

INT. MARTIN'S SUITE - NIGHT

Martin hunches over his briefcase that lays open on the bed.

MARTIN PULLS

THE DOSSIER from the briefcase. It's seal is broken, but the contents remain enclosed... He withdraws the package and dumps the contents on the bed. His face registers muted shock.

MARTIN

Dumb fucking luck...

THE CONTENTS

include various photos of MR. NEWBERRY, Mr. Newberry with Debi, and the house. The photos are mingled with official-looking papers including credit reports, medical records, etc... Newberry's life.

He cocks his head toward the door anticipating a... KNOCK. He freezes, then plucks a gun tapped under a desk, and moves toward the door, pointing. Halfway to the door, his face and body slacken. He lobs the gun onto the bed. With everything gone wrong, there is nothing left to defend. He goes to the door and opens it, body relaxed, expecting a bullet...

Debi moves past him into the room. She is completely calm.

DEBI

He was trying to kill you, right!

MARTIN

Yes.

DEBI

Not the other way around...?

MARTIN

No.

DEBI

Is it something you've done?

MARTIN

It's something I do...

Beat.

MARTIN

...Professionally...

Beat.

MARTIN

...About five years now.

DEBI

(stunned)

Get the fuck outta here.

MARTIN

Seriously, when I left, I joined the Army and took the service exam. They found my psych results fit a certain profile. A certain "Moral flexibility" would be the best way to describe it... I was loaned out to a CIA-sponsored program. It's called "mechanical operations." We sort of found each other...

DEBI

You're a government spook?

Martin says nothing.

MARTIN

I was, but no... yes... I was before, but now I'm not. It's irrelevant, really. The idea of governments, nations, it's mostly a public relations theory at this point, anyway. But I'll tell you something, until about five months ago, I really enjoyed my work.

DEBI

Jesus Christ!

MARTIN

Then I started losing my taste for it. Which usually means your time is up. But then I realized it was something entirely different... I started getting the sneaking, dark suspicion that maybe there was... meaning to life.

DEBI

Okay. Great, Martin, that's just great. Meaning to life... Mmm....

MARTIN

Like, that there's a point? An organic connection between all living things.

DEBI

Let me help you along, Martin. You're a sociopath!

MARTIN

(defensive)

A sociopath kills for no reason. I kill for money.

DEBI

You never could have kept this from me.

MARTIN

I was leaving.

DEBI

That's probably a good idea.

MARTIN

Will you come with me?

DEBI

I'm staying here.

MARTIN

What if I come back?

DEBI

I'll hide.

She goes for the door.

MARTIN

Don't go.

She stops at the door. Slowly, she turns.

DEBI

You don't get to have me. You are a monster, I'm a human being. We're not going to mate.

MARTIN

You don't understand...

DEBI

That's because I speak human, and you speak monster.

Debi bolts out of the room. Martin is left alone.

Martin looks over at his gear on the bed. After a beat, he walks slowly over and surveys his tools. He picks up a cleaning rag and begins to go over the weapons, absently singing to himself...

MARTIN

"What's up Doc? What's cookin'? What's up Doc, are you lookin'...?"