

THE BOY
IF YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN
by
Jacques E. Bouchard

FADE IN:

INTRO

EXT. CONFERENCE CENTER - DAY

A large building resembling the UN building. A NEWS REPORTER addresses the camera.

NEWS REPORTER

Professor Yuri Chekhov is scheduled today to present his latest decryption algorithm that could render every code virtually useless. The world waits impatiently for new developments. And here he is now...

A motorcade of black limousines with diplomatic flags escorted by police motorcycles stops in front of the building. Journalists and photographers rush the cars. Bodyguards, dressed in black and holding radio ear pieces, get out and scan the surroundings as a small, greyish man with a bushy beard and round glasses exits. He spills some papers but continues absentmindedly, muttering silently to himself. An AIDE picks up the documents and rushes after him. The aide has a briefcase shackled to his wrist.

Cameras SFX:POP AND WHIR as microphones are thrust in the face of the old man.

JOURNALISTS

Professor, won't your algorithm facilitate industrial espionage

The aide steps in front of the microphones.

AIDE

Gentlemen, all of your questions will be answered inside during the conference. Please excuse us.

The professor, the aide and the escort continue towards the entrance of the building. A PHOTOGRAPHER kneels before them.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Smile for the camera, Professor
Chekhov.

The camera flash goes off and fills the air with thick white smoke. People SFX:CHOKE and SFX:COUGH. The aide emerges from the cloud of smoke. The chain to the briefcase has been cut.

AIDE

Stop thief!

The aide picks up a rubber mask dropped by the photographer. He looks around as the smoke dissipates, but the thief is nowhere to be found.

INT. PRIME'S OFFICE - DAY

The projection shows the Professor and his aide being escorted into the building. A TV station logo is displayed at the bottom of the image. Toby is holding a sketch pad.

PRIME

The briefcase was found later in a trash container. The formula was the only thing missing.

BOB

Do we have a list of possible suspects?

PRIME

We think this might be the work of the Griffin.

The projection changes to a blurry picture of a man half-turned as he gets into a car somewhere in Europe.

TOBY

The super-spy whose face no one has ever seen? I thought he was just a legend.

PRIME

He's organized a bidding war for the formula. You're to liaison in Vancouver with agent Fairfax from British Intelligence. He's the expert on the Griffin.

Toby SFX:SCRIBBLES on his sketch pad.

TOBY

He won't remain faceless for long, not with my eye for detail. A quick glance, a few strokes of the pen, and it's like looking into a mirror. See!

Toby hands Prime a drawing of a stick figure topped by a cartoonish head representing her. Bob covers his face in embarrassment.

PRIME

(trying to be kind)

This is, ah, very flattering. Thank you, I think.

Prime pins the drawing on a corkboard.

INT. IFP CORRIDOR - DAY

Bob and Toby walk down the corridor.

TOBY

So what's the big deal with this algorithm? When Lucy figures out the password to my computer, I just change it. It's simple.

BOB

It doesn't just crack passwords, it can also decode encrypted transmissions. Satellite, radio, telephone...

TOBY

That means that any spy with the formula will know exactly what everyone else is saying. No more secrets.

BOB

That's what the Griffin's counting on.

INT. GADS CHAMBER - DAY

Bob and Toby strap into the pod.

TOBY

What about pig Latin Could it break that too?

Bob rolls his eyes.

BOB

Yes, I'm fairly sure of that.

Toby appears worried.

TOBY

No more passing notes in class. This is more serious than I thought.

The pod closes. The GADS fires.

EXT. SKYLINE - DAY

The pod shoots across the horizon with a sonic SFX:BOOM.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The pod lands in a field, frightening cows. It opens and pours out the damping liquid. Toby and Bob jump out and look around. On the horizon is the Vancouver skyline. On a nearby road, a SFX:TRUCK approaches.

TOBY

Come on, we can hitch a ride.

EXT. VANCOUVER - DAY

The truck stops at a corner. Bob and Toby jump out of it. Bob slams the side twice and the truck continues on. Bob takes out his communicator.

BOB

I'll call HQ to rendezvous with Fairfax.

Toby stops him.

TOBY

Wait. You said the Griffin can decode any transmission, even scrambled. For all we know, he might be listening right now. He might even be expecting IFP agents.

BOB

You're right, better maintain radio silence. But how do we manage without

Fairfax? I doubt the Griffin is simply going to invite us in.

TOBY
Hey, I think that's a great idea!

BOB
Excuse me?

TOBY
He's trying to auction off the formula.
We could pretend to be buyers. I've got...

Toby empties out his pockets and counts loose change.

TOBY (CONT'D)
...Two dollars and forty-seven cents.
Wait, that's a button. Forty-six cents.
Not nearly enough. If he asks, you left your wallet in your other pants.

BOB
We need a way to get in contact with him. May I borrow your palmtop?

Toby hands him his palmtop. Bob punches a few keys.

BOB (CONT'D)
The Griffin does a lot of arms trading. He's dealt with quite a few rats, and if memory serves me one of those rats may still operate around here.

The palmtop SFX:BEEPS. Toby looks at the screen.

TOBY
Good old Lenny...

ANGLE ON a picture of a shifty-eyed rat-faced man with a permanent five o'clock shadow. MATCH DISSOLVE TO

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY

LENNY is on a street corner with a peddler's display of watches and blue jeans. Passers-by largely ignore him. He opens his coat flap to show jewelry hanging inside the panel.

LENNY

Rolex! Cartier! Levis!

Something seems to block out the sun. Lenny looks up and appears surprised. He tries to make a dash but Bob grabs him by the collar.

BOB

Lenny, how good to see you after all these years.

LENNY

It's you! You told me you'd stay away if I went straight.

Toby unfolds a pair of jeans and checks the fit. The legs are different lengths.

TOBY

Peddling counterfeit brands is your idea of going legit?

BOB

We'll overlook it if you set up a meeting with the Griffin. He's a former associate of yours, isn't he?

Lenny turns pale.

LENNY

The Griffin? Do you have any idea what he'd do to me if I crossed him?

Toby takes out his sketching pad and begins to doodle.

TOBY

Would you like to come with us and ask him? I mean, I'm sure we'll find him eventually.

LENNY

Good lord no! I'm fine right here, thank you very much!

TOBY

Right. You want us to bring him here.

Toby closes one eye to gauge proportions and continues drawing.

LENNY

No, no! Do NOT mention me at all!

TOBY

Okay, so it's a surprise? I can't wait to see the look on his face.

LENNY

(stammering)

That's not what I said! Look, I'll do what you want, just stop twisting my words!

BOB

He's good at it, isn't he? You can't win. Believe me, I tried.

Toby tears the sheet off his pad and hands it to Lenny.

TOBY

You might want to hang on to this. It could be worth money some day when I'm famous.

CLOSE UP on the illustration of Lenny drawn as a skunk.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

The elevator doors open with a SFX:DING. Bob comes out into the hallway dressed sharply like a wealthy banker. He adjusts his tie, smooths out his hair and starts down the hallway, then stops. He turns to the elevator.

BOB

Are you coming?

TOBY (O.S.)

No. I look stupid.

BOB

You look fine. If it'll make you feel any better, next time you dress like the international financier, and I'll dress like the computer geek, okay?

After a pause, Toby comes out of the elevator. His hair is parted down the middle with gel. He's wearing glasses, a plaid shirt buttoned up to the neck and brand new corduroys

about two inches too short that SFX:ZIP as he walks rapidly, sulking.

They stop at a door and Bob SFX:KNOCKS. The door opens and they go in.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A large luxurious hotel suite decorated in Louis XVI style. A burly man lets Bob and Toby in. Other men playing cards look up and eye them suspiciously.

BOB

My name is Bower. This is Calvin, my technical advisor. I believe your employer is expecting us?

The burly man pats Bob down for weapons. Toby looks up to see a security camera aimed at them. The burly man nods his head towards a door. Toby and Bob pass through it.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The room is dimly lit. A three-panel folding screen has been placed in front of a desk. A lamp casts the shadow of the Griffin sitting at the desk on the screen.

TOBY

Hi, we're...

The Griffin speaks into a microphone to electronically alter his voice.

GRIFFIN (FILTER)

I know who you are. Why did you bring the kid?

BOB

Excuse me?

GRIFFIN (FILTER)

I don't like wasting other people's time, and I like wasting my time even less. The day-care center is downstairs. Come back when you're ready to do serious business.

The lamp SFX:CLICKS off and the Griffin's shadow disappears. Bob and Toby exchange a glance. Bob opens his mouth to speak but Toby stops him.

TOBY

Listen, I'm here to make sure that what you're selling isn't just a random generator subroutine. But since you seem reluctant, I'm thinking that maybe you're trying to slip one by us. So why don't YOU give US a call when you're ready to do serious business.

Toby and Bob turn and walk towards the door. The desk lamp SFX:CLICKS back on.

GRIFFIN (FILTER)

I'm sorry, I may have misjudged you.
Please, sit down.

Bob gives Toby a thumb up. They turn around and sit in front of the screen.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

You'll find a piece of paper in front of you indicating the current bid. Can you beat that?

Bob takes a folded paper on a coffee table and looks at it.

BOB

The people I represent can top this figure. Handsomely.

GRIFFIN

Splendid. I'll be in touch.

TOBY

I don't understand.

GRIFFIN

This is open bidding, gentlemen. I have to give someone else the chance to beat your price. Reinhold will show you out.

The Griffin presses a button. The burly man opens the door. Bob and Toby exchange a look as they stand. They nod.

TOBY

What do you mean you're blind?

BOB

The flash grenade must have stunned my optical nerve. All I see is white.

Toby waves his hand before Bob's eyes.

TOBY

It's probably temporary. But how are we going to get you down from here?

Bob carefully steps away from the chimney. He stumbles once but regains his balance. He appears determined.

BOB

I still have four perfectly good senses. Just describe the surrounding to me.

TOBY

Well, the roof summit is about six inches wide, and it goes on for about thirty feet, then it turns right and...

Bob walks ahead with a steady pace. Toby goes after him.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Hey wait! You can't see, remember? Oh geez, be careful. Watch out for the edge!

Bob stops about two inches from the edge that drops ten stories to the street.

BOB

Twenty-eight feet and three inches. Good estimate, but you were off.

TOBY

Okay, you made your point. Just don't scare me like that again, okay? Come on, you can follow my footsteps.

Toby continues on to the right. Bob cocks his head for the sound of his footsteps and follows.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY (CONT.)

Toby arrives at the edge of the rooftop.

TOBY

There's a step here. A ten-story step.
How do we get down? (beat) Hello
there...

Toby spies a window washing scaffold, the kind that lowers down on cables. He pushes the suspension arm and swings the scaffold over the edge. He opens the gate for Bob.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Okay, step in.

Bob steps off the edge and onto the scaffold (SFX:CLANG). He stumbles a little bit, like someone who doesn't know there's an extra step at the bottom of the stairs.

BOB

A scaffold? Very ingenious.

TOBY

You mean you stepped off the ledge
without knowing I had this thing lined
up?

BOB

Well I knew you wouldn't let me take a
ten-story dive.

TOBY

Talk about blind trust...

Toby climbs in. He works the controls and the scaffold
SFX:WHIRS down.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The scaffold touches down in an alley and Toby and Bob
climb out. They creep towards the end of the alley and Toby
peers around the corner onto the main street.

TOBY

Let me make sure the coast is cl...

Toby whips back and pulls Bob behind a large container,
placing his hand over his mouth. Reinhold and another man
from the suite walk by. They look into the alley and see
the scaffold. They go to investigate, passing Toby and

Bob's hiding place. Toby pulls Bob silently out of the alley.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Toby pulls Bob along, looking over his shoulder.

TOBY

Looks like the Griffin misses us already. He sent his goons after us.

BOB

Of course he would. I'm the only man alive who can identify him. We have to find him before he unloads the formula and goes underground.

Bob bumps his head on a low street sign (SFX:BONG).

TOBY

Never mind that, Lurch. He could be stuffing firecrackers in your back pocket right now and you wouldn't know it. Let's lose ourselves in a crowd.

Toby pushes Bob inside a cafe.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Toby is sitting at the table scribbling on his sketch pad while sipping a soda. Bob hangs up a pay phone and sits next to him.

BOB

I called IFP. Agent Fairfax is going to meet us here.

TOBY

How's that gonna help?

BOB

He's the expert on the Griffin. He's been chasing him for twenty years. Maybe he can help us find him.

Toby returns to his sketch pad.

TOBY

Okay, I sketched the outline of the Griffin's face, but you'll have to fill in the details for me.

BOB

Right, I forgot. You're the sketch artist.

TOBY

Hey, I know sarcasm when I hear it! You'd be surprised how far a little raw talent can go!

BOB

Well you got lots of that. Very raw.

The WAITER comes up to their table.

WAITER

Anything else?

BOB

That'll be all.

Bob gives the waiter a credit card. Toby puts on a goofy cap with moose antlers from the counter. He points to it and winks emphatically at the waiter.

TOBY

Right, nothing else.

The waiter leaves with the card.

BOB

Whatever you just added to the bill, I expect you to pay it back.

TOBY

How do you do that? Are you sure you can't see anything?

BOB

I know you so well.

Toby puts the cap back on the counter. He notices two more men from the suite talking to the waiter in the back. They're gesturing, very obviously describing Bob and Toby (one tall and big, one short). The waiter points to the table where Bob and Toby sat, now empty.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Toby and Bob are hurrying away.

TOBY

The guy never quits, does he? We need us an escort somewhere safe.

Toby leads Bob towards two police officers sitting in their patrol car.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Toby and Bob sit in the back of the car. Toby is still scribbling on his pad. The COP in the passenger seat speaks to them over his shoulder.

COP

So what is it you secret agent types are after this time? Anything we might know about?

BOB

Sorry, we're not authorized to discuss it.

The two cops exchange a look. The passenger cop takes the radio and SFX:MUMBLES inaudibly into it. Toby continues scribbling.

TOBY

Okay, would you say he had a high forehead?

BOB

You're still at this?

TOBY

Come on, it'll be easier finding him if we can identify him!

BOB

Fine. Sloping forehead, protruding jaw, bushy eyebrows, kinda stooped when he stood. Oh, and he wore a loincloth and carried a club over his shoulder.

Toby scribbles furiously as he draws then stops. He scowls.

TOBY

Very funny!

ANGLE ON his drawing of a caveman. He SFX:RIPS the page, the last in his pad.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Great, you made me waste the last page.
Can I borrow this?

Toby grabs a clipboard holding a sheaf of paper from the front seat. He turns a page and begins to draw on the back of it.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Okay, let's start over, and no goofing off this time.

Something falls out of the sheaf of paper to the floor. He picks it up. ANGLE ON a photo from the security camera in the suite showing Bob and Toby. Toby glances at the passenger cop who's watching him in the rearview mirror.

TOBY (CONT'D)

You know, I think we'll just get out here. Thanks for the ride, guys.

The locks on the doors SFX:LOCK. Bob frowns.

BOB

What's going on here? We're not going to the station, are we?

COP

Just lay back and relax, guys.

Bob grabs Toby and SFX:SMASHES the door open.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Bob rolls out onto the pavement, protecting Toby in his arms. The police car SFX:SCREECHES to a stop. They get up and Toby sees another car heading straight for them.

TOBY

Lookout!

Toby pulls Bob out of the way. The car seems to swerve towards them and SFX:CRASHES into trash cans. The cop car

SFX:SPEEDS away from the scene. Bob leaps to the driver's side and pulls the driver out through the window: a man with blond hair and moustache, and the red cheeks of someone with too fair a complexion.

BOB

Why did you try to run us down? Are you working for the Griffin too?

FAIRFAX

I was trying to avoid you! I'm agent Fairfax! I'm Fairfax!

Bob releases Fairfax. He straightens his lapels.

FAIRFAX (CONT'D)

Get in before those cops realize I'm not an innocent eyewitness.

They climb into the car and drive away.

INT. CAR - DAY

FAIRFAX

When I saw you get in the police car back at the cafe, I decided to follow. Good thing I did.

TOBY

I guess the Griffin owns the police too. At least some of them.

FAIRFAX

You have no idea. He has contacts everywhere, and he won't rest until he finds you. The only way to be safe is NOT being you.

TOBY

Come again?

FAIRFAX

I called ahead to someone just around the corner. With a little make-up and putty, he can make you look so your own mothers wouldn't recognize you.

EXT. TENEMENT HOUSE - DAY

The car stops by the curb and they all get out. They begin walking up to a run-down tenement house and Fairfax stops.

FAIRFAX

You know, I just forgot some papers in the car. Just go to the last apartment at the end of the hallway. I'll catch up.

Bob and Toby enter.

INT. TENEMENT HOUSE - DAY

The hallway is pitch black. Toby advances cautiously.

BOB

What's the problem?

TOBY

The hallway light's out.

BOB

What are you talking about? I can feel the heat of the bulb against my face.

Bob reaches up and touches the bulb. He screws it in and it lights up.

TOBY

(whispering)

Someone must have just unscrewed it, and I don't think they're throwing us a surprise party.

They both stand on either side of the last door. Bob extends one foot and presses on a SFX:CREAKY floor board in front of the door. It flings open and three men jump out.

In the SFX:COMMOTION that ensues, a short man grabs Toby from behind. Toby stomps his foot, then rolls up his sketch pad and uses it to whack him as he retreats under the blows.

A second man jumps on Bob's back. Bob slams against the wall and the man slumps to the floor. The third man takes aim at him.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Bob, watch out!

The third man punches Bob in the stomach. Bob doesn't even flinch. He hammers the third man on the head, who collapses, stunned. The short man, suddenly faced with two opponents, ducks out the front door. Toby kneels down to search one of the men.

TOBY (CONT'D)

No ID's, of course.

Bob touches his face.

BOB

He's been shaved recently. Very closely. Probably a straight razor, in a barbershop.

TOBY

Great. All we have to do is question every barber in Paris and the suburbs.

EXT. TENEMENT HOUSE - DAY

Bob and Toby come out. Fairfax is on the ground, holding his left arm painfully.

FAIRFAX

A man raced past me. I tried to grab him but he wrenched out of my grasp. Are you two all right?

BOB

How did the Griffin's men know to find us here?

Toby fashions a sling for Fairfax's arm with a piece of cloth from a trash can.

FAIRFAX

I told you, he's everywhere. My contact must be compromised. Let's get out of here before they come back with reinforcements.

They climb into the car and leave.

INT. CAR - DAY

Fairfax drives with his good arm. Toby is kneeling on the seat looking out the rear window. Two motorcyclists wearing helmets with dark visors ride a few car lengths behind.

BOB

Who's chasing who here? We can't catch the Griffin as long as he knows our every move.

FAIRFAX

We need to muddle our tracks. Let me make a call from my hotel room. (beat)
Is anything wrong back there?

The two motorcyclists turn on a side street.

TOBY

I'm not sure, I thought we were being followed. Just my imagination, I guess.

EXT. CUT RATE HOTEL - DAY

The car stops in front of a cheap-looking hotel. Fairfax climbs out and leans into the car.

FAIRFAX

You two stay here and wait for me.
You're too conspicuous for now.

Fairfax enters the hotel.

TOBY

What a dive!

Toby notices a little pad of paper on the dashboard. He reaches out and grabs it.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Cool, drawing paper!

Bob rolls his eyes.

BOB

Remind me to ask Fairfax to keep it locked away.

TOBY

Come on now, I'm not THAT bad. Every little bit helps.

Bob pinches the bridge of his nose as though trying to remember.

BOB

I don't know, I only saw him a second.
Kind of a button nose, bad teeth,
chubby cheeks. He looked flushed, like
he ran up the stairs.

Toby draws a cartoonish figure.

BOB (CONT'D)

How's it coming out?

Toby rips off the page in frustration and starts over.

TOBY

Wait, I can get this. I know I can.

Toby applies himself much more seriously this time. A face takes shape on the paper. It's still crude, but it's more precise. He examines his handiwork.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Well, maybe with a little cleaning
up...

Toby puts the drawing in his pocket. He turns his attention to the hotel outside. Next to the entrance is a small barbershop with a spinning pole.

TOBY (CONT'D)

That guy who attacked us got a shave at
a barbershop, right? Well there's...

Bob turns his head this way and that as though he's picking up a sound. He silences Toby.

BOB

Sh! Didn't you say motorcycles were
following us earlier?

TOBY

I was just being paranoid. There's
no...

Toby looks out the rear window. The two motorcyclists
SFX:ROAR around the corner towards them.

They exit the car. The motorcyclists ride up on the sidewalk and lift their front wheels off the ground. Toby and Bob duck through a missing plank in a high fence just in time to avoid them.

EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY

A vacant lot with a few cars on blocks and discarded oil drums. Toby pushes Bob in front of him while looking over his shoulder.

TOBY

Can you hear them?

The motorcyclists SFX:BASH through the rickety fence onto the lot, engine SFX:REVVING. They circle Bob and Toby, swinging nets. FREEZE FRAME.

ACT III

INT. VACANT LOT - DAY

The motorcyclists are circling Toby and Bob. Bob cocks his head to locate the sounds of the SFX:REVVING motorcycles, but the sound reverberates all around them. He turns this way and that, disoriented.

BOB

Where are they? What are they doing?

Toby steadies him and stands back to back against him.

TOBY

We can do this together. Bad guys at three o'clock... six... nine... twelve.... Circling at 20kph.

Bob suddenly calms down and plants his feet firmly into the ground.

BOB

Like clockwork.

One motorcyclist swings his net at Toby, who ducks from under it. The other swings his net in the air (SFX:SWOOSH).

ANGLE ON Bob cocking his head and twitching his ear at the provenance of the sound. He extends his arm. The net wraps around it several turns. He yanks, and the motorcyclist is

pulled off his mount, which continues ahead and SFX:SMASHES into a stack of boxes. The first MOTORCYCLIST with the net makes his move on Toby.

 TOBY
 Look out, the net...

Bob hunches over Toby. The net covers him. He stands up and rips the net to shreds with his hands. The motorcyclist speeds away, leaving his partner behind. Toby bends over him, but he's too dazed.

 TOBY (CONT'D)
 He can't help us.

Bob picks up the fallen motorcycle. He climbs on and starts it (SFX:VROOM). He extends his hand to Toby.

 BOB
 Never mind him, let's get the other.
 You navigate, I'll drive.

 TOBY
 You can't be serious?!

 BOB
 We're a team, aren't we? I've trust
 your eyes every-bit as my own so far.

Toby takes Bob's hand and jumps onto the seat in front of him. Bob kicks up a cloud of dirt and they take off after the escaped motorcyclist.

EXT. STREETS OF PARIS - DAY

ANGLE ON the motorcyclist as he speeds along, glancing over his shoulder. He swerves between vehicles.

Bob and Toby follow at high speed over the same route.

 TOBY
 Nudge left... now right... RIGHT,
 RIGHT! Straight ahead now. Watch out
 for the...

A pedestrian reading a newspaper jumps out of the way. His paper is plastered on Bob's face, who doesn't seem to notice.

BOB
Watch out for what?

TOBY

Never mind. There's a traffic jam,
we'll corner him.

The motorcyclist arrives at the traffic jam. He climbs on the largely deserted sidewalk and continues. Bob and Toby follow.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Lenny is selling counterfeit shoes out of the back of a truck. Boxes are stacked on the sidewalk. A man hands him a stack of bills. Lenny gets out of the way as the motorcyclist zips by. He shakes his fist after him.

LENNY
Hey, what's the big idea?

Toby and Bob SFX:SMASH into the stack of boxes, sending sneakers flying everywhere. The man takes his money back and leaves.

On the bike, Toby holds up two sneakers and throws them aside.

TOBY
Two left feet, just my luck!

EXT. PUBLIC PLACE - DAY

The motorcyclist rides up steps leading to a monument.

TOBY
Stairs ahead, Bob. Stairs! We can't
ride up stairs!

Bob takes to the stairs as well. The motorcyclist rides across the public place, and down the steps on the other side. Bob and Toby follow.

TOBY (CONT'D)
(rattled)
I think my teeth are coming loose!

Coins bounce out of Toby's pockets and SFX:JINGLE on the ground.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The motorcyclist's engine begins to SFX:SPUTTER. He pulls up to a bus, grabs on to it and climbs to the luggage rack on top. His motorcycle wobbles and falls.

TOBY

He's on top of a bus! Pull up closer.

Bob pulls up. Toby grabs the ladder, followed by Bob. They both climb to the top, where they face off the motorcyclist as the bus speeds along. Toby advances but punches through a vent in the roof. He's stuck halfway in. The motorcyclist pulls a railing off the bus.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Look out, he's got a pole!

The motorcyclist jabs Bob a couple of times. Bob swipes at the air in front of him, but the motorcyclist stays out of reach.

Toby struggles to free himself. The motorcyclist swings at Bob, hits him a few times more with the pole. Bob begins to teeter, grabbing blindly at his attacker.

TOBY (CONT'D)

You're trying to see him! Forget your sight. There's a tunnel coming up, use it to level the playing field!

The bus goes into a dark tunnel.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The bus comes out on the other side of the tunnel. Bob is standing over the collapsed motorcyclist, holding the twisted pole in his hand. The bus stops at a light. Bob helps Toby out of the vent, grabs the motorcyclist and they climb down.

BOB

I guess he didn't see that coming.

Bob sets the motorcyclist on a bench. He removes his helmet and slaps his cheeks to revive him.

BOB (CONT'D)

Who do you work for! Tell us where we
can find the Griffon!

MOTORCYCLIST

(Moaning)...

Bob feels through his jacket. He pulls out a cell phone.

BOB

He's got a cell phone.

TOBY

Let's see who he's been talking to...

Toby presses the re-dial button (SFX:BEEPS). It SFX:RINGS
and someone picks up.

FAIRFAX (FILTER)

Hello? Hello? Who is this?

Toby's jaw drops as he looks at Bob. He covers the
mouthpiece.

BOB

Fairfax!

TOBY

What's this guy doing talking to
Fairfax?

Toby talks into the phone.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Fairfax! This is, ah, Toby. Good thing
we finally, ah, tracked you down. We
were attacked again.

FAIRFAX

Toby! Where have you guys been?

TOBY

Listen, we can't talk on the phone. No
privacy. Do you think we could meet
somewhere else?

FAIRFAX

Yeah, we can meet at the fairgrounds.
It's practically deserted this time of
year. Meet me in an hour.

Toby hangs up.

BOB

Don't you think it's strange that
Fairfax managed to be absent on both
occasions we were attacked?

TOBY

You took the words right out of my
mouth. And his hotel is right next door
to a barbershop. And now his number...

BOB

...is on the re-dial of another
attacker's phone. Yes, I know.

Toby takes out his latest drawing. He draws a moustache on
the man's face. There is a definite resemblance with
Fairfax.

TOBY

I'm thinking our friend Fairfax has a
split personality.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - DAY

A smattering of people circulate on the fairgrounds. Most
rides are off. Fairfax is at a booth throwing balls at milk
bottles. They each miss and hit the canvas (SFX:WHAP). He
takes aim with a third ball.

TOBY (O.S.)

Hello Fairfax.

Fairfax turns to see Toby and Bob. He greets them.

FAIRFAX

Thank goodness you're all right!

BOB

It's not for lack of trying on your
part.

FAIRFAX

What are you talking about?

TOBY

The jig is up! We know you're behind the attacks, agent Fairfax. Or should we call you the Griffin?

Agent Fairfax appears befuddled as the accusation floats in the air. He bursts out laughing.

FAIRFAX

(laughing)

The Griffin, me? How did you come to that conclusion?

BOB

We can tie every attacker back to you. One of them even had your number on his cell phone.

FAIRFAX

Of course he did, he's my informer! They all are! I told you the Griffin gets into everything, he paid them off to turn against us!

Bob and Toby don't appear so sure anymore.

FAIRFAX (CONT'D)

Don't tell me you didn't think of that?

Toby begins to fidget sheepishly, but Bob's expression becomes sure once more.

BOB

You forget one thing: I saw you back at the hotel suite. I recognize you.

It's now Fairfax who appears unsure.

FAIRFAX

Then you must be mistaken. Besides, it's too early for your eyesight to return.

BOB

Is it?

Bob takes a ball and throws it at the milk bottles. They tumble down. Fairfax looks from the bottles and back to Bob with panic. He dashes into a house of mirrors.

TOBY

You know, if I didn't see you walk into that telephone pole back there, I'd swear you had your sight back.

BOB

The bluff worked with the Griffin.

Toby and Bob follow inside.

INT. HOUSE OF MIRRORS - DAY

Mirrors and glass form a labyrinth of reflections and shadows. Fairfax, Bob and Toby have their reflections reproduced like a kaleidoscope as they make their way through the maze.

TOBY

Pretty sharp, Fairfax. What better cover than a British Intelligence agent assigned to your own case?

FAIRFAX

I thought I could trust bounty hunters to get rid of you, but it looks like I'll have to do it myself. I can't have you blowing my cover.

Fairfax picks up a pipe off the floor. Toby leaps at him , but SFX:BANGS his head against a mirror. He rubs his forehead.

FAIRFAX (CONT'D)

Nice try, but you'll never catch me. In here, nothing is where it appears to be.

Bob leans close to Toby.

BOB

(quietly)
Keep him talking.

Bob heads in a different direction.

TOBY

We told IFP about this meeting. If we disappear, they're bound to put two and two together.

FAIRFAX

After I sell the formula, that won't
matter much anymore

Fairfax pokes at Toby, but SFX:SHATTERS a mirror instead.
Toby turns to Fairfax: is it really him this time? He
advances towards him.

TOBY

You'll have to get out of here first.

As Toby stalks a reflection, Fairfax creeps up behind him.

FAIRFAX

I'm already on my way.

Fairfax raises the pipe but it jams in the up position. He
turns to see Bob holding on to it.

BOB

You were right. Your eyes can deceive
you in here.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - DAY

Fairfax's face is flushed. His hair is dishevelled.

FAIRFAX

I can make it worth your while if you
let me go.

PULL BACK and rotate 180 deg. to reveal Fairfax upside down
as Bob holds him up by the ankle.

BOB

I don't need my eyesight to identify
you, Griffin. I recognize the smell of
cowardice.

Toby has his sketch pad out.

TOBY

Okay, I want you to take a heroic pose,
like you're George Washington crossing
the Delaware. Only you're smiling,
because you just remembered there's
sloppy joes for dinner tonight.

Bob grins. Toby begins to sketch.

TOBY (CONT'D)

There you go. Excellent. Hey, I think
I'm finally getting better at this.

ANGLE ON the drawing of Bob in fishing gear, holding up a
huge fish with Fairfax's head. On the horizon, the
helicopters approach.