

COME AND FIND ME

Written by

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INT. CITY BUS - NIGHT

The fluorescent lights overhead cast a sickly bright glow over the scattered passengers. We move to a young woman, CLAIRE, 25, who sits alone, staring out the window. She has an effortless, chaotic cool. We can hear muffled music pulsing out from her headphones. She carries her bag on her lap, arms wrapped tightly around it.

The bus wheezes to a stop. A couple of people board, among them a young man, mid-twenties, shaggy hair, t-shirt. As he moves down the aisle he makes eye-contact with Claire. She holds it for a split second then looks away. He chooses a seat across the aisle and one row back from her.

He sits, keeping his eyes on her. She feels his gaze and can't help but look back. Their eyes meet again and she quickly looks away. The young man smirks and turns his attention out the window to the passing street scene.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. CITY BUS - NIGHT

The bus chugs along. Claire tugs on the cord overhead and rises as the bus slows to a stop.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Claire steps off the bus and looks around. The streets are pretty much deserted at this hour. The bus doors close behind her, as they do the young man squeezes out of the mid-body door.

Claire avoids looking at him and walks away. He watches her go. After a few beats he begins to head in the same direction.

EXT. UNDERPASS - NIGHT

Claire walks beneath the underpass. She can feel the man behind her. She glances over her shoulder. He's about fifty feet back, walking at her pace. She keeps walking.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Claire is walking up a steep hill. The man remains the same distance behind her, keeping up but maintaining his distance. She stops. He stops. She turns around.

CLAIRE  
Are you following me?

The man stares at her blankly. He begins walking toward her, closing the gap between them. Claire slips her hand into her pocket, grabbing her keys.

He approaches casually, calmly, without malice and walks right past her. No, he wasn't following her. Claire, exhales, relieved and continues on her way, now following him.

He makes his way through a series of turns through this neighborhood, Claire trailing him the whole way.

He comes to a chain of bungalows, fenced in with a gate. He begins unlocking the gate. Claire walks up behind him.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
You live here?

DAVID  
Yes.

CLAIRE  
I'm sorry.

He unlocks it and holds the door for her. Claire heads inside and moves down the row of units to her bungalow. David steps up right behind her.

DAVID  
What are you doing?

CLAIRE  
I live here.

DAVID  
I live here.

Claire looks at the unit number.

CLAIRE  
No. Four. I'm in four.

DAVID  
I'm in four.

He holds up his keys, "watch." He unlocks the door and heads inside, flipping on the lights.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
See?

INT. BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Claire steps inside, confused.

CLAIRE  
This is my apartment.

DAVID  
This is my apartment.

Claire moves to the bookshelf where there is a photo of David and Claire together, smiling, on top of the Empire State Building. She picks it up.

CLAIRE  
We know each other.

DAVID  
I don't know you.

CLAIRE  
Clearly you do.

They stare at each other.

DAVID  
We must have lost our memories some  
how.

CLAIRE  
How do you think we get them back?

DAVID  
I think we have to make love 'til  
dawn and just hope for the best.

David takes her in his arms and kisses her. She stops him --

CLAIRE  
Wait. What if we're brother and  
sister?

David shakes his head.

DAVID  
You're ruining this.

He picks her up and carries her into the bedroom. He drops her on the bed and they both begin taking off their clothes.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

David stands at the stove cooking. Claire enters from the back with a pair of gardening shears and a handful of flowers. As she puts them in a vase, arranging them, David hands her a forkful of food --

DAVID

Taste.

She does. It's clearly delicious --

CLAIRE

I don't know how you do that.

DAVID

I can teach you.

CLAIRE

(smiles)

No. Thank you. I like not knowing.

She holds her finger to her lips, that's a secret --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Shhhh.

David scrapes the skillet's contents onto two plates and carries them to the table. They eat.

DAVID

(re Flowers)

Those are pretty.

CLAIRE

You're pretty.

DAVID

I'm handsome.

Claire shovels food down. She likes it. David watches her, smiling.

CLAIRE

(mouth full)

Wha?

She swallows.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What?

She moves the flower arrangement between them so he can't see her and starts shoveling more food down.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David is lying on the couch watching television. Claire comes in the front door.

DAVID  
Hey.

CLAIRE  
Hey.

She moves behind him, wraps her arms around him and kisses his cheek. She watches the television for a beat, then --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna go to bed.

DAVID  
Okay. I'll be in soon.

CLAIRE  
Come in now.

She heads to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

David and Claire are lying in bed wrapped around each other, about to drift off to sleep.

DAVID  
I love you.

Claire considers him, sweetly.

CLAIRE  
I love you too.

She kisses him.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
I really do.

DAVID  
Good.

She rests her head on his chest as the temptation of sleep overtakes them.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

David is tangled up in the sheets with a pillow bundled around his head, his mouth agape. He sleeps hard. Sunlight streams in through the blinds. His eyes flutter open, he sucks in air and adjusts his position, trying to stay in whatever dreamworld he was inhabiting.

After a beat his eyes open again.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

David wanders in from the bedroom in sweats and a t-shirt and stops.

DAVID

Baby?

He moves for the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He wanders in. It's empty.

DAVID

Claire?

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

It's a tiny plot of grass. There's an avocado tree and some flowers planted in one corner. David pops out of the house, looking around. There's no one there.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David moves to the couch and sits, flipping on the TV. He picks his cell phone up off the table, checking it. No activity. He puts it down and changes the channel.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

David is dressed, showered. He speaks on his cell phone.

DAVID

Baby, what the fuck. Where are you. I can't remember what you said you were doing today, umm, call me.

He hangs up and stands there, not sure what to do with himself.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

David's on his cell again.

DAVID

Hi, Darcy? Hi, this is David Leight, Claire's boyfriend. Yeah, hi. Have you spoken to Claire today? Okay. No, no I'm just not sure where she is. I'm sure she told me and I'm just forgetting. Anyway, thank you, Darcy. If you do hear from her... Thank you.

He hangs up and stares at his phone. He's starting to get nervous.

EXT. GLOWING SUN DRY CLEANERS - DAY

It's a small storefront in a line of many small storefronts each more unremarkable than the last.

David crosses the street, cutting through traffic, heading for the door.

INT. GLOWING SUN DRY CLEANERS - CONTINUOUS

David enters, finding there is no one at the counter. He rings the service bell. Nothing. He rings it again, over and over, frantically.

MR. YANG, 50, owner and operator of the establishment storms out of the maze of hanging garments, angry.

YANG

Coming!

DAVID

Hi, sorry, Mr. Yang. I'm David, Claire's boyfriend? Is Claire working today?

YANG

No.

DAVID

Have you seen her today?



She's nowhere to be found. David, full of nervous energy, finally comes to a stop in the middle of the living room but only because he has completely run out of ideas.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

David sits on the bed, freaked out. He stares at his phone, waiting for a call. He types in a text message, the latest of many. It reads: WHERE ARE YOU?!?!

He sits there, restless, terrified, helpless.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

In the bullpen of a Hollywood police station. It is active, clamor everywhere.

David sits at a table filling out a missing persons report. No one is attending to him. He finishes, looks around for someone to talk to. Everyone is busy with something else.

David rises and moves to a window where a uniformed police officer is working behind a desk.

DAVID

Excuse me. I finished the missing persons report.

The officer takes the paper from his hand.

OFFICER

Do you have a photograph of the subject?

DAVID

Yes.

David pulls a photo from his pocket and hands it to her.

OFFICER

Okay if you'll have a seat someone will be with you as soon as possible.

David nods and moves to the waiting area. He sits down. He glances to his left. There is a big bulletin board, covered top to bottom in missing persons fliers. He looks away.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - LATER

David is slouched down in his chair, his head in his hands, clearly he's been waiting a while.

Finally, a detective, DYLAN MCKINNEY, 40s, approaches him.

MCKINNEY

Mr. Leight?

David looks up.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

McKinney is having David fill in some details for him. He does this everyday and does it efficiently without seeming insensitive.

MCKINNEY

Did you guys have a fight before she left?

DAVID

No, everything was fine.

MCKINNEY

And what about recently did you have any disagreements?

DAVID

No.

MCKINNEY

Have you spoken to her family?

DAVID

She doesn't have any family to speak of.

MCKINNEY

You called her friends.

DAVID

Yes I called her friends.

MCKINNEY

Because sometimes people don't even realize something was wrong.

DAVID

Nothing was wrong. We were happy.

MCKINNEY

Okay.

(beat)

Says you last saw her at  
approximately four forty-five a.m.  
Tell me about that?

DAVID

I woke up in the middle of the  
night, just for no reason, and she  
was there. I looked at the clock  
because I was having trouble  
getting back to sleep.

MCKINNEY

And she was?

DAVID

Sleeping.

MCKINNEY

And then you woke up at nine thirty  
and she was gone at that point.

DAVID

Yes.

MCKINNEY

Is that unusual?

DAVID

No, she always gets up before me  
and she'll get coffee or go to the  
store but...

MCKINNEY

She always comes back. Where does  
she get coffee?

DAVID

There's a place a few blocks from  
us called, The Roast. On Cahuenga.

MCKINNEY

And the store?

DAVID

Mayfair. On Franklin and Gower.

MCKINNEY

That's good, that's helpful. We  
can start there.

DAVID

What do I do?

MCKINNEY

Anything helps. Reach out to people who know her. If this isn't resolved in a few days we'll give you a printout of the report, a lot of people flyer the neighborhood, you know, telephone poles and everything, people look at those.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Close on a telephone pole where David puts up the missing person flyer. It has a photo of Claire's smiling face. He wraps the pole in packing tape, securing the flyer in place and walks down the street to the next pole where he does the same.

We push in on Claire's smiling face.

INT. BUS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

We find David who is a few years younger, shorter hair, clean shaven, sitting in his seat watching the world go by.

We find Claire, who also looks different. Her hair is black and chaotic, piled on top of her head in a careless, punk-rock kind of way.

David sneaks a glance at her.

EXT. BUS - NIGHT

Claire gets off as do a few other passengers, the last of which is David. They head down the street in the same direction, Claire ahead of David by about fifty yards.

Everything about this plays out as it did in the first scene except they are in a different part of the city.

Claire begins heading down a darker, residential street. She stops and turns. David stops.

CLAIRE

Are you following me?

David is caught off guard.

DAVID  
Wha - No, of course not.

Claire shoots him a dead eyed glare, "bullshit." David walks up to her and past her, putting up his hands as he passes.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I'm not.

He heads down the street. Claire feels like an idiot. She follows after him.

David steps up to an apartment building, pulling out his keys. Claire reaches the steps.

CLAIRE  
Fuck, you live here?

DAVID  
Yeah.

CLAIRE  
I live here.

DAVID  
I should warn you, a number of other people live here too.

CLAIRE  
I'm sorry, I'm paranoid. This shit happens to me all the time.

DAVID  
It's all right.

He heads inside, she follows.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

David heads through the entryway to the staircase and starts heading up. Claire does too. As they climb the stairs.

CLAIRE  
I'm really sorry.

DAVID  
(amused)  
It's fine.

CLAIRE  
I thought you wanted to kill me and rape my corpse.

DAVID  
Yeah, I wouldn't do that.

They reach the second floor landing.

CLAIRE  
You're probably a school teacher or something.

DAVID  
I'm not but I am a pretty good guy.

CLAIRE  
I can tell that now. I'm Claire.

DAVID  
David.

CLAIRE  
I just moved in, 203.

DAVID  
The Twisted Sister fan.

She cocks her head to the side, "how did you know?"

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I'm in 303.

CLAIRE  
Oh. Sorry.

DAVID  
It's a good album. Why listen to it once when you can listen to it on repeat for like four hours.

CLAIRE  
I was decorating. Can I make it up to you? I'll bring you something. A gift.

DAVID  
I was joking, it's fine. I mean, bring me gifts, by all means. But don't worry about it.

CLAIRE  
Thank you, David.

DAVID  
Welcome to the building.

They share a smile and then David heads off, up the stairs.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Close on the flyer we saw David put on the telephone pole. It is torn, all the text and the photo have faded to a point of illegibility. The tape is dry and yellowed, flaking apart. The tape finally gives out and the flyer drops away, pushed down the sidewalk by the breeze.

We move across the street to find David carrying groceries back toward his apartment. His hair is shorter, he's lost weight.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The place is a mess. Clearly David has fallen apart psychologically over the intervening months. He sits down at his computer. The groceries sit in bags, on the counter in the kitchen.

He pulls up a web page. It is dedicated to Claire's disappearance. It features a large photo of her, the date when she went missing and contact information should you see her. There is a "DAYS MISSING" counter on the top of the page. It is at 380.

David moves to the inbox of this page but has no messages. He closes it.

INT. BUNGALOW - KITCHEN - LATER

David puts away the groceries. There's a knock at the door. David moves to the front door, looks through the peep hole. He looks away, takes a deep breath. He opens the door.

It is his building manager, COLLEEN, 50.

COLLEEN

Hi, David.

DAVID

Hi, Colleen.

COLLEEN

How are you doing?

David's not sure how to answer that.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

I really hate to do this to you but... I can't really wait any longer.

DAVID  
How much do you need?

COLLEEN  
At least one month's.

DAVID  
Okay.

COLLEEN  
Do you think you could do that?

DAVID  
I can make some calls, maybe  
someone can help me out.

COLLEEN  
I'm so sorry. If it were up to  
me...

DAVID  
I understand.

INT. BUNGALOW - DAY

Days later. The shelves are cleared. David is moving out, most of his things are in boxes.

He moves into the bathroom with a trashbag, opens the medicine cabinet and starts tossing everything in the trash. He leaves behind a few bottles of prescription painkillers.

He takes the painkillers and consolidates them, pouring them all into one bottle which he leaves on the sink.

He cinches the trash bag shut and drops it in the living room amongst other trash bags.

He picks up a stack of photographs, stopping momentarily to flip through them. Touristy photos of he and Claire in various places in Chicago, in Venice, in Paris.

He drops them in a box and seals it shut with packing tape. That's the last of it.

The phone rings, he looks at the number on the caller ID and answers it.

DAVID  
Hello?

INT. BAR - NIGHT

He's sitting in a booth. Across from him there is a big duffel bag and a jacket, their owner, BUCK, 32, returns to the table carrying two pints. He hands one to David.

DAVID

Thanks.

BUCK

Sorry for dropping in without any warning, I didn't think I was gonna be here more than an hour.

DAVID

Well, selfishly, I'm glad your flight was cancelled. It's been too long.

BUCK

I know.

(beat)

I'm sorry about that. I guess I didn't know what to say. I'm bad with that shit. I'm not proud of it.

(beat)

How have you been doing?

DAVID

Same.

BUCK

It's just, it's too brutal, you know. It's unreal.

DAVID

Yeah. Best case scenario is that she left. Cops said that happens. That people are unhappy and no one knows it and that sometimes they just leave. And that's... That's the easiest thing for me to imagine. I mean the least painful. 'Cause anything else is she's killed or she lost her mind. Least painful is that she just hated me. That she hated our life. And that breaks my fucking heart.

(beat)

So, it's a shitty situation.

BUCK

Fuckin' A, brother.

DAVID

But it's nice to see you. You know, Claire didn't have a lot of friends or people she felt close to from college or home or anything. Aside from you. It's nice to talk to someone who really knew her.

BUCK

She was an awesome girl.

David takes a beat. He's been wanting to ask this for a long time.

DAVID

Do you think it's possible? That she was just unhappy?

BUCK

Fuck, man. No, first of all, I don't. She was the happiest I'd ever seen her with you. And she had, you know, some trouble here and there, I mean you know about it, she was complicated and I was... I'll just say I was really happy for her when she introduced me to you. You were a good match and with Claire I don't think that was an easy thing to find.

(beat)

So there were never any leads or anything?

DAVID

No.

BUCK

Shit. Brutal. I don't know what to say.

DAVID

There's nothing to say. It's good to see you.

BUCK

You too, Man.

He holds up his glass, David clinks it with his.

BUCK (CONT'D)

To Claire. Drink to remember.  
Drink to forget.

David nods, they drink.

INT. BAR - LATER

They are drunk now, playing darts, speaking loudly over the din of the bar.

DAVID  
So what's in New York?

BUCK  
What?

DAVID  
You said you're going to New York?

BUCK  
New York to London to Paris. I'm going to the French Alps. Friend of mine has an adventure guide service thing. Take rich tourists climbing, camping. Make it feel dangerous. I'm gonna do a few trips with him, make some money then I'm thinking about going to South Africa for a while.

DAVID  
What's there?

BUCK  
Don't know.

DAVID  
Right.

BUCK  
You should come.

DAVID  
Yeah.

BUCK  
I'm serious.

DAVID  
Maybe I will.

BUCK  
You're full of shit.

David considers him.

BUCK (CONT'D)  
(re: darts)  
Toss, brother.

David fires off his darts in quick succession.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Buck and David are walking back to David's place, crossing over a pedestrian overpass that spans the freeway. Cars whip by beneath them. Buck has his duffel slung over his shoulder. They're both fairly drunk.

BUCK  
Thanks for lettin' me crash, Man.

DAVID  
Of course. Place is kind of a mess, I'm moving out.

BUCK  
No shit. Where to?

DAVID  
Uh, I'm putting everything in storage, gonna just stay with friends until I find something new.

BUCK  
Right on. You know me, as long as the place has a roof I'm cool.

When they reach the other end, Buck starts heading down the zig-zag stairs back down to street level but David stops. After a beat he climbs up onto the railing, looking down at the overgrown embankment twenty feet down.

BUCK (CONT'D)  
What're you doing?

DAVID  
You think I can make it?

BUCK  
Not without breaking your neck, c'mon.

DAVID  
Dare me?

BUCK  
No.

DAVID  
You don't think I'll do it.

BUCK  
You're being an idiot, c'mon before  
someone sees you.

DAVID  
Dare me.

A long beat.

BUCK  
I dare you.

David jumps, dropping through the air, his arms spinning. He SLAMS into the ground with a dull thud, rolling forward, grabbing at his leg in pain. He lies there for a while, catching his breath, groaning in pain.

Buck scrambles down the hill to him.

BUCK (CONT'D)  
David! Jesus. Are you okay?

David looks up at him, grabbing his leg.

BUCK (CONT'D)  
What the fuck is wrong with you?

DAVID  
I hurt my leg.

BUCK  
Is it broken?

David shakes his head "no", laughing. He keeps laughing, harder until he suddenly begins to cry.

DAVID  
Oh, Jesus. C'mon, Man, let's get  
you home.

Buck helps David to his feet, supporting some of his weight and they begin to move off.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

There's an incessant knocking at the door. David opens it. It's Claire. He's surprised to see her.

CLAIRE  
Hi.

DAVID

Hello.

CLAIRE

Are you busy?

DAVID

Not really.

CLAIRE

A little busy.

DAVID

I'm not busy at all.

CLAIRE

You wanna eat? I owe you one,  
c'mon.

She waves him out of the apartment, asking him to follow her. David hesitates, then grabs his keys and goes.

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They enter Claire's apartment which is a bit of a mess. There's a couch with no legs, a mattress on the floor. The walls are decorated with dozens of unframed photos tacked up in an artfully chaotic way. There is a large, crudely spray-painted portrait of a man taking up one wall.

Claire kicks off her shoes and makes her way to the kitchen.

CLAIRE

Sorry about the mess.

DAVID

No, I like your place.

CLAIRE

Do you? I like it. Can I get you  
a beer?

DAVID

Sure.

(beat)

So what do you do?

He follows her into the kitchen.

CLAIRE

Right now I'm pursuing a career in  
Dry Cleaning.

DAVID  
Doing what?

CLAIRE  
I work at a Dry Cleaners.

She grabs him a beer, opens it, takes a swig and hands it to him. She begins rifling through cabinets. David looks at a photo pinned to the wall. The streets of Vancouver, a businessman tries to tame his tie in the wind.

DAVID  
You take all these?

CLAIRE  
Yeah, hobby of mine.

DAVID  
I like 'em. Where's this?

CLAIRE  
(looking at it)  
Uhhh, Vancouver. What do you do?

DAVID  
Graphic design sort of stuff.  
Nothing that exciting. What - What  
is that you've got there.

Claire has pulled two Kraft Easy-Mac containers from her pantry.

CLAIRE  
Dinner. It'll be ready in --  
(checks the label)  
-- three and a half minutes. Wow.  
Not too long.

David takes one from her.

DAVID  
Claire, this isn't food.

CLAIRE  
Sure it is.

DAVID  
No. You shouldn't eat this.  
You'll be a fat person. Come on.

He takes her hand.

INT. BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - MORNING

David wakes up, groggy and rolls over, as he does so he groans in pain. He moves to the edge of the bed and rises gingerly, moving to the mirror where he surveys the damage.

There is a massive bruise around his ribs, covering his side and some of his back. The purple is coming in. He has scrapes on his face.

DAVID

Fuck me.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David wanders into the living room pulling on a t-shirt. Buck is up, packing some things back into his duffel.

BUCK

There he is. How you feeling?

DAVID

Sorry about last night. I was drunk.

BUCK

No shit. You all right?

DAVID

Bruised up but I'm fine.

BUCK

Okay. What's your plan today? My flight's not until four.

David rubs at his face trying to wake up, trying to remember, there's only one thing he has to do.

DAVID

I've got a bunch of errands to run. I probably won't be back before then but you can just lock the door when you leave.

BUCK

Awesome. Thanks, Man.

DAVID

No problem.

They stand there for a beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I guess I'll head out.

He grabs his keys and his backpack.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
It was great to see you.

BUCK  
It was great to see you too, Man.

Buck moves to him and offers him an awkward hug. They part.

BUCK (CONT'D)  
Take it easy, all right, David?

DAVID  
Yeah.

With that David exits.

EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY

David walks out to the street, squinting into the bright sunlight. It's hot. He looks back at his apartment. He doesn't have anything to do. He heads down the street.

EXT. STREET - DAY

David waits at a bus stop. The bus arrives and opens its door.

INT. CITY BUS - CONTINUOUS

David climbs on, pays the fare and finds a seat midway back. He sits, looking out the window.

INT. CITY BUS - LATER

The last couple of passengers get off the bus leaving David alone. The driver spots David in his rear-view mirror.

DRIVER  
End of the line.

David looks up.

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
End of the line, Son. Time to get off.

DAVID  
Can I just stay on for a while?

DRIVER  
This ain't a shelter. It's for  
getting where you need to go.

DAVID  
Can I stay on until you hit Gower  
again? I'll get off there.

The bus driver sighs heavily and shuts the doors.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

EXT. STREET - LATER

David gets off at his stop, thanking the driver as he goes. He steps out into the sunlight and stands there for a bit, not sure what to do with himself.

EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY

David walks up the street toward the bungalow. He stretches, testing the pain on his side. It's bad.

He walks up to the front door and unlocks it.

INT. BUNGALOW - DAY

He walks in and the place is in shambles. Everything has been torn out of the boxes, the drawers are all pulled out, emptied. Furniture has been shoved out of place.

Standing in the middle of the mayhem is Buck, in his undershirt. He has a pick axe buried in the floor, he's tearing up the floorboards. Buck, sweating and out of breath, looks up, almost amused --

BUCK  
You're back early. You said you'd  
be gone all day.

DAVID  
What are you doing?

BUCK  
Oh, man. Sorry, David.

Buck takes off his work gloves and approaches him.

DAVID  
What the fuck is this?

BUCK  
I'm just... looking for something.  
That's all. I can't find it.  
(laughs)  
You weren't supposed to come home.

David looks to him for some kind of answer.

DAVID  
I don't understand.

BUCK  
(shakes his head)  
I do apologize, David.

Buck swings something, David can't make out what until it's inches from his temple. It's a hammer.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

David and Claire sit on the floor on opposite sides of his coffee table. His apartment is neater than Claire's.

He's made a tasty looking meal which Claire has just taken her first bite of.

CLAIRE  
Boulder wasn't my cup o' tea. Sort  
of a ski bum, beer pong, douchebag  
situation. So I didn't really make  
a ton of friends.  
(re food)  
Holy shit this is good.

DAVID  
Where did you grow up?

CLAIRE  
Salt Lake City. Pretty happenin'  
spot.

DAVID  
Birthplace of Jazz.

Claire looks at him, "huh?"

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Nothing. Does your family still  
live there?

CLAIRE

Family's not really in the picture.  
Where are you from?

DAVID

San Jose, California.

CLAIRE

I don't know anything about San  
Jose.

DAVID

It's where computers come from.

CLAIRE

I've heard of those. Do your  
parents still live there?

DAVID

My mom does. My dad died when I  
was a kid, dot dot dot, of cancer!  
Which is a hilarious thing to talk  
about... long story short my mom,  
after he died, found umm... Jesus.

CLAIRE

I'm familiar.

DAVID

Yeah, well apparently he was in San  
Jose of all places and uh, she  
started collecting these little  
baby figurines, like baby -  
anything that's a baby sculpture or  
anything you know -- she likes  
babies, anyways now the house is  
like wall to wall little babies,  
angel babies and stuff and it's  
just creepy. And the whole place  
is just kind of depressing, not  
just my house, I mean San Jose.  
Lots of people have rocks, red  
rocks in their front yard instead  
of grass. Which I guess is  
responsible like with droughts and  
everything but it just seems like a  
poorly conceived alien planet, you  
know, "And the lawns are made of  
rocks!" It's a boring place and I  
don't like it there. I go there  
sometimes but not as often as I  
should and...

Claire crawls around the table toward David.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Is there something wrong with the --

She kisses him on the lips, pulls back.

CLAIRE

Sorry. I wanted to do that.

DAVID

That's okay.

She moves on top of him and they topple to the ground, kissing.

CLAIRE

I'm still chewing my food.

DAVID

That's gross.

They keep kissing.

INT. DARK SPACE - NIGHT

It's pitch black, very tight. A thin ribbon of light cuts through the space. We can make out David's face, caked with dried blood. He comes to, his eyes opening. He reaches for his head, groaning with the unbearable pain.

He begins to look around, he can't see anything. He begins to panic.

DAVID

Help! Help me!

The ribbon of light is coming from between two small doors at his feet. He begins kicking at the doors violently, screaming. He slams both his feet into the door and it rips off its hinges, more light comes pouring in. He kicks again, tearing it open further and begins to wriggle out.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

David crawls out of a small metal tool shed in his own backyard. He gets to his feet and looks around, realizing where he is.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David is sitting on the edge of a piece of overturned furniture speaking to a police officer. He has an ice-pack pressed to his head.

Buck clearly continued his search after David was unconscious. The place is torn apart. Floorboards are ripped up, every box has been emptied, the light fixtures are pulled out, the walls have been torn open in places. It's a huge mess.

DAVID  
Buck. Coleman.

OFFICER  
He's a friend.

DAVID  
A friend of my girlfriend, from college. They went to Boulder together.

OFFICER  
Is your girlfriend here? Can I speak with her?

David takes a deep breath.

DAVID  
She disappeared a little over a year ago. She's missing.

OFFICER  
I see.  
(beat)  
Do you know if this guy has any history of mental illness?

DAVID  
No, not that I know of.

OFFICER  
Do you have any idea what he could have been looking for?

DAVID  
No idea.  
(off a look from the cop)  
I have no idea.

OFFICER

Does he have reason to think that you would have a lot of cash on hand?

DAVID

No.

OFFICER

Any idea where he could be now?

DAVID

He was just passing through, said he was flying out at four. New York to London to somewhere, I don't know.

INT. HOSPITAL - EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

The place is quiet in the middle of the night. David sits on a chair, his jacket in his hands, waiting, groggy. His head is bandaged properly.

An ER doctor finally returns.

DOCTOR

Sorry for the wait. How's the pain? Did the percocet help?

David nods.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Well your cat scan looked good, no swelling, no bleeding. You're just going to have a nasty welt and a pretty bad headache too.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

David exits the examination room and makes his way down the hall. Detective McKinney is sitting in the hall, waiting for him. He stands. David stops.

MCKINNEY

Hey, David.

DAVID

Detective McKinney.

MCKINNEY

I heard your name over the scanner.

(beat)

You all right?

DAVID

My head hurts.

MCKINNEY

I bet.

(beat)

Listen, reason I'm hear is I figured, rather than lettin' you get the runaround from god knows who, I'd take a look at things. Feel like I owe you one.

DAVID

Thanks.

MCKINNEY

It's no problem, listen, I did that and your pal Buck never flew out yesterday, not under that name at least.

Beat. David considers him.

DAVID

What do you mean under that name?

MCKINNEY

I was trying to dig up some background on the guy, see if he had any priors but, uh, couldn't find anything. You said he went to University Colorado at Boulder, is that right?

DAVID

Yeah, that's where Claire met him.

MCKINNEY

No record of him there.

DAVID

That's got to be a mistake.

MCKINNEY

I don't think it is, David.

DAVID

Why not?

MCKINNEY

On a hunch I checked and... Claire didn't go there either.

(beat)

David, you can tell me honestly, do you know what he was looking for?

DAVID

No.

MCKINNEY

So you don't know if he found it either.

Off David, his mind racing --

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

David enters the apartment and looks around. It's chaos. He doesn't know where to start. He spots a flashlight amongst the junk on the floor and picks it up.

He moves into the bedroom and stops, trying to think of where to look. He moves into the closet and climbs up on an overturned box, reaching for a panel above. He pushes it in and pulls himself up to see into the crawl space.

He shines the light around. There's nothing.

He moves back into the living room and pushes through the debris to the box marked "CLAIRE" which has been torn open and emptied. He throws it aside and looks at the photos at his feet. He and Claire in happier times.

We jump cut around as he looks in different places, tearing apart couch cushions, sifting through his things on the floor.

He moves back into the bedroom and starts tearing the end tables apart, looking for something hidden within but finds nothing.

Amidst the debris in the living room David sits, exhausted, his head pounding. He pulls out a prescription bottle and pops another percocet. He has reached a dead end.

He lies on his side, resting his head on a bundled up sweatshirt.

## INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

David's eyes flutter open. He's lying on the floor where he fell asleep. He looks across the dusty, cluttered floor into the kitchen where a vase is shattered on the linoleum.

David pushes himself up, the move is very painful for him. He leans against the wall, staring at the vase, turning something over in his mind.

He gets to his feet and moves through the room, sifting through his belongings with his foot until he finds what he is looking for. He looks down at it. It's a gardening spade.

He reaches for it.

## EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

David steps out into the backyard. He looks at the tool shed, its mangled door lying beside it.

He looks to the small garden beside the avocado tree. He moves over to it and drops to his knees. He tears into the soil with the spade, scooping it away.

We watch as a pile of dirt begins to form next to him.

## EXT. BACKYARD - DUSK

David has dug a trench two feet deep where the garden used to be, creating a huge pile of dirt on the lawn.

He sits down in the trench, exhausted, filthy, staring up at the tree in front of him. He takes in its details, its scars and knots.

His eyes drift along the roots, following the line of the trunk up into the canopy. He follows one branch as it stretches up, out and then in response to some long-past natural influence, parts from the other branches and arcs back down, pointing at the ground.

David looks to the spot the branch would seem to be indicating, beside him. He raises his arm and drives the spade down into that spot. Click. There's something there.

He begins to dig at the ground, uncovering the hidden object. He clears away the dirt revealing a small, red box. He pulls it out of the ground and holds it in his lap for a beat.

He opens it. There is a plastic bag bundled up inside. He pulls out the bag and unrolls it.

He reaches inside the bag and pulls out a roll of 35mm film. He stares at it. This is where it begins.

INT. DARKROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

David wanders into the red lit room from the blackness of the entryway carrying a brown lunch bag. He sees Claire hovering over a print. She turns.

CLAIRE  
You found me.

DAVID  
This place is cool.

CLAIRE  
Yeah, when I'm rich and famous I'm going to have my own darkroom.

She points to the brown bag.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
What's that?

DAVID  
I made you some lunch.

CLAIRE  
That's very sweet of you.

He shrugs. She takes it from him and opens it. She pulls out a note from inside, unfolds it and reads it. She smiles, puts it back inside. She pulls him close and kisses him.

DAVID  
I can barely see you, are you happy?

CLAIRE  
I'm very happy.

DAVID  
Good.  
(beat)  
Show me what you're working on.

He peers over at the tray where a print is developing.

CLAIRE  
I've been looking at that all day.

DAVID  
I haven't, let me see.

CLAIRE  
You can see when I do something  
good.

David goes for the tray, she holds him back, lovingly.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
When I'm done, okay?

DAVID  
Fine.

She wraps her arms around his neck and climbs up on him.

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

David is at the counter picking up his developed photos. He's wearing a knit cap, covering his bandaged head. The woman returns with a photo envelope and hands it to David. He hands her some cash.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - DAY

David enters and moves to the overturned couch. He flips it back over, sits and pulls the envelope from his bag. He takes a deep breath and opens it.

He pulls out the stack of photos. The first is of him, in the kitchen, huddled over the stove, unaware of the camera's presence. In the second he turns and sees the camera. In the third she has moved closer and he is staring at her deadpan. Then it's him at the beach. Claire at the beach. The two of them trying to look as serious as possible. Back home on the couch in sweatpants, lounging. They look content. David can't help but be moved.

He flips to the next photo. It is taken from far off with a telephoto lens. It is of an auto body shop. It is rundown and looks to be in some industrial area. There are walls of corrugated tin on either side, no other businesses.

He flips through, there are several of these. People standing outside the auto body shop. Cars leaving. Close ups of license plates.

He flips through and it goes back to being photos of the two of them, this time on a hike, up at the top of a mountain.

He finishes going through them. There's a CD with digital scans of the photos included. He contemplates it for a beat.

INT. BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - DAY

David sorts through the mess and picks up his computer off the ground. He sets it on the desk.

He plugs it in. He finds the keyboard and mouse and sets them up.

He inserts the CD of photos into his computer. He opens it and selects all the photos.

He flips through them. He reaches the auto repair photo. He studies the sign. All it says is "AUTO BODY."

He zooms in tight and moves all around the picture looking for some detail, some piece of information to work with. A black cadillac is parked in the entrance. A man in a suit, walking with a cane, gets out of the car, his back to us.

He flips to the next one, a black Cadillac is pulling out of the shop. He searches the image for some revealing detail. Nothing.

He flips to next. The Cadillac is stopped at an intersection in the foreground. He zooms in and scans the photo. In the windshield of the Cadillac a street sign is reflected. He zooms in on it. It is reversed and warped in the reflection but it can be made out: Bandini.

David opens the internet and searches for "Bandini." A map pops up with a marker on it. It is in Central Los Angeles.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

David walks down the alleyway behind his bungalow trying to look nonchalant. He's carrying a hacksaw. He looks around, there's no one there. Just trash cans and stray cats.

He moves over to a fence where a ten speed bike is locked up with a cable lock. He looks around once more and begins sawing through the cable vigorously. He's making quick work of it.

## EXT. STREET - DAY

David gets off a bus at a big intersection in Central LA. He moves around to the front and pulls his new bike off the rack on the front of the bus. It is smoggy and oppressively hot here.

He looks up at the street sign above: Bandini Blvd. He hops on his bike and starts riding.

He cruises down Bandini looking for the place from the photograph. He passes through block after block of bland industrial sprawl. Tire centers. Dump truck repair shops. A crematorium. Massive low slung factories that last a full city block.

Eventually the buildings thin out on the other side of the street and give way to a train yard.

Finally he slows to a stop and there it is, the body shop, just as in the photos.

He moves to the other side of the street, looking at it from where the photos were taken. He contemplates it for a moment and then rides toward it.

He rides up the driveway of the shop and hops off his bike.

## EXT. AUTO BODY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

This place is all dirt and grime. A huge lot fenced in by fifteen feet of corrugated tin, it's an auto body shop and scrap yard. From the looks of it, an illegal one.

An unpaved road runs deep into the lot past a small structure which serves as an office.

There are discarded car parts stacked a story high on all sides. Further in there are cinder-block repair garages where a couple of mechanics sit in folding chairs talking.

David leans his bike against a rusted-out car frame and moves to the small office.

## INT. AUTO BODY SHOP - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He steps inside. There's a metal desk, some file cabinets and a whole lot of clutter. Pink carbon copy receipts are piled everywhere. It's a mess.

A thick Albanian man, FISNIK, sits behind the desk smoking a cigarette and watching an action movie on his iphone. He looks up.

FISNIK  
No business. Closed. Full up.

DAVID  
I'm not here for my car, I just had a quick question for you.

FISNIK  
What question?

David reaches into his pocket and pulls out a photograph of Claire. He shows it to the man.

DAVID  
Do you know this girl?

FISNIK  
I don't know any girl.

DAVID  
Can you look?

He holds it out. Fisnik looks at it.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Have you seen her? Do you recognize her?

FISNIK  
I don't know her. Why would I know her?

DAVID  
I don't know. She's lost.

FISNIK  
She is lost?

He reaches for the photo and takes another look.

FISNIK (CONT'D)  
I've no seen this girl in my life.

DAVID  
Okay, okay. Thanks for your time.

David moves for the door as Fisnik returns to his movie.

EXT. AUTO BODY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

David moves out into the middle and glances down the way toward the mechanics lounging outside. He didn't come all this way not to ask. He summons his courage and heads down that way.

He reaches the mechanics.

DAVID

Excuse me. Sorry to bother you.

They look his way, coldly. He holds out the photo.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Do you recognize this girl? Have you seen her?

They shake their heads, disinterested.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Are you sure?

They don't even look at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Thanks.

The two men get up from their seats and move back into the shop, returning to work stripping a car.

After a beat David walks past the garage, going further into the lot.

It a massive maze of stripped cars, piles of scrap metal and junk car parts. There's no one around. He walks down a line of single car garages, all of which are closed and look not to have been opened in years.

He comes to the only one that is open and peeks inside. There is a card table set up. Four men, well dressed, sit around it playing a card game.

A hand slams down on David's shoulder and he spins around. It's Fisnik from the office.

FISNIK

You're not allowed back here. This is off limits.

DAVID

I'm sorry I was just looking around.

FISNIK  
You get out of here now.

A man steps out from inside the garage, REZART, 50.

REZART  
What's going on?

FISNIK  
Nothing.

REZART  
Who is this?

FISNIK  
This is no one, he is confused.

Rezart looks to David, amused.

REZART  
Are you confused?

DAVID  
I suppose.

Fisnik grabs David by the arm to lead him away.

REZART  
Wait, wait. Is there something we  
can help you with?

DAVID  
(pulls out the picture)  
Have you seen this girl? Do you  
recognize her?

Rezart stares at the picture. His expression tells us  
nothing.

REZART  
Fisnik, let the poor boy go.

Fisnik lets go of David's arm. Rezart dismisses him with a  
nod and he reluctantly walks away.

REZART (CONT'D)  
This girl, how do you know her?

DAVID  
She's my girlfriend, she was. She  
disappeared.

REZART  
I see. That is very sad.

DAVID  
Do you know her?

REZART  
No. Why would I know her?

DAVID  
I don't know.

REZART  
Was she in the automobile industry  
like myself?

David shakes his head. Rezart gestures for David to follow him and walks back toward the garage.

REZART (CONT'D)  
Why do you come here looking for  
this girl, huh?

DAVID  
I uh... I'm looking everywhere.

They walk into the garage. The other men are seated, watching them. Rezart turns around and looks David in the eye.

REZART  
But why do you come **here** looking  
for her.

DAVID  
(getting nervous)  
She, uh - She spent time in this  
area.

Rezart nods, smirking.

REZART  
What is your name?

DAVID  
David.

REZART  
Now you have a problem, David.

DAVID  
What do you - What's my problem?

REZART  
I don't believe you.

Rezart nods to one of the men at the table. He's the youngest there, 30 maybe, and has dead eyes. He stands, moves to the front of the garage, reaches overhead and pulls down the roller door. It rattles down the track, slamming to the ground loudly. It is dark, just a single bare light-bulb overhead.

DAVID  
Hey, wait --

REZART  
David, David, look at me.

He does.

REZART (CONT'D)  
You have to convince me now.

DAVID  
I'm telling you the truth.

The other men laugh heartily at this.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I think I should just go home.

REZART  
What do you do, David? What is your job?

DAVID  
I'm... unemployed right now.

REZART  
But what is your trade.

DAVID  
I do graphic design. I design websites.

Rezart looks to the other men, pretending to be impressed. He turns back to David.

REZART  
I believed that.

The young man who closed the door has moved up behind David.

REZART (CONT'D)  
Sit down.

He gestures to an open chair. David, with no other obvious options, takes it. Rezart pulls up a chair and sits across from him.

REZART (CONT'D)  
Now, the truth.

DAVID  
I don't know what to say.

David watches as the man near the door opens a bag on the ground and pulls out a cattle prod.

REZART  
Don't pay attention to him, pay attention to me.

DAVID  
What do you want?

REZART  
Why did you come here.

DAVID  
I'm looking for --

REZART  
I am losing patience with you, David. I know you are looking for this lady. Why here.

DAVID  
I'm looking everywhere.

Rezart reaches back behind him, the man hands him the cattle prod. He jabs David in the throat. He convulses violently, falling out of his chair. One of the other men picks him up and puts him back in the chair.

David clutches at his throat, tears spilling out of his eyes. He has a pretty nasty burn.

Rezart hands the cattle prod back to the man by the door and stares David down.

REZART  
Well?

David is barely able to speak.

DAVID  
I found this address written down --

He begins coughing violently, doubling over. He takes a minute to recover.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I found the address written on a piece of paper, in her writing, I was cleaning out her things. I just came here hoping, I don't know...

Rezart considers him carefully. Ultimately, he's satisfied with the answer.

REZART

What is her name?

He taps the photo.

DAVID

Claire.

REZART

Claire. Maybe it would be better for you if you stopped looking for her.

(beat)

Maybe you don't like what you find.

Rezart touches his own throat to indicate David's.

REZART (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about this.

He nods to the man by the door who pulls it up with a loud clatter.

REZART (CONT'D)

Now go away from here and don't show me your face no more. Okay, David?

David nods. One of the other men helps him to his feet and shoves him toward the door. David stumbles away.

The men emerge slowly from the garage and watch him go.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

David peddles hard, the cool night wind whipping past him.

INT. BUS - DUSK

David gets on board, deposits his fare, and stumbles back through the bus, finding a seat in back. He sits, staring out the window, a hand on his throat, tears in his eyes.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The bus pulls away from the stop and heads off into the night followed by a black Cadillac.

INT. BUNGALOW - BATHROOM - NIGHT

David showers.

Out of the shower he dries himself off.

David stands, looking in the mirror at himself, looking at the burn mark on his throat which is red and blistering. He digs in a box at his feet and pulls out a first aid kit. He pulls out some antibiotic ointment and applies it to the wound.

He bandages it with a square of gauze, taping it in place.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David, dressed, digs in the pockets of a discarded pair of jeans. He pulls out a business card -- DET. DYLAN MCKINNEY -- reaches for the phone and dials the number.

DAVID  
Detective McKinney?

MCKINNEY  
Yeah.

DAVID  
This is David Leight.

MCKINNEY  
Hey, David. Is everything all right?

DAVID  
Yeah, I was wondering if you could do me a favor. I was hoping you could check on a few things for me.

He stares down at the ground where there is a picture of he and Claire in front of Cloud Gate, the enormous, mirrored sculpture at Millenium Park in Chicago.

He zeroes in on her smiling face.

INT. BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David lies in bed, staring up at the ceiling, wide awake. His mind is racing. He gets out of bed and walks out of the room. A few moments later he returns, carrying something and crawls back into bed. It is a hammer. He places it under his pillow, turns off the bedside light and curls up, closing his eyes.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

David and Claire are lying in bed together, staring up at the ceiling.

DAVID

Can I ask you a question?

Claire sighs, turns and gets a glass of water from the side table.

CLAIRE

Sure.

DAVID

You always change the subject when I ask you about your family or anything.

CLAIRE

That's not a question.

DAVID

Why can't we talk about it?

CLAIRE

I just don't want to.

He starts rubbing her back.

DAVID

Why don't you want to talk about it?

CLAIRE

Why are you so interested in it?

DAVID

I don't know, because I'm in love with you.

CLAIRE

You are?

DAVID

Yeah.

(beat)

Should I not be?

CLAIRE

I don't know.

DAVID

Well, it's out of my control so...

Claire rubs at her face, she's been dreading this moment and now it's here. After a long beat --

CLAIRE

(struggling through it)

The truth is that I had a brother and two sisters and my mom and dad drank a lot. And they... were a lot of fun but one time... They took us to a holiday party at their friends house and they got really drunk and my mom drove us home. She launched us off a freeway interchange going about fifty miles an hour and we landed upside down. The car caught on fire. They all died. I was the youngest... and the paramedics didn't even see me there. They thought everyone was dead and they were pulling bodies out of the car and found me underneath my brother and sisters. I was hurt but I lived. And so... I don't like to talk about that.

(beat)

I had an aunt who was alive and living in France but she and my mom were estranged so I was put in a group home. And that's... that.

David pulls her back into bed. He climbs on top of her, brushing the hair from her face. He has tears in his eyes. They both do.

DAVID

You'll never get hurt again. Not as long as I live. Okay?

CLAIRE

Okay.

He wipes the tears from her face.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - LATER

We look through the bedroom door in on David's sleeping form. We hear a soft clicking sound and move over to the front door, pushing in on the knob which jitters slightly.

We hear the tumbler click and the door knob turns, open.

INT. BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Close on David. His eyes pop open. He grabs the hammer from under his pillow, tears the sheets back, hops out of bed, moves to the dresser which is next to the door and climbs up on top of it, crouching down.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A man, carrying a canvas bag, walks through the living room carefully, quietly. He puts the bag down and pulls a pistol from his coat pocket. It has a silencer attached. He moves to the bedroom door.

INT. BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

David crouches on top of the dresser, the hammer raised over his head.

The door is pushed gently open. The man takes one step into the room and David brings the hammer down hard onto his skull.

INT. BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - DAWN

Cool, pale light is beginning to fill the room. The man, who we now can see is the younger man from the garage, is seated in a chair. His name is ALEKSANDER. His arms and legs are bound to the chair with an excessive amount of plastic zip ties. There is a thick stream of dried blood on one side of his face.

His eyes begin to struggle open, as they do a wave of pain hits him. He groans.

David is standing across from him holding his pistol. The man's bag is open on the bed. This is where the zip ties came from.

The man looks out from under his brow, angry. He pulls at his restraints but they don't budge. He's stuck.

DAVID  
Does your head hurt?

The man nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I have Percocet. It helps. You  
want some?

He nods again.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I want you to answer some questions  
first and then I'll give it to you,  
okay?  
(beat)  
Why did you come here?

He spits at David. David recoils.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
What the fuck was that. I'm being  
polite. I offered you medicine.

ALEKSANDER  
I'm not going to talk to you.

David points the gun at him.

ALEKSANDER (CONT'D)  
You're not going to use that.

DAVID  
How do you know?

ALEKSANDER  
It doesn't matter how I know.

DAVID  
But I'm curious.

ALEKSANDER  
It's just a feeling you get.

DAVID  
What feeling?

ALEKSANDER  
Fear.

DAVID  
And you're not scared right now?

ALEKSANDER

No.

David lowers the gun. He thinks about that. After a beat he reaches into the man's bag and pulls out the cattle prod. The man's demeanor changes. David considers him.

DAVID

What about now?

The man is nervous.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Do you know how much this hurts?

Aleksander shakes his head.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I do.

(beat)

Why did you come here?

ALEKSANDER

For information.

DAVID

What information.

ALEKSANDER

Anything I could find.

(nods to the cattle prod)

Or get out of you.

DAVID

I don't know anything.

ALEKSANDER

You'd be surprised what you know.

DAVID

Do you know what happened to  
Claire?

Aleksander shakes his head, smiling in disbelief.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Did you do something to her?

He laughs. David puts the cattle prod right in front of his face.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Tell me! Why are you laughing?

ALEKSANDER

You think I know something. We are the same, David. We are both looking for the same thing.

DAVID

What?

ALEKSANDER

Her.

David stands back considering him. There's a knock at the door. They both glance in that direction.

David grabs a roll of duct tape out of the bag and quickly wraps it around Aleksander's head several times, muzzling him.

He walks out of the room, closing the door.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David opens the front door and sees Detective McKinney.

MCKINNEY

Hey, David.

DAVID

Detective McKinney. Hello.

MCKINNEY

Can I come in?

David's a deer in headlights. He can't think of a plausible reason why not.

DAVID

Yeah.

They both move into the living room.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Sorry about the mess.

MCKINNEY

I did some digging around like you asked. Called in a few favors.

DAVID

And?

MCKINNEY

Why don't you sit down, David.

He sits down on the edge of the coffee table. McKinney picks up a chair and sits across from him.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

She was lying to you.

David had guessed this much.

DAVID

Okay.

MCKINNEY

She didn't go to school at Boulder. She didn't grow up in Salt Lake City either. I found no record of her parents there...

DAVID

Why would Claire lie about that?

MCKINNEY

Frankly, David, I'm not sure Claire was even really her name.

That hurts. David gets lost in his own head.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

I mean I'm looking into it but... Listen, this girl was fucked up. Clearly. She was part of something or she just wasn't who you thought she was. It's not unheard of, people doing things like this. Did you give her a lot of money or anything?

David thinks about it.

DAVID

Not really. I paid for a lot of stuff but nothing... I mean she just didn't make a lot.

McKinney shrugs, that could be it.

DAVID (CONT'D)

All right.

MCKINNEY

I think the best thing for you to do is put her out of your head. Move on.

DAVID  
I feel like an idiot.

MCKINNEY  
Don't.

There's a crash from the bedroom. McKinney looks that way.

DAVID  
Fucking... cat.

McKinney studies David, skeptically.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Clumsy.

After a beat McKinney rises. David shakes his hand.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Thanks for your help.

MCKINNEY  
Sure. If anything else pops up  
I'll let you know.

They move to the door.

MCKINNEY (CONT'D)  
Take care of yourself.

DAVID  
You too.

McKinney leaves. David closes the door behind him and presses his forehead to the wall, catching his breath.

After a beat he peeks out the window and watches McKinney as he walks to his car. He stops, taking a look back at David's place, seemingly bothered by something. Finally he turns, goes to his car, gets in and leaves.

INT. BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

David steps into the room. Aleksander managed to rock the chair over, falling on his side. David pulls him back upright.

DAVID  
Sorry, that was my police man  
friend. I told him you were a cat.

David unwraps the duct tape from Aleksander's head.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
How do you know Claire?

ALEKSANDER  
I don't know her.

DAVID  
Then why are you looking for her?

Aleksander considers David for a beat.

ALEKSANDER  
Open my shirt.

DAVID  
What?

ALEKSANDER  
Open my shirt. You want to know  
why, open my shirt.

David reaches over and unbuttons his shirt.

ALEKSANDER (CONT'D)  
Pull it open.

David pulls it open. There are five scars on his torso from  
bullet wounds.

ALEKSANDER (CONT'D)  
It was my brother she wanted. He  
wasn't as lucky I was. She didn't  
expect me to live but I did. Big  
fucking mistake, you hear me?  
(beat)  
You can do whatever the fuck you  
want. Shoot me. Go 'head.

DAVID  
You're wrong.  
(beat)  
You made a mistake. Claire  
couldn't do that.

ALEKSANDER  
Simone is what she called herself.

David shakes his head in denial.

ALEKSANDER (CONT'D)  
My brother picked her up in a bar  
in Chicago. Drake hotel lobby.

This triggers something for David. Aleksander sees it.

ALEKSANDER (CONT'D)

You know it. Nice hotel. It's also the place to go if you're looking for a high-end whore... and he was.

(beat)

She put a knife in the base of his skull.

They stare each other down. After a moment David reaches for the Percocet bottle, opens it and taps three into his hand.

He moves to Aleksander who opens his mouth to receive them. David gives him the pills and tilts a glass of water into his mouth. He swallows the pills. After a beat --

DAVID

What are you going to do if you find her?

Aleksander stares at him, expressionless. They both know what he's going to do.

ALEKSANDER

What are you going to do?

David leaves the room, closing the door behind him.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - DAY

David moves into the living room and stands considering the photos on the floor. He picks up the one of himself in front of the sculpture in Chicago. It's framed oddly, favoring the sculpture rather than him. He looks at it more closely.

We push in on it and in the reflected surface of the sculpture we can clearly make out two people among the crowd of tourists. One we do not recognize. The other is Aleksander.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - DAY

David unpacks the box of photos, some framed, some loose. He lays them out on the ground, examining them. They show David and Claire in better times, all over the world. Among them there are several that are similar to the Chicago photo, with odd framing that favors a stranger in the background.

David's eyes dart over these unfamiliar faces, his mind racing. His gaze locks on the photo of the businessman in Vancouver, taken before he and Claire met. He focuses on it.

EXT. BUNGALOW - BACKYARD - DUSK

David throws all the photos into a metal trash can in the backyard. He dowses them all with lighter fluid, strikes a match and drops it in. The fire is quickly roaring, consuming the photos. He tosses more in, destroying the evidence.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David packs stacks of film negatives, a negative scanner and his laptop into a duffel with some clothes.

INT. BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David enters to find Aleksander struggling against his bonds. He moves to the bed where Aleksander's jacket is laying. He picks it up and digs through the pockets.

ALEKSANDER

What are you going to do to me?

David pulls out a rubber-banded roll of cash. Hundred dollar bills.

DAVID

How much is this?

ALEKSANDER

My people are going to come looking for me soon.

DAVID

Good. They can cut you loose.

David pulls out a set of car keys from the jacket.

ALEKSANDER

They're not going to be happy with what you've done.

DAVID

Well maybe you can put in a good word for me. I'm going to take your car, it's outside?

Aleksander nods. David stands there for a beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Let's hope we never meet again.

With that he's gone, closing the door behind him.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David goes to the duffel, drops the gun and the hammer inside, zips it up and slings it over his shoulder. He leaves.

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

David stops at the street and points the key at the street, pushing the unlock button. A black Cadillac down the street flashes. David heads in that direction.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

David gets in and adjusts the seat, the mirrors. He settles in. This is a nice car. He starts it up and pulls away.

David drives through the night.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

David parks the car on a dark seedy street bordering a freeway somewhere east of downtown Los Angeles. A grizzled, happy drunk leans in an abandoned doorway drinking a nip of vodka.

DRUNK

Nice car. Mine's in the shop.

He wheezes out an enthusiastic laugh at his own joke. David smiles politely. He moves to the trunk to get the duffel.

DRUNK (CONT'D)

Fucking Lindsay Lohan stole it from me. Bitch is everywhere... on the magazines. I go to rehab there she is. I get out, boom!

Another hardy laugh. David closes the trunk, walks up to the drunk and hands him the keys.

DAVID

Here. It's yours. Have fun.

David walks away. The drunk stands there confused. He looks to the keys in his hand.

DRUNK

What the fuck.

EXT. UNION STATION - NIGHT

David weaves through waiting taxis, making his way to the entrance.

INT. UNION STATION - CONTINUOUS

David wanders through the impressive lobby of the building, finding his way to a ticket window where a disinterested employee waits behind cloudy bullet-proof glass.

DAVID

I want a ticket to Vancouver.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

The place is clean, empty and the walls are painted a hideous mustard-yellow color. We hear a key fumbling in the lock. The door swings open and Colleen, the landlord, enters followed by Claire and David. She's showing them the place.

COLLEEN

Here you are. Lots of light. We just painted.

DAVID

(lying)

It's wonderful.

He and Claire share a look. Claire takes the camera slung around her neck and starts snapping pictures.

COLLEEN

These were built in the twenties. We bought them ten, fifteen years ago and fixed them up. Take a look around.

Claire moves off to the bathroom and we follow David into the kitchen. He glances around, tests out the faucet. Good water pressure. He moves out through the back door to the yard.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

David steps down into the yard and looks around. It isn't much but it's nice. There's no garden underneath the avocado tree, just grass.

He takes a deep breath. He likes it here. He hears a snapping and turns around.

Claire is standing in the doorway taking pictures of him. She moves toward him snapping away. She gets right up close. Snap. Snap. Snap.

DAVID  
What do you think?

CLAIRE  
I like it.

DAVID  
Does the fireplace work?

CLAIRE  
(shakes her head)  
Bricked in.

David bares his teeth, "go like this." Claire bares hers. He picks a poppy seed out from her teeth.

DAVID  
There. Back to perfect.

She smiles and snaps another photo of him.

INT. TRAIN - BEDROOM - DAWN

David wakes up in bed and squints at the morning light coming in the window. He turns over and looks out at the scenery. Northern California at dawn, the early morning mist beginning to burn off, it's beautiful.

INT. TRAIN - BEDROOM - DAY

David sits at the table scanning negatives into his computer. He feeds the strips of film through the scanner and opens them on the computer, sorting them into files by location, Vancouver, Chicago, New York, D.C. and so on.

He opens the photos of the Auto Body shop again, the scans of the negatives allow for much closer examination. He looks at the man with the cane. His face is obscured.

He flips to the photo of the Cadillac under the street sign. He tweaks some of the levels, adjusting the contrast and is suddenly able to make out the face of the person in the passenger seat. It's BUCK. He stares at the photo, unsure of its meaning.

He opens the Vancouver folder and flips through the images. He zooms in on a man in the background, selects that portion of the photo and saves it to a folder. He goes through other Vancouver photos and finds this man over and over again.

In one of the photos the man is walking into a downtown office building, the sign out front indicates that it houses a law firm, Bates Kaplin Moorehead and Ames.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

David gets off the train. It's cold. David opens his bag, pulls out a jacket and heads for the exit.

INT. TAXI - DAY

David rides in back looking up at the Vancouver skyline.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

David gets out of the taxi looking up at the skyscraper before him. He heads for the entrance, passing the sign we saw in the photo, Bates Kaplin Moorehead and Ames.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

David makes his way through the busy lobby, looking around. He makes his way over to the security desk which is manned by a few uniformed guards.

GUARD

Can I help you?

DAVID

Maybe, maybe, I've got sort of a strange question.

(pulls his laptop from his bag)

Just a second.

He opens it up and clicks on a few of the cropped photos of the mystery man. He turns it around for the guard to see.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Do you recognize this man? Do you know who he is?

The guard shrugs, no. He taps another guard, an older man. He glances over.

GUARD

You know who this guy is?

His eyes narrow looking at the image on the screen.

OLDER GUARD

What's this about?

DAVID

I - These photos I found on an old camera I bought, I was just curious, thought maybe I could get them back to their rightful owner.

The older guard studies David.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Any idea?

OLDER GUARD

That's Mr. Ames.

DAVID

Mr. Ames. He works here?

OLDER GUARD

Used to. Mr. Ames passed five years ago. Good man.

DAVID

Oh, I'm so sorry. Thank you.

David closes the computer and walks away.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

David sits at a table with his laptop, researching Ames. We see on his screen and obituary for Richard Ames, an attorney turned venture capitalist. We pick up words from the obituary: "heart attack", "survived by his two children, Mary and Oliver and his wife Evelyn."

David searches Evelyn Ames.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MORNING

David wanders through a very upscale neighborhood. The lots and the houses on them are enormous. Aside from the occasional luxury car drifting past it is quiet.

He glances over his shoulder to see a black town car moving slowly down the street behind him.

He nervously picks up his pace. He can't resist and gives it a second look, eyeing it suspiciously. As he does it turns down another street and disappears. He takes a deep breath, calming himself. He's getting paranoid. After a beat he keeps walking.

David approaches a massive home set far back on a big piece of land and wanders up the winding brick path to the front door. He rings the bell. After a moment a maid answers.

DAVID

Hello.

MAID

Hello.

DAVID

Is Mrs. Ames home?

MAID

Can I tell her who is asking?

DAVID

My name is David. I wanted to ask her something about Mr. Ames, Richard. It's difficult to explain. I came all the way from Los Angeles and I just wanted to ask her a question.

The maid looks David over. He smiles. She holds up a finger, "one minute", and closes the door. After another minute Mrs. Ames opens the door. She's a stately woman, not so much cold as guarded. The maid stands by, looking on.

MRS. AMES

Are you a reporter?

DAVID

No, no, absolutely not. I -- this is hard to explain, my girlfriend disappeared a little over a year ago and I -- since then I -- I'm sorry. She spent a lot of time here in Vancouver before I knew her. I know she was very interested in your husband and I'm grasping at straws here but --  
(pulls out her photo)  
-- do you recognize her?

Mrs. Ames considers him then takes a look at the picture.

MRS. AMES  
She seems familiar.

DAVID  
She does.

MRS. AMES  
But I couldn't tell you why. I met  
a lot of people with Richard. I'm  
sorry.

DAVID  
Her name was --

MRS. AMES  
I don't know her. I'm very sorry.  
Good luck.

She closes the door. David stands there for a beat before  
turning to go.

He walks down the brick path to the street. After a few  
moments, the maid exits the house and hurries down the path --

MAID  
Mr. David!

He turns as she reaches him. She indicates the photo in  
David's hand.

MAID (CONT'D)  
I know this girl.

DAVID  
You do?

MAID  
Rosalyn. She worked here with me  
before Mr. Richard passed.

DAVID  
Worked here?

MAID  
She was -- like me -- a maid here.

DAVID  
For how long?

MAID  
Oh, two months, three months.  
After Mr. Richard died she left.  
(hushed)  
She didn't like Mrs. Evelyn.

She puts a hand on David's arm, comforting him.

MAID (CONT'D)

She was a nice girl.

(beat)

I hope you find her.

DAVID

Thank you.

After a beat the maid turns and heads back to the house. David watches her go. He looks to the picture in his hand. Rosalyn. He tucks it into his jacket pocket and begins walking down the street again.

As he rounds the corner we see, about a hundred yards behind him, the black town car parked on the street. It pulls out and begins slowly cruising down the street, trailing him.

David glances over his shoulder, sensing the town car's presence. He turns back, trying not to panic, trying to appear calm.

He turns another corner, the road winds down through thick woods on either side. He resists the urge to glance back. The town car rounds the corner behind him, keeping its distance.

David feels it there. His heart is pounding. There aren't any houses in sight now. The tires chirp as the town car SUDDENLY RACES FORWARD.

David cuts right, running into the woods, hauling ass through the thick foliage. We see behind him the town car screech to a halt and a man, who could be a Secret Service agent, jump out, he follows David into the woods as the car peels out.

David glances back, sees the man chasing him. He's terrified.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Shit.

He digs in, pumping his legs as hard as he can. The woods suddenly slope down a steep hill, David leaps, landing halfway down and sliding the rest of the way on his butt. He gets himself up and keeps running.

He trips over a vine and slams to the ground. As he gets up he sees his pursuer coming down the hill behind him. He scrambles up and sprints forward, down another long hill. He jumps off a large boulder protruding from the hill, lands and crouches down against it, taking cover.

THE MAN -- comes over the lip of the hill and charges down, slowing a bit, trying to spot David.

DAVID -- crouches by the boulder his bag unzipped at his feet. He looks at the options inside. The gun and the hammer. He grabs the hammer.

THE MAN -- scurries down the hill, coming down around the side of the boulder.

DAVID -- holds the hammer close, trying to stay silent, listening as the man's footsteps crunch closer and closer. He's very near. Only a few feet now. David takes a deep breath.

He jumps out, swinging the hammer and slams it right into the man's shin, crushing it. The man drops to the ground screaming, looking up at David who is now over him.

He pulls a handgun from a shoulder holster. David swings the hammer down and shatters his knuckles, knocking the gun loose.

David grabs the gun, tosses it deep into the woods, picks up his bag and takes off running again.

The man tries to get to his feet but drops immediately in pain.

David chugs through the woods, hammer in hand, his lungs burning. He hits a worn path and takes it, hurrying toward where the woods thin out ahead.

He reaches the opening and is on the side of a busy road. Across it there is a lake. He stumbles into the road, trying to stop a passing car -- It swerves past him blaring its horn -- two more pass before he gets in front of one, making them screech to a halt -- He runs to the passenger door, pulling the handle, banging on the window --

DAVID (CONT'D)

Help me! I need a ride please  
please just let me in --

The driver pulls away, spinning David to the ground -- As he gets up he sees the town car speeding down the road, pulling around another car -- He starts to run but a black Suburban skids sideways, blocking the road -- He turns to see the town car do the same on the other side --

Men in suits leap from the cars, their guns drawn -- David puts his arms up over his head as the men move in on him, throwing him to the ground --

I/E. SUV - DAY

David sits in the back of the SUV flanked by two of the suited men as the vehicle speeds down a busy road.

The truck makes its way over a series of bridges, out into the country. Driving down a two-lane road through endless grassland, the vehicle cuts left onto a dirt road.

The dirt road winds through tall evergreens, eventually coming to a stop in a clearing. The clearing looks out over a massive gorge. It's beautiful. No one in the car does anything. They stay put.

DAVID

What are we --

AGENT

Keep your mouth shut and wait.

David does as he's told.

EXT. CLEARING - LATER

The sun has dropped down some in the sky, slowly approaching the horizon. Finally, a matching SUV pulls up into the clearing and parks. A man, ANTHONY BREYER, 45, steps out. Breyer has an odd manner to him, friendly but somehow just a little off, possessing the kind of peculiarity that accompanies genius. He appears incredibly fit but doesn't dress quite as well as his counterparts, his suit seems one size too small.

He moves to the other SUV as the agents escort David out of the vehicle.

BREYER

David. How do you do. Anthony Breyer.

(dismissing the agents)

Thanks guys.

They peel off, releasing David from their grasp. Breyer gestures for David to join him, walking away from the trucks.

BREYER (CONT'D)

I apologize, we must have frightened you. You really did a number on Agent Jackson I hear.

DAVID

He was chasing me. He had a gun.

BREYER  
You're not in any kind of trouble,  
David.

DAVID  
What do you want?

BREYER  
I want to talk to you.

DAVID  
Who the fuck are you?

BREYER  
I work for the Government.  
Defense.

Breyer looks out at the gorge.

BREYER (CONT'D)  
I tell ya' I don't usually go in  
for this nature shit but goddamn.  
This is something, huh?

Breyer walks to the edge, looks down the steep rocky cliff.

BREYER (CONT'D)  
Take a look at that. It makes your  
heart go.

David keeps his eyes on Breyer. Breyer turns back.

BREYER (CONT'D)  
You're looking for your ex-  
girlfriend.

DAVID  
We didn't break up. She  
disappeared. Claire.

BREYER  
That's right. Claire.

DAVID  
You knew her I guess?

BREYER  
Yes.  
(beat)  
She worked for me. I trained her  
actually. We were very close.  
(beat)  
I'm here to answer a few of your  
questions.

(MORE)

BREYER (CONT'D)

The ones I can at least. Give you some closure. But none of this is going to be easy to hear.

DAVID

Okay.

BREYER

Claire worked for us in a variety of capacities.

DAVID

Like what?

Breyer looks at him, that's not one he is going to answer.

BREYER

It was required that she establish a cover. A life. One that would allow for a great deal of travel. One that wouldn't draw a lot of attention.

DAVID

Is she alive?

BREYER

July of last year she was called in for an operation overseas. She was killed in action thirty-six hours later.

(beat)

I'm sorry, David.

DAVID

You're lying. That doesn't make sense.

BREYER

I'm really am sorry to tell you.

DAVID

You're lying.

BREYER

I'm not. I wish I was.

DAVID

No, why didn't she make up a lie then when she left, if she thought she was coming back, why did she just disappear. It doesn't make sense.

BREYER

When she returned from the mission she was going to be relocated. To a different city, a different life.

DAVID

Why?

Breyer's reluctant to answer.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Why?

BREYER

It was her request. I'm sorry.

David drifts off, considering that, thinking it all over.

DAVID

Do you have proof? Of any of this?

Breyer just stares at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You're so interested in giving me closure.

Breyer takes a deep breath. He reaches into his inside coat pocket and pulls out an envelope. He hands it to David.

BREYER

Open that if you have to. But I've seen what's inside and I wouldn't if I were you. I mean it.

David takes the envelope, tentatively and looks at it. After a beat of contemplation he opens it and pulls out three photos. Suddenly weak, he drops to his knees.

We see glimpses. Cold, clinical autopsy photos of Claire's naked body. Her chest, neck and face are riddled with bullet holes. Her hair is matted with blood.

David drops the photos, in shock. Breyer reaches down and picks them up. David begins to cry, shaking. A year's worth of pent up dread is released.

BREYER (CONT'D)

We need you to stop digging around her past, David. She handled sensitive material, sensitive situations that don't need stirring by your inexperienced hands.

(MORE)

BREYER (CONT'D)  
It's dangerous. For you. For all  
of us.

Breyer considers the gorge before them.

BREYER (CONT'D)  
Let it go. Okay? You're still on  
the outside. Stay there. I can't  
guarantee your safety otherwise.

David glances at him, was that a threat? Breyer looks over  
the edge of the gorge, spits. He turns and heads back to the  
cars.

BREYER (CONT'D)  
Take your time.

David kneels, staring out at the horizon, his face streaked  
with tears, broken --

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

David and Claire have moved all their stuff in. There are  
boxes and furniture taking up the center of the room. The  
perimeter is all lined with plastic drop sheets. They're  
painting the walls white, covering the mustard yellow.

They each have a roller and are working on opposite walls.  
David paints in a methodical, orderly and expert fashion,  
making his way up and down the wall.

Claire is haphazard in her approach, going for wild sweeping  
strokes at odd angles, creating a tangle of white amidst the  
yellow. David glances over his shoulder and sees what she is  
doing. He puts down his roller and moves over to where she  
is working. He gets behind her and takes the roller in his  
hands, showing her how to do it.

CLAIRE  
What are you doing?

DAVID  
I'm showing you how to do it right.

CLAIRE  
I like how I do it.

DAVID  
Yeah but it's wrong, it's not gonna  
look as good.

CLAIRE  
I know how to paint.

DAVID

Do you?

CLAIRE

You're gonna be an asshole?

DAVID

I'm never an asshole.

CLAIRE

Right now you are.

DAVID

Not really, I'm just being sort of... normal.

CLAIRE

Agree to disagree I guess.

DAVID

We just have a lot to do. The ceiling is gonna take forever.

CLAIRE

I'll do the ceiling, okay? Relax.

DAVID

You can't do the ceiling.

CLAIRE

Why not?

DAVID

It's gonna be all messy and bad. Like that wall, which sucks.

CLAIRE

Watch me. I'll do the ceiling right fucking now. And it'll be perfect.

DAVID

If you say so.

CLAIRE

Why don't you go get a beer, you're getting a little worked up about the paint job.

DAVID

Word.

He leans over and gives her a kiss, heads for the kitchen.

INT. BUNGALOW - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

David goes to the fridge, retrieves two beers, opens them.

CLAIRE (O.C.)  
All done!

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David walks in and stops. Claire is standing on a chair in the middle of the room with a big thick black marker in hand. She has been writing something on the ceiling.

David looks up. It says, "DAVID IS AN ASSHOLE." Claire smiles innocently. David reaches for the marker.

DAVID  
You mind?

She hands it to him and steps down. David puts down the beer and climbs up. He begins scribbling a response.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David and Claire are lying side by side on the floor looking up at the ceiling. They've covered a significant area with a back and forth in black marker.

DAVID  
This is going to be a bitch to  
paint over.

CLAIRE  
Tomorrow.

DAVID  
Okay.

Claire sits up and pulls David's arm into her lap. She starts writing on it. She finishes and lies back. David looks at his arm. She's drawn a heart and the words "DAVID AND SARAH FOREVER" David looks at it quizzically.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I don't get it.

CLAIRE  
Huh?

DAVID  
Sarah?

Claire looks at his arm, laughs.

CLAIRE

It's a joke. Sarah. Isn't that the name of the waitress you have a crush on at what's it called?

DAVID

Oh, what, Sunshine Cafe? Is her name Sarah?

CLAIRE

Yeah, right? It's a joke.

David stares at it.

DAVID

It's incredibly hilarious.

She sits up, takes his arm again, crosses it out and writes "CLAIRE".

CLAIRE

There. That's better.

She curls herself around David as he stares up at the ceiling.

INT. SUV - DUSK

The truck speeds back toward the city. David sits staring out the window. Breyer is looking at his blackberry.

DAVID

What was her name?

Breyer looks up.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Was her name Claire?

BREYER

(shakes his head)

Sarah.

DAVID

Sarah what?

Breyer shakes his head, he can't tell him. David gets it, he turns back to the window.

BREYER

Can I ask you a question? What brought you to Ames' house?

DAVID

Photos. Old photos Claire had from before I knew her. He was in a bunch of them, Ames. I didn't ever notice it until... recently.

Breyer nods, interesting.

BREYER

Regular Philip Fucking Marlowe, am I right? You've got a knack for this shit, Dave.

DAVID

Who was he?

BREYER

You tell me.

DAVID

Billionaire, venture capitalist.

BREYER

That's right.

(beat)

Weekends he liked to put on a red hood and convince disenfranchised teens to join the Aryan Brotherhood. He put enough money in the right pockets to keep that fact quiet. He was a huge financial lifeline for the movement.

DAVID

So you killed him.

BREYER

(yup)

Richard Ames died of a heart attack.

Breyer crosses his legs. His pant leg gets pulled up a bit revealing the hint of a nasty scar on his leg. David notices it, Breyer sees him notice it.

BREYER (CONT'D)

Had a run in with some Columbian mercenaries a couple years back.

He pulls up the pant leg revealing a horrifying scar that runs up past his knee, clearly the result of many surgeries.

BREYER (CONT'D)  
More metal than man at this point.

DAVID  
Must've taken a while to recover.

He pulls it back down, covering the scar.

BREYER  
Two years of physical therapy before I stopped walking like a zombie from a bad horror movie, you know?

DAVID  
Yeah, so you were like on crutches for a long time?

Breyer stares at him a beat, smirks.

BREYER  
A cane.

David nods. After a long beat, casually --

DAVID  
Who's Buck?  
(beat)  
Friend of Claire's who she introduced me to.

BREYER  
Right, he was part of her cover.

DAVID  
He came to my place looking for something.

BREYER  
I apologize for that. Buck was decommissioned a while ago, he washed out. After Sarah died he was convinced she left something behind, his behavior became erratic as I guess you witnessed. The job got him, it happens.

DAVID  
I see.

BREYER  
He won't bother you again.

DAVID  
Okay.

There is a long beat of silence. Conversation has run out.

BREYER  
You said you have those pictures of Sarah's on your computer. Mind if I take a look?

DAVID  
(beat)  
Did I say that?

BREYER  
Yeah mind if I take a look?

David's pulse quickens.

DAVID  
No.

He unzips the bag on the floor and pulls out the computer.

BREYER  
Thanks.

Breyer opens it up, starts clicking through the photos intently. He looks up and smiles at David. We watch the screen as he comes to the photos of the auto body shop. He stops.

BREYER (CONT'D)  
I'm asking myself why's he so interested in my rehab and then I realize... You haven't been completely honest with me have you.

David is sweating. Breyer flips the screen around, showing David the image of the chop shop.

BREYER (CONT'D)  
Where are the negatives?

David can't meet his eye, his heart is pounding. He glances at the bag at his feet. Breyer looks at it, then to David.

BREYER (CONT'D)  
No. Really?

He reaches down and pulls it open, sees the stack of negatives. He looks up at David, pleased.

BREYER (CONT'D)  
Sonofabitch.

He turns and whispers something to the driver. David reaches down into the bag. Breyer turns around and David has the gun inches from his face.

BREYER (CONT'D)  
Oh my gosh. Where'd you get that?

DAVID  
Let me out. Here. Driver! Pull over!

BREYER  
Don't pull over, Michael.

David pulls the hammer back on the gun. Breyer's hands flash out at David, disarming him expertly in a split second. He puts the gun on David.

BREYER (CONT'D)  
What a mess. This whole thing.  
Nothing's gone as I intended. Not one thing.

They hit a small bump, David dives forward into Breyer's mid-section. They struggle for the gun. They spin around. David gets his hands around Breyer's hands and is able to PULL THE TRIGGER -- FIVE QUICK SHOTS -- Brain matter splatters across the windshield -- The driver slumps forward against the wheel, dead.

David grabs a seatbelt, pulls it across his body and clicks it in just as they drift off the road and SMASH INTO A CONCRETE BARRIER -- Breyer flies across the car, smashing his head on the ceiling.

David's hurt, maybe broke some ribs in the collision, he gets free, grabs the bag from his feet and climbs from the wreckage.

He runs away, trying to put some distance between himself and the car.

Breyer climbs out, his head bleeding. Another agency SUV speeds up to the wreck, screeching to a halt. Breyer pulls a 9mm from his shoulder holster and fires at David.

THE BULLET MISSES HIM BY AN INCH -- David cuts around a corner and heads down an alley, coming face to face with a chain-link fence, razor-wire at the top. David scrambles up it, taking whatever damage the razor-wire can inflict and throwing himself over the other side.

EXT. WATERFRONT CEMENT FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Large trucks rumble by sending up clouds of chalky rock dust. David runs through the maze of machinery, trying to get away.

As he wanders through, trying not to draw attention he sees, one hundred yards away, the agency SUV speed through the entrance, narrowly missing workers, weaving between trucks --

David sprints the opposite direction, toward the water.

The SUV is coming for him -- David runs around the back of a line of massive, storage towers and is at the edge of the water. Giant barges are lined up, taking on loads of cement.

David leaps down onto one, tumbling to a stop. He gets up, runs to the edge and LEAPS TO THE NEXT ONE JUST AS IT PULLS AWAY -- David climbs in with the cement, hiding himself --

The barge heads into the waterway, leaving the factory behind. As it heads under the Granville Bridge it passes a marina. David climbs out, runs to the edge and JUMPS OFF, into the icy water and starts swimming for the marina.

David reaches the boats and snags the ladder hanging off the back of a small yacht. He climbs up onto the rear deck and moves for the sliding glass door to the cabin.

INT. YACHT - CONTINUOUS

David yanks the door open and moves inside, shaking. He strips off all his clothes, pulls the blanket off the bed and wraps it around himself.

He curls up on the floor, freezing, trying to get warm.

INT. BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The apartment is now completely setup and lived in. David sits at his computer working on a poster for a concert at a local club. He's got music playing, helping him work.

We hear the front door open and close. Claire hurries past, headed to the bathroom.

DAVID

Hey.

We hear the bathroom door shut.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Baby?

The shower turns on. David rises and moves for the door.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David stands outside the bathroom door. He taps.

DAVID

Claire?

(beat)

Claire. Can I come in?

CLAIRE

I'll be out soon.

DAVID

What's wrong?

David tests the knob. It's locked.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Claire? Are you okay?

He puts his ear to the door. He hears something that sounds like sobbing.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What's going on? Claire, answer me.

(beat)

Claire!

Nothing. He tests the knob again. Locked.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Open the door. Claire, open the door.

He shifts around, anxious then slams his shoulder into the door. There's a crack. He does it again and nearly gets through. He rears back one more time and slams all his weight into the door --

INT. BUNGALOW - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

David stumbles into the bathroom and sees Claire curled up on the floor of the shower, naked. She has a massive contusion along her ribs. A faint stream of blood winds toward the drain. David rushes into the shower, taking her in his arms.

DAVID  
Claire, baby, what happened?

She looks up. She's got a fat lip, blood in her mouth.

CLAIRE  
I got mugged. I was stupid. I  
tried to stop them.

DAVID  
(through tears)  
Jesus.

She wraps her arms around him. They sit on the floor of the shower, embracing each other.

INT. YACHT - NIGHT

David is asleep, his arms wrapped around the duffel bag. A flashlight finds him and he startles awake.

There's a marina security guard standing over him. He looks up at him, shaking, helpless and puts up his hands.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

David sits in a chair being addressed by a police officer. He stares out from under his brow, spent emotionally and physically. He looks like hell.

The sounds drops out as David watches the officer's mouth moving but paying little attention to what is being said.

The officer drones on, clearly annoyed and completely disinterested in David. He's just a nuisance, the latest nuisance at the end of a long night.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

David is let out, into the lobby of the police station. He stands there, lost, unsure what to do with himself. He moves to a row of seats and sits down, dropping his head in his hands.

He sits up, wiping tears from his eyes. An older woman crosses in front of him, moving to the far end of the lobby. David glances her way, watches as she moves to the bulletin board, clearing away some of the clutter of missing persons fliers and putting up a new one.

David rises and moves to the board slowly, scanning it. He focuses in on a flier, partially obscured by another, just a sliver of a face. He reaches out, pushing the other papers aside, revealing CLAIRE'S FACE on a missing persons report. She's younger but it's clearly her. She's smiling, happy.

David tears the flier off the bulletin board.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

David stands across the street, watching the building. After a few moments he crosses over, heading for the front door. Before going inside he moves over to a postal box and drops in an envelope.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

David makes his way down the hall and knocks on an apartment door. The door opens revealing, CHARLIE. He's about David's age. He looks a bit disheveled, wearing sweats, a t-shirt and slippers.

CHARLIE

Hey.

DAVID

Hi, my name's David Leight.

CHARLIE

Okay.

DAVID

I wonder if I could talk to you for a minute. About Dana?

CHARLIE

What do you know about Dana?

DAVID

I saw the missing person flier at the police station.

(beat)

I know a lot about her.

CHARLIE

Come in.

Charlie opens the door further, inviting David in.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

David moves inside, taking in his surroundings. The place is a mess. This guy has given up on any semblance of a normal life. There are photos of Claire everywhere, stacks of research, dead ends, this guy has dedicated his life to finding her.

Charlie grabs a pile of junk off of a chair, moving it aside.

CHARLIE

Have a seat.

David does. Charlie pulls his desk chair away from his computer set up which is clearly where he spends most of his time. David notices on the screen there is a web-site up, not unlike the one he created for Claire but this one is for Dana. Charlie sits, looking at David expectantly.

DAVID

Dana was your... girlfriend?

CHARLIE

Yeah.

DAVID

And she disappeared five years ago.

CHARLIE

Vanished.

DAVID

You guys were happy?

Charlie searches for an answer to that, clearly it's pretty complicated.

David reaches into his pocket and pulls out his picture of Claire. It has been roughed up by his activities over the past few days.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I met her about five years ago.

Charlie takes it, his hand trembling slightly.

CHARLIE

Where?

DAVID

Los Angeles.

CHARLIE

Is she --

DAVID

She left a little over a year ago.  
Disappeared. Like for you.

CHARLIE

Were you two...?

DAVID

We were friends. But I've been  
looking for her, looking into her  
past since then. Which brought me  
to you.

Charlie covers his mouth, he's got tears in his eyes.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I wanted to let you know that I  
found her and... she's gone.  
(this is hard)  
She was in a car accident. A year  
ago.

Charlie leans back in his chair, staring off, as tears spill  
down his cheeks.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. But I wanted to let you  
know that you could stop looking.

Charlie doubles over, crying pretty hard.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, it's just -- this has  
been five years.

DAVID

I understand. But I thought you'd  
want to know.

CHARLIE

Did she talk about me? Did she say  
why she left?

DAVID

She didn't let me in that far. She  
didn't tell me the truth about her  
past.

CHARLIE

I was an asshole. I was such an  
asshole. I didn't think she'd go.  
(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

How could I have known? I was just... I didn't realize. I didn't know how much I loved her. And she hated me.

DAVID

No. She didn't. I promise you. She didn't hate you. I think she was probably in a situation she didn't know how to... resolve and decided to make a clean break.

CHARLIE

Who does that?

DAVID

(shrugs)

Dana, I guess. I'm certain that she loved you though. I believe that deep, deep down. You can't fake that shit.

Charlie, regaining his composure, considers David and his curious passion on the subject of Dana's feelings --

DAVID (CONT'D)

That's just what I think.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - LATER

David is going to the door, about to leave.

DAVID

You mind if I use your bathroom?

CHARLIE

It's down the hall, second door on the left.

David heads down the hall. As he does, he does a double take, noticing some framed photographs on the wall. He stops, examining them. Charlie notices.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Dana took those.

David looks at them. Landscapes, candid photos of them on various trips. David comes to one taken in Los Angeles, ostensibly of the Capitol Records building but David focuses in on the corner of the photograph, on a pedestrian walking down the street, unaware of the camera or the photographer. He's looking at HIMSELF. He steps back from it, composing himself.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
You all right?

DAVID  
Yeah, yeah I'm fine.

He looks away. He turns to go into the bathroom and comes face to face with a large photo of Charlie, Claire and BUCK. Arm in arm. All smiles.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Hey, Charlie.

CHARLIE  
Yeah.

DAVID  
This guy here...

Charlie comes down the hall, looks at the photo.

CHARLIE  
Kyle. Dana's friend from home.

DAVID  
You guys keep in touch?

CHARLIE  
Not really after she left, we talked a few times but you know.

DAVID  
Have you got a number for him? I'd like to reach out to him.

CHARLIE  
Yeah, I think I do in my phone. I'll write it down for you.

DAVID  
Thanks.

Off David, staring at Buck's smiling face --

EXT. STREET - DAY

David stands at a pay-phone, the receiver pressed to his ear. It rings and rings and rings. Finally we hear Buck's voice --

BUCK

Hey, this is Kyle, I'm out doing what I'm doing but leave me a message and I'll hit you back. Peace!

Beep.

DAVID

Hey, Kyle or Buck or whatever the fuck your name is, this is David Leight. Yeah, I got your phone number, Fuckshit. Listen, that thing you were looking for at my place, well guess what? I got it. If you want it, meet me on the Southwest corner of Franklin and Gower, the morning of the 6th at 3am. Okay? Come alone. And bring, I don't know, a million dollars with you. If not, the pictures are going everywhere and I have a feeling that means you end up in a ditch someplace, am I right? See you Friday.

He hangs up the phone and walks off.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

A train begins drifting down the tracks, pulling out of the station. David trots after it, grabbing a handle and hopping on board.

EXT. UNION STATION - MORNING

David walks out of the train station and hails a cab.

EXT. ARMY SURPLUS STORE - DAY

David gets out of the cab and heads inside.

INT. ARMY SURPLUS STORE - CONTINUOUS

David walks in and scans the shelves. We see quick cuts of him getting supplies. Night vision monocular. Stun gun. Camo paint. Black sweatshirt. Black jeans. Ski mask.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

David walks the tight aisles of this tiny store, packed to the ceiling with hardware. He grabs some zip ties and some black spray paint.

EXT. RENT-A-WRECK - DAY

David is in the lot, picking out a car with the manager of the joint.

He pays the manager twenty dollars in cash.

He gets in a maroon 1981 Lincoln Town Car that is beat to shit.

EXT. INTERSECTION OF FRANKLIN AND GOWER - DAY

We pull off the street sign to find the maroon Town Car driving past. We follow it up the street a block where David parks it.

INT. TOWN CAR - LATER

The front seats are folded all the way forward, creating more room in back where David is wearing a painter's respirator mask, spray-painting the windows black, covering every inch.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A series of quick cuts:

David enters, throws his stuff on the bed.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

David, out of the shower, pulls on the black jeans and the black sweatshirt.

He spreads black face-paint around his eyes.

He tears open the packaging of a pre-paid cell phone.

David grabs the desk chair and drags it over to the window. He sits, looking down at the street below, scanning it, observing.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

David is sitting alone on the couch watching TV. He glances at his watch. It's 1:45 a.m. Claire comes in through the front door, drops her keys.

CLAIRE

Hey.

DAVID

Hey.

She moves into the bedroom. He turns off the television and follows her in.

INT. BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She's undressing. He starts to also.

DAVID

I tried calling the darkroom.

CLAIRE

I had headphones on.

DAVID

How was it?

CLAIRE

Fine.

DAVID

You bring anything back?

CLAIRE

No. There wasn't anything worth saving.

DAVID

Is something wrong?

CLAIRE

I'm just tired.

DAVID

That's the end of it.

CLAIRE

I'm tired, David, you want to have a whole conversation about that?

DAVID

I haven't seen you all day.

CLAIRE

I was working.

DAVID

I know. But you've been working every night for three weeks. I haven't seen you. I'm sorry if I want to have a conversation with you when I do.

CLAIRE

And I'm sorry if I want to sleep when I'm tired.

A beat. David takes a deep breath, calmly --

DAVID

You're being a bitch right now.

CLAIRE

What? Fuck you.

DAVID

Does this have to do with what happened?

CLAIRE

What are you talking about, does what have to do with it?

DAVID

The fact you won't fucking speak to me. That you're a million miles away and I can't bring you back.

CLAIRE

Don't be a fuckin' drama queen, I'm right here.

DAVID

Then why do I feel like as close as I get to you, I'm never --

CLAIRE

(cutting him off)

I don't know. Maybe I'm broken that way. Maybe it's impossible.

DAVID

It sure fucking seems that way.

CLAIRE

Great. We've figured it out. Now can we sleep?

David shakes his head, grabs a blanket and walks out of the room.

DAVID  
Yeah. Goodnight.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David wraps himself in the blanket and lies down on the couch. He stares out across the room, pissed, hurt.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

David turns out the lights and sits by the window with his night-vision monocular. He glances at the clock. It's two a.m.

He watches the street. We see it through his night vision POV.

A man walks down the street, glancing around, surreptitiously checking things out. He makes a call on his cell phone as he moves to the bus stop bench and takes a seat.

Moments later a black SUV parks on the street a half block away. No one gets out. We can make out figures inside.

DAVID  
Shit.

David gets out his cell phone and makes a call.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Hello. This is David Leight. If you want to know where Simone is, she's in a black SUV parked on the south side of Franklin, a half block east of Gower. She's all yours.

He hangs up and watches.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

We come off the clock which tells us it is three a.m. David still sits by the window. He spots someone coming down the street. It's Buck. He looks different. He's clean shaven and he wears expensive clothes. He has a briefcase in hand. He walks to the corner and checks his watch.

David gets up from his seat, grabs his bag and heads out the door.

EXT. STREET - LATER

We watch a distant street corner where suddenly two black Cadillacs screech around the corner, flying down the street. They converge on the black SUV.

Buck looks around, watching this with concern.

Aleksander gets out of the Cadillac with some of his men, their guns drawn.

ALEKSANDER

Out of the fucking car!

Their hood lights up with machine gun fire from the SUV, they duck down behind their car, firing back.

Another two SUVs emerge from neighboring streets and converge on the melee. Agents pouring out of each of them, a massive gun fight erupting.

Buck watches all of this, concerned.

BUCK

Fuck me.

His phone vibrates. He glances at the text. It reads: THROW YOUR PHONE IN THE GUTTER THEN WALK UP GOWER. THERE IS A CAR PARKED WITH THE DOOR OPEN. GET IN.

Buck looks around then, reluctantly, tosses his phone down and starts heading up the street.

We follow him as he makes his way up the unlit sidewalk. He tries searching the shadows for someone but it's impossible to see.

He spots the beat up town car up ahead, it's rear passenger-side door is open. The windows are blacked out. He can't see inside. He walks up to it carefully, looking around. He steps up to the open door.

In the darkness behind him we spot David, dressed head to toe in black, lurking in the shadows. With the ski mask and black hood, he's virtually invisible.

Buck bends down, looks in the open door and David charges out of the darkness, slamming Buck in the back, tackling him into the car. He jabs him with the stun gun repeatedly, sending him into convulsions.

David pulls the door shut, zip ties his hands and flips him over. He pulls the gun from Buck's waistband and presses it to his forehead.

DAVID  
Hey there, Buddy.

BUCK  
Look at you.

David slams the handle of the gun into Buck's forehead. He yells, blood spills from the wound. David again trains the gun on his face.

DAVID  
I want to be left alone. I have what you're looking for but you'll never find it. If I die, everyone finds it. Understood?

David shoves the barrel of the gun down Buck's throat. He gags.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I just want to live my life. I'll go away. You'll never hear from me again. Okay?

David pulls out the gun, Buck coughs violently.

BUCK  
That's not how this works.

DAVID  
How does it work.

BUCK  
You're just a scared guy who threw me into the back of a blacked out town car. We're something else. We're a different category of person. You want to keep those pictures as an insurance policy but people like I work for can't live with that in the world. We'll hunt you down. We'll kill you. It's only a matter of time.

DAVID  
If you kill me they get out.

BUCK  
To who, David? You haven't thought this through. The New York Times?  
(MORE)

BUCK (CONT'D)  
They won't know what the fuck they  
are. Sarah was a threat. You?  
You're an obstacle. An  
inconvenience.

David's confidence wavers.

BUCK (CONT'D)  
You're dead. You're not even  
alive, man. There's a bullet  
coming your way right now. It's  
cutting through the world and it  
can only end up one place. You  
can't outrun it, David, it's  
hungry.

David shakes his head.

DAVID  
I'll find a way. You underestimate  
me. You have every step of the  
way.

BUCK  
Not this time, man. Look.

Buck reaches up to his ear and pulls out what looks like a hearing aid. It's a bluetooth device. David's heart drops.

BUCK (CONT'D)  
(smiles)  
You're just a scared guy in the  
back of a blacked out town car.

Buck covers his head. David drops down just as gunfire tears through all the windows. The doors are ripped open as a swat-looking black ops team floods in every door, grabs David and rips him out of the car.

He's dragged into the street screaming until an agent slams the butt of his gun into David's face and everything goes black.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - MORNING - FLASHBACK

David is asleep on the couch, wrapped in the blanket. Exactly where we left him after his fight with Claire. His eyes struggle open, he squints into the light. After a beat he looks down at the floor beside him.

Claire is sleeping on the ground right beside him, wrapped in a blanket. She bubbles awake, looks at him.

CLAIRE  
Are you mad?

DAVID  
C'mere.

He scooches over and Claire squeezes onto the couch with him.

CLAIRE  
I'm sorry.  
(beat)  
Have I really been a million miles  
away?

DAVID  
Maybe even more.

CLAIRE  
I got lost. It happens every now  
and then.

DAVID  
Okay.

CLAIRE  
You can't just leave me out there  
though. You have to bring me back.

She whispers something into his ear. He looks her in the  
eye.

DAVID  
I always will.

CLAIRE  
You promise?

DAVID  
No matter what.

She nuzzles into him closer.

INT. GREY ROOM - NIGHT

David sucks in air, gasping awake.

He looks like hell. His nose is broken. He has a nasty gash  
across the bridge which has been cleaned and bandaged.  
Remnants of the black camo paint streams down his face. He  
closes his eyes, trying to fight off the throbbing pain.

He is bound to a metal chair which is bolted to the floor.  
It is the only thing in this grey room.

Across from him there is a metal door. On either side of the door there is a long, wide window. The windows are thick, dense, impenetrable. They completely block out the sound on the other side. Beyond them is a boring white hallway with other doors. A tad dingy. Every now and then a person walks by. Some in suits, others in street clothes. The place looks busy and efficiently run... whatever it is.

After a beat a man in a suit crosses by the window. A moment later the door opens. It is several inches thick, like the door of an enormous safe. The man enters, closing the door behind him.

As he approaches David and comes into focus we see it is Agent Breyer.

BREYER

David. We meet again.

DAVID

Agent Breyer.

BREYER

Where's the film.

DAVID

I'm not going to tell you.

BREYER

Okay, I thought you'd say that. I'm gonna send some people in here. It's their job to get information from reluctant sources. Usually they're working with trained operatives who have been prepared for such treatment and who believe that if they give up the information it will cost many of their countrymen their lives, not to mention compromise their place in the afterlife. You, on the other hand, are protecting the whereabouts of a roll of film, the significance of which you do not understand, for a dead girl who lied to you, used you and made a fool of you.

(beat)

Anyway, I'm gonna walk out, they're gonna come in and I promise you two minutes later they will leave with what they came for. Or you could tell me now and spare yourself the... discomfort.

David won't meet his eye.

BREYER (CONT'D)

All right. You're very brave,  
David. Truly. I admire it.

With that he turns and heads for the door. He punches in a code, it opens. He walks out and closes it behind him.

David sees Breyer talking to two very plain men outside. One of them has a push cart with some tools on it. The men nod, understanding. Breyer walks away, heading down the hallway, out of view.

David stares at the door, waiting. Any second now his torturers will enter. He swallows deeply, terrified. The door stares back at him, somehow menacing in its complete lifelessness.

There's activity in the hallways beyond the windows, a sudden stirring.

Then --

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION sends a door flying down the hallway beyond. The shockwave shakes the dense windows. There's smoke and debris everywhere.

David watches all this from the safety of the grey room.

Everyone pulls guns, a few black ops agents pour into the hallway firing at something beyond David's field of view through the window.

Then everything slows down as, out of the smoke, a figure emerges, firing a gun. This person is dressed in all black, like the agents. The figure picks people off with frightening efficiency.

The ammo runs out and the figure swings the rifle like a bat, taking out another agent. The figure moves through the crowd, taking people out in hand to hand combat, breaking arms, legs, necks. Two agents bear down on the figure who deftly sweeps the legs out from one, using his gun to fire on the other. It's like a horrific, ugly ballet and the figure at its center can only be described as a killing machine.

The figure makes its way through the hallway taking out all the agents, beating impossible odds, destroying everyone in a sloppy, chaotic fashion. The final agent goes down and the figure stands there, panting, it's done.

After a beat the figure disappears from sight, behind the door.

David cranes his head to see.

The keypad inside the room explodes inward. David flinches, looking away. The door swings open and the figure enters, cutting through a cloud of smoke, pulling off the mask.

It's CLAIRE. She extends her hand to David.

CLAIRE  
We have to go.

David reaches out and takes her hand...

And they're off. They run from the room, Claire leading the way. An agent comes into the hallway, Claire drops, grabs the sidearm of one of the downed agents and pops off two shots, taking out the agents knees.

They're back up and Claire leads them to a door which she kicks open.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

They enter the stairwell and Claire shoots an agent coming down. She grabs his rifle and starts reloading it as she starts climbing the stairs, she can't meet David's eye.

DAVID  
Claire, wait!

CLAIRE  
What the hell happened to you? Why did they pick you up?

DAVID  
I found this roll of film, they know I have it --

CLAIRE  
You have it? I need that film. Where is it?

DAVID  
Why? What is it?

CLAIRE  
It's proof. That Breyer was working with some bad people.

DAVID  
At the chop shop. The guy you shot. Whose brother you killed.

As strong as she is we can see that she never wanted David to know any of this. She's ashamed of it all.

CLAIRE

How do you know about that?

DAVID

Why did you shoot him?

CLAIRE

Because when he walked in the room I had a knife in his brother's neck. That whole fucking family is psychotic. Child-raping, drug-dealing, human traffickers. If I could I would've killed every one of them.

(beat)

The job should have gone fine but someone tipped them. I didn't know who until I took those pictures. Breyer was taking money for their protection. He sold me out. I tried to walk away, those photos were my only protection. I didn't think they'd come after you. I'm sorry.

DAVID

Claire --

CLAIRE

Listen, I did a lot of different things for these people and some times that meant doing things that you would find unacceptable but I didn't ever kill anybody that didn't need killing. I know you have a lot of questions, but we don't have any time. We need to get out of here or they're going to murder us.

(beat)

Okay?

DAVID

Okay.

They reach a door. She hands the pistol to David.

CLAIRE

You know how to use this?

DAVID

Yeah, sure.

He takes it. Claire kicks open the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They burst into the hallway, Claire starts firing at oncoming agents. She points to a doorway behind them, at the end of the hallway.

CLAIRE

There!

They begin heading that way, firing behind them. David tumbles to the ground, gets himself up and keeps running. David reaches the door and opens it, stumbling into --

INT. STOREROOM - CONTINUOUS

It looks like any small storeroom, it's filled with cleaning supplies, a small desk, a ratty couch. David stops, confused by his surroundings.

Claire runs through, grabbing him and pulling him toward a door on the other side. They burst through into --

INT. GLOWING SUN DRY CLEANERS - CONTINUOUS

They are in the back of the dry cleaners. It's dark, shuttered for the night. Claire leads them to the front --

DAVID

Claire wait!

CLAIRE

There's no time.

She unlocks the door and they spill out onto the street --

EXT. GLOWING SUN DRY CLEANERS - CONTINUOUS

Claire looks around, gun at her side. A suburban screeches around the corner.

CLAIRE

Shit.

She raises the rifle, fires three shots and the suburban's tires explode, it swerves and barrel rolls, smashing into parked cars on the street --

Claire heads to a parked motorcycle, hops on and makes quick work of the ignition. She starts it up and looks to David --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Come on.

She looks in her side view mirror as three more suburbans round the corner, speeding towards them. David is just standing there in shock --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Come on!

David climbs on the back of the motorcycle and they peel out, tires smoking. They squeal around the corner, rocketing down the street, they cut down an alley and have lost the tails already --

They speed through the night, David clutching to Claire for dear life. The speed is incredible. The streets are empty. It's peaceful, beautiful.

They speed onto the 101 Freeway, cutting through what little traffic there is. The pre-dawn horizon of Los Angeles twinkles in the background.

David reaches back and touches his lower back. He pulls back his hand, looking down at it. It's covered in blood. He holds onto Claire tighter as they rocket down the freeway.

EXT. BUNGALOW - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The motorcycle speeds down the alleyway and comes to a stop. Claire gets off and heads for the back gate. David follows.

EXT. BUNGALOW - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Claire hurries across to the back door, picks the lock and enters. David is not far behind her.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Claire makes her way through the apartment. It is completely empty. They've gotten rid of David's things and are, from the look of it, mid-way through fixing it up. They've patched the holes in the walls, done some repainting.

David shuffles in behind Claire. He looks a little pale, weak. He glances around at their apartment.

CLAIRE  
Where is it, David?

He just looks at her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
The roll of film, David, where is it?

DAVID  
It should be in the mail.

Claire hurries to the mailbox, opens it and sorts through the junk, finding the envelope. She tears it open, pulls out the negatives and stuffs them into her coat.

CLAIRE  
Let's go.

DAVID  
Claire, wait.

CLAIRE  
David.

DAVID  
I haven't seen you...

CLAIRE  
Are you hurt? David?

He holds out his hand. She goes to him as he lowers himself to one knee.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Where? David?

She touches his back, finds the wound.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Shit. I'm going to put pressure on it, you're going to be fine, okay?

DAVID  
Claire. Who are you.

Everything slows down.

CLAIRE  
I'm a lot of different people.

DAVID  
I looked for you.

CLAIRE  
I know you did.

DAVID  
Why did you go away?

CLAIRE  
I had to.

DAVID  
Why didn't you take me with you?

CLAIRE  
I didn't think you'd understand. I  
didn't think you'd love me if you  
knew the truth.

DAVID  
I'll always love you.

CLAIRE  
I see that now.

DAVID  
I came for you.

CLAIRE  
I know, I know.

DAVID  
Did you love me?

CLAIRE  
Yeah.

DAVID  
Did you?

She nods. She unzips her jacket and reaches into the inside pocket, pulling something out.

CLAIRE  
I took this with me.

She shows it to him. It is the note he wrote her and put in her lunch years ago. He takes it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
I'll take you with me, David, but  
we can't ever come back.

David nods, that's okay. We hear the sound of tires screeching out front. Claire kills the lights and runs to the front window. Out front she sees Aleksander and his thugs approaching with guns drawn.

She runs to the back door and sees agents pouring in the back gate.

She hurries back to David.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Bad news, baby. We're surrounded.

DAVID  
What do we do now?

CLAIRE  
We fight, okay?

DAVID  
Yeah.

Claire goes to the fireplace and lies down on her back. She kicks up at the bricked in chimney with her boot heel. After a few kicks it begins to crumble apart. She pulls out the remaining bricks, reaches up into the chimney and pulls down a duffel bag, throwing it out into the middle of the room

She unzips it and it's full of guns, grenades, ammo, everything. She loads an automatic rifle and hands it to David. She takes one for herself.

She moves to the window when gun fire tears through from the outside. She drops down. She gets on one knee and returns fire, driving them back.

She moves over to where David is lying down, staying low. Another spray of bullets tears through the room and she drops down next to him.

They stare up at the ceiling, catching their breath. Claire's eyes narrow.

CLAIRE  
Look at that.

Reverse on the ceiling to see that the faint remnants of their marker exchange can be seen in this light.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
I didn't realize you could still see it.

DAVID  
Me neither.

They smile. David looks to Claire.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Where are we going to go?

On Claire, her face is bathed in sunlight and we realize we are --

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Claire and David are lying in the exact same positions on the floor, looking at each other, smiling. Warm sunlight pours in the windows, blanketing them both.

CLAIRE  
Anywhere you want.

DAVID  
I want to go some place amazing and exciting and fun. Where it's warm and the water's warm and you feel good all the time.

CLAIRE  
And there's like just lightly flavored refreshing drinks.

DAVID  
Exactly.

CLAIRE  
When do we go?

DAVID  
Let's go right now.

WE CUT BACK TO THE PRESENT -- On Claire, moonlit --

CLAIRE  
Pick your poison. Breyer's men out back. Aleksander and his guys out front.

DAVID  
What do you think our best chances are?

CLAIRE  
I think they're pretty lousy either way.

DAVID  
You choose.

SUNLIT FLASHBACK --

CLAIRE  
You.

DAVID  
South America?

Claire reaches over and kisses him.

CLAIRE  
Are we really going to do this?

DAVID  
We have to.

BACK TO THE PRESENT --

CLAIRE  
Okay.

She grabs his hand, squeezes it. They crawl over to the window, they're leaning against the wall beneath it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Ready? On three.

DAVID  
(wait)  
Hey baby? I love you. Let's live.

CLAIRE  
(smiles)  
Yeah.

David reaches over, takes her head in his hands and kisses her one last time.

DAVID  
Okay.

A deep breath, "ready?" --

DAVID (CONT'D)  
One. Two. Three.

CLAIRE  
One. Two. Three.

EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY - FLASHBACK

David and Claire head out the front door, bags in hand, happily hurrying off on their adventure.

As they make their way down the street, on their way to paradise.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END