

STEVEN SEAGAL: PSYCHIC WARRIOR

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This story is sorta kinda true. (wink-wink)

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER (as if coming off an OLD TELETYPE):

Although Remote Viewing has been labeled a farce by scientists far and wide, all the world's superpowers continue to pour millions of dollars into top secret projects with one singular goal: to telepathically terminate a human life.

FADE IN:

INT. SMALL ROOM

Austere. Unremarkable in every way. A simple metal folding chair the only furnishing.

An OLD CHINESE MAN sitting on it. This is...

DEQUAN -- late-70's; highly astute mystic -- just staring at the wall. On the wall...

THREE PHOTOGRAPHS taped in a horizontal row.

PHOTO #1: Wide shot of a Chinese town's main street, an old PHONE BOOTH on the corner.

PHOTO #2: Close-up of the PHONE BOOTH.

PHOTO #3: Surveillance-style photo of a CHINESE MAN -- mid-30's; seasoned and serious, looks military.

Dequan continues staring at the photos. Focused. Unblinking. Breathing barely perceptible.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINESE TOWN - DAY

People go about their business. More bicycles than cars. Steady foot traffic. On the town's main street...

An old PHONE BOOTH on the corner. Same one from the photo.

Among the pedestrians...

The mid-30's Chinese Man from the surveillance photo, walking with purposeful strides towards the phone booth.

This is CHEN.

We glimpse a BLOOD PRESSURE FINGER CUFF on his right index finger and a MICRO WIRELESS MIC in his left ear.

ZHANG (V.O.)
 (Authoritative Mandarin;
 subtitled English)
 You are to get in the phone booth
 and wait. Under no circumstances
 are you to leave. Nod if you
 understand.

Chen nods, continues striding towards the booth.

CUT TO:

INT. MSS SURVEILLANCE OUTPOST

Operated by the Ministry of State Security - China's CIA.

Filled with MONITORS, some showing the PHONE BOOTH, including INTERIOR VIEWS courtesy of two hidden cameras.

Other monitors show Chen approaching the phone booth.

Another monitor shows the elderly Dequan sitting in the sterile room, staring at the wall.

Many TECHS eyeing the monitors, typing notes.

Some watch DIGITIZED READOUTS OF CHEN'S VITALS...

CARDIAC (heart rate - BPM). HEMODYNAMIC (blood pressure - Systolic #/Diastolic #). RESPIRATORY (% of oxygen in blood).

ZHANG -- late-40's; rigid -- running the op. He's got that over-the-top super villain vibe. Observing with him...

FOUR CHINESE OFFICIALS -- 50's and 60's; three Suits and a uniformed 2-star General, all serious as a heart attack.

ZHANG
 If I tell Agent Chen to sit on a
 landmine, he'll do as he's told.

GENERAL LIN
 I just hope this isn't a waste of
 our time... For your sake.

Zhang doesn't react to the veiled threat. On the monitors...

Chen enters the phone booth, closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

SPLIT SCREEN - DEQUAN / CHEN

Dequan continues to stare intently at the photos taped to the wall.

Chen begins experiencing DISCOMFORT. Tugs at his collar. Breathing labored. Face flushes red. Sweat beading.

CHEN'S VITAL READOUTS

Registering the physiological changes. Heart rate and blood pressure considerably elevated. Breathing diminished.

Graphs rapidly transitioning from GREEN TO RED.

DEQUAN

Stares at the photos, trance-like, his expression unchanged.

CHEN

Suddenly grabs at his throat, eyes bulging. POUNDS against the glass walls of the phone booth.

Grabs the doorhandle...

Desperately wants to open it...

But he has his orders and he removes his hand, even though it might just kill him.

ZHANG

Liking what he sees, especially the sheer amazement of the officials, now speaking animatedly among themselves as they continue to watch Chen being "remotely suffocated."

CHEN

Now experiencing full bore ASPHYXIA. Falls to his knees, eyes fluttering.

CHEN'S VITAL READOUTS

All in the red. All critical.

ZHANG
 (to the officials)
 Satisfied?

Vigorous nods from all four.

ZHANG
 (to the Techs)
 End the demonstration.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CIA HQ - LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - NIGHT

To establish --

SEAGAL (V.O.)
 (pre-lap)
 And that's all she wrote. The
 program was approved.

INT. CIA HQ - OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR - NIGHT

Large and impressive, befitting the position.

DIRECTOR JOHN WELLS -- 60's; career spook with 40 years of
 experience -- at his desk. Off to the side...

DEPUTY DIRECTOR MIKE JOHNSON -- 50's; heir to the CIA throne.

Seated opposite, amped from the story he's been telling...

STEVEN SEAGAL -- Iconic 90's action hero; wearing an oh-so-
 tight tactical turtleneck, four watches (two per wrist), and
 an elaborate feather-bead-claw "tribal elder" necklace.

The years haven't been kind to Steven. Slicked-back black
 hair and goatee a bad dye job. Very bad. More wrinkles than
 a Sharpei. Pot belly makes him look seven months pregnant.

SEAGAL
 That's why we abso-fuckin'-lutely
 need a Remote Viewing program of
 our own. Otherwise, we're fucked
 in the ass with a big rubber dick.

Wells and Johnson are speechless. They share a *WTF* look.

SEAGAL
 If you've got questions, serve 'em
 up.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR JOHNSON
How did you come by this intel?

SEAGAL
My peeps.

DIRECTOR WELLS
By peeps you mean --

SEAGAL
Fans. I got 'em everywhere,
especially Asia. Fuckin' slopes
love me. I'm bigger over there
than The Hoff is in Germany.

More silence. Seagal is getting impatient.

SEAGAL
So? We gonna light this candle or
what? I'm volunteerin' to be the
face of the team.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR JOHNSON
That could be a problem.

SEAGAL
Whattya mean?

DEPUTY DIRECTOR JOHNSON
That thing with your ex.

SEAGAL
Which ex? I've got six.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR JOHNSON
The model.

Seagal chuckles.

SEAGAL
Why are most spousal abusers repeat
offenders?

Wells and Johnson look horrified.

SEAGAL
Because she...
(punches his hand to
accentuate his words)
Didn't...
(punch)
Learn...
(punch)
The first time.

If you thought Wells and Johnson were horrified before...

SEAGAL

Christ, everybody's so fuckin' PC nowadays.

DIRECTOR WELLS

Since we're being candid, what about that, uh, incident when you used to live next to Michael Jackson? Something with a llama?

SEAGAL

In point of fact, it was an alpaca. And it got blown way out of proportion.

(beat)

Either of you ever felt alpaca fur?

The men shake their heads, afraid of where this is going.

SEAGAL

(reveling in remembrance)

Trust me fellas, you don't know what you're missing.

Wells and Johnson have definitely heard enough.

DIRECTOR WELLS

Well, I think we've got all the information we need.

The men rise, shake hands.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR JOHNSON

Thanks for bringing this to our attention.

SEAGAL

Whatever it takes to keep our country at the top of the heap.

DIRECTOR WELLS

Wait. I thought you renounced your citizenship? Got cozy with Putin?

SEAGAL

Don't believe everything you see on TMZ. That was just for tax purposes. I'm doin' a fuckton of filming over there and the IRS is a rimjob compared to the Kremlin.

Seagal's about to exit the office when...

DEPUTY DIRECTOR JOHNSON
Steven, you honestly believe you
can do all that mind control stuff?

Seagal gives Johnson a "You're questioning me?" look before
motioning to a CLOSED DOOR on the other side of the office.

SEAGAL
What's behind that door?

DEPUTY DIRECTOR JOHNSON
A bathroom.

SEAGAL
Watch this.

Seagal stares at the door, concentrating deeply. So deeply
his head begins to shake as if from Parkinsons. Suddenly...

WHOOSH!

We hear a TOILET FLUSH.

Wells and Johnson are amazed.

Steven gives a deep sigh, as if the concentration took all
his strength.

He looks at Wells and Johnson, ultra-proud of himself.

SEAGAL
I'm the real deal, boys.

Seagal exits the office. No sooner has he left when...

THE BATHROOM DOOR OPENS and out comes...

AGENT FRANK CRAWFORD -- 40's; hardcore ex-Special Forces with
a permanent scowl. He's fastening his belt.

CRAWFORD
That fuck-stick leave?

Johnson nods.

CRAWFORD
Thank God. Guy gives me the
creeps. And he hasn't made a
decent movie in forever.

DIRECTOR WELLS
Even so, if what he's saying about
the Chinese is true, we may have to
fight fire with fire.

CRAWFORD
Should I call the Screen Actors
Guild or do you want to?

DIRECTOR WELLS
What are you talking about?

Crawford takes out his PDA, types something in, hands the device to Director Wells. On the PDA's screen...

ZHANG -- smiling in what appears to be a HEADSHOT PHOTOGRAPH.

CRAWFORD
Meet Special Agent Zhing Zhang, aka
Tommy Bokchoy, originally from
Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Johnson and Wells share a look.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR JOHNSON
He's an actor?

CRAWFORD
Pretty decent one, too. Played a
mean Tevya in the Cantonese
adaptation of Fiddler on the Roof.

DIRECTOR WELLS
So Seagal's story...

CRAWFORD
Phonier than the Oscar on his
mantle. He peddled that script in
Hollywood for a decade before
shooting it himself in Hong Kong.
Turned out so bad, nobody at AFM
would touch it - and even Honey
BooBoo The Movie got distribution.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR JOHNSON
Well, Honey BooBoo had an arc. The
screenwriters really brought their
A-game to that project.

DIRECTOR WELLS
True that.

Crawford throws up his arms in disgust and exits the office.

CRAWFORD
Fuckin' Hollywood.

THE END