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Edge of Darkness

By William Monahan

Come on, Daddy!
Let's go play on the beach.
Just going to take my
shoes off, okay?
Yeah, it's cold, huh?
It's going to be
a big castle.
Let me know if you
strike oil, okay?
- Hi.
- Hi, how are you?
I've been waiting
here forever.
Oh, Dad.
The train was on time,
you're always early.
- Are you starting already?
- Why? You cant take it?
Come on, lets go home.
You alright, honey?
You know there's things
you can tell me.
Im not as bad at
communication and...
so on and so forth as
you might think.
I've lived in the world.
I'm not pregnant.
No. No, I wasn't
saying that.
Yeah you were.
Are you seeing someone?
Yeah, I am.
Someone with a name?
- Nah, you wouldn't like him.
- How do you know that?
How do you know
I wouldn't like him?
I wish you had someone.
Who says I dont have a honey
stashed away somewhere?
You're my girl.
Yeah, well, I'm not really
sure how to cook it.

You finally got a vegetable and
I dont know if I can eat it.
You alright? You've been
to the doctor, right?
When was the last
time you went?
- I have a physical every year.
- That's right. They make you.
Careful. So how did you
get time off from work?
You dont even know
what I do.
Of course I know
what you do.
Dad. I'm a glorified intern.
I can get off when I want.
I wanted to come home.
I'm glad you did.
Maybe you'll tell me
what's bothering you.
I'm just tired, you know.
I think I got a bug.
Yeah? Want to lay down?
Go upstairs, lay down.
I got your room all
ready for you.
I know you do, Dad.
Ginger-ale. That will settle
your stomach. I'll get some.
I always keep some
ginger-ale on hand.
Honey, honey.
You alright?
- Dad...
- Yeah?
Oh my god I have to
go to a doctor!
Dad, I got to tell you something
I should have told you!
I got you.
CRAVEN!
Oh Jesus!
You're my girl.
I... I know...

Through this
holy anointment...
love and mercy...
with... with the grace...
may the... may the...
About five nine, five ten.
Thinks he was white from
what he could see through
the eyes of the ski mask.
Yelled out one word, "Craven",
and then he fired.
Jesus Christ.
Then he ran.
Didn't pursue.
You want some water or
coffee or something?
You want something
stronger?
I know somewhere in there
is a bottle of Crown Royal
with dust all over it.
You're going to put the first
foot forward, Tommy,
I don't care if it's now.
I'll sit with you, okay?
Get out.
Get out of here.
He's not a basket
case. Get out.
- Somebody make some coffee.
- I want a glass of ginger ale.
Get him a ginger ale.
We'll get him, Tommy.
You know how we
react to things like this.
Officer involved.
"Officer involved". We ought to
do that for everybody, right?
"Officer involved". Who the fuck
do you think you are?
If you want to get philosophical,
I'll get philosophical.
- Want to get cleaned up?
- No, I'm alright.

I want you to come stay
with Carol and me.

No.

- You can't stay here.
- It's where I live.
- If you won't come with me...
- Just tell everybody to just
get out of here, just finish
what they got to do and go.

This is someone armed
and dangerous...

What do you think I am?

Can everybody get out?

I'd like them to go,
can they just go finish
what they do and go?

Get out.

Get out!

Craven's phone. Hello?

Are you alright?

Dad, are you alright?

Yeah, I'm fine.

Whose my little girl?

M.

Whose one of
those sweethearts?

M.

...shooting last night, the
daughter of a Boston
Police Detective leads our
news. Emma Craven, 24,
an MIT graduate, was killed
in front of her home in
Roslindale by a man thought
to be targeting her father..
Cathy, from what I understand,
police don't have much to
go on right now.

Lisa, there is still a lot of
unanswered question when it
comes to this case.

was gunned down outside of
this Roslindale home on the
porch just behind me. Sources

tell me the suspect in this case...

Turn that shit off.

- You alright?

- Yeah, I'm fine.

None of your neighbors
saw anything.

And the rain hasn't left
much for forensics.

We need to go through
your cases, Tommy.

You must have an instinct
on this. Something.

Not off the top
of my head, no.

They want to see you
upstairs first, anyway.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

This is off-subject, but this
is my daughters phone.

I need a list of all the contacts,
I got to talk to her friends,

- associates, whatever...

- Yeah yeah.

Janet can do all that.

Don't worry about it.

Blocked incomings too.

Tom.

Sorry for your loss. Anything
you need from me and Mary.

And let us know about
the arrangements.

It'll be in the Globe
and the Herald.

I haven't been down to,
you know, the...

Thank you.

Bill Whitehouse
is running things.

He has every resource this
department possesses.

This is a cop thing.

Officer involved.

So, will you take a

leave of absence?

No.

We can't have you on this investigation. It's a rule.

Well, since it's me that's got to figure out who would want to kill me, for reasons only I would know about, then I'd rather get paid for it. So the rules don't apply.

- He's right, isn't he?

- I think he is, yeah.

I have to make a statement to the media. Is there anything you want in there? You want to stand with me?

- No, thank you.

- They want to see you.

I don't want any part of it.

Alright.

I'm not going to sit in the Murder Room. No point to it. There's no physical evidence. If we got the gun or something. Jesus, I can't think.

It'll come to me.

It'll come to me but it's not going to come to me here.

I've got to drive around.

I have to think.

You do what you need to do.

You keep me informed.

I'll punch you in.

I got to go. The Coroner wants to ID the body.

- Are you up to it?

- Yeah.

I want my case files brought up.

Nothing this year makes any sense to me at all.

Tommy.

I'll have them sent to your house.

Sure.

Cause of death:

arising from gunshot wounds.

Massive hemorrhage. Heart
seizures due to shock.

Tom, this is very difficult.

You've done this before,
but it's not the same...

Let's get it over with.

Is this your daughter,
Emma Charlotte Craven?

Yes, it is.

Leave her alone.

Let me have
some scissors.

- What was that Tom?

- Scissors. I need some scissors.

Don't cry.

I'm not.

I don't know if

I can make it.

You have to.

Alright.

You're wasting two guys
here at my house, Bill.

If you want them in the
neighborhood, then have
them going door to door.

Someone's trying to kill
you Tom. They're staying.

I got nothing. Nothing.

I don't have enemies.

I never lived life or said
what I thought enough
to have enemies.

Listen, you know

I understand.

I'm not stuck in a personal
conversation with you, Bill.

Don't get nervous.

And tell the two uniforms
in the cruiser to stop pissing
in the bushes. They can

come into the house.
This is your beach.
Hey Daddy.
Come on in.
Come on, Daddy!
Okay, sweetheart,
I'll be right there.
Go on.
"NORTHMOOR"
"Weapons Query"
"Searching..."
"David Burnham"
Tom!
You ready for this?
Ski mask found in a hedge
five doors from you.
We got hair. Caucasian.
It's in for DNA.
- Keep me posted.
- Where are you going?
Mr. Burnham?
Mr. Burnham, yeah?
Yeah.
Settle down. Alright?
I'm not going to hurt you.
I see you know my daughter.
Are you her boyfriend?
Alright. Okay.
I'm Emmas father.
I'm going to let you go now.
You're going to be alright.
- Okay?
- Yeah.
Okay, be nice. Okay?
Jesus.
I'm sorry but you're going to
get the fuck out of here now.
Give me a minute, alright?
I want to ask you some questions.
Why not answer the door
like everybody else?
What the hell are
you so scared of?
Is this your handgun?

How did my daughter get
a god damned handgun?
Did you give it to her?
Is this yours?
I gave it to her.
Alright.
Why?
I didn't notice a shotgun
in your list of weapons.
- Do you own one?
- Do you think that I...?
Your pistol.
You licensed it in Vermont,
it's illegal in Massachusetts.
I tell the local police barracks
you opened the door with it
that's an automatic year in jail.
Not that I dont have you
by the balls already for trying
to stick me in the doorway.
- You'd be lying.
- I don't care.
I know you.
You're her dad.
And you never came to
visit her. Didn't even bother.
Yeah, well... you
worked with her.
And I need to know what
kind of trouble she was in.
I can't talk about that.
There's security structures.
Clearance to what we do.
I understand you
won't help me.
But I'm confused you
wont help Emma.
She's dead, man. There's
no way to help Emma.
There are probably two
fucking guys out there
watching and listening to
us right fucking now
Now, I'm sorry, but you need

to get the fuck out of here now.

Please.

Or I'm dead.

There's something

I need to give you.

Yeah? Sure, go ahead.

Here's the keys

to her place.

And her personal things.

Thanks.

I'm going to leave you alone

now until you realize

you got to talk to me.

Alright?

Yeah.

I know you're a good guy

otherwise Emma wouldn't

have nothing to

do with you.

Here's my card. It's got

my cell on it, okay?

Call.

You were right,

I don't like him.

Why did you have

a gun, honey?

Jesus.

Is there something I

could do for you, Millroy?

What do you do

usually, Jedburgh?

If someone has a national

security problem...

they dial a number in

(Northern Virginia?)

And then I decide

what happens next.

What's your problem?

You're a consultant in security.

I'm merely consulting.

So consult.

There's a company

called Northmoor.

They own a number of

defense department contracts.

It's not an agency front,
if that's what you think.

- It's a real private company.

- That is unusual.

They have private security.

Autonomous security.

I'm autonomous myself.

These are the facts:

One of their secure facilities
was penetrated.

Three people died
making their escape.

A fourth, an employee who
may have been involved
has been killed.

- By Northmoor security?

- I didn't say that.

No one would.

Fact is, we don't know.

She was shot dead
five nights ago.

Her father is a
Boston Detective.

Boston police are working
on the assumption
that her father was
the target.

And what assumption
are we working on?

That he wasn't.

- Who killed her?

- That's not the issue at this point.

National security
is the issue.

I know your function, Jedburgh.

This has to be cleaned up.

Whatever it takes.

Yes.

Are you absolutely sure you
want me to look into this?

Cause you have to be
absolutely sure.

- She was killed in Boston.

- Yeah.

But this isn't a part of that.

You think it's a funeral robbery?

Yeah.

Look..

I don't want this mixed up with the other business.

I don't need the trouble, alright?

Do me a solid in Boston sometime.

Thanks.

Hello?

Hello. My name is Tom Craven.

Your number was in my daughters phone records.

I'm Emma's father.

I'm a policeman.

I just want to know what you were to Emma.

Find out what happened.

It says in the papers what happened.

Someone tried to kill you and they got her.

Is that what you think happened?

I run a shop.

A luggage shop.

I want to keep running a shop.

I'd like to talk to you in person.

- Would you do that?

- About Northmoor?

Yeah, sure. About anything you want to talk about.

How do I know you're you?

When you meet me,

you will know that guy

can't be anyone else
but Emma's father.
Will you help me?
I'm out of state,
I'm at my grandmothers.
I have your number,
I'll call you.
I'm here to see
John Bennett.
Detective Craven.
Jack Bennett.
- I'm sorry for your loss.
- Thank you.
Can I say how shocked we all
were to hear of Emma's death.
She was a valued
member of our team.
I can't say I knew her
very well personally, but
she is well thought of.
She is missed.
Thank you.
In the Sixties, this hill
was excavated.
The site for Nike
nuclear missiles.
Miles of tunnels
and launch chambers.
- I'm sure Emma told you.
- She never talked about work.
So Northmoor bought this
from the federal government?
- Well, we lease it.
- For money?
- Coffee?
- I'll have a ginger ale.
Certainly.
Annie, get Detective Craven
a ginger ale, would you?
- Of course.
- Please.
You have interesting friends.
Yes.
This facility, R&D in general,

earns a great deal of money
to Massachusetts. As
reflected in the tax breaks.
How may I help you?
I supposed I want to know
what my daughter did here.
In what sense?
She didn't tell you
about our work?
She was following your
security protocols.
And what are they in
your understanding?
I dont understand anything.
She never talked about work.
Right.
Well you'll understand that
most of what we do here
is classified. Almost
everything we do.
What she did, despite
her qualifications,
your daughter
was a trainee.
Of course, she was a full
employee and there's a...
benefit package I suppose you
should see Personnel about.
I'm not interested
in that just yet.
All our people are
very well insured.
I bet they are.
Well, what we do here...
Norhtmoor is essentially
a research facility.
We have a mandate from
government to develop
a safe and clean energy source
based on fusion technology.
- Very green.
- And weapons?
Do you make them?
Well, If we did, it

would be classified.

I can tell you, since you are a policeman and have access to this information anyway, that Northmoor is an important part of the nations nuclear stockpile and maintenance program.

We ensure that the nations nuclear stockpile remains ready for the presidents order.

- Not weapons, raw materials.

- Emma was a part of this?

God no. As an intern, she didn't have any direct involvement whatsoever. She worked on the research floor.

We all very very much regret Emma's death.

It must be especially painful for you.

In the circumstances.

You mean that she was shot instead of me.

As a parent I can only guess at your pain, I think.

Though I'm sure I cannot imagine its full dimensions.

I've taken up enough of your time.

I'd like to talk to her friends if any.

Yes, of course. I'll see what I can do. I'll tell Personnel.

Give you a list. Of contact numbers and so forth.

Can I ask you a question?

What does it feel like?

- David.

- You ready for this?

- I'm ready for anything.

- We have a DNA match.

Oh, really?

Give me the skinny.

You got no buzz of

this guy? Nothing?
This guy was a professional.
This guy was a hit man.
What's the matter? You
were looking at something.
Tell me what you're
looking at.
It says in the evidence log the
hair you found was 2,5 inches.
So he cut his hair.
Not as recently as
a week ago.
- So what are you saying?
- I'm not saying anything.
Hair can stick to a hat
for a long time. Years.
Decades.
Why would a pro blow off
two barrels with a shotgun
instead of saving
one for his target?
Creeping up on a bereaved
man at a murder scene
is not very bright.
Mr. Craven, we have
things to talk about.
Like your name and
what you're doing here?
Like who shot
your daughter.
You know who
shot my daughter?
If I was looking for a man who
might have shot your daughter,
and I had a limited imagination,
of which I do not,
I might have looked at the
poor bastard you found today.
A known killer.
An unusually well known
killer. Makes you think.
- What are you burning?
- None of your business.
Yeah, go ahead.

- Cigar?
- Not celebrating just now.
I know you don't smoke.
I saw your DARPA file.
That's my way of telling you
you've got a DARPA file.
Are you going to tell
me what that is?
Defense Advance Research
Project Agency.

Their slogan is:

"Scientia est Potentia"
And I know you know Latin.
Sto sursum. You know what
that means, yeah?

- Stand the fuck up.
- Please do so.

Well it seems like you're
no one in particular.
Just some English guy,
standing on my lawn,
with a District of Columbia
drivers license.

Thank you.

- Is Northmoor part of DARPA?
- Well, that's hard to tell.

Why are you here?

Your daughter was flagged as
a possible terrorist threat to
United States of America.

I said "flagged",
I didn't say she was.

It's funny the Boston Police
Department didn't come up

- with that one.

- Funny if they had.

What the fuck are you
burning out there?

Fucking Christ.

My English friend Mr. Davenport,
about 6 feet tall, 220 pounds,
is enjoying a cigar.

Did he put it out?

You said my daughter
was a terrorist.
I didn't. But someone did.
Who are you, Mr. Jedburgh?
I'm a friend of the corps.
And I'm a bit fucking
cold out here.
Pills, pills, pills.
Not like when we were kids.
When it was pills, pills, pills
in a very different context.
You're not much of a
partier, are you Craven?
Do you believe in fun?
What, do you mean recently?
What's your interest
in my daughters death?
I don't like the look of it.
Tell me what you think.
Do you recognize?
Should I?
They broke into a US classified
nuclear research facility,
then drowned in the Connecticut
river making their escape.
Now I know that sounds like
bollocks. But it's not.
Northmoor isn't federal.
I checked.
So if you're saying my daughter
was involved with these people
the most you can get her
for is trespassing.
Her apartment was tossed.
Her computer was stolen.
And do the police know
that you know that?
No.
You're a smart fucker.
What does Northmoor do?
What have they done?
The people who drowned
belonged to "Night Flower".
Tree huggers. Militants.

New Age fuckups.
Sometimes they
blow shit up.
Infrequently, and
not very well.
You can look them up.
The organization itself,
not the dead guys.
They are classified.
She wasn't an activist. Not the
type. My daughter wasn't a joiner.
She was more like me.
If she did anything, whatever
she did, she did it alone.
There's a point where anyone
can become an activist.
I mean you see something
so wrong, you have to act.
Even if it means
the end of you.
Lets just say
she was involved.
Her companions died.
Then she came home.
She didn't say anything.
She meant to, she wanted to,
but she didn't make it.
I'm going to advise my
department of one,
which is me, to let you
continue your investigation,
even if you sometimes burn
the evidence in your backyard.
And you, an officer
of the corps.
I'm not going to
arrest anyone.
I never do.
Will you try to stop me?
It depends.
See you around.
I do sometimes like that
feel like Diogenes.
You know the guy who

walked around with a lamp.
Looking for an honest man.
How did it turn out?
Well, for him?
I don't remember.
But you and I have
done pretty good.
Bonne chance.
I thought you were going to
wait until I was a nice guy.
As a career move man, I
seriously need to be seen
telling you to fuck off.
You have no idea,
you don't understand.
Go home! Go home!
There's nothing you
can do to me.
There are times when you
dont have a choice what
kind of fucking guy you are.
You understand that because
you're doing it right now.
May I?
Drinking the good stuff because
your job is going so well?
Is this an intervention?
If it is I'd like to call a
few people that don't
whack me around because
Im afraid for my life.
I assumed you'd be
some kind of scientist.
Didn't think your daughter
would go for a grease monkey?
Something like that. Yeah.
If you want to beat yourself up.
And what if I said she said
I reminded her of you?
Except drinking.
Something to do with the
absence of bullshit and
no patience for
Broadway musicals.

You're looking at me
like I'm crazy.
Somebody shot my girlfriend,
have you factored that in?
What do you know
about Night Flower?
- Politics don't interest me.
- What did interest you?
Emma.
Look. I'm under contract.
I have a five year contract.
I'm surveilled. I'm going to
lose my fucking job
if I talk to you no
matter who's dead.
How did my daughter get
people through the security
in a classified nuclear
R&D facility?
There's a rumor
she had help.
- You?
- No.
I passed the polygraph
at work.
What happened?
Come on, level with me
here, I'm not a cop.
Now it's just you and me.
What happened?
You got somewhere
else we can talk?
You didn't pass the polygraph,
they just told you you did.
Emma was writing to
Senator Pine.
And at some point she went
to this grease ball loco.
A lawyer to see about
getting out of her...
What was the name
of the lawyer?
- Sampson... Sanderman.
- Sanderman.

Anyway, said nobody
could help her.
Whistleblowers always
sound like psychos.
And I didn't get
back to her.
So she helped out these
Night Flower assholes.
She got them in through
the cooling tunnels.
She didn't go in herself.
But she was there.
How was Emma
exposed to radiation?
She wasn't.
That's what Im saying, she
didn't go into the tunnels,
they were exposed, but she
couldn't have been exposed,
she wasn't in the tunnels.
What happened to the
people that went in?
There's a protocol.
It's Bennett. He's insane.
In case of a breach, they
release irradiated steam.
Now I can't prove this,
and you can't prove it,
these are clever,
clever fuckers, right?
You're a cop. You've
got to help me.
Yeah. Sure. Yeah,
I will help you.
Just come with me.
Tell me the truth.
We'll get you deposed
by a lawyer.
No. I'm sorry, no.
I like you, you're Emma's dad.
But you have to go.
Alright. You can always
change your mind.
In the meantime,

here, this is yours.

It's loaded.

That's illegal in

Massachusetts.

Everything is illegal

in Massachusetts.

What does it feel like?

Hmm?

- Good evening, Senator.

- Good evening, glad to be here.

Senator, two days ago you gave a speech in which you criticized your colleague Senator Stafford, for his position

- We all have positions.

- But Senator...

I think the American people are asking, with good reason, whether the price they've paid for their security is too high.

With respect, that's an answer one would expect, but how does it jibe, Senator, with your support for secret research facilities in Massachusetts?

I'm curious about what you just asked of me.

If you're asking...

...about this administrations failed policies...

Senator, what can you tell me about Northmoor?

I'm not familiar with the business practices of...

Their parent company is one of your biggest donors.

All I can say about my donors is that they are completely vetted and above board.

Senator, there is a serious and growing petition movement to ban military research and

development in Massachusetts.
I understand that. But people
have to realize the importance
of R&D of every kind to
Massachusetts economy.

Now, to answer your questions
about some other stuff...

I fully agree with his
desires to expand...

I never had kids.

Maybe it's better not to have
had one than to see one die.

No.

It's worth everything
to have one.

Public drinking is illegal
in Massachusetts.

Everything is illegal
in Massachusetts.

Payback for the tea party.

You've ever had
wine before?

Not with any pleasure.

Besides, with you, I think I'd
have to switch glasses
when you weren't looking.

My daughter was irradiated.

I dont know how exactly,
but I think it was our
friends at Northmoor.

Later she was gunned
down in my home.

And I want to know what
you would think about that.

I had a source that said the
Nightflower people were
intentionally exposed to
radiation while in the tunnels,
but that source is dead now.

He wasn't a bad guy.

No.

Now you know
better than anyone
cases like these

are never solved.
Simply too complicated,
too much hard work.
There is a lot going on
out there in this world.
You just never can
connect "A" to "B".
How do you know that?
Because I'm usually the guy
that stops you connecting
"A" to "B".
It's part of what I do.
If I was an employee
at Northmoor,
and I wanted to blow the
whistle on something...
what would I be blowing
the whistle on?
Let's take a walk and
we can talk about it.
I'm not walking into
the dark with you.
You're a wise man.
- Are you on my side?
- That's hard to tell.
Do you know the Scott
Fitzgerald thing about
an artist who's a man with
opposing ideas in his head,
and he believe in them
both simultaneously?
Heard of it. Yeah.
Well, that's sort of the
beginning of it.
So what's that like? Not
being anyone in particular.
I don't know what it means
to have lost a daughter.
But I know what it means
never to have had one.
Yeah.
Got nobody left
to bury you.
Yeah.

Oh and by the way...
Thanks for not killing me.
Detective Craven. How do
you feel about a suspect
being identified?
You're later than
everybody else.
Is that because you
have a lousy boss?
I'm so sorry for you.
I'm sorry I have
to be here.
It's alright, take it easy.
You got a business
card or something?
Thanks.
Look, go on home, honey.
It's too late to be out here.
I'll call you, okay?
Mr. Sanderman?
I'm sorry, I didnt mean
to... I interrupted?
- No.
- I'm Tomas Craven.
Detective Tomas Craven,
Boston Police Department.
I know who you are.
- I'm sorry for your troubles.
- Thank you.
I understand my daughter
was a client of yours?
Yes.
I mean no, we had a consultation,
she never formally became
my client.
Oh.
It says in her phone
calendar that you and she
had dinner on the
Yeah, I asked her
on a date, yes.
- Well how did it go?
- Fine. Fine.
She was a nice girl.

Smart as a...

- Sorry, I have to go.

- I'll come with you.

Can I ask you what
this is about?

She came to your office.
She wanted to blow
the whistle on something.

You know where
that's from, right?

When the cops used to
blow their whistles.

I can't talk about that.

I don't want you
to talk about that.

But then later that night you
invited her out for dinner.

Gee, you're really
nervous, Mr. Sanderman.

You're about two seconds
away from telling me how
inappropriate all this is.

Let me say right off the bat,
I knew you couldn't represent
her in a non-disclosure contract,
but you probably suggested
some further discussion on the
matter over a nice plate of
spaghetti and meatballs.

I think you had two agendas.
One, you wanted sex with her.

Hey I'm not passing
judgment here okay,
and two, Mr. Sanderman, you
wanted to know more about
what potential security
breach she represented.

I have to get to a
deposition in Springfield.

You represent Northmoor
in local matters.

My daughter came to you, but
you're Northmoors attorney.

This is a highly

irregular convers...
...because senator Pine has
put your name before
two different governors
for District Court Judge.
So you were about
to say something?
I don't have anything to say
and you are out of your depth
and far from your
jurisdiction.
You won't talk to me? I'm going
to the Global and the Herald.
I'll tell them my daughter came
to talk to you about Northmoor.
That you were Northmoors
attorney and failed to tell her.
And then you'd be right in
the middle of a big ass story
saying how my daughter
was the target and not me.
Is that where you
want to be?
On what evidence
would you say that?
I'll forge your fucking
diary. I don't care.
Getting you in trouble is
good enough for me.
Listen, asshole, this is not
about police, okay?
This isn't about police and
arrest and all that nice shit,
this is about me knowing what
I have to know and the fact
that you got to tell me.
Now I want to see
the Senator.
See the Senator? Who the
fuck do you think you are?
I'm the guy with nothing to
lose that doesn't give a shit.
You tell him that. And fasten
your fucking seatbelt.

Look, Daddy.
Lots of ABCs
Hi.
I want to go to
her apartment.
I want to see
her things.
That's not a good
idea right now.
I'm sorry.
I'm so scared.
Look. I would take you for
a cup of coffee some day,
but we have to
just talk now.
I'd like to ask you things about
her. Personal things maybe
I never knew, but there's
no time now...
Look, honey, I can't
take this, okay?
I... talk to me, okay?
Talk to me.
- I introduced her to them.
- Introduced her to who, honey?
Nightflower.
Fuck, you know.
Corporations this,
corporations that.
Just keep it
straight, okay?
They had a little
shack up the river.
Nightflower.
- I'm so afraid.
- Who are you afraid of?
They came to my house.
These guys in black suits,
asking about Emma,
I lied my ass off!
What were they doing in
Northmoor that Emma
wanted to expose?
Bennetts the motherfucker.

Alright? It's Bennett.
That's all she wanted to say
at first. That he was insane.
She realized he was
completely fucking insane.
Okay, whether he was
this, that or whatever,
What were they doing
at Northmoor?
Why did Emma go to
Nightflower?
Because she couldn't go to the
papers because of the contract.
The Senator wouldn't help. You
are not hearing this from me.
Alright, you are not.
I run a luggage store.
I got a three year old.
I'm not hearing this
from you.
What did they do at Northmoor
that Emma wanted to expose?
She had this for you.
In case...
I never wanted...
I'm just a person.
You know, I'm just
a fucking person.
Okay. I know.
Go back to your
baby, okay?
I never saw you.
Alright? Go on.
I got to tell you
something else first.
What?
She thought they
poisoned her.
You know...
I always liked
this town.
When she moved
out here...
She said it reminded her

of Paris in the Twenties.
We have a very traditional
home in Boston, and...
maybe it wasn't what she
wanted out of life, you know?
What was the name of
her contact in Nightflower?
Tell me that and
we're done.
No, I'm done now.
In her phone records it
was a guy called Robinson.
Is that the guy?
Yeah.
Now I'm done.
We've stabilized her.
She's in a coma, although we
weren't able to save her leg.
She has a child, is there
anybody who could...
Her parents just arrived.
Thanks.
Go ahead. I'll
keep you posted.
Thanks.
My name is Emma
Charlotte Craven.
I work at Northmoor,
Massachusetts,
as a research assistant.
I know that I am violating
the security conditions
of my workplace, and I
know I am committing a crime.
But I'm doing this because I've
exhausted every legal avenue
that is available to me,
and no one would listen.
So, now I have to
do what's right.
Northmoor is
breaking the law.
They are making
nuclear weapons.

But these are not US
nuclear weapons,
they are weapons designed
to foreign specification
and built with
foreign materials.
So, obviously, if these
bombs were ever used,
they would be traced
back to another country,
and not the US.
I've stolen documents,
images, blueprints.
But we need proof of
the weapons themselves,
so I'm showing a team
of people how to get into
the Northmoor facility
to video the evidence.
I'm recoding all this
because I'm very scared.
I'm under constant
surveillance.
My phone is tapped
and I'm being followed.
So chances are that if you're
watching this I'm already dead.
I...
I love you, dad.
Fuck
If another contractor asks
to run his own security,
What should I say?
I suppose that
would be up to you.
This is called a containment
situation. I wonder why, really.
The problem is that there
are things uncontained
and some of them will
never get back in the box.
You're scared about
Craven. Very wisely so.
But here is the damage

control analysis:

Apart from Craven, three sets of parents have lost their kids.

Now you have an employee who tries to run over a single mother, only to be shot in the head by the same cop that you previously bereaved.

I don't know what you're talking about, and surely you're not saying it.

Do you know what the thing is about the dead, Bennett?

They have got lovers, friends, relatives, a billion loose ends.

Lets start at the beginning of this debacle.

Nightflower is a pack of paranoid anti-corporate freaks.

You think three of their people drowned is going to read as an accident?

It was an accident.

And the man involved in the other incident was a Bosnian, who as far as the paperwork is considered is live and well in London, at this very moment.

You can do my job, it seems I can also do yours.

What you're doing is not my job.

Isn't it?

Look, even if the drownings were accidental, the Nightflower bodies were recovered by a radiation team and disposed of.

- By your people, not mine.

- You told my office they were contaminated terrorists, not that they were American citizens that you had contaminated.

One of them is the only child
of a mother with
multiple sclerosis.
When she's on TV, saying:
"The last thing I knew, they
were breaking into Northmoor",
do you know what I'm saying?
Do you understand what
you have done?
What's worse, me doing it,
or you covering it up?
I'm just a private individual,
a citizen, a man.
You on the other hand
are the US government.
What I am is the guy whose
only fuckup was letting you
have your own
security fiefdom.
Whatever they say,
there was never a break.
Northmoor has never
had a security breach,
Northmoor has never
had an accident
and Northmoor does
not make weapons.
Least of all things supposed
in certain contingencies
best known to you to look
like jihadist dirty bombs.
I wouldn't worry
about it more.
"Fuck you, it's classified", still
works as far as I'm concerned.
Are you even here,
Mr. Bennett?
Are we even talking?
I'm at my house in Virginia.
I've got food poisoning.
Where are you?
Oh, I'm not here.
Is Robinson keeping
his part of the bargain?

- Mr. Robinson?

- Yes.

- Mr. Allison Robinson Jr?

- Yes.

Could you remove the
glasses please, Sir?

My daughter was Emma Craven.

She wasn't killed in your
amphibious little operation
against the corporate Satan.

She was killed later!

On my front porch!

Come here!

I want to know why you, with
your concerns for the planet
and the human race stayed
silent about the drowning
deaths of your people.

Why is that?

People with families.

All of them had kids.

And one of them
was my daughter.

I'm not going to
hit you again.

And she's not here because
of you. You son of a bitch!

Now you got a serious
situation here Mr. Robinson.

See they know who you
are, and you're not dead.

You're not dead, shot,
hurt, poisoned, nothing.

Now I figure that's
because you cut a deal.

You're going to cut
another deal with me.

You're going to
tell me everything.

- Come on, you scum.

- No!

I need to know something
about the properties of the
substance you gave

Emma Craven.

I would rather not discuss
it in those terms.

Is it something she could have
encountered in her work?

Any exposure, if there were
an exposure, would be consistent
with a documentable, procedural
failure on her part.

Is it something that could
have remained in her effects
and been transferred to her
father without much
collateral contamination?

Do you mean could it have
poisoned her father as well?

Yes.

What, in your opinion, would
be the consequences if
Craven opens his mouth?

It's unsurviveable.

So be it, then.

Do you see a
soul in there?

I beg your pardon?

You can button
your shirt.

You know, as we discussed
yesterday, there will be
some erratic behavior.

And I regret to say this probably
means you will have less time.

I know what it means.

I've been having
aural hallucinations.

My father's voice calling
my name as I start to sleep.

Bastard's been dead for
forty years and suddenly
he's yelling at me again.

- I come awake.

- You're not sleeping?

No, I'm not sleeping, I start
to sleep, then I jolt awake.

There's something
about the darkness.

- I don't like it.

- I'm not a counselor.

I know you want to banter
with me. I don't do that.

- I can only give you the facts.

- We all know what the facts are.

We live a while, and then we
die sooner than we planned.

Standard procedure
with the Senator.

Yeah, I get it.

You know you didn't really
let the side stand with you.

You got a lot of
brothers out there.

Yeah, I know. But I
like a private funeral.

Senator gets in his moods.

Not too good today.

That's too bad. I was
jumping for joy.

Are you hungry? We have
some sandwiches, a cup of tea?

No thank you, Sir.

Well, it's always a pleasure
to meet a combat veteran.

You left as a master sergeant
of a heavy weapons platoon.

Yes, Sir.

- How did you do that at 20?

- Everybody else was dead.

Did you have trouble adjusting
when you came home?

- No.

- Really?

No. People talk about
trauma and so forth.

I figure you come out of
combat the way you went in.

I know that's not a very
kind thing to say, but
that's my observation.

And I know there's a lot of big bucks in this post traumatic stress thing. But combat is pretty much like anything else. It helps put perspective on things when you're scared shitless.

What is the nature of our appointment, Detective Craven?

Well I was hoping that you could tell me that.

Why am I supposed to tell you what you want to see me about?

Well, because you're seeing me in less than 48 hours after I talked to your attorney.

Your daughter came to me with allegations about Northmoor.

- She sent me a letter.

- What did the letter contain?

It touched on national security matters that are classified.

- What happened to the letter?

- That is also classified.

But protocol would be to turn it over to the committee that does oversight on the area your daughters letter touched upon. Prompting an investigation on my daughter.

Opening up a DARPA file on her.

Treating her like a terrorist?

I'm not involved in security matters.

I did write your daughter, advising her she might be in breach of security.

Oh. So you didn't help her?

I'm glad to see you, Detective.

As both a veteran and as a police officer of your many years of service, but I have to tell you that your daughter, and we have to say this despite her terrible accident,

was in violation of...

almost everything of which
she could be in violation.

- What did she allege?

- That's classified.

You know, Detective, a very
important part of Massachusetts
economy is research and
development...

Senator. I think you're in a
position regarding Northmoor,
where you had better decide
if you're hanging on the cross
or banging in the nails.

Here.

These deaths are the result
of a conspiracy by one of your
major campaign contributors.

Why do you include your daughter?

Her death was an accident.

No. She was poisoned with
cesium by Mr. Bennett.

I think I'm scaring you Senator.

There's probably not too much
upside to scaring a Senator, except
to provide some perspective.

I'm going to go now, but I'm
going to leave you these pictures
I want you to call everybody
involved, everybody concerned,
and tell them I know everything

I need to know to throw a
real box of Tarantulas
into this situation.

- If you have info...

- Shut up!

I'm not interested in
talking any more shit.

You investigate this
at a national level.

You do that, maybe you'll
come out of this alright.

I don't know.

I don't think you knew

that the people you are
in business with
killed my daughter.
But now that you do know...
what are you going
to do about it?
Good afternoon, Senator.
Get out of the vehicle.
What the fuck do you
think you just did?
You just rear-ended an
unmarked cruiser, and I
made an observation
that you are armed.
Through smoked glass
and our coats?
Yeah, I'm funny
that way.
Get out of the car, now.
Or you're going to make
a move for something on
the inside of your jackets,
you understand me?
Get out of the car.
Alright. On your knees,
hands on your heads.
- What have you got, Tom?
- These guys are armed.
They were following me.
Rear-ended my car.
Got some ID then?
Thanks.
Not in law enforcement.
Imagine that.
What are you?
You don't think this is going
to get straightened out?
Not for a while.
These fuckers got
automatic weapons.
You just made
a serious mistake.
Did you shoot
my daughter?

I'm the supposed target of a
killer. So you here, following me
armed, with no credentials
in the city of Boston,
you're out of your
fucking mind.

Welcome to hell.

A strange new twist
in the Emma Craven case,
a suspect has been
identified as her murderer,
but new developments
today involving her father
Two men have been arrested
in Boston. Police say
the men were taken into
custody after their car
crashed into the back
of an unmarked police car,
driven by Boston Police
Detective Tomas Craven,
the father of Emma Craven.
This all happened on
Marlinton Street...

- Bennett.

- We need to abort right now.

We can't risk killing

Tom Craven yet.

It's too late.

It's already been done.

You want to try?

Hold your hair back,

your mother will

kill me if I get it all

messed up again.

There you go.

Perfect. Now a razor. Here
you go. Don't cut yourself.

- Comb?

- That will work.

Now watch.

Painless.

Wash it off.

One more.

Can I come in, Tom?

- You alright?

- Yeah.

Do you remember when the trooper out at the airport busted Whitey? He got demoted and transferred.

He knew what was going on. But he couldn't prove it.

And nobody wanted to know about it.

And finally he shot himself, remember that?

I don't think you'd shoot yourself.

But what's coming is worse than that.

It isn't what it is, Tommy.

It is never what it is.

It is what it can be made to look like.

There's a DA in Hampshire County, going to charge you with the death of your daughters boyfriend.

He doesn't have a case.

But that doesn't matter.

It'll be five years of people thinking you did it.

You'll go broke, you'll lose the house.

And they go after your pension.

If you win the case there'll be a civil suite by that point you won't be able to afford a lawyer.

What are they offering you?

I got kids, Tommy.

I don't.

But even if you did, right?

- Even if you did.

- Yup. Even if I did.

You know, Bill. No one
expects you to be perfect.
But there's a few basic
things you got to get right.
Always do the best you
can by your family,
go to work every day,
always speak your mind.
Never hurt anyone that
doesn't deserve it.
Never take anything
from the bad guys.
It's all. It's not
much to ask.

Hello, Craven.

I need your car.

Not yet.

Go ahead.

Hold on.

I'll call you back.

Derek?

Derek?

Shit.

You're all fucked
up, Craven.

You're all done.

Sit down.

Lie down.

Be dead.

Fuck.

- Say "Craven".

- Fuck you.

- You fuck.

- "Craven". Say it.

- Craven.

- Louder!

- Craven!

- LOUDER!

CRAVEN!

I'm sorry you had
to see that, honey.

Deep down...

You know you
deserve this.

We've got a cop of almost
and there's not one person,
on our side, who can explain
his instability without lying,
who has executed the director
of a nuclear research facility
where his daughter worked.

Okay. Ideas?

Your scenario is this.

He was accidentally
poisoned by his daughter.

- But he blamed Bennett.

- How do we know that?

Testimony of an altercation at
Northmoor when he was there.

Testimony from the Senator.

I can easily testify that he was
unstable. He came to my house.

That's right. He made wild
allegations. He was armed.

You know, you were
very lucky to live.

That's true.

That's very true.

Now the real story
here gentlemen, is:

"United States Senator
escapes assassination."

- That's right.

- That's the lead story.

That will wipe the rest of
it right out of the media.

Anyone who looks
at the rest of this
is going to see that
something happened.

But no one is going to be
able to figure it out.

That's your objective.

To make it so convoluted that
anyone can have a theory.

- But no ones got the facts.

- That's quite good, Jedburgh.

Senator, I've been making things

unintelligible for 30 years.

And by the way, its

Captain Jedburgh to you.

Captain. Of what?

Very little he can

tell you about.

Right. Well. Seems we

have a good starting point.

What's the prognosis

on Craven?

- Well, you know he's terminal.

- We're all terminal, Millroy.

Even middle management.

But how fast is

he being terminal?

- He's incapable of speech.

- Thank God for that.

I understand you had a chance

to terminate Detective Craven

and did not do so.

You come to me. I look

at things. I decide.

Jedburgh, we've got to get

the Senator out to the press.

I've decided what

this country is.

What?

People, who

deserve better.

We all appreciate Captain Jedburgh.

Yet we would have not got

to this extremity had he done what

the situation clearly dictated.

Senator, I dont think you

really understand what side

of this situation you're on.

Well, I think we've had

a successful meeting...

I...

am a United

States Senator.

By what standards?

- You got a family?

- Yeah.

- Kids?
- Yeah.