

INT. BOB LEE'S GUN SHACK - MOMENTS LATER

ISAAC JOHNSON (40s), ex-Marine, leader, highly respected by his peers and a shooter in his own right. He enters Bob Lee's work area - several weapons behind a locked glass door.

Sc. 1
START →

ISAAC

I see you're still a bleeding heart liberal.

(re: all the weapons)

That's a lot of guns. You expecting a war?

BOB LEE

Always. What have you been up to, Captain?

ISAAC

(looking around)

The war wasn't much fun after you checked out - I finished my tour, took an early discharge and went to Treasury. Turns out a guy who used to run snipers for the Corp actually had some value in the Secret Service.

BOB LEE

That sounds real good.

ISAAC

Doing my part. And you? Still trying to convince Julie you're a real man.

BOB LEE

She knows better.

(getting down to business)

What can I do for you, sir?

Isaac casually glances out the front of the gun shack to make sure no one is there.

ISAAC

This is gonna be one of those conversations we never had.

(re: file)

Four days ago a CIA agent was killed in Seneca State Forest. Virginia.

Bob Lee opens the file, images of the RUFFLED MAN (DEAD), the surrounding area - he lays them out on the work bench.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

He was shot by a sniper, we found the hide.

(then)

Fourteen hundred yards away.

(and)

Based on the detritus, we figure the shooter was there for some time - waiting. There was no evidence of multiple shots.

That gets Bob Lee's attention, he goes back to the photos, studies the one of the dead man's head.

BOB LEE

This isn't a fifty cal wound.

ISAAC

Correct, .338 Lapua Magnum - found it under the hide buried in the brush. He must've dropped it.

(re: bullet)

You can handle it, we've already scanned it.

Bob Lee removes the bullet, inspects it

BOB LEE

1400 yards. That's master gunsmith level work. Your boy is a shooter.

ISAAC

He's a shooter all right and you know him.

(re: document)

We found a letter, written to the President, stating that he will be executed in twenty one days at the Seattle Science Fair.

(then)

It was placed in the Agent's jacket.

(finally)

We believe it's from T. Solotov.

BOB LEE

Solotov?

ISAAC

He's freelance now - and cocky. The letter says, and I quote, "I am the angel of death. No one can stop me."

(then)

(MORE)

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Bob Lee, there's only a handful of shooters in the world who would take a shot at three quarters of a mile - *much less a head shot* - and make it.

(then)

I'm standing in front of one of them right now.

(finally)

We need your help to stop him.

END

INT. BOB LEE'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Bob Lee on the bed, handcuffed - Isaac enters, alone.

ISAAC

You still surprise me, Bob Lee: Bullet proof vest, I did not see that coming. Sniper's instinct, huh?

Bob Lee turns to face him, rage in his eyes.

BOB LEE

What the hell did you to do me?

ISAAC

Me? Nothing. You did it all. We have all the proof we need and more.

(then)

And your history, deadliest shooter in the Marine corp. Two hundred plus confirmed kills, two hundred more unconfirmed. And not even a thank you from our country.

(then)

My guess is, that made you angry.

BOB LEE

You hired me dammit, your men saw me.

ISAAC

That's right, *my men*. Surprised a man like you was so easily convinced.

Isaac moves close, knows the restraints will keep Bob Lee from hurting him.

Sc.?
START →

ISAAC

ISAAC (CONT'D)

All you had to do was die, Marine. That's not asking a lot, is it? But, no, you had to go and get yourself arrested. Ten minutes of you telling your story and they'll think you're crazy. But, someone won't. And that someone might do some digging. We can't have that.

BOB LEE

When this is over I'm going to kill you.

ISAAC

It is over, Sergeant. It was over the moment you took the job. And all I had to do was dangle Solotov in your face.

(then)

He didn't take the shot, by the way. I have no idea where he is, if he's even alive. But, just the thought of you getting him...man, that's a real weak spot, Sniper. I trained you better than that.

Isaac quietly removes a syringe from his jacket, injects the fluid into Bob Lee's IV BAG.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Special cocktail courtesy of my friends at the CIA. It'll read like a heart attack which tracks with your wounds.

(then)

Goodbye, Sergeant.

Bob Lee watches as the cloudy water slowly fills the bag.

BOB LEE

You know I didn't kill the President, Mitchell --

ISAAC

(walking)

-- The whole world knows that Bob Lee. You missed - you killed President of the Ukraine.

END

4/4