SEAL BEACH BOULEVARD

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ON A BLACK SCREEN

The hum of fluorescent lights. The scuffing of chairs. A MALE VOICE addresses a small crowd at a recovery group.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
A man is stuck down in a hole. He doesn't know how he got there, he just knows he can't get out. A doctor walks past. The man calls out: "Hey Doc, I'm stuck, can you get me out of here?" The doctor writes a prescription and throws it down in the hole and walks away...

From the tone of his share we can tell that the voice belongs to a survivor. He takes a sip of water; clears his throat.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)
A few hours later a priest walks past. The man calls out: "Father! You've got to save me, please." The priest tosses his Rosary beads into the hole and walks on... When the man is just about to give up hope, his friend walks past. He calls up to his friend: "Buddy, I'm stuck in this hole. You got to get me out." The friend jumps down into the hole besides him. The man looks at his friend and says: "Great, now we're both stuck." To which his friend replies: "Don't worry, brother. I've been down here before. I know the way out."

TITLE: **SEAL BEACH BOULEVARD**

The sound of ocean winds begins to build...

FADE TO:

EXT. SHORELINE - DAY

We follow on a MOUSE as it scurries down a sandy cement sidewalk along the wooden planks of a weathered boardwalk.

The mouse navigates a maze of obstacles with speed and drive. Every step it takes is about one thing: *survival.*

As the mouse hurries toward the safety of the underbrush, its journey is cut short -- a SEAGULL swoops down and eats it.

We follow the seagull UP and PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - MORNING

Joggers navigate a path overlooking the Pacific as waves fall like dominoes down the coastline toward Malibu.

EXT. 3RD STREET PROMENADE - SAME

Tourists stroll past high-end boutiques and restaurants. A *Starbucks* every hundred yards. We follow to a corner...

BANK OF AMERICA BRANCH OFFICE

-- A HOMELESS ARMY VET, 40s, panhandles with little success. His sign reads: *"SUPPORT OUR TROOPS! START WITH ME!"*

A MALE CUSTOMER, 30s, enters the bank as he reads the sign.

CUSTOMER
I'll get you on the way out.

HOMELESS VET
(to himself)
Story of my life...

A *SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA GAS COMPANY* VEHICLE PULLS UP and parks in a nearby red zone. Two WORKERS EXIT carrying toolboxes.

The two Workers are wearing hard-hats, sunglasses and gas masks. They move with purpose.

As their vehicle's emergency lights flash, GAS WORKER #1 ropes off a section of the sidewalk and motions for pedestrians to go around him.

GAS WORKER #2 discreetly spills some liquid onto the ground.

INT. JEWELRY STORE (PROMENADE) - SAME

Gas Worker #2 enters the store, calls out to the employees...

GAS WORKER #2
(with accent, commands)
Major gas leak. I need everybody to evacuate east to 4th street.

The startled employees begin to lock-down as the Gas Worker heads out and off to warn a busy restaurant next door.

EXT. 3RD STREET PROMENADE - CONTINUOUS

People are reacting to an obvious foul odor in the air as the two Gas Workers continue directing people away from the bank.

INT. BANK OF AMERICA - SAME

A small line of customers wait for available tellers as we hang on a MIDDLE-EASTERN MALE, 30s, filling out a bank slip.

He discreetly drops clear glass pellets on the floor and casually steps on them. They release a stink bomb odor.

CUSTOMER
(concerned)
What the hell is that odor?

BANK EMPLOYEE
I smell it too. Let me check.

Through the front windows of the bank we see the panicked rush of people leaving the Promenade.

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - SAME

Two blocks from the bank, a large *MOBIL* GAS TANKER begins to make a wide turn down the street near the bank branch.

The truck stops mid-turn -- effectively blocking all traffic, as the DRIVER jumps out and runs off toward the bank.

REAR OF GAS TRUCK -- it's leaking gasoline onto the street. Traffic retreats.

INT. BANK OF AMERICA - CONTINUOUS

Both Gas Workers have entered the bank -- still wearing gas masks. They are now in control. *Fake accents throughout.*

GAS WORKER #1
No one else leaves.

Most of the customers have already fled as the bank staff awaits orders from their boss.

A frazzled BRANCH MANAGER, female, 40s, approaches the men.

BRANCH MANAGER
(confused)
We have a security protocol.

GAS WORKER #2
So do we.

Gas Worker #2 opens his jacket and pulls out a machine gun.

BRANCH MANAGER
(stunned, realizes)
You're not here for the gas.

AT THE DOORWAY

The Driver from the Mobil Gas Truck enters wearing his work uniform and a black mask over his face. Duffel bags in hand.

MOBIL DRIVER
(accent, commanding)
Forty-five seconds.

EXT./INT. UNDERCOVER SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

FBI AGENT DANNY SUNSHINE, 40s, bald, stocky -- Honks his horn in frustration as he joins the ass-end of a traffic jam.

He sips coffee from a takeout cup; but it's grown bitter and cold, just like him. He tosses the coffee out the window.

SUNSHINE
(off traffic)
Fuck this!

Sunshine pulls out of traffic and begins to drive down the sidewalk for a closer look. Pedestrians run out of the way.

KID ON SIDEWALK
(yells)
You can't drive down the sidewalk, asshole!

Sunshine slaps a flashing siren on his dashboard.

SUNSHINE
(yells back)
I got portable lights! I can do whatever the hell I want.

Chaos. But for a moment, Sunshine is right with the world. As he moves down the sidewalk, Sunshine now sees the Mobil Gas truck blocking traffic up ahead.

What he doesn't see: a VENDOR with a pushcart fruit stand. Sunshine's car clips the stand, knocking it over. Sunshine drives on with little regard.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
(winces; off rearview)
Fiber? Check.

Sunshine pulls up to the rear of the Mobil gas truck and exits his car. Now sporting his FBI windbreaker, Sunshine navigates the scene on foot for a closer inspection.

MAN ON PARKING STRUCTURE
(yells to Sunshine)
Move away. That's gonna blow.

Sunshine see the gasoline spilling down the street along the curb. He sniffs the air. He reaches down and touches the gasoline. He smells his hand. His eyes drift to the ocean.

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA - SAME

The gas leak scare has effectively cleared the area except for a few stragglers -- our Homeless Vet being one of them.

Backpack in hand, the Homeless Vet nervously slips into an alley as colored smoke from flares begins to fill the area.

A smoke perimeter forms a landing area for --

A HELICOPTER

-- which soon appears above and hovers before it lowers itself down to greet the bank robbers: the two So-Cal gas workers and the Mobil truck driver.

Heavy stuffed duffle bags in hand, they begin to board the copter as one of the robbers tosses a timed-explosive charge into the *So-Cal Gas* vehicle moments before the helicopter lifts into the sky.

IN THE TRUCK

The explosive charge detonates, destroying all physical evidence as the truck bursts into flames.

A BLOCK AWAY -- ABOVE THE CROWD

The robbers toss HANDFULS of $100 bills from the copter, showering them down into a frenzied crowd below.

EXT./INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

LOOKING DOWN we see the 3rd Street Promenade as a ghost town. Plumes of smoke. Police sirens weave through traffic.

The Helicopter heads out over the ocean and down the coast. The entire bank robbery took less than three minutes.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The PILOT, wearing a wet suit, flies with military precision as he spots a few fishing boats ahead in the distance.

PASSENGER AREA

-- the three bank robbers have stripped off their outer clothes and are now in wet suits. The duffel bags from the robberies are being opened revealing: CASH and GOLD BARS.

The men are tightly securing GOLD BARS from the robbery into special body vests -- each man taking about 30-40 pounds.

EXT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

As it moves closer, nearly skimming the water's edge.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The Pilot has locked the helicopter's steering wheel on its target: a 30-foot FISHING BOAT anchored half a mile ahead.

PILOT
(commands, hand signals)
Thirty seconds till go. Roll one!

The first Diver rolls from the helicopter and into the ocean below. The second Diver positions himself in the doorway.

ROLL TWO: second Diver hits the water; the last one readies.

ROLL THREE: He jumps. Ten seconds from impact as...

The Pilot dives for the open doorway and rolls out. In the final seconds before impact WE SEE:

THE BODIES OF TWO MEN DRESSED IN *SOCAL GAS COMPANY* UNIFORMS

-- they are propped up in the rear of the helicopter near an empty gasoline can. And with that...

IMPACT: A FIREBALL EXPLODES INTO THE AIR!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ZUMA BEACH, MALIBU - SAME

The strained notes of Jimi Hendrix playing the *"Star Spangled Banner"* echo across the surf. We move above the shoreline to a green bluff overlooking the ocean.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

The music is coming from an iPod plugged into portable speakers at an informal gathering. A dozen PEOPLE stand near flowers, candles and a few framed photos of a SOLDIER.

JERRY "RED DOG" REED, 30s, is giving a rambling speech. He's making about as much sense as he can, but it's clear this former soldier misses his friend. His emotions stir.

RED DOG
...I just wonder sometimes: Did we do the right thing? And I only bring that up because of the last conversation I had with Billy, he told me that he was sorry. *Sorry for what, man...*
(admits)
Billy didn't believe in God, he believed in people. And he somehow felt he let us all down.
(raises a beer to Billy)
There's only so many miles you can drag a stone, brother. Let it go.

TERRY MOLLOY, 30s, clean cut, FBI blazer and shades, watches from the side. He's taking in the event with a somber tone.

Red Dog rambles to a close. After quiet applause, Red Dog shuffles over and approaches Molloy with suspicion.

RED DOG (CONT'D)
You ain't gonna bust me for an open container, are you *officer*?

MOLLOY
(bluffs)
No, sir. But I am going to fine you for being ugly.

The two men smile and then hug it out. Red Dog gives Molloy a look of admiration. There's history with these guys.

RED DOG
You look good, Terry.

Molloy can't say the same -- but he gives what he can.

MOLLOY
That stone Billy was carrying, it gets real heavy, Red.

Red Dog knows Molloy is right. He rubs his hand across Molloy's chest.

RED DOG
That's why you carry it so well. You're the strongest fucker I've ever met.

Molloy's cellphone rings. He steps back and takes the call.

MOLLOY
(into phone)
Molloy speaking.
(looks into the distance)
I see the smoke. On my way.

Molloy's POV: A distant smoke pillar.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Molloy arrives on the crime scene to see Agent Sunshine. With a nod and snarl, Sunshine stakes his turf.

SUNSHINE
(off Molloy)
In your backyard and it still took you an hour to get here?

Molloy doesn't waste words on a reply to Sunshine's comment. Spectators watch from behind yellow crime scene tape.

An FBI CRIME SCENE ANALYST jumps down from the truck cab.

FBI ANALYST
She's clean, Sunshine.

SUNSHINE
Thanks, Sparky.

Molloy inspects the truck as Sunshine briefs him.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
They filled it with sea water.
Nice diversion, huh?

MOLLOY
Resourceful.

SUNSHINE
(off truck, feels paint)
Even painted their own logo.
Truck was stolen from Santa Anita.
Watering truck for turf tracks.

MOLLOY
Got a line on the helicopter?

SUNSHINE
Van Nuys airport reported one missing a few hours ago. They torched a third vehicle at the bank.

Molloy is distracted by something in the distance.

MOLLOY
Any reason why the fruit vendor across the street keeps giving us the finger?

SUNSHINE
I ran over his cart with my car.
(yells at Vendor)
Shake it off already.

The men are flagged over by the FBI Analyst.

FBI ANALYST
(off radio)
Agents Sunshine and Molloy. Harbor patrol just pulled two bodies and lots of cash from the crash site.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA DEL REY - DAY

A CRIME SCENE RECOVERY LOCATION - Sunshine and Molloy are being debriefed as evidence is gathered and recorded.

The badly-charred BODY of a suspect is laid on the ground and photographed. We can't make out any distinct facial features.

SUNSHINE
Thought we had two bodies here.

PATHOLOGIST
We're still putting the second one together, but we got the most important part so far.

The PATHOLOGIST opens an evidence cooler to reveal --

A SEVERED HEAD

Sunshine takes a quick picture of the head with his cellphone camera -- more for personal use than anything job related.

SUNSHINE
(pleads to the head)
Don't you die on me!

Molloy smacks Sunshine on the arm, pulls him aside.

MOLLOY
Not everything's a joke, Sunshine.

SUNSHINE
Jesus, Molloy. No wonder no one wants to work with you. You're like *Walker, Texas Ranger* -- minus the awesome Kung Fu shit.

Molloy doesn't even bother answering as an AGENT approaches and hands Sunshine a wet duffel bag full of cash.

FBI AGENT
A fisherman turned this in to us.

SUNSHINE
(off bag, whispers)
Feel that weight. We can walk off into the sunset right now, Molloy.

MOLLOY
There's nothing in that bag that's gonna change my life.

SUNSHINE
(swings the bag)
Come on, *feel* it. Your military and Fed pensions combined. Mexico, Vegas or Palm Springs -- your call!

MOLLOY
No thanks. I've had enough sand in my boots to last a lifetime.

SUNSHINE
...Said the guy who lives on a beach.

Sunshine hands the bag back to his fellow Agent.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
Count it and log it.

As the Agent walks away Sunshine playfully taunts Molloy.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
I guess God finally cursed me with an honest partner.

MOLLOY
FBI agents don't have partners.

SUNSHINE
Maybe not, but fate keeps bringing us new guys together.

MOLLOY
It's not fate. It's armed robbery.

Sunshine senses Molloy's disdain.

SUNSHINE
Don't worry. I know our roles: You're the war hero. I'm just the guy taking all the risks.

MOLLOY
You'd only risk your life to save your job.

SUNSHINE
Don't count on it.

Molloy shoots Sunshine a judgemental look.

MOLLOY
How did you ever make it from the LAPD to the FBI, Sunshine?

SUNSHINE
Same way as you, Molloy. I killed people.

An awkward pause as Sunshine's words hang in the air.

MALE VOICE (PRE-LAP)
While the full take from this morning's robbery has yet to be determined, Harbor Patrol was able to recover nearly $600,000 in cash from the helicopter crash site.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, LOS ANGELES - DAY

The commanding voice belongs to MARTIN THALL, 60s, African-American head of the Los Angeles FBI Task Force.

Thall addresses a dozen FBI AGENTS, including Molloy and Sunshine. He uses a remote to activate a video screen.

A series of GRAINY STILLS FROM SECURITY CAMERAS...

THALL
So far bank surveillance videos identify at least four suspects and one possible accomplice.

MORE VIDEO STILLS: The robbery in progress.

THALL (CONT'D)
Thanks to the work of Agent Daniel Sunshine, we were able to recover a partial fingerprint from an unexploded sulfur capsule.

Applause and heckles from his fellow Agents. Sunshine shoots Molloy a look: *"What can I say!?"*

THALL (CONT'D)
Two bodies pulled from the crash site have yet to be identified.

NEW SLIDE: Map of the Pacific Coastline.

THALL (CONT'D)
Today's heist shows similar patterns to robberies in San Diego, San Jose, and Portland. Each of these robberies involved a high-stakes target: gold. Nearly 100 pounds in today's heist alone.

Thall looks around the room.

THALL (CONT'D)
For those of you not keeping track of the commodities exchange rates on precious medals, we're looking at nearly three million dollars in untraceable assets. Dive teams are trying to locate what they can.

SUNSHINE
Modern day pirates.

THALL
They're far from the Caribbean.

MORGUE PHOTOS: FACES OF DEAD SUSPECTS, MIDDLE-EASTERN MALES

THALL (CONT'D)
In two prior robberies, suspects also died during escape. The two Middle-Eastern men shown here have not been positively identified.

Something clicks with Molloy -- he raises his hand.

MOLLOY
(off suspects)
Is there a verified connection to a Middle-East network?

Thall hesitates before he responds.

THALL
We have not received any official confirmation. Eyewitness accounts vary. Press is already drawing their own conclusions, so I suggest we keep a low profile as we run down leads.

Thall takes note of Molloy's interest.

CUT TO:

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Thall approaches as Molloy and Sunshine exchange notes.

THALL (CONT'D)
If you raise your hand in class that means you must want homework, Molloy.
(hands him a file)
(MORE)

THALL (CONT'D)
Something odd about the preliminary reports from the morgue regarding the bodies pulled from the harbor.
(off Sunshine)
Take Super Sleuth with you.

Molloy scans the file as Sunshine smiles at his *partner.*

INT. MORGUE - LATER

A PATHOLOGIST slides open two drawers revealing the badly damaged bodies of the robbery suspects from the Harbor. One body is assembled in pieces. Both bodies have tattoos.

PATHOLOGIST
We don't have a lot of repeat customers in our business.

The men put on surgical gloves.

SUNSHINE
(picks up an arm)
You turned their prints over?

PATHOLOGIST
What I could recover. The bodies were sprayed with an accelerant.

The Pathologist shows them severe burn marks on an arm.

PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)
The bodies could have come from the boat or the helicopter. But they weren't in the water long. There's sign of ice particles in some internal organs.

MOLLOY
(off body)
How do you know this is the same body from last week?

PATHOLOGIST
For starters, the tattoos. They came up in our system as a match. And the second, the stomach incisions. They're either from a war wound or autopsy stitching. I have *my* opinion...

MOLLOY
Dead guys don't rob banks.

PATHOLOGIST
Probably why I've been asked to hold off from submitting my report.

Sunshine looks down at the severed arm and notices some crude homemade tattoos in Arabic.

SUNSHINE
I guess that's Arabic for *Mother*?

MOLLOY
Actually it's an Iraqi army tattoo.

SUNSHINE
(off other body)
And what about *Weekend at Bernies* over here?

PATHOLOGIST
Military tattoos as well. But he's Caucasian.

A look of surprise comes across Molloy's face as he eyes the Caucasian suspect's body.

MOLLOY
(off tattoo)
A trident. He's a Navy Seal.

PATHOLOGIST
(produces a file)
John Pine. Died six days ago.

The men examine a file photo of Pine.

PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)
Heroin overdose -- before the *crash*, that is.

MOLLOY
Who signed out his body?

PATHOLOGIST
Next of kin. It's all in the file.

MOLLOY
(scans file)
We got an address.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, LONG BEACH - NIGHT

Not the best part of town. Graffiti and trash. Molloy and Sunshine approach. A locked lobby door opens with a tug.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY, LONG BEACH - SAME

SUNSHINE
Guess the doorman's on strike.

MOLLOY
Address is listed to Pine's sister. Parents are dead. She's on SSI, has a record for drugs. Probation says she's been clean.

SUNSHINE
There's nothing clean about this place.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Molloy and Sunshine arrive at apartment #16. Molloy knocks. Not the kind of place they open doors for strangers.

After a beat, Sunshine tries a different approach. He BANGS.

SUNSHINE
(loudly)
We're selling crack.

No one answers. After a beat they turn to leave as a male JUNKIE, 30s, rounds the corner and nearly bumps into them.

He eyes the door before bolting down the hall in a panic.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
There's our doorman!

They take off after the man -- with Sunshine taking the lead as Molloy pulls back and follows his instincts down an opposite flight of stairs.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

After a brief chase, Molloy surprises the Junkie, cutting off his escape path. They corner the breathless suspect.

JUNKIE
Why are you chasing me, man?

SUNSHINE
People magazine sent us. They named you sexiest man alive.

The Junkie is a wired mess -- missing most of his teeth.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
Hands where I can see them, smiley.

Sunshine starts turning the suspect's pockets inside out.

JUNKIE
(nervous)
You a cop?

Sunshine pulls a bag of white powder from the suspect's jacket pocket and proudly dangles it in the air.

SUNSHINE
Get us into apartment sixteen and I won't have to answer that.

JUNKIE
(off dope)
You can't just take my stuff, man.

SUNSHINE
Shut up or I'll take your tooth.

Molloy offers an out to the Junkie --

MOLLOY
What's your name, buddy?

JUNKIE/RICKY
Ricky.

MOLLOY
Look, Ricky. Can you get us in apartment sixteen or not?

SUNSHINE
(sweetens the deal)
We get inside and you'll get your shit back.

Ricky doesn't know who to trust...

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Ricky knocks on the door of apartment #16.

JUNKIE
(reluctant)
Linda? It's Ricky. Open up, babe.

After a beat, the multiple door-locks unbolt. Molloy and Sunshine push Ricky aside and enter. Sunshine tosses Ricky's drugs down the hall. Ricky follows his dope and splits...

INT. APARTMENT/KITCHEN AREA - MOMENTS LATER

LINDA PINE, (30s) sits at a portable kitchen table, chain smoking as she rocks back in forth in her chair. She's spent; rail thin and torn up on speed.

LINDA
Don't you need warrants and stuff?

Molloy sits across from her, listening calmly as Sunshine pokes around. The apartment is a mess of liquor bottles and ashtrays. Linda eyes Sunshine with suspicion.

SUNSHINE
(points down the hall)
Can I use your bathroom?

Before Linda can answer, Sunshine walks into the other room.

MOLLOY
We just have some questions about your brother.

LINDA
My brother is gone... He's dead.

MOLLOY
When did your brother pass?

LINDA
Last week. But if you ask me, he died a long time before that. He was a soldier. Navy Seal.
(nervous, off Sunshine)
Where did the bald guy go?

MOLLOY
He's okay, just using the bathroom.
Look, I'm sorry for your loss.
(rubs her arm softly)
We're not trying to hurt anyone, I just need to know about the people who took your brother's body.

Linda doesn't want to answer. She looks Molloy in his eyes.

LINDA
They were friends.

MOLLOY
His friends?

LINDA
The only ones he had.

MOLLOY
Soldiers?

Linda nods as she drags deeply on her cigarette.

LINDA
Mostly... Except for one guy. An Arab. He didn't say much, but he acted like he was in charge.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Sunshine looks through the cabinets. Nothing of interest.

He quietly exits into...

LIVING ROOM / BEDROOM AREA

...a BRAND NEW 50 INCH FLAT-SCREEN TV is turned on. No reception -- it's projecting snow, without sound.

The TV's packing box is leaning near a dirty futon. Unopened new packets of socks and underwear are on the floor.

INSIDE CLOSET

...Sunshine feels along the top shelf. He finds some crack pipes and lighters -- then hits pay dirt: <u>TWO STACKS OF CASH, $100 BILLS wrapped in BANK SEALS. Maybe 10 grand.</u>

Sunshine notes the bank name and thumbs through each packet, removing and bagging a crisp bill from both before returning the cash to its hiding spot.

KITCHEN

Linda is crying as Molloy consoles her. <u>She hands Molloy a picture of John Pine and SOLDIERS posing with machine guns.</u>

LINDA
Am I in trouble for letting them take his body?

MOLLOY
Of course not. I just need a way to contact them. Can you help me?

Linda lights another cigarette. Wipes her nose.

LINDA
I don't know all their names. But they come by from time to time to check on me.
(MORE)

LINDA (CONT'D)
(off photo)
Johnny couldn’t carry the weight anymore. The shame over things he did over there. Nightmares. He just wanted to be buried at sea. That’s where they were supposed to take him. To the water...

MOLLOY
He’ll make it there. I promise.

Linda take a deep breath and soaks in her reality.

LINDA
Johnny said God would take care of us. Guess God doesn’t have my address, huh?

MOLLOY
Maybe not. But I do. Call me if they contact you again.

Molloy takes her trembling hand and squeezes it as he hands her his card. Sunshine slides back into the room.

SUNSHINE
(wipes hands on pants)
I couldn’t find a towel.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Sunshine drives as Molloy goes over his notes.

MOLLOY
I got a good lead on how her brother’s body ended up in the ocean.

SUNSHINE
Yeah? While you were getting your lap-dance, did she mention these?

Sunshine holds up the bag containing the two $100 bills.

MOLLOY
Where did you get those?

SUNSHINE
From the *ten grand* she had stashed in her closet. I guess you also missed the new flat screen TV and uncashed disability check on the counter.

Molloy studies the money with great curiosity.

MOLLOY
We have to go back to see her.

SUNSHINE
So she can tip them off?

MOLLOY
You really think she's involved?

SUNSHINE
She didn't sell her brother's body to science for that cash -- she sold him to bank robbers!

Molloy takes another look at the photo of soldiers that Linda Pine gave him.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT LOCATION - NIGHT

The moonlight highlights a jagged mountain range.

A can of GASOLINE is emptied into a fire pit in an isolated location. In the pit: uniforms, boots, and documents.

A LIGHTER is ignited and dropped on the pile.

The flames illuminate the profile of a MAN, 30s. On his jacket we see a military logo outlined with the words:

"NAVAL WEAPONS STATION -- SEAL BEACH, CALIFORNIA"

INT. FBI CRIME LAB - LATER

Sunshine and Molloy meet with Lab Tech VICTOR DIAZ, 30s. Sunshine hands him the hundred dollar bills in a plastic bag.

SUNSHINE
Run the serial numbers on these. But keep it on the *down-lo,* Vic.

VICTOR
You got it, Sunshine.

Sunshine pulls Molloy aside.

SUNSHINE
The bank seals on the cash in her closet were from the robbery before the Santa Monica hit.

MOLLOY
These guy are all about the gold. So why be sloppy with the cash?

SUNSHINE
Maybe someone wanted us to find that money.

A beat. Something clicks...

MOLLOY
The fisherman from the Marina?

MALE VOICE (PRE-LAP)
I was in the area after pulling up my crab traps...

EXT. MARINA - DAY

JACK HOBBS, 50s, climbs from his commercial fishing boat onto the docks. Molloy tries to help him off, but Hobbs refuses. A prominent limp doesn't slow Hobbs down.

MOLLOY
When did you spot the money?

HOBBS
Saw the copter crash. Got as close as I could. No survivors. Saw the bag floating by. I grabbed it.

SUNSHINE
What made you turn it in?

HOBBS
I only take from the ocean what I need to survive.

INT. HOBBS' GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Hobbs goes about his work. We see <u>military insignia</u> on the walls; crab traps and fishing gear, etc.

MOLLOY
You were in the service?

HOBBS
Persian Gulf. The war the people liked. Got out in ‘93.

MOLLOY
I left the Army last year. Pulled three clips overseas myself.

Hobbs isn’t interested in sharing war stories with Molloy.

HOBBS
Gave them 10 years and my left leg.
(shows prosthetic limb)
Figure they got the better deal.

Sunshine walks behind some crab traps and notices a car under a tarp. He lifts the tarp to reveal a Cherry Red 1958 BUICK.

SUNSHINE
(off car)
Wow. 1958, Series 50. Yours?

Sunshine snaps a photo of the car with his phone. Hobbs is annoyed and covers the car back up.

HOBBS
I like to take a Sunday drive once in a while. That against the law?

Sunshine backs off. Molloy does damage control.

MOLLOY
Thanks for your time, Mr. Hobbs. And for what it’s worth, you did the right thing.

Hobbs’ look indicates that he’s not so sure.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, LOS ANGELES - LATER

Molloy and Sunshine walk and talk...

SUNSHINE
The guy just happens to be in the area at the same time as a helicopter hits a stolen boat?

MOLLOY
He could have kept the money. $600,000 buys a lot of bait.

SUNSHINE
The money was just a distraction. I wonder what else Hobbs took from that water.

MOLLOY
I don't see it.

SUNSHINE
Guess you didn't see the huge chip on his shoulder, either.

MOLLOY
I wasn't looking at his shoulder.

SUNSHINE
You don't think that it's odd that a guy missing his left leg drives a car with a heavy clutch?

Sunshine lets Molloy ponder that thought as he exits. Victor the Lab Tech passes. Molloy stops him.

MOLLOY
Hey Victor, could you run me a query on all 1958 Buick series-50s in Southern California?
(mocks Sunshine)
And keep it on the 'down-lo'?

VICTOR
(takes note)
It'll be on my radar, Terry.

Thall enters with urgency -- he's waving a file.

THALL
Get Sunshine. We got a fingerprint match from the sulfur capsule recovered in Santa Monica.

INT. THALL'S OFFICE, FBI - MOMENTS LATER

Molloy and Sunshine look at TWO PHOTOS.

PHOTO #1: OMAR RAMI, the Arab man from the opening bank sequence. *(The customer who dropped the glass capsules.)*

THALL
(off photos)
His name is Omar Rami.
(MORE)

THALL (CONT'D)
Syrian national with ties to a suspected Saudi terrorist cell funded by Udel Faheed.
(second photo)
Udel is the son of King Faheed.

PHOTO #2: UDEL FAHEED BIN WAHLI, 40s, a dangerous looking dude straight out of a terrorist manual.

MOLLOY
(studies report)
He knows we're on to him?

THALL
We think so. Rami requested an emergency meeting with his contact at the Saudi Embassy in an hour. Rami can lead us to Udel Faheed.

SUNSHINE
I though the agency reported Udel Faheed was dead?

THALL
Just rumors the agency is using to try and break morale and draw him out. The truth, Faheed's been on the run since his family's empire in Quandar began to crumble. He's a growing threat we must deal with.
(to the point)
Faheed knows too much information to die. Information we need.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDDLE-EASTERN VILLAGE - DAY

TITLE CARD: "QUANDAR REGION -- BORDER OF IRAQ"

Armed MEN in Arabic garb gather outside a small house as children kick a soccer ball down a nearby dirt road.

ON THE ROOF

A torn Arabic flag blows in a hazy breeze. We PAN DOWN...

At the base of the flagpole we see the blinking light of a small hidden transponder.

FRONT OF HOUSE

A RAT sneaks up on a tray of bread and rice placed near a vent on the house. *The meal is fit for a prisoner.*

As the rat nibbles at the bread crust a filthy HUMAN HAND shoots out from the vent and SNATCHES the rat.

A moment later, the same hand retrieves the food.

BACK TO USA:

EXT. SAUDI EMBASSY, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Molloy and Sunshine watch the guarded Embassy entrance from their car parked down the block.

INT. SUNSHINE'S BUREAU CAR - SAME

SUNSHINE
Why would Omar Rami suddenly be running scared?

MOLLOY
(sarcastic)
I'm guessing the whole *threat of death* thing is a factor.

SUNSHINE
Not if he's a true terrorist. Those guys have balls the size of puppies: flying planes into buildings and shit. They *die* for a living.

MOLLOY
(annoyed; takes the bait)
So these guys are your *heroes?*

SUNSHINE
Everyone is a hero to somebody. Especially bank robbers. But *our* guys? Hell, whoever's behind their *cause* has built the perfect boogeyman.

MOLLOY
If *you* can't beat them then the game must be rigged? Is that it?

SUNSHINE
Pine's body being found in that wreckage seems like a pretty big fuckup for people this dedicated.

Molloy's not taking the leap with Sunshine's logic.

MOLLOY
Heroes or not: People who get scared make mistakes.

Their attention is drawn to: Omar Rami as he emerges from a small cluster of pedestrians and approaches the Embassy gate.

SUNSHINE
(off Rami)
Doesn't look too scared to me.

MOLLOY
That Embassy is sovereign land. If he makes it inside, he's safe.

Rami is arguing with a guard as backup SECURITY arrive.

MOLLOY (CONT'D)
If not... There's no worse feeling than waking up far from home and realizing you might have overplayed your hand.

SUNSHINE
(beat)
You know a lot about these type of guys, huh?

MOLLOY
(eyes on the Embassy)
More than I'd care to. And it's not Rami that I'm worried about. It's his friends.

Sunshine looks at the suspect with a new set of eyes as the Guards pull Rami inside the Embassy gates.

SUNSHINE
We'll take him at his apartment.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, DOWNTOWN, LA (RAMI'S APT.) - DAY

Rami exits a black VAN and hustles his way inside the front door of a nondescript apartment building.

Molloy and Sunshine follow at a safe distance. Three floors up, SOMEONE WATCHES from a window.

INT. HALLWAY, APARTMENT BUILDING (RAMI'S APT.) - SAME

Rami uses the stairwell to access a third floor apartment.

INT. RAMI'S APARTMENT - SAME

As soon as Rami enters he notices his TV is on. Something is wrong. He freezes as *a gun clicks to his head.*

ARAB GUNMAN
(*Arabic with subtitles*)
You were followed!

RAMI
(Arabic, scared)
What are you doing here?

The ARAB GUNMAN (SHAREZ HASSAN), 40s, in charge, removes Rami's gun from his waistband. He no longer trusts Rami.

Hassan grabs Rami and uses his body as a shield as he cautiously rolls into the hall, gun drawn.

Pushing Rami aside, the suspect takes off down the hall just before --

MOLLOY AND SUNSHINE

-- emerge from the other set of doors in time to surprise Rami. Molloy kicks Rami back inside his apartment as he and Sunshine draw their weapons and enter.

APARTMENT

Rami pulls himself to his feet as Molloy trains his gun on him. Rami slowly moves toward a table.

MOLLOY
STAND STILL! HANDS UP!
(to Sunshine)
Check out the apartment.

Sunshine checks and clears the bedroom and kitchen area as Molloy and Rami stare each other down.

RAMI
(Arabic, protests)
I do nothing. I do nothing.

MOLLOY
English. You speak English?

Rami avoids Molloy's question as he nervously stares at a WOODEN BOX oddly placed on a table.

RAMI
No English.

Sunshine takes note of an English language talk show playing on the TV. He uses a cloth to grab the TV remote control.

SUNSHINE
No English, huh? I guess you watch talk shows for the pretty colors.

Rami jumps for the wooden box, but not fast enough. Molloy knocks him into the table -- the box crashing to the floor.

As Molloy skillfully restrains Rami, we get a closer look at the box's contents:

TWO GOLD BARS, $50,000 CASH, and half a dozen Arab Passports.

(Note: The following dialogue is in Arabic without subtitles)

RAMI
(Arabic, excited)
I never saw these before. They are not mine. Liars are here now.

Molloy frisks Rami before cuffing him to an iron radiator.

On the floor: Molloy spots a PHOTO of Rami posing in the mountains with a group of armed terrorists.

Molloy pockets the photo.

MOLLOY
(fluent Arabic)
Omar Rami, where is the gold? Where are your partners?

Both Rami and Sunshine are alarmed by Molloy's fluent Arabic. Molloy's tone is highly aggressive, almost violent.

MOLLOY (CONT'D)
(fluent Arabic)
Where is your base?

RAMI
(Arabic; off cuffed arm)
I'm a dead man now. Our faces are the same. They will get you next!

Molloy raises his gun to Rami's head.

MOLLOY
(demands, in Arabic)
Who will get us?

Just then Molloy's cellphone rings. Molloy doesn't answer.

After a beat -- Rami's cellphone rings, overlapping rings.

One ring later -- Sunshine's cellphone rings. Three phones ringing in a constant circle. Sunshine answers his phone.

SUNSHINE
(into phone)
Speak!

Phone voice warns: *GET OUT!* Sunshine's eyes fill with fear!

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
It's a trap.

Sunshine rushes towards Molloy and forces his partner out of the front door as Rami stands helpless, cuffed to radiator.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Molloy and Sunshine dive into the stairwell moments before an EXPLOSION rips through Rami's apartment.

A FIREBALL ROLLS DOWN THE HALL!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Aftermath of the explosion: ambulances, cops, firemen. The blaze and destruction contained to one area of the building.

Thall and other AGENTS examine the scene.

THALL
(off carnage)
We can close the books on Omar Rami. Now let's turn the heat up on Udel Faheed.

Thall's eyes drift...

ACROSS THE STREET

Molloy and Sunshine steal a moment away from the action. Molloy's words are guarded as if he's going off the record.

MOLLOY
Rami said he never saw that gold before.

SUNSHINE
Dying men tell no lies. You believe him?

The question hangs.

MOLLOY
(quietly)
I believe every word he said.

INT. BIKER BAR - SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

Two NAVY GUYS, 20s, dressed in their whites, finish beers and pound a final shot as they get ready to leave.

Navy Guy #1 is feeling no pain as we follow his eyes to the object of his affection: a HOT BIKER CHICK across the bar.

While she does flash a smile in their general direction, her biker BOYFRIEND and his BUDDIES have no love for the men in uniform. Navy Guy #2 reads the scene, protects his friend.

NAVY GUY #2
(speeds up the exit)
Come on. Plenty of hearts to break in other less dangerous ports.

As the Navy men head for the door, the Biker and his Buddies follow close behind.

ACROSS THE BAR

Someone else is watching this exchange.

EXT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

The two Navy men stumble down an alley, arm in arm.

NAVY GUY #1
Her cannons were locked on me and she was ready to fire, buddy.
(realizes)
Shit. I forgot my Dixie.

As they turn around to go back they are met by the bikers from the bar. The men circle the Navy guys -- four on two.

BIKER DUDE #1
Hey, Popeye. You looking for this?

The main biker Dude is mockingly wearing the white naval cap.

NAVY GUY #2
We don't want trouble. Just stopped in for a few drinks.

BIKER DUDE #1
Have *drinks* in your *fag Navy bars*.

The circle closes in as the sailors make a run for it. But it's no use. They are stomped to the ground by the bikers.

As the bikers taunt their wounded victims...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Give him his hat back.

The bikers turn around to see:

RYAN TAYLOR, 30s, lean, cool as ice, and in control. (*He is the man we saw burning evidence in the fire pit on page 21)*

His partner MARCUS SMITH, 30s, African-American, built like a brick-house, stands nearby. They're both in street clothes.

BIKER DUDE #1
You ain't got a dog in this fight.

TAYLOR
Four on two isn't a *fight*. But two on four is.

The biker senses danger from Taylor and snaps a LOCK-BLADE open from his waistband. The biker and Taylor square off.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
(smiles, off knife)
You haven't thought this out.

A few swipes of the blade and Taylor easily grips the biker's wrist and snaps his arm like a celery stalk.

Beer guts are no match for Taylor's mixed-martial-arts fighting style. The bikers now know they're trapped.

Smith squares off with one of them as the other two charge Taylor. A biker is flipped through a plate-glass window.

Taylor sweeps the leg of another and pummels his face with a brutal elbow chop. Not a good day to be a biker.

POLICE SIRENS wail in the distance as Taylor pulls Smith back and reminds him to stay focused. They need to get away.

One of the wounded sailors recognizes Taylor. The sailor awkwardly salutes through his bloody haze.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
(You didn't see us)
At ease, Ensign.

PRE-LAP: GUNFIRE

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Molloy fires his weapon as Sunshine observes. The paper target is sent back and reset.

SUNSHINE
When did you learn to speak fluent Arabic?

MOLLOY
On the job training. 300th Brigade specialized in linguistics and intelligence gathering.
(beat)
Couldn't always trust our Iraqi counterparts to convey the proper message.

Sunshine examines Molloy's shooting target results: The chest bulls-eye remains untouched, but the head is decimated.

SUNSHINE
(impressed)
What other secrets you have? Got a third nipple and a 12-inch cock?

MOLLOY
(annoyed)
You gonna shoot or not?

Molloy ignores Sunshine as he reloads.

SUNSHINE
Look, you probably think I wanted to leave Omar Rami in that apartment to die, right?

No answer. Sunshine gets the hint.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
I was only concerned about saving one person. That was *you*, Molloy.

Sunshine turns to leave.

MOLLOY
Rami knew he was going to die. You could see it on his face.

A beat. Sunshine waits for it.

MOLLOY (CONT'D)
Thanks for saving my life.

SUNSHINE
Buy me lunch and we'll call it even. Cool?

MOLLOY
Not today. There's some friends I gotta go see.

EXT. VETERAN'S HOSPITAL - VAN NUYS - DAY

Gritty, institutional...

INT. MEETING ROOM, HOSPITAL - SAME

A group of disabled military VETS form a therapy circle. Some guys are missing limbs, others are just plain damaged. A THERAPIST leads the group.

THERAPIST
Anyone else want to share?

DALTON BURKE, 30s, nervously fumbles with an unlit cigarette.

DALTON
Been thinking a lot about leaving here... Check it out, right: Get one of those small mobile homes. No stuff, no anchors. Just drive. Get the fuck out of dodge...

Dalton is the "Male Voice" from the opening scene. The other Vets in the circle nod their approval of Dalton's share.

THERAPIST
So you've been saying.

DALTON
What? You still think I'm afraid of the outside world, Doc?

THERAPIST
You're the one who keeps bringing it up. What's keeping you here?

DALTON
Nothing *keeps* me anywhere. Not people, places, things...

THERAPIST
What about your memories?

A beat as the question hangs in the air.

DALTON
Not those either. Can't put your arm around one. Hell, can't even wipe your ass with a memory. If it's just about sitting in these rooms and talking about shit that already happened, well then we'd be better off back over there.

THROUGH THE GLASS

Molloy watches the group. He waves to the Men.

INT. VETERAN'S HOSPITAL, COMMON AREA - LATER

Visiting Day as family and friends meet with Vets.

Molloy gets a cup of coffee and sits down with Dalton and WESLEY CONWAY, 30s, a heavy-set African-American Vet who we saw in the group session.

MOLLOY
My house is so close to the beach you can hear the sharks fart.

DALTON
We'll be there soon, Terry.
(to Wesley)
Ain't that right, big man?

Wesley nods and forces a smile. Tension hangs. Dalton tries to lighten the mood.

DALTON (CONT'D)
I remember we always said that if we made it back, we'd head west. The three of us together. An endless summer.
(pats Wesley's leg)
Instead we're here like George and Lennie from *Of Mice and Men.*
(teases Wesley)
(MORE)

DALTON (CONT'D)
I've got to make sure that this one here doesn't crush any puppies to death with those giant hands and ruin all our plans.

Molloy shakes his head. There's just enough of Wesley left to get the *Of Mice and Men* reference. He smiles.

After a beat Wesley lets out a chuckle that rolls into an infectious rumble of belly laughs.

For a moment all three are laughing together. But Wesley's laugh slowly starts to trail off into tears, followed by heaving sobs.

WESLEY
(scared, shakes)
I never wanted to kill nothing.

Dalton quickly guards his pal, throwing his arms around Wesley like a shield. Molloy watches, almost helpless.

DALTON
It's okay, big man. It's okay.

Wesley curls in fear. Dalton hugs him tighter and signals Molloy to join in the huddle.

DALTON (CONT'D)
It's just us, man. Terry, you and me. We're safe.

MOLLOY
(rubs Wesley's head)
It's quiet time. We're done. Back home.

DALTON
It's a good day. Say it just like we used to. <u>It's a good day...</u>

Wesley's sobs subside as he holds on tightly to the men.

WESLEY
(quietly)
...it's a good day...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING (OMAR RAMI'S APT.) - DAY

Sunshine approaches the building as work crews clean the damage from the previous blast in Rami's apartment.

SUNSHINE (PRE-LAP)
What about his mail?

INT. BUILDING MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME

Sunshine is gathering paperwork from a nervous, heavy-set BUILDING MANAGER. The manager is cooperative, but uneasy.

SUNSHINE
I'll need his application for references and other info.

The manager is also eating what appears to be his third lunch -- a heart attack waiting to happen.

MANAGER
(chewing food)
I wasn't expecting anyone today. My records are a mess right now.

SUNSHINE
How about security deposit and rent checks. How did Omar Rami pay you?

MANAGER
He paid cash.
(nervous)
Look, some tenants just need a place to stay. We don't ask a lot of questions.

SUNSHINE
He paid cash for everything?

MANAGER
(admits)
A year in advance. But I don't have receipts... or the cash.

The manager hands Sunshine the held mail from Rami's box.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
Are you going to report me?

Sunshine notices <u>mayonnaise stains on some of the letters</u>.

SUNSHINE
(off stains)
Maybe to *Jenny Craig*.
(he spots a few letters of interest)
(MORE)

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
You hold aside for me any mail or packages that come for Rami and we'll forget about the cash.

A deal is struck.

INT. VETERAN'S HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - LATER

As staff leads Wesley down the hall, Dalton walks Molloy to the front doors. Molloy's visit is over.

DALTON
Wesley ain't gonna make it out there, Brother.

MOLLOY
What about Tanya?

DALTON
She stopped coming to see him a few weeks ago.

MOLLOY
How about you, Dalton? What do you deserve?

At the doorway to the hospital, Dalton thinks for a beat.

DALTON
I ain't ready either.

Molloy hugs Dalton, rubs his head. Dalton smiles, hesitates.

DALTON (CONT'D)
...That time we drove back from Vegas. Remember it was like eight hours in the car, and when we got home we sat in my driveway for another four hours just talking.
(misses those days)
I never wanted to get out of that car.

EXT. NAVY SHIP - DAY

Off the coast of California.

INT. SHIP'S LOWER DECK - SAME

We follow through the hallway leading into --

REFRIGERATOR COMPARTMENT

Marcus Smith and another SAILOR keep guard near the doorway as Ryan Taylor unscrews a secret panel in the ship's walls.

(Smith and Taylor are now in their SEAL Naval uniforms.)

They are smuggling something. Taylor and Smith remove two long plastic boxes -- *portable transport coffins.*

As the other Sailor remains on lookout, Taylor and Smith remove <u>blueprints, bank photos and other documents</u> from one of the coffins. Smith tucks the documents into his jacket.

The other coffin is opened to reveal:

<u>THE BODY OF A DEAD MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN: PRESERVED IN DRY ICE.</u>

TAYLOR
I told Jackson if he can't get this through outbound, we'd be better off to dump him than take the risk.

SMITH
You think they found Pine's body?

TAYLOR
All I know is Pine went out the way he wanted to. In a blaze of glory.

SMITH
What about Pine's sister?

TAYLOR
(cryptic)
I'll take care of her.

Taylor removes a piece of paper and seals the coffin as BUCK JACKSON, 20s, arrives with a handcart. He's all business.

JACKSON
(announces)
Pickup for outbound cargo.

TAYLOR
(off coffin)
Cleared and ready for transport.

Jackson clearly knows this is a "special priority" package.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
(whispers to Jackson)
Laguna Niguel.

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor runs into the two bruised sailors from the bar fight. They recognize one another, but don't acknowledge the event.

Taylor is a higher rank -- but he goes off record.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
You looking for someone?

SAILOR
(eyes forward, respectful)
Thank you sir for the tremendous ass-kicking you gave on our behalf.

A beat. Taylor turns to leave, but drops some advice.

TAYLOR
Next time you want to get laid in a bar, lose the smiles and the whites.

SAILOR
Yes, sir.

INT. MOLLOY'S BEACH HOUSE, VENICE - NIGHT

The place is a small fixer-upper that Molloy hasn't got around to fixing at all. He's recently moved in.

Molloy starts to unpack boxes. He comes across some PHOTOS of his military squad: A DOZEN MEN in uniform.

Molloy shuffles through a progressive series of photographs leading from "full squad" to just three men: Molloy, Dalton and Wesley.

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, SIDEWALK - DAY

Thall walks with Molloy. Thall picks up a newspaper from a nearby bench and shows Molloy the front page.

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: "BANK ROBBERY SUSPECTS REMAIN A MYSTERY"

MOLLOY
(off story)
No mention of Pine's body?

THALL
Someone in Washington is making sure that no one talks about John Pine. Especially the news.
(MORE)

THALL (CONT'D)
(throws newspaper in the trash)
Until we hear otherwise, let’s keep it that way.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, LOS ANGELES - MOMENTS LATER

Thall and Molloy walk and talk...

THALL
...9/11 was just the beginning really. Bin Laden ultimately wanted to hurt the United States by crippling our banking system. In this case the terrorists are taking his word literally.

MOLLOY
One bank at a time? I don’t think the Federal Reserve will notice.

THALL
Give them some credit. The 5,500 bank robberies in the US last year alone netted thirty-million. These guys have done close to that in four.

Molloy soaks in the numbers. A beat hangs as Thall eases into what’s really on his mind.

THALL (CONT’D)
You lost a lot of friends over there, Molloy. And a few back home as I understand.
(beat)
They recommended that you see a specialist to talk about adjusting back into the daily grind. You never saw him.
(reminds)
We lost 154 soldiers in the last 155 days to suicides...

Molloy shrugs.

MOLLOY
Talk about milkshakes long enough, someone’s gonna want to drink one.

THALL
You're not concerned about stress?

MOLLOY
I knew what I signed up for.

THALL
There's no shame in being human. Post traumatic stress is quite common. Some say we lose the best part of ourselves in battle.

MOLLOY
(admits)
A lot of my friends aren't doing so well since they got back.

THALL
I bet you'd do anything to help your guys.

MOLLOY
I figure if they see me on my feet it'll give them some hope.

Thall smiles as he checks his watch. He pushes the button for an elevator.

THALL
Sunshine will meet us at my office.
(feels him out)
You like working with him?

MOLLOY
He's *colorful* to say the least. But maybe you should bring someone else in on this.

THALL
That's odd. He has nothing but good things to say about you. I've read his file as well. And he doesn't have much to say about *anyone* since the accident.

Molloy has no clue what Thall is talking about.

THALL (CONT'D)
The year before he joined the bureau, Sunshine killed his partner in the LAPD during a friendly-fire incident.

Elevator doors open. Molloy and Thall enter.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, THALL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Molloy and Sunshine stand at Thall's desk. Thall's office walls are adorned with career photos and FBI-related awards.

THALL
The Bin Wahli family feels the US isn't doing enough to stem their banking losses. They want action.

MOLLOY
They don't really have a say in strategy here, do they?

Thall chooses his words carefully.

THALL
They have a voice that needs to be recognized. In light of recent setbacks in the Bin Wahli family's political stronghold, there is a perception that we've gone soft.
(reminds)
The King's family and the nation of Quandar were helpful to the US in our efforts in the region.

SUNSHINE
But now that his Empire is falling?

Thall spreads out reports and charts on his desk.

THALL
(off reports)
We've been doing a forensic analysis of the Bin Wahli Family's fortune. $200,000,000 in gold and other liquid funds. Someone is feeding information about the locations of certain investments being held in US banks.

Molloy and Sunshine examine the documents.

THALL (CONT'D)
We've intercepted some chatter. Operatives are staking a bank in the Bay Area that's holding Quandar *assets.*

SUNSHINE
Let me guess... gold?

THALL
Even Kings and Princes need something to fall back on.
(beat)
We want you both to be there for the take down tomorrow morning.

EXT. MAGAZINE STAND, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Sharez Hassan thumbs a copy of “Popular Mechanics” magazine as he slides a sheet of paper inside the back pages.

Hassan returns the magazine to the rack and calmly walks away as Ryan Taylor rolls past and picks up the magazine and heads for the cashier. A seamless information swap.

INT. AIRPLANE, COMMERCIAL FLIGHT - NIGHT

A full-flight is boarding. Molloy sits next to an OLDER MAN.

Through the maze of passengers, Molloy spots Sunshine three rows ahead getting ready to store his bag.

Sunshine gestures at Molloy. Molloy nods back. A thought occurs to Molloy. He turns to the Older Man.

MOLLOY
Is there anyway you could switch seats with my friend?
(off Sunshine)
He doesn’t like to fly alone.

The man agrees. Molloy tries to flag Sunshine over.

MOLLOY (CONT’D)
(calls out)
Danny.

Sunshine turns, almost startled by his name.

HALF HOUR INTO FLIGHT

Sunshine and Molloy are mixing *Jack and Cokes*.

MOLLOY (CONT’D)
I owed us lunch, right?

Sunshine stirs his drink with his finger as Molloy pulls off a sweater. Scars can be seen when Molloy’s T-shirt slides.

A beat. Sunshine stops the small talk...

SUNSHINE
What did they do to you guys over there anyway?

MOLLOY
The one thing you should never do to anyone: they forced us to make decisions.

Sunshine digests Molloy's comments.

SUNSHINE
Cops and soldiers -- they get us young. Before we know better.

MOLLOY
No, they get us young because they know we think we can live forever.

SUNSHINE
You ever think you wouldn't make it out of Iraq?

MOLLOY
Wasn't the war that had me worried. It was the blowback.
(explains)
After 9/11 it was easy to charge forward. But as our bases got bigger, the locals faces became less friendly. Pressure was on us to get bin Laden and get out.

A beat hangs. Molloy leans in, confesses.

MOLLOY (CONT'D)
I got a tip on him in 2010. A safe house in Kandahar. It was a long shot. I made a decision based on bad Intel. Opened the wrong door and I got a lot of guys killed...
(beat)
Strange thing about war, some guys take longer than others to die.

Sunshine takes a sip of his drink. Molloy ponders.

MOLLOY (CONT'D)
Before he died in that apartment explosion, Omar Rami tried to warn me about something. He said our faces were the same. Two-faced.

SUNSHINE
(sums it up)
Sometimes the good guys look a lot like the bad guys, right?

A beat. Molloy lightens. They toast. Sunshine smiles and then holds back a thought, a hint of mist in his eyes.

MOLLOY
What is it?

SUNSHINE
Just before, when you called me over. Made me think of someone. No one has called me *Danny* for a long time.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - EST. DAY

Quick montage of the City by the Bay as we follow to:

EXT. BANK, MISSION DISTRICT - DAY

The mid-morning traffic rolls past. Tourists and locals walk the sidewalks. Business as usual.

ACROSS THE STREET

A METER MAID hangs too long in one spot (she's FBI). She looks across to PHONE COMPANY WORKERS (also FBI). Nods.

A VAN down the block idles.

INT. VAN, SURVEILLANCE AREA - SAME

Molloy and Sunshine watch the Bank on VIDEO MONITORS.

BANK

-- the building is near the water with lots of exits. All the markings of an easy take down for our suspects.

FROM A HIGHER VANTAGE POINT

A WINDOW WASHER (FBI) looks down to see a *Department of Transit* roadwork unit pull their TRUCK in front of the bank. They park in a red zone.

WINDOW WASHER
(into radio)
We're in motion. Watch for crossfire.

Almost as if on cue, a BEARDED HOMELESS MAN with a handmade sign stakes his turf outside the bank's front doors. As...

TWO ROAD WORKERS

-- exit their truck and head toward the bank. Their faces blocked by sunglasses and hooded sweatshirts.

MOLLOY AND SUNSHINE

-- are now outside of the van as they make their way cautiously down the block toward the suspects.

THE SEQUENCE BEGINS

-- as a Road Worker (Suspect) runs ahead into the bank as the other Worker paces on the sidewalk.

THE METER MAID

-- discretely draws her SERVICE REVOLVER and moves closer to the suspect.

The suspect spots her approaching and places his hand in his jacket pocket as he bolts for the truck.

THE FBI TEAM MOVES IN!

METER MAID / FBI AGENT
(pulls gun, commands)
FBI! Hands in the air.

ROAD WORKER
(stunned, waves his keys)
Jesus, Lady. I'll move the truck.

Molloy violently seizes the suspect and brings him to his knees as he aggressively searches his body for weapons.

ROAD WORKER (CONT'D)
(getting pissed)
Get your hands off me *Motherfucker!*

Sunshine grabs the Homeless Guy as the other FBI AGENTS circle the truck and secure the area.

ROAD WORKER (CONT'D)
(defiant)
My brother-in-law is a lawyer. I'm gonna own your asses.

It doesn't take long to realize that the FBI Agents have targeted the wrong men.

FBI AGENT
(off ear piece)
Stand down, guys. False alarm.

Molloy helps the suspect to his feet. In anger, Sunshine tears up the Homeless Man's sign and tosses it in the air.

The Homeless Man *GROWLS*. Now Sunshine feels bad about destroying the sign. He hands the guy some cash.

SUNSHINE
Here, *Wolfman*, go make families at McDonalds feel uneasy.

Molloy looks around -- can't believe they misread the scene.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
(quietly frustrated)
Ever feel like you've been had?

Molloy stares out toward the Bay: *The water...*

CUT TO:

PRE LAP: SOUNDS OF A MARCHING BAND

EXT. COASTAL TOWN - ELSEWHERE - SAME

SIGN: WELCOME TO LAGUNA NIGUEL

EXT. MAIN STREET, LAGUNA NIGUEL - CONTINUOUS

A PARADE is in progress.

Thousands of LOCALS line the sidewalks as a MARCHING BAND makes way for a half-a-dozen festive FLOATS.

Although the street is closed to traffic, local businesses are still open.

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA (PARADE ROUTE) - CONTINUOUS

Three FIREMEN exit the front door of the bank.

The FIREMEN/ROBBERS, each carrying a large backpack/utility bag, slowly blend into the mix of parade spectators.

FROM THE BANK

-- The bank's BRANCH MANAGER, a white Male, 60s, stumbles onto the sidewalk. A handkerchief across his mouth as he trails a cloud of smoke from the bank's doorway.

A few coughing BANK TELLERS follow onto the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

PARADE ROUTE

One by one, the Firemen/Robbers emerge from the crowd and move along a barricade which separates the crowd from the street.

A COP IN THE CROWD

-- talks into his police RADIO. He's made aware of a problem as he notices the robbers walking into the parade.

Two of the robbers walk alongside a FLOAT as the third Robber steps in its path and authoritatively commands it to stop.

Two robbers duck underneath the float, hiding behind the side cloth curtains. They quickly locate their destination:

A MANHOLE COVER!

With only seconds to spare, they remove the manhole cover and descend down inside the sewer.

THE LAST ROBBER

-- crawls under the drape on the front of the float and disappears.

UNDER FLOAT

-- the last Robber pulls his backpack down into the sewer and slides the heavy manhole cover shut. *The robbers have escaped undetected.*

COPS

-- arrive on scene on foot, trying to make sense of the commotion. They see NO ONE under the float and motion for it to “keep moving.” Cops scan the crowd as the search goes on.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE STREET, TWO BLOCKS OFF PARADE ROUTE - CONTINUOUS

A MANHOLE COVER slowly slides open.

The three robbers EMERGE from the sewer and quickly make their way to an awaiting getaway VAN.

It’s almost the perfect escape. Almost...

COP (O.S.)
(into radio)
All units! Be advised. We got a blue late-model van heading west bound...

A COP on foot patrol has witnessed the escape and chases the Van, but it’s no use. The VAN disappears into traffic.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY, NEARBY - CONTINUOUS

A PATROL CAR spots the Robber’s Van and begins pursuit.

INT. GETAWAY VAN - SAME

In the driver’s seat, Taylor eyes the Patrol car in his rearview mirror. Smith and another Seal are quickly changing clothes and securing their stolen loot: CASH and GOLD!

Taylor checks the pressure on a SCUBA AIR TANK.

TAYLOR
(off cops in rearview)
Get your shit tight, boys. We’re going under.

Taylor cuts a sharp right through on-coming traffic and heads down a one-way street.

A street sign reads: **“PIER - 2 MILES”**

The cops adjust their course accordingly. *The Chase is on!*

COASTAL ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

-- The VAN and the COP CAR are speeding along a two-lane highway, weaving in and out of traffic as they approach --

A SEASIDE GATED COMMUNITY - *PARADISE BY THE SEA*

-- Multi-million dollar homes with tennis courts and ocean views. Paradise, indeed.

A YOUNG WOMAN and her MOTHER oversee arrangements as a party supply company sets up CHAIRS and TABLES on an acre-sized manicured lawn.

In the distance, something ominous grows!

The Women's expressions turn to horror as -- THE VAN AND PURSUING COP CARS APPEAR FROM OVER THE HILL and tear across their lawn, spraying dirt and wreaking havoc on their lives.

The chase spills onto the nearby winding streets that weave throughout the estates.

In the distance we see their shoreline destination: *THE PIER!*

PRE LAP: The sound of sirens and screams mix as we move to...

EXT. PIER, LAGUNA NIGUEL - DAY

The getaway VAN clears a path into fleeing PEDESTRIANS and crashes through the railing at the end of a pier.

The Van splashes into the water, twenty feet below.

POLICE CARS follow in a confused pursuit half a mile behind. By the time they arrive on the pier, the VAN has sunk into a whirlpool of bubbles.

The bubbles at the top of the water start to fill with loose currency, rising in clumps: $20s, $50s, $100s -- it's only minutes before people will jump in the water to grab cash.

BELOW THE WATER'S SURFACE

TWO SCUBA DIVERS help pull the robbers (scuba assisted) from the inside of the submerged van. The group swims off into the darkness with three heavy black bags.

The BODY of a "Middle-Eastern suspect" -- *the same body we saw on ice on the Navy ship on page 39* -- remains in the van.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Jack Hobbs navigates his boat *"MIDNIGHT RIDER"* along the coastline with a determined and steady course.

The boat's deck is wet -- but its crab traps are empty.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

We are inside of a makeshift hospital room. The room is sparsely furnished. Not part of any official hospital.

A small staff of DOCTORS and NURSES have sedated a man who appears to be UDEL FAHEED. Sharez Hassan watches nearby.

As they begin to perform facial surgery, it's clear to all present that the machine guns held by Udel's guards are making everyone nervous.

INT. BAR, VENICE BEACH - NIGHT

A local dive: warm and inviting. Molloy and Sunshine drink from a half-empty pitcher of beer. A jukebox plays...

MOLLOY
So they hit a bank in Laguna Niguel while we're up chasing shadows in San Francisco? Someone talked.

Sunshine refills their glasses and offers a toast.

SUNSHINE
At least we got the *day* right.

They drink. But Molloy is distracted. Sunshine follows Molloy's eyes...

Molloy watches a muted TV news report showing the photo of a US SERVICEMAN and the words: *"NEW HOPE FOR MISSING NAVY SEAL"*

Sunshine draws Molloy back into the conversation.

THALL
Why did you join the service? You already graduated college, had other options, right?

MOLLOY
I was on the last lap of a trial marriage. We were young.
(beat)
(MORE)

MOLLOY (CONT'D)
The towers fell the same week my life came apart. I couldn't wait out the dust cloud on either. Thought I wanted to see the world.
(beat)
Maybe I just wanted some payback. Army gave me some order out of all the chaos.

SUNSHINE
Lots of guys enlisted. The *new Pearl Harbor* they said.

MOLLOY
Is that what *they* called it?

Sunshine doesn't answer. He looks to the TV.

ON TV: a montage of heroic images of "Michael Hollenback". College sports star turned combat veteran -- and ultimately a military hostage.

Molloy eyes someone at the end of the bar: A MALE standing in the shadows -- he wasn't there moments ago.

SUNSHINE
(off TV)
There's talk of a hostage release since that video of Michael Hollenback has surfaced.
(re: Hollenback)
Guy gives up a life of fame and fortune to fight in the war...

MOLLOY
I knew Hollenback.

THALL
You served together?

A beat hangs as Molloy ponders his answer...

MOLLOY
I'm the reason he was captured.

Sunshine doesn't push for an explanation.

MOLLOY (CONT'D)
My unit's job was to collect information.
(takes a drink)
Sometimes I didn't like the way we collected it.

THALL
(offers an out)
Fog of war, right?

MOLLOY
Usually there wasn't much fog.
Just a knife and a riverbank.

That's about as much as he'll say about that. Molloy looks back at the bar -- the Man is now gone.

SUNSHINE
I've been doing some information collecting myself.

Sunshine pulls out some of Omar Rami's mail and paperwork that he collected from the building manager.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
Our boy Omar Rami. He listed an address on his apartment application. A post office box.
(hands Molloy a letter)
I traced it back to a naval recruitment office in Seal Beach.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Molloy and Sunshine review bank surveillance tapes.

SUNSHINE
(off footage)
Stop it right there.

VIDEO FRAME -- we see the HOMELESS VET from the Santa Monica robbery holding his sign.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
Now let's compare that with the other frames we pulled earlier.

WE SEE IMAGES from four separate robberies. The same "HOMELESS VET" appears in each frame.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
For a homeless dude he sure is racking up frequent flyer miles.

MOLLOY
The messages on the signs. He's not trying to hide his service record.

SUNSHINE
Show me one homeless guy who doesn't claim to be a war hero and I'll pay his rent for a year.

Sunshine's comment irks Molloy - but he doesn't push the issue.

Thall ENTERS -- has something he wants to share.

THALL
Preliminary reports came back on the prints taken from the TV remote seized from Rami's apartment. Good instincts, Sunshine.

SUNSHINE
I have my moments.

Thall reads from a file.

THALL
What are your real thoughts on our fisherman Jack Hobbs?

SUNSHINE
Other than his charming personality and lack of grooming skills, he seemed to be holding onto something he didn't want to share with us.

THALL
His daughter reported him missing.

SUNSHINE
So. Maybe he skipped town?

THALL
The prints from the TV remote came back to a Saudi diplomatic aide named Sharez Hassan.

MOLLOY
What's the connection to Hobbs?

Thall hands the file to Molloy.

THALL
Sharez Hassan's name was on the lease for Hobbs' garage.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA - DAY

Molloy and Sunshine approach Hobbs' garage near the docks.

MOLLOY
Think Thall knows about the money we found in Pine's apartment?

SUNSHINE
Probably. Thall's been in this game a long time.

HOBBS' GARAGE

The door is open. Molloy and Sunshine step inside.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

MOLLOY
Mr. Hobbs?

The place is mostly empty -- whoever left, did so quickly. Scattered paperwork and some broken crab traps remain.

An oil stain glistens where the Classic Buick once stood.

SUNSHINE
He's not getting his deposit back.

Molloy sifts through some paperwork on the counter, his eyes settle on a familiar photograph: *SOLDIERS POSING WITH RIFLES.*

MOLLOY
That's the same photo from Pine's apartment. Which reminds me, shit, I forgot to call back his sister.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING (PINE'S SISTER'S APT.) - LONG BEACH

Molloy and Sunshine try to enter the lobby, but the door is locked. They buzz apartment #16. No answer.

RICKY (O.S.)
No one's there anymore.

Molloy and Sunshine turn to see Ricky as he stomps out a cigarette near a dumpster.

RICKY (CONT'D)
She split town. Got spooked.

MOLLOY
(regretful)
She called me a few days ago.

RICKY
Yeah. You said you'd help her.

A tinge of guilt overcomes Molloy.

RICKY (CONT'D)
She's easy to forget, I guess.
People no one will miss, right?
(sums it up)
She might have been broken, but she wasn't worthless. Not to me.

A six-year-old BOY with a runny nose circles Ricky's legs.

BOY
Daddy, who are they?

RICKY
One guy tells jokes that aren't funny. The other guy makes promises he doesn't keep.

Ricky heads down the block with his kid. A beat.

MOLLOY
He's right. About both of us.

As Molloy and Sunshine walk away debating their next move --

WHOOSH -- BOOM!

Sunshine's car explodes into a ball of flames!

Residents from nearby buildings begin to spill out into the street to watch. Molloy and Sunshine move people away as --

A POLICE CAR

-- pulls up. Two ROOKIE COPS emerge to assess the scene.

ACROSS A VACANT LOT

-- a 1969 CAMARO with tinted windows sits idling, watching the aftermath of the explosion.

Molloy locks eyes with the CAMARO. Sunshine picks up on the car as well. Sunshine pulls Molloy towards the Police Car.

SUNSHINE
(shows badge to cops)
FBI -- Can we borrow your radio?

ROOKIE COP
(points to car)
Sure. We already called the fire department.

Sunshine motions for Molloy to get in. Sunshine drives off in the COP CAR as the cops throw up their arms in disbelief.

The CAMARO takes off -- beginning a high-speed pursuit.

INT. COP CAR - SAME

Molloy can't believe they just stole a COP CAR.

SUNSHINE
Professional courtesy.
(off Molloy's look)
Hey, I loved that car.

Sunshine floors the gas.

EXT. STREETS OF LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

COP CAR (Sunshine) races to catch up with the CAMARO as it turns onto a busy city street.

-- The CAMARO blows around TRAFFIC waiting at a red light.

-- The COP CAR follows, missing ONCOMING TRAFFIC by inches.

-- The CAMARO turns onto the PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY as the COP CAR gains quickly in their wake.

-- Approaching a BRIDGE over a canal, Sunshine RAMS the rear of the CAMARO. The CAMARO quickly recovers and charges on.

-- The CAMARO weaves in-and-out of a cluster of TRUCKS, as Sunshine tears up the right shoulder of the road, catching up, but unable to get a visual on the CAMARO.

-- The CAMARO comes out of nowhere and SLAMS the driver's side of the COP CAR, forcing Sunshine to EXIT the Highway.

A SERVICE ROAD - PARALLEL TO HIGHWAY

-- Sunshine still has his sights on the CAMARO as they speed alongside on the service road. Sunshine races for --

A HIGHWAY RAMP

-- Sunshine's car sweeps across three lanes of traffic and reappears behind the CAMARO without missing a beat.

-- The CAMARO locks up its brakes and swerves as Sunshine tries to hold on. Sunshine PULLS alongside the CAMARO.

SUNSHINE
(to Molloy)
Take out a tire!

Molloy pulls his gun and rolls down the window. Aims.

-- The CAMARO BRAKES and sweeps right two lanes as it exits onto --

SEAL BEACH BOULEVARD

-- Sunshine's car is moving too fast to stop. He overshoots the exit. Sunshine sweeps right and brakes on the shoulder of the road -- stirring up a huge cloud of dust.

-- Sunshine DRIVES IN REVERSE before quickly flipping the steering wheel to SPIN THE CAR AROUND!

Emerging from the dust cloud Sunshine's car exits to follow --

THE CAMARO

-- as it speeds down Seal Beach Boulevard.

The CAMARO breaks through a chained gate as it heads into a vacant, newly constructed PARKING STRUCTURE.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS

The CAMARO tries to hide out, but is soon joined by Sunshine's car. The CAMARO begins to spiral up the parking structure's center feeder ramp until it reaches --

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

With nowhere else to go, the CAMARO stops at a dead-end cement wall.

-- Sunshine's car creeps up the rooftop ramp and traps the CAMARO in place.

-- Windows down and guns drawn, Sunshine pulls his car bumper up to the CAMARO. Sunshine revs the engine and gives a warning push.

SUNSHINE
(commands)
Turn off the car and get out with your hands high!

The CAMARO revs its engine as a response. The CAMARO'S occupants still hidden behind the tinted glass.

As Molloy and Sunshine cautiously prepare to exit their car, the CAMARO reverses, pushing the COP CAR backwards.

Sunshine jumps back behind the wheel and guns the COP CAR, forcing the CAMARO through the brick wall -- where it now teeters halfway off the SIX-STORY STRUCTURE.

BALANCED ON THE LEDGE: IF THE SUSPECTS MOVE FORWARD THEY'LL DIE.

CAMARO

The driver-side window rolls down.

The DRIVER is a clean cut, white male, 30s. He draws a gun.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
Easy now. Throw out the gun. We'll pull you back.

The passenger-side window rolls down.

-- revealing the Homeless Vet from the opening robbery. He's careful not to lean forward.

Molloy and Sunshine approach from either side as the car creaks forward.

In a gesture to save himself, the Homeless Vet passenger slowly reaches his hand toward Molloy.

The Driver makes a decision and places the barrel of the gun in his mouth. He PULLS THE TRIGGER!

The Driver's head POPS in a red cloud of flesh and blood!

Blood drips from the interior of the car. As the Driver's body slumps forward, the car begins to go over the edge...

Molloy yanks the passenger to safety as the CAMARO plummets.

After a beat to soak in the horror, Molloy and Sunshine seize upon the Homeless Vet -- guns drawn.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
You killed my car, dickhead!

HOMELESS VET
(cowers)
It was just a warning.

SUNSHINE
From who?

HOMELESS VET
I don't know. I swear.

Molloy cocks his gun and places it on the suspect's temple.

MOLLOY
Think harder.

HOMELESS VET
Arrest me already, man!

Molloy handcuffs the suspect behind his back and flips him face down on the concrete.

Molloy whips the Vet's face into the ground like a wet towel.

HOMELESS VET (CONT'D)
(dazed, face bleeding)
What the hell!

MOLLOY
That's for making me drive with a maniac.

Sunshine steps back and lets the scene play out as "evil Molloy" takes over...

MOLLOY (CONT'D)
Your partner chose to take his own life rather than be brought in alive. We can say you did the same.

Molloy pushes the Vet towards the open ledge as he holds his cuffed hands from behind. The suspect fights for his life.

MOLLOY (CONT'D)
Who are you working for? Lie to me and I'll kill you.

HOMELESS VET
This is crazy. Who are *you* working for?

SUNSHINE
You're former military, right? I hope it was Air Force because you're about to need wings!

Molloy drags the suspect closer to the edge: *He's going over.*

HOMELESS VET
No! Please!
(trump card)
I want to talk to Martin Thall!

Struck by Thall's name, Molloy pulls the suspect to safety.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, LOS ANGELES

Molloy and Sunshine are debriefed by Thall.

THALL
We've been working with an informant.
(shows photo)
William Becker -- the suspect whose face you helped rearrange -- he's a former Navy pilot.

PHOTO #1: "Homeless Vet", William Becker.

THALL (CONT'D)
Becker was looking at two years for drug smuggling. He told us about some friends, stressed out former soldiers that were looking to pull off something big.

MOLLOY
The driver?

PHOTO #2: THOMAS EPSON, the deceased Camaro driver.

THALL
(off photo)
Thomas Epson was Becker's point man. Demolitions expert. They met at the VA Hospital. He was building trust by helping the soldiers. Seals, we think.

MOLLOY
Becker's still here, right?

THALL
He's cooperating for now. But he's requesting his lawyer.

MOLLOY
Let me speak with him. Alone.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Molloy sits across from a bandaged and bruised Becker.

MOLLOY
Thall thinks you'd rat out your partners for a deal. So I came in here alone to see if maybe you'd talk to me off the record.

Becker's jaw tightens as Molloy baits him. Silence.

MOLLOY (CONT'D)
I guess you'll blame the dead guy? Not a lot of honor left, huh?

Becker isn't talking -- just staring daggers.

WATCHING THROUGH THE MIRROR: <u>THALL AND SUNSHINE.</u>

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

BECKER
(whispers)
Think you'll get away next time? You're not that lucky asshole.

Molloy follows Becker's eyes to the mirror.

MOLLOY
(off mirror)
Don't worry. They can't read lips.

BECKER
I don't care. I'm already dead.

MOLLOY
So then why not tell me who your partners are? Where's the money?

BECKER
If you think this is about money than you're dumber than I thought.

MOLLOY
You got two options: go to jail or end up like Epson or Rami.

BECKER
(beat)
Rami? Which one is he?

Becker is tired and genuinely confused. Molloy has an idea. His demeanor changes. He leans in closer.

MOLLOY
(whispers)
You're safe now.

Molloy pulls out a note pad and turns it to Becker.

MOLLOY (CONT'D)
I want to show you something.

<u>Molloy flips up the page and discretely shows Becker the PHOTO OF SOLDIERS he took from Linda Pine's apartment.</u>

BECKER
(surprised; off photo of soldiers)
You know them*?*

MOLLOY
(lies)
I took the picture.

BECKER
That's from the Dunes.

MOLLOY
You've been to the Dunes?
Bullshit.

BECKER
In Borrego Springs...

Molloy's eyes register the details. Becker realizes he just gave Molloy information he didn't know.

Becker clutches his head and rocks back and forth.

BECKER (CONT'D)
You're setting me up, man.

MOLLOY
You have other choices, William.

BECKER
What choices did I come home to? VA hospital psych ward and pills? So you can fuck up my face while they fuck up my life?

MOLLOY
Don't play victim. I was over there as well.

BECKER
Then why don't you understand?

Becker glares at Molloy before looking away towards the mirror. He finally locks eyes on Molloy, disgusted.

BECKER (CONT'D)
Fucking traitor!

Molloy stands and gets in Becker's face.

MOLLOY
You're the one working with terrorists!

BECKER
Like you're any different.

Molloy picks up Becker and slams him against the wall!

MOLLOY
You're knocking over fucking banks!

Becker grabs Molloy's hands and pushes him off.

BECKER
Some things in life are meant to be knocked over. But I'm not one of them.

OFF MIRROR, as...

-- the interrogation room door opens: Thall ENTERS with Becker's ATTORNEY. Molloy doesn't even try to make nice.

ATTORNEY
(to Becker)
William, don't say another word.

Thall glares at Molloy as the Attorney leads Becker out of the room. Becker doesn't appear any safer as he exits...

THALL
Becker's under a lot of stress. He's talking nonsense. We'll come at him later--

MOLLOY
Becker is a pawn.
(beat)
These are US servicemen working with terrorists. Tell me I'm wrong?

THALL
(defensive)
We don't know that. They're misguided, that's clear.
(to the point)
Look, we're not going to put our military on trial and jeopardize sensitive international relations with a potential scandal like that.

MOLLOY
What kind of scandal would you prefer?

Thall takes note of Molloy's tone -- but lets him slide.

THALL
We track these guys and limit collateral damages until we can figure this thing out, alright?

Molloy agrees -- but he clearly has something he wants to check out without Thall's knowledge...

EXT. THE DUNES, BORREGO SPRINGS, CA - DAY

Thousands of acres of isolated mountains, desert and motocross trails. A perfect place to bury secrets.

Molloy and Sunshine DRIVE UP on two four-wheel All Terrain Vehicles (ATVs). Molloy surveys the landscape.

MOLLOY
Military uses this place as an off-the-grid training ground.

SUNSHINE
(not thrilled)
Off the grid.... fucking great. Why do all your ideas involve people dying in the desert?

Molloy ignores Sunshine's comment and leads them...

DEEPER IN THE VALLEY

MOLLOY
The hills and terrain here are a lot like Afghanistan.

SUNSHINE
We could have just gone to *Google Earth* from the office, Molloy. What are we looking for anyway?

MOLLOY
Like everything else in this case: we'll know it when we see it.

Molloy drives to a spot by some rocks. He recognizes the location.

MOLLOY (CONT'D)
Those pictures we recovered weren't taken in the Middle East.

They get off their ATVs and walk to the rocks. Molloy pulls the two PHOTOS of the soldiers-terrorists from his pocket.

MOLLOY (CONT'D)
(off photos)
Look here. You can see the mountain ridge in the background. The Omar Rami photo, too.

Sunshine examines the photos: *John Pine with Soldiers / Omar Rami with terrorists*. The mountain ranges match in both.

Molloy spots fresh ashes in a nearby FIRE-PIT.

IN THE DISTANCE

-- WE HEAR the faint grinding of a MOTOCROSS ENGINE. It stops as soon as they take notice.

They scan the hills but can't find the source of the sound.

SUNSHINE
(off sound)
I guess someone else also decided to spend their day off in hell.

Feeling slightly vulnerable, they head back to their ATVs.

MOLLOY
Let's get back to the main road.

SUDDENLY -- FROM THE HILLS...

A SERIES OF MUFFLED RIFLE SHOTS SEND BLASTS OF SAND INTO THE AIR AS A SNIPER OPENS FIRE!

The wheels of Sunshine's ATV are punctured flat by bullets.

Sunshine and Molloy draw their weapons and dive behind rocks as they eye the hills for the unseen sniper. The shots stop.

The MOTOCROSS engine sound resumes -- and then multiplies.

Unseen riders are snaking their way down from the hills.

SUNSHINE
These are *your* type of psychos. What the fuck do we do now?

MOLLOY
We haul ass out of here.

Molloy motions to Sunshine to follow him.

SUNSHINE
Excellent military strategy. I can see why we're losing two wars.

MOLLOY
(eyes on the hills)
If they wanted to kill us they would have done so.

Molloy jumps on his ATV and commands for Sunshine to climb on the back. There's no room for negotiation.

SUNSHINE
Great. I get the bitch seat.

AND THEY'RE OFF...

DOWN A TRAIL

Molloy is clearly skilled at riding, but he's not familiar with the course. Sunshine holds on for his life.

A STEEP TURN

Their ATV rides the rim of a ten-foot dirt berm before it sends them down a hill and over a bump.

IN THE AIR

-- before a hard landing. Molloy pulls them back on course.

A MOTOCROSS BIKE CLOSES IN

-- RIDER 1 zips past them. Out of nowhere RIDER 2 joins the mix. Molloy isn't rattled - but Sunshine is losing his shit.

FROM THE SIDE OF THE TRAIL

-- A THIRD MOTOCROSS RIDER shoots up and over their heads. It's clear to all involved that Molloy and Sunshine are being toyed with by adrenaline junkies.

IN THE DISTANCE

One of the motocross RIDERS slows his bike down and gets ready to take another swipe.

Through the helmet's visor we see Ryan Taylor's eyes.

MOLLOY AND SUNSHINE

-- are trying their best to outrun their aggressors. Sunshine would love to draw his pistol and take a shot but that would mean letting go of Molloy.

MOLLOY

-- steers the course with determination. Another set of steep turns and dips send their ATV on a bumpy ride.

THE MOTOCROSS RIDERS

-- continue to taunt Molloy's ATV by making close passes.

ON A FLAT PATH OF TRACK

-- Molloy locks eyes with Taylor as the ATV and Motocross Bike race side-by-side in a test of wills.

A HUNDRED YARDS AHEAD

-- Molloy's ATV and three motocross bikes are quickly approaching a dirt jump that will send them over a stream.

SUNSHINE

-- gets his balance and reaches for his gun while holding onto Molloy with his other hand. Taylor picks up the pace.

If Sunshine is going to do anything, he only has a few seconds. Taylor gives Molloy an odd "thumbs up."

Before Molloy can respond, Taylor steers his bike into Molloy's path.

The ATV swerves, but quickly falls back on track as the dirt jump approaches.

SUNSHINE

-- raises his gun to fire at Taylor. He hesitates as...

MOLLOY SLAMS ON THE BRAKES

-- as Taylor and his fellow RIDERS head over the jump and across the stream.

MOLLOY

-- fights to steer the skidding ATV away from the jump and down into the stream. A cloud of dust engulfs them.

Molloy and Sunshine are tossed from the ATV into two feet of water, safe but wet. They trudge from the water to the shore.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
What the fuck was that?

MOLLOY
You wanted me to go over that jump?

SUNSHINE
No. I wanted you to run those pricks over. You let them get away.

Molloy looks into the distance. The riders are long gone.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
(direct)
Guy gave you a thumbs up. Do you know these guys or not?

MOLLOY
(evasive)
Every time we get close, we lose another one of them.

Sunshine gets in Molloy's face.

SUNSHINE
You come clean right now or we're going at it. No more secrets.

Molloy doesn't engage as Sunshine build to a rage.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
In the last week I've been blown up twice, had a sniper fire at my ass, and now I'm being run over by the motocross team from the Karate Kid. Fuck you, Molloy!

Molloy realizes this will have to be dealt with sooner or later. He steps up.

MOLLOY
(taunts)
Fuck you, too. Come on. Take a swing already, *Badass*.

SUNSHINE
(warns)
I'll lay you out, bitch tits!

They start to square off. Molloy gives Sunshine a shove. Sunshine shoves back. Sunshine makes the first move, but...

Molloy connects a jab to Sunshine's face. Sunshine's stunned -- and angry.

Sunshine charges Molloy with a flurry of haymakers. Nothing really connects as Molloy deflects Sunshine away.

Sunshine rubs his own nose and sees blood on his hand.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
You know why all your friends are dead, Molloy?
(beat)
Because you're a Dick, that's why!

Sunshine charges at Molloy with all his might, only to have Molloy grab Sunshine's hand and flip him into the air like a bag of laundry. Molloy plants him in the sand. *HARD.*

Molloy could finish Sunshine off with one punch. Instead he just lets him lay there on the ground.

MOLLOY
You should talk about <u>secrets.</u>
Maybe I'll ask your dead partner.

Silence. Molloy stands and catches his breath. A beat.

SUNSHINE
Two weeks before the accident, I suspected he was sleeping with my wife.
(MORE)

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
I went to surprise her at work one day, they said she was off. Same day as him. The odd phone calls, texts...
(beat)
They were the only two people I trusted. The day after he died, my wife divorced me and moved away. Everybody lost on that one.

Molloy draws his gun and walks over toward Sunshine.

MOLLOY
Did you kill him or not?

Sunshine is surprised to see Molloy aiming the gun at him.

SUNSHINE
(beat)
I swear, Terry. I wanted to. But I'm just not that good of a shot.

MOLLOY FIRES

-- and we see that his shot has scared away a six-foot RATTLESNAKE that was within striking distance of Sunshine.

As the rattlesnake slithers off, Molloy helps Sunshine to his feet. Whatever just went down between them has brought them closer together.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
I hate the fucking desert.

EXT. VETERAN'S HOSPITAL - DAY

Taylor sits in his car in front of the hospital. He reads through a stack of papers and photographs.

A closer look and we see that Taylor <u>is reading a personnel file on Dalton Burke.</u>

Taylor exits the car and looks around before he heads for the hospital's front doors.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Two armed GUARDS secure the doors of a large windowless high-end hotel suite.

IN THE MASTER BEDROOM

Udel Faheed Bin Wahli uses a knife to scoop a bump of cocaine to his nose. He inhales deeply and paces.

Udel's hair has been dyed blonde; facial surgery scars, etc.

Sharez Hassan stands nearby, trying to talk sense as the TV plays grim news reports regarding Udel's Father's regime.

Udel sits and hovers over a LAPTOP COMPUTER that is mounted into a slim chrome steel attache case. It's his lifeline.

(IN ARABIC WITH SUBTITLES)

UDEL
(distrustful)
Where am I?
(off guards)
Why the new men?

HASSAN
(calming)
For your own safety you were moved after surgery, Udel.

UDEL
I am not some cattle or rugs meant to be shipped about in the night.
(quietly)
Tell me where we stand with the recent transfer of funds.

HASSAN
The U.N. Security council have frozen your father's assets.
(reassures)
We got as much as we could.
(off hotel suite)
All your needs and desires are being met, are they not?

UDEL
(paranoid)
Did the Syrian's guarantee my safety?

HASSAN
It's being handled --

UDEL
-- Is it yes or no?!

HASSAN
Our US contacts have agreed to get us there once we have made payment and the release is secured.

Hassan hands Udel a bag containing a single GOLD BAR. The cocaine rush is kicking in, pulling Udel along for the ride.

HASSAN (CONT'D)
I have retrieved more gold from the Seals. The stash is secured.

UDEL
Show me the pictures again.

HASSAN thumbs through a slide-show of PHOTOS on his tablet showing stacks of GOLD BARS. Udel eyes them like porn.

UDEL (CONT'D)
We'll give them the prize, but no more money. No more gold.
(off TV news)
My family and the nation of Quandar have paid these dogs enough.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Molloy studies a map of the Pacific Coast. Markers indicate half a dozen banks along the coast that have been robbed.

Molloy's focus shifts from the banks to the proximity of each robbery in relation to Naval bases.

He logs onto his computer and opens an FBI DATABASE.

COMPUTER SCREEN

Molloy ENTERS A SOCIAL SECURITY # - HITS ENTER...

RESULTS: "EPSON, THOMAS M. -- DECEASED -- KILLED IN ACTION" -- LAST KNOWN ADDRESS: SEAL BEACH NAVAL BASE

-- another Social Security # - ENTER...

"PINE, JOHN T. -- DECEASED -- KILLED IN ACTION" -- LAST KNOWN ADDRESS: SEAL BEACH NAVAL BASE

-- another...

"BECKER, WILLIAM E. -- DECEASED -- KILLED IN ACTION" -- LAST KNOWN ADDRESS: SEAL BEACH NAVAL BASE

-- another...

"HOBBS, JOHN J. -- DECEASED -- KILLED IN ACTION" -- LAST KNOWN ADDRESS: SEAL BEACH NAVAL BASE

Molloy circles "SEAL BEACH NAVAL BASE" on a map.

MOLLOY
(to himself)
They only have to make it to the water.

EXT. NAVY SHIP - SAN DIEGO - DAY

The ship is loading supplies. Sailor Buck Jackson oversees as Naval guards and K-9 units inspect all shipments.

The ship is preparing to head overseas.

EXT. STREET, LOS ANGELES - LATER

Molloy makes a cellphone call. The call doesn't go through.

RECORDING (O.S.)
...the number you have reached has been disconnected...

Off Molloy's surprised look.

INT. VETERAN'S HOSPITAL, LOBBY - DAY

Molloy enters, greeted by a NURSE. She knows him.

NURSE
Dalton left yesterday.

MOLLOY
(surprised)
With who?

NURSE
By himself.
(recalls)
But he had a visitor. Guy didn't give his name. Said he served with your unit.

Molloy's face does the math -- he's not buying.

NURSE (CONT'D)
(reminds)
Dalton was here voluntarily.
(MORE)

NURSE (CONT'D)
I think he only stayed behind to look out for Wesley.

Something about the way she said *Wesley*...

MOLLOY
Where's Wesley?

She starts to cry and then walks away. Another Nurse approaches. She shakes her head.

NURSE #2
I'm sorry, Terry. Wesley... he didn't make it.

Suicide. Molloy is stunned, too shocked for tears.

NURSE #2 (CONT'D)
(hands him an envelope)
Dalton left this for you.

EXT. VETERAN'S HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Molloy walks to his car as he opens the envelope from Dalton. He's having a hard time digesting its contents.

INT. MOLLOY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Molloy hangs two sets of military DOG-TAGS from his rearview mirror: Wesley's and Dalton's.

MOLLOY'S CELLPHONE RINGS

Molloy recognizes the number as we move to --

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - SUNSET

Molloy and Thall sit on a bench looking out over the ocean. Thall pulls out two sandwiches. He hands one to Molloy.

THALL
(off food)
Best pastrami in LA.

Molloy puts his food to the side -- not hungry. Thall unwraps his food. Once Thall sees that no one is in earshot:

THALL (CONT'D)
It seems our suspects are laying low. They might have made it back to the Mid-East by now.

Thall takes a bite of food as he gauges Molloy's reaction.

MOLLOY
If you're so sure that they're back in the Mid-East then you must know exactly who they are.

Thall chews his food as Molloy's accusation hangs in the air.

THALL
That's a pretty strong conclusion.

MOLLOY
I'm just following the evidence.

Thall stops being vague.

THALL
Is that what you're doing out in *The Dunes*? Following evidence?

MOLLOY
You're watching us?

THALL
Don't suddenly get naive about how the intelligence industry works.
(suspects Molloy)
There's a lot of gold out there. Maybe you found a creative way to deal with the stress and help your friends at the same time.

Molloy stares at Thall as the charges sink in.

THALL (CONT'D)
(lists his suspicions)
You and Sunshine have been running evidence past lab techs? Accessing restricted files? Ongoing contact with Pine's sister? Why am I out of the loop on all of this?

Molloy doesn't have answers.

THALL (CONT'D)
Makes me wonder if you and Becker might have been putting on a show for me in the interrogation room.

MOLLOY
Becker? He's *your* inside guy not mine.

Thall stares Molloy down. Molloy holds his ground.

THALL
(beat, reveals)
Becker's gone. We released him to his lawyer. He disappeared.

The moment hangs. Molloy runs a theory past Thall.

MOLLOY
Do you find it strange that everyone involved in this case is either missing, dead or somehow connected to Seal Beach Naval Base?

Thall doesn't deny it. If Molloy knows this much, Thall figures he might as well know more.

THALL
We think terrorists working with Udel Faheed were able to make a deal with a breakaway group of US soldiers. Soldiers like Pine and Becker. Soldiers who think Washington has turned its back on them. They want revenge -- and Udel Faheed is giving them an option to extract it.
(bottom line)
Udel's the only one who knows the locations of his family's gold. He's using the soldiers to rob it.

MOLLOY
What is Udel promising them?

THALL
(speculates)
A cut of the take and the return of hostage Michael Hollenback.

MOLLOY
So Hollenback *is* alive?

Thall knows what Hollenback's return means to Molloy.

THALL
Hollenback went missing after a raid in Kandahar went bad. I know you feel somewhat responsible. You're not alone. A lot of people are waiting for the day that Michael Hollenback steps foot back onto US soil.
(MORE)

THALL (CONT'D)
(recaps)
Hollenback gave up a ten-million dollar pro football contract to serve his country in a time of war. That's a hero's hero. Stuff of legends. If there's one thing this country is running out of it's a reason to believe.
(hopeful)
Now imagine if Michael Hollenback steps off a plane, live on CNN. Moments like those can change the course of a war, change elections. Change *history.*

The implications hang for a beat.

MOLLOY
Tell me what we need to do.

THALL
Some of the soldiers might be having second thoughts about whether Udel will keep his word. They might be holding back on the deal.
(beat)
Intel says Udel is in the US. We've raided three locations this week, all were dead ends. Udel's out of time.

MOLLOY
What if Udel doesn't get his gold?

That's not an option Thall wants to consider. Thall tosses his food in the trash.

THALL
We need to make sure he does.
(beat)
Fifty million dollars in gold. Find the gold, we find our guys.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Thall watches the downfall of Quandar live on CNN. FOOTAGE: The streets of the city are filled with violent protests.

We move from the TV BROADCAST to the REAL EVENT --

EXT. KING FAHEED'S PALACE, MIDDLE EAST - DAY

TITLE CARD: Quandar Capital, Saudi Arabia (Iraq Border)

An unruly CROWD of Middle-Eastern protestors hurl rocks and shout political slogans as they threaten to overrun the retreating SECURITY FORCES.

The steel gates are about to give. People are going to die.

INT. PALACE, PANIC ROOM - SAME

King Faheed Bin Wahli watches the carnage play out on VIDEO MONITORS as he tries to comfort his terrified family members.

King Faheed looks up to his GUARDS, defeated.

KING FAHEED
(in Arabic)
It's time.

INT. PALACE HALLS - SAME

Armed GUARDS are approaching from both directions. Several of the guards are carrying sledgehammers. They approach a doorway leading them inside to --

KING FAHEED'S PANIC ROOM

King Faheed and his family members cower as the guards raise the sledgehammers and violently swing -- each striking a nearby wall in rapid succession until it crumbles, revealing another room with a steel hatch in the floor.

DOWN THE HATCH - MOMENTS LATER

As the last of Faheed's family climbs down into a secret underground escape tunnel, Faheed activates a switch that starts a digital timer sequence.

OUTSIDE THE PALACE

The gates open as the mob floods the compound like a tsunami.

INSIDE THE PALACE

Protestors loot. They beat the palace staff as they search for Faheed. Portraits of Faheed and son Udel are destroyed.

NEAR THE ESCAPE HATCH

THE TIMER TICKS... 5, 4, 3, 2...

AN EXPLOSION LEVELS THE PALACE

-- trapping hundreds of protestors in the rubble. King Faheed's escape hatch will not be discovered for weeks.

BACK TO USA:

INT. SAUDI EMBASSY (QUANDAR DIVISION), LOS ANGELES - SAME

CNN FOOTAGE PLAYS ON TV...

NEWSCASTER
There is no sign of King Faheed Bin Wahli or his inner circle as his nation falls in ruin. The United States Ambassador to Quandar has fled the region as US warships begin to arrive off the coast in a show of force...

Like Iraq and Libya, a long-standing dictatorship dissolves before our eyes.

A FEMALE EMBASSY WORKER cries at her desk as the phones ring.

STAFFERS start clearing out desks and hoard office supplies. A woman stuffs packs of expensive coffee into her Gucci handbag. Quandar's fate is sealed. Its LA office is closed!

We follow on...

SHAREZ HASSAN

-- as he wheels a hand-truck into --

EMBASSY GARAGE

-- and loads a black VAN with heavy DUFFEL BAGS and BOXES.

EXT. EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS

Sunshine's car tails Sharez Hassan's Van.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Molloy sits at his desk working case leads. Thall approaches.

THALL
I wanted to let you know that Jack Hobbs is no longer missing.

Thall shows Molloy a picture of a shallow grave.

THALL (CONT'D)
Hikers found a body in the Valley with Hobbs' ID and a prosthetic leg.

Molloy examines the photo with some skepticism: hardly positive ID. Thall sells his theory.

THALL (CONT'D)
(speculates)
Hobbs was delivering the gold to Udel's contacts. Maybe Hobbs got greedy and forgot who he was dealing with.
(beat)
It's a tangled web... As long as Udel Faheed is running scared, no one is safe.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Hassan meets with Udel Faheed. Udel looks like he hasn't slept in days. His paranoia increasing.

Udel has wrapped his face is an Arabic scarf and sunglasses as he rants into his laptop's video camera recording delusional VIDEO DIARIES: *(Arabic with subtitles)*

UDEL
(into camera)
...Those who do not adhere to my warnings will drown in the blood of the infidels....

Udel winds down and shuts off the camera. He takes some type of medication from Hassan -- the only person Udel trusts. Hassan offers good news to his boss.

HASSAN
The gold has been secured for transport.

UDEL
We'll travel with it together?

Hassan nods and hands Udel a passport and paperwork.

HASSAN
You are now *Mr. Waled Mohammed*. A furniture wholesaler from Syria.
(smiles, off documents)
(MORE)

HASSAN (CONT'D)
As I promised, for a price my sources can make anyone disappear without a trace.

Udel's new face can be seen on the *official* passport.

UDEL
(hopeful)
A new life.

But there is a catch.

HASSAN
We must release the hostage before midnight.
(off Udel's laptop case)
They need the location.

Udel logs back into his computer, accessing a series of encrypted security screens before placing his hand on an attached scanner.

THE SCANNER GLOWS

After a pass of light and a progress bar, the sequence is complete. Udel nods to Hassan.

Udel clutches his passport as he secures his future.

UDEL
Your loyalty will not be forgotten.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. MIDDLE-EASTERN VILLAGE - DAY

The TRANSPONDER on the base of the flagpole begins to BEEP.

An ARMED ARAB MAN sees the signal and calls to OTHERS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE, MIDDLE EAST VILLAGE - DAY

A small Village located near the border between Iraq and Jordan. A black MERCEDES BENZ stops and releases a disheveled, bearded MALE PASSENGER. The man is disoriented.

The man is U.S. HOSTAGE MICHAEL HOLLENBACK, 30s.

The Mercedes speeds away...

Hollenback stumbles a short distance before he is discovered by two US SOLDIERS on patrol. They can't believe their eyes.

BACK TO USA

INT. LIMOUSINE, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Martin Thall is dressed in black-tie. He enjoys the moment as he downs a vodka and makes a phone call.

THALL
(into phone)
Hollenback has been found alive. He's on his way to Germany for debriefing. Good work.
(beat)
No official statement from the White House for now. The President will make a speech in seventy-two hours. That's enough time for us to draw Udel out of hiding. Just remember, nothing is to happens on US soil.

EXT. STREET, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Sunshine's car tracks Sharez Hassan's van before being shut out at the gates of the Embassy. Sunshine calls Molloy.

SUNSHINE
(into phone)
Sharez Hassan is pulling up his tents. Been tracking his every move. You were right, he met with someone at a garage near the Seal Beach Naval base.
(hopeful)
He's running, but we'll get him.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

MOLLOY
What makes you so sure?

SUNSHINE
Ever hear of the term *failing upwards*. That's me.

MOLLOY
Failing upwards?

SUNSHINE
In high school, I finally got the balls to ask this chick Annette Rio out on a date. She says yes. But the night I show up at her house, she's not there. She ditched me for some dust-head with a Trans-AM and a skull tattoo.

MOLLOY
And the point of this being?

SUNSHINE
Her older sister ended up blowing me on the back porch.

A beat. Sunshine get serious.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
The day I buried my old partner, the FBI accepted my application. It was like a reward for being a fuck-up.
(beat)
A year to the day since the accident I drove to the ocean to think things out. I asked God for a sign of forgiveness. Instead I got traffic. Then I get this case. *We* get this case. It doesn't feel like we're failing.

MOLLOY
So when does the *upwards* part kick in?

SUNSHINE
As soon as you let it, Terry.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Molloy sits at his desk combing through case files.

Lab Tech Victor Diaz approaches.

VICTOR
(half jokes)
Hope you didn't have your heart set on buying that '58 Buick you had me keeping tabs on.
(waves paperwork)
It just cleared customs and is being shipped overseas tomorrow.

Molloy grabs the report from Diaz.

MOLLOY
Who's the buyer?

VICTOR
Not sure. But whoever it is, that car definitely isn't worth whatever they're paying.

MOLLOY
(realizes, to himself)
Maybe they just want it for parts.

INT. FUNDRAISER, BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT

Thall has cocktails with dignitaries. His cellphone rings.

THALL
(into phone)
Go ahead.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

MOLLOY
(into phone)
I know where the gold is.

A look of relief overcomes Thall's face as he nods across the room at a serious looking MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIPPING DOCKS, SAN DIEGO - MORNING

A crane owned by *MID-EASTERN IMPORT & EXPORT CO*. lifts cargo.

Trucks and workers prepare shipping carts and pallets.

Molloy and Sunshine wear hard-hats and drink coffee as they try to disappear into the mix. They're wearing earpieces.

MOLLOY
(into collar mic)
How's the view?

ACROSS THE SHIPYARD -- <u>HIGHER VANTAGE POINT</u>

FBI AGENTS keep an eye on Molloy via binoculars.

FBI AGENT
(radio response)
So clear we can see your thoughts.
We'll move on your signal.

UNDERCOVER FBI AGENTS mix within the Dock Workers.

Molloy's eyes are on the lookout for a specific target.

A DOCK WORKER with a hand-truck snakes his way through the maze of shipping crates. We don't see his face, just his determined stride.

INT. OFFICE TRAILER, SHIPYARD - SAME

Martin Thall tracks Molloy's movements from behind a mirrored window within a portable command post.

SHIPYARD

MOLLOY
(into collar mic)
Target is destined for Latakia Port, Syria. Our primary focus: a 1958 Buick, Series 50, Cherry Red, white stripes.

ACROSS THE SHIPYARD -- <u>HIGHER VANTAGE POINT</u>

FBI AGENT
(radio response, spots)
We have a visual on two separate auto carriers in the shipyard. Southwest corner. Automobiles are covered in tarps.

MOLLOY
(moves southwest)
Guide us in.

Molloy and Sunshine head toward the auto carriers.

FIFTY YARDS AWAY

Sharez Hassan and Udel Faheed are discretely making their way through the shipyard.

NEAR THE REAR OF AN AUTO TRANSPORT VEHICLE

As Luxury cars begin to be removed from the carrier...

Ryan Taylor pretends to be adjusting his hand-truck as he surveys the cars, waiting for...

THE 1958 BUICK -- AS IT ROLLS FROM THE AUTO CARRIER.

NEARBY

Hassan brings Udel closer so he can personally witness the Buick before it's transferred to an awaiting Ocean Freighter.

-- For a brief moment Udel is satisfied: until he spots Taylor moving for the car.

-- Taylor is about to move for the Buick: until he spots Molloy.

-- Molloy is about to move on Taylor: until he spots Hassan.

ALL FOUR MEN SPOT ONE ANOTHER -- the moment freezes as we wait for the first move.

-- Udel draws a gun from his waistband and fires wildly at Taylor as panic erupts across the shipyard.

-- Taylor hides behind shipping pallets and fires at Udel.

-- Molloy and Sunshine take cover as they assess the scene.

-- Hassan grabs Udel and pulls his boss to safety, but Udel's possessive instincts to protect his prize prove difficult.

HASSAN
(in Arabic)
If they discover you're here all will be lost. We pull back now.

Udel knows Hassan is right. They retreat into a warehouse.

Molloy and Sunshine are now on either side of Taylor, forcing him to flee down a row of cargo crates. They pursue.

INT. WAREHOUSE, SHIPYARD - CONTINUOUS

Hassan and Udel hideout under a tarp near some barrels.

EXT. SHIPYARD - CONTINUOUS

Taylor scales the caged-ladder on the rear of the warehouse, heading for the roof. Molloy spots him.

MOLLOY
(into collar mic)
We got anyone on the north roof?

WAREHOUSE ROOF

-- too late. Taylor has disarmed and knocked out the FBI AGENT stationed on the roof. Taylor takes the Agent's radio.

THALL
(from radio)
We have the perimeter surrounded. Pull back and we'll flush him out.

MOLLOY
Correction. Looks like at least three parties have shown up to claim the prize.

-- as Molloy climbs the roof ladder.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

THALL
(radio)
Identify suspects, Molloy.

MOLLOY
Sharez Hassan, possibly Udel Faheed, and an unknown white male who I suspect might know a thing or two about navigating dangerous situations.

Molloy climbs the last ladder rung up onto the rooftop.

INT. OFFICE TRAILER, SHIPYARD - CONTINUOUS

Martin Thall works the radio as AGENTS stand by.

THALL
(to Agents)
Don't let Molloy out of your sight.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hidden under the tarp, Hassan checks the scene outside ready to make a move as Udel grows anxious.

HASSAN
(in Arabic)
We'll need to meet my contact if we plan on getting on that freighter.

UDEL
(paranoid)
Not without my gold.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Molloy makes his way cautiously -- rolling and hiding behind various air-conditioning units, vents and generators.

Taylor could be anywhere on the roof.

ACROSS THE ROOF

Sunshine cautiously enters the roof from a service stairwell. Unlike Molloy, Sunshine sees no adventure in this mission.

He moves onto the rooftop hiding behind the same maze of obstacles that Molloy and Taylor are using.

TAYLOR

-- hides behind a vent near the roof's edge.

Taylor pulls down a "danger" sign and a section of safety rope which had been set up as a warning around a twenty-square-foot section of the roof -- *SETTING A TRAP!*

The section of roof is under repair and covered by a tarp. Taylor tosses a handgun onto the center of the tarp.

Taylor spools the rope around his arm and tests its strength. He then eyes the roof's edge for an anchor.

MOLLOY

-- makes his way closer to the center of the roof. He looks over just in time to see Taylor lasso the rope over a steel support cable that extends across the shipyard.

TAYLOR

-- spots Molloy approaching. But Taylor is one step ahead as he jumps from the roof, swinging down on the rope to a lower window ledge located one floor below.

MOLLOY

-- reaches the roof's edge and sees Taylor scaling the walls.

SUNSHINE

-- sees Molloy and approaches.

SUNSHINE
Terry!

MOLLOY
(off Taylor, into radio)
Second floor window. Suspect is coming your way.

Sunshine spots the gun on the tarp.

SUNSHINE
Got a gun over here.

Sunshine impulsively walks onto the tarp to retrieve the gun. *Too late!* He goes white as the ground beneath him collapses.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
(calls out)
Holy shit!

Molloy turns around to see Sunshine halfway through the roof as he slides into what looks like a *sinkhole* -- the receding tarp slowing his descent as it snags on the skylight frame.

MOLLOY
Danny, don't move!

Panes of glass splinter and creak underneath Sunshine's body!

Sunshine tries his best to grab the tarp, but there's no slack. The more he fights the faster he slips.

Molloy and Sunshine lock eyes. And then --

SUNSHINE
(falls through)
Motherfuckingshiiitttt!!!

As if the building swallowed him whole -- Sunshine is gone.

Molloy takes off for the stairwell.

INT. WAREHOUSE, ONE FLOOR BELOW - MOMENTS LATER

Molloy runs to where Sunshine should have landed just below a damaged skylight.

It seems Sunshine had only fallen one story -- with the tarp acting like a pouch that ultimately broke his fall.

But when Molloy inspects the suspended tarp he doesn't find Sunshine. Instead he sees that the tarp has been cut open.

Someone has freed Sunshine from the trap.

A small trail of blood leads away from the scene...

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE, MAIN FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Molloy runs toward the exit in time to see:

THE RED BUICK

-- as it screeches past the main doors.

THALL (O.S.)
Molloy!

Molloy follows Thall and a team of Agents out of the warehouse to waiting SUVs.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A young AGENT stands by the open driver's door of an idling SUV -- Molloy pushes him aside and hops in the driver's seat.

MOLLOY
(as he drive off)
I need your ride...

Molloy blows past Thall's truck and hits the nearby street in pursuit of the Buick -- which is being driven by Taylor!

ANOTHER SUV

-- joins the pursuit. It's Hassan and Faheed.

EXT. SAN DIEGO FREEWAY, SOUTHBOUND - CONTINUOUS

A CAR CHASE HEADS FOR THE BORDER...

Molloy's SUV pursues Taylor's BUICK at high speeds.

The two vehicles weave in and out of traffic, as Thall and his convoy of vehicles follow in their wake.

Taylor crosses into a construction zone to avert traffic. Molloy follows. The chase picks up.

BACKSEAT OF THE BUICK

Sunshine is passed out and tied up as Taylor drives.

MILES AHEAD

POLICE and BORDER GUARDS ready for the approaching cars. Traffic has been diverted in anticipation.

EXT. MEXICAN BORDER, GUARD POST - DAY

An alarm is triggered. Signals are made. Guards along the border crossing ready their weapons. A few miles away...

THE CHASE CONTINUES...

TAYLOR

-- eyes the border crossing. He accelerates, possessed.

MOLLOY

-- sees the border as a barrier that will end the chase. He prepares for the finale.

THALL

-- watches the chase play out as he follows and coordinates with air and ground operatives.

MEXICAN BORDER

-- the guards lock their rifle scopes on the approaching vehicles. Tension builds. A few hundred yards until impact.

AND THEN...

A call is received. New signals made. The border guards are instructed to stand-down as the pursuit approaches.

Taylor drives the Buick through the border checkpoint as Molloy and a number of FBI Vehicles follow close behind.

Some vehicles stop short of the border, as if respecting International law.

INSIDE MEXICO

Molloy is surprised to see how easily he and the others have all penetrated the border crossing. Not wanting to get too deep into Mexico, Molloy goes on the offensive.

-- Molloy slams the rear of the Buick, causing Taylor to fishtail. Molloy readies his gun.

-- Molloy pulls alongside of Taylor. They look at one another. Molloy shows his gun to Taylor. Taylor smiles.

MOLLOY
(yells)
Pull the fuck over. Now!

Taylor slams Molloy's passenger side -- almost taunting, as the two vehicles charge side-by-side down the hazy Mexican highway.

MOLLOY

-- looks in his rearview mirror to see that his backup convoy has retreated to nothing but a blur in the distance.

TAYLOR

-- slams on his brakes, as Molloy flies past.

BACKSEAT OF BUICK

-- Sunshine wakes, but can't break free of his restraints.

MOLLOY

-- looks back to see Taylor fade from his mirror as Taylor now sits parked in the middle of the road.

Molloy slows down and decides to turn his truck around and head back toward the Buick. He proceeds at a cautious pace.

THE BUICK

-- sits in the distance as if it's floating on a mirage. As Molloy gets closer, Taylor starts to drive.

The two cars are now heading for each other -- part joust, part game of chicken.

MOLLOY

-- readies his gun. Molloy takes aim as --

TAYLOR

-- guns the Buick straight for Molloy.

200 YARDS TILL IMPACT

-- neither driver flinches.

150 YARDS TILL IMPACT

-- Molloy steadies his shot.

TAYLOR

-- grips the Buick's steering wheel as he floors the gas.

50 YARDS TILL IMPACT

MOLLOY

-- fires out his window at Taylor. He fires a second shot. A third shot. A fourth shot.

TAYLOR

-- can't hold the Buick steady. Smoke billows from the engine block as a final bullet shatters the windshield.

MOLLOY

-- swerves to avoid hitting the Buick as his truck sweeps past, sending the Buick spinning onto the highway shoulder.

Molloy skids out and spins his car around as he drives back toward the Buick.

Molloy steps from his truck, gun drawn, as he makes his way closer to the Buick.

HALF A MILE AWAY

Thall's vehicle leads a small convoy of SUVs toward Molloy.

Up ahead, Thall spots Molloy approaching the Buick.

BUICK

Taylor gets out of the driver's side and slowly raises his hands off to his sides.

MOLLOY

-- levels his gun at Taylor.

The two men look one another over. This is their first real face to face. They're both dead tired.

TAYLOR
You shouldn't drive angry. Uses too much gas.

Taylor smirks. He's breathless, bloody -- but ready for a fight.

MOLLOY
Who said I was angry?

Both men spot Thall's convoy approaching.

MOLLOY (CONT'D)
Is this where it all ends?

TAYLOR
For one of us.

From the other direction approach two SUVs that are not part of Thall's team.

Molloy looks away for a beat as Taylor pulls a handgun from his rear waistband. He's fast.

Checkmate -- Taylor draws his weapon on Molloy.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Thanks for the International escort. But I'm gonna need *your* car now.
(beat, eyes Molloy)
We're not that different you know.

Molloy thinks for a beat.

MOLLOY
You knock things over, I pick things up. Problem is my partner fell through that trap you set.

TAYLOR
Things fall through all the time, Molloy.

THALL (O.S.)
Drop your weapon.

Molloy cocks his gun. The two men are locked on one another's stare as Thall's team exit their trucks.

MOLLOY
How the fuck do you know my name?

THALL
Your partner was screaming your name from the backseat.

Molloy sees Sunshine tied up in the backseat of the Buick.

SUNSHINE
(struggling with ropes)
Shoot that prick already!

MOLLOY
(re: Sunshine)
Grace under pressure.

TAYLOR
Yeah. You can have *him* back.

THALL (O.S.)
(louder)
I said drop it.

Molloy and Taylor stare each other down. Taylor smiles.

TAYLOR
They're not talking to *me*.

Molloy suddenly realizes that they are surrounded by half a dozen MEN -- not US or Mexican agents, but rather some type of elite International Force.

The men move in and seize Molloy's gun. They grab Molloy, but he fights back. He is tasered and taken away to an SUV.

The same men pull a wounded Sunshine from the Buick.

As Molloy and Sunshine are driven away...

THALL

-- looks on as Taylor walks and enters the SUV Molloy was driving. Taylor drives off into Mexico. No pursuit.

Another SUV speeds to the scene and stop as --

Passengers Sharez Hassan and Udel Faheed exit the vehicle.

UDEL FAHEED

-- runs to the rear of the 1958 Buick and demands that the trunk be opened. Hassan gets the key and opens the trunk.

IN THE TRUNK

-- Udel opens two large duffel bags and sees GOLD BARS. His face lights up with joy. He reaches and picks up a bar of gold. Something is not right.

The bar of gold is lightweight, painted -- he snaps it in half like Styrofoam.

UDEL
(realizes)
Oh shit--

PLOOMF!

-- Sharez Hassan shoots Udel once in the head. Udel falls.

UDEL FAHEED'S BODY

-- is photographed for confirmation. The Middle-Eastern Man from the fundraiser approaches as another Man removes Udel's hands with heavy bolt-cutters. The hands are bagged.

Hassan hands the Men Udel's laptop case.

Udel's body is quickly wrapped in a tarp by Members of the International Forces. He's been erased. They drive his body away.

THALL

-- pulls a handkerchief from his pocket and hands it to --

HASSAN

-- as Thall motions for him to clean a speck of blood splatter on his cheek. Hassan wipes the blood away.

THALL
(to "Hassan")
How's the family, Eddie?

HASSAN
(clear English)
I'll be in Jersey next week. Jason got into Princeton.

THALL
Congratulations.

HASSAN
Thanks. Now I just have to pay for it.

The men smile as they watch the various SUVs disappearing in the distance. All in a day's work.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Molloy is stitched up and checked out by a DOCTOR as Thall looks on, waiting to escort him. A cast is on Molloy's wrist.

We settle on Molloy's face, lost in thought.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Thall places two cups of coffee on a table.

THALL
You take cream?

Molloy shakes his head and reaches for his cup. He sips.

THALL (CONT'D)
Have you thought about my offer?

Molloy smells the coffee, takes another sip. Contemplates...

MOLLOY
(quietly)
That's good coffee.

THALL
We keep the expensive stuff for our friends.

Molloy takes the bait...

MOLLOY
What do you serve your enemies?

Thall smiles, sips his coffee.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, MIDDLE EAST - DAY

Disheveled and defeated, King Faheed Bin Wahli is pulled from a sewer pipe and dragged into the middle of a dirt road.

He begs for mercy from a crowd of Middle-Eastern VILLAGERS. None is given as they beat him with their shoes and fists.

A Man emerges from the crowd and pours gasoline onto the King's body. A lighter is tossed toward him as the King bursts into a ball of flailing flames and agony.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, PARKING LOT - DAY

Thall walks Molloy to his car.

THALL
Nothing worse than living a life without a purpose, Terry. Those soldiers, they knew that.

MOLLOY
We couldn't have just brought them home and given out some medals?

THALL
Bring them home, they'll die. Put them on an endless mission and they'll live forever. Soldiers will tell stories around campfires about these guys for decades.

Molloy thinks about Thall's words.

THALL (CONT'D)
Take some time off, Terry. Then you and Sunshine can come back. We'll talk about promotions.

Molloy nods -- but he has to ask.

MOLLOY
Did they get away?

Thall smiles and shrugs as if he doesn't know.

THALL
That's the funny thing about secrets. They're the only thing we truly own. The things we get away with.

FLASHBACK BEGINS

EXT. VILLAGE IN MEXICO - DAY

Taylor's escape vehicle (Molloy's SUV) pulls to a dusty stop.

INSIDE THE VEHICLE

Taylor removes a door panel of the truck to find GOLD BARS.

ON THE STREET

A LOCAL MAN with a limp approaches Taylor. The man removes his sombrero -- it's Jack Hobbs. He smiles...

As we pull away, Taylor, Hobbs and tens of millions of dollars in untraceable gold disappear into the distance.

INT. FARMHOUSE, MEXICO - FLASHBACK CONTINUES

Hobbs and Taylor divide millions of dollars worth of gold bars into various piles: *Some for us. Some for them.*

HOBBS
(off gold)
You figure this is our hazard pay?

Taylor seals a crate and nails it shut. He writes on the outside panel with a Sharpie: **Seal Beach, CA, USA**

TAYLOR
Way I see it: maybe freedom has finally named its price.

Hobbs pulls aside a few smaller stacks of gold bars as he stashes their share of the take.

HOBBS
(off crate)
You trust these guys to deliver it?

Off Taylor's smile --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REMOTE LOCATION, MEXICO - NIGHT

A military HELICOPTER LANDS as a SEAL EXTRACTION TEAM quickly recovers the crates of gold before taking off.

TAYLOR (V.O.)
Of course. They're friends.

FLASHBACK ENDS

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REMOTE LOCATION, SOUTH AMERICA - DAY

An unseen "Tourist" drops a postcard in a mail box.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY (TIME PASSAGE)

Molloy strolls along the boardwalk, lost among the crowd.

NEWSSTAND

Molloy sees a copy of the Los Angeles Times which features a picture of Michael Hollenback smiling with the President:

"RETURN OF HOSTAGE GIVES NEW HOPE TO MID EAST WAR EFFORT"

Various magazines celebrate Hollenback's HOMECOMING.

AMONG OTHER HEADLINES:

"PRESIDENT NAMES UDEL FAHEED FBI'S MOST WANTED"

Video stills in the newspaper show frames from Udel's hotel video rants. *Videos leaked! Threats from a Madman!*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - (UDEL FAHEED'S OLD ROOM) - DAY

Naval maintenance WORKERS begin to dismantle the room as if it were part of an elaborate Hollywood film set.

We follow out of the doorway of Faheed's secret hotel room and MOVE OUTSIDE A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY -- turning to reveal:

EXT. BUILDING - SEAL BEACH NAVAL BASE - SAME

Udel Faheed was being held in a makeshift hotel room facing the ocean. Unknown to Faheed, he was a prisoner all the time he was "on the run."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY (TIME PASSAGE)

Molloy's facial stitches are gone as he cuts the cast from his own hand with surgical scissors. He slowly makes a fist, testing his joints for strength.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Molloy visits Sunshine. He's recovering as well.

Sunshine stands with the aide of two attractive NURSES. Molloy looks on with an subtle but amused smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOLLOY'S BEACH HOUSE, VENICE - NIGHT

Dinner for one. Molloy sorts through the mail.

A POSTCARD showing a patch of tropical green trees features an exotic postmark. Molloy turns the postcard over.

There is an address written on the back:

12430 Seal Beach Blvd.
Seal Beach, CA 90740

Molloy registers the address.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAYS LATER

A SHOVEL BREAKS GROUND.

We're at: *12430 Seal Beach Boulevard, Seal Beach, CA*

POLITICIANS and SOLDIERS gather as the PRESS snaps photos at a ground-breaking ceremony at the proposed site for:

"$25,000,000 -- Seal Beach Veterans Rehabilitation Center"

Molloy and Sunshine watch the ceremony. Among those present are a large group of DISABLED VETS.

POLITICIAN
(shovel in hand)
This is truly proof that Angel
Investors are messengers of God.

Molloy looks across the park to see Thall. Thall smiles.

Applause fades to...

EXT. PARK, NEARBY - MOMENTS LATER

Molloy and Sunshine take a stroll.

SUNSHINE
You coming to *my* ceremony?

MOLLOY
Of course. *You* getting *honored*. Kind of ironic, don't you think?

SUNSHINE
Like I said, everyone's a hero to somebody. Even Danny Sunshine.

MOLLOY
(teases)
You do realize you're basically getting a medal because you got shot in the toe, right?

Sunshine stares a Molloy for a beat.

SUNSHINE
You remember that shit I said in the desert about you being a dick?

MOLLOY
What about it?

SUNSHINE
(deadpans)
Nothing. I just wanted to make sure you didn't forget.

They laugh it off. Sunshine has a surprise.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
Heroes have special privileges.
(hands Molloy a small box)
I called in a favor.

Molloy takes the box.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
You're good at leaving things behind you. I'm good at being left. Maybe we should stick around. Keep an eye on each other.

Molloy nods and smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOLLOY'S BEACH HOUSE, VENICE - DAY

Molloy pulls a letter from the mail. No return address. Another exotic postmark. He recognizes the handwriting.

Before he can read the letter, his cellphone rings...

He knows who it is. He answers:

MOLLOY
(beat)
I was wondering if you were ever going to call... Of course. I'll be there...
(beat)
I've got something for you.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOLLOY'S BEACH HOUSE, VENICE - LATER

Molloy reads the letter to himself as we begin the final sequence of events.

The strains of Jimi Hendrix playing the "Star Spangled Banner" rise: <u>It will play throughout the rest of the movie.</u>

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

As Molloy drives north along the PCH...

DALTON (V.O.)
Terry, my old man used to say: *'If a man lives long enough eventually he'll see the truth.'* Well, I'm not sure I can wait that long or look that hard.

(Underneath Dalton's V.O. -- intercut a montage of scenes)

<u>EXT. CITY PARK, LOS ANGELES - DAY</u>

<u>Sunshine gets a Bravery Award from the Mayor of Los Angeles.</u>

DALTON (V.O.)
...You were always good at understanding how the crazy things in life play out for a reason... But I can't make sense of Wesley's death. I miss the big dummy and his laughter. I'm not proud of the way he died, but damn sure I liked the way he tried to live before everything got weird, before we became so broken, so fragile...

EXT. DECK, NAVY SHIP - DAY

Fallen Soldiers are honored in a ceremony with gun salutes.

Marcus Smith stands near a dozen photos of deceased soldiers: including one of Ryan Taylor. Marcus salutes Taylor's photo.

DALTON (V.O.)
God looks out for drunks and babies -- but there's a place for soldiers in his plan too, Terry. Once in a while we get shown the light, right? Maybe this time it will finally lead us out of that hole for good...

EXT. FISHING PORT, SOUTH AMERICA - DAY

Dalton Burke makes his way through a crowd of locals.

His hair longer, smile wider. He carries supplies.

DALTON (V.O.)
As for Dodge, it looks a hell of a lot better in the rearview mirror. I can't explain why I didn't say goodbye face to face, but I know now that someone is looking out for me and it doesn't matter much who or what it is -- figuring things out was never for me...

EXT. FISHING BOAT, DOCKS - SOUTH AMERICA - DAY

Dalton carries his supplies onto a boat. The boat isn't some restored dinghy either, it's an expensive cruiser.

From below the boat's deck emerges William Becker -- his nose slightly bent, but otherwise happy. He smiles at Dalton.

DALTON (V.O.)
...but I have been thinking about something -- that expression we used to say in the desert: *'It's a good day to die.'* I now think I know what Geronimo really meant when he last said those words. Check it out, right: It wasn't a war cry, and it wasn't about dying at all.
(MORE)

DALTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It was about having finally lived a life worth giving up. Well, I'm not ready to turn mine over... Are you?

Driving the boat: Jack Hobbs. Hobbs smiles and looks to the front deck where Ryan Taylor points out at sea, picking their next destination.

Something in Taylor's eyes tells us that he'd probably take on a mission or two if Thall called him back home.

As the sunset fades they head out to sea, wind in their hair, hope in their eyes. Four strangers that no one will notice, sailing on an endless mission to nowhere.

Chances are that we'll never see them again.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ZUMA BEACH, MALIBU, CA - SUNSET

Molloy meets a group of people near the shore. We see Red Dog and a few other VETS. Hugs and smiles all around.

After a beat, a FEMALE steps from the crowd...

It's LINDA PINE. The sun has been kind to her. Her face filled out, eyes clear. She smiles, her hand raising to cover her crooked teeth. It's an old habit.

Molloy smiles. He remembers why he came.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ZUMA BEACH - SUNSET

Molloy and the group form a semi-circle near a beach fire.

Red Dog symbolically pours out a can of beer into the sand. Only this time he doesn't take a sip for himself.

Molloy takes a box from his shoulder bag and hands it to Linda Pine. She knows instantly what it is. Her eyes well.

She steps forward and scatters her brother's ashes into the ocean surf. The winds carry them away like a ghost dancing across the waves.

A promise kept. For a moment Terry Molloy is at peace.

For a moment they have all found a way out.

ACROSS THE SAND

We follow on a MOUSE as it scurries down a sandy cement sidewalk along the wooden planks of a weathered boardwalk.

The mouse hurries toward the underbrush as its journey home is safely completed.

THE END