

WEECHO

feature film screenplay

by

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## W E E C H O

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERTED INDUSTRIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A young photographer, WEECHO MARTI - late-teens/early twenties, inner-city look and hustle - is walking alone on a trash-strewn street, through shadows under an elevated expressway, CAMERA in hand, cell phone to his ear.

WEECHO

(into phone)

You'll look right at home here, a real shithole. I'm thinking black and white for the poster, shoot you guys separate against a green screen, stick you in wherever. Or we can come back out here, soak up the glamour.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

A GRUNGE BAND GUITARIST is standing by the sound-mixing board, guitar strap slung over his tattooed shoulder, speaking on his cell.

GUITARIST

Flannery says the papers could pick it up, get you some nice ink.

INTERCUT GUITARIST/WEECHO:

WEECHO

Flannery happen to mention money?

GUITARIST

I'm sorry, what'd you say?

WEECHO

I'll call you later.

He snaps his cell shut and slips it into his pocket, goes back to taking pictures. The neighborhood is on its last legs - shut-down factories collecting soot, stripped cars rusting where they were dumped...

Weecho clicks his way down the empty sidewalk, getting shots of a wall of graffiti, stepping around the front of a TRAILER TRUCK backed into an alley.

The MAN in sunglasses and ball cap behind the wheel is the only other face around, doesn't look pleased when Weecho casually points his lens at the rig.

TRUCK DRIVER

Hey, get that thing outta here.

Suddenly ANOTHER TRUCK comes bombing out of nowhere, a container truck with a DIPLOMATIC CARGO sticker on its side.

Chasing the truck, a block behind, is a SPEEDING BLACK MERCEDES.

Weecho has his camera up, STARTS SHOOTING.

Behind him, the truck in the alley gooses its engine. Weecho turns, sees the 18-wheeler pulling out, pointing toward an expressway pillar across the street.

The container truck flies by, missing the 18-wheeler by inches, disappearing down the street.

Weecho pans with the 18-wheeler stretching across the street and stopping, nose to the pillar, cutting off the Mercedes coming up fast.

The Mercedes doesn't have a chance, goes into a screeching sideways slide. The air fills with a BOOMING CRASH, sparks bursting, glass flying, the car crunching itself into a scrapheap under the trailer.

All this Weecho is seeing through the viewfinder as he keeps on shooting.

The 18-wheeler's cab isn't touched. The driver, VICTOR CROTTY, still in his shades and ball cap, jumps to the pavement and jogs back to an SUV squealing to a stop next to what's left of the Mercedes.

The SUV driver's door swings open and a hard-looking man named EMER LYNCH gets out, ball cap and shades just like

Crotty's. He steps over to the mangled Mercedes, yanks open the twisted rear door enough to squeeze part way inside.

Weecho can see Lynch snaking around in there, gets a shot of him coming back out with a LAPTOP, the cover smeared with blood.

Lynch is taking the laptop to the SUV when Crotty stops him and points at Weecho.

CROTTY

Kid's got a camera.

Lynch whips around and Weecho starts backstepping. The two men jump into the SUV. Weecho spins around and takes off.

Just Weecho and them, nobody else in sight.

Weecho looks over his shoulder, sees the SUV coming fast. He swerves left and right, trying to throw them off. The SUV tires squeal right behind him, cutting back and forth every time he does.

With the SUV bumper maybe two feet off his tail, Weecho does a one-eighty and bee-lines back for the wreck.

He dives under the truck cab and crawls toward the other side, the trailer and wreckage blocking the street enough so that the SUV can't get through.

Halfway under, Weecho hears a high-pitched CRY coming from the wrecked Mercedes - a WOMAN in pain.

Weecho scrambles through and stands up, can hear the SUV pull up on the other side of the trailer, hears the doors open and the two men jump out.

CROTTY'S VOICE (O.S.)

He's over there.

LYNCH'S VOICE (O.S.)

Pop him and get the camera.

Weecho turns and runs.

The woman trapped in the Mercedes cries out again.

The two men on the other side of the trailer are standing by the SUV, staring at the wrecked Mercedes.

CROTTY

I thought she was dead.

LYNCH

Just get the kid, I'll do this.

Weecho is halfway down the block, running full-out, glancing up at the sound of a SIREN on the overhead expressway.

He glances behind him, sees Crotty under the truck cab now, taking aim with a pistol. BAM! The bullet PINGS off something nearby. Weecho keeps running.

Lynch tosses a lighted match at the wrecked Mercedes, and POOF, a pool of leaking gas ignites.

LYNCH

(to Crotty)

Forget the kid, let's move it. That siren'll be here in a minute.

Crotty crawls out from under the truck cab and the two men hop back into the SUV. The vehicle peels out in a semi-circle and speeds away from the crash.

Weecho hears the SUV peeling out, stops, waits to make sure, runs back to the crash. He crawls under the trailer, sees flames flickering around the flattened Mercedes.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Please... get me... I can't...

Weecho sets his camera down, scrambles over and looks through the half-opened door.

The woman, NINA GALLEON, is wedged between the back seat and a BIG DARK MAN in a blood-soaked suit - very big, Arab-looking, very DEAD. Nina's legs are pinned by the wreckage. She has one hand free and is reaching to Weecho.

NINA

Please...

She's mid-twenties, looks and sounds American, has a stunningly BEAUTIFUL face. Weecho grabs her hand and starts to pull, stops when she SCREAMS in pain.

Weecho wriggles inside the car, can see the body of a DRIVER in front. He grabs hold of the dead man in back, tries to pull him away from Nina. Can't budge him. He glances at the spreading flames, looks at Nina.

WEECHO

Can you move at all?

Nina tries, grimaces.

NINA

No.

Weecho can see that she's blood-soaked too.

WEECHO

Help's coming.

Nina looks at him, eyes in and out of focus, then urgent.

NINA

Alex...

WEECHO

No, I'm Weecho.

NINA

Call Alex...

WEECHO

Right.

No idea who she means.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

We need something to shimmy you out.

He backs out of the car, steps away and looks around... And that's when the GAS TANK BLOWS.

WHUMPF!

TIME CUT:

Weecho is looking up from on his back, can see the upside-down face of a COP, the cop having grabbed him under the arms, dragging him back from the FLAMES.

WEECHO

Lemme go!

COP

Take it easy.

WEECHO

She's in there!

The Cop keeps his grip. Weecho was knocked out by the explosion, thrown just clear of the flames.

He stares at the burning car - can see that nobody is coming out of that fire.

The Cop helps Weecho to his feet, walks him over to a patrol car where his PARTNER is calling in.

PARTNER COP

... can't tell what year, it's got diplomat tags.

The Partner Cop squints at the flaming Mercedes, looks over at Weecho.

PARTNER COP (CONT'D)

(still on call)

There's a kid here probably can tell us something.

Weecho glances at the Partner Cop, looks back at the flames.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

This yours?

Weecho turns. The First Cop is holding the camera Weecho left on the pavement.

Weecho nods.

The Cop thumbs the camera's display button, peers at the LCD screen, sees SHOTS OF THE CRASH.

FIRST COP (CONT'D)

Why were you taking these?

WEECHO

I'm a photographer.

FIRST COP

And just happened to be here.

WEECHO

That a problem?

FIRST COP

We're holding them. You, too.

The door to the patrol car is open. The Cop slides the camera onto the front seat. Weecho looks at it sitting there.

WEECHO

I get them back? I mean, I ain't even seen them.

FIRST COP

Don't move. Stay right there.

An EMS van has pulled up and First Cop goes over to meet it. While he's filling in the medics - pointing at the flames, them all looking grim - Weecho eases over to the open car door.

Carefully, he lifts the camera off the seat, one eye on the Partner Cop who's still calling in. Keeping the car between the Cop and himself, he eases around an expressway pillar.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey!

Weecho whips around. The First Cop is quickstepping toward him.

Weecho takes off with the camera, First Cop right behind him, yelling at him to STOP.

Weecho glances over his shoulder, sees Partner Cop back there too, huffing into his shoulder mic.

Weecho turns his eyes front - and there's LYNCH'S SUV AT THE CURB, silhouettes of Lynch and Crotty inside.

Weecho slides to a stop, looks for an exit. Looks behind him at the Cops closing in. Looks at the camera in his hand.

He pops something no one can see from the camera and cuts across the street. Using a big roundhouse motion to draw everyone's attention, he pitches the camera into a DUMPSTER and yells:

WEECHO

It's yours, take it!

With all eyes on the Dumpster, he darts off again.

He sprints past Lynch's opening door, turns at the end of the block and keeps going, making rights and lefts through the streets, checking his back, crossing an intersection and ducking into a subway entrance.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

Down on the platform, Weecho hunches under a recess. Stays there until a TRAIN pulls in. He checks both ways, jumps aboard just as the doors slide shut.

INT. MOVING SUBWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS

Weecho has the car to himself, takes a seat by the door at one end. Takes a moment to catch his breath - then slips his hand into his pocket, pulls out a small plastic card.

It's the FLASH CARD he popped from the camera just before he tossed it into the Dumpster.

He turns the card over in his fingers.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You get some good shots?

Weecho looks up. Sitting across from him, the only other person in the car, is Nina Galleon from the crash.

NINA (CONT'D)

Whoever got that camera is going to  
be pissed.

Her clothes are ripped and covered with blood, her hair  
singed and mangled, half her face burned off. She's an  
unsettling combination of hideous and beautiful.

WEECHO

I could've gotten you out.

NINA

You tried.

WEECHO

Yeah, but, trying ain't doing.

NINA

True. You probably figured out it  
was a heist, the truck and that  
laptop.

WEECHO

Who's Alex? You said call Alex.

NINA

Alex is important. He'd probably pay  
to know what you know.

WEECHO

He findable?

NINA

Everybody's findable.

Her one good eye holds Weecho's gaze.

NINA (CONT'D)

Speaking of which, do me a favor.

WEECHO

What favor?

NINA

Instead of beating up on yourself,  
use what you got on that card there  
to get the prick who did this to me.

Weecho looks down at the flash card in his hand. When he looks back up, Nina has GONE. Just an empty seat over there - no sign of her anywhere in the car.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

The forty-foot shipping container with it's DIPLOMATIC CARGO seal is parked in the middle of the bare, hangar-like space.

Emer Lynch walks over with a PISTOL and nods to Victor Crotty to swing open the end of the container.

FOUR MEN stand at Lynch's side with shotguns and automatic rifles, covering the container.

The end of the container swings open, revealing an interior that's crammed with furniture and Asian artifacts - chests, chairs, ornate rugs...

Lynch gestures with his pistol and calls toward the cargo:

LYNCH

Anybody in there speak English?

Silence.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

You need to come out so we can take you where it's safe.

More silence. Then, from inside the container:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(accented)

Who are you?

LYNCH

We're going to get you to your people.

There's MURMURING inside.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

How do we know that?

LYNCH

Because it's in my interest to.  
Otherwise I'd leave you.

Another silence. Suddenly an armoire CRASHES over. Behind it, SIX MEN point automatic weapons at Lynch and his crew. The crew whip their guns up.

Lynch moves quickly to calm both sides.

LYNCH

Okay, easy, easy...

The man who was speaking from inside glares at Lynch.

MAN

If you lie, you are dead.

Lynch points with his pistol to a VAN parked next to his SUV.

LYNCH

Get in there, we have to move.

The man and his companions hesitate - then, one by one, they come out, swarthy, tough, hardcore Middle East. Warily, weapons at the ready, they walk toward the van.

Lynch is about to turn to Crotty when something across the wide space, a SHADOW MOVEMENT in the corner of a row of sooty warehouse windows, catches his eye.

LYNCH

(to Crotty)

Take them to the store, I'll catch  
up with you there.

He motions to one of the other men to come with him, the two of them climbing into the SUV.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A YOUNG MAN wearing a HOODIE SWEATSHIRT is talking on a cell phone while he peers through the corner of the sooty warehouse window.

HOODIE GUY

(into phone)

... van left too and they're rolling  
down the door. Nobody else here.

Suddenly there's a large pistol pointed at the back of  
Hoodie Guy's head.

LYNCH'S VOICE (O.S.)

Wrong.

Hoodie Guy whips around, eyes wide at the sight of the gun.

BAM!

The gun jumps and blood erupts from Hoodie Guy's head all  
over the window.

INT. STUDIO LOFT - DAY

An open freight elevator rattles upward and jounces to a  
stop. Weecho steps off into the waterfront storage loft  
that's his LIVE-IN STUDIO.

He's greeted by his CAT, WANDA, who leads him across the  
plank floor, past a view of the downtown docks.

Wanda makes noises at the refrigerator while Weecho goes  
over to his workbench to boot up his computer.

WEECHO

One second, babe.

While the computer is booting, Weecho pulls a carton of  
milk from the fridge, pours some into Wanda's bowl. He  
takes a swig himself, makes a face at the carton.

He slips the flash card he swiped back from the cops into  
the computer, clicks a key and watches columns of before-  
and-after shots of the crash come up on the wide-screen  
monitor.

Weecho focuses on the shots of Victor Crotty and Emer  
Lynch, both men's features covered by their sunglasses and  
ball caps. He fills the screen with a shot of Lynch backing  
out of the wrecked Mercedes with the blood-smearred laptop.

WEECHO

Man had his plan.

Weecho sees something else in the picture and zooms in. It's the beautiful Nina Galleon, unconscious before she came to and screamed.

Wanda jumps up on the workbench, stretches out next to the screen.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

Who is she, babe?

He stares another moment, moves the zoom back to Lynch.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

And why'd he burn her?

INT. COMPUTER-CRAMMED APARTMENT - DAY

A spike-haired hacker named ARAMIS, his desk and furniture piled with components, is focused on the screen of the LAPTOP Lynch pulled from the wrecked Mercedes. HEAVY-METAL MUSIC blares. The young techie pitches his voice above the din.

ARAMIS

You're not giving me a lot to go on here. I mean...

Lynch is looking over Aramis's shoulder. He reaches to an iPod dock and turns down the music.

LYNCH

Just get me in.

Aramis keeps tapping keys.

ARAMIS

Patience...

He hits a key, hits another, and suddenly the screen fills with DATA.

ARAMIS (CONT'D)

There you go.

Lynch leans over and presses a key, scrolling more data. He scrolls, stops, scrolls, stops, the data interspersed with pictures - missiles, tanks, a catalogue of weapons...

LYNCH

Very nice.

He stops and scrolls back, frowning, stopping at one of the data entries. He takes out his cell, taps in a number he sees on the laptop screen, turns from Aramis.

LYNCH

Mr. Yoon?

INT. PRIVATE ARSENAL - CONTINUOUS

An Asian man in a business suit, MR. MING JAY YOON, is standing between rows of WEAPONS and ARMAMENT, cell to his ear.

YOON

Speaking.

INTERCUT YOON/LYNCH:

LYNCH

Emer Lynch here. The travelers have been transferred, we're making the delivery.

YOON

How did you get this number? It is not the one I gave you.

LYNCH

Somebody had it I ran into.

Yoon frowns.

LYNCH (CONT'D.)

Not to worry. He won't need it now.

YOON

You'll tell me about it when I see you.

LYNCH

Mr. Yoon?

YOON

Yes?

LYNCH

That somebody had information I think could do good things for both of us.

YOON

What kinds of things?

LYNCH

We can talk about it when I see you. I'll wait for your call.

He clicks off with a self-satisfied smile.

EXT. WOMEN'S PRISON - DAY

A SHUTTLE BUS swings through the prison's gate and pulls up at the visitors WELCOME BUILDING.

The bus doors open and Weecho steps off. He's one of twenty or so visitors, the others mainly older women with their daughters' children.

INT. PRISON WELCOME BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Weecho is given the traditional pat-down and scan, is directed through a metal door to a visiting room.

INT. VISITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Weecho comes in, nods to an imposing black woman, TILDA, standing guard.

WEECHO

Hey, Tilda.

TILDA

Hey, Weecho.

WEECHO

Everything good?

TILDA

Everything's fine.

She nods across the room to where a door opens and SELENA MARTI, Weecho's mother, comes in wearing a green prison jump suit.

Weecho goes over and gives her a hug, a kiss on the cheek. They sit down on opposite sides of one of the picnic tables.

SELENA

You been eating?

WEECHO

You ask every time, Ma. The Food Network's my life.

SELENA

Don't get smart. What's happening with work? You shoot anything I can brag about?

WEECHO

Actually, I'm branching out.

SELENA

Yeah? Into what?

WEECHO

Like maybe some work for the cops.

SELENA

Cops?

WEECHO

Something I think's got some upside, I handle it right.

His mother gives him a look.

SELENA

Maybe you better explain.

TIME CUT:

Selena glances over at Tilda, speaks in a low voice.

SELENA

So if I'm hearing right, you're withholding evidence, those pictures.

WEECHO

Not exactly, but I gotta work fast.

SELENA

Before they throw your Spic hiney  
in here with me.

WEECHO

I made that woman a promise.

SELENA

What promise? She's dead.

WEECHO

She won't be dead till I make peace  
for her. Till I do what I gotta.

His voice is intense. Selena just stares.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

Ma, you hear things in this place.  
That heist was a big operation.

SELENA

I make it my business not to hear  
things.

WEECHO

Ma...

SELENA

People getting torched in diplomat  
cars ain't some neighborhood beef.

WEECHO

I can handle it.

SELENA

You're a kid. And not a very big  
one at that.

WEECHO

Hey, I'm all I've got.

SELENA

You're all I've got.

INT. COMPUTER-CRAMMED APARTMENT - DAY

The spike-haired Aramis, feet propped on his component-clogged desk, is tapping a number into his cell.

ARAMIS

(into phone)

Hey, what's up? (beat) Check this. Guy comes in with a laptop, keys are fucked up with like blood. Says he wants it cracked, says he got my name from some customer.

He reaches over and turns down the HEAVY-METAL volume.

ARAMIS (CONT'D)

Anyway, I piggyback on some shit he gives me, and it's like, whoa, what the hell. I mean there's...

Over his shoulder, there's a KNOCK-KNOCK at the door.

ARAMIS (CONT'D)

Hold on, somebody's here.

He goes to the door, squints through the eye hole. He undoes the lock and pulls the door open, REVEALING Emer Lynch.

ARAMIS

Hey, long time no...

Lynch lunges at Aramis, rams an ICE PICK into his throat, up under his chin, all the way in. Aramis collapses without a sound as Lynch steps in and bumps the door shut behind him.

He picks up Aramis's cell, kills the call.

LYNCH

Let's keep it to ourselves.

INT. TRAIN TERMINAL - DAY

A passenger train comes to a stop at one of the boarding platforms. Weecho steps off, still in the clothes he wore to the prison, heads up the platform toward the main concourse.

In the bustling concourse, he stops at a news stand.

He buys a candy bar at the counter, unwraps it, takes a bite and checks out the newspapers while he chews. He picks one up, flips through it, tosses it back on the stand. He takes another bite, glances at the magazine rack.

FREEZES mid-bite.

Smiling back at him from one of the COVERS is the beautiful face of Nina Galleon.

INT. WEECHO'S STUDIO LOFT - DAY

Nina is on the front of a fashion magazine called COVER. It sits on Weecho's workbench, Weecho staring at Nina's image, Wanda the cat stretched out beside it.

WEECHO

World-class, babe, and the world  
doesn't know she's dead.

He opens the magazine to more pictures of Nina, shots of her in outfits that show off her near-perfect figure.

She SPEAKS from behind, startling Weecho.

NINA'S VOICE (O.S.)

Maybe we could have done a shoot  
sometime...

Weecho spins around, sees the VISION of Nina as she'd appeared to him on the subway - clothes ripped and covered with blood, hair singed and mangled, half her face burned off...

NINA (CONT'D)

... under better conditions. (beat)  
I'm Nina Galleon.

WEECHO

I know. I'm Weecho.

NINA

You told me that at the crash.

WEECHO

And you said find Alex. And the  
creep who lit you.

NINA

You made a good start, your Mother.

WEECHO

She could get herself whacked, her cronies find out.

NINA

I sense she can handle it. She handled you.

Nina tilts her head toward the workbench, the wide screen monitor.

NINA (CONT'D)

I can be useful, you get into this more.

WEECHO

How?

NINA

You'll see. Keep looking.

She gives Weecho a small smile with the good half of her face - and then the vision of her FADES in the loft's low light.

Weecho stares at the spot where she'd been - then turns back to the work bench. He slips the flash card into the computer, brings the columns of crash pictures onto the screen.

He clicks on the shots of the wrecked Mercedes...

WEECHO

Been there...

... then clicks on a shot of the speeding container truck with the DIPLOMATC CARGO sticker on its side. He zooms in on the driver, the man wearing sunglasses and a ball cap, same as Lynch and Crotty.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

Everybody shades and headpiece...

He zooms back out and stares at the picture. Something in the background catches his eye. He zooms in again.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

And who're you?

The partial image is slightly pixilated at that large size, but it's clear enough to see that there's a PERSON standing back in the expressway shadows.

A person wearing a HOODIE SWEATSHIRT.

EXT. DESERTED INDUSTRIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Weecho is back at the scene of the crash. All that's left to show that it happened is a big scorch mark on the empty street and some glints of pebbled glass.

He glances down at the PRINT he made of Hoodie Guy. Looks up at the abandoned buildings, the shattered windows, no sign of life in any of them. He YELLS.

WEECHO

Yo! Anybody up there?

Not a sound except for the whooshing of cars up on the expressway.

And then the sound of someone COUGHING.

Weecho turns and sees an OLD DRUNK steadying himself against an expressway pillar, wiping his mouth on his sleeve.

WEECHO

Excuse me...

The man looks up. Weecho goes over and shows him the picture.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

You seen this guy?

The old man looks blearily at the picture. Shakes his head and spits.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

Right.

Weecho watches the man stumble off, hears a door BANG SHUT behind him.

He turns around - sees SOMEONE IN A HOODIE coming out of an abandoned building, walking without hurry down the sidewalk, almost as if they were asking to be followed.

Which Weecho does.

The person has his back to Weecho, hood up, so Weecho can't see the face. Weecho hangs back, picks it up when Hoodie turns a corner, falls back again and stays with him while he heads away from the elevated expressway.

As they continue walking, the neighborhood gets even grungier, more remote - ruined factories lining the streets, sidewalks buckled, strewn with junk.

A pack of STRAY DOGS comes to the head of an alley, staring at Hoodie. They GROWL at Weecho back there. But Hoodie raises his hand and the dogs stay put.

The street ends at an industrial CREEK, both banks lined with warehouses bombed with graffiti.

When Hoodie makes a sideways check to see if he's still being followed, a GUST OF WIND blows the hood back.

Weecho sees that Hoodie isn't a guy. Hoodie is a YOUNG WOMAN.

WEECHO

Where'd you come from?

Hoodie's name is JUNA. She flips the hood forward, covering her head, leads Weecho to a WAREHOUSE that hangs part way over the creek. She glances again to see that Weecho is there, lets herself into the warehouse by a side door.

Weecho goes up to the door, can see that the lock has been jimmed out, pushes through and steps inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Weecho steps out onto the wide concrete floor, the row of sooty windows on the far side casting enough light for him to see that the place is pretty much cleared out.

No sign of Juna. All is quiet.

There's a long boxy silhouette back in the shadows, something about it drawing him over. As he gets closer he can see that it's a shipping container, red and white sticker on its side reading DIPLOMATIC CARGO.

WEECHO

They doubled back.

One end of the container has been left swung open. Weecho steps warily inside. Can make out some shapes - chests, chairs, rolled-up rugs...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Want a match?

Weecho whips around. A match FLARES. Juna.

JUNA (CONT'D)

Stay where you are.

Weecho can see by the flame that she's pointing a PISTOL.

JUNA (CONT'D)

Here...

She tosses Weecho a book of matches.

JUNA (CONT'D)

Check it out.

She jabs the pistol toward the darkness behind him.

Weecho strikes a match, turns around and holds up the flame.

The flickering light shows what looks like a homeless campsite. Garbage tossed all over the floor, bread crusts, fruit rinds, rats going at it. Blankets piled against the wall.

Juna comes up behind him.

JUNA (CONT'D)

That was the cargo. Six of them.

WEECHO

Who were they?

JUNA

Who knows. But I guess worth killing over.

WEECHO

They foreign?

JUNA

I wasn't here, my friend was.

WEECHO

What was your...

JUNA

(interrupting)

Let's talk outside. It stinks in here.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Weecho and Juna exit by the side door. Juna flips back her hood, revealing a plain, country face - no makeup, no piercings, hair cut a little butchy. She looks to be about Weecho's age, high-teens, low-twenties.

She still has the pistol, tosses it at a trash can. The gun bounces off the side, clatters when it hits the pavement.

PLASTIC.

Weecho stares at the toy.

WEECHO

You pulled that off pretty good.

JUNA

I needed to see if you're a problem.

WEECHO

And?

Juna shrugs. Weecho holds out his hand.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

I'm Weecho.

JUNA

Juna.

They shake.

WEECHO

I was gonna ask before what your friend was doing here.

JUNA

Yeah, well... Him and I come down here couple times to feed those dogs you saw. Day-old pizzas, from the place he delivered for.

WEECHO

Why we didn't get bit.

JUNA

One time there's this SUV parked right here. Same two guys who were at the crash come out that door we just did. No big thing, not then.

WEECHO

You see them chase me?

JUNA

That's how I knew you when you yelled back there, saw you from up where we camped in that building.

WEECHO

So after the crash, your friend knew where they'd be.

JUNA

Which is what got him killed.

WEECHO

Killed?

EXT. CREEK BANK - MINUTES LATER

Juna leads Weecho out of a passageway choked with trash that runs between the warehouse and the building next door.

She walks onto a dock that sticks over the creek, hops off onto some rocks, turns to Weecho and points under the dock.

JUNA

Take a look.

Weecho hops down next to her, turns to look where she's pointing.

Back in the shadows, there's a BODY face-down in a tide pool.

They duck under the dock and walk back to the body. A hood is pulled over the body's head, ragged red-rimmed hole in it.

Juna bends down and slips her hands under the body.

JUNA

Gimme a hand.

Weecho bends down and together they roll the body face-up.

The shot that killed Hoodie Guy blew out one of his eyes. His lips and nose look like they've been chewed on by crabs.

Weecho and Juna stare at the face.

JUNA

He was giving me a blow-by-blow on his cell, watching through that window in back. Then there's like a shot, and somebody says Put him in the creek. So I knew where to look.

Weecho can't take his eyes off Hoodie Guy's face.

WEECHO

Why didn't you call the cops?

JUNA

Would you? (beat) I'm on the run.

Weecho looks at her.

WEECHO

From what?

JUNA

Trouble. Like you. I saw how you  
ran from the cops. Oh, Jesus...

WEECHO

What...

He looks down.

From the blown-out wound where Hoodie Guy's eye was, an EEL has poked its slimy head out. It corkscrews itself free in a stew of eye gunk, slithers off Hoodie Guy's face, leaves a bloody trail across the rocks and plops itself into the creek.

Weecho and Juna stare at where the eel disappeared. After a moment, Weecho looks back at the body.

WEECHO

Who was he?

JUNA

Just somebody I met. Another  
runner. (beat) But now I owe him.

WEECHO

Welcome to the club.

INT. DEPUTY POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Deputy Police Commissioner VINCENT BURKE, hard-nosed Commander of the Department's Anti-Terrorism Force, is seated at his desk watching a video replay.

CLOSE ON screen, stock-footage of a large Arab man walking out of the U.N. Building - the man who was killed in the crash with Nina Galleon. He gets in the rear of a black Mercedes.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

... in a car accident Tuesday. An  
embassy spokesperson said Mr. Hasan's  
remains would be flown to Riyadh for  
a traditional desert burial in an  
unmarked grave near his tribal village.

Burke points the remote and zaps the sound.

BURKE

And here we sit with our thumbs up  
our ass.

He turns to a uniformed cop standing nervously facing the desk  
- the COP WHO TOOK WEECHO'S CAMERA at the crash.

BURKE (CONT'D)

So tell me about those pictures we  
should be looking at right now.

INT. WEECHO'S STUDIO LOFT - NIGHT

Weecho spoons a helping of macaroni and cheese onto a plate for  
Juna, who's seated at the workbench they're using as a table.

WEECHO

... you can change the flavor  
depending what kind of cheese you  
use. Not all cheese works, so you  
gotta know what you're doing.

He puts the macaroni bowl back in the toaster oven, sets the  
plate down for Juna. He clicks another picture onto the wide  
screen in front of her - the cropped image of Hoodie Guy.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

It's what gave me the idea to go  
back there. I thought he was still,  
you know...

JUNA

We both wore hoods from a bunch  
he stole. He gave the rest away.

Weecho clicks to the image of Nina Galleon pinned in the  
wreckage.

WEECHO

Check this.

He pushes over the MAGAZINE that has Nina on the cover.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

That's her, you can believe it. I  
had her in my hands.

Juna checks the magazine, nods at Nina's image on the screen.

JUNA

They had her outta there fast as they could.

WEECHO

Whatta you mean They? Who's They?

JUNA

After you ran, two black SUVs pulled up. Guys in windbreakers jumped out and took over from the cops.

Weecho stares at the screen, the wrecked Mercedes. Juna feeds a piece of macaroni to Wanda the cat.

WEECHO

Some big shit went down here. And it took big balls to pull it off in the open like that.

JUNA

You sound like you're impressed.

WEECHO

I'm just saying what is.

He glances across the loft to a row of windows, rain ticking against the dark panes.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

We gotta think about sleeping arrangements. You can't go out in this. And where you gonna go?

He looks at the single MATTRESS with its rumpled blanket lying on the floor.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

It'll be a little tight. Or I can sleep in the chair.

JUNA

We can both fit. Just mind your hands.

TIME CUT:

They're under the blanket, shoulder to shoulder on the mattress, staring up into the darkness.

WEECHO

You comfortable?

JUNA

I'm fine.

The rain is still ticking against the windows.

WEECHO

What was it you ran from back home?

JUNA

I had a sister killed herself.

WEECHO

I'm sorry. What happened?

JUNA

Guy took pictures of her with another girl in bed, going at it. In the city here, it'd be nothing. But where we lived, it was big shame. She couldn't deal with it.

WEECHO

Why'd you run? I mean, it wasn't you.

JUNA

I took a bat to the guy's head, the one who posted the pictures. He's in a wheelchair, probably'll stay there.

WEECHO

Oh.

Juna turns away, onto her side. Weecho lies there, staring at the ceiling.

INT. NON-DESCRIPT ROOM - NIGHT

A SHIPPING CRATE sits on the floor of the room.

APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS grow louder, then stop.

A MAN'S SHADOW falls on the crate.

The man's HANDS reach down and grip the crate's lid.

A PAUSE - then the lid is lifted.

SHOCK SHOT - SNAKES writhe and hiss inside the crate.

TILT UP - Emer Lynch smiles down at the snakes.

INT. WEECHO'S STUDIO LOFT - DAY

Weecho jolts awake, alone on the mattress. He pushes up onto one elbow, looks over to the galley kitchen.

Juna is up, putting food in Wanda's bowl.

JUNA

Water's almost ready, I found the coffee. I can heat up some macaroni.

WEECHO

Coffee's fine.

He swings his legs out from under the blanket, still with his pants on, goes over to the workbench and boots up the computer.

WEECHO

You wanna check your e-mails?

JUNA

Nothing to check.

The tea kettle WHISTLES. Juna pours steaming water into a cup with instant coffee, brings it to Weecho who is scrolling through his e-mails.

JUNA

Anything good?

WEECHO

Guy in Miami saw some work I did, wants to talk about a shoot.

JUNA

Go for it.

Weecho scrolls and clicks, peers closer at the screen.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

Listen to this. It's from my mother.

(reads from screen)

Have you found homes for Wanda's kittens yet? There's a pet place somebody said might be worth checking out.

JUNA

When did Wanda have kittens?

WEECHO

She didn't.

EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN - DAY

The train is rolling through the outskirts of the city, low-rise apartment houses lining the tracks.

WEECHO (V.O.)

E-mails in and out are screened super close...

INT. MOVING TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Weecho and Juna are seated side by side in the nearly empty car.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

... That's why she put that bit about the bay in a separate one.

JUNA

How come she's in there?

WEECHO

She killed my father.

JUNA

You serious?

WEECHO

He was abusive.

JUNA

He must've been.

WEECHO

The night she emptied the gun at him, she killed the woman he was in bed with. The woman had a relative had DA juice. She's been in three years now.

JUNA

I'd like to meet her, your mother.

WEECHO

You're two of a kind.

He nods toward a window.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

There's the bay.

EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

The train passes over the shoreline of South Neck Bay, the tracks crossing into a marshland.

Off in the distance, beyond the open water, is the skyline of the city.

The train traverses a series of marshy islands, the tracks pointed toward the water-bound community of BOLD CHANNEL.

EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

The train pulls into the Bold Channel station, Weecho and Juna stepping off. They walk to the end of the platform, look out over the town's shops and bungalows. Weecho pulls out a map.

WEECHO

I hope this ain't a goose chase.

JUNA

Cats.

WEECHO

Huh?

JUNA

Cat chase.

WEECHO

Whatever. The only place connects  
the dots is this Petoria.

Juna looks at the map he's holding, lifts her chin.

JUNA

Over there.

EXT. BOLD CHANNEL OUTSKIRTS - MINUTES LATER

Looking like sightseers - Weecho wearing SUNGLASSES and a HEADBAND, Juna in her hoodie - they casually stroll along a sandy road.

At the end of the road is a LONG LOW BUILDING backed onto a CANAL. As they get closer they can see it has a small retail shop in front. Lettering on the window reads PETORIA.

WEECHO

I don't see any lines waiting to get  
in.

JUNA

Who buys stuff way out here?

WEECHO

Maybe that's the point.

Keeping casual, they check out the premises: chain link fence ringing a loading area, a van and a pickup truck parked in there. Out back is a DONZI FASTBOAT tied up in the canal.

They're almost to the Petoria door when Weecho hears a CAR coming down the road behind them. He turns and looks.

FREEZES.

It's the SUV from the crash.

WEECHO

Keep moving.

Juna does.

They have no choice but to go straight into the store.

INTERIOR PETORIA PET STORE - CONTINUOUS

They step inside and look around, acting like customers, the only ones there. The SUV door SLAMS outside. They try to look fascinated by the cages of BIRDS and tanks of TROPICAL FISH.

Weecho pulls his headband low, checks his shades, moves behind a glass tank that has SMALL ALLIGATORS in it.

Emer Lynch comes in, hard eyes sweeping around the store. He holds them on a pen in the corner where Juna is making a fuss over a litter of ROTTWEILER PUPPIES.

LYNCH

Can I help you?

Sounding like help is the last thing on his list.

JUNA

I'm looking for work.

LYNCH

We're not hiring.

JUNA

You would if you knew how good I was with animals.

Her showing it with the puppies, them licking her hand.

JUNA (CONT'D)

And you need somebody in front here.

LYNCH

That so? Our animals are different.

JUNA

I can see that.

She glances at the alligator tank Weecho is standing behind.

JUNA (CONT'D)

I've been around wild ones all my  
life, snakes, gators...

Lynch keeps his flat stare... whips his eyes to Weecho.

LYNCH

Who're you?

WEECHO

I'm with her.

He's got his headband pulled down to his shades.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

I'm into lizards.

His features are basically covered, but still he gets scrutiny.

LYNCH

I see you before?

WEECHO

My first time out here.

LYNCH

Where you from?

WEECHO

The city.

LYNCH

I mean family.

WEECHO

Cuba. Manzanillo.

Lynch keeps staring - then turns back to Juna.

LYNCH

You?

JUNA

I'm a swamp girl. Atchafalaya.  
Biggest in the south.

She smiles back at Lynch's hard stare.

JUNA (CONT'D)

You know what they say about swamp girls.

LYNCH

What?

JUNA

The mucking best.

Lynch doesn't change expression.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Emer?

Lynch turns to the voice.

LYNCH

What?

Peering through an open door in the rear of the store is the truck driver from the crash, Victor Crotty.

CROTTY

We got a problem.

Lynch frowns. Turns to Juna and Weecho.

LYNCH

I'll be back.

He goes to the rear and follows Crotty out the door.

Juna grabs a handful of PUPPY TREATS from a bag by the pen, shoves them in her pocket.

She goes to the door that Lynch went through, motions for Weecho to follow.

INT. PETORIA STORAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Lynch and Crotty cross the wide concrete floor, past sacks of pet food stacked high and racks of pet supplies.

CROTTY

I saw them two on the camera, then you come in.

LYNCH

What's the problem?

CROTTY

Over here.

Standing by the freight door opened to the canal is a scruffy oldster in camouflage, TEDDY SHONGUT. On the floor next to him is a cage, a LARGE BIRD with a sharp beak and talons perched inside.

CROTTY (CONT'D)

Mr. Teddy Shongut here says we owe him two grand.

LYNCH

(to Shongut)

I thought we said five-hundred.

SHONGUT

That's marsh-hawk price. Peregrine here's a lot more bird.

LYNCH

So the lot-more-bird price is two-thousand?

SHONGUT

You could get twice, three times that.

LYNCH

We had a deal, Teddy.

SHONGUT

For different goods.

Lynch looks toward some shelves holding antlers and tusks. On a workbench underneath is a large glass tank.

LYNCH

C'mere, I want to show you something.

He grabs Shongut's elbow and turns him toward the tank.

Across the floor, Weecho and Juna have come in, standing quietly next to a forklift, watching.

Lynch stops Shongut in front of the glass tank. Victor Crotty comes over and stands behind them.

The glass tank is full of writhing SNAKES.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

These are moccasins, come in from Georgia. Lady customer's doing a voodoo thing. Take a look.

Shongut tries to pull away.

SHONGUT

Emer...

Lynch grabs the back of Shongut's neck. Victor Crotty steps up and pins Shongut's arms. Together they shove the man's head at the open top of the tank.

By the forklift Weecho glances at Juna. No expression.

Shongut is squirming, trying to break loose. Lynch and Crotty keep his face held just above the hissing snakes.

LYNCH

Now suppose instead of moccasins my man had sent up some corals. Harder to come by, better grade poison. Now I could try and up the price on the voodoo lady, but she might think I was jerking her beads. And I might lose her business after that. Maybe even get some whammy put on me. You see what I'm saying?

SHONGUT

Emer, Jesus...

LYNCH

(yelling)

You see what I'm saying?

SHONGUT

Yes.

LYNCH

Good.

They let Shongut go. He stumbles back from the tank and drops to one knee, shaking.

Lynch pulls out a roll of bills and peels off five hundreds. Lets them float to the floor next to the humiliated poacher.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

Clean yourself up, Teddy. Your pants got a little fragrant there.

Shongut picks up the bills and stuffs them in his camos, stumbles to the freight door and disappears outside.

Lynch turns around, eyes flaring when he spots Juna and Weecho.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing back here?

Juna holds his eyes as if nothing had happened.

JUNA

I was asking about work.

LYNCH

And I said we're not hiring.

JUNA

And I'm saying I got experience that'd fit here.

They watch each other - tension, appraisal... Weecho glances from one to the other.

A PHONE STARTS RINGING in a small office behind Lynch.

LYNCH

Stay here.

He goes into the office to take the call.

On his way he passes by a DOG that's chained by the office door. A big, tough-looking Rottweiler bitch, mother of the puppies out in the store by the look of her swollen breasts.

Juna goes over to her and the dog starts to GROWL, guarding the door. The dog stops growling when Juna slips her one of the TREATS she took from the puppy supply.

Lynch comes back out after the call - and does a double-take. Stares at Juna making nice with his attack dog.

Weecho is looking past Lynch, through the office's open door. Sitting on Lynch's desk is a LAPTOP. Dried blood on the cover. The laptop Lynch took from the crash.

EXT. BOLD CHANNEL SANDY ROAD - SHORT TIME LATER

Weecho and Juna are walking back the way they came, Lynch's Petoria building behind them.

WEECHO

So all of a sudden you decide you wanna work there.

JUNA

He came around, right? I figured it was better to go on the offense.

WEECHO

How'd you know she'd be there?

JUNA

Who?

WEECHO

Your new best friend, the bitch. That's what sold him.

JUNA

The puppies are weaning. The mother had to be around somewhere. And a guy like him'll have a dog like that.

WEECHO

Yeah, but how'd you know?

JUNA

A woman just does.

WEECHO

Yeah, right.

He glances back over his shoulder at Petoria.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

Wait here.

JUNA

Where you going?

WEECHO

I'll be right back.

He steps into some tall reeds by the side of the road where nobody can see him. Shrugs off his backpack and takes out a camera.

He points the lens through the reeds, aiming at the Petoria building. The Donzi is just visible out back, Lynch's SUV still parked by the Petoria sign on the window.

Weecho frames the lens to get everything in. CLICK.

Juna calls from the other side of the reeds.

JUNA (O.S.)

What are you doing?

WEECHO

I gotta pee. Just a second.

He unzips and aims away from the wind.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

So now you found him...

Weecho snaps around - sees Nina Galleon's GHOST standing back in the reeds, still looking like she did after the crash, face half burned off, clothes ripped and bloody...

NINA (CONT'D)

... and your lady's in.

She tilts her head toward the road.

NINA (CONT'D)

She has some moves.

WEECHO

She better.

NINA

You're right. Because he's one  
step ahead, always.

They exchange stares. Juna CALLS.

JUNA (O.S.)

Weecho?

Nina glances at his fly.

NINA

Finish your business. And watch  
your back with your fast-talking  
friend there.

Before Weecho can say more, a GUST blows Nina away.

He walks out of the reeds, Juna watching him zip his fly.

JUNA

Who were you talking to?

WEECHO

Just thinking that shop is perfect.

Juna gives him a look, glances at the reeds.

JUNA

For what?

WEECHO

Anything he wants to bring in here.  
Like those kibble sacks, could have  
anything from anywhere. Or illegals.  
Offload them offshore, come in on  
that fastboat.

The two of them are walking again along the sandy road. Weecho  
nods toward the elevated train platform ahead.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

They get off, step onto a train,  
they're midtown in an hour.

JUNA

Why'd he mess with that container,  
then?

WEECHO

Competition maybe. Maybe sending a  
message. Maybe you're gonna find out,  
being the new chore chick.

EXT. ELEVATED SUBWAY PLATFORM - MINUTES LATER

Weecho and Juna are waiting for the train, looking out over the  
bay. Juna's eyes go to the street below.

JUNA

There's that guy.

WEECHO

Who?

JUNA

Teddy whatever.

Down on the street, Teddy Shongut, the scruffy poacher in his  
camos, is about to step through the door to a BAR.

JUNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I can't believe he'd just take that  
shit.

WEECHO (O.S.)

Maybe he won't.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A TECHNICIAN in a white lab coat walks down a hallway that's  
busy with cops. In his rubber-gloved hand is the CAMERA Weecho  
tossed into the dumpster.

The Technician enters an office suite that has DEPUTY  
COMMISSIONER VINCENT BURKE on the door.

In the reception alcove, Burke's ASSISTANT looks up from her desk, nods toward Burke's open office door.

ASSISTANT

Go on in.

The Technician goes over and stands in the doorway.

Inside the office, Burke looks up from his desk.

BURKE

Am I going to like this?

The Technician holds up the camera.

TECHNICIAN

There's a couple prints from our guy.  
The rest have to be the owner's.

BURKE

You run them?

TECHNICIAN

Not a hit on any of the bases.

BURKE

Shit.

INT. WEECHO'S STUDIO LOFT - NIGHT

Weecho is at the galley kitchen, pulling takeout cartons from a bag.

WEECHO

He must've seen something besides  
you're good with dogs.

Juna is curled up with Wanda the cat in an old bean-bag chair, thumbing through the issue of COVER MAGAZINE that has Nina Galleon on the front.

JUNA

I guess.

WEECHO

You wanna eat at the table or  
there?

JUNA

Wherever. (beat) You know this Alex Alexey?

WEECHO

Who?

JUNA

Publisher of Cover. He's in a picture here with Nina Galleon.

FLASHBACK:

Nina Galleon is trapped in the wrecked Mercedes, eyes focused on Weecho.

NINA

Call Alex...

RETURN TO LOFT:

Weecho jumps over, takes the magazine from Juna.

It's opened to a spread of pictures on the CoverAge page. One shows a SILVER-HAIRED, DAPPER MAN smiling over cocktails, a familiar beautiful woman with him.

Weecho reads the caption ALOUD:

WEECHO

Cover publisher Alex Alexey with Cover model Nina Galleon.

Weecho stares at the picture, looks at Juna.

LATER THAT NIGHT:

Weecho is at his workbench, writing an e-mail on the computer. He clicks SEND, waits to see that the message goes through, shuts off the computer and turns out the light.

He goes over to the single mattress on the floor, barefoot and wearing gym shorts, gets under the blanket next to Juna.

JUNA

You think he'll read it?

WEECHO

I embedded a shot from the crash in the message. Addressed it same way as the other addresses on the site.

JUNA

It's getting interesting.

WEECHO

You nervous?

JUNA

About what?

WEECHO

Tomorrow.

JUNA

Listen, I know you think it should be you going in there, but you're lucky you got out like you did.

They lie there a moment, neither one moving.

JUNA (CONT'D)

And besides.

WEECHO

What?

JUNA

I need the job.

INT. PETORIA OFFICE - NIGHT

Emer Lynch is sitting in the dark at his desk, the computer screen he's staring at casting a glow on the large SNAKE coiled in his lap, on the Rottweiler at his side.

He's watching a REPLAY from the pet store's SECURITY CAMERA, the screen showing Juna grabbing a handful of treats from the bag by the puppy pen, sticking them in her pocket.

LYNCH

We got ourselves a slickbitch.

EXT. CITY MIDTOWN - DAY

At a busy corner, Weecho looks up at a modern building that has COVERCOM in large letters across the front.

He checks his reflection in one of the windows - sharp jacket and slacks, hair looking good - and pushes through a revolving door.

INT. COVERCOM RECEPTION AREA - MINUTES LATER

The elevator doors open and Weecho steps off - and there's ALEX ALEXEY, holding out his hand.

ALEXEY

Hello, Weecho. They said downstairs  
you were on your way.

Weecho shakes the hand.

WEECHO

Mr. Alexey...

ALEXEY

Everyone calls me Alex, please.

Weecho can see that Alexey is every bit as dapper as his picture - tailored suit, designer loafers, perfect knot in his tie.

He walks Weecho over to an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN sitting behind a desk.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

This is my assistant, Kristine, who  
gave me the heads-up on your e-mail.  
She doesn't sleep so she saw it first  
thing.

Kristine smiles and holds out her hand.

KRISTINE

Welcome to Cover.

WEECHO

(shaking the hand)  
Thank you.

Alexey steps over to a pair of double doors and holds one open.

INT. ALEXEY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Weecho steps in and looks around, sees an impressive layout: panoramic view of the city, large sitting area with couches and chairs.

But what really catches his eye is the work space - MAC G5's sitting on a sprawling white layout surface, flat screen monitors lit with fashion spreads in progress.

Alexey sees Weecho eyeing a HAND GRENADE sitting like a paper weight on top of a pile of proofs.

ALEXEY

It's unloaded. A memento. My IDF service.

Weecho looking unsure what IDF is.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

Israeli Defense Force. The grenade and I are relics.

There's a silver coffee service and two cups sitting on the layout surface. Alexey picks up the pot.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

Will you join me?

WEECHO

Thank you.

Alexey pours and hands a cup to Weecho.

ALEXEY

Help yourself to cream and sugar.  
(beat) So, what have you got?

Weecho takes a sip and puts the cup down.

WEECHO

Can I use one of your Macs?

ALEXEY

Please do.

Weecho sits in front of a screen that has a model's face on it, color against a plain white backdrop. He stares at the photograph.

ALEXEY

Something wrong?

WEECHO

Can I try something here? I'll save it as a separate file.

ALEXEY

Go ahead.

The picture is already in PHOTOSHOP. Weecho goes to work manipulating the image, converting it to a black and white line drawing, recoloring just the lips and eyes, making the image pop. Total time, less than a minute.

WEECHO

Old concept, but I think it might work here.

ALEXEY

I like it. Credentials established.

Weecho saves the image file, takes out the FLASH DRIVE he brought with him. He slips it into the Mac's USB port and opens the pictures of the crash.

WEECHO

They're in order, so you can see the sequence of how it happened.

ALEXEY

These are the shots you kept from the police.

WEECHO

So you know about that.

ALEXEY

Oh yes.

He watches as Weecho highlights a series of pictures, one of them the shot of Nina pinned in the wreckage.

WEECHO

That's the one I sent you of Nina Galleon. When I tried to get her out, she called your name. Call Alex, she said. It wasn't till last night I made the connection it was you.

He points to the picture, which includes Emer Lynch.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

The guy with the laptop - we know who he is.

ALEXEY

Excuse me?

WEECHO

And where.

ALEXEY

Where is where?

WEECHO

I'll tell you if you tell me what's going on. Like what was Nina doing there?

Alexey stares at him - then motions his hand toward a pair of couches.

ALEXEY

Bring your coffee over here.

EXT. LYNCH'S PETORIA BUILDING - DAY

A SHINY BLACK CAR pulls up in front of the store. TWO LARGE MEN get out. One opens the rear door for Mr. Ming Jay Yoon. The three enter the store.

INT. PETORIA STORE - CONTINUOUS

Yoon and his escorts come in and look around, taking in the caged birds, tanks of tropical fish...

Across the room, bent over a pen, Juna is feeding the Rottweiler puppies. She straightens and wipes her hands on her jeans.

JUNA  
Hi, can I help you?

YOON  
My name is Yoon. I have an  
appointment with Mr. Lynch.

Juna checks him out - diminutive, authoritative - glances at  
the two escorts and nods.

JUNA  
Sure, follow me.

She puts a water bowl in with the puppies and heads for the  
door in back.

INT. STORAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Juna leads Yoon and his escorts across the wide concrete floor,  
to where Emer Lynch is talking with Victor Crotty.

JUNA  
Mr. Lynch?

He turns around, spots his guest.

LYNCH  
Ah, Mr. Yoon...

He steps over to shake Yoon's hand.

LYNCH (CONT'D)  
We were just talking about how well  
it all went.

YOON  
You got them where they were going?

LYNCH  
Like nothing ever happened. But  
their people got the point.

YOON  
Hopefully they will see there is  
a better way to travel.

Lynch notices Juna still standing by.

LYNCH

What is it.

JUNA

The puppies are fed. Should I take them out?

LYNCH

Fine.

Juna nods and starts back across the floor.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

Juna?

She turns.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

This is Mr. Yoon. He's going to be an important friend of ours.

JUNA

(to Yoon)

Pleased, I'm sure.

Yoon gives her a formal bow.

YOON

The pleasure is mine.

INT. ALEX ALEXEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Alexey and Weecho sit on couches facing each other, coffee cups on the table between them.

ALEXEY

Nina was working on something involving that Diplomatic Cargo container, the one in your pictures. That's really all I can tell you.

Alexey reaches for his coffee.

WEECHO

I know where that container is.

Alexey stops mid-reach.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

They're gone now, the guys who were inside. Six of them.

ALEXEY

You're full of interesting information. What's your part in this?

WEECHO

I don't have one. But I'd like to.

ALEXEY

Why?

WEECHO

Because I made a promise to Nina. And I need the work.

He gets up and goes over to the Mac.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

The part about knowing who the laptop guy is...

ALEXEY

What about him?

WEECHO

I got somebody works for him. She's there right now.

Weecho points to the picture of Lynch taking the laptop from the crash.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

His name's Emer Lynch. Owns a pet importing company out on South Neck Bay.

He clicks on the picture he took of the Petoria building, Lynch's SUV parked in front of the sign on the window.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

Same car here as was at the crash.

ALEXEY

South Neck Bay?

WEECHO

Bold Channel.

Alexey sits there and stares out a window.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

Why'd you ask?

ALEXEY

Nina Galleon lived in Bold Channel.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Emer Lynch's DONZI FASTBOAT swings into the wake of a FREIGHTER, slowing for a BLUE SIGNAL LIGHT blinking atop a FIBERGLASS PACKING DRUM dropped from the ship.

LYNCH (V.O.)

We're out almost every night, bring  
in product right off the water....

A SHADOWY FIGURE in the stern of the Donzi snags the drum with a boathook and heaves it aboard.

INT. PETORIA STORAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Lynch and Yoon, followed by the two escorts, are walking past a glass tank with large fish swimming in it.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

... We even pack product into  
condoms and sew them into fish  
like these.

He guides Yoon toward an office door.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

Right now this is a modest  
operation...

He pushes the door open.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

... but that's about to change.

INT. CRAMPED OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Yoon's escorts hover outside as Lynch gestures his guest toward a chair. Lynch takes a seat at his desk, the LAPTOP from the crash sitting on top.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

Our businesses are about access,  
Mr. Yoon, names, relationships...

YOON

Indeed.

Lynch turns the laptop so Yoon can see the screen.

LYNCH

Every Middle East player is here.  
Opium, arms, sex, you name it.

Yoon studies the data.

YOON

You said my name is there?

LYNCH

Your weapons catalog. Along with a  
Who's Who of facilitators, government  
grease...

YOON

So what are you suggesting?

LYNCH

Just what you said - convince them  
over there to consider us in their  
plans.

YOON

Us.

LYNCH

Your network for getting illegals  
into this country has been beyond  
successful. But...

YOON

But what?

LYNCH

That business is getting more scrutiny now, with our militant friends stepping things up.

YOON

And your answer?

LYNCH

Bring those people in through here. Bring everything in through here.

He ticks off a list on his fingers.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

Drugs, weapons, passengers. One stop shopping. We broker their opium, it pays for your arms.

They hold each other's eyes. Suddenly a LOUD FLAPPING SOUND interrupts. Both men look over at a cage on the floor.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

You into falcons, Mr. Yoon?

YOON

I have an interest, yes.

Lynch gets up and lifts the cage onto the desk. Yoon peers in at the falcon - the bird that poacher Teddy Shongut brought in.

LYNCH

That's a peregrine, Mr. Yoon. The fastest of the fast.

YOON

I know what it is.

LYNCH

I'd like you to have it.

Yoon stares blankly at Lynch.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

As a gesture of my confidence in our relationship.

Yoon continues to stare - then allows himself a smile.

YOON

Mr. Lynch, I believe we are off to  
a good start.

EXT. PRIVATE TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Alex Alexey's five-story TOWNHOUSE stands on a swank tree-lined street.

ALEXEY (V.O.)

The man who was killed with Nina was  
using diplomatic immunity to bring  
subversives and weapons in through  
the city here....

INT. TOWNHOUSE BASEMENT LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Alexey tosses his suit coat onto the mahogany bar.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

... She'd gotten close to him and  
was feeding us information.

He takes two cans of soda from the fridge under the bar, pops one and hands it to Weecho.

WEECHO

Us being the man you talked to on  
the phone.

ALEXEY

He'll be here in a minute.

WEECHO

You think she was feeding Lynch, too?  
The Bold Channel thing?

ALEXEY

Let's leave it at what I just told  
you, which was probably more than I  
should.

WEECHO

But why would he kill her?

A HARD VOICE speaks up behind Weecho.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Because he'd already gotten what he needed.

ALEXEY

Hello, Vince.

Weecho turns to Vincent Burke coming down the stairs.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

Weecho, meet Deputy Commissioner Burke.

Burke doesn't shake hands, gives Weecho a sharp look.

BURKE

That laptop in the picture Alex e-mailed me...

WEECHO

What about it?

BURKE

It should have been ours. We should have had those pictures two days ago.

WEECHO

I wanted to make sure they got to who they should.

BURKE

(dismissive)

Please.

ALEXEY

That laptop has information on it we're anxious to get.

WEECHO

I told you where it is. Can't you go pick it up?

BURKE

Tell us about this person you say you have out there.

WEECHO

She's a friend, staying with me.  
She talked herself into a job taking  
care of the animals Lynch uses as a  
cover.

BURKE

(to Alexey)

It might pay to leave it there for  
now, see what it stirs.

WEECHO

So maybe it worked out better, me  
delaying things.

BURKE

Don't push your luck.

The Deputy Commissioner takes off his suit jacket, tosses it  
onto the bar with Alexey's. He bends down and tugs one pant leg  
up, draws a REVOLVER from an ankle holster.

Alexey steps over to the lounge's PISTOL RANGE, opens a gun  
cabinet and takes out an AUTOMATIC. He switches on a ceiling  
fixture that spotlights TWO SILHOUETTE TARGETS on the far wall.

Both men put on protective headphones, Alexey shoving in a full  
clip and racking the slide of his automatic as they step up to  
the firing line.

Both take aim and open fire - BAM! BAM! BAM!

Weecho is still over by the bar, covering his ears.

A final shot, then SILENCE. The only sound is an empty shell  
PINGING off the floor.

A MOMENT - then Weecho's cell RINGS. He answers.

WEECHO

Hello? (beat) Hi. (beat) It went  
fine, I'm at his house. What's up?

As he listens, he looks over at the pistol range.

Alexey and Burke have taken off their headphones, are studying  
the bullet holes in the silhouette targets.

Weecho listens on the phone, then holds it away from his ear.

WEECHO

Mr. Alexey?

Both men turn.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

You know someone named Yoon?

INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

Juna is pulling wet clothes out of a washing machine, handing them to Weecho who's tossing them into a dryer.

WEECHO

It got their attention, which got you some creds. They talked like this thing of theirs is set up off the books - to do stuff Burke's people can't touch.

JUNA

Like getting Nina Galleon in the sack with a sheik.

WEECHO

She was tracking that laptop.

Juna hands him the last of the wet bundles.

JUNA

So what are you saying?

WEECHO

I'm saying like maybe we've got a shot at something here. I mean, who could be more off-the-books for them than us?

JUNA

I'm still not seeing what Alexey's thing is.

WEECHO

It's his magazine they're working through. He can put people wherever they want. And he's Israeli, which is probably who's behind this. Burke runs the cops' anti-terror show. But I think Alexey's got bigger things in mind.

JUNA

Like what?

WEECHO

I don't know. But I wouldn't mind being along for the ride.

EXT. BOLD CHANNEL MARINA - DUSK

An old fishing skiff is pulled up to the pier. Poacher Teddy Shongut in his camos is securing the boat for the night.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Shongut?

Shongut looks up from his work.

SHONGUT

Yeah?

TWO UNIFORMED COPS are standing on the pier.

COP

We've been trying to find you.

SHONGUT

What'd I do now?

COP

Nothing. That's not the reason.

SHONGUT

What is the reason?

COP

I'm afraid we have bad news.

INT. COVER MAGAZINE PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - NIGHT

AN ELEGANT MODEL in a slinky gown turns in front of a white backdrop and swirls her hair. FLASH!

Weecho, in a trim TUXEDO, catches the moment on camera.

He looks over at the SHOOT DIRECTOR, a neon-haired woman in a gothic gown standing with tuxedoed Alex Alexey, both of them checking the monitor linked to Weecho's camera. Alexey nods and the woman gives Weecho a thumbs-up.

Weecho nods his thanks to the model, walks over to the director and Alexey, then checking other shots Weecho took of different poses.

ALEXEY

Good.

Alexey steps over to the chaos of the MODELS' DRESSING AREA, where a DOZEN BEAUTIFUL WOMEN are being zipped into various outfits.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

Okay, listen up. The cars are waiting, so soon as you're ready, go downstairs. You all look terrific and I know you'll be great.

He blows them a kiss, nods for Weecho to join him, heads for the door.

EXT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

The long black car is moving in traffic along a waterfront highway, heading for the downtown city lights.

ALEXEY (V.O.)

I'm on my way now. I'd like you to save some Style-Section space...

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Alexy is in the back seat talking on his cell. He glances at Weecho sitting in the jump seat, fiddling with his camera.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

... We'll send you pictures as they happen.

He listens, nods.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

You're great. Thank you.

He clicks off, lays the phone on the console, looks at Weecho.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

So tell us what Juna picked up about Nina Galleon.

Also sitting in the back seat is Deputy Commissioner Burke.

WEECHO

Nina was basically making it with Lynch. They'd known each other from growing up out there.

ALEXEY

We already supposed that. What we want to know is why would she do it?

WEECHO

Juna said it sounds like he had her hooked on smack.

ALEXEY

The great compromiser.

BURKE

(to Alexey)

Why didn't we know this?

ALEXEY

She was working solo. Obviously she tried to work it both ways. I should have picked up on it.

BURKE

And now we've got someone in there we know even less about.

Both men stare at Weecho.

WEECHO

Hey, give her a break.

BURKE

How much do you know about her?

Weecho starts to say something, instead shakes his head.

Alexey looks out the car window, distracted.

ALEXEY

I need to do some restructuring,  
Vince, this using the Magazine as  
cover.

BURKE

What are you talking about?

ALEXEY

I've been doing it with Tel Aviv's  
blessing, but not their backing.

BURKE

You're talking money.

Alexey turns from the window.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

You're ex-navy, I'm sure you know  
about the old prize system.

BURKE

Booty.

ALEXEY

(to Weecho)

When a warship took another ship,  
the winning captain was awarded  
the cargo. The Prize.

WEECHO

Uh-huh.

ALEXEY

(to Burke)

The Magazine is thin and getting  
thinner. All our divisions are.

BURKE

It's a thin economy.

ALEXEY

The economy, to put it kindly, sucks.

BURKE

So what are you saying?

ALEXEY

I'm saying that if we want to keep this thing going, we need to keep the Magazine going. And if we're going to do that, we need to come up with some kind of Prize. Soon.

EXT. LIMOUSINE - MINUTES LATER

The long black car swings past the downtown skyscraper lights, onto a street leading to the Metropolitan Yacht Harbor.

BURKE (V.O.)

We know he uses the library for his office...

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Burke is handing an open book to Weecho. A space has been hollowed out in the pages to accommodate a mini-cam and mic.

BURKE (CONT'D)

... Angle it where we'll get the most coverage. The camera and mic are voice activated. The van people will relay the signal.

WEECHO

You coming with us?

BURKE

I'm the last person you want to be seen with.

Weecho closes the BOOK/BUGGING DEVICE and sticks it in his camera bag.

EXT. LIMOUSINE - MOMENTS LATER

The car pulls up to the gangway of a festively lighted OCEAN-GOING YACHT. The driver gets out and holds the door for Alexey and Weecho. They walk up the gangway onto the boat.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

... remind you that a portion of each  
Cover Magazine subscription goes to  
benefit...

INT. YACHT, SPACIOUS SALON - SEGUE

A black-tie PARTY CROWD is sipping wine, the Cover models among them, all listening to United States Senator PATRICK HUGH GATCHEL.

GATCHEL (CONT'D)

... the New Citizens Culture  
Development Fund, many of whose  
supporters, myself included, are  
with us this evening. And now...

He turns to Alex Alexey, every bit the fashion icon.

GATCHEL (CONT'D)

... please join me in welcoming the  
man whose energy put this event so  
quickly together. The distinguished  
publisher of Cover Magazine - Dmitri  
Alex Alexey.

Alexey steps forward as Weecho snaps his picture and joins in the APPLAUSE.

ALEXEY

Thank you. Thank you Senator Gatchel.

(applause subsides)

Two of my most meaningful career  
moments came when I discovered it was  
in the publishing world that I could  
be most creative, and that there is  
much to be gained by helping newcomers  
to this country find their own creative  
path. The fund and I thank you for your  
support.

He gestures to a nearby MODEL whose bolero jacket has little underneath but the model herself.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

And thanks to our designer friends  
for letting us make their creations  
the centerpiece of our evening.

He turns to a short Asian gentleman standing nearby.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

And please let's give special thanks  
to our host for sharing this lovely  
vessel - Mr. Ming Jay Yoon.

More APPLAUSE and the FLASH of Weecho's camera as Alexey goes over and shakes hands with Yoon.

YOON

That was very kind of you Mr. Alexey,  
but not necessary.

ALEXEY

We wouldn't have had an event without  
you. And Cover would have missed out  
on an elegant feature.

YOON

A successful evening for all, then.

ALEXEY

A win-win.

Weecho takes another shot as Senator Patrick Hugh Gatchel joins them and shakes Alexey's hand.

GATCHEL

Brevity and style. A sure combination,  
don't you think Mr. Yoon?

YOON

One can never have too much of  
either.

Gatchel takes two champagne glasses from a passing tray, hands one to Alexey and clinks it.

GATCHEL

I'm a longtime fan of your magazine.

ALEXEY

I hope we can count on the same from Mrs. Gatchel.

GATCHEL

She'd tell you herself if she were here.

ALEXEY

(to Yoon)

This is quite a vessel Mr. Yoon. I imagine you can sail it anywhere.

YOON

I prefer it to flying.

ALEXEY

Well, I'm glad you were in port when we called.

A YOUNG MAN, a Gatchel aide, comes up and takes the Senator aside, indicates a well-known FASHION MOGUL standing by with his wife.

GATCHEL

Will you excuse me? I'll just be a minute.

Alexy, looking past Gatchel, watches Weecho duck out a door with his camera and bag.

INT. YACHT PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Weecho is alone in the paneled corridor, checking out the stateroom doors. He stops at a door near the end, reads the shiny plaque that says LIBRARY.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(behind him)

It's open.

He turns and sees Nina Galleon's ghost, still disheveled and bloody from the crash.

NINA (CONT'D)

I'm glad it's working with Alex.

WEECHO

Alex is a little disappointed right now, you and Lynch and the smack.

NINA

Yeah, well, maybe I'll have a shot at redemption.

WEECHO

Like how?

NINA

Like put you on track to his Prize.  
(indicates door)  
Get in there, you don't have much time.

Weecho watches her FADE. Turns to the door. Hesitates, then pushes it open.

INT. YACHT LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

The room is lined with leather-bound books. Plush chairs face an antique desk that has a computer on it.

Angled in a corner is a conference table. Weecho starts over there - FREEZES at a RUSTLING SOUND behind him.

He turns slowly - lets out a breath.

On a perch in the opposite corner is the peregrine falcon he saw at Petoria.

WEECHO

From Shongut to Lynch to Yoon.

He raises his camera and, FLASH, takes the bird's picture.

He pulls the bugging-book Burke gave him out of his camera bag. He slides a chair over, stands on it to reach the top shelf of books, wedges the bugging-book between two others.

He checks over his shoulder to line up the concealed mini-cam lens with the conference table and desk.

He jumps down, picks up his camera and bag, gives a salute to the falcon on his way out the door.

WEECHO

Peace.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Weecho is heading back toward the party when one of the stateroom doors opens - and OUT STEPS EMER LYNCH.

Weecho whips around and heads the other way before Lynch can see his face.

Lynch calls to his back, his tone saying Freeze.

LYNCH

Excuse me...

Weecho walks quickly past the library to a door marked DINING ROOM, grabs for the handle.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Weecho darts past the empty dining table to a swing door. Pushes through just as Lynch comes in, Weecho hearing the FOOTSTEPS behind him.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

COOKS and WAITERS are too busy keeping the party fed to pay Weecho any mind. He slides by a chef at the stove, past choppers at the prep table, pushes through another swing door.

INT. GARBAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Weecho looks across the garbage pails to the OPEN DUMBWAITER. He jumps over to it and punches the UP button, sending the dumbwaiter up as a decoy.

He reaches into the dumbwaiter shaft, grabs one of the dangling cables, jumps in and slides down into the dark, his camera and bag around his neck.

INT. BILGE - CONTINUOUS

Weecho's feet hit the deck with a splash, ankle-deep in wet garbage. Just enough light coming down the shaft to see there's a watertight door in the bulkhead a few feet away.

He sloshes through the bilge water, can hear the sound of RAT CHATTER.

WEECHO

Easy guys, just passing through.

He finds the dogging wheel in the door's center, tries to open it, but the wheel won't turn. He wipes his slippery hands on his tux, tries again.

Slowly, grudgingly, the wheel starts to turn. Loosens up. He gives it a spin, opens the door.

He steps over some coaming into a dim, smoky gray light. Sees that he's in a narrow passageway, empty except for a set of steps that he climbs, slow and quiet.

He comes to another door, this one easier to open. Just a crack. He stands there and listens. Hears a WOMAN'S COUGH. Pushes the door open.

INT. BOAT HOLD - CONTINUOUS

The cavernous space is filled with hazy layers of SMOKE.

Weecho steps slowly into the smoke. Peers through the layers and sees women. BEAUTIFUL YOUNG ASIAN WOMEN.

The women are sitting or lying on bunk beds. Some are wearing short little night things, some are wearing nothing at all.

All are smoking OPIUM PIPES.

Weecho raises his camera and STARTS SHOOTING.

EXT. ALEXEY'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

The long black car is exiting the Metropolitan Yacht Harbor, Yoon's yacht still lit up in the background.

WEECHO (V.O.)

A couple had runway potential...

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Weecho is in the back, holding his camera's LCD screen up so Alexey and Commissioner Burke can see it.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

... but I'm not sure they'd clear customs.

On the screen are the SHOTS he took of the opium women.

ALEXEY

Maybe you should have put the bug-book there.

WEECHO

I can always go back.

Burke starts to say something, Weecho raises his hand.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

Just kidding.

INT. BLUE-COLLAR BAR - NIGHT

The BARTENDER draws a beer from the tap, takes it to the end of the bar where poacher Teddy Shongut is sitting by himself, reading a magazine.

The bartender sets the beer down for Shongut, taps his knuckles on the bar, an on-the-house gesture. Shongut nods, takes a swig, goes back to the magazine.

CLOSE ON MAGAZINE - the issue of Cover with Nina Galleon on the front. Shongut turns a page in the Nina layout.

He takes another swig, wipes his nose, stares at himself in the back-bar mirror.

EXT. YOON'S YACHT - DAY

The long gleaming boat is still tied up at the Metropolitan Yacht Harbor pier, CREW on the upper and lower decks swabbing and polishing in the early sunlight.

YOON (V.O.)  
Senator, good morning...

INT. YACHT LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Senator Patrick Hugh Gatchel, in casual clothes, enters the book-lined room. The diminutive Yoon gets up from the conference table.

YOON (CONT'D)  
You slept well?

GATCHEL  
Very well, thank you.

YOON  
I believe we had a successful evening.

GATCHEL  
Thanks to your hospitality.

Yoon gestures him past the peregrine falcon preening on its perch. He indicates the one other person seated at the table.

YOON  
Senator Gatchel, may I introduce Mr. Emer Lynch.

Lynch smiles and extends his hand.

LYNCH  
An honor, Senator. Excuse me for not standing.

Gatchel goes to shake the hand - and jumps back. Coiled in Lynch's lap is a LARGE SNAKE.

LYNCH (CONT'D)  
Not to worry, he's resting.

CLOSE ON BOOKSHELF - The LENS embedded in the spine of the book Weecho placed on the shelf is taking it all in.

INT. ALEXEY'S COVER MAGAZINE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Alexey, Commissioner Burke and Weecho are seated at the office's layout space, watching a WIDE SCREEN MONITOR that shows the conversation in Yoon's yacht library.

LYNCH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This is an Iranian sand viper...

INT. YACHT LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Lynch strokes the serpent's triangular head.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

... fairly rare, very appropriate  
for what we'd like to discuss.  
Please - have a seat.

Gatchel gives him a wary stare, reluctantly sits. A WHITE-COATED STEWARD pours coffee and leaves.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

Now I hope I can speak frankly here,  
because it's possible that together  
we can do something very worthwhile  
for ourselves and for our country.

Yoon takes his seat at the head of the table.

YOON

Mr. Lynch refers to your Defense  
Appropriation Committee's  
buy-back of armament from our  
allies in the Middle East.

LYNCH

And former allies.

He smiles again at Gatchel, keeps stroking the snake.

YOON

We have an opportunity to purchase  
a supply of explosive devices and  
shoulder missiles shipped there by  
our Russian friends.

LYNCH

A large supply. We'd like to arrange a transaction quickly to keep them out of adversary hands.

GATCHEL

That's very honorable of you.

He stares at Lynch, turns to Yoon.

GATCHEL (CONT'D)

Mr. Yoon, let me be frank. Your campaign help has been of enormous benefit to me.

YOON

It has been my pleasure.

GATCHEL

But that help has been more than repaid. I'm afraid my upcoming agenda is going to make me less accessible.

He pushes up from the table.

GATCHEL (CONT'D)

Which isn't to say that I will be unaccessible.

YOON

Meaning?

GATCHEL

Perhaps it is time to rethink the structure of our arrangement.

The two men study each other.

YOON

Allow me to give it consideration.

GATCHEL

Absolutely. I thank you again for your generous hospitality.

He shakes Yoon's hand, nods to Lynch...

GATCHEL (CONT'D)

Mr. Lynch...

... and goes to the door.

INT. ALEXEY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Weecho glances at Alexey and Burke who keep watching the wide screen.

WEECHO

They're talking grease.

ALEXEY

Watch. This is a replay.

ONSCREEN, Yoon waits for the sound of Gatchel shutting the door before he speaks to Lynch.

YOON

It will play in his stateroom?

LYNCH

He'll see it soon as he walks in.

YOON

Well then perhaps we should be there.

They both get up from the table, Lynch with the snake still in his arms, and walk OUT OF THE FRAME.

Weecho turns to Alexey and Burke.

WEECHO

What's he supposed to see in his stateroom?

BURKE

Wouldn't we love to know.

EXT. PETORIA BUILDING - DAY

Lynch's SUV pulls up in front of the Petoria store and Lynch gets out with his cell phone.

LYNCH

(into phone)

... gotta do what you gotta do.  
We'll see you out there.

He clicks off, shaking his head, and goes inside.

INT. PETORIA STORE AND STORAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Lynch walks through the door to the storage area, yells across the floor to Victor Crotty.

LYNCH

Soto called, wants to drop his shit  
way the hell down off Cape Gale.

CROTTY

We'll be out all night.

Lynch crosses the floor, heading for his office.

Juna is stocking shelves nearby. She follows Lynch to the office, stands in the doorway, the Rottweiler guard dog nuzzling her.

Lynch doesn't know that Juna is there. His back is turned to her as he bends to a SAFE on the floor by his desk.

Juna squints toward Lynch's hand going to the safe's KEYPAD.

CLOSE ON KEYPAD - Lynch's hand TAPS OUT the safe's four-digit combination.

Juna watches Lynch swing the safe door open, sees stacks of BANDED PACKETS OF HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILLS, fifty or sixty packets in all, \$10,000 printed on each band.

Also in there is the LAPTOP from the crash, which Lynch slides out. He pats his shirt pocket, takes out a DVD, tosses it in with the packets of money and swings the door shut.

He stands with the laptop, turns and sees Juna in the doorway.

LYNCH

What do you want?

JUNA

I'm about to head home. There  
anything else you need me for?

He looks at her, not appreciating being taken by surprise.

LYNCH

You done all the feeding?

JUNA

And cleaned all the cages. I'm  
just putting away some stuff.

LYNCH

How long you been standing there?

JUNA

Couple seconds. Why?

He keeps watching her. Juna remains expressionless. Finally  
Lynch nods.

LYNCH

Make sure the front's locked when  
you go.

EXT. PETORIA BUILDING - HALF-HOUR LATER

Juna steps out the pet store front door, locks it with a key.

She hears the ROAR of a powerful engine, steps away from the  
building and looks toward the canal in back.

The Donzi fastboat comes into view, Lynch at the wheel, Crotty  
beside him.

Juna steps into the shadow of the building, watches Lynch steer  
the boat down the canal.

When the boat heads off across the bay, Juna goes back to the  
door, unlocks it and steps inside.

INT. WEECHO'S STUDIO LOFT - NIGHT

Weecho is at his workbench, cropping a photograph on the wide-  
screen monitor.

Behind him, across the loft, the freight elevator CLUNKS to a stop. He turns around, sees Juna step off.

WEECHO

Hi. Why so late?

Juna crosses the loft, reaching into the pouch of her hoodie, taking out two bricks of hundred-dollar bills. She tosses one onto the workbench, the band on it marked \$10,000.

JUNA

You can buy a new mattress.

WEECHO

Where the hell'd you get that?

JUNA

Lynch's safe.

WEECHO

Are you serious? (beat) How?

JUNA

I peeked.

She digs back into her pouch, takes out the DVD that Lynch put in the safe.

JUNA (CONT'D)

This was there, too. You might wanna check it. I can put it back out there tonight. He won't know.

WEECHO

And he won't miss twenty grand?

JUNA

I was hoping you wouldn't say that.

Weecho picks up the DVD.

WEECHO

Was the laptop there?

JUNA

He took it with him on the boat.

Weecho slips the DVD into the computer. Clicks PLAY. The screen fuzzes, then a shadowy room comes into focus. A smoke-filled room he's seen before.

The OPIUM HAREM on Yoon's Yacht.

The young Asian women are all there, same scanty outfits, lounging around with their pipes. Two of them are making themselves extra alluring for their NAKED GUEST OF HONOR.

JUNA

Who's he?

WEECHO

A United States Senator.

CLOSE ON the two women getting into a series of randy contortions with Senator Patrick Hugh Gatchel.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

No way this goes back out there.  
Or you, either.

He picks up his cell and speed dials a number.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hi, it's Weecho. Remember you were wondering what Gatchel was supposed to see in his stateroom on the boat?

EXT. SOUTH NECK BAY - DAY

A HELICOPTER BOOMS over the marshy flats, wildfowl beating out of its path, city skyline dropping back in the distance.

On a remote sand dune overlooking the bay, Alex Alexey and Weecho watch the helicopter approach. Alexey speaks into his cell.

ALEXEY

You're headed right for us. That's us on the dune.

He pockets the phone. Weecho lifts his voice over the sound of the incoming ROTORS.

WEECHO

This is gonna be interesting.

ALEXEY

Just remember your lines.

They step down off the dune as the helicopter touches down on the deserted beach.

The copter door opens and a MAN IN SUNGLASSES hops out, holds the door for Senator Patrick Hugh Gatchel.

The two duck under the rotor blades, making their way over to Alexey and Weecho.

ALEXEY

Senator...

(gestures toward beach)

The remoteness is for both our benefits, these days of cameras where we least want them.

(gestures toward Weecho)

This is my colleague, Mr. Marti.

Gatchel gives Weecho an uncertain nod.

GATCHEL

Would you mind if I satisfied myself we'll be talking in private?

ALEXEY

Be our guest.

He and Weecho raise their arms while Sunglasses pats them down. Sunglasses nods okay to Gatchel and steps back out of hearing.

GATCHEL

I take it you don't have that DVD with you.

ALEXEY

It's in safe keeping.

GATCHEL

The man who originally had it assures me he'll have it back within twenty-four hours.

Weecho speaks up.

WEECHO

With due respect, Senator, that man  
is blowing smoke up your pants.

GATCHEL

That man may have more reach than  
you realize, mister.

He's obviously ticked. Alexey steps in to play good cop.

ALEXEY

You'll have to excuse Mr. Marti,  
Senator. That man tried to kill him.

GATCHEL

It's not every day a U.S. Senator  
gets blackmailed. Twice.

WEECHO

It's not every day a Senator turns  
up in that man's pocket.

ALEXEY

Okay, calm down.

(to Gatchel)

Why don't we take a walk, Senator.  
You can tell me what I might be  
missing here and see if we can work  
something out.

Gatchel keeps his glare on Weecho - then turns and starts  
walking along the beach with Alexey.

GATCHEL

It's no secret I may consider running  
for higher office. A key platform  
issue would naturally be national  
security...

TIME CUT:

Gatchel and Alexey are walking and talking, Weecho and  
Sunglasses following at a distance.

GATCHEL

... He feeds us the names we want,  
we let him do his thing - within  
reason. He can be as big as we're  
willing to let him. (beat) This unit  
you're involved with...

A sideways look from Alexey.

GATCHEL (CONT'D)

I did some homework, made some calls.  
I understand Tel Aviv is involved.

ALEXEY

Is that a problem? For this person  
you're willing to let be so big?

GATCHEL

He's a player, Mr. Alexey. If he  
wants to be the player, why not?  
He'll be into the people we can't  
get near. Anybody new coming in,  
we're on them.

ALEXEY

The way my colleagues and I see it,  
you have a big choice to make here.  
You can either...

He's cut off by the RING of Gatchel's cell. The Senator raises  
his hand, takes the call.

GATCHEL

(into phone)

Yes? (pause) He's right here.

He turns around and holds the phone out to Weecho.

GATCHEL (CONT'D)

It's for you.

Weecho stops in his tracks. Me? He steps tentatively forward  
and takes the phone.

WEECHO

(into phone)

Hello?

NON-SPECIFIC LOCATION - CONTINUOUS

Emer Lynch has a cell in one hand...

LYNCH

(into phone)

Hello, my friend. There's someone  
here you should talk to.

... the other hand pointing a GUN at Juna's head. He holds the  
phone so Juna can talk.

JUNA

Weecho, I blew it. There was a GPS  
chip in with the money. I didn't...

Lynch yanks the phone back to his ear.

LYNCH

You there?

INTERCUT LYNCH/WEECHO:

WEECHO

Don't hurt her. We'll get you the  
DVD back.

LYNCH

Her eyes got too big. She cleaned  
out my safe.

WEECHO

What are you talking about?

LYNCH

Half a mil. But not to worry, I got  
it back. She'd packed it all into a  
duffle bag, ready to hit the road.

WEECHO

Shit.

LYNCH

The sooner you get me that DVD back,  
the sooner you get her back.

WEECHO

Where can I call you?

LYNCH

I'll find you. You've seen my work,  
you know what'll happen if this  
doesn't come off.

A sharp jab with the gun, a YELP from Juna, and he clicks off  
the phone.

WEECHO

Lynch? Lynch...

He looks at the phone, looks at Gatchel and Alexey.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

He's got Juna.

GATCHEL

So he wasn't blowing smoke.

Weecho stares. Glares.

GATCHEL (CONT'D)

I have a suggestion.

WEECHO

What?

GATCHEL

Give him what he wants. And don't even  
think about making a copy.

He holds Weecho's stare - then takes the phone back, turns and  
heads back to the helicopter.

EXT. DUNE ROAD - MINUTES LATER

Weecho and Alexey come over the dunes and walk to a four-door  
JEEP parked on the dirt road.

WEECHO

Do we make a copy? I can...

ALEXEY

Just get in.

Gatchel's helicopter lifts off behind them as they open the Jeep's rear doors and climb in.

INT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Alexey and Weecho slide into their seats, Alexey speaking to the DRIVER in front.

ALEXEY

Head for the city, I'll let you know where.

He turns to Weecho as the Jeep starts moving.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

So what aren't you telling me?

WEECHO

You know as much as I do.

ALEXEY

No I don't. How did it happen?

Weecho stares out the window.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

Weecho, this is a fiasco. That jerk could be President. Speak to me.

WEECHO

She said Lynch GPS'd her.

ALEXEY

And how did he do that? (beat)  
Weecho...

Weecho stays turned to the window. Alexey takes out his cell and speed dials a number.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Vince, it's Alex. Give me a call soon as you... Oh, good, you're there. Listen, we've got a problem...

Weecho stares out at the passing dunes as Alexey talks to Commissioner Burke. Suddenly Weecho sits up, catching a GLIMPSE of something out there. He taps the driver on the shoulder.

WEECHO

Stop here a minute, I gotta pee.

EXT. DUNE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Jeep comes to a stop and Weecho gets out, Alexey still on the phone. Weecho walks around behind a bramble bush, out of the Jeep's sight, and unzips his fly.

WEECHO

You there?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I'm here.

WEECHO

You hear what happened?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Your girl got greedy.

WEECHO

She wasn't supposed to go back out there.

Standing beside the brambles is Nina Galleon's bloody and disheveled ghost.

NINA

You're the default guy for ladies who blow it.

WEECHO

How do I get to her?

NINA

You're out of your element.

WEECHO

Like, no shit.

NINA

You want to do this, you need to  
get into his.

WEECHO

How do I do that?

EXT. BOLD CHANNEL WATERFRONT - DAY

Weecho crosses a plank walkway to a bungalow on stilts, city  
skyline across the bay.

He KNOCKS on the door, waits, is about to knock again when the  
door opens and the weathered face of poacher Teddy Shongut  
peers out.

SHONGUT

Yeah?

WEECHO

Remember me? I was there when Lynch  
pulled that shit with the snakes.

SHONGUT

What about it?

WEECHO

I was told you could help me.

SHONGUT

Help with what?

WEECHO

I got some issues. I was told you  
knew Nina Galleon.

SHONGUT

Yeah, I knew her.

WEECHO

Good.

SHONGUT

She was my daughter.

EXT. SOUTH NECK BAY - DAY

Shongut is at the wheel of his old fishing skiff, Weecho standing beside him, the boat plowing across the bay.

SHONGUT

... I crewed on her mother's trawler, back when. Nina kept her mother's name, part of it. Gallioni. Marge Gallioni. She checked out a few years back. They found her boat burning off the Hook one morning. She floated up couple days later, shot.

WEECHO

This is unreal.

SHONGUT

Not if you live out here it ain't.

WEECHO

I'm sorry for your loss. Losses.

SHONGUT

Thank you. Tell me again, this thing with your friend and Lynch.

TIME CUT:

Shongut is steering a slow course past some deserted marshy islands.

SHONGUT

... So she thought she had a shot at that cash, and he was onto her.

WEECHO

Basically.

SHONGUT

He's not gonna let you walk outta this, he can help it. Or her, either.

WEECHO

Where would he have taken her?

SHONGUT

Most likely his boat. He stays on it sometimes. There's a cabin forward, under the deck.

WEECHO

So they could be anywhere.

SHONGUT

You make him come to you, you got some control over the exchange. I got his cell number you think of a way.

The skiff continues on, jagged silhouette of the city off in the distance.

WEECHO

Nina ever come out on this boat?

SHONGUT

Her and me used to fish on it, she was younger. She did some bird-snatching herself back then. Hawks and stuff. I showed her how.

WEECHO

World-class model and poacher.

SHONGUT

Lynch was a customer. Me mostly, but for Nina, too. He had big ideas even back then. (beat) He ruined my little girl.

Weecho stays silent a moment - then goes forward and sits on the fish box, takes out his cell and makes a call.

EXT. BOLD CHANNEL MARINA - DAY

The skiff is pulled up to a deserted pier, Shongut steadying the boat against the pilings while Alex Alexey passes a PORTABLE DVD PLAYER down to Weecho.

ALEXEY

The battery and spare are both charged.

WEECHO

It's like her and him were gonna  
come to this from the get-go.

ALEXEY

Just get her and get out.

He passes Weecho the hot DVD...

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

That's the only copy if anyone asks.

... and a canvas gym bag.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

There are sandwiches and sodas. And  
a pistol like the one you used at  
the range, with two extra clips.

WEECHO

No trace number.

ALEXEY

You're on your own. It's all off the  
radar. Good luck.

Shongut starts the big outboard and swings the skiff around.  
Weecho and Alexey exchange waves as Shongut points for the  
channel back out.

EXT. SOUTH NECK BAY - NIGHT

Out on the open water, city lights glinting in the distance,  
the skiff can just be seen drifting.

WEECHO (V.O.)

... only way is create a standoff  
that works for both of us. You have  
to see you're getting the DVD, I  
have to see Juna's okay.

EXT. SKIFF - CONTINUOUS

Standing in the bow, Weecho is talking on his cell.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

We each bring one other person for cover, no more.

He glances at Shongut in the anchor light's glow.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

That's why that place works. We both can see if there's anybody else.

(listens, nods)

I'll see you then.

He clicks off the phone, stares at it - then FLINGS IT OVERBOARD.

SHONGUT

What're you doin'?

WEECHO

So he can't GPS us.

SHONGUT

What'd your friend sound like?

WEECHO

Not great. I think he's got her on something.

He gazes out across the dark water. Shongut reaches down next to the portable DVD player, unzips the gym bag Alexey brought.

SHONGUT

We should eat.

WEECHO

Help yourself.

Shongut pokes around in the bag, pulls out the pistol Alexey put there, holds it out to Weecho.

SHONGUT

Here...

Weecho looks at the gun, an automatic.

SHONGUT (CONT'D)

Don't be shy about using it.

EXT. SOUTH NECK BAY - PRE-DAWN

The skiff is still at its dark anchorage, Weecho bent over the sleeping Shongut, shaking his shoulder.

WEECHO

Teddy... Hey...

Shongut stirs, opens his eyes.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

It's time.

Shongut blinks himself awake, gets to his feet, goes over to start the big outboard. Weecho pulls up the anchor.

EXT. SOUTH NECK BAY - MINUTES LATER

The skiff is moving across the bay, eastern sky turning pale.

Shongut steers toward a moving ribbon of light, a TRAIN on an early run across the marshes.

He steers between the red and green channel lights marking a murky pass-through under the train TRESTLE.

Emerging on the trestle's other side, Shongut steers for TWO DESERTED ISLANDS. He glances at Weecho.

SHONGUT

He's gonna know it's me with you. He knows this boat.

WEECHO

I told him I was bringing cover.

SHONGUT

Yeah, but not me.

WEECHO

Okay, slow down.

Shongut throttles back, the skiff coasting.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

Look, I hear you, this is the guy  
killed your daughter.

SHONGUT

Exactly.

WEECHO

I need you on this, Teddy. We gotta  
chill and hope he does, too.

Shongut keeps his gaze on the islands.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

We'll have our getback. Just keep  
me covered.

Shongut finally nods. He nudges the throttle, the skiff pushes  
on, closing on the low islands.

He navigates the channel that weaves between the islands.  
Weecho squints through the half-light, at the two reedy  
shorelines.

WEECHO

I didn't think we'd be this open  
going in.

Shongut lets go the wheel and pulls a LEVER-ACTION RIFLE from  
under the gunwale. He works the lever, pops out a loaded shell,  
grabs it out of the air and slips it back into the chamber.

He steers one-handed around a bend and both men spot something.

Up a narrow side channel, the hull of a SPEEDBOAT is just  
visible through a hole in the reeds.

SHONGUT

They're here.

He steers the skiff toward the shore, goosing it into the  
reeds, the boat's nose scraping on the gravel.

He hops out, rifle in hand, grabs the bowline and pulls the  
skiff ashore.

Weecho checks his pistol, tucks it in at the small of his back. He picks up the portable DVD player, steps ashore, follows Shongut through the reeds.

They come to a flat MEADOW in the middle of the island. Shongut nestles down on his stomach, points his rifle across the open field.

Weecho kneels with the DVD player, calls across to the other side.

WEECHO

You there, Lynch?

Silence. He starts to call again.

LYNCH (O.S.)

We're here. Who's that with you?

WEECHO

Just one, like we agreed.

LYNCH (O.S.)

How you doing, Teddy?

Shongut stays silent, peers toward the voice.

WEECHO

I want to see Juna.

LYNCH (O.S.)

Show me what you've got.

Weecho stands up with the DVD player.

WEECHO

It's in here. I'll come half way.  
You start, too.

Across the meadow, Lynch stands up, pulls Juna up to his side. There's a scarf tied around her mouth, another one over her eyes.

On the ground next to Lynch, Victor Crotty has a rifle pointed at Weecho.

Shongut has his rifle pointed at Lynch - the STANDOFF. He mutters to Weecho.

SHONGUT

He's gotta be wearin a flack vest.

INTERCUT WEECHO/SHONGUT/LYNCH/CROTTY:

Weecho steps into the meadow, holding the DVD player in front of him, eyes on Lynch and Juna.

WEECHO

We get close enough, I'll turn this on.

LYNCH

Turn it on now.

Lynch has one arm around Juna, propping her up, Juna not moving well.

Weecho clicks the DVD player on, the screen coming to life with Gatchel in the opium harem.

Lynch peers toward the screen. Juna stumbles, Lynch jerks her up.

Weecho's eyes flare.

WEECHO

Easy!

He brings the DVD player further into the meadow, stops near the middle.

WEECHO (CONT'D)

Okay, this is where I leave it. Let her come to me.

He sets the DVD player down in the grass.

Lynch, still with his arm around Juna, squints toward the screen in the hazy pre-dawn.

ONSCREEN, Gatchel and the opium women are a jittery glow.

Lynch takes his arm away from Juna, nudging her forward. Gagged and blindfolded, she takes an unsteady step.

WEECHO

Juna, I'm over here. Keep walking to my voice.

(to Lynch)

Can't you let her see?

On the ground behind him, Shongut peers over his rifle.

SHONGUT

Somethin's not right.

Juna is halfway between Lynch and Weecho, fifty or so feet from Weecho's extended hand.

Crotty, on the ground behind Lynch, has something in his hand besides the rifle - a small device with a BLINKING RED LIGHT.

SHONGUT

Shit...

He swings his rifle. BAM!

Juna goes down, one of her thighs spurting blood.

Weecho spins to Shongut.

WEECHO

The hell you doing!

SHONGUT

Down! Get down!

Juna is face down in the grass, a DYNAMITE BOMB with a BLINKING RED LIGHT strapped to her back.

Lynch grabs the DVD player and runs back toward Crotty.

LYNCH

Hit it!

Crotty is up on his knees now, pointing the blinker at Juna.

Shongut takes aim. BAM!

The shot rips through Crotty's throat, killing him. The blinking DETONATOR flies off into the grass.

Lynch lunges toward the detonator.

Weecho, on his hands and knees, crawls as fast as he can toward Juna.

Shongut shoots again. BAM!

The shot kicks up dirt in Lynch's face as he dives for the detonator.

Weecho rips the bomb off Juna's back, swings it back to give it a heave.

Lynch presses the detonator.

Ka-WHOOM!

A geyser of dirt and seashells erupts at the edge of the meadow.

Weecho falls on top of Juna, shielding her from falling debris.

Shongut ducks the fallout, raises his rifle and fires. BAM!  
BAM!

Lynch zig-zags away from the shots, plowing through the reeds with the DVD player, clambering aboard his Donzi.

Weecho turns Juna onto her back, presses a hand to the fountaining WOUND in her thigh.

Shongut runs up and drops to his knees. He opens a pocket knife and slits the knots of the scarves around Juna's eyes and mouth.

SHONGUT

I was hoping I'd just wing her. He  
was gonna take us all out.

Weecho bends close to Juna.

WEECHO

I know you're hurting. Hang in.

JUNA

Leg... What hap...

Her voice is slurry, eyes glassy.

WEECHO

Take it easy, we'll get you fixed up.

Shongut ties the scarves together and binds them around the wound.

SHONGUT

We'll get her into the boat, call ahead to be met.

WEECHO

I tossed my phone. Where's yours?

SHONGUT

In the boat.

Suddenly, from the channel at their backs, there's the CHATTERING of an AUTOMATIC WEAPON, dirt spouts kicking up around them. They whip around, hitting the ground.

Lynch is shooting from the moving Donzi, muzzle flashes coming from an UZI he sweeps along the top of the reeds.

Weecho and Shongut fire back, pistol and rifle clipping off reed tops as Lynch ducks out of sight.

Lynch swings the Donzi past the stern of the skiff, firing a burst at the outboard. The fuel tank bursts into FLAMES.

WEECHO

There goes that.

Weecho and Shongut scramble to their feet, aiming past the flames at the Donzi, BAM! BAM!

Waterspouts chase the fastboat around a bend where it disappears with Lynch.

Weecho turns back to the wounded Juna.

WEECHO

We gotta get her out.

He glances at the blazing skiff, the hull now one big billowing flame. He glances down the channel to where the Donzi disappeared, glances across the meadow.

Standing on the other side is NINA GALLEON'S GHOST (unseen by Shongut).

Weecho stares at Nina - then bends down to the half-conscious Juna.

WEECHO

Juna, Teddy's gonna stay with you  
till I get back.

JUNA

Cold...

WEECHO

Here...

He pulls off his jacket and drapes it over her. Then he turns and takes off across the meadow, opposite the direction Lynch took.

SHONGUT

Where you going?

WEECHO

To get us out.

He runs past Crotty's corpse, runs to Nina, still bloody and disheveled.

NINA

Keep going.

WEECHO

Where?

NINA

The tracks.

Weecho slows down, looks around.

NINA (CONT'D)

Go!

Then Weecho gets it, takes off again, bushwhacking through the reeds and cattails.

EXT. CHANNEL/DONZI - CONTINUOUS

Lynch peers out over the Donzi's dash, steering along the route Weecho and Shongut took coming in.

EXT. MARSH - CONTINUOUS

Weecho scrambles up an embankment, starts jogging down the TRAIN TRACKS that run along the top - tracks that stretch from island to island across the deserted marsh.

He follows the dull glint of the rails, coming to the trestle that runs over the water. Suddenly, there's a RUMBLING at his back. He looks over his shoulder, sees a TRAIN coming.

EXT. BAY - CONTINUOUS

The Donzi leaves the channel, Lynch steering in a circle back toward the trestle, watching a train slip across the marsh.

EXT. TRESTLE - CONTINUOUS

Weecho swings himself under the trestle, wedging against a beam that shudders with the train's approach.

Now the train THUNDERS overhead, rocking the trestle.

Underneath, Weecho hangs on, tucking himself between two beams. He gropes for his gun, aims it at the approaching Donzi.

EXT. DONZI - CONTINUOUS

Lynch slows the boat, pointing it between the green and red channel lights marking the pass-through under the trestle.

He glances up at the dark beams closing over the boat. From out of their murk a VOICE CALLS DOWN, shouting over the exiting train.

WEECHO

Pull it up, Lynch!

Lynch stares...

LYNCH

How the...

... and grabs for the Uzi.

WEECHO

Don't do it, man.

Lynch swings the Uzi up at the beams and, BRA-A-A-A-A, triggers a burst.

MUZZLE FLASHES spit back from the shadow up there, shots thumping into the cockpit. A fury of shots whips back and forth, BOOMING in the cave-like pass-through.

Then SILENCE.

Lynch stays crouched behind the dash, peers up into the beams.

LYNCH

Your asshole trigger-man blew it.  
That bomb was for backup, if you  
brought more company.

He's trying to draw a response, see where Weecho is.

INTERCUT LYNCH/WEECHO:

Up in the rafters, Weecho is squinting down between the beams.

WEECHO

Whatta you think's packed in that  
DVD player?

Lynch glances over to where the DVD player is sitting on the Donzi's dash.

LYNCH

You're fulla shit.

He looks back up, spots the shadow moving and blasts away. The shadow fires back, another violent exchange.

Then the shadow is no longer shooting. Lynch lets up on the Uzi, squints up into the trestle.

Slowly, hanging for a second, the shadow drops from the beams, hitting the water with a HEAVY SPLASH.

Lynch peers through the dim light. The ripples settle and he waits for the body to surface. He nudges the Donzi forward, Uzi pointed at where the shadow went in.

He's about to turn the Donzi around when something over by a piling bobs to the surface.

He eases the Donzi over there, to the face-down body of a man.

He jerks the Uzi's bolt to clear it, peers over the gunwale at the floating back.

Suddenly the back spins over, GUN FLASHING in Weecho's hand.

BAM!

The shot blows out one of Lynch's eyes, blood gushing from the socket.

Weecho makes a tired grab for the Donzi's rail. His hand slides off and he grabs again. The boat spins slowly, Lynch's body draped over the side...

In the Donzi cockpit, under the dash with the DVD player on it, a narrow COMPANIONWAY is open to the below-deck cabin.

Just inside the cabin, on a chart table, sits the elusive LAPTOP, a smear of Nina Galleon's blood still on the cover.

ALEX ALEXEY (V.O.)

In the absence of the enterprising  
Mr. Lynch...

EXT. COVERCOM HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The imposing mid-town edifice is in keeping with the high-stakes session going on inside.

ALEXEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... it would appear there's a gap to  
fill....

INT. ALEXEY'S OFFICE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Alexey is sitting at a round conference table.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

... A chance to put someone on the inside to track the opium and arms swaps, and to track who the Network is running in here.

Across from Alexey, Deputy Commissioner Burke speaks to the other MEN at the table.

BURKE

In essence, a double-agent, because we'll also be feeding out misinformation.

ALEXEY

Someone who knows the local end here...

He turns to the diminutive Asian gentleman seated at his side.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

Someone who Mr. Yoon, who has offered his services, can connect with the Network.

Mr. Ming Jay Yoon bows his head.

Alexey indicates the familiar LAPTOP sitting in the middle of the table, its screen aglow with data.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

Commissioner Burke's people hacked into the Network, so we'll have a direct channel from here on.

He gives a nod to Burke, who looks at Yoon.

BURKE

They've also transferred funds from Mr. Yoon's accounts to Cover Magazine's holding company. A significant investment I'm pleased to say, which we'll draw on for operations.

Yoon's expression says it all, he had no choice. He keeps his mouth shut, nods grudgingly.

Alexey looks over at one of the other men seated at the table.

ALEXEY

There's a rumor, Senator Gatchel, that you're up for a State Department post. A very senior post, I'm told. I'm sure you can appreciate what a resource our unit here would be.

GATCHEL

I can. Are we talking Mr. Marti going double?

Across from Gatchel, seated next to Commissioner Burke, Weecho is looking sharp in a trim business suit.

BURKE

Mr. Marti has other talents we'll be using in the field. As we've seen, his camera can take him anywhere.

GATCHEL

Who then? This city will always be a Network magnet.

Burke turns to Weecho.

BURKE

This is probably a good time.

Weecho gets to his feet, goes over to the suite's twin doors and steps outside.

INT. VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

Outside the doors, Weecho looks over to a pretty young woman standing on crutches. She's laughing at something the craggy-faced man she's standing with said.

WEECHO

Guys?

Juna, trim and together in a business suit, turns with a smile from Teddy Shongut, who is likewise suited up for the occasion.

Shongut takes Juna's crutches and offers his arm, and together they come over. Juna, limping a little, wearing just the right touch of makeup, has traded her swamp-girl look.

Weecho motions them through the tall doors.

INT. WEECHO'S STUDIO LOFT - NIGHT

Weecho is in the galley kitchen feeding his cat, Wanda. He sets the bowl down on the floor.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

So Alex got his Prize.

WEECHO

Yoon was good for nine figures, I'm told.

He turns around to Nina Galleon, whose FACE IS NOW FLAWLESS, her dress from the crash IMMACULATE. She's once again the BEAUTIFUL MODEL she was in real life.

NINA

And what did you get?

WEECHO

Alex put the money from Lynch's safe into accounts for Juna and me. Plus we're on the Magazine payroll. Your father, too.

Nina looks around the loft.

NINA

Where's she keep her stuff?

WEECHO

Now that she can afford it, she took a place of her own. Besides, I'm going to Israel, some training.

NINA

Well then, I guess that's a wrap.

WEECHO

I gonna see you again?

NINA

I'm history. You did your thing  
with Lynch and I thank you.

They hold each other's eyes - then Weecho's cell RINGS.

NINA (CONT'D)

Take it. Good luck.

She turns and walks across the loft in perfect model fashion,  
heading for the freight elevator.

Weecho watches her FADE on the way.

The phone RINGS again. Weecho steps over to the workbench and  
picks up.

WEECHO

Yeah?

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

The tattooed Grunge Band Guitarist who Weecho was talking to  
before the opening crash is standing by the sound-mixing board,  
speaking on his cell.

GUITARIST

Where the hell you been, man?

INTERCUT GUITARIST/WEECHO:

WEECHO

I was just gonna call you.

GUITARIST

Yeah, right.

WEECHO

Seriously. I got a gig with Cover,  
the chick magazine. They're doing a  
big punk fashion spread, wanna  
feature you guys, down 'n dirty.

GUITARIST

Are you shittin me?

WEECHO

Hey, sometimes life works out.

He sits down, puts his feet up, and for the moment is back in biz.

FADE OUT.

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