

INT. CAR - NIGHT

DARIN, a rough and tough 20 something, sits in the driver's seat. MIRELA quickly gets in the car. She is a sharply dressed political aid. She is carrying a briefcase.

MIRELA  
Were you followed?

DARIN  
Was I followed? I don't know, I  
(MORE)  
didn't know it was an issue.

MIRELA  
I told you this was a private  
meeting.

Darin looks around the car.

DARIN  
Looks pretty private to me.

Mirela hands Darin a folder out of the briefcase. Darin starts to go through it. There are surveillance photos.

MIRELA  
This contains the information that  
needs to get to the consulate by  
the morning. It...

DARIN  
Cute broad.

MIRELA  
Mr. Welks! Can you or can you not  
deliver this package.

DARIN  
Yeah. Why not?

MIRELA  
You will have to talk to Mr.  
Barris. He is the Romanian  
ambassador and he... are you going  
to write any of this down Mr Welks?

DARIN  
Mr. Barris, got it. Jesus, it's a  
package drop off lady, it's not  
rocket science.

MIRELA  
I don't believe you understand the  
gravity of this situation.

MIRELA(cont'd)

If it were just a package drop off,  
I would have used FedEx. There are  
people that will not want you to  
get this information through. Do  
you understand?

Darin tosses the folder into the back seat.

DARIN

Lady, I live every day with people  
trying to keep me from doing shit.  
For a grand, tomorrow will be your  
day.

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