

"FACESPACE"

By

JSR

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EXT. WASHINGTON, DC INTERNET CAFE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON HYPNOTIC FLASHING LIGHTS - RED LIGHT, BLUE LIGHT

PULL BACK TO REVEAL SIGN: "FACESPACE INTERNET CAFE" --

Raining hard. SCOTT ROADS, early 30s, takes refuge in internet cafe.

INT. FACESPACE INTERNET CAFE- NIGHT

MOSTLY FEMALE TWENTY-SOMETHINGS lost in their Smartphones and I pads.

Scott looks around for an empty table but finds only a lone chair in the back of the cafe next to the Janitor's closet. Sits down and places his bag under the chair.

DOOR opens. JANITOR pushing his mop and bucket bumps into Scott.

JANITOR

Sorry, didn't see you there, pal.

SCOTT

That's okay. I'm used to it.

JANITOR

Know what you mean. I could walk around naked in here and these Facespace honeys wouldn't notice.

Scott notices one of the twenty-somethings amazingly looks up from her Ipad and in his direction. He smiles but gets no response other than a blank stare. Seconds later she submerges back into her Facespace world.

JANITOR

See what I mean? Totally spaced. I'm Louie, by the way.

SCOTT

Scott Roads.

They shake hands.

JANITOR

Where's your PAD?

SCOTT

You mean my Ipad? I get my news the old-fashioned way.

(CONTINUED)

Scott removes a newspaper "AMERICA TODAY" from his bag.  
HEADLINE reads: HACKERS ATTACK DEFENSE NETWORKS

JANITOR

Last of the holdouts. Good for  
you. So what do you do?

SCOTT

I write books.

JANITOR

Yeah? They still make them?

SCOTT

Believe it or not.

JANITOR

Anything I heard of?

SCOTT

I write conspiracy novels.

Scott reaches into his bag and pulls out a copy of "BIG  
SECRET." Hands it to the janitor.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Here. Take it.

JANITOR

Gee, thanks. "Big Secret" huh? The  
truth is out there...that type of  
thing?

SCOTT

Something like that.

JANITOR

I'll keep my eyes open. Well, I  
gotta get back to work. See ya next  
time, pal.

Janitor lumbers around the twenty-somethings. Looks back at  
Scott and makes faces at the crowd but no one notices.

Scott gets lost in his newspaper.

CLOSE ON THE HYPNOTIC FLASHING BLUE AND RED LIGHTS

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - NIGHT

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

RUNNING LIGHTS OF BLACK HELICOPTER flying low over black water. Lightning FLASHES as the helicopter ELEVATES over the Memorial Bridge, past the Lincoln Memorial and banks hard left at the Washington Monument.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

CIA AGENT PAUL SIMON, 35, holds on for dear life as the helicopter heads for the FLASHING RED AND BLUE LIGHTS on the WHITE HOUSE LANDING PAD.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LANDING PAD - NIGHT

MAJOR JOHN NAZARIAN, mid -30's, an unflinching block of granite, waits with an umbrella.

HELICOPTER lands. Simon steps into the pouring rain. Sees Nazarian.

SIMON

Nazarian, you're always there when I need you.

NAZARIAN

You look tired, Paul.

SIMON

You know I get sick as a dog on these things. So what's the big secret meeting?

NAZARIAN

Signals and noise. Just signals and noise.

INT. WEST WING SECURITY STATION - LATER

Simon and Nazarian enter elevator. DESCEND 6 FLOORS.

INT. WHITE HOUSE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

DOORS OPEN revealing a BUSY COMMAND CENTER.

GENERAL RICHARD LANDSDALE motions to Nazarian to "hurry."

(CONTINUED)

LANDSDALE

The meeting's already started,  
John.

NAZARIAN

General, Paul Simon, CIA.

SIMON

General.

The General appears to know Simon but not on good terms.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Seated around a large polished conference table are senior officers of the military and intelligence agencies.

Simon and Nazarian enter.

NATIONAL SECURITY DIRECTOR RONALD PAINE looks up from his briefing book. Paine's demeanor is menacing. He turns his fierce focus to Simon.

PAINE

(seething)

For the record, the CIA has finally  
arrived.

Paine motions "lights off."

ON SCREEN: Nighttime surveillance video of Kabul military weapons storage facility. Three bunkers begin to burn. Guard signals frantically for the others to get away. There is WILD ORDINANCE FIRING in all directions. Agonizing screams. The two minute transmission is terminated after an EXPLOSION takes out the surveillance camera.

Simon has difficulty focusing on the screen. He begins to blackout.

EXT. IRAQI VILLAGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Heavy shelling in the pitch black. Men, women and children running for their lives.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

On a bluff overlooking the village is Lieutenant Simon in communication with Artillery Operations Center.

SIMON  
CEASE FIRE, CEASE FIRE. You're  
killing women and children!

The shelling gets dangerously closer to the helicopter.

Simon taps PILOT on the back. It's Nazarian.

SIMON  
Pilot, get us out of here!

BRILLIANT LIGHT AND RUSHING NOISE

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

LIGHTS of the conference room flicker back on. Simon regains consciousness. A VOICE becomes more distinct- the DIRECTOR'S VOICE.

PAINÉ  
Seven soldiers dead. No indication  
the Kabul facility's security  
perimeter was breached.

Simon is dazed and confused, not certain where he is. Gradually his confusion subsides.

PAINÉ (CONT'D)  
This was not an accident. This is a  
case of sabotage of the site's  
computer network.

Paine notices Simon's lack of attention. A look of disgust crosses Paine's face as he SLAMS his hand on the table.

PAINÉ (CONT'D)  
Excuse me, Mr. Simon, may I be  
stupid enough to ask if the  
CIA has any information concerning  
this event?

SIMON  
Yes, sir, you may. Our Afghan ops  
think it may involve a local cell.

Paine adjusts his position, levels his stare at Simon.

(CONTINUED)

PAINÉ

You think. You're not sure?

MARY HART, NSA representative, meekly raises her hand.

PAINÉ (CONT'D)

Ms. Hart, don't be shy.

HART

SIGINT has been active concerning this facility, sir. It may involve a STUXNET type virus. Perhaps the group that hacked into Defense Networks. Codename GRAPEVINE.

PAINÉ

GRAPEVINE? I thought that was a myth.

FBI COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE DIRECTOR GEORGE LANNON, 60, steps forward from the shadows.

LANNON

GRAPEVINE is very much alive. Perhaps going back twenty years.

PAINÉ

Any ideas who is involved?

LANNON

We at the FBI believe it reaches the senior level of the CIA.

Simon feels the eyes of the entire room on him.

PAINÉ

I cannot emphasize enough the threat this GRAPEVINE poses to our national security.

(looking directly at Simon)

I'm designating the FBI Counter-Intelligence under the direction of Mr. Lannon to lead this investigation. I expect full cooperation. Is that clear?

Simon sits stunned. Lannon smiles at his discomfort.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LANDING PAD- NIGHT

Paul heads for the helicopter. Nazarian is waiting to see him off.

SIMON

The last time I got attacked by our own forces was in Iraq. Why didn't you tell me?

NAZARIAN

I didn't want to worry you. We have to talk.

SIMON

Later.

NAZARIAN

When?

SIMON

After I brief the Director. Don't worry. I'll let you know.

The helicopter lifts off and goes back up the Potomac.

EXT. FOGGY BOTTOM DC HI RISE - DAY

Scott parks his Vespa on the street and enters his office building.

ANGLE ACROSS THE STREET TO PARKED BLACK SUV

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

MAN IN GRAY SUIT closes a book - "BIG SECRET."

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

Scott enters his office carrying a FED-EX box. Drops the box on the desk of his assistant, CINDY PAUL, mid 30s.

CINDY

Borders called. You missed the book signing last night. Three teenagers in tinfoil hats were very put out.

SCOTT

Could you step back please?

(CONTINUED)

Scott lifts one of the "Big Secret" books out of the box. Holds it up to Cindy - beaming.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Well, what do you think?

Cindy's unimpressed.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
From there don't you see it?

Scott moves the book back and forth, trying to get some kind of reaction.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
It's got an embedded subliminal  
"SEX" text in the title.  
Advertisers use them all the time  
in commercials and movie trailers  
to hook horny teenagers.

CINDY  
That explains it. It only appeals  
to lower forms of life.

Scott gestures for Cindy to back up to take another look. Cindy bumps a LARGE PLASTIC SCREEN on the wall and it FALLS. BANG. Almost hits her foot.

SCOTT  
Sorry about that. Could you please  
stand back?

Scott hangs the screen back on the wall. Taps a few keystrokes on his laptop and an IMAGE of the Facespace Website appears on the screen. He types again and the OUTLINE OF "SEX" appears over the title.

SCOTT  
You see, even the points of the  
Facespace logo form the outline of  
"SEX." This is pretty primitive  
stuff, like the movie commercials  
back in the 60's they used to make  
the audience thirsty so they want  
to buy those overpriced drinks.

CINDY  
And your point is? So you can sell  
more books?

SCOTT

My point is the power of subliminal perception is untapped. Who knows what else Facespace is doing to control our behavior. Think about brainwashing...as if you didn't know.

CINDY

I worry about you.

SCOTT

I'm certain there are advanced applications being used by the government. If only we would get classified reports on their investigations.

CINDY

And just how are YOU going to get them?

SCOTT

Well, first I'll submit FOIAs to the CIA and DOD and ask if there are any developments, and then we can go over there -

Cindy reacts, realizing Scott is getting her involved in one of crazy schemes.

CINDY

Please, please don't get me involved in one of your conspiracy theories. My CO-OP board gets upset if I leave the TV on.

SCOTT

(defensive)  
It's possible -

CINDY

You don't have anything to suggest the CIA or god-knows-who has been involved in brainwashing programs.

SCOTT

The subliminal truth is out there. You have to look.

CINDY

The truth is sex sells. Stick to selling books. And you have a book signing today at the college.

Cindy opens the closet. It's packed with "Big Secret" books.

INT. CIA - OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR - DAY

Simon sits across the table from RONALD ROBINSON, DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS FOR THE CIA, reading Simon's report on the meeting. Robinson angrily tosses the report on the desk.

ROBINSON

Twenty years. My God, where do we start?

MIKE MCGARRY, DEPUTY DIRECTOR, enters the room.

MCGARRY

Sorry, I was held up at Security. System just crashed.

McGarry notices Robinson's irritated demeanor.

MCGARRY

Something I need to know?

ROBINSON

Mr. Simon here attended a very disturbing meeting at the White House last night. I'll let him give you the Agency falling off the cliff notes.

Simon juts his jaw and clears his throat.

SIMON

Well basically, sir, NCI Director Ronald Paine has authorized FBI CI Director to tear this place apart on a mole hunt to find what he believes is a senior officer operating for over twenty years in the agency, CODENAME GRAPEVINE.

MCGARRY

What? And you're just going to just let that happen? Everyone knows Lannon wants to destroy this place. Twenty years? The FBI has cut us out of the loop again.

ROBINSON

Then the sooner we get back in the loop. Simon, here, has been tasked with conducting our own

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROBINSON (cont'd)  
 investigation of this GRAPEVINE.  
 Regardless of whatever Mr. Lannon  
 thinks, the Agency controls its own  
 destiny.

Simon gets up to leave.

ROBINSON  
 Keep this as quiet as you can Mr.  
 Simon. The FBI and the NSA have  
 sources in all the wrong places.

SIMON  
 Yes, sir, I will.

INT. COLLEGE BOOKSTORE - DAY

Scott sets up his table and unpacks a box of "Big Secret"  
 books for the book signing.

TWO SEXY CO-EDS take notice and come closer for a look at  
 the books.

COED # 1  
 "Big Secret." Is that some kind of  
 porn title?

SCOTT  
 Actually, you know more than you  
 know. Sex plays a big part in the  
 "Big Secret." You and your friend  
 are being manipulated on a daily  
 basis by the media by subliminal  
 messages that exploit our sex  
 drive.

COED # 2  
 Sounds like someone is stealing our  
 act.

COED # 1  
 Can they really make men do  
 anything they want?

SCOTT  
 That remains to be seen. The point  
 is we really don't know what "they"  
 are capable of doing. The truth is  
 power corrupts absolutely and -

BANG. Scott and the Co-eds are startled by a book slammed on  
 the table.

(CONTINUED)

BOYFRIEND OF COED # 1

The "big secret" is this is a load of crap and all you want to do is sell books to unsuspecting people like my girlfriend.

SCOTT

I'm not asking you to buy my book. Do your own research. Big Business and Big Government have a common goal - to get and maintain power. Mind control is the way to get it.

BOYFRIEND OF COED # 1

Paranoid much?

COED # 1

Well, I want to buy one. I don't know why but just looking at the cover makes me feel all tingling inside. And you know what that does to me, sweetie.

SCOTT

Well, there you go. Let me sign one for you.

Scott hands her the book and the trio depart.

In the back of the store a MAN IN A GRAY SUIT watches silently.

INT. CIA - SIMON'S OFFICE - DAY

Simon pulls a pile of papers out of the out-box and stashes them in the in-box.

GAY TWINS GARY and HARRY are surprised to see him in the office so early.

GARY

Well, look who is back from the meeting with the king. How did it go last night? Did you get me an autograph from the First Lady?

SIMON

You two have the whole world figured out and you can't figure the difference between the in from the out-box.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

I was out that day in spy school.

HARRY

Me too. Oh, and your ex- left a file on your desk.

SIMON

Ex-file. You're hilarious. What's in it?

HARRY

I never pry. No one likes a nosey spy.

SIMON

What's in it?

HARRY

Photos of the Kabul bunker fire. She said the photos were too grainy to make out. Something about spycraft not once what it used to be. She sounded bitter.

SIMON

Why am I not surprised? Anything else?

GARY

The usual. That she regrets the day she met you. Oh, a Major Nazarian called. Left a message to call him back. He sounds...interesting. Is he available?

SIMON

I don't know. When I speak with him I'll ask. Now the two of you in my office NOW. The bunkers are not the only thing burning to the ground.

INT. NEWSMAX NETWORK NEWSROOM - DAY

The morning meeting has just begun. Managing Editor STEWART CROSS, holding a newspaper, addresses the young staff.

CROSS

Listen up, people. Chairman Mordick wants this top priority. The polls came out this morning. The enemy just made up ground from our story

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CROSS (cont'd)  
 about the embassy bombing. Our lead is down to six points. Thirty days to the election. If the trend continues, the enemy will lock up the White House and that will be a great tragedy for America. Failure is not an option. I want ideas, people. Young ideas, that's why I got rid of the old crew.

Ex-weatherman and now NEWSMAX morning news anchor STEVE DOOCEE raises his hand.

DOOCEE  
 We been pushing the angle about Senator King's involvement in alien smuggling to increase his voter base. Any traction there in the polls?

CROSS  
 Steve, that's energizing our base but the independents aren't as enthused. Besides, Steve, how stupid do you think they are?

DOOCEE  
 The IRS story?

CROSS  
 Did I mention I want new ideas? People, make me a genius. I want five new ideas by tonight. Get cracking.

The room disperses with the exception of Doosee and technical media director RICHARD SCALIA.

DOOCEE  
 Rich, how's it coming on the GIF project?

SCALIA  
 Testing on the focus groups has been uneven. We can imbed basic suggestions like Candidate X is "sexy" versus Candidate Y "old" into our background logo and affect the mood of the test subject. But to directly influence choice...to vote, I don't know. That's LIGHTSTORM grade.

(CONTINUED)

DOOCEE  
LIGHT...what?

SCALIA  
The conscious brain operates within a narrow boundary of perception. The prefrontal cortex - the decision center - can be influenced by subliminals directed through the limbic system. Think of it as the fear and sex centers of the brain. Feed enough fear and sexually arousal images to the masses and you could theoretically influence the decision process. But the amount of images that would take...the viewer would have to be watching non-stop.

DOOCEE  
Sounds like brainwashing.

SCALIA  
Right. Think Manchurian candidate and much, much stronger. Shock and awe the nervous system.

DOOCEE  
Like a lightstorm. How can we get our hands on this technology?

SCALIA  
You really thinking of putting this on the air? It's not going to work. You would have to stop airing all commercials. Advertisers have their own imbedded subliminals. They would conflict...confuse the viewer. No, for this to work the viewer would have to spend four hours or more watching subliminals uninterrupted. You would need a platform like a social network to have a chance.

DOOCEE  
TV is going the way of radio?

SCALIA  
As far as the under-30 crowd is concerned, that day has already arrived. Our audience is dying off. The average age is over 65. We put  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SCALIA (cont'd)  
 a LIGHTSTORM program on our air and  
 we won't get even a budge in the  
 numbers.

DOOCEE  
 So,if it were to be done, we would  
 need to create or buy a social  
 network.

SCALIA  
 Or pay an insider. You know, I know  
 a guy who knows a guy.

EXT. KEY BRIDGE GEORGETOWN - TWILIGHT

In the distance a FIGURE JOGGING on the bridge. Coming  
 closer - it's SCOTT.

EXT. GEORGETOWN NEIGHBORHOOD - SHORT TIME LATER

Scott's wearing headphones, jogging and singing along -  
 badly - "FLY ME TO THE MOON."

SCOTT  
 "Fly me to the moon. Let me play  
 among the stars. Dadada whatever  
 Jupiter and Mars."

Scott crawls to a walk and removes his headphones. The  
 lights are coming on. Georgetown in late October has a  
 romantic look.

TRICK-OR-TREATERS come running down the street.

Scott walks past an alcove of the TRINITY LUTHERAN CHURCH.  
 Scott hears someone singing "Fly Me to the Moon" but this  
 guy knows the words. Scott enters the alcove and sees an  
 elderly Man in a Gray Suit - DAVID CHRISTIAN.

CHRISTIAN  
 "In other words please be true. In  
 other words I love you."

SCOTT  
 Frank would be proud.

CHRISTIAN  
 You're very kind. The acoustics are  
 good here, Mr. Roads.

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT  
Have we met?

CHRISTIAN  
Not formally. I'm a big fan.

Scott senses the tell-tale signs of intelligent evasion.

SCOTT  
FBI?

CHRISTIAN  
You could say I work the other side  
of the street.

SCOTT  
I see I A.

CHRISTIAN  
You didn't hear that from me. Say  
you heard it on the GRAPEVINE.

SCOTT  
Grapevine? Is that some kind of Top  
Secret CIA Clearance code?

CHRISTIAN  
You could say it's an oldie but a  
goodie.

SCOTT  
So you're a big fan of the "Big  
Secret"?

CHRISTIAN  
Actually, I was referring to your  
anthrax terrorist report. That took  
alot of guts to call the FBI report  
a - how did you describe it? - "a  
premiere effort of self-deception  
from the premiere masters of the  
craft".

SCOTT  
My "biggest" accomplishment got me  
discredited and persona non-grata  
at State and three Intelligence  
agencies. The Diplomatic Security  
Service was nice enough to report  
me as a paranoid threat to my local  
police department.

CHRISTIAN

No one likes being embarrassed by amateurs.

SCOTT

And now I'm reduced to pandering to the paranoid masses.

CHRISTIAN

Don't put yourself down. You have real talent.

SCOTT

Singing?

CHRISTIAN

Er... no.

SCOTT

Solving puzzles?

CHRISTIAN

I have another puzzle for you to solve.

SCOTT

Is there a book deal in it?

CHRISTIAN

You already wrote the book.

Christian removes "Big Secret" from a bag.

CHRISTIAN

By the way, loved the subliminal you placed on the cover. But you're just scratching the surface.

SCOTT

So the CIA has finally figured out how to overthrow foreign governments by the book. What about domestic governments?

CHRISTIAN

We don't work the domestic side. That's the FBI and the NSA's territory - if you been following the Edward Snowden revelations.

SCOTT

So who's watching the watchers?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

We still spy on them. They still spy on us.

SCOTT

So what can I do?

CHRISTIAN

What if I told you that your idea about government mind control was not just an idea...that it is very real and could destroy what's left of this democracy that hasn't already been sold out? The same guys who sold us out on the anthrax terrorist nonsense.

SCOTT

How high up the food chain does it go?

CHRISTIAN

The highest.

SCOTT

What can I do?

CHRISTIAN

For the moment, nothing. When it's time, I'll contact you.

Christian puts on his raincoat and hat and does his best Sinatra impression.

CHRISTIAN

And watch out for ghosts. "It's witchcraft."

Christian heads out of the alcove and gets lost among the trick-or-treaters.

EXT. U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Scott enters the Diplomatic Entrance of the US State Department. Gets his guest pass and enters elevator.

INT. EAST ASIAN AFFAIRS OFFICE- DAY

Scott enters. RECEPTIONIST looks annoyed to see him.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Mills is very busy today. Why don't you come back another day, Mr. Roads?

SCOTT

I'm not just some guy off the street. I used to work here.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm aware of that, Mr. Roads.

FRANK FURLEY, late 50's, bug-eyed weasel and Scott's ex-boss, sticks his head out of his office.

FURLEY

What's he doing here?

RECEPTIONIST

He wants to see Mr. Mills. I told him that he is very busy today.

ART MILLS, hearing his name, pokes his head out of his office.

MILLS

Scott, how long has it been?

SCOTT

The Budapest Conference.

MILLS

That's right. Come on in. I want to show you my latest acquisition.

INT. ART MILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Mill's office is a mini-museum of Korean Arts and crafts.

Mill's unveils a LARGE AND LUXURIOUS LACQUERED MOTHER OF PEARL TABLE.

MILLS

Picked it up during my inspection of Embassy Seoul. Genuine Mother of Pearl. Cost me two grand, but it was a bargain. Going to open an antique shop when I retire.

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT

Art, you can never retire. You couldn't afford a place to put all this stuff.

MILLS

So tell me, what's it like on the outside? Working on a new "Big Secret" book?

SCOTT

When I have the time.

MILLS

Who does?

SCOTT

During your time at the Agency ever hear of an operation named Grapevine?

MILLS

Grapevine? Not offhand. Let me check the intel archives.

Mills enters "GRAPEVINE" in the Inter-Agency Intelligence Database.

SEARCH RESULTS: "NO RECORD"

MILLS

Subject for a new book?

Scott hands Art his business card.

SCOTT

Let's have lunch sometime. Discuss life in the free world. My treat.

MILLS

Didn't you tell me there's no such thing as a free lunch?

INT. CIA SURVEILLANCE ROOM- DAY

VAST ROOM FILLED WITH CUBICLES OF PEOPLE LISTENING WITH HEADPHONES at computer screens.

Simon enters carrying a greasy bag. He stops at a cubicle of MARILYN ZIMMERMAN. Simon removes a burger and dangles it over her head.

(CONTINUED)

MARILYN

What is that delicious smell?

SIMON

First, we trust, then we verify.  
What have you got for me?

MARILYN

That Grapevine tasker...an intel  
database search was entered by an  
officer of the State Department.

SIMON

Come on, the burger's getting cold.

Marilyn grabs the burger.

MARILYN

Our State Department tap caught  
this.

Hands the headphones to Simon.

MILL'S VOICE

Scott, did some more searching on  
that GRAPEVINE lead. Turns out it's  
an urban legend in the intel  
circles about a CIA Deep Throat  
with a conscience who leaks black  
op bad behavior. Anyway maybe it's  
good material for your next book.  
Bring me an autographed copy of the  
"Big Secret" when we have  
lunch. Ciao.

Marilyn takes a bite of her burger.

MARILYN

Yummy.

SIMON

Marilyn, you took the words out of  
my mouth.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - DAY

Scott rides his Vespa down Pennsylvania Avenue. Stops at a  
red light.

TWO HELLS ANGELS on massive Harleys pull up to Scott at the  
light. They're amused at Scott's Vespa. One blows Scott a  
kiss.

(CONTINUED)

GREEN LIGHT

FLAMES shoot out the back of the Harleys as the Hells Angels leave Scott at the light.

EXT. CONSTITUTION AVE - DAY

Scott turns onto Constitution Ave. A MAIL TRUCK follows closely behind Scott.

INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

Passenger in the truck has a camera trained on Scott.

EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT PARK - DAY

Scott turns onto WASHINGTON MONUMENT PARK.

The truck parks on Constitution Ave.

Scott parks his Vespa and walks toward a FIGURE IN ARMANI SUIT SUNNING HIMSELF on a park bench. Scott blocks the sun from FBI AGENT MARK ROADS, 40, Scott's brother.

SCOTT

How was Monte Carlo?

MARK

Crowded. Too many polyester tourists.

SCOTT

Where's your tan?

MARK

Faded like my bankroll.

SCOTT

How do you FBI guys do it? If the taxpayers only knew-

MARK

You're breaking my heart. So why did you call me here?

SCOTT

I'm doing some research for a book. Does GRAPEVINE ring a bell?

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Writing pure fiction these days? Well, just to let you know, we still have JFK in a cell under the J Edgar Hoover building.

SCOTT

I'm serious.

MARK

When I came out of the FBI Academy, there was a rumor about a Deep Throat in the CIA by that name had something on the FBI Director. The FBI Director resigned soon after. Maybe it was just politics. Maybe just a bunch of noise.

INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

MAN WITH VIDEO CAM focuses on Scott and Mark. Another man is listening on headphones to their GARBLED CONVERSATION, recording it all.

SCOTT'S VOICE

I met a guy in church. Told me to watch out for ghosts. Is that some kind of spy talk?

INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry works the projector while Gary sinks the sound.

ON SCREEN: Video of Scott and Mark meeting at the Washington Monument Park.

SCOTT

He said it involves the same people who were behind the anthrax attacks, that it involves the highest places.

MARK

You meet some of the weirdest people in the highest places.

Scott notices the mail truck. Senses something is wrong.

MARK

What's wrong? You look like you've seen a ghost.

(CONTINUED)

Scott turns and runs to his Vespa.

SCOTT  
These ghosts are real.

Video ends.

SIMON  
Who's the guy in the suit?

HARRY  
Mark Roads. Some hotshot FBI agent.  
He's the brother of-

CLOSE-UP SCOTT

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Scott Roads. Ex-State Department.  
Left the service under a cloud. Now  
reduced to writing conspiracy  
novels.

SIMON  
So what's the connection to  
GRAPEVINE?

GARY  
Nothing definite. Scott Roads  
mentioned spy talk.

SIMON  
Checked the FBI agent's file?

GARY  
Some questionable expense accounts.  
Other than that, he's clean.

SIMON  
Not anymore.

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

Scott enters out of breath and sweating profusely. Removes a  
bottle of beer out of the office mini-fridge. He senses  
someone behind him. It's a GHOST FIGURE.

CINDY  
Boo!

Scott drops the bottle and it SHATTERS on the floor.

Cindy removes her mask.

(CONTINUED)

CINDY

I'm so sorry. Did I scare you?

SCOTT

I've had enough excitement for one day. (beat) I met someone.

CINDY

A groupie at the book store?

SCOTT

Not like that.

CINDY

Like what?

SCOTT

Not someone you meet everyday.

CINDY

You meet the weirdest people.

SCOTT

(hesitates)

Just that...there may be a problem.

CINDY

With you there's always a problem.

SCOTT

You don't believe me.

CINDY

I believe you are upset.

SCOTT

Forget about it.

CINDY

Okay. Okay. But if you want to talk, I'm listening.

EXT. SCOTT'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

FIGURE WITH EARPHONES in WHITE PANEL TRUCK watches from across the street.

INT. CIA DIRECTOR ROBINSON'S OFFICE -DAY

Simon is briefing Robinson, McGarry, and CHARLIE CHASE, 50, the Agency's liaison to the FBI.

Robinson looks around the room.

ROBINSON

I asked that Christian be here.  
Where is he?

CHASE

He's on the hill testifying to  
Congress on the Agency budget  
request.

ON SCREEN: PHOTO OF SCOTT AND MARK meeting in the park

SIMON

The guy holding the helmet is Scott  
Roads, ex-State Department. The guy  
in the fancy suit is his brother,  
Mark Roads. Mr. Roads is some kind  
of star in the FBI.

ROBINSON

Extraordinary. What's the  
connection to the Agency?

SIMON

Nothing yet.

MCGARRY

We can use this against Lannon.

SIMON

I can't find any connection at this  
point, sir.

ROBINSON

Keep digging. You're just beginning  
to scratch the surface.