

PROJECT GENE HACKMEN

by

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DARKNESS

AN ASTHMA ATTACK. Or something else. It gets louder, as if approaching.

The futile breaths stop. A light switch flips ON.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A thin, tired YOUNG BLACK LADY STANDS facing the mirror. White tank-top. Gray sweat shorts. Her FACE in

THE MIRROR

is the focus of attention. Covered in a sweaty sheen, she is sunken and unkempt. Pity, not a good night's sleep in weeks.

She doubles over, OUT OF FRAME. Tries to vomit. But can barely cough. Stands up. Her chocolate face returns to

THE MIRROR

Then: -turns on the faucet -squeezes her eyes shut against the pain -catches a handful of water -splashes her face.

The face is YANKED AWAY as she opens the medicine cabinet.

Then she: -reaches for a pill container with shaky hands - fumbles the lid open -spills the pills everywhere.

The poor soul collapses to her knees. Clutches her head. Rocks back-and-forth to soothe herself.

It's just too much. Skinny fists pound against her temples. They pound and pound and pound. But the DEMONS don't budge.

Then something *does* happens.

A NEW EMOTION

washes over her. A relief? A release? She can't tell which.

She stares fixated at the naked lightbulb burning. The demons haven't left. Not exactly. But they've given her an answer.

EXT. CITY STREET, METRO WASHINGTON - MORNING

The black lady again. She looks better now in the thin morning crowd. Dingy jeans. Hoodie sweat-shirt, hood down.

Her DUFFEL BAG is a tad heavy. She welcomes making it to the bus bench. Promptly has a seat.

The bus arrives and blocks our view of her.

This soul needs a name now. She thinks it's JANE DOE, but it's really GAYLE PERCIVAL. And soon everyone will know it.

INT. CITY BUS, METRO WASHINGTON - DAY

Gayle keeps to herself.

The WASHINGTON MONUMENT and the LINCOLN MEMORIAL PASS BY in the background.

EXT. 15TH STREET S.W., WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

At the curb, still with Gayle. She, along with several public servants, wait their turn to cross.

The light gives its approval. They cross together. TRACK on Gayle as she passes a sign for the

**DEPARTMENT OF THE TREASURY
BUREAU OF PRINTING AND ENGRAVING**

Soon she's at the

TREASURY BUREAU ANNEX-A

next door. Numerous government and delivery vehicles are parked along the curb at the start of the working day.

INT. EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE - DAY

A small crowd of workers wait to pass through the electronic turnstile.

CU on a bored, but dutiful watch officer behind semi-enclosed glass as employees pass through the metal scanner.

Next is Gayle. Out comes her lanyard. She swipes her badge. Steals a glance at the watch officer. He smiles back.

She's through the turnstile now and into the sea of workers, but just a beat before we realize that the ALARM IS BLARING.

Gayle: -drops the duffel bag -rips open the zipper -yanks out a stockless AK-47 -turns around.

The officer cannot react in time. She's already flanked him. GUN SHOTS ring out. He falls. Gayle turns to the OTHERS.

They are in a

FULL PANIC.

EXT. EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

In the Bureau patrol car parked out front, the officers at first don't notice the

COMMOTION

but soon ENGAGE. Guns drawn. Radioing for back-up as they run. It's all-too-clear what's going on inside.

INT. HALLWAY, TREASURY BUILDING - SAME

MUZZLE FLASHES.

AUTOMATIC RIFLE REPORTS.

A HUMAN STAMPEDE.

And Gayle.

She targets methodically. Room to room. Adding to her tally. More MUZZLE FLASHES. More AUTOMATIC RIFLE REPORTS.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

(The AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE from the previous scene MORPHS INTO the sounds of a LAWN MOWER at full rpm in this scene.)

CU ON

TALL WEEDS

and the LAWN MOWER that cuts through those tall weeds. And the person's feet that push that lawn mower. IN FLIP-FLOPS. Shredded lawn clippings cover his grass-stained feet.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

BG the same LAWN MOWER SOUNDS, only quieter.

An AFRICAN-AMERICAN COUPLE (mid 40's) are beneath the sheets. Almost having sex. Heavy foreplay. They're married, so no big drama here. Just a romp in the hay before work.

HE'S chocolate, handsome. Maybe he skips the gym a little often. SHE doesn't. Clearly. They have nice contrasting skin tones. She's a real BLACK WOMAN. Perfect curves. Real hair. Attitude underneath.

On top, JASON D. MASON, our protagonist. Underneath, VERONICA. She arches her back as: -his tongue leaves her lips -befalls her neck as tender kisses.

Lower...

A turn-on to see that lacy, black bra. His tongue lands BETWEEN THEM. He works on her bra while the kisses continue.

The lawn mower in the BG stops. Mason just cannot continue.

MASON

Pardon me.

He leaps from the bed, still in boxers. Veronica jumps up too, perhaps a bit too eagerly for his taste.

She heads straight for the vanity. Checks her hair. Generally, she spends a lot of time on it. You can just tell.

EXT. BACKYARD - SAME

finds Mason's neighbor (Stewart, neighbor #1) in a wife-beater, denim shorts, grass-stained flip-flopped feet.

He carries the grass catcher to a blue trash can. Lifts the lid, empties the grass catcher, and walks back to the mower.

MASON (O.S.)

Stewart!

Neighbor #1 looks up at the rear of Mason's stately, two-story home (old and impressive, matches the tony D.C. neighborhood).

INT. MASON'S UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - SAME

Veronica is still before the wall-length mirror, still in bra and panties. She puts in earrings.

MASON

(out the window)

Wrong one!

VERONICA

(to the mirror)

He didn't ask you.

OUT THE WINDOW

The neighbor: -realizes that lawn clippings go in GREEN, not BLUE -throws the grass catcher down -kicks the mower -kicks over the RECYCLE BIN -kicks the spilled lawn clippings - accidentally launches a flip-flop off his foot -storms off to his house with one flip-flip missing.

VERONICA (O.S.)

Hey!

BEDROOM

Mason finds Veronica waiting in the mirror. She wants her necklace fastened. He closes the window, crosses the

BEDROOM

and stops intimately behind her, his hands on her hips. He caresses her belly. She melts into him. Then serious:

VERONICA

You have time. He doesn't.

MASON

His kids have time. All this rain we've been having.

VERONICA

Shut up and clasp me, Biggie.

He fastens her chain. She adjusts it in the mirror. Hands back on her tummy. Her smile lights up the room.

MASON

Let's get your mother to, you know, help out. Spice things up.

Smile gone. Veronica breaks out of his grasp.

VERONICA

Disgusting pig. Stop talking about my mother like that.

She storms off to her

WALK-IN CLOSET

where we admire her hot body from a distance. She inspects her wardrobe.

MASON

I'll even pay her...four-hundred bucks.

She shakes her head at her selection. Selects a short dress. Slides it off the hanger.

MASON (CONT'D)

A hundred a day.

Veronica: -does the math -slips into the tight, black von Furstenberg -walks out of the walk-in.

VERONICA

What's happening Saturday?

Here, zip me.

She comes to Mason. Spins around. Mason ZIPS the dress quickly at first. Then slows down near the top. Whispers:

MASON

(into her ear)

We got a time.

She turns face-to-face.

VERONICA

We did?

MASON

We did.

VERONICA

We did!

When?

MASON

Ten A.M.

VERONICA

Wow finally, Biggie! When did you find out?

MASON

They just called.

VERONICA

I didn't hear you talking to anyone.

MASON

No, yesterday.

VERONICA

(upset)

Yesterday? And you're just now saying something? Everything's in slow motion now, Mr. I'm Retired.

(seriously)

Is this too tight?

MASON

No. Wasn't sure if we still, you know, wanna go through with it.

Mason flexes in his own floor-length mirror.

MASON (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need to marshall all my potential for Saturday.

VERONICA

Please.

They linger in silence for a beat: Veronica accessorizes. Mason plops on the bed. Flips on the television.

The HEADLINES SCREAM ON MUTE. The Treasury Department or something.

He quickly changes it. Turns the VOLUME UP. Lies back in bed: A high-tech gardening show is in progress.

He watches for a sec, then hits MUTE. Another MOWER has started up. Somewhere else. Mason leaps from the bed again.

TRACK on Mason as he dashes out the bedroom, crosses the hallway and enters the

FRONT GUEST ROOM

He bolts directly to the front window. Looks

OUTSIDE

to see another neighbor (Ethan, neighbor #2) across the street mowing an ABSOLUTELY PRISTINE lawn of his own.

FRONT GUEST ROOM

MASON

Dammit!

MASON'S BEDROOM

Mason bolts in, nearly knocking down Veronica.

MASON

Fuckin' Ethan. I can't even relax for
a day!

Jazzed-up, incensed, and infuriated, he struggles into a pair
of work trousers. Veronica smiles to his back.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE SEQUENCE ("Puppets in Servitude," by Alloyica, or
other HARD ROCK plays OVER.)

EXTREME CU

on a well-manicured lawn about 3 inches high. A ruler drops
into view. Measures a blade of grass. The ruler disappears.

CU on a notebook full of hand-written entries. An African-
American hand pencils in a new entry: **3-1/4 in.**

The MUSIC builds...

CU a rake neatly spreads new mulch around a flower bed.

CU a weed is pulled from a crack between two patio pavers.

CU a big, fat smoldering MARIJUANA JOINT meets up with waiting
lips. The cherry burns bright as someone takes a drag.

..as the music BUILDS...

CU a gloved hand holds a branch. Garden shears snip off a bad
rose bud.

...and BUILDS...

CU a hand-made bird feeder is carefully re-filled.

...and finally CRESCENDOS...

WIDE-SHOT

Mason stands triumphantly in his expansive front yard. Simply stated, it's:

MAGNIFICENT.

END OF MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. MASON'S GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Alloyica plays again. This time it's in Mason's ear buds. That's how we hear it.

He fiddles with his mower. An IMPOSING SHADOW falls over him. Mason turns to see a man silhouetted before him.

The man drops A BALL to the ground. It bounces. He says something over Mason's (and our) music. He steps out of the light. It's

JASON DAWSON MASON III, his seventeen-year old son. The ball is a soccer ball. Mason the father pops out an ear bud.

MASON

Oh, I didn't forget, ye Doubting
Thomas. Or, ye of little faith. I
can't tell which yet.

Jason EXITS, dribbling the soccer ball. Mason waits a beat. Produces a FAT JOINT and LIGHTER. Goes for the hit...

His son's shadow approaches again.

Dad looks around. A shelf of soccer accessories (cones, cleates, balls, goalie gloves, etc.).

He stashes THE BOB MARLEY-SIZED JOINT behind a stack of soccer cones. Just in time as Jason returns.

MASON
I'm coming! Man!

INT./EXT. MINIVAN - MOVING - LATER

Mason and JASON III, together, father-son silence. (Actually Tchaikovsky plays quietly in the BG). Mason whistles along.

Jason III spins his soccer ball like it's a basketball. He breaks the silence.

JASON III
Man, when's Saturday gonna *get* here?

Mason smiles to the road. Then to his son.

MASON
Hard work pays off, doesn't it?

Jason isn't particularly excited. The song ends. The NEWS comes on. Mason switches to a ROCK STATION. Son turns the volume down:

JASON III
I hope the scouts will really be there.

Mason looks quizzically at Jason III. Chuckles.

MASON
I doubt it. Photo ops. Endorsements. Uh, the trophy presentation. But no scouts.

Jason III beams from ear to ear. *Endorsements?* Then serious:

JASON III
That's not what I heard. Scouts will be there.

MASON
Don't hold your breath, Ye ignorant. Or ye ill-informed. I can't tell which yet.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

The minivan pulls up. Jason III hops out. Slams the door behind him. Mason yells through the rolled-up window:

MASON

Six o'clock!

He rolls the window down. Repeats:

MASON

Six o'clock!

Jason III waves his dad off. Sprints toward his teammates warming up. Mason watches. They give high-fives all around.

EXT. MASON'S FRONT YARD - DAY

On the porch overlooking Mason's front yard. He mows and mows, **CRISS-CROSSING THE FRAME** as he goes.

Mason's complete look: Converse high-tops, trousers, tank top, sweat band, "batman" utility belt with lawn tools).

He stops the mower. Unlatches the grass catcher. Carries it to the right trash can. Empties it. Then back to the mower.

(BG, neighbor #2, Ethan, is upscale and successful like Mason, but Caucasian. He's watering his absolutely pristine lawn.)

Mason's back to mowing. In his zone. He doesn't notice the cobalt-blue **GOVERNMENT-ISSUED CAR** that pulls up to the curb.

But WE notice who hops out:

Female-type. Caucasian. Early 30's. Confidently hot and pure business. Bright blonde hair done up in a bun. This is **AGENT PANPHIL**. Hot-as-hell and kick-ass, too.

She looks official. Power stride. Power suit. Power heels. Blazer open. White blouse beneath. She walks smartly up the driveway. **FREAKIN' HOT**.

BG Ethan, neighbor #2 notices; his hose dangles like a penis, **OVER-WATERING** a **SPOT** on the lawn. He stares, mouth gaping.

PANPHIL taps Mason on the shoulder. He jumps through his skin. One look and he's disarmed, if just figuratively.

She talks. He listens. She shows ID. He takes it. Scrutinizes it. It's legit. She's legit. He passes it back. They shake hands.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Panphil's government car is parked in a stall.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A CIA safehouse for planning and debriefing. IKEA-furnished. Spartan and low-tech. Mason sits at the dining table. He drums his nails on faux wood.

He sees: Panphil's ass as she inspects the fridge. Looks away before she notices. He folds his arms in a disgust.

She returns to the table with two water bottles. Passes one to Mason. She sits across from him.

Mason opens his water bottle right away. Gulps about a third. Panphil doesn't touch hers.

PANPHIL (CONT'D)

After spending three days reading your papers I realized something -

He glances down at her tits. Looks up.

MASON

- That my theses have absolutely nothing to do with base shootings, Agent Panphil?

Agent Panphil ignores him. Doesn't skip a beat.

PANPHIL

- even though each shooter's profiles weren't a perfect match, they were within a family of resemblances.

MASON

Come again?

PANPHIL

Overlapping sets of similarities.

Mason takes another long drink. Panphil watches his eyes drop to her tits again.

MASON

So they weren't *all* black, then?

Mason is still pretty thirsty. Finishes off his water bottle. Re-folds his arms.

PANPHIL

No offense. But I had to get your attention.

She watches him stare at her tits again. He's actually staring at her unopened water bottle. Not her tits.

MASON

I'm telling you, pure coincidence.

Mason crumples his empty bottle. Seals it with the cap. His eyes drift again to Panphil's unopened bottle.

PANPHIL

One commonality: they each reported hearing voices in the weeks before they acted.

He's lip-licking thirsty. And she's liking it.

MASON

If lunatics got paid by the voice
 (taps his head)
 they'd be too rich to care, Agent Panphil. Means they crazy, not gene warfare.

PANPHIL

Just look at the evidence, Dr. Mason.

She realizes he's eye-balling her water. Rolls the bottle towards him. He catches it. Opens it. Drinks half.

MASON

And one wasn't even black. You said.

PANPHIL

A family of resemblances. One was Latino. Ortega, shooter number four. Did time in Afghanistan. I.T. contractor when he went crazy and did Anacostia-Bolling.

Mason nearly chokes on his swallow.

MASON

Anacostia-Bolling?!

This time Panphil folds her arms. It's a folded-arm Mexican stand-off. We pause to watch both. FINALLY:

PANPHIL

(quietly)

Right after the Navy Yard shooting. You can't be that out of touch, Dr. Mason. And you're not retired. You still teach.

MASON

One class. Two grad students, Agent Panphil. It's retirement to me. And all the news I think is important, I get peer-reviewed.

Panphil squeezes her eyes shut. Stamps out this growing headache named Mason.

PANPHIL

Just Panphil. Please.

MASON

Okay, I did hear about the Air Force base. Panphil.

PANPHIL

We suspect Dr. Harter's behind this.

Mason leans back in his chair.

MASON

Tim?

The question hangs in the air...

THEN:

PANPHIL

When did you last hear from Dr.
Harter?

MASON

When was your last drug test?

PANPHIL

He disappeared.

MASON

I should've too. I'll call
Dharmasiri. Give him a heads-up.

PANPHIL

Dr. Dharmasiri died last year from a
heart attack.

Mason plays his poker face. Sits upright. Re-folds his arms.

MASON

And your proof on Harter?

PANPHIL

Dharmasiri's dead. You're here.
And this has "Project Gene Hackmen"
written all over it.

MASON

It was "MK-TONIC" on paper.

PANPHIL

I have all your the internal emails.

MASON

And covert shots of my butt-crack in
my garden, right?

PANPHIL

Actually -

MASON

So you know that I absolutely hate
retirement and can't wait to pimp
myself out to Uncle Sam again.

PANPHIL

I know it's tough to hear, but Dr.
Harter -

MASON (CONT'D)

(reflecting)

Well, not many johns offer direct
deposit like Uncle Sam does.

Panphil dredges up a thought, a detail, almost forgotten:

PANPHIL

Oh, I almost forgot. Ortega, shooter
four? His grandmother was black.

MASON

Irrelevant.

PANPHIL

His *maternal* grandmother.

Mason: -considers this -sets her drink down carefully -
stares Panphil in the eye -sighs.

MASON (CONT'D)

Maternal transmission of DNA
susceptibility.

So Dr. Harter crop-dusted D.C. one
sunny Sunday, dropping gene bombs on
blacks and blaxicans, for some odd
reason. The correct diagnosis, I
think, is that you're crazy. Or the
Agency is. I can't tell which yet.

PANPHIL

Just look at the evidence, Dr. Mason.

MASON

And if I say no, then you blackmail
this black male. I know how you types
operate.
Gene Hackmen was purely an exercise in
theory...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

CU on a CHALKBOARD. Filled with ANATOMICAL SKETCHES and
COMPLEX FORMULAE. Standing before the chalkboard is

a slightly younger Mason. His audience: DRS. DHARMASIRI AND
HARTER. A FEW STUDENTS, also PRESENT, furiously take notes.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...calculations and simulations.
That's it. We did absolutely nothing
concrete. Not even a primate series.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMY LAB - DAY - FLASHBACK

Dr. Harter stands over a SEATED Mason, SMILING as he works a
syringe. Mason's arm is extended in BLOOD-DONOR fashion.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In fact, at USAMRIID?* I think we
filled only one test tube my entire
time there.

*(pronounced /you-SAM-rid/)

Harter and Mason joke amiably as Harter pulls the plunger
back. Mason's blood fills the syringe.

BACK TO:

SAFE HOUSE - PRESENT

MASON

I wouldn't even know what to look for.
I'd need lab space and -

PANPHIL

- Waiting for you.

MASON (CONT'D)

- *Living* tissue, nothing frozen.

PANPHIL

Shooter seven is in custody.

Human ethics vs. National Security, so let's just be clear:

MASON

Living *brain* tissue.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. PANPHIL'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Mason rides shotgun. Panphil steals a sideways glance at him,
then back to the road.

PANPHIL

Nice lawn.
Hypothetically, if it *should* take
longer than a day-

MASON

What, the Blues Brothers show up to
mow my lawn? Trim my hedges? Pull
some strings with the judges?

Mason watches Metro D.C. pass by.

MASON

(smiling)
Beats Uncle Tom.

PANPHIL

Beg pardon?

MASON

You were gonna call me a Doubting
Thomas earlier. Beats Uncle Tom.

PANPHIL

You don't want to know what I was
thinking earlier.

MASON

Well, this Doubting Thomas doubts he's
gonna miss his showing on Saturday. I
know that much.

PANPHIL

I do know people who know the Best
Gardens judges.

MASON

Irrelevant.

Up ahead is a road sign for the

Federal Detention Center

PANPHIL

Here's our exit. Get ready for a real
nasty broad.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL BLOCK, FEDERAL DETENTION FACILITY - DAY

A corrections officer escorts Panphil and Mason to a high-
security meeting room at the end of the hallway.

Through the window, a figure sits, sullen, sunken. The
officer unlocks the door and holds it open.

OFFICER

(grinning)

May I present to you, a real nasty
broad.

PANPHIL
 (to Mason)
 That's where I got it from.

Panphil and Mason enter. The officer doesn't.

MEETING ROOM - SAME

Plexiglass splits the room into two. On one side is Gayle Percival, Shooter #7, in prison orange. A guard behind her.

Panphil waits a beat before beginning.

PANPHIL
 Gayle? Can you hear me?

No reply.

PANPHIL
 This is Dr. Mason. He wants to help
 you.

Gayle finally looks up. She looks BAD in the harsh lighting.

MEETING ROOM - LATER

Mason and Panphil talk to Gayle. Panphil reaches into her attache case. Produces two papers. Slides them under the gap in the plexiglass.

Gayle takes the forms. Signs both. Passes them back to Panphil.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOHNS HOPKINS PUBLIC HEALTH INSTITUTE - DAY

CU on the JHU PUBLIC HEALTH INSTITUTE marquee.

INT. LAB - SAME

CU last slice of pizza in its box. Panphil snatches it up. She looks PRETTY DAMN HOT on that pizza.

Mason is too busy examining slides under a microscope to notice. Panphil gives up. Stands up and stretches. Bored.

PANPHIL

Hold that thought, doctor, please.

Panphil EXITS. Alone now, Mason leans back in his chair. He stretches, too. Smiles.

MASON

I'll give you something to hold.

Mason executes a few keyboard commands. Genome data scrolls by at tremendous speed. Mason glances at the door.

The laser printer warms up. And warms up. AND WARMS UP. He glances at the door again.

Finally it spits out a page. Mason: -glances at it -folds it -and stashes it. Back to the microscope.

Panphil RE-ENTERS.

MASON

(into the microscope)

Mine's Jewish. How's yours?

PANPHIL

My what?

Mason turns to make eye contact.

MASON

Your lawyer. I hope he's as good as mine. Or pray Gayle's is a dim-wit.

PANPHIL

The Agency has the best lawyers, Dr. Mason.

Mason analyzes Panphil for an uncomfortably long second. Back to his scope. Tunes more knobs. The back of his head talks:

MASON

Well, illegally-seized evidence or not, he definitely presents with a bacteriophage infection of the Y-2 nucleus. An Area 11 by-pass. The delight of two-year olds everywhere.

PANPHIL

Bacteriophage, what?

To Panphil:

MASON

I thought you read my theses, Agent Panphil.

PANPHIL

Doesn't mean that I -

MASON (CONT'D)

So the Y-2 nucleus is suppressed after around age two. Someone -

PANPHIL

- Harter -

MASON

- Someone -
has found a way to reinforce two-year old behavior in adults through Brodmann's Area 11. We had never considered this approach before.

Back to scope. More slide-swapping. More knob-adjusting.

MASON (CONT'D)

Amazing. This lady had some willpower to hold off so long. I'm curious. Really, really curious. Intrigued, even.

PANPHIL

Good. Next we raid Harter's lab and steal the antidote.

MASON

Or prove his innocence.
And define we, please, because I'm not
that curious.

PANPHIL

You're the subject matter expert. We
scout his lab -

MASON

Dammit, the scouts!
Hang on a sec.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH-POWERED OFFICE - DAY

Veronica's minimalist office oozes status as a corporate
executive. (she's a decent sense of art decor, too). We see

V. MASON,
Chief Financial Officer

in reverse letters through the glass door.

An over-worked UNDERLING, probably buzzing on "Red Boar"
(energy drink) enters with a stack of files.

VERONICA

I'm sick of you with this!

The underling freaks out. Almost drops the files. Veronica
points to her BLUE-TOOTH.

VERONICA

(to underling)

No, not you, Kara. You're fine.

Kara drops the files on Veronica's desk. Darts out.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - SAME

MEDIUM CU on Mason as he sits. We know what he's doing.
Mason rolls his eyes.

MASON
 (into phone)
 Ronnie, listen!

INTERCUT BETWEEN MASON AND VERONICA

VERONICA
 No, you listen, Jason!
 And don't you, you-
 -your promises don't mean shit!
 You promised me you were done with all
 of that, Jason. Mr. Uncle-Sam-Can-
 Kiss-My-Ass, huh? Whatever.

Mason is at a loss for words.

FINALLY:

MASON
 Jesus. It must've been flipped to the
 wrong week or something.

VERONICA
 Uh-huh. Your short-term memory is for
 shit now, Jason. Your yard looks
 second place. You sleep past seven.
 You always look tired. Seriously,
 Jason? Seriously?

Jason holds the phone away from his ear. The berating
 continues.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
 You didn't forget to book the talent
 scouts. You forgot the whole damn
 tournament. He's going to be a
 senior, Jason. This is his last big
 chance at State. You know how much
 he's counting on that!

MASON
 Just google "Premier Scouting Agency,"
 dammit. "Arlington." I think.
 Please Ronnie. Jesus, I totally
 forgot!

VERONICA

You're his father, for crying out loud, Jason! You can't keep forgetting about him like you do! You think these things happen on their own?

MASON

No...

Veronica fans her armpits with one of the file folders.

VERONICA

And when is this convention supposed to be over?

MASON

It's a seminar. Two days, max.

VERONICA

Jason, this is too much right now.

MASON

It's an honor, baby. These guys are tops in their field. They came all the way from Germany just to meet with me. Or maybe I'm the only one they could find. I can't tell which yet.

VERONICA

And what about Best Gardens, Jason?! Can't get Jay-Jay to do it. The boy can't start a mower. All other kids his age mow their lawns.

MASON

Yeah, no. Other kids don't have award-winning lawns, either. Just get the scouts for me, Ronnie, please. I owe you biggie time.

VERONICA

Whatever. I swear. We got the showing. The tournament. Mother. And now some convention??

MASON

It's a seminar, not a convention.
Just don't forget your sister's booze.

Veronica clicks off.

INT./EXT. PANPHIL'S CAR - DAY - MOVING

Panphil and Mason in freeway traffic. They exit at the sign for Andrews Air Force Base.

MASON

Andrews ain't a secret air strip.

PANPHIL

Were just a military couple flying
coach, Mason.

MASON

(dramatically)

And where is Dr. Harter's new lab?

(normal)

He asks, for the fifth time.

PANPHIL

Not until wheels-up, I said.

She glances over. Mason is PISSED OFF.

PANPHIL (CONT'D)

Iran.

MASON

Iran?! Yeah, sorry, my black ass
ain't going to no Iran. I have a
showing on Saturday. What the hell's
he doing in Iran?

PANPHIL

Well, research. But we're fairly
confident he's not there at the
moment.

MASON

And we just parachute right the fuck
in? Or what?

PANPHIL

I have our in.

Mason is silent.

PANPHIL (CONT'D)

We had to sneak in and out of
countries during training. Get
caught, you fail.

Mason isn't interested. Panphil carries the conversation:

PANPHIL (CONT'D)

One guy was missing for five days on a
two-day mission. They had to notify
the State Department that someone
might've gotten picked up. Guess
where he was?

MASON

At home in his garden?

PANPHIL

Cuba. My ex-boyfriend. He'd been
there before as a SEAL. Turns out the
asshole was with a woman the whole
time.

MASON

Fucking a mamacita in a banana hut.
For God and Country, huh? So where's
Cuba-Boy now? Still winning hearts
and minds?

PANPHIL

Tied up in South America. I don't
fault him for Cuba. It gets lonely in
the field.

MASON

You picked Canada, didn't you?

PANPHIL

Unless you're a hiker or a hooker,
Canada's tougher than you think. I
won't tell you where I picked. It's
not sexy enough. That's classified by
the way.

INT./EXT. MAIN GATE, ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - SHORTLY LATER

Panphil's car is easily waved through the gate. Mason watches suspiciously as the base swallows him alive.

CUT TO:

EXT. THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND FEET - MOONLIGHT

A C-17 military transport plane enters the FRAME from the LEFT. It cruises until it's CENTER of FRAME.

INT. C-17 CABIN

Panphil fakes sleep. Glances at Mason from one eye. He works his puzzle, chewing the end of his pencil. Deep in thought.

CU on Mason's CROSSWORD PUZZLE. Words like "TULIP," "MULCH," "MIND CONTROL," "GENE WARFARE," and "ROSE PETAL" fill the boxes.

He glances over at Panphil. He misses her staring at him by a half a beat. Then he: -returns to his puzzle -fakes writing -abruptly turns around -catches Panphil staring at him.

MASON

(quietly)

Gotcha...

Panphil can't even play it off.

PANPHIL

I was looking out the window.

The blinds are drawn. Mason smiles to his puzzle.

PANPHIL (CONT'D)

Ok, I was wondering something.

MASON
The rumors aren't true.

PANPHIL
What rumors?

MASON
About black guys.

PANPHIL
What?

MASON
I can't play basketball. Not a lick.
But I can jump.

PANPHIL
Not what I was wondering.

Mason is back to his crossword puzzle. Chews his pencil again. Deep in thought.

PANPHIL
Do you get seasick?

Nothing. Long pause.

PANPHIL
Don't suppose you know Farsi?

...

PANPHIL
How did you guys plan on pulling it off?

Mason, finally (without looking up):

MASON
No preferential treatment, if that's what you're getting at.

Panphil sits up, eyes fixated on Mason. He stares back out the corner of his eye. Then back to his puzzle.

CU on puzzle. He writes in the name "HARTER." It fits perfectly. He sets the book down. Turns to her.

MASON (CONT'D)

If all soldiers last-named Hosseini suddenly get called to the rear-

PANPHIL

Oh, it might tip off the enemy that a gene bomb is being used. So they're sacrifices.

Mason shakes his head.

MASON

"Indicators" is more p.c. If a hundred of our boys have the marker and twenty-five get sick, what's it's doing to the enemy?

PANPHIL

Barbaric. But necessary, I suppose. So why was Gene Hackmen was shut down?

MASON

Can't you read this on your own?

PANPHIL

Nothing like peer-reviewed, Peer.

Panphil's phone vibrates on the collapsible tray. She checks the message.

MASON

Spraying a country with custom-made bug spray? Quickest way to give half of Geneva a heart attack. You're talking wide-spread affliction. Massive scale. I mean gene bombs were meant to be an area-effect weapon. But with unpredictable results. So after we published, they stopped funding us. You get reception up here?

PANPHIL
 (to device)
 Satellite phone. Thank you, Hamilton.

MASON
 Who's Hamilton?

PANPHIL
 We got the floor plans.

EXT. THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND FEET - MOONLIGHT

Same C-17 CENTER FRAME. It continues to the RIGHT until it leaves the FRAME.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. MERCEDES-BENZ, USA - MOVING - DAY

Veronica and JASON III, together. ("Beyond-Say" or "Reanni" plays in the BG). Veronica sings along.

Jason III spins his soccer ball like it's a basketball. He turns the volume down.

VERONICA
 Hey, Jay-Jay, I was listening to that.

JASON III
 Can Marcus spend the night on Friday?

VERONICA
 Sure, honey. Of course.

JASON III
 And he can just catch a ride with us on Saturday.

VERONICA
 How's his mother taking it.

Jason shrugs.

JASON III
 No one even knew his aunt owned an AK.

VERONICA

Well,

CUT TO:

EXT. MASON'S HOUSE - SHORTLY LATER

Veronica's Mercedes pulls into the driveway.

INT. MASON'S GARAGE - LATER

Jason III moves to the SHELF to put his soccer gear away.

He notices something odd behind the stack of soccer cones. Reaches in. Pulls out a FAT MARIJUANA JOINT and a lighter.

He sniffs it curiously. Puts it back.

Looking around the garage, something dawns on Jason III. He sneaks into his father's

TOOL CLOSET

which contains all the tools of a master gardener: assorted pruning sheers, fertilizer, brooms, extra mower blades...

...and ONE LOCKED STORAGE DRAWER in particular. He sniffs the drawer.

Thinks for a second. Dials in a NUMBER COMBINATION. Tugs the lock. It doesn't budge.

JASON III

Okay...mom's birthday, then.

Tries this new number. The lock POPS OPEN.

JASON III

Oh, ye of too much faith.

Inside is a FREEZER BAG OF MARIJUANA. Holds the bag like it's the Holy Grail. His face erupts into a mischievous grin.

CUT TO:

EXT. U.S. NAVAL STATION - MORNING

Mason squints against the sun of all suns. It's dawn and it already threatens heat exhaustion. Tarmac ripples HEAT, too.

In the BG, the C-17 still off-loads passengers. Panphil approaches, decked out in dark shades and boonie hat. She catches up to Mason. Not a drop of sweat to be seen on her.

In the BG, the terminal reads

WELCOME TO U.S. NAVAL SUPPORT ACTIVITY BAHRAIN

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SHERATON HOTEL, MANAMA, BAHRAIN - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the iconic hotel.

INT. "THE RICHNESS" BAR AT THE SHERATON - SAME

A cosmopolitan crowd mostly Americans, Europeans and Bahraini.

AT THE BAR

Mason and Panphil sit over drinks. Mason sips his iced tea.

MASON

I mean he could get a homeless guy to commit to fifty bucks a month. That's how good he was. So Hackmen expanded with all this cash. Way more than our budget.

One time we tried to question Tim...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HARTER'S OFFICE - DAY

An academic's hide-out. Too many thick textbooks for most.

On the working desk: a mug emblazoned with the logo **USAMRIID - U.S. Army Medical Research Institute of Infectious Disease.**

Behind the desk: a defiant Dr. Harter. He slams shut a thick ledger. Angry scowl on his face. Mad at whomever.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 But talk about quick-to-anger...
 He pulled rank.

Mason and Dharmasiri do an about-face and march out of Harter's office.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 So I followed the chain of command and
 kept my mouth shut.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Mason and Dharmasiri carry boxes to their cars. The PARKING SPOT between their two cars is conspicuously EMPTY.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 After we published, and Hackmen was
 winding down, that was it. I never
 heard from him again.

Mason and Dharmasiri: -load up boxes into their cars -meet in the middle -shake hands one last time.

BACK TO:

BOOTH - PRESENT

Panphil holds his hands.

MASON
 Gene Hackmen made me doubt the whole
 system. Everything, really.

PANPHIL
 Well, Doubting Thomas, after this, you
 fade back into that retirement of
 yours. And doubt no more.

Mason takes a sip of whatever dark drink he's having.

MASON

My turn. Truth or dare.

PANPHIL

Truth.

MASON

Talk to me about Timmy's top secret ties to terror.

PANPHIL

You've been waiting to say that. Let's move to a booth.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. NEW HOSPITAL WING, BEIRUT, LEBANON - DAY

A GROUND-BREAKING CEREMONY attended by philanthropists, politicians, the press, and the public.

PUSH INTO the crowd to one attendee in particular: a man, white, mid-50's, clean-cut. This is DR. TIMOTHY HARTER.

PANPHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In ten years of listening, PRISM grabbed a certain name only once: Abu Salaam Al-Siri.

Applause as a short, balding (age 60) Arab man wearing a construction helmet takes center stage.

PANPHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

At first the name Al-Siri was ignored, until suddenly it came up three times last year. And again in January.

The Arab, JIBRIL NASSER, takes the foreman's shovel and executes a flawless first dig before the cameras.

PANPHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was a *nom du guerre*. A dead-end...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. DUSTY BAR, MIDDLE EAST - DAY

It holds only four patrons at this empty hour. An American, alone at the bar, nurses an American cola.

The American: -downs his drink -stands up -digs into his pocket -produces an ORIGAMI SWAN -places it on the bar - walks off.

PANPHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...until we learned that "Al-Siri" was the wealthy Syrian-Iranian philanthropist Jibril Nasser.

CU on the origami SWAN. It's really a 50-dinar note. The bartender snatches it up. It falls easily into his pocket.

PANPHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He funds everything. Especially stem cell research and -

BACK TO:

BOOTH - PRESENT

MASON

- gene therapy. Doesn't make Nasser a bad guy. And Harter neither.

PANPHIL

He also funds groups linked to AQAP.*

* pronounced (A-/cap/)

MASON

Who?

PANPHIL

Al-Qaeda, Arabian Peninsula.

MASON

Explains why that money train stopped.

Enough with all this DREADFUL EXPOSITION. Let's finally

CUT TO:

EXT. PIER, BAHRAIN - NIGHT

RAPID-FIRE MONTAGE SEQUENCE (High-speed, low-drag RECON ROCK blasts OVER. CUTS are done on beat.)

One fishing boat out of a hundred. Moored. Motor running. Panphil and captain talk. Mason loads duffel bags.

The boat chops the dark sea. Sea-foam follows in an ever-expanding V. Boat under-way.

Panphil on deck. Night-watch duty. Night vision goggles. Mason chums the Persian Gulf with his puke.

Something in the sky alerts Panphil. She moves to Mason. Yanks his puking ass below-decks.

A HELICOPTER with IRANIAN COLORS passes low over the boat. The boat comes to a dead halt.

The CHOPPER circles back. Its searchlight lights up the boat and a hundred feet of sea in all directions.

The helicopter hovers above the boat. A rope is kicked out. Revolutionary Guards MARINES repel down to the deck.

The captain surrenders to all the machine guns aimed at his guts. The marine officer opens fire on him with his mouth.

PULL BACK FROM

the helo, the boat, the Iranian marines on board, and all that synergy. The sound of the CHOPPER on hover also FADES OUT.

MUSIC still OVER as we glide across the darkened deep away from the drama. The CHOPPING of an outboard motor FADES IN.

FG FOCUS ON a small ZODIAC-style inflatable motorboat. Full speed ahead. In the dark. Gunning right for us.

It puts distance from the boat. And the chopper. And the Iranian marines. And the searchlight.

CLOSE ON the zodiac: Panphil and Mason. She's at the helm. Checks her watch. He checks both rears. Quite impressed.

The zodiac motors toward an awaiting BOSTON WHALER-type boat. It too flies Iranian colors. Panphil kills the motor.

The boats drift towards each other. A line is thrown. Panphil grabs ahold and ties alongside.

The PERSIAN SEAMAN on-board extends a hand of assistance. She passes the two duffel bags up to him. Climbs aboard. Panphil holds out a hand for Mason. He barely makes his way up.

As for the ZODIAC: it's pulled aboard. A half-crate goes over top. And fishing traps over that, completely hiding it.

They hurry beneath-decks. The whaler turns sharply toward the distant lights on land: the Iranian port city of Bandar Abbas.

END OF MONTAGE.

FADE TO:

EXT. BANDAR ABBAS - MORNING

Establishing shots of the Iranian port city: The skyline. A muezzin calls the faithful to prayer. A bustling marketplace. Taxi and autos in congestion. The docks.

EXT. DOCKYARD - SAME

A woman dressed head to toe in black with face concealed behind a veil sweeps the pier.

The whaler boat in the previous scene is tied along the pier. The Persian seaman, KAZEM SALAHI, unloads cooler after cooler.

SEXY-HANDSOME, early 30's, Kazem Salahi could be a fisherman from birth. Women often lift their veils to check him out.

African first mate Mason, IN MUSLIM BEARD, assists. He plays the part pretty damn good, burkha-lady notices with veiled satisfaction.

EXT. METRO BANDAR ABBAS - LATER

Liveries, utility trucks, private cars, bikes, pedestrians, mopeds, official cars, and buses are snails racing to nowhere.

TRACK on one beat-up DELIVERY VAN among the many.

INT. DELIVERY VAN - MOVING - SAME

Kazem commandeers it. Focuses on the stop-and-go traffic.

Mason rides shotgun. Enjoying the sights is an understatement for the good doctor. More like, he's DIGESTING the sights.

They pass a lush and verdant city park on their right. Next to it, a mosque. Kazem's eyes nervously TRACK on Mason.

Kazem's POV: the back of Mason's head as he cranes his neck at an impressive minaret.

KAZEM

(South Bronx accent)

Sleep funny last night or something?

MASON

Come again?

KAZEM

Where did you get this guy from?

REAR

Panphil -still in burkha- is crouched down in a space among the coolers of fish.

PANPHIL

(from the rear)

He's saying stop looking like a goddamn tourist.

UP FRONT

MASON

Right. Sorry.

Mason produces a copy of the "Iran Daily" (Bandar Abbas edition). Folds to a page at random. Starts reading.

Kazem watches with his periphery. Sighs.

KAZEM

Jesus Christ. Deck-hands don't read.

Mason folds the newspaper in disgust. Drops it to his feet.

MASON

Your business trips suck.

Kazem produces a pair of shades. Passes them over.

KAZEM

Here. Pretend like you're asleep.
Watch from behind these.

Mason: -complies -dons the sunglasses -reclines his seat
exactly two notches -gets comfortable.

EXT. CITY STREET, BANDAR ABBAS - LATER

The delivery van continues along...

INT. DELIVERY VAN - SAME

Mason SNORES.

KAZEM

(to the road)

Good to see you again, Agent Guns-A-Blazing. A direct-action operative like you must be blessed from on high. For sure, you the last person I expected to see...with everything on hold an all.

Kazem adjusts the rear-view mirror. His eyes meet hers.

KAZEM (CONT'D)

You know that, right?

IN THE MIRROR

Panphil is in poker face behind her veil. You can just tell.

FRONT

KAZEM

(to the road)

Jesus Christ! Well lemme tell you:
even the Russians are on eggshells. A
shitty fucking op to fuck up the peace
talks? Hell no. Not on their fucking
watch. You be careful, Guns-A-
Blazing. People like me want the
talks to fail so we can get back to
work. Been fucking boring watching
the Iranian navy cut holes in the
water.

Kazem makes a RIGHT TURN to escape the traffic. He SLAMS ON
THE BRAKES. Mason bolts awake. Yanks off the shades:

A VEHICLE CHECKPOINT dead ahead.

EXT. CHECKPOINT AREA - SAME

The police have all three lanes blocked off. The militia men
systematically check each car...

INT. DELIVERY VAN - CONTINUOUS

KAZEM'S POV a militiaman approaches the car ahead. He carries
an 8 x 11 paper. Past him, two more officers and a K-9 unit.

OUTSIDE

The lead officer sticks his head inside the auto up ahead.
Looks around. Quickly pulls his head out.

A glimpse of the 8 x 11: it's a SKETCH of MASON with BEARD.

IN THE VAN

KAZEM

That looks just like you, my man.

A militiaman looks right at them. Then the SKETCH. And back.

OUTSIDE

The militiaman points excitedly! Blows a whistle!

MILITIAMAN #1
 (in Farsi)
 There they are!

THE MILITIAMEN'S POV

Mason and Kazem are deer caught in the hunter's beams, but with NOWHERE to run. Kazem, concerned. Mason, mortified.

The K-9 leads the charge, practically dragging his handler along. These barking, salivating jaws want some hiney-flesh.

The other cops bolt over as well, weapons drawn, full-tilt.

Just then, the VAN NEXT TO THEM virtually explodes in a flurry of activity. Both front doors swing open.

The handsome driver (who sort of resembles Kazem) jumps from the truck. Still in gear, VAN #2 lurches forward. Rear-ends the car ahead. The handsome driver makes a mad dash for it.

A real African muslim (who resembles Mason) jumps from the passenger seat of VAN #2. He bolts in a different direction.

MILITIAMAN #2
 (Farsi; blowing
 whistle)
 Stop! Police!

The REAR DOOR of VAN #2 BURSTS OPEN. A bunch of women decked out like cheap whores jump from the rear. They scatter like cockroaches. Little for clothing, but veils over their faces.

The militiamen (six now and all), weapons drawn, run right past Kazem's van in pursuit of the human traffickers.

IN OUR VAN

Kazem and Mason watch out the corner of their eyes as the militia run right past.

KAZEM/MASON/PANPHIL

Shit.

Beat for a sanity check. Mason does the sign of the cross. The car up ahead pulls away. Kazem drops the van into gear.

A HARD RAP on the window. PAN to MILITIAMAN #3 (THE MAN) outside, smiling. He wants that window down. Kazem shifts back to park. Complies.

(Farsi w/ English SUBTITLES):

MILITIAMAN #3 (THE MAN)

Still need your driver's license, sir.

KAZEM

Of course, of course.

Kazem flips down the visor. ID falls right into his hand. Passes it to

The Man

who spends too long scrutinizing it. Looks quizzically at it.

CU on IRANIAN DRIVER'S LICENSE

has Kazem making a ridiculous face. Longer hair. Zany eyes.

The Man

looks up at Kazem. Kazem smiles exactly like his DL photo. Ridiculous face. Zany eyes.

The African. The Man should probably ask for his ID, too. Mason gulps hard. The Man sniffs the air.

THE MAN

(to Mason; Farsi)

How was the catch, Somali?

MASON
(nods)

KAZEM
Fine. Fine.

THE MAN
ID?

Mason understands. Checks his many pockets for something.

MILITIAMAN #2 (O.S.)
Sergeant! C'mon! Let's go!

THE MAN
Nevermind. Carry on.

CHECKPOINT - OUTSIDE

The van motors through. The Man holds Kazem's ID.

CUT TO:

INT. IRANIAN SAFE HOUSE, BANDAR ABBAS - DAY

Persian decor. Oddly IKEA-esque like the safe house earlier. The Ayatollah's picture hangs on the wall in 2-D effigy.

A MAP spreads across much of the table here. Tokens denote people and vehicles. No surprise, it's a map of Bandar Abbas. Next to it is the floor plan of a building. Tokens here, too.

Mason, sans disguise, listens to their intense discussion. He guards the front door with his eyes without meaning to.

Panphil and Kazem: -rearrange the tokens on the maps - discuss living conditions under each scenario. On the

DRY ERASE BOARD

planning unfolds: -"football plays" are run -a timetable is set -codes are scribbled down -the board is wiped clean.

Panphil and Kazem sync their phones. Mason checks his KIT: various thumb drives, cables, test tubes, syringes, and vials.

The dry erase board is cleaned (this time with a solvent) and put away. So are the maps. And pretty much everything else.

Panphil inspects gear. Mason catches a nap on one couch. Kazem lies on the other, thumbing through a NEWS MAGAZINE.

MAGAZINE COVER:

an adorable menagerie of CUDDLY BABY ZOO ANIMALS. Cuddles-to-the-max! Kazem sits upright. It catches Panphil's attention.

KAZEM

Jesus Christ! That's right. The new baby tiger and stuff. Tonight's the premier. "Babes of the Animal Kingdom." It'll be fuckin' turban-city in that bitch.

SLAM CUT TO:

FLASH BULBS GOING OFF

in rapid-fire succession. We're literally in the lime-light.

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE, BANDAR ABBAS ZOO - NIGHT

Blue Carpet. Lights. Cameras. Dignitaries. The press. Anyone and everyone who is someone in Bandar Abbas is here. Fancy cars unload. Officials escort the powered money-makers to the entrance. Veiled wives follow. And so does the press.

A BLOCK AWAY finds a VAN slowing down, brakes squealing. Heads turn to see who badly needs them fixed.

INT./EXT. RENTAL VAN - MOVING - SAME

It's our three ELECTRICIANS. Two in work coveralls, and Panphil in burkha in the back. Kazem brings the van to a squealing halt.

KAZEM

It's a rental.

PANPHIL

Nevermind. Outage in twenty.
Nineteen. Eighteen. Seventeen.
Remember: In and out. Simple B-and-
E.

Kazem peers out the driver-side window into the night.

KAZEM

Nice location for a bio lab.

OUTSIDE

The van is parked in front of an immensely large MOSQUE. A few lights burn within at this hour.

INSIDE THE VAN

PANPHIL

Planes can't attack it. But not even the Iranian government knows it's here. The basement was an air-raid shelter in case the Nazi's came. Harter and company secretly set up shop while it was being renovated. Five. Four. Three. Two. One...

LONG pause that DRAGS ON. Finally the MOSQUE's few lights die. Actually the entire neighborhood goes black.

PANPHIL

Let's do this.

OUTSIDE

Kazem, Mason, and Panphil in burkha make their way to the mosque's entrance. Each carries an electrician's kit.

They pause at the large wooden front door. Panphil reads Mason's face. He nods. She grabs the door handle. Pulls open the heavy wooden door. So far...

INT. MOSQUE - NEAR DARKNESS

...so good. One emergency light shines feebly from the musallah (prayer hall). Mason is instantly in awe of the mosque's, well, MOSQUENESS, even in the weak light.

As they cross the FOYER, a quick glimpse of the UBER-FAITHFUL in prayer, oblivious to the power outage.

Panphil knows the way. Leads the fellowship to the LEFT. Kazem stops her cold. Leads them instead to an

ANTEROOM

where the FAITHFUL have deposited their footwear (sandals, sneakers, etc.).

Kazem kicks off his boots. Our two infidels follow his lead, and off come their's too. And on come the three flashlights.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

finds our three walking past CLASSROOMS. As Mason peeks inside of one, the door abruptly OPENS.

The IMAM EXITS. He's as startled as they are. He also holds a FLASHLIGHT and shines it on their three mugs -

(Farsi w/English SUBTITLES):

KAZEM

Hello, Imam!

-then shines the FLASHLIGHT on their duffel bags-

IMAM

Here for the outage?

-then shines the beam to their feet in socks. Imam seems pleased. Then his light is back on Panphil.

KAZEM

Yep. Rats gnawed through. We're installing the patch.

IMAM

But we have no -

KAZEM

(shakes his head)

They come from the zoo. Traveling through the pipes. We get calls to this neighborhood all the time.

Imam recoils at the thought. His beam is still in Panphil's face. She clears her throat.

KAZEM (CONT'D)

My wife is the second best electrician in Bandar Abbas.

Imam remembers his manners. Lowers the beam to her kit.

KAZEM (CONT'D)

We'll have your power restored in no time, Imam.

IMAM

Very good. Follow me.

Five steps later and the power ABRUPTLY COMES BACK ON. Imam stops in his tracks.

IMAM

The rat's electricians got here first, it seems.

KAZEM

My old boss was a rat-electrician, Imam.

(looks around)

Not in here, but if we were on the street, I'd tell you about his work.

Imam laughs.

KAZEM (CONT'D)

They won't pay us twice, so we gotta do it once.

Imam laughs again.

IMAM

And this'll do it?

The lights GO OUT AGAIN. Flashlights come back on.

KAZEM

See?

(points downward)

Right here is the problem. No problem. We'll have the patch in in no time.

Imam nods. The procession moves down the hallway to a UTILITY ROOM at the end. He unlocks the door and holds it open for Panphil, Kazem, and Mason. They enter the

UTILITY ROOM

where their flashlight beams find a hot water heater, pipes, janitorial supplies, and the master breaker panel.

The imam smiles and leaves them in peace.

The three pause for a moment in solitude before Panphil breaks out three radio headsets (throat mics). Distributes them.

PANPHIL

(to Kazem)

Okay, electrician, report in if needed.

KAZEM

Got it.

They busy themselves donning and adjusting their headsets.

PANPHIL

(to Mason)

Let's get going before Hamilton flips the switch again.

The door to the utility room opens. It's the imam holding a folding metal chair and four bottled waters.

The imam: -unfolds the chair -takes a seat -sets the four bottles down -wiggles his ass to get comfortable -helpfully shines his flashlight on the circuit panel. He ain't budging.

KAZEM

(Farsi)

Ok, so Imam, you'll find this interesting -

Kazem stands up and moves to Imam and helps him to his feet. But Imam would rather see what's going on here instead.

KAZEM (CONT'D)

Their entry point. A hidden drain pipe from colonial times.

EXEUNT Kazem and Imam. Mason's face is covered in sweat. He grabs one of the waters. Chugs half of it instantly. Takes two others. Stashes them in his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED HALLWAY, MOSQUE - LATER

Panphil walks smartly, cautiously, expertly in her NV (night vision) goggles. Burkha veil is removed.

(BG is an ATTIC-STYLE LADDER that rises to the ceiling, which presumably is the way they came down.)

Mason checks everything out in NV. His hand doesn't leave her shoulder. She stops. He does too.

The LONE DOOR is guarded by a security camera and HIGH-TECH DOOR LOCK. Both are powered off. Panphil twists the handle. It doesn't budge.

Panphil: -breaks open her kit -removes a SPECIAL TOOL (black spec-op box with miniature LED TOUCHSCREEN) -mounts the TOOL on top of the electronic door lock -powers the TOOL on.

ON THE LED TOUCHSCREEN

is an app that shows a 3-D image of the lock's LOCKING MECHANISM. Panphil's fingers work the TOUCHSCREEN.

A virtual replica of the locking mechanism moves in 3-D as she manipulates it from the screen. A loud CLICK and the real locking mechanism suddenly retracts. The door unlocks into a

CONTROL ROOM

of sorts: cold, with negative ventilation, hanging bio-suits, and a dusty PC relegated to forever drawing sewer pipes.

Just ahead: the locked door to Harter's inner sanctum. Out comes Panphil's TOOL...

INT. SPECIMEN ROOM - SAME

Darkness. Immediately upon entry, we hear an organic HUMMING, low-pitched and all-encompassing.

Panphil produces a lantern. Both players remove their NV goggles. And ON comes this LANTERN of hers. It is BRIGHT. Mason's eyes hurt. We're blinded too.

MASON

Sweet Jesus, woman!

The light gets dimmer...to acceptable levels. Light spills over into various anterooms.

PANPHIL

Sorry. Forgot to check that.

As the FLASH-BLINDNESS wears off, a dozen or so wall-mounted TERRARIUMS come into focus. The BUZZING now has a reason. Panphil and Mason cross the room to encounter the

TERRARIUMS

where Mason finds a tank full of brown fluid. He TAPS the tank. Thousands of wriggling MOSQUITO LARVAE dart to the bottom, apparently a survival reflex. Next to it, a

CAGE

crammed with huge, blood-swollen MOSQUITOES. A small PIGLET covered in downy fur, lay on its side, gasping for breath.

CU its DOWNY FUR is really a LAYER OF BITING MOSQUITOES.

EXTREME CU on one TIGER MOSQUITO and its surgical proboscis as it pops through tender, pink pig skin.

MASON

Tim, you sick fucking bastard.

Mason moves to another tank. It's empty. So are two others.

MASON (CONT'D)

Empty tanks. Not..not good.

She leaves his side and sits at the two-computer workstation.

MASON (CONT'D)

With mosquitoes, we could never prove that crossing the blood-brain barrier in Brodmann's Area 11 to reset the Y-2 nucleus could be done without triggering glial cell de-differentiation into stem-cell precursor analogs, which, as a trick of the immune system, should become macrophages and simply gobble up our phages...

PANPHIL

- Ok, Professor, our forty-five minutes is now thirty.

MASON

That Hamilton guy is on break.

Mason abandons Dr. Tim Harter's pets/pests-

PANPHIL

We're on an op. Hamilton has a partner, I'm sure.

-and joins Panphil at the second, empty computer chair.

PANPHIL (CONT'D)

They take turns tinkling.

Panphil passes out latex gloves and surgical masks. They don them carefully, and man the two workstations.

Panphil connects a small SATELLITE DISH to her phone. Then, using a long Y-shaped USB cable, she plugs her phone directly into both workstations. On both

SCREENS

mouse arrows appear and seemingly take control. Soon both stations are logged in. Status bars begin scrolling...

Mason shoots Panphil an inquisitive glance.

PANPHIL

Mosquito app. NSA is sucking these dry. Appropriate, I think.

Panphil produces two USB drives. Passes one to Mason. They insert the USB drives into their respective workstations. A blinking red light comes from each USB drive...

PANPHIL

Langley don't do middle-men. We steal our secrets directly. Click OK on green.

MASON

No honor among thieves.

Sweat drops from Mason's nose. Still, blinking red lights...

PANPHIL

(laughing)

Jesus, you baby. They're gathering background noise for the encryption algorithm. Hang on a sec.

Panphil checks her watch. Still blinking red lights.

PANPHIL (CONT'D)

Come on, come on. This is really fucking slow.

CU ...finally the USB drive lights turn...

GREEN.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. MASON'S FRONT YARD - AERIAL VIEW - DAY

We're FLYING ABOVE his yard. Mason is BELOW, mowing. He disappears from view beneath the GREEN canopy of a tree.

BACK TO:

INT. SPECIMEN ROOM - PRESENT

PANPHIL

Doc. It's green, okay? Press Ok.

MASON

Right.

Mason presses OK. His progress bar -

- crawls. He suddenly remembers his train of thought:

MASON

We thought the best vector would actually be man. Gene Hackmen makes you mad with hunger. First friends and family are mauled. Then, unsatisfied, you take to the streets.

Like a mad scientist, Mason produces a LONG SYRINGE/NEEDLE. He animatedly works the plunger as if to make a point.

MASON (CONT'D)

The phage is passed from saliva to blood through broken skin. Cannibal-style. Let's break me into Tim's blood bank and see what's up.

INT. BLOOD BANK ROOM - SOON LATER

Mason draws BLOOD from one of the many blood bags. Adds the vial to his COLLECTION of already-filled vials.

One vial is larger than the rest, clear, and labeled OCTENOL.

He looks through the window into the specimen room. No Panphil anywhere.

MASON

(into throat mic)

Clemmie, are you there? Come in, Clemmie.

INT. HARTER'S OFFICE - SAME

A windowless office, tidy, and brightly-lit. One desk against the wall is piled with composition notebooks. No computers.

Panphil flips through a book of hand-written entries. Takes a digital snap-shot of each page.

PANPHIL

(into throat mic)

Found more books to read, Dr. Hux. Fifteen minutes left.

MASON (V.O.)

(radio; filtered)

He's all offense. No antidote in the works.

PANPHIL

(into throat mic)

Great. Just keep looking. Gilligan, how are things top-side?

EXT. REAR OF MOSQUE - SAME

Kazem WALKS IDLY around the rear of the mosque's grounds. BG Imam and his light beam forage through a thicket of shrubs.

KAZEM

(into throat mic)

We're good. Busy pipe-hunting.

INT. SPECIMEN ROOM - SOON LATER

Mason's back at the workstations. The on-screen status bars are at 100%. He notices PANPHIL'S IDLING SATELLITE PHONE.

Mason: -seizes the opportunity: -takes off his headset -
picks up Panphil's satellite phone -punches a bunch of
numbers into the keypad.

INT. HARTER'S OFFICE - SAME

Panphil carefully rifles through Dr. Harter's desk drawer. One
item catches her attention: a dossier with the hand-written
label "PROJECT GENE HACKMEN."

INT. MASON'S KITCHEN, USA - SAME (BUT DAYTIME)

Veronica is on her ever-present BLUETOOTH. She's dicing
onions, etc.

VERONICA

(into bluetooth)

...well, after that stunt mom pulled
today, she can find her own way to
bingo. I'm done!

Lightning on the horizon tells of a coming summer storm.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I'm serious, Jason. D-o-n-e, done.

INT. SPECIMEN ROOM - SAME

The satellite phone (with antenna affixed) barely fits on
Mason's shoulder. His throat mic hangs WAY OUT OF REACH.

MASON

(into satellite phone)

Just drop her off, Ronnie. That's it.
I'll never ask you do to it again.
Did you get the talent scouts?

INTERCUT BETWEEN MASON AND VERONICA

Veronica parts the kitchen curtains. Gazes at the really nice
shrubs about the lawn.

VERONICA

Don't get me started, Jason.

MASON
Still been raining?

Mason plunges a syringe and needle into his arm.

VERONICA
Yes. Everything's shooting up.

Mason releases the tourniquet with his teeth. Blood fills the syringe.

MASON
I know. As soon as I get back.

INT. HARTER'S OFFICE - SAME

Panphil continues flipping through Harter's dossier. She snaps pictures of each page.

One page catches her attention: a group photo of Drs. Mason, Harter, and Dharmasiri.

DHARMASIRI'S FACE has a red "X" drawn right through it with a heavy red marker. And next to it, so does MASON'S.

Panphil's ear-piece crackles:

KAZEM (V.O.)
(radio; filtered)
Guys. We have a problem.

EXT. FRONT OF MOSQUE - NIGHT - SAME

Police lights and police officers flood the grounds of the mosque. It is literally under seige!

As OFFICERS, ARMED WITH RIFLES, rush into the mosque, the stunned late-night faithful, ARMED WITH SHOES, rush out.

At the doorway, the imam nervously apologizes to each, and bids each a good night and to please, please come back.

Kazem makes haste to the VAN. He looks back at the mosque (without quite looking back at the mosque).

KAZEM (CONT'D)
 (into throat mic)
 Seriously I suggest bailing out, like,
 yesterday!

INT. SPECIMEN ROOM - SAME

INTERCUT BETWEEN MASON AND VERONICA

VERONICA (CONT'D)
 You got a busy day tomorrow, Mr.
 Convention.

MASON
 Friday, you mean.

VERONICA
 Tomorrow is Friday.

MASON
 Are you serious?

VERONICA (CONT'D)
 And where are you, anyway? And don't
 say New York because it doesn't take..
 thirty damn seconds to say one
 sentence from New York!

MASON
 It's the signal scrambling. I'm
 telling you, these guys are high-
 level. Listen, baby -

Mason hears something. His radio headset crackles. He picks
 it up. Listens.

PANPHIL (V.O.)
 (radio; filtered)
 Dr. Huxtable! Dr. Huxtable! Grab our
 shit!

MASON (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 I gotta go, Ronnie. Break's over.

Mason clicks off. Stashes the vial containing his own blood into his pocket.

VERONICA

Jason?

Veronica's face: anger, then worry, then anger. She throws the onions to sizzle alongside of some chopped sausages.

INT. SPECIMEN ROOM - SAME

Mason puts the satellite phone back where he found it.

In skitters Panphil, sliding to a halt in her socks.

MASON

(taps his headset)

Sorry, volume was low.

PANPHIL

Nevermind. Let's bounce!

(into throat mic)

Gilligan, we're coming out. Status update.

INT./EXT. VAN - SAME

Armed soldiers tighten their siege on the mosque.

KAZEM

Fucking crazy, that's what. Place is crawling with police and some uniforms I don't even recognize. Jesus Christ! You guys must've tripped a silent alarm.

INT. SPECIMEN ROOM - SAME

Panphil shuts off the room torch. Both players re-don their NV goggles. Mason laughs at Panphil in burkha and NV goggles.

TRACK on both players as they make a hasty retreat to the

CONTROL ROOM

past bio-suits and the dormant PC and out the door to the

HALLWAY

and bolt up the ATTIC-STYLE PULL-DOWN LADDER. At the TOP, Panphil pushes aside a square section of the ceiling.

INT. MOSQUE CLASSROOM - SAME

One of the floor tiles slides aside. A be-veiled and be-goggled Panphil pops her head out. Looks around.

NIGHT-VISION GREEN

shows an empty classroom, except for desk and chairs.

NORMAL VIEW

Panphil hops out. Mason passes up their duffel bags. Then out he climbs. Panphil replaces the concealed cut-out floor.

They cross the classroom. The LIGHTS come back on. They RIP OFF their NV goggles. PAIN..EXCRUCIATING!

A few seconds after the FLASHBLINDNESS wears off...

Panphil runs full-tilt to the end of the hallway. Mason is two steps behind. They get to the hallway's left turn -

- and almost literally collide with two armed police (#1 and #2).

Panphil, aka Agent Guns-A-Blazing, reaches into her burkha for her twin 45-CALIBER SEMI-AUTOMATIC PISTOLS -

- but she remembers Kazem's earlier warning. Instead of pistols, out come two rolls of ELECTRICAL TAPE. #1 and #2 are confused.

POLICE #1

(Farsi)

No need.

(holding up his rifle)

We got these.

Panphil: -doesn't understand -shrugs -takes the initiative
-throws the electrical tape at #1.

He's surprised at this disrespectful lady. The tape bounces off his person. Doesn't see the PUNCH coming from left-field.

Neither does his partner. Neither does Mason. Panphil's punch lands #1 dazed against the wall. His rifle falls.

#2 doesn't know how to react, until Panphil delivers a ROUNDHOUSE to his face. Mason kicks #1's rifle out of reach.

#1 recovers. Whips out his TASER BATON. It crackles with muscle-paralyzing electrical energy. He swings it at Panphil.

She ducks. Sweeps his feet from underneath him while dodging a flying rifle-butt from an incensed #2. Mason hugs the wall.

#1 hits the deck, but quickly springs back up, adrenaline pumping. Both have their taser batons out now.

#1 swings at Panphil. She grabs the shaft below the electrodes and yanks it from #1. Shoves it into #2's stomach.

#2 collapses in muscle-wrenching agony. #1 takes a quick kick to the nuts. He drops like ball-busted ballast.

Panphil bends down, lifts #1's head up. Decks him out cold. Repeats with #2. And that quickly, it's over.

PANPHIL

Let's bail!

Panphil moves off. Mason stands there, mouth gaping.

PANPHIL (CONT'D)

Move your ass, Doc!

They round the corner to encounter TWO MORE POLICE (#3, #4) with rifles in hand. The police, unfazed, run right past.

Panphil and Mason exchange glances of curiosity as the police run past with their rifles at the ready.

The two Americans don't even hesitate as they run in the opposite direction. In this

HALLWAY

classrooms line one side. One door is open, but they hardly pay attention. That's why they don't notice the

TIGER!

that leaps out, knocking Panphil flat onto her back. Mason JUMPS a QUITE IMPRESSIVE leap out of reach.

The **TIGER**, complete with an OVER-SIZED BLUE BOW-TIE on its collar, pins Panphil to the ground by both shoulders.

The **TIGER** GROWLS a bass-filled GROWL from deep within. It's smile reveals THREE-INCH LONG FANGS just inches from Panphil's face.

He licks her veil right off.

The **TIGER**: -purrs like a kitten -licks her face -licks off her throat mic -snuggles its muzzle under Panphil's neck like a big house cat. Mason - stunned - can't move.

The two officers that ran past have returned. They skid to a halt at the sight of the cat.

#3 and #4 draw their rifles. Aim. Fire. POP. POP. POP. POP! Tranquilizer darts suddenly appear in the **TIGER'S** hide.

Tigger is pissed. It GROWLS, LEAPS OFF Panphil, and charges at #3 and #4 with amazing speed.

#4 drops his rifle, screams, and RUNS FOR IT. #3 fires twice more, drops his rifle, and runs as well.

Tigger, a pin cushion of darts, makes it fifteen feet before tumbling into a roll. It collapses at #3's feet.

Panphil and Mason grab their belongings without haste, and don't look back.

MOSQUE FOYER

They re-enter -

KAZEM (V.O.)
 (radio; filtered)
 Guys, exfil casually. It's just
 Animal Control.

PANPHIL
 (into throat mic)
 No shit it's fucking Animal Control.
 And that cute baby tiger of yours?

KAZEM (V.O.)
 (radio; filtered)
 Yeah?

PANPHIL
 (into throat mic)
 It wasn't.

OUTSIDE - NIGHT

The two not-so-casually jump back into the van. The van pulls away, barely squeezing past two police cars, knocking a side mirror off one. Nobody notices.

INT./EXT. VAN - MOVING - NIGHT

The police lights trigger a visceral reaction in Kazem.

KAZEM
 Shit!

Kazem flips down the sun visor. No ID falls out.

KAZEM (CONT'D)
 Dammit!

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, BANDAR ABBAS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Our three are in street clothes now. She walks a step behind.

From here, they scrutinize Kazem's flat from a distance.

THEIR POV

SEVERAL NICE CARS line the sidewalk. They look out of place in this working-class neighborhood.

Inside are plain-clothed officers. Probably agents of SAVAMA (equivalent to FBI). Stake-out duty. Target: Kazem's flat.

KAZEM

Guess I'll be home for mom's birthday
after all. Langley's gonna be pissed.

CUT TO:

EXT. THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND FEET - MOONLIGHT

The C-17 military cargo plane enters from RIGHT of FRAME. It cruises until it's CENTER.

INT. C-17 CABIN

Our trio takes up a row of rear seats. Nobody else is in earshot. Panphil stares out the window. Mason works his crossword puzzle.

In front of them are the half-eaten remains of standard-issue Air Force travel fare. Something a step up from field rations.

Kazem holds his stomach in agony.

KAZEM

Jesus Christ! Air Force food sucks.

MASON

So do your trips. Come to think of
it, this is the best part. I might
even make my showing tomorrow.

(grinning)

Isn't that right, Agent Panphil?

No reply. Kazem stands. Excuses himself to the head (lavatory). Mason waits a beat before:

MASON

How did you know he wouldn't be home
when we paid his lab a visit?

PANPHIL

I can't discuss that with you. Let's
just say National Technical Means.
But his exact whereabouts are unknown.

MASON

Why was Harter allowed to leave the
States in the first place, knowing
what he knows...and his known contacts
with terrorists?

PANPHIL

I owe you that. Essentially we
couldn't tip our hand...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Dr. Timothy Harter packs a suitcase.

PANPHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When the Bureau learned of Harter's
ties with AQAP, they immediately
placed him under surveillance.

EXT. D.C. EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

TRACK on one auto in particular as it exits for Reagan
National Airport.

PANPHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They discovered that he was flying to
Vienna to meet with Nasser.

INT. SHOPPING MALL, VIENNA, AUSTRIA - DAY

Dr. Harter strolls through the mall with an arm-full of
shopping bags. He enters a

MEN'S DEPARTMENT STORE

and shops for awhile before heading to the dressing rooms.

PANPHIL (V.O.)

It was the perfect opportunity to track Nasser as well. See where it would lead us.

A WOMAN casually checks out a pair of men's shoes. She's really keeping an eye on the men's dressing room.

PANPHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Agency took over that surveillance after he left U.S soil.

MASON (V.O.)

And?

PANPHIL (V.O.)

We lost him in Vienna.

C-17 CABIN - PRESENT

MASON

Who was responsible?

MEN'S DEPARTMENT STORE - FLASHBACK

The woman checks her watch. Something's amiss. She runs to the dressing room. Looks under the door. Empty. No Harter. She's been duped. And it's Agent Panphil.

BACK TO:

C-17 CABIN - PRESENT

PANPHIL

I lost him. I was on the team to keep tabs on him. And I lost him.

Panphil looks glad to be free of this burden.

MASON

So a lunatic is on the loose field-testing an experiment in genome warfare. And it's causing a huge blemish on an otherwise stellar career that won't go away until you bring him in. And I'm here to help you get back in good. And to save the world.

PANPHIL

Fine. Happy?

MASON

Oh boy, you owe me big.

Kazem returns to his seat.

KAZEM

Sorry 'Iran' off. I was busy 'Persian' myself.

Kazem laughs at his puns. Nobody else does.

EXT. THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND FEET - MOONLIGHT

The C-17 CENTER OF FRAME. It continues LEFT until it leaves the FRAME.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOHNS HOPKINS PUBLIC HEALTH INSTITUTE - DAY

The now-familiar marquee of the PUBLIC HEALTH INSTITUTE.

INT. LAB - SAME

Mason at the same microscope. Panphil and Kazem are here too.

MASON

I know how they targeted blacks exclusively. They're smelling metabolites in their victims' sweat. And my blood was the template.

PANPHIL

I'm sorry, Mason.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. MASON'S FRONT YARD - AERIAL VIEW - DAY

DIVING THROUGH a tree's green canopy until we break through. Mason is down below, MOWING. We DIVE-BOMB in on his neck.

CU on the back of Mason's neck. He slaps at something that has just bitten him.

BACK TO:

LAB - PRESENT

MASON

Yeah. Me, too.

PANPHIL

And what about targeting federal workers exclusively? They don't smell any different.

MASON

Either he's lucky, or they actually do. I can't tell which yet. My guess is Harter released them close to military installations around D.C. and let the mosquitoes find victims on their own.

Mason swaps out slides under the scope.

MASON (CONT'D)

But, unlike Gayle's infection, this new batch? They have a newer phage. Engineered from fourteen different haplogroups.

KAZEM

Meaning?

MASON

Let's just say their target audience
is greatly expanded.

KAZEM

One more time.

MASON

These skeeters ain't as picky. Also,
the phage transmits a neuro-blocker.
Blocks out some pain. Allows the
infected to push themselves past
normal human limits.

KAZEM

Like super soldiers?

PANPHIL

So three broods of equal-opportunity
super-mosquitoes are out there. No
known antidote. And this ain't
General Motors, here. We can't just
recall thousands of Asian tiger
mosquitoes.

MASON

General Motors?

PANPHIL

You really should stay current.

Panphil's phone vibrates.

PANPHIL (CONT'D)

Hang on a sec.

She checks it.

MASON

So for mosquito control you release GM
females that can't produce male
offspring.

KAZEM

General Motor's females?

MASON

(snapping at Kazem)

You guys are some flavor of retarded.
What's General Motors got to do with
this?

(still annoyed)

Genetically-Modified. They run their
course in a single generation. Forty-
five days max, assuming there are no
Asian tigers in the wild and no
sitting water anywhere to breed in.
All they need is a thimble-full and
the cycle continues.

PANPHIL

It's D.C., Doc. There's water
everywhere.

MASON

And Asian tiger mosquitoes.
And people. Yeah scratch that.

Panphil jumps up.

PANPHIL

Thank you, Hamilton. Murray Avenue.
That's where the broods are.

MASON

What's on Murray?

A lightbulb goes off in Panphil's mind:

PANPHIL

Oh my God!

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. PANPHIL'S CAR - SPEEDING - NIGHT

PANPHIL

FBI, ATF, Customs, Marshals, Secret
Service Uniformed Division. The whole
alphabet soup's there. Even the
Protective Detail. That's gotta be
his target. The president.

MASON

He's certainly not too popular with
scientists.

PANPHIL

They're on a maturity-release delay.
(checks her watch)
Hope we're not too late.

MASON

And if we are?

EXT. D.C. STREET - NIGHT

Panphil's government car blasts through a SOLID RED LIGHT.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRAINAGE CREEK - NIGHT

to find our three scouring the marshy brush with flashlights.
BG is the rear of the HOMELAND SECURITY FIELD OFFICE.

Panphil, mag-lite in mouth, crawls into the

DRAIN PIPE

on all-fours. Her beam finds the tunnel blocked with garbage.
But something catches her eye.

PANPHIL

(into throat mic)
Guys, come look.

INT. DRAIN PIPE - SOON LATER

Panphil passes bags of trash to Kazem who passes them out to
Mason, who waits outside. A SQUEALING from within! Splashes!

PANPHIL

Incoming!

A flood of RATS tear past Panphil. She's a COOL OPERATOR.
Kazem isn't. He recoils in disgust as they swarm his ankles.

KAZEM

Fuck me!

MASON

You wanted rats in drain pipes. There
you go.

Past the garbage, her beam finds three metallic canisters with
countdown timers, each blinking: "00:00.00"

PANPHIL

Yep, too late. The press conference
is in five hours.

Mason picks up his phone.

MASON

I'm making the call.

Panphil snatches his phone away.

PANPHIL

To who? The Secret Service? They're
probably all infected by now.

She tosses his phone back.

PANPHIL (CONT'D)

We're doing this solo.

CUT TO:

EXT. VETERAN'S MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, METRO D.C. - MORNING

Security is impressively tight. A long queue of spectators
passes through a Secret Service metal detector.

Bomb-sniffing K-9's sniff around trash cans, under seats,
around trees, etc.

Snipers with powerful rifles and binoculars occupy adjacent
rooftops. Helicopters buzz overhead.

Undercover agents mix with the common folk filling bleachers.
Uniformed police watch everyone from behind mirror shades.

Technicians perform sound-checks on the stage. The press assembles at their front-row seats. Nearby, at a set of

BLEACHERS

that are nearly full, Panphil, in a new suit, scans the crowd with her binoculars.

PANPHIL
 (into throat mic)
 Sterile here. But keep sharp.

ACROSS THE CONCOURSE

finds Mason, looking like a G-Man, complete with a fresh suit and mirror-shades, doing a scan of his own.

MASON
 (into throat mic)
 They're not buying me being on loan to
 the Agency.

A plain-clothes SECRET AGENT stands a mere twenty feet away.

PANPHIL (V.O.)
 (radio; filtered)
 They're probably listening.

Mason finds the agent staring dead at him. Not even a professional nod of acknowledgement. Mason swallows hard.

MASON
 (into throat mic)
 Gotta take a leak.

PANPHIL (V.O.)
 (radio; filtered)
 Make it quick.

CUT TO:

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - LATER

Mason is on his cell.

INT. WHIRLPOOL BATHTUB - SAME

Veronica bluetooths in bubbles. Feet up. Soft music OVER.

INTERCUT BETWEEN MASON AND VERONICA

VERONICA

Say what?

MASON

You heard me right. A friend of mine knows the judges.

VERONICA

Yeah. And Ethan across the street won't scream foul.

(beat)

You're not calling from that weird number.

MASON

They're letting us use our phones again. The sensitive part is over. Listen. The judges are still coming to see the yard. I'll show them around. Just cover the tournament, no sweat. How's the lawn?

VERONICA

Thick.

MASON

And my mother?

VERONICA

(annoyed)

She's *my* mother, Jason. Listen. I have a pounding headache. Marcus Percival stayed over last night.

MASON

Oh yeah? How's he doing?

VERONICA

Pretty good. He's still in shock. Like the rest of us. You know his auntie had a whole arsenal in her apartment? Not even her kids knew. Imagine how bad it could've been.

MASON

Still plenty of chance for that. I've actually met her before. She doesn't seem the type. She actually *smelled* good. Weird, huh?

VERONICA

Well, look, I'd love to sit and chit-chat, Jason, but Jay-Jay and Marcus were in the garage half the night. Then ordered pizza twice and blasted video games until 4 A.M. So I'm done. We have to get ready for the games. I'll talk to you whenever.

Veronica kills the connection.

BACK TO:

EXT. BLEACHERS - DAY

Panphil sweeps the crowd with her binoculars. Through the

BINOCULARS

Secret Service agent #1 comes into focus. He takes a position near the stage. The view sweeps to another agent (#2) nearby.

PANPHIL

(into throat mic)
Show-time. Stay alert.

POTUS (President Of The United States) takes center stage. The crowd stands. The APPLAUSE is deafening. Across the

CONCOURSE

Mason sweats profusely. He doesn't do suits too well.

POTUS (V.O.)
 (over P.A.)
 My fellow Americans...

MASON
 (into throat mic)
 This is crazy. We can't be out
 drinking all night again.
 (beat)
 Any sign of Harter?

SECRET AGENT
 (next to Mason)
 I hope not. It's hot enough.

PANPHIL (V.O.)
 (radio; filtered)
 I'm sure he's here. But remember,
 we're watching agents, not the crowd.

POTUS (V.O.)
 (over P.A.)
 ...unlimited funding for stem-cell
 research, as you know, is pouring in
 from overseas. It's unethical,
 unregulated, and must come to an end.
 My new healthcare initiative aimed at
 eliminating these unethical sources...

Mason subconsciously pats his waist band. CU on the
 distinctive BULGE of a FIREARM. Maybe even a glimpse of it.

MASON
 (into throat mic)
 Why not a taser?

He looks over. The agent is gone. Mason scans for him.
 Finds him in a different part of the crowd.

PANPHIL'S BINOCULAR VIEW

shows POTUS railing on about stem-cell research. Two agents
 remain just out of view of the rolling TV cameras.

A THIRD AGENT near the press box turns from facing the crowd.

Clutches his head. Shakes off a headache or something.

He looks confused. Bewildered. A DAZED AGENT.

PANPHIL

(into throat mic)

Get to the front! Someone's making a
move!

MASON (V.O.)

(radio; filtered)

What?

PANPHIL

(into throat mic)

Move it! I can't make it in time!

CONCOURSE

Mason swallows hard. Sweats profusely. Holds the bulge on
his waist band. Makes his way. Hardly anyone notices.

MASON

(into throat mic)

Hippocratic Oath aside, I only fired
five bullets in training. Just so you
know.

STAGE

The DAZED AGENT: -looks at POTUS -looks at his own hands -
looks at the crowd -looks at the press -shakes his head.

POTUS

(echoing over P.A.)

...only the existing immortal cells
lines will be kept...

Then a FIRM RESOLVE overcomes Dazed Agent. He reaches into
his blazer. Out comes his MP-5K mini-submachine gun.

PANPHIL (V.O.)

(radio; filtered)

Move your ass, Doc!

MASON

It's not just your trips. Everything
about your job sucks.

Dazed Agent turns to POTUS, who rambles on. Mason breaks into
a full sprint. Somewhere, someone GASPS.

TIME SLOWS DOWN as Dazed Agent:

-RAISES HIS WEAPON

-FIRES -EMPTIES THE WHOLE CLIP

-AT THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES -AT NEARLY POINT-BLANK
RANGE.

POTUS DROPS HARD BEHIND THE PODIUM.

TIME RETURNS TO NORMAL as the chaos truly begins:

Agent #1 throws himself behind the podium to shield his
principal. Agent #2 drops to a knee, swings out his own MP-
5K. Cuts down DAZED AGENT in a spray of RED.

Four agents appear out of nowhere. Converge on the podium.
DIVE-BOMB on POTUS. Well-trained that they are, POTUS is
covered.

The HUMAN HUDDLE stands. POTUS is barely visible inside it.

The HUMAN HUDDLE rushes toward the steps. GUNS stick out in a
360-degree arc of Secret Service protection. Blood is
everywhere.

In front of them, another agent pushes back the crowd. Then
he TURNS TO THE HUMAN HUDDLE. Opens fire AT HIS COLLEAGUES.

Agents drop. Agents return fire at agents. Nobody is quite
certain where to go with POTUS.

From their left somewhere, another volley of machine-gun fire
erupts. Three surviving agents drag POTUS by his arms off the
steps and past one of their dead former-colleagues.

OVERVIEW

Like a bar-fight that erupts spontaneously:

SIRENS. SHOUTS. SCREAMS. Police and agents SWARM into the area. Snipers pluck each other off from across rooftops.

Plain-clothes agents open fire on their colleagues. Nobody knows exactly who to shoot, but they shoot anyway.

Police try to quell the panicked stampede. Spectators run for their lives.

TWO BLACK ARMORED SUBURBANS with top-mounted MACHINE GUNS tear through the crowd, crushing empty chairs and most everything else in their path.

ONE OF THE SUBURBANS turns on the other SUBURBAN and shells it with a volley of ARMOR-PIERCING SLUGS. It rolls over and crashes into the now-empty bleachers.

PRESS CAMERAS roll amidst it all. Back at the

STAGE

POTUS has been evacuated into a tight perimeter of surviving agents behind a LARGE BRICK-AND-CONCRETE FLOWER POT (the kind used to prevent vehicles from ramming buildings) in front of the hospital.

The agents scream for reinforcements into their ear-pieces. One agent performs CPR on POTUS. Automatic gunfire screams around them, keeping their heads down.

An Army Blackhawk helicopter descends on the scene, kicking up everything that isn't nailed down. It takes fire from another machine-gunning agent-gone-rogue.

ONBOARD THE BLACKHAWK

a door-gunner sweeps his MINI-GUN into the rogue agent. He disappears in a RED MIST. More machine-gun fire INTO the Blackhawk. The gunner falls out, hanging only by his harness.

The helo comes to a hover just off the ground. The agents pick up POTUS and fireman-carry him TOWARD the waiting bird.

A burst of machine-gun fire and two more agents drop. A shoulder-fired missile from somewhere hits the Blackhawk. It crashes in a spectacular fireball.

The explosion throws the agent and POTUS backwards. Two more agents arrive to lend a hand. They hoist up POTUS...

...and move him away from the burning helo and back towards the concrete flower pot. Better protection there.

OVERVIEW

An urban battlefield. Agents and police bodies lay everywhere. Plumes of smoke rise into the sky. Helicopters and wrecked vehicles add to the chaos. POTUS is in the middle of it all, unable to be evacuated.

GROUND-LEVEL

Mason, ducking flying bullets, makes his way to Panphil, who actually finds him first amidst the chaos.

PANPHIL

We need to reach the president.
On three, let's go!

MASON

They'll shoot!

PANPHIL

Three!

Panphil leaps from their hiding spot and bolts toward POTUS' position behind the concrete flowerpot.

MASON

Dammit!

Mason bolts behind her. Panphil's twin Colt-45's spew out hollow-points. Each find their mark in rogue agents. She holsters her pieces. Fifty strides later they arrive at

POTUS' POSITION

Panphil slides into home-plate with her CIA badge in hand. Five agents are now in attendance. Two agents pull pistols on her, and then on Mason.

AGENT BURLY

Who are you?

PANPHIL

Agent Panphil. CIA.

AGENT BURLY

Why should we trust you?

PANPHIL

We're not Secret Service.

MASON

Trust me. I'm a doctor.

The agents hesitate. Lower their weapons...a tad. Mason moves to POTUS's side.

They back off. But just an inch. Mason checks for vitals. POTUS looks bad, pale, ashen. His white shirt is soaked red.

AGENT BURLY

Sorry, not much trust right now.

AGENT SLIMMER

(nursing a wound)

What's the hell's going on?!

PANPHIL/MASON

(in unison)

-The Service is compromised!

-Hypovolemic shock! We need to get him out of here quickly!

AGENT THIRD pops up over the concrete-and-brick flower pot to return fire. He empties his clip.

AGENT THIRD

Reload!

Agent Burlly tosses Agent Third an extra clip. He reloads. Returns fire. And falls back as brick and mortar explode over their heads.

AGENT BURLY
We're low on ammo.

AGENT SLIMMER
And agents.

PANPHIL
We have transportation coming.

AGENT BURLY
We have our own transportation.

Panphil EYE-DAGGERS Agent Burlly. HELL YEAH, looks can kill.

AGENT BURLY
Right.

Panphil cocks her TWIN COLT .45's. Stands up. She double-fist pumps hollow-points into two flanking rogue agents. Finds two more. Removes them from the equation. And another rogue agent. He's dispatched, too. She ducks down. Reloads.

PANPHIL
(into throat mic)
Kazem, we really could use you right now!

A rogue agent pops his head over the top of the flower pot. Panphil thrusts her knife upwards into his throat. Yanks him down. Finishing move: a blade into the ribs. She twists it.

AGENT SLIMMER
Incoming!

TIRES SCREECH. Everyone draws weapons on this new target.

Panphil's car skids to a halt. Kazem drives. Gayle Percival, HEAD WRAPPED IN SURGICAL BANDAGES, rides shotgun. She stares blankly ahead.

PANPHIL

(to Mason)

You sure about this?

MASON

Trust me. I'm a doc-

Really close gunfire. Mason dives to the dirt. Brick and concrete fly everywhere.

A fresh round of bullets stitch the hood. Kazem ducks. Gayle doesn't. Kazem slides out. Opens the rear door.

Panphil covers as Burly and Slimmer load POTUS into the back. Kazem moves toward the driver's seat. Slimmer grabs his arm:

AGENT SLIMMER

(to Kazem)

I'm driving.

MASON

Who's Type-O here?

KAZEM

Why?

MASON

Good. Back seat.

(to Gayle; calmly)

Gayle?

She turns blankly to Mason.

MASON

Get on the hood.

Gayle exits the auto. Sits on the hood like she's a hood ornament. Like she's watching TV. Slimmer hops into the driver's seat. Panphil, shotgun.

Mason and Kazem squeeze into the back. Burly hops into the trunk (lid open). Mason sees that Panphil's been shot.

MASON
 (to Panphil)
 You're bleeding.

PANPHIL
 (dismissively annoyed)
 Been doing that for years.

Slimmer guns the motor. Panphil guns her guns. The car peels out, running over a body or two. In the

BACK SEAT

Mason starts an I.V. line FROM KAZEM INTO POTUS. Kazem can't bear to watch. Way too many needles. He's ashen, like POTUS.

AHEAD

are two Humvees and several police cars in CHECKPOINT FASHION. Agents shoot at cops. Cops shoot at agents. Agents shoot at agents. All for control of this urban chokepoint.

PANPHIL'S CAR

Mason looks down at POTUS gurgling blood. Wipes his mouth.

MASON
 We're definitely human-trafficking
 this time.

The auto bears down on the chokepoint. The firefight ahead of them rages on.

UP FRONT

PANPHIL
 Isn't that Dr. Harter?

Mason steals a glance up ahead:

MASON
 Son of a bitch!

AT THE CHECKPOINT

is Dr. Timothy Harter. White polo. Black slacks. He's surrounded by agents "bittenly loyal" to him. He sees the incoming car. Barks urgent orders. His team aims for the

CAR - SPEEDING

and opens fire. The WINDSHIELD DISINTEGRATES. It's suddenly A LOT BREEZIER inside. HOWLING, in fact. GAYLE THE HOOD ORNAMENT hangs on.

AGENT SLIMMER
(flooring it; yelling)
Gonna be tight. Hang on!

Rogue agents bullet-stitch Panphil's auto like a harem of mad seamstresses. But too little, too late:

Slimmer picks a soft spot to penetrate. Metal collides with metal as Panphil's car throws a police cruiser aside. Agents dive for cover. Amazingly, Gayle hangs on tight.

As they RAM THROUGH, Mason stares at Harter. Harter GLARES back. His SEETHING FURY can almost be heard over the din.

MASON
Yep, that's him.

Mason returns to POTUS. Reassesses his vitals.

MASON
(to POTUS)
Come on, hang in there for us, Bob.
We're getting you to a hospital. Your
country needs you.

Panphil's car takes a corner. Guns the motor. A dozen police cars pass by. Agent Slimmer adjusts his mirror.

AGENT SLIMMER
We're not out of the woods yet.

REAR-VIEW MIRROR

A Secret Service car FULL OF AGENTS appears. Harter, shotgun.

OVERVIEW

Panphil's car deftly weaves in and out of STARTLED TRAFFIC. Harter's car nimbly gains on Panphil's car. In

PANPHIL'S CAR

WIND HOWLS throughout. Kazem is PASSED OUT. Mason holds him upright to keep the I.V. blood flowing into POTUS. In

HARTER'S CAR

agents hang out the REAR WINDOWS. Firing straight ahead.

PANPHIL'S CAR

Agent Burly yanks the trunk down just in time. The ROUNDS SHATTER Panphil's rear window instead. Agent Burly pops the trunk UP. Empties his clip at Harter's driver.

HARTER'S WINDSHIELD

spider-webs in a mosaic. Doesn't quite shatter. In

PANPHIL'S CAR

Mason's PHONE RINGS. He ducks way down. Answers:

MASON
(phone; yelling)
Hey, Ronnie!

HARTER'S CAR

gains on them.

PANPHIL'S CAR

Agent Burly gets riddled by the rogues. He's toast. Falls into the trunk. The WIND closes the trunk lid to his coffin.

SOCCER FIELD

Veronica, like most everyone else here, is on her (bluetooth).

VERONICA

Did you hear what happened?

HARTER'S CAR

The driver swerves. Harter kicks out the shattered window. The driver regains control. The agents in the rear hang out the windows, firing at Panphil's swerving car.

PANPHIL'S CAR

(QUICK INTERCUTS FROM THE CAR CHASE TO THE SOCCER FIELD)

Panphil: -turns around in the passenger seat -fires guns a'blazing -into Harter's engine -reloads for another volley.

MASON

(yelling)

Heard what?

PANPHIL

Now's really not the time, Doc!

SOCCER FIELD

VERONICA

There was an attempt on the president!
What's all that noise?

HARTER'S CAR

The HOOD flies up. The WIND rips it clean off!

PANPHIL'S CAR

Mason holds POTUS's hand tightly. Keeps POTUS's legs elevated to treat for shock. Hot brass shells from Panphil's pistols rain down.

One shell lands in Mason's shirt. He scrambles to remove it.

MASON
 (to Panphil; yelling)
 Dammit, woman!

SOCCER FIELD

VERONICA
 Yeah. I can't believe it!

PANPHIL'S CAR

swerves around a parked DELIVERY VAN. The driver, carrying packages, dives out of the way just in time.

MASON
 (yelling)
 You attempted what?! I thought you said the scouts were gonna be there! This is his last chance this season!

SOCCER FIELD

Jason III moves in slow motion out there. An attacking player DRIBBLES RIGHT PAST HIM like Jason's an amateur.

VERONICA
 (yelling to the field)
 Aw, come on, Jay-Jay. Look alive!

SOCCER FIELD SIDELINES

Jason's COACH looks pissed! Two TALENT SCOUTS watch nearby. They shake their heads in disappointment, like their time's been wasted. Coach throws his ball cap down in disgust.

COACH
 Dammit, Mason, get it going!

TALENT SCOUT #1
 That's your star player?

And Marcus (Jason's friend) looks quite droopy on the bench.

HARTER'S CAR

rams Panphil's car from behind.

PANPHIL'S CAR

Everyone inside feels the impact. Slimmer tries to maintain control, despite. POTUS coughs, gurgles more BLOOD.

MASON

Hang in there, Bob!

SOCCER FIELD

VERONICA

(into bluetooth)

Where are you at? Sounds windy!

PANPHIL'S CAR

Slimmer hits a curb. Panphil's car grabs some AIR. It's AIRBORNE for a few seconds before CRASHING DOWN SPECTACULARLY.

MASON

(yelling)

We just landed! Are the judges there?

SOCCER FIELD

VERONICA

You're too distracted. It's cancelled, I said. Someone shot the president. And your son looks horrible today. They stayed up way too late.

PANPHIL'S CAR

Panphil fires her last rounds. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

PANPHIL

Shit! I'm out!

Mason reassesses POTUS's vitals. Holds his head in his lap.

MASON
 (yelling)
 Really?

PANPHIL
 Would I lie about that?

SOCCER FIELD

VERONICA
 (to Mason)
 Yeah, we just heard. Who's that with
 you?
 (to the field)
 Jason! Come on! Get the lead out!

PANPHIL'S CAR

MASON
 Meeting Dr. Harter. Call you later.

Mason kills the connection.

MASON (CONT'D)
 (yelling)
 Gayle! Can you hear me?!

Gayle turns around. Maintains her death grip on the hood.

MASON (CONT'D)
 (yelling)
 Hey man, that man in the white polo
 shirt? Eat him.

Gayle stands up. LEAPS into the air. Panphil's car passes
 beneath him. He lands on the MOTOR of Harter's car as it
 continues forward in pursuit.

HARTER'S CAR

The FEAR in Harter's eyes says it all; Gayle Percival lands
 spectacularly on the engine block. Her blank stare and face
 wrapped in surgical bandages is scary enough. Zombie-like.

Harter's agents don't recognize the threat in a fellow rogue.

Gayle COLD-COCKS Dr. Harter right in the face. His nose instantly erupts in RED.

The agents in the back don't care. And they're out of ammo.

Harter reaches into the driver's jacket. Pulls out his PISTOL. Points it at Gayle standing on the engine block.

She swipes the pistol out of his hand. It flies out the car.

Harter throws a punch at Gayle. Gayle catches his hand. Twists it into submission. Slides into the front seat with Harter.

Gayle lunges for Harter's throat. Her TEETH clamp around HARTER'S WIND PIPE like a cheetah on a gazelle.

Harter fights back in vain, trying to scratch and gouge at Gayle's face. Her surgical bandages protect him good.

Soon Harter cannot bark any further orders.

PANPHIL'S CAR

Mason watches from the shattered rear window.

MASON

(yelling)

Gayle! Stop the car!

HARTER'S CAR

With her free hand, Gayle shifts the car into neutral. Breaks the key out of the ignition. But never releases his throat.

The car gradually slows and loses power steering.

PANPHIL'S CAR

Mason's POV: Harter's car slows considerably. The gap grows wider between them. The agents still hang out the window.

The last image of Gayle: ripping Dr. Harter to shreds as the car rolls to a stop in the median.

MASON
 (to Panphil)
 Yep. She was a nasty broad, alright.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

POTUS, on a hospital gurney, is rushed down a hospital corridor by a team of medical professionals.

Double-doors swing open, POTUS is pushed through, and soon the President of the United States is out of sight.

INT. HALLWAY INTO SURGERY - LATER

This hallway is completely sealed off. Two serious-looking plain-clothed agents guard the double doors just to make sure.

Mason and Panphil, however, are already inside the protective ring. In fact in the

SURGERY WAITING AREA

Panphil SITS UNCOMFORTABLY holding her side. Mason returns with two waters from a vending machine.

He opens one of the waters for her. Passes it over. She sets it down next to her without taking a sip.

Mason moves to her side to take a better look.

PANPHIL (CONT'D)
 Seriously, it's just a gun shot wound.
 And a few cracked ribs.

Mason backs off.

MASON
 Always gotta be the hero.

Mason chugs his water. Doesn't stop until it's done. Wipes his mouth. Crushes his bottle. Seals it with the cap.

MASON (CONT'D)

So, how did we do then?

PANPHIL

Up to the president now. My career's shot.

MASON

Your body is, maybe. But they can't afford to lose you. And my professional opinion? He's in good hands now. That Bob Collins is a lot stronger than he looks on TV.

PANPHIL

He was a prize fighter in undergrad.

MASON

Hope this doesn't change his mind on the issues.

PANPHIL

I'm surprised you even know who he is.

Speaking of whom, on the wall is the requisite

FLAT-SCREEN TV

on MUTE, which shows VPOTUS, in some secure location, being sworn in as acting President of the United States.

MASON

I -

Mason squeezes his eyes shut. Slumps in his seat. Grabs his cellphone. Starts to dial Veronica. Puts his phone down.

PANPHIL

You don't look so hot yourself, Doc.

MASON

A lot to take in.

PANPHIL

Poetic. Done in by his own creation.

MASON

Before we could talk.

Mason stares at Panphil's tits. Not her water bottle.

PANPHIL

You helped save the president's life today.

Panphil catches Mason staring at her tits. Passes her water bottle to him. Mason gulps half.

PANPHIL

Harter killed Dharmasiri. I don't know how, but you were next. I guess he thought only you two could stop him.

MASON

That's either scary or a compliment. I can't tell which.

Mason finishes her water bottle. Crushes it. Closes it.

PANPHIL

I'm glad I found you first.

MASON

Next time, you won't find me.

PANPHIL

I'll find you.

Mason stands up. Heads to the men's locker room/restroom.

MASON

No you won't.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - SAME

Mason heads to the sink. Stares at himself in

THE MIRROR

Splashes his face. Dries off. Returns to the

SURGERY WAITING AREA

and rejoins Panphil. As soon as he sits, the door to surgery opens. A NURSE comes out holding a set of surgical scrubs.

NURSE

Dr. Mason, the surgeons have some questions for you.

MASON

(standing up)

Sure, sure.

PANPHIL

(smiling proudly)

Go ahead, Doc.

IN SURGERY

the President of the United States is connected to just about every medical contraption they can find.

A team of physicians and nurses and technicians practice their trade on this most unique of patients.

The steady beep of the EKG is immediately reassuring. No idle conversation here. Mason enters in scrubs, cap, and mask.

NURSE

Here he is, Dr. Brantley.

DR. BRANTLEY

(without looking up)

Doctor?

MASON

Yes?

DR. BRANTLEY

Of medicine?

MASON

And of philosophy.

Dr. Brantley finally looks up. Fully appreciates Dr. Jason Dawson Mason, Jr. for who he is.

DR. BRANTLEY
M.D./Ph.D type, huh?

MASON
That's right. I'm a theoretical geneticist by training.

Dr. Brantley returns his attention to his patient.

DR. BRANTLEY
Well, doctor..
..what makes you think that field-starting an I.V. line in the most unsanitary of conditions is even remotely the best thing for the patient?

MASON
Ex- Excuse me?

DR. BRANTLEY
I didn't stutter. I want to know -

MASON
You have the easy part. .

Mason ABRUPTLY EXITS surgery. Jaws drop at the ensuing silence in his wake.

DR. BRANTLEY
What? I wanted to be the first to congratulate him on saving the president's life. Not sure I would've tried that myself.

MEN'S LOCKER ROOM/RESTROOM

Mason walks to the locker containing his tattered G-man suit. He reaches into the locker...

...and produces his .45-CALIBER COLT SEMIAUTOMATIC PISTOL. Cocks it. Exits the locker room.

SURGERY WAITING AREA

The room is empty. Panphil is nowhere to be seen. Mason walks swiftly to the door to the OPERATING ROOM.

PISTOL AT HIS SIDE, Mason pauses at the door. Clutches his head in agony. Shakes it off. REACHES FOR THE DOOR BUTTON...

...and is quickly knocked to the ground by Panphil in a flying tackle.

The pistol flies from his grasp and slides across the floor. Mason elbows Panphil in the face and, suddenly free, scrambles for the pistol.

Just before he grabs it, he is yanked back by the ankle. With his free foot, he kicks Panphil in the face. Grabs the gun.

She stands up and jumps on top of him. Holds his pistol-hand down. Punches Mason at the base of his skull, forcing him to release the pistol. Then he rolls over, knocking Panphil off.

Panphil leaps to her feet. Dives again for the weapon. Mason snatches it up. Panphil knocks it out of his hand again.

PANPHIL

I knew it!

Panphil grabs the pistol, but not before Mason lunges for her throat with both hands. The pistol skitters away.

PANPHIL (CONT'D)

(while being choked)

This is how...Harter...wanted to kill you.

She elbows Mason in the face. He releases his chokehold on her.

She throws herself on top of him, and throws well-trained, well-aimed punches directly into the bridge of his nose.

She pummels his face until it's a red, spongy mess. He relents for a beat. Panphil thrusts her fingers into his eyes as if to gouge them out. He moves his head to the side.

She twists his arm to dislocate it. Something snaps.

But, as if in a PCP-rage, Mason lands a heavy punch square on, sending her flying. He stands again. Relocates his shoulder.

Panphil lunges for the pistol again. Grabs it. Cocks it.

PANPHIL

Listen to me! I won't kill you,
unless you leave me no choice!

Mason stares down the barrel. He JUMPS something incredible that would impress an olympian. Panphil holds her fire.

Bad move. Mason ends his jump with a flying kick to her chest. But she catches his foot and slings him to the ground.

Mason summons an other-worldly reservoir of strength and JUMPS to the pistol. Stands with it.

Panphil throws another flying tackle, sending them both over the middle row of seats in the waiting area.

On the ground, she throws him into a HALF-NELSON CHOKEHOLD. Bangs his hand against the chair until he releases the weapon.

PANPHIL

Mason! I don't want to end it this
way! But I'll kill you for sure.

Mason seems to comprehend this. But answers her with a bone-crunching elbow to her BROKEN RIBS. He slides from her grasp.

Mason stands, chest heaving. He shakes his head in confusion.

MASON

(jagged, raspy voice)

OCT-

Panphil is on the ground holding her side.

PANPHIL

What, Doc?!

MASON
(jagged, raspy voice)
OCTENOL! NOW!

Panphil stands. She tackles him again. He yells in agony. Clutches his head. They fly through a doorway.

From the

OUTSIDE HALLWAY

the low din of PHYSICAL COMBAT can barely be heard. Agent #1 removes his earpiece to hear better. Looks

THROUGH THE WINDOW

and notices nobody or nothing unusual. Agent #2 turns to Agent #1. #1 shrugs. Replaces his earpiece. Resumes guard.

MEN'S LOCKER ROOM/RESTROOM

Panphil and Mason continue the struggle...

Panphil slings Mason into the metal lockers. Mason rebounds by slinging Panphil into the opposite bank of lockers.

They sling each other back-and-forth into the dented metal lockers like bloody children in a bloody game.

Personal effects spill out everywhere. Including Mason's kit of blood vials and the glass vial of OCTENOL (acquired from Dr. Harter's blood bank in the mosque, remember?)

Panphil recognizes the label. Lunges for the vial. Mason jumps on her and pummels her kidneys like it's en vogue.

With Panphil's last bit of strength, she cracks the glass and jams the broken vial and liquid into Mason's neck.

He stands, staggers backwards with vial hanging from his neck. Falls through the plastic curtains and into the shower stall.

Dr. Jason Mason's face is a bloodied mess. His eyes are unfocused. His tongue hangs limply from his mouth. The be-sharded vial of OCTENOL hangs out of his neck.

His blood pours everywhere. Panphil stares on while catching her breath. She reaches for a pulse as...

...MASON'S ARM REACHES UP.

PANPHIL recoils in surprise ready to fight again.

But he weakly forms a "thumbs-up" with his hand. Then his arm drops limply by his side.

Panphil turns the shower on. His blood runs down the drain.

FADE OUT TO:

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

The bleachers are packed. There is only one empty seat. And it's next to Veronica. She's thoroughly enjoying the game.

Mason slides INTO FRAME and sits next to her. He's bandaged from head-to-toe. She's too angry to look over.

MASON

Where are the scouts?

Veronica points to the sidelines.

VERONICA

At least you made it for the final game.

She looks over. Finally notices Mason.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

What on earth happened to you?

Mason grunts.

VERONICA

(disgusted)

Well, Mr. Federal Service, I hope that's all out of your system.

MASON

Me, too.

The parent in front of them, A CAREER SOLDIER IN UNIFORM,
slaps the back of his neck as if something just bit him.

MASON (CONT'D)

In fact, we're leaving D.C.

Storm clouds gather on the horizon, threatening more rain.

MASON (CONT'D)

We're moving far, far away.

The end or the beginning? We can't tell which yet.

FADE TO BLACK.