Vic. Make sure to play it
safe. Things could get... messy.

VICKI
Meaning?

HELVART
Shane e-mailed you pictures of the
key players. If anyone other than
Neely looks familiar, call me.

VICKI (o.s.)
That doesn't exactly sound
comforting, James.

HELVART
No one said this was going to be
comfortable. Not even for you.

VICKI spots NEELY leaving the rest room and heading towards
the terminal exit.

VICKI
Neely's on the move. I gotta go.

HELVART (o.s.)
(abruptly)
Love you.

VICKI
Like I said, James. That doesn't
exactly sound comforting.

Vicki clicks the phone off and rushes to catch up with Neely.

James tosses his cell phone onto the dresser, knocking a
FRAMED PHOTO onto the carpeted floor. "Damn." James moves to
pick it up. He turns it over and admires the image.

Close-up of the PHOTO: Vicki and James are together ON
HORSEBACK. James is embracing Vicki from behind. They are
wearing straw hats, printed shirts and are both grinning into
the camera. Proof that both were happy at one point in time.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

James gently places the frame onto the dresser. We hold on the photograph.

FADE OUT

53 FADE IN - BOSTON SKYLINE - DAY

Insert: Monday

Shot of RYCOTECH BUILDING

54 INT. MONITORS: LOBBY, HALLWAYS, STAIRWELLS

55 INT. RYCOTECH BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

Kayla Kasner is busy at her computer. The door creaks open and JILLIAN ADNER (50ish, no-nonsense) pokes her head inside.

JILLIAN

Don't forget his plants, Kay. He always notices.

KAYLA

Oops. Thanks for the reminder.

56 INT. RYCOTECH BUILDING - LOUIS NEELY'S OFFICE

Neely's office is as he left it - disorganized. Kayla is watering some of the FLOOR PLANTS along the wall and by the windows. As she gets closer to Neely's desk, she notices the message light blinking on his phone.

Under the watchful eye of Jillian, Kayla sets a plan in motion. She tips over a small plant onto the desk.

Cut to JILLIAN'S DESK. Kayla is holding a hand vacuum.

KAYLA

Jillian. You won't believe it. Maybe you will. I knocked a plant over. Duh. Blame it on the blonde, right? Don't worry. It's still alive. But I have to clean up and didn't want to disturb everyone, so I'll shut the door. Won't take but a few minutes. Sorry. No green thumbs here. My mom could grow a bonsai in a basement. Guess I didn't get those genes. No worries!

Jillian gets back to work without skipping a beat.

57 INT. - LOUIS NEELY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Kayla closes Louis Neely's door and turns on the vacuum. While cleaning the dirt, she picks up Neely's phone and dials into his voicemail. Flipping through his Rolodex, she finds the card with his password. She punches it in.

We hear the familiar greeting from a voice mailbox system.
You have three new messages.

Kayla punches the keys.

First message, from Connie Newsome, sent Thursday... Skip.

Next message from, ID not available, sent Friday at 3:31pm. Click. No message.

Kayla turns off the vacuum.

Next message from, outside line, sent Monday at 1:57am. The line crackles with a weak signal. Then, a man's voice cuts in and out. The accent sounds southern - Texan?

MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)

*--ster Neely. You ... your chan st
co...perate... ve had oo uch time
already... e... won't wait ...ny
...onger. This matt... out of your
hands ...nd into some...ns tha...
et... ings straight for ...ood...
ey won't b... so forgiv...*

The call cuts out. Just as Kayla puts the phone on the console, the door swings open.

JILLIAN

Will it live?

Kayla looks down at the plant.

KAYLA

Let's hope.

JILLIAN

Well then. Clean up what you can.

Jillian leaves and shuts the door. The nearby fax machine starts to click and whir. A fax is coming through. Curious, Kayla walks over to see what is printing.

As the paper slowly creeps out of the machine and finishes, Kayla grabs the one page and turns it right side up.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

At the top in bold: **TOO LATE FOR GRAFTON**

Centered on the page, we see a **BLACK-AND-WHITE PHOTO** of a **CAGED LAB MONKEY**. Its head is strapped tightly with a **METAL HEADPIECE**. Several wires dangle from the cap, leading to a transmitter outside the cage. The monkey is flat on its side while its head rests in what looks like a **POOL OF BLOOD**.

At the bottom in bold: **TOO LATE FOR YOU**

The return fax number is scrambled. Kayla folds the paper into a small square and stuffs it inside her pocket. Standing at the window, she's now looking out over Boston.

We move through the glass into the world outside... over the city and into the sky.

FADE TO BLACK.

58

END OF ACT III

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

THE TEMP

ACT IV

59 EXT/INT - BRICK BUILDING - BOSTON - DAY

JUDITH and SHANE are passing around the folded page that KAYLA snagged from Neely's fax machine.

SHANE

Whatever it means, it's definitely not good.

KAYLA

Send Helvart an image file.

SHANE

I'm on it.

Shane takes the image to scan and email.

JUDITH

Why was it too late for Grafton?
Smells like blackmail to me.

KAYLA

They must have been holding something serious over his head.

SHANE

And Neely's no exception.

JUDITH

Print me a copy. I'll do some more digging.

KAYLA

I'll contact Vicki. Where's Derek?

SHANE

(jokingly)

He's on another date with Duane. I think they're getting serious.

60 SHOT OF BOSTON SKYLINE AT NIGHT.

61 INT. - SPARR'S PUB - MOMENTS LATER

DEREK and DUANE are munching on burgers for lunch. Duane checks his watch.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

DUANE

Man. Seems like we just got here.

DEREK

Lucky for us, the faster you eat,
the better it tastes.

DUANE

Good point.

Derek uses his napkin and takes a sip of soda.

DEREK

Duane. There's something I have to
tell you. I should've brought it up
before, but I wanted to wait.

DUANE

You're gay. I know. That's fine. We
can still hang out. Doesn't bother
me. My cousin's queer so it's not a
problem. Really. It's no big deal.

Derek laughs a bit.

DEREK

That's nice of you Duane. I
appreciate it.

DUANE

Hey, live and let live.

DEREK

But that's not what I was going to
tell you.

Duane puts down his burger and looks at Derek. Hold on Duane.

62 EXT. BOSTON SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

DEREK and DUANE are walking briskly down a busy sidewalk.

DEREK

It's not that simple. We need your
testimony. Innocent lives are at
stake here.

DUANE

Yeah, and I'm one of them. No way.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

DEREK

Neely's a target. And if you don't help us, he'll probably take a bullet just like Grafton did--

Duane stops and turns to Derek.

DUANE

(interrupting)

And you think I care? I'm just a spoke in the wheel taking a paycheck and counting the days 'til retirement, kid. If you think I'm gonna risk job stability for scum like Neely, you're crazy.

DEREK

Job stability is a fantasy, Duane. Rycotech's on the chopping block and your paycheck's no different.

DUANE

Is that a threat? Are you threatening me?

DEREK

No, man. It's just the sad truth.

Derek starts to walk away. Duane stands firm, pondering.

CUT TO:

63 SHOT OF JET AIRLINER TOUCHING DOWN ON TARMAC - DAY

Insert: Halifax, Nova Scotia - Monday

64 HALIFAX INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TERMINAL - MOMENTS LATER

After clearing Canadian customs, James Helvart exits the terminal doors and puts on his cell phone ear piece.

Shot series; James renting a car as he listens to voicemail.

KAYLA (o.s.)

Helvart. Look for a new puzzle piece. Neely could be in rough waters. I'll connect with Vicki and keep you posted. Stay safe.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

A green sedan whizzes down a highway road past a sign:
BARRINGTON STREET - ROUTE 332 - NORTH. Inside...

65 INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Helvart inspects some papers as the dashboard GPS voice informs him where to turn and how far to drive. The bound stack of Polaroids is next to his briefcase.

GPS VOICE (o.s.)
47223 Tremloc Way. 14 miles.

Helvart picks up the letter sent To: GUS FARTHING at NORCUTT INDUSTRIES From: Ben Grafton and double-checks the street address. It's close, but off by several numbers.

HELVART
Guess I'll be making two stops.

The rental car zips up the road and veers onto a highway.

SMASH CUT TO:

66 BANGKOK - THAILAND

67 INT. CLUB CHAI KAT - EVENING

VICKI CHAMBERS is still on the heels of LOUIS NEELY, who is now sitting anxiously at a crowded table with several Thai businessmen, none of which appear to be Dr. Phao. Neely looks edgy, sweaty, keeping his briefcase close by his side.

One of the men's cell phone rings. The table gets quiet as the others await news. They gesture toward the door and start to get up -- a plan is now in motion.

Watching closely as Neely and the group leaves, VICKI tosses some Thai currency onto the table and follows behind them.

68 EXT. CLUB CHAI KAT - MOMENTS LATER

On the sidewalk, Vicki pulls out a hand-held computer and clicks it on. The small screen lights up with a street map - and a blinking red dot.

69 FLASHBACK - BANGKOK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

After Louis Neely exits the men's room, Vicki follows him to a coffee kiosk. While standing in line, Neely places his briefcase onto the floor, getting out some cash.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

While gabbing on the cell phone, Vicki drops her keys and kneels down to adjust her shoe. She pulls a SMALL TRACKING DEVICE from one of the keys, then jabs the TINY NEEDLE-LIKE GADGET into Neely's briefcase leather exterior.

Neely grabs his case and Vicki stands up. The DEVICE is set.

70 EXT. CLUB CHAI KAT - EVENING

VICKI

Okay, kids, time to follow the blinking red ball.

Vicki hails a cab and instructs the driver to follow her "friends" in the two black SUVs. They speed away.

CUT TO:

BOSTON - MASSACHUSETTS

71 INT. BRICK BUILDING - AFTERNOON

JUDITH is alone at the Agency Camp hastily working on the computer. She checks the time, grabs the phone, plugs in the headset and dials a number.

72 INT. RYCOTECH - JUDITH AND CONNIE'S CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

CONNIE picks up her ringing phone.

CONNIE

Accounts payable. This is Connie.

JUDITH (o.s.)

Con, it's Judith.

CONNIE

Where are you?

JUDITH (o.s.)

You know that new Chinese buffet down the road?

CONNIE

I haven't been. Dee-lish or what?

JUDITH (o.s.)

If I wanted something raw, I would've had sushi.

CONNIE

Ewww... not good, huh?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

JUDITH (o.s.)
 Let's just say I'll be spending the
 rest of the day at home.
 (coughing)
 Don't worry about my pile. I'll
 take care of it tomorrow.

CONNIE
 Oh, poor thing. Well, feel better.

JUDITH
 Thanks, Con.

Judith hangs up her phone and continues the research.

73 INT. BRICK BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Close-in on the computer screens: filled with more images,
 windows and files of scientific data, graphs and charts. Her
 COMPUTER HACKING SKILLS are finely tuned.

She keeps clicking one link after another, from page to page,
 opening new files, new information, until...

Up pops a root directory: TRIP CHIP PROJECT DATA with a list
 of image files. She starts clicking them open.

Close-in on the images: invasive cranial research, frontal
 lobe drilling, implant procedures... Medical experiments for
 the sick and twisted. Finally, there is an image that shifts
 Judith's efforts into FULL THROTTLE.

There, on the screen, is a medical photo of BEN GRAFTON'S
HEAD, fastened with METAL CLAMPS, his eyes half closed.
 Angled above his head, a shiny DRILL-LIKE MECHANISM, pointing
 towards his skull. A gloved hand SPECKLED WITH BLOOD grips a
 handle attached to the machine.

JUDITH turns her eyes away from the photo and checks the
 source of the directory. The "backdoor" ftp: address is
 somehow connected to NORCUTT INDUSTRIES.

SMASH CUT TO:

74 SUPER: HALIFAX - NOVA SCOTIA

75 EXT. NORCUTT INDUSTRIES - HALIFAX - AFTERNOON

Helvart pulls into a relatively empty parking lot next to a
 few shoddy office buildings that are dwarfed by the towering
 industrial structures surrounding them. From the number of
 pipes and silos, it looks to be a CHEMICAL PLANT of sorts.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

Before getting out of the car, Helvart studies the Polaroids for similar landmarks. Nothing in the immediate area matches.

Helvart spots what appears to be the main office building.

76 INT. NORCUTT INDUSTRIES - AFTERNOON

The door opens. Helvart steps inside the stark office, lit with only fluorescent bulbs. RAINA (45, pudgy) sits behind a computer desk, snapping on gum.

RAINA

May I help you?

Helvart, holding a few folded papers and his briefcase.

HELVART

Maybe you can. I'm with PureChem Systems. We're a small non-profit organization based in the states, and I was wondering if I might have a word with...

(checking his papers)

Forgive me... it's been a long trip. Gus Farthing, is it?

Judging from the reaction on Raina's face, Helvart could have just told her she has cancer.

RAINA

I'm sorry. I didn't get your name.

HELVART

Jerry Cahill. PureChem Systems.

RAINA

Hold on, please.

Raina takes a long look at Helvart and picks up her phone.

77 INT. NORCUTT INDUSTRIES - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Helvart is sitting by the door he entered, looking out the window at the skim of snow in the parking lot.

Just then, a booming voice fills the room. Helvart turns to see who it is. MICHAEL DIBB (55, stout, heavy-set) walks directly to Helvart.

DIBB

You must be Jerry. Michael Dibb.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

DIBB'S accent is pure Texan. They exchange handshakes.

HELVART
Sorry for the name mix up.

DIBB
Not at all. Why don't we step into
my office for some privacy.

HELVART
Wonderful.

78 INT. DIBB'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The office is decorated like a hunting lodge with dark paneled walls, various wildlife mounted on plaques, and a huge oak desk. Helvart is sitting across from Dibb in a leather chair reading a small newspaper clipping: LOCAL BUSINESSMAN TAKES OWN LIFE. Guy Farthing, father of two...

DIBB
No one expects news like that.
Especially here in Halifax.

HELVART
Where did you say they found him?

DIBB scratches his chin and leans back in his chair.

DIBB
At home.

HELVART
What a shame.

DIBB
Damn shame. We lost a good man.

Helvart's cell phone rings.

HELVART
Oops. That's mine. Excuse me for
just a moment.

Helvart answers the call. The conversation cuts between Judith in Boston and Helvart in Halifax.

HELVART (CONT'D)
This is Jerry.

JUDITH (o.s.)
Can you talk?

(CONTINUED)

HELVART (o.s.)
I'm actually knee-deep in a
meeting. Is there a better time--

Helvart motions to the phone and winks at Dibb. As Judith explains, the tension in Dibb's office creeps in.

JUDITH
Just listen. Grafton was linked to
Norcutt Industries - literally.
Phao was implanting chips as some
kind of contractual insurance plan.
If he backed out on big money
deals, my guess is they'd dial up
his implant until he followed
through. Like a mental choke chain.

HELVART (o.s.)
I see. Well, if you could, pass
this information on to the gang--

HELVART is again eyeing the heading on the news article. DIBB
adjusts himself in his chair and folds his arms.

JUDITH
There was a project called Trip
Chip. Very hush-hush, but it was
gaining momentum. They planned on
marketing it to teens, clubbers,
rich kids. Grafton was leveraging
Rycotech subsidiaries as bankroll
for research, only to discover
certain companies were one step
away from going bust. But it was
too late. Their insurance policy
was already in place and the clock
was ticking. Seems they had Grafton
cornered and he didn't want to fess
up, so he cancelled the policy the
only way he could.

HELVART
Okay, Kim. I really have to go.
Thanks for the news. I'll get in
touch later. Okay.
(hangs up the phone)
That was Chatty Kathy. Sorry. Now,
where were we?

HELVART places the article clipping back on the table and
DIBB reaches across to grab it.

78 CONTINUED:

DIBB
Something about a damn shame.

HELVART
Right, right. Sad news for certain.
(throwing a curve ball)
Out of curiosity, what brought you
way up here into the big chill? You
must miss Texas this time of year.

DIBB lets out a belly-laugh and moves from behind his desk.

DIBB
I miss Texas year-round, boss. But
if you must know, petroleum
products and synthetics. Some say I
got oil in my blood.

HELVART
Gotta go where the money takes you.

Helvart stands up from his chair and turns around. When he
does, his speculations are CONFIRMED. Propped on top of a
coat rack, obscured behind the door, rests a LARGE MAROON
COWBOY HAT - identical to the one in the Polaroid.

DIBB
That you do, Jerry. Wish I could've
been more help to you and your
company. Let me walk you out.

79 INT. NORCUTT INDUSTRIES - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

DIBB shows HELVART to the door. Again, HELVART notices
something he hadn't before: A KITSCHY BAMBOO TABLE LAMP.

HELVART
Funky lamp.

DIBB
Yeah. Picked that up in Thailand.
No. Taiwan? At a chemical
conference. Made me laugh.

HELVART
Guess it didn't go with the wife's
decorating scheme.

DIBB lets out another belly-laugh.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

DIBB

You got that right, boss. Hey,
thanks for stopping by.

HELVART exits and the door is closed behind him.

80 INT./EXT. CAB - BANGKOK - NIGHT

Shot montage: VICKI inside the cab following the black SUVs from a distance, driving deeper into, then away, from the densely packed city of Bangkok.

Eventually, they end up in a COMMERCIAL ZONE, littered with manufacturing plants and industrial buildings.

CABBY

There no bars out here. Your
friends know where they going?

VICKI

Good question. We'll find out.

Up ahead, the SUVs pull into a parking lot wrapped with CHAIN-LINK FENCE and RAZOR WIRE. The streets are empty and dark. Perhaps during the day people fill the streets, but not now.

VICKI (CONT'D)

Stop. Right here. This is fine.

CABBY

Want me wait here?

VICKI

Keep the meter running. I'll pay
double when I get back.

VICKI jumps out and hurries off toward the SUVs. Further down the sidewalk, she pulls out a SNUB-NOSED HANDGUN from around her lower back. Inspecting it...

After readying the chamber, she moves on.

81 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARKING LOT/BUILDING - BANGKOK - NIGHT

VICKI moves into the shadows, closer to the parked SUVs, but definitely out of sight. She can hear car doors slamming, voices, footsteps. Peeking from behind a dumpster, she spots the group crowded around an entrance way.

LOUIS NEELY is still holding his BRIEFCASE and is ushered through the door. All enter but ONE guy, who stands guard.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

VICKI
Wonderful.

VICKI looks for another way in. She rounds the corner.

Around the back of the building, VICKI spots a rusted fire escape that skirts the wall, leading up to several windows. With any luck, one might open...

Halfway up, VICKI tries to slide open a window. Nothing. She walks up one more flight and tries another window. Success.

82 INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - BANGKOK - CONTINUOUS

Immediately, a rank stench of BURNT PLASTIC slams VICKI in the face. She covers her nose and mouth as best she can.

The room is VAST and cluttered with old machinery, steel drums and various work stations, although at a glance, nothing seems to be in working condition.

VICKI checks her hand-held tracking screen. The RED DOT is still blinking. We see coordinates at the top: 25 meters.

Now, voices can be heard. *Down the hallway perhaps?* VICKI takes a guess and slinks away.

We hear more footsteps, and this time, NEELY'S VOICE. It's coming from THE NEXT ROOM. *Is he in pain?*

NEELY (o.s.)
I keep telling you. My options are limited. Just take what's here and move on. It's out of my hands--

THWACK! Neely's voice goes silent. Then, a NEW VOICE...

VOICE (o.s.)
But, fortunately, it's still very much in mine.

The gang of men chuckle.

VOICE (o.s.) (cont'd)
Mr. Neely, correct me if I'm wrong, but we wouldn't be in this situation if your partner Grafton played the game. Now would we?

VICKI must get closer, a view of the situation. She locates a small enclosed storage room abutting the wall. Above the enclosure, a small vent - that opens into the next room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKI
 (under her breath)
 Pilates don't fail me now.

VICKI moves to the enclosure and pulls herself up, careful not to bang against the sides. Inch by inch, she makes it up.

Creeping closer to the wall, the voices are clearer now. And, peering through the vent, she can place FACES with the voices.

Through the vent... We see the group of FOUR THAI THUGS and DR. PHAO circling LOUIS NEELY, who is doubled over holding his stomach. He spits a wad of blood onto the floor.

NEELY
 (exhausted)
 Six months. That's all I'm asking.
 Take the bonds now and get on with
 what you can. You'll get the rest
 when Rycotech buys in. Or take me
 out. It's your call.

DR. PHAO clicks open the Neely's briefcase and paws through the papers. He SLAMS it shut. Neely lurches back.

DR. PHAO
 The American Businessman. Bunch of
 greedy slobs. It's sad, really.
 Noncommittal, arrogant thrill-
 seekers looking to pad your fat
 wallets with easy schemes, lottery
 tickets and lives of the less
 fortunate. Pathetic.
 (taking a breath)
 Six months. Not a day more.

DR. PHAO grabs the briefcase and marches off.

DR. PHAO (cont'd)
 My men will see you to the airport.
 I trust you'll keep our transaction
 confidential.

The THAI THUGS grab LOUIS NEELY and leave the room.

VICKI watches them hurry away and remains motionless until they're gone and out of the building.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

VICKI makes her way to the parked taxi around the corner.

84 EXT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

The CABBY gets out and opens Vicki's door.

CABBY
Your friends leave in a hurry.
Almost run me over.

VICKI
Just get me back to Skyrise Hotel
and I'll to make it up to you.

85 INT. CAB - BANGKOK - MOMENTS LATER

VICKI is on her cell phone.

VICKI
Come on, James. Pick up, pick up...

CUT TO:

86 HALIFAX - MOMENTS LATER

87 INT. RENTAL CAR - AFTERNOON

HELVART is cruising down Tremloc Way, the same road Norcutt Industries was on. Holding the Polaroids, looking for landmarks, similarities... He HAMMERS the brakes.

HELVART rolls back... We see an OLD, CHIPPED SIGN: DIBB & CO. mounted to a chain link fence. Helvart lifts one of the Polaroids to compare. Same sign, same name.

He cautiously pulls into the lot, looking for passersby.

The CAR DOOR shuts. HELVART steps onto the snowy pavement.

With the stack of Polaroids, he continues to pair up the image with the setting in front of him. *Someone walked this way before and took pictures... but why?*

88 EXT. SKYRISE HOTEL - DOWNTOWN BANGKOK - MOMENTS LATER

The CABBY pulls up to let VICKI out.

CABBY
No need paying double.

VICKI
Okay. How's triple sound?

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

VICKI hands over triple the fare and waves good-bye. The cab drives off into the night traffic.

89 INT. SKYRISE HOTEL - DOWNTOWN BANGKOK - NIGHT

VICKI rushes to her room and flips open her LAPTOP. She picks up the hotel phone.

VICKI

Yes. Would you dial an overseas number, please?

90 INT. BRICK BUILDING - AFTERNOON

JUDITH lifts her head up from napping and SNATCHES the phone.

JUDITH

James?

VICKI (o.s.)

It's Vicki. Is James alright?

JUDITH

As far as I know. There's a lot to explain. Where's Neely?

VICKI (o.s.)

That's why I'm calling. He's on the way back to Logan.

JUDITH

Did he make contact with Phao?

VICKI (o.s.)

Phao has the bonds and tracking pin, but I can't get to James.

JUDITH

I'll see what I can do. Anything else I should know?

VICKI (o.s.)

I'm afraid that's it.

JUDITH

See you in a few days.

VICKI

Ciao for now.

As soon as VICKI hangs up the phone, SHE SEES A REFLECTION IN THE TABLE LAMP. THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE IN THE ROOM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHOOMP! One of the large THAI THUGS grabs her NECK from behind and pulls her off the chair. Vicki's legs flail. She finds footing with one leg and elbows the THUG in the ribs. Again and again, until she can use the other leg to back-kick him in the shins.

The THAI THUG is taking it pretty good. He pulls out a KNIFE and holds it to her throat then pushes his mouth to her ear.

THAI THUG

Don't worry. I won't rape you 'til
your good and dead.

VICKI continues to squirm and spin. The KNIFE getting closer to her jugular, almost cutting her flesh. The more she struggles, the TIGHTER his grip. She reaches around behind...

VICKI

(gasping)

Sorry to be a prude... but... I
don't put out... on the first date.

BANG! Vicki's SNUB-NOSED GUN goes off, sending the THAI THUG backwards onto the bed. He writhes around a bit, BLOOD seeping from his stomach, not dead yet - but not getting back up either.

VICKI (CONT'D)

So much for inconspicuous.

VICKI picks up the phone once again.

VICKI (cont'd)

Dial me the Bangkok police.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED LOT - DIBB & CO. - EVENING

As the sun grows dim, HELVART continues to match the pictures with the buildings. Now, 50-yards from his parked rental car, he comes across a SQUARE CONCRETE BUILDING, somewhat obscured by a fence, but still visible.

In the Polaroid, three windows and a door can be seen from where the picture was taken. Currently, the door is missing, bricked over even. And the windows are boarded up. Not that unusual for an abandoned industrial lot, but the BRAND NEW SATELLITE DISH mounted on the roof looks a bit out of place.

Helvart moves in for a closer inspection.

92

EXT. CONCRETE BUILDING - EVENING

Nearing the building, Helvart notices relatively FRESH TIRE TRACKS in the light dusting of snow. He moves closer to the walls, putting his ear against the cold concrete.

The steady whirl of a POWER TRANSFORMER emanates from inside. While concentrating on the vibration, ANOTHER SOUND APPROACHES. This one of a vehicle...

From around the corner, a 4x4 truck fishtails and skids to a halt; its high beams directed at HELVART. The door opens...

MICHAEL DIBB steps down from the truck, toting a .22 RIFLE, wearing his MAROON COWBOY HAT and smoking a cigarette.

DIBB

Don't tell me you're here looking for the john. That would flat out insult my intelligence... not that you haven't already.

HELVART

(motioning to building)
What's inside, Dibb?

DIBB lets out a hearty laugh then lifts the RIFLE.

DIBB

Trophies. Statistics. Casualties of science. But you can call 'em whatever the hell you want. Makes no never mind to me.

HELVART

You're a sick man, Dibb. You and that maniac Phao. I'll make sure you two share a bunk in prison. You know... so you can play doctor.

DIBB becomes indignant, JERKING THE RIFLE a bit.

DIBB

Don't forget Grafton. If it weren't for his stunt we wouldn't be having this little farewell party. No sir.
(spitting into the snow)
Besides, he took the chip on his own free will. We didn't twist his arm. No, he knew all about it. Hell, by the end he couldn't even feel his ass from his elbow.

(CONTINUED)

HELVART

Can't hang a dead man. You know that. But you're still alive.

DIBB crosses the truck's headlights.

DIBB

The real question is, are you gonna die as Jerry Cahill or do you wanna tell me your real name.

HELVART

There's still time to negotiate, Dobb. You could plead insanity. With a good lawyer and the right jury... maybe end up in a psych--

DIBB

(chuckling)

And dismiss our work as unfounded rubbish carried out by bloodthirsty lunatics? Not a chance, boss. Too much money on the table for that.

DIBB remains steadfast. HELVART considers his options while fidgeting with the CAR KEYS in his hand.

HELVART

James Helvart. I'm an undercover operative for the U.S. Government. I work for an agency created by the Patriot Act. We track down corporate crime suspects with potential ties to overseas money, illicit trading, black-market trafficking, unlawful--

DIBB

(interrupting)

Well I'll be god damned and hog-tied in a slipknot. So the Good Old Boy sent you to get one of his own, did he? Ain't that a kicker.

(aiming the gun at James)

So what's it gonna be, Helvart? A look at the mausoleum before lights out, or Texas-style - straight up, no chaser.

HELVART stares directly into DIBB'S eyes.

92 CONTINUED:

HELVART

Yankee don't play that game cowboy.

HELVART activates his CAR'S ALARM. The HORN HONKS and LIGHTS FLASH, catching DIBB off guard. HELVART lunges toward DIBB, grabbing his RIFLE, kicking DIBB in the groin and twisting the rifle out of DIBB'S grip as a ROUND GOES OFF.

HELVART jams the butt of the rifle into DIBB'S temple, then shoulder, then back, knocking DIBB to the pavement out cold.

In a split second, HELVART now has the upper hand and is pointing the rifle at DIBB, who hardly had a chance to react.

HELVART (CONT'D)

Now what was this about getting
your panties tied in a slipknot?

When HELVART is confident DIBB won't be much trouble, he takes out his cell phone and places a call.

FADE OUT:

93 SUPER: 1 WEEK LATER

Close-up of a WIDE SCREEN TELEVISION SET

Shot of NEWS NINE graphics accompanied by news music

Close-in on anchorman, SCOTT CARSON.

SCOTT CARSON

And more corporate wrongdoing rears its ugly head. Rycotech, the Boston-based company with subsidiaries and holdings across the globe, has now joined the ever growing criminal line-up. News Nine's Jess Tucker has more...

Cut to JESS TUCKER reporting outside RYCOTECH HEADQUARTERS. Her descriptions are accompanied by routine news footage.

SUPER: RYCOTECH WORLD HEADQUARTERS - BOSTON

JESS TUCKER

In what the Federal Trades Commission and Canadian Authorities are describing as a shocking misuse of executive power...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shots of LOUIS NEELY being led out of Rycotech in handcuffs, surrounded by news reporters, policemen, etc.

JESS TUCKER (cont'd)
Acting Director of Operations Louis Neely has been implicated on charges of illegal trading, theft and black-market bio-crimes.

Shots of Rycotech's office, police tape, chaos.

Pictures of Ben Grafton.

JESS TUCKER (cont'd)
Last October, then Chief Director Ben Grafton, plagued with depression and severe mood swings, sadly took his own life here inside Rycotech world headquarters.

Shot of Michael Dibb, Norcutt Industries, and the concrete building in the abandoned lot wrapped with police tape.

JESS TUCKER (cont'd)
The event spurred undercover agents to question Rycotech's fuzzy business deals with Dr. Majmal Phaopok, a Thai scientist, and Michael Dibb, an expatriate Texas oil baron working in Halifax.

Pictures of Dr. Phao being led into court.

JESS TUCKER (cont'd)
Both the Thai and Canadian governments are cooperating with U.S. Officials with the ongoing investigation. Back to you, Scott.

Pull-back from the news show highlights. We see...

JUDITH, SHANE and KAYLA, wrapping things up at the Agency Headquarters.

SHANE
Think those two are catching this?

JUDITH
We should've taped it!

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

KAYLA

I'm sure that's the last thing
they'd want to be watching.

SHANE

True. I have a feeling those two
are doing everything they can to
forget about it.

SMASH CUT TO:

94 INT. ISLAND DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

JAMES HELVART and VICKI CHAMBERS are elbow-to-elbow with
dozens of dancers, grooving to the thumping techno beats and
reveling in the success of a job accomplished.

PROLOGUE

95 EXT./INT. COMPANY X - FRONT DESK - DAY

DEREK VOUPOLOUS walks up to the FRONT DESK. The RECEPTIONIST
wearing a headset looks up from his computer screen.

RECEPTIONIST

You must be Nelson from Derek
Staffing?

DEREK

Actually, I'm Derek from Nelson
Staffing. I'm the new temp.

RECEPTIONIST

Sign here.

SMASH CUT TO:

96 SURVEILLANCE-STYLE CAMERA SHOTS, RAPID FIRE CUTS, FAST-
FORWARD MOTION OF EMPLOYEES, THE WORK FORCE, AND BOSTON

BLACK OUT

THE END