

BOOMSLANG

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH HEAD - NIGHT

SUPER: SOMEWHERE ALONG THE IRANIAN COAST - 1998

Cloudy, moonless night blends water and sand into a flat expanse of black. Waves slip on shore -- a soothing WHOOSH.

LIEUTENANT DEREK FRIAR, 20s, Semper Fi personified, hand signals his Marines to hunker down on the beach. Keys his Personal Role Radio (PPR) attached to his M16A4 combat rifle:

DEREK
Scout leader, you in place?

SCOUT LEADER
(filter)
Since oh-dark-thirty, sir.

DEREK
Status?

SCOUT LEADER
Hold on, sir.

SNIPER HIDE

Canary grass ripples, pushed inland by a coastal breeze. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, a man-sized patch of grass undulates in a different direction.

SGT. RUSSELL ADDLER, 20s, camouflaged in a sniper's Ghillie suit -- eases into a prone firing position -- smoothly raises his M40A1 sniper rifle -- peers through the scope:

RUSSELL
Breathe... Relax... Aim.

RUSSELL'S POV

Cross hairs zero in on a silhouette. A MAN perched in a leafy tree. Settle on Man's head.

BACK TO SCENE

RUSSELL'S INDEX FINGER

Squeezes excess slack from the trigger: PFFFFT.

RUSSEL'S POV

Silhouette slumps forward. Suspended in branches. Dead.

BACK TO SCENE

Russell activates his PRR:

RUSSELL
Passage clear.

DEREK
(filter)
Roger, Scout leader. Moving out.
Link up at check point X-ray one
six three zero.

RUSSELL
Roger that.

BEACH HEAD

Derek signals his men forward toward a ridgeline.

Marines lug forty-pound field packs through Buffel grass and over sand dunes.

CORPORAL ALBERT BROWN, 19, baby-faced, gung-ho -- plunges forward alongside Derek -- halts. Lowers his gaze -- feet tangled in trip wires:

CORPORAL BROWN
Shit!

FLARES pepper the sky -- paint the landscape an eerie yellow.

DEREK
Ambush! Ambush!

MACHINE GUN FIRE rakes the beach.
MORTARS THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!
Death rains down.

DEREK
Incoming! Fucking incoming!

Derek and his men scamper to the

RIDGELINE

Boulders, sedge grass form a three-foot wall of relief from persistent MACHINE GUN FIRE.

DEREK
Scout leader? Copy?

Long pause.

DEREK
Scout leader!

Nothing.

DEREK
Shit!

A MARINE writhes -- rolls in the sand -- leaps to his feet. Claws at his back -- claws at his neck. A perverted dance.

MACHINE GUN FIRE spits unseen death. Bullets rip through the Marine's body -- end his misery.

Another MARINE meets a similar fate. Another. Another.

Four dead in a blink of an eye.

Derek swipes at his leg -- swipes again -- peers down at a mass of slithering, crawling flesh -- freezes.

SNAKES!

He eases out of the snake pit. Plucks three snakes off his body. One. By. One.

In the fading-yellow light:

PANICKED MARINES covered in snakes stagger -- stumble -- tear at their bodies. A platoon of Medusas.

Bullets BUZZ -- the deadly metal gnats slaughter Marines.

Blood varnishes the snakes -- sends them into a frenzy.

Men battle bullets -- snakes. Lose.

Derek digs in his pack -- retrieves a map.

Mortar rounds EXPLODE behind him -- machine gun fire rips across the ridgeline.

A Snake coils around his thigh. He barks into his radio:

DEREK

Red Dog! Red Dog! Bravo three two.
Air support. Grid four one niner,
zero two four. Under heavy attack.
Request air support! Now!

GUNNERY SERGEANT BENJAMIN "TUCK" TUCKER, 40s, a tank in
fatigues, tosses hand signals at Derek.

Derek responds. Circles his finger in the air. Retreat! He
keys his mike:

DEREK

Red Dog! Red Dog!
Situation deteriorating! Fast!

A second drags by. Two. Three becomes an eternity.

DEREK

God damn it! Tell Morales I need
fucking air support! NOW!

Rips off the PRR. Dashes toward the

BEACH HEAD

At the boats (RIBS), DEAD, WOUNDED litter Derek's field of
view. He kicks a snake into the surf.

CORPORAL TOMMIE THOMPSON, 20, cowers in the surf -- leans
against a RIB in a fetal position.

Derek wades into the water.

Thompson rocks in sync with the surf -- silent.
Derek kicks him in the ass.

DEREK

Stand up, Marine!

Thompson struggles to stand at attention.
A mortar EXPLODES! Sand -- gravel -- Buffel grass rain down.
Thompson spins -- pukes.

Tuck approaches.

TUCK

Where's Addler?

DEREK

Alone.

Derek's eyes focused deep into the black interior.

Tuck glares at Thompson--

TUCK

But, Thompson?

--settles his gaze on Derek.

TUCK

The old man ain't goin' to like this.

DEREK

He'll never know if I find Russell. Bring him back.

Tuck maneuvers between Derek and the ridgeline.

TUCK

Not, a good idea, Lieutenant.

DEREK

Out of my way, Sergeant!

Tuck shoves Derek against a boat.

TUCK

Let it go.

DEREK

I'm ordering you. Out. Of. My. Way!

Sidesteps Tuck.

Tuck horse collars Derek -- jerks him back.

TUCK

We're Marines. Risk is part of the job, LT.

DEREK

But I sent him out... alone.

INT. RECON HEADQUARTERS - KUWAIT - DAY

A desert tent -- but not any tent. This tent belongs to Battalion Commander COL. RUSSELL ADDLER, 40s, pit-bull-mean.

Derek enters -- snaps to attention. A rock. Silent.

Col. Addler cuts a chaw of chewing tobacco -- shoves it in his mouth. Strides around his desk -- gets in Derek's face:

COL. ADDLER
 You disobeyed orders, Friar, and single-handedly ended five generations of Addler Marines.

DEREK
 I had men to save--

Col. Addler cuts him off with a look:

COL. ADDLER
 You disregarded protocol. Sent a Marine sniper into hostile territory without his spotter... and not any sniper.

DEREK
 Thompson, he... I had a mission--

Col. Addler leans forward -- nose-to-nose with Derek.

COL. ADDLER
 And for that... I will never, ever forgive you. But, here's what I will do.

Takes a prideful stance. Proud Marine -- proud father.

COL. ADDLER
 I will personally see to it you get every shit mission that comes along. I will do everything in my power to make your life miserable. I will make it my mission to insure you never forget what you did to my son.

DEREK
 I had--

Brown tobacco juice splatters on Derek's face -- trickles down his cheek. He never blinks.

COL. ADDLER
 I'm going to crawl so far up your sorry ass you'll see my face every time you brush your teeth.

Col. Addler retreats -- grabs a cup from his desk -- spits.

COL. ADDLER
 Or, take the coward's way out like
 you did on that beachhead. Save my
 Corps further embarrassment--

Grabs a stack of papers from his desk -- waves them at Derek.

COL. ADDLER
 --sign these resignation papers.

Tobacco juice dribbles down Col. Addler's chin.

COL. ADDLER
 I took the liberty of having them
 prepared for you.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

SUPER: TEN YEARS LATER

Cars -- SUVs -- pickups glisten under security lights.

A late model van pulls in -- parks at the far end of the lot.

Two Marines exit the van: Brown and Thompson -- both
 sergeants.

THOMPSON
 Think Gunny or the LT will make the
 anniversary this year?

BROWN
 Not a snowball's chance--

Brown glimpses movement in the shadows -- squints.

A MAN emerges.

BROWN
 Well I'll be damned! I was wrong--

Brown closes his door.

BROWN
 Hey, Jarhead!

Man strides across the pavement -- raises his silenced Glock:
 PFFFFT! PFFFFT!

Both marines -- between-the-eyes-dead.

EXT. ARLINGTON ALLEY - MORNING

The sun peeks over the rooftop of a small boutique.

A shaft of light creeps into the alley -- along the cobbled pavement. Falls on trash cans -- dumpsters -- broken crates.

A Man stirs -- shields his eyes -- faces the morning sun.

Derek Friar: also ten years older -- looks more like twenty.

An empty whiskey bottle tumbles from his lap -- CLINKS to the pavement next to a Glock with a silencer attached.

He retrieves the weapon -- stuffs it in his pocket.

Arlington PD squad car rolls past the alley -- Derek crawls behind a dumpster -- stands -- peeks over the top: All clear.

He pulls the Glock from his pocket -- wipes it down with his shirt tail -- tosses the gun into the dumpster.

INT. ARLINGTON, VA HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

The very essence of a hotel for the carriage trade. Posh. Indulgent.

Man snatches his card-key from DESK CLERK'S hand. Retrieves a wooden case -- a small duffel bag -- ambles off.

DESK CLERK
(annoyed)
You're welcome, sir.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Man tosses his duffel on the bed -- gently sets the wooden case on the dressing table. Turns on the television -- lowers the volume.

He strolls to a set of French doors -- opens them -- steps out on a balcony overlooking the parking lot.

TELEVISION (O.S.)
...ladies and gentlemen, the Vice
President of the United States...

Man pivots. Re-enters the room -- faces the television:

ON SCREEN

Vice President Rolland Morales, 50s, more movie star than politician, stands at the podium.

BACK TO SCENE

Man UNZIIIPS the duffel -- withdraws a video camera -- a tripod -- expands the legs.

He removes a silencer -- a Glock. Screws the silencer on his hand gun -- shoots the television: PFFFFFFT!

The screen implodes: WHOMP!

Man tosses his pistol into the duffel.

He picks up the tripod -- places it near the French doors. Mounts the video camera -- flips open the LCD screen -- pans the camera across the parking lot -- tweaks the focus.

Moves to the dressing table -- reverently flips both catches on the wooden box: CLICK. CLICK.

Raises the lid -- lifts a rifle barrel from the case. Fingers run up and down the cold steel: a man caressing his lover's thigh.

INT. DEREK'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Pigsty chic.

Steam rolls out from the open bathroom door -- drifts across the ceiling -- melts in the hallway. A television PLAYS in the background:

NEWSPERSON (O.S.)
...to repeat this today's top
story. Two Marines were found dead
this morning in the parking lot of
an Arlington, Virginia hotel--

Derek exits the bathroom -- towel wrapped around his lean, fit torso -- passes a well equipped exercise room -- enters his bedroom.

LATER

Derek strides from his bedroom -- wears a bright blue EMT jumper -- ambles over to a small, dusty bookcase.

The center shelf holds several photos: older pictures of Derek with Brown and Thompson -- Derek and Tuck; a recent photo of Derek and a CLASSY BRUNETTE.

On a lower shelf: a pewter flask; car keys; Smith and Wesson First Response Knife.

Derek Slips on his EMT jacket. Grabs his flask -- offers a toast to his Marines -- turns the photo of Brown and Thompson face down.

Slides his flask in his jacket -- grabs his keys -- knife. Crosses the room -- passes an aquarium filled with dark, slithering flesh: SNAKES!

Leaves -- SLAMMING the door behind him.

EXT. KELLY'S BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

KELLY ROBINSON, 30s, the classy brunette in Derek's photo exits. Locks up for the night -- heads home.

She passes an alley -- stops -- backtracks.

IN THE ALLEY

Derek sits against a dumpster -- passed out. A SKANKY BLONDE, 20s, sleeps next to him -- her head on his shoulder.

KELLY

Mother--

She picks up an empty trash can -- heaves it deep into the alley: KEEEEER-ASH!

Derek jerks awake -- looks around -- spots Kelly.

DEREK

Oh... shit!

Shoves Skanky Blonde aside -- sits up -- grabs his head:

DEREK

Oh... shit!

Kelly pitches a trash can lid Frisbee style -- Derek blocks it with his forearm.

KELLY
Who is she, Friar?

Derek studies the snoring woman next to him -- shrugs:

DEREK
I-- I don't remember.

KELLY
Yeah, yeah. Heard it all before.
(mocking Derek)
Can't remember. Blacked out. Not my
fault.

Derek gets to his feet -- wobbles -- crashes into a dumpster.

DEREK
Kelly--

She gives him the finger -- storms out of the alley.

INT. KELLY'S BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

A blue-collar gin joint. The kind found in any working-class neighborhood. PATRONS nurse their drinks.

Derek slouches at the far end of an ornate bar -- shit-faced.

Kelly finishes wiping down the bar -- tosses the rag into a sink -- checks her watch:

KELLY
Last call!

She marches to the

FAR END OF THE BAR

Derek picks up his smokes -- strikes a match -- lights up.

Kelly yanks the cigarette from his lips -- snatches the pack.

KELLY
Last call for these too.

DEREK
Okay, mother.

He studies the empty tray.

DEREK
Where's my drink?

KELLY
Don't push it.

She clears away a half dozen empty shot glasses -- places them on the tray -- traipses off.

CARL MISNER, 40s, a blue-collar guy in a three-piece suit, breezes in. Marches up to Kelly -- she looks relieved:

KELLY
Thanks for coming.

MISNER
Don't think I'll be much help.

KELLY
Try. Please? He pisses me off everyday and I don't trust him as far I as can throw him, but damn it... I still care for the guy.

Misner stares at the end of the bar -- back to Kelly.

MISNER
Gotta funny way of showing it.
Feeding his habit.

KELLY
If I refused to serve every drunk who walked in this dump... I'd be out of business in a week.

MISNER
Really? That's it?

Kelly blushes -- stares at Derek:

KELLY
If he drinks here I can keep an eye on him.

Misner ambles to the

END OF THE BAR

takes a seat next to Derek.

DEREK
Gotta smoke?

Misner shakes his head:

MISNER
Those things will kill you. Life's
too short.

Kelly approaches -- sets a bottle of beer in front of Misner.

Derek pulls his flask from his jacket.
Kelly gives him the evil-eye.
He puts it back.

MISNER
Kelly tells me you've started
drinking again. Having blackouts.

Picks at the label on his beer -- peels back a corner.

DEREK
Kelly talks too much.

MISNER
Getting drunk won't change
anything.

DEREK
It helps.

Misner continues to work the label -- Derek stares that
thousand-yard stare.

MISNER
Tenth anniversary in two days. Come
to the ceremony. Might do you good.

DEREK
I don't think so.

MISNER
Then at least come to Brown and
Thompson's funeral.

Derek pivots on his stool:

DEREK
Fuck no! They were screw ups. Got
my men killed. Got Addler killed.
They got what they should'a got ten
years ago!

Derek's angry response surprises Misner.

MISNER
Long time to hold a grudge,
Lieutenant. Get over it.

DEREK
Change the subject or leave.

Misner finishes his beer - pulls the label off the bottle.

MISNER
Alright.

Crumbles the label into a ball -- crams it into the bottle.

MISNER
I have a new job. Security adviser
for a presidential candidate--

DEREK
Good for you.

MISNER
--Vice President Morales.

Derek rockets off his stool -- swings at Misner -- misses.

AT THE CASH REGISTER

Kelly snatches a ball bat from under the bar -- charges to

THE END OF THE BAR

steps between the two men -- raises the bat.

Derek stumbles backward.

MISNER
A lot of people fucked up that
night, Lieutenant.

DEREK
Morales killed my men!

MISNER
At least Morales knew how to follow
orders.

Derek lunges forward.
 Knocks Kelly against the bar.
 She swings -- SMASHES! a bar stool:

KELLY
 Out of my bar, Friar!

Raises her Louisville Slugger -- dares him to be stupid.
 He relents. Stumbles out of the bar.

EXT. KELLY'S BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Derek exits -- stops. Removes his flask -- guzzles.

A car IDLES at the curb. A window goes down -- Skanky Blonde flashes a hotel room card key.

SKANKY BLONDE
 Hey, Baby. Ready to party?

DEREK
 Got any smokes?

She retrieves a joint from the sun visor -- lights up.

SKANKY BLONDE
 Honey, this whole night is goin' to
 be smokin'.

INT. ARLINGTON HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Derek leans on Skanky Blonde -- stumbles through the lobby.
 Desk Clerk glares -- gives Derek the finger.

HOTEL CORRIDOR

Skanky Blonde digs in her purse -- removes card-key -- slides
 it through the reader: BUZZ! CLICK!

She enters.

SKANKY BLONDE (O.S.)
 Come on, Baby.

Derek stumbles inside -- the door closes.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Light sneaks in from under the bathroom door.

A breeze pushes through the open French doors. Curtains rhythmically billow -- collapse.

Derek sleeps. The sniper rifle rests on his chest -- heaves up, down with every breath.

The door BURSTS off its hinges -- an FBI SWAT TEAM pours in.

BALD AGENT kicks open the bathroom door: SMASH! CRASH!

BALD AGENT

Clear!

Swat Team surrounds Derek. He wakes -- grabs the weapon.

BALD AGENT

Drop it! Now!

Derek's gaze sweeps the room. He tosses the rifle -- hits the tripod -- knocks over the video camera.

BALD AGENT

Get up. Hands on your head.

Derek appears disoriented -- confused.

Bald Agent pats Derek down. Spins him around -- pulls his arms behind his back -- cuffs him -- pushes Derek to the bathroom door:

DEREK'S POV

Skanky Blonde lies in the tub. Terror forever locked in her eyes -- throat slit -- a dead snake on her chest.

DEREK (O.S.)

Jesus Christ!

BALD AGENT (O.S.)

Who is she?

BACK TO SCENE

DEREK

I-- I-- Janice something. Jesus!

Bald Agent shoves an evidence bag in Derek's face. A bloody knife -- distinctive logo -- Smith and Wesson.

BALD AGENT
Your knife?

Derek nods -- his knees buckle.

BALD AGENT
You are under arrest for the murder
of Colonel Yahya Reza Safavi and...
Jane Doe. You have the right--

INT. FBI ANNEX - DAY

AGENTS swarm the office. Some carry file folders -- some coffee mugs -- others escort PRISONERS: controlled chaos.

Derek slouches in a chair at a round table -- hands cuffed behind his back -- appears frazzled.

Across from him, Rookie AGENT RAYMOND BURNAP, late 20s, an intelligent face -- Barney-Fife nervous -- twitchy.

SPECIAL AGENT JOE CARLTON, 50s, disappointment permanently etched into his face, marches into the room with a portable DVD player -- heads straight for Derek. Plops down:

CARLTON
You're a piece of work, Friar.
Planning to put this on YouTube?

Carlton powers on the DVD player.

DEREK
I love movies. Got any popcorn?

Carlton gives Derek a 'fuck-you' kind of look -- hits PLAY:

ON SCREEN

Derek stares into the camera.

DEREK
(electronically disguised
voice)
I, Azhi Dahaka, will kill the man
responsible for the death of dozens
of U.S. Marines.
(beat)
(MORE)

DEREK(cont'd)

Ten years ago this man slaughtered
my men. My brothers. On a beach in
Iran. For them I take revenge on
Colonel Yahya Reza Safavi.

Picks up a sniper rifle -- stares into the camera.

BACK TO SCENE

DEREK

Oh... shit!

Carlton hits PAUSE:

CARLTON

You know the rest.

Derek slumps -- shell shocked:

DEREK

(almost a whisper)
I don't, know shit.

BURNAP

What's wrong with his voice?

Carlton snatches the DVD player from the table -- stands--

CARLTON

Taking this to the lab. Keep an eye
on this asshole, rookie.

--leaves.

Burnap picks up Derek's rap sheet -- reads:

BURNAP

Two-thousand-four. Drunk and
disorderly. Two-thousand-four.
Vagrancy. Passed out in a dumpster.
Two-thousand-five--

DEREK

I like to drink.

BURNAP

A man like you might be capable of
almost anything and not even know
it.

DEREK

Trying to forget ain't against the
law.

BURNAP
No. But murder is.

BELCHES -- rubs his stomach.

BURNAP
Christ.

Empties his pockets -- digs out a small packet of antacids.

BURNAP
Cafeteria burritos. Nasty little bastards.

Fumbles the packet. Bends over to retrieve them -- tips the table toward Derek -- two pencils roll off.

Derek catches one between his knees.

Burnap rights himself -- looks green around the gills. Opens the antacids -- tosses tablets in his mouth -- BELCHES.

DEREK
Bathroom.

BURNAP
What?

DEREK
Gotta go to the head.

Burnap studies Derek.

BURNAP
Alright. Stand up, turnaround.

Burnap uncuffs Derek.

BURNAP
Hands on head.

Derek swings his arms around -- palms the pencil -- slides it up his shirt sleeve -- places hands on head.

Burnap steps in front of his prisoner.

BURNAP
Arms in front. Slowly.

Re-cuffs Derek. Leads him into the

BATHROOM

They're alone.

Burnap leans against the wall. Waits.

Derek finishes his business. Shuffles to a sink -- splashes water on his face.

He slides the pencil from his sleeve.
Pokes the eraser down his throat: GAGS!
Pivots--

--vomits on Burnap's shoes.

BURNAP
Oh... Christ--

Burnap doubles over -- pukes.

Derek SLAMS Burnap into a wall -- removes the agent's Glock.

DEREK
Uncuff me.

Burnap hesitates -- unable to focus.

Derek points the Glock at Burnap's crotch.

Rookie agent searches. Finds the keys -- frees his prisoner.

Derek pokes the gun into Burnap's back -- pushes him into the

OFFICE AREA

They hug the wall -- shuffle toward an exit.

BURNAP
GUN!

AGENTS pull their weapons -- take cover -- search the room.

Derek pushes the Glock against Burnap's head:

DEREK
Everyone out! Now!

A SENIOR AGENT holsters his weapon.

SENIOR AGENT
Do it. He can't go anywhere.

Agents follow Senior Agent's lead -- retreat from the room.
Derek shepherds Burnap into a

CORNER OFFICE

waves the Glock.

DEREK
Barricade the door.

Burnap drags over a desk -- dumps a file cabinet -- tosses a table on the pile.

Derek spins Burnap around -- raises his weapon--

DEREK
Good night, rookie.

--knocks Burnap out. Takes his wallet -- cash -- FBI badge.
Grabs a chair -- shatters the window. Climbs out onto a

CONCRETE LEDGE

eight inches wide -- ends two feet from the corner.

Derek shuffles to the end of the ledge.
Digs his fingers between rows of rough brick.
Swings out -- establishes a toe hold.
Inches his way toward the corner.

Loses his grip -- latches on to a gargoyle.
Pulls himself up -- takes a breath.

He stretches for a drain pipe -- comes up inches short.
Takes another deep breath--

Leaps into the void: arms extended; hands eager for the pipe.
Makes it -- scampers to the

ROOFTOP

climbs over a short wall -- lands on a vast sea of asphalt.
HVAC equipment -- vents -- duct work float on the surface.

And he's not alone.

A FIVE MAN CREW reseals the roof. A fifty-five gallon melter of fresh, hot tar sits near the entrance.

Derek dashes to the door -- opens it.
Ducks behind the melter.
Grabs a hammer from an open tool box
SMASHES the spigot on the melter.

Hot, sticky tar oozes down the stairway.

He darts to the roof's edge. Peers over: no escape.

IN THE STAIRWAY

Carlton and his AGENTS slip -- slide in slick tar: Keystone
Cops on ice. He radios dispatch:

CARLTON
Get me some eyes in the sky. Every
available SWAT. Now!

ON THE ROOFTOP

A Crew Member moves bucket after bucket under the shattered
spigot -- struggles to keep up with the stream of tar.

Derek rushes to the other side of the roof:

DEREK'S POV

A parking garage -- six stories below -- links the annex to
an office building.

BACK TO SCENE

Derek goes over the side of the

FBI ANNEX BUILDING

inches his way down the brick facade. Pauses--

THUMP! THUMP!

--he scours the sky--

THUMP! THUMP!

--locates an FBI chopper directly over the parking garage.

INSIDE CHOPPER - AMUSED PILOT'S POV

Derek descends.

AMUSED PILOT
Who the hell is this guy? Spider-
Man?

Derek dashes across the parking deck -- enters an elevator.

AMUSED PILOT
Suspect has entered the elevator.

Carlton's angry voice BOOMS over the two-way:

CARLTON
(filter)
Lock those buildings down!

EXT. FBI ANNEX/ADJOINING OFFICE BUILDING

FBI SWAT TEAMS and vehicles close off the block.

Civilians jockey for position -- crane their necks: what the hell is going on?

FBI ANNEX ROOFTOP

Carlton surveys the scene -- BARKS orders over the radio:

CARLTON
I want every floor searched.
No one in. No one out.

STREET BELOW

SWAT TEAMS shoulder weapons -- plunge into the building.

BRRRIINNGG! BRRRIINNGG! BRRRIINNGG! BRRRIINNGG! Fire alarm!

SWAT TEAMS retreat -- driven back by panicked OFFICE WORKERS.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. STREET - NIGHT

Ghost Town quiet.

Manhole cover SCRAPES across pavement -- ECHOES through a deserted canyon of buildings.

Derek peers out -- surveys the area: an urban prairie dog.

A vintage VW Bug covered in psychedelic-flowers IDLES in front of a convenience store.

Derek dashes toward the VW. Gets in -- drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. VW BUG - VIRGINIA COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING

The sun creeps over the dashboard -- shines directly on Derek passed out behind the wheel. Empty Johnnie Walker Black bottles on the passenger seat.

Derek stirs -- shades his eyes -- struggles to regain consciousness.

He rolls down the window. Leans out -- looks: nothing but an empty two-lane country road. Farm country.

DEREK

Jesus Christ. I'm in Bum-fucked,
Egypt.

Starts the VW -- pulls out on the deserted asphalt -- sticks his head out the window to clear the cobwebs.

LATER

Derek checks his speed -- slows down. Passes a sign: LOUISA POPULATION 1396. Passes another: REST STOP 1 MILE.

INT. LOUISA, VA. - BAR

A tattered, rundown tavern where tattered, rundown LOCALS drown their tattered, rundown lives.

A ball game plays on an ancient television above the jukebox.

In a far, dark corner Derek slumps in his chair in front of a mug of black, hot coffee. He gets up -- wobbles toward a pay phone. Dials:

DEREK

Carl? Derek.

MISNER

(filter)

You're a hot property.

Derek massages his stiff neck with his free hand.

DEREK
Right. You have Tuck's address?

MISNER
Going after him next, are you?

DEREK
Tuck?

MISNER
He is the last man standing.

DEREK
He's a friend.

MISNER
So were Brown and Thompson.

Pause.

MISNER
Still there?

DEREK
Yeah.

MISNER
Why did you whack Safavi?

DEREK
I think you know why.

MISNER
But you don't remember doing it?

DEREK
Don't need to. I made a video. I
got my fifteen minutes of fame.

A BEAT.

MISNER
Try Richmond.

DEREK
What?

MISNER
Last I heard Tuck lived in
Richmond.

DEREK

Thanks.

Hangs up -- stares at the phone for a BEAT.