

GRACELAND #1
Ridin' with the King, pt. 1 of 4

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An ARMY OF IDIOTS Production
v 1.3
22 Pages

PAGE ONE.

PANEL ONE - BRODY GIN sits alone on a bench in Central Park, watching the pigeons and sipping coffee from a Styrofoam cup. He's about six feet tall and black, with skin the color of coffee, add cream and two sugars. His hair is a tangle of short dreadlocks. He favors jeans, sneakers and a fitted black t-shirt under his olive green jacket. His laptop case sits on the bench beside him.

LOCATION CAPTION - MANHATTAN. TODAY.

PANEL TWO - Close on Brody. He smirks.

BRODY - YOU CAN COME OUT NOW.

PANEL THREE - Brody leans forward, addressing someone off-panel.

BRODY - YOU'VE BEEN FOLLOWING ME SINCE 42nd STREET.

PANEL FOUR - RACHEL SATO stands beside a wide oak, arms folded, leaning sideways against the tree's thick trunk. Rachel is Japanese-American (her grandfather was an Irish-American marine.) She wears a curve-hugging black turtleneck sweater, jeans and black boots. Her black hair is cut to shoulder-length, tucked behind her ears.

RACHEL - SINCE 36th STREET, ACTUALLY.
(Beat)
EVER SINCE YOU STEPPED OFF THE TRAIN.
(Beat)
BRODY GIN, I PRESUME.

PAGE TWO.

PANEL ONE - Close on Brody, sipping his coffee.

BRODY - MAYBE...
(Beat)
WHO'S ASKING?

PANEL TWO - Rachel has moved away from the tree. She's crouching now, feeding the pigeons bits of cracker.

RACHEL - RACHEL SATO.
(Beat)
I REPRESENT AN INTERESTED PARTY.

PANEL THREE - Brody leans forward again, so much that he's nearly face to face with Rachel.

BRODY - INTERESTED IN WHAT?

RACHEL - IN HIRING YOU.

PANEL FOUR - Brody leans back again.

BRODY - THANKS, BUT I ALREADY HAVE A JOB.

PANEL FIVE - Rachel smirks.

RACHEL - YEAH? IS THAT WHY YOU'VE SPENT THE LAST SIX MONTHS
WATCHING PIGEONS?

PANEL SIX - Close on Rachel.

RACHEL - EVER SINCE LONDON.

PAGE THREE.

PANEL ONE - Brody's eyes widen slightly. He's a little surprised, but does his best not to show it.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL TWO - Close on Rachel.

RACHEL - SURPRISED?
(Beat)
KING KNOWS ALL ABOUT YOU AND THE BOTCHED OP IN ENGLAND.

PANEL THREE - She offers Brody a business card. He accepts.

BRODY - KING?

PANEL FOUR - Brody looks at the card.

RACHEL - HE'S THE INTERESTED PARTY I WORK FOR...

PANEL FIVE - She stands. As she does, some of the startled pigeons take flight.

RACHEL - AND HE DOESN'T THINK WHAT HAPPENED IN LONDON WAS YOUR FAULT.

PAGE FOUR.

PANEL ONE - Brody tucks the card into his jacket pocket.

BRODY - RACHEL SATO.

PANEL TWO - Brody stands, slinging the strap of his laptop satchel over his shoulder.

BRODY - RACHEL SATO WAS A CODEBREAKER WITH THE NSA.
(Beat)
SHE DIED IN A PLANE CRASH TWO YEARS AGO.

PANEL THREE - Close on Rachel. She tucks an errant strand of hair behind her ear.

RACHEL - YOU REMEMBER.
(Beat)
I'M IMPRESSED.

PANEL FOUR - Close on Brody.

BRODY - THE FLIGHT WAS ON ITS WAY TO AFGHANISTAN. I HAD...I
HAD FRIENDS ON THAT PLANE.
(Beat)
YOU WEREN'T ON IT THOUGH, WERE YOU?

PANEL FIVE - Rachel grins.

RACHEL - MAYBE NOT...

PAGE FIVE.

PANEL ONE - She shifts her body, about to turn and walk away.

RACHEL - OR MAYBE THE PLANE NEVER CRASHED.
(Beat)
IN OUR LINE OF WORK, THINGS AREN'T ALWAYS WHAT THEY
SEEM. YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT.

PANEL TWO - Close on Brody.

BRODY - OR MAYBE YOU'RE NOT HER.

PANEL THREE - Walking away, she addresses Brody over her shoulder.

RACHEL - YOU NEVER KNOW.
(Beat)
YOU'VE GOT KING'S CARD.
(Beat)
COME AND SEE US WHEN YOU'RE READY TO GET BACK TO WORK.

PANEL FOUR - Brody stands alone, watching Rachel go. She's already off-panel.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PAGE SIX.

PANEL ONE - Beginning a two-page flashback sequence. Mute the colors accordingly.

Establishing shot of London at twilight, six months ago. The Thames and London Bridge are clearly visible.

LOCATION CAPTION - LONDON, ENGLAND. SIX MONTHS AGO.

PANEL TWO - Brody and THOMAS ELLIS, a proper looking MI6 agent in a charcoal suit, face each other on the bridge, guns drawn. Brody uses a 1911 model Colt .45 (one of a matched set he always carries). Ellis thinks he's James Bond, holding a Walther PPK. He has his back against a rail along the edge of the bridge.

This is six months ago, so Brody's hair is shorter.

ELLIS - CLEVER BASTARD.
(Beat)
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

BRODY - GIVE ME BACK THE DISC.

ELLIS - NO.

PANEL THREE - Close on Brody, his eyes narrow, training his gun on the other spy.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL FOUR - Similar to PREVIOUS. The muzzle of the pistol flashes as Brody pulls the trigger.

SFX - BLAM!

PANEL FIVE - The bullet strikes Ellis squarely in his forehead, knocking him back. His spine arches impossibly around the rail behind him.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PAGE SEVEN.

PANEL ONE - Ellis, having gone back over the rail, tumbles toward the river. The CD-Rom and his gun come loose and fall away from the body.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL TWO - Ellis's body hits the water and begins sinking rapidly.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL THREE - The body is gone, leaving only ripples on the river and oxygen bubbles.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL FOUR - Leaning over the rail, Brody stares down at the water.

BRODY - SHIT.

PAGE EIGHT.

PANEL ONE - End of flashback. Brody sits alone in a coffee shop, drinking coffee from a ceramic mug, staring at his laptop. He sits alone in a booth, the shop's large front window to his left.

BRODY - SHIT.

PANEL TWO - The laptop screen flashes a NO NEW MESSAGES warning over Brody's e-mail inbox.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL THREE - Brody looks up, hearing a voice from off-panel.

VOICE - FIND ANYTHING INTERESTING?

PANEL FOUR - AGENT JOHN STORMARE, six feet and more, broad-shouldered, stands at Brody's table. He has his hands in his pockets. He's wearing sunglasses and a suit a size or two too small.

BRODY - AGENT STORMARE.

PANEL FIVE - Stormare smiles. He pulls his sunglasses off his face.

STORMARE - AGENT GIN.

PANEL SIX - Brody motions toward the empty seat across the table.

BRODY - SIT DOWN, JOHN. I'LL LET YOU BUY ME A COFFEE.

PAGE TEN.

PANEL ONE - Stormare clasps his hands together and rests them on the table.

STORMARE - ABOUT KING? NOT MUCH.
(Beat)
I KNOW HE TOOK AN INTEREST YOU EVEN BEFORE YOU BOTCHED
THE LONDON JOB.
(Beat)
I KNOW THAT YOUR NAME MADE ITS WAY ONTO THE COMPANY
SHIT LIST LONG BEFORE YOU DUMPED THAT MI6 ASSHOLE INTO
THE THAMES.

PANEL TWO - Close on Brody.

BRODY - HE TRIPPED.

PANEL THREE - Stormare smiles.

STORMARE - SURE HE DID.
(Beat)
DOESN'T MATTER. THAT ISN'T WHAT GOT YOUR NAME ON THE
INACTIVE ROSTER.

PANEL FOUR - Brody eases up.

BRODY - YOU KNEW KING WAS LOOKING TO RECRUIT ME, AND MUCH MORE
LIKELY TO TRY IF HE THOUGHT I WAS OUT OF THE COMPANY'S
GOOD GRACES.
(Beat)
I WAS BAIT.

PANEL FIVE - Stormare glances at his watch.

STORMARE - YOU ARE BAIT.
(Beat)
AND YOU'VE BEEN REACTIVATED, AS OF ABOUT FIVE MINUTES
AGO.

PAGE ELEVEN.

PANEL ONE - Brody sets down his coffee.

BRODY - CHRIST JOHN. WE DON'T OPERATE ON AMERICAN SOIL.

PANEL TWO - Stormare waves for a server.

STORMARE - RELAX. THE FBI WAS MADE AWARE OF THE OPERATION MONTHS
AGO.
(Beat)
KING IS OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

PANEL THREE - The server, MAIA, approaches the table.

STORMARE - HOT COCOA. PUT IT ON HIS BILL, WILL YOU?

BRODY - AND MORE COFFEE, PLEASE.

PANEL FOUR - Maia walks away.

BRODY - YOU MEAN, HE'S CIA?

STORMARE - HE WAS.
(Beat)
HE'S BEEN WITH THE COMPANY SINCE THE FIFTIES, PULLED
OUT OF DEEP COVER IN SEVENTY-SEVEN.

PANEL FIVE - Stormare pulls a brown envelope out of his jacket.

STORMARE - HE WAS GIVEN MANDATORY RETIREMENT IN NINETY-EIGHT, BUT
NOT BEFORE HE WIPED HIS OWN FILE, PHOTOS AND
EVERYTHING.
(Beat)
MOST PEOPLE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE GUY LOOKS LIKE.

PAGE THIRTEEN.

PANEL ONE - Brody and Stormare draw guns on one another.

BRODY - WHAT THE HELL IS THIS, JOHN? WE'RE ON THE SAME
 GODDAMN SIDE.

STORMARE - IT ISN'T ONE OF OURS, I SWEAR!

PANEL TWO - A second shot tears through the window. Brody begins to fall away, onto the booth, as the bullet catches Stormare in the left temple and exits through his right.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL THREE - Brody lies on the booth, on his back, both guns drawn and aimed up in the direction of the sniper.

BRODY - AW, HELL...

PANEL FOUR - Brody's POV, looking up at the window, two spider's webs of stress cracks from the sniper's bullets make it impossible to see anything beyond.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PAGE FOURTEEN.

PANEL ONE - He's crouched under the table now, gun in either hand, ready.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL TWO - He looks to his right, seeing Stormare's bloody face staring back.

BRODY - SHIT.

PANEL THREE - He's up, rushing across the coffee house. His arms are up, crossed over his face, his head down. He's expecting more shots to be fired.

BRODY - EVERYBODY GET DOWN!

PANEL FOUR - He's near the front entrance now, his back against the solid patch of wall framing the door. He looks around the café and furrows his brow.

BRODY - WHAT THE HELL...?

PANEL FIVE - Brody's POV. The café is completely empty. Even Maia has disappeared.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PAGE FIFTEEN.

PANEL ONE - Outside, two of Stormare's back-ups - dressed in riot gear: helmets, goggles and knee pads and carrying sub-machine guns - get ready to enter the café. One agent stands on either side of the glass door, weapon drawn.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL TWO - Brody, back against the narrow wall near the front door, whispers to himself.

BRODY(Whispering) - ...three...

PANEL THREE - One of the agents holds up three fingers, signaling to the other.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL FOUR - Similar to PANEL TWO.

BRODY(Whispering) - ...two...

PANEL FIVE - The agent holds up two fingers now.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL SIX - Similar to PANEL TWO.

BRODY(Whispering) - ...one...

PAGE SEVENTEEN.

PANEL ONE - Brody uses the doorframe to hoist himself up. The two agents' bodies lie in front of him amidst broken glass.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL TWO - He takes a few steps out of the café.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL THREE - The third agent, still very alive, appears beside Brody, aiming his gun in Brody's face.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL FOUR - Brody screws his eyes shut and half-heartedly raises his hands.

BRODY - DAMMIT...THE NOTE SAID THREE AGENTS, DIDN'T IT?

PANEL FIVE - Close on Brody, his eyes shut tight.

SFX (in the Gutter) - BLAM!

PAGE EIGHTEEN.

PANEL ONE - Brody opens his eyes wide at the sound of the gunshot. His face is suddenly covered in blood.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL TWO - He looks up across the street.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL THREE - A silhouette atop the building still holding the rifle in one hand, waves at Brody.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL FOUR - Brody looks down at the walk, now littered with the bodies of three dead ATF agents.

BRODY - CHRIST.

PAGE NINETEEN.

PANEL ONE - Brody, still a little bloody, stands on a sidewalk somewhere in the East Village.

LOCATION CAPTION - LATER.

PANEL TWO - Brody looks up at a tall, indistinct apartment complex.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL THREE - Brody looks down at the business card Rachel gave to him.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL FOUR - Close on the business card. It reads:

GARON BROS.
HEATING AND AIR CONDITIONING
529 East 5th Street Suite 6
New York, New York 10009
917.555.3742

PANEL FIVE - Brass letters above the entrance verify that the apartment building is 529 East 5th Street.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PAGE TWENTY.

PANEL ONE - Brody knocks on the door to apartment six.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL TWO - The door opens about ten inches. Rachel peeks through the opening.

BRODY - HEY.

RACHEL - HEY YOURSELF.
(Beat)
I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU'D SHOW.

PANEL THREE - Reversing the POV, as Rachel looks out at Brody.

BRODY - I WOULD'VE BEEN HERE SOONER, BUT YOU KNOW MANHATTAN.
(Beat)
THE TRAFFIC WAS MURDER.

PANEL FIVE - Similar to PANEL TWO.

RACHEL - I CAN SEE THAT.
(Beat)
MAIA TOLD US ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED AT THE CAFÉ.

PANEL SIX - Close on Rachel.

RACHEL - SO...DO YOU WANNA COME IN?

PAGE TWENTY-ONE.

PANEL ONE - Rachel opens the door.

BRODY - YEAH, I THINK SO.
 (Beat)
 I WANNA COME IN.

PANEL TWO - Rachel grins as he comes inside.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL THREE - She puts a hand on his shoulder.

RACHEL - THERE'S SOMEONE I THINK YOU SHOULD MEET.

PANEL FOUR - She motions toward the next room of the apartment.

RACHEL - BRODY GIN...
 (Beat)
 THIS IS THE KING.

PANEL FIVE - Close on Brody, his eyes wide.

KING(off-panel) - HEY KID...

PAGE TWENTY-TWO.

SPLASH - Here he is, ELVIS PRESLEY (yes, *that* King), as he would've looked if he hadn't died in '77, and if he'd kept himself in better shape. The hair, the eyes, the jawline, it's all still the same, just a bit rougher around the edges, rimmed with crow's feet and smile lines. But it's unmistakably him nonetheless. This is King.

He sitting at a table in the center of the apartment, a bottle of whiskey and a semi-automatic pistol laid out in front of him.

KING - WELCOME TO GRACELAND.

CAPTION - TO BE CONTINUED.