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Double Team

By Don Jakoby

Quinn, Jack. Your final assignment is classification red.

At 3:

non-active plutonium was stolen from an American installation outside Croatia.

Stavros and his organization will sell it to Iraq within 24 hours.

Your objective is the safe return of the plutonium to our base.

Out of the way!

Quinn's in! The XRT is mobile.

Quinn has 14 hours to reach the border.

If he does make it, his resignation is final.

Jack, would you get that?

Kathryn!

Your damn cow is in my way!

- It's not a cow, it's a swan.

- Whatever it is, it's in my way.

In your way?

- The swan is beautiful. So are you.

- Not for long.

You'll still be sexy.

A bit rounder, and a bit softer...

- The baby, isn't it what we want?

- Of course.

Bonjour, Jack.

- You don't believe in front doors.

- You know all about back doors.

- How did you find me?

- We never lost you.

- Then you know I'm retired.

- How long can you watch the sunset?

You're a hunter. You miss the game.

You don't get it. For me, it's

personal. For you, it's politics.

Politics makes money, opportunity.

Everything's politics.

You want personal? Okay...

Stavros is back.

We want him alive.

We want all his nasty information.
Names, escape routes. We need you.
You're the only guy who knows
how he works.
Come on. It's your last shot.
A Delta team is waiting in Antwerp.
Face it, Jack.
You can't retire until he does.
- Is Quinn coming back or not?
- If he's not, we go to plan B.
Move the seat up.
It's a little tight in the rear.
That's generally true of the CIA.
You bust drug cartels in Third World
countries and testify for Congress.
They make you a deputy director,
but you're just a minor leaguer.
You were only good for getting
Quinn back. It'll be challenging.
I left you a present.
Get me out! Help!
Don't tell me it's not dangerous.
That you're going to be back
in 36 hours.
I'm looking for Yaz.
I'm looking for Yaz.
I bet that hurt.
That hurt. These hurt.
But I like this one right here.
- Who are you?
- I'm the man.
Do you judge a person
by the way he looks? I hate that.
Who does your hair,
Siegfried or Roy?
The last who mocked my hair is still
pulling his head out of his ass.
I don't want to know
about your sex life.
- This has been fun. Who are you?
- Jack Quinn.
If you want to dance,
ask me nicely.
I just want to make sure it's you.

The legend walks. I heard
you dropped out of the game.
Santa's workshop!
Who's that, Rudolph?
- I have the best elves around.
- Christmas shopping for bad boys?
I don't play with the bad boys
any more, only the good guys.
What do you need? I got shit here
so new, I don't know I have it.
- Offence gets the glory.
- But defence wins the game.
I take cash, gold...
Did you open that?
Fire in the hole!
But no cheques. And my rule is:
You break it, you bought it.
Gentlemen, this is Delta 1.
Forget you ever saw him.
Mr. Yamir here says Stavros will
surface tomorrow... close to here.
An amusement park...
- Who's my dead-eye?
- Me, sir.
Do you know how to use it?
It's rigged for tranquilizer darts.
Can you hit a man at 200 yards?
I can shoot
the dick off a hummingbird.
He's like a snake. Look in his eyes,
he'll get you in the back.
When we I D Stavros, move into
position. We only have one shot.
Two darts will kill a man.
Three, a rhino. We want him alive.
Delta 5, check the two women
by the carousel.
- Something's happening.
- We have Stavros. Grey Mercedes.
- We've got three men moving.
- Let them in.
2 and 5, move to Baker.
Others, hold.
This is way too easy.

He's in my sight.

Ready to fire.

That's not Stavros!

Stavros is a lefty!

It's not him!

- Find the driver!

- En route to ground positions.

- We're securing the exits.

- I got him.

The woman's hiding something.

It could be a bomb.

My God...

- I'm locked on.

- 2 and 5 in position.

Ready to take him.

Why are we waiting, Delta 1?

Ready to move in.

- I'm waiting for your command.

- What are you waiting for?

- Clear out!

- Too late, clown boy.

Move to position 3.

His mother told me that his
favourite thing in the world
was riding his little pony
on the weekends.

He loved riding that pony.

That little horse

is going to miss my boy.

I'm a professional, Quinn.

I've killed. I've killed a lot.

But most of the bastards I killed
deserved to die.

My little boy was six years old.

Now that makes it personal, mister.

Candidate for Colony residency:

Quinn, Jack Paul. Born 1959.

Entered Foreign Service at 22.

Trained in demolition, tracking,
psychological countermeasures.

Specialty:

last assignment:

Stavros acquisition.

Video segment A- 19.

Antwerp interdiction.

Quinn achieved clear opportunity
to acquire Alpha, but Alpha escaped.
You went soft. But your skills
got you assigned to the Colony.

- No!

- You do have an alternative.

Nerve gas is painless and effective.
But you are already dead.

That's what your wife thinks. If you
wish to live, scan your thumbprint.

10, 9, 8, 7, 6,

5, 4, 3, 2...

Identity confirmed.

Thank you, Mr. Quinn.

Now, was that so bad?

Jack, glad you decided to join us.

- Alex Goldsmythe.

- The Tax Man.

- You were killed six years ago.

- It's been six years already?

Climb on.

Some friends want to meet you.

Gentlemen,

come and meet the famed Jack Quinn.

- Moishe Levant, died in Lebanon.

- Beirut.

- Everybody... all ex-agents.

- Or ex-enemies.

We're too valuable to kill
and too dangerous to set free.

Welcome to the Colony.

- Quinn.

- Staal.

I understand.

This violence is not approved.

- I killed him in Tuzla.

- Apparently not well enough.

I really dislike that man.

You must wear this at all times.

It's part pager, part timer.

It tells you where to be.

When it signals, you must respond.
We're a think-tank. We're linked
to every law enforcement database.
We analyse terrorist incidents
and advise our client governments.
We're the last line of defence
against global terrorism,
and no one knows we exist.
What's on the menu for today?
A Global Air 747 en route
from San Francisco to Seoul.
We are interpreting signals
from the crash site.
Headset on.
Hand on the scanner at all times.
We have a feed coming in
from Washington.
I have a statement from the
Secretary on the Global Air tragedy.
Of the 176 passengers on board,
there are no survivors.
The CIA reports that the plane was
deliberately downed by North Korea.
The Secretary will brief you later
regarding the U. S. response.
The Koreans deny responsibility, and
the President consults his allies.
Jack, your worth is in your ability
to analyse data in times of crisis.
This is the Colony's
reason to exist.
The plane exploded from
internal malfunction. It's gone.
We've intercepted the transmission
of Global 277's voice recorder.
We've got unscheduled traffic
at heading 329...
It's not a pleasant prospect,
the Koreans having that technology.
Anyone with an alternative?
Anyone?
Analysis confirms the report.
Moishe, do you buy it?
I'm not sure.

He's lying.

He's covering something up.

- They know something about it.
- Let's examine the images.
- Hold it.
- It's a shadow.
- Bingo. An AWACS.
- No, an F-4 Weasel.
- Include it in the simulation.
- It could've been hidden.

The Koreans pick up the F-4 on radar but shoot down the passenger jet.

The U.S. used the jumbo as cover for data recon on a weapons test.

They were set up so the Americans could eavesdrop on a military base.

Nice call, Jack.

Underwater lasers.

One metre below the surface.

They destroy anything they contact.

If they don't get you, the undertow will.

- No one ever escaped?
- No one.

A certain Bryce was the last to try.

Before the lasers were installed.

Poor fellow didn't survive 48 hours.

His "guardian" took care of him.

Each resident has a guardian, without knowing who it is.

The guardian observes the resident's attitude, behaviour and production.

If the resident escapes,

the guardian terminates him.

- How have you hidden this place?
- A masking device. We're invisible.
- Hello, Kathryn?
- Hello?
- I hope I'm not disturbing you.
- No...

This is Maria Trifioli

from the Galleria Luna in Rome.

We'd like to arrange an exhibition of your sculptures. Surprised?

I'll send you a plane ticket
in the morning.
You have five minutes
to check in at your cottages.
7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2...
Thank you, Mr. Quinn.
Please remain in contact.
The lasers are disengaged.
Hi, I'm Maria Trifioli.
I'm glad you accepted our offer.
I'm very flattered.
But it would be so difficult...
- You don't want to show your work?
- It's only four months since...
Perhaps this will open a new chapter
in your life.
The problem is moving to Rome.
It's so expensive...
Stay with us at the Regina. I'll see
that you and the baby are cared for.
Later you'll meet the gallery owner.
He's been waiting to meet you.
It's a typical Stavros operation,
and confirms our intelligence.
But who is paying for his talents?
We anxiously await your analysis.
What's unusual, is that
no one's claimed responsibility.

Location:

have flexed their muscles there.
They can't afford Stavros.
Maybe it's personal vengeance.
- Maybe Stavros is working alone.
- Why would he?
- Suppose it was a random act?
- Many groups are active in Spain.
- What do you think, Jack?
- No.
We await your comment.
It's not Stavros.
It's a copycat.
I also failed to get Stavros.
He's my last unpaid debt.

He's free, and I'm stuck here.
You were our last hope,
the last one good enough to get him.
- Does he know about this place?
- Maybe. That's why he's dangerous.
Agencies around the world
used him for difficult work.
When he was our ally, he was heroic.
Now he works for someone else, he's
a scalawag. He's out of fashion.
We've had to part with your swan.
I doubled the price.
My husband loved that swan.
He thought it was a cow.
You have five minutes
to check in at your cottages.
5, 4, 3, 2...
Thank you, Mr. Quinn.
- Let's go!
- The lasers are down!
I need help with the cable.
Give me some slack. Pull!
- Got a parachute?
- Yes!
Fasten your seat belts.
We'll be landing soon.
Who is his guardian?
- Boo!
- I heard they made you disappear.
- I need merchandise.
- Sorry, I'm closed for the night.
You're open now.
Let's talk.
- I need some mean toys.
- You'll be the bad boy in the hood.
Check this out. Laser sight.
Automatic. You'll need a holster.
- These are nice...
- Can you fly a plane?
Like a bird. But I stay on the
ground... Gas grenades are on sale.
You paying cash? I just declared
a seven-day cooling-off period.
- You know I'm good for it.

- Dead men don't get credit.
You get three CIA account numbers.
I get the stuff, you get the codes.
When I look at you,
I see nothing but trouble...
What the hell...
I like trouble.

- A parachute?
- This is better than a parachute.
- Are you sure this works?
- Of course.
I'm positive it works.
If you die, you get a full refund.
- Good luck.
- Thanks.

What are you doing?
- Give me a hand.
- How about a foot?
- Let's try something else.
- That's love, baby.

Watch your hands.
That's what I call hang time.
What's wrong with you?
You're crazier than my hairstylist!
- Did you test it?
- I didn't need to, I built it!
- Maybe I'll give you the codes.
- What do you mean "maybe"?
- Trust me.
- Bite me!

Yes, Kathryn. I'm coming.
Your baby's due tomorrow.
That's his heartbeat. Don't be late.
I wouldn't take this car.
I'm glad to see you can still play.
Check in to Hotel Navona in Rome.
Your baby's due tomorrow.
That's his heartbeat. Don't be late.
I wouldn't take this car.
I'm glad to see you can still play.
Check in to Hotel Navona in Rome.
Your baby's due tomorrow.
That's his heartbeat...
Don't spoil the paint job.

Thanks.

I'm protecting my investment. But this is too much. I want the codes.

- I need transportation to Rome.

- Transportation, you say?

I have some connections around here.

If they can make it, I can steal it.

We'll blend in, in this.

So that's why you're dressed like a carrot with earrings.

Damn bicycles.

Get out of the way!

I have them. They're on the autostrada to Rome.

That checks with our information.

Quinn's wife is at the Regina.

Splendid!

We've got a game going.

- Anything for Jack Quinn?

- Si, signore. Right here.

This was waiting for you, Quinn.

It's not a bomb.

Maybe it's the access codes.

- I'd love to get paid.

- Those accounts are fronts. Empty.

That figures. Why are you lying?

I bet the Colony doesn't even exist!

- It's not about the Colony.

- What the hell is this?

A sonogram of my son.

Stavros has my boy.

You go back to Antwerp.

I'll get your money. I pay my debts.

Quinn. Keep your money.

- Why didn't you tell me before?

- What for? You always play defence.

It's time to get off the bench.

The best defence is offence, right?

Right.

If we play by Stavros' rules, my wife and son are dead.

If you send that e-mail, it'll be intercepted by all the agencies.

- What's the plan?

- None. But Stavros doesn't know.
So he'll do what he thinks I would
do, and lead us right to Kathryn.
Quinn's clever.
A very sensitive man.
Another time, another place...
It's just too late.
You're going to hospital.
You'll be safer there.
Here, sir. Look.
It's a circus.
Everybody's here.
There's the Mossad.
Some local boys, on the corner.
Even the carabinieri.
Holy cow, it's a full house!

- Pardon me!
- Keep moving, buddy!
- It seems your plan isn't working.
- Patience. He'll be here.
- If we need help, I have a brother.
- You have a brother?

Yes. In the Sancumini Chapel.
Quinn, no!
That's what he wants.
Kathryn!
No!
You know something, Jack?
I never break a promise.
I promise I'll send you
an invitation to the christening.

- Think about wearing black.
- Let my wife go. Take me.

Actually,
I'm gonna take all three of you.
I got Stavros and Quinn!
Sniper on the roof!

- You're out of the game.
- You sure?

He's up...
He's in!
That was a five-pointer.

- Where is my wife?
- What are you talking about?

- Where's Jack?
- Don't worry, it'll be fine.
Who are you people?
Jack's coming. Take care of it.
He mustn't know what day it is.
Buonasera, Friar.
I'm looking for a guy named...
- What are these walls?
- The bones of my brothers.
You are a friend of Brother Yaz.
He has done us many favours.
Including a mainframe
you wouldn't believe.
- What's up?
- What's up?
This is Brother Regulo and Brother
Ramulo. This is Brother Quinn.
The monks have gathered information
on Rome for 500 years. Cybermonks!
That prescription label you found?
He's tracing it.
Internet...
27 doctors prescribed that
medication in the last few days.
- It's an outside signal.
- Is it going to crash?
Where in heaven did that come from?
May I?
Incoming message.
"Thanks for the blessing. Jack".
He's down here somewhere.
Man, these antiques
are worth a fortune!
In a spiritual sense.
We are now under the Tiber River,
going towards the Island of Tiberi.
- Under the bridge to the hospital.
- That's where Stavros' men will be?
- Good luck!
- Thank you, brothers.
- Catch you on the Internet!
- I'll wait for your e-mail.
Okay, push!
Like that! Push!

- It's stuck! But I have something.
- What do you have?
- What's that?
- My lucky coin, my lucky detonator.
- Semtex.
- That's it. Handier than duck tape.
Preparation, my friend!
You've got to have the right tools.
- Damn, not enough wire!
- Preparation, huh?
Hold on.
let's find a rock.
You don't mind, do you?
It's for a good cause.
- Oops, airball!
- You need practice, man.
I hate practice.
But I never miss twice, brother.
My baby!
- He's on the island.
- Of course he is.
I need time. Give me 60 seconds.
Then kill both the women.
Up there.
Go, go, go!
Be careful.
You'll wind up in the hospital.
Did you hear something?
Up there!
- It's me! It's me.
- It's you, it's you.
This hospital is awfully quiet.
You take care of it.
They're over here...
Go!
What are you doing just standing..?
It's a hospital.
No running, please.
Quiet.
Let me help you down.
Jack?
What's going on?
No, Jack. She saved me.
- They said you were dead.

- It's okay. I'm here.
Stavros... Where is he?
Where's our son?
- Where's my son?
- I know where they are.
You go get your boy.
I'll take care of her.
- Thank you.
- You owe me.
Get rid of it, or the party's over.
You know, Jack...
I can call you Jack, can't I?
I bet there's not a night you can
close your eyes tight enough,
without seeing
my little boy's face.
I'll give you a chance
to save your son.
If you live,
you'll get to know your son.
And if you don't,
I'll raise him as my own.
Men are strong, Jack.
But the tiger is stronger.
Watch your step, Jack.
It's okay to step on a mine,
it's stepping off that counts.
Quinn!
Where did he come from?
Yaz!
The crosses, they're mines.
Don't go off and party without me.
I'll be back.
Got you!
Jack!
The baby's safe.
Let's get the hell out.
You take care of my son.
I'll take care of Stavros.
Lift your foot, my tall friend, and
that mine'll turn you to red paint.
You've got big feet, Mr. Quinn.
Be careful where you put them.
Looks like you're the bitch now,

Stavros. I forgot to tell you...
You went to a lot of trouble
digging holes, putting up markers.
But I moved a couple of crosses.
Sorry!
Yaz, behind you!
- Where's my son?
- I'm looking! He was right here.
Is everybody okay?
It's me... Daddy.
I want to remember
my Roman holiday.
Give me a souvenir.
Cut a piece of your hair.
And your shirt.
Quinn, you may like this.
A souvenir from me.
Maybe my coin will
be lucky for you, too.
I'm not giving you any of
my hair, Mr. Goldsmythe.
You are a magician, Mr. Yaz.
Now it's my turn to disappear.
They'll blame me for this.
I wonder what the fine will be?