

INT. SMALL HOUSE -- DAY (CURRENT TIME)

The morning sun filters through drawn blinds. In the dim light two hands deftly grasp, assemble and rotate a short-stock Colt AR-15, the civilian version of the military's M16.

SILAS RENMAR (26), slender, eyes closed, dressed in well worn Sears-level clothes, finishes assembling the weapon. He sighs, slowly moves the weapon to his mouth.

Silas pulls the trigger. Only a click; we see the ammo clip on the plain Formica kitchen table next to gun oil and cleaning rags. He handles the clip, then sets it down. Silas' expression is blank and though it's morning we see weariness. Deathly quiet. Another sigh.

As he trudges through the small sparse living room we linger on framed photographs of Silas with his Marine Corps buddies at primitive forward operating bases, all clutching their M16's, some with helmets on, all in flak jackets.

His darkened home is more a cave than a home -- canned goods are stacked everywhere, receipts spill out of shoe boxes, newspapers are piled waist high. At a glance a hoarder, not merely messy.

Silas disappears into another room, returns with back pack and baseball cap, both threadbare, grabs his bicycle and opens the front door.

EXT. SMALL HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Brown, stunted grass. Dead cars on the front lawns of homes. All could use paint jobs. Several forlorn "For Sale" signs on a few, some boarded up, others with bar-covered windows and yards secured by tall chain-link fences and locked gates. A neighborhood sliding toward an abyss.

Silas peddles away.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

A black Town Car parks outside an office building.

INT. TOWN CAR -- CONTINUOUS

WILLOW SULLIVAN (35, looking late 20s), drop-dead beautiful, Armani-clad, reviews photographs of Silas. MORTON COLEMAN (62), overweight, sweating, a haberdasher's nightmare -- a slob -- slides with effort towards her in the rear seat.

ROBBIE (38), the driver, scans like a Secret Service agent.

WILLOW
And you won't tell me why him.

COLEMAN

Not your concern.

(a beat)

I want this one to go fast.

WILLOW (Testy)

I know what I'm doing. Relax.

INT. ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE -- DAY

Silas meets with HERB CARPENTER (52), pudgy, who spices up his numbers profession by wearing gaudy Hawaiian shirts. Herb's desk is way beyond cluttered.

HERB

Wanna know what kind of day you're having?

Silas nods and Herb clicks the computer mouse a few times, then reads while he scrolls. Silas is taciturn, without affect, detached. Herb spins to face Silas.

HERB (CONT'D)

Boring. You're up again today.
About a quarter per cent overall.
NASDAQ slightly stronger.

(a beat)

How much did you spend on yourself last week?

SILAS

I'm doing Okay.

HERB

How much, Silas?

SILAS

Not much happened last week.
(off Herb's look)
Okay, Okay. \$29.52.

Herb pivots to his computer screen again.

HERB

For the whole week. Silas, you've got more than ever.

SILAS

And you think that's bad?

HERB

For you, hell yes.
(off Silas' silence)
Like lunch. You ever go out?

SILAS

Why?

HERB

Fun. Meet people. Watch women.
 Eat food. Dessert.
 (off Silas' shrug)
 Get up. My treat. We're going out.
 (Silas stays seated)
 Humor me. I've got you for a client.
 You heard 'my treat,' right?

Silas stands.

INT. RECEPTION AREA -- CONTINUOUS

LIZ O'BRIEN (25), as plain as can be though naturally lovely, takes a bite out of a sandwich as Silas and Herb pass by her receptionist's desk. She folds her brown paper lunch bag with her free hand.

Liz teases Silas with her sandwich. Silas stops.

SILAS

Looks good, Herb.

HERB

Keep walking.

Liz has a distinct midwest accent.

LIZ

P B & J, Silas.

HERB

Stop tempting him.

Liz watches Silas leave.

EXT. BUSINESS COURTYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Silas and Herb leave the elevator and enter the courtyard.

Willow sits at a table; papers spill from her briefcase as they approach. Silas darts to assist; a slight breeze scatters a few documents. Willow hurries with a dancer's gracefulness to gather them. Silas retrieves some.

WILLOW

Thank you so much.

Tongue-tied, Silas can only nod.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Is there a public library around?

Silas struggles to get words out.

SILAS

On 7th. Five blocks east, two south.