

Schaefer's standing on the edge of the site, ignoring most of the work, staring out across the open country beyond town to the horizon. He lifts a smartphone in his hand to speak.

SCHAEFER

Jimmy, we need to meet.

INT. STEEL'S OFFICE/WORKSHOP

Jimmy STEEL's on the other end of the call.

We see in the background a large workshop dedicated to high technology, exotic weaponry on racks, laboratory benches, computer displays, a couple of research assistants working on two machine benches.

STEEL

And it's nice to talk to you after so long.

I thought you were retired, what do you want from my expertise?

EXT. SCHEAFER'S WORKSHOP - DAY

SCHAEFER

It's not a government contract, I just need to get your opinion about something. A private project.

He glances back at the house. No one's looking.

INT. STEEL'S OFFICE/WORKSHOP

STEEL

(cautiously)

O-kay, so, what, when and where?

EXT. SCHEAFER'S WORKSHOP - DAY

SCHAEFER

Your place, this weekend?

EXT. STEEL'S OFFICE/WORKSHOP - DAY

It's a broad old-world industrial warehouse type structure. Winter on the East coast, snow everywhere as Schaefer climbs out of a cab with one holdall. Steel greets him with a grin.

STEEL  
Welcome to sunny Boston!

SCHAEFER  
Yeah, right.

He looks around at his location.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)  
I prefer the sun, open country.

STEEL  
So you can see them coming?

He leads the way into the building.

SCHAEFER  
Yeah.

Steel waves at the snow.

STEEL  
We get to see their footprints  
here.

And the security cameras over the door.

STEEL (CONT'D)  
And there's more.

Schaefer nods.

SCHAEFER  
Good.

INT. STEEL'S OFFICE/WORKSHOP - DAY

The workshop's quiet, just the two men alone. They're both sipping hot drinks.

STEEL  
Okay, now tell me.

Schaefer pulls a thick military report from his holdall.

SCHAEFER  
Remember what I once told you about  
Central America thirty years ago?

INT. STEEL'S OFFICE/WORKSHOP - EVENING

Steel rises from his desk and strolls back to Schaefer holding the report.