

MCGINTY/VANOWEN SCENE 1

INT. VEHICLE CAB - DAY

VANOWEN

Is it a camel?

MCGINTY

No. That's twelve.

VANOWEN

A mountain?

MCGINTY

You're sure you've done this before.

VANOWEN

Yeah.

MCGINTY

Because it's not really a brute force kind of game. You have to have a system. You're constantly trying to winnow it down to smaller categories.

VANOWEN

You got your way, I got mine.

MCGINTY

Okay, but your way will never work.

VANOWEN

Is it a toaster?

MCGINTY

No! That's fourteen.

Noticing something in the distance...

VANOWEN

Heads up.

A pile of BURNING JUNK blocks the road ahead. A half-dozen AFGHANI GUNMEN spill out of two JEEPS.

MCGINTY

And suddenly it's a toll road.

(MORE)

MCGINTY (CONT'D)

(keeping calm)

We're good. We'll pay 'em off.

VANOWEN

Don't count on it. How many cars
have we passed in the last hour?

MCGINTY

One.

VANOWEN

Two. And they're both behind us.

MCGINTY

(checking his mirror)

That's not encouraging.

VANOWEN

Hold on!

Vanowen suddenly veers off the road.

END SCENE.

MCGINTY/VANOWEN SCENE 2

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

MCGINTY

Please tell me the truck's ready, and we can get the hell out of here.

VANOWEN

Ever try cutting quarter-inch pipe with a hand saw? Best case, we'll be on the road by dawn.

MCGINTY

The blood's not gonna last that long without refrigeration.

VANOWEN

Maybe we can find ice somewhere. How much we have left in the Happy Arab fund?

MCGINTY

We spent it all renting fridges. We got nothing.

(a new thought)

Maybe we do.

VANOWEN

What?

MCGINTY

The insurgents turned the power off, right? That means they can turn it back on.

VANOWEN

And why would they do that?

MCGINTY

We'll pay 'em.

VANOWEN

With what? You said we're flat out.

MCGINTY

How much is ten kilos of heroin worth?

Vanowen looks at him like he's just sprouted antlers.

MCGINTY (CONT'D)

(suddenly reversing)

You're right. It's insane. I mean, at the end of the day, it's just a blood shipment. It's not worth dying for. I'm sure those soldiers waiting for transfusions will understand, we did the best we could.

Vanowen doesn't rise to his bait. We can see his anger building. McGinty's trying to set him off.

MCGINTY (CONT'D)

Of course, we probably won't get another job with CPA, and the business will go under, but them's the breaks, right? Maybe you could move in with your sister. I think her couch folds out.

VANOWEN

I am not cutting a deal with insurgents!

MCGINTY

Yeah, you'll kill 'em, but you won't talk to them.

VANOWEN

Don't push me.

He's serious. He's about ready to knock McGinty's head off.

MCGINTY

Vanowen, stop thinking like a Marine. You are not a soldier; we are not the Coalition. We are just two guys who have to get the power back on or else a bunch of people are going to die.

Vanowen looks away, disgusted by the thought. But nor does he have a better alternative. Finally...

VANOWEN

How would we even find them?

END SCENE.

MCGINTY SCENE 3 / BROOKE SCENE 1

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

McGinty's shirt hits him in the face. He's in bed, post-coital. The room is modest but cozy, a couple's first home.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Get a move on. I need to be back at the office.

BROOKE COLESON (30) is getting dressed with brisk efficiency. She's a legislative director, and every bit as sharp as McGinty.

MCGINTY

Can I take a shower? I can let myself out.

BROOKE

Joe, you can't just come and go as if you still lived here. We need to respect boundaries.

MCGINTY

You're right. Me using your bathroom when you're not here would be, like, weirdly intimate.

Brooke pulls a short stack of clipped legal papers from her briefcase. She uncaps a pen for him.

MCGINTY (CONT'D)

I haven't even read it yet.

BROOKE

It's the same as what you got in the mail three months ago.

McGinty lifts a corner, peering underneath.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

You're not agreeing to anything. You just acknowledge that you've received it.

MCGINTY

'Dissolution of marriage.' Sounds pretty final to me.

He signs without looking up, missing Brooke's pained look.

MCGINTY (CONT'D)

By the way... I'm gonna need some money from the joint account. It's a cash flow thing, just to make payroll.

BROOKE

Joe!

MCGINTY

I'll put it back in a couple weeks.

BROOKE

The point of mediation was to avoid this kind of thing.

MCGINTY

The point of mediation was amicability. I think I'm being amicable.

There's obviously something being unsaid.

BROOKE

How much?

MCGINTY

Five thousand.

Anticipating her next objection...

MCGINTY (CONT'D)

One contract. That's all we need to put us in the black. They're spending eighteen billion in Iraq. If we can just get a nibble, a foothold -- like that water plant protection job...

Brooke doesn't want to hear it.

MCGINTY (CONT'D)

What?

BROOKE

Joe, you should hear yourself. War is not a business. It's a tragedy.

MCGINTY

It's reality, Brooke. War is how most of the world gets from Point A to Point B. None of this seemed to bother you when I was at S.O.S.

BROOKE

You were behind a desk. I didn't have to worry about you.

He hands her the divorce papers.

MCGINTY

Well, congratulations. Now you don't have to worry.

END SCENE.

MCGINTY SCENE 4 / HADIJA SCENE 1

INT. HOSPITAL STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Under Hadija's eye, McGinty painstakingly checks the contents of the crates, squishing each bag to see if it feels more like liquid, or powder.

HADIJA

I trusted you! I risked my life!

MCGINTY

This one's blood.
(tests next bag)
This one too.

HADIJA

It could be contaminated, infected,
you don't know!

MCGINTY

And the heroin could be glucose and
quinine. But considering our client
is spending a hundred thousand
dollars to deliver it, I'm betting
this is real blood and that's real
heroin.

He gestures to the nearby pile of blood bags designated
"heroin" -- about ten kilos' worth.

MCGINTY (CONT'D)

Which still leaves nineteen hundred
units of blood that, whatever you
think of the shipping arrangements,
can save a lot of lives.

HADIJA

So the ends justify the means?

MCGINTY

You can have four crates, 200
units... if you'll keep quiet about
the heroin till we get the truck
fixed.

HADIJA

Six crates.

MCGINTY

Four.

HADIJA

You should know, the penalty in Iraq
for drug smuggling is death.

McGinty takes a beat to register this.

MCGINTY

Five crates.