

INT. GOLDEN DRAGON CHINESE BUFFET - MORNING

In an empty, cavernous dining room, a broad-shouldered man - PAUL STREAMER - sits alone at a booth with his back to the front door. A bell jingles as the front door swings open, and another man of equally hefty stature proceeds slowly toward the booth.

THE FERRET stops at the booth and examines the mess of food-stained dishes cluttering the table.

THE FERRET  
(with French accent)  
Looks like you're under a lot of stress. I thought you were retired.

Steely-eyed, STREAMER stops chewing long enough to gaze upon one last half-eaten crab rangoon. He pops it into his mouth as THE FERRET takes a seat across from him.

THE FERRET  
Well, what time is breakfast over? Because you might want to fill up again.

PAUL STREAMER  
You come all the way down to my place to bust my balls?

THE FERRET  
I've known you long enough to know not to interrupt you at breakfast unless it was important.

PAUL STREAMER wipes his fingers with a damp napkin.

PAUL STREAMER  
Well? Is it important?

THE FERRET  
(beat)  
He's alive.

PAUL STREAMER  
I'm alive. You're alive. That news?

THE FERRET grins. PAUL STREAMER snaps his finger at the waiter.

THE FERRET  
Stonebanks.

The waiter returns with a heaping plate of fresh crab

(CONTINUED)

rangoons. PAUL STREAMER looks at the plate as if THE FERRET hadn't spoken a word.

PAUL STREAMER  
Stonebanks, huh? I watched that bag of shit die in Mogadishu. Now you comin' in here saying he's alive sounds like you callin' me a liar. You callin' me a liar?

THE FERRET  
You've been away for a while.

PAUL STREAMER  
I'm a business man now.

THE FERRET reaches for the plate of crag rangoons, filling his palms.

THE FERRET  
He killed Pumps.

PAUL STREAMER  
Killed Pumps, huh? Man, Pumps got more lives than a cat. So if you're telling me Stonebanks killed Pumps, so far I'm not believing you.

THE FERRET  
I thought you'd say that. So I guess you don't believe this either?

THE FERRET slides a battered harmonica across the table and helps himself to another round of rangoons. PAUL STREAMER picks up the harmonica and examines it more closely.

PAUL STREAMER  
This is Pumps' harmonica.

THE FERRET  
Was.

PAUL STREAMER  
Are you tellin' me Pumps is dead?

THE FERRET  
(through clenched teeth)  
That's what I'm telling you.

Through a mouthful of rangoons, THE FERRET coughs and puts his hand to his chest.

PAUL STREAMER

(laughing)

Hey man, you ok? If I didn't know better, I'd think you'd eaten too many of my crab rangoons.

THE FERRET clutches his chest and falls to one knee, bracing himself on the table.

THE FERRET

The Sheraton Hotel in Sofia.

(sputtering)

Bring backup.

THE FERRET wheezes as he sweeps the plate of rangoons off the table and onto the floor. His face hits the carpet.

THE FERRET

(cont'd)

A lot of it.

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