BOOMERANG

Pilot

Written by

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TEASER / ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - PARKED - DAY (D1)

A hard-looking MAN in a dark suit sits in his car. An upscale hotel across the street. The man ducks as a POLICE CRUISER passes, then fishes under his seat and produces a pistol. He tucks the gun into his waistband and covers it, gets out of the car.

CHYRON: WASHINGTON, D.C.

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL - LOBBY ELEVATOR - DAY

The man steps into the hotel elevator, repeatedly taps the button to shut the doors.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
Hold the door, please! Thank you so much. Come on, Felix.

To the man's irritation, a WOMAN in her 50s makes it into the elevator with a small, yappy DOG. As the woman selects her floor, the dog barks at the man.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN (CONT'D)
(to dog)
Hey! You're not at home, understand? This is a nice man. You're going to ruin it for everyone, and they won't allow dogs in this hotel anymore. Is that what you want?
(to man)
You a dog person?

The man shrugs, damned if he'll be drawn into this.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN (CONT'D)
My sister-in-law brought a cat once, not here but to another hotel, ended up chasing it around the lobby. What a palaver.

The elevator stops, the man quickly exits. The woman ushers her dog out.

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The man is at the door to his room, swipes his key card.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
Nice chatting with you.

The man ignores her and enters his room. But instead of walking on, the woman catches the door before it closes -

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The man tosses his sportscoat over a chair, HEARS something and turns.

The woman is behind him, leveling a pistol with a silencer. As the man scrambles to pull his own gun, the woman fires three shots, two to the chest and one to the head. He's dead before he hits the carpet.

Now: a closer look at this woman, whose real name is MARGIE HAMILTON. Mid-50s, Francis McDormand type. She's not the fussy lady she was pretending to be - though she does, at times, have a mothering quality. She gingerly steps around the man's body and sets her dog on the bed.

MARGIE
(firmly)
Stay.

She opens the hotel room door, hangs a "DO NOT DISTURB" sign. HOLD on the sign -

SLAM TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE: big yellow BLOCK LETTERS that scream into frame, something out of a 70s spy thriller -

INT. NORBERT'S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

SAM HAMILTON (late 20s) is in the passenger seat, gazing out the window. Given to self reflection. Partial to deadpan delivery. Wears jeans, a crisp white button-down under a leather jacket, and boots.

NORBERT RILEY drives (same age). Old high school buddy of Sam's, T-shirt and hoodie, slightly crazy hair.

SAM
Thanks for picking me up, Norbs. You're a man among men.

NORBERT
Couldn't believe it when you called, thought someone was playing a joke. You're crashing at your parents' place?

CONTINUED:

SAM
For now.

NORBERT
For now, sure. That's cool.

SAM
It's not cool. I just don't have a lot of options.

NORBERT
Dwight's back with his parents. Lisa Campbell never left. I'm saying in this economy, it's not unusual...
(then)
Guatemala didn't work out?

SAM
Guatemala was fantastic. Until it wasn't.

NORBERT
You were working as a...

SAM
Systems Consultant.

NORBERT
No matter how many times you explain what that is, I can't seem to retain...

SAM
I streamline business models.

NORBERT
(clueless)
Okay.

SAM
Rate companies for efficiency.

EXT. ROOFTOP - GUATEMALAN VILLAGE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Sam, looking spiffy and confidant in a linen suit with an open collar, steps out onto a rooftop overlooking a courtyard. Bougainvillea, hazy heat and the CALLS of tropical birds. Sam opens a suitcase and removes a <u>serious-looking rifle</u>. Attaches a scope.

CONTINUED:

SAM (V.O.)
Assess ergonomic workflow, identify productivity stoppages...

Sam sets the rifle on a tripod, takes aim at a target below.

SAM'S POV THROUGH SCOPE

A GUATEMALAN MAN with thinning hair emerges from a cafe surrounded by THUGS. The man's head in the cross-hairs of the rifle scope.

SAM (V.O.)
Guatemala is a good place to be a Consultant.

INT. NORBERT'S CAR - TRAVELING - RESUME SCENE

NORBERT
So why come home?

SAM
I had a difference of opinion with my employers. It was a judgment call. So I heard them out, then did what I thought was right.

NORBERT
How'd they react?

INT. SAM'S CAR IN GUATEMALA - TRAVELING - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Sam is bleeding, suit torn, SPEEDING at 90 mph through the streets of a small town and keeping his head down. GUNFIRE behind him as someone in pursuit sprays bullets from a machine gun, punching a DOZEN HOLES in the windshield. Panic in Sam's eyes -

SAM (V.O.)
We agreed to go our separate ways.

INT. NORBERT'S CAR - TRAVELING - RESUME SCENE

SAM
But like you said, it's a bitch finding a job in this economy. So I'm gonna work with my family for a few months, see how that goes.

NORBERT
Right.
(then)
What do they do, again?

CONTINUED:

SAM
Systems Consulting.

NORBERT
They do it too? You never told me that. Wow, that is a weird thing for a whole family to do. Explains how you got into it.

SAM
That's why I went off on my own, to get a little space. But here I am. Back in the family business.

PRELAP: KNOCK-KNOCK -

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Margie Hamilton peers out into the hotel hallway through the peephole, dressed in what looks like a lightweight hazmat suit, with booties and a shower cap. Answers the door.

BILL HAMILTON enters (50s), Bruce Willis type, a patriarch who takes his role seriously. Behind him is CARL HAMILTON (mid-30s), ex-jock, trimmed moustache, well-meaning but highly sensitive, a cocktail of machismo and insecurity. Both dressed as tourists in bright polo shirts and shorts. Carl is exasperated as he wheels a large suitcase over to where the dead man lies sprawled on the floor.

CARL
Twenty minutes to find parking.

MARGIE
I was wondering.

BILL
Know what they charge to valet? Forty-five bucks. A short visit or overnight, no difference.

The men produce hazmat suits like Margie's, pull them on over their tourist garb.

MARGIE
Can we walk to the car?

CARL
I'll bring it around.

Margie goes back to what she'd been doing: slowly passing a UV light over the room to expose blood spatter. The dog is antsy, yelps -

CONTINUED:

MARGIE
Felix, stay.

BILL
One, two -

Bill and Carl lift the corpse, transfer it to the empty suitcase. They adjust the body until it fits.

CARL
What time does Sam get in?

MARGIE
Wish I knew. He was supposed to call... I'm making chicken paillard tonight.

CARL
Paillard?

MARGIE
Two "L"s, paillard. With an avocado vinaigrette.

Margie sprays a blood stain with chemicals, dabs lightly with a cloth. Bill lifts the hotel phone with a gloved hand, dials the front desk.

BILL
This is Mr. Connell in room 416. I need to check out, but I'm running just a tad late. Would you mail me my bill? Thank you so much. No, I won't need help with my luggage.

Off the corpse-laden suitcase, as Carl zips it shut -

EXT. HAMILTON HOME - ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA - DAY

Sam hauls his bag from the trunk of Norbert's car. They're in a middle-class suburb outside of DC, with tree-lined streets, mid-century houses and generous yards.

NORBERT
Tommy Sowles is having a party tomorrow night.

SAM
You know I've got a busy social schedule here in Alexandria. I'll try to squeeze that in... You don't ever see Olive, do you?

CONTINUED:

NORBERT
Chatsworth?
(off Sam's confusion)
Her married name. But she's separated now.

Sam pauses. Casually -

SAM
Really.

NORBERT
Works at the JC Penney Portrait Gallery at the Landmark Mall.

SAM
JC Penney Portrait Gallery.

NORBERT
At the Landmark Mall. Should you find yourself in the market for a portrait photo.

Sam gazes up at a two-story, ivy-covered HOME.

NORBERT (CONT'D)
Weird to be back?

SAM
Ya think?
(starts up the path)
Call you later.

INT. HAMILTON HOME - ENTRYWAY - EVENING

Sam enters, takes the place in.

SAM
Hello?

No one answers, but there's MUFFLED CONVERSATION coming from the connected garage. Sam steps into a foyer, tries the garage entrance. Locked. He starts to knock, then thinks better of it... Produces a pair of lock picks and, almost as quickly as if he were using a key, he slips the bolt -

INT. HAMILTON HOME - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Margie, Bill and Carl are lifting the dead man out of the suitcase. They see Sam in the doorway -

MARGIE
Sweetheart!

CONTINUED:

SAM
Hey everyone.

CARL
Hey, man!

MARGIE
I'm about to hug you, but give us a second...

BILL
One, two -

They grunt with effort as they swing the corpse over to a plastic tarp and drop it with a thud. Margie snaps off her latex gloves and embraces Sam.

MARGIE
Baby, it's been ages! You look great.

SAM
So good to see you guys.

Carl, over-eager like a Great Dane puppy (and not averse to a show of strength), tackles Sam, musses his hair. Sam doesn't love this but is basically glad to see his big brother.

SAM (CONT'D)
What are we, ten years old?

CARL
Oh did I wrinkle the Prada shirt? Crisis.

Bill's next. Smiling, but more reserved. Like Carl, he's still wearing tourist garb, pink golf shirt and shorts.

BILL
Wonderful to have you back.

SAM
Thanks, Dad.

Slightly awkward hug, as Bill reflexively tamps down the conflicting emotions he feels at seeing his son. Sam expected as much. Nods to the corpse -

SAM (CONT'D)
I take it Gemma's not home.

CONTINUED: (2)

MARGIE
We haven't had that conversation with her yet. So please be careful around her. Angela too, of course.

SAM
(corpse)
Who is he?

BILL
Arms dealer.

Carl can't keep from boasting -

CARL
Company's been after him for years. Sold C4 to the Nigerians, AKs to domestic -

MARGIE
Poor Sam, he's exhausted. You need a lie down before dinner?

SAM
I'm okay.

MARGIE
Your room's ready. Go get settled, we'll finish up and call you for dinner. Look at that handsome face. I can't stand it.

Margie pulls Sam in for another hug.

MARGIE (CONT'D)
Welcome home.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. HAMILTON HOME - EVENING - ESTABLISHING

INT. HAMILTON HOME - GARAGE - EVENING

Carl changes out of his tourist garb and into his own clothes, a button-down short-sleeved shirt and GAP jeans. Bill is already in a sensible shirt and slacks. 40s JAZZ on the RADIO as Bill wrestles with something in the bed of his pickup truck... Margie calls in (wears a natural-fiber sweater, more earthy-crunchy than we may have realized).

MARGIE
Gemma's back. Wrap it up in there.

Bill spots a POLISHED SHOE (and leg) protruding from the roll of tarp in the pickup. Pulls tarp over the leg. Carl's CELL PHONE buzzes, he checks the ID. Holds the phone out to Bill -

CARL
The Company.

Bill is more than a little curious as to why Carl would get this call and not him. But waves Carl on.

BILL
They're calling on your phone. You answer.

CARL
(answers)
Hello?

A level VOICE on the line.

NAOMI'S VOICE (ON PHONE)
Designation?

CARL
This is, ah, Dingo 294.

NAOMI'S VOICE (ON PHONE)
Dingo, this is Naomi. I will be your Primary for a new assignment, effective immediately.

CARL
(covers phone)
New assignment...

CONTINUED:

BILL
Ask for verification.

CARL
Naomi, I'm gonna need verification.

NAOMI'S VOICE (ON PHONE)
Employer Code 16-A-531-B.

CARL
(covers phone)
16-A-531-B...

Bill gives thumbs up, Carl gets back on the phone.

CARL (CONT'D)
All good on our end.

NAOMI'S VOICE (ON PHONE)
High priority action is required tomorrow morning at one-zero-three-zero hours. Details sent through usual channels. Do you understand?

CARL
Yes Naomi, I -

A CLICK, the line goes dead. Carl looks at Bill and grins.

BILL
Called on <u>your</u> phone. I guess you've earned their trust.

CARL
Guess so.

Off Carl, playing it down, but bursting with pride -

INT. HAMILTON HOME - SAM'S ROOM - EVENING

Sam takes in his childhood room. The bed has matching "Simpsons" sheets and pillowcases, there's a mini drum kit in the corner, posters of dated rock bands, shelves of old toys and high school sports trophies. He picks up a HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK, pages through the photos...

INSERT: GRADUATION PHOTO OF OLIVE CHATSWORTH, her name underneath and a quote (Wilco lyrics). She's super cute, and not in a Barbie-doll way. Mischievous eyes. A KNOCK -

SAM
Come in.

CONTINUED:

The door flies open and GEMMA HAMILTON (16) runs over, throws her arms around Sam. She's super smart, wiry, with red hair and freckles. Sam hugs her back, grinning. Despite not seeing a lot of each other, they're close. Each understands what the other goes through in dealing with their family.

SAM (CONT'D)
What's up, little bean! Happy almost-birthday.

GEMMA
You're really gonna live here?

SAM
Yep.

GEMMA
Are you psyched about it?

SAM
Totally.

GEMMA
Not really.

SAM
I'm trying to be psyched about it. Seeing you will be great.
(sits on bed)
It's a trip being back in this room...

GEMMA
So will you bring chicks home and seduce them on the Simpsons sheets?

SAM
I thought chicks loved Simpsons sheets.

GEMMA
You gonna work with Dad?

SAM
Is that insane?

GEMMA
Um, yeah.

SAM
I'm telling myself it'll be different now. When I say it out loud, it sounds deluded.
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM (CONT'D)
But there aren't many -
(hates lying to her)
- Systems Consulting jobs around.
I could bartend, but that's not my
skill set.

GEMMA
How long will it take?

SAM
For what?

GEMMA
For you to throw your stuff in your
bag and run off again.

SAM
Is that your prediction?

Gemma sits next to him, puts her arm around him.

GEMMA
I'm glad you're home.

Off Sam, grateful for his loyal ally.

INT. HAMILTON HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Bill says grace, at the dinner table with Margie, Sam, Carl, Carl's wife ANGELA (dyed blonde, pronounced makeup) and their two boys, JEREMY and DEREK (7 and 9). The table crowded with big plates of food, bottles of wine.

BILL
For the delicious meal we are about
to receive. For our good health -
(Jeremy reaches for
potatoes)
Want to wait till I'm done?
(continues)
And most of all, for the family
gathered around this table, we give
thanks. Amen.

CARL
Amen to that.

Immediately dinner is underway, with multiple conversations going simultaneously, laughter, bowls of food passed in every direction. Derek slips food under the table to the dog.

SAM
Gemma. Birthday plans?

CONTINUED:

GEMMA
I said if they let me have the yard, I'll invite friends over and my band will play.

SAM
Your band is playing. Fantastic.

GEMMA
We're not old enough to play anywhere else...

Carl laughs -

CARL
And then Mom googled - Can I tell this part? She googled "sweet sixteen birthdays", and now the party is a luau.
(to Derek)
Don't feed the dog at the table. The hell are you doing?

ANGELA
(off luau)
Oh that's so fun...

MARGIE
It's nice to have a theme. And sixteen is such an important birthday... We'll have leis, non-alcoholic piña coladas. And pineapple upside down cake -

GEMMA
I clearly have no say in this.

DING DING DING. Sam stands, taps his glass with a spoon.

SAM
Sorry to interrupt. I'd like to thank Mom for the chicken paillard.

CARL
With two "L"s.

SAM
Also. You all know I'm home because I'm broke...
(ironic cheers from family)
But there is more to it.
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM (CONT'D)
Because no matter where I was in the world, I could feel this family with me and I was grateful. So now I'm excited to be home, catch up with everyone. And enter a new chapter: working with my family.
(raises glass)
To -

CARL
Working with family? What does that mean?

Sam is confused. Carl looks like he's been slapped.

SAM
Mom and I talked about it, maybe she didn't -

CARL
What the hell.

MARGIE
Carl.

CARL
I'm part of this business. That means I'm involved in discussions. Not getting news from a toast at the dinner table.

SAM
Sorry.

CARL
Not your fault, bro. And I love you. I'm not saying I'm against it -

BILL
So what <u>are</u> you saying?

Angela puts a hand on Carl's arm. He blushes.

ANGELA
Honey.

CARL
Nothing, I just... I think I made my point...

MARGIE
(to Sam)
Finish your toast?

CONTINUED: (3)

Sam clears his throat, raises his glass.

SAM
To family, reunited.

Cries of "Family reunited!" Conversation haltingly resumes as Carl stares down at his plate. Sam takes this in.

INT. HAMILTON HOME - HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

A cozy office with a computer and several monitors, a speakerphone, a desk and a few chairs. Ostensibly used by the family for their Systems Consulting business, it is in fact the base of the family's communications with the Company. Framed photos of Bill, Margie and the kids.

CLOSE on a printer as it spits out a grainy PHOTOGRAPH OF A MAN with a trimmed beard and glasses.

INT. HAMILTON HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sam is at the sink, washing pans in his mother's yellow apron. Margie loads the dishwasher. Bill enters from the living room, clearing the table, and crosses paths with Gemma on her way out.

GEMMA
I'll be practicing.

MARGIE
Use headphones.

Once she's gone -

MARGIE (CONT'D)
Got almost straight A's last quarter. B plus in Trig.

SAM
Know what I dread? You telling her the truth, and her realizing I was one of the people lying to her.

MARGIE
She won't blame you.

Sam notes the VIEW THROUGH THE WINDOW: Carl and Angela argue as they climb into Angela's car with the boys...

BILL
So we know about Guatemala.
(Sam turns)
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

BILL (CONT'D)
You disregarded a direct order from your employer. No one wants to hire you anymore, so you come to us.

Sam sighs, dries his hands. Figured this was coming. Margie steps in to defend -

MARGIE
That's not really fair...

SAM
Let me explain, okay? The Guatemalan government assigned me to this murderous drug baron, Munoz. Took me six weeks to get close to him -

BILL
And they cancelled the contract. I heard...

SAM
They cancelled because Munoz bought off the government. This psychopath -

BILL
So you shot him anyway.

SAM
Well, yeah... Then they confiscated my bank account, three-hundred grand. And were firing on me while I drove -

BILL
You don't see the pattern here? When I tried to teach you this business, you acted the exact same way. Ignored me, did what you wanted. Threw a <u>fork</u> at me when -

MARGIE
Oh let's not relive that again...

BILL
I don't like stale cornflakes. Is that unreasonable?

INT. HAMILTON HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING (FB: 10 YEARS AGO)

A DECADE EARLIER: a YOUNGER BILL (late 40s) angrily shakes a cereal box at YOUNGER SAM (17, growing his hair out) as they have breakfast at the kitchen table. They argue, M.O.S. In disgust, Bill tosses the cereal box at Sam...

BILL (V.O.)
I asked you to close the bag inside the cereal box. And for that, I almost lost an eye.

Sam knocks the box aside and throws a fork - the fork sticks in the wall inches from Bill's head. Bill stares at Sam, shocked. Sam is equally shocked at what he's done. Then jumps up and bolts...

INT. HAMILTON HOME - KITCHEN - RESUME SCENE

Sam and Bill have argued about this moment many times. But now Sam is determined to take the high road. Deep breath.

SAM
I wasn't trying to hit you. You know I saw a shrink in Da Nag... I don't speak Vietnamese that well, but I did realize something: that fight was not about cereal.

BILL
No?

SAM
There was a lot of tension in our relationship. You wouldn't let me pull the trigger on a job -

BILL
You were seventeen...

SAM
At that age, to feel like you're not getting your chance - it makes you crazy. I thought, I can't close a cereal box, how will I ever make him happy? You were trying to teach me discipline, but at the time I couldn't see that.

MARGIE
(to Bill)
Very self-aware. Don't you think?

CONTINUED:

BILL
(off Sam)
I'm distracted by the apron.

SAM
I'm not an insecure kid anymore. I'm older, I've been out in the world. Hopefully we can interact on a different level. I'd like that.

Margie looks at Bill: well?

BILL
A different level, sure. Meanwhile, you're run out of town by a client.
(off them)
Your mother and I stopped working directly for the Company so we could raise a family. But if they stop feeding us jobs, we got nada. We can't split town and start over. So if you work with us, you do what I say. And nothing I don't say. Agreed?

SAM
... Yeah.

BILL
High-priority target tomorrow. If I were you, I'd get some sleep.

Sam takes his apron off, tosses it on the table.

SAM
Night, Mom. Dad.

Sam exits.

INT. HAMILTON HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY / GEMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sam passes Gemma's room, the door ajar. Calls in -

SAM
Goodnight.

REVERSE on Gemma, headphones on as she practices riffs on her electric bass. Doesn't hear Sam.

INT. HAMILTON HOME - SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sam sits on his little boy bed. Tired. He knew what to expect from his family. But it doesn't make it easier...

INT. HAMILTON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bill and Margie get ready for bed.

MARGIE
I feel bad for Carl.

BILL
For Carl?

MARGIE
Suddenly it's all about Sam again. Even when he's gone, it's about Sam... I mean if Carl had walked out on us, would you have been as angry?
(quickly)
That's terrible, I don't mean that... You know what I mean.

Bill is replaying the argument from downstairs.

BILL
Sam had his chance to learn from me. Get a solid foundation. And he literally threw it in my face. Went off to train in Marrakesh -

MARGIE
He knows you were hurt. He wants to make it up -

BILL
It's not about feeling hurt. It's a practical issue.

MARGIE
Mm.

BILL
He's got bad habits, he's a liability -

Margie kisses Bill on the cheek.

MARGIE
Don't chase him away again.

CONTINUED:

Margie exits into the bathroom. Off Bill, startled.

EXT. CARL'S HOME - MORNING - ESTABLISHING (D2)

Morning, 7:30 am. A one-story home on a level plot catering to the boys: swimming pool, soccer goals, bouncy castle.

INT. CARL'S HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Carl, Angela and the boys have a breakfast of eggs, bacon and Cream of Wheat.

CARL
I hope Sam doesn't feel threatened by me. He's back to work with us, and I've been here the whole time... I'm not saying we have, like, a ranking system. But if we did? I would out-rank him.

ANGELA
And he can't handle that?

CARL
He was the golden boy, back in the day. Recruited out of high school, trained overseas. Seemed like a big deal at the time, of course now he's back with his tail between his legs. Did I tell you the client reached out to me on this job?

ANGELA
You did.

CARL
You build relationships, they bear fruit... Basically, I'm the lead on this.

ANGELA
What's the company?

CARL
(bullshits)
"Solarcom". In Crofton.

ANGELA
Solarcom?

CARL
Yeah they make solar panels...

CONTINUED:

ANGELA
You know Laurie wants solar panels for their house. They've been shopping around.

CARL
Really.

ANGELA
Who's the exec?

CARL
Ted.

ANGELA
Ted what?

CARL
... Lawson.
(off her)
You're writing it down?

ANGELA
To give to Laurie.

Carl watches her write, a little nervous. His CELL rings.

CARL
Hey dad.

INT. HAMILTON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Bill on his cell, looking through a FILE.

BILL
Company sent the target file, we're a go. Margie's sourcing a suckling pig for the luau, so it's the three of us... You want to take the lead, be my guest. I'll brief Sam, you get your ass over here.

Bill hangs up. REVEAL Margie nearby in a sweat suit, striking a difficult yoga pose. ON A TV: an instructional yoga DVD with a WOMAN in the same pose.

YOGA TEACHER (ON TV)
Expand the ribs with every inhale, pull the belly in as you exhale.

BILL
I didn't tell you - the Company reached out to Carl last night.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

BILL (CONT'D)
Think they're saying something? They want a younger contact...

MARGIE
At least they're keeping it in the family.

YOGA TEACHER (ON TV)
And breathe. And breathe.

BILL
How's the breathing?

MARGIE
You joke, but you should do this. You stress out and then your back goes... This is great for stress.

INT. HAMILTON HOME - SAM'S ROOM - MORNING

Sam is in bed, unhappily startled awake as the target file is dropped next to his pillow. Bill stands over him.

BILL
Morning, sunshine. That's the download on our target.

Sam sleepily opens the file. Checks the PHOTO of the man with the trimmed beard.

BILL (CONT'D)
Currently goes by the name Jonathan Gower. Birth name, Spiro Babayev.

INT. HOUSE IN HYATTSVILLE, MARYLAND - KITCHEN - MORNING

THE TARGET (SPIRO), the bearded man from the photo, wears a silk print robe and tube socks as he cooks scrambled eggs. The house is spare, not lived-in. The target reaches to add milk, REVEALING a handgun lying on the sink.

BILL (V.O.)
Grew up in what is now Uzbekistan. At sixteen he trained in a Soviet terrorist camp. Has since aligned himself with a dozen terrorist organizations in the Middle East, Africa -

SAM (V.O.)
Which organizations?

INT. HAMILTON HOME - SAM'S ROOM - RESUME SCENE

BILL
File doesn't say. We're on a need to know basis.

SAM
We don't need to know that?
(off Bill)
Go on.

INT. HOUSE IN HYATTSVILLE, MARYLAND - KITCHEN - MORNING

The target answers his cell phone and talks animatedly while the eggs cook, gesturing with his spatula.

BILL (V.O.)
Spiro will launch an attack on American soil in three days unless we stop him. The Company has an informant who has divulged Spiro's location, so the plan is -

MARGIE (V.O.)
Bill?

INT. HAMILTON HOME - SAM'S ROOM - RESUME SCENE

Margie is in the doorway.

MARGIE
Will you hang the Hawaiian lights before you leave? It's too high for me, even with the stepladder.

BILL
We've got a ticking clock here.

MARGIE
So do I.

BILL
Explain to me, why are the Thomases coming to this thing?

MARGIE
When you have a loud rock band, it's smart to invite neighbors. And we like the Thomases.

BILL
Do we?

CONTINUED:

MARGIE
It's called "life", Bill. If we don't want to be isolated like every other assassin we know, we have to make an effort.

Margie exits. Bill turns grumpily back to Sam.

BILL
Read the file, meet us downstairs in twenty.

Bill stalks out.

Sam continues to look through the file. Then his gaze falls on the HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK by the bed...

INT. JC PENNEY PORTRAIT STUDIO - LANDMARK MALL - DAY

A FAMILY OF FIVE in matching turtlenecks, smiles frozen on their faces, pose on a set entitled "Autumn". There's a backdrop of turning leaves, a log to sit on and leaves scattered over a fake-earthen floor. MUZAK piped in throughout the mall.

OLIVE CHATSWORTH (26) is behind a camera tripod, snapping photos. Even cuter than her yearbook photo.

OLIVE
Mary, look at your mother. Great.

The STORE PHONE rings, and GUS (an employee, 20s) answers.

GUS
J.C. Penney Portrait Studio at the Landmark Mall, where memories are forever, how can we help you?
(covers phone, calls to Olive)
Someone named "Sam" asking for you.

OLIVE
Sam who? No, I can't talk now. Just get a number, please.

Olive goes back to snapping photos. Off the forced smiles of the family -

EXT. STREET IN HYATTSVILLE, MARYLAND - DAY

WIDE SHOT as Bill's car pulls over and parks. Sam climbs out of the back, strolls casually down an alleyway.

EXT. HOUSE IN HYATTSVILLE - BACK PORCH - DAY

Sam creeps up the steps, keeping a potted bush between him and the house next door (doesn't want anyone calling the cops). Carefully peers through a window into the house. There's a good VIEW of the main entryway inside, and a section of the living room...

The target (Spiro Babayev) is partially VISIBLE as he putters, still in his robe. Whistling along to a Mariah Carey SONG. Sam hits a push-to-talk button on the earpiece mic he's wearing, and whispers -

SAM
Got a visual.

BILL'S VOICE (EARPIECE)
Stay there and do nothing unless I tell you.

Sam's CELL PHONE buzzes in his pocket. He checks the caller ID: JC Penney. Shit. He thinks a second, then answers. Whispering, and careful to keep an eye on the target...

SAM
Hello?

INT. JC PENNEY PORTRAIT STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Olive is calling from work, on her cell phone. INTERCUT.

OLIVE
This is Olive Chatsworth, returning a call.

SAM
Hey. It's Sam Hamilton.

Olive is startled. Speechless, for a moment. When she does speak, there is a considered reserve. Still carries a hint of anger over something in their past.

OLIVE
Of course. I mean who else would it be.

SAM
I like to check in every decade or so. And Norbert - you remember Norbert - he told me you were working there as a photographer.

CONTINUED:

OLIVE
Generous way to describe it.

SAM
How've you been?

OLIVE
Why are you whispering?

EXT. HOUSE IN HYATTSVILLE - FRONT PORCH - MORNING

Carl waits outside the front door dressed as a UPS Delivery Man. The VOICE OF THE TARGET comes over an INTERCOM.

TARGET'S VOICE (INTERCOM)
Yes?

CARL
UPS, need you to sign for a package.

TARGET'S VOICE (INTERCOM)
I'm not expecting a package.

CARL
Have one here for a Mr. Jonathan Gower.

TARGET'S VOICE (INTERCOM
What's the tracking number?

CARL
The tracking number? It's, ah -
(wings it)
176693509A.

An uncomfortable pause.

TARGET'S VOICE (INTERCOM)
Be right out.

Off Carl, sweating -

EXT. BACK PORCH / INT. JC PENNEY - DAY

SAM
Sorry to catch you at work. It's just, I think about you and... I wanted to know how you've been.

CONTINUED:

OLIVE
In a nutshell. I got married and bought a house and was very grown-up. Now I'm single, living in a shared apartment and work for like ten cents an hour at the Landmark mall. You?

SAM
I was relatively successful, traveling. Now I live with my parents.

OLIVE
So you heard about me and thought: she's a loser, too. I should call her.

SAM
No, no, that's not -

OLIVE
Why <u>are</u> you calling?

SAM
I...

THROUGH the window, Sam watches the target stroll from the living room into the entryway. Sam studies him carefully - is he holding something? Suddenly we see it: the target levels a MACHINE GUN at the front door -

Sam has a split-second to react, draws his gun and <u>fires</u> through the window. Glass shatters. The target jumps back from the door and spins, <u>sprays bullets</u> in Sam's direction and tears up the window frame, exploding the potted bushes. Sam dives to the ground. Fumbles for the phone...

SAM (CONT'D)
Olive?

OLIVE
What was that?

SAM
Would you hold on a sec?

Sam mutes the phone, sits up and <u>returns fire</u>. And now, nothing. The smoke slowly clears... The target is gone.

Over Sam's EARPIECE -

CONTINUED: (2)

BILL'S VOICE (EARPIECE)
The hell is going on?

SAM
(into earpiece mic)
Target on the move.

Sam jumps up, steps through the shot-up window -

INT. HOUSE IN HYATTSVILLE - LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - DAY

Sam sprints through the house, can hear FOOTSTEPS ahead of him... Rounds a corner to the empty kitchen. Cautiously checks the room. Spots a door to the cellar, it's locked. Gets out his pair of lock picks, gets to work -

From below, the SOUND of a revving engine. THROUGH a window, Sam sees a MOTORCYCLE screech out of the adjacent alley and race out of sight.

Sam puts the lock picks away, unmutes his phone.

SAM
Olive?

INTERCUT Olive at JC Penney.

OLIVE
I have to get back to work.

SAM
You remember Tommy Sowles, right? He's having a party tonight.

OLIVE
...I don't think so...

Bill and Carl race in, breathless.

SAM
We'll both know people there. So if you decide you don't want to talk to me, we can both save face.

BILL
Who are you talking to?

Sam holds a finger up, one sec -

SAM
(on phone)
Consider it, okay? See how you feel.

CONTINUED:

OLIVE
Take care, Sam.

She hangs up. Sam turns to Bill and Carl.

SAM
West-bound down that alley, no way we catch him. So, back to the car?

Off Bill and Carl, incredulous -

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. BILL'S CAR - TRAVELING - EVENING

Bill drives. Carl up front, Sam in back.

BILL
I'm trying to understand. You had eyes on the target as he approached the main entrance...

SAM
With an MP-5 and a thirty-round magazine.

BILL
But you had no time to warn us.

SAM
I couldn't see what he was holding until he was about to fire through the door. So even though I didn't have a clear shot, I thought I should do something in order to, I don't know, save Carl's life?
(off them)
What part of that do you not believe?

CARL
It's not that we don't believe you, per se. You just haven't picked up on our rhythm. You have to find where you fit in...

SAM
And in your opinion, where do I fit in?

BILL
(makes his decision)
What do you say to sitting this job out, coming in on the next one?

Sam leans back, what the fuck.

SAM
So you're going to ignore what I say, and choose to believe I took a shot for no reason.

CONTINUED:

CARL
The Company reached out to me personally on this. You're used to working alone, in a third-world country -

SAM
Do me a favor and drop me off here? I'm meeting up with friends.

CARL
You angry?

SAM
Why would I be angry?

Bill pulls over and Sam starts to climb out, pauses.

SAM (CONT'D)
(embarrassed)
The Guatemalans seized my money. I'll probably take a cab home...

Bill hands Carl 40 bucks, who hands it to Sam.

SAM (CONT'D)
Very kind.

Sam gets out and Bill drives off. Off Sam, reflecting on the humiliation -

INT. TOMMY SOWLES' HOUSE (PARTY) - NIGHT

A party. Nothing too crazy. ALT ROCK iPod mix on the STEREO, a houseful of professional TWENTY-SOMETHINGS having cheap wine, hard liquor and microwaved appetizers.

Norbert is playing "Call of Duty", a shoot 'em up video game, on a big plasma TV. Sam is nearby pouring Jack Daniels.

NORBERT
Haven't played this for months. Went through a phase where I got pretty good. As you can see. My sister hates it, thinks there's too much on-screen violence these days...
(holds out controller)
Want to try?

SAM
Never got the hang of it.

CONTINUED:

NORBERT
There she is.

Olive has stepped into the party, already looks lost. Sam bolts over to her.

SAM
Hi there.

They hold a look. Intense.

OLIVE
Hi.

SAM
You showed up.

OLIVE
I didn't want you to think I was blowing you off. But I can't stay.

SAM
What do you mean?

OLIVE
I'm house-sitting and there's a cat I have to feed, and I forgot about that when we were on the phone.

SAM
So go and come back -

OLIVE
Look I'm glad you called. It's good to see you... But I'm gonna take off, okay? Whatever brought you back here, I hope it works out and... Have fun.

She goes. Sam runs after her -

INT. FORD TAURUS - PARKED ACROSS FROM SOWLES' HOUSE - NIGHT

A CLEAN-CUT man (40s) in a windbreaker watches the house from across the street. As Sam emerges from the house with Olive, the man dials a number on his cell phone.

CLEAN CUT MAN
He's outside.

EXT. TOMMY SOWLES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sam trails Olive to her beat-up car.

CONTINUED:

SAM
You want to go somewhere else? Get a cup of coffee -

OLIVE
I better not.

She unlocks her car with a remote, and Sam notices scattered PHOTOGRAPHS on her passenger seat. Artsy-looking.

SAM
You're an artist.

She reaches in, hands him a PHOTO OF A UHAUL TRAILER.

SAM (CONT'D)
A U-Haul.

OLIVE
Sums up the last ten years.

SAM
So you and your husband split...

OLIVE
I left the house, all our mutual friends. Came back here and now everyone I know is either a relative or from high school.

SAM
I know the feeling.

She bites her lip.

OLIVE
You disappeared. Like, overnight. It's stupid to bring it up, 'cause we were kids. But it did suck.

SAM
I'm really sorry. I got offered a job overseas and I didn't know how to explain... I thought, she'll forget about me. I'll forget about her. But I didn't.

OLIVE
I thought you weren't calling 'cause I wouldn't have sex.

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM
Actually, that is what it was.
(then)
Kidding.

OLIVE
Are you moving back? Or visiting.

SAM
I guess... I'm not sure...

OLIVE
Right.
(then)
Well thanks for walking me out.
Take care, okay?
(off photo)
Keep it.

She gets in her car. Sam watches her go -

- and, CLICK. THE IMAGE OF SAM BECOMES A STILL PHOTOGRAPH.

INT. FORD TAURUS - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

The Clean Cut Man checks the PHOTO of Sam on a digital camera.

INT. CARL'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Carl lets himself in, hangs his coat. Angela's watching TV.

CARL
Sorry I'm late. Client held us up...

ANGELA
There's spaghetti in the big bowl in the kitchen.

CARL
Thanks.

ANGELA
(turns TV off)
I told Laurie about Ted Lawson.

CARL
Who?

ANGELA
The exec at Solarcom -

CONTINUED:

CARL
Oh yeah. Damn, I forgot to ask about discounts...

ANGELA
We tried looking up the company online. Couldn't find it.

CARL
Probably not listed.

ANGELA
Why not?

CARL
It's not public, ah - publicly traded.

ANGELA
But they're selling solar panels.

CARL
Privately.

As Angela gets up -

ANGELA
Where are they located, again?

CARL
Millersville.

ANGELA
(exiting)
This morning, I think you said Crofton.

CARL
Did I? Must not have had my...

Angela disappears into the kitchen.

CARL (CONT'D)
... coffee yet.

Carl looks after her, concerned. Is she suspicious? Did he just fail a test of some sort? Hard to tell.

EXT. HAMILTON HOME - MORNING - ESTABLISHING (D3)

INT. HAMILTON HOME - HOME OFFICE - MORNING

Bill flips through a file. Margie enters in her yoga outfit, irritated...

MARGIE
I've been asking you since yesterday to put up the tiki lights. I know you're leaving soon -

BILL
Carl should be here now. Factor in travel time, we've got less than an hour -

MARGIE
Hear me?

BILL
Honey I can't think about tiki lights. This is business.

He starts to turn away, and Margie slaps her hand on the desk. Bill jumps, startled.

MARGIE
You think I don't care about business? I do fieldwork and client calls, maintain the gun room, check expiration dates on poison and explosives which is a major pain in the ass... And then it falls entirely to me to ensure that we have a family life and a social life. This is your daughter's sweet-sixteen birthday.
(emotional)
I just want it to be special...

BILL
Honey...

MARGIE
If there's a conflict, maybe you should have scheduled the hit for another day.

BILL
I didn't schedule anything. It happens to be the day we have to whack this guy.

Margie storms out. Bill calls after her -

CONTINUED:

BILL (CONT'D)
I'll hang the lights.

INT. HAMILTON HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Margie enters to find Sam hungover, eating cereal.

MARGIE
Roll up the cereal bag.

SAM
No kidding.

Carl enters, clearly has something on his mind.

CARL
Mom, can I talk to you?
(to Sam)
And maybe you could give us a sec.

SAM
Probably not.

CARL
Thanks, bro. Way to help me out.
(to Margie)
I have to tell Angela.

MARGIE
Tell her what?

CARL
About our business. Our <u>real</u> business. We've been married twelve years...

MARGIE
Carl -

CARL
She's entitled. A bond of trust, that's what marriage is -

MARGIE
Why are you saying this now? Did something happen?

CARL
No.
(admits)
I think she knows I'm lying.

Margie and Sam digest this -

EXT. HAMILTON HOME - BACKYARD - MORNING

Bill finishes affixing one end of the HAWAIIAN TIKI STRING LIGHTS to the corner post of a pergola. Climbs off the stepladder and carries it across the yard, cursing under his breath as he drags the lights.

INT. HAMILTON HOME - KITCHEN - RESUME SCENE

CARL
It's the stupid lies I have to tell for work...

MARGIE
Honey. You get carried away with the details.

CARL
Why don't I just tell her?

MARGIE
Because you can't.

CARL
Dad told you...

MARGIE
I was at the Agency. We've seen colleagues level with a civilian spouse, it always goes wrong. Believe me, it's better to have a suspicious wife than to have to silence her. No one wants that.

CARL
Angela would never -

MARGIE
(firm)
Carl. It's not a personal issue, it's a professional obligation. Don't talk about wanting responsibility and then push for something stupid. You're thirty-five, you have a family. I don't care how you do it, just put your house in order.

Winded, Carl sits.

MARGIE (CONT'D)
Sorry, Sweetheart. That came out a little harsh...

CONTINUED:

GEMMA (O.S.)
What came out harsh?

Gemma has entered without them noticing. For a moment no one speaks...

SAM
Hey, Bean. Why don't I take you out for birthday brunch?

Gemma reads their expressions -

GEMMA
That's all right. I should help John bring over the PA speakers.

Gemma does an about-face and exits.

INT. HAMILTON HOME - ENTRYWAY - MORNING

Sam catches Gemma on her way out the front door.

SAM
Hold on, birthday girl -

GEMMA
It's okay.

SAM
It's just that Carl and Angela had an argument -

GEMMA
I said <u>it's okay</u>. You don't have to lie or tell a half-truth, or whatever you're about to do.

Sam is taken aback. Gemma sighs, closes the hallway door so they won't be overheard.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
I know what you all do for a living.

SAM
What do you mean?

GEMMA
I found the room with all the guns and maps... And anyway, I knew already. I'm not an idiot.

Sam blinks. This is huge.

CONTINUED:

SAM
You know... But they don't know you know? Why...

GEMMA
Because I want two more semi-normal years at Alexandria High. I want to focus on classes and bass guitar, not have Mom send me to a shrink 'cause she thinks I found out too soon. Or discuss tactical strikes at the dinner table. And if possible, when I invite everyone I know to our house on my birthday, I'd like us to pretend we're a normal family.

SAM
Fair enough.

GEMMA
I think so.

SAM
I'm sorry I never told you.

GEMMA
Well now we can be straight with each other. That's a good birthday present.

A bloodcurdling YELL from the backyard.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
I don't even want to know.

She exits. Off Sam, WTF -

EXT. HAMILTON HOME - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Bill lies flat on the grass, grimacing with pain.

Margie and Carl rush out from the kitchen. Sam emerges from an exit off the dining room -

MARGIE
Bill?! Tell me you're not having a heart attack.

BILL
No it's... my damn back...

As they all gaze down at Bill -

INT. HAMILTON HOME - HOME OFFICE - MORNING

MOVE with Carl, still sniffling as he carries a bag of ice through the office and into a closet... where he reaches under a shelf and triggers an unseen button. A SECRET DOOR UNLOCKS, and Carl continues down a flight of stairs into:

INT. HAMILTON HOME - GUN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's called the gun room, and there are guns: racks and racks of pistols and rifles, silencers and scopes. Cases of ammunition. Racks of knives, explosives, shelf after shelf of labeled containers with various poisons. On the walls are maps, schematics, blueprints and floor plans.

Margie and Sam look on as Carl hands the ice to his father. Bill is still sweating, propped upright on a chair. He presses the ice to his back and moans.

MARGIE
This is what happens. You leave everything to the last minute, you never stretch, and then you stress out over something and your back goes out. Like when we go on vacation -

BILL
I dragged my ass down here. Can we talk about the job?
(to Carl)
All right if I walk us through?

Carl waves him on. Bill points to a MAP OF A TRAIN STATION on the wall.

BILL (CONT'D)
According to the informant, the target departs Union Station Amtrak, bound for Boston, on a 3:15 train. We've been instructed that he must not reach this destination.

MARGIE
Can we wait for him outside the station?

BILL
Too many entrances, he could slip through. But we know he's heading to Platform 23, and there's only one hallway leading to that track.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

BILL (CONT'D)
The target also knows he's being hunted. If he's smart, he'll board just before they close the train doors.

MARGIE
(counting, off the map)
Three security cameras in that hall, four more on the platform. And I'm sure there's police.

CARL
We could bring the big suitcase, get the body in there before anyone sees...

INT. UNION TRAIN STATION - MEN'S RESTROOM - DAY (IMAGINED)

A potential scenario: the target enters a toilet stall.

CARL
Like if he ducks into a restroom, we pop him there.

Carl steps in behind the target, levels a gun and fires -

INT. HAMILTON HOME - GUN ROOM - RESUME SCENE

SAM
If he doesn't duck into a restroom?

CARL
(off Sam)
I thought I was lead, and he was sitting this out.

MARGIE
We need Sam.

BILL
(firmly)
I already decided -

MARGIE
But now you can barely stand, and I have to be back by five at the latest. I don't see how we spare Sam right now.

Bill sits back, sighs unhappily...

CONTINUED:

SAM
Succinylcholine. I've used it a few times.
(off their looks)
It's a muscle relaxant, fatal in the right quantity. Mimics the symptoms of a heart attack, and doesn't kick in for ten minutes.

INT. UNION TRAIN STATION - HALLWAY - DAY (IMAGINED)

CLOSE on a TINY SYRINGE affixed with a flesh-colored strap to the palm of Sam's hand.

SAM (V.O.)
I have a device that straps to my hand...

BACK OUT on Sam strolling down the hall.

SAM (V.O.)
Delivers the contents of the syringe when you bump into the target.

Sam lightly collides with the target, hands first, as they walk in opposite directions.

SAM
Oh! I'm so sorry.

SAM (V.O.)
He doesn't even feel it.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN - DAY (IMAGINED)

A TRAIN CONDUCTOR walks along the aisle collecting tickets.

SAM (V.O.)
The target gets onto the train, but the job is already done. He just doesn't know it yet.

The conductor looks down, startled... The target is slumped in his seat, eyes gazing sightlessly. He's dead.

INT. HAMILTON HOME - GUN ROOM - RESUME SCENE

BILL
Simple enough, unless he's got a thick coat. Or the syringe fails to discharge -

CONTINUED:

Carl's special CELL PHONE buzzes. He answers -

CARL
Dingo 294...

BILL
(whispers)
Designation.

CARL
Please state your designation.

SAM
(to Margie)
I've done this before, it works.

CARL
(on phone)
One-four-two-five hours. Should we...
(lowers phone)
Hung up.

MARGIE
What did they say?

CARL
Target's taking an earlier train. Departs at 2:25.

MARGIE
(to Sam)
You have an extra syringe for Carl?

SAM
Sure.

MARGIE
Then we better leave now.

Off Margie's cool professionalism -

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. UNION TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM 23 - DAY

Sam and Carl sit on a bench at the Boston-bound train track. Other COMMUTERS a safe distance away. Sam in a conservative suit, Carl dressed as a stoner. Carl is sulking, gazing off.

SAM
Are you angry? What's going on?

CARL
Nothing. I thought I was lead.

SAM
You are.

CARL
How am I lead if you go in first?

MARGIE'S VOICE over their hidden earpieces -

MARGIE'S VOICE (EARPIECE)
Carl, your mic is on.

CARL
Sorry.
(clicks it off)
I've worked with Mom and Dad a hell of a lot longer than you have.

SAM
So?

CARL
So we don't have a ranking in this business. But if we did -

SAM
I am so bored by your constant need to compete with me. There's no competition, okay? Whatever you're worried about, it's yours. Take it. You win!

CARL
If we were going to be partners? That would be one thing. But you come in and undermine me -

CONTINUED:

SAM
How do I undermine -

CARL
And in a month you'll get a job in Paraguay or somewhere, be sleeping with hot Paraguayan girls. Meanwhile I live here. This job, my family. That's all I have.

SAM
(sighs)
If I stay on, I won't try to run things. It's your gig, yours and dad's. I'll be an employee, okay?

Carl looks at Sam, dubious. But hopeful.

SAM (CONT'D)
I promise. And I'm happy to keep talking about it, but you're a stoner and I'm a businessman. I don't think we're supposed to know each other.

CARL
Right.

As they get back in character -

INT. PRIVATE GYM - DAY

A woman (40s), beautiful if sharp featured, with snow-white hair and a Lycra workout suit, jogs on an incline running machine. We may or may not recognize her voice (it's okay if we don't): this is "NAOMI", the "Primary" who spoke to Carl on the phone. Clean Cut Man (seen earlier) enters with a PRINTOUT. Naomi doesn't stop running.

CLEAN CUT MAN
Sam Hamilton, the younger son. For three years he was working for the Guatemalan government -

"NAOMI"
We knew that.

CLEAN CUT MAN
Before that, he was in Marrakesh.

CONTINUED:

"NAOMI"
(stops running, looks at him)
Let me see.

Clean Cut Man hands her the printout.

INT. UNION TRAIN STATION - ATRIUM CAFE - DAY

Margie is in her "fussy lady" disguise, Felix the dog in her lap as she sips a cappuccino. Spots the target walking quickly past. Touches the PTT button on her earpiece -

MARGIE
I have a visual.

INT. UNION TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM 23 - DAY

Sam gets up from the bench, Carl remains seated.

SAM
(into mic)
I'm on the move.

MOVE with Sam as he exits the platform and starts down a long hallway. Studies passing COMMUTERS. Stops.

SAM (CONT'D)
He's not here.

MARGIE'S VOICE (EARPIECE)
Has to be. He went in, didn't come out.

Sam spots a MEN'S RESTROOM.

INT. UNION TRAIN STATION - MEN'S RESTROOM - DAY

Sam enters. The target is pissing at a urinal. One other MAN using a noisy HAND-DRIER. Sam pretends to check his hair in the mirror. Double checks the syringe on his palm.

The target shakes, zips up and starts for the sink. Sam pretends to head for the urinal. This is the moment. As the men are about to collide, they make eye contact -

- and Sam freezes. The target stops too, looks shocked. CLOSE ON THE TARGET'S EYES -

INT. SEEDY BAR IN MARRACECH - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

BACK OUT to REVEAL the target is now clean shaven, and singing karaoke with Sam (who is four years younger, here).

CONTINUED:

Both men completely shitfaced, sharing a mic as they sing "Easy Lover" by Phil Collins.

TARGET & SAM
She's an easy lover, she'll take your heart but you won't feel it, she's like no other, and I'm just trying to make you see -

INT. UNION TRAIN STATION - MEN'S RESTROOM - RESUME SCENE

SAM
... Gary?

The target (with trimmed beard, again) stares back at Sam, then quickly turns away and walks past. Just like that, he's out the door and gone. Sam's mind races.

INT. UNION TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM 23 - CONTINUOUS

Carl is on the bench. Spots the target emerge from the bathroom and hits the PTT button -

CARL
Got a visual. Did you complete the job?

SAM'S VOICE (EARPIECE)
Negative.

CARL
Negative? What the hell happened?

SAM'S VOICE (EARPIECE)
Abandon the assignment.

INT. UNION TRAIN STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Margie starts down the hallway, hits her mic -

MARGIE
What you mean, abandon the assignment?

SAM'S VOICE (EARPIECE)
I know him. His name's not Spiro, it's Gary Delaney. And he didn't go to terrorist camp in Uzbekistan, he grew up in Long Island.

ANGLE on Carl, walking towards the target from the opposite direction.

CONTINUED:

CARL
I don't care what his name is.

Sam emerges from the bathroom, hurrying.

INTERCUT ANGLES -

SAM
He's CIA.

CARL
What?

SAM
Telling you, he works for the Company. There's something going on that we don't understand...

MARGIE
Which is always the case.

SAM
Carl. Back off.

CARL
(mutters)
The hell I will...

Carl checks his palm syringe, angles sharply towards the target. About to collide -

Sam grabs Carl and spins him around.

SAM
Hey buddy! What're you doing in DC?

CARL
(hisses)
I should stab <u>you</u> with this thing.

SAM
How's Louise? God I miss her. Let me buy you a flavored coffee.

Carl wrenches free, sees the target stepping onto the train. Carl starts for the train - and stops, defeated. The train doors are closing.

Margie hurries over.

MARGIE
Is the job finished?

CONTINUED: (2)

CARL
No, actually, it's not.
(off Sam)
You wanted him with us. Happy?

Carl stalks off.

SAM
I'm telling you, his name is -

Margie walks off as well.

Sam turns and watches the train pull off down the track. His heart pounding...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. HAMILTON HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

THROUGH the glass door to the backyard, FIND Angela setting tables. The tiki lights are up. There are faux palm trees, coconuts, seashells, a pineapple upside-down cake. PA speakers and a cleared spot for the band.

FIND Margie in the kitchen, frantically applying cocktail umbrellas to cups of non-alcoholic piña colada, girding herself for the hoards of party attendees about to arrive. REVEAL Carl at the kitchen table, head in hands. Sam paces nearby, struggling to make sense of what just happened...

SAM
I didn't recognize Gary with the beard and glasses, not till I got close. And he was never a good friend of mine, so don't assume that's why I called this off. It's because Gary is not a terrorist. He works for the Company.

MARGIE
Or he's a double agent.

SAM
Then why wouldn't they tell us that, instead of feeding us a story about Uzbekistan? Someone's using us to take out a Company agent.

CARL
You saying I screwed up? The call was legit. They had correct verification -

SAM
So maybe there's a rogue faction within the Company, and they want Gary silenced. They called us, and now we're involved...

Gemma enters with a handful of party hats.

GEMMA
Sorry you went through the trouble, Mom. But please don't put out luau-themed party hats.

CONTINUED:

MARGIE
Why not?

GEMMA
'Cause my friends aren't eight years old?

MARGIE
Adults wear party hats.

Jeremy and Derek race through the kitchen honking party horns, and continue into the hall. They careen past Bill as he enters, still icing his back.

GEMMA
No horns either. Thanks.

Gemma exits. Bill appears to be lost in thought, but is in fact detached to keep from flying into a rage...

BILL
Called the Company to let them know what happened. They haven't called back.

CARL
(to Sam)
Only took twenty-four hours for you to ruin us. Well done.

The boys race back through, honking. Carl snatches Derek's horn and hurls it into the hallway.

CARL (CONT'D)
Will you cut it out?

The boys retreat, and Margie gives Carl an exasperated look.

MARGIE
Go help Angela set up.

Carl exits to the backyard. Sam turns to Bill -

SAM
Dad, you gotta follow up on this. Confirm if this was -

BILL
(softly)
Stop.

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM
- if it was an official Company contract or if -

BILL
DO NOT SPEAK.

Sam steps back, startled by his father's outburst.

BILL (CONT'D)
The purpose of going over ground rules with you is apparently so you can systematically violate them. You promised to do what I said. To do what the client said. You DO NOT QUESTION THE CLIENT.

SAM
In this case -

BILL
Jesus, Mary and Joseph. In ten years you haven't changed. You still confirm your existence by challenging everything - authority, rules, structure -

MARGIE
Okay, Bill, we agreed I would handle this.

Bill turns away. Margie chooses her words.

SAM
Handle what?

MARGIE
Please know you can stay with us as long as you like. That is your room upstairs, always. But given how this turned out today? Our business arrangement...

SAM
Is over.

Neither Margie nor Bill meet Sam's gaze. Sam processes this, then nods.

SAM (CONT'D)
I'll find somewhere else to stay.

Sam exits. Off Margie, crestfallen.

INT. HAMILTON HOME - SAM'S ROOM - EVENING

Sam jams clothes into his bag. Pauses as he recalls doing the same thing ten years earlier. History repeats itself.

He closes the suitcase, gets out his cell phone and dials.

SAM
Olive there?
(then)
Sam Hamilton. No, just tell her I called. Thanks.

He hangs up, reaches to zip his bag -

A TINKLE OF BROKEN GLASS and Sam is sent sprawling to the floor. In shock... What just happened? He spots a bullet hole in the window, then checks himself and finds a bloodstain spreading across his shoulder.

He pulls out a small mirror, holds it up to the window and scans the street outside. No sign of a sniper.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - EVENING

"Naomi", elegantly dressed, has stepped away from her table to take a call on her cell phone. ELDERLY DINERS in the b.g.

"NAOMI"
Go ahead.

VOICE of Clean Cut Man -

CLEAN CUT MAN'S VOICE (ON PHONE)
Target 1 was hit, but we cannot confirm termination.

"NAOMI"
You can't confirm?

CLEAN CUT MAN'S VOICE (ON PHONE)
We're tracking movement -

"NAOMI"
Complete all assignments. No loose ends.

CLEAN CUT MAN'S VOICE (ON PHONE)
Yes Ma'am.

Naomi calmly hangs up.

EXT. HAMILTON HOME - BACKYARD - EVENING

The birthday party is officially off and running. 16 YEAR-OLDS hunch at tables, mill about eating pizza. NEIGHBORS stand awkwardly in the back and chat. Recorded MUSIC plays on the PA as Gemma and her three BAND MEMBERS (all 16, studied scruffy) nervously tune their instruments, finish setting up.

Carl picks up a pair of piña coladas, heads inside.

INT. HAMILTON HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

Carl steps inside with the drinks, and pauses.

Angela is standing with a MAN her age, and there's something cosy about the way they're talking. Almost intimate. CLOSE on the man's hand on Angela's arm...

ON Carl, taking this in. Angela looks up -

ANGELA
Carl.

The man takes his hand off her arm, smiles at Carl.

MAN
Hi.
(to Angela)
Better check on Davis.

He exits to the backyard.

CARL
Who's that?

ANGELA
Kevin. His son's in Derek's class.

CARL
Kevin. Never heard you mention him.

ANGELA
Why would I mention him?

With that, she exits. Carl studies her as she goes... Did he witness something illicit, or is he losing his mind?

Sam staggers in, covered in a coat.

SAM
Where's Dad?

CONTINUED:

CARL
What?

Suddenly Sam is a scapegoat for all the anxiety and insecurity Carl is feeling.

SAM
Go find Dad -

CARL
You're unbelievable, you know that? "Don't worry about me, Carl. I'm an employee." And a minute later you pull the plug on my job.

Carl shoves Sam, hitting his shoulder. Sam gasps.

SAM
Agh! Easy -

CARL
Why can't you find Dad yourself?

Sam opens his coat, points to the glistening bloodstain.

SAM
Someone shot me through my bedroom window. I'm afraid they'll try to get in the house.

A pause as Carl absorbs this.

CARL
That's a good reason.

SAM
Whoever they are, they'll want to finish the job. We don't know if it's only me they're after... You, Mom and Dad, you should all lay low.

CARL
Mom's outside, Dad's not. Must be in the gun room...

SAM
Circle the yard. I'll check out the house.

Carl removes the big kitchen knife from the half-eaten pineapple upside-down cake and heads outside.

CONTINUED: (2)

Sam takes out a pistol equipped with a silencer. Heads cautiously into the hall...

EXT. HAMILTON HOME - BACKYARD - EVENING

Gemma tunes her bass as Margie runs over -

MARGIE
Sweetheart, when are you opening presents? The Weiss family brought something, they'd like to see you open it...

GEMMA
Later.

MARGIE
If you wait till after you play, people may have to leave -

GEMMA
Mom. Why is this so loaded for you?

MARGIE
... Loaded?

GEMMA
You've been so wound up about this party. Planning it like I'm a little kid... I'm not Sam, okay? I'm not leaving for at least two years, so you don't have to worry about that.

Margie is totally caught off guard.

MARGIE
I'm... I'm not...

GEMMA
Thank you for making this happen. I love you. Now go talk to the Weiss family and watch my band. You'll hate the music and it's gonna be fun anyway, okay?

Margie nods. Gemma turns back to her bass. Margie pulls herself together, heads off...

INT. HAMILTON HOME - GUN ROOM - EVENING

Bill is multitasking: icing his back, talking on the phone, peering at a computer monitor.

ON THE COMPUTER MONITOR: a PHOTO of the (now ex) target, Spiro AKA Gary Delaney, in his clean-shaven phase. TEXT underneath the photo: "AGENT K11635B". On the phone: the RASPY VOICE of a contact at the Company.

BILL
So Agent K11635B is currently active, nothing funny in his file.

RASPY VOICE (ON PHONE)
He's clean. And you said the Primary who contacted you gave the correct verification.

BILL
Designation "Naomi".

RASPY VOICE
I'll call you back.

Off Bill, pondering...

EXT. HAMILTON HOME - BACKYARD - EVENING

The band is ready to play. Attendees gathered in anticipation. FEEDBACK over the PA, as a KID runs to adjust the mixer... Gemma taps on her mic, clears her throat.

GEMMA
Thanks everyone for coming. I see at least some of my family, so I guess we'll start... We are The Terminal Solution.
(cheers)
And this first song is called "Train Wreck". Hope you enjoy it.

The band counts off, launches into their song... A crashing, racing composition, lyrics shouted by a boy who looks like he just hit puberty. Actually, they're surprisingly good. And surprisingly loud.

FIND Margie in the foreground with rolled up napkin visibly protruding from her ears. Marveling.

INT. HAMILTON HOME - DINING ROOM - EVENING

The BAND can be heard outside as Sam edges into the dining room... And pauses.

SAM
Hello?

The flash of a moving SHADOW on the floor... Sam throws himself backwards as a silencer-equipped M-5 chews up the wall with a hail of bullets. Sam returns fire.

INT. HAMILTON HOME - HOME OFFICE - EVENING

The window frame is lifted up, and now a MUSCULAR MAN with a HANDGUN, close-cropped hair and dark, close-fitting clothes steps inside. He scans the room, then heads for the door.

A HAND quietly grabs a pair of iPhone earbuds from the desk -

- then Bill garrots the man with the headphones, simultaneously pinning the gun against his body. The man fights back furiously, bucking and struggling to work his fingers under the wire. Bill bears down harder...

EXT. HAMILTON HOME - BACKYARD - EVENING

The band rocks out -

INT. HAMILTON HOME - HOME OFFICE - EVENING

Bill's opponent slumps, lifeless. Bill drops the man, quickly grabs an ice pack from the desk and presses it to his back. Ah.

EXT. HAMILTON HOME - BACKYARD - EVENING

The band finishes their first song in a riotous, chaotic tumble of notes. CHEERS from those assembled... Gemma scans the audience and, realizing Margie is the only family member present, signals for a quick break. Groans from everyone -

GEMMA
Sorry. Just give me a sec.

As she pulls off her bass -

INT. HAMILTON HOME - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Sam crouches, waiting a count of three before he steps out and fires.

CONTINUED:

A MAN (dressed identically to the guy Bill is fighting) stumbles into the dining room and tumbles to the floor. As blood pools from under the man's motionless body, Sam kneels to check his pockets -

Gemma bursts in through french doors leading to the backyard. Stops short at the sight of Sam hunched over a corpse. Sam looks up, aghast when he sees her...

GEMMA
Seriously?

SAM
Go back outside. It's not safe -

GEMMA
(incredulous)
Of course not. I mean why would it be safe inside my own house when I'm having a party? When most of my family is missing my band -

SAM
I'm sorry I'm not out there. But I can hear you guys, and you sound great.

Sam flips the dining room table to provide a shield against further attacks...

SAM (CONT'D)
And like I said, it's not real safe in here so you have to go back out. Like, now.

Fuming, Gemma exits. Sam leaps to bolt both doors then turns. Warily peers into the shadows...

INT. HAMILTON HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

ANGLE ON the THIRD ASSAILANT (dressed as the others) as he creeps through the living room with an automatic rifle. He pauses, listening...

Sam barrels around the corner and tackles the man, pushes the gun barrel to the ceiling. They fight hand-to-hand, two expert killers battling. They tumble to the floor. The assailant lands a punch to Sam's wounded shoulder, Sam sees stars... The gun barrel wrestled down, ever-closer to Sam's head... Until Sam grabs a LUAU-THEMED PARTY HORN (tossed to the floor earlier by Carl) and <u>jams the horn down his assailant's throat</u>.

CONTINUED:

With both hands vying for control of the rifle, the man tries to expel the horn from his mouth, succeeding only in making horrible, New Year's Eve-like horn noises...

Suddenly Carl is behind the man, who stiffens as the kitchen knife enters his back. The assailant emits a last, sickly honk...

EXT. HAMILTON HOME - BACKYARD - EVENING

With a sweaty, cymbal-crashing, string-busting final chord, the band finishes their set. Applause from the kids, relief from the neighbors that it's over... Gemma peers out over the heads of her friends, still amazed that most of her family missed it. But Margie is there, cheering at the top of her lungs -

MARGIE
Brava, brava!

Bill makes his way through the crowd to Margie, whispers in her ear. As Margie's expression darkens -

INT. HAMILTON HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Margie and Bill enter, and Margie takes in the carnage. Sam bleeds on the floor, Carl holds a knife... The last assailant is dead, party horn jutting from his throat.

MARGIE
Sam - ?

SAM
I'm okay, thanks to Carl.

BILL
I spoke to the Company. They were apologetic... Said we were hired by a rogue element, and our supposed target is, in fact, an active agent.

MARGIE
As Sam thought.

CARL
But it wasn't my fault, right? They validated the assignment -

MARGIE
It was no one's fault, honey.

CONTINUED:

BILL
Apparently there was an interoffice cover-up.

EXT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - EVENING

A HALF-DOZEN CIA AGENTS pull "Naomi" from the restaurant, shove her into a waiting car with tinted windows.

BILL (V.O.)
The Company assured me our home is no longer a compromised location.

INT. HAMILTON HOME - LIVING ROOM - RESUME SCENE

BILL
Now, of course, they need to cover-up the cover-up. I said we'd be happy to help.
(to Sam)
And they want to ask you about your time in Marrakech. If you don't mind sticking around.

SAM
I can do that.

MARGIE
Since Sam was right about all this... I think we should revisit the question of whether he works with us.

BILL
(tense)
Honey, none of this would have happened if Sam hadn't -

MARGIE
I meant revisit it later, after I drive Sam to Dr. Hubble. Carl, would you please wrap the bodies and put them in the garage? Nail plywood over the bullet holes in the dining room, we'll say it was termites. Guests should leave out the side gate... Bill, tell Gemma you watched her band from the bedroom window and they were wonderful. She won't believe you, but you can try.
(to Sam)
Ready for the doctor?

CONTINUED:

SAM
Thanks, Mom. You're the best.

MARGIE
Of course, Sweetheart. It's just so nice to have you home.

Sam smiles up at his Mom -

EXT. HAMILTON HOME - BACKYARD - EVENING

MOVE through the yard, past the kids... Past Gemma with friends. THROUGH the EXTERIOR WALL OF THE HOUSE and into the HOME OFFICE. FIND the printer as it spits out a PHOTO. The picture faces away from us... But we know it's the next target...

END EPISODE ONE