

STEEPLECHASE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ATHLETIC TRACK - MORNING

The sun peaks over the distant Coast Mountains and shines on the tartan track and nearby metal bleachers. The running surface is part of an expansive university campus.

A lean and athletic man, his face obscured, stands alone on the track. He sprints down the length of the straightaway with astonishing quickness.

JAMES GOLDSMITH (22), reserved with flowing black hair and a focused and determined look in his eyes, speedily rounds the corner of the track.

He races down the other straightaway and heads toward a series of hurdles. He leaps over the obstacles with the speed and grace of a gazelle.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ATHLETIC TRACK - DAY

Several UNIVERSITY STUDENTS mill about the running surface and the metal bleachers. Two male students make their way down the length of the track at a fair pace.

James, his body covered with a layer of sweat, rounds the corner behind the pair. The two male students look on in surprise as he effortlessly sprints past them.

James passes a set of metal bleachers as he continues down the straightaway. A tall and slender woman jogs down the bleacher steps as he heads on by.

ELLEN BERNSTEIN (22, pronounced BURN-steen), a bashful brunette with a cheerful disposition, stops at the bottom of the bleachers and eyes James with a smile.

Two female students jog around the steeplechase barrier at the end of the track. James appears behind the pair and races toward the barrier.

The female students look on in astonishment as James effortlessly hops atop the barrier, leaps over the water pit, and continues down the track.

Two more male students sprint along the other straightaway next to the series of hurdles. James rounds the corner and leaps over the obstacles at a rapid pace.

The male students take notice and try to beat him to the finish line. They look on in shock as James quickly navigates the hurdles and reaches the goal first.

James races around the end of the track, arrives on the first straightaway, and slows down to a trot. Ellen appears from the bleachers and jogs next to him.

ELLEN

Morning, James!

JAMES

Oh! Hey, Ellen. You just get here?

She gestures toward the metal bleachers next to them.

ELLEN

I've been running those bleachers for twenty minutes. You didn't notice?

JAMES

Oh, sorry. It's just... I get so focused when I'm out here, everything else just blurs together.

ELLEN

Well, at least I can keep up with you now that your tank's on empty.

He picks up the pace in response.

JAMES

Oh, you really think so?

He smiles and breaks out into a full sprint.

ELLEN

Hey. Hey! Wait up!

Ellen laughs as she frantically sets off in pursuit. James glances over his shoulder as he cuts inside the corner of the running surface.

James rushes toward the steeplechase barrier and easily navigates the obstacle. Ellen appears a moment later and continues her pursuit.

Ellen hesitates as she nears the barrier and awkwardly jumps in the air. She yelps as she fails to clear the obstacle and grabs hold of the bar to keep balance.

James quickly reverses course and rushes back toward the steeplechase barrier. Ellen laughs nervously as she ends up astride the obstacle.

JAMES

Are you okay?

ELLEN

Oh, I'm fine! Tell you what, you finish up and I'll wait for you here.

He smiles and nods in response. She laughs and shakes her head while he heads down the track.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ATHLETIC TRACK - DAY (LATER)

The crowd of university students in the area has thinned out considerably. Most of those who remain put away their belongings and prepare to leave.

James and Ellen sit at the bottom of one of the sets of metal bleachers. They both sip from their water bottles and pack up their gym bags.

ELLEN

I've never understood why you're not part of the track team. You're the fastest runner I've ever seen.

JAMES

I tried out for my high school team. What a disaster.

ELLEN

Why? What happened?

JAMES

I like to run at my own pace. I couldn't handle other people telling me when to run, how to run...

ELLEN

That sounds like the pretentious artist in you.

James and Ellen share a wry smile. They both rise to their feet with gym bags in hand and walk away from the track.

ELLEN

Why do you like it?

JAMES

Running? It's the one hour I have each day when I can set my problems aside and clear my head. Now, all I have to do is figure out how to deal with the other twenty-three.

EXT. UNIVERSITY STREET #1 - DAY

James and Ellen stroll down the tree-lined street.

ELLEN

You're not still anxious about tonight's recital, are you?

JAMES

Oh, of course not. I mean, it's not like the top classical music critics from across the country are going to be there. My stomach's in knots just thinking about it.

She reassuringly pats him on the shoulder.

ELLEN

You have nothing to worry about, trust me.

JAMES

That's easy for you to say. I don't know how you can stay so calm.

ELLEN

People deal with stress in different ways. You run for an hour, I pound away at my vibraphone. Besides, a concerto for horn and orchestra written in alternating seven-eight and nine-eight time? How on earth did you come up with something so daring?

He smiles sheepishly in response.

JAMES

Can you keep a secret? The entire piece is in common time. I just shifted the downbeats slightly.

She tilts her head with astonishment on her face.

ELLEN

Really?

JAMES

Really.

Ellen bites her lip and nervously shuffles her feet.

ELLEN

I'd really like to sit down with you sometime and compare orchestration styles. Maybe, after the recital, we can get together and --

A series of shouts and screams pierce the air. James and Ellen look toward the source of the commotion.

EXT. STUDENT UNION BUILDING - DAY

Several UNIVERSITY STUDENTS are gathered outside the building. A large group of STUDENT PROTESTORS hold placards and chant slogans to protest tuition hikes.

Numerous MEDIA MEMBERS chronicle the protest. Several Vancouver Police CONSTABLES try to break up the disturbance. James and Ellen arrive and survey the scene.

ELLEN

Another tuition hike? Great.

Two female protestors weave their way through the crowd of onlookers. They approach James and Ellen and hand each of them a small card.

STUDENT PROTESTOR #1

Know your constitutional rights!

STUDENT PROTESTOR #2

This card could help you one day!

The female protestors quickly disappear amidst the throng of onlookers. James finds the card lists the legal rights a Canadian has when detained by police.

JAMES

Let's go before things get ugly.

James and Ellen take one last look at the protest and slip away from the scene.

EXT. UNIVERSITY STREET #2 - DAY

James and Ellen make their way down the quiet street.

ELLEN

So, any plans for after the recital?

JAMES

Other than crying myself to sleep?

The pair shares a laugh and stops in front of a park bench.

ELLEN

Well, in that case... There's a quirky little restaurant a short walk from the concert hall. I don't know, Jamie, maybe we could --

He suddenly tenses up and glares at her in response.

JAMES

Don't call me that.

She recoils with alarm on her face.

ELLEN

What?

He relaxes his shoulders and diverts his eyes.

JAMES

Don't... Don't call me Jamie.

ELLEN

Sorry, I didn't mean to --

JAMES

That's okay, it's just... I don't like it.

He sits down on the bench and stares at the ground. She takes a seat beside him and speaks quietly.

ELLEN

If you're not still angry at me --

JAMES

I'm not angry.

ELLEN

-- maybe we could have dinner after the recital. You know, to celebrate.

JAMES

Well, I'll have to check with Wesley and Felicity first. See if they've made any plans.

Her face lights up as she turns toward him.

ELLEN

Hey, why don't you invite them to join us?

He raises his head and smiles in response.

JAMES

Okay, I'll ask them.

She retrieves a marker from her gym bag and scribbles on the back of her rights card.

ELLEN

Great! Here's my cell. You can call me anytime. Don't lose it, now.

She rises to her feet and hands him the card. He stands up and props a sneaker-clad foot on the bench.

JAMES

Don't worry, I know just where to keep it.

She looks on in puzzlement as he folds the card and places it in a small pocket on the side of his sneaker.

ELLEN

You have a pocket in your shoe?!

JAMES

Neat, huh? Don't tell anyone, but I always keep a fifty in there just in case. No mugger's going to search a sneaker, are they?

ELLEN

Clever, James. Real clever.

He removes his foot from the bench.

JAMES

Yeah, I also keep some change for emergency calls. You never know when you'll need to use a payphone.

She tilts her head in confusion.

ELLEN

They still make those?

JAMES

Payphones? Of course... Don't they?

He shrugs his shoulders dismissively.

JAMES

Well, I've got some work to do at the library. I'd better go, Ellen.

ELLEN

Okay, see you later.

She looks on wistfully as he walks down the street.

INT. JAMES'S APARTMENT - DAY

The main room of the modest apartment features a pair of single beds with matching nightstands and dressers. A small bathroom is positioned next to the front door.

James enters the apartment with his gym bag in hand. A couple lounges on the near bed and watches a game show on a television set atop one of the dressers.

WESLEY (21) is slender with scruffy brown hair and a thick beard to match. FELICITY (21) is perky and curvaceous with long and curly blonde locks.

JAMES

Hey, guys.

WESLEY

Run halfway to China again?

FELICITY

You couldn't run more than a block to save your life, Wesley.

WESLEY

Sure I could, Felicity. I'm just smart enough to own a car.

James sets his gym bag down on the floor.

JAMES

Coming to the recital tonight?

Wesley feigns ignorance in response.

WESLEY

Oh, gee, is that tonight? I dunno...

Wesley yelps as Felicity punches him in the shoulder.

FELICITY

We'll be there, even if I hafta drag him kickin' and screamin'.

JAMES

Thanks. Oh, I spoke to Ellen.

Wesley and Felicity share a look and a smile.

FELICITY

Oh, really?

James kneels on the floor and starts to untie his sneakers.

JAMES

She wanted to know if we could join her for dinner after the recital.

WESLEY

She payin'?

Felicity growls at him.

WESLEY

I... I mean, sure, sounds great!

FELICITY

Did she invite all of us or did she invite you first and then us?

JAMES

Does it matter?

FELICITY

Just curious.

James removes his sneakers and sets them aside.

JAMES

Well, she asked me first and then invited you when I said --

Wesley groans and smacks his palm against his forehead.

WESLEY

Oh, God. You don't think she was askin' you out, maybe?

JAMES

What are you talking about? She's just a friend, that's all.

FELICITY

You don't think she runs the bleachers each mornin' 'cause she knows you'll be there?

James rises back onto his feet.

JAMES

You're reading too much into things.
She just a friend, okay? A little
inquisitive at times, but --

FELICITY

Inquisitive?

James folds his arms and leans against the nearby wall.

JAMES

I don't know, she seems to ask a lot
of questions.

FELICITY

That's often a sign a girl's
interested in someone.

JAMES

Enough. I need a shower --

WESLEY

You can show her the handcuff trick,
maybe? That'll seal the deal.

FELICITY

Handcuff trick?

Wesley retrieves his cell phone from his pocket.

WESLEY

Yeah, he did it at my birthday party
a few years ago. I'll show you.

James steps forward as Wesley fiddles with the cell phone.

JAMES

Hey! You said you erased that video!

WESLEY

I did... after I put it on Youtube.

James stands behind Wesley and Felicity as they view a video
on the cell phone. The recording shows James, Wesley, and
several PARTYGOERS in the midst of a celebration.

The partygoers look on with amusement as Wesley handcuffs
James's hands behind his back. Wesley and the partygoers
laugh as James struggles with his restraints.

JAMES (V.O.)

Hey! Come on! Get these off me!

WESLEY (V.O.)

Trick handcuffs. Do it yourself.

In the apartment, Felicity shakes her head at Wesley.

FELICITY

God, you are such a prick.

WESLEY

Don't look at me! Look at the video!

The recording shows James struggle with the handcuffs. Wesley and the partygoers chuckle at his misfortune. In the apartment, Felicity turns to Wesley.

FELICITY

So, what does he do? Tuck his legs in and bring his hands --

WESLEY

Keep watchin'.

The recording shows James grit his teeth and turn his back to the camera. His arms suddenly bend at abnormal angles from the shoulders.

Wesley and the partygoers shriek with a mixture of shock and horror. In the apartment, Felicity's eyes widen as she recoils in response to the sight.

FELICITY

Jesus Christ! What the hell?!

The recording shows James bring his arms over his head and back in front of his body. He removes the trick handcuffs as Wesley looks on in amazement beside him.

In the apartment, James folds his arms impatiently while Wesley chuckles to himself. Felicity turns around with a stunned look plastered on her face.

FELICITY

Oh, my God! That was freaky! How'd you do that?!

WESLEY

He's double-jointed or somethin'.

JAMES

Hypermobility. Turn that off, please?

James rubs his forehead as Wesley puts his cell phone away.

JAMES

I can't believe you put that online.

WESLEY

What's the big deal? It's only been seen, what, half a million times?

JAMES

Half a million?!

Felicity smirks with amusement while James grabs the bridge of his nose in frustration.

FELICITY

Flexible dude who can get outta handcuffs? Who knew you were so kinky? We've gotta show Ellen!

James glares back at Wesley and Felicity.

JAMES

Look, would you two quit it?! Ellen's just a friend and I'm not interested in a date, all right?!

Felicity raises her hands apologetically.

FELICITY

Hey, relax! Just jerkin' your chain.

JAMES

Well, stop it! Just... Just stop it.

Wesley looks down and lowers his voice.

WESLEY

James... Time to get back on the horse, maybe?

JAMES

I'm not dealing with this. Not today.

James shakes his head and disappears inside the bathroom.

FELICITY

Still hung up on Cheryl? It's been over a year now.

WESLEY

Some guys just have a hard time lettin' go.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

A handful of UNIVERSITY STUDENTS roam the bookshelves in the large and spacious building. James appears in the music section and scans the rows of books.

He grabs a tome from the shelf, scans the cover, and nods to himself. He heads toward a group of study tables clustered in the middle of the building.

James sits down at one of the vacant tables and leafs through the book. Ellen appears, pats him on the shoulder, and takes the seat next to him.

ELLEN

Hey. What's that?

He shows her the front cover of the book.

ELLEN

The Art of Film Scoring.

JAMES

A friend asked me to work on a feature-length student film he's putting together. I figured I'd do some research before committing.

ELLEN

Hollywood bound?

JAMES

Oh, no. Have you heard modern film scores? Nothing but unmelodic atonal droning. I'll pass.

ELLEN

No Oscar speech for you, then. If you need someone to play vibraphone --

JAMES

You're at the top of the list.

He leafs through his book as she continues.

ELLEN

Do you listen to any film scores?

JAMES

Occasionally. Golden Age, mostly.

ELLEN

What about the Silver Age? Do you have any favorites from that era?

He sets the book aside and eyes her suspiciously.

JAMES
You ask a lot of questions.

ELLEN
I do?

JAMES
See, you did it again. Why is that?

She tilts her head and looks at him inquisitively.

ELLEN
What do you think?

He blushes and turns away. She laughs in response.

ELLEN
Am I making you nervous?

JAMES
No... Well, a little.

ELLEN
Why?

JAMES
Oh, I don't know. It's funny, I haven't felt this nervous around someone since...

She leans forward expectantly.

ELLEN
Since?

The smile slowly fades from his face.

JAMES
Oh, nobody you know.

He leafs through his book once again.

ELLEN
Did you talk to Wesley and Felicity?

JAMES
Yeah, they said they'll join us.

ELLEN
Great, a double date!

He looks at her with alarm on his face.

JAMES

Wait, I... I thought we were just having dinner.

She props her elbow on the table and smiles.

ELLEN

I'm teasing. You're really stressed out over the recital, aren't you? Why don't I take you out for lunch? I know this little coffee shop --

JAMES

No, I... I think I'll go for a walk in the park instead. The fresh air should do me some good.

She smiles through the forlorn look in her eyes.

ELLEN

Okay, I'll see you at practice.

She pats him on the back and walks away. He returns to his book and leafs through a few pages only to set it aside and rub his forehead in frustration.

EXT. PARK - DAY

James strolls down a pathway as several PEDESTRIANS mill about the large park. Numerous HAPPY COUPLES enjoy the warm and sunny day in each other's company.

James glances at the couples as they sit under trees, enjoy picnics, and curl up together. He diverts his eyes away from the pairs and glumly continues down the pathway.

EXT. PARK - PEDESTRIAN BRIDGE - DAY

A few more PEDESTRIANS stroll across the bridge which overlooks the park. James appears on the scene and stops in the middle of the span.

James leans against the railing and quietly surveys the scene below. A woman, her face obscured, appears not too far away and works her BlackBerry.

The woman puts the device away and looks down at the park. James turns toward the woman just as she raises her head and glances in his direction.

CHERYL SWANSON (23), a tall and elegant woman with strawberry blonde hair, stares at James with a mixture of shock and surprise on her face.

CHERYL

Jamie?!

James, surprised, blankly stares at Cheryl for a moment.

JAMES

Cheryl?!

She laughs with joy and wraps her arms around him.

CHERYL

Oh, my God! It's been so long! How are you?

He smiles nervously in response.

JAMES

I... I'm fine. What... What are you doing here?

CHERYL

I'm in town on business. God, it's so good to see you again.

JAMES

It's... It's good to see you, too.

He looks down and shuffles his feet. She tilts her head and smiles. He looks up as she takes his hands into hers.

CHERYL

I was just going for lunch. Come on, why don't you join me?

The pair shares a smile as she leads him away.

EXT. CAFÉ - DAY

James and Cheryl join the eatery's many PATRONS as they sit outside and enjoy their meals.

CHERYL

Granted, being a computer and information systems manager puts me low on the totem pole but there's plenty of room for advancement.

JAMES

That's good. I've been --

She fiddles with her BlackBerry as she continues to speak.

CHERYL

Plus, the government contracts we win each year keep us recession-proof.

JAMES

You know, I've --

CHERYL

Not to mention I get to spend my days in Ottawa now. Wonderful city. Well, in the summer anyway.

JAMES

Well, our summers --

CHERYL

Then again, when it gets really cold in the winter, you can skate to work along the Rideau Canal. Can't do that in Vancouver.

JAMES

No, I guess --

She puts her BlackBerry away and takes hold of her coffee.

CHERYL

So, what have you been up to? Still writing music?

JAMES

Yes, I've just composed a concerto for horn and --

CHERYL

You need to write pop songs.

JAMES

Pop songs?

CHERYL

Nobody cares about classical music.

JAMES

I wouldn't say --

CHERYL

Pop music's where the money is. I mean, who's going to pay to hear flutes and harps and stuff like that?

He sits up tall in his chair and beams with delight.

JAMES

Well, I don't mean to brag, but I'll be scoring a feature film shortly.

She gasps with an astonished look on her face.

CHERYL

Really?! That's terrific! What studio? Who's directing?

He pulls back as his prideful smile fades away.

JAMES

Well, it's a... It's an independent film. More of a... A student film, actually.

He looks down and idly stirs his coffee. She leans forward and pats his hand with a sympathetic smile on her face.

CHERYL

We all have to start somewhere.

A silver heart-shaped locket slips out from behind her blouse and dangles from her neck. He focuses his eyes on the locket as it sways back and forth...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - NIGHT (TWO YEARS AGO)

The silver locket sways back and forth as it is held in the air by a woman's hand.

CHERYL (O.S.)

My God, it's beautiful.

JAMES (O.S.)

Open it.

The pair of female hands opens the locket and reveals two small pictures of James and Cheryl inside.

JAMES (O.S.)

Happy birthday.

James and Cheryl stand amidst a large carnival ground. Several FAIRGOERS mill about behind them and the numerous neon-clad rides light up the night sky.

CHERYL

Where did you get this from?

JAMES

My grandmother. She gave it to me on the promise I'd give it to someone special one day.

She nervously shakes her head.

CHERYL

No... No, I can't...

JAMES

Yes, you can.

He takes hold of the locket and places it around her neck.

JAMES

Grandma always said this gave her good luck. Keep it and you'll have good luck, too.

She looks down and nervously fingers the locket.

CHERYL

Thank you, Jamie. Really, but I can't take this from you.

JAMES

Well, once I can afford a ring...

Her eyes light up as she raises her head.

CHERYL

A ring?

JAMES

Consider this a promise, Cheryl. A promise, as soon as we graduate, I'll give you the present of a lifetime.

CHERYL

I... I don't know what to say.

JAMES

You don't have to say anything.

The couple looks deep into each other's eyes and enwraps one another in a passionate embrace.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

James and Cheryl weave their way through the pedestrians as they stroll down the pathway.

CHERYL

I wasn't sure what would happen if we ever met again... especially after the way things ended. We'll have to do this again sometime.

JAMES

Well, the VSO's holding it's Young Composer's Recital tonight and --

An electronic chime cuts through the air. She turns away, holds a hand up to his face, and answers the call.

CHERYL

Swanson... Sorry, I was having lunch with an old acquaintance... Nobody important, no...

She continues to speak into her BlackBerry while he looks on with a pained expression.

CHERYL

I can be there within the hour... Will do, Hayes. See you there.

She puts the BlackBerry away and turns to him.

CHERYL

Sorry, I have a meeting. Still, it was great seeing you again.

He vainly reaches out as she hurriedly strolls away.

JAMES

Cheryl, before you go --

She waves her hand dismissively in response.

CHERYL

Take care, Jamie.

James looks on as Cheryl wades through and disappears amongst the throng of pedestrians. He meekly raises his hand and replies with a hushed voice.

JAMES

Bye.

INT. JAMES'S APARTMENT - DAY

Several framed photographs are arrayed atop the nightstand next to the far bed. A hand reaches out and retrieves one of the pictures from the back of the group.

The photograph shows James and Cheryl as they cheerfully grin for the camera. The pair is in the midst of a birthday party and the silver locket dangles from her neck.

James beams to himself as he sits on the bed and looks at the photograph in his hands. The smile on his face slowly fades away and is replaced with a forlorn look.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHERYL'S APARTMENT - DAY (ONE YEAR AGO)

The modest apartment is largely devoid of furniture while several moving boxes are strewn about. An open box rests on the only table in the room.

Cheryl places a few assorted items inside the box on the table. She closes the box, picks it up, and reveals James as he stands in the open doorway.

JAMES

I can't believe this. You're leaving.
You're really leaving.

She frowns to herself and places the box on the floor.

CHERYL

What are you doing here?

JAMES

I was hoping for an explanation.

CHERYL

Christ, how many times do I have to
tell you --

JAMES

You told me where you're going, but
you haven't told me why.

She places an empty box atop the table.

CHERYL

Look, the job offer's too good to
pass up and --

JAMES

You're telling me you can't get a job
in Vancouver? Is it someone else? Is
there someone in Ottawa --

She looks down and shakes her head.

CHERYL

No.

JAMES

Then, what is it? Why are you so anxious to leave? What aren't you telling me?

She keeps her eyes focused on the moving box as she puts more of her belongings away.

JAMES

Did I do something wrong? Did I do something to drive you away?

She ignores his query and places more items in the box.

JAMES

Don't you care? Don't you care what you're doing to me?

She pounds the table with her fist and glares back at him.

CHERYL

Oh, for God's sake! There are some things more important in this world than your precious feelings!

He recoils in response as tears well up in his eyes.

JAMES

So, I mean nothing to you now. The last five years mean nothing.

CHERYL

What?! What do you want from me?! This?! Do you want this?!

She removes the silver locket from around her neck and thrusts it toward him.

CHERYL

Is this what you want?! Is it?! Fine! Here, take it!

He eyes the locket for a moment and shakes his head.

JAMES

No. No, you keep it. You keep it as a reminder of what you've thrown away.

He turns around and makes his way toward the door. She calls out with a plaintive look on her face.

CHERYL

Jamie...

He stops in the doorway and glares back at her.

JAMES

My name is James.

She looks on somberly as he marches out of the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAMES'S APARTMENT - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

James mournfully looks at the framed photograph in his hands and places it facedown atop the nightstand.

INT. MUSIC HALL - DAY

Several MUSIC STUDENTS are gathered in the large hall. Some students diligently practice their instruments while others are engaged in conversation.

James slumps over a grand piano and slowly plays a sorrowful tune. Ellen appears next to the instrument with a pair of vibraphone mallets in hand.

ELLEN

Minor keys? Not a good sign.

He keeps his head down and diligently plays the ivories.

JAMES

I have a lot on my mind.

ELLEN

This isn't about the recital, is it?

He ceases his music and raises his head.

JAMES

No. Can I ask a personal question?

She tilts her head and smiles.

ELLEN

This should be interesting.

JAMES

Have you ever cared about someone, someone who cared about you, only for that person to hurt you and you didn't know why?

ELLEN

I know the feeling. Why?

He looks back down and taps the piano keys.

JAMES

I... I ran into an old friend in the park today.

ELLEN

An old girlfriend, you mean.

JAMES

Is it that obvious?

She leans forward and places a hand on his shoulder.

ELLEN

I know it can be hard letting go of the past, but you have to remember someone just as special could always be right around the corner.

He looks up at her and shares a smile.

ELLEN

Good luck tonight, James.

JAMES

Thanks, Ellen. Good luck.

She taps the piano lid with her mallets and steps away. He sits upright and plays an upbeat tune on the piano.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ATHLETIC TRACK - EVENING

The sun sinks toward the horizon and is obscured behind the steeplechase barrier.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAMES'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

James sets a tuxedo, still in its garment bag, down on his bed. The suit lies next to a French horn nestled inside its opened case as well as an orderly stack of sheet music.

He sits on his bed, reaches down beside his sneaker-clad feet, and takes hold of a pair of black leather shoes. He grimaces as he eyes the scuffed leather.

Wesley, clean-shaven and with his hair neatly trimmed, steps out of the bathroom clad in a suit. James rises to his feet as his friend straightens his jacket.

JAMES

Hi. Who're you?

Wesley responds with a chuckle and a grin.

WESLEY

Yeah, I clean up pretty good. Do me a favor. Don't tell my parents you saw me like this. I've got a reputation to live down to.

Wesley looks in a mirror and fixes his tie. James retrieves a shoeshine brush and shoe polish from the nearby dresser. A knock emanates from the other side of the front door.

Wesley opens the door and reveals Felicity clad in an exquisite evening gown. She smiles and seductively poses against the doorframe.

FELICITY

How do I look, boys?

Wesley recoils in shock while James smiles warmly.

WESLEY

Wow. Just, wow.

JAMES

You look wonderful.

FELICITY

Thanks. Ready to go?

WESLEY

Yup. C'mon, James, let's go.

James holds up his shoeshine brush in response.

JAMES

I still have to get ready. Go on without me.

FELICITY

Okay. If you look for us in the crowd, we'll be the ones wavin' lighters in the air.

Wesley and Felicity wave goodbye and exit the apartment. James sits on his bed and polishes his shoes.

EXT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

Several well-dressed CONCERTGOERS enter the building. The marquee atop the main entrance reads: The Vancouver Symphony Orchestra's Young Composers Recital.

An old compact car appears and parks in the expansive lot next to the building. James exits the vehicle with his stack of sheet music in hand.

He opens the trunk and reveals the tuxedo and French horn inside. The click-clack of high heels cuts through the air. He stops and turns toward the source of the noise.

VIKTORYA (28, Russian), an athletic woman with short black hair clad in a black leather coat and high-heeled boots, sneers and waggles her finger at James.

VIKTORYA

No concert for you.

He stares at her with a blank expression on his face.

JAMES

Huh?

LEO (32, Russian), a tall and muscular man with a shaved head, abruptly grabs James from behind. PAVEL (30, Russian), a slim and bespectacled man, also seizes hold of him.

The music sheets slip from James's grasp and scatter across the asphalt surface of the lot. He vainly struggles to free himself from the Russian men's grasp.

JAMES

Hey! Hey, what do you think you're --

Viktorya produces a pistol and jams it against his stomach.

VIKTORYA

Another word and I kill you right now. Move!

James tenses up in terror as he is dragged toward a nearby black van. Viktorya opens the vehicle's rear doors while Leo and Pavel pull their captive inside.

INT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT

Viktorya steps behind the wheel while Leo pins James facedown in the rear of the vehicle. Pavel searches their captive's pockets and finds a wallet and cell phone.

LEO
 (in Russian)
 Scan him.

Leo flips their prisoner over and pins his arms behind his back. James looks on with wide eyes as Pavel produces a handheld scanner and runs it over his body.

PAVEL
 (in Russian)
 He's clean.

Leo releases his grip on their captive and takes the seized items from Pavel. James sits up and trembles with fear while the Russian men both train pistols at him.

JAMES
 Look, I... I have forty dollars and a
 debit card in my wallet. Take it.
 Just... Just take it!

Leo and Pavel share a look and cackle in response.

EXT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

Ellen, a garment bag slung over her shoulder, walks toward the main entrance. She stops as the black van noisily races around a corner and hurtles toward her position.

She quickly jumps back as the black van races past and disappears into the night. She eyes the vehicle, shakes her head, and heads for the hall.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE #1 - NIGHT

The black van pulls up to the large building. A garage door rises up and the vehicle disappears inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE #1 - NIGHT

Two dozen HENCHMEN clad in gray sweaters and blue jeans mill about the area. The main floor features several stacks of crates which nearly reach to the ceiling.

A set of windows ring the very top of the outer walls. A set of doors lead to a stairwell and an upper office which overlooks the main floor.

The black van screeches to a stop and Viktorya exits the vehicle. Leo and Pavel open the van's rear doors and drag their captive onto the main floor.

JAMES

Where... Where are we?

VIKTORYA

Shut up. Move.

James nervously scans the area and stares plaintively at the indifferent henchmen. Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel drag him toward the stairwell doors.

INT. WAREHOUSE #1 - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel lead James up several flights of U-shaped stairways.

JAMES

What... What do you want with me?

LEO

You'll see.

JAMES

I'm... I'm just a music student.

PAVEL

Of course you are.

The Russians snicker amongst themselves as they lead their prisoner up the stairs.

INT. WAREHOUSE #1 - OFFICE - NIGHT

A black doctor's bag, a phone book, a bottle of vodka, and an empty glass lie on a metal table. A wooden chair rests across both the table and the door to the room.

The Russians drag James into the room and toward the chair. Leo and Pavel pin him down in the seat while Viktorya produces a pair of handcuffs.

James's wrists are shackled behind his back and through the slats in the chair's backrest. Leo places the seized wallet and cell phone on the table.

The Russians take a step back and eye their captive. James struggles with his restraints for a moment and looks back at the others with desperation.

JAMES

I... I don't understand... What do you want from me?

James perks up his head as the office door slowly swings open. The Russians turn and face the door as the new arrival steps into the light.

MAXIM RUDOMETKIN (54, Russian), a tall and sturdy man with a black fedora and overcoat, enters the room. His oddly angular face betrays one too many plastic surgeries.

Maxim slowly strides across the room and approaches the prisoner. He stands directly across from James, sets his fedora down upon the table, and sizes him up.

MAXIM

My, my... They get younger and younger every year.

JAMES

Who... Who are you?

Maxim chuckles in response.

MAXIM

We know each other very well, little boy. I am going to be nice to you. I will find out what you know, so there is no need for... interrogations. Just tell me, when and where?

James blankly stares back at him.

JAMES

Huh?

Maxim shakes his head and turns to the others.

MAXIM

You see? I try to be nice. Now, I have to resort to persuasion.

Leo snaps to attention and grabs hold of the phone book.

JAMES

You... You want me to call someone?

Maxim chuckles in response.

MAXIM

I like you, little boy. You make me laugh. I have a joke for you, too. Would you like to see?

Leo sports a blank expression as he approaches James. Leo growls and smacks their prisoner across the face with the phone book. James wails in pain as the chair tips over.

MAXIM

Very funny, yes?

James screams in anguish as Leo strikes him over and over again with the phone book. Maxim glances at the table as his captive's cell phone starts to ring.

INT. CONCERT HALL - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The numerous members of the ORCHESTRA, all clad in tuxedos and evening gowns, prepare their instruments and dutifully organize their sheet music.

Ellen stands in front of a vibraphone and practices a quick and complicated musical piece. The orchestra's female CONDUCTOR appears and pats her on the shoulder.

CONDUCTOR

Ellen, have you seen James?

ELLEN

He's not here?

CONDUCTOR

No. I tried calling his cell phone, but he didn't answer. Do you know where he could be?

Ellen, puzzled, shakes her head.

ELLEN

No, I... I have no idea.

CONDUCTOR

Well, if he doesn't show up, you'll have to go first.

ELLEN

Yes. Yes, of course.

The conductor scurries away while Ellen nervously thinks to herself. She shakes her head and swings a mallet at one of the aluminum bars of the vibraphone.

INT. WAREHOUSE #1 - OFFICE - NIGHT

Leo continues to repeatedly strike James over the head with the phone book. Maxim steps forward and waves him off.

MAXIM

(in Russian)

That's enough, Leo.

Leo backs off and returns the phone book to the table.

MAXIM

(in Russian)

Viktorya. Pavel. Pick him up.

Viktorya and Pavel set their prisoner back up in his chair. James's face is swollen and blood flows from one nostril.

MAXIM

You see, little boy, I am going to find out one way or the other. Please, for your own sake, just tell me when and where.

James sobs in despair as he responds.

JAMES

I... I don't know what you're talking about. There's... There's been some sort of mistake, I swear.

Maxim kneels down in front of him and smiles.

MAXIM

They have trained you very well. You are almost convincing. Almost.

James looks on helplessly as Maxim steps back and Viktorya moves forward. She grits her teeth and delivers a solid kick square in the middle of their captive's chest.

James flies backward and crashes into the wall. The chair tips over and sends him to the floor. The force of the blow fractures the slats on the back of the seat.

James wails in terror as Viktorya viciously kicks and stomps him with her high-heeled boots. Maxim folds his arms, nods his head, and smiles to himself.

INT. CONCERT HALL - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

A full house of well-dressed CONCERTGOERS is assembled in the hall. Wesley and Felicity sit near one of the aisles and examine the recital program.

WESLEY

How long's this thing gonna be?

FELICITY

Couple hours.

WESLEY

Two hours?!

FELICITY

If I could sit through Transformers,
you can sit through this.

WESLEY

At least Transformers had Megan Fox.

The theater curtains open and reveal the orchestra. The crowd applauds as the conductor strolls onto the stage.

CONDUCTOR

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the
Vancouver Symphony Orchestra's Young
Composers Recital.

The concertgoers respond with polite applause.

CONDUCTOR

Unfortunately, James Goldsmith could
not join us this evening --

Wesley and Felicity exchange a confused look.

CONDUCTOR

-- but you will hear music from many
talented composers. Ladies and
gentlemen, performing her Concerto
for Vibraphone and Orchestra, please
welcome Ellen Bernstein.

The audience applauds as Ellen steps onto the stage, greets the conductor, and stands behind her vibraphone. Wesley and Felicity speak to each other in hushed tones.

FELICITY

Where the hell's James?

WESLEY

Hold on, I'll call him.

Wesley slips past Felicity and heads up the aisle.

INT. WAREHOUSE #1 - OFFICE - NIGHT

James's screams cut through the air as his cell phone on the metal table rings and rings. Maxim picks up the device, glances at the display, and turns the ringer off.

Sweat beads up on Viktorya's brow as she repeatedly kicks and stomps their helpless prisoner. Maxim finally steps forward and tries to wave her off.

MAXIM
 (in Russian)
 Viktorya, that's enough. Viktorya!

Viktorya glares back at her superior, kicks their captive once more for good measure, and backs away. Maxim stands in front of the table and stares daggers back at his captive.

MAXIM
 (in Russian)
 Leo. Pavel. Get him off the ground.

Leo and Pavel step forward and set James back up in the chair. James's face is badly bruised and swollen while blood flows from several small cuts to his face.

MAXIM
 You are testing my patience, little boy. I will ask you one more time. When and where?

Tears pour down James's face as he responds.

JAMES
 I... I don't know what you're talking about, I swear. Please, you have to believe me.

Maxim smirks and shakes his head.

MAXIM
 You think you are strong, little boy, but you are not. You are stubborn. Stubborn like a mule.

Maxim grabs the black doctor's bag and places it in the middle of the table. His fellow Russians sport uneasy looks.

VIKTORYA
 (in Russian)
 I can't watch this part. Not again.

Viktorya heads for the door while Leo and Pavel move to the back of the room. Maxim keeps his focus square on James.

MAXIM
 My father was a great surgeon, one of the best in Soviet Russia. So respected, he was trusted with the lives of the highest party members.

He reaches into the bag, retrieves a folded cloth from inside, and places it on the table.

MAXIM

My grandfather was also a great surgeon. Stalin sent him to work in the gulags. He did his best, but there is only so much one can do with inferior equipment.

James whimpers in terror as Maxim unfolds the cloth and reveals the many rusted surgical instruments inside.

JAMES

Please... Please don't do this.

Maxim grabs the bottle of vodka and pours himself a glass.

MAXIM

I could have been a surgeon, but my hands... They shake too much, especially when I drink.

Maxim downs the glass of vodka in one gulp.

JAMES

Don't. Please, don't.

MAXIM

You want to live, little boy? When and where?

James shakes his head and plaintively wails in response.

JAMES

I... I don't know what you're talking about! You... You have to believe me!

Maxim turns away from his captive and grabs a rusty scalpel. Leo and Pavel shield their eyes and face the wall.

MAXIM

The human body is fascinating. So many things can be removed without causing loss of consciousness.

James struggles in his seat and frantically pulls at his restraints. His eyes widen in shock as he successfully draws the handcuffs through the broken slats of the chair.

Leo and Pavel fail to notice as they quietly converse at the other end of the room. Maxim keeps his back turned to his prisoner and examines the scalpel in his hand.

MAXIM

Tell me, little boy, do you really need a second kidney?

James takes a deep breath, grits his teeth, and starts to pull his arms over his head. He uses his hypermobility to bring his hands in front of his body.

Maxim turns around just as James leaps out of his seat. James grabs the chair and smashes it over his captor's head. Maxim wails in anguish and falls to the floor.

James tosses the broken chair aside and spots the phone book and vodka bottle on the table. Leo and Pavel spin around and eye their escaped captive with shock.

PAVEL

(in Russian)

I don't believe it!

LEO

(in Russian)

The son of a bitch!

Leo reaches for his pistol only for James to strike him across the face with the phone book. The book slips from James's grasp while Leo falls to the floor in anguish.

Pavel rushes forward and throws a punch only for James to duck the blow and slip behind him. Pavel spins around just as James grabs hold of the vodka bottle.

James swings the bottle and clubs Pavel over the head with the end of the weapon. Pavel crumples to the floor while James grips the intact bottle and heads for the exit.

James reaches for the doorknob when Viktorya bursts into the room. James hides behind the opened door as Viktorya stops and eyes her fallen comrades.

VIKTORYA

(in Russian)

What the hell?!

Viktorya spins around just as James steps toward her. James smashes the vodka bottle over Viktorya's head and sends her to the floor in a heap.

James eyes the fallen Russians left in his wake, throws what little is left of the broken vodka bottle away, and tears his way out of the room.

INT. WAREHOUSE #1 - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

James runs partway down the first set of stairs and proceeds to leap over each stairway railing in turn.

INT. WAREHOUSE #1 - OFFICE - NIGHT

Maxim sits up on the floor and touches his face.

MAXIM

(in Russian)

My face! He's seen my face!

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel painfully scramble to their feet and race out of the room.

INT. WAREHOUSE #1 - NIGHT

James bursts through the stairwell doors and nervously scans the area. The two dozen henchmen on hand fail to notice him as they continue to mill about.

James weaves his way through the numerous stacks of crates and heads for the rear of the building. He spots an exit and tries to leave only to find it chained shut.

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel burst through the stairwell doors with their pistols in hand. The henchmen snap to attention and turn toward the Russians.

PAVEL

He's escaped! Seal the building!

The henchmen quickly lock and chain the doors at the front of the building shut. The Russians and their henchmen next spread out and search the main floor.

James climbs on top of one of the stacks of crates and peers down at the search party below. He eyes the set of windows on the other side of the building.

He focuses on a second stack separated by an aisle and prepares to jump. Three henchmen walk between the base of the two stacks and scan the area.

James leaps through the air and lands on the second stack with a thud. The henchmen below turn around and eye the nearby area but do not spot him.

James glances toward the next stack of crates only to find it is too far away to jump. He looks up at the ceiling and finds a water pipe above him.

JAMES

Okay... You can do this...

He jumps in the air, grabs hold of the water pipe, and shimmies his way toward the next stack of crates. Three henchmen walk past the area below but fail to spot him.

James nears the next stack of crates when the handcuffs around his wrists snag on a water valve. He stops and tries to pull the shackles free only to loosen the valve.

Viktorya appears near the base of the two stacks. She stops as water noisily cascades from the opened valve. She looks up and spots James as he dangles from the water pipe.

VIKTORYA

The little monkey is on the roof!

Viktorya takes aim with her pistol and opens fire. James avoids the hail of bullets, drops down from the pipe, and safely lands on the next stack of crates.

Viktorya reloads her weapon as Leo, Pavel, and the henchmen arrive on the scene. The group spots James as he briefly peeks down at them from atop the nearby stack of crates.

LEO

Move, you idiots! After him!

The Russians and their henchmen chase after their escaped prisoner. James turns toward another stack of crates next to the windows and runs toward it.

James leaps through the air and slams into the side of a crate at the top of the next stack. The henchmen appear below and climb the crates in pursuit.

The Russians step into view below and take aim with their pistols. James avoids the barrage of gunfire and safely pulls himself on top of the stack.

James turns toward the nearby windows only to find they are locked shut. He grits his teeth, growls with determination, and leaps through the air.

EXT. CITY ALLEY #1 - NIGHT

James crashes through a window, tumbles through the air, awkwardly bounces off the lid of a closed dumpster, and lands on the pavement in a heap.

JAMES

Oh, my God... Oh, my God...

He moans in anguish as he slowly pulls himself off the ground and scans the desolate alleyway. He struggles to his feet and painfully staggers away from the warehouse.

He spins around as a black van noisily turns the corner and appears at the far end of the alleyway. He wails and sprints for his life as the vehicle gives chase.

EXT. CITY STREET #1 - NIGHT

Several PEDESTRIANS make their way up and down the busy street. James appears from out of the alley and hurriedly weaves his way through the throng.

JAMES

Help me, somebody! Please, help me!
Somebody help me, please!

James frantically scans the crowd in search of assistance. The pedestrians on the scene back away with a mixture of panic and apprehension.

Two middle-aged FEMALE PEDESTRIANS exit a nearby shop and step onto the sidewalk. James rushes up to the pair and grabs them by the lapels.

JAMES

Quick, call the police! They're after
me and they're trying to --

The female pedestrians swat his hands away in response.

FEMALE PEDESTRIAN #1

My God! Are you on drugs?!

FEMALE PEDESTRIAN #2

Get away or I'll mace you!

James backs away from the pair and looks back toward the alleyway. The black van emerges from the alley and six of the henchmen quickly pile out of the vehicle.

James sprints down the street with the henchmen in pursuit. He looks over his shoulder as he reaches a crosswalk. The pedestrians shout as he runs out onto the road.

He stops in the middle of the crosswalk as a horn cuts through the air. He turns toward the source of the noise and looks on as a sports coupe barrels toward him.

James raises his hands defensively as the coupe skids to a halt just short of his body. He continues down the street with the henchmen in pursuit.

He looks over his shoulder as the henchmen push their way through the crosswalk. He scans his surroundings and quickly ducks into a nearby alley.

EXT. CITY ALLEY #2 - NIGHT

James sprints down the narrow alleyway and heads toward a lengthy concrete staircase. He sprints his way up the stairs three at a time.

The six henchmen arrive a moment later and trudge their way up the stairs. The men slow to a crawl as they are quickly overcome with exhaustion.

EXT. CITY STREET #2 - NIGHT

James exits the alley and joins the numerous PEDESTRIANS on the busy street. He scurries down the sidewalk and appeals to the crowd for assistance.

JAMES

Help me, please! They're trying to
kill me! Please, somebody help!

Two middle-aged MALE PEDESTRIANS step out of a nearby bar and arrive on the sidewalk. James scurries over to the pair and grabs them by their coats.

JAMES

Do you have a phone?! Call the --

The first man brushes James's hands aside.

MALE PEDESTRIAN #1

Call your own taxi, you drunk!

The second man grabs hold of James's wrists.

MALE PEDESTRIAN #2

Hey, what's with the handcuffs?

James pushes the male pedestrians away and rushes up the street. He stops when a second black van appears from around the corner ahead of him.

The vehicle skids to a stop and six more henchmen step onto the street. James turns heel and sprints back down the sidewalk with the henchmen in pursuit.

He pushes his way past the pedestrians and prepares to dart across a crosswalk. He steps onto the street when a luxury sedan appears right in his path.

James leaps over the hood of the sedan, somersaults across the pavement, and rises to his feet. He scans the area and sprints toward another alley.

EXT. CITY ALLEY #3 - NIGHT

Four teenage SKATEBOARDERS ride the railing of a lengthy staircase. The stairs feature a landing in the middle and lead to a small lot below.

James appears at the top of the stairs and rushes past the teens. The skateboarders watch as he jumps into the air and slides down the railing on his sneakers.

James stops next to the landing, leaps through the air, and safely lands on the lot below. The skateboarders look on with awe as he flees the area.

SKATEBOARDER #1

Sick moves, yo!

SKATEBOARDER #2

That trick was ill!

The six henchmen arrive on the scene and promptly crash into the skateboarders. The two groups fall to the ground and tumble down the stairs.

EXT. CITY STREET #3 - NIGHT

James steps out of the alley and joins several PEDESTRIANS on the busy street. He scans the area, fails to find any more henchmen, and turns to the crowd.

JAMES

Why?! Why won't anybody help me?!

The pedestrians on the scene ignore the appeal and go about their business. James shakes his head in disappointment and slowly heads up the sidewalk.

He stops when another black van emerges from around the corner ahead of him and screeches to a halt. Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel rush out of the vehicle and give chase.

A TEENAGE BOY looks on with interest as James runs back down the sidewalk. The teenager smiles to himself as he retrieves a cell phone and records the scene.

TEENAGE BOY

Aw, yeah, this is goin' on Youtube!

James pushes his way past the pedestrians and heads for a crosswalk with the Russians in pursuit. He ignores the shouts of the crowd as he sprints onto the street.

A loud and deep horn blares throughout the area. James turns toward the source of the noise and looks on helplessly as a large pickup truck barrels toward him.

The truck's brakes squeal and its tires screech as they skid on the pavement. James leaps into the air, rolls off the vehicle's hood, and lands on the pavement with a thud.

The teenage boy and the other pedestrians gather around as James writhes on the pavement. The male TRUCK DRIVER exits his vehicle and kneels down next to him.

TRUCK DRIVER

Jeez, kid, I coulda killed ya!

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel frantically weave their way through the pedestrians on the street.

PAVEL

RCMP! Stop that man!

The truck driver looks at James, the handcuffs around his wrists, and back at James again.

JAMES

No, you don't understand --

The driver grabs hold of James and pulls him off the ground.

TRUCK DRIVER

Over here! I got 'im!

JAMES

No! Let me go!

James struggles to free himself as Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel draw closer. He looks at the ground and stomps his foot down upon the truck driver's instep.

The driver cries out in pain and reflexively releases his grip. James elbows him in the sternum and firmly shoves him down onto the pavement.

The pedestrians scurry out of the way as James sprints down the street. The teenage boy smiles to himself as he continues to record the scene.

TEENAGE BOY

Man, I gotta show this to my cuz!

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel push their way through the crowd.

VIKTORYA

Police! Move!

LEO
Out of the way!

The Russians shove the teenage boy aside as they continue to chase after James.

EXT. CITY STREET #4 - NIGHT

James sprints around the corner of a building and nearly barrels into a coffee kiosk. He pushes several PEDESTRIANS out of the way and sprints toward a SkyTrain station.

James reaches the station's staircase when Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel appear on the street. He sprints up the stairs toward the station's platform with the Russians in pursuit.

EXT. SKYTRAIN STATION #1 - NIGHT

James appears on the platform just as the last of the PASSENGERS enter the SkyTrain. He rushes forward and slips inside the transport just as the doors close.

INT. SKYTRAIN - NIGHT

James collapses onto a vacant bench with exhaustion. He raises his head as the other PASSENGERS on the SkyTrain glance in his direction.

JAMES
Could someone help me, please?

James looks on helplessly as his fellow passengers turn away in response. He leans forward in his seat and places his weary head in his hands.

EXT. SKYTRAIN STATION #1 - NIGHT

The Russians arrive and watch helplessly as the SkyTrain disappears from view. Viktorya screams with fury, Leo kicks a wastebasket, and Pavel grabs the bridge of his nose.

LEO
(in Russian)
Great! What do we do now?!

PAVEL
(in Russian)
We'll get him at the next stop.

LEO
(in Russian)
We'll never get there in time!

PAVEL
(in Russian)
Do you have a better idea?!

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel turn around and flee the area.

EXT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

Ellen and Felicity trail behind Wesley as he exits the building with his cell phone to his ear.

ELLEN
James still won't pick up?

Wesley shakes his head and puts his cell phone away.

WESLEY
No. Some sorta emergency, maybe?

Felicity narrows her eyes as she looks into the distance.

FELICITY
Hey, ain't that his car over there?

The threesome arrives next to the old compact car. Ellen looks on as Felicity peers inside the opened trunk and Wesley picks up the scattered sheet music.

FELICITY
His suit's still here. His horn, too.

WESLEY
Yeah, and these are his notes.

Ellen eyes the car and sheet music with a concerned look.

ELLEN
We'd better go to the police.

EXT. SKYTRAIN STATION #2 - NIGHT

The SkyTrain pulls to a stop next to the platform. James, a discarded newspaper draped over his handcuffed wrists, follows the PASSENGERS onto the platform.

James approaches a support column next to a seating area and wearily leans against it. Two TEENAGE GIRLS sit on a nearby bench and fiddle with their cell phones.

JAMES
Okay, think... Call the police...

He perks up his head as the teenagers chatter to themselves.

TEENAGE GIRL #1
Hey, what's that?

TEENAGE GIRL #2
Dunno, my cuz just sent it.

James peeks around the column and eyes the teenagers. The girls watch a recording of James struck by the pickup truck on one of their cell phones.

TEENAGE GIRL #2
No way! Splat! Toasted!

TEENAGE GIRL #1
What's that guy doin'?

TEENAGE GIRL #2
Cuz says he's fleein' the cops.

The teenagers look on as the recording shows James free himself from the truck driver and flee the Russians.

TEENAGE GIRL #1
That guy's goin' to jail for that,
fer sure.

TEENAGE GIRL #2
Yeah, every cop's gonna come gunnin'
for him now.

TEENAGE GIRL #1
Prison rape for that bitch!

The teenage girls cackle as they stand up and walk away. James moans in despair and leans against the support column.

JAMES
Help... I need help...

He frantically fumbles through his pockets.

JAMES
Where's my... Where's my cell...

He stops and angrily scolds himself.

JAMES
You idiot! Now what?!

He scans the area and spots a payphone affixed to another support column. He scurries toward the phone, takes hold of the receiver, and smiles with surprise and relief.

JAMES

They do still make these!

EXT. CITY STREET #5 - NIGHT

A rusty sedan makes its way down the busy street.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Felicity sits behind the wheel while Wesley is perched next to her and Ellen rides in the back seat.

ELLEN

What could've happened to him?

WESLEY

He's been pretty anxious the past couple of days. He panicked, maybe?

FELICITY

And left his car behind?

An obnoxious rock song blares from Wesley's cell phone.

FELICITY

You still have that ringtone?! I told you to get rid of that stupid-ass --

WESLEY

Later, later.

Wesley grabs his cell phone and answers the call.

WESLEY

Yeah? Who's this?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. SKYTRAIN STATION #2 - NIGHT

James turns his back to the SkyTrain and its many passengers as he speaks over the payphone.

JAMES

Wesley, thank God! It's James! You've got to help me!

WESLEY

Jesus Christ! Hold on, I'll put you on speaker.

Wesley turns to the others.

WESLEY

It's him!

Wesley taps a button on his cell phone.

WESLEY

Felicity and Ellen are here, too.

FELICITY

What's goin' on? We found your car --

JAMES

I don't know. These people, they grabbed me in the parking lot and tried to kill me. I got away, but I think they're still after --

WESLEY

Is this some sorta joke, man? 'Cause it's not funny.

JAMES

Do I sound like I'm joking to you?! They're still after me, and I don't know what to do!

ELLEN

Settle down, James. Where are you?

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel arrive on the platform and weave their way through the crowd.

JAMES

I'm at a SkyTrain station.

ELLEN

Which one?

Viktorya strolls in front of a large sign as she scans the platform. James turns around and looks toward the sign. She glances in his direction and locks eyes with him.

James tenses up with fear and slowly takes a couple of steps back. Viktorya narrows her eyes and clenches her teeth as she points him out to Leo and Pavel.

VIKTORYA

(in Russian)

Over there!

James drops the receiver and heads down a nearby staircase. Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel sprint past the payphone in pursuit as Ellen calls out through the receiver.

ELLEN

James, which one? Where are you,
James? James? James?!

EXT. CITY STREET #6 - NIGHT

James runs halfway down the station's staircase, leaps over the side railing, and lands on the sidewalk. He scans the area and spots a large parking garage across the street.

James wades past the PEDESTRIANS in the area and darts into the street. Horns blare and tires screech as he weaves his way through the heavy traffic.

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel scurry down the stairs and spot James across the street. The Russians push past pedestrians and dodge vehicles as they head off in pursuit.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

James enters the stairway affixed to the outside of the garage and sprints up the stairs. Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel follow a moment later and continue their pursuit.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - UPPER LEVEL - NIGHT

James exits the stairwell and steps onto the expansive upper level of the garage. He examines the sea of parked automobiles as he sprints down a laneway.

JAMES

Oh, God. What do I do, now?

James stops as the sounds of voices and footsteps echo through the garage from the stairwell. He eyes the nearby row of parked vehicles and takes refuge behind them.

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel emerge from the stairwell and stop to catch their breath. The Russians take a moment to scan the seemingly deserted area.

LEO

(in Russian)

Enough. Let's stop wasting time.

Leo reaches inside his coat and grabs his pistol.

PAVEL

(in Russian)

No, not here. What about the cameras?

LEO

(in Russian)

What about them? Spread out, you two.

Leo shakes off the others and stalks off in pursuit of their target. Viktorya and Pavel shake their heads and retrieve their pistols as well.

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel fan out and stand at the ends of three different laneways. The Russians scan the nearby vehicles as they slowly advance down their paths.

James peeks over the hood of a vehicle and spots Leo at the end of the adjacent laneway. He stays low as he scurries between the parked automobiles nearby.

James appears between a sports car and a pickup truck. He leans his hand against the car only to recoil in surprise when it flashes its lights and sounds an alarm.

James jumps up and locks eyes with Leo as he rushes toward the sports car. James ducks down as Leo opens fire and shoots out the vehicle's windshield and side windows.

LEO

(in Russian)

Quick! He's over here!

James grabs onto the side of the pickup truck and pulls himself back onto his feet. He looks back at Leo just as Viktorya and Pavel arrive at his side.

James pulls himself inside the pickup truck's bed as the Russians open fire. He covers his head as the truck is riddled with a barrage of gunfire.

JAMES

Oh, God... Oh, Christ...

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel cease fire and retrieve fresh ammunition magazines from their coats. James raises his head and spots a minivan parked next to the pickup truck.

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel reload their pistols and rush toward the pickup truck. James rises to his feet, jumps off the side of the truck bed, and lands on top of the van.

James runs across the roof of the van and leaps atop the next vehicle. Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel stop in puzzlement as their target hops from roof to roof.

PAVEL

(in Russian)

What's he doing now?!

VIKTORYA

(in Russian)

Getting away! Shoot him!

James sprints across the tops of the row of vehicles as the Russians give chase. He covers his head as bullets strike the ceiling, light fixtures, and support columns nearby.

James reaches the end of the row, hops down onto the concrete surface, frantically scans the area, and spots a railing not too far ahead.

He heads for the railing, peers over the edge, and spots an exit ramp several meters below. He looks over his shoulder just as Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel rush into view.

VIKTORYA

Goodbye, little monkey!

James grabs hold of the railing while Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel take aim with their pistols. He vaults over the obstruction just as the Russians open fire.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - EXIT RAMP - NIGHT

James soars through the air and lands on the ramp in one piece but rolls his ankle in the process. He wails in agony and crumples onto the concrete surface.

JAMES

Oh, Christ! Oh, God!

He grabs his injured ankle when a bright light washes over the area. He shields his eyes and looks toward the source of the illumination.

James looks on as a large moving truck barrels its way up the ramp. The truck blasts its horn and slams on its brakes as it hurtles toward him.

He lies flat on the ramp as the truck screeches to a stop over his body. He looks on in relief as the underside of the vehicle rests a few centimeters above him.

James scrambles out from underneath the truck and hobbles toward the driver's side of the vehicle. He is stopped when the male MOVING TRUCK DRIVER storms out of the cab.

MOVING TRUCK DRIVER

What's your problem, kid?!

JAMES

Listen, you have to help --

James looks across the hood of the truck just as Leo appears above. James shoves the driver down to the ground behind the vehicle as Leo opens fire.

James and the driver cower as a barrage of gunfire rains down from above. Viktorya and Pavel appear next to Leo just as he runs out of ammunition.

PAVEL
(in Russian)
Quick, before he gets away!

Pavel leads Leo away from the railing while Viktorya lags behind. James pulls the dazed driver off the ground and back onto his feet.

MOVING TRUCK DRIVER
What the hell's goin' on?!

JAMES
Those people, they're trying to --

Viktorya calls out as she scurries away from the railing.

VIKTORYA
Police! Stop that man!

The driver looks down and takes notice of the handcuffs around James's wrists. James struggles as the driver grabs hold of his arms.

MOVING TRUCK DRIVER
Hurry! I've got him!

JAMES
No! Let me go!

James shoves the driver against the truck and hobbles down the ramp as fast as he can. Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel arrive at the top of the slope and give chase.

PAVEL
RCMP! Out of the way!

Pavel shoves the driver back down onto the ground while Viktorya and Leo follow him down the ramp.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - EXIT GATE - NIGHT

A compact car drives up to the booth by the garage's exit gate barrier. The COMPACT CAR DRIVER pays a fee to the male PARKING GARAGE ATTENDANT on duty.

The attendant works a control panel, raises the barrier, and lets the compact car through. He lowers the gate just as James shuffles onto the scene from the exit ramp.

The attendant slowly exits his booth, stands several meters in front of the barrier, and raises his hands with a puzzled look on his face.

PARKING GARAGE ATTENDANT

Hey. Hey! What are you doing?!

James ignores the attendant as he looks over his shoulder toward the exit ramp. He looks on as Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel arrive on the scene.

PAVEL

RCMP! Stop that man!

James turns back around and scurries his way toward the gate. The attendant moves in front of his path, tenses up his body, and spreads his arms out wide.

PARKING GARAGE ATTENDANT

Okay, kid! That's enough!

JAMES

No, they're not the --

PARKING GARAGE ATTENDANT

Stop right there, kid!

The attendant crouches down and prepares to strike as James rushes toward him. The attendant lunges forward and tries to take James down with a low tackle.

James jumps up, rolls over the attendant's back, and lands on his feet. The attendant falls to the ground while James leaps onto and over the barrier.

The attendant slowly rises to his feet and rubs the back of his head in disbelief. The Russians appear and sprint toward the barrier in pursuit.

VIKTORYA

Police! Out of the way!

Viktorya sends the attendant back to the ground with a shoulder tackle. Leo and Pavel head for the booth and work the control panel inside.

EXT. CITY STREET #7 - NIGHT

James wades his way through the many PEDESTRIANS on the scene as he flees the parking garage. He looks across the street and spots an expansive shopping mall.

The vehicles slam on their brakes and sound their horns as James hobbles across the road. He glances over his shoulder as he reaches the other side and heads for the mall.

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel emerge from the parking garage and spot James across the street. The Russians wade through the throng of vehicles as they head off in pursuit.

INT. MALL - LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT

Several SHOPPERS mill about the grand floor and the many stores in the spacious building. A nearby escalator leads to an expansive upper level.

James breathes heavily as he bursts through the main doors of the building. He wearily slumps against the entranceway and rubs his injured ankle.

JAMES

Come on, keep it together...

James quickly surveys the area and shambles his way toward the busy escalator. He slowly weaves his way past the shoppers and climbs up the moving staircase.

James stops halfway up the escalator and looks back toward the main doors. The Russians burst through the entranceway and scan the immediate area.

LEO

(in Russian)

Where the hell is he?!

Viktorya locks eyes with James on the escalator.

VIKTORYA

(in Russian)

Over there! The escalator!

Leo reaches inside his coat and grabs hold of his pistol.

LEO

(in Russian)

He's not leaving this place alive.

Pavel grabs Leo by the arm before he can advance.

PAVEL
 (in Russian)
 No, there's too many people!

Leo growls in response and shoves Pavel backward into Viktorya. Leo rushes off after James while Viktorya and Pavel scramble to regain their footing.

James pushes his way past the irate shoppers as Leo reaches the base of the escalator. James looks back down at Leo as he takes aim with his pistol.

James spots a duffel bag slung over a nearby shopper's shoulder. He seizes hold of the bag and hurls it toward the base of the escalator.

The shoppers yelp and move out of the way as the duffel bag soars through the air. The bag strikes Leo flush in the face just as he fires his pistol.

Leo collapses to the floor and inadvertently sends a round into the ceiling. The shoppers scream and cower in terror as the gunshot echoes throughout the area.

James hobbles up the escalator as Leo throws the bag away and scrambles back to his feet. James reaches the top of the stairs as Leo once again opens fire.

LEO
 (in Russian)
 You little son of a bitch!

James reaches the top of the escalator in time and safely dives out of view. Viktorya and Pavel arrive at the base of the escalator with pistols in hand.

PAVEL
 It's okay! RCMP!

VIKTORYA
 Police! Move! Move!

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel trample their way up the escalator and past the frightened shoppers in pursuit.

INT. MALL - UPPER LEVEL - NIGHT

The numerous SHOPPERS in the area look on in confusion as James hobbles toward a glass partition. Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel appear and take aim with their pistols.

VIKTORYA
 Police! Out of the way!

James ducks behind the glass partition as the Russians open fire. The shoppers scream in terror and run for cover as the barrage of gunfire shatters the partition.

James cowers on the floor as shards of glass rain down all around him. The glass shards cut into his hands and arms as he pushes himself off the floor.

JAMES

Oh, God! Oh, Christ!

James scrambles to his feet and heads toward a kiosk in the middle of the floor. The shoppers take refuge inside the nearby stores as Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel give chase.

James safely slides behind the kiosk as the Russians once again open fire. He scans the area and discovers a mop and bucket on the floor next to him.

He grabs the bucket and pours its soapy water contents all over the floor. He rises to his feet and hobbles his way down the length of the level.

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel run in pursuit and head straight for the pool of soapy water. The Russians slip on the suds and tumble to the floor.

LEO

(in Russian)

He's getting away!

PAVEL

(in Russian)

No thanks to you!

Pavel scrambles to his feet first and chases James down the length of the level. James shambles past the window display of a store as Pavel opens fire.

James dives behind a nearby bench as a hail of gunfire shatters the shop windows. He scrambles to his feet and scurries further down the level.

Pavel continues his pursuit when two male VPD CONSTABLES exit a shop behind him. The officers withdraw their pistols and take aim at the Russian.

VPD CONSTABLE #1

Police! Drop the gun!

Pavel turns around and raises his hands defensively.

PAVEL

No, no! RCMP!

VPD CONSTABLE #2
Badge number. Badge number!

A barrage of gunfire cuts through the air. The constables moan in anguish and collapse to the floor. Viktorya and Leo appear behind the fallen officers with pistols in hand.

LEO
(in Russian)
We don't have time for this!

The constables writhe on the floor in agony as the Russians resume their chase. James arrives at a railing at the end of the level and peers down at the main floor.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MALL - LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT

Several confused and frightened shoppers mill about an expansive food court. The numerous tables in the area are covered by large umbrellas.

A large banner hangs above the food court and is connected to the rafters at both ends. One end of the banner dangles not too far from the edge of the upper level.

JAMES
Oh, God! Now what?!

James scans the nearby area but does not find an escape route. He turns around to retreat only to spot Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel as they rush into view.

The Russians take aim with their pistols and prepare to open fire. James runs toward the edge of the upper level, leaps atop the railing, and jumps toward the banner.

James soars through the air, grabs one end of the banner, and rips it free from its support. He grips the banner as it swings him over the length of the main level.

He lets go of the banner, hurtles through the air, and crashes through the umbrella over one of the tables. The shoppers in the area scream in panic and run for cover.

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel appear at the edge of the upper level. The Russians spot James as he slowly and painfully crawls out from underneath the umbrella.

PAVEL
(in Russian)
I can't believe this guy!

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel take aim with their pistols and open fire. James dives out of the way, slides across the floor, and takes refuge behind another table.

VIKTORYA

(in Russian)

Oh, for God's sake! He has an injured ankle and he's still getting away?!

James peers over the table and looks on as the Russians retreat out of view. He scrambles to his feet, pushes past the startled shoppers, and disappears through the rear exit.

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel arrive on the main floor with pistols in hand. The shoppers flee the area and scream with fright as the Russians sprint through the food court.

EXT. MALL - NIGHT

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel burst out of the building and scan the area. The Russians look on helplessly as James sprints away from the scene and disappears into the night.

VIKTORYA

(in Russian)

I'm going to kill the little monkey!

LEO

(in Russian)

We have to catch the bastard first!

The sound of distant police sirens cuts through the air.

PAVEL

(in Russian)

Come on, we'd better leave right now.

The Russians put their pistols away and leave the scene.

INT. VPD DETACHMENT - NIGHT

Several VPD CONSTABLES and assorted CIVILIANS mill about the area. A female VPD SERGEANT stands behind the main desk and speaks with Ellen, Wesley, and Felicity.

ELLEN

A missing person report?! He's not missing! He was kidnapped!

VPD SERGEANT

Allegedly kidnapped.

ELLEN

What's that supposed to mean?!

The sergeant gestures for Ellen to settle down.

VPD SERGEANT

Without corroborating evidence,
there's no reason to assume the story
he gave you is true.

ELLEN

There's no way he'd lie about
something like this.

VPD SERGEANT

Your friend's statements could have
been made under the influence of
drugs or alcohol.

FELICITY

He's never had a drink in his life.
I've never even seen him take an
Advil before.

Wesley strokes his chin in thought.

WESLEY

He's been pretty stressed out lately.
The pressure got to him, maybe?

VPD SERGEANT

Look, I'll file the report and tell
our units on the streets to keep an
eye out for him. That's the best I
can do right now.

The sergeant smiles apologetically while Ellen, Wesley, and
Felicity share a concerned look.

EXT. VPD DETACHMENT - NIGHT

A few VPD CONSTABLES pass through the area as Ellen, Wesley,
and Felicity exit the building and descend the front steps.

FELICITY

So, what do we do now?

ELLEN

We could check the SkyTrain stations
in the area.

FELICITY

No, there's too many. Besides, he
probably ran from whatever station he
called us from.

WESLEY

Look, we've told the police and they said they'll look for him. The best thing we can do now is --

The obnoxious rock song once again blares from Wesley's cell phone. The constables in the area glare in the group's direction as Wesley retrieves the phone from his pocket.

ELLEN

James?

Wesley scans the cell phone's display and shakes his head.

WESLEY

No, just one of the guys from my study group.

FELICITY

Didn't I tell you to get rid of that annoying-ass ringtone?! Christ, you've got the cops lookin' at us!

Wesley taps a few buttons on his cell phone in exasperation.

WESLEY

There, it's on vibrate now. Happy?

He puts the cell phone back in his pocket.

WESLEY

Look, we'll never find James on our own. We might as well head back to the apartment and see if he shows.

FELICITY

You're right, I guess. You wanna come with us, Ellen?

ELLEN

No, you can drop me off at my place. If he calls, I'll let you know.

Ellen, Wesley, and Felicity walk away from the scene.

EXT. CITY STREET #7 - NIGHT

James, his arms folded in an attempt to hide the handcuffs, slowly hobbles down the lonely street. He scans the desolate area and shakes his head in frustration.

JAMES

Two and a half million people and not a single cab in sight.

He looks down the sidewalk and spots a payphone booth. He shambles over to the booth and flings open the door only to find the phone is in a bad state of disrepair.

He slams the door shut in frustration, looks at the ground, and heads further down the street. He perks up his head as the crash of a broken bottle cuts through the air.

A dozen teenage GANG MEMBERS sit outside a vacant building across the street and imbibe on alcohol. The GANG LEADER raises his head and stares daggers at James.

GANG LEADER

Hey, buddy!

James lowers his head and quickens his pace while the gang members rise to their feet.

GANG LEADER

Hey, I'm talkin' to ya!

James glances across the road and watches as the gang members slowly walk after him.

GANG LEADER

Where ya goin', buddy?!

The gang members cackle as they chase after their target. James shambles down the length of the sidewalk and heads toward the entrance to an alley.

EXT. CITY ALLEY #4 - NIGHT

James tips over a series of trash cans as he scurries down the path. The gang members easily dodge the obstructions and chase after their target.

James continues to run until a five-meter tall chain-link fence, topped with razor wire and with a horizontal steel support beam halfway up its height, blocks his path.

James turns around as the gang members arrive by the fence. The gang leader steps forward while his charges block off the other end of the alleyway.

GANG LEADER

Just wanna talk, buddy.

The gang leader slowly moves forward while his charges chuckle to themselves.

GANG LEADER

Ya see, ya gotta pay a toll.

James anxiously looks over the gang members.

JAMES

I... I don't have any money.

GANG LEADER

Aw, that's too bad.

He retrieves a switchblade and unveils the knife.

GANG LEADER

Ya still gotta pay.

James tenses up and frantically scans the area. A small group of milk crates is piled by his feet. A trash can sits atop a closed dumpster on one side of the alleyway.

A fire escape with a retracted ladder hangs beside the dumpster away from the fence. A water pipe juts out of the wall high in the air between the fire escape and the fence.

The gang leader slowly advances with the blade in hand while his charges snicker with anticipation. James calmly slips a foot inside a milk crate.

GANG LEADER

Aw, yeah, you're gonna pay.

James flings the milk crate into the air with his foot. The crate strikes the gang leader in the face, bloodies his nose, and sends him to the ground.

James grabs two more milk crates and hurls them at the other gang members. The crates strike two of the thugs and cause the gang to stagger back as a group.

GANG LEADER

Get the son of a bitch!

James turns around and scrambles halfway up the fence. The other gang members quickly retrieve their own knives and rush toward the obstruction.

James stands atop the horizontal beam halfway up the fence. He keeps his hands on the fence for support and scurries down the length of the beam.

The gang members on the ground grab the fence, jump in the air, and attack with their knives. James tiptoes down the beam and evades the numerous blades slashed at his feet.

James leaps off the horizontal beam and lands atop the closed dumpster. He wails in pain, collapses atop the dumpster, and grabs his ankle.

The gang members grip their knives and rush the large trash container. The gang leader rises to his feet and wipes the torrent of blood which flows from his nose.

GANG LEADER

Slit the bastard's throat!

James grabs hold of the trash can atop the dumpster as one of the gang members approaches. He strikes the thug in the face with the can and sends him to the pavement.

He throws the trash can at the group and sends two more gang members to the ground. He hops across the dumpster, leaps through the air, and grabs the fire escape ladder.

His weight causes the ladder to slide down toward the ground. He maintains his height above the pavement as he scrambles his way up the rungs.

GANG LEADER

Don't just stand there! Get him!

James reaches the top of the ladder and climbs his way onto the first fire escape platform. Several of the gang members scramble up the rungs in pursuit.

James scurries a few stories up the fire escape and stops across from the water pipe. He glances down at the gang members as they rush up the steps after him.

James hops across the platform, leaps over the railing, and grabs hold of the water pipe. The gang members on the fire escape lean over the railing but cannot reach their target.

James pulls himself atop the pipe like a gymnast and leaps through the air. He clears the razor wire atop the fence and safely lands in a pile of cardboard boxes.

The gang leader and his charges watch helplessly as James scrambles to his feet and flees the scene. The gang leader wipes the blood from his nose and shouts with bravado.

GANG LEADER

Yeah, ya better run!

The gang members eye their leader with contempt. The gang leader firmly shoves one of his charges in response.

INT. JAMES'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wesley and Felicity arrive with looks of exhaustion on their faces. He takes off his jacket and flops down on his bed while she opens a dresser drawer.

WESLEY

God, I'm so tired. I feel like I
could sleep for days.

FELICITY

Me too, but we can't 'til we hear
from James.

She grabs a man's shirt and boxer shorts from the drawer.

FELICITY

Okay if I get changed?

WESLEY

Sure, go ahead.

She disappears inside the bathroom. He grabs a remote control from the nightstand and turns on the television. He reaches into his pocket and retrieves his cell phone.

WESLEY

Where the hell are you, man?

He shakes his head and places the phone on the nightstand.

EXT. CITY STREET #7 - NIGHT

James walks down the quiet street lined with a series of connected buildings. He stops and eyes a rundown eight-story hotel amongst the structures.

He kneels on the ground and retrieves a fifty-dollar bill from the small pocket in his sneaker. He hobbles across the street and heads for the hotel.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

The HOTEL MANAGER, a balding and rotund man, sits behind the front desk of the cramped and grimy entranceway protected by a bulletproof shield.

Two OLD MEN, less than attractive and drunk on wine, sit at a small table nearby and play checkers. A small radio next to them softly plays a news program.

The hotel manager looks up from his adult magazine as a bell above the main entrance rings. James, his arms folded to conceal the handcuffs, approaches the front desk.

HOTEL MANAGER

What the hell happened to you, kid?

JAMES

Do you have a room available?

HOTEL MANAGER

Forty bucks for two hours, a hundred
for the night.

JAMES

Two hours, please.

James places the fifty on the counter. The manger reaches through the slot in the shield and takes the bill. The manager eyes the handcuffs around James's wrists.

HOTEL MANAGER

Gimme a sec.

The manager rises from his seat and heads toward a wall of keys behind him. James turns around and wearily slumps against the side of the desk.

One of the old men moves his checker piece to the last row of the board. His playing partner ignores the move and fiddles with the radio.

OLD MAN #1

Ha! Crown me!

OLD MAN #2

Shadup, I'm tryin' to hear this!

The second old man raises the volume level of the radio. James listens as the voice of a male RADIO REPORTER plays over the device.

RADIO REPORTER (V.O.)

... looking for a person of interest
in the mall shootings. He is
described as a white male in his
early twenties with a tall and
slender build --

The first old man abruptly shuts off the radio.

OLD MAN #1

Quit stallin' and play, ya bastard!

OLD MAN #2

Oh, can it!

James looks down at the ground and frets to himself. The hotel manager knocks on the glass and gains his attention.

HOTEL MANAGER

Room Fifty-Six, fifth floor. Take the
stairs, elevator don't work.

The manager slides a room key and a ten-dollar bill through the slot in the shield.

JAMES

Thanks. Thank you.

James takes the key and his change and heads for a nearby stairwell. The hotel manager watches him disappear up the stairs, picks up a telephone, and places a call.

HOTEL MANAGER

Hey. You said those Russians were lookin' for some kid, right? Well... They offering a reward or somethin'?

INT. HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

James enters the dingy room and wearily sits down on the bed. A television sits on a bureau across from him. A telephone rests on a nearby nightstand.

JAMES

It has to be a mistake. The police can't be after me, too. Not me.

He rises to his feet and turns on the television. A female TELEVISION REPORTER stands in front of the mall while several VPD OFFICERS mill about behind her.

TELEVISION REPORTER (V.O.)

-- according to sources close to the investigation, the main suspect is a young man spotted fleeing the scene in handcuffs while being pursued by three plain-clothed RCMP officers --

James turns off the television, flops backward onto the bed, and places his head in his hands.

JAMES

Why?! Why is this happening to me?!

He sits back up on the bed and grabs hold of the nearby telephone. He rests the phone on his lap and places a call.

INT. JAMES'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A late-night talk show plays on the television. Wesley and Felicity are sound asleep on the bed. The couple continues their slumber as the cell phone vibrates on the nightstand.

INT. HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

James slams the receiver down in frustration and rubs his forehead in despair.

JAMES

Great. What do I do now?

James sets the telephone back down upon the nightstand and massages his injured ankle. He stops and retrieves the folded rights card from the pocket in his sneaker.

He takes a moment to examine the list of legal rights written on the card. He turns the card over and discovers Ellen's cell phone number scrawled on the back.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ELLEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ellen sits on a couch in her abode and reads a music theory textbook. Her cell phone rests on a coffee table. Both a scarf and a trench coat with a tie belt hang on a coat rack.

She sets the book down on her lap and rubs her temple in frustration. She perks up as her cell phone rings. She quickly grabs the device and answers the call.

ELLEN

James?!

JAMES

Ellen! Oh, thank God!

She rises to her feet with shock on her face.

ELLEN

What happened?! Where are you?!

He stands up and paces about.

JAMES

They followed me to the station. I had to run away. I've been kidnapped and beaten and chased and shot at, and now... I saw the news. The police think I shot two policemen and... and I don't know what to do.

ELLEN

James, listen to me. You have to go to the police.

He looks at the rights card in his hand.

JAMES

Remember... Remember the protest this morning? Remember those two people gave us those cards? They say not to talk to the police and... and...

He sits back down on the bed with despair in his eyes.

JAMES

Help me.

ELLEN

Where are you?

JAMES

I'm at the Bluenote Hotel. Room Fifty-Six. Do you know where it is?

ELLEN

I'll find it. Just sit tight, okay? I'll be there soon. Bye.

She ends the call, grabs her scarf and trench coat from the coat rack, and heads for the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET #7 - NIGHT

A taxicab appears on the street and parks not too far from the hotel. Ellen steps out of the vehicle and turns to the male CAB DRIVER inside.

ELLEN

Can you wait here for a minute?

CAB DRIVER

Lady, in this neighborhood?! Pay up!

Ellen grumbles to herself, retrieves a few bills from her trench coat, and extends the cash to the driver.

ELLEN

No tip, but there's an extra twenty in it if you stay.

The driver takes the payment with a smile.

CAB DRIVER

You got it, lady!

Ellen shakes her head and marches toward the hotel.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

The bell rings as Ellen enters through the door. The hotel manager perks up his head while the old men whistle at her with lust in their eyes. Ellen approaches the front desk.

ELLEN

Excuse me, where's Room Fifty-Six?

HOTEL MANAGER

Fifth floor. Take the stairs,
elevator don't work.

ELLEN

Thanks.

The old men leer at Ellen as she approaches the stairwell.

OLD MAN #1

Man, that's one lucky kid upstairs.
How much ya charge, lady?

OLD MAN #2

Hey, baby, I'll give ya a hundred for
just an hour. Whatdaya say?

Ellen glares at the old men, tightens the trench coat around her body, and marches up the stairs.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ellen emerges from the stairs, passes by an emergency fire hose behind glass, walks over to James's hotel room, and knocks on the door.

ELLEN

James? It's me.

INT. HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

James looks through the peephole, unlocks the door, and lets Ellen into the room.

ELLEN

I called Wesley and Felicity, but
they didn't answer --

She gasps and takes his head into her hands.

ELLEN

Oh, my God! What happened to you?!

JAMES

I'm okay, I'm okay.

She takes hold of his hands.

ELLEN

They handcuffed you, too?

He takes her hands into his.

JAMES

Don't worry about me. I'm fine, now
that you're here.

The pair looks at each other with relief.

EXT. CITY STREET #7 - NIGHT

The cab driver idly sits inside his vehicle when a black van screeches to a stop nearby. He tenses up as Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel step out of the van.

Leo approaches the cab and taps on the glass while Viktorya and Pavel look on from behind. The driver rolls down his window and raises his hands defensively.

CAB DRIVER

Look, I don't want no trouble. I'm
just waitin' for a fare.

Leo retrieves his pistol from underneath his coat.

LEO

Not anymore.

Leo waves the gun and motions for the taxicab to leave. The driver nods his head with a nervous smile and obliges. Leo rejoins Viktorya and Pavel as they head for the hotel.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

The bell rings as Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel arrive on the scene. The old men whistle as they eye Viktorya.

OLD MAN #2

Oh, I really like this one!

OLD MAN #1

What'll ya do for a fifty, honey?

Viktorya glares at the old men, opens her coat, and places a hand on her holstered pistol.

VIKTORYA

Blow you away.

The old men quickly turn away and focus on the checkerboard. Pavel approaches the front desk, retrieves a thick envelope from his coat, and speaks to the hotel manager.

PAVEL

We're looking for a friend.

Pavel passes the envelope through the slot in the shield. The manager takes the package, looks at the stack of hundred-dollar bills inside, and smiles.

HOTEL MANAGER

Room Fifty-Six, fifth floor. Take the stairs, elevator don't work. There's a girl with him, too.

The Russians share a look and march up the stairwell.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

James and Ellen step out of the hotel room. James holds the room key in hand while Ellen leads him toward the stairwell.

JAMES

Are you sure about this?

ELLEN

Talking to the police is the only way we'll get you out of this mess. Trust me, okay?

INT. HOTEL - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

James and Ellen start down the series of U-shaped stairways.

ELLEN

Look, my great uncle's a lawyer. I don't know, maybe I can --

James stops at the top of one of the stairways as the sounds of footsteps emanate from below.

ELLEN

What? What is it?

JAMES

Back. Go back.

James tries to pull the reluctant Ellen back up the stairs.

ELLEN

What?! Why?!

JAMES

It's them!

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel appear on the landing below and take aim with their pistols. James pushes Ellen out of the way as the Russians open fire.

James pulls the terrified Ellen off the floor and leads her back up the next staircase. Leo pushes his way past Viktorya and Pavel as he chases after their targets.

James and Ellen arrive on the next landing. A sizable fire extinguisher hangs on the wall nearby. The couple looks down the stairs as Leo rushes into view.

James grabs the fire extinguisher just as Leo takes aim with his pistol. James hurls the large cylinder down the stairs and strikes Leo in the chest.

Leo involuntarily fires a round into the ceiling as he crumples to the ground. James takes Ellen by the hand and leads her further up the staircase.

JAMES

Come on, come on!

Viktorya and Pavel arrive on the lower landing next to Leo. The pair hops over their fallen comrade and scurries their way up the stairs in pursuit.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

James hands Ellen the room key as they emerge from the stairwell and sprint down the hall.

JAMES

Quick, get the door!

James heads for the fire hose while Ellen rushes toward the hotel room door. He grits his teeth and smashes the glass pane which houses the hose with a swing of his elbow.

James pulls out the fire hose and readies it for use while Ellen fidgets with the door lock. Viktorya and Pavel arrive from the stairwell and take aim with their pistols.

James turns on the fire hose and blasts the two Russians with a surge of water. Viktorya and Pavel drop their pistols and collapse to the floor.

Viktorya and Pavel flounder about on the ground as James continues to spray them with water. Ellen unlocks the hotel room door and turns to her friend.

ELLEN

James!

James turns off the fire hose, tosses it to the ground, and follows Ellen inside the hotel room.

INT. HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

James locks the door shut while Ellen scans the room.

ELLEN

Now what?!

JAMES

Fire escape!

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Viktorya and Pavel pull themselves off the floor, retrieve their pistols, and rush toward the hotel room door. They use brute force to try to open the door to no avail.

Leo staggers into view via the stairwell with his pistol in hand. He marches over to his comrades by the hotel room door and waves them aside.

LEO

(in Russian)

Out of the way!

Viktorya and Pavel step aside as Leo takes aim at the door.

INT. HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

James helps Ellen through the open window when a barrage of gunfire blasts through the door around the lock.

EXT. CITY ALLEY #5 - NIGHT

James follows Ellen onto the fire escape platform high above the alley. He sends her toward the set of stairs which lead to the landing below.

JAMES

Down! Go down!

She starts to climb down the fire escape but stops when he instead heads up toward the rooftop.

ELLEN

Wait! Where are you going?!

JAMES

Go! Just go!

James and Ellen head their separate ways.

INT. HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Leo leads with his shoulder as he barges through the crippled door. Viktorya and Pavel push their comrade aside and head for the window.

EXT. CITY ALLEY #5 - NIGHT

James is two floors above the open window while Ellen is two stories below. Viktorya emerges from the window with pistol in hand and scans the area.

Viktorya spots Ellen on the fire escape below and aims the pistol down at her in response. James takes notice and calls out to the Russian from above.

JAMES

Hey! Up here!

Viktorya looks up and opens fire in response. James presses himself up against the side of the building as several rounds strike the area around him.

Leo and Pavel appear through the hotel room window and step onto the fire escape. The former looks down while the latter turns his attention skyward.

Leo aims his pistol down and opens fire. Ellen curls up on the stairs as several bullets ricochet off the fire escape. Pavel grabs his comrade by the arm and points upward.

PAVEL

(in Russian)

Not her, you idiot! Him!

LEO

(in Russian)

What about her?! We can't just --

VIKTORYA

(in Russian)

He's seen the boss! He's the one we have to stop! Let's move!

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel scurry up the fire escape.

EXT. CONNECTED ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

James reaches the top of the fire escape and steps onto the roof of the hotel. He shambles across the span and heads for the next rooftop positioned one story lower.

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel arrive on the hotel roof just as their target reaches the edge of the span. James jumps down onto the next rooftop just as the Russians open fire.

James collapses onto the rooftop in anguish and grabs his injured ankle. He grits his teeth, pulls himself back onto his feet, and scans the area.

James spots a large air conditioning unit in the middle of the span. He scurries toward the unit as the Russians appear at the ledge of the hotel roof.

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel take aim and open fire from above. James avoids the hail of gunfire and safely dives for cover behind the air conditioning unit.

JAMES

Oh, Christ... Please be safe,
Ellen... Please be safe...

EXT. CITY ALLEY #5 - NIGHT

Ellen descends the ladder at the bottom of the fire escape and arrives on the pavement. She scans the area, finds it deserted, and sprints down the length of the alleyway.

She stops when a black van skids to a stop at the end of the alleyway. The side door of the vehicle slides open and reveals three MASKED MEN IN BLACK inside.

ELLEN

Oh, no. Oh, no!

Ellen turns to run as one of the men fires a TASER. She yelps in pain as the electrodes drive into her back. The weapon is triggered and she collapses to the ground.

EXT. CONNECTED ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

James cowers behind the air conditioning unit as Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel continue to fire from the hotel roof. The Russians cease fire as they run out of ammunition.

James heads toward a ladder which leads to the next rooftop one story above. Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel hop down onto the second roof and retrieve fresh ammunition magazines.

James scrambles up the ladder as Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel reload their pistols. The Russians take aim from the middle of the span and open fire.

James avoids the barrage of gunfire and takes refuge on the next rooftop. He scrambles to his feet, scurries toward the edge of the span, and scans the area below.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CITY ALLEY #6 - NIGHT

James spots a fire escape attached to the building across the alleyway. He scans the structure he is on but does not find a fire escape or any other path to freedom.

JAMES

Oh, God! What do I do now?!

James turns around only to spot Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel as they climb onto the roof. He turns back around, grits his teeth, and runs toward the edge of the span.

James leaps off the rooftop with a scream, hurtles toward the building across the alley, and lands on the other structure's fire escape with a thud.

JAMES

Oh, Christ! Oh, God!

James wails in pain and grabs his injured ankle once more. Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel appear at the edge of the rooftop and look across the alleyway in astonishment.

PAVEL

(in Russian)

He jumped this with a busted ankle?!

VIKTORYA

(in Russian)

How the hell can he keep doing this?!

LEO

(in Russian)

Let's see him try while full of lead!

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel take aim from the rooftop and open fire. James curls into a ball as a hail of bullets riddle the area around him.

James crawls toward the stairway opening and tumbles down onto the next platform. Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel continue to fire until they run out of ammunition.

James scrambles to his feet, vaults over the edge of the fire escape, and safely lands inside an open dumpster filled to the brim with garbage bags.

James crawls out of the dumpster while Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel reload their pistols. He takes cover behind the trash cans in the area as the Russians open fire once more.

James ducks behind another dumpster until Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel exhaust their ammunition. He scrambles down the alleyway while the Russians look on helplessly.

VIKTORYA

(in Russian)

The little monkey's getting away!

LEO

(in Russian)

Damn it! What the hell do we do now?!

PAVEL

(in Russian)

We'll catch him on the street. Move!

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel turn around and disappear from view. James arrives in front of another dumpster when the black van appears at the end of the alley.

The side door of the vehicle slides open and one of the three masked men in black fires his TASER. James moans as the electrodes plunge into his chest.

James stumbles backward as the weapon is triggered and strikes his head on the dumpster. The men in black carry his limp body inside the van and slam the side door shut.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. CSIS BUILDING - OFFICE #1 - DAY

A ray of sunlight peeks through the blinds which cover a window in the well-appointed room. Two leather couches sit across from one another with a coffee table in between.

The sunbeam washes over James's face as he lies sound asleep on one of the couches. His many injuries have been treated and the handcuffs removed from his wrists.

James opens his eyes and slowly sits up in his seat. TREVOR HAYES (56), a gray suit with sympathetic eyes, sits across the coffee table from him and arches an eyebrow.

TREVOR

Sleep well?

James tenses up and recoils with fear. Trevor smiles warmly and raises his hands defensively.

TREVOR

Relax, I'm one of the good guys.

He reaches inside his coat and flashes his ID.

TREVOR

Trevor Hayes, CSIS.

JAMES

CSIS?

TREVOR

Canadian Security Intelligence Service. You're a hard man to track down, Mr. Goldsmith.

James frantically scans the room.

JAMES

Ellen. Where's Ellen?

TREVOR

Ms. Bernstein's safe with us. You can see her in a moment.

JAMES

Wesley and Felicity. They're... They're looking for me --

TREVOR

Your friends have been moved to a safe house for their own protection.

James slumps over in his seat and rubs his forehead.

JAMES

Could someone please tell me what the hell is going on?

TREVOR

In a moment. First, I want you to look at this.

Trevor produces a photograph and places it on the table.

TREVOR

Have you seen this man?

James examines the surveillance photo of a round-faced man.

JAMES

No, sorry.

TREVOR

You sure? Take a closer look.

James's eyes light up as he takes another look at the photo.

JAMES

Wait a minute... It's him. The ones who kidnapped me, it's their leader. I mean, his face looks different, like he lost weight or something, but his eyes... It's definitely him.

Trevor leaps from his seat and takes back the photograph.

TREVOR

So, he is here. Excellent. You'll have to work with a sketch artist later. Did he ask you any questions?

JAMES

He kept asking me when and where something would happen, but he didn't tell me what he was talking about.

Trevor strokes his chin in thought.

TREVOR

He knows.

JAMES

Knows what? Who is he?

TREVOR

Maxim Rudometkin, one of the world's most notorious arms dealers. Maxim is trying to secure certain prohibited rare materials which could be used to create a very destructive explosive. We've spent six months preparing a sting operation to catch him in the act. Unfortunately, it seems he's wised up to our plans.

James rises to his feet and anxiously paces about with his back to the office door.

JAMES

I don't understand. I'm just a music student. I don't know anything about guns or bombs or anything like that. What did he want with me? Who sent them after me? Who made them try to kill me? Who's responsible for this?

CHERYL (O.S.)

I am.

James stops as his eyes grow as wide as saucers. He turns around and looks toward the open doorway. Cheryl enters the room with a forlorn look on her face.

TREVOR

Agent Swanson?

Cheryl keeps her eyes on James as she responds.

CHERYL

I need to speak to him, Hayes. Alone.

Cheryl looks on as Trevor nods his head, leaves the room, and closes the door. She turns her attention back to James and gestures toward the seating area.

James walks back over to his seat and sits down. Cheryl occupies the couch across from him. The pair quietly looks at one another for a moment.

CHERYL

I... I guess I have a lot of explaining to do.

JAMES

Yes. Yes, you do.

CHERYL

Two years ago, CSIS contacted me as part of a low-profile recruitment drive. I didn't think much of it at the time, but a year later I was asked to join the service. The catch? I couldn't tell anyone I was working for them, not even you.

JAMES

I guess I found out the hard way. Is this why they came after me, to get to you?

CHERYL

Not quite. My task was to confirm when and where a shipment of rare materials would arrive. I don't know how, but my cover's been blown. One of Maxim's goons must have seen us in the park and assumed... I can't tell you how sorry --

JAMES

You're right, you can't.

He turns away, props an elbow on the nearby armrest, and rubs his forehead. She stands up and takes a seat on the other couch with one cushion between the pair.

CHERYL

Why am I so selfish? The park was the first time we've seen each other since... and what did I do? Spend an hour rambling on about myself.

He turns to her with sympathetic eyes.

JAMES

You're under a lot of pressure and --

CHERYL

For God's sake, I didn't even give you a proper goodbye. I've always taken you for granted. Always.

JAMES

Don't blame yourself.

CHERYL

There's no one else to blame.

She pulls the silver locket out from underneath her blouse.

CHERYL

You were right to let me keep this. I spent all night thinking about what I threw away. If I had just said no...

The pair sits in silence for a brief moment.

JAMES

Do you do good work?

CHERYL

We do great work. We do so many things to keep the nation safe nobody ever finds out about. We do them not for fame or glory but for the love of this great country.

JAMES

Well, when you put it that way, you don't sound so selfish to me.

The pair looks at each other and shares a warm smile. She spots his hand on the vacant seat cushion between them. She reaches out and places her hand on his.

CHERYL

Jamie...

He awkwardly pulls his hand away.

JAMES

My... My name is James.

He stares at his shoes while she eyes him with a pained expression. The pair remains frozen in silence.

INT. CSIS BUILDING - OFFICE #2 - DAY

Cheryl opens the office door and leads James inside the spacious room. A bright smile washes over his face.

JAMES

Ellen!

Ellen and Trevor sit on a couch across the room. Her eyes light up as she leaps to her feet.

ELLEN

James!

James and Ellen rush forward and warmly embrace one another.

JAMES

Oh, thank God! Are you all right?

ELLEN

I'm fine, now that I've seen you.

Trevor stands up and walks over to Cheryl's side.

TREVOR

Our original sting operation was to unfold over the next two weeks but, with your help, we can catch Maxim and his cronies tonight.

ELLEN

How? What can we do?

TREVOR

We're spreading word the shipment Maxim wants will arrive at the port tonight. We're also letting him know the materials will be picked up by a pair of our best agents.

James and Ellen share a confused look.

JAMES

Who?

ELLEN

You?

CHERYL

No.

JAMES

No?

ELLEN

Who?

TREVOR

You.

JAMES

What?!

ELLEN

But...

James and Ellen, flabbergasted, look on as Trevor speaks.

TREVOR

Thanks to your little hotel escapade, Maxim and his cronies are convinced the two of you work for us. When they see you at the port tonight, it'll lend credence to our operation.

ELLEN

We're not spies! We can't do this!

CHERYL

The port will be flooded with our agents. You'll be fine as long as you do what we tell you to do when we tell you to do it.

James shakes his head with exasperation.

JAMES

Cheryl, you can't ask us to do this.

CHERYL

We can't force you, true, but you've seen Maxim's face and now you've pulled Ellen into this as well.

TREVOR

Your lives will remain in danger as long as Maxim and his cronies remain free. With your help, we can stop them tonight.

ELLEN

I... I don't know about this.

Trevor folds his arms and narrows his eyes.

TREVOR

Come, now. Two patriotic citizens like yourselves wouldn't let mere selfishness jeopardize a national security operation, now would you?

James and Ellen share an uneasy look.

INT. CSIS BUILDING - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Several CSIS AGENTS mill about the windowless basement area engaged in various tasks. An elevator door opens and Cheryl and Trevor lead James and Ellen inside the large room.

TREVOR

We may have put this together on short notice but I assure you we've planned this operation thoroughly.

KELLY (35), a slender and bespectacled man, assembles several items on a nearby table. Cheryl and Trevor lead James and Ellen over to him.

TREVOR

Agent Kelly here will be monitoring you at all times to ensure your safety. Show them what you've got.

Kelly picks up a small earpiece.

JAMES
Hearing aid?

KELLY
Earpiece. These'll keep us in
constant contact.

Kelly holds up a pair of glasses.

ELLEN
Reading glasses?

KELLY
There's a micro camera in the frame.
We'll see what you see.

Kelly places a bulletproof vest on the table. James widens his eyes in shock and turns to Cheryl.

JAMES
You're giving us bulletproof vests?!
You said we'd be safe!

CHERYL
Don't worry, it's just a precaution.

ELLEN
You're not giving us guns, are you?

KELLY
I'm not authorized to do that, but I
can give you the next best thing.

Kelly holds up a TASER.

KELLY
How'd you like one of these bad boys?

James and Ellen exchange an anxious look.

JAMES / ELLEN
No.

TREVOR
Well, then, I suppose all that's left
to give you are these.

Trevor holds up a pair of watches.

ELLEN
Wristwatches?

Trevor hands James and Ellen the pair of watches.

TREVOR

GPS tracking devices. We'll know exactly where you are at all times.

DAVIS (36), a sturdy man with a mustache, stands in front of a bulletin board and examines a map of the port. Cheryl and Trevor lead James and Ellen over to him.

TREVOR

Agent Davis will lead the team at the port. Give them a quick overview of the plan, won't you?

DAVIS

This is a map of the port grounds.

Davis points to the port's oceanfront as he speaks.

DAVIS

My team will arrive from the ocean and take up positions here. I'll survey the port grounds from atop the crane tower here.

He gestures toward an area well away from the port.

DAVIS

Agents Hayes, Swanson, and Kelly will monitor the situation from a surveillance van three hundred meters away in the parking lot here.

He points out the port's main entrance.

DAVIS

You'll arrive at the port at ten o'clock by the front gate here. There will be a guard at the gate. You'll approach the guard and...

Several CSIS agents pass back and forth through the area and obscure the group from view.

INT. CSIS BUILDING - CHANGING ROOM - DAY

James stands in the small windowless basement area as a pair of CSIS AGENTS outfit him with his array of equipment. Cheryl knocks on the open door and enters the room.

CHERYL

Ready?

James meekly smiles back at her.

JAMES
Not really, no.

She smirks in response and turns to her fellow agents.

CHERYL
Give us a moment.

The two agents step out of the room.

CHERYL
How's your ankle?

JAMES
I'll manage.

CHERYL
Seriously, are you ready for this?

JAMES
I'll do my best.

CHERYL
I have a request.

She removes the silver locket from around her neck.

CHERYL
Wear this for me.

JAMES
No, that's yours now. I... I can't...

CHERYL
If you don't want to wear it for me,
then wear it for good luck.

She places the silver locket around his neck. She places her hands on his shoulders as he fingers the good luck charm. The pair looks deep into each other's eyes.

Ellen, clad in her scarf and trench coat, appears in the doorway. She stops in her tracks and eyes James and Cheryl. Ellen turns to leave when James and Cheryl take notice.

JAMES
Ellen?

ELLEN
I'm sorry. I'll come back later.

CHERYL

That's okay, we're done here.

ELLEN

Agent Hayes just wanted to go over
the plan one more time. I'll... I'll
leave you two alone now.

James and Cheryl look on as Ellen disappears from view.

CHERYL

She really cares about you.

He thinks to himself for a moment and smiles.

JAMES

She's a great friend.

She arches an eyebrow as she strides toward the door.

CHERYL

We both know she's more than that.

He stands in the room with a thoughtful look on his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PORT - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

A male PORT GUARD idly stands next to the main entrance to
the large port and puffs on a cigarette. He raises his head
as a pair of headlights cuts through the night.

A luxury sedan emerges through the darkness and comes to a
stop a short distance away. The guard eyes the vehicle as he
drops his cigarette on the ground and stomps it out.

Ellen steps out from behind the wheel and tightly clutches
an envelope. James exits the vehicle, nervously scans the
area, and quietly mutters to himself.

JAMES

Testing? Testing? Can you hear me?

James brings a hand up to his ear as a voice emanates from
his nearly invisible earpiece.

CHERYL (V.O.)

We can hear you just fine, James.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS VAN - NIGHT

Cheryl, Trevor, and Kelly sit in the vehicle surrounded by an array of surveillance equipment. Trevor eyes one of the many monitors and speaks into a microphone.

TREVOR

Just relax, you two, and we'll talk
you through this step-by-step.

EXT. PORT - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

The port guard steps forward as James and Ellen approach.

PORT GUARD

Port's closed.

JAMES

We're here to pick up a shipment.

ELLEN

You'll find our paperwork in order.

James bites his lip nervously while Ellen tentatively extends the envelope forward. The guard eyes the pair for a moment and takes hold of the package.

The guard opens the envelope and reveals several hundred-dollar bills inside. He nods his head, puts the package away, and unlocks the gate.

The guard looks on as James and Ellen disappear inside the port grounds. He closes the gate, retrieves a cell phone, and quickly places a call.

PORT GUARD

Your little friends are here.

EXT. PORT - OCEANFRONT - NIGHT

Four rafts appear on the darkened waters. Two dozen MEN IN BLUE paddle the crafts up to the port grounds.

They step onto the port with assault rifles in hand. The men quietly make their way past the base of a gantry crane.

INT. PORT - CRANE - NIGHT

Davis, dressed in black from head to toe, watches the scene below through a pair of binoculars. He quickly trades the field glasses for a radio.

DAVIS

Targets have arrived and are en route
to the pier.

He grabs hold of an assault rifle and heads for the exit.

EXT. PORT - PIER #1 - NIGHT

The lengthy pier is lined with large shipping containers. A few gantry cranes loom overhead while a flatbed truck is parked nearby. A pathway leads to the next port over.

A male PORT SUPERVISOR in a hardhat looks on as a dozen PORT WORKERS keep busy with various tasks. He takes notice as James and Ellen arrive on the scene.

PORT SUPERVISOR

Hey, this is a hardhat --

JAMES

Sorry, we won't take long.

ELLEN

We're here for our shipment.

Ellen reaches inside her trench coat, retrieves a sheet of paper, and hands it over. The port supervisor examines the form and retrieves a radio from his belt.

PORT SUPERVISOR

I need a container on the truck,
stat. Quebec Zulu Tango Uniform Six
Three Seven Five Two Three Six.

One of the gantry cranes swings into action and takes hold of a shipping container. The crane hoists the container into the air and lowers it toward the flatbed truck.

Ellen taps James on the arm and gestures toward the nearby pathway. The dozen port workers gather around the flatbed truck and secure the container into place.

James and Ellen both bring a hand up to their ears and share an anxious look. The port supervisor retrieves a set of keys from his pocket and extends them toward the pair.

PORT SUPERVISOR

Here, you go. Just drive it on out --

James and Ellen abruptly spin around and head for the nearby pathway. The port supervisor calls out to the pair as they disappear amidst the shipping containers.

PORT SUPERVISOR

Hey! Where the hell are you --

The men in blue rush onto the pier and spray the air with a barrage of rifle fire. The port supervisor and his workers dive to the ground in terror.

Two of the men in blue rush toward the port supervisor. One clubs him over the head with the butt-end of his rifle while the other grabs the set of truck keys.

The two men in blue sprint toward the flatbed truck while their colleagues gather around. The pair open fire with their rifles and blow the lock off the shipping container.

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - NIGHT

A stream of light enters the container as the two men in blue fling open the doors. The pair stops in their tracks as they discover the compartment is completely empty.

EXT. PORT - PIER #1 - NIGHT

The men in blue shield their eyes as a series of spotlights illuminate the pier from above. Davis appears next to one of the lights with a megaphone in hand.

DAVIS

CSIS! Drop your weapons and get down on the ground now!

A dozen MEN IN BLACK armed with assault rifles appear atop the nearby shipping containers. A dozen more MEN IN BLACK arrive on the surface of the pier with rifles in hand.

Davis's charges fire a series of warning shots into the air. The men in blue throw their rifles away, raise their hands defensively, and lie flat on the ground.

EXT. PORT - PIER #2 - NIGHT

James and Ellen emerge from the pathway and arrive onto the desolate pier. The pair looks around in confusion when six more MEN IN BLACK appear from behind a shipping container.

MAN IN BLACK #1

Over here! Get down!

James and Ellen rush toward the men in black and take refuge behind the shipping container.

MAN IN BLACK #2

Stay here! Don't move!

The group listens intently as a series of shouts emanates from the first pier. James turns toward Ellen as the shouts dissipate and smiles nervously.

JAMES

That wasn't so bad, I guess.

A barrage of pistol fire abruptly cuts through the air behind the group. The men in black scream in anguish as they are felled by the gunfire.

James and Ellen yelp in terror as they dive onto the surface of the pier. The glasses slip from their faces and crack as they strike the ground.

James and Ellen tense up with fear as two sets of feet stop in front of them. The pair slowly looks up at the new arrivals and turn to each other with great trepidation.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS VAN - NIGHT

Cheryl, Trevor, and Kelly frantically fiddle with their array of surveillance equipment.

CHERYL

What's wrong?! Was that gunfire?!

TREVOR

Did we lose video? I don't see --

Cheryl, Trevor, and Kelly rip off their headphones as a high-pitched wail emanates from the headsets.

TREVOR

Christ! What was that?!

CHERYL

Kelly, where are they?!

Kelly examines one of the monitors in front of him.

KELLY

They should still be on the... Oh, my God! They're... They're in the water!

EXT. PORT - PIER #2 - NIGHT

Davis and six of his men in black emerge from the pathway. He races to the end of the pier while his charges tend to their injured colleagues.

James and Ellen's earpieces, eyeglasses, and bulletproof vests lie discarded at the end of the pier. Davis kneels on the ground and briefly examines the items.

DAVIS
Son of a bitch!

Davis scans the ocean and quickly spots a motor-powered raft on the darkened waters. He looks on helplessly as the watercraft disappears into the night.

EXT. OCEAN SHORE - NIGHT

Viktorya idly paces back and forth behind a black van parked close to the water. She raises her head as the whine of an outboard motor cuts through the air.

The motor-powered raft appears from out of the darkness. Pavel steers the craft toward the shore while Leo keeps a pistol trained on James and Ellen.

Viktorya and Pavel pull the raft onto the shore and drag James and Ellen out of the craft. Leo shoves their captives to the ground and keeps them at bay with his pistol.

VIKTORYA
(in Russian)
You sure you took care of the bugs?

PAVEL
(in Russian)
I found the cameras and earpieces.

LEO
(in Russian)
Scan them, just to be sure.

Pavel trades his pistol for the handheld scanner. The device beeps as it passes over Ellen's wrist. Pavel removes Ellen's watch and waggles his finger.

Pavel turns to James who defensively raises his hands to his upper chest. The device beeps as it moves over his wrists. Pavel snickers and removes James's watch as well.

LEO
(in Russian)
Okay, get rid of them and let's --

Viktorya snatches the wristwatches from Pavel's grasp.

VIKTORYA
(in Russian)
No, they have to follow us first.

James and Ellen look on in confusion as the Russians bicker.

PAVEL
 (in Russian)
 We've gone over this! It's too risky!

VIKTORYA
 (in Russian)
 We can't double back if we don't lead them away from here. I've timed this perfectly. Trust me. Let's move.

Viktorya and Pavel open the rear doors of the black van. Leo glares down at James and Ellen with pistol in hand.

LEO
 I should kill you both right now, but the boss wants to see you first.

James and Ellen look up at Leo nervously.

ELLEN
 You... You won't shoot us?

A sinister smile washes over Leo's face.

LEO
 I didn't say that.

Ellen screams in horror as Leo fires off a round. James wails in anguish as the bullet slams into his thigh. Viktorya and Pavel scurry back into view.

PAVEL
 (in Russian)
 What are you doing?! The boss said --

LEO
 (in Russian)
 He said not to kill them. They're still alive, aren't they?

VIKTORYA
 (in Russian)
 We're wasting time. Let's go.

Viktorya enters the black van through the driver-side door. Leo and Pavel shove James and Ellen into the back. The vehicle kicks up dirt and gravel as it speeds away.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cheryl and Trevor burst out of the back of the surveillance van. Kelly exits the vehicle behind them and carries a small notebook computer in his hands.

CHERYL

Christ! I promised them! I promised
they'd be safe!

TREVOR

Don't worry, we'll find them.

A luxury sedan and six unmarked white vans are parked in the spacious lot. Davis and two dozen of the men in black rush onto the scene.

DAVIS

Where'd they go, Kelly?

Kelly examines his notebook's display.

KELLY

They're back on land and headed
south. Follow us.

Cheryl, Trevor, and Kelly enter the luxury sedan while Davis and his charges pile into the white vans. The vehicles roar to life and speed out of the lot.

EXT. CITY STREET #8 - NIGHT

The black van weaves its way through the light traffic.

INT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT

Viktorya focuses on the road ahead while Leo and Pavel keep pistols aimed at their captives. Ellen wraps her scarf around James's injured thigh and ties it tightly.

ELLEN

Is that too tight?

JAMES

That's okay, that's okay.

James wipes the tears from his eyes, places an arm around Ellen, and turns his attention to the Russians.

JAMES

Look, I'm the one you people want.
Let her go.

Leo and Pavel share a look and chuckle in response.

JAMES

Come on, she hasn't done anything.

Viktorya glances over her shoulder as she responds.

VIKTORYA

Shut up! You are in no position to
make demands! There is no one to help
you now, little monkey.

EXT. CITY STREET #8 - NIGHT

The luxury sedan and the convoy of white vans emerge from a
side street and give chase.

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - NIGHT

Trevor sits behind the wheel, Cheryl occupies the seat next
to him, and Kelly rides in the back with notebook in hand.

TREVOR

Told you we'd find them.

INT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT

Pavel looks out the vehicle's back windows and scowls.

PAVEL

(in Russian)

We've got company!

Leo taps Viktorya on the shoulder.

LEO

(in Russian)

Mind lending a hand?

Viktorya glances at a pair of assault rifles which rest on
the vacant seat next to her. She grabs hold of the weapons
and hands them to Leo and Pavel.

James and Ellen nervously wrap their arms around one another
as the Russian men ready their new weapons. Leo and Pavel
grip their rifles and turn to one another.

PAVEL

(in Russian)

Are you ready?

LEO

(in Russian)

Let's do this.

EXT. CITY STREET #8 - NIGHT

The black van's rear doors burst open and Leo and Pavel open
fire upon the luxury sedan with their rifles.

INT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT

Ellen yelps in terror and turns her head away. James pulls her closer and holds her head against his chest.

EXT. CITY STREET #8 - NIGHT

A hail of gunfire riddles the front of the luxury sedan.

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - NIGHT

Cheryl, Trevor, and Kelly flinch as the barrage of rifle fire strikes the hood of the vehicle.

EXT. CITY STREET #8 - NIGHT

The luxury sedan slows down and swerves out of the way of the gunfire. Leo and Pavel next train their weapons upon the convoy of white vans.

Leo and Pavel open fire and riddle the white vans with a hail of bullets. The vehicles also slow down and weave back and forth in an effort to avoid the rifle fire.

INT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT

Leo and Pavel cease fire and turn to one another.

PAVEL
(in Russian)
Think that bought us enough time?

LEO
(in Russian)
For our sake, I hope so.

The Russian men slam the rear doors of the vehicle shut.

EXT. SWING BRIDGE - NIGHT

The modest bridge spans a narrow channel. A small ship appears on the water and slowly sails toward the structure.

INT. SWING BRIDGE - TOWER - NIGHT

The male SWING BRIDGE OPERATOR sits above the movable section and spots the ship below.

SWING BRIDGE OPERATOR
Right on schedule, as always.

He turns to a nearby panel and operates the controls.

EXT. SWING BRIDGE - NIGHT

An alarm bell sounds and a pair of wooden gates lowers at each end of the span. The movable section of the bridge slowly pivots around its axis.

The black van appears out of the darkness and speeds toward the structure. The vehicle smashes through the gate and races toward the movable portion of the span.

The black van speeds past the base of the bridge's tower. The movable section continues to pivot. The luxury sedan and the white vans arrive on the scene.

The portion of the movable section which remains connected to the fixed structure on the other side of the channel becomes narrower and narrower.

INT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT

Viktorya grips the wheel and focuses on the road ahead. Leo and Pavel peer over her shoulder and react with panic. James and Ellen tightly grip one another as they look on.

PAVEL
(in Russian)
Stop! You can't make it!

VIKTORYA
(in Russian)
We're going to make it!

LEO
(in Russian)
No, we're not!

VIKTORYA
(in Russian)
Yes, we are! Hold on!

EXT. SWING BRIDGE - NIGHT

The black van speeds toward the small gap on the other side of the span. Sparks fly as the vehicle grinds against the guardrails and wedges itself through the opening.

INT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel cheer with relief and delight. James and Ellen glumly share a look of despair.

EXT. SWING BRIDGE - NIGHT

The luxury sedan skids to a stop in front of the movable portion of the bridge. Cheryl and Trevor exit the vehicle and stand at the edge of the fixed portion of the span.

The black van comes to a stop at the far end of the bridge. Viktorya exits the vehicle with the pair of confiscated watches in hand and calls out to Cheryl and Trevor.

VIKTORYA

Try to follow us now!

Viktorya hurls the watches over the side of the bridge. The timepieces tumble through the air, splash into the channel below, and sink out of view.

Viktorya cackles to herself and climbs back inside her vehicle. Kelly and Davis appear beside Cheryl and Trevor as the black van disappears into the night.

TREVOR

Tell me those weren't the watches.

Kelly glances at the notebook in his hand and glumly shows the display to Trevor.

KELLY

No signal.

DAVIS

Great, we'll never find them in time.

Cheryl folds her arms and stares off into the distance.

CHERYL

I'll find them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET #9 - NIGHT

The black van cruises down the abandoned street in front of a large warehouse. The vehicle ducks into an alley next to the building and disappears from view.

INT. WAREHOUSE #2 - NIGHT

Stacks of crates are scattered throughout the darkened building. An overhead crane hangs from the rafters and is controlled by a panel in the middle of the main floor.

The black van enters the building through a garage door and screeches to a stop. Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel exit the vehicle and drag James and Ellen out of the back.

Viktorya closes and locks the garage door. Leo and Pavel drag James and Ellen toward the middle of the main floor and throw them to the ground.

James and Ellen raise their heads as the click-clack of dress shoes echoes through the air. A cigar drops to the floor in front of them and is quickly stomped out.

James and Ellen rise to their knees as Maxim steps into the light. The Russian looks down at his captives, shakes his head, and smiles devilishly.

MAXIM

Just a music student, little boy?
What about you, little girl? What are
you? A lost tourist?

ELLEN

Look, there's... There's been some
sort of mistake --

Ellen yelps as Maxim strikes her across the face.

JAMES

You son of a bitch!

James scrambles to his feet and clenches his fist. Viktorya and Pavel grab hold of him just as he throws a punch. Maxim casually steps back and avoids the blow.

Viktorya and Pavel pin James facedown onto the floor. Leo retrieves a pair of handcuffs and shackles their captive's hands behind his back.

MAXIM

I would like to stay and talk, little
boy, but I have a flight to catch.

Ellen yelps in pain as Maxim grabs her by the hair and drags her back onto her feet.

MAXIM

Would you like to come fly with me,
little girl?

Ellen whimpers as Maxim twists her arm behind her back. James grits his teeth and glares up at the Russian.

JAMES

If you hurt her, I swear I'll --

MAXIM

You will do nothing.

Maxim glances at his watch and turns to his underlings.

MAXIM

(in Russian)

I will take the girl for insurance.

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel drag James onto his feet.

PAVEL

(in Russian)

What do we do with this one?

Maxim glowers at James as he responds.

MAXIM

(in Russian)

Kill him. Slowly.

LEO

(in Russian)

Now's not the time for games --

MAXIM

(in Russian)

I want to send those meddling
Canadians a message! I want them to
see what happens when they cross me!
Make an example out of him!

Ellen plaintively looks back at James as Maxim drags her toward a pair of stairwell doors.

ELLEN

James? James?!

James looks on helplessly as Maxim and Ellen disappear into the stairwell.

JAMES

What's he going to do with her?

VIKTORYA

You should ask what we are going to
do with you.

Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel drag James toward the overhead crane's control panel. They throw him to the floor next to a series of steel pipes wrapped with a steel chain.

Pavel looms over James and keeps a pistol trained at his head. Viktorya operates the control panel and lowers the end of the crane into view.

Leo removes the chain from around the pipes and fashions both ends into loops. Viktorya and Pavel grab hold of James and drag him toward the crane.

JAMES

What... What are you going to do?

PAVEL

On second thought, I do not think you want to know.

Viktorya and Pavel force James to his knees nearby. Leo places one looped end of the chain over the crane hook and approaches James with the other looped end in hand.

James tries to rise to his feet only for Viktorya and Pavel to push down on his shoulders. Leo stops, tilts his head, and stares at their captive with a look of puzzlement.

LEO

How did you escape from the chair?

Viktorya and Pavel move beside Leo and look down at their captive. James thinks for a moment and meekly responds.

JAMES

The... The slats on the back of the chair were broken.

Leo kicks their captive in the chest and sends him to the floor. James writhes in pain as the Russians turn away from him and bicker amongst themselves.

LEO

(in Russian)

Viktorya! This was your fault!

VIKTORYA

(in Russian)

My fault?! How?!

LEO

(in Russian)

You broke the chair when you beat him, you idiot!

PAVEL

(in Russian)

You kick too hard, like a man.

VIKTORYA

(in Russian)

What does that say about you, Pavel?

James notices Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel have all taken their eyes off him. He grits his teeth and uses his hypermobility to pull his arms over his head.

PAVEL

(in Russian)

At least I wasn't taken down with my own phone book, like Leo over here.

VIKTORYA

(in Russian)

No, you just cried when the little monkey tapped you with the bottle.

PAVEL

(in Russian)

You sobbed like a child when he broke it over your... Wait a moment...

Pavel grips his pistol and turns toward James as he speaks.

PAVEL

How were your hands in front of --

James leaps to his feet with one of the steel bars in his hands. He slams the bar down upon Pavel's forearm and knocks the pistol from his grasp.

James swings the bar at Pavel's stomach and sends him to the floor. Leo quickly retrieves his pistol while Viktorya fumbles inside her jacket.

James slams the bar down upon Leo's forearm which causes him to drop his pistol and fall to his knees. James strikes Leo in the side with the bar and sends him to the ground.

Viktorya retrieves her pistol and takes aim. James hurls the bar at her in response. The bar strikes her square in the chest and sends her to the floor.

James hobbles toward the nearby stacks of crates. Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel scramble for their pistols. The Russians grab their weapons and open fire.

James safely dives for cover behind the crates and disappears from view. Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel scramble to their feet with fury on their faces.

PAVEL

(in Russian)

How the hell does he do that?!

LEO

(in Russian)

That's it, no more games. Spread out,
and shoot on sight.

The Russians disperse and enter the maze of stacks. Pavel appears at one end of a pathway lined with crates and cautiously advances down the path.

James kneels atop one of the stacks and eyes his pursuer as he walks below. He grabs a loose rope nearby and loops it around an overhead water pipe.

Pavel reaches the end of the path and stops by the concrete wall at the back of the building. He looks left and right but does not see anyone.

PAVEL

(in Russian)

Come on, show yourself already.

Pavel glances at the wall and discovers a shadow cast upon the concrete surface. He grips the pistol in his hand and quickly spins toward the source of the silhouette.

James swings down into view from the end of the rope. He firmly plants his feet against Pavel's chest and violently propels him into the concrete wall.

Pavel smacks into the concrete with a loud thud and collapses to the floor unconscious. The pistol slips from his grasp and skitters onto the ground nearby.

James jumps down from the rope, lands on the ground, and grabs his thigh in pain. He grits his teeth as he massages his injured thigh and gives his tweaked ankle a shake.

James eyes the pistol on the ground, hesitates, and cautiously picks it off the floor. His hands tremble with nerves as he examines the weapon.

JAMES

No... No, I couldn't...

James shakes his head, places the pistol back onto the ground, and slides it out of view. He scans the area and quietly shuffles away from the area.

Leo appears in the middle of another stack of crates and eyes the area intently. He keeps a tight grip on his pistol and slowly advances down the path.

LEO
(in Russian)

Where are you, you little bastard?

James appears atop a nearby stack and looks down at his second pursuer. He grabs hold of a nearby crowbar and struggles to pry open one of the crates.

Leo stops as several creaks cut through the air. He looks up and finds James as he successfully pries open the crate. Leo takes aim when James tips the opened crate over.

Leo yells as several large metallic pieces of machinery spill out of the crate and tumble toward him. The machine parts slam into him and send him to the ground unconscious.

James slowly and painfully scrambles down the stack of crates. He searches Leo's pockets, finds a set of keys, and removes the shackles from his wrists.

JAMES
You're lucky. I should shoot you in
the thigh and see how you like it.

James angrily throws the unlocked handcuffs down at Leo's prone body. He scans the area, fails to see anyone, and slowly hobbles away from the scene.

James appears at the end of another pathway and spots the stairwell doors straight ahead. He scans the area, steels himself, and scurries toward the doors.

Viktorya abruptly appears from around the corner and kicks James square in the stomach. She cackles as he crumples to the concrete floor in agony.

VIKTORYA
No more running, little monkey.

He wails as she digs her heel into his bullet wound.

VIKTORYA
No more jumping for you, too.

She pulls him back onto his feet and delivers a series of kicks and knees to his torso. She finishes with a kick to the chest which sends him back to the ground.

VIKTORYA

You can run and you can jump, but you cannot fight.

He slowly crawls away from her toward a nearby wall of crates. He pulls himself up into a seated position against the crates while she sneers in response.

VIKTORYA

I should shoot you right now but, after making me run all over the city to catch you, I want to enjoy this.

She grips the weapon in her hand, marches toward him, and prepares to pistol-whip him across the face. He swiftly grabs her by the belt and pulls her forward.

Viktorya wails in anguish as she slams face-first into the wall of crates. The pistol slips from her grasp as she crumples to the ground.

James kicks the pistol several meters away and frantically scrambles to his feet. Viktorya rises to her feet just as quickly and leaps onto his back.

VIKTORYA

I will snap your neck like a twig!

She wraps her arms around his neck and applies a choke hold. He rushes backward and slams her into the wall of crates. They fall to the ground and separate from one another.

She spots her pistol on the ground and crawls toward it. He hobbles toward the steel pipes and seizes one as a weapon. He rises to his feet and nervously stares back at her.

JAMES

Don't! Don't do it! I... I don't want to have to hurt you.

She stops and stares daggers back at him.

VIKTORYA

You are going to hurt me?

She stands up and marches forward. He retreats in response.

VIKTORYA

One of us is going to get hurt, little monkey. One of us is going to get hurt real bad.

She approaches the steel bars, flips one into the air with her foot, and takes hold of the weapon. She charges forward and swings the bar at him.

He frantically parries the attacks with his bar. She eventually breaks through his defenses and swings her bar against his injured thigh.

He grimaces in pain and lowers his defenses. She swings the bar once more and slams it against his forearm. He wails in anguish and drops his bar onto the floor.

She kicks his bar away and delivers several blows to his torso. She strikes him in the chest with her bar and sends him to the ground in a heap.

VIKTORYA

I told you! I told you!

She raises the bar and charges forward. He plants his feet against her chest and pushes her away. She drops the bar, flies through the air, and falls to the floor.

He scrambles to his feet and grabs the bar. She turns her back to him and rises to her feet. He rushes forward and swings the bar at the back of her knees.

She shrieks in agony and collapses to the floor. He scans the area and spots the looped steel chain as it dangles from the crane hook nearby.

She spots her pistol on the ground and frantically crawls toward it. He grabs the unattached looped end of the steel chain and throws it at her like a lasso.

The chain encircles her torso and pins one of her arms to her side. He firmly secures the loop at the other end of the chain around the crane hook.

VIKTORYA

What are you doing?!

He works the control panel and raises the crane hook into the air. She screams and struggles in vain as she is hoisted a few meters above the floor.

VIKTORYA

I am going to get out of this, little monkey! When I do, you are a dead man! Do you hear me?! Do you?!

He stops the crane hook and grabs hold of one of the steel bars. He glares up at her for a moment and shakes his head.

JAMES

I'm not wasting my time with you.

She wails helplessly as he heads for the stairwell doors.

EXT. WAREHOUSE #2 - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

James emerges from the stairwell doors with the steel bar in hand. He finds a large array of scaffolds spread all over the near half of the building.

James spots Maxim as he drags Ellen across a series of platforms high in the air. James climbs onto the scaffolds and heads off in pursuit.

James steadily and stealthily weaves his way up and through the many platforms. He arrives on another level but fails to notice a large crack along the surface.

The platform gives way and James noisily crashes to the level below. Maxim and Ellen spin around and spot James a fair distance and one level above them.

ELLEN

James!

MAXIM

(in Russian)

You little son of a bitch!

Maxim shoves Ellen to the floor and retrieves a revolver from inside his coat. He takes aim and fires four rounds in James's direction.

James cowers as the fired bullets strike the steel supports around him. Ellen rises to her knees as Maxim directs his yells toward his pursuer.

MAXIM

You are not a musician, little boy!
You are an illusionist! Now, it is
time for you to disappear!

Maxim takes aim and prepares to fire his revolver once more. Ellen eyes the weapon in his hand. She lunges forward and grabs his arm before he can fire.

She slams his arm against the nearby steel supports. The revolver slips from his hand, tumbles through the air, and lands on the rooftop below.

He grits his teeth and strikes her across the face. She wails and collapses to the platform. He retrieves a switchblade from his coat.

MAXIM

You've been very bad, little girl. I must punish you.

Maxim glowers down at her as he unveils the blade and moves forward. Ellen presses her body against the steel supports with terror on her face.

Maxim stops as a primal scream cuts through the night. James sprints into view on the next platform one level above with the steel bar in hand.

James leaps through the air, tackles Maxim, and sends them both to the next level below. The blade slips from Maxim's hand, spins through the air, and lands two platforms away.

James, his teeth clenched and with tears of rage in his eyes, straddles Maxim and delivers a frantic barrage of punches to the face.

JAMES

Don't you ever touch her again!

James grabs Maxim and unceremoniously tosses him onto the next level below. He picks up the steel bar and follows him down onto the next platform.

Maxim wearily rises to his feet as James charges forward. Maxim moans in agony as James uses the bar to rain down several blows to his torso.

James strikes him in the chest with the bar and knocks him onto the next platform below. Maxim raises his head and spots his switchblade nearby.

Maxim grabs the blade as his pursuer hops down onto the platform. James charges forward and mightily swings the bar at the Russian's head.

Maxim ducks the blow and slips behind his pursuer. James spins around and raises the bar over his head. Maxim plunges the switchblade into James's stomach.

James wails in anguish and drops the bar onto the platform. Maxim drives the blade deeper into his stomach. Maxim grabs James by the collar and stares into his eyes.

MAXIM

You can run and you can jump, little boy, but can you fly?

Maxim tosses his pursuer over the edge of the platform. James falls several meters through the air and crashes through a wooden table on the rooftop below.

Maxim leans against the steel supports and looks down at James's lifeless body with a smile. Ellen abruptly leaps onto the Russian's back and frantically claws at his eyes.

ELLEN

How could you?! How could you?!

Maxim rushes backward and crushes Ellen against the steel supports. She releases her grip and slides off his back. He turns around and knees her in the stomach.

Maxim wearily slumps against the steel supports. Ellen falls to her hands and knees next to the steel bar. She grits her teeth, grabs the bar, and leaps to her feet.

Ellen charges forward and mightily swings the bar. Maxim moves out of the way at the last moment and the bar clangs off the steel supports instead.

Ellen turns around only for Maxim to grab her wrists. He slams her forearms against the steel supports. The bar slips from her grasp and falls to the rooftop below.

Ellen slumps to her knees as Maxim strikes her across the face. She holds a hand to her cheek and sobs in anguish while he glares down at her.

MAXIM

How? You want to know how? I've killed little boys stronger and smarter than him --

Maxim grabs Ellen by the throat and pulls her upright.

MAXIM

-- and I've killed little girls younger and prettier than you.

The sound of a spinning rotor cuts through the air. Maxim and Ellen look up and spot a white helicopter in the sky.

MAXIM

Time for us to take to the air.

Maxim grabs Ellen by the hair and drags her along the scaffolds. They arrive at the open far end of the rooftop as the white helicopter hovers overhead.

Maxim drags Ellen with him as a chain ladder is lowered from the craft. He reaches toward the ladder as it draws closer when the white helicopter stops its descent.

MAXIM
 (in Russian)
 Lower, you idiot! Lower!

He looks on in puzzlement as the white helicopter rises back into the sky and flies away.

MAXIM
 (in Russian)
 No! No! Where are you going?!

The nearby area is abruptly bathed with a bright light. Maxim and Ellen shield their eyes and look skyward at the source of the illumination.

A black helicopter with a spotlight mounted on the front hovers overhead. Maxim drags Ellen toward the far ledge of the building and looks down at the street below.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CITY STREET #9 - NIGHT

The luxury sedan and the convoy of white vans screech to a stop outside the building. The two dozen men in black rush out of the vans with assault rifles in hand.

Trevor exits the sedan and quickly takes cover behind the vehicle. He calls out to Maxim through a megaphone as Davis and Kelly appear by his side.

TREVOR
 Maxim Rudometkin! This is the
 Canadian Security Intelligence
 Service! We have the building
 surrounded! Give yourself up!

Maxim pushes Ellen against the ledge of the building and cowers behind her.

MAXIM
 Stay back! You stay back or I throw
 her over the edge!

TREVOR
 There's no escape, Maxim!

MAXIM
 My men are in the building! Anyone
 comes inside, they will be shot!

INT. WAREHOUSE #2 - NIGHT

Viktorya squirms and struggles as she dangles from the steel chain wrapped around her torso. She loosens the chain just enough for her to wriggle free from her bindings.

She slips through the chains and lands on the floor in exhaustion. She spots her pistol a short distance away and frantically crawls toward it.

Viktorya reaches for the pistol when a high-heeled boot appears and firmly steps on her hand. She writhes in pain and looks up at the new arrival.

The person in the high-heeled boots kicks the Russian in the face. Viktorya moans as her head flops down to the ground and she slips into unconsciousness.

EXT. WAREHOUSE #2 - NIGHT

Trevor eyes the rooftop, Kelly operates a headset, and Davis readies a sniper rifle.

TREVOR

Do you have a shot?

DAVIS

He's not clear, no.

TREVOR

What about the chopper?

Kelly places a hand against his earpiece.

KELLY

No, they're not clear either.

Trevor speaks into his megaphone once more.

TREVOR

This is your last chance, Maxim! Give up before anyone gets hurt!

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. WAREHOUSE #2 - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Maxim hides behind Ellen and shouts in response.

MAXIM

The only one who will give up is you!

James lies motionless on the rooftop a fair distance away from Maxim and Ellen. He softly moans as his eyes open and he returns to consciousness.

James grits his teeth and slowly removes the switchblade from his stomach. He throws the weapon away, rolls over, and scans the area.

James eyes Maxim and Ellen for a moment only to notice the revolver on the ground nearby. Maxim uses Ellen as a shield as he shouts at the crowd below.

MAXIM

If you do not let me leave, I throw
the little girl off the building!

Maxim and Ellen tense up as a gunshot rings out from behind them. The fired bullet takes out a chunk of the ledge right next to the Russian.

Maxim and Ellen spin around and look toward the source of the noise. James lies on the rooftop with the revolver in hand. The Russian calmly shakes his head in disbelief.

MAXIM

Stubborn like a mule.

James grits his teeth, takes aim once more, and fires the revolver's last round. Maxim moans in shock as the bullet slams into his thigh.

Maxim stumbles backward and starts to fall over the ledge. He reaches out and grabs Ellen by the collar in desperation. She screams as he pulls her over the ledge with him.

Ellen ends up with her torso pressed against the top of the ledge. Maxim wraps his arms around her legs and dangles several meters above the street.

Trevor, Kelly, Davis, and the men in black helplessly watch the spectacle from below. Maxim shrieks in terror as he looks down at the distant ground.

MAXIM

(in Russian)

I can't die like this! Not like this!

Ellen grits her teeth as she struggles to maintain her position on the ledge. James scrambles to his feet and wraps his arms around her torso.

JAMES

I've got you, Ellen! I've got you!

Maxim presses his feet against the side of the building and climbs his way up Ellen's body. James looks on with wide eyes as the Russian rises into view in front of him.

James and Maxim stop and stare daggers at one another. Maxim shrieks in agony as James reaches forward and firmly shoves a thumb into his eye.

MAXIM

(in Russian)

You little bastard!

Maxim tumbles from his perch but saves himself when he grabs the belt around Ellen's trench coat. Ellen shrieks as she is pulled further over the ledge.

Ellen grabs hold of the ledge with both hands. James wraps his arms around her upper torso. He looks past her shoulders as Maxim dangles from her belt.

James spots the knot which keeps the belt tied around Ellen's waist. He reaches toward the knot and just manages to touch one end of the belt with his fingers.

Maxim looks on helplessly as James is finally able to firmly grasp the end of the belt in his hand. James and Maxim stare daggers at one another.

JAMES

Can you fly?

James yanks the end of the belt and unties the knot. Maxim looks at the loosened belt in his hands as he plummets toward the earth below.

A sickening splat echoes throughout the area. A torrent of blood splashes against the side of the building. Trevor, Kelly, Davis, and the men in black turn away in disgust.

Ellen screams as her hands slip off the ledge. James grabs hold of her forearms just before she falls. Her momentum pulls him halfway over the edge of the building.

James grits his teeth as Ellen flails about in panic. Blood seeps out from underneath his stomach and spills onto the surface of the ledge.

ELLEN

Don't let me fall! Don't let me fall!

JAMES

Ellen, stop... I... I can't...

His hands slip from her forearms to her wrists. Tears pour down both of their faces.

ELLEN

Don't let me fall, please!

He grits his teeth, growls with determination, and starts to pull her back onto the rooftop. The pool of blood on top of the ledge grows larger and larger.

One of Ellen's hands abruptly slips free from James's grasp. Ellen screams and flails about more vigorously. James wails as his torso violently slams against the top of the ledge.

ELLEN

Oh, God! Don't let me die!

JAMES

Your hand... Your other hand...

Ellen waves her free hand about in panic as James clutches her other wrist with both hands. They look into each other's eyes as she slowly slips from his grasp.

ELLEN

James!

JAMES

Ellen!

Someone appears next to James and grabs hold of Ellen's free hand. James and Ellen look over at the new arrival.

CHERYL

Listen to me, Ellen! Push your feet against the wall and we'll pull you up on three. Ready? One, two, three!

James and Cheryl safely pull Ellen back onto the rooftop. Ellen lands in James's arms and they both end up in a seated position against the ledge.

Cheryl falls to her knees across from the pair. Ellen wraps her arms around James, cries in relief, and buries her head in his shoulder.

JAMES

I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.

ELLEN

It's okay, James. It's all right.

Ellen takes notice of James's injuries and turns to Cheryl.

ELLEN

We need to get him to a hospital.

Cheryl retrieves a radio from her coat and places a call.

CHERYL

Building secure. Three suspects inside, all disabled. Goldsmith and Bernstein safe. Lock down the area and get an ambulance, stat.

James raises his head and looks over at Cheryl.

JAMES

How... How did you find us?

Cheryl smiles and taps her upper chest in response. James looks at her quizzically, reaches underneath his shirt, and unveils the silver locket.

CHERYL

Look inside.

James removes the locket from around his neck, opens it, and discovers an electronic device inside.

CHERYL

Guess your grandmother was right.

Cheryl looks on as James wearily leans against the ledge with Ellen in his arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE #2 - NIGHT

Several plain-clothed CSIS AGENTS man a perimeter around the building. The two dozen men in black mill about inside the enclosure engaged in various tasks.

Davis and Kelly escort the handcuffed Viktorya, Leo, and Pavel inside the back of a white van. The Russians stare at the floor as the two agents slam the rear doors shut.

The white van passes by the luxury sedan as it drives away. Cheryl and Ellen stand next to the latter vehicle. Cheryl holds the silver locket while Ellen is wrapped in a blanket.

CHERYL

If they captured you again, they'd start by searching for cameras, microphones, tracking devices... I hoped a second might slip through.

ELLEN

Wait, why didn't their little scanner thingy pick up the... Of course! James held his watch next to the locket when they scanned him.

CHERYL

James said this would bring good luck.

Cheryl and Ellen share a smile only for an awkward silence to fall between them.

ELLEN

I... I should check on James.

Ellen starts to walk away. Cheryl grabs her by the arm.

CHERYL

Ellen?

Ellen turns around. Cheryl pauses for a moment.

CHERYL

He's a good man. He deserves a good woman.

Cheryl extends the silver locket forward. Ellen takes the good luck charm in her hand. Cheryl looks on with contentment as Ellen smiles and steps away.

A second luxury sedan arrives on the scene. Two nearby CSIS agents open the rear doors. Wesley and Felicity quickly step out of the vehicle and scan the area.

WESLEY

James? James?!

Felicity clamps a hand down upon Wesley's shoulder and points him toward an ambulance.

FELICITY

Over there!

James lies in a gurney while two female PARAMEDICS wheel him toward the open back end of the ambulance. Wesley and Felicity scurry their way next to their injured friend.

FELICITY

Oh, my God! You've been stabbed!

JAMES

You're half-right.

FELICITY

Oh, my God! You've been shot, too!

JAMES

There's the other half.

WESLEY

Want me to call your parents, maybe?

JAMES

That's okay, Agent Hayes is having them flown in from Prince George. They'll be here in a couple of hours.

The paramedics wave Wesley and Felicity aside.

PARAMEDIC #1

Out of the way, you two.

FELICITY

Can't we ride along with him?

PARAMEDIC #2

Sorry, it's against policy.

FELICITY

C'mon, we won't get in your way.

WESLEY

She can sit on my lap, maybe?

The paramedics look at one another for a moment.

PARAMEDIC #1

Just stay out of the way.

Wesley and Felicity climb inside the ambulance while the paramedics prepare to load the gurney. Trevor saunters onto the scene and turns toward the paramedics.

TREVOR

Give us a moment.

The paramedics nod their heads and step out of view. James sits up as Trevor leans against the gurney.

TREVOR

You handled yourself quite well for an amateur. You know, we're always on the lookout for new recruits with your innate skills. We could have a place for you if you're interested.

JAMES

I'm a musician, not a spy.

Trevor retrieves a business card from his pocket.

TREVOR

Well, if you change your mind --

JAMES

I won't.

Trevor pulls the card back and smiles.

TREVOR

Have a nice life, Mr. Goldsmith.

Trevor walks away and disappears from view. The paramedics reappear and load the gurney into the ambulance.

Ellen strolls upon the scene with the silver locket in hand. Wesley and Felicity take notice from inside the ambulance.

WESLEY

Ellen!

FELICITY

Hey, you're all right!

James sits up as Ellen stands just outside the vehicle.

ELLEN

Hey. How are you holding up?

JAMES

I've been better, but I'll be okay.

Ellen holds up the locket in her hand.

ELLEN

Cheryl left this with me.

James arches an eyebrow in response.

JAMES

She did?

ELLEN

Yes. Did you want it back?

James thinks to himself for a moment and shakes his head.

JAMES

No. No, you hold on to it for me.

Ellen eyes the locket in her hand and smiles.

ELLEN

Will do.

The paramedics turn their attention toward Ellen.

PARAMEDIC #2

Ma'am, we have to go right now.

Ellen nods her head in response.

ELLEN

I'll see you at the hospital, James.

Ellen turns and starts to walk away. The paramedics prepare to close the rear doors of the ambulance. James sits back up in the gurney.

JAMES

Ellen?

Ellen stops and turns around. James responds with a smile.

JAMES

Call me Jamie.

Ellen beams back at James while Wesley and Felicity share a smile. Ellen looks on as the paramedics close the rear doors and the ambulance drives off into the night.

FADE OUT.

THE END