

# **ABDUCTION**

by

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FADE IN TITLE CARD: DECEMBER 18th, 1994

**INT. HOTEL ROOM / SKY RISE -- CONTINUOUS**

A WOMAN, mid 20's, enters the room, revealing a breath-taking view of Toronto -- specifically the CN Tower -- the world's tallest free-standing structure.

When she enters the bedroom suite, she starts feeling dizzy, nauseous, and begins losing her balance. The room becomes blurry, and she kneels to the ground, holding her stomach.

She writhes on the floor for a moment, COUGHING, before crawling towards the phone.

As she slides against the side of the bed, reaching for the phone, someone's hand GRABS her wrist... and gently pulls it away.

Two MEN IN GAS-MASKS stand over her. One of them, VICTOR KOZLOW, 30's, kneels over her, as she GASPS for air. His comrade, BECKER, 30's, searches through her suitcase.

Kozlow holds up a small plastic gas-mask, and places it over her nose and mouth. She begins breathing much easier.

Kozlow calmly SPEAKS with a Ukrainian accent.

KOZLOW  
Where... is the Locust?

The woman's breaths turn into a slight LAUGH. Finally:

WOMAN  
Beyond your reach.

KOZLOW  
So, you *do* know where the Locust is?

The woman nods.

KOZLOW (CONT'D)  
Then where is he?

WOMAN  
(smiles)  
Beyond your reach...

Kozlow removes the mask, causing the Woman to GASP for air again. He watches her, as she begins to tremble.

KOZLOW  
Your room is poisoned with Chlorine gas.

(MORE)

KOZLOW (CONT'D)  
 What you're feeling right now, is  
 your nervous system deteriorating.  
 If you answer my question  
 correctly, you can keep the mask.  
 If not, I will keep the mask. Do  
 you understand?

The woman nods again.

Kozlow places the mask back on her face.

KOZLOW (CONT'D)  
 Now, I'll ask you one more time...

WOMAN  
 And in that one time... you'll get  
 the same answer.

The woman RIPS the mask off, and tosses it under the bed.

KOZLOW  
 Stupid girl.

She SPITS on Kozlow, who SLAPS her back.

BECKER  
 (in Ukrainian)  
 I found it!

Becker finds a gray folder in her suitcase, and brings it  
 over to Kozlow. Kozlow opens the folder and scans the  
 content. Valuable information is inside.

Meanwhile, the Toronto POLICE arrive down below -- SIRENS  
 blaring.

BECKER (CONT'D)  
 (in Ukrainian)  
 Let's go! Come on!

Kozlow looks back at the woman, as she slowly dies in front  
 of him.

BECKER (CONT'D)  
 There's no time!

Kozlow stares at the woman, as tears stream down her face.

Finally... she takes her last breath...

Kozlow checks her pulse -- she's dead.

Kozlow rises, grabs the gray folder, and exits the room with  
 Becker. They both turn to SLOW MOTION as the opening riff of  
 "American Woman" begins.

CLOSE UP: The Woman's face, eyes open, dead to the world.

When the song KICKS in --

BLACKOUT

CREDITS BEGIN

**INT. CAR -- NIGHT**

"American Woman" continues on the radio, as three TEENAGERS drive down the highway. GILLY, 18, (male) longish hair, drives while JAKE, 17, heavy set, sits in the passenger seat.

NATHAN HARPER, 18, tee-shirt-and-jeans type, sits in the back seat, looking out the window.

Jake and Gilly are LAUGHING as they pass a joint around the car. When they offer it to Nathan, he passes.

Gilly SINGS along with the song, while Nathan and Jake LAUGH at him.

They pass a road sign which reads: Bridgewater, Virginia

FADE IN TITLE CARD: PRESENT DAY

**EXT. HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER**

Their car pulls into a large PARTY scene outside someone's house. MUSIC blasts from outdoor speakers, as Nathan, Gilly and Jake get out of their car.

**INT. HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER**

Nathan, Gilly and Jake squeeze through the CROWD, looking for the kitchen.

GILLY

Yo, Nathan. Paintball tomorrow, man. Free rentals, free everything.

NATHAN

Nah. Gunning down people is not my idea of a good time.

Gilly approaches two JOCKS, 18, with their football jackets on.

JOCK 1

You got the goods?

Gilly takes out two fake Virginia IDs, with both of the jocks' pictures on them.

Jock 2 grabs his ID and looks it over -- he's impressed.

JOCK 2  
How much?

GILLY  
Fifty each.

The Jocks shell out the cash, and hand it over.

GILLY (CONT'D)  
Welcome to your twenties.

Suddenly, Nathan accidentally BUMPS into KAREN LOWELL, 18, gorgeous brunette. They look at each other, as she tries to get by him.

NATHAN  
(awkwardly)  
Hi.

Karen's boyfriend, BILLY WILKINSON, 19, slightly pushes Nathan out of the way, so he and Karen can get by.

Karen LAUGHS a little at Nathan and then disappears into the CROWD with Billy.

GILLY  
Ultra bitch, dude. Don't even sweat it.

**INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER**

Nathan, Gilly and Jake do shots.

Nathan holds up a beer to make a toast.

NATHAN  
Guys, I love you. You're my best friends. This is to our last month of high school. May it be drunken and debaucherous.

GILLY AND JAKE  
Cheers!

They tap and drink.

NATHAN  
And promise me... Promise me, if I get wasted tonight, that you won't leave me on the front lawn again. I seriously don't know whose house this is.

GILLY AND JAKE

Cheers!

They tap and drink.

**EXT. FRONT LAWN -- MORNING**

Nathan lies face down on the front lawn, passed out, holding a plastic cup with beer.

A teenage GIRL walks by Nathan with a garbage bag and takes the cup out of his hand. She lightly KICKS him, to wake him up.

Nathan slowly raises his head, with a line of drool coming out. He squints up at the girl in the sunlight.

GIRL

Wake up, whoever you are, my  
parents are gonna be here in an  
hour. You gotta get out of here.

As she walks away, Nathan looks around. He has no idea where he is.

NATHAN

Shit.

CREDITS END

**INT. NATHAN'S CAR -- LATE MORNING**

Nathan's dad, KEVIN HARPER, 40's, drives the car, while Nathan sits in the passenger seat.

KEVIN

Nathan... under the description for  
'dad', does it say he has to pick  
up his drunken son from random  
people's front lawns, as a general  
rule? Because this is the third  
time this year.

NATHAN

Please don't tell mom.

KEVIN

Mom already knows.

Nathan hangs his head down.

NATHAN

It's not *my* fault they keep leaving  
me on the front lawn.

KEVIN  
It's your fault you keep trusting  
them to bring you home.

NATHAN  
Yeah, I guess.

KEVIN  
They're having a laugh at your  
expense. Which is all fine and  
good. But trust needs to be  
earned.

NATHAN  
Like, I trust you'll tell mom I  
wasn't drinking?

Kevin LAUGHS.

KEVIN  
Not gonna happen. You're on your  
own, kiddo.

NATHAN  
Don't you have *any* power in our  
household?

KEVIN  
(beat)  
Nope.

Nathan looks at his father in discouragement.

NATHAN (V.O.)  
Do you know these people, who live  
in your house, and cook your  
dinners and fold your underwear?  
Because I sure don't.

**INT. DR. BENNETT'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON**

Dr. Bennett, 50, glasses, sits across from Nathan, listening  
to him explain his plight.

NATHAN  
They look like you, they talk like  
you... but they're not really on  
your team, you know? It's like  
it's *you* against *them*.

DR. BENNETT  
I think everyone feels that way  
growing up.

NATHAN  
Does everyone go to a shrink?

DR. BENNETT

Not everyone has insomnia, or anxiety attacks, at your age. Sometimes it just helps to talk about it.

NATHAN

What else is there to talk about? It's all been said before.

DR. BENNETT

The nightmare. The recurring one. You said there was something different about it this time.

NATHAN

There was...

Dr. Bennett presses "record" on a mini-CD player, placed on the coffee table.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

It's the same as always. A woman, standing in the shadows, is singing me a lullaby. While she's singing it to me, a single tear drops from her eyes and falls onto my arm. And then she backs away from me, and disappears. Leaving me alone in the dark.

DR. BENNETT

So, what's the difference between this nightmare and the rest?

NATHAN

The difference is, it wasn't a nightmare.

DR. BENNETT

Because it didn't scare you?

NATHAN

Because I wasn't asleep. It's just something that popped into my head the other day, like a memory.

DR. BENNETT

Well, maybe you just remember dreaming it.

NATHAN

Or maybe it was never a dream. Because there isn't a day that goes by, when I don't wake up and check my arm for that teardrop.

**INT. NATHAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

Nathan listens to loud PUNK MUSIC, while doing his homework.

His mother MARA HARPER, 40's, enters the room. She turns off his iPod stereo, and sits on his bed.

Nathan looks at her.

NATHAN

Sorry.

MARA

It's not the drinking that bothers me. I was a teenager once, too. I absolutely get it. But it's becoming too much of a regular thing.

NATHAN

So, you're not grounding me?

MARA

You're grounded for the weekend.

NATHAN

How about just until tomorrow?

MARA

No way.

NATHAN

Saturday?

MARA

Nope.

NATHAN

Saturday, and I'll patch up the roof, so you don't have to yell at dad to do it, anymore.

MARA

Deal.

Mara gets up to leave.

NATHAN

(smiles)

I love you mom.

MARA

Uh huh... Try to get some sleep tonight, for once.

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY -- MORNING**

Nathan and Gilly open their prospective lockers. As Nathan takes out his books, he notices Gilly's locker is filled with an array of pictures of rifles and automatic weapons.

NATHAN

What the hell is that?

GILLY

The Maritime kidnapper. Another kid disappeared just two towns over. I'm thinking about getting some protection.

NATHAN

The Maritime kidnapper abducts kindergartners and infants. You might be just a *little* outside his demographic.

GILLY

You can never be too sure.  
(motioning to a particular  
firearm)  
Check this out -- M82 automatic  
sniper rifle. Shoots a ten round  
clip in under a minute. My dad has  
this exact gun up in his den. You  
could wipe out an entire  
neighborhood with it.

NATHAN

I think maybe you have a problem.

Nathan diverts his attention to Karen Lowell, standing across the hallway. She's CONVERSING with her CHEERLEADER FRIENDS at her locker.

Gilly notices Nathan staring at her.

GILLY

She's your next door neighbor now,  
dude.

NATHAN

Yup, three weeks. Hasn't said "hi"  
to me once.

GILLY

Man, I'd be checking out her  
bedroom window, constantly.

NATHAN

That's what scares me about you.

**INT. CLASSROOM -- DAY**

MR. MILES, 50's, glasses, dry humor, is in session with 30 High School STUDENTS.

The chalkboard behind him reads: Sociology.

Nathan, Gilly, Jake and Karen are all in attendance, as Mr. Miles SPEAKS.

MR. MILES

Well, I'm sure you've all heard about the Maritime kidnapper. He struck again last night. Fifth child in less than three months.

Mr. Miles removes a Playboy magazine from inside Jake's open textbook.

MR. MILES (CONT'D)

I'm considering having you all write an essay on him, if you don't get your grades up soon.

Mr. Miles SLAPS a ruler on a SLEEPING STUDENT'S desk, awakening him.

MR. MILES (CONT'D)

You may think this class is a bullshit elective, people, but it goes on your report card, all the same. All I'm asking for is to raise your average class grade above a 'C'. In case you don't remember... a 'C' is a fairly low, shitty grade. It shouldn't be too hard to rise above it.

SNORING can be heard from the back of the room.

MR. MILES (CONT'D)

Somehow, I'm sure you're gonna screw this up.

Nathan also starts dozing off...

*DREAM SEQUENCE:*

**INT. DARK BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

*Nathan lies in bed, while a SHADOWED WOMAN sits next to him. As the rain outside POUNDS against the window, the woman SINGS to Nathan in a kind, but eerie way.*

*SHADOWED WOMAN**(echo-y)*

*Que Sera, Sera,  
 Whatever will be, will be  
 The future's not ours, to see  
 Que Sera, Sera  
 What will be, will be.*

*Nathan reaches out to touch her face, but his hand goes right through her. She's a ghost.*

*END OF DREAM***INT. NATHAN'S BEDROOM -- EARLY MORNING**

Nathan wakes up in a sweat.

He looks disheveled -- wipes his eyes. He cracks open a prescription bottle and swallows a couple pills.

A car can be heard PULLING up next door.

Nathan goes to the window, and sees Karen Lowell, getting out of the car and ARGUING with her boyfriend, BILLY, in the driveway.

Eventually, Billy DRIVES off, in a huff.

**EXT. ROOF -- LATE MORNING**

Nathan adjusts some new shingles on the roof, with his iPod headphones on, listens to PUNK MUSIC.

The sun shines bright, and the roof tar is sticky.

Nathan SINGS along to the Sex Pistols "Anarchy in the UK"

NATHAN

*(chanting)*

*"How many ways  
 To get what you want?  
 I use the best, I use the rest  
 I use the enemy, I use anarchy"*

**INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM -- SIMULTANEOUS**

Karen and her GIRLFRIENDS are hanging up clothes in her closet. They overhear Nathan SINGING next door.

They go to her window, and see Nathan moving his head back and forth, SINGING along to the song. They start LAUGHING.

GIRLFRIEND 1

What a weirdo.

GIRLFRIEND 2  
I heard he sees a shrink. Total  
nutball.

Karen grabs her iPhone and aims it at Nathan -- hits RECORD

**EXT. ROOF -- SIMULTANEOUS**

NATHAN  
(chanting)  
"Or just another country  
Another council tenancy"

Nathan loves the song -- gets more into it.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
(chanting)  
"And I wanna be *anarchy*. And I  
wanna be *anarchy*"

Finally, he turns his head towards Karen's house.

NATHAN'S POV: Karen and her friends, LAUGHING at him.

Nathan doesn't really mind -- half smiles back at Karen.

Suddenly, a shingle SLIPS from underneath his foot, and he loses his grasp, ripping off two more shingles. He SLIDES down the roof, and FLIPS over the side of the house, barely catching the gutter.

Dangling from the gutter, Nathan desperately tries to reach for the roof's edge, but the gutter BENDS back and SNAPS in half, causing Nathan to FALL twenty feet into the bushes. BAM!

**INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM -- SIMULTANEOUS**

Karen and her friends are LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY. They can barely catch their breath.

**EXT. NATHAN'S BUSHES -- SIMULTANEOUS**

Nathan lies in the bushes, listening to Karen and her girlfriends LAUGHING next door. He lifts up his iPod -- it's broken.

NATHAN  
Great...

**INT. HALLWAY -- MORNING**

As Nathan walks through the hallway towards his locker, he notices other STUDENTS looking at him weird -- WHISPERING, GIGGLING, and parting ways as he walks by.

When he reaches his locker, Gilly is grabbing his textbooks from the adjacent locker. Gilly also looks at Nathan strangely.

NATHAN  
What's going on?

GILLY  
You mean, you don't know?

NATHAN  
Know what?

GILLY  
Dude... You're a YouTube sensation.

**INT. COMPUTER ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER**

Nathan enters the Tech room -- some FRESHMEN are watching a YouTube video of him at one of the computers. They stop LAUGHING when they notice him, standing right behind them.

They back off so he can watch the video.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN: Nathan, SINGING Cheap Trick, FALLING, catching and BREAKING the gutter, and PLUNGING into the bushes.

Nathan quickly grabs the mouse and scrolls the page:  
156,000 hits

He finds the Poster:  
K\_Grrrl1991

He CLICKS the Username. The profile page reads:  
Karen Lowell

Nathan SLAMS the mouse on the desk and storms out of the room.

**INT. GYMNASIUM -- DAY**

Nathan barges into a packed gym class, walking directly towards Karen Lowell, who's GIGGLING with her five GIRLFRIENDS.

The whole CLASS parts like the Red Sea when Nathan approaches Karen. Everyone turns silent as he looks straight at Karen, dead in the eyes.

NATHAN

Must be nice to be the toast of the day, but I guess that's nothing new for you. You're a popular girl, and you play the role well. Complete with the obedient cronies and the college boyfriend. But in the end, it's just a role.

KAREN

You don't know anything about me.

NATHAN

Seventh grade, Science class. We were lab partners. You told me you wanted to be an archeologist. You were cool. What ever happened to that girl? Traded it in for a pair of pom-poms?

KAREN

I take it you can't take a joke?

NATHAN

I may have looked like an idiot falling into those bushes, but at least I know who I am.

KAREN

Really? Is that what your therapist tells you?

SNICKERING can be heard, as Nathan tries to stay calm.

NATHAN

I guess it's hard to keep secrets in a small town. But I won't be here for long. How 'bout you? Community College? Summer job at the Gap? I'll be sure to drop by in three years when they promote you to Manager.

KAREN

Who cares if you leave this town, or not? It's not like anyone would remember you, anyway.

Nathan's genuinely hurt by this comment. Karen immediately regrets saying it.

Nathan looks around -- EVERYONE staring at him. A profound feeling of alienation sets in.

Finally, he walks away, leaving the room in stunned silence.

**INT. CLASSROOM -- DAY**

Mr. Miles, WRITES a large 'D' on the chalkboard, under average class grade.

Nathan looks out the window as Mr. Miles SPEAKS.

Karen looks sullen.

MR. MILES  
Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to write a four page essay on the subject of missing children. Percentage of disappearance rate, how often they're found, under what circumstances. Etc. Etc.

The room GROANS. ERNESTO, 17, raises his hand.

MR. MILES (CONT'D)  
Yes, Ernesto?

ERNESTO  
(smiles)  
What if we choose not to accept it?

MR. MILES  
Then you get a big, fat stinky 'F', mi amigo. On the semester. And remember, people, Wikipedia is not your friend. I want the cold, hard facts on this one. And I want them by Friday.

The room GROANS more.

MR. MILES (CONT'D)  
I know, I know. Your lives are destroyed forever. But to lessen the workload, I'm going to let each of you partner up with someone on this one, and then you can share the responsibility, as well as the grade. Fair enough?

The bell RINGS. Everyone starts to gather their textbooks.

MR. MILES (CONT'D)  
I also want one page dedicated to a specific incident of a missing child in the United States, within the past thirty years. NOT the Maritime kidnapper.

(beat)

(MORE)

MR. MILES (CONT'D)

If anyone wants to donate an apple  
or a candy bar to me, you may do so  
at this time.

**EXT. HALLWAY / KAREN'S LOCKER -- MOMENTS LATER**

Karen, not talkative, removes her textbooks from her locker,  
while her GIRLFRIENDS JABBER.

GIRLFRIEND 1

I was like, yeah, I listened to  
that band, like, two years ago.  
Where have you been?

The other girls LAUGH, and COMMENT, as Karen looks across the  
hall at Nathan... He looks lonely, as he gathers his things.

Karen ignores her friends' snobby BANTER, and walks towards  
Nathan.

**INT. HALLWAY / NATHAN'S LOCKER -- CONTINUOUS**

Nathan switches out his text books, while Karen cautiously  
approaches him. He ignores her presence.

KAREN

So... wanna be my partner?

NATHAN

I'd rather be castrated.

KAREN

Look, I'm sorry, okay? I shouldn't  
have put it up. It was funny, and  
now it's not funny.

NATHAN

I'm sure this is some ploy to get  
me to do your homework for you.

KAREN

I'm not vindictive. I already feel  
bad enough about this whole thing,  
as it is.

NATHAN

I'm late for class.

Nathan CLOSES his locker.

KAREN

Who are you going to take? Gilly?  
Jake? They're worse than me.

Nathan walks away.

**INT. NATHAN'S BEDROOM -- DUSK**

Nathan PLAYS Halo on his X-Box. His cell phone RINGS. He blindly picks up, still playing the game as he talks.

NATHAN

Hello?

KAREN (V.O.)

(phone)

I'll do the first three pages. You just do the 'specific incident' part.

NATHAN

Unbelievable.

KAREN (V.O.)

(phone)

I took the video down. Erased it entirely.

NATHAN

Congratulations. You want a medal?

KAREN (V.O.)

(phone)

Do we have a deal?

NATHAN

Nope.

Nathan HANGS up.

Suddenly, the door bell RINGS. Nathan looks out his window -- Karen is at his front door. Nathan's Halo character BLOWS up from a bomb, because of Nathan's lack of attention.

Nathan watches his mother let Karen into the house.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

He quickly grabs his clothes off the floor, and shoves them into his hamper. He slides a bunch of stuff under his bed, and glances at himself in the mirror -- fixes his hair.

As Karen KNOCKS outside his door, he dives back into his seat.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Come in.

Karen enters the room and looks around. She sees the walls lined with books, movies, and computer software. An entire area of the room is filled with board games, chess sets, and computer games.

KAREN  
You like games, huh?

NATHAN  
Not the kind of games you play.

Karen SHUTS the door behind her -- walks right up to Nathan.

KAREN  
(stern)  
Now you listen to me. I screwed up, okay? But I'm not going to sit back and watch you mope and groan and give me dirty looks for the rest of the summer. Maybe a lot of things you said about me were true. I don't know who I want to be just yet. But while I'm figuring that out, I'd very much like for us to be friends. And if you keep rejecting my peaceful gestures, I'll kick the ever-loving shit out of you. Capiche?

Nathan slowly nods, shocked.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
(putting out her hand)  
Partners?

Nathan shakes her hand.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Good. Glad we cleared that up.  
Now where do we start?

**INT. NATHAN'S BEDROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT**

Nathan and Karen are doing research on their separate laptops. Karen cross-checks a fact with a book called "America's Missing".

KAREN  
Listen to this. Over twenty three hundred Americans are reported missing every day. And even though most of them voluntarily return home, there are still over one hundred thousand active missing person cases today. One hundred thousand... sick.

Nathan surfs through some pictures of missing people on the web.

NATHAN

What's even more sick, is some of these sites want me to *pay money* to browse their missing persons archives.

KAREN

That's fucked up.

Karen gets up to watch Nathan find a back door into the website.

NATHAN

Twenty bucks to access Montana's missing persons database... no wonder nobody gets found.

Suddenly, he breaks through their security.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Bingo.

A long list of names quickly scrolls across his computer screen. The information seems endless.

KAREN

Whoa...

NATHAN

Wow. Height, weight, age, favorite food, medical reports, last place they were seen, people they were affiliated with. Everything.

KAREN

Well, Nathan Harper, you have a few tricks up your sleeve, huh?

NATHAN

(browsing the pages)

Some.

Karen checks her cell phone.

KAREN

Shit, I gotta go. Be back tomorrow?

NATHAN

Cool.

Karen grabs her laptop and books and heads for the door.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Listen, um... I'm sorry about everything I said, earlier. I didn't mean it. I was just angry.

KAREN  
Really? So you don't think I'll  
make manager in three years?

Nathan cracks a smile.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
See ya tomorrow.

Karen leaves.

MOMENT LATER

Nathan looks out the window at Karen returning to her house.

**INT. CAFETERIA -- DAY**

Karen walks with her GIRLFRIENDS on the lunch line. When she pays for her meal, she sees Nathan, sitting by himself at one of the tables.

STUDENTS won't go near him after his YouTube notoriety.

Karen looks over at the table she usually sits at -- JOCKS and EMO KIDS. Finally:

KAREN  
It's my fault he's sitting by  
himself...

GIRLFRIEND 1  
Who?

GIRLFRIEND 2  
The psycho?

**NATHAN'S TABLE -- MOMENTS LATER**

Karen sits down across from Nathan -- starts eating her food like it's no big deal.

Nathan looks around at people in the cafeteria. Everyone's looking at them -- some overtly and some just glancing.

Nathan turns back to Karen, impressed. They smile at each other as if they have an inside joke.

**INT. NATHAN'S BEDROOM -- DUSK**

Karen works at Nathan's desktop, while Nathan lies on his bed, researching some books.

KAREN

Check this out. This site shows you mock-ups of what they might look like today. And if you recognize the person, you can click to see their childhood pics.

Nathan gets up from the bed, interested.

NATHAN

They should all do that.

Karen scrolls through some mock-ups -- all computer renderings of the missing children. She comes across some amusing ones.

KAREN

Check out this guy.

NATHAN

Sylvester Stallone meets... Pee Wee Herman.

KAREN

(laughing)  
Seriously! Next.

Karen scrolls to the next mock-up.

NATHAN

Yikes... Ryan Seacrest meets...

KAREN

Liza Minelli.

They both LAUGH.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Next.

The next mock-up reveals a teenager who looks a lot like Nathan.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Chris Martin meets... you.

Nathan smiles -- there's a strong resemblance, but not identical.

NATHAN

I guess I'm a fugitive from justice.

Karen CLICKS on the childhood photo -- a young boy, three years old, white Caucasian, wearing a yellow-and-blue striped shirt.

KAREN

Oh, it's definitely not you. This kid's too cute.

Nathan takes pause at the young boy's photo. He smiles along with the joke, but this boy seems eerily familiar...

NATHAN

I used to have a shirt just like that...

Karen's cell phone BEEPS.

KAREN

Shit, it's my mom. They're leaving town for a few days. I get the house to myself. I gotta go see them off. You coming over later?

NATHAN

Yeah, I'll be over there in an hour, cool?

KAREN

Awesome.

Karen runs out of the room.

As Nathan closes the door, he looks at the small boy pictured on his screen. It's almost like the boy is looking back at him. He sits at his desktop, and grabs the mouse -- reads the page.

The boy's name is Steven Spade.

He stares at the image for a moment, before zooming in on it:

SCREEN CLOSE UP: The boy has a small scar on the left side of his chin.

Nathan has the identical scar on his chin -- he rubs his finger over it.

He CLICKS back to the mock-up of what the young boy would look like now. As the picture loads in, Nathan sees his reflection in the computer screen side by side with the mock-up... it's a very close resemblance.

Nathan rolls back from the computer in his chair. Spooked.

#### **INT. ATTIC -- MOMENTS LATER**

Nathan digs through an old chest in the attic.

He rummages through the old toys and school drawings, as his parents are PULLING into the driveway down below.

He looks out the window at them as they get out of their car and take some groceries from the trunk.

He continues digging through the chest until he gets to some of his old clothes.

At the very bottom of the pile, tucked in the deepest, darkest corner of the chest, is a striped yellow and blue shirt. He slowly unfolds it -- it's exactly like the shirt in the picture.

He hears his parents GETTING IN downstairs and rushes out of the attic.

**INT. NATHAN'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER**

Nathan hears his parents turn on the TV downstairs, while he sits at this computer, trying to obtain more information.

Name: *Steven Spade*

Parents: *Martin and Lorna Spade*

Date of disappearance: *December 20th, 1994*

Last seen: *Sterling Forest, New York. 2:30PM*

Notable attributes: *Scar on chin*

He PRINTS the picture of the boy and the mock-up.

**INT. STAIRWELL -- MOMENTS LATER**

Nathan descends the stairs, quietly. He peers into the Living Room -- his parents are watching reality television.

He opens the front door slowly, and sneaks out.

**INT. NATHAN'S CAR -- NIGHT**

Nathan gets in his car and STARTS the engine. He places the printout of the young child on the passenger seat.

A TAP at the window STARTLES him. It's his mother.

He quickly turns the printout over.

Mara looks at the sheet of paper and then back at Nathan.

MARA  
No 'hello mom'?

NATHAN  
Sorry, I uh... was just going to go to the library for this school project...

MARA  
What's the project?

NATHAN  
It's a... project on... websites.  
Building your own website.

Nathan tries to gage his mother's reaction.

Mara nods and smiles.

MARA  
Well, don't stay out too late,  
okay? Love you.

Mara goes to kiss Nathan on the forehead, but he balks --  
subtly pulls away.

MARA (CONT'D)  
You all right?

Nathan nods, and backs out of the driveway.

As he drives away, Mara just watches him, until he disappears  
down the street.

#### **INT. BASEMENT DEN -- DAY**

In a dimly lit basement, with books and computer software  
lining the walls, an OLDER MAN, 60, TYPES on his computer.  
We never see his face.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN: A profile page on Nathan Harper --  
including his high school picture, school grades, medical  
reports, etc.

The Older Man has photos on his desk of Nathan's parents, Dr.  
Bennett, Gilly -- everyone he has contact with.

The room is filled with technical equipment, tracking  
software, high-tech phone-tapping gadgets, etc.

#### **INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY -- NIGHT**

Nathan scans through microfilm of New York newspapers from  
the early nineties. He finally reaches December, 1994.

- He searches 'The Record' -- nothing.
- He searches 'The Orange County Patriot' -- nothing.
- He searches 'The Times Herald Record' -- nothing.

His cell phone VIBRATES. It's a text from Karen:

thnx for standing me up

Nathan immediately CALLS her back. It RINGS for a while before she picks up.

KAREN (V.O.)

What.

NATHAN

(whispers on phone)

Listen to me. I did some research on-

KAREN (V.O.)

You're such an asshole you know that? I cooked up a couple TV dinners and then waited for you for two hours. I'm so stupid-

NATHAN

(phone)

Will you let me speak for a sec-

KAREN (V.O.)

You can find someone else to do the project with-

NATHAN

(phone)

Will you shut up for a second, and listen to me? I think the missing kid we saw on that website is more than just a resemblance.

Silence. Finally:

KAREN (V.O.)

What are you talking about?

NATHAN

(phone)

I think the kid in that picture... is me.

**INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT**

Karen sits at her laptop reading the web page, while Nathan paces around behind her.

KAREN

On December 20th, 1994, Steven Spade went missing, while on vacation, at the Sterling Forest State Park sometime between 2:15 and 2:30PM.

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

His parents immediately received ransom threats for the safe return of their child. After following the abductor's instructions, and paying out more than four hundred thousand dollars within a six day period, the abductor cut off contact, and Steven was never returned to his family. The case remains one of Connecticut's greatest unsolved mysteries to date.

Nathan leans against the window, biting his nails.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Nathan, I really don't think this is you.

NATHAN

Okay, good. Tell me why.

KAREN

Well, first of all, this kid's three and a half years old. Don't we *all* look the same at that age?

NATHAN

We have the same scar.

KAREN

Coincidence.

Nathan grabs the shirt out of his backpack and tosses it to her.

NATHAN

Explain this.

Karen cross-checks the shirt with the photo.

KAREN

Okay, it's a similar shirt.

NATHAN

No, not the shirt. The ketchup stain on the left shoulder.

Karen examines the stain on the shirt she holds. When she zooms into the online picture... *the same exact stain exists on the left shoulder.*

KAREN

Holy shit...

Karen slowly turns and looks at Nathan.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 Maybe... you were adopted.

NATHAN  
 If I was adopted, then why would I  
 be on a missing persons website?

Karen looks back at the screen.

KAREN  
 A better question would be... who  
 are the people living in your  
 house?

**INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT**

Nathan eats dinner with his parents. Only the sounds of EATING can be heard, as Kevin reads the newspaper, and Mara reads a romance novel.

Nathan just watches them eat and read -- wondering if he's related to these people. Finally:

NATHAN  
 Anyone need the Living Room? I  
 want to watch some TV.

KEVIN  
 (without looking up)  
 It's all yours.

**INT. LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER**

Nathan turns on the TELEVISION.

He approaches the bookcase next to the fireplace. He sifts through the albums, before finding one marked: "1992 -1993"

As he flips through the album, he sees pictures of himself, with his parents, at a very young age. The album is filled photos of the whole family.

He takes the album and opens a nearby file cabinet, which contains bills, medical info, travel brochures, mortgage info, etc.

He reaches his own folder, and pulls out his birth certificate. It reads:

NATHAN THOMAS HARPER  
July 25th, 1991  
Certified by Vassar Brothers Hospital

Nathan examines both sides of the paper, not really knowing what a fake one would look like.

KEVIN (O.S.)  
Whatcha got there?

Startled, Nathan quickly turns around. Kevin stares at him in front of the open file cabinet.

NATHAN  
I, um... lost my driver's license.  
And I need my birth certificate to  
get a new one.

KEVIN  
Oh...

Kevin sees the family album lying on the floor. He looks at the album and back at Nathan.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Listen, Nathan. Your mother and I  
would like to have a talk with you  
tomorrow, after school, okay?

NATHAN  
About what?

KEVIN  
Well... we'll tell you tomorrow.

Nathan nods, nervously.

**EXT. PUBLIC PARK -- DAY**

Across from Nathan's High School, from a distance, The OLDER MAN sits on a park bench, feeding the pigeons. Eventually, when no one is looking, he lifts up a pair of tiny binoculars.

LENS POV: Nathan gets on his school bus -- he's the last one on. The bus pulls out of the parking lot, into the street, and DRIVES away.

The Older Man packs up his binoculars, and leaves, as well.

**INT. LIBRARY -- AFTERNOON**

Nathan uses one of the public computers to Google more research. He keeps coming back to the page of the missing child.

He stares at the website page of young Steven Spade. He holds up some of his childhood pictures against the computer screen. He's identical to this boy.

He CLICKS the 'Contact Page'.

A 1-800 phone number pops up.

Nathan stares at the number, holding his phone. He looks back and forth at the pictures, the phone number, and his cell phone.

He decides to dial the number.

FEMALE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Hello. National Center for Missing  
Children. How may I help you?

NATHAN  
(phone)  
Um... I had a question about one of  
the children listed on your  
website.

FEMALE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
What's your name, sir?

NATHAN  
(phone)  
Nathan... Nathan Harper.

FEMALE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Okay, Nathan. Which child?

NATHAN  
(phone)  
Steven Spade.

Silence for a moment. Finally:

FEMALE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Do you think you've seen him, sir?

**INT. BASEMENT DEN -- SIMULTANEOUS**

The Older Man is eating a bowl of oatmeal, when he hears Nathan's CONVERSATION come through his computer. He seems concerned, and puts on a pair of headphones to get a better listen:

NATHAN (V.O.)  
I think I've seen him. Maybe, it  
was him. I'm not sure-

FEMALE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
What's your location? Where do you  
think you saw him?

NATHAN (V.O.)  
Bridgewater, Virginia.

FEMALE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Your address?

**INT. LIBRARY -- SIMULTANEOUS**

Nathan's not quite sure why the Operator would want his address.

FEMALE OPERATOR  
May I have your address, sir?

Nathan feels weird about the conversation -- HANGS up.

**INT. BASEMENT DEN -- SIMULTANEOUS**

The Older Man opens a program on his computer. The program has a visual representation of Nathan's voice and the Operator's voices. He scans over an earlier part of the conversation, and presses the spacebar:

FEMALE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Hello. National Center for Missing Children. How may I help you?

NATHAN (V.O.)  
Um... I had a question about one of the children listed on your website...

As the conversation continues, the Older Man:

- Tracks the 1-800 phone number Nathan called.
- Opens the Missing Persons website.
- Finds the Steven Spade page, with Nathan's young picture on it.

He picks up his phone, and presses a three-number code. After a BEEP on the other line, he speaks:

OLDER MAN  
Martin, I think we might have a problem, here. A big problem. I'm going to check on it, now. If I don't hear from you in the hour, I'll send the kid to Rasmus.

He HANGS up and grabs his trench coat off the back of his chair. He puts on a baseball cap and runs up a set of CREAKY steps before SLAMMING the door behind him.

**INT. GILLY'S BEDROOM -- NEXT DAY**

Gilly is looking over the photographs of young Nathan. He examines the back, the front, the edges, the thickness, the amount of glare, etc.

GILLY  
Definitely not photoshopped. One-hour photo, disposable camera. Looks legit.

NATHAN  
Sorry to waste your time, man.

GILLY  
Nah, dude, this shit's fun. Let's scan them in to get a better look.

Gilly tosses a few in the scanner. Blows them up on his computer.

GILLY (CONT'D)  
Here's you at two years old, at three-ish, and at five...

Nathan paces around the room, thinking he's going crazy.

NATHAN  
Man, I need to get a grip. This is so stupid. Forget I said anything-

GILLY  
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Wait a second...

Nathan goes over to the computer -- looks at the screen.

GILLY (CONT'D)  
These two pictures...

NATHAN  
What?

GILLY  
(motioning)  
See this picture of you, from when you were two? It's cropped weird.

Gilly zooms in.

GILLY (CONT'D)  
Slight outline of a person's shoulder.  
(motioning)  
And the same thing in this other photo.

Nathan looks back and forth at the two family photos. There's someone off to the side in both pictures, cropped out.

NATHAN  
Maybe it was taken that way.

GILLY  
Nope. Clearly zoomed in a touch.

Gilly takes the pictures out of the scanner and examines the back.

GILLY (CONT'D)  
Any more photographs of you and your parents?

NATHAN  
Not really. Just a ton more of me, by myself.

GILLY  
So, this is it? Two family photos is all you have from your childhood?

NATHAN  
I... I don't know.

GILLY  
Nathan, I got a million embarrassing family photos. A million cheesy pictures of my parents smiling at me like idiots. Enough to make me wanna vomit. And you're telling me... that you only have TWO?

**INT. NATHAN'S CAR -- DUSK**

The day has become gloomy -- gray, cloudy skies. The sound of faint THUNDER rumbles in the distance...

Nathan pulls up to his house, where he sees his dad working in the garage -- fixing the weed-wacker.

A slight rumble of THUNDER, echoes in the distance, as Nathan takes a long look at his home.

NATHAN  
My whole life is a lie...

**EXT. NATHAN'S HOUSE -- DUSK**

When Nathan gets out of the car, Kevin waves at him. Nathan ignores him, and walks towards the front door, where Karen is sitting on the steps.

Karen senses his frustration.

KAREN  
Turn that frown upside down, man.

Nathan KEYS open the door.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
You okay? You want me to go?

NATHAN  
No... the last thing I want is for you to go. I just have to figure out how to confront them.

**INT. FRONT FOYER -- CONTINUOUS**

Nathan and Karen enter the house.

Mara is watching TELEVISION in the other room -- the French Open.

KAREN  
(whispers)  
Where's your bathroom?

Nathan points down the hall.

NATHAN  
Second door on the left.

As Karen heads to the bathroom, Nathan sneaks up the stairs, gets to his room, and closes the door.

**INT. NATHAN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

As soon as Nathan enters his room, his cell phone RINGS. He doesn't recognize the number, but picks it up.

NATHAN  
(phone)  
Hello?

OLDER VOICE  
Nathan?

NATHAN  
(phone)  
Yeah?

OLDER VOICE  
Are you alone?

NATHAN  
(phone)  
Who is this?

OLDER VOICE  
I'm a friend of your father's.

NATHAN  
(phone)  
Um, then why are you calling me?  
He's right downstairs.

OLDER VOICE  
No... not *that* father...

Nathan freezes.

The door bell RINGS downstairs.

Nathan runs to the window -- looks down below.

NATHAN'S POV: Two MEN, dressed in suits are patiently waiting on his front stoop.

NATHAN  
(phone)  
This is a prank call, right?

OLDER VOICE  
If you're who I think you are, then this is definitely not a prank call.

The doorbell RINGS again.

NATHAN  
(phone)  
Gilly put you up to this, right?

OLDER VOICE  
I want you to think of your earliest memory. Did it involve your parents? If it didn't, call me back in two minutes.

HANGS up.

**INT. FRONT FOYER -- SIMULTANEOUS**

Mara opens the door ajar, revealing two well-dressed MEN. They both smile kindly.

MAN 1  
Mrs. Harper?

MARA  
Yes?

MAN 1  
My name is Alek Nevin, and this is Gregory Hill, from the National Center for Missing Children.

Alek shows his identification, as Gregory extends his hand. Mara shakes it.

MARA  
Is there a problem?

ALEK  
We hate to bother you this late, ma'am, but the NCME received a troubling phone call earlier this evening from your son.

MARA  
What kind of phone call?

ALEK  
It's probably nothing, but we thought we should look into it, to make sure. May we come in?

MARA  
Sure.

Mara opens the door all the way, and let's them in.

ALEK  
You have a beautiful place, Mrs. Harper.

MARA  
Thank you.

ALEK  
My wife and I were looking at houses in this area, as a matter of fact.

MARA  
Oh, well as you know, it's a very safe neighborhood.

**INT. BATHROOM -- SIMULTANEOUS**

Karen opens the door ajar, and sees Alek and Gregory in the Living Room.

**INT. NATHAN'S BEDROOM -- SIMULTANEOUS**

Nathan stares at his cell phone... Finally picks it up.  
DIALS.

After a moment, the MAN answers.

OLDER VOICE

Well?

NATHAN

(phone)

A woman sings to me, in the dark,  
until I fall asleep... And it's  
not my mother.

OLDER VOICE

And what does she sing to you?

NATHAN

(phone)

(slightly embarrassed)

What difference does it make?

OLDER VOICE

Was it 'Que sera Sera'?

Nathan turns white.

NATHAN

(phone)

...How did you know that?

OLDER VOICE

You shouldn't have called that  
website, Nathan.

NATHAN

(phone)

Who is this?

OLDER VOICE

Your life is in great danger. You  
need to get out of that house.

**INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

Alek sits across from Mara, sipping a glass of water.  
Gregory stays standing, looking around the room.

ALEK

About an hour ago, your son called  
the NCME, claiming he thought he  
might've seen himself listed on one  
of their websites.

MARA  
What website was that?

ALEK  
An affiliate site called missing  
persons dot org.

Mara slyly reaches behind the couch cushion, revealing a hidden Glock 19 handgun, tucked inside the zipper.

MARA  
Never heard of it.

ALEK  
Is your son around? For us to ask  
him a couple questions?

MARA  
I think he's out at the library,  
right now, if you'd like to come  
back at another time...

ALEK  
Let me ask you a question, Mrs.  
Harper. Do you feel it's  
appropriate, to take what's not  
yours?

MARA  
Excuse me?

ALEK  
Do you feel it's appropriate, to  
take what was never yours...  
Jeanine.

Mara turns pale.

**INT. BATHROOM -- SIMULTANEOUS**

Karen watches the conversation through the cracked open door.

KAREN'S POV:

MARA  
I think you must have me confused  
with someone else. My name is Mara  
Harper.

ALEK  
Well... it can't hurt to be sure.  
(beat)  
Gregory?

Gregory faces a silencer at her head.

Mara pulls out the Glock and SHOOTS Gregory in the arm before he SHOOTs her twice between the eyes. POP! POP!

*Karen sees the whole thing -- closes the bathroom door and puts her hands over her mouth.*

**INT. GARAGE -- SIMULTANEOUS**

Kevin hears the commotion from in the garage. He looks out into the driveway, and sees Alek's unfamiliar car.

**INT. KITCHEN -- A MOMENT LATER**

Kevin enters the kitchen from the garage, and hears:

ALEK  
Just deal with the father. I'll  
get the kid.

Kevin opens one of the cabinets and pushes all the canned food out of the way. In the back of the cabinet, is a *secret panel*. He opens the panel, revealing a Beretta Tomcat handgun with a silencer.

He attaches the silencer, and hides behind the open kitchen door.

**INT. NATHAN'S ROOM -- SIMULTANEOUS**

Nathan barely hears the SHOTS downstairs. He looks up from his cell phone.

OLDER VOICE  
Meet me at Jackie's Pub in half an  
hour. Alone.

Nathan walks towards his door, wondering what's going on downstairs.

OLDER VOICE (CONT'D)  
Jackie's Pub. Nine PM. Be there.

Nathan HANGS up -- opens his door, and looks downstairs.

**EXT. NATHAN'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

When Nathan peeks out, he sees Alek coming up the stairs with a gun.

**INT. NATHAN'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

Nathan SHUTS his bedroom door, locks it, and runs towards the window, DROPPING his phone on the way.

**INT. BATHROOM -- SIMULTANEOUS**

Karen LOCKS the bathroom door and crouches in the bathtub. She dials 911.

**INT. KITCHEN -- SIMULTANEOUS**

As Gregory enters the kitchen, Kevin SLAMS the door on him -- SHOOTs him twice in the arm and shoulder. POP! POP!

Gregory DIVES behind the kitchen island, and SHOOTs Kevin back, just grazing his leg.

Kevin UNLOADS the rest of his mag, as he runs to the other side of the kitchen. POP! POP! POP! Glasses and plates SHATTER as Gregory holds his head down behind the island.

Gregory aims his gun at a hanging pot... SHOOTs!

The bullet RICOCHETS off the pot, NIPPING Kevin in the neck.

Gregory's gun runs out of bullets -- CLICK CLICK CLICK.

**EXT. NATHAN'S ROOM -- SIMULTANEOUS**

Alek tries Nathan's door -- it's locked. He gets out his gun and aims at the doorknob.

**INT. NATHAN'S ROOM -- SIMULTANEOUS**

Nathan tries lifting his bedroom window, but it's JAMMED.

The doorknob gets SHOT out by Alek.

Nathan takes his desk chair and SMASHES it through the window, as the door gets KICKED in.

Nathan DIVES out the window...

...landing fifteen feet below, DENTING the hood of Alek's sedan.

**INT. KITCHEN -- SIMULTANEOUS**

While Gregory tries to change mags, Kevin tosses his weapon away and ATTACKS Gregory, dismantling his gun in two seconds.

They engage in HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT. This goes on for a minute, as Kevin gets the upper-hand.

Kevin clearly has a special set of skills for this kind of fighting, and eventually SNAPS Gregory's neck.

Gregory DROPS to the floor. THUD.

**EXT. BLACK SEDAN -- SIMULTANEOUS**

Nathan pulls himself off Alek's car.

He sees his mother... through the open front door, lying dead on the couch. Her eyes are still open, looking directly at him... she seems serene.

He sees Kevin run out from the kitchen, into the Living Room. They lock eyes for a second...

KEVIN

Run!

Suddenly, Kevin gets SHOT in the chest by Alek, from the top of the stairs... He COLLAPSES on to the floor.

NATHAN

NOOOO!!!

Nathan is shell-shocked. Both his parents are dead.

A GUNSHOT snaps him out of it. It's Alek, walking out the front door, pointing a gun at him.

Nathan looks over at his beat up Volvo, and decides to make a run for it.

Alek continues to FIRE at him.

Nathan manages to reach his car unscathed, and climbs into the driver's seat. He quickly FUMBLES around for his keys as more SHOTS hit his windshield.

He TURNS the ignition, and PEELS out of the driveway, CRASHING into the black sedan on his way into the street.

**EXT. STREET -- A MOMENT LATER**

Nathan SPEEDS down the street. After he drives through a Stop Sign, he SLAMS on the breaks. He looks in the rearview mirror...

NATHAN

Karen...

Should he go back for her?

**INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER**

Alek walks back inside, checking all the doors, to make sure no one else is in the house.

He OPENS a downstairs door -- Closet. Moves on.

He OPENS another door -- Laundry Room. Empty.

Next stop, Karen's bathroom. Alek checks the doorknob... it's locked.

**INT. BATHROOM**

Karen hides in the darkness, watching the doorknob JIGGLE. After a second, the jiggling stops... it gets quiet.

Suddenly, two SHOTS erupt, causing the doorknob to fall out of place. BAM! BAM!

Alek SWINGS open the door and turns on the lights...

The room looks empty, but the shower curtain is closed. Alek SWIPES open the shower curtain...

No one's there...

Karen is hiding behind the door, trembling in fear. If Alek turns to his right, he'll see her face in the mirror.

Alek starts turning his head...

...but his cell phone RINGS. He answers it in UKRAINIAN.

He calmly speaks in UKRAINIAN, for a moment, as Karen puts her hand over mouth to keep dead silent.

Finally, Alek leaves the room.

Karen slides down the wall, as she hears Alek walking further away...

But her cell phone starts to VIBRATE. She quickly fumbles to shut it off-

**EXT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS**

Alek hears Karen's phone and runs back towards the bathroom.

CUT BACK AND FORTH

BETWEEN Karen and Alek as Karen SHUTS the door on him and he struggles to push it open.

The struggle continues, as Alek slowly pushes the door open, aiming his gun inside the room. The barrel takes aim at Karen's head.

Suddenly, Nathan runs into the house, grabs the gun out of his father's dead hands, and runs towards Alek.

NATHAN

Hey!

Alek turns and sees Nathan. He pulls his arm out of the door and aims his gun at Nathan. But Nathan SHOOTs him three times in the chest. BAM! BAM! BAM!

Alek FLIES back into a glass sliding door, and drops to the floor.

Nathan runs towards him, holding his sites on Alek.

Karen exits the bathroom.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

You okay?

Karen nods, clearly distraught.

Nathan leans down, as Alek spits up blood.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

(angry)

Who are you?

No response. Nathan grabs his collar.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

WHO ARE YOU?

Alek looks into Nathan's eyes, and works up enough energy to speak.

ALEK

Perhaps... you should ask that question of yourself...

Alek smiles slightly, before his eyes glaze over. Dead.

Nathan lowers him to the ground, completely shaken with the past ten minutes of his life.

A very subtle TICKING can be heard coming from the kitchen.

KAREN

What's... that sound?

Nathan looks up from his grief.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Sounds like ticking...

They both get up and peek into the kitchen from the hallway...

NATHAN AND KAREN'S POV: A wired bomb is strapped to the coffee maker, counting down. 18... 17... 16...

But before they can run-

POLICEMAN 1  
FREEZE!

Two POLICEMAN have entered the house and have their guns on Nathan.

POLICEMAN 2  
Drop your weapon.

KAREN  
No, you don't understand-

NATHAN  
There's a bomb in the house!

POLICEMAN 2  
Drop your weapon!

Nathan TOSSES away his gun.

NATHAN  
Fuck the weapon, we're all going to die in TEN SECONDS!

KAREN  
These men killed his parents-

POLICEMAN 1  
You're under arrest. You have the right to remain silent-

NATHAN  
THERE'S A BOMB ABOUT TO GO OFF!!

8... 7...

POLICEMAN 2  
Anything you say may be used against you-

Nathan grabs Karen's hand, and swings open the closet door, blocking the Policeman's view.

Policeman one FIRES two shots, as Nathan and Karen run out the back door. BAM! BAM!.

Policeman 2 notices the bomb on the coffee maker.

4... 3... 2...

POLICEMAN 2 (CONT'D)

Shit.

**EXT. NATHAN'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS**

BACK OF HOUSE:

Nathan and Karen run out of the house, and dive into his in-ground swimming pool.

The house EXPLODES. It BLOWS APART into a million pieces. Glass everywhere. Wood spraying. It all goes up in an instantaneous BLAZE.

FRONT OF HOUSE:

Policeman 1 gets INCINERATED, as Policeman 2 manages to escape out the front door and dives onto the yard.

BACK OF HOUSE:

Nathan and Karen stay under water, as a blanket of fire drapes the pool for a few seconds. They hold hands under water, while the fire slowly dissipates.

**INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- NIGHT**

CLOSE-UP: A nameplate that reads: Wesley Carr

Sheriff WESLEY CARR, 50's, stocky, sits at his desk with his legs up, watching a baseball game and eating a deli sandwich.

His phone RINGS -- picks up.

WESLEY

Wesley.  
(beat)

Wesley quickly sits up, and grabs a pen and paper.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Be right there.

He HANGS up and presses the intercom button.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

We got an explosion on Casper Creek road. Two officers down.

**INT. NATHAN'S CAR -- NIGHT**

Nathan and Karen drive down the highway.

Nathan BANGS the steering wheel repeatedly, in frustration. A car BEEPS, nearly hitting them. Nathan SWERVES over to the shoulder, and stops the car for a moment.

He tries to recoup himself -- leans his head on the steering wheel. His face is red with sadness, confusion and anger.

Karen gently touches his cheek, and directs his head towards her, for direct eye contact.

KAREN

If we call the police, it'll give us the chance to explain things, before they jump to conclusions.

Nathan nods.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I witnessed the whole thing. As long as I'm with you, you're fine. I'm not leaving you, you understand? I'm not leaving you.

Nathan slowly nods.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You have your cell?

Nathan shakes his head.

Karen checks hers -- it's soaking wet.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Shit. Mine's fried.

Nathan looks at the clock. It reads: 8:48

They pull back on to the highway and merge with traffic.

**EXT. NATHAN'S HOUSE -- LATER THAT NIGHT**

Sirens flashing everywhere. POLICE OFFICERS, DEPUTY SHERIFFS, and FIREMEN surround the house. Multiple police cars, fire trucks, and ambulances are parked all over the yard, as the fire BLAZES in every direction.

On the outskirts of the police tape, neighborhood CIVILIANS quietly stand around, trying to get a glimpse of the scene.

FIREMEN hose down the house, as Wesley listen to Policeman 2's statement. Policeman 2 is on a gurney, covered in ashes, as PARAMEDICS check his ears and eyes.

POLICEMAN 2  
My left ear... I can't hear  
anything out of my left ear.

WESLEY  
Tell me what you saw.

POLICEMAN 2  
...he was standing over multiple  
bodies, holding a gun. At least  
three victims. Lot of blood. Next  
thing we know, there's a bomb... in  
the kitchen.

WESLEY  
Your partner?

POLICEMAN 2  
(beat)  
He's gone...

Wesley backs off the gurney, as they load Policeman 2 into  
the ambulance.

WESLEY  
Pay attention, everyone.

DEPUTIES and POLICEMEN surround him.

WESLEY (CONT'D)  
Close the bridges, close the parks,  
close the highway entrances. Close  
everything. I want checkpoints on  
the entire perimeter of Bridgewater  
County. Bobby?

BOBBY FLETCHER, 35, Deputy Detective, stands attention.

WESLEY (CONT'D)  
Call Dayton, Spring Creek, Mount  
Crawford, everybody. Let 'em know  
what we're dealing with. Also,  
check the local gun shops. See if  
they have any recent red flags.

FLETCHER  
Yessir.

WESLEY  
And get me an arson expert down  
here. I want to know what kind of  
'bomb' we're talking about.

**INT. NATHAN'S CAR -- NIGHT**

Nathan and Karen pull up to a packed Pub. Jackie's Pub.

NATHAN  
You got a fake I.D.?

Karen shakes her head.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
All right. I'm gonna go inside,  
make the call, and be out in five  
minutes. Okay?

KAREN  
Five minutes. Maximum.

**EXT. JACKIE'S PUB -- NIGHT**

As Nathan gets out of his car, and walks into the pub...

WE SEE: A blinking red light attached to the underside of  
his bumper.

**INT. JACKIE'S PUB -- MOMENTS LATER**

Nathan enters the Pub, and immediately goes to the payphone.

He dials: 911

911 (O.S.)  
911.

NATHAN  
(on phone)  
Hello, my name is Nathan Harper,  
and I think my life's in danger.

911 (O.S.)  
Okay, slow down, sir. Where are  
you located?

NATHAN  
(on phone)  
I'm ah... I'm located at...

Suddenly, Nathan sees himself on the television. He's on the  
Evening News with the headline:

Bridgewater Teen Suspected of Killing Parents

ON TV: Wesley Carr is making a STATEMENT.

911 (O.S.)  
Sir? Sir, where are you located?

Nathan slowly lowers the Receiver, as footage of his house  
burning down, intercuts with Wesley's briefing.

WESLEY

(on TV)

He was last seen in a possession of a firearm. And he's wanted in connection with the death of his parents, two unidentified victims, and a Police Officer.

NEWS REPORTER

(on TV)

Was anyone else with him?

WESLEY

(on TV)

There was a girl with him. We don't know who she is, or whether or not she survived the explosion.

NEWS REPORTER

(on TV)

What should Bridgewater residents do right now?

WESLEY

(on TV)

Lock their doors and stay inside.

Nathan slowly HANGS UP the phone, and ducks into a dark corner, to watch the news report.

As the News cuts to the next segment, Nathan slumps onto a bar stool in the deepest, darkest corner of the pub.

He's in big trouble.

**EXT. JACKIE'S PUB -- SIMULTANEOUS**

A Police Car pulls into the parking lot. It slowly scans the license plates.

Karen sees the squad car, moving towards her.

When the car approaches, and shines its spotlight inside Nathan's vehicle... Karen is gone.

**INT. JACKIE'S PUB -- SIMULTANEOUS**

Some PATRONS begin to take notice of Nathan. They begin pointing at him, recognizing him from the news.

Nathan tries to make his way out the front door, but three FRAT BOYS block him. As he tries to get by, they hold him back.

FRAT BOY

It's him!

Two CONSTRUCTION WORKERS help in holding Nathan down and disarming him, while he STRUGGLES to get free.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Call the police!

The BARTENDER picks up the phone and dials.

NATHAN

You don't understand. I'm innocent.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Tell it to the police.

Nathan PUNCHES one of the Frat Boys in the face, attempting to get free. A Worker PUNCHES him back, trying to hold him down.

Nathan BITES one of the Worker's hands, and he SCREAMS in agony, as two other GUYS KICK him and hold him down.

A LOUD GUNSHOT explodes into the ceiling, causing everyone to SCREAM and duck for cover...

It's the OLDER MAN, holding a smoking sawed-off shotgun.

He aims it at the men holding Nathan down.

OLDER MAN

Let him go.

The Frat Boys and Construction Workers slowly let go of Nathan's collar, and stand up with their hands in the air. The bar turns quiet.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)

Straighten out his collar.

The Construction Worker straightens Nathan's collar up.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)

Tell him you're sorry, and that you believe he's innocent.

The Construction worker slowly faces Nathan.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

I'm sorry... and I believe you're innocent.

OLDER MAN

Good boy. Now kindly open the door, and let us out.

The Construction Worker opens the exit door, as Nathan and the Older Man exit the premises.

**EXT. JACKIE'S PUB -- CONTINUOUS**

When Nathan and the Older Man rush out of the Pub, The Older Man JAMS the door with a chair.

Nathan quickly notices the SQUAD CAR, shining its spotlight on his car.

NATHAN'S POV: Karen is not inside his car.

Nathan starts walking towards his car, when the Older Man stops him.

                  OLDER MAN  
Your car's been identified.  
There's no going back.

                  NATHAN  
Karen...

                  OLDER MAN  
The police can't protect you, son.  
You come with me, or you die.  
Those are your choices.

The front door of the bar is being PUSHED open from the inside.

The Older Man guides Nathan over to his pick-up Truck and opens the door for him.

                  NATHAN  
Wait a second. I don't even know  
you.

                  OLDER MAN  
I'm the one who told you to get out  
of that house.

The Older Man gets in the car and quickly starts the ENGINE.

Nathan sees the OFFICERS starting to look in his direction. He gets in the car.

As they DRIVE off, a large SUV parked nearby, turns it's headlights on, and follows them.

**INT. OLDER MAN'S TRUCK -- MOMENTS LATER**

Nathan looks at the Older Man as he speeds down the highway.

OLDER MAN

The police... weak to the advances of outside influence. Prone to infection. They'll be bought by tomorrow morning.

NATHAN

Who are you?

OLDER MAN

I'm a Bounty Hunter, hired by your father fourteen years ago to find and protect you, after they took you away.

NATHAN

Protect me? How come I've never seen you before?

BOUNTY HUNTER

Because, I only found you a few months ago.

NATHAN

A few months ago? It took you fourteen years to find me?

BOUNTY HUNTER

No pictures, no name, no DNA. It was a one in a million shot at finding you, kid, believe me. The agency doesn't take any chances.

NATHAN

What agency?

BOUNTY HUNTER

Open up the glove compartment.

Nathan opens the glove compartment. There are some official papers and tickets inside.

NATHAN

What are these?

BOUNTY HUNTER

Tomorrow morning, you'll take the 10:24 train to Modesto. There, you'll meet a man named Paul Rasmus. He'll know what to do.

NATHAN

Paul Rasmus... What does he look like?

BOUNTY HUNTER

I don't know. Never met him.

NATHAN

You never met him? Listen, I don't know who you are, or what this is all about. But, you better start answering some of my questions, or I'm jumping out of this car. Starting with, who are my real parents?

BOUNTY HUNTER

Yesterday, you were a normal kid, thinking about college and pussy and all that other bullshit. Today, you're a wanted man. By tomorrow morning, there'll be an entire country hunting you down. So, you better forget about who your parents are, and start worrying about who you are.

A BEEPING HORN and bright headlights come out of nowhere. The large SUV RAMS into their truck and starts PUSHING them across the highway. They try to get out of the vehicle, but are wedged inside.

**EXT. TRUCK / HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS**

After a few seconds, they reach a bridge, and get PUSHED off the edge, landing thirty feet into a shallow river. CRASH! The vehicle is half in the water, and half out.

Three MEN get out of the SUV with automatic weapons, and start SHOOTING into the water.

**INT. TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS**

Nathan feels his head, as bullets BOUNCE off the windshield -- it must be bullet proof. He looks over at the Bounty Hunter, who isn't moving.

NATHAN

(shaking him)

Hey! HEY!

Nathan tries to pry the Bounty Hunter from his seatbelt, but notices a large gash on the side of his head. He's dead.

Bullets continue to RICOCHET off the car, as the water FILLS the vehicle.

Nathan grabs the tickets, and pulls the door handle -- it's JAMMED. He struggles to open it, but the door is crushed shut. He quickly climbs over the Bounty Hunter, to go out his door.

**EXT. TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS**

Nathan KICKS open the door and DIVES into the river, as bullets WHIZ past him through the water.

The river flows rapidly, and Nathan floats away from the bridge quickly. He sees the MEN crossing the bridge with bright flashlights, trying to spot him. He puts his head underwater, and glides downstream.

His tickets get lost in the water.

**EXT. RIVER BANK -- NIGHT**

Nathan washes up on a rocky shore. He's exhausted and in pain. He crawls over some rocks, and finally passes out.

**EXT. NATHAN'S HOUSE -- DAWN**

The house is a black, smoking, pile of hot ash. The skeletal frame is all that's left of Nathan's entire past.

Wesley stands by, as FORENSICS place POLICEMAN 1 into a body bag. The Policeman is burnt to a crisp.

Fletcher arrives with another MAN; JACK SHAPIRO, 40's, calm and unassuming.

FLETCHER

Boss, this is Jack Shapiro, from the Marshal's Office. He's the arson expert you asked for.

Wesley shakes hands with Jack.

WESLEY

Pleased to meet you, Mr. Shapiro. As you can see, we have quite a mess here.

Jack nods, while looking at the blackened structure.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Now ah, whatever you find in there, you tell me about it first. Not the Marshal's office. Understood?

JACK

Not a problem.

Jack quietly enters the house, carrying his investigative materials.

A DEPUTY approaches Wesley with his CB.

DEPUTY  
Sir, they found a truck in the  
river up off Route 17.

**EXT. BRIDGE -- DAWN**

A large crane lifts the Bounty Hunter's truck out of the water. His corpse is inside, still wedged into the driver's seat.

The bridge is blocked off by POLICE and AMBULANCES.

Wesley shakes his head, 'What a mess'.

**EXT. RIVERBANK -- DAWN**

Nathan sleeps on the rocks, as the sun rises.

*DREAM SEQUENCE:*

*BLACKNESS*

*An echo-y rendition of 'Que Sera Sera' PLAYS, way off in the distance.*

*The Shadowed Woman appears out of the dark. Her face is just barely in the darkness, while she holds up young Nathan and SPINS him around.*

*It's a joyous, surreal moment, as LAUGHING can be heard. His laughing -- the laughing of a small child.*

*When her face comes into the light... she's a skeleton.*

*END OF DREAM*

Nathan wakes up from the nightmare. His blood is dried, and his lips are chapped. He's cold.

He slowly gets up, and heads into the woods.

**INT. RITE AID -- EARLY MORNING**

ELEVATOR MUSIC fills the aisles.

Nathan, wearing dark sunglasses, sift through the aisles, looking for certain survival items. He grabs a backpack, electric buzzer, cheap binoculars, and some carving knives.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Nathan reaches the CASHIER, 20, stoner-dude. He hands the Cashier a soaked twenty dollar bill.

The Cashier grabs the tip of the bill, daintily, and slowly peels it open. It's gross looking. He looks at Nathan in disbelief.

CASHIER  
Really?

**INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM -- MORNING**

Nathan buzzes all of his hair off to change his appearance. He puts some band-aids and gauze on his wounds and scratches.

**INT. DINER PHONE BOOTH -- MORNING**

Nathan puts in a quarter, and DIALS the phone.

GILLY (V.O.)  
Hello?

NATHAN  
(phone)  
Gilly, it's me.

GILLY (V.O.)  
Dude, what the *fuck*?!

**EXT. ROAD -- MORNING**

Nathan waits by the side of the road, behind a tree.

A car's HEADLIGHTS appear in the distance. When the car approaches, it pulls over in front of Nathan.

It's Gilly. Nathan tosses his backpack into the trunk, and gets in the passenger seat -- ducks down.

**INT. GILLY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS**

Gilly drives the speed limit, listening to the LOCAL NEWS. Nathan's name comes up, constantly.

GILLY  
Cops everywhere, man. You're lucky you made it outside of town.

NATHAN  
I'm lucky to be alive.

GILLY  
Check my wallet.

Nathan opens Gilly's wallet -- three fake ID's with Nathan's picture on them.

NATHAN  
What's all this?

GILLY  
Three different identities in three different states. I even photoshopped off your hair, to match. You're gonna be one covert motherfucker.

Nathan scans through the IDS -- Virginia, New York, California. Different names are listed on each card.

NATHAN  
Wow.

GILLY  
This is my finest, finest work, dude. What you are holding, are works of art.

NATHAN  
Thanks, man.

GILLY  
You need a gun?

Gilly lifts up a blanket on the back seat. An assortment of handguns are hidden underneath.

NATHAN  
You know how I feel about guns.

GILLY  
Well, if you don't turn yourself in, and there are people trying to kill you... I'm gonna have to insist you take one of those bad boys for protection.

NATHAN  
I'm not turning myself in.

GILLY  
Maybe you can still explain everything.

NATHAN  
Explain what? That my parents weren't who they said they were? Who's gonna believe that? Especially now that my house is gone, the evidence is gone, and the cops think I'm a mass murderer.

GILLY

Good point. But it gets worse every minute you're on the run, dude.

NATHAN

If I do turn myself in, it won't be to these local schmocal cops. I'll go to the FBI if I don't find this Rasmus guy.

Gilly starts pulling over.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Why are we stopping?

Nathan sees Karen come out of the woods, and watches her jump in the back seat.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

GILLY

She called right after you, dude!

KAREN

I just got out of an internet cafe.

NATHAN

Well, I'm really happy for you, but you shouldn't be with me, right now.

KAREN

No, listen. They erased that website with your picture on it. It's like it never existed.

NATHAN

Listen to me, Karen. I'm in a lot of trouble, here. My fate is looking pretty grim. But you... you haven't been identified yet. You should get out, while you still can.

Suddenly, Karen's name gets mentioned on the RADIO:

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Police now suspect that the girl who escaped with Nathan Harper, may be Karen Lowell, his next door neighbor. She's been missing since last night, and was working on a school project with the suspect for the past week...

Karen SHUTS it off... slowly leans back in her seat.  
Finally:

KAREN  
I'm coming with you.

**EXT. LARGE TRAIN STATION -- MORNING**

Gilly drops off Nathan and Karen.

After Nathan SHUTS the door, he leans in the window, to shake Gilly's hand.

NATHAN  
No guns, brother.

GILLY  
You better come back to me, man. I  
only have one best friend.

Nathan smiles -- nods.

GILLY (CONT'D)  
I'm serious. You be careful.

NATHAN  
I will.

Nathan walks with Karen into the station.

**INT. LARGE TRAIN STATION -- MORNING**

The Station is filled with COMMUTERS and TRAVELERS, busily walking to their allotted trains.

Karen and Nathan enter the Station.

The large clock reads: 10:16

**TICKET COUNTER**

Nathan reaches the TICKET TELLER, 40's, female, glasses.

NATHAN  
Two tickets for Modesto, please?

TICKET TELLER  
The 10:24?

NATHAN  
Yes. How long is the trip?

TICKET TELLER  
Three days, three nights.

The Ticket Teller PRINTS up the tickets, while Nathan hands over the cash.

TICKET TELLER (CONT'D)  
(handing tickets over)  
Better hurry.

**INT. ABOVE-GROUND TRAIN PLATFORM -- MORNING**

Packed with PASSENGERS and PORTERS.

Nathan and Karen reach the CONDUCTOR.

He examines their tickets, looks at them, and lets them on the train.

**INT. FOOD CAR -- MOMENTS LATER**

Karen and Nathan make their way through the food car, before entering the:

**SLEEPING CAR HALLWAY**

They reach Room 42 -- open their door.

**EXT. ABOVE-GROUND TRAIN PLATFORM -- SIMULTANEOUS**

Just as the Conductor is about to close the door, a MAN runs up, just in time to hand the Conductor a ticket.

He's mid 30's, wearing glasses and a casual suit. We'll call him THE STRANGER.

The Stranger kindly smiles at the Conductor, who lets him on the train.

**INT. ROOM 42 -- CONTINUOUS**

Karen and Nathan enter their room, and put down their bags.

Nathan looks out the window, hearing the WHISTLE BLOW, and watching the train leave the platform. He shuts the blinds -- opens the overhead compartment with a cot.

Karen turns on the lamp.

NATHAN  
 You can sleep on the cot tonight.  
 I'll take the couch.

KAREN  
 Who are we supposed to meet at the  
 end of this rainbow?

NATHAN  
 I don't know. Some guy named  
 Rasmus. Paul Rasmus.

KAREN  
 That's it?

NATHAN  
 (defeated)  
 That's all I got. I keep thinking  
 I'm in this nightmare, and I'm  
 gonna wake up, at any moment. But,  
 it doesn't happen.

KAREN  
 Maybe we go to the FBI?

Nathan shrugs.

Karen takes out a First Aid Kit and grabs some cotton balls  
 and begins dabbing some of Nathan's facial scars.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 You've got glass stuck all over  
 you. Take off your shirt.

Nathan reluctantly takes off his shirt.

Karen picks out some small shards of glass from Nathan's  
 skin. He WINCES.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 Hold still.

After she's through, they look at each other. They lean in  
 to each other slightly, on the verge of a kiss...

Finally:

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 I... I'm kind of tired. Haven't  
 slept in twenty four hours.

Nathan nods. He backs off.

### **TRAIN HALLWAY**

The Stranger BUMPS into a CAR ATTENDANT.

CAR ATTENDANT

Sorry, sir.

STRANGER

My fault.

When the Attendant disappears, the Stranger takes out a sheet of paper, which he pick-pocketed -- a list of all the passengers.

The Stranger scans the list -- no listing for 'Harper'.

DISSOLVE TO:

**ROOM 42 -- LATE AFTERNOON**

Nathan sleeps on the couch, before Karen wakes him up.

KAREN

I'm going to get some food.

Nathan nods, wiping his eyes.

NATHAN

Be careful.

Karen nods and grabs some cash. On her way out the door, she thinks of something:

KAREN

I'll knock twice before keying in.  
If you don't hear two knocks...  
it's not me.

NATHAN

Okay.

Karen leaves.

**DINING CAR**

Karen is on line at the buffet. She LOPS on potatoes and green beans and chicken -- enough to feed an army.

The Stranger gets on line next to her -- smiles at her.

STRANGER

Hi.

KAREN

Hi.

STRANGER

Lot of food there. You must be hungry.

Karen smiles and nods, grabbing a couple of rolls. She hands her food ticket to the BUFFET LADY at the end of the long table.

The Buffet Lady looks at the amount of food on her plate.

Karen, not wanting to cause a scene, hands over Nathan's ticket, as well.

The Stranger sees the second ticket -- he knows she's not alone.

Karen leaves the food car.

The Stranger puts down his food, and follows her.

#### **SLEEPING CAR HALLWAY**

Karen walks down the hallway, balancing the food with her hands.

Without Karen noticing, the Stranger comes up behind her.

Another PASSENGER walks by, passing both of them. When the Passenger is gone, the Stranger puts his hand over Karen's mouth.

The food FALLS to the ground -- plate SHATTERS.

The Stranger PUNCHES Karen twice in the face, knocking her out. He quickly keys into his room, and HAULS her inside.

He comes back out to clean up the mess, when a STEWARD happens to walk by.

STEWARD

Oh, did you drop it?

STRANGER

(kindly)  
Yeah, sorry...

STEWARD

It's no problem, I'll clean it up.

STRANGER

Thank you so much.

STEWARD

I'll get you a new food ticket in a few minutes, okay?

STRANGER

Thank you. That would be great.

The Stranger enters his room -- SHUTS the door.

**ROOM 13**

The Stranger drags Karen further inside his room -- her face bloody, her body limp. He leans over her, takes out a gun, and jams the silencer deep in to her mouth.

He checks her pockets for her room key -- finds it. Room 42.

STRANGER

Do you understand the importance of telling the truth, Karen?

Karen, barely conscious, nods.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Is there a secret knock, or password, I should know about before entering the room?

Karen slowly shakes her head 'no', tears forming in her eyes.

The Stranger looks deep into her eyes -- she's lying.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Such a shame.

He takes out a cigar cutter with his other hand, and places her left index finger inside the cutter.

He applies pressure with the cutter, clamping down on her finger, but not all the way.

Karen emits MUFFLED SCREAMS of agony.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Is there a secret knock, or password, I should know about before entering the room?

Karen slowly nods.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

And what is it?

He takes the gun out of her mouth for her to speak.

KAREN

(shortness of breath)  
Two... knocks.

STRANGER  
Two knocks, then enter?

Karen nods, CRYING.

The Stranger looks deep into her eyes -- it's the truth.

He slowly takes her finger out of the cutter -- smiles.

STRANGER (CONT'D)  
If I go there, and you've lied to  
me...

He SNAPS the cutter. SNAP. SNAP. SNAP.

STRANGER (CONT'D)  
One by one.

## ROOM 42

Nathan peaks through the half-open blinds, watching the world go by. He looks over at Karen's coat -- a small bottle of PepperBall Pepper Spray sticks out of her inside pocket.

Nathan smiles, and picks it up.

The label reads: Warning: Severe Irritant

He puts the bottle down and checks his watch -- it's taking Karen a while to come back.

## SLEEPING CAR HALLWAY

The Stranger enters the hallway, as another FEMALE PASSENGER walks by. The Stranger smiles kindly at the Passenger, but as soon as she disappears around the corner, his smile disappears, as well.

He approaches Room 42 -- KNOCKS twice, before KEYING into the room.

## ROOM 42

The Stranger enters, gun in hand -- no sign of Nathan.

The Stranger quietly moves towards the bathroom, and KICKS open the door -- no Nathan.

He looks up at the closed upper compartment -- aims his gun at it. He reaches for the handle, slowly... then PULLS it down...

No Nathan.

**DINING CAR**

Nathan is scanning the dining car, wondering where Karen could be. He doesn't see her, and heads back towards his room.

**ROOM 42**

When Nathan reaches his room, he gets out his keys to open the door, but notices something odd next to the doorknob...

Blood. Just a small speck of blood above the doorknob.

He HEARS someone in the room, and quickly steps to the side.

The Stranger exits the room, looking in the other direction.

Nathan quickly sneaks inside the room, and SHUTS the door, but the Stranger CATCHES it before it's completely closed. Nathan PUNCHES his fingers and tries to JAM them by SLAMMING closed the door.

But the Stranger is stronger than Nathan, and PUSHES back open the door, GRABBING Nathan by the neck.

They struggle against each other, until Nathan momentarily gets the upper hand. He holds his arm around the Strangers neck, as tight as he can.

The Stranger, arms wailing around, SHOOTS his gun three times, BLASTING the window into pieces.

The WIND BLOWS hard from outside, as the Stranger manages to get free from Nathan's grip, and grabs Nathan's neck, in return. Their STRUGGLE reaches the newly destroyed window, as the Stranger leans Nathan onto shards of glass, while grasping his neck.

The Stranger takes out a tranquilizer gun, and presses it against Nathan's neck.

But Nathan grabs Karen's Pepper Spray, and SQUIRTS it in the Stranger's face.

As the Stranger GROANS in pain, Nathan grabs his tranquilizer gun and INJECTS it twice into the Stranger's adam's apple, causing his eyes to BUG OUT in agony.

Nathan holds the gun on his neck, as the Stranger eventually collapses on top of him.

Nathan rolls the Stranger off of him, and quickly checks his pockets -- Ukrainian passport, Russian memos, and photographs of Nathan, from newspaper clippings. He takes all of it.

He looks for the Stranger's key -- finds it -- room 13.

As Nathan lifts the Stranger up, he wakes up! He starts GRABBING for Nathan's neck again, YELLING something in UKRAINIAN.

Nathan flops him on to the ledge of the window -- pushing him off the train. He watches the Stranger land on the parallel tracks, SNAPPING his neck.

But he also sees a YOUNG BOY, in the next car, leaning out the window, witnessing the whole thing. The boy looks directly at Nathan -- oops.

#### **SLEEPING CAR HALLWAY**

Nathan exits his room, with his backpack and Karen's things. On his way down the hallway, the train comes to a SCREECHING HALT.

Nathan falls backwards, along with a couple other PASSENGERS, but quickly gets up and runs down the hallway.

#### **NEXT CAR**

Nathan reaches Room 13, and gets out the Stranger's key.

Sounds of COMMOTION can be heard in the distance, as people are realizing that a man was thrown off the train.

#### **ROOM 13**

Nathan enters Room 13, and sees Karen, beaten, bloodied, passed out, and tied to the radiator.

Worried for her life, Nathan leans over her, and checks her pulse.

NATHAN  
(whispers)  
Karen? Karen?

She's conscious, but very weak.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Say something.

KAREN  
(barely audible)  
Something...

Nathan helps her up.

NATHAN  
Stay with me... Stay with me...

The train comes to a final JOLT, as the TRAIN WORKERS investigate the situation, somewhere outside.

Nathan is on borrowed time -- he needs to think fast.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Can you walk if I help you?

Karen nods.

### **IN BETWEEN CARS**

Nathan pulls the 'emergency' latch on the exit door, and gets off the train, holding Karen as a crutch.

The ALARM RINGS.

### **EXT. TRAIN -- CONTINUOUS**

Nathan helps Karen off the train. He sees WORKERS and CONDUCTORS, way off in the distance, at the end of the train surrounding the Stranger's body.

He ducks into the woods with Karen, before anyone can see them.

### **INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE -- DAY**

Jack Shapiro, and his partner, MARCUS LANG, 30's, Nigerian, tall and slender, quietly chip away at evidence within the house.

Marcus removes a piece of molding on the ceiling, as Jack gets up on a step ladder to review what's behind it.

Jack reaches inside, and grabs a tiny plastic ball, with wires attached to it. He dusts off some ash, revealing a tiny glass lens on one side.

Jack and Marcus look at each other in confirmation.

### **INT. WESLEY'S OFFICE -- DAY**

Wesley, Jack, Marcus, and Fletcher are present. All are seated.

Jack lights up a cigarette, admiring a knitted quilt, hanging on Wesley's wall.

JACK  
Love the quilt.

WESLEY

Thank you. My wife made it.

Marcus dumps five of the plastic balls on the desk.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

What the hell are these?

JACK

Pinhole cameras. Found them in five different rooms of the house, including Nathan Harper's bedroom.

Wesley picks one up, and examines it.

Marcus dumps more objects on the desk, as they discuss.

WESLEY

Well, what the hell does that mean? Voyeurism?

JACK

They look like surveillance cameras, monitored from a remote location, not within the house. The snipped wires suggest communication was cut off some time ago. Whether his parents knew about them or not, is anyone's guess.

Wesley turns his attention to another pile of wires and gadgetry.

WESLEY

And this?

JACK

RDX plastic explosive. The Russians used these to blow out foxholes in Afghanistan in the 80's. This is the skunk that wiped out the house, and you can't find it at the local candy store.

Wesley points at a melted gun, next to the bomb.

JACK (CONT'D)

That's a Stetchkin APS pistol. Also made in Russia. Ukraine, specifically. Custom made to fit an M4 silencer. Again, these toys cannot be bought in America.

WESLEY

You're saying?

JACK

I'm saying when Forensics checks the unidentified victim's teeth, it's possible they won't find a match in the United States. My recommendation, for what it's worth, is to contact the FBI.

WESLEY

Let's see what Forensics says. Until then, I'd appreciate it if we kept this information in this room.

Jack and Marcus get up to leave.

JACK

Not a problem. But think of it this way: If this kid has even a shred of innocence... then you'd better find him, before the Russians do.

WESLEY

We've got over seventy men out there, looking for him.

Jack opens the door to exit. One last thought.

JACK

Personally, I'd be most worried about the cameras.

WESLEY

Why's that?

JACK

Because there's always someone behind them.... Someone who knows more than you.

**EXT. GHOST TOWN STREET -- DAY**

LENS POV: Nathan walks Karen through a small, near-deserted town in middle America. Photos are SNAPPED.

Only a few store fronts are open. The rest of the buildings are condemned or were closed years ago. A couple scattered cars and a strong WIND are the only signs of life here.

LENS POV: More SNAPPED photos of Nathan and Karen entering a small Pharmacy.

**INT. SMALL PHARMACY -- CONTINUOUS**

Nathan and Karen enter the tiny ma-and-pop shop.

An OLD STOREKEEPER mans the counter. An OLD WOMAN, presumably the Storekeeper's wife, is stocking shelves.

Nathan approaches the Storekeeper.

NATHAN  
Where are we?

OLD STOREKEEPER  
Drug store.

NATHAN  
What *state*?

OLD STOREKEEPER  
(confused)  
Kentucky.

The Storekeeper looks at Karen -- black eye, dried blood, smeared make-up.

NATHAN  
We were in... a car accident. We need first aid.

OLD STOREKEEPER  
(motions)  
Right over there.

Karen finds the First Aid Kits, and takes one.

NATHAN  
You got a bathroom we could use for a few minutes?

OLD STOREKEEPER  
We got a hospital, which is where that girl belongs.

The Old Woman approaches them.

OLD WOMAN  
Oh come on, George. Nearest hospital's fifteen miles away.  
(to Nathan)  
I'll fix her up in the back room. Hospital would charge you a thousand dollars for a band-aid.

NATHAN  
(smiles)  
Thank you.

The Old Woman leads Karen into the back room.

An awkward silence between Nathan and the Storekeeper. Then:

OLD STOREKEEPER  
Population here is a hundred and  
twelve... and you ain't one of 'em.

NATHAN  
We were coming to visit some  
friends, and-

OLD STOREKEEPER  
What friends? Who? I know  
everyone.

NATHAN  
Ummm... I better go check on my...  
girlfriend.

OLD STOREKEEPER  
How about the men in the shiny car,  
across the street? Are they your  
'friends' too?

Nathan looks out the store window.

NATHAN'S POV: Two MEN sit in a car across the street,  
looking back at him.

Nathan turns pale. He can't run forever -- notices the  
handle of a gun tucked behind the Storekeeper's counter. He  
throws down a wad of money.

NATHAN  
I'll give you fifty dollars for the  
shotgun behind the counter.

OLD STOREKEEPER  
You outta your mind?

NATHAN  
Hundred dollars.

OLD STOREKEEPER  
I ain't sellin' you my shotgun.

NATHAN  
Two hundred dollars.

The Storekeeper grabs his shotgun from behind the counter,  
and aims it at Nathan's face.

OLD STOREKEEPER  
You've got two minutes to get out  
of my store. Get your girl and go.

**INT. BACK ROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

The Old Woman has cleaned up Karen a bit. They're smiling and getting along fine, when Nathan walks in.

NATHAN  
(to woman)  
Excuse me, ma'am. May I have a moment?

OLD WOMAN  
Of course.

The Woman leaves the room as Nathan kneels down next to Karen.

NATHAN  
How you doing?

KAREN  
Better. You?

NATHAN  
(beat)  
When I saw you, in that room... not knowing what had happened... It made me so angry, my heart sank.  
(beat)  
I thought you were dead.

Karen realizes Nathan is coming undone, a little.

KAREN  
I'm not dead, okay? I'm right here, and we're both alive, and that's what's important. We're going to figure this thing out, okay?

Nathan nods, not believing her. Finally:

NATHAN  
There are two men outside, waiting for us.

KAREN  
Are you sure?

Nathan nods, as Karen gets up and tries the window. It BUDGES a little.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Then we have to get out of here.

NATHAN  
 (sarcastic)  
 Maybe we should walk up to them and  
 ask them what they want?

Karen opens the window all the way.

KAREN  
 Not an option.

NATHAN  
 What if there is no Paul Rasmus?  
 And even if there is, what's he  
 going to do for me? I'm a dead  
 man.

KAREN  
 Nathan, if you lose it, then I'm  
 going to lose it.

Karen grabs Nathan and forces him up.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 We're going out this window,  
 together. Understand?

Nathan nods, as he helps Karen up to go out the window first.

OUTSIDE

As soon as Karen lands on the ground outside, a car PULLS up  
 out of nowhere and blocks her in the alley.

NATHAN  
 Karen!

Three MEN get out of the car to grab her, as she runs in the  
 other direction.

But another car blocks the other side. The Men GRAB Karen,  
 holding her mouth, as Nathan stands helpless in the window.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
 KAREN!!

**INT. SMALL PHARMACY -- CONTINUOUS**

Nathan BURSTS out of the back room and SWIPES the shotgun out  
 of the Storekeeper's hands.

OLD STOREKEEPER  
 Hey!

Nathan walks up to the front, and SWINGS the door open,  
 aiming the shotgun at the Men across the street.

**EXT. SMALL PHARMACY -- CONTINUOUS**

Nathan COCKS the shotgun.

NATHAN  
What do you want with us!?

The Men exit the car and walk towards him.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
WHAT DO YOU WANT?! Don't get any  
closer!

Suddenly, multiple MEN come out of the storefronts into the street. One of them is FRANK BOYER, 50's, well-dressed. He takes an I.D. out of his pocket.

BOYER  
(calmly)  
Put the gun down, Nathan.

NATHAN  
One step closer, and I pull the  
trigger.

BOYER  
We're CIA, Nathan.

NATHAN  
Bullshit.

BOYER  
My name is Frank Boyer, and I work  
for the CIA. You can check my  
identification.

Boyer tosses his ID in front of Nathan.

Nathan picks up the card, and examines it, then tosses the ID back towards Boyer.

NATHAN  
I wouldn't know a fake one from a  
real one, anyway.

Suddenly, DR. BENNETT, Nathan's Therapist, gets out of a nearby vehicle, holding his hands up in the air.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
What the hell is this?

BOYER  
He works for us, Nathan. He's just  
one of many people, just like your  
parents, hired to protect you.

DR. BENNETT  
It's okay, Nathan. It's going to  
be all right.

BOYER  
Look around you, Nathan. Take a  
long, good look.

Nathan glances around at over twenty AGENTS, standing in the  
street.

BOYER (CONT'D)  
No one has a gun... no one's  
threatening you.

Nathan realizes he's right.

Tears of anger and confusion swell in Nathan's eyes. He sees  
a car pull up, with Karen sitting in the back seat. She  
seems to be all right.

NATHAN  
If you're the CIA, then what's my  
real name?

BOYER  
Nathan Spade.

NATHAN  
Steven Spade.

BOYER  
Steven was your middle name. It  
was always Nathan... Ever since  
you were born.

NATHAN  
And how would you know that?

BOYER  
(beat)  
Because I named you.

**INT. DR. BENNETT'S OFFICE -- NIGHT**

Wesley and Fletcher observe Nathan's Therapist's office.  
It's been emptied out. The drawers, the shelves, the desk,  
everything is gone.

FLETCHER  
A disappearing shrink. That's a  
new one.

WESLEY  
Secretary?

FLETCHER  
Gone, too. No one's heard from  
either one of them since last  
night.

WESLEY  
Well, we better check for prints.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Don't bother. He's one of ours.

Wesley and Fletcher turn to find two MEN, wearing casual suits, inside the room.

WESLEY  
Can I help you?

MAN 1  
Yes you can, Mr. Carr.  
(pulls out a badge)  
We work for the CIA, and we have  
Nathan Harper in our custody.

Wesley examines the badge.

WESLEY  
What for?

MAN 1  
That's confidential.

WESLEY  
Well, I have an officer in the  
hospital who isn't gonna like that  
answer.

MAN 1  
Nathan Harper is cleared of any  
charges you or the state of  
Virginia have against him.

WESLEY  
Under what authority?

MAN 2  
Under the authority of the Vice  
President of the United States, as  
well as the Attorney General.

FLETCHER  
(beat)  
Who the hell is this kid?

Man 1 takes out a briefcase, with some folders and photographs inside. He hands a pile of folders to Wesley.

MAN 1

You're going to take your Deputies  
and Officers off the case, and tell  
the Press that you found Nathan  
Harper, dead, near Casper Creek.

Wesley opens the folder, and sees doctored photos of Nathan,  
drowned by the Creek.

WESLEY

Jesus Christ...

MAN 2

We'll send you a 'prep agent' in an  
hour, who will provide you with  
your statements and reports. He'll  
guide you through the next few  
days.

MAN 1

You never saw us. We were never  
here.

The Men get ready to leave, as Wesley looks over the  
materials, dumbfounded.

WESLEY

One last thing.

The Men stop.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Where'd you find him?

MAN 1

Booneville, Kentucky. Hour ago.  
Looks like your checkpoints didn't  
work out.

They leave.

**INT. INTERROGATION VAN -- NIGHT**

Nathan sits inside the moving van.

Frank Boyer sits across from him.

Another agent, AGENT 1, 40's, bulky, stands in the dark  
corner, like a bodyguard.

Boyer pushes a cup of coffee in front of Nathan.

NATHAN

Where's Karen?

BOYER  
She's on her way back home.

Nathan looks around the van:

It's teched out with computers and monitoring equipment -- wires, taps, computer screens, headphones, gadgets, laptops, walkie-talkies, landlines, foreign devices, etc.

NATHAN  
Home? She won't be safe there.  
Maybe you didn't get the memo, but  
there are people trying to kill us.

BOYER  
We're not so sure they're trying to  
kill you.

NATHAN  
(amused)  
Really? Because I've been shot at,  
stabbed, bombed, and nearly  
strangled to death in the past  
twenty four hours. I don't think  
these people are trying to be my  
friends.

BOYER  
Yet, you're still alive.

Boyer tosses a folder in front of Nathan.

NATHAN  
What's this?

BOYER  
It's a comprehensive list of every  
enemy you have, dead or alive.

Nathan opens the folder, revealing photographs of Alek Nevin, Gregory Hill, the Stranger, Victor Kozlow, and other files of people Nathan's never seen before. It contains their aliases, height, weight, age, affiliations, and last known points and places of interest.

NATHAN  
This is a joke, right? I don't  
even know these people...

BOYER  
But they know you. And more  
importantly, they know your father.

Nathan looks up from the folder.

NATHAN  
My father?

The Van STOPS. The back doors open, revealing a runway of a private airport.

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT -- CONTINUOUS**

Boyer, Nathan, and a dozen AGENTS walk across a long runway to get to a large private plane.

BOYER

Your father is a Black Ops agent named Martin Spade. Nicknamed 'the Locust'. He's a deep clandestine operative, who's been working in the field for over twenty five years. Because of the nature of his work, he has a long list of enemies.

NATHAN

So now they're *my* enemies?

BOYER

No one at the CIA even knows what he looks like any more, except for me. If any of the people in that folder get a hold of you, they could use you to lure Martin out. And if they lure him out, it could put the United States at risk. You are clearly worth more alive, then dead.

NATHAN

Well, that's a relief. I feel so much more comfortable now.

BOYER

You should, under our protective custody.

NATHAN

Where was your protective custody when my house blew up?

BOYER

Surveillance was pulled three years ago, at your parents request.

NATHAN

Why?

BOYER

Because they wanted you to live a normal life.

(MORE)

BOYER (CONT'D)  
 I agreed to pull the plug, as long  
 as a third party kept a watchful  
 eye over you. That was Dr.  
 Barrett.

Boyer stops at the steps leading to the plane -- looks at  
 Nathan.

BOYER (CONT'D)  
 They loved you, Nathan. They took  
 the opportunity to bring you up,  
 and seized it with everything they  
 had to offer... I'm truly sorry  
 that all this has happened. But  
 we're going to get through this  
 thing, all right. I need you to  
 trust me.

NATHAN  
 Trust needs to be earned. You're  
 not anywhere near that.

**INT. WESTERN UNION -- EARLY EVENING**

Wesley is at the cash window, waiting for the female EMPLOYEE  
 to find him on her computer. Finally:

EMPLOYEE  
 Wire transfer from Mr. Conklin?

WESLEY  
 Yes.

EMPLOYEE  
 Here it is. It'll be a thirty two  
 dollar fee, sir.

WESLEY  
 (smiles)  
 Not a problem.

**EXT. WESTERN UNION -- MOMENTS LATER**

Wesley gets on a pay phone and DIALS a number he has written  
 on a piece of paper. A STRANGE VOICE answers.

STRANGE VOICE  
 Yes.

WESLEY  
 Hey, I, ah... received your kind  
 donation.

No response. Awkward silence.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

But you should know that the CIA came to me today. They found him in Booneville, Kentucky. I can give you a heads up with any information they give me, if you want-

STRANGE VOICE

We won't be needing you any more.

CLICK

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSE -- SIMULTANEOUS**

The MAN with the strange voice hangs up the cell phone...

It's Victor Kozlow. He's fifteen years older from when we last saw him (at the beginning of the script). He's sitting on a couch, looking out a bay window.

He places the cell phone inside a leather case with twenty other cell phones -- ZIPS it up. He picks up a pair of binoculars and looks out the window.

KOZLOW'S POV: Nathan's burnt down house.

Just as we realize Kozlow's location, we see a DEAD NEIGHBOR, lying on the carpet. His throat's been slit.

Becker (also fifteen years older) stands over the Dead Man, wiping the blood off his knife.

**INT. PRIVATE PLANE -- NIGHT**

Frank Boyer and TOM SHEALY, 50's, sit across from Nathan, at the back of the plane. Tom is another agent.

BOYER

Nathan, this is Tom Shealy. He'll be helping us, over the next few hours.

SHEALY

Hello, Nathan.

Tom Shealy extends his hand, but Nathan ignores it. He keeps his sights on Boyer.

NATHAN

Helping us with what?

Boyer nods for Tom to explain.

SHEALY

When you were three years old, a former Ukrainian KGB Operative named Victor Kozlow tracked down and killed one of our agents. During the siege, he found a folder containing sensitive information about Martin's life... including pictures of you and the fact that you existed.

Shealy hands Nathan the file on Kozlow, along with the photograph of Nathan from when he was younger.

NATHAN

And where was my mother during all this?

BOYER

Your mother... was the agent that Kozlow killed. I'm sorry...

Boyer hands Nathan a photograph of his real mother. (The woman from the beginning of the script). She's smiling, holding a young Nathan in her arms.

BOYER (CONT'D)

Her name was Lorna Gibbons.

Nathan is immediately affected by the image. Things start coming back to him.

*FLASH:*

*The woman in Nathan's dreams comes out of the shadows... it's the woman in this picture. She finally has a face.*

*BACK TO:*

Boyer.

BOYER (CONT'D)

Sometimes, photos of you would appear on the web. We take them down, track them. Dead end.

NATHAN

So, why don't you guys go out there and get this asshole?

Boyer and Shealy look at each other.

SHEALY

Because he disappeared a few years ago. He was the top assassin in the Ukraine, with an allied Soviet network. Untouchable.

(MORE)

SHEALY (CONT'D)  
On CIA's most wanted list... Then  
one day, poof... gone.  
Disappeared.

BOYER  
An apparent retirement.

SHEALY  
Of which he's been brought out of.  
Our Special Activities Division is  
up in arms about it, to say the  
least.

Nathan looks back at the picture of his mother.

NATHAN  
I want to meet my father.

BOYER  
(to Shealy)  
Tom, can we have a minute?

Tom obliges -- walks up front.

BOYER (CONT'D)  
I'm afraid that's impossible.

NATHAN  
Why?

BOYER  
The reason you were hidden away in  
the first place was to protect your  
father from being compromised by  
any threats on his loved ones. He  
has no friends, no family, and  
therefore no distractions.

NATHAN  
But he *does* have a family. He has  
a son.

BOYER  
Not that he knows of.

Nathan is stunned.

NATHAN  
What are you talking about?

BOYER  
The day you were born, your father  
was half way across the world. He  
was completely unaware of your  
mother's pregnancy.

NATHAN

That's impossible. I met a man who said he was hired by my father to find me.

This is news to Boyer.

BOYER

Who? What man? What was his name?

NATHAN

He didn't tell me his name.

BOYER

Well, what did he look like? When was this?

Nathan stands up, angry.

NATHAN

You gave me away to strangers.

BOYER

Tell me who this man was.

NATHAN

You pulled the surveillance. Left me for dead!

Boyer stands up, too.

BOYER

I gave you a name and a life! And when your mother died, I appointed you a new set of parents, a new home, and an unblemished existence. I know every grade you ever received, every girl you ever kissed, and every nightmare that haunts you in your sleep.

(beat)

I know everything there is to know about you, Nathan, so please give me the courtesy of sitting back down while we sort this situation out.

Nathan sits back down.

**INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT**

Kozlow and Becker sit in the same house as before, in the dark. They sit in silence.

Finally, a car PULLS up across the street. It parks in the driveway next to Nathan's house -- Karen's house.

Two CIA AGENTS get out of the car, followed by Karen.

Kozlow and Becker look at each other. This is who they've been waiting for.

**EXT. AIRFIELD -- LATER THAT NIGHT**

The private plane LANDS on an airstrip.

**INT. PRIVATE PLANE -- NIGHT**

While Boyer isn't paying attention, Nathan looks through some of the notes that he found on the Stranger. Most of them are written in Ukrainian. Some key words are in English.

As he scans through some of the notes, one passage pops out at him...

An American phone number is listed.

Nathan looks over at a bulky *aircraft phone* right next to the bathroom. He looks over at Boyer, who is on his laptop.

NATHAN  
I'm going to the bathroom.

Boyer nods, barely paying attention.

Nathan gets up to use the bathroom, but picks up the aircraft phone instead. DIALS the Stranger's listed number.

Once the phone starts RINGING, he hears another cell phone RINGING at the front of the plane...

*It's Tom Shealy's cell phone.*

Shealy picks up.

SHEALY  
Hello?

Shealy's voice ECHOES inside Nathan's phone.

SHEALY (CONT'D)  
Hello?... Hello?

Nathan looks up at Tom Shealy. He turns pale -- HANGS up the phone quickly. He thinks for a second.

Finally, he picks the phone back up, and stretches its cord across the aisle, hooking it into the back leg of a seat.

Boyer looks at his watch -- looks out the window at the runway.

He checks to see if Nathan is back in his seat -- not yet. Suddenly, he hears the ALARM go off at the back of the plane.

Boyer gets up and runs to the back, but trips over the phone cord, on his way. Agent 1 follows Boyer to the back door, to see what's going on...

BOYER'S POV: The Emergency Exit has been opened, with the raft laid out.

Nathan is gone.

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT /RUNWAY -- DAWN**

Nathan runs for his life across the runway, as the sun rises.

The nearest building in the small, barren airport, is a one-story Control Tower. He sees a Control Tower in the distance, and heads for it.

**INT. PRIVATE AIRPLANE -- SIMULTANEOUS**

Boyer gets out his cell.

BOYER  
He's escaped!

But as soon as Boyer turns around, he realizes Tom Shealy is holding a gun on him. Boyer is shocked.

BOYER (CONT'D)  
What is this?

TOM SHEALY  
It's nothing personal Frank. All Kozlow wants is the kid. He has no intention of harming anyone.

AGENT 1 comes from behind Boyer, and handcuffs him.

BOYER  
Why, Tom? Why?

TOM SHEALY  
You know why, Frank.

**INT. CONTROL TOWER -- SIMULTANEOUS**

As soon as Nathan enters the tower, he sees two AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLERS standing inside. When they turn around, he realizes, they're not Air Traffic Controllers at all...

It's Victor Kozlow and his partner, Becker.

KOZLOW  
Hello, young man.

With nowhere to run, Nathan slowly walks backwards out of the Tower, back on to the runway.

KOZLOW (CONT'D)  
There's nowhere to go, my friend.

**EXT. RUNWAY -- CONTINUOUS**

Nathan sees Boyer, being held by Agent 1, and Tom Shealy, waiting for him outside.

Nathan is trapped, as Becker comes from behind him, and puts a strangle hold on him.

Kozlow slowly exits the Tower, and takes a good look at Boyer.

KOZLOW  
You're not aging well, Frank. Been under some stress?

Boyer looks at Shealy, in disbelief. Then to Kozlow:

BOYER  
Take me, for god's sake. I'm Martin's only contact.

Kozlow LAUGHS.

KOZLOW  
It runs a lot deeper than that, Frank. Doesn't it?

Nathan tries to get free, but Becker tightens his hold.

KOZLOW (CONT'D)  
Tell Nathan... the truth about Martin Spade.

BOYER  
He's an emissary for the United States of-

KOZLOW  
He broke the fourth Geneva convention, Frank. Killed civilians... women, children.

BOYER  
It was an accident, and you know it.

KOZLOW  
Tell Nathan the name of the child  
Martin murdered, years ago.

BOYER  
I was an accident-

KOZLOW  
Tell him the name of the child.

Agent 1 pushes the gun up against Boyer's neck. Finally:

BOYER  
Kozlow... Peter Kozlow.

KOZLOW  
My son... On his eleventh  
birthday.

Nathan realizes the kind of danger he's in. But he's  
helpless.

TOM SHEALY  
(to Boyer)  
(softly)  
How many people have to die, for us  
to save this one kid, Frank? All  
we have to do, is give him the kid,  
and he goes away. It's for the  
best.

BOYER  
All those years... Tom. All those  
years... we were friends.

TOM SHEALY  
It's just a simple trade, Frank.  
No more, no less.

Tom places a chloroform rag in Boyer's mouth, causing him to  
be sedated.

Becker injects a syringe into Nathan's neck, causing him to  
pass out, as well.

BLACKOUT

**INT. ROOM 231 -- DAY**

Nathan slowly wakes up, tied to a chair, inside a hotel room.  
He has a rag in his mouth, causing him to BREATHE loudly  
through his nose. He dreadingly looks around, and sees that  
Victor Kozlow is sitting across from him... and Karen is tied  
up in a chair next to him -- rag in mouth, as well.

Kozlow motions for Becker to take the rag out of Nathan's mouth.

Nathan stares at Kozlow intently, while Becker takes it out.

Kozlow smiles.

KOZLOW  
At last we meet.

NATHAN  
Why is she here?

KOZLOW  
Because she means something to you.

NATHAN  
Let her go. I don't care what you do to me... just let her go.

KOZLOW  
Thank you for further proving my point.

Nathan looks around the room. He sees the Canadian National Tower (CN Tower) outside the large window. It's a beautiful structure, with a big, gorgeous blue sky surrounding it.

Something about this room is familiar.

KOZLOW (CONT'D)  
Astonishing view, isn't it? I thought it would be serendipitous to bring you here, before we take you back to Odessa.

NATHAN  
I don't get it.

KOZLOW  
This is the room where your mother took her last breath.

Nathan immediately knows he's right. His anger begins to swell inside him.

NATHAN  
You killed her...

KOZLOW  
That's not true, Nathan. I had no intention of killing your mother.

NATHAN  
Bullshit.

KOZLOW

Well, you should know better than anyone... you were in the room when it happened.

Nathan takes pause.

NATHAN

What are you talking about?

KOZLOW

You don't remember, do you?

*QUICK FLASHBACK:*

- *The CN Tower*
- *The Suitcase on the bed*

*BACK TO.*

Kozlow.

KOZLOW (CONT'D)

It's a funny thing, the human mind. I've outsmarted some of the world's finest leaders. Covered my tracks meticulously, systematically and with great caution over the years. I take great pride in my attention to detail. But in this hotel room, I made one tiny, colossal mistake...

(beat)

I forgot to check under the bed.

NATHAN

(thinking)

The bed?...

*QUICK FLASHBACK:*

*Nathan's mother, Lorna, years earlier, is GASPING for air, while Kozlow kneels over her.*

KOZLOW (O.S.)

*...What you're feeling right now, is your nervous system deteriorating. If you answer my question correctly, you can keep the mask. If not, I will keep the mask. Do you understand?*

*As Nathan's mother nods, we see...*

*NATHAN, three years old, hiding under the bed, GASPING for air, witnessing the whole thing.*



Kozlow is obscured by Nathan and Karen.

**INT. ROOM 231 -- SIMULTANEOUS**

Kozlow adjusts his seat to be closer to Nathan.

KOZLOW

Martin, at his core, is an evil soul, Nathan. He has no moral code. Well, I'm going to take a page from his notebook. I'm going to let it be known that I have Martin Spade's son... And when he comes to get you, which I know he will... he's going to find you cut up in to a thousand pieces... starting with your ears...

Kozlow touches Nathan's ear.

Nathan pulls away.

KOZLOW (CONT'D)

Then your eyes...

Suddenly, three bullets PEARCE through the window, HITTING Agent 1 in the head and chest. He drops to the floor instantaneously.

Everyone else spreads in different directions -- hiding behind walls. Kozlow, Becker and Tom Shealy get out their guns.

Silence... as a pool of blood develops under Agent 1's head.

Nathan and Karen are right in the middle of the room in full view. Karen is CRYING.

Everyone looks out the window to see where the bullets came from.

As Tom peeks out from behind the wall, he gets SHOT through his right eye. Blood SPLATTERS, as he drops to the ground with a THUD.

KOZLOW (CONT'D)

(in Ukrainian)

Where is he!?

Becker takes a small mirror to get a look out the window. The reflection shows a MAN IN BLACK, way off in the distance on the top of the CN Tower.

The mirror gets SHOT, and SHATTERS into a hundred fragments.

Nathan sees Karen crying -- tries to pull free from the rope. It dawns on him...

NATHAN  
(whispers)  
We're out in the open... but he's  
not shooting at us.

Karen nods in confirmation.

Becker loads a semi-automatic.

KOZLOW  
(in Ukrainian)  
He's on the top of the CN Tower,  
yes?

Becker nods.

NATHAN  
(under his breath)  
CN Tower...

Suddenly, two bullets PEARCE through the rope that ties Nathan to the chair. Two more PEARCE through Karen's rope.

Before Kozlow realizes they're free:

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
(to Karen)  
RUN!

Nathan and Karen run out the door, as Kozlow SHOOTs at them.

Becker takes his semi-automatic and aims it at the ceiling. He FIRES off a round, causing the ceiling to obstruct the SNIPER'S view and the SPRINKLERS and ALARM to go off.

#### **INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS**

Nathan and Karen run down the hallway, as Becker exits the room, chasing them, SHOOTING.

#### **EXT. HOTEL ROOM -- MOMENT LATER**

Nathan and Karen run out of the lobby, into the streets, toward the CN Tower.

Becker chases them through the streets, SHOOTING his guns, causing cars to CRASH and people to SCREAM and hide in every direction.

**INT. CN TOWER LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS**

Nathan and Karen enter the CN Tower lobby -- Nathan JAMS a chair inside the revolving door.

SECURITY GUARD  
Hey! Hold it right there-

The glass gets SHOT out by Becker, causing TOURISTS to run and SCREAM and scatter in every direction. BAM! BAM! BAM!

Nathan and Karen run to one of the elevators, as SECURITY GUARDS get wiped out, one by one, by Becker.

Nathan JABS away at the elevator buttons, hoping the doors will close before Becker gets to them.

Becker runs towards the elevator, SHOOTING at the back wall. Finally, when the doors slowly close, Becker's hand reaches in between the doors.

Karen takes the emergency phone and HAMMERS at his fingers, until he lets go -- the doors close.

**INT. ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS**

The elevator has a glass floor panel. As the elevator rises, Becker SHOOTS out the glass, causing Nathan and Karen to have to cling tight to the side wall...

"What a Difference a Day Makes" plays over the elevator speakers, as Karen and Nathan wait to get to the top.

NATHAN  
(calmly)  
You've got to get everyone into the stairwell.

Karen nods. Finally:

KAREN  
Is that the best you've got?

NATHAN  
(beat)  
Yup.

**INT. SPACE DECK -- CONTINUOUS**

BING.

The elevator doors open to the higher Sky Pod, an observation deck over 1,400 feet above the ground. The view is breathtaking -- overseeing 70 miles of land, city and ocean.

TOURISTS are everywhere, and Becker is most assuredly on the next elevator to arrive.

Nathan runs to a TICKET TAKER.

NATHAN  
You've got to stop the elevator.

TICKET TAKER  
Okay, just calm down-

NATHAN  
You've got to stop the elevator!!

Karen runs to random PEOPLE, URGING them to get off the deck immediately.

Two GUARDS notice Nathan and Karen causing panic.

GUARD 1  
Hey! Where are your tickets?

NATHAN  
There's no time! Everyone has to evacuate the deck.

Guard 2 takes out a tazer and aims it at Nathan.

GUARD 2  
I'm going to ask you to step back, sir.

The next elevator arrives.

DING.

Nathan gets behind the Guard.

The elevator opens, revealing Becker with his Semi-automatic. He starts SHOOTING up the place -- beginning with the Guards.

Nathan shields himself with the Guard, as TOURISTS and PATRONS SCREAM and run for their lives.

Becker has gone completely mad, BLOWING out half the windows as people duck for cover. A harsh WIND comes in from the outside, SUCKING some people over the ledge.

Nathan pulls the gun from the dead Guard's holster, but Becker runs at him, strong.

Nathan starts running towards the ledge, as Becker SHOOTs at him. Nathan slips and falls over the edge, catching the floor railing. His gun slides over to Karen.

Nathan dangles off the side of the Space Deck, watching another FEMALE TOURIST lose her grasp and fall to her death.

The plunge to death is so far below that her SCREAMS fade into silence.

Nathan tries to maintain a grip, as Becker slowly walks to the edge, and stands over him.

Becker slowly GRINDS his shoe into Nathan's right hand, causing it to let go. He starts grinding on Nathan's other hand.

Nathan winces in agony, as he prepares to let go and fall 1400 feet.

Suddenly, two SHOTS hit Becker in the back... He slowly falls towards Nathan, passing over him, and plunging to his death.

NATHAN'S POV: A hand with a black glove extends over the ledge...

Nathan grabs the hand as the SNIPER, dressed head to toe in black, helps him up to safety.

When Nathan fully stands up, he looks eye-to-eye at the Sniper, whose face is obscured by a black mask...

Is this his father?

They look at each other for a moment, before the Sniper opens his mouth to say something.

SNIPER  
December 18th, 1994. Your mother was going to meet me here, at the tower... to introduce me to you...

Long pause. Finally:

SNIPER (CONT'D)  
But, she never showed up.

*Suddenly, the Sniper gets SHOT in the side of his neck. And then SHOT in the ribs, causing him to fall off the ledge.*

NATHAN  
NOOOOOO!!!

The Sniper barely CATCHES the floor railing. He dangles off the ledge, wounded.

Kozlow, holding the smoking gun, takes aim at Nathan...

But Kozlow gets SHOT in the chest, before he can pull off another shot.

REVEAL: Karen, holding the Guard's gun, trembling.

Nathan grabs another gun off the floor, and SHOOTS Kozlow multiple times, making sure he's dead for good.

Kozlow drops his gun, and falls to the ground, COUGHING up blood.

As Nathan gets closer to him, he realizes Kozlow has a bullet-proof jacket on. He's alive, but in bad shape.

Nathan holds his sights on Kozlow.

KOZLOW  
Do it... aim the gun at my head and  
pull the trigger. Do what father  
knows best...

Karen walks to the ledge where the Sniper fell.

Nathan looks at her -- she shakes her head, 'he's gone'.

KOZLOW (CONT'D)  
Now, the CIA... is your father.  
New life, new name, new home...  
(looks at Karen)  
New girl... You'll be owned by  
them... forever.

Nathan takes aim at Kozlow's head -- the anger swelling inside him.

KOZLOW (CONT'D)  
(coughs more blood)  
Please, Nathan... put me out of my  
misery. Let me be... with my  
son...

Nathan takes pause. This statement has a profound impact on him. He begins lowering his weapon. He looks at the elevators -- two of them will arrive in less than a minute.

Nathan grabs a Guards' handcuffs and puts them on Kozlow.

KAREN  
What are you doing?

NATHAN  
I need to be on my own.

KAREN  
What do you mean?

Nathan finishes putting on the handcuffs.

NATHAN  
He's right. I need to find myself,  
before they define who I am.

KAREN  
But, you don't have any money, any-

NATHAN  
I'll get by. Find my way.

The elevators are about to open.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
I just want you to know that...

They look at each other, as Nathan tries to find the words. Finally, Karen KISSES him -- a sweet kiss, cut off short by:

DING.

The elevator opens, and numerous TORONTO POLICE OFFICERS and OFFICIALS storm out, on to the deck.

But only Karen is in their sights when they arrive.

TORONTO POLICE  
(to Karen)  
Put your hands up!

The POLICE gather other TOURISTS and VICTIMS, who were taking cover.

- They arrest Kozlow
- They escort Karen off the floor

**EXT. CN TOWER -- MOMENTS LATER**

SLOW MOTION: As the TOURISTS and PATRONS are led out of the building...

Nathan is among them, blending right in, hanging his head low, so as not to be noticed amidst the chaos. When he gets out in a courtyard, to safety, he looks up at the tall tower. One last look... and then disappears into an alleyway.

**INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS / CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY**

Phones RINGING off the hook. It's a mad house.

Frank Boyer paces around the conference room, while multiple AGENTS answer the phones and TALK to various SOURCES.

He looks agitated, wanting answers.

A YOUNG AGENT approaches him.

YOUNG AGENT  
We have more information about  
Shealy-

BOYER  
I don't care about Shealy. Where's  
Nathan Harper?

Another AGENT hangs up his phone.

ANOTHER AGENT  
No sign of Harper or the Sniper,  
sir.

Boyer looks at his assistant, LANCE.

BOYER  
Spade?

LANCE  
No word, yet.

Boyer hangs his head in frustration.

**INT. WESLEY'S OFFICE -- DAY**

Wesley sits at his desk, paying off a large outstanding bill  
on his mortgage.

Fletcher walks in, as Wesley quickly hides the document.

FLETCHER  
(hands him the note)  
This just came in for you.

Wesley opens the note, as Fletcher leaves.

It reads: Love the quilt. Isn't it a little crooked?

Wesley looks up at his wife's quilt, hanging up on the wall.  
It's definitely a little off kilter.

He gets up and walks over to it. But just before he adjusts  
it, he notices a tiny hole punctured in the middle. He takes  
the quilt off the wall to see what's behind it...

It's a small spy camera, looking right at him.

Wesley grabs the camera, and immediately RIPS it off the  
attached wires.

**EXT. DEPUTY'S OFFICE -- LATER**

Wesley, some OFFICERS, and a TECH GUY stand outside the Precinct. The Tech Guy CRACKS open a pipe attached to the brick wall, and sees some strange wires.

TECH GUY  
Looks like someone hacked in  
through the phone lines.

**INT. LAB -- LATER**

A LAB TECHNICIAN comes up with a trace from the newly-found wires.

LAB TECHNICIAN  
We got an address. Kilton Hotel,  
Room 512, two blocks away. 1414  
South Christopher Street-

Wesley and his DEPUTIES run out of the room.

**INT. KILTON HOTEL -- HALLWAY**

Wesley and numerous DEPUTIES approach Room 512 with their guns out.

Wesley KNOCKS on the door. No answer.

WESLEY  
Open up! Police!

No response.

Wesley nods for a DEPUTY to slide a key card to unlock the door. Once the door UNLOCKS, they BARGE into the room, with their weapons out... but no one is inside.

They see multiple running television monitors with surveillance video -- every room of the Precinct was being watched.

There is wiretap equipment, placed on the bed with memo notes attached, reading: Upstairs bedroom, kitchen, Living room...

Wesley looks closer at one of the surveillance monitors.

WESLEY (CONT'D)  
My house...

Fletcher realizes the memo notes are for Wesley.

FLETCHER  
All your phones, sir...

Wesley starts to realize he's in a world of shit.

A DVD Player rests on a table top. A small memo note reads:  
Play me!

Wesley presses PLAY.

Footage appears on the screen of Jack Shapiro, when he was in Wesley's office the day before. It starts from when Jack and Marcus are on their way out the door:

JACK  
(on TV)  
Personally, I'd be most worried  
about the cameras.

WESLEY  
(on TV)  
Why's that?

JACK  
(on TV)  
Because there's always someone  
behind them.... Someone who knows  
more than you.

The screen goes to black.

Wesley GULPS, as Fletcher receives a note from a fellow OFFICER.

FLETCHER  
Sir, the Marshal's office claims  
they never heard of a 'Jack  
Shapiro' over there. They don't  
even have an arson expert.

Another DEPUTY plays a tape-recorder on the bed.

AUDIO:

WESLEY (V.O.)  
...you should know that the CIA  
came to me today. They found him  
in Booneville, Kentucky. I can  
give you a heads up with any  
information they give me, if you  
want-

STRANGE VOICE  
We won't be needing you any-

Wesley quickly presses STOP on the recorder.

Suddenly, a gun is aimed at Wesley... Three FBI AGENTS are  
in the room.

FBI AGENT  
Wesley Carr?

Wesley looks at them, dumbfounded.

They take out their badges.

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)  
We're federal agents, and you're  
under arrest for conspiracy of  
treason as well as tampering with  
an ongoing investigation...

**INT. FRANK BOYER'S OFFICE -- NIGHT**

Boyer is on his cell phone, pacing around his office.

BOYER  
(phone)  
I didn't authorize a sting  
operation.

FBI AGENT (V.O.)  
We got him on at least six federal  
offences.

Boyer's assistant, Lance, brings Boyer a coffee, and places  
it next to a red phone on Boyer's desk.

BOYER  
(phone)  
Let's get something straight. The  
CIA takes no responsibility for any  
surveillance of a Sheriff Wesley  
Carr.

FBI AGENT (V.O.)  
Well, somebody did it. And they  
had this guy tapped every which way  
from Sunday. Carr keeps mentioning  
somebody named Jack Shapiro.

BOYER  
(phone)  
Never heard of him.

FBI AGENT (V.O.)  
Neither has the Marshal's office.  
Gotta be one of yours.

BOYER  
(phone)  
I'm telling you, I never heard of a  
Jack Shapiro.

Suddenly, Boyer's red phone RINGS. It's a very important phone. Boyer looks at it.

FBI AGENT (V.O.)  
Gotta be this guy, Jack Shapiro.

BOYER  
(phone)  
Who the hell is JACK SHAPIRO!?

The red phone RINGS again.

Lance points at the phone.

LANCE  
Sir...?

Boyer stares at the red phone. It RINGS again. He slowly closes his cell phone... and walks over to the red phone...

Picks it up.

BOYER  
(beat)  
Boyer.

JACK SHAPIRO(V.O.)  
Hello, Frank...

BOYER  
(phone)  
Martin...

CUT TO:

**INT. NICE BATHROOM -- NIGHT**

Jack Shapiro, on a headset, with his shirt off, is calmly stitching up a wound in his neck -- the wound he got saving Nathan's life.

*He's Martin Spade.*

INTERCUT: Boyer/Martin conversation.

MARTIN  
I found him, Frank. You did a good job hiding him. But I found him.

BOYER  
He's umm... perfectly safe now, Martin.

MARTIN  
That's not what I hear.

BOYER

You're supposed to be off the grid right now. The fact that you're making this call, tells me your letting personal feelings compromise the job at hand.

MARTIN

I'm in the field... where I belong. And you're sitting behind a desk... where you belong.

Martin puts on a tuxedo shirt and starts buttoning it up. He hides his stitches with the shirt collar.

BOYER

Still, the nature of this call, puts into question your ability to perform your job. If I find out that you make contact with Nathan again, I'll be forced to recommend pulling you out of the field... indefinitely.

MARTIN

Save the empty threats, Frank.

BOYER

They're the only threats I've got.

MARTIN

Fair enough. I promise to hold up my end of the bargain, as long as you hold up yours.

BOYER

We'll do everything in our power to find him, and protect him, Martin. You have my word.

Martin puts on a bow tie.

MARTIN

Good. Because if I find out his life's in danger again. Or if anything should happen to him. You won't be sitting behind a desk anymore, Frank. You'll be lying in an open casket.

Martin HANGS up.

STAY WITH MARTIN

Martin adjusts his bow tie, and puts on a sharp tuxedo jacket. He grabs a tiny handgun off the sink, and places it in his inside pocket.

He exits the bathroom into:

**INT. LARGE BALLROOM -- NIGHT**

Sweeping MUSIC fills the air. It's the "BLUE DENUBE WALTZ" by Strauss.

Hundreds of GUESTS in tuxedos and evening gowns are dancing, CHATTING, eating and drinking.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN approaches Martin. She reaches her hand out for a dance.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
Are you ready, darling?

MARTIN  
Of course, my dear.

They immediately sweep into the dance floor, dancing to the MUSIC. Martin is an excellent dancer, and he has this woman in the palm of his hand.

**EXT. LONE CABIN -- LATE AFTERNOON**

An open desert landscape, with WIND blowing hard in all directions.

As tumbleweeds FLOAT by... an old, run down cabin stands alone. The chimes on the porch JINGLE in the wind. Old Buddha sculptures and African art decorate the cabin. The outside walls are filled with Aboriginal face masks and Indian feathers.

Nathan stands a few yards from the cabin, looking at it.

FADE IN TITLE CARD: FIFTEEN MILES OUTSIDE MODESTO

**EXT. PORCH -- MOMENTS LATER**

Nathan approaches the front door, and KNOCKS.

After a moment, a MAN opens the door...

*It's Marcus Lang. (Jack Shapiro's arson partner from earlier)*

He looks at Nathan, for a moment, but doesn't speak.

Finally:

NATHAN  
Are you Paul Rasmus?

Marcus nods.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Do you know who I am?

RASMUS  
(British accent)  
No.

NATHAN  
You were supposed to meet me, a couple day ago. On an overnight train from Virginia?

RASMUS  
I'm sorry. I think you have me mixed up with someone else.

Rasmus tries to shut the door.

Nathan holds it open.

NATHAN  
Well, is there another Paul Rasmus in Modesto? It's important.

RASMUS  
I really couldn't tell you. I don't know.

Nathan looks defeated -- out of options.

NATHAN  
I'm... looking for information about my father. If you know anything-

RASMUS  
I'm sorry. I wish I could help.

Rasmus tries shutting the door, again.

Nathan holds it open, again.

NATHAN  
(desperate)  
Please...

As Nathan holds the door, he sees Rasmus's WIFE and three CHILDREN inside, sitting at the dinner table. They look back at him, wondering what's going on.

Nathan has clearly interrupted a family supper. He feels bad -- lets go of the door.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry to have bothered you.

Nathan walks away towards the road.

**INT. RASMUS'S KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER**

Rasmus sits down at the table to continue eating his dinner.

WIFE  
Who was that, hun?

RASMUS  
Someone with the wrong address.

Rasmus's wife nods and starts making funny faces at their SON, 6, who returns the gesture. They're the cutest family in the world.

CLOSE ON: Rasmus, looking at his beautiful family -- conflicted.

**EXT. BUS STOP -- DUSK**

Nathan waits, by himself, at a lonely bus stop in the middle of the desert. The wind still BLOWS heavily, as Nathan watches the sun go down. Where to go from here?

He takes out the picture of his mother that Boyer gave him. He feels more lost and lonely than ever.

In the distance, an old Volkswagon beetle comes into view, driving towards the Stop. The beetle PULLS up, in front of Nathan...

It's Rasmus. He doesn't look at Nathan -- looks straight ahead, thinking. The ENGINE stays on.

Nathan gets up, and approaches the passenger side window.

After a long moment... Rasmus turns and looks at him.

RASMUS  
Get in.

BLACKOUT

**THE END**