

THE SECRET AGENT

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CAMBODIAN JUNGLE - DAWN

C.U. ON A DEW-COVERED SPIDER WEB flexing gently in the soft breeze.

SUPER: KAMPOT PROVINCE, CAMBODIA - 1992

PAN to eight-year old ARUN MAO, a scrawny Cambodian boy, blowing softly on the web to make it move.

O.S., the RUMBLE of vehicles.

MAO'S POV

Looking past the web toward the hairpin road in the background. A caravan of U.S. military trucks bounce along the narrow path.

SMASH CUT TO:

JUNGLE - LATER

A frightened Mao charges through the dense jungle brush. He's out of breath - fatigued.

MAO'S VILLAGE

The village is a collection of crudely built homes nestled together in the foothills of a mountain. Mao enters his village SCREAMING and HOLLERING.

MAO
(in Cambodian, English
subtitled)
Soldiers! Soldiers!

FRIGHTENED women grab their children and escape into their homes. The men grab anything they can get their hands on - machetes, shovels, etc.

Mao scurries up the wooden steps of his stilted home where he crashes into his father, a small, slender man in his 40's.

MAO (CONT'D)
I saw them! They're close!

MACHINE-GUN FIRE erupts nearby, startling them.

MAO'S FATHER
Go inside with your mother! Hide!

Mao grabs his father's arm.

MAO
And you?

MORE GUNFIRE - MUCH CLOSER.

MAO'S FATHER
Go!!

O.S., the RATTLE of vehicles moving into the village. Mao's father shoves him inside.

INT. MAO'S HOME - DAWN

Mao dashes into the open arms of his panic-stricken mother, a petite woman in her 30's. She embraces him tightly.

O.S., a BURST OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE EXPLODES just outside their home.

MAO'S MOTHER
Hide under the bed!

MAO
What about father?!

A barrage of bullets PIERCE through the thin aluminum walls - narrowly hitting Mao and his mother.

MAO (CONT'D)
Father!

He breaks from his mother's grasp.

MAO'S MOTHER
Mao! No!

Mao races to the front door where he finds his father's bullet-riddled body sprawled across the wooden steps.

MAO'S SUGGESTIVE POV

The MASSACRE plays out in SLOW MOTION before Mao's horror-filled eyes.

An American soldier peppers a young couple with bullets - then opens fire on the couple's ten-year old daughter as she tries to flee.

An elderly woman huddles over her CRYING grandchild as another soldier approaches her.

He puts the muzzle of his assault rifle to the woman's head and callously fires off a single shot.

The commander of the rogue squad, COMMANDER FRANK GIBSON, a goatee-d man in his forties, locks stares with Mao. The commander LAUGHS - his cigar hangs loosely from his mouth.

BACK TO SCENE

Angered beyond control, the young Mao grabs his father's machete.

SCREAMING at the top of his lungs, he scampers toward the commander wielding his machete over his head.

Commander Gibson cracks a grin as he angles his machine-gun toward the charging boy. Mao is unfazed by the threatening weapon pointed in his direction.

As Mao reaches the commander, the butt of a rifle ENTERS FRAME and SMACKS him in face.

BLACK OUT:

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Your name is Arun Mao. You are a highly trained assassin from the province of Kampot, Cambodia. And we know it is your personal mission to kill the President of the United States.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Mao, mid 20s, sits in a typical interrogation room with his wrists and ankles shackled to the chair he sits in. To his left is a large, two-way mirror.

SUPER: TWENTY YEARS LATER

TUESDAY, MAY 15th

Sitting across the table from him is DOCTOR FLOYER, 60s, frail and balding. He wears a white shirt and red tie.

Doctor Floyer leafs through some documents then glances at Mao.

MAO
You can't keep me here forever. I
have rights.

DOCTOR FLOYER
You're a terrorist. You don't have
rights. You ready to talk?

Doctor Floyer pauses to give Mao a chance to respond. Mao
remains silent. Doctor Floyer glances down at his file -
sighs.

DOCTOR FLOYER (CONT'D)
Says here you believe the president
killed your family.
(looks at Mao)
Really, Mr. Mao? Do you really
believe that?

MAO
He killed every man, woman and
child in my village. I was there.

DOCTOR FLOYER
He killed everyone except you?

Mao thinks for a beat.

MAO
Yes.

DOCTOR FLOYER
And why do you suppose he allowed
you to live? Why only you?

MAO
It's not important. President
Gibson must and will pay with his
life.

DOCTOR FLOYER
You see why we can't simply let you
go, Mao? Keep making threats like
that and you'll be here a long,
long time.

MAO
(furrowed brow)
How did I get here?

DOCTOR FLOYER
You don't remember?

MAO

No.

DOCTOR FLOYER

It was less than an hour ago. You were having tea alone a few blocks from here.

MOVE IN TIGHT on Mao's expressionless face.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. DINER - MORNING

Mao sips his tea in an empty diner.

DOCTOR FLOYER (V.O.)

You didn't put up much of a fight. We stormed in and took you into custody without incident.

MAO (V.O.)

Funny. I remember it differently.

Five armed agents in black suits abruptly and chaotically storm the diner with their guns drawn. Mao takes a sip of his tea then gently sets the cup down.

LEAD AGENT

Put your hands behind your head and slowly get up!

Mao slowly reaches for something under his jacket.

LEAD AGENT (CONT'D)

(frantic)

Don't fucking move! Keep your hands where I can see them!

Mao freezes with his hand tucked beneath his jacket.

LEAD AGENT (CONT'D)

Take your hand out of the jacket!

Mao makes a sudden movement with the hand under his jacket - as if reaching for his weapon.

The agents unleash a BARRAGE OF GUNFIRE.

(MOTION SLOWED)

Mao shuts his eyes - retreating inward to some "quiet place" within his mind.

Amazingly, the agents' bullets circle once around Mao before returning from where they came!

(END SLOW MOTION)

Within seconds, the agents are dead, all of them having been struck by the very bullets they fired.

Mao pulls his hand out from under his jacket. Instead of a gun he's got a packet of cane sugar which he tears and pours into his tea. He sips the tea with a smile.

O.S., the sound of a gun's slide mechanism cocking.

PAN to the muzzle of a gun pressed up against Mao's head.

Mao sees the reflection of the gun holder in a mirror in front of him.

The Cambodian woman he sees holding the gun wears a black pant suit and sunglasses. Hair combed slick to the back, late 20s, attractive.

She squeezes the trigger. BANG!

BACK TO PRESENT

Mao stares blankly at the table.

MAO
Something here isn't right. She
shot me.

DOCTOR FLOYER
Who, Mao?

MAO
The woman agent.

DOCTOR FLOYER
I don't know who you're talking
about.

Mao fidgets with his shackles.

MAO
Get these off of me.

DOCTOR FLOYER
Sorry, I'm afraid I can't do that.

Mao tries harder to break free. Doctor Floyer laughs. Mao becomes still - stares profoundly into the doctor's eyes. The doctor shifts uneasily in his chair.

DOCTOR FLOYER (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

MAO
Someone else was there. A woman.
Who was she?

DOCTOR FLOYER
I don't know what you're talking
about. There was no one else there
but you.

MAO
You're lying!

A trickle of blood oozes from one of the doctor's nostrils.
He wipes his nose - more blood spews out.

DOCTOR FLOYER
What the hell?

Mao cracks a grin as blood continues to flow from the
doctor's nose. Blood has begun to flow from his mouth and
ears as well.

Paralyzed by Mao's hypnotic stare Doctor Floyer can only
stare back with horror-stricken eyes.

MAO
Who was she?

DOCTOR FLOYER
St-st-stop! Some...one h-help!

QUEUE MUSIC - HEAVY METAL (LOUD)

O.S., agents try to open the locked door. Three gunshots
RINGOUT in rapid succession.

The agents burst through the door. They find Doctor Floyer
slumped over on the table and Mao nowhere in sight.

The shackles that held Mao to his chair lay unbroken on the
floor.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A black Chevy Camaro races down the lonely street at high
speed. It brakes suddenly in front of an multi-level
apartment building.

INT. MAO'S CAMARO - NIGHT

Mao sits behind the wheel, unmoving, stoic, eyeing the apartment building. He shuts the car off. An eerie silence blankets the city street. The only sound is the distant RUMBLE of an approaching storm.

EXT. MAO'S CAMARO - NIGHT

Mao exits the Camaro and stands there, just watching the building.

A luminous flash of lightning ignites the sky, brilliantly illuminating the entire street. A THUNDEROUS CRACKLE shatters the silence.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENT'S LIMO - MORNING

SECRET SERVICE AGENT MEALEA KIM, an attractive Cambodian woman in her late 20s, becomes startled when the agent sitting in the passenger seat, AGENT KEITH, calls her.

AGENT KEITH (O.S.)
(stern)
Agent Kim!

Mealea is the same agent that earlier shot Mao in the head at point blank range.

She eases her tight grip on the steering wheel. Makes eye contact with PRESIDENT FRANK GIBSON sitting in the back seat between SECRET SERVICE AGENTS #2 and #3.

We recognize the president as the commander that invaded Mao's village in Cambodia twenty years earlier. Agent Keith is in his early 40s, handsome, receding hairline.

AGENT KEITH (CONT'D)
You can go now.

Mealea sees the traffic light is green. The leading SUVs have moved ahead. She follows the SUVs.

MEALEA
(to President Gibson)
My apologies, Mr. President. Sorry.

PRESIDENT GIBSON
 Don't worry about it, Agent Kim.
 I'm not particularly excited about
 talking to those morons on the
 Capitol anyway so I'm in no rush.

He lets out a hearty laugh. The agents merely chuckle.

EXT. U.S. CAPITOL - MORNING

President Gibson along with some agents ascend the stone
 stairs of the Capitol building.

Mealea is standing by the president's limo. She checks her
 watch.

AGENT KEITH (O.S.)
 What I want to know is why would
 Finch replace Jenkins with someone
 who clearly doesn't have what it
 takes to be in this field.

She glances up at the agent - who approaches her.

MEALEA
 Excuse me?

AGENT KEITH
 You've been doing that a lot
 lately, Agent Kim. Slipping off to
 Never Land or wherever the hell you
 go.

MEALEA
 I'm fine, Keith. Get off my back.

AGENT KEITH
 You're not fine. You look like
 shit. And you want to be on the
 president's protective detail? I
 don't think so!

Agent #2, HILL, an older agent in his 50s, approaches the
 two.

AGENT HILL
 Hey, cut her some slack already,
 Keith. She said she was sorry.

MEALEA
 (to Agent #2)
 It's fine. I can handle it myself.

AGENT KEITH
(walking away)
Rookie.

Agent Hill lays his hand on Mealea's shoulder. Mealea stares at Agent Keith as he takes his position on the steps of the Capitol.

AGENT HILL
Don't let Keith get to you. You're doing a swell job. Have you talked to Finch about a spot in the protective detail?

MEALEA
Yes.

AGENT HILL
And?

MEALEA
He told me to concentrate on covering for Jenkins until he gets better. Then we'll see.

Agent Hill smiles with a nod as he, too, approaches the steps of the Capitol to take his position near Agent Keith.

Mealea sighs.

EXT. MEALEA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Mealea exits her car, pulls a bag of groceries from the back seat and approaches the front entrance of her building.

She pauses for a brief moment to regard the BLACK VAN idling across the street. She inserts her key into the door and enters.

INT. MEALEA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Mealea enters her apartment. A pained expression on her face.

IN THE KITCHEN

She sets the groceries down on the dining table and rubs her temples as she exits.

IN THE BATHROOM

Mealea opens the medicine cabinet. It looks like a mini pharmacy inside. She grabs the pill bottle with the red cap. Shuts the cabinet.

She regards herself in the mirror as she downs the pill with tap water from the faucet.

O.S., a KNOCK at the door.

IN THE CORRIDOR

Mealea opens the door of her apartment. Finds no one there. She's about to shut the door when she notices something on the floor.

She bends down and picks up a manila envelope. She scans the corridor but sees no one. She closes the door.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Mealea plops down on the couch as she opens the large envelope. Carefully, she tilts the opened envelope over the palm of her hand.

A cell phone and a photograph fall out. The photo is of a young couple - Mealea and an attractive man in his late 20s, sitting on a park bench.

Scribbled across the top of the photo are the words: "RIO DE JANEIRO".

Attached to the phone with a rubber band is a note that reads: LISTEN TO VOICEMAIL. She pushes a button on the phone and brings it up to her ear as she looks at the photo.

INSERT PHOTOGRAPH

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(filtered, from phone)
Mealea, it's me, Ethan. Meet me at
Lincoln Park Market on 11th Street
as soon as you get this message.
(pause)
Please come. Your life may be in
danger.

The message ends.

INT. LINCOLN PARK MARKET - AFTERNOON

C.U. ON THE PHOTO of Mealea and "Ethan" as it slides across the table. A hand slaps down on it. Lifts it.

PAN UP to ETHAN HARRIS, the man in the photo, as he glances at the photo. Mealea is seated across from him. She slides his cell phone back to him.

MEALEA
(pissed)
What is this? That photo's not
real. I don't know you.

Ethan sets the photo down. Notices a couple of businessmen sitting alone at separate tables. They're each reading the paper.

ETHAN
(uncomfortable)
Are you sure no one followed you?

MEALEA
Who are you? What do you mean my
life's in danger?

Ethan gazes deeply into her eyes.

ETHAN
My God, what did they do to you?
You really don't know who I am, do
you?

MEALEA
I've never seen you before.

ETHAN
Do you remember anything from the
accident at all?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CAR - MORNING

THE ACCIDENT

(MOTION SLOWED)

The car tumbles uncontrollably through the air. Fragments of glass everywhere.

A panic-stricken Mealea clenches the wheel tightly with both hands.

Ethan sits in the passenger seat with one hand on the dash and the other against his door.

MEALEA

What accident? I was never in any accident.

BACK TO PRESENT

MEALEA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, you have the wrong...

Ethan slides the photo and cell phone back to Mealea. Mealea glances down at the photo.

ETHAN

You were an agent with the Secret Service in the Buffalo Field Office before the accident on that bridge.

MEALEA

You're not making any sense. I never worked in the Buffalo Field Office. I've always been here in Washington. And certainly I would've remembered something as traumatic as a car accident.

She gets up to leave. Ethan grabs her hand and abruptly leans forward.

ETHAN

(talking fast)

Your name is Mealea Kim. Your parents were from Pursat Province, Cambodia before they immigrated here twenty years ago. You were born in a rundown apartment on Fordham Road in the Bronx, New York on August 15th, 1984.

Mealea stares at him open-mouthed.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You graduated from Aquinas High School in 2002 with a scholarship to Harvard where you studied law and graduated with top honors two years ago.

MEALEA

(interrupting)

Stop.

Ethan stops talking.

MEALEA (CONT'D)

And this citing of factual info about me is supposed to make me believe that you know me? That we know each other? You don't know me. This is ridiculous. You could have easily Googled all of that.

She pushes away from the table - stands.

ETHAN

You hate spiders because your only brother, Cheng, was bitten by one when he was three years old and died. You don't have a favorite color because you think it's stupid to have one. But if you had to pick one to save your life you'd go with blue because it symbolizes youth, peace and spirituality.

Mealea slowly sinks into her seat.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Your father passed away last year in New York on your birthday followed by your mother two months later. You were very close to both of them. Their deaths left you distraught and unable to function for days. You had no one, Mealea. No one but me.

Tears flow down Mealea's face.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. CEMETARY - MORNING

SUPER: BUFFALO, NEW YORK

A casket is lowered - revealing Mealea. Alone. SOBBING.

ETHAN (V.O.)

We were engaged to be married, Mealea. But everything changed after the accident.

BACK TO PRESENT

Mealea pulls the pill bottle from her pant pocket, the one with the red cap, and shakes a couple of pills into her hand. She pops them into her mouth. Ethan notices the pill bottle.

MEALEA

I don't know who you are or who you think I am but we were never together.

ETHAN

(re: the pills)
I'd stop taking those.

Mealea gets up to leave.

MEALEA

You need help. Seriously...

She leaves the table.

ETHAN

The president is in danger.

Mealea stops. Faces Ethan.

MEALEA

Who's the threat?

Ethan observes a black sedan as it pulls into the diner's parking lot. The car stops near the entrance to the diner.

A towering man in a black suit and sunglasses steps out and approaches the entrance.

This is Special Agent-in-Charge BRIAN FINCH, mid 30s, dirty blonde hair, rugged.

ETHAN

That's just it. I don't know. CIA. BLACK OPS. Maybe even your own agency. But both you and the president are in danger.

Mealea acknowledges Agent Finch as he enters the diner. The two "businessmen" put their papers down and lock stares with Ethan.

He jumps out of his chair and bolts toward the rear exit of the diner. The businessmen give chase as Agent Finch calmly approaches Mealea.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH

You okay? What did he say to you?

Mealea faces him.

MEALEA

Who is he?

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH

No one.
(concerned)
What did he tell you?

MEALEA

He said the president and I were in
danger.

From Finch's radio we hear one of the agents that chased
after Ethan.

BUSINESSMAN #1

(from Finch's radio)
We lost him, sir. He's gone.

Finch slams his fist down on the wall - startling Mealea. He
faces her.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH

I'm glad you called me.

Mealea rubs her temples.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH (CONT'D)

Are the pills doing any good?

MEALEA

I just took a couple. I'll be fine.

She leaves.

EXT. AUTO JUNK YARD - MORNING

A light rain falls. Mao sits behind the wheel. Eyes closed.
The car sits on cinder blocks - its tires missing, the
windows broken.

His Chevy Camaro is parked close by.

INT. JUNKED CAR - MORNING

The only sound is that of tiny water droplets hitting softly
against the windshield. PAN down to Mao's hands, clutching a
P229 SIG Sauer handgun.

Mao opens his eyes. Glances down at his watch.

INSERT WATCH

SUGGESTIVE POV

The 'second' hand sweeps over the '12' with a DEAFENING TICK!

BACK TO SCENE

In a blur of speed Mao spins in his seat, discharging his gun three times.

First shot exits the passenger side window and ricochets off a some crushed cars in the distance. He fires the 2nd and 3rd shots into the backseat.

Mao hesitates a fraction of a second before firing off the fourth shot into the middle of the backseat.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JAMES J. ROWLEY TRAINING GROUNDS - INDOOR FIRING RANGE - MORNING

SUPER: JAMES J. ROWLEY TRAINING CENTER - SECRET SERVICE TRAINING GROUNDS

SUPER: WEDNESDAY, MAY 16th

Mealea, down on one knee, both arms outstretched clutching her standard issue P229 SIG Sauer pistol tightly in her hands, fires off a few shots - expertly hitting her paper target's head with precision.

Agent Finch is nearby - watching her. Mealea fires her last shot - blowing her target's head off. Special Agent Finch approaches her.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH
Impressive, Agent Kim. Perhaps a little overkill but impressive nonetheless.

Mealea removes her safety glasses and ear protection.

MEALEA
Sorry, sir. What?

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH
Well done. Come on, we need to talk.

Mealea sets her gear down and leaves with him.

CONFERENCE ROOM

Mealea and Special Agent Finch enter the conference room where they both have a seat at the table.

Special Agent Finch slides a manila folder across the table. She grabs the folder and opens it. Inside she finds some documents. She pulls them out.

INSERT DOCUMENTS

A photo of Ethan is among the papers. Mealea lingers on the photo.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH (V.O.)
His name is Daniel Blake. Twenty
eight years old. Unmarried,
unemployed and extremely dangerous.

BACK TO SCENE

Mealea looks up from the photo.

MEALEA
Dangerous?

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH
You'll find his medical files in
there. He was admitted to the
Buffalo Psychiatric Center in 2005
where he was diagnosed with
paranoid schizophrenia.

INSERT DOCUMENTS

Mealea finds a medical file with the name "Buffalo Psychiatric Center" stamped across the top.

Ethan's photocopied image is on the document. Underneath Ethan's photo is his name - DANIEL BLAKE.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH (V.O.)
He's worked odd jobs his entire
life. Landscaping. Plumbing.
Construction. Not sure what
triggered it but one day while
doing some landscaping work on a
retired couple he took them hostage
and nearly killed because he
thought they were working for the
government spying on him. A few
days into his treatment at the
center he attempted suicide but
when he failed he escaped.

(MORE)

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Went completely off the grid. We
had lost contact with him for
awhile until today.

BACK TO SCENE

Mealea looks up at Finch.

MEALEA
What does he want with me? Why
would he tell me I worked at the
Buffalo Field Office? He kept
mentioning an accident we were both
in. He said something about the CIA
wanting to kill us or something
insane like that. He even showed me
a photo of the two of us in Rio De
Janeiro.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH
Lies, Agent Kim. And that photo he
showed you, it was doctored. We
believe he first may have seen you
last year when you flew to Buffalo
for your father's burial.

Mealea stands. Paces.

MEALEA
(concerned)
He just knew so much about me and
my family. Things only I would
know. Like my brother Cheng dying
from a spider bite and how I hate
to have a favorite color. These are
things no one else knows.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH
He's been stalking you, Agent Kim.
Of course he's going to know a lot
of things about you. Private,
personal things. But don't worry
about him. We'll get him.

MEALEA
Is he a threat to the president?

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH
Not as far as we can tell. He's a
mental patient suffering from
delusional paranoia. He's obsessed
with you, not the president.

(MORE)

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH (CONT'D)

This is the first time he's made contact with you and, believe me, that scared the shit out of us. But it won't happen again. I promise you.

MEALEA

Well, he scared the shit out of me, too. Is that what the black van parked outside my apartment is for? My protection? I've seen it parked there a few nights, now.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH

Yes.

He notices the look of concern on her face.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH (CONT'D)

Listen, don't worry about this guy. Focus on your responsibilities as the president's driver while Jenkins recovers. When he comes back we'll talk about you joining the president's protective team.

A huge smile cuts across Mealea's face.

EXT. JAMES J. ROWLEY TRAINING CENTER - MORAN PROTECTIVE OPERATIONS DRIVING COURSE - DAY

The president's black limo tears along the 1,800 foot long hairpin course.

INT. PRESIDENT'S LIMO - DAY

Mealea, in her black pant suit and shades, is expressionless as she handles the car through the course with precision and speed - making it look easy.

She makes a hard right then a hard left - cracking a grin as she does.

Mealea grabs the emergency brake, slams on the brakes, turns the wheel hard right as she pulls hard on the emergency brake.

The world outside the car becomes a spinning blur as she executes a flawless J-turn maneuver.

Mealea comes to an abrupt stop. She sits there for a moment - lost in thought - looking straight ahead at nothing in particular.

LOUD KNOCKS on her glass startles her. She motions to her instructor that she's fine.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MEALEA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT

Mealea walks past a series of lounge chairs on her way to the elevator. She passes a man reading a newspaper.

Ethan lowers his paper and watches Mealea approach the elevator. He gets up, tucks the paper under his arm and hurries after her.

IN THE ELEVATOR

Mealea pushes the number four button for her floor. As the doors slide to close a hand slices between them, causing the doors to open.

Ethan enters. Mealea REACTS. Simultaneously they draw their guns on each other.

MEALEA

Put it down! Put the gun down!

ETHAN

Not until you listen to me! Just listen for a second, damn it!

The doors close.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You have to remember who I am! More importantly you have to remember what they did to you after the accident.

MEALEA

I was never in any accident! You're stalking me! Your real name is Daniel Blake not Ethan Harris! And you escaped from the Buffalo Psychiatric Center!

She dials a number on her cell phone.

ETHAN

All lies, Mealea! That's what they want you to believe! They erased me and the accident from your memories to hide the truth from you!

Her phone beeps. She checks her phone.

INSERT PHONE

"LOW BATTERY"

BACK TO SCENE

MEALEA

I'm not telling you again, drop your weapon!

ETHAN

I have it figured out!

MEALEA

Have what figured out?

ETHAN

This whole mess we're in! I was with you on that bridge when we crashed. At first I thought we hit something on the road and had a blowout or something. But it was them. They shot out our tires.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - MORNING

Ethan struggles to clear the air bag as it slowly deflates. Mealea is unconscious behind the wheel. He tries to wake her.

MEALEA (V.O.)

Who? Who's they?

ETHAN (V.O.)

This has CIA written all over it! Maybe even your own agency is involved.

A bullet SHATTERS the windshield. Ethan reacts. Another bullet strikes the seat narrowly hitting him.

ETHAN (V.O.)

It was me they wanted dead. They were only shooting at me.

(MORE)

ETHAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
One of them had a syringe in his
hand. It was intended for you,
Mealea.

Ethan notices three men in black suits approaching the
vehicle from their black SUV. One of them, a thin, balding
man in his 60s - Doctor Floyer.

ETHAN (V.O.)
I didn't want to leave you but I
had no choice. They would've killed
me if I didn't get out. I knew if I
escaped I could find you again.

In a desperate attempt to escape the gunfire he leaps from
the vehicle and off the bridge to the river below.

BACK TO PRESENT

The elevator doors open. An elderly couple reacts at the
sight of Ethan and Mealea in a standoff.

ETHAN
(to the couple)
Take the stairs!

Seizing on the distraction, Mealea grabs Ethan's gun -
flashes her badge at the couple.

MEALEA
I'd do as he says.

The couple makes haste toward the stairs. She holsters her
gun as she keeps Ethan's gun trained on him.

She hits the button to the lobby. The elevator doors close.

ETHAN
What are you doing?

MEALEA
You're under arrest. You're going
back to Buffalo where you can get
help.

ETHAN
I was never in a mental hospital!
They changed my records. My past.
Everything. The only thing they
didn't take from me is this picture
of us.

Ethan reaches into his pocket and produces the photo of them
in Rio De Janeiro.

MEALEA

I never went to Rio De Janeiro. We were never in a relationship.

Ethan notices the lighted numbers count down as the elevator descends.

ETHAN

I'm sorry, Mealea.

Ethan lunges forward abruptly, grabbing Mealea's gun hand. He angles the gun upward as they wrestle for control of the weapon.

Two SHOTS ARE FIRED. Fragments of elevator ceiling panels falls on them.

DING! The elevator reaches the street level. Ethan head butts Mealea.

BLACK SCREEN

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH (V.O.)

Okay, folks, the president's commencement speech is this weekend and we've got some items to go over.

EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - WHITE GRAVENOR HALL - MORNING

Establishing shot of the massive, church-like stone building that is White Gravenor Hall overlooking Healy Lawn.

SUPER: GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY - THURSDAY, MAY 17th

INT. WHITE GRAVENOR HALL - MORNING

The conference room has been converted into a full fledged command center complete with phones, laptops, printers and an overhead projector.

Several flat screens on a rear wall display various maps of Georgetown University and surrounding areas.

In the center of the room, where the conference table would normally be, two dozen agents are seated before a white projection screen.

Special Agent Finch takes his spot behind the podium near the projection screen. A satellite map of Washington is projected onto the screen.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH

This isn't the first time a president has made a speech at this campus so while many things are the same there are some changes to discuss.

PAN across the many faces that make up the presidential security detail.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Last year we had three teams covering six sectors. This weekend we have six teams covering ten sectors.

(faces the satellite map)

Let's bring up the sectors on the map, please.

Red lines appear superimposed on the digital map. The lines are arranged in irregular shapes - ten of them - in and around the university. Each sector is labeled: Sector I, Sector II, Sector III, etc.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH (CONT'D)

Alpha and Bravo teams will cover Foundry Branch Valley Park to the East with Alpha team doing a preliminary sweep the day before the event. Charlie team will take the Francis Scott Key Bridge to the South while Delta and Echo teams will take the streets and neighborhoods around the university. And lastly we have Foxtrot team inside the campus. Roger Agbulos, the lead advance agent on this detail, has already gone over in excruciating detail each team's sector so that's all I'm going to say as far as that's concerned.

Special Agent Finch steps out from behind the podium and nears the agents sitting before him.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH (CONT'D)

The one thing I want to stress and it's the same thing I stress every time we cover the president is that somewhere out there is a person or group of persons who's intent it is to kill the president.

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

The president's black limo comes to a stop in front of the LATHAM HOTEL.

The forward SUVs pull away but stop when they realize the limo isn't moving.

INT. PRESIDENT'S LIMO - MORNING

Mao, dressed in a black suit and sunglasses, sits behind the wheel of the President's limo. He turns, noticing the Latham Hotel.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH (V.O.)

And perhaps they're holding a meeting just like we are right now.

Mao is not alone in the car. In the passenger seat is a Secret Service agent.

Sitting in the back seat are two more agents sitting on either side of the president himself, President Gibson.

PASSENGER SEAT AGENT

Something the matter?

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH (V.O.)

...and maybe they even have a map up just like ours and they're discussing ways to breach the bubble and assassinate the president.

In a blur of speed, Mao draws and fires his gun killing all three agents in the car before they can react.

Mao next trains his weapon not on a frightened President Gibson but one who's laughing - his Cuban cigar hanging loosely from his mouth. The same man that ordered the massacre of Mao's village.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH (V.O.)

Their number one goal is to kill the president while ours is not only to ensure it doesn't happen but to ensure it doesn't come close to happening.

Mao discharges his gun - the back of the president's head explodes - blood and brain matter SPLATTERS against the rear glass.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JAMES J. ROWLEY TRAINING CENTER - INDOOR FIRING RANGE - MORNING

Mealea, wearing ear protection and safety glasses, fires off some shots at a stationary target at the far end of the room.

She sets her gun down as the target glides toward her for assessment. The target's head and chest are riddled with bullets.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH (V.O.)

Which brings me to Daniel Blake,
our escaped nut case from Buffalo.

(agents laugh)

The Threat Assessment Center
doesn't think he poses any real
danger to the president himself
but, nonetheless, he is here in
Washington stalking one of our
agents so we need to be vigilant.

INT. WHITE GRAVENOR HALL - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Agent Finch returns to the podium. A large photo of Ethan appears on the projection screen.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH

Everyone should have an image of
him in their folders. If not let me
know and I will get one for you. He
is to be considered armed and
dangerous so approach with caution
if you should encounter him.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MEALEA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ALLEY - MORNING

Ethan jumps up and grabs hold of the fire escape ladder. He pulls it down toward him and climbs.

PAN to the alley's entrance - the black van enters the alley and stops.

The driver, his face shrouded in shadow, is on his cell phone.

INT. MEALEA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Ethan enters Mealea's apartment through the fire escape window.

SERIES OF SHOTS

He rummages through Mealea's things - opening drawers, looking under the couch cushions - disassembling her house phone and searching it for "bugs".

He grabs a box from the top shelf of Mealea's closet - carefully removes the lid.

INSERT BOX

Inside is a single item - a yellow plastic key ring from ABC STORAGE UNITS - UNIT #4. On the key ring are two keys.

Scribbled on a writable label on the key ring are some numbers - 38-0-18.

BACK TO SCENE

O.S., the WALE OF POLICE SIRENS getting louder - closer. Ethan swiftly pockets the keys as he scampers to the window overlooking the street.

ETHAN'S POV

Two black sedans and two police cruisers skid to a halt in front of the apartment building.

BACK TO SCENE

Ethan rushes to the fire escape window and exits.

EXT. MEALEA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ALLEY - MORNING

Ethan climbs off the fire escape ladder. At the far end of the alley he spots the black van blocking his escape.

ETHAN

Shit!

He makes a mad dash in the opposite direction - SPLASHING through puddles of water.

A police car turns into the alley - blocking his escape. He tries a rear door of one of the buildings - locked. He tries another - and another. They're all locked.

The police car and the black van accelerate toward Ethan from opposite ends of the alley.

The vehicles arrive just as Ethan manages to kick one of the doors open.

INT. MEALEA'S CAR - MORNING

MOVING

MEALEA'S POV

A man bolts out of a building and onto the street in front of her car.

She brakes hard, coming within inches of hitting him. He and Mealea lock stares.

Ethan hurries to the passenger side door as Mealea frantically dials a number on her cell.

She reaches for the door lock button but Ethan opens the door and jumps in.

Mealea draws her gun.

ETHAN

Drive!

O.S., she hears SCREECHING TIRES. She faces the street up ahead - ACCELERATING fast toward her is the black van joined by several black sedans and police cruisers.

MEALEA

I think I'd rather wait until they get here.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH'S VOICE

(from Mealea's phone)

Agent Kim? Hello?

ETHAN

They're gonna assassinate the president this weekend and somehow they're gonna use you to do it. And your boss, Finch, is involved!

Mealea's jaw drops.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH'S VOICE
(from phone)
Do not listen to a word he says,
Agent Kim! What is your...

She hangs up.

MEALEA
How do you know all of this? What
proof do you have?

Ethan and Mealea face forward as the black van, black sedans
and police cars surround them.

Mealea REACTS at the sight of Doctor Floyer stepping out of
the black van.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - MORNING

The dust clears - the driver's air bag has deflated. Bleeding
from her head wound, she's losing consciousness fast.

Broken glass everywhere. She struggles to release her seat
belt but it's jammed. She notices the passenger side door is
open.

MEALEA'S POV

Three blurred figures in dark suits calmly approach her. Just
before slipping into her coma one of the figures comes into
focus - Doctor Floyer.

He reaches into the mangled car and stabs her neck with a
syringe.

BACK TO PRESENT

In her distraction Ethan takes the gun from her hand and
trains it on her. Her cellphone RINGS.

ETHAN
Don't answer it.

She checks the caller ID.

INSERT PHONE

The caller is "BRIAN FINCH".

BACK TO SCENE

All around them agents and cops assume their positions with their guns drawn.

Ethan forces his left leg next to Mealea's and slams his foot down on the gas pedal.

The car accelerates toward Doctor Floyer's black van and sideswipes it as they get away.

Amid a hail of gunfire, Mealea and Ethan wrestle for control of the car. Weaving through traffic. Narrowly slamming into parked cars.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Just hear me out!

MEALEA

Fine!

Ethan glides back into his seat. Mealea makes a hard right at an intersection.

MEALEA (CONT'D)

Okay, talk. Who was that man that got out of the van? I've seen him before.

ETHAN

He was there on that bridge with the other agents when we wrecked. He did something to you.

MEALEA

I remember bits and pieces. I didn't remember the accident until I saw him. Why? What's happening?

Ethan spots a parking garage down the street.

ETHAN

There! Go in there!

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Mealea's car is parked amid a sea of other cars.

INT. MEALEA'S CAR - DAY

Ethan hands Mealea her gun.

ETHAN

I know you'll be driving the president this weekend. I don't want you anywhere near him, you understand? I have to get you out of here.

MEALEA

How do you know this?

A helicopter flies overhead.

ETHAN

It makes perfect sense. CIA agents kidnapped you a year ago and tried to kill me because I was a witness. After I escaped I searched everywhere for you. You vanished. Then I finally find you here in Washington and you don't know who I am. You don't even remember the accident. The only agency that I know has this kind of power is the CIA.

MEALEA

Show me proof. I need to have proof that what you're saying is the truth.

ETHAN

You're not listening to me. Don't you find it odd that the president's driver suddenly gets sick this close to the event and they put you in his place? Someone who has just recovered from a car accident? Someone who's memories have been tampered with?

MEALEA

What would be gained by killing the president?

ETHAN

In their eyes he's weakening the country by bringing all the troops home. By closing all the military bases we have overseas. But worse, yet, he's planning on eliminating the CIA itself. Something that J.F.K.

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)
 tried to do before he was
 assassinated by the very agency
 trying to assassinate the president
 now! How's that for motive?

MEALEA
 Motive is not proof! Look, some of
 the things you're telling me don't
 make sense but some do. Like the
 accident. I remember some things.
 Vaguely, but I remember. But I
 don't know if they're real or not.
 I mean, you can be putting those
 things in my head for all I know.

ETHAN
 Exactly what is it that you
 remember?

She winces with pain. Another migraine.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
 What's wrong?

MEALEA
 (rubbing her temples)
 You have to leave.

ETHAN
 I'm not going anywhere without you,
 Mealea. Come back with me to
 Buffalo. It'll help you remember.

A figure appears at Mealea's window. Mao. She quickly trains
 her gun on him.

MAO
 (to Ethan)
 She's not going anywhere with you,
 asswipe. Now do as she says and get
 out of the fucking car.

Ethan looks bewildered.

MAO (CONT'D)
 (to Mealea)
 It's not me you want to shoot,
 darling. It's him. He's the escaped
 nut case.

MEALEA
 What's happening? What do you want
 from me?

ETHAN
Mealea, what's going on?

MAO
(shouting at Ethan)
Get out of the car!

Mao draws his gun - presses the muzzle against Mealea's forehead.

MAO (CONT'D)
Tell him to get out of the car,
Agent Kim!

MEALEA
What's happening? Who are you?

MAO
(again, louder)
Tell him to get out of the car,
Agent Kim!

She trains her gun on Ethan.

MEALEA
(to Ethan)
Leave!

ETHAN
I'm not going anywhere until...

She cocks the gun's slide mechanism.

Shaking his head, Ethan opens the door and leaves. Mao leaps into the back seat and shuts the door. He keeps his gun pressed against the back of Mealea's head.

MAO
Drive.

Mealea shifts the car into drive and heads for the exit.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Ethan scrambles toward a nearby car and tries the door - locked. He tries another - the alarm goes off.

ETHAN
Damn it!

O.S., the sound of TIRES SQUEALING ON THE PAVEMENT as a vehicle approaches fast.

His eyes widen at the sight of a black van drawing near - it's Doctor Floyer.

Sitting in the passenger seat is a white, Neo-Nazi thug with a tranquilizer rifle in hand.

Ethan turns to flee but a dart hits him in the neck, immobilizing him almost immediately. He collapses.

INT. MEALEA'S CAR - DAY

Mealea regards Mao in the rear view mirror.

MEALEA

Who are you? What's your name?

MAO

My name is Arun Mao. The man you've been sworn to protect is a bad, bad man, Agent Kim. His life isn't worth more than yours. His life isn't worth more than anyone's.

MEALEA

Who do you work for? Or are you also an escaped mental patient from the Buffalo Psychiatric Center?

MAO

I work for no one. In 1992, in the province of Kampot, Cambodia, your president and his men massacred an entire village including my parents and everyone I knew!

Mealea reacts.

MEALEA

Bullshit! President Gibson was never in Cambodia. I know everything there is to know about him. He was nowhere near Cambodia in '92.

MAO

Really? You didn't know he was part of a United Nations peacekeeping force called The United Nations Transitional Authority? And you also didn't know he ordered and participated in the extermination of not one but ten villages those few months he was there?

Mealea slams on the brakes. Shifts into park.

MAO (CONT'D)

What are you doing!? Keep moving!

MEALEA

Look, I don't know who you are or where you're getting your information but none of it is true. In 1992, President Gibson was recovering from wounds he suffered in the Gulf War. Tell me who you work for?

MAO

I saw what he did with my own two eyes! I was just a child when his unit drove into my village and killed everyone, men, women and children. It didn't matter. He killed them all like wild animals.

Mealea rubs her temples.

MAO (CONT'D)

Let me help you, Agent Kim.

MEALEA

Help me with what?

MAO

I'm going to help you kill the president.

MEALEA

I'm a federal agent sworn to protect the president and you're a fucking terrorist. I will kill you first before you can get near him.

MAO

If I showed you concrete evidence of the things your precious president has done would you join me in taking him out?

Mealea is silent. Just sits there facing forward.

MAO (CONT'D)

I know you're dying to see it.

MEALEA

Alright, I'll play along. Where's your so-called evidence?

MAO
Keep driving. It's not far from
here.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Doctor Floyer and the Neo-Nazi thug step out of the van.

They walk over to the barely conscious Ethan. The doctor notices the yellow storage unit keys hanging out of Ethan's pant pocket.

As the doctor takes the keys Ethan grabs his arm suddenly, startling him. Ethan turns and notices the tattoo on the Neo-Nazi's neck - the swastika.

Doctor Floyer takes Ethan's cell phone and smashes it on the ground.

The Neo-Nazi lifts Ethan over his shoulder. Carries him to the van. Ethan passes out.

While the thug loads Ethan into the back of the van Doctor Floyer makes a call on his cell.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

DOCTOR FLOYER
(into phone)
We've extracted the boyfriend. You
want Hitler to take care of him?

The Neo-Nazi thug throws the doctor a darting glance.

EXT. WHITE GRAVENOR HALL - DAY

Special Agent Finch paces on the front lawn of White Gravenor Hall. He's on his cell phone.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH
Absolutely not. Leave that up to
the experts. I'll have someone pick
him up. What about Agent Kim?

Doctor Floyer pauses.

DOCTOR FLOYER
I think he may have prematurely
made contact with her, sir.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH
(from phone)
Who?

DOCTOR FLOYER
Mao, sir.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH
That's not possible. How? I thought
you had him under control, doctor?

DOCTOR FLOYER
I didn't say he was out of control.
Only that he's moving too soon. But
I can remedy that.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH
Does this change things?

DOCTOR FLOYER
I don't see how. But I need a
couple hours with her to make
things right again.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH
Out of the question. We proceed as
planned. We're too close to have
this blow up in our faces.

DOCTOR FLOYER
That's exactly what I want to keep
from happening, sir. I promise you
it'll be quick. Two hours.

A beat of silence.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH
Fine. Two hours, doctor.

Special Agent Finch hangs up. Looks visibly concerned.

EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

Mealea's car is parked in front of ABC STORAGE UNITS by the
highway.

EXT. ABC STORAGE UNITS - AFTERNOON

Mealea follows Mao to one particular storage unit - #4. She
has her gun trained on him.

MAO

The gun is not really necessary.

He reaches Unit #4. Faces Mealea. Extends his hand.

MAO (CONT'D)

I'm going to need the key, please.

MEALEA

Why would I have the key?

MAO

You want to see the proof or don't you? I know you have a key.

MEALEA

This isn't mine! What are we doing here?

MAO

The proof that what I'm telling you is the truth, Agent Kim. Everything you need to know is in this unit. And you have the key.

MEALEA

Again, I don't have the key!

He takes a step forward.

MAO

The key, Agent Kim.

She pulls back and releases the slide.

MEALEA

I knew you were full of shit! What are we really doing here?!

As he locks stares with Mealea he angles his arm toward the storage unit's garage door behind him.

The sound of metal creaking as the door begins to distort - warp.

Mealea watches in amazement as the door crumples like a tin can.

Mao turns and enters the unit. Mealea hesitantly follows with her gun still trained on him.

INT. STORAGE UNIT #4 - MOMENTS AFTERNOON

Inside the unit sits a lone table with a small safe resting on top of it. Mao walks to the safe and grabs it.

MEALEA

That's impossible. How did you do that?

Mao doesn't respond. He turns the dial a few times but can't get the safe to open.

MEALEA (CONT'D)

What are you? What you just did is humanly impossible!

Mao faces her. Doesn't say a word. He tries again to open the safe.

MEALEA (CONT'D)

Put the safe down! Hands in the air!

Mao tries again but has no luck opening the safe.

MAO

I don't understand!

MEALEA

I'm not going to tell you again! Put it down, now!

O.S., the sound of a car approaching. Mealea turns. Doctor Floyer's van rapidly approaches.

The van skids to a halt in front of the storage unit. Doctor Floyer steps out.

Mao's eyes widen at the sight of Doctor Floyer stepping out of the van.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Mao fidgets with his shackles.

MAO

Get these off of me.

DOCTOR FLOYER

Sorry, I'm afraid I can't do that.

Mao tries harder to break free. Doctor Floyer laughs. Mao becomes still - stares profoundly into the doctor's eyes. The doctor shifts uneasily in his chair.

DOCTOR FLOYER (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

MAO
Someone else was there. A woman.
Who was she?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. DINER - MORNING

Mealea has her gun to Mao's head as he sits there sipping his tea. She pulls the trigger blowing his brains out.

BACK TO SCENE

DOCTOR FLOYER
I don't know what you're talking
about. There was no one there but
you.

MAO
You're lying!

A trickle of blood oozes from one of the doctor's nostrils. He wipes his nose - more blood spews out.

DOCTOR FLOYER
What the hell?

Mao cracks a grin as blood continues to flow from the doctor's nose. Blood has begun to flow from his mouth and ears as well.

BACK TO PRESENT

A look of disbelief comes over Mao's face as Doctor Floyer nears.

MAO
You're dead. I killed you.

Confused, he faces Mealea.

MAO (CONT'D)
And you, you're the woman in the
diner that morning. You shot me.
But...but I'm still here.

DOCTOR FLOYER

(smiling)

Come on, let's get you two out of here.

Mealea pivots - pointing her gun at the doctor.

MEALEA

Will someone explain to me what the hell is happening? No one's making any sense! Who do you work for!?

The Neo-Nazi exits the passenger side of the van with a tranquilizer rifle.

DOCTOR FLOYER

Everything's going to be okay. I promise.

Mealea points her gun at the Neo-Nazi but the tattooed thug is faster. He fires his rifle at Mealea, hitting her in the neck with a tranquilizer dart.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JUNKED CAR - MORNING

CLOSE on Mao as he opens his eyes - awakening from a deep meditation.

He sits behind the wheel of a broken and battered car nestled between giant hills of crushed cars. He examines the gun in his hand.

Mao loads four bullets into his gun. A light drizzle begins to fall. O.S., a LOUD NOISE startles him.

He winces through the wet windshield. A black figure stirs among the debris. He exits the car.

EXT. AUTO JUNK YARD - MORNING

Mao wanders in the direction where he spotted the dark-clothed figure. He hears another noise - behind him. He turns with his gun drawn.

MAO

Who's there?! Show yourself, coward!

CKACKLES and GROWLS echo eerily throughout the junk yard. Dogs? Wolves?

Mao hurries to his Camaro parked nearby. O.S., from behind, the SOUND OF FOOTFALLS in the mud.

He spins around. A clawed hand swipes at his face - cutting four jagged gashes across his face.

He staggers backwards, dazed, but recovers quickly. Surrounding him are a dozen Ninjas in their fighting stances.

TIGHT on one of the Ninjas, his GROTESQUE face partially covered by his black Ninja mask.

Three inch claws protrude from his inhumanly long, bony fingers. The Ninja creature GROWLS at Mao.

MAO (CONT'D)

Shit.

The drizzle INTENSIFIES. Becoming a heavy DOWNPOUR. LIGHTNING. THUNDER. The Ninja creatures attack.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MEALEA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAWN

Mealea abruptly sits up in bed. Blinding arcs of lightning illuminate her sweaty face in quick flashes.

SUPER: FRIDAY, MAY 18th

She grabs the pill bottle next to her bed and shakes a few pills into the palm of her hand. She takes them with a swig of Vodka.

O.S., a THUNDEROUS BOOM startles her.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ROCK CREEK PARK - HEAVILY WOODED AREA - DAWN

Bound and gagged, Ethan is pulled out of the back of Finch's car by a muscle-clad thug. Rain is beginning to fall.

Ethan hits the muddy ground hard with a thud - knocking the wind out of his lungs. He eyes a broken beer bottle nearby and grabs a chard of glass.

The thug drags him several feet from the car before releasing him. A pair of shoes enters frame standing a few inches from Ethan.

PAN UP to Special Agent Finch with an umbrella in one hand and a gun in the other.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH
How does that saying go? If you
want something done right you have
to do it yourself!

Ethan mumbles something behind the gag cloth. Finch racks the gun's slide mechanism.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH (CONT'D)
I didn't think you'd survive that
long drop from that bridge, Mr.
Harris. Yet here you are!

As Finch squeezes the trigger on his gun the thug's cell phone RINGS.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH (CONT'D)
God dammit! Shut that thing off!

The thug answers the phone. Hands it to Finch.

MUSCLE-CLAD THUG
It's for you, sir.

Finch takes the phone.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH
Kind of in the middle of something!

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

Doctor Floyer is parked some distance from Mealea's apartment. He watches her as she exits her apartment.

DOCTOR FLOYER
Mao will be busy for a while. He
won't be bothering Agent Kim. Not
until we need him, anyway.

Mealea boards her car. Turns it on.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH
Good. How is she doing? Does she
remember anything?

Finch smiles at Ethan who stares back at him repulsively.

C.U. of Ethan's bound wrists. He uses the chard of glass to slowly cut through the ropes.

DOCTOR FLOYER
Nothing, sir. We're back on track.

Mealea pulls away from the curb. Doctor Floyer follows her as he continues his conversation with Agent Finch.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH
Nice work, doctor. Seems like things are going to plan, once again. Now if you'll excuse me I have some business to attend to.

Finch hangs up. As he pockets his phone Ethan scissor-cuts Finch's legs - knocking him to the muddy ground.

Ethan quickly recovers Finch's gun, shoots the muscle-clad thug in the head then jumps to his feet.

He keeps the gun trained on the downed Finch as he removes the gag cloth from around his mouth.

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH (CONT'D)
Killing me isn't going to do jack shit, asshole!

ETHAN
Yeah, but it'll make me feel a hell of a lot better. Who was that on the phone!? What did you do to Mealea!?

SPECIAL AGENT FINCH
You're assaulting a federal agent! Do you know how deep the shit is you're in?!

ETHAN
I'm guessing pretty deep.

Ethan pistol-whips him across the cheek - cutting him.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
But not nearly as deep as the shit **you're** in!

Ethan straddles him. Punches him in the face repeatedly as the rain INTENSIFIES.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
What's Mealea's role in all of this!? Are you working for the CIA?

Ethan pulls the barely conscious Finch closer.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Answer me, goddammit!

Blood spews out of Finch's mouth. He's too weak to speak. Frustrated, Ethan bashes his face once more.

He searches Finch's pockets and finds his cell phone. He makes haste toward Finch's car. He checks the last number that called Finch. Dials.

Ethan holds the phone to his ear as he reaches Finch's car. Finch, with what little strength remains, reaches for the gun holstered around his ankle.

Ethan opens the door to Finch's car - Finch fires once - hitting Ethan in the shoulder.

Ethan falls to the wet ground badly wounded. He loses Finch's cell phone in the mud. He grabs the door - pulls himself up.

Finch pulls the trigger on his gun again but this time the gun misfires.

INT. BLACK VAN - DAWN

Doctor Floyer answers his cell phone. He's tailing Mealea's car - keeping his distance.

DOCTOR FLOYER
(into phone)
Hello?
(looks at caller ID)
Agent Finch? Hello? You there?

INTERCUT BETWEEN DOCTOR FLOYER AND ETHAN

In excruciating pain, Ethan quickly spins around and discharges his gun - blowing a hole in Finch's forehead.

Doctor Floyer hears the gunshot over the phone.

DOCTOR FLOYER (CONT'D)
Agent Finch!? Agent Finch!

Ethan pulls the cell phone out of the mud and brings it up to his ear - wincing with pain.

ETHAN
This is Ethan Harris, motherfucker,
and things are NOT going to plan!

Ethan hangs up and pockets the cell phone. The doctor stares at his phone wide-eyed. Ethan slides into Finch's car and shuts the door.

INT. AGENT FINCH'S CAR - DAWN

Clearly feeling the effects of losing so much blood, Ethan weakly removes his shirt and fashions a makeshift bandage to slow the bleeding.

He starts the car and shifts into drive. He can hardly keep his eyes open.

EXT. JAMES J. ROWLEY TRAINING CENTER - MORNING

Doctor Floyer parks his van some distance away from the training complex.

He watches Mealea pull up to the gated entrance where she shows the guard her badge. He waves her through.

The doctor dials a number on his cell.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMPLEX - MORNING

Establishing shot of the CIA Headquarters complex.

SUPER: CIA HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY, VIRGINIA

A CELLPHONE RINGS. Someone picks up.

MAN (V.O.)

Hello?

DOCTOR FLOYER (V.O.)

Mr. Reese. We have a problem.

MAN (V.O.)

Who is this? How did you get this...

DOCTOR FLOYER (V.O.)

This is Doctor Floyer, sir. Special Agent Brian Finch is dead.

A long pause.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMPLEX - DIRECTOR WILLIAM REESE'S OFFICE - MORNING

CIA DIRECTOR WILLIAM REESE, 50s, stocky, stands in front of a window overlooking the parking lot.

CIA DIRECTOR REESE
(low voice, into phone)
What the hell are you doing calling me? Jesus Christ, are you insane?!
How'd you get this number?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

DOCTOR FLOYER
Never mind that! Did you hear what I just said?

Reese walks to the door of his office and locks it.

CIA DIRECTOR REESE
What happened?

DOCTOR FLOYER
Ethan Harris, sir, that's what happened!

CIA DIRECTOR REESE
What in hell is he still doing alive, doctor? I thought he killed himself last year? Didn't he jump to his death?

DOCTOR FLOYER
No, sir. Yes, sir, he jumped but not to his death. The bastard survived and now he's here in Washington. Agent Finch was supposed to have taken care of him this morning but failed.

The director paces in his office.

DOCTOR FLOYER (CONT'D)
Mr. Reese?

CIA DIRECTOR REESE
I'm thinking!
(pause)
Okay, here's what's going to happen. I'm shutting down the whole operation. I want everything even remotely related to Project MK-NIGHTHAWK destroyed.
(MORE)

CIA DIRECTOR REESE (CONT'D)

Am I clear, Doctor Floyer?
Everything! Flash drives, hard
drives, hard copies, everything!
You understand?

DOCTOR FLOYER

But, sir, the operation has not
been compromised! We can still pull
this off.

CIA DIRECTOR REESE

Are you fucking kidding me?! You
know how long it took me to get
agents inside the Secret Service?
It's over, Doctor Floyer. Shut it
down!

DOCTOR FLOYER

Sir, this can still work!

CIA DIRECTOR REESE

Your sole focus from now on is on
destroying anything and everything
about the program, Doctor Floyer.

DOCTOR FLOYER

What about Agent Kim and her
boyfriend?

CIA DIRECTOR REESE

You let me worry about them. And
don't ever call me on this number
again!

The CIA director hangs up. Doctor Floyer slams his hand
against the steering wheel in a fit of rage.

DOCTOR FLOYER

Like hell it's over!

INT. JAMES J. ROWLEY TRAINING CENTER - INDOOR FIRING RANGE -
MORNING

Mealea empties an entire magazine of bullets into the heads
of multiple targets.

She reloads.

A fresh set of targets move into position.

Mealea opens fire on them.

EXT. AUTO JUNK YARD - MORNING

Mao battles the Ninja creatures but is getting his ass kicked. Ninja Creature #1 launches him into the side of a pile of crushed cars.

Mao staggers to his feet as Ninja Creature #2 slices at Mao's chest with his claws - cutting deep wounds into his skin. The creature then head-butts Mao into the ground.

OVERHEAD ANGLE

The Ninjas huddle around Mao, GROWLING, SNARLING, as if eager to consume him.

Then, from the center of this huddle, a magnificent blast of energy explodes outwards - hurling the twelve Ninja creatures in every direction.

Mao staggers to his feet. Assumes a martial arts fight stance.

MAO
(eager to fight)
Come on!

The Ninja creatures are back on their feet in no time. But they're not moving. They're waiting. Stalling. Mao regards his Camaro some distance away.

EXT. MEALEA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Mealea parks her car in front of her building and exits. Suffering another migraine, she takes some pills as she walks inside.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Three black SUVs weave through traffic at high speed. Sent by CIA Director William Reese to capture Mealea and Ethan.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Female suspect has arrived at her residence on Tennessee and Duncan. Visual contact with male suspect has been lost. Both suspects are armed and dangerous. Proceed with caution.

INT. MEALEA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Mealea reaches her door. As she inserts her key the door creaks open. Drawing her gun she enters.

INT. MEALEA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mealea cautiously enters her living room. Turns the lights on. Finds Ethan sitting in her couch - his shoulder bandaged up with gauze. He looks like shit. He tries to stand.

MEALEA

Stay right where you are! Hands where I can see them!

Ethan weakly lifts his hands - winces with pain.

ETHAN

Mealea. There's something I have to tell you.

MEALEA

How do you know my name? Who are you?

Perplexed, Ethan opens his mouth to respond. Mealea's cell phone RINGS.

She answers it while she keeps her gun trained on Ethan. She listens to the caller - her jaw drops. Her eyes well up with tears.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The black SUVs turn into Mealea's street. Blue and red lights flashing but no sirens.

INT. MEALEA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

ETHAN

He tried to kill me, Mealea. Please believe me.

She hangs up.

MEALEA

What?

ETHAN

Your boss. He's dead.

MEALEA

They just found his body. How do you know? Who are you? What are you doing in my apartment?

He takes a step forward - shows her Agent Finch's muddy cell phone.

MEALEA (CONT'D)

Don't take another step! I asked you a question!

ETHAN

Jesus Christ, Mealea, what are they doing to you? It's me, Ethan. Ethan Harris. This is your boss' cell phone. I'm sure there is plenty of incriminating evidence in here to...

MEALEA

Stop talking!

ETHAN

Listen to me, Mealea, in three days the president will be dead and your boss was working with the CIA on this. Who knows who else is involved or how high this thing goes but we can't trust anyone. Do you understand? No one!

She begins to dial a number on her cell phone when, O.S., the sound of the SUVs SCREECHING to a halt outside her apartment building.

MEALEA

(gun trained on Ethan)
Stay right there!

ETHAN

They're here to kill us both.

She walks to the window and spots the three SUVs in front of her building.

A dozen CIA agents spill out of the vehicles with their guns drawn.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

We have to get out of here, right now.

She faces him.

MEALEA

You're not going anywhere. It's you
they want. You killed a federal
agent.

Ethan winces with pain as he forces himself up off the couch.

MEALEA (CONT'D)

Don't!

ETHAN

You're gonna have to shoot me if
you don't want me to go anywhere.

MEALEA

Don't make me do this! I **will** shoot
you!

EXT. AUTO JUNK YARD - DAY

Mao hauls ass toward his Camaro with the Ninja creatures on
his ass. They reach the car at the same time. One Ninja
creature head-butts Mao to the ground.

Another lifts him up and launches him over the car. Mao leaps
to his feet in time to fend off several Ninja creatures.

An intense hand-to-hand battle ensues with Mao dishing out a
barrage of lethal kicks and punches.

INT. MEALEA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRS - DAY

The CIA agents make their way up the stairs toward Mealea's
floor.

INT. MEALEA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ethan walks to the fire escape window. He peers out the
window - two CIA agents stand at attention in the alley.

ETHAN

Shit.

MEALEA

I've seen you before.

ETHAN

Before the accident you and I were
engaged to marry, Mealea. They've
completely erased me from your
memories.

MEALEA

What accident? What are you talking about?

O.S., the footfalls of agents as they near her apartment.

ETHAN

We really have to get out of here.

EXT. AUTO JUNK YARD - DAY

No matter how much pain Mao inflicts on the Ninja creatures they keep coming back each time. They don't bleed. They don't hurt. They're like indestructible machines.

And Mao has just about grown tired of them.

With a loud, ear-piercing YELL, Mao raises both hands into the air as semi-automatic assault weapons materialize in each hand.

He unleashes a THUNDEROUS BARRAGE of bullets at the Ninja creatures - reducing them to bits and pieces of bone and flesh.

Mao races toward his Camaro. He promptly opens the door. His face contorts suddenly with pain. He stops.

ZOOM OUT to reveal a long metal rod jutting out from his back.

He slowly turns. The rusted rod has pierced through his body completely. It's bloody tip protrudes from his stomach.

He falls to his knees.

INT. MEALEA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

The CIA agents take up their positions on either side of Mealea's door. One agent takes a small battering ram and smashes the door open.

INT. MEALEA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

(MOTION SLOWED)

The CIA agents spill into the apartment - FIRING.

ANGLE ON Ethan and Mealea in defensive positions. Mealea has one hand outstretched toward the agents as Ethan ducks for cover.

The bullets circle around the couple then return back from where they came - their contrails clearly visible.

(END SLOW MOTION)

The hail of gunfire stops. The agents lie dead on the floor having been struck down by their own bullets. Miraculously, Ethan and Mealea remain standing - unhurt.

ETHAN

Holy shit, how'd you do that?

Mealea is just as confounded as he is.

MEALEA

What happened?

O.S., SCREECHING tires. Mealea and Ethan scramble to the window where they see three more black SUVs in front of the building.

ETHAN

Shit, now do you believe me!?

INT. AUTO JUNK YARD - AFTERNOON

The Ninja creature that launched the rod at Mao removes his mask, revealing a mouthful of jagged canine teeth.

He nears Mao and leans in close so his face is inches from Mao's. The creature lunges forward abruptly to bite him.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JUNKED CAR - AFTERNOON

Mao wakes suddenly, behind the wheel of the junked car, gun in hand. He's bathed in sweat. His heart POUNDS LOUDLY in his chest.

INT. MEALEA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Ethan and Mealea step over the dead agents as they exit into the corridor. Ethan is clearly suffering from his shoulder wound.

EXT. MEALEA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Mealea feels her head - another migraine.

ETHAN

You okay?

She nods but clearly she's not. They hurry toward the elevator. She stops. Ethan approaches her. She steps away.

MEALEA

You need to stay away from me!

ETHAN

The CIA wanted to use you somehow but things have changed. They want the both of us dead. They're not after you because of me. They're after you because they don't need you anymore!

MEALEA

They're after me because of you!
Just stay the hell away from me!

ETHAN

Mealea, please!

EXT. AUTO JUNK YARD - AFTERNOON

Mao walks across the junk yard toward his Camaro. Ninja creatures appear out of nowhere once more. More than before. They surround Mao.

MAO

You've got to be kidding me.

The Ninja creatures merely stand there - watching him. SNARLING AND GROWLING like a pack of starved wolves.

MAO (CONT'D)

You guys think you can keep me here? I've got news for you.

INT. MEALEA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

The elevator door slides open. Ethan and Mealea face the elevator and see three agents standing there with their guns drawn.

ETHAN

Shit! Shit! Stairs!

In a barrage of GUNFIRE, Ethan and Mealea escape down the stairs as the agents pursue them.

STAIRS

Somewhere between levels 1 and 2 Ethan and Mealea encounter more agents. A brief yet intense gunfire erupts. Ethan manages to take them all down. They make it to the lobby.

EXT. AUTO JUNK YARD - AFTERNOON

Mao is in the middle of a brutal mixed martial arts fight with the Ninja creatures.

His face is bruised and bloodied. His shirt is torn. The creatures are as indestructible as before.

INT. MEALEA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Ethan and Mealea haul ass across the lobby. CIA agents reach the bottom of the stairs and open fire on them. Mealea spins around and returns fire - killing them.

EXT. MEALEA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Doctor Floyer's black van screeches to a stop right in front of Ethan and Mealea. Ethan recognizes him. Freezes.

DOCTOR FLOYER

Get in!

Ethan trains his gun on him.

ETHAN

Screw you! You're one of them!

Further up the street two black SUVs accelerate toward them.

DOCTOR FLOYER

Take your chances with me or take your chances with them! One thing's for certain, though, I'm not out to kill you. They are!

The SUVs are getting closer. Fast.

DOCTOR FLOYER (CONT'D)

I can explain everything. I'm sure you've got a shit load of questions.

Ethan and Mealea leap into the van.

INT. BLACK VAN - AFTERNOON

Ethan sits in the passenger seat with his gun trained on the doctor. Ethan grimaces with pain.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

Doctor Floyer drives off amid a hail of gunfire.

EXT. AUTO JUNK YARD - AFTERNOON

Mao lies in a pool of his own blood - beaten and bruised. The circle of Ninja creatures that surround him parts. A creature holding a long jagged rod looms over him.

MAO

This isn't real. You're not real.

The creature drives the rod into Mao's abdomen.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JUNKED CAR - AFTERNOON

Mao wakes behind the wheel of the junked car again. His Camaro is parked some distance away.

MAO

(confused)

What's happening to me?

INT. BLACK VAN - AFTERNOON

Doctor Floyer weaves through traffic at high speed trying to ditch the black SUVs behind him.

ETHAN

Okay, explain! Are you CIA?

Doctor Floyer swerves abruptly - side-swiping a truck. Several bullets pelt the rear of the van. Mealea, Ethan and the doctor react.

DOCTOR FLOYER

Maybe now's not the time for conversation, Mr. Blake!

Ethan presses his gun against the doctor's head.

ETHAN

Answer the fucking questions like
you said you would! And my name is
Ethan Harris!

More bullets pelt the van. Mealea kicks open the rear doors
and begins firing on the pursuing SUVs.

DOCTOR FLOYER

My name is Doctor William Floyer.
They're planning on assassinating
the president this weekend.

ETHAN

The CIA?

Doctor Floyer nods.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Why are they now trying to kill
Mealea?

Mealea dodges some bullets. Returns fire. CLICK! CLICK!

MEALEA

Out of ammo!

Doctor Floyer swerves the van sharply to the right - turning
onto another street. The SUVs do the same. Mealea balls up as
bullets hit around her.

DOCTOR FLOYER

We could have chosen any of the
three agents riding with the
president but we chose her because
she had no family. No one to come
looking for her.

ETHAN

Except me. That's why you tried to
kill me. To get me out of the way!
But now they want her dead, too,
why?!

Mealea glares back at the leading SUV. She stretches her hand
out toward the vehicle with palm facing out.

The doctor observes her through the rear view mirror. The
leading SUV suddenly veers sharply to one side, crashing into
a parked car. One more SUV remains in pursuit.

Doctor Floyer's jaw drops.

The second SUV veers sharply just as the first did. It, too, suffers the same fate, crashing into a parked car.

The doctor is at a loss for words.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, she can do shit like that, doctor. What exactly did you do to her?!

Mealea closes the van's rear doors. She returns to her seat and buckles up.

DOCTOR FLOYER

How did you fucking do that?!

ETHAN

You, of all people, should know the answer to that. You did this to her!

DOCTOR FLOYER

I certainly didn't do anything that would give her superhuman powers!
(thinking out loud)

We must have unlocked something in her brain during the experiments but how? That's impossible.

ETHAN

What experiments?

DOCTOR FLOYER

At a specific time, the assassin will take Agent Kim's spot as the president's driver. The assassination plot will be carried out at some point between the White House and Georgetown University where the president is scheduled to speak this weekend.

ETHAN

Who's the assassin? Where is she now?

MEALEA

It's not a she. It's a he. And his name is Mao.

Ethan turns in his seat to face Mealea. The doctor glances at her through the rear view mirror.

Mealea stares out her window - her reflection is visible in the glass.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Mealea, drugged, drowsy, sits in an interrogation room with her wrists and ankles shackled to the chair she sits in. To her left is a large, two-way mirror.

Sitting across the table from her is Doctor Floyer in a white shirt and red tie.

He leafs through some documents then glances at Mealea.

MEALEA

You can't keep me here forever. I have rights.

ETHAN (V.O.)

How was Finch going to pull that off, doctor? How was he going to switch Mealea for this assassin last minute?

Doctor Floyer cracks a grin.

DOCTOR FLOYER

You are no longer Agent Kim with the Secret Service. Your name is Arun Mao and you are a highly trained assassin from the province of Kampot, Cambodia.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. AUTO JUNK YARD - AFTERNOON

Mao exits the junked car. He can hear the HOWLS and GROWLS of the Ninja creatures hidden amid the hills of mangled metal.

DOCTOR FLOYER (V.O.)

My job was to find an assassin suitable for Agent Kim's replacement.

Mao walks toward his Camaro. The Ninja creatures can be heard getting louder - closer.

DOCTOR FLOYER (V.O.)
Someone no one would suspect.

Mao reaches the Camaro.

DOCTOR FLOYER (V.O.)
And who better to be that assassin
than...

Mao regards his reflection on the door's window. His
reflections morphs into Mealea's.

DOCTOR FLOYER (V.O.)
...Agent Kim herself.

Mao feels his face. He turns around. The Ninja creatures
close in on him.

MAO
I'm dreaming. This isn't happening.

IN THE VAN

Mealea continues to stare out her window - the reflection on
the glass is that of Mao's.

MEALEA
That's impossible. I'm not him.
He's real. I've seen him.

DOCTOR FLOYER (O.S.)
He exists in your mind as a
personality, Agent Kim. One who
believes he is as real as you.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MEALEA'S CAR - DAY

Mealea has her gun trained on Ethan in the passenger seat.
They're parked inside a parking garage.

MEALEA
(Mao's personality)
She's not going anywhere with you,
asswipe. Now do as she says and get
out of the fucking car.

Ethan looks bewildered.

MEALEA (CONT'D)
 (Mao's personality)
 It's not me you want to shoot,
 darling. It's him. He's the escaped
 nut case.

MEALEA (CONT'D)
 (as herself)
 What's happening? What do you want
 from me?

ETHAN
 Mealea, what's going on?

MEALEA
 (Mao's personality)
 Get out of the car!

Mealea turns her gun on herself - pressing it against her
 forehead.

MEALEA (CONT'D)
 (Mao's personality)
 Tell him to get out of the car,
 Agent Kim!

MEALEA (CONT'D)
 (as herself)
 What's happening? Who are you?

MEALEA (CONT'D)
 (Mao's personality)
 Tell him to get out of the car,
 Agent Kim!

She turns her gun on Ethan.

MEALEA (CONT'D)
 (to Ethan)
 Leave!

ETHAN
 I'm not going anywhere until...

She cocks the gun's slide mechanism.

BACK TO PRESENT

The doctor turns down another street.

DOCTOR FLOYER
 He believes he is so real that he's
 managed to manifest himself as a
 real person in your mind's eye.
 (MORE)

DOCTOR FLOYER (CONT'D)
 You can see him, Agent Kim,
 precisely because you believe he is
 real. For a while, there, he was
 getting out of control. He was
 making contact with you before it
 was time.

Mealea furrows her brows.

FLASHBACK TO:

A COUPLE OF BRIEF SCENES FROM HER RECENT PAST

Mealea drives as she keeps the muzzle of her gun trained on her forehead. She can see Mao in the back seat through the rear view mirror.

MEALEA
 (Mao's personality)
 Let me help you, Agent Kim.

MEALEA (CONT'D)
 (as herself)
 Help me with what?

MEALEA (CONT'D)
 (Mao's personality)
 I'm going to help you kill the
 president.

SMASH CUT TO:

ABC STORAGE UNITS

Mealea stands in front of storage unit #4 - alone. Just stands there staring at the locked garage door.

She can hear the creaking and crumpling of metal as if the garage door were being crushed while in actuality nothing is happening.

MEALEA (V.O.)
 What are you? What you just did is
 humanly impossible.

BACK TO SCENE

Ethan pushes his gun's muzzle hard against the side of the doctor's face.

ETHAN

I swear I will blow your fucking head off if you don't make her normal again, asshole!

DOCTOR FLOYER

Go ahead! Blow my fucking head off! You'll never get your fiancée back and the president will still die!

Mealea furrows her brow in confusion.

DOCTOR FLOYER'S VOICE (V.O.)

Your name is Arun Mao.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Mealea lies on a leather couch with her eyes closed and hands clasped over her stomach. Doctor Floyer sits nearby watching her.

DOCTOR FLOYER

What is your name?

MEALEA

Arun Mao.

DOCTOR FLOYER

You are a highly trained assassin from the province of Kampot, Cambodia. What are you, Mao?

MEALEA

I am a highly trained assassin.

DOCTOR FLOYER

And where do you come from?

MEALEA

I am from the province of Kampot, Cambodia.

ZOOM IN on Mealea as she abruptly opens her eyes.

MEALEA'S POV

She finds herself in an interrogation room sitting across from Doctor Floyer.

Her wrists and ankles are shackled to the chair she sits in. To her left is a large, two-way mirror.

Doctor Floyer leafs through some documents then glances at Mealea.

DOCTOR FLOYER

And we know it is your personal mission to kill the President of the United States.

BACK TO PRESENT

Mealea appears ill.

DOCTOR FLOYER (CONT'D)

At a specific moment during the motorcade's journey to Healy Lawn where the president will give his speech, Mao's personality will become the dominant personality, taking over Agent Kim's mind. Agent Kim will recede deep into the subconscious where she will remain there until it is all over. Mao will then kill the president as revenge for what he did to his village.

MEALEA

The president was never in Cambodia. He never did those things!

DOCTOR FLOYER

Correct, but Mao believes it. And he believes it because he believes he was there.

ETHAN

It's over, doctor. I want my Mealea back.

Doctor Floyer grins.

DOCTOR FLOYER

(facing Ethan)

Are you assuming the mission has been thwarted, Mr. Harris?

ETHAN

I have a gun to your head. CIA is trying to kill us all. I'm fairly convinced the plot has been called off.

DOCTOR FLOYER

This mission is all but foiled, I can assure you of that! You have two options. Option A, do nothing and let the events of tomorrow unfold as they should. The president will die but you'll have your fiancée back with all her precious memories of you intact. Option B, kill your fiancée and save the president. It should be an easy decision, Mr. Harris. You decide. Either the president dies and your fiancée lives or your fiancée dies and the president lives?

Ethan thinks.

ETHAN

You're forgetting Option C.

DOCTOR FLOYER

There is no third option.

He moves the gun to the doctor's thigh and fires off a shot. The doctor cries out in agony nearly losing control of the van.

DOCTOR FLOYER (CONT'D)

You fucking shot me!

The doctor presses down on his thigh as he regains control of the van.

ETHAN

Option C, you give my fiancée all her memories back and turn her back to normal. The president lives. My fiancée lives. You live. We all live happily ever after.

DOCTOR FLOYER

(in pain)

The president is going to die tomorrow regardless of whether I'm dead or alive! If you want your girlfriend back and in one piece you're gonna need me alive, asshole! I hold the key to your fiancée's memories!

A black SUV comes out of nowhere and slams into the passenger side of the van. Ethan shields his face as the side window shatters on impact.

The driver of the black SUV fires off a few rounds into the black van, killing Doctor Floyer.

The van veers sharply to one side. Ethan grabs the steering wheel, returning fire. The black SUV falls back.

The doctor's foot is jammed on the accelerator. Ethan fails to gain control of the van.

Ethan and Mealea brace for impact moments before the van smashes into the concrete divider and flips. Their bodies are tugged in all directions. The air bags deploy.

The van comes to rest upside-down - steam, water and oil spewing out of the engine. Ethan struggles to unlatch his safety belt.

Mealea spots the black SUV as it skids to a stop near their van. The driver of the SUV, an agent, steps out and walks toward them.

Using what little strength remains in her, Mealea unlatches her safety belt and drops. She notices several pill bottles with red caps have fallen out of the open glove compartment.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MEALEA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING

Mealea opens the medicine cabinet and grabs the pill bottle with the red cap.

BACK TO SCENE

Mealea searches for her weapon but can't find it. The agent nears, attaching a silencer to the end of his weapon as calmly approaches.

Mealea is too weak to crawl out of the van. She manages to pull her phone from her pocket - it's dead.

Dazed, Ethan manages to release the safety belt but is too dazed to be of much help.

The agent reaches the mangled van. He trains his gun on Mealea. Mealea locks stares with him.

The agent squeezes the trigger but stops short of firing the gun. He looks perplexed.

Something's happening. His gun hand trembles as he turns the gun on himself.

His eyes widen with horror as he pulls the trigger - killing himself. His body crumples to the ground.

Ethan turns to face Mealea and passes out. Mealea turns to look at Doctor Floyer, who's still hanging upside down in his seat. Blood drips onto something on the van's ceiling which is now the floor.

A yellow plastic key ring from ABC STORAGE UNITS - UNIT #4.

Mealea hears Mao's words.

MAO (V.O.)

The proof that what I'm telling you is the truth, Agent Kim. Everything you need to know is in this unit. And you have the key.

MEALEA (V.O.)

Why would I have the key?

She crawls over to the blood-stained keys and grabs them. She turns to Ethan, who's regaining consciousness.

MEALEA

We have to get out of here.

EXT. BLACK VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Mealea helps Ethan out of the van as a pickup truck approaches.

Mealea motions for the pickup driver to stop.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The pickup truck is parked in front of the single floor motel.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)

Secret Service has released the identity of the suspected shooter involved in the murders of two of their agents. One of the victims was Special Agent-In-Charge Brian Finch.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A middle-aged woman, in curlers, sits in bed watching the news on TV. She increases the volume.

INSERT TV

A photo of Ethan Harris appears next to the anchorwoman.

ANCHORWOMAN

According to records obtained from The Buffalo Psychiatric Center, Daniel Blake was being treated for an acute paranoid disorder. After only two weeks in treatment, Mr. Blake attempted suicide but failed. Several days ago Blake escaped and is now believed to be in the area. Blake is currently the leading suspect in the disappearance of Secret Service Agent, Mealea Kim.

A photo of Mealea Kim appears beside that of Ethan's.

BACK TO SCENE

Three successive knocks startles the middle-aged woman. She jumps out of bed and peeks through the peep hole where she sees her husband standing there with a bucket of ice.

Relieved she opens the door.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

You sure took your sweet time getting that ice. There's this crazy man out there...

The woman's husband walks into the room followed by Ethan, then Mealea. The woman immediately recognizes the couple.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh my God, Jerry, this is, this is...

ETHAN

(finishing her sentence)
...the crazy man?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Ethan escorts the middle-age couple to the bathroom.

ETHAN

Keep your mouths shut and nothing
will happen to you. Understand?

The frightened couple nods.

Ethan shuts the door. Walks to Mealea, who's watching the news report. He sits down on the bed beside her, wincing from his shoulder wound.

ANCHORWOMAN (O.S.)

The Secret Service is still trying to learn more about the driver of the van involved in the accident on Bladensburg Road earlier this evening. It is believed the driver of the van and Daniel Blake may have somehow both been involved in the kidnapping of Secret Service Agent, Mealea Kim.

Ethan shakes his head as he manages to turn Agent Finch's cell phone on.

ETHAN

You still think I'm crazy?

MEALEA

I'm beginning to doubt my own sanity. Is all of this really happening?

(faces Ethan)

Mao is as real as you are to me right now.

ETHAN

Do you have any kind of control over him?

Ethan scrolls through Agent Finch's contact list.

MEALEA

(shaking her head)

None whatsoever. And that scares me.

ETHAN

We have to get you as far away from the president as possible. If we do that then Mao can't get to him.

Finch's cell phone beeps then shuts off. Battery low.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Shit.

MEALEA

But he'll still be in my head. And Floyer said he was the only person who could get rid of him.

ETHAN

My only concern is your well-being, Mealea. We're not safe here. We can't trust anyone.

MEALEA

And my concern is for the well-being of the president. I can't leave knowing what I know.

She walks to the room's telephone. Ethan follows her. He slams his hand down on the receiver as she grabs it.

ETHAN

What are you doing?

MEALEA

I'm calling the office to explain everything.

ETHAN

What are you going to tell them? That you were turned into an assassin?

MEALEA

That the president's life is in danger. They can still cancel tomorrow's speech.

ETHAN

If you make that call you'll be giving away our location.

Mealea contemplates. She pulls out the blood-stained storage unit keys from her pant pocket and plops down on the edge of the bed - staring at the three numbers on the writable label.

MEALEA

Doctor Floyer said something before he was killed. He said he held the key to my memories.

ETHAN

I think he meant it figuratively.

Mealea stares at the keys.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. STORAGE UNIT #4 - DAY

Mao tries to open the safe but can't.

BACK TO PRESENT

Mealea stands. She grabs a set of car keys from the lamp stand.

MEALEA

We need to get to that storage unit. These keys mean something.

ETHAN

Bad idea. We should just keep moving. The farther away we are from this place the less likely you, er, Mao is likely to go after the president.

MEALEA

I don't want Mao in my head. I don't want to hear him or see him or become him! Don't you understand?! By getting rid of Mao we eliminate the threat to the president! I'm doing this with or without you.

ETHAN

There isn't any time, Mealea. I am the only person in this whole God forsaken world who cares about you. Who loves you.

Ethan pulls out the one photo he's managed to hold on to of him and Mealea, smiling, happy.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

This is the only proof I have that you loved me, too, Mealea. They took everything else from me but they missed this. I want us to return to this moment. To this very spot where we took this picture. I know only then will you remember me.

Mealea takes the photo - studies it.

MEALEA

Then help me do this.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Police and black SUVs invade the motel parking lot - surrounding the pickup truck that Ethan and Mealea drove in on.

Officers and agents exit their vehicles with their guns drawn. A small team of officers make their way to the motel room.

A couple of agents approach the pickup truck and peer inside with their flashlights.

The squad reaches a particular door and with little hesitation the lead officer kicks the door in.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry and his wife shriek as the officers spill in with their guns drawn shouting. AD LIBS: "Hands in the air!" "Don't move!" "Where are they!?" "Where did they go?!"

The couple is too frightened to respond. They just drop to their knees with their hands in the air.

JERRY

(finally)

They took my Oldsmobile!

EXT. DESOLATE ROAD - NIGHT

The Oldsmobile pulls into the dirt parking lot of the ABC STORAGE UNITS business. It's headlights illuminate Storage Unit #4.

INT. STORAGE UNIT #4 - MOMENTS LATER

The garage door is opened. The interior is awash with light from the car's headlights - illuminating a lone desk with a safe sitting on top of it. These are the only objects in the unit.

Ethan and Mealea enter. Mealea grabs the safe.

ETHAN

It's a combination lock. How's this
2nd key gonna help?

Mealea reads the numbers off the writable label on the key's
key ring as she turns the dial.

MEALEA

Thirty-eight, zero, eighteen.

She pulls on the safe's door but it won't open.

ETHAN

Let me try.

Ethan takes the safe and turns the dial.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Thirty-eight, zero, eighteen.

He, too, fails to open the door.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Something's wrong. Those aren't the
right numbers. We're wasting time.

MEALEA

(confused)

They have to be the right numbers.
What's this 2nd key for?

She tries again. Fails again. Frustrated, she slams the safe
down hard on the desk. She runs her fingers through her hair.

ETHAN

I don't see what can possibly be in
there that will help us get your
memories back.

Mealea's face changes as she comes to a realization. She
returns to the desk and grabs the safe. She flips it upside
down.

INSERT BOTTOM OF SAFE

A key hole.

BACK TO SCENE

Mealea hurriedly inserts the 2nd key and turns it - CLICK!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JUNKED CAR - NIGHT

Mao abruptly wakes behind the steering wheel. FRIGHTFUL SNARLS echo around him.

He hear's Mealea's voice. A grin cuts across his face.

MEALEA (V.O.)
Thirty-eight, zero...

INT. STORAGE UNIT #4 - NIGHT

Mealea turns the safe's dial.

MEALEA
...eighteen.

The door pops open. Excitedly she reaches in and pulls out a small cassette player. They both stare at it briefly. Mealea hits the "play" button.

DOCTOR FLOYER'S VOICE
(from player)
Your name is Arun Mao.

INTERCUT BETWEEN MAO AND MEALEA

Mao can hear the message coming from the car's speakers.

DOCTOR FLOYER'S VOICE (CONT'D)
You are a highly trained assassin
from the province of Kampot,
Cambodia.

The Ninja creatures emerge from the darkness, surrounding the car. They're trying to get into the car - clawing and gnawing.

DOCTOR FLOYER'S VOICE (CONT'D)
And we know it is your personal
mission to kill the President of
the United States. And you will do
it in front of the Latham Hotel.

The message ends followed by static. Mao gazes at the rear view mirror - sees Mealea's reflection.

ANGLE ON Mealea sitting behind the wheel - frightened. The creatures are pulling the car apart as they try to get to Mealea.

MEALEA
Ethan?! Ethan!

IN THE STORAGE UNIT

Mao ejects the cassette and tears it apart - pulling the tape out of the cassette. O.S., police sirens are heard.

ETHAN

What are you doing, Mealea!? Stop that!

Mao faces Ethan.

ETHAN'S POV

Mealea stares at him in confusion. Then she smiles.

MEALEA

Mealea's not here.

With those words she elbows Ethan in the face.

BLACK SCREEN.

POLICE SIRENS GETTING LOUDER - CLOSER.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - MORNING

Agents escort Mealea into the hospital as reporters crowd around them.

SUPER: SATURDAY, MAY 19th

REPORTER #1

Agent Kim, what did your kidnapper want with you?

REPORTER #2

What was it like being held captive by the president's would-be assassin?

REPORTER #1

How did you manage to restrain him?

REPORTER #3

Did he really want to kill the president?

Mealea pushes onward past the hoard of reporters. Passes through the hospital doors.

Reporter #3 turns to face his cameraman.

REPORTER #3 (CONT'D)

The suspected killer and kidnapper, Daniel Blake, is being held in an undisclosed location while, as you have just seen, Agent Kim checks herself into George Washington University Hospital. We are told the president has not cancelled his commencement speech this morning. It is unclear at this moment whether she will still be driving the president to the campus.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

A heavy-set man, his tie loosened, sits across from Ethan. Both men are just staring at one another. Sitting on the table between the men is Agent Finch's cell phone.

ETHAN

You're with the National Threat Assessment Center.

HEAVY-SET MAN

Yes I am. Are you going to answer the question, now?

ETHAN

(sighs)

I already told you who I am. The reason my information doesn't match what's in that bullshit folder of yours is that the CIA...

The investigator slams the palm of his hand on the metal table.

INVESTIGATOR

(angry as hell)

If you fucking mention the terms brainwashing, hypnotism, CIA or conspiracy one more time I am going to break your fucking nose!

ETHAN

(calmly)

And if you fucking call me Daniel Blake one more time I am going to...

(shouting)

...break **your** fucking nose!

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

My name is Ethan Harris! Agent Kim and I were involved in a car accident a year ago where she was kidnapped by the CIA and brainwashed to believe she's an assassin named Mao! They're going to assassinate the president in front of the Latham Hotel on his way to the college. That's what the message said!

The investigator, clearly overcome with anger, grabs Ethan by the shirt collar.

INVESTIGATOR

If she's the assassin then why did you kill those two agents? And if Agent Kim is your fiancée why would you take her against her will? Why would she have dozens of restraining orders against you?

ETHAN

She never had any restraining orders against me! Those are all lies! And they weren't Secret Service! They were working for the CIA! The CIA put them in there! Look through Agent Finch's phone! I'm sure you'll find something!

INVESTIGATOR

Goddammit! Brian Finch was the Special Agent-In-Charge with us and has been for the past ten years! We checked his cell phone and found nothing in there! The other agent you shot and killed had been with our agency for fifteen years!

ETHAN

All I'm asking is for your men to take Mealea into custody before she gets hurt! And it's all happening in front of the Latham Hotel!

INVESTIGATOR

The Latham Hotel is on 30th Street! The presidential motorcade will not be travelling down 30th Street! Trust me, the advance team has done their job! The president is safe, you know how I know that?! Because you're here with me, asshole!

INT. JUNKED CAR - MORNING

Mealea is just sitting there in the junked car studying the photo of her and Ethan as the creatures work their way into the car.

MEALEA
This isn't real.

One creature finally pulls the door open.

MEALEA (CONT'D)
(louder)
This isn't real!

Mealea shrieks as the creature moves in to bite her face off.

BLACK SCREEN.

SILENCE.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NORTH PORTICO - MORNING

Mao is sitting behind the wheel of the president's limo.

INT. PRESIDENT'S LIMO - MORNING

Sitting next to Mao is Secret Service Agent Keith. Agent Hill and another agent stand outside beside the rear doors.

Mao faces the front door of the White House. President Gibson exits the building and approaches the car. The president boards the car.

The Agent Hill and Agent #3 get in and take their seats on either side of the president.

President Gibson makes eye contact with Mao in the rear view mirror but he sees not Mao but Mealea.

PRESIDENT GIBSON
Are you sure you're up to this,
Agent Kim?

Mealea smiles.

MEALEA
I'm just glad he's no longer a
threat, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT GIBSON

Well, it was a brave thing you did, Agent Kim, capturing that psycho the way you did. I've already spoken with your boss about making you a part of my security detail.

PAN from Gibson to Mealea but instead of Mealea it is Mao behind the wheel - grinning. The advance SUV starts to move. He follows them.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

The Threat Assessment Investigator studies Ethan's file.

ETHAN

We're wasting time just sitting here. If we don't act now...

INVESTIGATOR

Says here...
(glances at Ethan)
Daniel Blake, that you visited Afghanistan a few months ago.

ETHAN

What? Bullshit! I never left the country!

INVESTIGATOR

I'm going to ask nicely one more time, Mr. Blake. What did you do while you were in Afghanistan? Who did you meet there?

ETHAN

(speaks slowly, pronounces each syllable)
I was never in fucking Afghanistan!

The investigator sighs. Leafs through the papers.

INVESTIGATOR

We have evidence that you left the country for Afghanistan.

ETHAN

There's no evidence because that entire folder is a pile of lies! Damn it! When they took Mealea they tried to kill me! I had to disappear.

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

In the meantime they erased my records and altered my past! Don't you see what's happening?

INVESTIGATOR

Your story isn't adding up, that's what I see happening.

ETHAN

The longer we're here the more danger the president and my Mealea are in!

INVESTIGATOR

I assure you the president and Agent Kim are safe. We have the assassin in custody. You.

ETHAN

My fiancée was brainwashed by Doctor Floyer to believe she's the assassin. He worked for the CIA. Just have your men take her into custody before they hurt her! If you don't act now they're going to kill her!

The investigator stands. Frustrated.

INVESTIGATOR

That's it. I've heard enough.

He motions to a couple of agents nearby who promptly flank Ethan.

ETHAN

What? Wait, no, you have to listen to me!

The agents grab hold of Ethan and lift him off his seat.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Black SUVs have been chasing us all over the city! We've been in shoot-outs with them in traffic! What about that, huh!? We killed a shit-load of CIA or Black OPs agents! What happened to their bodies!? Who recovered them!?

INVESTIGATOR

Take him away!

Ethan is taken from the room. His WILD RANTS can be heard down the hallway. The investigator rubs his temples.

ETHAN (O.S.)
I'm not a terrorist! I'm not a
fucking terrorist!

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - MORNING

The presidential motorcade makes its way down the street. Three black SUVs lead the way followed by the president's limo. Behind the limo are three black sedans and an additional SUV.

INT. PRESIDENT'S LIMO - MORNING

Mealea appears nervous. She grabs the steering wheel tightly. Agent Keith notices how anxious she seems.

AGENT KEITH
Keep it together, Agent Kim.

Mealea nods.

MEALEA
A little warm in here, that's all.

She sets the driver side climate control to a colder temperature.

She glances up at the rear view mirror - sees Mao's reflection.

INT. JUNKED CAR - MORNING

Mealea wakes. She's sitting behind the wheel with the photo of her and Ethan in her hand. The Ninja creatures are standing around her - watching her - waiting.

She sets the photo down in the center console. She focuses in on the Ninja creatures.

MEALEA
You're not really there.

She flips the visor down - a lone key drops into the palm of her hand.

MEALEA (CONT'D)
And I'm not really here.

She jams the key into the ignition and turns it - the car's engine roars to life.

EXT. JUNKED CAR - MORNING

The car sits on cinder blocks. Mealea revs the engine.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - MORNING

The presidential motorcade angles through an intersection. Pennsylvania Avenue becomes M Street.

EXT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

A handcuffed Ethan is escorted to a black sedan by two Secret Service agents.

ETHAN

A lot of people are going to get hurt! Just call it in! Tell them to stop her!

One agent opens the rear door while the other shoves Ethan inside. The agent slams the door shut - drowning out Ethan's words.

INT. PRESIDENT'S LIMO - MORNING

Mealea notices the red brick SUN TRUST BANK building on her right at the intersection of M Street and 30th Street.

She looks to her left and spots The Latham Hotel down the street perpendicular to the street she's on.

ON DRIVER'S DOOR MIRROR - It is Mao behind the wheel of the limo.

MAO

There it is.

AGENT KEITH

There what is?

In a blur of speed Mao spins around in his seat - gun in hand. He fires off three shots in quick succession - killing all three agents in the car. Just like he's practiced.

President Gibson is mortified beyond words as the two dead agents sitting next to him crumple onto his lap.

PRESIDENT GIBSON
Holy mother of Jesus! Holy mother
of Jesus!

Mao makes a sharp left turn onto 30th Street. The president tries to open the door - it won't open.

EXT. M STREET - MORNING

The motorcade screeches to a halt at the sight of the president's limo veering from the path.

EXT. 30TH STREET - MORNING

Mao travels only a short distance before SCREECHING to a halt right in front of the Latham Hotel.

INT. LATHAM HOTEL - ROOM - MORNING

TIGHT ON RIFLE CASE sitting on the bed. Someone opens it revealing a sniper's rifle nestled in foam padding.

INT. PRESIDENT'S LIMO - MORNING

Mao regards the name of the hotel on the building. He turns in his seat with his gun trained on the president - who's trying to get out of the locked car.

PRESIDENT GIBSON
What have you done?! Jesus Christ,
why, Agent Kim!? Why!?

MAO
(shouting)
I am NOT Agent Kim! My name is Arun
Mao and I come in the names of
everyone you murdered in my
village!

The president's jaw drops.

INT. SECRET SERVICE BLACK SEDAN - MORNING

MOVING

Ethan stares outside his window at the passing buildings - he hears frantic calls for police assistance through one of the agent's radios.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT'S VOICE
 Shots fired inside Limo One! Shots
 fired! Need all units at the Latham
 Hotel on 30th Street ASAP! At this
 point we don't know the condition
 of the president!

Ethan is thrust back in his seat as the sedan accelerates.
 Four police cars fly past them on their way to the scene.

ETHAN
 I told you, assholes! I fucking
 told you!

EXT. JUNKED CAR - MORNING

TRACK around the mangled car as, one by one, tires
 materialize out of thin air - replacing the cinder blocks
 that were holding the car up.

Mao's and the president's conversation can be heard through
 the radio's speakers.

PRESIDENT GIBSON'S VOICE
 (from radio)
 I was never in Cambodia! What in
 God's name are you talking about?

MAO'S VOICE
 (from radio)
 I was eight years old! I remember
 it like it was yesterday! You and
 your men stormed my village and
 killed everyone, including my
 parents!

A thick cloud of exhaust smoke envelopes the car.

PRESIDENT GIBSON'S VOICE
 My God, who did this to you?

MAO'S VOICE
 You did! You slaughtered every man,
 woman and child like they were
 animals!

PRESIDENT GIBSON'S VOICE
 I did no such thing! Someone lied
 to you! Someone's been messing
 around with your mind!

INT. PRESIDENT'S LIMO - MORNING

Mao notices Secret Service agents and police officers taking up positions around the limo.

MAO

It all ends right here. Right now.

PRESIDENT GIBSON

Agent Kim, please!

INT. LATHAM HOTEL - ROOM - MORNING

PAN from the rifle case to the sniper - the Neo-Nazi thug with the swastika tattoo on his neck. He takes up his position at the window overlooking the street.

NEO-NAZI'S POV

The president's limo is parked out front on the street below.

INT. JUNKED CAR - MORNING

Mealea shifts the car into drive and SLAMS her foot down on the gas pedal.

EXT. JUNKED CAR - MORNING

The car takes off like a rocket - kicking up a cloud of dirt and gravel.

The car slams into the Ninja creatures - launching them in all directions. She accelerates toward a pile of mangled steel and pipes.

INT. JUNKED CAR - MORNING

MEALEA'S POV

A cluster of steel pipes and mangled metal - coming up fast - she makes no attempt to steer clear. She hasn't bothered putting her safety belt on.

MEALEA

Time to wake up, Agent Kim!

The car slams into the pile of jagged metal - broken glass and mangled steel fill the screen.

O.S., simultaneously, a GUNSHOT rings out.

EXT. JUNKED CAR - MORNING

Steam bellows from beneath the crumpled hood. A mixture of green fluid and oil puddles beneath the engine.

The driver is lifeless - but it's no longer Mealea behind the wheel - it's Mao. Jagged metal and pipes have pierced his body completely.

INT. PRESIDENT'S LIMO - MORNING

A SHOCKED MEALEA sits there turned around in her seat facing the president.

A wisp of smoke rises from the muzzle of the gun in her trembling hand. Confused, she drops the weapon.

INT. LATHAM HOTEL - ROOM - MORNING

The Neo-Nazi peers through the rifle's scope.

RIFLE SCOPE'S POV

Scanning the scene.

INT. PRESIDENT'S LIMO - MORNING

PAN from Mealea to the president - leaned sideways a bit in the rear seat - a bullet hole clearly visible in the seat back near his shoulder.

Mealea can barely make out the faint voices SCREAMING at her from the outside.

Armed Secret Service agents and police cautiously move toward the limo.

She spots one particular Secret Service car in the distance as it skids to a halt behind one of the Secret Service SUVs. She notices the passenger in the rear seat of the sedan.

MEALEA

Ethan.

INT. SECRET SERVICE BLACK SEDAN - MORNING

The two agents leap from the car with their guns drawn. Ethan can't discern Mealea through the dark tinted windows of the president's limo.

ETHAN

Please be okay, Mealea. God, please
be okay.

He nervously eyes the windows of the Latham Hotel across the street - meticulously checking out each window.

He focuses his attention on the president's limo. The driver's door opens. Mealea steps out with her hands in the air.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Don't shoot. No one fucking shoot.

INT. LATHAM HOTEL - ROOM - MORNING

SCOPE'S POV

A hoard of agents swiftly descend on Mealea as the sniper takes a shot.

Mealea is hit in the head - she collapses into the agents' arms. CHAOS and CONFUSION as the agents search for the source of the shot.

The cross-hairs move again as one of the limo's rear doors open.

The president exits the rear of the car as a team of agents yell to the president to stay inside.

Too late. The sniper fires a single shot. The president's head explodes.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - MORNING

Ethan watches in horror as Mealea's body is just left on the street unattended - blood pooling around her head.

Her eyes are wide open, as if staring at Ethan but those eyes are devoid of any life.

Ethan bangs his head against the glass - shouting at the top of his lungs but in the chaos no one hears him.

EXT. 30TH STREET - MORNING

(NO AUDIO)

TIGHT ON MEALEA

FLASHBACK TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS - LONG LOST MEMORIES

Ethan spins a laughing Mealea on a merry-go-round. He brings the merry-go-round to a stop then kisses her passionately.

Mealea exits a changing room wearing a sexy evening dress. Ethan gives her a thumbs up.

Ethan and Mealea are kissing on a park bench. This scene is from that photograph Ethan's been carrying around. A jogger happens by. Ethan asks if the jogger can take their picture. The jogger takes the camera while Ethan and Mealea pose. The jogger takes the picture.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LATHAM HOTEL - FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY - MORNING

Agents and police officers systematically search every room on the fourth level. They kick open doors. Interrogate anyone they come across.

INT. LATHAM HOTEL - ROOM - MORNING

The Neo-Nazi thug tosses the rifle onto the bed. Pulls out a handgun from around his waist.

He shoves the gun's muzzle into his mouth. The door's are kicked open - agents and police storm into the room with their guns drawn.

The Neo-Nazi pulls the trigger - the back of his head explodes as his body crumples to the floor.

FADE TO BLACK.

CIA DIRECTOR REESE (V.O.)

The office of the Central Intelligence Agency is working hand in hand with the Secret Service in the investigation of this horrible act of terrorism.

REPORTER #1 (V.O.)

Mr. Reese! Mr. Reese!

FADE IN:

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS COMPLEX - MORNING

CIA Director Reese holds a press conference in front of the CIA building.

CIA DIRECTOR REESE
Yes, Mr. Phillips?

REPORTER #1
What will happen to Agent Kim? And when will the identity of the sniper be released?

ZOOM OUT - moving out of a TV screen to find ourselves in...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

PAN to Mealea, her head bandaged up, lying in a hospital bed watching the CIA Director speak. She moves her hand - it's cuffed to the bed.

MEALEA
(weakly, barely audible)
Ethan? Ethan?

Two police officers are in the room.

OFFICER #1
Better start getting used to wearing those.

CIA DIRECTOR REESE (O.S.)
Agent Kim is a terrorist. A traitor to her own country like her accomplices, Daniel Blake, who escaped custody during the chaos, and the sniper who ultimately carried out the assassination.

Mealea looks up at the TV.

CIA DIRECTOR REESE (CONT'D)
The Secret Service will be interrogating Agent Kim in an undisclosed location after her recovery. As for the identity of the sniper, the Secret Service will release the name once the investigation has concluded.

She tries again and again to free herself from the handcuffs. She stops suddenly - becoming transfixed on Mr. Reese on TV.

INSERT TV

Mr. Reese's nose bleeds. The reporters react. He touches his upper lip with his finger - blood. Reacts.

Blood gushes out uncontrollably.

CIA DIRECTOR REESE (CONT'D)
What the hell?

BACK TO SCENE

Mealea continues staring at Mr. Reese on TV. She cracks a grin. The officers stare at the TV - baffled.

INSERT TV

Mr. Reese's eyes are bloodshot. His face is blue.

VOICE (O.S.)
Someone call 911!

Mr. Reese collapses. People rush to assist. The TV screen goes black.

BACK TO SCENE

Smoke billows out the back of the TV. The startled offices leap back away from the TV.

O.S., a window SHATTERS. The officers turn and see the broken window. Mealea's not in her bed. The cuffs lay broken on the floor.

The cops scramble to the window. Nine stories down they observe Mealea darting across the parking lot.

OFFICER #2
Holy shit, that's not possible!

The officers rush toward the door.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. SMALL CAR - MORNING

DRIVER'S POV

The road is narrow and partly obstructed by overgrown brush. Driver turns left onto an even narrower road.

SUPER: RIO DE JANEIRO - ONE MONTH LATER

NEWS ANCHORMAN (V.O.)
Daniel Blake and Secret Service agent-turned-assassin, Mealea Kim, continue to be the subject of an intense manhunt this morning one month to the day after the assassination of President Gibson.

In the distance, a wooden cabin is barely visible through the trees.

NEWS ANCHORMAN (V.O.)
Both are considered heavily armed and extremely dangerous. Anyone with information on the whereabouts of these terrorists are urged to remain a safe distance and call 9-1-1.

The driver parks the car in front of the cabin. He shuts the engine off. He stays in the car for a brief moment.

PAN to the driver - Ethan. He exits the car and walks up the rotting stairs of the small porch.

EXT. WOODEN CABIN - MORNING

Ethan turns the knob and pushes the door open. He enters.

INT. WOODEN CABIN - MORNING

Ethan removes his jacket. Tosses it onto a coat rack in the corner. He spots something on the table in the center of the cabin.

Ethan walks to the table where he notices a photograph.

INSERT PHOTOGRAPH

The photo is that of Ethan and Mealea on the park bench. Scribbled above their smiling faces is a phrase: "I REMEMBER!" It is signed with a single letter, "M".

Ethan glances around for signs of her. He peers at the lake through the window. Notices the row boat by the dock.

EXT. DOCK - MORNING

Ethan walks to the row boat with fishing rod in hand. He steps into the boat. Sets the rod down.

INT. ROW BOAT - MORNING

Ethan rows across the lake.

EXT. PARK - MORNING

A woman with long dark hair and sunglasses sits on the very park bench from the photograph. On closer inspection we recognize the disguised lady as Mealea.

She sits there in a flowery dress, legs crossed, reading a novel. In front of her is a river. And something moves across the river that catches her eye - a rowboat. Ethan.

She smiles.

THE END.