

2nd revised network draft (clean draft)
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H U M A N T A R G E T

by

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H U M A N T A R G E T

TEASER

OVER BLACK:

A man's voice. Nervous. Raspy. A little out of breath...

RASPY VOICE (V.O.)
*Blending in... You have no idea what
it's like, always blending in... You
forget who you are. Eventually, you
start to forget who you ever were...*

...then, BLINDING LIGHT, and we're in--

INT. DINGY OFFICE BULLPEN - DAY

A large office bullpen, awash in stark daylight. But there's nobody here. The desks are all empty. The place is dead--

RASPY VOICE (O.S.)
They push you and push you further into
the margins. Treat you like dirt, take
away your manhood. Make you small...

--except for the DOZENS OF EMPLOYEES face down on the ground, some crying, all panicked. We're in a hostage situation...

RASPY VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Somebody had to do something about it.

One hostage is separated from the crowd; in a chair, a BLACK HOOD covering his face, his wrists and ankles taped down. If we're paying attention, we'll see he's wearing BROWN LOAFERS.

And as we keep pushing into the office, we finally find the source of the voice. A GUNMAN, on the phone with--

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING PARKING LOT - DAY

A NEGOTIATOR, among a heavy perimeter of cop cars--

NEGOTIATOR (INTO PHONE)
I hear you, Hollis, I really do. He used
you. Took advantage of all your work, and
then cut you loose. It's a terrible thing--

WE HEAR A COMMOTION OVER THE PHONE, before the line goes dead. Off the Negotiator, concerned--

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BULLPEN - SIMULTANEOUS

The Gunman (HOLLIS) is now amidst the hostages, RIFLE RAISED--

HOLLIS
What was that?! I heard that!!!

We now see that he's wearing a VEST WIRED FULL OF EXPLOSIVES.
He points his rifle at a WOMAN on the ground--

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
All I want is Lydecker don't make me hurt
the rest of you!!

The Woman is crying. Hollis's nerves are totally frayed.
This whole thing is going south, fast...

As Hollis paces nervously, we see a photo on the wall: KEN
LYDECKER, the man in the hood. In the photo, he's smiling.

A PHONE RINGS in the hostage area. Hollis picks up.

NEGOTIATOR (FROM PHONE)
Hollis? Hollis, are you there?

Hollis doesn't know how to respond, stays silent...

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING PARKING LOT - DAY

NEGOTIATOR (INTO PHONE)
Alright, listen; I've got people to
answer to, and if they think those
hostages are in imminent danger, they're
gonna start kicking in doors.

HOLLIS (FROM PHONE)
You won't. You know I'll blow the office.

NEGOTIATOR (INTO PHONE)
I know that, but at a certain point it
isn't gonna be up to me anymore. Now
since I don't think either of us want to
go down that road just yet, help me buy
some time. Send out the employees...

HOLLIS (FROM PHONE)
No... No that won't work...

NEGOTIATOR (INTO PHONE)
Lemme finish. The deal is, I get the
bystanders, and you keep Ken Lydecker.
He's the only one you really want anyway.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEGOTIATOR (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
You'll still have leverage, and I'll have something to show my bosses. And we all get to live a little while longer...

ON HOLLIS, sweaty. He doesn't know what to do. But he watches the Woman Hostage crying on the floor, and a moment of humanity hits him... Off Hollis--

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

We see a line of HOSTAGES filing out of the building. The cops receive them, offer medical assistance, etc.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BULLPEN - DAY

Hollis is left alone, pacing. We move past the seated Hooded Man. If we're paying attention, we'll notice that HIS SHOES ARE NOW BLACK BOOTS. And his ankles are no longer taped to the chair... As Hollis paces nervously--

HOODED MAN
Hey... Buddy. Are we alone yet?

HOLLIS
Shut up, I'm...

Hollis stops pacing. That was not the voice he expected to hear coming out of that hood. *What the fuck...?*

HOODED MAN
Hello?
(no response)
Alright, that sounds like a 'yes.'

The Hooded Man (whose hands are apparently free too) peels off his hood. This is **CHRISTOPHER CHANCE (39)**. Rugged and rumpled, like he's living in some permanent hangover state.

Hollis jerks up his rifle, freaked.

HOLLIS
Where's Lydecker?

HOODED MAN (CHANCE)
Give it a minute, you'll figure it out.

Off Hollis, we--

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING PARKING LOT - DAY

Among the hostages being attended to, we spot **KEN LYDECKER**. Bloodied, but safe, free and reunited with his family.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BULLPEN - DAY

Hollis is both furious and terrified. He unsafeties his rifle, shoulders it. Then, a moment of recognition--

HOLLIS

I've seen you. You've been around here... You're the *auditor*...

CHANCE

Sure. Listen, a word of advice? Never make threats. You wanna do something, don't talk about it. Just do it.

HOLLIS

What?

CHANCE

You've been sending Lydecker threats for weeks. It got his guard up. Got him planning. And now look where you are...

(then)

Threats just make things messier. No threats. Just action.

HOLLIS

(beat)

You just committed suicide for that snake-- that rat... Do you realize that?

CHANCE

Okay, first, I don't think you can be both of those things at the same time. Second, you're a salesman. You got fired. Let's not do this like he had you working the chain gang.

HOLLIS

He took away eight years of my life! Left me with nothing. No severance. No savings. He broke me. And he deserves to die for it.

CHANCE

No he doesn't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLIS

Yes he--

CHANCE

No, he really doesn't. Nobody deserves to die, Hollis. Frankly, after seeing your behavior today, I think Ken Lydecker deserves a medal for putting up with you as long as he did.

(beat)

Now there aren't too many good outcomes for you here. But they all start with you giving up that gun...

HOLLIS

I came in here ready to kill him, what makes you think I won't kill you?

Chance sizes him up. And then starts walking towards him...

CHANCE

Because I see the rifle, but I don't see a guy who's gonna use it.

HOLLIS

Are you crazy? I said stop!

CHANCE

Am I *crazy*?

Chance walks right up to him, inches from the rifle muzzle.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

I assume that was a rhetorical question.

A tense beat, as they stare each other down. Before Hollis can speak, CHANCE LASHES OUT, pushing the rifle aside, and striking at Hollis in the same move. The GUN FIRES, but Chance is well clear of it.

Hollis tries to fight back, but he's severely outmatched. Chance is no street fighter; every move is graceful. This is a guy who has spent a lot of time studying martial arts.

The rifle skitters across a desk and onto the floor, and Chance goes after it. As he does, Hollis frantically connects some wires from his vest to a DEAD-MAN'S SWITCH.

Chance grabs the rifle, cycles the chamber expertly, and aims it at Hollis. But Hollis has just finished arming the vest.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

You don't wanna go out like this, do you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A tense moment of stalemate. Then--

HOLLIS

No... So I'm going outside. And when I get close enough to Lydecker...

(re: the detonator)

I'm going to finish what I started.

(starts towards the door...)

You can stand there and say whatever you want... That I'm about to do a terrible thing. That I can still get out of this. But it won't change anything. This is going to happen.

On Chance, calm and cold. As Hollis nears the door--

CHANCE

Hey... What'd I tell you?

(Hollis turns to face him)

No threats.

--and CHANCE SHOOTS HOLLIS, SQUARE IN THE CHEST.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING PARKING LOT - DAY

The Police Negotiator is arguing with his CHIEF, as--

BOOOM!!!! THE THIRD FLOOR EXPLODES, shattering windows... Smoke billows out, as glass and debris rain down on us...

FADE TO BLACK:

THE SOUND OF A DOOR CREAKING OPEN... And then, FOOTSTEPS...

CHYRON: FOUR WEEKS LATER...

The footsteps continue as we--

FADE IN:

INT. DARK CORRIDOR - DAY

--to a shadowy, lamp-lit hallway. We follow SHOES as they walk down the hall, finally stopping in front of an apartment door. The door is unlocked (3 locks), and we enter into--

CUT TO:

INT. CHANCE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Modest. A strange variety of art from around the world. Museum quality pieces sitting beside garbage movie posters...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

No real unifying sensibility to any of it. Clothes strewn about, dishes piled by the sink. The place is in complete disarray. We get the sense that it's always that way.

As we enter, we get a look at the owner of the feet from the hallway. Black, early 40s. He flips through some junk mail on the table, including A FED EX BOX. Separate from the mail, he sees an unmarked envelope. Lifts it open, and sees a bundle of cash inside. This, as a humongous ROTTWEILER greets him. When the Man speaks, it's with a British accent...

MAN

Hello Carmine... How's your buddy today?

CHANCE (O.S.)

Completely immortal...

Chance emerges from the other room. His shirt is off, and we see the damage from the explosion. Scratches on his face; a noticeable limp; a large bandage on his chest... Behind him, a DOCTOR emerges from the other room as well.

DOCTOR

Hello, Winston.

Meet **WINSTON**, Chance's business partner, and trusted friend.

WINSTON

Doc. Didn't think I'd see him on his feet for weeks.

DOCTOR

I'm as surprised as anyone, considering the shape he was in.

Chance sits, and the dog jumps up licking his face. As the Doctor goes to leave, he pulls Winston aside--

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

That wound is still opening up whenever it feels like it. It'll heal, but... He needs to take it easy. No kidding.

Beat. Winston nods. But as Doc reaches for the envelope of cash, Winston puts his hand down on it defensively. The Doc gives Winston a look... *Really?*

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Been keeping my mouth shut for 10 years. You really think I need to hear the rules again?

Almost immediately, Winston feels a little silly. He lets go of the envelope. The Doc takes it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Winston, is everything alright?

WINSTON
Yeah... Thanks for your help.

Doc lingers a beat, before exiting.

CHANCE
You came to check on me?

WINSTON
Who do you think's been feeding that
beast all this time you've been laid up?

CHANCE
Figured maybe he finally got a hold of
the mailman and had just been eating him.

Winston inspects the Fed Ex box on the table.

WINSTON
I see Lydecker finally sent payment...

Winston unpacks the box to produce a WHISKEY BOTTLE. He
looks at it, puzzled. Holds it up to Chance.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
Whiskey...?

CHANCE
It's not *whiskey*. It's 30 year old
Yamazaki. It's a \$900 bottle of scotch.
(off Winston's look)
Hey, that stuff's not easy to find...

WINSTON
When I suggested we might keep
transactions quiet by bartering instead
of cash, I assumed you understood I
meant, 'bartering for things of value'.
(re: a canvas by the table)
This is a Degas. It has great value.
(re: the whiskey)
This is a slow Tuesday night for you.

CHANCE
(re: the scotch)
Ken Lydecker is a good guy who was in a
bad spot. I figured he could use a break.
(re: the Degas)
That guy... I didn't much like that guy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WINSTON

(beat)

Alright, setting aside for the moment your stunning disregard for our solvency, there's a bigger conversation I've been putting off...

(then)

There are a finite number of times you can cause a mess of that magnitude and still have clients show up at our door.

CHANCE

Don't start... I told you, it was the only way to stop the guy from killing Lydecker, along with dozens of bystanders.

WINSTON

I understand that. What I can't figure out is why it got that far. Why not challenge him at the outset? You said he hadn't armed the vest yet, why not disarm him cleanly before he did?

CHANCE

What do you think, I let it get that far because I thought it'd be fun?

WINSTON

I don't know, mate, you tell me.

CHANCE

Come on-- I controlled the situation.

WINSTON

The building explo--

CHANCE

--exploded, I know, I was there.

(then)

I waited because I felt Lydecker was in no immediate danger. I let it play out until I had an angle. When the bomb went, I got distance, gave myself cover. I was in control the whole time.

A beat, Winston unable to take that at face value, but unready to push the issue. Yet. He nods, gets up to leave.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Where are you headed?

WINSTON

Peale has a referral he wants me to see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHANCE

I can come.

WINSTON

No you can't. Shop stays closed while you recover. No discussion.

CHANCE

Hey... Thanks for worrying. But really, there's nothing to worry about.

Off Winston, hoping that's true. He exits.

CUT TO:

INT. CHANCE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Chance and Winston's non-descript office. Could belong to any small business in LA. Seated across from Winston is **STEPHANIE DOBBS** (35, sophisticated-sexy) and her husband **JAMES** (40s). In the corner is **PEALE**, a local cop.

STEPHANIE

It was about a week ago. I get in the car to go to work, and it won't start. Two hours later, I'm at the dealership, and the mechanic comes out with this look on his face... He says the good news is my battery's dead. The bad news is he found 8 ounces of Primasheet 2000 under the hood--

WINSTON

Plastic explosive.

STEPHANIE

Had the car started...

WINSTON

Lucky battery.

STEPHANIE

Yeah. Listen, Mister...

She waits. Winston looks to Peale plaintively--

LT. PEALE

No names, Stephanie. Easier that way.

STEPHANIE

Look, I don't know why somebody would want me dead. I've never gotten threats. Don't have enemies. I don't know what this is. That's why I need your help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINSTON

I'm sorry, but why exactly is this something the police couldn't handle?

LT. PEALE

Tell him what you do.

STEPHANIE

I work for McNamara Engineering, I run the design team for the Monterey Line.

WINSTON

(beat; duly impressed--)
Is that a fact...

LT. PEALE

You're looking at the lady responsible for the most expensive public works project in US history. Bullet train from LA to San Francisco.

STEPHANIE

With the train's maiden voyage coming up, you can understand why we'd like to keep this information private.

JAMES

The last thing McNamara needs is more controversy surrounding the project. But I'm not here speaking for the company. And I'm not here because I'm her supervisor and I can't do my job without her, though I am and I can't. I'm here because she's my wife. And if you can help to end this thing faster and safer than the police can, then you're the men we want.

WINSTON

(considers all this, before--)
Alright, what I'm going to do is refer you to a private security firm that I think quite highly of. They'll work with you to develop a security plan--

STEPHANIE

I'm sorry, I thought your associate provided the security.

WINSTON

We aren't taking new clients at the moment--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEPHANIE

No, I was told you provide a unique service. That you're the people I need--

WINSTON

I'm sorry. This is the best I can do.

STEPHANIE

That's not good enough--

CHANCE (O.S.)

Why me?

Everyone stops, sees Chance standing in a shadowed doorframe.

STEPHANIE

Excuse me?

CHANCE

Why not conventional private security?

STEPHANIE

You can flush this person out, yes? Get him to reveal himself, and take him out.

CHANCE

That's the idea.

STEPHANIE

I don't want to live my life in fear. Whoever's behind this, they shouldn't have that kind of power over me. I want to end this. On my terms. Soon.

Chance considers her a long beat. Mulling it over. Then--

CHANCE

And how fast does this thing go?

STEPHANIE

(a bit thrown)

Safe cruising speed is about 200 mph.

CHANCE

Would I get to ride on it?

On Stephanie, puzzled... *What the hell is this guy's story?*

STEPHANIE

I assume so...

Chance considers that very seriously. Winston smiles a resigned little smile. He knows where this is going...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHANCE

Ok. I'm in. Let's get started.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES & STEPHANIE'S HOME - DAY

Around the dining room table, papers and files spread out.

CHANCE (V.O.)

I work with a cover, so I'll need a way to blend in. A role to play where no one would think twice seeing me with you...

In scene--

STEPHANIE

...I'm telling you, I've spent 10 years designing this train, engineers are the only people I see all day.

CHANCE

I don't wanna do 'engineer'.

STEPHANIE

Can I ask why not?

CHANCE

Don't like math.

STEPHANIE

Ok, is this really that big an issue?

CHANCE

The threat needs to see you as vulnerable. That's how we draw him out, keep him off guard. If I stand out, he can plan around me. That's how clients get dead.

STEPHANIE

Well, I don't know what else there is... With the rollout coming up, we'll have people in from Sacramento and our consultants in from Tokyo, but unless you can be the California Secretary of Transportation or a Japanese person, I don't think that's gonna be much help.

Stephanie catches a strange little smile on Chance's face.

CHANCE

Ok... Problem solved then.
(off Stephanie's confused look)
Next issue.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE (CONT'D)

This trip, it's extremely dangerous. Close quarters. No escape route. Perfect place to take a shot at you--

STEPHANIE

Hang on, I've been working on this project for-- I drew the first pencil sketches. If you're explaining why I can't be on that train, then--

CHANCE

I was explaining why I *need* you on it.

JAMES

Excuse me?

CHANCE

3 ounces of plastic is lethal, your guy used 8. He doesn't like variables. The train trip minimizes them. Gives him a second shot if he misses the first, no cops to muck things up. If I'm him, that's where I make my next move.

JAMES

Then why would you want her to be on--

CHANCE

Because there's no escape for him either. Once he takes his shot, he's exposed. And then he's gotta deal with the one variable he wasn't accounting for.

STEPHANIE

What's that?

CHANCE

(big smile)
This guy.

Off Chance--

END TEASER

ACT ONE

OVER BLACK

Faint crowd noises... Muffled cocktail party chatter...

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

Who am I?

As the muffled chatter comes into relief, we--

SMASH TO:

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY

A private platform, filled with invited guests. A banner above: MONTEREY LINE - MAIDEN VOYAGE. And just off the platform, a sleek, double-decker bullet train. *MONTEREY ONE*. Chance walks with Stephanie through the crowd. Eyes open, never watching her. Always watching the crowd.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)

You're Tony Graham, my new translator.

Stephanie's voice-over matches (but just barely) the movement of her lips as she introduces Chance to her colleagues.

CHANCE (V.O.)

What happened to your old translator?

STEPHANIE (V.O.)

The company provided one to deal with our Tokyo consultants, but she made too many mistakes, so I hired my own.

(beat)

While we're on the subject... You are fluent in Japanese, right?

This as FOUR JAPANESE BUSINESSMEN approach and greet Stephanie. Introductions are made MOS.

CHANCE (V.O.)

I guess we'll find out, won't we?

We join them as sound returns, and one of the men says something to Stephanie in Japanese. Chance translates.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Mr. Saito wishes you congratulations on the well-earned celebration. They're honored to be invited.

STEPHANIE

Thank you, I'm so glad you could be here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Chance translates, Stephanie catches the Japanese looking at Chance a little sideways... She tries to stay calm...

Saito smiles, and turns to go, but then turns back and talks to Chance. Except Chance doesn't translate. They're talking to each other. On Stephanie-- *What the hell?* Chance appears to be telling Saito a story. Hand gestures, big inflection. Unless you speak Japanese, you'll get none of it. But it sure sounds interesting. As he finishes, the Japanese all smile big, each shaking Chance's hand. After they exit--

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

What the hell was that?

CHANCE

What the hell was what?

STEPHANIE

They're our biggest consultants, I have to work with them. What did you just say?

CHANCE

They were surprised my dialect is *satsuma-ben*. I told them my father's father was with MacArthur's staff in Tokyo, where he befriended a steward from a fishing village on the island of Kyushu. My grandfather sponsored the steward when he came to the U.S. for college, where he and my dad became lifelong friends. And he taught me to speak Japanese.

STEPHANIE

(totally charmed by that...)
Wow, that's... Is that true?

CHANCE

No. We shouldn't be the last to board, let's go.

Stephanie shakes her head, and they head to the train. But as they do, Chance spots a SUSPICIOUS GUY in the crowd. The Guy had an eye on Stephanie and tried to look away... Not in time. Chance clocks it...

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES OUTSKIRTS - DAY

The Monterey Line runs through an LA suburb, still at its modest urban cruising speed. Ten passenger and cargo cars, an engine at both front and back. It's a good-looking train.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - CAFE CAR - DAY

The cafe car has been done up for a cocktail party. Right now, everyone's attention is focused at the front of the car, where **DAVID MCNAMARA (60s)**, addresses the crowd.

MCNAMARA

...when my father started this company 52 years ago, I doubt he'd have believed the State of California could get its act together to accomplish something like this. But in three hours we'll be in San Francisco, nothing will ever be the same again, and it's because of all of you.

(a STEWARD whispers in his ear)

Folks, I'm told we're now clear of the marker. Now most of you know Stephanie Dobbs, she's the project leader for this mess. Stephanie, will you give the order?

STEPHANIE

Full speed ahead...

Off Stephanie, beaming--

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - CONTROL CAB - DAY

The ENGINEER pushes the throttle forward, and we watch the digital speedometer move. 90 mph... 110... 140...

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES OUTSKIRTS - DAY

THE TRAIN SCREAMS BY. A 200 MPH bullet, bound for San Fran.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - CAFE CAR - DAY

Cocktail party. Chance talks to **TOM (40s)**, as Stephanie is in another conversation, just arms length away from Chance.

TOM

Don't sweat what everyone says about her, I'm sure you'll enjoy working for her.

CHANCE

What does everyone say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM

That she's miserable to work for. That if you're not as smart as she is, you must be incompetent. That mistakes should be punishable by death...

CHANCE

So it's not true?

TOM

No, it's true. But I love her anyway.

CHANCE

So if's she's so difficult, why does anyone put up with working with her?

TOM

She'd tell you it's because no one can do what she does. But the truth is, James'd never let anyone look at her funny, much less suggest getting rid of her...

(unable to ignore his scratches)

Say, what happened to your face?

CHANCE

You should see the other guy. What's left of him, anyway...

Tom laughs, although something about Chance's tone creeps him out a little. Stephanie joins them.

TOM

I was just telling Tony here about how everyone hates you but me...

Stephanie punches Tom in the arm.

STEPHANIE

Tom was James's Best Man, he introduced us. He's Mac's General Counsel.

Tom sees an OLDER WOMAN waving him down across the room...

TOM

Excuse me. Our Undersecretary for Mass Transit isn't through bugging me about the tab for today.

Tom excuses himself, and exits.

CHANCE

What was the tab for all this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEPHANIE

All in? About 80 billion.
(off Chance's double-take)
We went a little over budget.

CHANCE

Well I should hope so. Do I even want to know how much of that came from my taxes?

STEPHANIE

About 80 billion.

CHANCE

(beat; under his breath)
Even I want to kill you a little bit right now...

Stephanie has to smile a little. Then, quietly, privately--

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Listen, if it's possible, have them turn the air-conditioning down 10 degrees.

STEPHANIE

Why, are you warm?

CHANCE

I'm not, but at least 10 different guys here are starting to sweat...

STEPHANIE

What do you care how much other guys sweat?

CHANCE

Because God doesn't like cold-blooded killers, so He makes as few as He can. The prospect of hurting someone causes stress in most people. They sweat. Fat guys sweat when it's 5 degrees too warm. I like to be able to tell the difference.

STEPHANIE

Oh... Ok. I'll see what I can do.

CHANCE

Great. And feel free to keep asking questions about how I do my job. I find it not at all irritating or distracting.

Stephanie doesn't shrink from that. And we get the sense Chance likes it. But we also sense there's something else on her mind...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STEPHANIE

You really think whoever is after me is
on this train...?

CHANCE

If it were me... I'd be here.

Off Stephanie, unsettled...

CUT TO:

INT. CHANCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Winston, on the phone--

WINSTON (INTO PHONE)

Sounds like she's got enemies there...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - CAFE CAR - DAY

Chance is on a cell phone. He's talking discreetly, no one
else in earshot. He watches Stephanie intently as he talks.

CHANCE (INTO PHONE)

Line forms to the left. She's a bad
boss. She's stubborn as all get-out.
She designed a \$40 billion train that
somehow cost 80. If there are 10 people
here who haven't considered killing this
woman at least once, I'd be amazed.

WINSTON (FROM PHONE)

Anyone jumping out at you yet?

CHANCE (INTO PHONE)

Not yet.

(beat)

Do me a favor, see if you can pull the
call logs from this phone.

WINSTON (FROM PHONE)

Just out of curiosity, does she know
you're on her phone?

CHANCE (INTO PHONE)

No, I swiped it. I wanna see if she's
talking to anyone interesting, and I
didn't want to have to go 12 rounds with
her about it. And one more thing: Find
Guerrero, bring him into this. No one
handles this corporate crap like he does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chance trails off as he realizes that Stephanie is now staring back at him. She glares. *Quit staring at me...*

CHANCE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Will you look at this. I'm watching a guy that won't stop shifting his coat around, and she thinks I'm flirting with her.

We see the SUSPICIOUS GUY from before in Chance's eyeline, looking a bit agitated.

CHANCE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
This is some piece of work, this lady...

ON WINSTON. He hesitates a beat, before broaching--

WINSTON (INTO PHONE)
Listen. I don't know why you were in such a rush to take this job. And I haven't wanted to say anything about this, but... She looks like her. I know, I see it too. But it isn't her. It's got nothing to do with her. You know that, right?

Chance's smile fades. An unreadable, silent beat.

CHANCE (INTO PHONE)
Lemme know when you've got Guerrero.

Off Chance--

CUT TO:

INT. SANDWICH SHOP - DAY

TWO NASTY-LOOKING THUGS enter, each stuffed into their cheap suits. We focus on the LATINO one of the two. *Guerrero?* He scans the place, before he spots--

A SKINNY GUY (40s), sitting alone in a corner booth, reading a book, eating his lunch. The Thugs sit, boxing him in.

LATINO THUG
You're the guy digging around South Trust Bank. Asking questions. Making trouble.

It's weird, but the Skinny Guy doesn't seem intimidated.

SKINNY GUY
And you're... *employees* of the bank?

LATINO THUG
You could say that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKINNY GUY

I see. Well, I'm sorry, but your employer is engaged in some pretty shady loans with his directors' families. And my friends need to know just how shady if they're going to make their case. So I'm afraid we're at an impasse.

LATINO THUG

We're at a *what?*

SKINNY GUY

Impasse. It means we disagree without prospect of resolution.

Latino Thug looks to Other Thug. *You believe this guy?*

LATINO THUG

See, we came here to explain it to you. But you're not getting it. So maybe we need to go for a little walk to the alley out back, and explain it different. So we don't have 'impasse.'

SKINNY GUY

(beat; considers them)

Alright. But I have to warn you. If this gets violent, I'm gonna fight back.

The Thugs chuckle. They outweigh him by about 500 lbs.

LATINO THUG

You're gonna fight back...

SKINNY GUY

Actually, you're right, 'fight back' is a little misleading. What I'll do is break into your homes some night soon, and kill you each in your sleep.

(off their stunned silence)

You'll probably be first, Alfredo. That way Steven here can have a few extra days with Marla and the girls. It's only fair.

On the Thugs. *What the hell is this...*

LATINO THUG

How do you know my name?

SKINNY GUY

Your employer keeps sensitive information on a drive he thinks is secure. It isn't.

(re: the door)

Shall we?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The look in the Skinny Guy's eyes makes our skin crawl. There's something just slightly unhinged about it...

The Thugs consider how long they have to wait to leave in order to maintain a shred of dignity. Long enough? Yeah, that'll do it. They get up, and exit silently. Skinny Guy watches them go, as his CELL RINGS. He answers.

SKINNY GUY (GUERRERO)(INTO PHONE)(CONT'D)
This is Guerrero.

Off Guerrero--

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - CAFE CAR - DAY

Chance and Stephanie sit at a booth. A CELL RING comes from Chance's pocket. He fishes it out and answers.

STEPHANIE
That's funny, my phone has the same ring.

CHANCE (INTO PHONE)
Yeah. Yeah, go ahead...

CUT TO:

INT. CHANCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Winston, on the phone--

WINSTON (INTO PHONE)
Guerrero is in. But there's something else. I went through her call logs, found something that may be interesting.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - CAFE CAR - DAY

As Chance listens silently to Winston on the other end, a **STEWARD** (whom we'll only see from the neck down) sets a few drinks around the table.

STEPHANIE
That's strange, don't you think? That we'd both have the same...
(looks closer)
Wait a minute, that is my phone.

CHANCE (INTO PHONE)
Alright, let me know what he finds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHANIE

(snatches the phone back)
You stole my phone?!

CHANCE

I borrowed it. Listen, do you know a Times reporter named Mark Hoffer?

STEPHANIE

I forgot to plug it in last night, and you're here running it down--

CHANCE

Focus, please. Mark Hoffer.

STEPHANIE

He covers the project, he used to call periodically for background or a quote. Why?

CHANCE

His name isn't in your phone book, but his number's listed as incoming a dozen times or so. Mostly unreturned.

STEPHANIE

Yeah, well, I'm bad about returning calls. Haven't talked to him in almost a year. What difference does it make?

CHANCE

Just that reporters are like vultures; when they linger, it's worth noticing...

Chance trails off, his attention focused out the window...

STEPHANIE

Hello...?

...we then notice what's drawn his attention. In the window's reflection, Chance sees the Suspicious Guy, now clearly eying Stephanie from across the car. A beat, before the GUY STARTS WALKING THIS WAY... Chance calmly stands up, picks up a full cocktail... Waits... Then turns, 'accidentally' spilling the drink all over Suspicious Guy...

CHANCE

Jeez, I'm sorry about that...

Chance helps the guy clean up... But as he does, we see he's discreetly frisking him. Chance then turns him, looks him square in the eye. Evaluating the threat. The look of surprise in the guy's eyes says he's clear. Chance backs off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Can't take me anywhere...

The Guy gives Chance a sideways look, before continuing on and approaching Stephanie. Chance stays close by...

SUSPICIOUS GUY (BILL)

We've never met, but I think you know who I am. My name is Bill Arnold. May I sit?

Stephanie is instantly uncomfortable. Seems to know exactly who this guy is, and not in a good way...

STEPHANIE

Of course.

BILL

I'll be honest, I came here prepared to say to your face what you already know I've been saying in Sacramento. But now that I've seen this thing you've created, now that it's real... I think the first thing I need to say is, I'm sorry. Evidently, you were worth every penny...

Chance watches over the conversation, but suddenly, we start to notice the sounds in the room start to drop out. Bill's voice... Then the crowd noise... On Chance, hyper-alert. He can't tell what it is, but something isn't right...

Chance scans the crowd... Still can't put his finger on what's tripping his alarms... Then, from the silence, we begin to hear the SOUND OF TINKLING ICE CUBES rise in the mix... Chance focuses on a few glasses in the hands of people around the room... From glass to glass, until his focus settles on Stephanie's... And the ICE CUBES in her drink... As Stephanie lifts her glass to take a sip--

SOUND RUSHES BACK IN... Chance grabs her arm, taking away her glass, and leading her away from the table... Before she can protest, she sees the look in his eye, and knows exactly what it means. She goes along.

BILL (CONT'D)

Excuse me, we were just in the middle of a conversation...

Chance ignores him, keeps Stephanie moving. They pass James, surprised by the sight of Chance whisking his wife away.

CHANCE

(passing by James--)
Stay. Keep your mouth shut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAMES

Wait a minute, you can't just--

--but Chance is already past him. James helplessly watches as Chance and Stephanie continue towards the rear exit...

STEPHANIE

What's going on?

CHANCE

The ice in your glass was cubed.

STEPHANIE

So?

CHANCE

No one else's is.

ON BILL. Takes a swig from his own glass, but it's empty. Just ice. He grabs Stephanie's fresh one, and takes a healthy pull.

Back on Chance and Stephanie, as they near the exit...

CHANCE (CONT'D)

They're plastic. I've seen them before.

STEPHANIE

Plastic... What for?

CHANCE

Delivery system.

BACK ON BILL... Not feeling so hot. Then, his eyes roll back in his head, and he hits the deck. Convulsions. A WOMAN SCREAMS. A crowd forms around him. As Chance and Stephanie reach the exit, Chance stops, turns back...

He scans the crowd surrounding Bill. Face after face, all focused intently on Bill. Except ONE STEWARD, who Chance catches staring back at him... *He was watching Stephanie exit...* Chance grins.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Hello, fella...

He then takes Stephanie out the exit into the next car, as the door whooshes shut behind them.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MONTEREY ONE - COACH PASSENGER CAR - DAY

Chance and Stephanie enter an empty passenger car. Stephanie paces, clearly panicked by the bullet she just dodged.

Chance sees an EMERGENCY STOP handle on the bulkhead. He cracks the glass, pulls the switch. Nothing.

STEPHANIE
Not operational. Most of the systems
back here aren't online yet...

Stephanie is shaking. Seriously freaked out.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
Why'd you let him drink from that glass?

CHANCE
He's not my problem.

He notices Stephanie's state. Goes to her, takes her pulse.

STEPHANIE
I'm fine. I'm fine...

It's taking every ounce of will she has to hold back tears.

CHANCE
You're all over the place.

Completely catching Stephanie off guard, Chance hugs her. She pushes back--

CHANCE (CONT'D)
Relax, this isn't a date... It's a
physiological response, it'll slow your
heart rate down.
(he holds her; she lets him)
Not sure why, but it works. Something
about human contact and stress receptors.

A beat. Chance doesn't intend this to be sexual or romantic in any way. But off his face, we FLASH OUT TO--

--Chance and a DIFFERENT WOMAN, vague resembling Stephanie. Ten frames. Barely enough to get oriented. But we can just make it out... They're dancing...

BACK TO SCENE. Chance tightens his grip just enough for us to notice. She pushes away again; he lets her go. But as they separate, she sees BLOOD ON HER SHIRT. Looks at Chance and sees a red spots growing on his shirt...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHANIE

You're bleeding...

CHANCE

It's a scratch.

STEPHANIE

That's no scratch. What happened to you?

CHANCE

Long story. Can we lock this door?

STEPHANIE

Not from here. Seriously, are you ok?

Chance finds a loose CHAIN, and rigs it to the door. If the door opens, the falling chain makes a racket. But as he rigs it, he senses her eyes on his back. He changes the subject--

CHANCE

We've got at least one of them out in the open now. A steward. Not for nothing, but you should really talk to your caterers about their hiring process.

STEPHANIE

At least one of them...?

CHANCE

Sometimes they work in teams. Frankly, I'm not convinced the person or people who paid for it aren't up there too. Either way, right now he's trying not to panic. He missed the shot, probably knows I made him, probably made me for security if he's any good.

STEPHANIE

So what do we do now?

CHANCE

He's irritated. He's gotta come to us now, and he knows it. So we let him make that mistake.

Off Chance, as he finishes up his door alarm...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Guerrero sits on a park bench. He's approached by **LOWELL** (50s), balding and overweight. Lowell, who looks like he's had a bitch of a morning, sits down nearby Guerrero.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUERRERO

Thanks for coming.

LOWELL

Sorry I'm late. It's been... It's been a rough morning.

GUERRERO

I need some information about a guy who works in your office. Name's Mark Hoffer, he's on the Sacramento desk.

LOWELL

(beat; an indignant glare)
Is that supposed to be a joke?

GUERRERO

Was it funny?

LOWELL

Mister Guerrero... I owe for what you did for me and my family. But there must come a point at which I've repaid that debt. Now I know what kind of a man you are, so when you pull me out of the office to ask these kinds of questions--

GUERRERO

What are you talking about?

LOWELL

Are you saying you don't know?

Off Guerrero, at a loss--

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - COACH CAR - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Chance and Stephanie sit in a booth. She's lost in thought.

CHANCE

That guy back there, he said you were worth every penny... What was all that about?

STEPHANIE

I'm due a sizable bonus if the train comes online by a certain date. Bill's a lawyer with CALDOT, he's been whining to the press about our overruns. When he heard about the bonus, he tried to paint me as the poster child for waste in the project.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

How big a bonus are we talking?

STEPHANIE

Hey, if they could've found someone to do what I did for less, they would've...

CHANCE

Sure, of course... How much?

STEPHANIE

...two point four.

CHANCE

Funny, don't remember you mentioning that.

STEPHANIE

Come on, Bill Arnold is a schlub trying to get noticed, he's not a threat...

(then)

I'm not withholding information from you.

CHANCE

(beat; smirks...)

All my clients say that.

STEPHANIE

Then why are you making that face?

CHANCE

Because all my clients are lying when they say that.

(off her look)

If you really wanted to help me, you'd tell me everything. Secrets. People you've hurt. Stuff that keeps you up at night. Because 9 times out of 10, one of those things is why somebody wants you dead.

STEPHANIE

So you're saying I'm lying to you?

CHANCE

I'm saying everybody lies to me. Even when it might save their life to come clean, they lie. You wanna know why? Pride. If that doesn't just about sum us up as a species, I don't know what does.

STEPHANIE

(beat)

I heard you once wore a client's clothes into a crowded room where you knew a gunman would try take a shot at him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

That you essentially invited the gunman
to shoot you instead.

CHANCE

What's your point?

STEPHANIE

If you have such a low opinion of people,
why risk your life for them? Why be the
guy who'll take a bullet for a stranger,
a human target for hire, if they deserve--

CHANCE

I didn't say they deserve it.

STEPHANIE

You just said--

CHANCE

I said people have secrets, and secrets
can be dangerous. Nobody deserves to die.

Stephanie takes that in a moment. The silence is broken,
though, as HER PHONE RINGS. Chance grabs it, answers...

CHANCE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Yeah... When... *This* morning-- Today?
...no such thing as coincidence... Do me
a favor, keep digging... I'll connect
when we hit destination.

Chance hangs up. He looks up at Stephanie.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Mark Hoffer was killed this morning.

STEPHANIE

What?

CHANCE

His car exploded. Unofficial police
report says there was Primasheet residue--

STEPHANIE

Oh God...

CHANCE

Same explosive as the one in your car. I
need you to start thinking... What did
you talk to him about?

STEPHANIE

I don't know, all kinds of things...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHANCE

Scandal? Something personal?

STEPHANIE

No.

CHANCE

Privileged information?

STEPHANIE

No, never. I mean, once I-- No, nothing privileged.

CHANCE

Once you what?

STEPHANIE

About eighteen months ago, I had a run-in with management about a design issue. Happens all the time, but this one they gave me an especially hard time with. I was mad when I talked to Mark, I felt bad immediately that I said anything to him.

CHANCE

What did you say?

STEPHANIE

There's a component in the brake assemblies, a Y-Wing connector, that we bought from a new supplier. Most Y-Wing's are titanium, these were some alloy I'd never heard of. So I did some testing. When I exposed them to a significant static charge in just the right way, they overheated.

CHANCE

Is that a problem?

STEPHANIE

Not if the static charge is below a certain limit. But at extremely high speeds, it could lead to a catastrophic failure of the brakes.

CHANCE

Train won't stop.

STEPHANIE

Not when you want it to, no.

CHANCE

So what happened?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

STEPHANIE

I told management, they rejected my conclusions. Said I over-estimated the charge, that it'd take a driver recklessly exceeding safe speeds for there to even theoretically be a problem. Said it'd cost billions to retrofit my changes, and that 'my compulsive need for perfection' wasn't compelling justification. But where I come from, when something's broke you fix it. So I kept pushing. A week later, they caved. Said they'd make the fixes. I haven't thought about it since.

CHANCE

So far, so good. Why'd you tell Hoffer?

STEPHANIE

I don't air dirty laundry outside the office, I didn't even tell James. But Mark caught me right in the middle of it. I was frustrated, I made a mistake.

CHANCE

Stephanie... Is there a chance he was gonna write about this?

STEPHANIE

Write about it?

CHANCE

Nice sidebar to go along with the launch of the train? 'Engineering firm cuts corners on safety measures for largest public works project in U.S. history'?

STEPHANIE

It's possible. But what difference would it make? If they fixed the brakes, what difference would it make if he wrote...

They both arrive at the hypothetical answer at the same time. It hangs in the air a moment. But before either can respond, we hear THE CHAIN SLINKING TO THE GROUND downstairs.

Chance grabs Stephanie, they hide behind a bulkhead near the rear of the car. Chance draws his gun...

FOOTFALLS up the spiral stairs... Slowly approaching... But as they get closer, something about it seems wrong to Chance. Whoever's clunking around out there, it ain't a professional assassin. Chance holsters his gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CHANCE THEN SPRINGS... A quick move to subdue the intruder... Pins him up against the wall... But--

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Wait-- No, stop!

We get a look at the guy. IT'S TOM.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - COACH CAR - 2ND FLOOR - MINUTES LATER

Chance, Stephanie and Tom, seated--

TOM

When I couldn't find you, I asked James where you were. He seemed weird about it, didn't really answer. I got worried, so I came looking for you.

CHANCE

(to Stephanie)

At least your husband can follow instructions...

STEPHANIE

How's Bill?

TOM

There's a doc up there, he's managed to stabilize him. They talked about stopping and medivac-ing him to UCSF, but McNamara figures it's actually faster to keep him on the train... They put the pedal to the floor; a chopper would actually be slower than we are right now.

(then)

Stephanie, you gotta tell me what's going on here?

(re: Chance)

And what the hell is this guy's story?

Stephanie looks to Chance. *What do I tell him?*

CHANCE

I need you to go back to the main car, Tom. If anyone asks, you couldn't find Stephanie. You don't know where she is.

TOM

Wait a minute-- Steph, if there's something wrong, I want to help--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

And I'm telling you, you can help by going back to the main car, and keeping your mouth shut. Don't talk to anyone.

Tom looks to Stephanie, who silently affirms.

TOM

Alright...

But as Tom gets up to go--

STEPHANIE

Hey... Do you remember the flap about the Y-Wing connectors? About a year ago?

TOM

(thinks)

Vaguely... You'd talked to some reporter, wanted to make sure you hadn't violated your confidentiality agreement...

STEPHANIE

You didn't tell anyone else at the company about that, did you?

TOM

Did I say anything...? Why would I-- No, of course not.

There was a bit of a hitch in his answer. Chance clocks it.

TOM (CONT'D)

Steph, are you sure you're okay?

STEPHANIE

Yeah... Yeah, I'm fine.

A beat, before Tom exits. Chance eyes him warily as he goes.

CUT TO:

INT. CHANCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Guerrero sits at the computer, Winston over his shoulder.

WINSTON

What is this?

GUERRERO

Contents of Mark Hoffer's hard drive.

WINSTON

Do I want to know how you came about it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUERRERO

An editor at the paper owes me. Few years back, a utility company hired a guy to hassle him and his family over a story he was working. I got him out of it.

WINSTON

How did you do that?

GUERRERO

I decided to stop hassling him.

(re: computer screen)

There's nothing here. Nothing interesting, anyway. Just some notes, his schedules, expenses...

THE PHONE RINGS. Winston answers, then signals to Guerrero for him to pick up an extension as well.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - COACH CAR - 2ND LEVEL - DAY

CHANCE (INTO PHONE)

Not sure what you're finding there, but I'm feeling like McNamara management may be involved in this.

GUERRERO (INTO PHONE)

That's good news.

CHANCE (INTO PHONE)

Yeah, that's what I was thinking.

GUERRERO (INTO PHONE)

You want me to go see him?

CHANCE (INTO PHONE)

I do. See if he's heard anything.

GUERRERO (INTO PHONE)

I'm on it.

They all hang up. Guerrero puts on his coat to go...

WINSTON

Why is it good news if the company is behind this?

GUERRERO

Because companies like this aren't built to off people, so it tends to be sloppy. Someone talks, the wrong guy's listening, and suddenly word's all over the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINSTON

Who are you going to see?

GUERRERO

The Wrong Guy.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - COACH CAR - 2ND LEVEL - DAY

Chance hangs up. Off Stephanie's skeptical look--

CHANCE

Don't tell me you aren't thinking it too.

STEPHANIE

What if they lied to me about replacing the connectors...?

CHANCE

Someone decides you're making a big deal out of nothing. Figure they're \$40 billion over-budget, they're not asking for a few billion more just to make you happy. So they lie to shut you up. Except they find out the Times is writing about it. Even if they think the train's safe, they can't allow a suggestion otherwise. No paying passenger would ever go near this thing. Someone asks, 'How do we make this problem go away', and we're off to the races...

STEPHANIE

This sounds awfully paranoid...

CHANCE

Ask Mark Hoffer how paranoid it sounds.

STEPHANIE

(beat)

If they lied about replacing those connectors, we've got a much bigger problem... We're easily going 50 miles per hour above safe-speed right now...

CHANCE

Are you saying that by speeding this train up, somebody up there may have unwittingly created the situation they assured you would never happen?

STEPHANIE

Pretty much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

Alright... Then we need to know if those connectors were replaced or not.

STEPHANIE

To be sure, you'd have to do a visual inspection. Raise one of the cars on hydraulics, crawl into the access-space--

CHANCE

How do we do it right now?

STEPHANIE

You're kidding...

CHANCE

If this train can't stop and we're the only people that know, I imagine we're gonna have to do something about it.

STEPHANIE

You want to squeeze into an open-air crawl-space 8 inches above the tracks, under a train going 230 miles per hour, and conduct a visual inspection?

CHANCE

Not particularly. But tell me there's another option.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - CAFE CAR - DAY

The main car, more somber than before. Bill is unconscious, laid out on a bench. On James, as he watches Tom enter from the rear of the car. Tom is conspicuously uncomfortable, trying to breathe deep. Passing by James, we pick up--

THE STEWARD-ASSASSIN from before, whom we follow as he approaches the rear of the car, and exits into--

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - EMPTY COACH PASSENGER CAR - CONTINUOUS

He checks his watch impatiently. A beat, before he pulls a PISTOL, and heads deeper into the train. He's on his way...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. FOOD COURT - DAY

A generic office building food court. Guerrero approaches a table where an **OLD MAN** (60s) sits eating his lunch. But as Guerrero nears him, a BEEFY GUY in a suit gets up and stands in Guerrero's way. They stare each other down a beat, before--

OLD MAN
(to the Beefy Guy)
It's alright.

The Beefy Guy steps aside, and Guerrero takes a seat.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Haven't seen you in a while.

GUERRERO
Haven't been looking for you.

OLD MAN
An answer for everything... This is why
I stopped finding work for you.

GUERRERO
I stopped taking the work you found,
that's why you stopped finding it.

OLD MAN
What do you want?

GUERRERO
I need to know if you've heard of any
work put on the street by a company
called McNamara Engineering.

The Old Man looks to the Beefy Guy, who shrugs.

OLD MAN
Not to the best of our recollection.

GUERRERO
(beat; disappointed...)
Are you sure?

OLD MAN
Hold on, I'll check again.
(beat; an eff-you stare...)
Yes, I'm sure.

Guerrero slumps a bit. Dead end.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

What do you care, anyway? You wanna know if there's open work, but you don't wanna take it? What are you, window shopping...

(it clicks for him; he smiles)

Ah... I see. You've gone to the other side. Fighting the good fight, making the world safe for democracy...

(coughs out a laugh...)

Like your friend Chance, I suppose. At least he had the courtesy to tell me to my face when he lost his nerve.

Guerrero's getting nowhere, and he's had enough. He gets up.

GUERRERO

Thanks for your time.

OLD MAN

Just making life hard on yourself, friend. Companies have secrets. Husbands hate wives. Brothers envy brothers. This work's been around forever, it ain't going away, it ain't even slowing down...

Guerrero stops a moment. Turns back.

GUERRERO

What did you just say?

OLD MAN

I said I don't know what you hope to accomplish by--

GUERRERO

Yeah, I got it.

As Guerrero exits, he smiles. Something just clicked for him.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - CARGO CAR - DAY

An open cargo compartment, the length and width of the car. High ceilinged, there's no 2nd floor here. Heavy machine parts and instruments are bundled in a few rows, most of them covered under a large tarp.

Chance and Stephanie are beside a panel in the floor, unscrewing the fasteners keeping the panel secured.

STEPHANIE

This is crazy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

It isn't crazy.

STEPHANIE

Do you have any idea what kind of surface stresses are generated when you move a train this big this fast? The jet stream that'll be swirling 6 inches beneath you will suck you right under the wheels if you get anywhere near it.

CHANCE

(beat)

It may be a little crazy.

Chance finishes with the last screw in the panel.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Explain to me again what I'm looking for.

A beat. Stephanie has to hand it to him; he's got balls...

STEPHANIE

The brake housings are the black boxes offset from the wheels, by the access shaft. There's a seam that runs along the front of each box. If the connectors were replaced, the seams should be jagged. If the seams are smooth...

CHANCE

...cancel Christmas, I get it. Ok. Alright, let's do it.

Chance and Stephanie unlock the panel, and as they hoist it up, THE WIND NOISE IS DEAFENING. Like standing next to a jet engine with the cowlings off. Chance takes off his dress shirt, and we see that the wound on his chest is becoming a problem. Stephanie is a little horrified by it, but Chance doesn't even acknowledge it. He crawls down into--

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTEREY ONE - CRAWL-SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Chance slips into the crawl-space. The wind is overwhelming. Hard to keep his eyes open... Hard to breathe...

The space itself is open on three sides, made up of a loose criss-cross of supports. Above is the undercarriage of the train. Super-tight; very little room to maneuver.

Chance hangs on to the supports above, with his feet wedged into the side struts for support.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He shimmies awkwardly down the crawl-space, straining to keep his weight suspended over the bottom guard rail.

He sees the brake-case, just needs to make it that far... A few more yards... But, as he moves, his leg jerks back. His shoelace caught in the rigging... Chance yanks at it, but can't get it free... Straining to hold himself up... On his undershirt, we see THE RED SPOTS JOINING, where the wound on his chest is now worsening...

Chance gives it one last pull... His foot comes out of shoe, the shoe falls onto the guardrail, and is then SUCKED IN BY THE JETSTREAM... ROCKETS AWAY LIKE A BULLET, OUT TO THE SIDE OF THE TRAIN, and then UP IN THE AIR, riding the train's air current like it was shot out of a cannon. It's violent and quick. On Chance, resolving not to go the way of the shoe...

He digs deep and regains his grip. It takes all he's got, but he REACHES THE BLACK BOX... Feels around behind it...

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - CARGO CAR - DAY

Stephanie waits nervously by the open access panel... No sign of Chance... She's really starting to worry, as A HAND POPS OUT OF THE OPENING. Then another...

Stephanie rushes over, and helps A GRIMY, BLOODY CHANCE haul himself up onto the deck. He collapses, exhausted.

STEPHANIE

Please tell me we're ok...

CHANCE

(heaving)

Well... Ok...

STEPHANIE

We're not ok, are we?

CHANCE

We're screwed...

Stephanie pops up off the ground, paces nervously.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Here's what we're gonna do. We go to the front, and you're gonna tell them they need to cut the engines--

STEPHANIE

It's not that simple... There are three high grade curves on the route.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

If we are where I think we are, there's one coming up in about 60 miles.

CHANCE

So?

STEPHANIE

So there are only two rules to driving a train. And one of them is, when you get to a curve, slow down.

CHANCE

(putting it together)

We'll go off the rails at this speed... How long would it take to coast to a safer speed?

STEPHANIE

More than we've got--

CHANCE TACKLES STEPHANIE to the ground, just before--

BANG! Gunshots ring out... The ASSASSIN IS AT THE OPPOSITE END OF THE CAR, FIRING AT US...

Chance pulls his gun and returns fire, as he and Stephanie take cover behind a bundle of machinery. A beat, as Chance peers over the bundle to check the Assassin's position.

CHANCE

Run as fast as you can to the door.

STEPHANIE

But it's the wrong way, we have to get to the main car to warn them about--

CHANCE

Go!

Before Stephanie can even react, Chance pops up and WALKS OUT IN THE OPEN TOWARDS THE ASSASSIN. The Assassin eyes go wide with surprise as he sees Chance walking right into his fire. The Assassin tries to aim for a clean shot, but Chance forces him to take cover...

STEPHANIE RUNS towards the rear door. As she nears it, Chance starts to fall back, TOPPLING A STACK OF BOXES to cover their retreat... They both sprint out the door and into--

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - EMPTY PASSENGER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Chance and Stephanie sprint through a barebones passenger car, largely unfinished... A beat, before THE ASSASSIN APPEARS AT THE DOOR, FIRING AWAY... Chance returns fire, but after the first shot-- CLICK. Out of ammo...

He and Stephanie quickly make it through the next door, and shut it. The Assassin's gunfire impacts off the closing door, just missing them...

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - 2ND TO LAST CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Chance enters, shuts the door, and shuts a CLOSET DOOR just inside, which covers the main door. He then HAULS DOWN A CART FULL OF EQUIPMENT, barricading both doors closed. A beat, before THWACK, the Assassin runs up against the barricade on the other side.

CHANCE

Oughta hold him for a few minutes...

Inside the car, we see tools, equipment... It's the rear engineering car. Through the barricaded door, we can hear the Assassin working at the door, trying to get through.

STEPHANIE

I don't know how many minutes we've got.
12, maybe 15 before we hit the curve...

She pulls out her phone. TIGHT ON THE DISPLAY: A RED BATTERY INDICATOR. Stephanie dials: JAMES. It rings, hits voicemail.

CHANCE

Who are you calling?

STEPHANIE

James. He can at least warn them...
Come on, pick up...

Stephanie dials again, but as she does the battery goes, and the phone shuts itself down.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Dammit!

CHANCE

There's gotta be an intercom or something...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHANIE

They hooked up these cars so they could test speed at full capacity. They're ballast. Only electronics working are the lights and the air conditioning...

A beat, as they both arrive at the same idea together... They slowly look up to a partially exposed AIR DUCT...

MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE THE AIR DUCT...

--Chance's head is poked into the duct, checking it out. It's tight, barely big enough for a person to be on all fours. Chance then drops back down to--

THE REAR CAR, with Stephanie...

CHANCE

Will it support both of us?

STEPHANIE

I don't know. I didn't exactly design it to be a jungle gym.

CHANCE

It doesn't have to hold for long, we just have to get past him to the next car.

Off Stephanie...

CUT TO:

INT. AIR DUCT - MOMENTS LATER

Chance leads Stephanie down the cramped duct... They quickly reach a thick grating at the end of the car--

STEPHANIE

There's two--

Chance makes a face-- *Shhhhh!!!* Then, whispered--

CHANCE

If he hears us, we're gonna be dodging bullets...

STEPHANIE

There's two grates between here and the next car. You can just unscrew them...

Chance pulls out a UTILITY KNIFE, and carefully unscrews the grate, before gently setting it aside. They then crawl into the next section. Like ribbed, flexible Kevlar; we're now in the connecting space between the cars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chance then carefully, quietly, unscrews the second grate that'll take them into the Assassin's car. As he finishes, he turns to Stephanie, and holds a finger to his lips. He takes a breath... But as he pulls away the grate to set it aside--

WE SEE THE ASSASSIN A FEW YARDS AWAY, IN THE DUCT! He's trying same thing we are... A moment of surprise for both of them, before the Assassin goes for his gun, and Chance scrambles towards him, trying to close the distance...

The gun comes out, but Chance is on top of him-- They trade punches, elbows... Like wild dogs locked inside a metal trunk... With each punch and kick, we see the BRACKETS SUPPORTING THE DUCT STRAINING under their weight...

They trade punches, but Chance is losing stamina... The Assassin begins to get the upper hand, lands a few nasty elbows... With the last one, THE DUCT GIVES WAY, and we--

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - EMPTY PASSENGER CAR - CONTINUOUS

--where one end of duct drops-- Chance and Assassin slide down and onto the deck... The section holding Stephanie teeters for a moment, before it gives way, dumping her hard to the ground...

Chance gets up just in time to DODGE THE REST OF THE DUCT AS IT FALLS... The lower end of the duct hits the ground, SNAPPING LOOSE THE END THAT WAS STILL CONNECTED... The top end then topples SIDEWAYS INTO A WINDOW, SHATTERING IT, FILLING THE CAR WITH WHIPPING WIND.

Chance looks to Stephanie; she's not moving. But before he can go to her, the ASSASSIN SPRINGS... This isn't like fighting Hollis earlier; the Assassin knows what he's doing... Hand-to-hand combat between two pros...

But the Assassin goes to work on Chance's wound, which is now a full-on bleeding mess... Chance summons the strength to throw the Assassin off him... He then clambers across the floor, where a STEEL PIPE is rolling... He grabs the pipe, stands, brandishing it, ready to charge, but as he turns, he sees the ASSASSIN HAS RECOVERED THE GUN. A beat... The Assassin smiles a little... Cocks his gun... *Checkmate.*

On Chance... *Think fast...* He turns, AND FIRES THE PIPE AT A WINDOW OPPOSITE THE SHATTERED ONE... As it hits, A SPIDERING CRACK grows in the window... The Assassin looks at Chance puzzled-- *What the hell was that for?* But then, the window finally shatters, and--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE... The two open windows create a cross-draft that TURNS THE WHIPPING WIND INTO A CYCLONE! Hurricane force winds swirl, tossing the Assassin like a rag doll...

The odds evened, Chance scoots towards the Assassin, almost gliding across the deck as he catches a tailwind... HE CRASHES INTO THE ASSASSIN, checking him into the wall, just a few feet away from the OPEN WINDOW...

They struggle, each trying to get the upper hand... Then, in one move, Chance pivots, spinning the Assassin's momentum against him, towards the window, and with one last shove, THE ASSASSIN IS SUCKED RIGHT OUT OF THE TRAIN.

Chance drops to the ground, completely spent... Catching his breath... But as he raises his head, he sees Stephanie, now on all fours, hauling herself up. They exchange a look... We're not out of the woods yet...

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - CAFE CAR - DAY

Chance, with Stephanie tight behind him, enters the crowded car. James approaches, and Stephanie rushes to him, hugging him tightly...

Chance looks like grim death, and draws strange looks from most of the car's passengers. CHANCE THEN FIRES HIS PISTOL into the deck. That gets the attention of the rest of them.

CHANCE

In about 10 minutes, this train is going to crash. I suggest we all get off it beforehand.

Stunned silence, as the bewildered crowd stares at Chance.

SAITO (JAPANESE SUBTITLED)

Who are you?

CHANCE

I told you. I'm the interpreter.

Off Chance--

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. MONTEREY ONE - CAFE CAR - DAY

Moments after the end of Act Three.

MCNAMARA

What the hell do you think you're doing?

STEPHANIE

You son of a bitch... You lied to me.

MCNAMARA

What?

STEPHANIE

I told you about the defect in the brake assemblies. I warned you.

MCNAMARA

Stephanie, you sound like a crazy person, calm down...

James tries to put an arm around Stephanie to calm her down, but she pushes him away--

STEPHANIE

In a few minutes, we're going to arrive at the R-5 curve. But when the engineer applies the brakes to slow us down before the curve, the brakes are going to fail.

MCNAMARA

Alright, let's everyone take a breath. This train is perfectly safe. Its brakes are perfectly safe. Would I be here if I had the slightest doubt about that?

STEPHANIE

You're wrong...

JAMES

Steph--

CHANCE

Excuse me. Seems like there's an easy way to resolve this...

Stephanie gets it immediately. She heads towards the control cabin. Chance follows.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - CONTROL CAB - MOMENTS LATER

Stephanie, Chance, James, the Engineer, and a number of onlookers. McNamara pushes his way to the front.

STEPHANIE

Slow us down, please.

The Engineer, a bit confused, engages the brakes. Everyone watches the speedometer... 231 MPH... 227... 221... They're slowing. Relieved sighs around the cabin.

MCNAMARA

Stephanie, come tomorrow, we're going to have to have a serious discussion about your continued employment with--

A LOUD METALLIC POPPING SOUND comes from under the deck. Everyone gets quiet a moment. ANOTHER POP. THEN ANOTHER. We hear a series of pops, running the length of the train...

On the speedometer... Stopped at 221 MPH. The Engineer pushes the brakes harder, but the speed stays the same.

The air suddenly goes out of the room, as it dawns on everyone the trouble they're in. McNamara's face goes white.

CHANCE

I think they have a name for the kind of train this just turned into...

TOM

There must be a way to stop it.

STEPHANIE

There isn't. But there may be a way to stop part of it...

(beat)

There's a supplemental braking system in the rear car. It's too weak to slow the whole train at this speed, but if we separate the rear car, we can slow it down enough to take the curve safely.

A few people look to McNamara for his approval, but he's too shocked to respond.

CHANCE

How far?

Stephanie checks a display on the console.

STEPHANIE

About 27 miles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE
(does the math; checks his
watch)
Seven minutes. I suggest we get
moving...

Off Chance--

CUT TO:

INT. CHANCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Guerrero enters, a sense of urgency about him. He goes
straight to the computer.

WINSTON
Find something?

GUERRERO
Do you still have the call logs from the
client's cell phone?

WINSTON
Yeah.

GUERRERO
Please read me back the dates and times
of the incoming calls from Mark Hoffer.

WINSTON
Why?

GUERRERO
Please. The dates and times.

WINSTON
August 20, 12:53 pm. April 24, 7:31pm...

Guerrero runs his finger across the screen as Winston reads.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
February 25, 2:53pm, December 15... What
is this?

A beat, before Guerrero pushes back from the computer.

GUERRERO
I think I know who hired the hit on
Stephanie Dobbs.

Off Winston--

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - 2ND-TO-LAST CAR - DAY

The penultimate car in the train. Passengers are still shuffling into the rear car, soon to be their lifeboat.

Stephanie has an access panel open in the bulkhead--

STEPHANIE

The system isn't online. We'll have to cut the hydraulics manually from here to cut the last car loose.

CHANCE

Four minutes. Is there time?

STEPHANIE

We're fine. Once the hoses are disconnected, there'll be about a 20 second delay before the cars separate.

TOM

Why don't you let somebody else do that?

STEPHANIE

I know the guts of this thing better than anyone.

James looks a little distressed. She smiles warmly for him.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

It's ok. I'll be ok. Go...

James, Tom and everyone else clear out into the rear-car. Just Chance and Stephanie remain. She's shoulder deep in the access panel, feeling around as she disconnects the hoses.

CHANCE

Sorry.

STEPHANIE

For what?

Chance glances around. The train. Her baby.

CHANCE

Figured somebody should say it.

STEPHANIE

At least I know what I'll be doing next Monday.

CHANCE

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHANIE

Building the damn thing all over again.

Chance smiles.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

I'm down to the last connection here.
Ready?

Chance nods. Stephanie pulls the hose, and we hear MACHINERY SHIFTING under the deck. Around them, STEAM HISSES FROM CONNECTING HOSES behind the walls...

But as Chance and Stephanie get to the door to the rear car, IT WON'T BUDGE. Chance pulls at it. Nothing.

CHANCE

I thought you said they don't lock.

STEPHANIE

They don't...

REVEAL THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, where we see that someone has jammed it shut.

ON CHANCE as he pulls at the door, trying to work it loose. But as he gives it a pull, he drops to a knee, exhausted. His wounds have finally become unbearable...

Stephanie pitches in. But as she tries to work the door loose, A LOUD BANG IS HEARD FROM OUTSIDE, as the flexible cowling covering the short space between the two cars comes undone... As the rear car separates, and begins recede away--

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

(small)

No...

--Stephanie watches helplessly out the window. Chance is on the floor, bleeding out. Off the two of them, stranded...

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. MONTEREY ONE - 2ND-TO-LAST TRAIN CAR - DAY

Picked up directly from the end of Act Four.

STEPHANIE

How much time?

CHANCE

Two minutes. Give or take.

Chance and Stephanie, stranded, time running out...

STEPHANIE

Maybe we can strap ourselves in. Hope the cars are strong enough to hold together...

CHANCE

Are they?

Stephanie's look doesn't inspire much confidence...

STEPHANIE

We're going to die, aren't we?

Chance looks up at her, and we FLASH AGAIN TO--

--Chance and the Mystery Woman from before. Except this time, he's holding her lifeless body... As fast as it appeared, it's gone, and we RETURN TO SCENE--

ON CHANCE, the wheels in his head spinning...

CHANCE

At this speed, wake turbulence off the tail of the train is gonna run straight up in the air, right?

Stephanie almost double-takes... *How did he know that?*

STEPHANIE

Excuse me?

CHANCE

Our wake, the air passing over the hull of the train--

STEPHANIE

Yeah-- Not straight up, but close to it.

CHANCE

At least 140, 150 degrees, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHANIE

Roughly... I thought you said you were bad at math.

CHANCE

I said I didn't like it, I didn't say I couldn't do it.

Chance hoists himself off the deck. A look of purpose to him.

STEPHANIE

What are you trying to figure out?

CHANCE

How to get off this train.
(then)
Come with me...

--and he heads up towards the front of the train.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - CARGO CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Chance unwraps the tarp from the machines it's covering.

CHANCE

Take this...

Tosses her the utility knife--

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Seatbelts, two of them. Cut them as close to the seat as possible.

STEPHANIE

(catching up to him...)
Wait a minute-- No no no no no...

CHANCE

Ninety seconds. You got a better idea?

A beat, before Stephanie heads off. Off Chance--

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEREY ONE - 2ND-TO-LAST TRAIN CAR - DAY

Chance rigs the seatbelts into the drawstring-cable at the bottom of the tarp...

STEPHANIE

This isn't going to work...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chance wraps the seatbelts across his chest in an X.

CHANCE

I'm open to alternatives. I'd talk fast
though.

Chance holds out his arms. Stephanie crosses herself, before getting close to him. He wraps his arms around her tightly.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Exhale. Hard.

Stephanie does. Chance opens the door behind them, fires the tarp out the back door, holds on to Stephanie with everything he's got-- A moment, before THEY'RE BOTH YANKED VIOLENTLY OUT THE BACK DOOR!

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTEREY EXPRESS - DAY

The tarp expands in the train's backdraft, BECOMING A MAKESHIFT PARACHUTE, drifting up and away from the speeding train, which rockets forward away from them...

The trip up is the easy part. As they fall, it becomes clear that this thing ain't a parachute. A messy, spiralling (but non-life-threatening) drop, before--

THEY LAND ROUGHLY in the dirt. Stephanie's wind is knocked out of her, she heaves for air. Lifts her head up just in time to watch as--

THE TRAIN REACHES THE CURVE AHEAD... The lead car starts around bend, but it can't hold the track... THE FIRST CAR CAREENS OFF THE RAILS and into a dusty flatland... THE TRAILING CARS JACK-KNIFE, piling up behind it, and carrying the whole mess thundering forward... It's the biggest damn wreck you've ever seen.

As it finally comes to a rest, things get quiet again... Stephanie notes that Chance never got up from the fall.

STEPHANIE

Hey... Hey!

Chance doesn't answer. Stephanie goes to him, not sure what to do. Concern turning to panic.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Wake up... Come on...

Lifeless. But after a beat, he coughs. Comes around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 CHANCE
 (long beat)
Ow...

Stephanie smiles her relief...

We pull back on a tableau of the two of them... The smoking hulk of the bullet train off in the near distance... The SAFE CAR rolling by them, appreciably slowed down, and coasting safely around the curve ahead...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A trendy bachelor pad. On a wall-mounted TV, news coverage drones on about the crash, including footage of the emergency responders that arrived after the fact...

 TV NEWSPERSON (O.S.)
...the cause of the derailment isn't yet known, but considering the reported \$80 billion price tag, there's certain to be no shortage of questions in the coming days about how such an accident could--

The TV is clicked off. Tom stands looking out the window, lost in his own head. Clearly on edge.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Tom goes to answer it. IT'S GUERRERO.

 GUERRERO
Tom Jansen?

 TOM
Yes...

 GUERRERO
You don't know me. We need to talk.

Off Tom--

CUT TO:

EXT. JAMES & STEPHANIE'S HOME - NIGHT

James's SUV pulls up to the house, as James, Stephanie and Chance get out. Both Stephanie and Chance have clearly been treated; Stephanie bandaged, Chance's arm in a sling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES

Thank you for coming all the way back here with us, but I think it might be nice to have a night with an empty house after all this...

CHANCE

Job's not done yet.

JAMES

...but I thought you said--

CHANCE

The hitter is out of the picture. But somebody hired him, and somebody jammed that door shut on us on the train. Until we find out who, your wife is in danger.

STEPHANIE

What's the next step?

CHANCE

I think we've got some promising leads...

Off Chance--

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES & STEPHANIE'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

They enter the house, turn on the lights. Stephanie is startled to see TOM SITTING IN THEIR LIVING ROOM.

STEPHANIE

What are you doing here?

Before Tom answers, GUERRERO APPEARS as well.

JAMES

What's going on?

GUERRERO

(to James)

Mark Hoffer's expense reports included a number of expenses at a hotel in Laguna Niguel. His stays coincided with phone calls placed by him to Stephanie's cell phone. Each and every one.

CHANCE

James, when did you find out your wife was sleeping with Mark Hoffer?

On James and Stephanie, both stunned into silence...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM

(to James)

Is this true? You hired someone to...

Tom can't even say it out loud. James sits down on a step, head in his hands. Nothing for him to say at this point.

CHANCE

(to Tom)

When Stephanie asked you if you told anyone that she'd talked to the reporter about the brakes, you said you hadn't. That wasn't entirely true, was it?

TOM

No.

(beat)

I told her husband.

(to James)

I told you so you could protect her... And you did this?

CHANCE

(to James)

How'd you put it together from there? Suspicious that she'd told Tom and kept it from you? Start digging through her phone like I did?

On Stephanie, horrified in several different directions...

STEPHANIE

You knew...? For how long?

James remains silent. Just stares back at her.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

But it was over. It'd been over for a year, I hadn't even talked to him...

JAMES

I know.

STEPHANIE

Then why now? We were doing better... This whole last year, we've been better.

On Chance, as it clicks...

CHANCE

The money...

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHANCE (CONT'D)

If he'd done this a year ago, you don't
finish the train, and there's no bonus...
This way, he gets the money.

On Stephanie, as that sickening realization hits her. She's
in shock, too horrified to speak. She looks up at Chance,
and they lock eyes, as a tear starts to run down her cheek...

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES & STEPHANIE'S HOME - LATER

We see the cop siren flashing silently through the window.
Lt. Peale is here. He's just finished cuffing James, when he
pulls Chance aside--

PEALE

With all the news about the crash, this
place is about to be a mob scene. Press.
Precinct captain. You got about 5
minutes--

CHANCE

Yeah, I'm going. Thanks.

Chance exits the house to--

CUT TO:

EXT. JAMES & STEPHANIE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

--where he sees Stephanie sitting on steps of the front
porch, her knees pulled to her chest. He stands in front of
her. Her eyes stay on the ground as she speaks--

STEPHANIE

I think you were wrong.

CHANCE

About what?

STEPHANIE

(beat)

I'm responsible for this. You risked
your life for me, and it turns out I
deserved what was coming to me...

CHANCE

There are 118 people who are alive
tonight because of you.

STEPHANIE

That's not what I'm talking about--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

I know what you're talking about...

Chance moves closer to her, and places a hand on her head. It's as intimate a moment as he'll allow himself.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

You did something you regret. We're hard-wired to do things we regret. It ain't gonna change, it ain't something to be afraid of, and it most certainly is not a reason to die.

Chance lingers. Doesn't want to leave her. She doesn't want him to go.

STEPHANIE

I don't even know what I owe you...

CHANCE

(beat; smiles...)

You'll buy me a drink someday.

And he finally turns, walking off towards a waiting car.

STEPHANIE

Can you at least tell me your name?

Chance stops walking. A beat. Then, defenses down...

CHANCE

Chance. Christopher Chance.

STEPHANIE

(beat)

Is that true?

Chance gives her a hint of a smile, but no answer. He turns back towards the car, where Winston is driving, Guerrero's in back. Chance gets in, and they head off into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHANCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Chance reads the paper. A piece about a foiled murder-for-hire plot that shattered a family. We get the sense that Chance isn't even reading. He's just looking at the picture of Stephanie. It's an old picture, and she's smiling.

Winston enters, and sits.

WINSTON

I think you should take some time off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANCE

Imagine my surprise.

WINSTON

I'm not joking, mate. Take some time.
Get away from this.

CHANCE

What are you so worried about? What's
different about right now than anything
else I've ever done? And don't start
with me about how much Stephanie looked
like Mary. That was a low blow.

WINSTON

Do you want to know the truth?

CHANCE

Please.

WINSTON

I thought that at first. That maybe you
thought that somehow by putting yourself
through this, you'd be able to finally
put Mary in the past. But now I don't
think that's it.

CHANCE

It isn't it.

WINSTON

No, now I'm even more worried. I kept
asking myself, why would he keep doing
this? Letting situations get out of hand
so he ends up standing in front of one
loaded gun after another? Lydecker, that
stunt with the train... Is it the rush?
Is it some kind of penance? And then it
hit me... Maybe he keeps putting himself
in front of the loaded gun because he's
hoping one of these days, he'll get what
he deserves, and it'll finally go off.

On Chance, who just looks back evenly at Winston. Doesn't
respond. Gives nothing away. The silence is broken by a
RINGING PHONE. Chance answers.

CHANCE

Yeah... Ok... Tell me about the threat.

Winston watches silently as Chance listens, scribbling notes.
On Winston, hoping that Chance will hear him... Hoping he'll
put this job away for a while.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Ok, I got it... Yeah, I understand.

(beat)

What's my feeling about it?

He shares a long look with Winston, before--

CHANCE (CONT'D)

I'm in. Let's get started...

Off Chance, we--

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW