

START

INT. ELEVATOR BANK, RECEPTION - LATER

John stands with his empty mini cup before the lobby elevators. He looks at the cup like he's trying to figure out a way to get around this. Then another young employee DENNIS MCCLAREN, 32, walks up.

DENNIS
(to John)
Are you going up?

JOHN
Yeah. I interviewed today.

DENNIS
Welcome.

JOHN
Thanks. Well, I don't have the job yet. John Lakeman.

DENNIS
(shaking his hand)
Dennis McClaren. I work in Conforming.

Dennis has nodded over to lobby security guard JACK BIRDBATH (50) beefy, Irish cop mode (giant, meathead) - walking into the stairwell nearby.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
(whispering)
That's Jack Birdbath. He used to be a cop. He shot a nine-year-old Puerto Rican in the back. Yeah, so he's disgraced. So...

The elevator arrives.

INT. ELEVATOR, MCMILLAN INDUSTRIAL PIPING - MOMENTS LATER

The two are alone in the elevator. John's still holding his little cup.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis and John are alone in the bathroom at side by side urinals.

JOHN
(whispering)
Hey... can I talk to you about something?

Dennis looks over at John; it's a little peculiar this overture for a conversation at the side by side urinals.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(whispering)
I'm in a situation, and... hey, can't you not pee? For a sec?

DENNIS
What?

Then someone else enters the men's room.

JOHN
(seeing the new guy,
whispering)
I can't talk. Hang on. Don't pee.

So for Dennis, this has gotten stranger yet. But he stays beside John, keeping quiet and apparently abstaining from peeing. The new guy stops at the sink and begins to wipe a little mess from his tie. John and Dennis both watch him, so when he looks over, he makes awkward eye contact with them. They look away. He finally finishes with his tie. Then he leaves the bathroom; and they're free to talk again.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Thanks. Hey, Dennis. My name's John. But my last name's not Lakeman. I *am* interviewing for a position here in Process Design, but I'm also an intelligence officer for the State Department. Don't pee, please.

Dennis continues listening; obviously he feels like this is peculiar.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Are you peeing, Dennis?

DENNIS
No...

JOHN

(whispering)

I need this job because I have to be able to work in formal accredited construction in Iran to implement then oversee department efforts there. I won't pass this urine test. So I need yours. Not just me. The country. The USA.

DENNIS

...The USA needs my pee?

JOHN

(whispering)

I don't know what else to say. The long and short of it is they're holding an election in Iran in four months. It's down to two guys, Dennis. One is going to fuck up Israel. One isn't. I have to go help the second guy. So I have to pass this test. It's pretty important, man.

DENNIS

I really have to pee.

JOHN

Okay. Will you pee in my cup, Dennis?

Dennis is thinking about it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Then don't tell anybody? Ever? Dennis?

Dennis continues staring at John. A pretty long time passes.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Moments later, John's back in the hall right outside the men's room. He's holding the little cup which is half full now. Dennis walks off a distance down the hallway. THEN JOHN HEARS A THICK CLANGING SOUND FROM BACK IN THE MEN'S ROOM. John opens the door to see in there.

MEN'S ROOM

What John sees is a security guard's nightstick dropped on the bathroom floor in one of the stalls.

END

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

John's headed down. But Dennis interrupts the doors as they close and joins him. Then the elevator starts its descent.



DENNIS
(to John, whispering)
Are you doing some cool shit?

JOHN
Am I what?

DENNIS
Cool intelligence um... while
you're here? Because I can help. I
was in R.O.T.C.

JOHN
Dennis, I just look at some
numbers. Sometimes. It's like
accounting.

DENNIS
John, you can't really tell because
I have to wear a suit all the time,
but I'm ripped. Maybe I could be a
big help.

John doesn't say anything.

Then Dennis takes his shirt off.

He's ripped.

John stares at him. Then John leaves the elevator.

EXT. SOFITEL HOTEL, LUXEMBOURG - LATER

It's night. John has left the hotel and begun to walk off into the city. He comes past the oldest and the most normal-looking McMillan executive MR. THORMS who is out on the sidewalk on his cell phone.

THORMS
(into the phone)
I know it's kind of last minute,
but do you have any Japanese girls?
(listening)
Great. Just-- maybe to accompany me
to dinner?
(listening)
Okay great.
(MORE)

THORMS (CONT'D)

Or to maybe whip the back of my
legs with a bicycle spoke, or some
such.

Thorms sees John passing, realizes John has overheard, but rather than seeming embarrassed, Thorms just smiles, winks and makes the "shhh" gesture meaning keep it on the lowdown.

John nods and walks farther off. Then we see Dennis McClaren (shirt back on) leave the hotel and follow John off.

EXT. STREET, LUXEMBOURG - MOMENTS LATER

A block from the hotel, Dennis, walking up, joins John stride for stride.

JOHN

Dennis. I'm just going for a walk.
To get my head together for the
meeting tonight.

Dennis gets it and nods. John starts walking away again. Then he turns back to Dennis to be kinder to him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm just going for a walk.

Dennis nods. John starts walking again.

EXT. SIDE STREET - LATER

Later, John's walked halfway up a darker side street. Then he turns and finds his colleague Dennis still tailing him, illuminated in the distance under a street lamp.

JOHN

Dennis? Get away. You did your
part.

DENNIS

(wants to do more)
I peed in a cup.

JOHN

You did a great job.

DENNIS

Yeah, right.

JOHN

Dennis--

Dennis has walked closer to John.

DENNIS

John, I have two kids? They're okay. I mean they're-- yeah, they're okay. But, man, my wife and my job? Come on. *That's it? For my whole life? Piping?* Can I be a spotter or something? For whatever you're doing?

JOHN

Spotter?

DENNIS

Something.

JOHN

I'm going to stab you in the thigh. If you don't leave.

DENNIS

No you-- Oh fuck!

JOHN HAS JUST STABBED A KNIFE INTO DENNIS'S QUAD MUSCLE.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Oh my thigh!

JOHN

Don't go to the hospital.

DENNIS

Screw you, man. *What?* You stab me then you fucking prohibit me from going to the hospital?

JOHN

Don't.

DENNIS

Well, what am I supposed to do?

JOHN

Stop following me. Go apply pressure to it, then bandage it up. And stop following me.

DENNIS

Jeez all right, jerk.

John watches Dennis limp out of the street lamp light.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

You're a real jerk, John. Ow. Fuck.

Then John turns and continues going where he was headed.

EXT. WEST SIDE, LUXEMBOURG - LATER

This is the west end of the city where the manual labor force of Luxembourg lives.

INT. SMALL HOME KITCHEN - LATER

David Barros (the airport worker who took John's bag) sits at his kitchen table, at dinner. He's reading a newspaper. The black garment bag rests on a bureau beside him. If he'd raise his head, he'd see John out in his yard, just outside the sliding glass doors that open into the kitchen ten feet ahead of Barros. John has a metal garbage can raised above his head. He's going to throw it through the glass door windows then rush Barros through the open space of broken glass.

But just as John's about to do this, a thought crosses his mind. And he lowers the can. Then he walks off, out of sight.

Some time passes now during which David Barros continues to eat quietly. More such moments pass until (in this same wide shot) we see that his small home's front door (just off the kitchen) just opens and John just walks right in.

Barros hasn't looked up. It's not until John has walked all the way up to the kitchen table and spoken that he becomes aware John's there. The bag's on the bureau right there.

JOHN

(*subtitled German)

*This is my bag. I'm taking it back, that's all.

John is showing the young man his knife. John reaches the bag, checks it, lifts it and, maintaining his calm, begins to back out of the room.

Because he's backing out, however, he doesn't see Barros's five brothers enter the room he's nearing from the bedroom doors behind John.

Nearing them, though, John feels their presence and turns just as they crowd in on him.

Soon, he's fighting five guys, while holding a garment bag and a knife.

END