

# COLD INSIGHT

Original Screenplay by Russell Martin

A disillusioned veteran of the Pentagon's ESP surveillance program "views" a kidnapping in progress in San Francisco, but he can't see that the multi-national defense contractor behind the kidnapping has also targeted him for death.

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EXT. STREET. LONDON -- DAY

A TEENAGE GIRL in a school-uniform SKIRT and SWEATER walks toward us on the wide sidewalk of Sheffield Terrace, a KENSINGTON STREET lined with stately, white-painted ROW HOUSES.

A super fades in to tell us this is:

**KENSINGTON, LONDON, 2005**

The upscale neighborhood is quiet this afternoon; soft rainwater glistens on the pavement. The girl holds a plaid umbrella above the jet-black hair she's knotted on top of her head. She adjusts a small backpack as she lightheartedly makes her way. School is over for the day and she's happy to be nearing home.

INT. PENTAGON (ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA) -- EARLY MORNING

A sudden look of alarm on the WEARY FACE of MARCUS TRUDEAU, a middle-aged African American who's clearly seen a lot in his time and who doesn't look like someone who's quick to panic. MARCUS loosens his tie, drags his fingertips across his eyes, then drops his face into his wide palms and suddenly we --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET -- DAY -- REMOTELY OBSERVED.

*-- see the SAME LONDON STREET in a very DIFFERENT WAY -- the COLOR DRAINED from the screen, the PICTURE GRAINY, images dancing in and OUT OF FOCUS, freezing in focus for an instant, hits of color highlighting the objects the camera freezes on -- and on which MARCUS successfully trains his VISION.*

*Through the lens that MARCUS provides, we watch a MAN in a RAIN COAT and STOCKING CAP, delicately TAPING A THIN WIRE to the hatch of a letter-box in front of the house at number 34, then carefully closing it. The man glances around, then hurries away.*

*MARCUS VIEWS the TEENAGE GIRL in the distance -- she's only a BLOCK AWAY and --*

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PENTAGON -- EARLY MORNING

He leaps to his feet and rushes toward an office near his desk whose door is wide open. At the doorway MARCUS aims his shouted words at BAO NGUYEN, an aging ASIAN man -- his white hair trimmed very short, his forehead heavily wrinkled -- who is seated behind a broad wooden desk.

MARCUS TRUDEAU

We've got to go in, Bao! Now! I just viewed somebody planting a bomb in the mailbox outside the house! The girl's on her way.

BAO wears a delicate headset, its thin microphone curling in front of his lips. His chopped accent punctuates his speech.

BAO NGUYEN

Cannot risk it. If they know we are watching, they rabbit. All of them, and --

MARCUS

But, for Christ's --

BAO

And we lose the trail, the contacts, every hook into Qaeda we have in the U.K. Cannot risk it.

MARCUS

The girl's gonna check for mail. I know she is!

BAO

You view that?

MARCUS

I just fucking KNOW it!

BAO

You know the directive we have. From very top. If you did not view it, it just a hunch and I --

MARCUS

(unbelieving)

And you'll kill an innocent girl to keep our cover?

BAO

(icily)

There may be many more dead before this is over.

MARCUS sighs heavily -- a mix of rage and sorrow --his broad, dark hands gripping the door frame on either side of him as he struggles to keep his cool.

MARCUS  
(pleading now)  
I'm begging, man. Look at me.

Bao slowly looks up, then STARES STOICALLY at MARCUS.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
You know I'm seeing this the way it is. I'm viewing this cold. No artifact. No noise. No bullshit. And that girl is going to get to that mailbox in about twenty seconds.

BAO  
My guy on the ground did not see nobody screw with the mailbox.

MARCUS  
He's in the house! He's not watching the street. It's Qaeda who're surveilling the fucking street! Get your guy out there, NOW, and stop her before she --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SHEFFIELD TERRACE (LONDON) -- DAY -- REMOTELY OBSERVED.

*We see the RAINY SIDEWALK, the LETTER-BOX, the girl's pleated skirt, her umbrella, her HAPPY DEMEANOR through the lens of MARCUS's REMOTE VISION once more -- all of it in quick and GRAINY INTERCUTS and momentary freezes -- the color drained and everything OUT OF FOCUS until suddenly --*

*-- a freeze on the LETTER-BOX -- BRIGHT BLUE and SHARP, and the girl's umbrella is bright, and we clearly see her LOVELY FACE as she REACHES OUT to OPEN the LETTER-BOX'S HATCH and --*

*then a horrible explosive sound, and blinding light flooding the screen, which slowly fades to black.*

EXT. LADY BIRD JOHNSON PARK. ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA -- NIGHT

MARCUS walks alone on a trail at the bank of the Potomac River. His tie remains loose, the sleeves of his white shirt are rolled up. His hands are stuffed in his pockets and he doesn't appear to notice the occasional joggers who meet him. HIS PACE IS SLOW, DELIBERATE. HIS THOUGHTS CLEARLY TROUBLE HIM. HE IS A MAN DEFEATED.

Across the river, floodlights illumine the tall spire of the Washington Monument and, in the far distance, the capitol.

The camera pans wide, the dark sky fills much of the screen, and a super fades in, telling us that

**In 1970, the U.S. Defense Department initiated the Stargate Project, an intelligence-gathering program that utilized the extra-sensory powers of highly skilled professional "viewers."**

DISSOLVE TO:

**The most gifted of these viewers could "see" what was occurring in distant places. They could view events that happened long ago. Some could even accurately describe the future.**

DISSOLVE TO:

**The Pentagon announced in 1995 that it had terminated the project, but many people believe the announcement was only a diversion and that the project continues today.**

Then the title:

### **COLD INSIGHT**

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOFT. (SAN FRANCISCO) -- NIGHT

This apartment in a renovated WAREHOUSE BUILDING in the city's JACKSON SQUARE neighborhood is large, CONTEMPORARY, and in every way IMPRESSIVE.

A WALL OF WINDOWS offers a STUNNING VIEW of the BAY BRIDGE; the apartment is filled with sleek leather furniture and eye-catching art -- the kind of home in which investment bankers or star athletes live, not paranormal "viewers" employed by the Pentagon.

MARCUS TRUDEAU, older, GRAYER, even more WORLD-WEARY than before, sits on a long charcoal leather sofa. He wears a polo shirt and jeans. He's bare-footed, and he holds a tumbler of SCOTCH in his hand.

Across from him on a matching love-seat, her BARE FEET TUCKED UNDER her, is LILY JAMES, 27, THIN and VERY PALE. Her spiky brown hair, NOSE RINGS, TATTOOS that run the length of each arm, and a tattered T-shirt define her as both a GOTH-GIRL and perhaps an UNLIKELY VISITOR.

LILY's eyes are closed; she absently rubs her hands together as if something -- something uncertain -- is in process.

MARCUS pays rapt attention and waits patiently for her to speak.

LILY

Clear . . . it like curves . . .  
like a bracelet. It's got a slide  
thingy, like an iPhone. It's . . .  
I can't --

MARCUS

Try to relax and concentrate at the  
same time. Just let it flood in.  
Don't try to edit anything. See  
everything you can see.

LILY

It's . . . I'm losing it . . . no,  
wait, it's like it's a thick, clear  
bracelet with a screen that's . . .  
the screen's part of the glass,  
like it's inside it. The whole  
bracelet is glass. It's sleek.

MARCUS

Are you seeing it or is this noise?

LILY

Seeing.  
(she opens her eyes and  
looks at him to convince  
him)  
It's fuzzy, and it comes and goes,  
but it's *cold*, like you say. It's  
there. I'm there in that factory.  
I'm seeing it.

MARCUS stands and walks to the long wall of windows and looks out into the night. He finishes his SCOTCH with a single swallow, then goes to the nearby bar and FILLS the glass again.

MARCUS

David's viewed something very much  
like what you're describing. Lisa,  
too. They're both real pros at  
distinguishing artifact or  
imagination from real insight.

He sits down again and now aims his words directly toward LILY, as if he wants to make sure she hears him.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Listen. This . . . *talent* you're discovering. Not many of us have it. But it's very real, as you're learning.

(beat)

And it can fuck with you.

He lifts his glass.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

It can lead to habits like this one. But when you're good at it, it can also earn you *wheelbarrows* full of money.

LILY

It would be cool to get good enough to really help people, like to --

MARCUS

Trust me. When we take this to the people at SECOR, they're going to think we've been *real* helpful.

LILY

I mean, like,  
(grinning, a bit  
embarrassed)  
like world peace and shit.

MARCUS

Some advice. Get good, really good, at this. And then work for whoever wants what you can see the most.

(takes another big  
swallow)

Trying to do anything more than that will just screw with your life.

LILY

Didn't you work in the government or something?

MARCUS

I flirted with idealism, but I got over it.

(smiles)

And if I start paying you six thousand a week because you're such a talented viewer, you're not going to beat yourself up about it, are you?

LILY  
Jesus . . .

INT. LOFT/MARCUS'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

MARCUS switches on a bedside lamp. He's alone, and it's that other-worldly time between late night and early morning. He hesitates a moment, then reluctantly gets up and pulls on a robe.

INT. LOFT/MARCUS'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

He stares into the REFRIGERATOR, takes out a carton of MILK, then reconsiders -- replacing the milk and choosing a bottle of BEER instead.

He settles himself into the love-seat where LILY sat and fires a remote at a huge flat-screen television.

TELEVISION SCREEN -- CONTINUOUS

VIDEO IMAGES of a TV REPORTER in a trench coat standing on a DARKENED STREET. The LIGHTS of a POLICE CRUISER flash behind her as she speaks into the camera.

TV REPORTER

. . . yes, Jason, we're told that the girl, who was first reported missing at about 8:00 this evening, still has not been located.

She disappeared, we're told, from her parents' restaurant, behind me here, in the city's Little Saigon neighborhood in the Tenderloin.

Her parents and the police are obviously extremely concerned, and one officer did tell us that this resembles several recent abductions and rapes of young girls, although this would be the first in this part of the city.

Police are still withholding the girl's name at this time, but we're told she is Vietnamese, eleven years old, black hair, dark eyes, five feet one or two, and she weighs about --

INT. LOFT/MARCUS'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

MARCUS aims the remote again and turns the television off. The spacious room is now lit only by the soft light from nearby buildings. He drifts into the stillness of the night and the camera closes tight on his eyes --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SHEFFIELD TERRACE (LONDON) -- DAY -- REMOTELY OBSERVED.

*-- seeing once more the grainy, out-of-focus LETTER-BOX, the rain-soaked sidewalk, the girl's umbrella, the light touch of her steps as nears home, then suddenly --*

*-- the quick freeze on the LETTER-BOX, BRIGHT BLUE and SHARP -- the girl's LOVELY FACE clear and focused as she REACHES OUT to OPEN the LETTER-BOX'S HATCH and --*

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LOFT/MARCUS'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

MARCUS heaves a DEEP SIGH and runs his fingers through his hair. This is a memory that he's worked five years to escape -- and thought he had -- but now it's returned, vivid and very unwanted.

He CHUGS his BEER as if to wash the London images away.

INT. SFPD TENDERLOIN STATION (SAN FRANCISCO) -- DAY

MAI WINTERS, 39, thin, lithe, lovely, is perched on the corner of a metal desk in the detective's room of this modern precinct station.

She wears jeans and navy blue blazer, her detective badge clipped to the jacket's pocket. MAI seems both tough and vulnerable, open yet somehow guarded.

MAI WINTERS

. . . and I came to mind because  
I'm Vietnamese --

she says a bit caustically to CAPTAIN LEE GARRETSON, 55, who's flinty, gray-haired and gap-toothed. In uniform, he leans against a wall-length white-board covered with photographs, maps, and scribbled note-cards.

CAPTAIN GARRETSON

I thought of you because I need a  
good detective on this.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN GARRETSON (CONT'D)

And forgive me all to fuck if I  
can't have a Vietnamese detective  
investigate the disappearance of a  
Vietnamese girl.

MAI

(softening)

I want to make sure you love me for  
all the right reasons.

CAPTAIN GARRETSON

Tenderloin and Central are two  
different worlds, Detective. You  
find her for me, and she's safe,  
then we'll talk about love.

MAI

Anything new before I go see the  
parents?

CAPTAIN GARRETSON

Just what you've seen. The  
restaurant was quiet, I guess --  
Tuesday night -- she was doing her  
homework in a little dining room  
they weren't using. Then she was .  
. . gone.

MAI

And neither of them is --

CAPTAIN GARRETSON

No.

(beat)

No, they don't know anything more  
than we do.

INT. "BIX" (SAN FRANCISCO) -- NIGHT

MARCUS sits on a leather-cushioned STOOL at the end of the  
opulent BAR at BIX, a Jackson Square SUPPER-CLUB near his  
loft.

It's a seat he commands almost nightly and the bartenders in  
jackets and ties know he's ready for another Manhattan before  
he does.

The woman in a BLACK COCKTAIL DRESS who's seated beside him  
is not his date -- but it appears she could be in another  
drink or two. She's a RED-HEAD, a HOTTIE, and just old enough  
that his rapt attention to her is respectable, if still  
boldly flirtacious.

WOMAN AT BAR  
 (touching his forearm  
 inquisitively)  
 Paris or Rome?

MARCUS  
 (considers)  
 Paris.

WOMAN AT BAR  
 Hong Kong or Tokyo?

MARCUS  
 (as if it's a silly  
 question)  
 Hong Kong.

WOMAN AT BAR  
 Last thing at night or first thing  
 in the morning?

MARCUS  
 (looking into her eyes)  
 Can't we say . . . both?

The woman appears as if that might indeed be possible, then reaches for a NAPKIN. She takes a PEN from her purse and SCRIBBLES on it, then slides it toward MARCUS.

WOMAN AT BAR  
 (leaning in to him)  
 It's sad but true, you dear man,  
 but my boyfriend's is going arrive  
 any minute.

MARCUS  
 And you need to be . . . *unattached*  
 when he does.

MARCUS tucks the napkin into a pocket, pushes a few bills and his empty highball glass toward a bartender, stands, then whispers to her . . .

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 I was never here.  
 (beat)  
 We can begin as strangers next  
 time.

EXT. GOLD STREET -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

MARCUS walks alone down narrow pedestrian Gold Street outside BIX. He's just had a COCKTAIL or THREE and a bit of dinner -- he isn't drunk -- at least not by his standards.

But suddenly something is very odd. The camera closes tight on his face, his eyes, and --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. "SAIGON FLOWER" (SAN FRANCISCO) -- NIGHT -- REMOTELY OBSERVED.

*-- we see what MARCUS sees -- quick intercuts -- grainy, confusing, and dimly lit -- a small room in a modest restaurant, its tables empty -- a sudden, in-focus freeze on the table where a dark-haired girl sits -- a textbook open on the table in front of her -- she's writing in a notebook -- or is she drawing a picture? -- when two men enter --*

*One muzzles her with his palm -- or is it a towel? -- and lifts her out of her chair -- chaotically, flashing in and out of focus -- she squirms, fights -- the other man opens a back door and -- suddenly -- the three of them are gone -- or were they ever here? -- and the room goes gray, goes black.*

EXT. GOLD STREET -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

MARCUS stops and tries to make sense of what he's just seen. He looks around, sighs, leans against the brick of a nearby building to collect himself.

INT. LOFT/MARCUS'S LIVING ROOM --NIGHT

At a LAPTOP on a dining table in his loft, MARCUS searches for INFORMATION about the Tenderloin RESTAURANT ABDUCTION he heard about on television in the middle of the previous night.

He picks up his phone and dials.

MARCUS

(on phone)

Hi, it's me. Sorry to bother you  
but can you get over here?

(beat)

I know it is. It's important, Lil.

INT. LOFT/MARCUS'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT (LATER)

MARCUS has put on a JOGGING SUIT by the time he opens the door for LILY, who's wearing an over-sized mesh pink T-shirt over a black lace bra. Her pleated skirt is black, too, as are the lace-up boots that rise above her ankles.

MARCUS

(preoccupied, motioning for her to sit)

I need you to take some notes.

(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Then let's see if you can view any of this.

LILY

This what?

He hands her a pad and pen.

MARCUS

On the street an hour or so ago, out of the fucking blue, I viewed a few seconds of a kidnapping in the Tenderloin last night. Then more when I got home.

(beat)

Least I think I did.

LILY

Just take notes? Anything else?

MARCUS

Ask anything that seems relevant, important. I'll try to describe it exactly as I experienced it.

He settles himself on the love-seat, his hands spread wide at first, then resting on his thighs. He takes a series of long, slow, intentional breaths. His eyes appear to randomly open and close. He's silent for a long moment. Then --

MARCUS (CONT'D)

A car . . . the city . . . driving . . . a girl in the backseat. Man in the backseat . . . tape on her mouth.

(beat)

Street lights . . . long white building . . . ornate facade . . . tall . . . a park or something. Now a narrow building maybe . . .

(beat)

A stairwell . . . the girl crying . . . she's okay but she's crying. Now a room . . . dim, murky . . . they're standing like they don't know what to . . . where to put the girl.

LILY

But the girl's okay?

MARCUS

Feels like they took her where they were told to.

LILY  
Not a sex thing?

MARCUS  
Not rape. Not here.

LILY  
What else?

MARCUS is silent. He takes another series of deep breaths, then stops.

MARCUS  
Nothing.  
(stirring, shifting his  
weight, to LILY)  
It was like they got her there and  
then they didn't have a clue what  
else to do.

LILY  
Think they're waiting for somebody  
else?

MARCUS stands and begins to move uncomfortably around the room. This experience has clearly unsettled him.

MARCUS  
(absently)  
Why the fuck is this coming to me?  
It doesn't make any sense.

LILY  
Crazy shit comes at me all the  
time. I thought that was normal  
till basically the whole world  
assured me I was *not* fucking  
normal.

MARCUS  
I view things unexpectedly. Yeah.  
But I can usually link them to  
something. Like you can with dreams  
sometimes. This is just . . .

LILY  
You know what you said about a big  
white building, and an ornate  
facade, then something about a  
park?

MARCUS  
What?

LILY

I flashed on Mission High School.  
That's where I went. It's way  
ornate. And Mission Dolores Park is  
across the street.

MARCUS

(excitedly)

That's it. That's what I viewed.  
Absolutely. 18th Street.

He sits down across from LILY. There's something he wants to  
confide.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Getting involved in this abduction  
is about the last thing in the  
world I want to do right now. But .  
. .

LILY

But you should tell the cops.

MARCUS

I'm thinking that *you* should tell  
them.

LILY does not like this idea *at all*.

LILY

*Me?* Slow down, Lone Ranger. No  
disrespect, and you've been, you've  
been huge for me.

(beat)

But there's this thing called a rap  
sheet, and I happen to have one,  
and I do not need to become a prime  
suspect in a --

MARCUS

Shit.

LILY

What?

MARCUS

You're right.

(his face evidencing real  
pain)

Goddamn it! I'm going to have to  
tell the cops that I know the  
neighborhood where the girl is.

LILY  
Kemosabe is good man.

MARCUS  
Cute.

EXT. EDDY STREET (SAN FRANCISCO) -- DAY

MARCUS checks for traffic over his shoulder as he jaywalks across Eddy Street and makes his way toward the entrance of the Tenderloin Police Station.

INT. SFPD TENDERLOIN STATION -- DAY

MAI WINTERS follows MARCUS into the station's "Community Room," which is furnished simply with a wooden conference table, chairs, and portraits of city and police officials hung on the walls.

She motions for him to sit, and then takes a chair at the head of the table.

MAI  
The officer you spoke with on the phone said you have some information about the girl who was abducted.

MARCUS  
Yes.

MAI  
Okay.  
(a bit skeptically)  
You told him you think you know where she is.

MARCUS  
Generally, yes.  
(uncomfortably)  
I'm certain she's somewhere in the Mission.

MAI  
Because . . .

MARCUS resigns himself to tell her what he doesn't want to.

MARCUS  
I'm a . . . psychic, for lack of a better word. A good one. It's my work.

MAI  
(unimpressed)  
Tarot cards, Ouija boards, that  
kind of thing.

MARCUS begins to get up from his CHAIR -- this clearly was a  
bad idea.

MARCUS  
You know, that's really all I --

MAI  
No, please, Mr. Trudeau. I'd like  
to know everything you can tell me.

MARCUS  
(trying again)  
People use the term remote viewing  
for what I do. It's the paranormal  
ability to perceive things the five  
senses can't because of obstacles  
of time or distance or . . .

MAI  
Sure. But I don't think I . . . why  
you with this case, with the Luong  
girl?

MARCUS  
Honestly, I have no idea why this  
came to me.

MAI  
And you think she's being held in  
the Mission because . . .

MARCUS  
Because I viewed her being driven  
there. Down 18th Street in front of  
Mission High School.

MAI  
I'd ask you to describe her, but  
you've obviously seen the  
photographs we've made available to  
the media.

MARCUS  
(nodding)  
Yes, the same girl. But something  
else, too. The girl I viewed was  
wearing a Hello Kitty T-shirt.

MAI subtly stiffens. She's suddenly very ALERT. MARCUS has captured the detective's COMPLETE ATTENTION.

MAI

Mr. Trudeau, can I buy you a cup of coffee?

INT. DAY. "BLUE BOTTLE COFFEE" (SAN FRANCISCO) -- DAY

MARCUS and MAI sit on high stools, facing each other across a narrow wooden table at this bright, bustling, hip coffee emporium.

MAI

This isn't exactly by the book, Mr. Trudeau.

MARCUS

"Marcus." What do you mean?

MAI

The fact that you know what the Luong girl was wearing --when we've kept that information very secure -- immediately makes you a "person of interest."

(sipping her coffee)

I should be formally interviewing you at the station, instead of --

MARCUS

(grinning)

Instead of asking me out on a coffee date.

MAI

(feigning disapproval)

I think I'll stick with "Mr. Trudeau."

MARCUS

Doesn't it prove that I've got accurate information for you?

MAI

And we're going to need a whole lot more.

MARCUS

I'm confident that there were two men. Asians, both. They had used a wash-cloth and tape to keep her quiet.

(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)

The building where they took her, the room, it wasn't anybody's home. It looked empty. When they got her there they didn't seem to know what to do next.

(sipping coffee)

That's everything I have for you.

MAI

Will you try again?

MARCUS

I . . . have a ton of very important work right now. I . . . I was hoping this would help you quickly scour a bunch of buildings near Mission High and . . . find her.

MAI brushes her long hair back with both hands, needing a moment to think about the best way to convince him to continue to help.

MAI

I know cops use psychics sometimes. Successfully sometimes. And wasn't there even a CIA or Pentagon program that tested remote viewing?

MARCUS

There was.

MAI

But the captain in charge of this case is not exactly a woo-woo kind of cop. I can't sell you to him.

(beat)

But if I let you walk away, I may be turning my back on the only break I'm going to get.

MARCUS doesn't want to become further involved -- but he *would* like to see this interesting woman again, and intriguing women have a way of trumping his better judgment every time. Yet --

MARCUS

If you search some buildings in that neighborhood, you might find her. I hope you do.

MAI  
 (dismissively)  
 And I can tell a judge I need  
 dozens of search warrants because a  
 guy had a dream?

MARCUS  
 (standing up)  
 Thank you for the coffee.

MAI  
 Would you help me by trying to view  
 the girl again?

MARCUS  
 I don't think I --

MAI  
 Let me test you for a second. Is  
 there a ransom note yet?

MARCUS  
 No. But that's a guess. Nothing  
 "woo-woo" about it.

EXT. "SAIGON FLOWER" -- DAY

An ESTABLISHING SHOT of the simple back-lit SIGN and ENTRANCE  
 to the RESTAURANT operated by the parents of JESSICA LUONG,  
 the girl whose disappearance MAI WINTERS is trying to solve.

INT. "SAIGON FLOWER" -- DAY

MAI is seated at a table with a couple in their mid thirties.  
 The man is wearing a COOK'S UNIFORM. The WOMAN has clearly  
 been CRYING.

Only two other tables are occupied, and the three of them SIP  
 TEA from small white cups.

MAI  
 When we talked yesterday, you said  
 there hasn't been anyone suspicious  
 in the restaurant.

DANH LUONG  
 It's a restaurant. Lots of people  
 sometimes. But nobody strange. It  
 was quiet Tuesday night.

MAI  
 Is Jessica here most nights?

QUI LUONG

(wiping her eyes)

She would be home alone if she  
wasn't. I take her home by eight-  
thirty, nine.

MAI's tone changes as she takes the LUONGs into her  
confidence.

MAI

We think there's a possibility,  
only that, that Jessica was  
abducted by more than one person.

(sips)

That would suggest more a  
conventional kidnapping than a . .  
. than a sexual abduction.

QUI LUONG

Kidnap, like for money?

MAI

That or . . . to get you to do  
something or . . . You haven't been  
contacted by *anyone* since Jessica's  
disappearance?

DANH LUONG

Nobody.

MAI

Are there any family issues, family  
members, anyone or anything that  
might lead someone who knows her to  
take her?

The TWO PARENTS look at each other for an instant before they  
answer -- as if to gauge the proper response, and MAI makes  
note of the furtive GLANCE.

DANH LUONG

Lots in both our families came to  
America. Lots of us here. But  
everybody get along good. No  
trouble.

MAI

No one's involved in gambling or  
underworld kinds of . . .

DANH LUONG

Nobody. I don't think.

The way DANH and QUI looked at each other has piqued MAI's interest, and she tries again.

MAI

Anything you can help me with along these lines could be extremely important. And for cases like these to have good outcomes, we have to make real progress as quickly as possible.

(sips)

Are you or is anyone close to you in any kind of trouble? Loan trouble? Do you or anyone in the family owe a lot of money? Or would anyone try to blackmail you?

DANH responds very quickly this time.

DANH LUONG

No problems like that.

INT. GYM. MARCUS'S BUILDING -- DAY

MARCUS is working out on an ELLIPTICAL TRAINER, wearing shorts and a sleeveless T-shirt. He looks at a TELEVISION MONITOR on the wall nearby with VIDEO footage of a REPORTER standing outside the SAIGON FLOWER. We don't hear the audio, but the reporter is still speaking when the screen cuts to a PHOTOGRAPH of the ABDUCTED GIRL and a lower-third identifying her as JESSICA LUONG.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SHEFFIELD TERRACE (LONDON) -- DAY -- REMOTELY OBSERVED.

*-- just as before -- the grainy, out-of-focus street, the LETTER-BOX, the rain-soaked sidewalk, the girl's umbrella, the light touch of her steps as she nears home, then suddenly --*

*the freeze on the LETTER-BOX -- BRIGHT BLUE and SHARP -- the girl's FACE clear and focused for an instant as she REACHES OUT to OPEN the LETTER-BOX'S HATCH and --*

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LOFT/MARCUS'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

MARCUS answers the door in his loft and he's clearly surprised to see DETECTIVE MAI WINTERS. He's still wearing his workout clothes and wasn't expecting company.

He invites MAI in -- but he's not particularly happy to see her.

MAI

I'm sorry. I was afraid if I called you'd just say no again.

MARCUS

To what?

MAI

To trying to view more about the girl -- who has her, where she is.

MARCUS

You seemed pretty skeptical about this sort of thing a few hours ago.

MAI

In the meantime, I've done a little reading and . . . we haven't made *any* more progress. We need to find her soon or . . .

MARCUS

I understand that. That's why I contacted you.

MAI

Google says you were in the Army Special Forces. Then you worked at the Pentagon. I couldn't find whether the remote-viewing program was actually run by the CIA or DOD, but it was called the Stargate Project.

(beat)

I bet you were part of it.

MARCUS

Google tell you that?

MAI

What do you do now?

(glancing around the loft)

It doesn't look like you're living on a military pension.

MARCUS

I'm a business consultant.

MAI

I'm guessing more like a corporate spy.

MARCUS

We don't break any laws.

MAI

(softening)

No. No accusations. I just imagine you viewing your way into competing corporations' R&D labs, assembly lines, board rooms. That would be a lucrative line of work.

MARCUS

Would it?

MAI

But if I were you, occasionally I'd miss really helping someone. Really making a difference in somebody's life. Maybe a lot of people's lives.

MARCUS

You came here to scold me?

MAI

If you were in the Special Forces, you once held yourself to a pretty high code of conduct. You were one of the good guys.

MARCUS

And somewhere along the way I . . .

MAI

(as connectively as she  
can)

I really need your help, Marcus.  
You said I could call you Marcus.  
Jessica Luong really needs your  
help.

MARCUS sits, motions to MAI to sit as well. He runs his fingers across his scalp, then rests his chin on his hands while he thinks. After a moment he has a question for his visitor.

MARCUS

Were you born in this country?

MAI

(shaking her head)

Saigon.

MARCUS

Do you remember anything?

MAI

I was real young. But I remember the panic. My parents, my mother, the terror that we weren't going to get out at the end.

MARCUS

I was there that spring. Attached to the DAO. We did everything we could around the clock to get as many people out as we could but --

MAI

Thank you.

MARCUS

But lots of people didn't make it.

MAI

I mean, thank you for agreeing to view the girl again.

MARCUS looks at MAI. He *hasn't* agreed. But yes, perhaps he has. He sighs deeply, then stands.

MARCUS

Give me about an hour. Let's meet back here. I'll have one of my assistants join us. We'll see what we get.

(beat)

And then I'll take you to dinner.

MAI

(offering him a small but grateful smile)

If you're as good as I hope you are, the dinner may have to wait.

EXT. SANSOME STREET (SAN FRANCISCO) -- EVENING

LILY JAMES bicycles along Sansome Street en route to MARCUS's loft, where she chains her bike to a lamp-post near the building's entrance.

INT. LOBBY. MARCUS'S BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

LILY enters the building's lobby and waits for the elevator alongside MAI WINTERS.

The buttoned-down police DETECTIVE is subtly UNEASY in such close proximity to the SWEATY, heavily tattooed, and nose-ringed young woman dressed in leggings, a sleeveless jean-jacket and a leather bustier.

They enter the elevator as its door slides open.

INT. MARCUS'S HALLWAY -- EVENING

Both women exit the elevator and MAI's uneasiness increases as LILY seems to TRAIL HER toward her destination. She rings the bell, then turns to LILY with a mix of alarm and annoyance. Who *is* this freaky girl?

MARCUS  
(as he opens the door)  
You've met.

MAI  
No . . . uh. This is your  
assistant?

LILY  
(introducing herself)  
Lily.

LILY offers her hand and MAI takes it, relieved yet very surprised.

INT. LOFT/MARCUS'S LIVING ROOM -- EVENING -- CONTINUOUS

MARCUS  
(to MAI)  
Lily's been working with me for the  
last couple of months. A mutual  
friend who also does this kind OF  
thing connected us.

MAI  
Is it just the two of you?

MARCUS  
A guy in the East Bay and a woman  
in Marin are part of the team, too -  
- although "team" isn't really the  
right word.

LILY  
More like . . . a pod. A little pod  
of strange, strange-powered . . .  
us.

MAI  
 (to LILY)  
 Well, I certainly appreciate your  
 coming on short notice. I guess  
 MARCUS mentioned --

LILY  
 The missing girl? Yeah. No break  
 yet, I guess.

MAI  
 That's why I'm here.

LILY  
 (nodding toward MARCUS)  
 This guy's the best.

MARCUS  
 (to LILY)  
 I thought we could try a session  
 with you. You open to that?

MAI  
 (trying to conceal her  
 disappointment)  
 What about both of you?

LILY  
 (deferring)  
 The lady came for the best.

MAI  
 I'm here to get some help. Period.

MARCUS  
 (to MAI)  
 You brought the photographs of the  
 girl?

MAI nods and begins to remove the PHOTOS from the MESSENGER  
 BAG she carries.

INT. LOFT/MARCUS'S LIVING ROOM -- EVENING (LATER)

The LIGHTS have been turned OFF, and only the evening light  
 from the windows illumines the scene.

LILY reclines comfortably on a long leather sofa, her boots  
 propped up on a pillow, her head supported as well.

MARCUS has moved the chair in which he sits near LILY, and  
 MAI is seated on a love-seat farther away. Both MARCUS and  
 MAI hold pads on which they take notes.

MARCUS

(to LILY, in a soft voice)

Let's begin as usual by getting you into a hypnagogic place --

(to MAI)

the state that precedes sleep that we all experience.

(to LILY)

All I want you to do now is relax. If you need help emptying your thoughts, focus them on the photographs of Jessica Luong you've just seen.

There are LONG moments of SILENCE as the session unfolds, moments when the STILLNESS is fat, anticipatory, filled with the TENSION of what might be revealed.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(to MAI)

I'm going to be what we call the monitor. I'll subtly direct the session and our efforts to view Jessica and what's going on.

MAI nods.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

And we'll begin by giving LILY a tasking, a general directive about what to look at, what to try to perceive.

MARCUS, too, takes a moment to center himself, to get still, before he asks --

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Are you comfortable?

LILY whispers --

LILY

Yes.

MARCUS

Are you holding an image of Jessica? Do you have a vivid sense of Jessica from the photographs?

LILY nods.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I want you to connect with that image, link yourself to her however you can, however you choose. Bridge the space between you and her.

SILENCE . . . and anticipation.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

When you and Jessica are present together, when you've reached her, please begin to give me some impressions -- what she's wearing, her circumstances, her emotions, everything, anything that comes to you. But . . . take your time. Not until you're truly present with her.

LILY shifts subtly after a time. She's in a TRANCE-LIKE place and she begins to offer IMPRESSIONS.

LILY

Lots of black hair . . . smooth,  
lovely skin . . . delicate mouth .  
. . .

MARCUS

You can see her mouth? There's nothing covering her mouth?

LILY

Delicate lips . . . Hello Kitty . .  
. she's on a couch, a dirty couch,  
creepy . . . has a book or a mag --  
maybe a magazine in her lap.

MARCUS glances at MAI

MARCUS

(continuing softly)  
Who is with her? Can you see you  
else is there?

SILENCE.

LILY

Men . . . dark hair, or hats . . .  
three or four. I can't --

MARCUS

Are they near her?

LILY

The same . . . room. A big space.

MARCUS

Do you see guns?

LILY

No.

MARCUS

How many doors in the room?

LILY

I'm not . . . one . . . but maybe a second behind me, or . . .

MARCUS

Windows?

LILY

Two . . . little panes in them . . .  
.

MARCUS

Are they covered? Drapes or blinds over them?

LILY

No.

MARCUS

Lil, can you move to the window and look out? What do you see when you look out?

A long WAIT before LILY responds.

LILY

Two streets . . .

MARCUS

An intersection?

LILY

Two streets . . . seven eleven . . .  
.

MARCUS

A street number?

LILY

A store . . .

MARCUS turns and makes EYE CONTACT with MAI.

MARCUS  
Anything else outside?

LILY  
Cars . . . moving cars . . . but  
quiet.

MARCUS  
Back inside again. What does it  
feel like in there? Is it tense?  
Quiet? Are people nervous?

LILY  
(trying to be sure)  
Bored . . . nothing to do . . .  
just waiting . . .

MARCUS  
And Jessica is okay?

LILY  
Yeah . . . but she . . . yeah. She  
wants to go home.

INT. LOFT/MARCUS'S LIVING ROOM -- EVENING (LATER)

MAI sits at a glass-topped table, studying the MAP on her  
IPAD.

MAI  
There's only one 7-Eleven store  
anywhere near Mission High School.  
Noe and 18th. It's just a few  
blocks away.

LILY is seated upright on the sofa now, and remembers that --

LILY  
When Marcus first viewed the  
abduction, he saw what he called a  
"narrow" building, and they took  
her up a flight of stairs.

MAI  
(to MARCUS)  
Anything else you can tell me about  
the building?

MARCUS  
The word "narrow" was what I used.  
"Narrow" was all I got.

MAI

So, we're looking for a narrow building with a sight-line to the 7-Eleven at 18th and Noe.

MARCUS moves to the table and sits down to try to explain something.

MARCUS

This is where examining information that's been viewed or received can get a little complicated.

MAI looks at him quizzically.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

If Lily could see her way into that room -- and I think there's a high likelihood that she did -- she could just as readily have seen that 7-Eleven, whether it was in line-of-sight from that window or not.

MARCUS stands.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I think the store's related, and probably nearby, but . . .

MAI

What's solid, then? What do we have here?

MARCUS

Two viewings so far, mine and Lily's. In both, Jessica is okay. Lil saw her with the tape off her mouth. The men are waiting -- that seems like strong information -- waiting for instructions or something. So they did this for somebody else.

MAI

And they are somewhere in the vicinity of that 7-Eleven?

MARCUS looks inquiringly toward LILY.

LILY

Yeah. No noise with that. It's cold. She's near -- whatever near means -- that 7-Eleven.

(MORE)

LILY (CONT'D)  
 (becoming emotionally  
 engaged now)  
 Jesus, you guys, we've got to find  
 that kid.

MAI reaches for her purse and begins to move toward the door.

MARCUS  
 We talked about dinner. Join me.  
 (motioning to include  
 LILY)  
 Join us.

MAI  
 Thank you. And thank you very much  
 for this. But I've got to talk with  
 people at that store.

INT. "CLOCK BAR" ST. FRANCIS HOTEL (SAN FRANCISCO) -- NIGHT

MARCUS is wearing his de facto uniform -- jeans and a polo shirt -- but he's added a SPORT COAT to the mix as he meets a LONGTIME FRIEND visiting from out of town.

RICHARD DORSEY, 40, is handsome and perfectly put together in an Armani suit and silk T-shirt. His loafers look Italian -- and expensive -- and he's one of those men whose dark hair is always perfectly in place.

The two men were once colleagues -- and rivals -- at the Pentagon's Stargate Project, and a certain rivalry likely remains part of their relationship.

MARCUS  
 It's turned out to be a great home  
 base. Lots of Silicon Valley  
 companies are increasingly  
 interested in this kind of thing.

RICHARD DORSEY  
 But you miss, D.C.

MARCUS  
 Two things. I miss the D.C. spring-  
 time, and I miss . . . That town's  
 full of women who sometimes need to  
 take off their glasses and  
 surrender their power and be told  
 how it's gonna go down.

RICHARD smiles but doesn't respond. He stirs the ice in his scotch and glances across the dimly lit, chicly appointed lounge.

RICHARD

Great hotel. I always try to stay here, not that I get out here that much.

MARCUS

You said you had a story for me about what brought you to town.

RICHARD

I'll need a second drink first.

RICHARD gestures toward a waitress, then needs a moment to frame a question.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You in touch with Bao at all?

MARCUS

(coldly)  
No. Not since I --"

RICHARD

Never?

MARCUS

When I left we were on . . . poor terms.

RICHARD

But of all of us he trained, you two really clicked. You always seemed to be his . . . the one he presumed would have the stellar career.

MARCUS

You know what happened.

RICHARD

And you couldn't work for him any more after it did. I get that. I'm out of touch with him, too, but I'd love to touch base with him about something.

RICHARD orders a new drink for each of them, then continues.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I tried a few days ago, but his office wouldn't give me any information other than to say he was talking a few days off.

MARCUS

He's probably still in Bethesda.

RICHARD

(shaking his head)

Not his house any more. Some Iowa congressman answered the door.

So, I tried to view him -- it wasn't the most righteous session I've ever had -- but every hit I got was of you and him. Together.

(beat)

Here.

MARCUS

(smiling)

You're losing your stuff, man. He and I haven't spoken since 2009.

RICHARD

You haven't seen him?

MARCUS

What do you need him for?

RICHARD

I'm . . . I'm sure my current employer would prefer that I didn't discuss that.

MARCUS

If you thought I could tell you where he is, I'm afraid you made the trip for nothing.

RICHARD

(trying to lighten the conversation)

Hey, a trip to Frisco is never a waste.

MARCUS

People here hate that name.

RICHARD doesn't like to be chided, particularly not by MARCUS, and neither does he believe that MARCUS doesn't know anything about BAO.

RICHARD

(icily)

You're determined to stonewall me. I get it.

RICHARD knocks back his scotch and reaches for his wallet.

These are on me but I get one more question before we adjourn to that steak.

MARCUS nods.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Would you be open to doing a little work with me? If you couldn't know who we were working for?

INT./EXT. CAR. MISSION DISTRICT (SAN FRANCISCO) -- DAY

MAI WINTERS drives east on 16th Street in her Toyota Prius. MARCUS is SQUEEZED into the passenger seat beside her.

He's a BIG MAN in a SMALL CAR --and is clearly uncomfortable. He's not the sort of man who ever wants to be chauffeured by a woman, and he had hoped his latest good deed was done.

MARCUS

If you'll drop me at BART . . . I can get home quickly and get on with my afternoon.

MAI

I can drive you. We could get a bite of lunch.

MAI continues to want -- and need -- MARCUS's help and she's even willing to blur the lines between socializing and work to get it.

MARCUS

(surprised)

Let's rain check till we can make it a real meal. You'll get the Nguyen girl safely home, and then --

MAI

The only leads I have come from you and Lily. And today you're still confident this is the neighborhood you viewed.

MARCUS

Once you have a ransom note or something else breaks, it might --

MAI

What are the chances that in another session, you or she might be able to view the exact building?

MARCUS

There are a *lot* of buildings within a block or two of that 7-Eleven.

MAI

If you reached a high level of confidence about one of them, I might be able to talk a judge into a search warrant.

(her tone shifting to pressure him)

Because a girl's life is in danger.

MARCUS

(stiffening)

I came to you, remember? This case has absolutely nothing to do with me, but I've taken my time to try to --

MAI

(softening)

You have. And thank you. I'm grateful. And I'm frustrated . . . and worried.

MAI pulls her PRIUS to the curb in front of the 16th Street Mission BART station. MARCUS opens the door, but wants to ask a question before he goes.

MARCUS

Your name. Winters. Were you married?

MAI

We were named Nguyen -- like half the people in Vietnam. My dad disappeared as we escaped. We didn't know whether he made it to the U.S. or not. If he did, he didn't try to find us.

MARCUS

What did he do?

MAI

Military intelligence -- he might not have made it out.

(laughs uneasily)

Now I'm a police detective. Father issues maybe?

MARCUS smiles.

MAI (CONT'D)  
 (pausing, the memory  
 painful)

It was just my mom and me and it must have been terribly hard for her. She threw herself into an utterly new life, and decided to Americanize our name. Nguyen became . . . Winters.

MARCUS nods.

INT. BART STATION PLATFORM (SAN FRANCISCO) -- DAY

MARCUS appears deep in thought as he waits on a quiet platform for the next train.

His lips part, his brow knits subtly, and he stares into space -- as if at some long-past event.

Then suddenly his face is alive with a realization. He's connected the dots -- and he's astounded by what he suddenly understands.

INT. "SAIGON FLOWER" KITCHEN -- DAY

DAHN and QUI LUONG huddle close together beside a steam table and listen to a SHORT ASIAN MAN who wears khaki pants and a cotton jacket that's zipped up to its collar.

The man's white hair is trimmed close to his scalp; his forehead is heavily wrinkled. His look and his accent remind us of . . . BAO NGUYEN, whom we met in his Pentagon office.

Their VOICES are QUIET, almost conspiratorial -- and we read SUBTITLES as they speak in Vietnamese.

QUI LUONG  
 You sure?

BAO NGUYEN  
 Completely. She is fine. I promise.  
 I'm doing everything I can to get  
 her back as quickly as possible.

QUI LUONG  
 We don't understand why they took  
 her.

BAO NGUYEN  
 That doesn't matter right now. The  
 only important thing is that she is  
 safe, and that I'm going to get her  
 back to you.

DAHN LUONG  
How can we help?

BAO NGUYEN  
Tell the police the same thing. You  
have no idea who might have taken  
her.  
(strongly)  
Do not mention me.

And BAO adds in ENGLISH.

BAO NGUYEN (CONT'D)  
That way we get our Jessie home.

QUI LUONG  
(plaintively)  
You promise, Daddy?

EXT. EDDY STREET (SAN FRANCISCO) -- DAY

An establishing shot of BAO NGUYEN approaching the entrance  
to the SFPD Tenderloin station.

INT. LOBBY SFPD TENDERLOIN STATION -- DAY

BAO NGUYEN walks to the reception desk in the station's  
lobby, telling the officer working the desk that

BAO NGUYEN  
I have information about the  
missing girl. Jessica Luong.

OFFICER  
What's your name, sir?

BAO NGUYEN  
My name is Binh Hang.

OFFICER  
Let me call someone.

The officer picks up her phone and dials.

OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Do you have any identification, Mr.  
Hang?

BAO takes his wallet from his pocket and hands her a driver's  
license.

OFFICER (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Yeah, Detective, there's a  
 gentleman here who says he has  
 information about the girl.

INT. COMMUNITY ROOM. SFPD TENDERLOIN STATION -- DAY

MAI WINTERS and BAO NGUYEN sit at the conference table where  
 MAI first spoke with MARCUS TRUDEAU -- about the same case.

She writes information she gleans from BAO's driver's license  
 on a note-pad, then hands the license back to him.

MAI  
 Thank you for coming in.

BAO NGUYEN  
 Seemed important.

MAI gestures with her open palm, asking him to continue.

MAI  
 Please . . .

BAO NGUYEN  
 I ride the 47 MUNI bus to Giants  
 games. My hearing is not great but  
 still pretty good. I speak  
 Vietnamese. Born in Vietnam.  
 Today I hear boys -- older than  
 boys -- talking in Vietnamese about  
 the girl missing. They say she is  
 in Oakland. They say Union City  
 Viets have her.

MAI  
 (scribbling on her pad)  
 Were they Union City Viets?

BAO NGUYEN  
 Do not know. All I know about Union  
 City Viets is the name. Vietnamese  
 gang. Bad characters.

MAI  
 How many of them were there?

BAO NGUYEN  
 Three -- no four, I think.

MAI  
 Were they going to the game?

BAO NGUYEN  
I get off at 4th Street. They did  
not.

MAI  
This was . . . ?

BAO NGUYEN  
Today.

There is something about BINH HANG that intrigues MAI --  
something interesting that goes beyond the information he has  
offered.

He's an ORDINARY RETIRED MAN -- and yet he isn't. He seems  
both simple and enigmatic. And there is something . . .  
FAMILIAR about him.

MAI  
How long have you lived here Mr.  
Hang?

BAO NGUYEN  
Long time. Since 1970s.

MAI  
You're retired? What kind of work  
did you do?

BAO NGUYEN  
(in Vietnamese; subtitled)  
In Vietnam, I was a literature  
professor. Here . . . I worked in  
restaurants.

MAI  
(apologetically)  
I'm sorry. I don't speak  
Vietnamese. I did as a tiny girl,  
but . . .

BAO NGUYEN  
Worked in restaurants.

MAI  
Do you think you could identify any  
of the young men on the bus? Can I  
show you some photographs?

BAO NGUYEN nods and offers MAI a thin smile, which she  
returns.

BAO NGUYEN  
Maybe so.

EXT. CRISSY FIELD (SAN FRANCISCO) -- DAY

MARCUS runs along a wide trail at the edge of SAN FRANCISCO BAY. Beyond him, windsurfers and kite sailors skim across WHITE-CAPS, and the orange towers of the GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE rise high into the summer SKY.

MARCUS stops as he reaches RICHARD DORSEY, who is drinking in the DRAMATIC VIEW, wearing a suit and looking a bit out of place.

MARCUS  
 (catching his breath)  
 You said somewhere where we  
 wouldn't be overheard -- and I  
 thought you might enjoy the  
 scenery.

RICHARD  
 Incredible. When I run, it's on a  
 treadmill in a sleazy gym that  
 reminds me of junior high.

MARCUS motions toward the St. Francis Yacht Club in the eastern distance.

MARCUS  
 Let's walk.

RICHARD nods, and they stroll as they talk -- the wind having its way with RICHARD's carefully groomed HAIR.

RICHARD  
 I've never known anyone who can  
 paranormally locate people better  
 than you can.

MARCUS  
 But you can't tell me who the  
 employer is?

RICHARD  
 I *can* tell you that we think --

MARCUS  
 You want me to help you find Bao.

RICHARD  
 (turning to make eye  
 contact)  
 It's Bao, yeah. And it's also a *lot*  
 of money.

MARCUS stops. RICHARD stops.

MARCUS

Jesus.

RICHARD

I told you I've come up cold. And I need . . . my employer needs to find him. It's urgent.

MARCUS

I haven't thought about Bao in a long time.

MARCUS begins to WALK again, and RICHARD joins him.

RICHARD

You were like father and son.

(beat)

I'm authorized to offer you 50K for a good-faith effort to view him, and six figures if you successfully locate him by Tuesday.

MARCUS

(suspiciously)

He's an old man with --

RICHARD

With a high-level, very high-sensitivity intel position. You may not be aware of how influential he remains -- more than ever really.

MARCUS

Is this corporate? Or is some government somewhere desperate to talk to him?

RICHARD

If you're saying yes, we can go to your bank and escrow the funds this afternoon. You won't have to worry about whether you can trust me.

Close on MARCUS'S FACE -- and he's CONFLICTED. He can't simply dismiss the possibility of making a HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS in an afternoon. But he burned a painful bridge with BAO. And the DEFENSE INDUSTRY and its intrigues are a world he vowed to ABANDON forever.

MARCUS

The trusting wouldn't so much be you as me.

RICHARD

What?

MARCUS

You know who I am -- who I was. I lived and breathed that work. It was my family. I was fucking married to it.

(beat)

Now I'm a continent away. I make great money, I'm my own boss, and .

. . .

(acknowledging the remarkable place where they are with the sweep of his arm)

And this is where I live.

RICHARD

You're a lucky man.

MARCUS

Why would I risk getting sucked back in?

RICHARD

(querulously)

You're worried that you're not strong enough to fend off . . . yourself?

MARCUS stops and turns to RICHARD.

MARCUS

Exactly.

INT. APARTMENT. NORTH BEACH (SAN FRANCISCO) -- DAY

LILY JAMES opens to the door to her tiny North Beach APARTMENT and is startled to see MARCUS. He's still wearing his jogging clothes and she is dressed in flannel PAJAMAS patterned with a cowboy motif.

MARCUS

I wake you up? I'm sorry.

LILY

What time is it?

MARCUS

About three.

LILY  
 (shrugging)  
 I was sleeping in.

MARCUS  
 Can I come in?

LILY motions for him to enter and MARCUS quickly surveys the dark, cluttered and *ECLECTICALLY* furnished space.

Then he surprises her again.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 I thought I'd come hear that album  
 you've been raving about.

LILY  
 What?

He motions to his ears with his fingers.

MARCUS  
 Play it for me. Turn it up so we  
 can really hear it.

LILY is baffled, but then gets it when MARCUS points to his ears again and mimes as if he were talking.

SHE retrieves her IPOD, plugs it into a deck, finds a SONG with a thundering beat and driving guitars, and cranks up the VOLUME.

MARCUS motions her toward curtained FRENCH DOORS.

EXT. BALCONY. NORTH BEACH -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

The doors open onto a shallow balcony with a view of an alley that frames COIT TOWER on distant Telegraph Hill.

LILY  
 What's with the cloak and dagger,  
 dude?

MARCUS  
 I need to talk with you.

LILY  
 (incredulously)  
 And you think somebody's bugged my  
 place? Think maybe you're turning  
 paranormal into paranoid?

MARCUS

If I'm even half right about this, keeping our communication private is going to be the least of our worries.

LILY

(concerned)

What's going on?

MARCUS

Did the detective call you?

LILY

Winters? No. Not unless she left voice mail. Why?

MARCUS

I just got a call from her. An old Vietnamese man came into the Tenderloin station a little while ago and claimed he heard gang members talking about having the girl in Oakland.

LILY

(struggling to understand)

But --

MARCUS

Yeah. And Mai said there was something odd about him.

LILY

Okay, I'm still half asleep, but I don't --

MARCUS

Remember talking about how weird it was that I viewed moments of the abduction -- totally out of the blue? Without any kind of direction or intention?

LILY

Yeah.

MARCUS

And everything about this kidnapping's been triggering memories of a London case I --

MARCUS (CONT'D)

The girl and the bomb.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I thought I'd finally finished with  
--

(jumping to the point)

My boss -- the guy who refused to  
intervene when I viewed what was  
going to happen in London -- was a  
Vietnam War refugee, and a legend  
in this kind of work. He's close to  
eighty by now.

(beat)

And he's missing.

LILY

I'm sorry, Marcus, but --

MARCUS

A colleague who worked with us both  
-- and who does private work like  
we do nowadays -- shows up last  
night and wants me to view our old  
boss. Find him for some very deep-  
pocket employer.

LILY

Can you? Are you going to?

MARCUS

They think he's come to San  
Francisco.

LILY

(softly, and now beginning  
to get it)

Whoa . . . shit. And you think he's  
the guy who went to --

MARCUS

They *really* want to find him.

LILY

So they'd bug my apartment?

MARCUS

They're the kinds of people who  
will do whatever it takes to get  
him. So, talk to nobody. Be  
*extremely* careful about how you  
talk to me. Nothing important  
unless very discretely and in  
person.

LILY  
 (wide awake now)  
 I hear you. Got it.

MARCUS  
 I need you to buy us both pay-as-you-go phones. New numbers. Bring one to my place. I'm going to go home and try to sort all this out.

LILY  
 Okay.

MARCUS  
 And find Mai. Try the Tenderloin station. Talk to her in person. No phone calls or messages. Tell her to meet me at the Tadich Grill at seven. Tell her it's *important*. Tell her not to mention to *anyone* who she's meeting or where she's going. And to make sure she isn't followed.

LILY  
 (worried, a bit  
 overwhelmed)  
 Jesus, Marcus.

MARCUS  
 It'll be okay. Just be very precise. Very careful.

INT. LOFT/MARCUS'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

MARCUS is ANXIOUS, UNEASY, PREOCCUPIED as he moves through the open living area of his loft. He stares out the window toward the Bay Bridge. He carries empty glasses to the kitchen sink.

He sits at the dining table and studies his LAPTOP, finds what he's looking for, and scribbles notes onto a pad.

He goes to a long leather SOFA, reclines on it, then begins to take DEEP, INTENTIONAL BREATHS -- as if to settle himself into a ZONE in which he can better VIEW and UNDERSTAND what's transpiring.

INT. "TADICH GRILL" (SAN FRANCISCO) -- EVENING

MAI WINTERS walks into the orchestrated chaos of the TADICH GRILL, a storied seafood joint about which virtually nothing has changed in decades.

White tablecloths, dark wood, leaded glass and brass bespeak an old-school approach to dining, and the din attests to the restaurant's continuing caché.

MAI wends through a knot of people waiting for tables, and finds MARCUS seated at the bar.

MAI  
Here you are.

MARCUS  
(pleased to see her)  
Great.

MAI  
What's up? And why here if something's so --

MARCUS leaves some bills on the bar, stands and signals to the host, who's wearing a white coat.

MARCUS  
(to the host)  
Paul . . .

The host motions for them to follow, and leads them through the narrow restaurant, into the kitchen and to a service door, which he holds open for them as they exit.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
(to the host)  
Thank you, my friend.

HOST  
(discretely)  
Looking forward to seeing you again, Mr. Trudeau.

Standing in shadowed HALLECK STREET, MAI looks quizzically at MARCUS.

MARCUS  
They know me.

MAI  
Why all the precautions?

MARCUS  
Let's walk.

EXT. CALIFORNIA STREET -- EVENING -- MOMENTS LATER

A cable-car clanks past them as MARCUS and MAI walk in the evening light.

EXT. PORTSMOUTH SQUARE -- EVENING -- MOMENTS LATER

MAI and MARCUS sit on a bench in a park in Chinatown. Children, entangled romantic couples, and small groups of aging women enjoy the last hour of light.

MARCUS

What did he say his name was?

MAI

Binh Hang. I looked at his driver's license.

MARCUS

What did you think of his story?

MAI

He claimed he heard these guys on a bus on the way to a Giants game. But he didn't go a game.  
(beat)  
The Giants play tonight.

MARCUS

That doesn't sound like him.

MAI

(confused)  
What?

MARCUS

I think I know who he is. But I don't know why he came to see you.

MAI

Did you . . . view him?

MARCUS

I used to work for him.

INT. "ST. FRANCIS HOTEL" -- SUITE -- EVENING

RICHARD DORSEY prepares two drinks at a wet bar, then delivers one to CHARLES LANGER, 64, silver-haired and well fed if not quite portly, who's seated in the living area of this perfectly appointed suite.

Both men have removed their suit jackets, but their ties remain firmly knotted and gold cuff-links bind the crisp cuffs of their sleeves.

RICHARD DORSEY

He didn't give me an absolute no, but I'm not optimistic.

CHARLES LANGER  
 (in a modulated Texas  
 drawl)  
 Pot wasn't sweet enough for him?

RICHARD DORSEY  
 Wasn't that. I think he's still a  
 little haunted by the brutality of  
 this business.

CHARLES LANGER  
 He some sort of pussy?

RICHARD DORSEY  
 (smiling thinly)  
 No, no. He's not that. Sometimes  
 sacrifices had to be made, lives  
 were lost -- needlessly, Trudeau  
 believed.  
 (beat)  
 The last time it happened, he just  
 walked away.

CHARLES LANGER  
 But he's good?

RICHARD DORSEY  
 The best. Bit of a wild man,  
 sometimes. He's capable of living  
 way out on the edge. But nobody's  
 better.

CHARLES LANGER  
 Then raise the fucking stakes till  
 he does what we need him to do.

DORSEY leans forward to make his point.

RICHARD DORSEY  
 He knows Nguyen is here. This is  
 the risk I wanted you to be aware  
 of. They had a huge falling out,  
 but there's no guarantee he won't  
 find him and warn him. He doesn't  
 need your money.

CHARLES LANGER  
 You told me he hated the little  
 prick for what happened.

RICHARD DORSEY  
 He did. He may still. It's just . . .

•  
 (MORE)

RICHARD DORSEY (CONT'D)  
 when somebody has the ESP talent  
 that a guy like Trudeau has, he's  
 not, you know, *normal*.

CHARLES LANGER  
 (disgusted by the  
 ambiguity)  
 Fuck me.

EXT. PORTSMOUTH SQUARE -- EVENING

MARCUS and MAI continue to sit on a concrete bench as the sky  
 begins to darken. He glances around as he speaks, as if to  
 see who might be listening in addition to MAI.

MARCUS  
 Here's where we are.  
 (counting with his fingers  
 as he ticks off what's  
 occurred)  
 Out of the blue, I start viewing  
 all over again the murder of a girl  
 several years ago -- a death Bao  
 Nguyen allowed to occur.

Then I view pieces of the Luong  
 girl's abduction even though I had  
 zero connection to her. Didn't view  
 in a formal session -- that never  
 happens to me.

Lily and I both view her in the  
 Mission and feel pretty strongly  
 that's where she is.

The next day, somebody who worked  
 for years with Bao and me shows up,  
 and he's currently working for a  
 very deep-pocket client who *has* to  
 find Bao. Hugely important. They  
 try to get me to help.

Then Bao comes to you, claims he's  
 somebody else, and wants you to  
 start looking for a gang in Oakland  
 he says has the girl.

MAI  
 (adding a link)  
 Jessica's parents . . . when I  
 asked if they could think of any  
 family connection or anyone with a  
 motive, they said no. No. But there  
 was something.  
 (MORE)

MAI (CONT'D)

It seemed like they were holding something back. Maybe just some little thing but . . .

MARCUS

I think we can still assume the girl is alive, that she's okay.

MAI

It's been five days. That's a very long time in a kidnapping case.

MARCUS

And also that Bao is playing some sort of focal role here.

MAI

This Bao, bottom line. Is he a good guy or a bad guy?

MARCUS considers for a moment.

MARCUS

No easy answer. I've loved him and been disgusted by him at different times over the years.

He turns to look at MAI now, needs to see how she will respond.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

This is getting strange enough that I think I better share something else.

MAI

(uncertain)

Okay.

MARCUS

I researched some old immigration records this afternoon. You, your mom, dates, addresses. Back in Saigon, here in the States.

MAI

And . . .

MARCUS

Bao Nguyen is your father.

MAI

(dismissively)

My father's name was Minh.

MARCUS

Minh Nguyen became Bao Nguyen when he got to the U.S. I don't know why. If your mother tried to find him, the name change would have made it a bit harder.

MAI's face is blank, then unbelieving -- then anger washes over her.

MAI

The guy at the station was my *father*? No. What makes you --

MARCUS

(standing)  
Let's walk.

MAI pulls him back to the bench.

MAI

Wait. Wait. What in the word makes you --

MARCUS

All three of you came to the U.S. in April 1975.

MAI

Thousands of people did.

MARCUS

His immigration papers list his last Saigon address as 186 Bui Vien Street.

(beat)

You and your mom used to live at 186 Bui Vien Street.

(beat)

I can show you.

MAI stands now and raises her eyes to the Transamerica Pyramid, a block away and rising far into the sky.

She buttons her jacket, stuffs her hands in its pockets, then finally turns to MARCUS. She has tears in her eyes.

MAI

When I was little I wanted him to want me, to want us, so bad. I *prayed* to him to come. But the son of a bitch never did.

MARCUS  
 (gently)  
 I'm sorry.

MAI  
 You think he knew who I was this  
 afternoon?

MARCUS  
 He's a very clever guy. But if I  
 had to guess, no, I don't think so.

MAI  
 Tell me why all this has you so  
 worried about being followed.

MARCUS  
 I can't figure out Bao's  
 relationship to the girl. But  
 whoever took her begins to look  
 like the same people who are so  
 desperate to find him.

MAI  
 And they think you and he are in  
 cahoots.

MARCUS  
 They sure as hell want to find out.

EXT. STREET. MISSION (SAN FRANCISCO) -- NIGHT

An establishing shot of the intersection of 18th and Noe  
 streets in the Mission -- then close on a narrow house with a  
 flat Victorian facade.

INT. HOUSE. MISSION (SAN FRANCISCO) -- NIGHT

JESSICA LUONG sits on a folding CHAIR in a sparsely furnished  
 flat. She's pale and seems exhausted but otherwise okay.

Soda CANS and EMPTY BAGS of chips litter a nearby table.

A VIETNAMESE MAN in his thirties relaxes on a dirty cloth  
 SOFA. A second man, also Vietnamese, aims a SMART-PHONE at  
 JESSICA as he prepares to shoot a VIDEO.

CHARLES LANGER and RICHARD DORSEY stand watching nearby, as  
 does DUC TRANG, a thin, middle-aged Asian man in a cheap,  
 tight-fitting suit. LANGER is ill-at-ease and doesn't try to  
 hide his discomfort.

CHARLES LANGER

Getting my hands this goddamn dirty  
is something I *rarely* have to do.

RICHARD DORSEY

I suggested that you stay in  
Houston. I don't think you needed  
to be here.

CHARLES LANGER

And I make my decisions myself. You  
said you'd have Nguyen for me a  
week ago.

(motioning toward the  
girl)

And *this* business . . . this is not  
how Harrington Global likes to get  
its work done.

RICHARD DORSEY

When we couldn't locate him, the  
granddaughter was the quickest way  
to get his attention and get him to  
come to us. It worked.

DUC TRANG

(uncertainly)

My guys do a good job.

CHARLES LANGER

And a former fucking U.S. senator  
is standing in a hostage hide-out,  
for Christ's fucking sake.

RICHARD DORSEY

You want this contract. That's why  
you brought me in, as you recall.  
Another day or two and you'll be  
home and happy.

CHARLES LANGER

If I'm not, I'm going to be wearing  
your balls like a necklace.

(beat, then disgustedly)

I'll fit right in in this town.

LANGER moves his attention to the girl and the video.

CHARLES LANGER (CONT'D)

I want this on two phones.

(to the man on the sofa)

You shoot this, too. Dorsey brought  
you plenty of phones.

RICHARD DORSEY goes to a backpack at the base of the table, finds a SMART-PHONE, turns it on, and tosses it to the man -- who moves near his partner.

RICHARD DORSEY  
 (to Jessica)  
 Jessica, we need you to hold up the paper so the camera can see it.

JESSICA obeys, lifts a copy of the SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE from her LAP, and holds it in front of her.

CHARLES LANGER  
 That's a good girl.

DORSEY turns to LANGER and puts a finger to his lips -- reminding his employer that their voices don't belong on the video.

FIRST CAPTOR  
 (to Jessica, in English)  
 Talk directly to your *ong ngoai*.  
 Tell him you're fine. That you miss him and want to see him.

JESSICA  
 (hesitantly)  
 Hi, grandpa. Where are you . . .

FIRST CAPTOR  
 (encouragingly)  
 Go on.

JESSICA  
 I'm okay. They said to tell you I'm okay, but I'm scared they're not going to let you come get me.

DORSEY scribbles a note on a note-pad he pulls from his pocket and hands it to the captor who's directing the girl.

FIRST CAPTOR  
 (reading, then whispering to her)  
 Tell him just as soon as he follows the instructions that come with the video, you'll be home and safe.

JESSICA  
 (trying to repeat the words, becoming tearful)  
 They say for you to follow instructions and then I can go home.

FIRST CAPTOR

Tell him he'll get text messages on the phone and he needs to follow instructions precisely.

JESSICA

(tearfully)

They will send you texts and you need to follow instructions.

DORSEY turns to LANGER and nods approvingly -- this is going well. But LANGER is unimpressed.

CHARLES LANGER

(under his breath to DORSEY)

I can't fucking believe this.

INT. APARTMENT. MARINA DISTRICT (SAN FRANCISCO) -- NIGHT

In MAI's small, neat, simply furnished apartment, the LIGHTS are low. MARCUS reclines on a low sofa as he attempts to remotely view more of the circumstances surrounding JESSICA LUONG's abduction.

LILY JAMES is seated on a matching love-seat, holding a notepad in her lap, and MAI WINTERS observes MARCUS from a chair at her dining table.

He settles himself, takes DEEP, INTENTIONAL BREATHS. The camera closes tight on his eyes before --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE. MISSION -- NIGHT -- REMOTELY OBSERVED.

-- we see Soda CANS -- bags of chips -- chair -- the girl -- JESSICA --pale, exhausted --

-- through the lens of MARCUS's remote observation the scene in the Mission flat is dramatically DIFFERENT from what we saw moments before --

the COLOR DRAINED from the screen, the PICTURE GRAINY, images dancing in and OUT OF FOCUS, hits of color highlighting the freezes on objects on which MARCUS successfully trains his VISION --

-- a man on a dirty cloth SOFA -- SMART-PHONE -- sudden freezes on CHARLES LANGER and RICHARD DORSEY standing nearby--

CHARLES LANGER

-- my decisions myself. You said  
you'd have Nguyen for me -- not  
how Harrington Global -- standing  
in a hostage hide-out, for Christ's  
fucking sake --

RICHARD DORSEY

-- you'll be home and happy --

CHARLES LANGER

-- wearing your balls like a  
necklace --

-- freezes -- DORSEY -- a backpack -- JESSICA -- a newspaper -  
-

CHARLES LANGER (CONT'D)

That's a good girl.

Quick, confusing intercuts as DORSEY scribbles on a pad --  
two men shooting video with their phones -- a finger to  
DORSEY's lips -- and --

JESSICA

Hi, grandpa. Where are you -- I'm  
scared they're not --

FIRST CAPTOR

-- just as soon as he follows  
instructions --

JESSICA

-- they will send you texts --

DORSEY nodding approvingly -- and LANGER --

CHARLES LANGER

-- can't fucking believe --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. "SAIGON FLOWER" TENDERLOIN -- NIGHT

An establishing shot of the RESTAURANT run by JESSICA's  
PARENTS, then close on the lights in the WINDOWS of an  
upstairs APARTMENT.

INT. APARTMENT. "SAIGON FLOWER" -- NIGHT

BAO NGUYEN stands by the small apartment's front door as if  
preparing to leave. He wears the same jacket in which we've  
seen him before.

DAH N and QUI LUONG appear alarmed, afraid as they see him off.

QUI LUONG

How can you stay so calm, Ba?

BAO NGUYEN

I know how to stay calm for a long time. Is how I stayed alive back in

. . .

(beat)

You must believe, *Con Gai*, that Jessica is important to me as to you. And she will be home.

BAO gives his DAUGHTER an awkward HUG, shakes hands with his son-in-law, and begins to open the door, then --

BAO NGUYEN (CONT'D)

The police detective I told you might ask about me, or about a man called Binh Hang, she's a nguoi Viet, like us.

QUI LUONG

We've talked with her several times, Ba.

BAO NGUYEN

(absently)

Yeah . . . yes, that right.

INT. APARTMENT. MARINA DISTRICT (SAN FRANCISCO) -- NIGHT

In MAI's small, simply furnished apartment MARCUS, LILY and MAI sit following his remote viewing, attempting to piece together what he's observed.

MARCUS

Dorsey wouldn't give me a clue who he was working for. And if it's Langer -- and that's who I viewed, viewed cold -- then it's cowboy time for sure.

LILY

He was a senator?

MARCUS

From Texas, most of the nineties till a year after 9/11. Chaired the Senate Intelligence Committee. Threw his weight around; liked to piss on people.

MAI

Wasn't he in some scandal?

MARCUS

Several. He did Harrington Global's bidding while he was in office and they made him CEO about a week after he retired.

MAI

Why would . . .

(hesitates)

why would Bao be so important to him?

LILY

(attentive but confused)

If he works at the Pentagon, what could he --

MARCUS

(thinking out loud)

If Bao knows something he shouldn't, then why kidnap his granddaughter?

(beat)

But if they need his . . .

LILY

What?

MARCUS

He's got something they want. Or . . . they need him to get what they want.

MAI

What do you mean "cowboy time?"

MARCUS

I had to deal with Langer a few times. While he was still in the Senate. He's ruthless. Obsessive. If billions of dollars are involved -- and they may be --

(to MAI)

you have to be prepared for anything.

EXT. CRISSY FIELD (SAN FRANCISCO) -- DAY

MARCUS runs along the bay-side trail at CRISSY FIELD on another windy summer day.

Running is his escape, an attempt to center himself, to blow out cobwebs of several kinds, as much as it is the way he stays in shape.

But suddenly, MARCUS stops and bends if half, his hands on his knees -- as if perhaps he's in sudden pain.

Slowly, almost cautiously, he stands upright again, covers his face with both hands and tips his head far back, the backs of his broad hands angled into the sun.

When he removes his hands at last, he appears stunned, moved, altered -- something profound has just occurred.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO FERRY BUILDING -- DAY

A tracking shot of MARCUS walking along short, narrow PIER 41 near Fisherman's Wharf, then boarding the Tiburon FERRY.

Onboard, he makes his way to an OBSERVATION DECK at the ferry's prow. The boat backs out of its mooring, turns and begins its journey across the bay.

It's MIDDAY -- few people are leaving the city at this hour and only a few are out on the DECK, drinking in the air and the panorama.

MARCUS looks ahead, toward Alcatraz and Angel islands in the distance.

He does not see BAO NGUYEN walk out onto the deck and move near him at the rail, but MARCUS is not surprised when he senses someone at his left and turns to see his OLD FRIEND and colleague for the FIRST TIME in FIVE YEARS.

MARCUS is a much larger man than BAO, but there is something about the AGING ASIAN MAN that gives him STATURE, power -- even a kind of physical equivalence to MARCUS.

MARCUS  
(subtly shaking his head)  
You haven't lost your touch.

BAO offers him a thin SMILE.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
I've never known anybody who can  
draw someone to him like this.

BAO NGUYEN  
I thought we enjoy a trip across  
the bay.

MARCUS

(bemused)

Today. This crossing. This deck. It was as if I was led precisely here.

BAO NGUYEN

Everyone have powers of intention. With skill . . . and time . . . we can make them magnetic. You know that.

(beat)

You look good.

MARCUS

(dismissively)

I look like a guy who wanted no part of anything like this ever again.

BAO NGUYEN

I need your help. I was afraid you would say no if I call and ask you.

MARCUS

Drawing me in like this -- the London girl all over again . . . Jessica . . . now seeing very clearly that Dorsey and Langer are -- you couldn't have orchestrated all of that.

BAO NGUYEN

I only magnetized you -- drew you to me.

(beat)

On a small scale, when you think of someone, then five minutes later she calls you, is the same process.

MARCUS draws a deep breath -- needing a moment to find the words he wants.

MARCUS

I said *nothing* more to do with you. I made that crystal clear.

(beat)

I never wanted to see you again.

The two men stand side-by-side at the deck's rail, their eyes trained on the bay rather than each other.

BAO NGUYEN

You know it is hard for me to ask for help.

(MORE)

BAO NGUYEN (CONT'D)

I do not trust anyone the way I trust you. That is unchange for me.

MARCUS

(his emotions rising)  
I've changed. That's the point. For all those years, being fucking ruthless was all that mattered. It was all that was required.

BAO NGUYEN

Ruthless is the only thing you can be in this work.

MARCUS

(turning to him)  
But I don't live like that any more. I'm no choir boy --  
(cynically)  
but I try real hard not to do things that get people killed.  
(beat)  
Call me old-fashioned.

BAO NGUYEN

(softening)  
They will kill my granddaughter. You know this. Langer will do anything.

MARCUS

What does he want from you?

BAO NGUYEN

Is a complicated --

MARCUS

(flashing anger)  
Listen! If you have *any* hope of getting more help from me, I have to know *every fucking detail*.

BAO NGUYEN

(quietly, gratefully)  
Yes.

EXT. PLAZA (TIBURON) -- DAY

MARCUS and BAO sit on metal benches in a small brick-cobbled plaza on Main Street in TIBURON. Nearby is a circular fountain out of which rise five stylized stainless-steel sails.

Each man is eating a slice of pizza.

BAO NGUYEN

-- the changes in five years. The technology has taken huge leap. You would not believe what is available now -- what is coming.

MARCUS listens cautiously.

BAO NGUYEN (CONT'D)

What we do in paranormal realm is still better -- much better sometimes -- but a company like Harrington Global cannot patent the best remote viewers and turn them into huge profits.

BAO takes a bite and chews before he speaks again.

BAO NGUYEN (CONT'D)

They got to sell *things* --how you say, *widgets*? -- and be the *only* sellers. If they do not, if they are not, they go bust.

MARCUS

And you fit into this how?

BAO NGUYEN

HG develop a TTL -- tagging, tracking, locating device. They say it can locate individuals at great distance -- our side or other side -- detect chemical or biological agents, extract phone and computer data, biometric data. Everything. Brilliant.

(shaking his head)

But it is shit.

MARCUS

You've worked with it?

BAO NGUYEN

Six months ago, DOD secretary privately ask me to evaluate it and compare the prototype to current technology -- also compare to the accuracy of our paranormal work.

(beat)

It is *not* ready yet -- maybe never.

MARCUS

And Langer and company now know what your assessment is.

BAO NGUYEN

Next week, I testify to Senate Intelligence Committee. If I tell them Langer's little box is bullshit, HG loses maybe two billion dollar.

MARCUS considers for a moment, then turns to catch BAO's eye.

MARCUS

Here's the best help I can give you. Seriously. Just a bit of advice.

(beat)

Make a deal. Get Jessica safely home. Take two or three million of Langer's money. Then tell the committee that he and his boys have created the most important military intelligence tool since photography.

BAO stands, wipes his hands on a paper napkin and walks a few steps away to toss it and a paper plate into a trash bin. When he returns, he asks --

BAO NGUYEN

Is that what you would do?

MARCUS looks up at him but doesn't respond.

EXT. MAIN STREET (TIBURON) -- DAY

MARCUS and BAO walk the short distance back to the ferry landing. MARCUS cocks his head to the side as he talks with the much shorter man.

BAO NGUYEN

Never was good at family life.

MARCUS

You were always very private about -  
- which seemed like your privilege.  
You were obviously older when QUI  
was born.

BAO NGUYEN

Forties. I try one more time to be  
good man, but . . .

MARCUS

And Mai?

BAO stops.

BAO NGUYEN  
You know about Mai?

MARCUS  
(puzzled)  
Uh . . . do you know where she is?  
Her mother?

BAO confesses a truth about which he isn't proud.

BAO NGUYEN  
I lose track of them a very long  
time ago.

BAO's face registers SADNESS, REGRET. And the camera closes on MARCUS, who is stunned that BAO doesn't know he spoke with his daughter MAI only YESTERDAY.

EXT. FERRY (SAN FRANCISCO BAY) -- DAY

The Tiburon FERRY approaches the line of piers at THE EMBARCADERO as it returns to SAN FRANCISCO.

We see the backs of MARCUS and BAO as they stand at the rail again -- physically mismatched, still in conversation. As the ferry approaches the city, its skyline appears to grow dramatically from our POV. Then, cut to their faces.

MARCUS  
(turning and looking down  
to catch BAO's eye)  
I remember how much I looked up to  
you way back when.

A thin and wary smile curls onto each man's face in response to MARCUS's choice of words.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
But it's *bullshit* that you got me  
involved in this. You probably  
thought I'd be flattered, but . . .  
(considering what to say)  
The girl in London . . . I've  
struggled for years. If I walk away  
and Jessica is . . .  
(beat)  
I will do what I can to help make  
sure she stays safe, but not one  
thing more. The *minute* she's home,  
you and I are done -- forever this  
time.

BAO nods his head, and looks gratefully at MARCUS.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Tell me something else. Why did you tell the police that Jessica is in Oakland?

BAO takes a moment before he responds.

BAO NGUYEN

I remotely located her, where they have her. A house in the Mission. But there is lot of police energy around it, lot of attention, energy focus on that area.

(beat)

Police and Langer are a dangerous combination for Jessica. I thought if the police look somewhere else for day or two, I could --

MARCUS

They already know you were lying about who you were. There wasn't a Giants game. Wasn't any gang. It didn't work.

BAO NGUYEN

(defeated)

I could not think what else to do.

(beat)

Getting old.

EXT. STREET. MISSION (SAN FRANCISCO) -- DAY

An establishing shot of a narrow house with a flat Victorian facade near the intersection of 18th and Noe streets.

INT. HOUSE. -- DAY

Sunlight slices through closed vertical blinds and into the dingy room where JESSICA LUONG is held.

JESSICA, still wearing the "Hello Kitty" T-shirt in which she was abducted almost a week ago, lies on her side on a filthy couch.

When the camera closes on her FACE, we see she is WHIMPERING, her face is wet with TEARS, and she looks like a girl far younger than her actual years who is CRYING herself to SLEEP.

The camera pans to the two men who sit at a nearby table littered with plastic bags, soda cans, and the detritus of the long days the three of them have spent here.

Each man uses chopsticks as he eats from a white take-out container.

FIRST CAPTOR  
 (quietly, trying not to  
 disturb the girl)  
 Can't even give us fucking break  
 for couple hours.

SECOND CAPTOR  
 Like to see him coop up like this.

FIRST CAPTOR  
 What Trang say he going to pay you?

SECOND CAPTOR  
 How much you get?

FIRST CAPTOR  
 (in Vietnamese; subtitled)  
 Five hundred dollars a day.

SECOND CAPTOR  
 (angered)  
 Fuck. I get three hundred! He's  
 asshole.

FIRST CAPTOR  
 In charge. I have more  
 responsibility, so make more.

SECOND CAPTOR  
 What you say we take her? My  
 girlfriend's place. *Nobody* gets her  
 unless they pay real money. Not  
 Trang. Not rich American. Not mommy  
 daddy. *Nobody*.

The FIRST CAPTOR is intrigued, but cautious.

FIRST CAPTOR  
 Trang'll be here tonight for sure.  
 But if this go on much longer . . .

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE. SFPD TENDERLOIN STATION -- DAY

Uniformed Police Captain LEE GARRETSON sits at his desk and  
 stares up at Detective MAI WINTERS, who stands awkwardly  
 between the desk and the small office's doorway.

He's NOT a happy man.

CAPTAIN GARRETSON  
 A friggin' week and nothing.

MAI

It will be a week tomorrow night.

CAPTAIN GARRETSON

(uninterested in hair  
splitting)

A week. A week, Detective. And what do you anticipate will transpire during the *coming* week? Will we solve this? Will we get the girl home?

MAI

Without a ransom note, no physical evidence at the restaurant . . . the older gentleman thought he heard gang-bangers on a bus say she was in Oakland, but --

CAPTAIN GARRETSON

But you're convinced that he --

MAI

All our Union City Viet contacts say this is absolutely not their --

CAPTAIN GARRETSON

And you want me to let you keep using a couple of psychics who . . . what? What have they given you that's worth a shit?

MAI

(anxiously)

One of them correctly reported that Jessica was wearing a "Hello Kitty" T-shirt. No one knew that but us.

(beat)

They're both confident that she's being held in the Mission. Near Mission High.

CAPTAIN GARRETSON

(sighs)

I'm going to give you three more days, Detective. If that girl isn't back in her momma's arms by --

MAI

(defensively)

Sir, as you know, some of these abduction cases aren't solved for years.

The CAPTAIN raises his arm and holds THREE FINGERS up for the DETECTIVE to see.

CAPTAIN GARRETSON

Three. Have a seance. Do a moon-dance, whatever you want. But you have . . . three . . . days.

INT. "ST. FRANCIS HOTEL" SUITE -- EVENING

CHARLES LANGER, wearing a white terry-cloth bathrobe, peers through a peep-hole, then opens the door to his suite.

CHARLES LANGER

The fuck?

RICHARD DORSEY

Sorry. I thought I should get this to you quickly. In person.

CHARLES LANGER

What couldn't wait forty-five minutes?

LANGER motions for DORSEY, who's wearing an open-collared shirt and suit trousers, to enter.

RICHARD DORSEY

(tentatively)

I know this isn't the kind of --

CHARLES LANGER

(impatiently)

What?

RICHARD DORSEY

In my room, just now, I tried again and finally did view Nguyen myself.

LANGER turns away dismissively and walks to the bar.

RICHARD DORSEY (CONT'D)

Who knows why I couldn't before. But this came to me cold. No noise. I viewed him getting off a ferry. Fisherman's Wharf.

(beat)

And he was with Marcus Trudeau.

CHARLES LANGER

(disgusted)

I don't know whether to thank you or kick your ass.

LANGER pours himself a SCOTCH but doesn't offer a drink to DORSEY.

RICHARD DORSEY  
 (reminding him)  
 We talked about the possibility  
 that Trudeau would side with Bao  
 instead of --

LANGER has knocked back his DRINK, and now slams the empty glass on the granite bar.

CHARLES LANGER  
 Is this fairy-land shit you people  
 do *real*? Do I have to believe this?

RICHARD DORSEY  
 I think you'd better.

LANGER pauses to think.

CHARLES LANGER  
 Then get Trang here. Seven o'clock.  
 A couple of guys are cooling their  
 heels at a hotel at the airport --  
*persuasion* specialists. We'll  
 figure a Plan fuckin' B.

RICHARD DORSEY  
 Nguyen and Trudeau will be pretty .  
 . . *creative* together.

CHARLES LANGER  
 (forcefully)  
 We're gonna take Nguyen tonight.  
 Because you're gonna "*view him*"  
 right up his ass, if you have to.  
 Hell or high water. Understood?

DORSEY nods, anxiously.

CHARLES LANGER (CONT'D)  
 Then we'll let him watch his  
 granddaughter get hurt. Hurt just  
 enough so he decides to do what he  
*must* do.  
 (wistfully now)  
 Your buddy Trudeau. I'm 'fraid he's  
 gonna have a bad accident.

INT. MAI'S APARTMENT. MARINA DISTRICT -- EVENING

MAI opens her door to see MARCUS and BAO NGUYEN, whom she meets for the second time. A bit awkwardly, she invites the men in.

MAI  
Lily's here. Come in.

MARCUS  
(to MAI and BAO)  
I think you two have met.

BAO bows subtly, then offers MAI his hand. She's determined to connect with this man as minimally as she can.

BAO NGUYEN  
I'm sorry, Detective.

MAI  
(chilly)  
You're actually Jessica's . . .  
grandfather, I understand.

BAO NGUYEN  
Yes. And very old friend of Marcus.  
(beat)  
Thank you.

MAI motions them toward the small seating area, where LILY watches the introductions with FASCINATION. She removes her boots from the coffee-table as the three move toward her.

LILY  
So. A scrabble fest, yes?

MARCUS looks at LILY as if to say "cool it."

LILY (CONT'D)  
(to BAO)  
Lily. I'm Marcus's . . . right-hand  
man.

BAO NGUYEN  
(with a twinkle)  
Very talented . . . man, he tells  
me.

MAI  
(getting down to business)  
Let's dive in. But so we're clear,  
this is a police investigation. And  
I'm out on a very thin limb doing  
this.

(MORE)

MAI (CONT'D)

Everybody has to understand that I  
make every decision about how to  
act on anything we learn tonight.

MAI looks to BAO, MARCUS, and LILY for their acquiescence.  
Each nods.

INT. MAI'S APARTMENT. MARINA DISTRICT -- LATER

The lights are low. MARCUS and LILY sit near each other on  
the sofa --their eyes closed, their hands clasped in their  
laps.

MAI sits at her dining table. A note-pad lies in front of  
her.

BAO is seated in an overstuffed chair, his stocking feet  
tucked under him. The camera closes on his wrinkled,  
expressive, tranquil face. His eyes are closed. He is here --  
yet perhaps he is not.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. NOE STREET. MISSION -- NIGHT -- REMOTELY OBSERVED.

*Through the lens that BAO's viewing offers, we see an  
intersection in the Mission -- the COLOR DRAINED from the  
screen, the PICTURE GRAINY, images dancing in and OUT OF  
FOCUS, hits of color highlighting the objects on which BAO  
successfully trains his SIGHT --*

*-- like the narrow 7-ELEVEN sign above a corner store -- the  
YOUNG MAN who walks out of the store's open doors carrying a  
PAPER SACK -- ASIAN, we think -- his hair in a PONY-TAIL on  
top of his head -- a gray hoodie, soiled jeans --*

*-- a red CAR -- another CAR, white perhaps -- the young man  
DODGING THEM as he angles across the intersection -- a steep  
sidewalk -- his QUICK STEPS -- the young man GLANCING AROUND  
as he approaches a small PALE-BLUE HOUSE -- the NUMBER 508  
above a garage door -- a narrow RED DOOR nearby -- KEYS,  
fumbling with keys --*

*-- the DOOR suddenly OPENING -- a second young man -- short  
hair, stern, UNHAPPY -- eager to get him inside --*

*-- and we're following them up a narrow, dimly-lit STAIRCASE,  
hearing them SPEAK in a language we CAN'T UNDERSTAND -- their  
VOICES AGITATED, confrontational --*

*--and as they reach the landing they stop and ARGUE, but we  
can't understand why, don't know what's at issue until --*

-- we follow them into an almost EMPTY ROOM -- see a littered TABLE -- see an old SOFA -- see JESSICA -- her hands and feet TIED -- her exhaustion deeply etched on her face -- her T-shirt -- it might read HELLO KITTY? -- stained and wrinkled --

-- and then as the young man who's been to the store sets his SACK on the TABLE, the other GRABS HIM by the collar, pulls him close and SHOUTS at him -- SPITTING WORDS in his face -- demanding, instructing, explaining, venting -- we can't be sure -- except that the air is thick with tension and --

-- suddenly the MAN who went to the store has a GUN!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MAI'S APARTMENT. MARINA DISTRICT -- CONTINUOUS

BAO snaps out of his MEDITATIVE TRANCE -- coming back from the place he's just been.

His EYES are OPEN, ANGUISHED. His FACE is BLANCHED. He's clearly FRIGHTENED by what he's just viewed.

BAO NGUYEN

Guy came back from the store with a gun! Wants to take Jessica somewhere tonight. Says time they take charge of situation. Says they will ransom her to Langer.

MARCUS glances at MAI, sees her alarm, her immediate resolve.

MARCUS

Let's take my car.

INT./EXT. CAR. DIVISADERO STREET (SAN FRANCISCO) -- NIGHT

MARCUS aggressively drives his LEXUS RX up a steep SAN FRANCISCO street.

BAO and LILY ride anxiously in the backseat. MAI is seated next to MARCUS and speaks loudly into her mobile.

MAI

(on phone)

-- badge number Niner Five Two  
Niner. Immediate Code Eight.  
Repeat, Code Eight to Five Zero  
Eight Noe Street. Repeat, Five Zero  
Eight Noe.

(beat)

Ten Four. Suspected Two Zero Seven  
in progress. Repeat, suspected Two  
Zero Seven in progress.

(MORE)

MAI (CONT'D)

(beat)

Ten Four.

(to MARCUS)

I want to get there before they do.

MARCUS honks his car's horn to alert other drives as he barrels through the intersection at GEARY BLVD.

MARCUS

(preoccupied)

I thought my rodeo days were over.

BAO NGUYEN

(suggestively)

Jessica is safer without police.

MARCUS

(aiming his words into the backseat)

Any chance you can draw these guys out into the street?

BAO NGUYEN

Can try.

EXT. NOE STREET. MISSION -- NIGHT

At the red DOOR of the house at 508 NOE STREET, MAI reaches under her arm and removes her SERVICE REVOLVER from its holster.

She raises the PISTOL as she asks MARCUS --

MAI

Have one of these?

He shakes his head.

MARCUS

Your backup'll be here any second.

The distant sound of a police siren.

MAI

I'm going up.

She tests the door-knob -- it's UNLOCKED. She looks at MARCUS with surprise -- and ALARM. Then she disappears inside.

INT. HOUSE. NOE STREET -- NIGHT

MAI stands near the stained and battered sofa as two uniformed officers enter the room with their pistols drawn.

With a defeated wave of her hand, she signals to the cops that they can relax.

MAI  
We're too late. They're gone.

She moves to the nearby wall and pounds it once with the side of her fist.

MAI (CONT'D)  
Goddamn it!

EXT. NOE STREET. MISSION -- NIGHT

The lights of a police cruiser flash. We hear fragments of the suspects' descriptions that one officer gives into his radio as MARCUS tells MAI --

MARCUS  
We might be able to view whether Jessica is with the two punks -- by themselves -- or with Langer's people.  
(beat)  
Might. We could get the same kind of cold info we got about this place, or . . .

MAI  
(gratefully)  
You'll stay on this?

MARCUS shakes his head with resignation -- but seems to mean something else.

MARCUS  
(uncertain)  
If we can help.

He turns to move to his car, then --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SHEFFIELD TERRACE (LONDON) -- DAY -- REMOTELY OBSERVED.

-- once more, MARCUS -- and we -- see the RAINY SIDEWALK, the LETTER-BOX, the girl's pleated skirt, her umbrella, her HAPPY DEMEANOR through the lens of MARCUS'S REMOTE VISION once more -- all of it in quick and GRAINY INTERCUTS, the color drained and everything OUT OF FOCUS until suddenly --

-- the quick freeze on the LETTER-BOX -- BRIGHT BLUE and SHARP -- the girl's umbrella bright -- her LOVELY FACE as she REACHES OUT to OPEN the LETTER-BOX'S HATCH and --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. NOE STREET. MISSION -- NIGHT

MARCUS collects himself, then continues the short walk to his car. He leans into the LEXUS to ask LILY if --

MARCUS

You got another throw-away phone --  
one for Bao?

LILY

(from the backseat)  
Yeah. Several more. Where is he?

MARCUS looks around frantically for a moment.

MARCUS

Fuck!

Not BAO. Not him, too.

MARCUS runs to the INTERSECTION, looks in every direction, then seems to SURRENDER to the MEMORY that this long-ago mentor he both loves and hates plays solely by his OWN RULES.

He turns back toward the house and meets MAI on the dark sidewalk.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(defeated)  
Bao's gone. He took off.

MAI searches the night sky for a moment.

MAI

(icily)  
He's good at that.

MARCUS

(softly)  
I'm sorry. About a lot of things.  
(beat)  
And now I'm really worried about  
this girl.

MAI

My niece, you mean.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE. SFPD TENDERLOIN STATION -- NIGHT

Captain LEE GARRETSON is dressed in a sweatshirt and jeans as he closes the door to his office and motions for DETECTIVE MAI WINTERS to sit.

CAPTAIN GARRETSON  
And this old Vietnamese guy is who exactly?

MAI  
When he first came in he said he was a retired restaurant worker. Local. But his name's Bao Nguyen. He's a high-level Defense Department intelligence officer.

CAPTAIN GARRETSON  
You're shitting me? And I'm learning this *now*?

MAI  
I didn't know until --

CAPTAIN GARRETSON  
I needed to know this the *second* you learned it, for Christ's . . .

The captain stays on his feet and paces as he speaks.

CAPTAIN GARRETSON (CONT'D)  
How's he involved?

MAI  
Jessica Luong is his granddaughter.

Garretson throws up his hands.

CAPTAIN GARRETSON  
Oh, this fucking rich!

MAI  
He's done extra-sensory remote viewing for the Pentagon for decades. He was able to pinpoint the house where she'd been kept.

CAPTAIN GARRETSON  
But she wasn't there when you got there. And where's this medicine man now?

MAI  
 (hesitating)  
 We . . don't know.

The captain has heard enough.

CAPTAIN GARRETSON  
 Chief Smiley's loaning me a couple  
 of homicide detectives from  
 Bayview.  
 (beat)  
 I'm sorry, Detective. But you're  
 off this.

MAI  
 (calmly)  
 Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN GARRETSON  
 And if you go near this again --  
 hear me now -- if you go near this  
 case again, I'll have your badge.

MAI nods.

INT. LOFT/MARCUS'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

MARCUS ties the belt of a terry-cloth robe as he goes to his  
 front door.

When he opens it, RICHARD DORSEY is there. He's wearing a  
 rain-coat -- and he's nervous.

RICHARD  
 Thanks for buzzing me up.

MARCUS  
 It's the middle of the fucking --

RICHARD  
 I know. I wanted to get some  
 information to you. Can I come in  
 for a second?

MARCUS  
 (concerned)  
 Let's talk in the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

MARCUS takes a few steps away from his door and asks in a low  
 voice --

MARCUS

What information?

RICHARD

I'm too deep in this with Langer to have a way out. But you and I have history and . . .

DORSEY is more than nervous -- he's terrified, yet he tries to conceal it.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Did Bao explain how high the stakes are for Langer?

MARCUS

(nodding)

The TTL device. The hearings. The contract.

RICHARD

Langer's convinced that you've become too dangerous, too risky for several reasons. Convinced he's got to get rid of you. Bao, too -- unless torturing the girl finally turns him.

MARCUS

Jesus.

RICHARD

That's it. Just . . . be careful. I can't help you, man. I'm sorry. I didn't . . .

DORSEY turns and walks down the long hall.

INT. BATHROOM. MAI'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

MAI reclines in her bathtub early in the morning. Her face is pale, expressionless. Soaking -- an attempt to CLEANSE herself of her failure and the possibility that JESSICA will not survive -- is all she can do.

The camera closes on her face, her eyes. She opens her eyes widely and --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. GRACE STREET (SAN FRANCISCO) -- NIGHT -- REMOTELY OBSERVED.

-- we see what MAI sees --a narrow, alley-like, industrial street south of Market -- the COLOR DRAINED from the screen, the PICTURE GRAINY, images dancing in and OUT OF FOCUS, hits of color highlighting the frozen images she momentarily recognizes --

-- a string of cars parked against a narrow sidewalk -- closed roll-up metal doors -- long walls without windows -- colorful graffiti the street's only decoration --

-- a blue CAR stops -- a BRICK BUILDING painted deep red -- a METAL DOOR -- thin window -- metal shutters --

-- two MEN in BASEBALL CAPS get out of the car -- one opens the building's door, checks inside, returns to the street --

-- they pull a GIRL out of the car's BACK-SEAT -- TAPE on her MOUTH -- HANDS TIED -- her EYES WILD --

-- RUSH her inside -- the heavy door SLAMS with a LOUD CLANG -- the street QUIET AGAIN -- the graffiti -- the metal roll-ups, a small SIGN jutting out over the sidewalk, lit by a flood light -- 77 AUTO REPAIR -- it reads -- 77 AUTO REPAIR.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM. MAI'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

MAI sits upright in the tub, perplexed, confused, STUNNED by what's just happened to her.

*Did something happen? Or did she VIEW something? She didn't leave her bathtub -- but she must have.*

*Is this remote viewing? Is this how it occurs?*

*Did she just VIEW JESSICA and her CAPTORS? YES, of course that was JESSICA.*

*But only a DREAM?*

*NO. She observed them. She was there on Grace Street. She KNOWS that nondescript little street. But she didn't leave her tub.*

*MAI's FACE is alive with ENERGY, CONFUSION -- with the realization, the excitement that SHE VIEWED THE GIRL.*

*She KNOWS where JESSICA is!*

EXT. UNION SQUARE (SAN FRANCISCO) -- MORNING

In the early light, MARCUS walks among palm trees as he traverses stately UNION SQUARE. There is no traffic yet. He jaywalks across the pavement and cable-car tracks on Powell Street and enters the ST. FRANCIS HOTEL.

INT. ST. FRANCIS HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

MARCUS approaches the front desk and catches the attention of a sleepy desk clerk.

MARCUS

Can you connect me on a house phone  
to a guest named Charles Langer?

DESK CLERK

Just a moment, sir. Let me check.

MARCUS is dressed in jeans, a pale-blue oxford shirt, bright red running shoes.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

(looking at a monitor as he speaks)  
I'm sorry, sir. He checked out.

MARCUS

Does that show when?

DESK CLERK

Uh, let's see . . . two thirty-six  
this morning.

MARCUS

What about Richard Dorsey?

DESK CLERK

Let me . . . checked out as well.

MARCUS

Same time?

DESK CLERK

(still looking at the  
monitor)  
About twenty minutes later.

EXT. ST. FRANCIS HOTEL -- MOMENTS LATER

MARCUS's disposable cell phone rings as he exits the hotel.

MARCUS

(into phone)  
Trudeau . . . you okay? . . .  
(MORE)

## MARCUS (CONT'D)

At the St. Francis. Both Dorsey and Langer checked out. About three this morning . . . Now's fine . . . There's a Starbuck's at Powell and Sutter . . . Okay.

## EXT. ST. FRANCIS YACHT CLUB MARINA (SAN FRANCISCO) -- MORNING

An establishing shot of the marina at the St. Francis Yacht Club -- its rows of slips where expensive sailboats, speed boats, and yachts are moored.

The camera closes on a sleek and beautiful ALFAMARINE power YACHT, whose name -- GLOBAL GIRL -- is emblazoned in gold lettering on her stern.

## INT. "GLOBAL GIRL" -- MORNING

CHARLES LANGER is wearing a full-length lounging robe as he drinks coffee, seated on a white-leather upholstered sofa in the boat's opulent saloon.

Two "ASSISTANTS" in dark SUITS -- men who clearly PROVIDE MUSCLE and more for a living -- stand nearby.

## CHARLES LANGER

Whole thing's cluster-fucked.  
Trang's gooks have taken the girl.  
Trang knows he finds them or he  
doesn't have legs tomorrow.

LANGER motions toward the staircase to the lower deck.

## CHARLES LANGER (CONT'D)

Dorsey's doing his voodoo thing. I am *not* optimistic. Nguyen -- the mother fuck -- is like a fuckin' ghost.

(beat)

Only one I *know* you can find is Trudeau.

(handing one of the men a sheet of paper)

I had Houston send up everything we have on him. Address, social security, passwords, cars, license plates -- you should have everything you need.

## MUSCLE MAN ONE

And you want him . . . ?

CHARLES LANGER  
 (searches for the right  
 words)  
 Removed from the field of play.  
 Permanently. Don't make me walk you  
 through it. Just do it. Brilliant  
 as all hell. Not a gnat's hair  
 that's traceable to me or HG.

MUSCLE MAN ONE  
 Accomplished by when, sir?

CHARLES LANGER  
 Twenty-four hours.  
 (considers)  
 No . . . I s'pose tomorrow night'll  
 be fine. Perfect, not presto.

EXT. POWELL STREET (SAN FRANCISCO) -- MORNING

MAI WINTERS, in jeans and a black turtleneck, walks up a  
 Powell Street sidewalk near Union Square and enters a  
 STARBUCKS.

INT. "STARBUCKS" POWELL STREET -- CONTINUOUS

MAI spots MARCUS, who's seated at a small round high-top  
 table. She walks to him, sidles onto an empty stool, and says  
 --

MAI  
 I just had the weirdest thing  
 happen. But I think it's important.

MARCUS  
 Shoot.

MAI  
 (energetically)  
 I . . . I'm pretty sure I viewed  
 Jessica Luong and the guys who have  
 her.

MARCUS  
 (passively)  
 Maybe you did.

MAI  
 Nothing like this has ever happened  
 before.

MARCUS  
 (a thin smile)  
 You've got the genes for it.

MAI

(rolling her eyes)  
Yeah, right. But listen.

(insistently)

If you believe me -- and I think you should -- I know exactly where they are. I viewed this funky apartment, house, whatever. Saw them take her in there -- totally clearly. And I viewed Seventy-Seven across the street.

MARCUS

Viewed what?

MAI

I get my car serviced at Seventy-Seven Auto Repair. Sweet guy named Thomas Chan runs it. Grace Street. South of Market.

MARCUS

You said the Tenderloin captain took you off the case.

MAI

That girl is in *serious* danger.

MARCUS

Tell your captain.

MAI

He thinks this is hocus-pocus. Ordered me to stay completely away from the case.

(beat)

Will you go with me?

MARCUS sighs deeply before he speaks.

MARCUS

I was going to try to make a deal with Langer -- offer to testify that his TTL is state of the art, incredibly accurate, cooler than cool, in exchange for Jessica's safe return.

MAI

But he's --

MARCUS

Disappeared -- for the moment.

MARCUS considers their options, then stands.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
You have your revolver?

MAI  
(glancing at her bag)  
I do.

MARCUS  
Good. With two, maybe we'll survive.

EXT. GRACE STREET (SAN FRANCISCO) -- MORNING

An establishing shot of 77 AUTO REPAIR -- its white stuccoed exterior, the small sign above the garage door, rolled up to reveal a dark, cavernous interior.

INT. "77 AUTO REPAIR" -- MORNING

Three CARS are in SERVICE BAYS. Two MECHANICS are at WORK, paying no attention to MARCUS or MAI, who stand behind a TOOL RACK to CONCEAL themselves.

Through the wide garage-door OPENING, they have a CLEAR VIEW of the red-painted building across narrow Grace Street, the gray METAL DOOR, and the thin WINDOW beside it that appears draped with a bedsheet.

MAI  
(impatiently)  
How late can these punks sleep?

MARCUS  
This is the right call. Storming our way in there's a very bad idea.

MAI  
You're convinced one of them is going to go out after while?

MARCUS  
We know that happened at the other place.

MAI  
What if they have everything they --

She stops in mid-sentence.

From inside the GARAGE, we see the gray DOOR across the street OPEN, and CAPTOR ONE steps out onto the sidewalk, SQUINTING in the bright light of the day. He turns right and WALKS toward Howard Street.

MAI (CONT'D)  
 (quietly)  
 Okay. Nice and easy. Just like  
 we've imagined it.

MAI and MARCUS move cautiously toward the street. She leans her head out to watch the young man depart, and with her we see him reach the intersection, turn right, then disappear.

MAI and MARCUS draw their pistols, quickly cross the street, move to the right side of the metal door and away from the window.

MAI lightly knocks on the door.

It opens a crack.

Just as it does, MARCUS LUNGES against the door with his SHOULDER. It flies open, and he is immediately half a step inside.

INT. APARTMENT. GRACE STREET -- MORNING -- CONTINUOUS

CAPTOR TWO stumbles backward, but stays on his feet. He's dressed only in a white tank top and plaid boxer shorts. He's unarmed and holds his hands up to prove it.

MAI  
 Higher! Get them way up!

CAPTOR TWO does as he's told.

MAI (CONT'D)  
 Now, *slowly* turn around.

MARCUS moves to the young man's side, his pistol still trained on him.

MAI goes to CAPTOR TWO, carefully pulls each of his wrists behind him and handcuffs his wrists.

MAI (CONT'D)  
 Where's the girl?

CAPTOR TWO motions with his head toward a closed door. MARCUS goes to the door, opens it, and sees JESSICA cowering on a bare mattress on the floor.

MARCUS  
 (gently, soothingly)  
 It's okay, Jessica. Everything's  
 okay. I'm a friend of your  
 grandfather.

MAI and MARCUS exchange glances. He re-focuses his attention -  
 - and his revolver -- on CAPTOR TWO as MAI moves to the  
 bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM. APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

MAI goes to the mattress, drops to her KNEES, and takes  
 Jessica into her arms -- holding her niece as JESSICA SOBS.

MAI  
 It's okay, sweetheart. It really  
 is. This is over. I'm a police  
 officer.

At last, JESSICA is safe and she releases a flood of tears.

MAI (CONT'D)  
 Did they hurt you in any way?

JESSICA shakes her head as she cries.

JESSICA  
 (tearfully)  
 Just wouldn't let me go. They want  
 my grandfather.

MAI  
 We know. We're going to make sure  
 he's okay, too.

INT. APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

MARCUS is using duct tape to secure CAPTOR TWO to a chair as  
 MAI enters the room, her arms cradling JESSICA, who walks  
 beside her.

MAI  
 (to MARCUS)  
 I'll call this in.

MARCUS  
 Use your own phone. Not the  
 disposable.

MAI nods as she reaches into her bag.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

We can't take her to her parents.  
 (beat)  
 What do you think? Lily's?

MAI

(confidently)  
 My mom's house. San Mateo. She'll  
 be totally safe.  
 (to JESSICA)  
 My mother's nice. You'll like her.

As MARCUS, MAI and JESSICA move toward the door, MARCUS reaches for MAI's forearm. He wants her to know he understands the sacrifice she's made.

MARCUS

This may mean your badge, but --

MAI

(nodding)  
 Jessica's safe. *That* feels good.

INT. LILY'S APARTMENT. NORTH BEACH -- DAY

LILY and MARCUS walk into her dishevelled living-room. She wears a thin white tank-top underneath ancient bib overalls, and her hair has been carefully spiked.

LILY

You sure we ought to try this here?  
 You thought I was bugged or  
 something.

MARCUS

Definitely not my place.  
 (beat)  
 We've got to find him.

LILY

Mai's still with Jessica?

MARCUS

At her mother's. San Mateo.

LILY moves clothes, magazines, and empty dishes from a sofa and overstuffed chair so they can sit.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Without Jessica, Langer's lost his leverage. Bao will testify that HG's device is shit. So now Langer's intent on taking him out.

LILY  
Where's Dorsey?

MARCUS  
Trying to locate Bao again too, I'm  
sure.

(beat)  
He came to see me last night --  
warn me that Langer wants to get  
both of us.

(clarifying)  
Not you -- Bao and me.

LILY  
Makes me feel *lots* better.

MARCUS  
Here's what I'm hoping. If we both  
attempt ERV at the same time -- no  
monitor -- the combined energies  
*might* get us a cold view quickly.  
Might.

LILY  
I'm game.

MARCUS  
Let's try. Just go into that  
hypnagogic place. Deep. Quiet. Let  
your sense of him -- his face, the  
physical him, his aura -- guide you  
in. Surrender. Go with it. Go *to*  
him.

LILY  
Okay.

The camera cuts between their faces, their eyes as MARCUS and  
LILY settle in, get comfortable, grow quiet, and begin to see

--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. "TOSCA CAFE" NORTH BEACH (SAN FRANCISCO) -- DAY --  
REMOTELY OBSERVED

-- the heavy lines IN BAO'S FOREHEAD -- A QUICK CUT TO  
MARCUS'S FACE -- Bao's deep-set, brooding EYES, his small and  
delicate HANDS -- SUDDENLY LILY'S FACE -- Bao nervously  
pressing the tips of his FINGERS together -- now Luciano  
Pavarotti -- yes, we hear "Nessun Dorma" -- see a coffee cup --  
-- a dark-wood BAR -- MARCUS'S FACE -- a line of GLASSES half-  
filled with a brown liquid -- red vinyl bar-stools -- shiny  
RED BOOTHS -- images coming in and OUT OF FOCUS, the brief  
hits of color -- the GRAINY PICTURE that tell us --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LILY'S APARTMENT -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

MARCUS and LILY open their eyes, sit up, and it's clear --

MARCUS	LILY
Tosca. Absolutely, it's Tosca.	Tosca! The row of cappuccino glasses. Pavarotti, for fuck's sake.

MARCUS bounds to his feet.

MARCUS  
Let's go.

LILY follows MARCUS to the door.

LILY  
How the fuck did he end up at  
Tosca?

EXT. "TOSCA CAFE" COLUMBUS AVENUE (SAN FRANCISCO) -- DAY

We watch MARCUS pull his LEXUS SUV to the curb in front of  
the legendary North Beach BAR. LILY remains in the car as  
MARCUS gets out and goes to Tosca's glass double doors.

INT. "TOSCA CAFE" -- CONTINUOUS

The room is dark, the floors are checkered in black and  
white, the red vinyl glistens from out of the past. The  
storied jukebox glows like a religious shrine. And Placido  
Domingo sings "Celeste Aida."

MARCUS needs a moment to adjust his eyes. Several tables are  
occupied late in this afternoon. Four people sit at the long  
bar. BAO NGUYEN, alone, holds a glass cup in this hands.

MARCUS approaches him slowly.

MARCUS

Tosca?

BAO NGUYEN

I like the music. Been coming here  
maybe thirty years. All fancy now.

MARCUS

And we need to go. Now.

MARCUS reaches for his wallet but BAO stops him.

BAO NGUYEN

Paid already.

MARCUS

Jessica's safe.

BAO NGUYEN

(calmly)

About eleven, I knew she was with  
you. I could sense it, feel it.  
You're a good friend to me.

(defeated)

And I'm a old man.

Despite his hurry, MARCUS pauses. There's something more he  
wants to say.

MARCUS

(softly)

Jessica's with Mai. And Mai's  
mother.

BAO nods.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You do know who they are, don't  
you?

BAO NGUYEN

(quietly)

Of course.

MARCUS

Why didn't you say anything to Mai?

BAO NGUYEN

I think it's too late to start  
being father now.

(beat)

When I get to the U.S., I was so  
fill with rage. Hate for everybody.  
Everything. I just . . .

(MORE)

BAO NGUYEN (CONT'D)  
I think they will be happier  
without me finding them.

MARCUS  
(softly)  
Everyone wants a father.

BAO NGUYEN  
Twenty years after Mai was born, I  
meet Qui's mother when I was  
visiting here.  
(beat)  
Maybe I was better father to Qui,  
but not a lot.

MARCUS puts his hand on BAO'S SHOULDER.

MARCUS  
(comfortingly)  
Let's get you to Jessica.

EXT. "TOSCA CAFE" -- DAY

In the windy and bright sunlight, MARCUS and BAO walk toward  
the SUV in which LILY waits for them.

INT./EXT. CAR. COLUMBUS AVENUE -- CONTINUOUS

The camera sees into the SUV from its windshield.

LILY is in the front passenger seat as MARCUS and BAO settle  
into their seats. MARCUS starts the ignition and is buckling  
his SEATBELT when --

-- POP -- POP -- two RIFLE SHOTS pock the windshield -- one  
above the other, immediately to the right of the steering  
wheel.

LILY SCREAMS.

MARCUS is stunned but okay. He TWISTS to see into the  
backseat, where BAO BLEEDS from his right TEMPLE but still  
sits upright.

LILY  
They're fucking shooting at us!

MARCUS  
(to BAO)  
How bad?

BAO NGUYEN  
I'm okay.

MARCUS

You're not.

Still twisted toward the backseat, MARCUS sees BLOOD beginning to drip from BAO's face onto his jacket. He hands a sweatshirt lying on the console beside him to BAO.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Press this against your head.

MARCUS turns to the front again, slams the car into GEAR, glances at traffic, then WHEELS in the car into a quick U-TURN.

In half a block, he makes a sharp right turn on PACIFIC STREET, driving as FAST as he dares.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Chinese Hospital is close. It'll just take a minute.

BAO NGUYEN

I'm fine.

LILY

(agitated)

You're not fine. But you'll be okay. This is fucking crazy!

MARCUS barrels down narrow PACIFIC, honking to warn pedestrians as the car flies into the GRANT STREET intersection and deep into CHINATOWN.

A series of quick intercuts now between the race to the hospital -- MARCUS in control -- determined -- focused on the moment, the drive, the destination --

-- and his REMOTELY VIEWED IMAGES -- GRAINY, color-drained, in and out of focus -- of CHARLES LANGER slamming a CELL PHONE onto a table --

-- the GREEN LIGHT at STOCKTON -- a THROTTLED left turn, the midday rush of TRAFFIC --

--LANGER -- in a JOGGING SUIT -- stepping out of SHADOWS onto a boat's bright exterior DECK -- ANGRY, uncertain, POUNDING HIS FISTS onto the railing --

-- a BUS that blocks MARCUS on STOCKTON -- his HORN BLARING -- twisting around the bus and into the lane of ONCOMING TRAFFIC --

-- LANGER alone as the CAMERA PANS OUT -- the deck of a long and sleek MOTOR YACHT --the WIND buffeting his hair --

-- squealing tires and a hard right onto Washington -- Lily shouting --

LILY (CONT'D)  
Jesus! Be careful!

*-- the camera continuing its pan -- the SPLENDID YACHT -- its SLIP at the St. Francis MARINA -- the bay beyond -- a boat MARCUS has admired as he runs most days -- a BOAT and a place he KNOWS -- he SEES --*

-- the tight turn onto tiny STONE STREET -- little more than an alley -- then one more quick turn and a SUDDEN STOP at the entrance to the CHINESE HOSPITAL.

LILY jumps from the passenger seat and races inside as MARCUS goes to the car's rear door to help BAO get out.

Cradling BAO with one arm, BAO holding the sweatshirt against his head, the two walk toward the entrance -- where they are met by LILY and a male orderly in pale-blue scrubs. He pushes a wheelchair.

MARCUS and LILY help BAO into the chair, then the orderly turns and briskly pushes him through the main doors.

MARCUS has a moment at last to sigh.

MARCUS  
I want you to stay here with him.

LILY  
(nodding)  
Where are you going?

MARCUS  
I know where Langer is.

LILY  
(frightened)  
Well, then stay the fuck away from there!

MARCUS  
I've been chasing people all my life. I can't start being the one who gets chased.

LILY  
But that's what's happening. And he can *kill* you. He will if --

MARCUS  
 (softly)  
 Listen.

MARCUS hopes he can help her understand, and explains in a calm and measured voice.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 A decade ago -- while Langer was still head of the Senate Intelligence Committee. He, Bush, Cheney were putting incredible pressure on BAO. They didn't care who died.  
 (beat)  
 That London girl. It wasn't Bao's style. That was Langer. He's been grinding his foot into Bao for years.

LILY  
 That's over. It's done.

MARCUS  
 (calmly)  
 It is. Langer or any of his fucks don't rule me any more. Never again.  
 (beat)  
 Use your disposable phone. Keep me posted about how he's doing.

LILY  
 (pleading)  
 Marcus, this is too cowboy.

MARCUS turns toward the car, then stops to tell her --

MARCUS  
 Kind of feels like the opposite of cowboy.

EXT. ST. FRANCIS YACHT CLUB MARINA -- DAY

MARCUS gets out of his SUV in the parking lot at the YACHT CLUB and walks past the red-tile-roofed clubhouse toward a ROW OF SLIPS in the near distance, where several large MOTOR YACHTS are berthed.

When he nears the beautiful long ALFAMARINE he has admired for the past WEEK -- the same yacht he REMOTELY VIEWED only minutes ago -- the yacht where he viewed CHARLES LANGER -- he STOPS.

MARCUS pulls his REVOLVER from the back of his belt, releases the safety, and LOWERS the PISTOL to his side.

The afternoon is QUIET. A few men work on nearby boats. The wind whips the riggings of nearby sailboats against their aluminum masts and the air is filled with a cacophony of clanking sound.

As MARCUS reaches the narrow service pier that flanks the starboard side of the ALFAMARINE, he stops when he hears a shouted voice --

CHARLES LANGER

(off camera)

Don't know, Trudeau, if I'm lucky  
or you're stupid.

MARCUS

(speaking loudly to the  
boat because he can't see  
Langer)

Thought I'd come see if you're man  
enough to talk out a solution to  
this. Enough people have been hurt.

CHARLES LANGER

(shouted, off camera)

I'm man enough to put you down like  
a rabid dog, you pompous fuck.

MARCUS

Here's what I'm suggesting. You,  
everyone involved with kidnapping  
Jessica Luong -- you just walk  
away. It never happened. The cops  
never know anything about who did  
it.

(beat)

Your goons wounded Bao. He'll make  
it, but I can guarantee that he'll  
be in a hospital and nowhere near  
that Senate hearing-room on  
Wednesday.

As he speaks, MARCUS scans the boat to see if he can find the spot from which Langer watches him.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(still shouting)

He doesn't testify one way or the  
other. He retires. You get your  
contract. You're still the king of  
the universe.

CHARLES LANGER steps out of the shadows and onto a part of the deck where MARCUS -- and the camera -- can see him.

The RIFLE in LANGER's hands is aimed directly at MARCUS.

CHARLES LANGER

(mockingly)

And all I've got to do for happily  
ever after is *trust* you.

MARCUS

(takes a deep breath)

On the other hand . . . if I'm  
dead, you're on the hook for  
murder, the kidnapping . . . Bao  
will want to tell the committee  
that HG's TTL is junk.

(beat)

You'll have some bad days.

CHARLES LANGER

(incensed)

But you won't be around to see 'em,  
you son of a bitch!

LANGER aims his RIFLE. MARCUS DIVES behind a row of trash containers.

A SHOT RINGS OUT. MARCUS flinches. A BARREL beside him spins from the force of the blast.

MARCUS RUNS for cover behind a metal STORAGE LOCKER. He collects himself.

Then he risks exposure for an instant to fire a shot in return.

Another shot from LANGER.

MARCUS fires at the BOW of the BOAT. The bullet's NOISE against the distant hull is loud and unexpected.

LANGER turns toward the noise. As he does, MARCUS steps from behind the locker to get a good shot.

*POP!*

*POP!*

The rifle falls from Langer's hands. He tumbles over the railing and into the water. His body floats, motionless.

MARCUS steps onto the PIER and moves toward LANGER's body, then from ABOVE HIM on the boat he HEARS--

RICHARD DORSEY  
Your shot or mine?

DORSEY stands at the rail now, wearing swimming trunks and an open shirt. He holds a pistol in his hand.

MARCUS  
(gratefully, at ease)  
Forensics will figure it out. But  
thank you.

RICHARD DORSEY  
You kept me alive a few times. This  
is just --

MARCUS nods before DORSEY says more, then turns toward his car.

INT./EXT. CAR. THE EMBARCADERO (SAN FRANCISCO) -- DAY

An establishing shot of MARCUS driving south on THE EMBARCADERO, past the FERRY BUILDING and its dramatic CLOCK TOWER.

INT./EXT. CAR. 101 FREEWAY, SOUTH (BRISBANE) -- DAY -- LATER

MARCUS continuing south on the 101 -- the traffic is light -- trees buffeted by heavy wind -- the broad sea-green expanse of San Francisco Bay on his left.

EXT. HOUSE (SAN MATEO) -- LATER

MARCUS stands on the porch of a modest, white-stucco house on Fremont Street in SAN MATEO.

The DOOR opens, and through a SCREEN we see a short ASIAN WOMAN with short gray hair. SMILING, she opens the screen-door and says --

HAN WINTERS  
You're Marcus. Welcome.

INT. HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

MARCUS returns her smile and the two SHAKE HANDS as he enters the spare, carefully decorated living room.

BAO NGUYEN, his HEAD BANDAGED with white gauze, sits on a sofa, his granddaughter JESSICA, in fresh clothes, on his lap.

LILY and MAI are at a dining table, and they stand to greet him.

MARCUS  
 (to BAO, a bit surprised)  
 You sneak out of the hospital?

LILY  
 (proudly)  
 They released him, actually. It was  
 way bloody, but it's a pretty minor  
 wound.

MARCUS  
 And Mai must have told you how? --

BAO NGUYEN  
 I knew the way.

MARCUS looks at MAI. She SMILES for an instant as their eyes  
 meet.

MAI  
 Langer?

MARCUS  
 Not going to be a bother any more.  
 (beat)  
 You think you've still got a job?

MAI  
 (motioning toward the  
 kitchen)  
 Come out back.

EXT. BACKYARD. HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

MARCUS and MAI sit on inexpensive outdoor CHAIRS on a small  
 concrete PATIO behind the house. A patch of grass lies  
 beyond, and hedges enclose the yard on three sides.

MAI  
 Every month a check would arrive.  
 My mother always said the money  
 came from the Vietnamese  
 Immigrants' Emergency Trust. VIET.  
 (beat)  
 Till about an hour ago, I thought  
 it was real.

MARCUS  
 (understanding)  
 And it was . . . Bao.

MAI  
 She knew. But she was, you know,  
 raised to accept her lot in life.  
 (MORE)

MAI (CONT'D)

We were alive, the war was finally far away and over. He looked after us in his own way, and . . .

MARCUS

Why do you think she didn't tell you?

MAI

If I just didn't *have* a father, she may have thought that was simpler for me than having one who --

MARCUS

Didn't want to be with you.

(pausing, reflecting)

Wars like that -- all of them -- so many different kinds of wounds, of deaths.

His words trigger emotions with which he remains uneasy. MARCUS stands and walks out onto the grass, then turns back to MAI and changes the subject.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I'm happy to meet with the captain if I can help explain anything. You shouldn't have to lose your --

MAI

Oh, I'm pretty cooked. But that's okay. Going to Grace Street with a civilian -- which would be *you* -- staying on the case when I'd been ordered off.

MAI offers MARCUS a gentle smile.

MAI (CONT'D)

It really is okay. Maybe it's time for me to see a wider swath of the world.

MARCUS

The way you nailed your viewing of those guys taking Jessica to Grace Street -- maybe there's a career for you in what we do.

MAI

You'd hire me?

MARCUS  
Let's talk about it over the dinner  
you've been avoiding.

MAI  
(coyly)  
Avoiding? I've . . . we've been  
kind of busy.

LILY opens the back door and steps out onto the stoop.

LILY  
(calling to MARCUS)  
I'm out of here, boss man.

MARCUS walks back onto the patio.

MARCUS  
Just another day at the plant, huh?

LILY  
(shaking her head)  
Jesus. Let's remind ourselves not  
to get shot at any more. Okay?

MARCUS  
Noted.

LILY  
You want to share the details about  
Langer?

MARCUS  
(avoiding the question)  
He had the worst day of any of us.

LILY  
And Dorsey?

MARCUS  
The last time I saw him, he was  
standing on the deck of the hottest  
Alfamarine I've ever seen.

LILY  
(confused)  
Was it his?

MARCUS  
He probably won't be boating for a  
while.  
(beat)  
But he --

From INSIDE the house come SHRIEKS OF DELIGHT -- the sounds of a long-awaited and joyous REUNION. MAI stands and suggests --

MAI  
Let's go see.

INT. HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

MAI, MARCUS, and LILY walk into the living room from the kitchen to see JESSICA enfolded in her parents' grateful and very emotional embrace.

When QUI LUONG sees MAI, she leaves JESSICA in the arms of her father and goes to her, taking both of MAI's hands in hers.

QUI LUONG  
Thank you, thank you, Detective.

MAI gives QUI a hug.

MAI  
I'm so happy she's safe. Call me Mai.

QUI LUONG  
(smiling knowingly)  
In Vietnamese, I'd call you *Chi gái*.

MAI  
(warmly)  
It's been a day full of surprises, hasn't it?

MAI hesitates, then adds --

MAI (CONT'D)  
Maybe we can all begin to get to know each other.

QUI LUONG  
(nodding affirmatively)  
I kind of look like you.

MARCUS walks to BAO, who stands, then offers MARCUS a subtle bow.

MARCUS  
Are you still going to testify next week?

BAO NGUYEN  
 (resolutely)  
 Absolutely.  
 (beat)  
 Then it is time for me to retire.

MARCUS  
 With Langer out of the picture, you  
 really don't have to say anything.

BAO NGUYEN  
 It's important. It's also way to be  
 public about how good we are with  
 ERV -- with our paranormal  
 protocols. Time more people know --  
 believe.

MARCUS  
 (convinced)  
 Yeah . . . maybe so.

EXT. FRONT PORCH. HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

MAI has escorted MARCUS to the front porch, and he pauses to  
 say goodbye.

MARCUS  
 Maybe all of you can convince him  
 to move out here.

MAI  
 I already heard him say something  
 about it to my mother. But my  
 Vietnamese isn't --

MARCUS  
 She's okay with him?

MAI  
 They were formal, but . . .  
 friendly in a way.

MARCUS  
 And us? Tomorrow night?

MAI considers something for a moment.

MAI  
 I'll meet you there. Eight o'clock.

MARCUS  
 Where?

MAI  
(coyly)  
Locate me.

He looks at her quizzically, then nods -- accepting the CHALLENGE with a certain PLEASURE -- and with a grin -- then turns and steps off the porch.

EXT. GOLD STREET (SAN FRANCISCO) -- NIGHT

MARCUS, in a sport coat and slacks, walks alongside red-brick buildings on pedestrian Gold Street, then opens the dark entry DOOR at "BIX."

INT. "BIX" -- BAR -- MOMENTS LATER

MARCUS spots MAI, who's seated at the polished-wood bar, dressed in a simple and elegant black dress, which exposes terrific legs he's seeing for the first time. Two martinis wait on the bar in front of her.

She turns as MARCUS approaches, and SMILES.

MARCUS  
(happily)  
You made this too easy. Lily must  
have tipped you that this is my  
hangout.

MAI  
(teasing)  
I wanted to be found.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END