

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?

END

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.

John is aware of this; his expression conveys that he knows Walley and regards this seriously.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Dad needs you in Iran.
(answers his ringing cell
phone)
Congressman Edwar--.

A WOMAN HAS BEGUN SCREAMING AT EDWARD IMMEDIATELY.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Hey. Hold on. I can't understand
you.
(listening)
Okay. Man. Well, we'll hope for the
best on that one. That's sad news,
no doubt, and I'm glad you came
back up, to tend to that, as I went
to an undisclosed area for national
matters. Where I am now.
(listening)
I'm in an area. I am on...

NOW THE WOMAN'S YELLING AT HIM IN AN UNUSUALLY UNPROFESSIONAL
MANNER FROM THE OTHER END - there are swears.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
All right.
(listening)
All right. I'll come.
(listening)
I said I'd come home, Carol. I'm
coming right now.

Edward finally just hangs up.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
(to John)
I got to go. My Little Buddy broke
his legs and ankles. That was his
mom. My little special friend? I
left him in the care of a healthy,
immediate family member, too, so
it's surprising something happened.

START

Edward starts walking toward the street.

→

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Dad needs you home tonight. You got
the message.

JOHN
..I don't know.

EDWARD
(turning back)
What do you mean you don't know?

JOHN
I'm competing tonight.

EDWARD
In what?

JOHN
Mechanical bull contest. It's how I
make extra money. I'm saving up to
go on a bike trip. Long trip.

Edward just stares back at John - because it's weird.

JOHN (CONT'D)
They're really big here. For some
reason. Mechanical bulls. Five
thousand bucks. If I win.

EDWARD
It's different this time. You just
bring a bag of money from A to B,
John. Then make sure it gets doled
out right. Over a few months.
That's it.

JOHN
(the following is the
essential hardship of
John's life)
It's never easy like that. It gets
messed up--

EDWARD
Dad says he needs you. That's
pretty easy, right? To understand?

John thinks for a while.

JOHN
I'm leaning toward just staying
here, ride this fake bull, get that
money, have Alice come out and bike
with me, across Spain. Look at some
Spanish birds.

Edward is put off, shakes his head.

EDWARD
You're so weird. Cantar Walley's a
terrorist.

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)

And he could be the President of Iran. Dad says there's more. Israel. He needs to fill you in - that it's fucked up and he needs to fill you in. It's about the physicist you missed on. And he said...

JOHN

Yeah?

EDWARD

...he said he wouldn't call you if he didn't need you. So there's the news.

Edward walks away. John is left behind to think his decision over - he's embroiled in an escalating conflict, whether the timing is detrimental to him personally or not. You can read on his face that he knows all that.

JOHN

But this one tonight..?

EDWARD

(turning back)
Which one?

JOHN

Bull ride. This is the final. There's not another money ride for six months. If I lose, I won't have the money for the trip. So I don't know. Maybe I'll go back. If I lose.

EDWARD

What are you saying? World peace depends on the outcome of a fucking Dutch mechanical bull riding contest? You freak? Who do you compete against anyway?

JOHN

It's a pretty international city. Guys from all over. That's why I'm wearing this *America* shirt. I don't really like *America*.

A moment passes.

JOHN (CONT'D)

The band, I mean. The country's okay.

EDWARD

Are any of the other competitors
from Texas? Like you?

JOHN

No.

EDWARD

So you usually win.

JOHN

Yeah.

Edward starts walking away. Then he turns back.

END

EDWARD

(checking his watch)

What time is this thing? And are
there any hot European girls there
usually? Because I can maybe
squeeze that in before my flight.

INT. BAR, AMSTERDAM - LATER (NIGHT)

A wiry Brit sits atop a full-size, black mechanical bull in
the center of the bar. The place is packed. The Brit has a
Union Jack fashioned to the back of his shirt. He's got his
hand in the air in the pre-ride "I'm almost ready to go" hand
gesture. Patrons remain silent in anticipation.

ANNOUNCER

From the United Kingdom... Tony
Splinters.

The crowd cheers. John and Edward sit at the bar, looking on.

Soon, the Brit signals *start*. "*London Calling*" begins. The
bull starts whipping around. Despite his cocksure expression,
the Brit's body language shows he's not quite a natural; he's
gripping too tightly, has a boxy, spastic relationship to the
bull's movement. But he's never thrown. So when the bull
stops, he tries to pump up the room like he just accomplished
something.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Tony Splinters....

The place becomes quiet again as John walks to the bull. He
gets on it with practiced ease. People begin to lean forward.
Edward watches from the bar.

John (in his *America* T-shirt and a *Mack Truck* trucker ball
cap) sits atop the bull.