CLARKE

Are you? It's been five years since the accident. And you've brought yourself back from it. Maybe not as whole as you once were, but you're back. And now, because Congress has neglected to issue a medallion to commemorate that, you feel the entire world has failed you. And that's wrong! Because you've failed, Scott. You've failed to realize that you're as cured as you're ever going to get!

SCOTT

I don't have my memory back.

CLARKE

And you never will. Why can't you see that?

Scott is visibly shaken. Clarke has gone deep into some open wounds...and it has hurt Scott. He tries a very defensive and self-serving answer...and a very revealing one.

SCOTT

Maybe I don't want to.

Clarke starts to speak, but Scott rises, without the things he's been packing, and walks out the newsroom door. We cut immediately to...

14. EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. DAY

Scott is leaving the Times Building. He walks down the sidewalk dazed and saddened; he has just discovered, or shall we say admitted, a lot of things about himself he didn't want to. It has hurt him badly. We follow him around Washington for a small walk. No symbolic staring matches with the Washington Monument; no cliches here. We are interested in him and his problems. Gradually, he appears less sad, more intent.
Scott walks in the newsroom door. His pain has subsided, being replaced with a purpose. He seems directed to a cause. Clarke looks up, notices him, and takes on a timid expression.

CLARKE

I'm sorry about what I said.

Scott nods and sits behind his desk. He looks at the picture of Deb on his desk, then he reaches into the drawer and pulls out his tape machine. He puts the phone into his ear and turns on the tape.

MONARCH

(v.o.)

It has to be done.

Scott quickly rewinds the tape and plays it again.

MONARCH

(v.o.)

It has to be done.

He rewinds the tape and plays it again.

MONARCH

(v.o.)

It has to be done.

This time, Scott advances the tape then plays it.

MICHAEL

(v.o.)

I guess it's started.
Again the tape is rewound.

MICHAEL (v.o.)

I guess it's started.

Again.

MICHAEL (v.o.)

I guess it's started.

Scott shuts off the tape player. He sits there pondering a problem. He looks for and finds his reporter's notebook. Flipping through it hurriedly, he finds the page in question. We cut to the page in close-up. It says, "Lewellyn Accident," but there is more. Scott scans down the page, flips to the next, then finally finds what he is looking for. Lewellyn's last words. In quotation marks: "He's gonna kill all of us, Monarch! It's started." Underneath is written the object of his search: "Lewellyn equals Ramm? Heller equals Di Cenzo?" Then, off to itself: "____?____ equals Van Hook?" Scott looks up and thinks. His face appears excited.

SCOTT

Hockney, you wanna do me a favor?

CLARKE

What?

SCOTT

Meet me at Rock Creek Park in an hour.

CLARKE

What for? And why in an hour?
Scott’s face is animated. He is happy over something. We’re not sure what it is, but we’re relieved to see it.

SCOTT
It’s more suspenseful that way.

With that curious answer, Scott heads out the door. Clarke stares at him as he departs, confused.

CUT TO:
16. EXT. ROCK CREEK PARK DAY

Clarke and Scott are walking along a foot trail in the Park. Scott is awfully quiet. Clarke is trying to get him to say something. Scott won’t speak until he’s ready. And, soon, he is.

SCOTT
What would be the most interesting story to come out these days?

CLARKE
Interesting in what way?

SCOTT
Something that everyone knew, but yet, couldn’t really believe for sure.

CLARKE
You’re being obscure. Not to mention melodramatic.

SCOTT
The TRIAD exists.
CLARKE

Come again?

SCOTT

The TRIAD exists. (PAUSE) Or, rather, did exist.

CLARKE

The one Senator Hall kept casually mentioning?

Scott nods.

CLARKE

Scott, everyone knows it existed.

SCOTT

Yes, but they have no proof. No reason for thinking that. It's a popular myth, like James Bond. Did you know someone even wrote a biography of James Bond, as if he had really existed?

CLARKE

But we know that the TRIAD existed.

SCOTT

It's mostly educated speculation. There's no sound reasoning. (PAUSE) I think I have proof.

CLARKE

And you also know where Jimmy Hoffa gets his suits made these days, right?
SCOTT
You ever heard of Dan Heller?

CLARKE
Yeah. Remember I talked to him the other day?

SCOTT
Of course. (PAUSE) He was part of the TRIAD.

CLARKE
Oh really?

SCOTT
So was Ray Lewellyn, the foreman at the CONDUIT. (PAUSE) And Manfred Tyler was the third man. That's why they called it TRIAD.

CLARKE
You make it all sound so easy. What gave you the idea?

SCOTT
Something I first heard on those tapes of Tyler's phone. He said that something was about to start.

Clarke looks at Scott quizzically.

SCOTT
I heard it from Heller and from Lewellyn. (PAUSE) In fact, they were the last words of both men: "It's started."
CLARKE

What does that mean?

SCOTT

I think it means the final phasing-out of the TRIAD.

CLARKE

Final? I thought the TRIAD was disbanded about five or six years ago.

SCOTT

It was. But it's being brought up again. And it's threatening Tyler's position, however unstable, with the CIA. He's wanting to get rid of the other two agents...and now.

CLARKE

It sounds a bit obvious.

SCOTT

Only to the CIA. And they don't want the TRIAD to go public. Tyler may be crazy, but he's not stupid.

CLARKE

They're stepping on each other's toes, aren't they? The CIA doesn't want the group to be revealed, yet Tyler is afraid of them. Tyler commits murder because of that fear, and the CIA lets him.

SCOTT

No one said American intelligence was under the control of intelligent men.
CLARKE

Pretty conspicuous way of killing someone, though. One man plummets to his death, and another perishes in a sudden gas explosion. (PAUSE) And what were both of the doing working on the CONDUIT.

SCOTT

Coincidence. That's probably what gave Tyler the incentive to go ahead and get it over with. (PAUSE) Conspicuous death is the trademark of a desperate agent. Some have been known to wreck entire jetliners to kill one man. Tyler said in testimony that he was opposed to that kind of activity, but he'd probably do anything to bury the TRIAD. The CIA is behind him, too. They just didn't realize how he'd do it.

CLARKE

Why didn't he just kill them in the first place?

SCOTT

He thought that the TRIAD would just fade away. At least that's the way it looks. And the agents were still useful. But Tyler's scared. Something happened.

CLARKE

How'd he keep it from the CIA for so long?

SCOTT

He used agents-in-place, probably paid their extra wages through a ghost employee. That's been known to happen. Lewellyn was always a foreman, and Heller was always someone's aide.
CLARKE

Foreman?

SCOTT

He'd supervise construction on important buildings. He'd also slip in a few electronic devices here and there. (PAUSE) Heller just influenced legislation the way Tyler wanted.

CLARKE

And you think Tyler was the third agent?

SCOTT

I don't know how else it could've worked. No one else seems involved. It's just these three men.

They walk on for a few more feet. Finally Clarke shakes his head in thoughtful confusion.

CLARKE

But why tell me all of this? Just because Bob killed one of your stories?

SCOTT

No, the CIA killed one of my stories.

CLARKE

SCOTT

It wasn't national security. It was a cover-up. Heller told me I was in danger. They saw me at his house. And they heard me. I know something. Somehow, I'm dangerous. (PAUSE) Would you do me a favor, Clarke?

CLARKE

As long as I don't have to lend you money.

SCOTT

Take care of Deb.

CLARKE

How do you mean that?

SCOTT

If something happens to me, make sure she's all right.

CLARKE

I hope you know you're being ridiculous.

SCOTT

You don't know how this looks. I don't like it. (PAUSE) I'm not counting on getting killed. I just want to know that someone will look after Deb. (PAUSE) She has been good to me.

CLARKE

You're really scared, aren't you?
SCOTT

Yeah.

Scott and Clarke look at each other. Their friendship is showing. They both walk out of the shot.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE.
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

17. INT. SCOTT'S HOME NIGHT

It is late. Scott is not immediately seen, but we hear his typewriter going almost incessantly in the darkness somewhere. First we see Becca, asleep in bed. We then pan across the room slowly, so that we notice details as we hear the pecking from another room. Eventually, after we have gone through two rooms, we come into the kitchen, the farthest room from the bedroom. Scott is in his robe, sitting at the kitchen table typing. At first it appears that he is working on a story, for he is in deep concentration. Soon, however, we notice that his manner is not that of a man who is enjoying what he is doing. Scott is making out his will. He stops, thinks a bit, then pulls out a financial portfolio and checks it. He mumbles a figure then returns to his work, unaware that Deb has appeared in the doorway. He finally notices her presence.

DEB

Scott?

SCOTT

Yeah?

DEB

What are you doing? It's three in the morning.
SCOTT
Catching up on a little work.  
Go on back to bed.

DEB
What is it?

SCOTT
A little work.

DEB
A little work is something you do  
on a Saturday afternoon.  What is it?

SCOTT
Believe me, Deb, it's nothing.

His voice trails out.  She is staring at him, not in  
the mood for this.  She walks over and reaches for  
the paper.  He relents, then he prepares himself for  
her reaction.  It is not long in coming.

DEB
What the hell is this?

SCOTT
My will.

DEB
Why are you making out a will?

SCOTT
I think I need to.

DEB
Were you going to tell me or  
just let it be a surprise?
SCOTT

Our lawyer suggested that I fill one out. It's just a formality.

DEB

No it's not. Making out a will at this time of night? There's something wrong.

SCOTT

Deb, there's nothing wrong.

DEB

What's wrong?

SCOTT

Nothing.

DEB

I don't believe you.

SCOTT

It's nothing......

Scott's voice falters. Becca notices and almost immediately loses her anger. Scott is disturbed about something. At first, Becca thinks it's her. Then, she realizes that he is staring without looking at anything. There is sheer terror on his face.

DEB

What is it, Scott?

She stands behind him, rubbing his shoulders and trying to bring him out of whatever it is he's in.
DEB

Babe, are you all right?

Scott tries to talk, but can't. He's not crying. In fact, it is not a comfortable, predictable emotion he's experiencing; it is hell. In simple terms, he's scared shitless. The forces are turning on him, and he's scared. Soon, mustering up all his strength, he speaks. We realize that the odd energy which kept him aware to type his will is being expended through his speech, which at first is hurried.

SCOTT

It's started. That's all. It's started.

DEB

What's started?

SCOTT

I don't know. That's why I'm making out my will at three in the morning. It's started and it's scaring the hell out of me! Two men have been killed. I'm next.

DEB

What are you saying?

SCOTT

The TRIAD. I'm next. Heller said so. I know something.

DEB

What could you possibly know?
SCOTT
What difference does that make? They think I do know something. That's all that matters.

DEB
You're letting this story get to you. There's no threat.

SCOTT
There is too a threat, dammit!

Debbie's hurt by Scott's burst of anger. She slaps him across the face and runs into the bedroom. Scott soon follows, finding her on the bed. Scott is uneasy; sure, he was angry, but why did she react so violently?

SCOTT
Deb, what's wrong?

DEB
You! That's what's wrong! Making out that ridiculous will! As if the entire intelligence community is out to get you. They don't care! If they did, you'd be dead by now! If you did know anything, it wouldn't matter a damn. The TRIAD is dead. Who cares?

SCOTT
They do.

DEB
So you're running scared. Well, you can run without me. Because I'm too tired to do it anymore.
Deb has lost her anger and is now crying softly. Scott stands beside her, dumbfounded. He doesn't know what to do. She speaks through her sobs.

DEB

Our marriage these past few months has been nothing but one long, noisy hell. Both of us are trying to get back something we once had, but we're both going in different directions. We're hurting each other. (PAUSE) You're so wrapped up in Scott Cristantello. You didn't even consider how I'd react when I discovered you, in the middle of the night, making out your will. (PAUSE) I know you're scared. You've watched two men die. But you're not going to die, Scott. (PAUSE) Don't you notice me anymore? Am I just some appendage to your life? A private duty nurse just around to help you regain what you've lost? (PAUSE) You used to love me. You used to care. (PAUSE) I was here a long time ago. Back when you were a complete man! And I've taken it all since then. I remember everything you never will. All the pain. All the hurt. And I'm so damn tired...

Deb's voice breaks. Scott feels three inches tall. He can't answer. Deb finally regains control and adds one more thing.

DEB

I don't think we love each other anymore.

Scott's eyes focus on Deb. He's been expecting this. He doesn't like it, but he has to face it; he's been a heel. But he doesn't want Deb to believe what she's just said.

SCOTT

You know that's not true. Maybe I have been laying it on too thick, but I haven't stopped loving you. You're my wife. And it may sound corny, but that means something to me. You're going to have our baby. That means something, too.
Scott pauses. He goes over to Deb and kneels beside her. Her crying is still steady. Scott is readying himself; he's about to push a big weight off his chest.

**SCOTT**

You're right. Our marriage hasn't been very happy lately. We've had a lot of pressure, both from within and without. But it's over now. I haven't regained any memory since the accident. I probably never will. (PAUSE) It's time for me to get on with it.

Deb has stopped crying. She is looking at him. She is not about to rush back into his arms. Things are slow and sincere.

**DEB**

Yes, it is.

Scott nods. He looks at her then reaches over, scoops up a tear from her cheek, kisses it, and replaces it. She smiles and kisses his hand.

**JUMP CUT TO:**

Several hours later that same morning. Scott is up and about. Deb is still in bed. He comes out from the shower and walks to get his robe. As he does, Becca begins to stir. He bends down to kiss her. She's sleepy.

**SCOTT**

Good morning.

**DEB**

Not yet it isn't.
Scott smiles. As he leaves the kitchen, he puts on his robe. Once in the kitchen, he reaches down and picks up the partially-finished will. Cut to a close-up of the document before Scott crumples it into a little ball and throws it in the trash can. He then returns to the bathroom. A beat, then Deb comes sneaking out of the bedroom, wide awake. She picks the will out of the can, straightens it, then goes back into the bedroom.

18. EXT. ROCK CREEK PARKWAY DAY

Scott is driving to work in the station wagon with the radio on. He seems to be happy, since a great weight has been lifted off his chest. He pushes the buttons on the armrest which automatically lock the doors and roll up the windows. He pushes the end of the turn signal lever and the car switches into cruise control. Scott turns on the air conditioning and sits back to enjoy the ride. Up ahead, a motorist is on the shoulder, fixing a flat tire. Scott, wanting to stop and help, turns the wheel slightly and tries to slow the car. He then notices, just in time to avoid hitting the man, that the car will not respond. There are no brakes, and the gas pedal is stuck. Calm yet confused, Scott pushes on the brakes. The pedal is limp. He tries to disengage the cruise control, but it doesn't respond either. The door lock buttons are jammed, as are the window buttons. While all of this is happening, the car is barely avoiding side-swiping the other cars along side. Scott keeps trying until he realizes that it's no use; he's trapped in his own car. He begins to think, his hands fumbling under the dashboard to disconnect any strategic wires. His hand brushes against the rear deck window button, and the window lowers a little. Scott notices and pushes it again, and the window comes completely down. His only problem now is how to get to the window. He points the car toward the off ramp, holds it steady, then leaps backward, landing in the rear seat. The car begins to swerve, smashing into nearby cars. Scott finally makes it to the rear deck, where he jumps out of the window and onto the shoulder, where he bounces for a few feet then stops, lying unconscious. The station wagon, meanwhile, has skidded sideways and soon begins to flip end over end down the ramp, burning pieces of the car flying away. It should look gruesome as hell. We cut back to Scott just as an ambulance pulls up out of nowhere. The attendants do not seem to care whether Scott is hurt or not. They merely roll him into the back of the truck and speed off.
19. INT. DARKENED ROOM NIGHT

Scott is lying on his back on a cot. He is beginning to stir. One man is standing beside the cot, and one man is seated. We cannot see the second man's face. The man standing is a bodyguard, watching Scott, who gradually opens his eyes and adjusts them slowly to the dim room light. The seated man comes forward in his chair, into the light. It is Monarch, alias Manfred Tyler. He is calm, yet purposeful. Scott recognizes him immediately.

SCOTT

Tyler!

MONARCH

Manfred Maynard Tyler, code name Monarch.

SCOTT

Leader of the TRIAD.

Monarch nods silently. He smiles then pulls out a manila envelope.

MONARCH

The members of the TRIAD.

He opens the envelope and takes out a picture of Ray Lewellyn. It is a much younger Lewellyn, though. Perhaps five years younger.

SCOTT

Ray Lewellyn.

MONARCH

Alias Robert "Burt" DiCenzo.
SCOTT
Killed by falling off the CONDUIT Building. (PAUSE) Who pushed him?

MONARCH
A close friend. It's always more surprising that way.

He next produces a picture of Daniel Heller, a younger one of perhaps five years before.

SCOTT
Senate Aide Daniel Heller. A mysteriously gas explosion ripped through his home.

MONARCH
You even speak like a newsman. (PAUSE) He took care of the political scene in Washington. Making sure that people were kept away from the TRIAD.

SCOTT
Like Senator McClellan. (PAUSE) And he failed. That's why you killed him.

MONARCH
Exactly. DiCenzo was just a highly-skilled mechanic. Sometimes he'd still do clean-up work. (PAUSE) But they both had to be killed. My career was in jeopardy.

SCOTT
I thought the CIA didn't kill its own.
MONARCH

I'm not part of the CIA.

SCOTT

You work for them.

MONARCH

But I hold none of their stupid loyalties. None of their stupid ideas.

SCOTT

You mean ideas like discretion? You embarrass them, Tyler. They keep you around to make sure none suspect your involvement. But they wish they could can you. You're a skeleton in the closet. You think that death is the only solution to any problem.

Monarch stands quietly and begins to pace. He then looks back at Scott with intent in his eyes.

MONARCH

Death IS the only solution. When a minor lieutenant in a foreign army feels like impressing his superiors by running a block against an imperialist CIA operation, we have only one alternative: kill him.

Monarch continues to pace. Scott is watching and listening intently.

MONARCH

Sometimes things must be done to protect the peace. Steps must be taken. Otherwise a few stupid people would stand in the way of world peace.
Scott is mystified by the madman standing before him. Tyler continues his speech.

MONARCH

Who do you think reversed the Cuban missile crisis? It wasn't Kennedy. It was me. I convinced Castro to eliminate the bases...by holding a gun to his head. (PAUSE) I was pretty good in my day. I could sneak into the Kremlin, take ten rolls of film, then leave without making a sound. (PAUSE) I was the best.

SCOTT

And when you got too old, you enlisted other agents and trained them yourself. (PAUSE) What other crises have you reversed?

MONARCH

The TRIAD has done a lot of travelling. Dallas, November, 1963.

At first the words don't sink in. Then Scott realizes what Monarch has said. His reaction is a mixture of outrage, tempered with regard for Monarch's audacity. Softly yet deliberately, the words come from his mouth.

SCOTT

You bastard!

MONARCH

No need for name calling, Cristantello. I didn't do it.

SCOTT

Then who did?
MONARCH

DiCenzo did. He was part of the Secret Service then. (PAUSE) He botched the job, though. We had to launch a cover-up. That's where Van Hook came in. He helped rearrange some evidence. (PAUSE He did a very good job on the Zapruder film. Made it look like a botched cover-up instead of trying to conceal the whole action. (PAUSE) He was good friends with Jack Ruby, too.

Scott is still in confusion. He looks up at Monarch.

SCOTT

Why Kennedy?

MONARCH

We didn't like his attitude.

SCOTT

And Van Hook arranged the evidence to look like someone else had tried to cover it up but failed?

Monarch nods.

SCOTT

Ingenious. (PAUSE) You guys didn't have anything to do with Watergate, did you?

MONARCH

You might say I was the technical advisor.
There is a pause. Scott is trying to assemble these pieces in his mind. He shakes his head slowly, smiling ruefully: Monarch is not the idiot Scott thought he was.

SCOTT

Then that was the reason why both your agents died violent deaths. You were trying to throw suspicion onto someone else.

MONARCH

You're learning.

SCOTT

Didn't you do any of the work yourself? After all, it was a three-man group.

MONARCH

Yes, but I wasn't the third man.

Scott stops. He is puzzled. Monarch begins to smile.

MONARCH

James Ramm. The third man. The Invisible One. That's what we called him. He was even better than me. He could do anything. (PAUSE) But he got an attack of conscience. He didn't like killing people. And even though we put him on soft assignments, when the TRIAD disbanded, he was ready to go public. We had to kill him. (PAUSE) But the accident didn't kill him. He was as good as dead to us, though.

SCOTT

Accident?
MONARCH

Yes. It should have been fatal, but he survived. Without a memory.

Scott stares in disbelief as Monarch takes out the last picture from the envelope. It is a picture of Scott, about five years younger.

MONARCH

James Ramm. The invisible one.

CUT TO:

20. INT. CRISTANTElLO HOME NIGHT

Deb is seated in a recliner chair, her legs drawn up underneath her. She is watching a home movie of herself and Scott on vacation. The projector is setting on the end table. At first we don't see Deb, for we are behind her, watching the movie. Then the camera dollies slowly around to face her. She has tears in her eyes. Large tears. But she is silent. She is feeling pain just like any good CIA agent is supposed to: without flinching. The movie shows Scott on water skis, then fishing in a cove somewhere. Next Scott is sitting beside a campfire, with Deb and others, roasting hot dogs. We cut back to Deb's face, which is seething with inner pain. She realizes that Scott is probably dead. She is alone. The phone rings and she picks it up. Her voice is calm but still weak.

DEB

Yes? (PAUSE) I'll be there as soon as possible.

She hangs up. She turns off the projector. As the light diminishes on the screen, we focus on Deb's face.

DEB

Damn you, Monarch!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR.
ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

21. INT. DARKENED ROOM NIGHT

Scott is now sitting on the cot. Monarch is sitting across from him. There is a bit more light in the room but not much.

SCOTT

Where are we?

MONARCH

The construction shack on the CONDUIT site.

SCOTT

Isn't this all a bit obvious? Won't anyone notice the pattern?

MONARCH

Maybe, but the only people who would notice the pattern won't say anything about it.

SCOTT

How will I die?

MONARCH

Since your boss chewed you out of not having enough proof in your story, you will come to the CONDUIT, looking for that proof. You'll stumble in the darkness and fall to your death.
SCOTT
What about my accident?

MONARCH
Why would a perfectly intelligent man leap from a speeding car, sending it crashing down a parkway ramp, then turn up waltzing across the girders of the CONDUIT? Obvious paranoia.

SCOTT
Obvious? Is that how Bob Jonason will print it?

MONARCH
Exactly.

SCOTT
What about Deb?

MONARCH
She knows. She's an agent.

Scott's eyes widen in disbelief. He shakes his head, but doesn't seem at all surprised.

MONARCH
How do you think you managed before the amnesia? She had to know. Your whole marriage was a set-up. By the way, she's holding your will until after you're dead. It will show you to be a raving paranoid. (PAUSE) We'll also have testimony from your friend Hockney.
SCOTT
Clarke, too?

MONARCH
He's not an agent. We just know about your conversation in Rock Creek Park. (PAUSE) You were wearing a microphone.

SCOTT
How'd you manage that?

Monarch smiles proudly.

MONARCH
I'm not over-the-hill yet.

He stands and begins to pace again. There is something on his mind.

MONARCH
Do you remember anything at all?

SCOTT
Does that really matter?

MONARCH
Mere curiosity. I'm still trying to figure out what happened. That's the one area I've been stumped on. (PAUSE) Your psychiatrist doesn't keep notes.

SCOTT
I noticed he never writes anything down. (PAUSE) It was traumatic, brought on by severe anxiety coupled with a suddenly stressful situation.
MONARCH

Guilt. You had expressed your feelings to DiCenzo and Van Hook.

SCOTT

We knew each other? That must be why DiCenzo was concerned about me being at the building site. He was scared.

MONARCH

Understandably. (PAUSE) Now, it's time to go.

Monarch gestures toward the bodyguard, then toward Scott.

MONARCH

Take him.

The man pulls Scott up off the bed and propels him toward the door. Monarch soon follows. We cut to the outside of the building, where the skeleton of the CONDUIT, short and stout, looms in the darkness. The building, only nine stories tall, is still tall enough for a fall to be fatal. They enter the elevator and begin to ascend. Scott is not scared, even though he should be. He is just looking around himself, waiting for his chance. The elevator reaches the top floor and all four men exit. On the floor there is a scrap pile of sheet metal, one standing light, and a stack of plywood sheets: the floor is plywood for the workmen.

MONARCH

This is where it will happen. Do what you must to prepare.

SCOTT

What do you mean?
MONARCH

Prayers, whatever.

Scott looks at Monarch then walks over to the edge of the building. His eyes shift as he walks, betraying his depressed mood. He's planning something. He looks and spots his answer: a workman's hard hat lying on a girder. He slowly bends down to pick it up then puts it on.

SCOTT

Have to make this look good.

MONARCH

Nice touch.

As Monarch says it, Scott, in a burst of lightning speed, whips off the hat and unerringly throws it at the lamp, smashing it and throwing the area into darkness. Of course, we can still see. Scott dives to one side, and a shot is fired. He removes his shoe silently and tosses it away. It lands and sounds like a footstep. The bodyguard, MICHAEL, runs over to check out the noise. Scott appears in front of him with a length of pipe, which he smashes against Michael's shins, dropping the man in his tracks. He then bashes in his head. Michael falls, dead. Another shot is fired, and Scott has to move away from Michael. Monarch is stalking, and Scott is fleeing. But all is quiet and deadly. Monarch walks around behind the stack of plywood, looking. Scott has now walked around the area and is about five feet away from Michael. He looks down and sees the dead man's coat open and his gun in the shoulder holster. We hear a scratching sound, and Scott turns to see Monarch, on the other side of Michael, lighting a flare. All is brightly illuminated now. With the gun in one hand, Monarch plants the flare in the plywood.

MONARCH

You've demonstrated some long latent talents. But you've lost the battle. Goodbye and no hard feelings.
Scott seems to relent, but then, he dives for Michael's body, grabbing and aiming the dead man's gun in one motion. Monarch has little time to realize Scott's move before it has happened, since he is busy with the flare. We cut immediately to the base of the building, where two men in business suits are waiting beside a car. A shot is heard from atop the building. A moment later a body falls to the ground. The two men look at each other, then back at the building. They are CIA agents RYAN and TAGGERT. The elevator begins to descend, and the two men are just as unsure as we are of which man is coming down. In a few minutes, the elevator grinds to a halt, and Scott steps from it. The men approach him. As they do, Scott draws the gun.

RYAN
Scott David Cristantello?

SCOTT
Yeah?

RYAN
I'm Agent Ryan. This is Agent Taggert. We're with the CIA. (PAUSE) Tyler's dead?

Scott nods silently, holding the gun steady on both men. He's not buying anything yet.

RYAN
Admiral Turner would like to see you.

SCOTT
Stansfield Turner?

RYAN
That's him.

SCOTT
Why?
TAGGERT
You're scheduled for a de-briefing. Admiral Turner wants to find out exactly what you do know.

SCOTT
He doesn't need me for that. I don't know anything. Now move.

The two men are caught off balance by Scott's last words. They look at each other, confused. Scott is gesturing with the gun.

RYAN
What do you mean?

SCOTT
Take me to him right now.

RYAN
You're in no danger. We were after Tyler.

SCOTT
Is that why my car suddenly developed a minor malfunction on the Parkway this afternoon? Why Van Hook and DiCenzo were allowed to die?

RYAN
We had to be sure. We had to catch him in the act. Now that he's dead, things have to be wrapped up.

SCOTT
Like why a lead Senate witness will be found at the bottom of the CONDUIT with a bullet in his head?
CUT TO:

22. INT. CIA DIRECTOR'S OFFICE NIGHT

We cut immediately to the office, where the Director himself answers Scott's question.

TURNER

It will be reported that Mr. Tyler died of a self-inflicted gun shot wound. The reason will not be immediately known. They'll find his body at home; the other body will disappear.

Scott is seated, desolated. His entire world has just caved-in, and it's finally hitting him.

TURNER

Mr. Cristantello, I want to assure you of my deepest regrets. (PAUSE) My tenure as director did not begin until after this happened. We kept it quiet so as not to stir up bad press. (PAUSE) We've had our share the past few years.

SCOTT

Yes, I know. (PAUSE) What's going to happen to me?

TURNER

That is up to you. The TRIAD is dead. You remember nothing, and, even if you did, you wouldn't want this to come out any more than we would.

Scott silently shakes his head. He is rubbing his hands together nervously. His head is bowed. He tries to appear unshaken, but he cannot.
SCOTT

Admiral, I just want to live my life as I have the past six years. (PAUSE) With one major difference.

TURNER

Your wife Deborah?

Scott nods. Turner reaches over to a tape recorder/player which is sitting on his desk. He pulls a cassette from his desk drawer, puts it into the machine, and turns it on. Soon Deb's voice, along with Turner's, comes filtering out of the speaker.

DEB (v.o.)

At first it was an assignment. We were in-place agents gathering minor information. I had no idea that he was in the TRIAD. It was all routine. (PAUSE) I didn't even love him. I wasn't supposed to. It was my job.

Scott looks distainfully at the recorder. There is pain in every word he hears.

TURNER (v.o.)

What happened after the accident?

DEB (v.o.)

Monarch came to the house. Scott was still in the hospital. He told me everything. About the TRIAD, about the wreck. He told me that I should remain quiet and continue in my role.

Scott is roused by this, and leans forward to hear better.
TURNER
(v.o.)

Did he threaten you?

DEB
(v.o.)

He didn't have to.

We hear Deb start to cry. First softly. Then almost uncontrollably. Scott reacts.

DEB
(v.o.)

I've grown to love Scott. I couldn't tell him. I wanted to. He was my husband. I had actually begun to think of him as my husband. I wanted him to know everything. No secrets. (PAUSE) But if he knew, he'd leave.

Scott is looking at the machine. His face is sad, and he, too, is shedding a few tears.

DEB
(v.o.)

That's why I want Scott's child. I want to be his wife. (PAUSE) But that's not possible now, is it?

Turner shuts off the machine. He looks at Scott, who is obviously torn: does he trust Deb again? Should he?

SCOTT

Why should I believe you? Or her?

Turner appears exasperated. But he remains calm and mannerly. He takes the tape out of the machine and throws it to Scott.
TURNER

Because that is her legal statement.
(PAUSE) You are of no use to us at all.
We don't need the aggravation of having
you around. All we want you to do is leave
and never come back. Live your life as
you want.

Scott nods, then he smiles a friendly smile toward Turner. He
reaches over to shake his hand, then stands.
Scott thinks a bit, repeating the words and listening
to their sound.

SCOTT

My life.

TURNER

What are you going to do?

CUT TO:

23. EXT. CRISTANTELO HOME DAY

We see Scott walking down the sidewalk toward his
house. He is taking his time. Things are building
up inside him. He has no release. This meeting with
Deb will make or break the marriage. Can he trust
her again? Scott answer's Admiral Turner's question
in voice-over as he approaches the house.

SCOTT
(v.o.)

I really don't know.

Scott opens the front door and walks in. Inside he
is uneasy. He goes from the foyer to the living room,
where Deb is seated on the couch. She has been crying
but is now stopped. Now there is only desolation in her
face. He sits in a chair across the room from her.
There is heavy silence. Finally, he breaks it.
SCOTT
You've been crying.

Deb nods. She cannot say anything yet. It is hard for both of them. Scott sees her dilemma and continues.

SCOTT
I've been talking with Admiral Turner.

Long pause. Deb is still looking away from Scott. She mutters something eventually.

DEB
I thought you were dead.

Long pause. Deb is dredging it all up. It is draining her to say every word.

DEB
I didn’t want you to be.

Long pause.

SCOTT
Are you planning to leave?

Long pause.

DEB
If you want.

Long pause.

SCOTT
I don't want.
Long pause. Deb looks up at Scott finally. There are fresh tears in her eyes.

SCOTT
Could you do me a favor?

DEB
What?

SCOTT
Sometime, when you feel like it, could you tell me?

DEB
Tell you?

SCOTT
About James Ramm?

Deb nods weakly.

DEB
Are you tired?

With that remark, Deb has removed most of the doubt as to whether or not she wants Scott back. It should be the relaxing phrase.

SCOTT
A little. (PAUSE) Why did you keep it from me?

DEB
You would have left.
SCOTT

Were you ever going to tell me?

Deb shakes her head. Her hopes are being stepped on, she wishes Scott wouldn't ask so many questions.

SCOTT

It's hard for you, too, isn't it?

Deb nods silently. Then she looks up at Scott. More tears.

DEB

It's Saturday.

Scott appears confused. Her meaning escapes him.

DEB

You don't work tomorrow. (PAUSE)
You can sleep in. (PAUSE) You said you were tired.

Scott smiles despite himself. He gets up and walks over to the couch, sitting down beside Deb. She eventually wraps herself around him and sits tucked under his arm. They are still uneasy with each other, still uncertain about the future. But things might work out. A happy ending. Cut to a crane shot and hold for credits.

FADE OUT.

THE END.