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.
MCINTY (CONT'D)

What?

BROOKE

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

MCINTY

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.

MCINTY

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.