

Wave
by
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Registered WGAw

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OPENING TITLES ON BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - DAY

PAOLO MORENO, 30s Cuban Bohemian/hipster-type, stands in front of a large auditorium full of students, beginning a lecture, flipping through PAPERS at a podium.

MORENO

(to audience)

Good morning. Professor Hsieh is currently busy with a project, so he asked me to come in to help him out today. My name is Paolo Moreno, you can call me Paolo, or Mister Moreno, whatever suits you better. And what we're gonna talk about, is the Singularity and its effects on where we're headed as a technologically-based society. Okay, so who can tell me about the Turing Test?

Some EIGHT STUDENTS raise their hands.

MORENO (CONT'D)

(calling on one student)

Yes?

STUDENT 1

It's a scenario in which one person in a room asks questions, or has a conversation, with two other people in another room, and one of them is a computer, and the person in the first room can't tell the difference.

As Moreno continues, PROFESSOR HSIEH, 60s, diminutive, appears at the back of the auditorium, with DAVIS and BOONE, 30s, suited bureaucrats with an ex-military swagger. They speak INDISTINCT, and leave with Professor Hsieh, momentarily distracting Moreno.

MORENO

Correct. So... Kurzweil argues that in twenty-twenty-nine, the computing power available to us commercially will equal that of the human brain. Now Moore's Law, who can tell me about that?

(calling on another student)

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STUDENT 2

Well, like, twenty years ago, a computer cost a million dollars and took up a whole floor of a building, and now, twenty years later, the same computing power costs less than two hundred bucks and fits in our hand.

MORENO

Okay, good example, that's been used to death but, still a good example. So what are the possible dangers of this, where are we all headed? Why would it be dangerous? Anyone?

INT. PROFESSOR HSIEH'S OFFICE - DAY

Hsieh stands with his arms crossed, leaning on his desk, as Moreno sits in a chair across from him.

PROFESSOR HSIEH

I didn't mean to be a distraction, but... It's about your project. I think you might have done too well this time.

MORENO

They're gonna give me the funding?

PROFESSOR HSIEH

Well it's a little early to celebrate, but after I talked with them, they seemed convinced.

MORENO

Professor Hsieh, I can't tell you how much this means to me.

HSIEH

You should be happy for yourself. You did all the work, gave them what they wanted.

Moreno stands up, makes his way towards the door and pauses before he exits.

MORENO

Let's celebrate tomorrow, I'll give you a call.

Smiling, Moreno exits the office, not noticing Professor Hsieh's smile fading into disappointment.

INT. REVIEW BOARDROOM - DAY

Moreno is now sitting in front of a review panel consisting of FOUR FACULTY MEMBERS, one of them wearing a WHITE LAB COAT, a FEMALE DEFENSE EXECUTIVE, and the COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN, probably a Senator.

FACULTY MEMBER 1

Mister Moreno, we wanted to know if you had any idea of what any of this might cost?

MORENO

Yes, the budget's about two-point-two million. Dollars. American.

FACULTY MEMBER 2

Yes, and uh, what would you do with this kind of budget?

MORENO

Well, sir, first, I'd secure a tenable research facility, with enough --

Moreno is distracted by Davis and Boone, seen earlier conversing with Moreno's professor, as they enter the room. We only hear them as they introduce themselves to the Committee Chairman, the rest of their whispering INDISTINCT into his ear.

DAVIS

(subdued, to Committee Chairman)

Excuse me, I'm Captain Davis, this is First Lieutenant Boone...

MORENO

Excuse me, is there a problem?

The Committee Chairman holds up his hand, motioning for Moreno to wait, as he continues to converse LOW and INDISTINCT with the other panelists. The entire panel then gathers their papers, and stand up, pushing their chairs out of the way, and file out of the room.

Moreno watches in awe, as the entire group leaves, with Davis and Boone remaining.

MORENO (CONT'D)

Someone want to tell me what the hell's going on? Hey!

DAVIS

Mister Moreno, it seems you've some irregularity with your paperwork.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORENO

Excuse me?

DAVIS

Mister Moreno, you failed to file properly with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office, and failed to comply with a request for a more detailed description of your invention. Your application was summarily rejected, and...

Boone takes out a slip of paper from his inside jacket pocket, and a pair of glasses to read it.

MORENO

Look, just because I do not want to be railroaded into paying a lawyer some ridiculous fee to describe my invention, which he knows nothing about, and ultimately has to get it from me anyway, doesn't mean I don't own it! I came up with the damn idea, and you guys can't tell me any different!

DAVIS

(ignoring, interrupting)
... As of six months ago, you failed to respond to a chance for a re-filing.

Moreno walks over to the two men, exasperated.

MORENO

Look. I have tried this, describing my patent, about six different ways. Now I don't know who you guys are, but you just... By coming in here, you know, you're interfering in important research that could be the edge we need out there in Afghanistan --

Davis and Boone look at each other, deciding they are wasting their time if they stay a second longer.

DAVIS

Excuse us, Mister Moreno.

The two men head out towards the door.

MORENO

If anyone's doing human testing of my invention I have a right to know, you can't lock me out! Hey!

INT. HALLWAY FROM REVIEW BOARDROOM - DAY

DAVIS
(to Boone)
Signal that we've got it taken care
of.

BOONE
Yes, sir.

They separate, heading off in different directions at a hallway intersection.

INT. REVIEW BOARDROOM - DAY

Moreno stands at the door, bewildered.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

Moreno walks with the same look of shock on his face, barely noticing some SIX PASSERSBY as he heads to an intersection.

INT. MORENO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Moreno enters the building, letting the door slam, and proceeds up a flight of stairs to his apartment.

Moreno's APARTMENT DOOR has an EVICTION NOTICE posted on the door.

Moreno takes it off, staring at it, disaffected.

MORENO
(into door)
Karen? Honey?

Moreno knocks as he takes out his keys. He opens the door, sees

INT. MORENO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's mostly empty, as if someone moved out selected items in a hurry. Hollow spaces where there might have been a TV, stereo, or DVD player.

Stunned, Moreno lingers at his open door, and drops his bag onto the floor.

He trudges over to the cat litter box, finds multiple turds, and a NOTE from his now ex-girlfriend on the dirty kitchen table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIGHT ON: NOTE

It reads: "Paolo -- Sorry I took all my important stuff back. If you can't even feed the cat, how can I expect you to be responsible for anything else? Good luck with your life. You need it! -- Karen"

Moreno lets the paper fall on the floor, and collapses in a single CHAIR sitting by the window. He drifts off to sleep.

VIEW FROM WINDOW - PAOLO'S POV

The sky grows black.

INT. SMALL BAR - NIGHT

A shot glass full of Tequila is raised in front of the screen, held by HENRY CHEN, 40s Chinese GQ-type. After downing it in one gulp, Chen stares at the glass and places it gently back down onto the bar.

Chen looks around him, noticing a YOUNG COUPLE kissing at a table behind the bar and another YOUNG WOMAN talking with THREE OTHER CUSTOMERS. He then looks down at his cell phone.

INSERT: CELL PHONE SCREEN

A picture of himself in happier times with IVY, 17, hispanic-Asian, his daughter, and IVY'S MOTHER, late 30s Paula Patton type.

Chen stares at it until he's interrupted by an elegantly beautiful BAR WOMAN, short blonde hair, thirties. She takes a seat next to Chen, who tries not to notice, and hides the picture, putting his phone away. The blonde sits with her back to the bar, smoking a cigarette. Chen catches the attention of the BARTENDER, who immediately walks over.

BARTENDER

What'll it be, Henry?

CHEN

One each for me and...

BARTENDER

You got it, boss.

The bartender places two small shot glasses onto the bar. He pours from a sake bottle.

CHEN

Thanks, Marc.

The woman looks in Chen's direction, but not at him. She squints her eyes as she takes a drag, looking out the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chen takes the shot, downing it gently before immediately picking up the second. He turns to the woman again.

CHEN (CONT'D)
Would you like some?

She speaks in a Russian accent.

BAR WOMAN
What is it?

CHEN
It's imported. Trust me, it's the best.

BAR WOMAN
Sure, why not?

Chen signals to the bartender, who pours two more glasses. The woman takes a tiny sip from her glass.

BAR WOMAN (CONT'D)
So you are an alcohol connoisseur,
is that what you do for a living?

Chen smiles wearily, looks down at his drink.

CHEN
No.

BAR WOMAN
Well what do you do?

(beat)

CHEN
I'm a professional bastard.

Chen smiles at the woman before taking another sip from his drink.

BAR WOMAN
Okay... What I want to know is...
When was the last time you were
with a woman?

Chen takes a moment to answer, and doesn't look at the woman when he does.

CHEN
Six years ago.

The woman's smile fades as she watches him down another cup of tequila, and put the empty cup back on the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chen turns back to the woman, who looks down at a new cigarette in her hand as she lights it. After taking the first drag, the woman turns to Chen slowly, and looks him straight in the eye.

BAR WOMAN

Well would you consider ending your
six years of loneliness tonight?

Chen laughs lightly, and the woman smiles back at him.

BAR WOMAN (CONT'D)

Look, the truth is I don't care
what you do for a living.

The woman touches Chen's hand, and Chen turns to her.

CHEN

(quietly)

That's probably because you don't
want me to care about what you do
for a living.

The woman swallows the bitter pill of rejection. Chen takes a final sip of his tequila, puts down money for his bill, and walks out of the bar. The woman is left alone, fidgeting, her only consolation a smile from the bartender, which she angrily rejects.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT

Chen is making his way past lights and nightlife, alone.

INT. - CHEN'S APARTMENT, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Chen is lying in bed, holding a CELL PHONE to his ear. On the other end is Ivy.

CHEN

(into phone)

Have you eaten?

IVY

(v.o.; filtered)

Yes.

Chen sits up, and picks up a pen and notepad sitting on his nightstand, and begins to take notes as he converses.

We then only hear the SOUND of their conversation, with MUSIC from the party at LOW VOLUME, as we CUT TO:

INT. - HIGH END PRIVATE PARTY - NIGHT

VEUVE CLICQUOT pours from a BOTTLE into a CHAMPAGNE GLASS at a SMALL BAR populated by some TEN GLAMOROUS MEN AND WOMEN, engaged in various conversations.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A lone singer named DEVON holds a microphone, speaking lyrics as a DJ handles drums and bass, and a GUITARIST churns out melodic riffs, the effect of a female Lou Reed glamorized by the fact it's Devon singing, embellished by a modern post-trip hop ensemble.

Among the bar-goers is Chen, sipping a whiskey alone, while a half-Asian half-Russian woman of incredibly striking beauty, NAJIRA, approaches from another part of the room. She walks over to Chen, and gracefully places her hand on his shoulder. Chen tenses up and turns around to face her. Chen greets her with a gentlemanly kiss on the cheek, and she gestures to a more private spot across the room. They pass a group of three FEMALE MODELS going into a bathroom and closing the door, and ascend a spiral staircase to an upper room.

CHEN (V.O.)
What's that noise?

IVY
(v.o.; filtered)
It's music.

CHEN (V.O.)
What?

Chen and Najira sit together on a sofa, and speak INDISTINCT.

IVY
(v.o.; filtered)
MUSIC!
(beat)

CHEN (V.O.)
Where are you?

IVY
(v.o.; filtered)
On vacation, in Haerbin.

CHEN (V.O.)
The Ice Festival?

IVY
(v.o.; filtered)
No, I am just with some friends,
five other people here.

CHEN (V.O.)
Don't forget to wear something
covering your head.

IVY
(v.o.; filtered)
Dad, when I see you, we need to
talk. My life is going great. You
have nothing to worry about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHEN (V.O.)

That's what your mother said.
(beat)

IVY

(v.o.; filtered)
Dad, I have to go. I have only
thirty five kuai left on this card.

CHEN (V.O.)

Okay, see you soon.

IVY

(v.o.; filtered)
Daddy?

As Chen visibly converses with Najira, he tries to refrain from being overwhelmed at Najira's beauty. Najira listens intently, aware of her effect on Chen, but maintains a professionalism without losing the soothing effect of her presence. As she listens, another female figure, as strikingly sexy as Najira is beautiful and graceful, approaches from the staircase. This is EUGENIA, and she sits down behind Najira. Najira turns, and speaks briefly with Eugenia, both of them laughing together. Eugenia glances seductively at Chen, while he can only watch, and momentarily go back to his drink for the solace afforded by a single sip. By the time he's done, he turns back to Najira, who hands Chen a small business card. Eugenia stands, and Najira and Chen follow, shaking hands. Najira walks away with Eugenia, as VASILY, early 40s blue-blood Russian, standing at the top of the stairwell, watches Chen with a darkly suggestive smile. Chen eyes Vasily carefully, before going back to his drink, as Vasily turns to follow the two beauties back down the staircase.

INT. - CHEN'S APARTMENT, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Chen is standing up, now looking out his window. He puts down a notepad full of notes he's taken while on the phone, and glances down at Najira's business card.

TIGHT ON: NOTEPAD

Chen has written "HAERBIN, 5 GIRLS, \$35,000 EACH"

CHEN (CANTONESE)

(into phone)
Yes?

IVY

(v.o.; filtered)
I hope we find some other kind of
work soon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEN
 (into phone)
 Me too.

Ivy suddenly disconnects, and Chen glances at his phone, somewhat perplexed. He puts the phone away, and looks out into the city, and hangs his head, burdened by something yet unknown, only hinted at by a subdued SOUND of men arguing INDISTINCT in Cantonese, ending with a GUNSHOT as we

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. MORENO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Moreno awakes, almost as if by the sound of the gunshot, but as he turns his head, we hear the SOUND of a CAR with a bad carburator, and it BACKFIRES again, this time more distant. Moreno turns his head to check an ALARM CLOCK on the floor, notices the time is 12:41 A.M.

MORENO
 (while stretching)
 Shit!

Fighting fatigue, Moreno pushes himself out of the chair, grabs his bag, and rushes out the door.

INT. MORENO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Moreno hurries down the stairs.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

An ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS, and Moreno walks out, heading down the hallway.

INT. - OFFICE - NIGHT

Moreno enters a deserted office area, and sits down in a cubicle bearing his NAME TAG.

Moreno fires up the COMPUTER, and begins pulling out files from his desk.

CUT TO:

INT. - CLUTTERED LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Multiple signs of human habitation: used cigarette tray, empty crumpled-up cigarette pack, bill notices, toenail clipper, several papers with scribbled notes, occupy the top of a coffee table, illuminated by a nearby small plasma tv screen playing reruns from the era of black-and-white. Most noticeably, next to an empty coffee mug, is a 9mm PISTOL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIANCA, attractive but tough Latina in her late 20s, lies on the sofa next to the coffee table, wiping away tears and sniffing as she watches the old film, when her CELL PHONE on the table comes to life, RINGING with an incoming call.

BIANCA
(sarcastic)
Awesome.

She picks up the phone.

BIANCA (CONT'D)
(dry)
Yeah this is Bianca...

Bianca sits up, newly energized by what she hears. As she listens, she grabs a pair of pants off the floor and readies a pair of shoes.

BIANCA (CONT'D)
When?... I'm on my way.

Bianca grabs her 9mm, checks her ammo, and slaps the clip back into the pistol grip.

EXT. - DESERT LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

There is NO SOUND as red and blue lights flash, illuminating bits and pieces of the surrounding landscape. A POLICE LINE yellow tape barrier shakes as the wind blows; some FIVE LOCAL LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS interact, guessing and gesturing, as Bianca's FORD F150 arrives, kicking up dust.

Bianca exits the truck, flashing an ID, and stoops under the barrier to approach a

BODY,

riddled with bullet holes, of a well-dressed Mexican man in his thirties.

Bianca studies the corpse, and bends down, removing a DNA COLLECTION KIT from her inside pocket.

As the face of the corpse remains in the oblivion of death, Bianca takes blood samples, not from the bullet holes, but from blood which has oozed nearly unnoticeably from the nose.

Bianca puts away her kit, steps into her truck and drives away. She doesn't notice as a black CROWN VICTORIA comes to life and begins to follow at safe distance.

INT. - LAB EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIGHT ON: COMPUTER SCREEN

A deep-magnification electron micrograph displays different magnifications as Bianca zooms in, finally revealing structures among the blood cells which appear man-made.

Alone in the lab with most of the lights turned off, Bianca glances over at another computer screen, reading an email entitled "CONTROL GROUP INDEX," with a list of alphanumeric codes. Bianca zooms in once again, and a number is revealed, barely discernible on one of the artificial-looking forms. Bianca makes a match, and quickly picks up a land line and dials a number.

EXT. - LAB - NIGHT

The silhouettes of TWO GUNMEN with ex-military swagger quickly approach the lab's back entrance, guns drawn. One of them opens the door, providing cover, as the other enters.

INT. - LAB EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Bianca speaks into her land line, keeping her voice low.

BIANCA
(into phone)
Paolo, listen to me. They've been here. But I don't think they had any luck. Whoever they tried to sell to used the poor guy to send a rejection message.

INT. - LAB HALLWAY - NIGHT

The two gunmen proceed swiftly down the hallway, bounding individually, covering each other as they proceed. They emerge by the examination room, moving steadily towards Bianca.

EXT. - NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE - NIGHT

THROUGH A WINDOW

INT. - OFFICE - NIGHT

Moreno is on the phone with Bianca.

MORENO
(into phone)
Just tell me, are the nanites still activated?

INT. - LAB - NIGHT

 BIANCA
 (into phone)
 No. They're --

Before Bianca can complete her sentence, the two gunmen open fire on her, filling the room with flashes of light.

INT. - OFFICE - NIGHT

Moreno hears the gunfire, and panics.

 MORENO
 (into phone)
 Bianca!

Moreno can now only hear the muffled motions of the two gunmen.

INT. - LAB EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Bianca lies dead on the floor, as the two gunmen gather up all evidence, including the DNA kit, and delete the images on the screen, finally setting an EXPLOSIVE CHARGE to the computer.

INT. - OFFICE - NIGHT

Moreno hangs up his land line, and begins grabbing TECHNICAL PAPERS, BLUEPRINTS, and a vial containing a metallic liquid, as well as a LAPTOP and a peculiar-looking METALLIC DEVICE. He shoves everything into a MESSENGER BAG, slings it over his shoulder and runs out of the room.

EXT. - LAB - NIGHT

The two gunmen exit the lab, walking away as the lab EXPLODES in a fireball.

EXT. - OFFICE - NIGHT

Moreno exits through a back door, just as

INT. - OFFICE - NIGHT

Davis and Boone burst into the office, and start rummaging. With the same military swagger as the first two men, Davis silently signals to Boone, and they take off sprinting through the door last used by Moreno.

INT. - NEW YORK CITY TAXI - NIGHT

Sitting in the back seat, Moreno turns to look THROUGH THE REAR WINDSHIELD to see Davis and Boone, still holding their guns, emerge onto the street behind him, staring at his taxi, out of breath. Moreno sinks down in the seat, clutching his messenger bag, and closes his eyes, thankful to still be alive.

FADE TO WHITE:

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - MORNING

INT. 3-STAR HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Moreno awakes, lazily turns to the window, squinting into the morning SUNLIGHT.

He slowly peels himself out of bed, and stands by the window, looking out, an echo of Chen's world-weariness.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Moreno trudges along a sidewalk, passing SIGNS IN CYRILLIC. He crosses a street, looking around him as he walks, just to make sure he's still alone.

He then walks into a dark entrance to a Russian LOUNGE BAR across the street.

INT. RUSSIAN LOUNGE - DAY

Morning light filters into the predominantly carpeted and cushioned interior. The place is empty except for a single figure sipping tea in the corner, who we recognize as Vasily.

Moreno enters, and is stopped at the door by a PRIVATE SECURITY GUARD. The guard frisks Moreno, and waves a detection device over his body. Finding nothing, the guard motions for Moreno to proceed.

Moreno approaches Vasily cautiously and sits down across from him at the table.

Vasily watches Moreno with a blank expression, unimpressed.

MORENO

Thank you for this. You won't regret it.

VASILY

Oh, I hope not, for your sake.

Vasily sips some more tea, and pours another cup. He then picks up another empty cup and offers it to Moreno.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VASILY (CONT'D)
Care for some? It's...

Vasily picks up the container and reads.

VASILY (CONT'D)
... Indian Darjeeling.

MORENO
Please, thanks.

Vasily pours.

VASILY
And tell me, why now? We tried
before, but... You just... Avoided
us.

MORENO
As long as I had a contract with
the government, you weren't someone
easy to make friends with either.
But now that things have changed...
I think this time, it might serve
both our interests.

VASILY
You know Paolo... I could just turn
you over. There's quite a lot of
money on your head right now. I'm
really impressed that you trusted
me enough to even show up.

Moreno looks down as he sips his tea, deciding how to answer,
when Vasily suddenly grabs his arm.

VASILY (CONT'D)
So why don't you tell me why I
should risk meeting you and letting
you go without collecting the
bounty that they put on your head.

Moreno, wincing from the hot tea spilled on his hand, glares
at Vasily, puts down the cup.

MORENO
Well Vasily, there's pretty much
only one thing that ever changed
your mind about anything.

Vasily lets go of Moreno, and reclines.

VASILY
You know, it takes a lot to change
my mind.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VASILY (CONT'D)

Are you going to tell me how much
or are you going to leave it up to
my imagination?

MORENO

You turn me over to them, you lose
everything. They don't have the
rest of the codes. I do. I invented
the damn thing, remember? Or what
did they tell you?

VASILY

Invented?

MORENO

So I guess they didn't tell you.
Well that makes sense.

VASILY

What did you invent, Paolo?

MORENO

It's almost ready. I just need a
few more tests, a lab to work out
of.

Vasily SIGHS, seemingly exasperated, looks at his watch.

VASILY

What do you need?

MORENO

This will put everyone else out of
business. The Mexican cartels,
Afghan heroin, E from Europe, I
mean everyone.

Vasily's shift of new attention tells Moreno he's just bought
himself at least a few more minutes.

MORENO (CONT'D)

No more chemicals. This is
technological. Nanocenticals. Like
when you buy an iPhone once, and
all the apps you can use on it
indefinitely. All it takes is one
injection, one ingestion, and they
go to your brain and stay there,
nanobots, as harmless as a crown on
your tooth, or a bone replacement.
And they stay there, just
waiting...

VASILY

(heightened interest)
For what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MORENO

For a signal. A very specific signal. A sound wave consisting of a series of tones, inaudible to the human ear, that act as an encryption key, the only thing they will respond to. And then...

VASILY

What?

MORENO

Wham! You get high. On whatever you want. You choose the high you want. The effects are instant. Uppers, downers, hallucinogens, whatever you pay for. And piss completely clean!

VASILY

How do you pay for it? I mean, what are you paying for?

MORENO

The tones, man! The wave file! You download it!

VASILY

Jesus.

MORENO

Off a secure connection, Darknet, off the Tor network. Pay per play. It's better than internet porn.

VASILY

Jesus.

MORENO

Even better.

Vasily leans back, staring at Moreno, devastated at the implications racing through his mind.

MORENO (CONT'D)

Look Vasily, they've already tried it in Juarez, made an offer to the cartels down there. But they failed. It killed the guy they tested it on. And they will keep failing.

VASILY

Yes, but... You still need to do more tests?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MORENO

Yeah.

VASILY

All right. But I will give you one chance to prove it works.

MORENO

Vasily, then... I'd have to test it on a human subject.

At that moment, the door to the restaurant opens, and Najira enters, wearing a long black Cashmere coat and a karakul. She walks gracefully over to Vasily's table, taking off the karakul, and Moreno turns around.

Najira sits down next to Vasily, kisses him on the cheek.

VASILY

Hello darling. Did you have a good time with Eugenia?

Vasily gives Moreno a suggestive look, smiling. Moreno glares back at Vasily, uncomfortable.

NAJIRA

Of course. Such an amazing time! She really likes the red pandas, so we spent a little more time there than the other animals. I think she wants one for her birthday!

Moreno stands up.

VASILY

Oh how rude of me, Paolo, this is Najira. Darling this is Paolo. He is going to be staying with us for a little while.

Najira smiles at Moreno, and they shake hands. Moreno smiles back at Najira.

NAJIRA

Nice to meet you, sir.

Moreno nods to her, and turns to Vasily, unable to stifle discomfort.

MORENO

(to Vasily)
Talk later?

Najira smiles up at Moreno as she clings to Vasily, his right arm now around her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

VASILY

Yes. If you don't mind, but just a moment...

Vasily reaches into his left coat pocket and holds out a key.

VASILY (CONT'D)

The key to my place, upstairs, whenever you decide to check out of your hotel. Make yourself comfortable.

Moreno accepts the key, nods briefly to Vasily and Najira, and walks out of the restaurant.

NAJIRA

New friend?

VASILY

No. Just business darling. And how did the meeting go in Chinatown?

NAJIRA

Hm. Well, he's ready. It looks like he has some girls from the north, I guess that's where they get the more exotic looking ones, for maybe forty each. He just needs to discuss the next step with his partner in Hong Kong.

VASILY

I hate that, they always take so long!

NAJIRA

They're Chinese Vasily. Six thousand years of history, so what's an extra ten or twenty? They don't open up so fast like we do.

Vasily eyes Najira carefully, as she kisses him.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A simple black ballpoint pen bearing the label SKILCRAFT - U.S. GOVERNMENT sits on a thin stack of papers. The blue latex gloved hand of a NURSE picks up the pen and starts writing in a box on one of the papers, CHEN, HENRY, DOB ...

As more PAPERS are filled out, an AIDE reads aloud:

AIDE

Today you will be drug tested for illegal substance use.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AIDE (CONT'D)

The primary purpose of this test is to ensure our unit's fitness, and that we are maintaining proper standards of readiness. Individuals in this unit have been selected on a random basis for drug testing. There is no probable cause or reasonable suspicion that anyone in the unit is using or abusing drugs or a controlled substance. Everyone selected for testing will be tested. Anyone not present will be rescheduled for testing at a later date. Every specimen collected will be tested for Marijuana or THC, Cocaine, Amphetamines which includes methamphetamines, MDMA or ecstasy, MDA, and MDEA, heroin and up to three other drugs. The additional drugs will be chosen by the lab on a rotational basis from a group that includes Opiates, which includes morphine and codeine, PCP and synthetic opiates, or Oxycodone/oxymorphone known commonly as OxyContin...

Chen holds a full urine bottle over his shoulder as he walks out of a nearby bathroom, followed by an OBSERVER, wearing hospital gear.

Chen approaches a table manned by the nurse, places the bottle on a sanitary napkin, and signs his name on a sheet of paper next to the napkin. He stands up, puts on a jacket, looks up grudgingly at another agent, ROTH, waiting by the door.

Roth, 30s young Paul Newman type, is about as by-the-book as it gets. Not even a single strand of his military-style haircut is out of place.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Chen and Roth walk towards an elevator.

CHEN

I hate these. This is the third time this month.

ROTH

It's something we all gotta do man.

CHEN

Yeah, yeah...

The elevator door opens, and they enter.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Chen leans against the back of the elevator as Roth pushes the button.

CHEN

Roth. You wanna tell me what's going on?

ROTH

Sorry boss. Gotta wait til we're back inside the building.

Chen glares at Roth, unhappy with the rules in the book.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

Ornate, decorative exterior of what could be an old opera house.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

A door opens, and Chen and Roth enter a hallway, passing THREE OFFICERS carrying files in either direction, all seemingly out of place in this particular environment. But it serves its purpose as an off-the-record base of field operations.

OFFICER 1

What's up, Chen? You still owe me for last week at Dalton's.

CHEN

Yeah, later.

Chen and Roth approach another door, the entrance to

INT. CHIEF FULLER'S OFFICE - DAY

A sign on the outside reads "2302 - RAYMOND FULLER - CHIEF, TRANSNATIONAL CRIME."

CHIEF RAYMOND FULLER, younger Clint Eastwood type, is as sullen as he is softspoken, his face every inch an indication of vast experience and skill, albeit gone somewhat soft after a few years behind a desk.

He looks up from behind his desk as Chen and Roth enter.

FULLER

Chen! What's the score? I haven't heard from you for over a week!

CHEN

Tough times.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FULLER

Well ain't that the truth. Roth,
can you get me that file on
Voruntsev?

Roth steps out, closing the door behind him. Chen sits down.

CHEN

Three urinalyses in a month isn't
my idea of efficiency, Chief.

FULLER

Wait... You did join the FBI,
right?

Fuller glares at Chen, who lets out a deep breath,
exasperated, giving in.

CHEN

Yeah. You want to tell me why I
needed to risk blowing my cover?

FULLER

Got a call yesterday from the
Arizona border with Mexico. You
know Bianca Torres, right?

CHEN

Yeah, we came up through the
academy together.

Fuller tosses a photograph of Bianca's charred body onto his
desk. Chen picks it up carefully, staring at it.

FULLER

She was onto something all right.
Forensics lab went down in the fire
too. She said she had a contact,
somebody here, but she never said
who it was. You think you might be
able to find out?

CHEN

No. You want to pull me off of
something when I'm so close, it's
not going to happen.

FULLER

Henry, I'm not asking.

Chen sits still in his chair, glaring at Fuller.

FULLER (CONT'D)

That cartel she was up against,
they pulled out, left town.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FULLER (CONT'D)

And I want to know why the sudden
change of plans.

Chen glances down at the photograph again.

FULLER (CONT'D)

Chen?

The door opens again, and Roth enters, holding a file. He
hands it to Chen.

TIGHT ON: FILE

Chen opens the file, revealing a photo of Vasily, along with
various inset photos labeled KNOWN ASSOCIATES. Chen leafs
through the file contents, bypassing an older CLASS PHOTO of
Moreno, and stops when he comes across a SURVEILLANCE PHOTO
of Najira.

FULLER (CONT'D)

Last call came from a known
associate of this guy, Vasily
Voruntsev. He's here.

CHEN

(holding up photo of
Najira)

Yeah, well, I know this girl. She
contacted me about a week ago,
we've been discussing a deal for
bringing in some girls from China
to supplement their business both
here and in Europe. A little
unusual, the Russians reaching all
the way down to Canal Street.

Chen looks up at Fuller, slightly disturbed.

CHEN (CONT'D)

Where you been hiding this stuff?

Fuller looks up at Roth, then back at Chen.

FULLER

Well right now we're not allowed to
say. But if this thing develops the
way it looks like it will, you
better be ready for a promotion.

Chen looks up at Roth, then back at Fuller again, a slight
smile edging into his face.

INT. VASILY'S HOME - NIGHT

A COMPUTER SCREEN hooked up to an ELECTRON MICROSCOPE, with a
standalone COMMAND PROMPT TERMINAL and a COLD STORAGE BOX,
all sit on one side of the futuristic-looking apartment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Moreno sits by the external command prompt screen, typing, programming, as Najira emerges from her bed on the other side of the room, wearing only one of Vasily's dress shirts.

She walks over to Moreno, curious about his late-night obsession.

NAJIRA

So what are you working on?

Moreno pauses, slightly annoyed, but the annoying factor evaporates with Najira's impressive beauty, even if she did just get out of bed.

MORENO

Well... I have to adjust the timing and replication, so that these guys do exactly what they're told, when they're told to do it. If they don't, they can just keep on going, and...

NAJIRA

Can you make sense please?

MORENO

Sorry. I am just... Making a few adjustments to prevent permanent brain damage or death.

Najira looks up at Moreno, slightly disturbed, and walks away, entering the kitchen to pour herself a glass of water, as Moreno goes back to work.

NAJIRA

You know, Vasily really believes in you. I never saw him so hopeful before.

MORENO

Yeah?

NAJIRA

Not like this. Not since we stayed in Kazakhstan actually.

Najira drinks her water, puts the glass in the sink, and walks back over to Moreno.

NAJIRA (CONT'D)

We wanted to go to Mongolia, after he finished working at the Shankháyskaya organizátsiya sotrudnichestva, do you know? The Shanghai Cooperation... Organization?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Vasily, having listened to their conversation for an unknown period of time, suddenly interrupts, approaching from the bedroom in a bath robe.

VASILY

Najira darling. Come back to bed,
you must leave our guest to his
work, don't disturb him.

Najira grudgingly obeys and drags her feet to the bedroom. Moreno watches her until she disappears behind her bedroom door, and then moves his eyes to Vasily.

VASILY (CONT'D)

Please excuse her, she... is still
young, and sometimes becomes a
little girl.

Moreno looks back at his work for a moment, then back at Vasily, with mounting displeasure.

MORENO

You're willing to risk her? For
this?

Vasily smiles, and walks over to Moreno, and sits on a stool by the work table.

VASILY

Paolo. Do you think it's not worth
it? I could have a hundred just
like her.

MORENO

You're a fucking psycho, Vasily.

VASILY

Then tell me Paolo, who would you
choose to test it on? Someone less
valuable? Or should I just make
that phone call and end it right
here?

Moreno grits his teeth in frustration.

VASILY (CONT'D)

(leaning in)

You are right. This does serve both
our interests. At least this way,
you can at least hold onto what
life you have left.

Vasily stands up, fixing his robe, and walks away towards his bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VASILY (CONT'D)

Party is tomorrow night, Paolo. So
I suggest you step it up a bit. We
are on a schedule.

Vasily closes his bedroom door, and Moreno turns back to his work, summoning what little fortitude he has left.

INT. CHINESE CONTAINER SHIPPING CARRIER OFFICES - DAY

Some FIVE CHINESE BUSINESSMEN in suits are in a conference room talking with a PORT CUSTOMS OFFICER, as Ivy walks away from them, disappearing around the corner of a CUBICLE. She picks up a land line and dials.

INT. CHEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

TIGHT ON: CHEN'S CELL PHONE

An incoming call number displays the country code "+86".

Sitting on the edge of his bed, pen and notepad at the ready, Chen picks up his cell phone from his bedside drawer and holds it to his ear, answering.

CHEN

(into phone)

Okay.

INT. CHINESE CONTAINER SHIPPING CARRIER OFFICES - DAY

IVY

(into phone)

Listen, in about sixteen days, it's coming in. But there's something else. After I left Haerbin, someone else made an offer, for some new drug. Simon made a trip to northern Thailand last week, and he told me to pass it on to you. It's going to threaten the heroin trade.

INT. CHEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CHEN

(into phone)

What? Who made the offer?

IVY

(v.o.; filtered)

I don't know. They didn't leave a name.

CHEN

(into phone)

All right, look.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEN (CONT'D)
 Just get to New York as soon as you
 can. You've done enough for me. And
 I am working on a deal for you.

INT. CHINESE CONTAINER SHIPPING CARRIER OFFICES - DAY

Ivy turns the blinds on the office window shut, walks over to
 a chair behind the desk, and sits down.

CHEN
 (v.o.; filtered)
 You're still coming to see me,
 right?

INT. CHEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

IVY
 (v.o.; filtered)
 Yeah.

CHEN
 (into phone)
 Listen, I can't keep covering you
 forever.
 (beat)

IVY
 (v.o.; filtered)
 And I can't keep helping you
 forever either.

CHEN
 (into phone)
 Helping me knock out your
 competition?

The line goes silent for a brief moment.

Chen bows his head slightly as he looks down at a BUSINESS
 CARD emblazoned with the printed image of a tiger beetle.

CHEN (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Look, whenever you can, let me know
 about the other offer. I have to
 go.

INT. CHINESE CONTAINER SHIPPING CARRIER OFFICES - DAY

A CLICK, and the line goes dead. Ivy puts away her phone and
 rejoins the businessmen, now exiting the conference room and
 walking towards the elevator.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM, PARK AVENUE LOFT - NIGHT

Distant HOUSE MUSIC thumps through a dark room, illuminated
 only occasionally by the passing lights of cars outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The passing lights reveal Najira and Eugenia getting dressed, and putting on makeup.

INT. BATHROOM, PARK AVENUE LOFT - NIGHT

Eugenia turns on the BATHROOM LIGHT, and checks herself, occasionally applying makeup retouches. Najira joins her, and puts her arms around her. They pose together in the mirror, satisfied that they are likely the most attractive girls in the world.

INT. PARK AVENUE LOFT - NIGHT

The source of the music. Vasily and some TWENTY GUESTS are enjoying drinks and conversations, while ANOTHER TEN GUESTS dance in an open space lit up by strobes, as an Asian female DEEJAY spins at her table by the dance floor. The LOFT OWNER, a glamorous female socialite in her 50s, welcomes another COUPLE to the party receiving them at the door.

Moreno sits alone at a table, drinking a MOJITO, as he watches Najira and Eugenia emerge from a door into the room. He glances at the DJ.

DJ BOOTH

On a COMPUTER SCREEN is a TRACK LIST, displaying the names of several songs. The title of one of the upcoming songs reads "TEST."

Vasily reaches into his inside breast pocket and extracts a small metallic capsule.

SLO MO

He empties the contents into a glass of champagne.

BACK IN REAL TIME, in the BACKGROUND, Najira turns to pick up the glass, and just before she drinks it, Eugenia suddenly grabs it, and downs its entire contents, licking her lips upon finishing, playfully glaring at Vasily, as if challenging him. She then hurls the glass onto the floor and it shatters, and picks up a shot of vodka from a table next to her and downs it as well, just as Najira walks over to join her friends. Eugenia turns to Najira and embraces her with a deep kiss, while drawing Vasily in, pulling him from behind his neck. Vasily is somewhat reluctant, as

Moreno watches calmly, finally disinterested, and turns away.

TIGHT ON: TRACK LIST

The next track finally lands on "TEST" and the MUSIC CHANGES as

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EUGENIA

pulls away suddenly from Najira and Vasily, holding her hand to her head. She looks at Najira and Vasily suddenly, alarmed, but her expression melts into sheer ecstasy.

TIGHT ON: DJ COMPUTER SCREEN

In another window, a sound meter suddenly spikes for a moment, and the MUSIC experiences another sudden change, only more subtle than before.

EUGENIA

Is now chattering ceaselessly, as if she's high on cocaine.

TIGHT ON: DJ COMPUTER SCREEN

The sound meter suddenly spikes a third time, and the MUSIC experiences another sudden change.

EUGENIA

Collapses on a sofa, her face full of calm, as a tear rolls down her cheek.

Vasily watches as Najira sits down next to her, speaking to her, trying to get a response.

TIGHT ON: DJ COMPUTER SCREEN

The sound meter continues to register levels to the beat of the music, with something disguised beneath.

The DJ looks down at her screen, somewhat distracted, and checks a few of her settings, while the next track on the playlist is finally activated.

There is NO SOUND as the crowd continues dancing, and Najira tries frantically to awaken Eugenia, who has drifted into oblivion. Vasily watches, sips his drink, and glances over to Moreno's table, but Moreno is no longer there.

EXT. PARK AVENUE LOFT - NIGHT

Scene continues with NO SOUND.

Police lights illuminate the outside of the building. Eugenia's body is zipped up in a BODYBAG, carried out by a team of PARAMEDICS, while the guests stand by in horror. Behind them, Najira watches in tears, taking refuge in Vasily's arms. VASILY'S PRIVATE CAR pulls up and he helps Najira into the back seat, following her in and closing the door. The car drives off.

INT. PARK AVENUE LOFT - MORNING

Chen is talking privately with the loft owner, now a morning mess. Something he says causes the woman to suddenly snap to heightened alarm, and she breaks down.

Chen watches her as she slowly recovers herself, reaches into her purse on the sofa, and takes out the business card bearing the tiger beetle design and places it on the table in front of Chen.

BLACK:

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

TWO THUGS hold Moreno against the rail overlooking the East River, as Vasily glares at him.

MORENO

You can't do this! We had a deal!

VASILY

Why do you think I am going to kill you? Is it because of the girl?

Vasily laughs.

VASILY (CONT'D)

You are right, we had a deal, and it was for one test, for it to work. You have already cost me too much attention. You also managed to scare away my client base. You know what that does to my business!

MORENO

But this isn't business, it's science! You have to understand that!

Vasily looks at his bodyguards.

VASILY (RUSSIAN)

Do it.

As Moreno struggles with the men about to throw him off the bridge, Vasily's cell phone rings. He answers it as he walks away from the edge of the bridge, back to a waiting car.

VASILY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Da.

INT. CHEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Chen is getting dressed, pulling on a jacket as he speaks into his phone.

CHEN
 (into phone)
 Najira gave me your number, and...
 I was interested in what you have
 on the menu.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

VASILY
 (into phone)
 Who is this please?

In the background, one of the thugs knocks Moreno on the back of the neck, and Moreno's body goes limp.

CHEN
 (v.o.; filtered)
 I'm a businessman with some very
 good connections in Asia.

Vasily pauses, and just before the thugs put Moreno's body over the railing, Vasily turns to them, holding his hand over the mouthpiece.

VASILY (RUSSIAN)
 (to thugs)
 Wait!

Vasily resumes his conversation on the phone.

VASILY (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Well. I trust you have an
 invitation to our next event, and
 the correct number to call at the
 appointed time to get on the list?

INT. CHEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

TIGHT ON: TIGER BEETLE BUSINESS CARD

CHEN
 (into phone)
 Yes. I guess I will see you there.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

VASILY
 (into phone)
 Okay. See you there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vasily hangs up his cell phone and puts it away, and walks over to Moreno, who is barely conscious, lying on the ground, his back propped up against the railing. Vasily squats down to speak to him, with renewed interest.

VASILY (CONT'D)

(to Moreno)

Okay. I give you another chance.

Vasily looks up at his thugs, and stands up to return to his car, still waiting.

VASILY (CONT'D)

(to thugs)

Bring him.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Chen is walking with Chief Fuller in an open area near the Sheep's Meadow, briefing his boss on his latest progress.

CHEN

Ivy's people were up in Haerbin, selling their bullshit to about five girls who they think they can haul in. Passports for the girls, which say they're from Shenyang, Chengdu and Beijing, are being handled by Zhu Hong Li out of Shenyang, with another investor in Tianjin we haven't identified yet. But it's pretty solid that there about five different companies out of Beijing and Shanghai they're using who are also getting a cut. A couple of advertising companies, a pharmaceutical manufacturer and an electronics manufacturer in Shenzhen.

FULLER

When is she coming here?

CHEN

In a few days. Looking for a company or two States-side to be a sponsor for the visas. Once they get invitation letters, it will all be in play. And there should be a guy over there as a rep, a foreign face, to make it all look legit. I've already given the Visa Fraud Unit a heads up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEN (CONT'D)

We don't know who the rep is, but they'll probably find some English teacher, pay him off with a trip to one of those brothel strip mall avenues outside Tianjin. And the death of the girl last night, looks like the Russians are going to need some non-Europeans on the surface to help hide themselves a little better. I think that's why they came to me in the first place.

Chen takes out his wallet, and shows Fuller the tiger beetle business card.

FULLER

What's this?

CHEN

An entry pass. Apparently they have these invitation-only parties once a month, in a different location every time. It's where they put their latest goods on the market, and there are always people looking to buy.

INT. VASILY'S HOME - DAY

Moreno is sitting in the kitchen area, mulling over a cup of coffee, as Vasily finishes cooking eggs.

TIGHT ON: EGGS

Reminiscent of the commercials, "This is your brain on drugs."

Vasily scoops up the eggs with a spatula, flips them onto a toasted English Muffin sitting on a plate with some seared ham.

He turns off the stove, takes his plate over to the table and takes a seat across from Moreno, who is now rubbing his neck, still sore.

VASILY

You sure you don't want anything to eat?

Moreno looks up at Vasily, and then over to NAJIRA, standing by a window across the room, still mortified over the death of her close friend.

Vasily glances between Najira and Moreno, goes back to eating.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VASILY (CONT'D)

(to Paolo)

You want to tell her, or should I?

Najira turns slowly around, having overheard.

NAJIRA

(to Vasily)

Tell me what?

VASILY

About your girlfriend Eugenia.

Vasily looks up at Moreno as he eats.

VASILY (CONT'D)

Go on Paolo, tell her, don't be shy.

Moreno looks at Najira, reluctant, guilty. From her expression, Najira's already sensing a taste of what she's about to hear.

MORENO

(reluctant, quiet)

We killed her.

Moreno's eyes wander to the floor, then back at Najira, who's frozen, speechless.

NAJIRA

What? You said what?

MORENO

All this, what you've seen me doing... I've been working to perfect this... She wasn't supposed to drink it.

VASILY

Yes. Instead, my dear, we had planned for you to be the subject of our little test. Isn't that right, Paolo?

Moreno looks at Vasily, angry. Najira shakes her head in disbelief, then grabs her purse, her coat, and storms out of the apartment, leaving Moreno and Vasily at the table alone.

Vasily looks at Moreno with a hint of amusement, then goes back to finish his breakfast, shaking his head.

Moreno scowls with anger, and rushes away from the table, out the door, following after Najira.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MORENO

Hey, wait!

INT. VASILY'S HOME - STAIRS - DAY

Moreno rushes down the stairs, trying to catch up with Najira.

MORENO

Najira!

Najira continues rushing towards the door, unable to hold back tears.

EXT. SOHO STREET - DAY

Najira storms out of the building, trying to catch her breath between tears. Moreno quickly emerges from behind her.

MORENO

Najira! I'm sorry!

Moreno catches up to her.

MORENO (CONT'D)

Would you just listen?

Najira stops, unable to get rid of Moreno, finally looks him in the eye, giving him a chance.

MORENO (CONT'D)

It was never meant to happen, I had no idea he was going to give it to you. Najira, you have to believe me!

NAJIRA

Oh, so, I guess if someone else died, it would be okay?

Moreno has no answer, and reluctantly nods his head in agreement.

Najira leans into him, angry.

NAJIRA (CONT'D)

She was my best friend, Paolo!

Najira stands there, realizing she's given Moreno too much time already, and turns to walk away from him.

Moreno watches her, but he's still unable to offer any more words.

Najira breaks into a run, and disappears around a corner.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

A CORONER is running a blood test, as Eugenia's body lies on a table behind him.

The coroner takes a look into a microscope, and quickly looks up from his microscope, startled.

CORONER
(to himself)
This is nuts!

He leans back in his chair, stumped.

ROTH (V.O.)
What do you mean, unknown?

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - LATER

Agent Roth is standing over Eugenia's body, arguing with the coroner.

CORONER
Look, whatever killed this girl, it wasn't any narcotic of any kind I've ever seen. Sure there were abnormal levels of dopamine in her system, but that's it! Whatever it was, I can't find any trace of it! But one thing I can tell you, there was a heavy residue of nanobots in the blood I sampled from her nose.

ROTH
What are you telling me Charlie?

CORONER
Roth, I don't know what you've got here. But it's sure as shit above my fucking head.

The coroner walks away, leaving Roth alone with the body. Roth turns away and takes out his cell phone to make a call.

ROTH
(into phone)
We've got another one.

EXT. NEWARK AIRPORT - NIGHT

Chen walks towards the arrivals area, braving the cold as he smokes a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Upon arriving at the ENTRANCE, he puts out his cigarette on the ground, and pulls out a blank white 8x10 PLACARD from under his arm. He takes out a magic marker, and begins writing a name in Chinese on the placard.

INT. NEWARK AIRPORT INTERNATIONAL ARRIVALS - NIGHT

Ivy walks along the arrivals area past several TOUR GUIDES and CHAUFFEURS holding signs with various names on them, finally reaching Chen, who is wearing sunglasses, holding up the placard bearing her name.

Ivy looks at him coldly, then walks on, leaving Chen in possession of her LARGE, HEAVY SUITCASE. Chen watches her walk past him, and smiles as he follows her, suitcase in tow.

INT. FOUR-STAR HOTEL - NIGHT

Chen and his daughter stand looking out the window.

CHEN

Look, I --

IVY

Don't.

CHEN

I need to tell you what happened.
You need to find out sometime.

IVY

Well maybe I don't want to, ever
think of that?

Ivy walks away, locks herself in the bathroom.

Chen turns, and walks towards the door, leaving.

INT. FOUR-STAR HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ivy is sitting on the edge of the bathtub, sobbing.

EXT. FOUR-STAR HOTEL - NIGHT

Just as Chen exits the hotel, he receives a call on his cell phone. He takes it out and answers.

CHEN

(into phone)
Hello?

INT. NAJIRA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Najira is curled up on her bed with the light on, just as the light of day has begun to creep into the sky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAJIRA
(into phone)
Hello, Mister Chen? This is Najira.
We need to meet, do you have time?

Chen looks troubled.

INT. BOAT HOUSE, CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Chen and Najira sit at a secluded table by a window.

CHEN
I didn't expect to hear from you,
of all people. How long did you
know each other?

NAJIRA
We grew up together, in Kazakhstan.
We even tied at a talent
competition, and... that's how we
met Vasily.

CHEN
He was the judge?

NAJIRA
No, he was... He worked for an
international aid organization. He
might have been a cop, for all I
know, but... To us, he became a
guardian, a kind of uncle. It
wasn't until he offered us a chance
to come to America that we wanted
to know what he really did. I
remember, once in Beijing, I saw
him meeting with some people at a
lounge, it's long gone now, since
before the Olympics, but... I am
sure they were arms dealers. There
were papers, with diagrams,
different guns, I saw them once in
his hotel room. But I pretended not
to care.

CHEN
So then he brought you to the US?

NAJIRA
Yes, after we passed through
Europe. It was a great trip! I
just... Don't think I ever wanted
to know the truth. If I did, I
probably would never have to here
to New York in the first place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEN

So... You want to tell me why you wanted to see me?

NAJIRA

(serious)
He killed Eugenia.

CHEN

How do you know?

Najira leans back, exasperated, and leans in close again to Chen.

NAJIRA

He told me himself. And his friend, this guy named Moreno, Paolo Moreno, they are now working together to make something... Whatever it is, it's what killed Eugenia. He put it in her drink. I thought it was some kind of drug, but...

Chen leans in, with increasing interest.

NAJIRA (CONT'D)

It was something else, really, really tiny, like, he said, what is it... Nano, tech?

CHEN

Yeah, really?

NAJIRA

Listen, whatever you are planning with him, whatever deal you are making with him, do not trust him!

CHEN

And why should I trust you?

Najira glares at Chen for a second, and angrily starts to leave the table. Chen grabs her by the arm, stopping her.

CHEN (CONT'D)

Okay, look, I'm sorry. Just... can you give me a little more to go on here?

NAJIRA

What... Do you want? You know I am risking my life by coming here to meet with you! This is betraying him! Do you have any idea what they do to people like me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHEN

So that doesn't give us much choice
then, does it?

Najira looks at Chen intently, then down at her coffee,
thinking. She opens her mouth, about to speak, and looks up
at Chen, scheming.

NAJIRA

I can help you to take over his
business.

CHEN

What? I can't do that, that's...

NAJIRA

Crazy? You know what he is
planning? I can find out for you,
whatever it is, whatever, anything.

Chen waits for a moment before he speaks in response.

CHEN

Look, I'm really sorry about your
friend. But I'm not sure that
helping me take over the business
and get rid of Vasily is the right
thing to do.

NAJIRA

Get rid of him?

Najira smiles, keeps her laugh subdued.

NAJIRA (CONT'D)

That would be fucking great!

CHEN

No, listen, this is too crazy!

NAJIRA

Why? You know he would do the same
to you if he had the chance.

CHEN

Yes, but there's always a larger
picture. I have to consider the
effects this has on everything,
many years down the road. It's not
that simple.

Najira looks at Chen, helpless, and then out the window, as
she starts to cry. Chen watches her, touched, and looks out
the window as well for a moment before continuing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHEN (CONT'D)

You are a very smart and beautiful woman, Najira. There's so much out there you can do.

Najira looks back at Chen, and they lock eyes, the first sign of mutual attraction.

Chen decides to look away, and puts down cash for the bill.

CHEN (CONT'D)

I'll be in touch. But for now you should take some time for yourself, figure out what you want to do.

Najira takes hold of Chen's hand, and he looks at her and gently rubs her hand, pats it lightly with his other hand, and stands up and leaves. Najira watches him as he exits.

EXT. BOAT HOUSE, CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Chen makes his way out the door, and walks onto a paved walkway, heading for the east exit of Central Park.

CHEN

(quietly to himself)
Shit.

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - NIGHT

TIGHT ON: CIGARETTE

As it's lit by a lighter. A puff of smoke, and

CHEN is outside in deep thought, leaning on the side of a building, smoking the cigarette. He's been remembering his encounters with Najira, feeling himself increasingly attracted to her. He checks his watch, and walks away down the street.

EXT. SOUTH STREET SEAPORT - NIGHT

Ivy stands by a walkway looking out on the East River. She's joined by Chen.

CHEN

We have a little more than we bargained for apparently. Not just the girls.

IVY

What else?

CHEN

Product.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ivy turns her head suddenly, looking Chen in the eye.

She then turns back to the view.

IVY
What kind of product?

CHEN
It's not clear. But I can find out.

IVY
Do it. I could use a few more
options. Besides, I think they want
to diversify the business anyway.

INT. VASILY'S HOME - NIGHT

Moreno is hard at work again at his tabletop lab.

TIGHT ON: COMPUTER SCREEN

Moreno enters a value of "20," and presses the "ENTER" key.

Moreno then positions himself near the screen displaying the electron microscope, which has several inactive NANITES on screen.

Reaching over to his laptop, Moreno then presses PLAY and on a fourth screen, an OSCILLOSCOPE displays an active, vibrating waveform for a few seconds before the line goes flat, and the sound ends.

Moreno turns back to the electron microscope monitor, where the nanites have become animated, actively manipulating the molecular structure of a brain cell.

Moreno looks at his cell phone, which DISPLAYS a timer counting up by seconds. The timer reaches twenty seconds, and Moreno glances at the electron microscope monitor.

ELECTRON MICROSCOPE MONITOR

The nanites are stagnant again.

Moreno smiles, and turns back to his computer screen.

TIGHT ON: COMPUTER SCREEN

At a prompt on a page that reads "DARKNET ENCRYPTED NETWORK," Moreno enters a username and password, and another page loads on screen, displaying a file directory tree.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Moreno clicks on the .WAV file he's just played and drags and drops it into a folder which reads "E." Also in the directory tree are other files which read "Speed," "Slow," "Rainbows" and "Vacation." An upload window appears, and disappears once the status reaches 100%.

Moreno lets out a deep breath, and leans back in his chair.

In the vastness of the room, Moreno and his work table are the only objects illuminated while the lights from the city sparkle outside through the window.

INT. CHEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A loud POUNDING on Chen's door interrupts his sleep. Chen turns on his light, as the pounding continues.

CHEN

Yeah, just a second!

Chen pulls on a pair of pants and throws on a shirt, finally makes it to his door and opens it to reveal Roth, standing with Fuller, and behind them, Davis and Boone.

DAVIS

Agent Chen, I'm Captain Davis, U.S. Army counterintelligence, this is First Lieutenant Boone. We need to speak with you urgently. Do you mind if we come in?

Chen eyes them suspiciously, glancing at Roth and Fuller.

JUMP CUT TO:

LATER - INT. CHEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chen hands Davis and Boone each a drink, and walks over to a small chair by a wall, where he lights a cigarette. Roth and Fuller take a seat on the sofa, and Davis and Boone each take a chair.

DAVIS

Agent Chen, we're tracking that you're assigned to the Asian organized crime unit, but the diversified nature of your target is going to require a modified approach.

CHEN

You mean Voruntsev?

DAVIS

Sort of.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEN

Look, it would help me understand where this is going, who are you guys? Counter narc?

BOONE

Counterproliferation.

CHEN

I don't work counterproliferation, that's... I mean, I don't get it. I thought you guys stopped rogue nukes, chemical, biological weapons, that sort of stuff.

DAVIS

This is new. Stolen. From us. It's not supposed to be out there, but it is. We want your investigation locked down, and we want this weapon locked down, or our streets, our own people, are going to have to suffer the consequences.

BOONE

You've heard of nanotechnology, right?

CHEN

Of course.

BOONE

If this stuff, the technology, if it gets loose in the water, the air, there's no telling what kind of havoc it could wreak. Do you have any idea of what kind of damage these things can do? They restructure matter on the molecular level.

Chen thinks to himself for a moment.

CHEN

Okay, so why me?

FULLER

You're in a unique position. You are all we've got out there, right at the intersection of three major criminal enterprises. You're making a deal between the triads and the Russians, that's already unprecedented. But on top of that, there's now this guy Moreno.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FULLER (CONT'D)

We can take them all down, but we need to play it right.

CHEN

So what do you need me to do?

BOONE

Get in close. Find out how far Voruntsev's gotten with Moreno. Have you made an offer to your Chinese client yet?

CHEN

No, we're just... I mean, I don't, I mean, didn't know what they were offering me, as an option in exchange for the girls being brought in from Haerbin. But this... This changes things, for sure. I thought it was heroin in some warehouse or something. And there's another thing.

DAVIS

What's that?

CHEN

Well, someone in Voruntsev's organization wants me to take over the business, snuff out Voruntsev.

FULLER

Jesus.

CHEN

Yeah, well, she wants revenge, she almost ended up being the one in the morgue. I can't say I blame her.

DAVIS

Look, do whatever you have to do to keep your investigation going, but Moreno is our top priority.

Davis produces his cell phone, which displays a picture of Moreno. Chen recognizes him from the file he's already been shown by Fuller. Chen looks up at Fuller.

CHEN

Moreno...

DAVIS

What you probably don't know is that a year ago, he was a research scientist contracted out of Los Alamos.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DAVIS (CONT'D)

He disappeared from us after seeing the potential money he could make with just a few modifications to his work. So when we tried to shut him down, he disappeared, vanished. We figured organized crime networks would be his next stop, since they've approached him before, trying to cut deals, but mostly to aid businesses from competing foreign powers, to give them an economic edge.

BOONE

(to Chen)

Look... This isn't just about fighting crime, or even protecting intellectual property. It's about the survival of our country, the American way of life.

Chen glances between Davis and Boone.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CHEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Davis and Boone stand by, Fuller hands Chen a CONTRACT.

FULLER

Need you to sign this.

CHEN

What is it?

FULLER

Says you don't work for me anymore. So, no more salary, benefits, dental.

BOONE

Now, only guys like us can handle your files, under armed guard. We are taking you completely off the grid. All your records, medical, everything.

CHEN

So how the hell am I supposed to --

ROTH

Every two weeks, check this account.

Once Chen grudgingly decides to sign the contract, Roth hands Chen a CHASE MANHATTAN BANK SLIP with an account number on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROTH (CONT'D)
 Passcode is the year you were born,
 in reverse. Just make sure to
 change it soon. And this...

Roth hands Chen another bank slip, with a different account number.

ROTH (CONT'D)
 ... Is where we put half a million
 for expenses. So do whatever you
 need to do, but... I don't think I
 have to tell you, right?

Davis and Boone nod to each other and stand up, ready to head for the door. Fuller and Roth follow.

FULLER
 (to Chen)
 Looks like you've got your work cut
 out for you. What's your next move?

CHEN
 I need to think about it.

Fuller decides to give Chen some rest.

FULLER
 Come on, Roth. Let's give this guy
 some air.

Fuller turns and walks out the door with Roth, after Davis and Boone. Once they are gone, Chen closes the door, deep in thought.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

Chen is making his way past buildings, along streets by and large deserted this early on a Sunday morning.

Chen continues walking, takes out his cell phone, and places a call.

INT. NAJIRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As her light burns in her bedroom, Najira lies on her bed, and looks over at her cell phone ringing on her dresser. She picks it up, and sees the incoming caller ID.

She sits up immediately as she answers.

NAJIRA
 (into phone)
 Mister Chen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEN
(v.o.; filtered)
Did I wake you?

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

NAJIRA
(v.o.; filtered)
No. It's okay. Where are you?

CHEN
(into phone)
I'm just out for a walk. I know
it's early but... I was thinking
about your offer, and...

NAJIRA
(v.o.; filtered)
So... Where are you?

INT. NAJIRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CHEN
(v.o.; filtered)
I'm down around the Wall Street
area.

Najira walks over to her window, looking outside, down upon
the street.

NAJIRA
(into phone)
Really? That's my area, what
street?

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

Chen stops on a corner, looks up, sees

THE STREET SIGN - PEARL AND HANOVER SQ

CHEN
(into phone)
Pearl Street, and Hanover Square.

INT. NAJIRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

NAJIRA
(into phone)
Do you want to meet up for a drink?

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

Chen takes a moment to consider.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEN
(into phone)
I don't think there's any place
that's open right now.

INT. NAJIRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

NAJIRA
(into phone)
Well if you like you can come up to
my place, it's not far.

CHEN - NAJIRA'S POV

Najira has caught sight of Chen, holding his cell phone on
the street.

Najira smiles as she watches him.

INT. NAJIRA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Morning light has begun to appear in the sky, adding a soft
blue hue to everything in the room. Chen is sitting down on a
chair across from Najira, who sits on her sofa. In his hand
is a glass of whiskey and ice.

CHEN
So tell me about Moreno.

NAJIRA
Well, he is definitely responsible
for my friend. She died because
whatever that he made, it killed
her.

CHEN
And what's his deal with Vasily?

NAJIRA
I don't know, really. But I know he
needed a place to work, a lab.
Vasily gave him that place to work,
so he could make whatever it was he
made. So he is trying to make a
deal with you, yes?

CHEN
Yeah. On top of what we already
discussed, the girls out of
Haerbin.

NAJIRA
So he wants to avoid paying you.
Well, that's not surprising.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAJIRA (CONT'D)

You must trust me, whatever that stuff is that killed my friend, it's not worth anything. But I know he was trying to make changes, he was using some kind of computer program. And they will probably keep testing it, even if it kills more girls.

CHEN

Wait a second, you mean he still needs to do more tests? On people?

NAJIRA

You know for a good looking guy you are pretty stupid. Why do you think he needs more girls?

Chen looks at Najira, slightly upset.

NAJIRA (CONT'D)

He's not only ripping you off with a product he knows nothing about, he is getting you to take all the risk by bringing in girls that are just going to make more money for him!

CHEN

So he doesn't want this stuff at all? What sort of deal does he have with Moreno then?

NAJIRA

No he wants that too. But he is going to make sure that the girls he is using to test it on are the ones you bring in from China, not his! Trust me, that is the only reason he wants to make a deal.

Chen leans back, takes a sip from his drink. He takes a deep breath.

CHEN

Listen, I probably shouldn't be here.

NAJIRA

I told you he was a bastard. So since I told you this, now you can know what to expect from him. Doesn't that give you an advantage?

CHEN

It's too late, my contact is already in town.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHEN (CONT'D)

If we don't go ahead with the deal, I will lose credibility. She will never talk to me again. Look, it's dangerous for me to be here. I should go.

NAJIRA

What? Because it's dangerous? But you're in the Black Society. You are used to that, aren't you? Don't you have to live with danger all the time?

Najira looks away, out the window, at the pre-dawn sky.

NAJIRA (CONT'D)

I'm so tired of it. I wish I could have a normal life. Don't you wish for something better? Isn't that why we wake up in the morning, in the hope that one day, we can find something better? We can take this chance we have, right now, to do that.

Chen looks at her, having a hard time resisting thoughts. She's so sexy it hurts. Chen drives down the whiskey, leaving behind only the fresh ice cubes.

NAJIRA (CONT'D)

Do you want another?

CHEN

Don't bother, I'll get it.

Chen stands up and walks over to Najira's small kitchen, opens the cabinet, and pours himself another glass. He turns to find Najira standing in the doorway, slowly approaching him.

NAJIRA

What gets you out of bed in the morning?

She sidles up next to him, their eyes locked, and they slowly kiss. She pins him against the counter, taking off his jacket...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE - DAY

INT. IVY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ivy is fully dressed, standing by her window, her cell phone to her ear.

INT. NAJIRA'S APARTMENT - DAY

The curtains are drawn, as Chen's cell phone LIGHTS UP as it RINGS, but both he and Najira are out cold on her bed.

INT. IVY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The FILTERED SOUND of Chen's line continues ringing, and finally Ivy hangs up. She paces for a moment, grabs her coat and walks out the door.

EXT. FOUR-STAR HOTEL - DAY

Ivy walks out of the hotel, proceeds down the street.

FOLLOW IVY as she turns a corner into a RUSH-HOUR CROWD, moving through at her own pace. She quickly decides to take refuge in a

INT. BOUTIQUE HANDBAG STORE - DAY

Ivy enters the store, walks past a SECURITY GUARD, who welcomes her.

STORE SECURITY GUARD
Welcome, miss.

Ivy begins to browse the store, full of Chinese dresses, and comes across a wedding dress collection. She pauses, before putting her sunglasses on, hiding her interest. A SALES MANAGER approaches, about to offer help, but is stopped short as Ivy turns away and walks out the door again.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

Ivy paces down Fifth, keeping as low a profile as her glamorous appearance allows her.

INT. NAJIRA'S APARTMENT - DAY

At the SOUND of a shower starting, Chen's eyes slowly begin to open. He looks over to the other side of the bed, noticing Najira's absence, and reaches over to the other side of the bed for his coat. He searches his pocket for his phone, finds it on the floor, and picks it up to check the time.

TIGHT ON: CELL PHONE SCREEN

Chen presses a button to turn on the screen, and the time reads 14:58.

CHEN
Shit!

Chen stumbles out of bed, struggles to get his clothes back on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEN (CONT'D)

Najira!

INT. NAJIRA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Najira barely hears Chen over the water, and pops her head out the door.

NAJIRA

Yes, Henry?

Chen appears in front of her, by the door, his shirt barely on.

CHEN

I think I missed an appointment,
and...

NAJIRA

So, you missed an appointment, so
make another one. Come in, the
water's really nice!

Najira pulls Chen into the bathroom, and begins undoing his shirt again.

Chen starts to resist, which only encourages Najira to find a different strategy. She attacks his ticklish areas, forcing him to grab her arms, and he flips places with her, pinning her against the wall, distracting her with a kiss.

She begins laughing again, and reaches over to the shower head, pointing the water at Chen's head. Water sprays all over him, and Chen shrieks as Najira laughs hysterically.

Chen then grabs control of the water, sending it back into the shower stall, as he locks eyes again with Najira.

CHEN

It's about the deal.

Najira sobers up slightly, still smiling. She looks down, backs away to give Chen some room, as she remembers what he needs to do for her. She looks up at Chen again, nods as she understands.

CHEN (CONT'D)

I will be back for you soon.

NAJIRA

I know.

Najira plants another kiss on Chen, and rubs his head playfully with a towel.

INT. IVY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

As Ivy's cell phone RINGS, scores of SHOPPING BAGS litter the floor.

Ivy lies on her bed, letting the phone ring from across the room on a chair.

She doesn't bother picking it up, as she stares at the ceiling. She closes her eyes, and the phone stops ringing, and she opens her eyes again.

INT. LOBBY - FOUR-STAR HOTEL - DAY

Chen, with a two-day beard, stands by the door, and hangs up his phone.

INT. IVY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

This time, the land line phone in Ivy's room RINGS incessantly, and Ivy finally picks up, angry.

INT. LOBBY - FOUR-STAR HOTEL - DAY

Chen listens to Ivy on the house phone.

IVY (CANTONESE)
(v.o.; filtered)
Hello, I'm sorry but we're closed.

Before Chen can get out a single word, the line CLICKS into a DIAL TONE. Chen hangs up, and takes a deep breath.

INT. HALLWAY - FOUR-STAR HOTEL - DAY

Chen stands in front of Ivy's door and knocks.

There's no answer, and Chen tries a second time. This time, Ivy opens the door and stares Chen in the face.

IVY
You broke rule number one with me.

CHEN
Ivy, what do you want me to say, if
you don't even give me the chance
to say sorry?

Chen lets it sink in, and suddenly Ivy walks away from the door, leaving it open. Chen pauses before he goes into the room, finally closing the door behind him.

INT. IVY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ivy walks over to pour herself a drink of whiskey from a bottle sitting on the table. Chen moves slowly across the room, watching her.

IVY (CANTONESE)

They have a factory in Guangzhou which can handle all the production, plus a distribution network throughout China. As for the downloads, we'll have to stay at least five steps ahead of the authorities. They have some connections in the Ministry of Information Industry eager to get on the payroll.

Chen leans on the wall, crosses his arms.

CHEN

So, we're in then.

Ivy glares at him, tosses back the rest of the whiskey.

CHEN (CONT'D)

You know, you really shouldn't --

IVY

Don't, please! You were never around when mom needed you, why should I expect any different?

CHEN

That's not fair.

IVY

Yeah, nothing's fair. Except money. Right?

CHEN

You're drunk. One drink is too much for you.

IVY

Yeah, any wonder why I do it? At least it's not one of those other drugs. At least it's legal, right? It's still okay, I'm over twenty-one.

CHEN

Ivy, I said I was sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IVY

One day. One day, you said you would be here. I came all the way from the other side of the world, and you still can't be on time.

CHEN

Are you going to punish me for the rest of my life? Because I punish myself for failing, every day!

Ivy, moved, doesn't try to talk back this time.

CHEN (CONT'D)

I never wanted this, any of it! But a guy like me, when I met your mother, I had no idea it would turn out like this. After you were born, I thought to myself, my God, finally, here I am, I've done it. Finally, I can call myself a man. For one moment, one... Perfect little moment, I had everything I ever wanted. No more maybes, no greener grass on the other side, none of it. I had everything.

Chen walks over to the window, looking out, as memories accumulate.

CHEN (CONT'D)

You made everything complete. But without her... Without your mother, it was like I had to start all over again. But I could never get that back, and... I knew you had to grow up without her. So knowing what that was gonna do, I...

Ivy walks over to her father.

IVY

Dad, come on.

CHEN

I mean, what was I supposed to do?

Ivy watches her father with newfound compassion. Chen turns to her.

CHEN (CONT'D)

You're the only thing that keeps me going. And I can't let anything change that. Not the law, not anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ivy and Chen embrace, healing wounds from the past.

INT. KITCHEN - RUSSIAN LOUNGE - DAY

Vasily is talking with his CHEF.

VASILY (RUSSIAN)
So how much do you need?

CHEF (RUSSIAN)
Twenty pounds a week.

VASILY (RUSSIAN)
Of beets? Twenty pounds of beets?!
Are you crazy?! You want me to just
get you money for that? Are you
trying to skim off me? Why can't
you just use tomatoes?

CHEF (RUSSIAN)
Vasily, you bring me all the way
out here from Kiev, and you want me
to use tomatoes?!

A WAITER approaches Vasily, and speaks to him quietly.

WAITER
A Chinese guy is here to see you
Mister Vasily.

Vasily looks at him.

VASILY
Da. Okay.
(to Chef)
We talk later, you.

The chef throws his arms up in the air, takes off his hat,
grabs a pack of cigarettes and heads for the back door,
mumbling angrily.

INT. RUSSIAN LOUNGE - DAY

In spite of the hectic argument, the lounge is fairly busy
with some THIRTY CUSTOMERS occupying a staff of FIVE WAITERS
and WAITRESSES, and Vasily makes his way towards Chen, who is
standing by the door.

VASILY
(to Waiter)
I come back, eh? Give me a couple
of minutes, okay?

WAITER
Okay, Vasily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VASILY
(to Chen)
Let's go.

EXT. RUSSIAN LOUNGE - DAY

Vasily walks with Chen outside the lounge. Chen takes out a cigarette and lights up as they walk.

VASILY
So Mister Chen, sorry we can't talk in there, just too many people, too crazy. What of our business? Have you some news?

CHEN
Well I was hoping you might have some news for me.

Vasily stops walking and looks at Chen for a moment. Respect finally wins, and Vasily nods his head.

VASILY
Yes. You are right, my friend. Well... I thought it would be better for us to have a quick meeting in person to discuss things since, my sales girl has taken a vacation. So...

Vasily and Chen stop at the corner.

VASILY (CONT'D)
Sorry, you have...?

Vasily motions, asking for a cigarette. Chen obliges, and gives Vasily a light.

VASILY (CONT'D)
Okay. So... How do you want to do this? Besides what we are selling, you need an escrow account?

CHEN
We'd pay you minus what you owe us for the girls we are bringing in.

VASILY
Yes, and, uh... When do you expect them?

CHEN
Soon. We're still clearing the paperwork. We use a modeling agency to get them H1B visas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VASILY

Yes but you know that's no
guarantee! Seven of them just got
denied to go to a big agency
uptown!

CHEN

That's because they don't have
people in place at the Embassy in
Beijing.

Vasily's eyes light up as he looks at Chen.

VASILY

Oh, shit! You have people working
for you in there?!!

Chen smiles at Vasily, scheming, nods his head, telling
Vasily not to worry.

VASILY (CONT'D)

Okay, then, well that's fucking
good, man! Yeah, okay!

Vasily takes another drag from his cigarette, and looks the
street up and down.

VASILY (CONT'D)

So we still need to work out some
details, and you need to know
exactly what we're selling, right?

CHEN

Yes. What... Are you selling,
exactly?

Vasily looks at Chen, and smiles.

VASILY

(leans in, whispers)
The future.

Vasily laughs, and Chen nods his head, smiling.

VASILY (CONT'D)

Ha? The future, eh? Ha...

Vasily continues laughing.

VASILY (CONT'D)

Next week, you bring your boss, and
we make deal, okay? To the club.
Check your email, eh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Vasily and Chen shake hands. Chen walks away, hails a CAB, as Vasily watches him, the smile melting into a scowl as the taxi finally drives away. Vasily finishes his cigarette, and flicks it into the street, popping his coat's collar as he heads back to the lounge. He doesn't notice as

DAVIS AND BOONE

Watch from INSIDE a black CROWN VICTORIA.

The car starts towards Vasily, who turns a corner.

VASILY notices the car following him, and breaks into a run. Davis speeds up and stops, allowing Boone to engage Vasily on foot.

Boone chases Vasily through the streets. Vasily heads into a SHOP and

INT. SHOP - DAY

Boone follows, chasing Vasily past a COUPLE of customers and a startled SHOPKEEPER. As Vasily and Boone head towards the back entrance, the shopkeeper shouts

SHOPKEEPER
Hey! Get outta there!

INT. SHOP BACK ENTRANCE - DAY

Vasily and Boone pass a computer monitor playing a PORN VIDEO, scattered STACKS OF BOOKS, PAPERS and HOUSEHOLD ITEMS, bursting THROUGH A DOOR into an

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Vasily makes for the end of the alley, except he doesn't see DAVIS until he emerges from behind the wall, knocking Vasily to the ground.

Vasily pulls a .38 From his ankle, but Davis quickly slaps it back into the alley, right to Boone's feet.

As Davis engages Vasily in martial arts-style combat, Davis picks up the .38, approaching.

Vasily is hurled against a wall, and before he can regain a defensive position, Boone has the .38 positioned strategically under Vasily's chin.

BOONE
We'd like a word with you, sir.

Vasily raises his hands slowly, as Davis straightens his suit and tie. Davis grabs Vasily by the arm, pulling him off the wall, as Boone cracks Vasily on the neck, knocking him out.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Vasily awakes in an empty, unfinished floor in an office building which is still under construction. He's strapped to an office chair with duct tape, around his legs, and his mouth.

By a single light shining brightly in his face, he can make out Davis and Boone.

BOONE

Okay, he's back.

They approach Vasily, and take seats in their own office chairs, sitting comfortably. It's a full moment before Boone reaches over and removes the duct tape covering Vasily's mouth.

VASILY

I can't believe this. I really can't believe how stupid you two fucking guys are. Your boss will have your head for this!

Davis and Boone glance at each other, unimpressed.

DAVIS

Oh, well, that's interesting, because he's the same guy who told us to bring you in.

VASILY

Bullshit! Even if he did, do you have any idea who I am, who my employers are? I am not only a national security asset of your government, but I know people --

BOONE

Look, stop talking!

Vasily turns to Boone.

BOONE (CONT'D)

All this is really unnecessary if we can all just get along, isn't that right Davis?

Davis leans back in his chair, relaxed. Boone pulls on a pair of blue hospital gloves.

BOONE (CONT'D)

And I'm sure we can all get along, if... You just tell us what we want to know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vasily watches Boone as he puts on the gloves.

VASILY
What the fuck...

BOONE
(leans in)
Sorry?

DAVIS
I don't think he's got anything to say.

VASILY
Always you Americans with the same old bullshit, good cop, bad cop --

BOONE
(laughs hysterically)
Oh that's what you thought we were gonna do? Oh, God, you kill me. No, no, we're both bad. And you ought to know Mister Voruntsev, that we're not even cops! In fact, we don't even exist.

Boone stands up, and walks behind Vasily.

DAVIS
All we want to know is, where did you stash Moreno, and did he finish what he was working on?

Vasily looks at Davis.

Boone suddenly reaches around Vasily's waist, and starts taking off Vasily's belt.

VASILY
What the fff--- what th--- wait!
... Wait!

Boone stops, and edges around the chair, and looks up at Vasily, who then looks up frantically at Davis.

VASILY (CONT'D)
Wait... You have no idea!

Davis and Boone look at each other, still unimpressed.

VASILY (CONT'D)
We are going to make a deal... You will lose everything!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVIS

No Vasily, that's not everything.
We want Moreno. Now where is he?

VASILY

He -- he's still working. He said
he needs to make one more test...
Please, trust me, you need me!

DAVIS

You want us to trust you, Vasily?
What do we need you for?

VASILY

Without me, you lose the Chinese,
and Moreno! We are going to make a
deal, it will shut everyone else
out! The fucking Mexican cartels,
everybody! I will be doing you a
favor!

Boone stands up again, pulls off the gloves. He walks in
front of Vasily, and punches him in the jaw.

BOONE

How about you trust us, Vasily? If
you don't give us what we want,
we'll have you eating liquefied
meals from a tube down your throat
for the rest of your life, all
three, pain-filled days of it.

VASILY

Okay.. I trust... I trust you...
Please...

Davis looks up at Boone, a slight hint that Vasily may be
telling the truth.

VASILY (CONT'D)

I take you... I take you there...

EXT. VASILY'S HOME - NIGHT

The black Crown Victoria pulls up near Vasily's place in
SoHo.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - NIGHT

Davis and Boone eye Vasily's apartment. The lights are out.
Vasily sits in the back seat, his hands tied behind his back,
his head hung in defeat. Davis and Boone get out of the car,
and Davis grabs Vasily and pulls him out.

EXT. VASILY'S HOME - NIGHT

Davis and Boone walk Vasily across the street to his door.

INT. VASILY'S HOME - NIGHT

In the darkness, the silhouettes of Davis, Boone and Vasily emerge from the opening door, and light floods the room as Davis turns on the light.

Vasily looks up, and slowly is overcome with horror as he sees

MORENO'S WORKSTATION

deserted, all the crucial equipment now gone, with only a few signs of use left behind: SOLDERING IRON, messy NEWSPAPERS with burn marks, a now-empty REFRIGERATOR, and multiple SURGE PROTECTORS.

VASILY

No... No! He was here, you must believe me! He has taken everything, all his work!

Vasily turns around to face Davis and Boone.

VASILY (CONT'D)

Please, you have to --

DAVIS

Quiet! Vasily... Just... Tell us where he went.

Vasily glares at Davis, turns to the window, looking out, his mind racing.

VASILY

I don't know. Maybe...

DAVIS

Maybe what?

Vasily then suddenly turns to Davis and Boone.

VASILY

There is a girl. Maybe he went to her, I don't know.

BOONE

(to Davis)

Look, as much as I hate to say it, maybe he's right.

DAVIS

What makes you say that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOONE

If we grab him now, we might lose everything. I say we sit on this until it breaks.

Davis ponders reluctantly.

DAVIS

Okay Vasily, when is this going down?

Vasily steps towards them, assertive.

VASILY

Tomorrow night, at the disco. One final test. Then, and only then, will we know if he has achieved success. Then, you will get everything you want.

Davis and Boone glance at each other, grudgingly accepting Vasily's wisdom to wait.

INT. LUGGAGE STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT

Moreno places the last piece of his equipment into a luggage storage locker, closes the door, and pockets the key. He turns away, and walks out into the night.

EXT. NAJIRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SURVEILLANCE POV - Moreno walks down the street, approaching the door to Najira's apartment building.

CHEN

Watches Moreno from around a corner. He looks up from his BINOCULARS, alert and focused, making sure it's really Moreno.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS:

Moreno approaches Najira's door, rings the bell, waits for an answer. When no one answers, Moreno backs off from the door and walks down the street, back the way he arrived from.

CHEN

Watches Moreno, and turns around the corner again, heading out of sight.

INT. CHEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Najira lies sleeping peacefully in Chen's bed.

SOMEONE'S POV approaching Najira.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Najira's eyes pop open, and she turns around suddenly, alarmed, and then relieved to find Chen kneeling down next to her. They kiss and embrace.

NAJIRA

Oh, Chen, I had this horrible dream... I -- ... I can't remember...

CHEN

It's all right now.

Chen sits against the wall, looks up at Najira.

CHEN (CONT'D)

Listen... We need to talk.

Najira sits up fully. She nods.

NAJIRA

Of course.

Chen stands up, walks over to his window, looking out.

CHEN

So if I'm going to do this, we'll probably have to kill him.

NAJIRA

Of course. He'll come after you.

CHEN

And you.

NAJIRA

What did your partner from Hong Kong say?

CHEN

She agreed. She's got factories in Guangzhou that can handle nano-scale specs. As long as Moreno gives us the right programming. We can work off any sample he gives us.

Chen looks away, something still bothering him.

NAJIRA

He's going to try it out again, isn't he? Who's going to be the victim this time?

CHEN

I am.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NAJIRA
I don't think you really want to do
this. Do you?

CHEN
I have to.

NAJIRA
Why? For me? Why can't we just --

CHEN
I'm a cop!

Najira leans back, taking the news rather well, almost as if she suspected it all along.

NAJIRA
You cops, you're all the same.
You're not all as good as you
pretend to be.

CHEN
Well maybe some of us are. And me,
I'm the best chance you've got.

A moment goes by between them.

NAJIRA
I knew this was too good to be
true.

CHEN
Look, I can protect you.

NAJIRA
No, it's okay.

Chen turns away again, looking out his window.

CHEN
Shit.

Najira gets up and walks over to him, places a hand on his shoulder. Chen turns to her, realizes she's with him all the way. They kiss and embrace.

CHEN (CONT'D)
It's not safe even here anymore. I
have to move you.

NAJIRA
Why is it not safe?

CHEN
Do you trust me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NAJIRA

I trust you.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Chen and Najira ride in a taxi, holding each other. Najira rests her head on Chen's shoulder as they ride past

NEW YORK CITY NIGHT SCENES

INT. TAXI

Chen looks outside the window as they ride, in deep thought.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

A train screeches to a stop, and the doors open. Chen and Najira step out, the only passengers at this hour of the morning. Chen leads her up the platform stairs.

EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE - QUEENS - NIGHT

Chen and Najira emerge from the subway entrance onto the sidewalk. Chen walks her down the street, and around a corner onto a

EXT. SIDESTREET UNDERPASS - NIGHT

Chen and Najira continue down the sidestreet, under an overpass, as we

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE IN QUEENS - NIGHT

Moby-like music fills a living room, converted to a photography studio, where a MODEL poses before a FLASH envelopes her face with the POP of TWO STROBES set up around her.

KAMEN, the photographer, Chinese, 30s, watches her carefully, as a STYLIST and a MAKEUP ARTIST stand by.

KAMEN

Okay, turn a little, left...

The model turns, and Kamen fires again. Inspiration suddenly grabs Kamen, and he moves in, shooting more, as the model moves with him. Kamen picks up ANOTHER SMALLER CAMERA, and moves even closer.

KAMEN (CONT'D)

Great! Keep going, keep going! Yes!
YES!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kamen and the model are finally on the floor, as if more has happened than a simple photo shoot.

One of KAMEN'S FIVE FRIENDS has appeared from the kitchen, drawn in by the noise.

KAMEN'S FRIEND (MANDARIN)
Are you done yet?

Kamen, sweating, looks up at his friend, and smiles at the model. The model smiles back, and they laugh.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE IN QUEENS - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kamen's friends, two male and three female, are playing mahjong on the kitchen table, as the model watches, holding a glass of MERLOT.

A WHITE DOG sits calmly by the doorway, until a sudden NOISE from the front door startles him. He begins BARKING, wagging his tail, running to the

INT. HOUSE IN QUEENS - FOYER - NIGHT

Front door, as Chen enters with Najira. Najira bends down and cuddles with the dog, calming the dog immediately. The dog runs off as one of the neighbors, KAMEN, the house's owner, walks over to greet his new visitors.

CHEN (MANDARIN)
(to Kamen)
Hey, Kamen, how are you?

KAMEN (MANDARIN)
(eyeing Najira)
Hello.

Kamen holds out his hand, greets Najira.

KAMEN (CONT'D)
Welcome to my pad, sorry we
couldn't do better, but...

CHEN
Look, I really appreciate this.

Chen smiles at Kamen's charm approach to Najira, who is still petting the dog. Najira looks up and smiles as Chen speaks with Kamen INDISTINCT for a moment.

Chen then walks over to Najira.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEN (CONT'D)
 These are good people. You will be
 safe here. I have to go.

NAJIRA
 Okay. Be careful.

Chen pauses on his way out the door, gives Najira's words a
 thought, nods, and continues on his way.

Najira watches Chen as he walks out. The door SLAMS as we

CUT TO:

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Moreno stands by a window, looking out into the street below,
 as the LIGHT from outside crawls/glows across his face.

Moreno passes his dresser, where he has placed SIX KEYS to
 six storage lockers.

He stares at himself in the mirror, searching.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT

Moreno approaches a PAY PHONE, and picks up the receiver. He
 looks down at a business card, which we recognize as
 Najira's, identical to the one she had given to Chen. He
 starts dialing.

INT. HOUSE IN QUEENS - NIGHT

The MAHJONG TABLE is EMPTY, as is most of the HOUSE. The
 guests have gone.

Najira's cell phone RINGS as Najira plays with the dog, alone
 in a room adjacent to the foyer. She turns to reach for her
 phone, and answers.

NAJIRA
 (into phone)
 Chen?

INT. KAMEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kamen, lying on his bed, suddenly awakes at the sound of
 Najira's voice.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT

Moreno listens into the phone, shuts his eyes, perhaps
 realizing the girl he cares about is interested in someone
 else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAJIRA
(v.o.; filtered)
Hello?

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - NIGHT

TIGHT ON: COMPUTER SCREEN

The SOUND of Najira's voice registers on a graphical readout.

NAJIRA
(v.o.; filtered)
Hello?

Davis, wearing earbuds hooked into his LAPTOP, taps Boone on the shoulder, and Boone turns to him, attentive.

MORENO
(v.o.; filtered)
I'm sorry.

INT. HOUSE IN QUEENS - NIGHT

Najira is in shock at hearing Moreno's voice.

MORENO
(v.o.; filtered)
Najira, please... I...

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT

MORENO
(into phone)
I... I love you, Najira. I just...

INT. HOUSE IN QUEENS - NIGHT

Najira's phone is suddenly grabbed by Kamen, who takes out the battery as fast as he can. He glares at Najira, disappointed.

Suddenly, the dog starts barking hysterically, running towards the back door. Kamen, alerted, runs and opens a closet, removing a BASEBALL BAT.

INT. HOUSE IN QUEENS - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A gloved hand holding a pistol with a silencer fires once, killing the dog.

Kamen is quick on an assault with a BASEBALL BAT, knocking the gun out of the hand, as

INT. HOUSE IN QUEENS - FOYER - NIGHT

More THUGS IN BLACK enter through the front door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kamen is shot several times, and falls to the floor.

NAJIRA

As the CAMERA RUSHES TOWARDS NAJIRA, she recoils, panicking, and we

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT

Hearing only a DIAL TONE, Moreno hangs up, devastated.

He exits the phone booth, and walks away into the night.

INT. INTIMATE BAR - NIGHT

Low lighting, red decor, a single GLASS of Merlot sits on a table for two, next to some Italian bread, a small container of black olives, and olive oil.

IVY, dressed as elegantly as ever, with a new hairstyle, reaches down and rips a bite-size piece of bread free, and dips it in the oil. She places it into her mouth with a single olive and chews slowly, closing her eyes, Epicurean in her taste for pleasure. She delicately takes hold of the wine glass and takes a sip, letting her head roll back.

Her acts catch the attention of a WAITER, as he stands by the bar.

As her head rolls back upright, she opens her eyes, and smiles, finding Chen sitting across from her. She smiles, and Chen signals to the waiter. The waiter approaches tactfully. Chen barely motions with his hand, and the waiter nods, and leaves them alone at the table.

CHEN

I finally got away. Am I too late?

IVY

Not this time, Mister Chen.

The waiter returns with a glass, places it on the table, and elegantly pours a glass of the Merlot as Ivy rips away another piece of bread, dips it in oil, and devours it with another olive. As she chews, she raises her glass, and Chen raises his glass. They make a silent toast, and sip.

Ivy looks at Chen, expectantly.

CHEN

(leaning in, subdued)
I have it worked out. We're going to be done. Tonight. Okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IVY

Okay.

Ivy smiles, and leans back in her chair.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

The DJ seen in the previous sequence begins to set up her equipment. As she opens her LAPTOP, she opens an application window which displays a playlist.

TIGHT ON: LAPTOP SCREEN

As the DJ cycles through the songs, one upcoming track appears at the bottom of the list, entitled "Test."

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Chen and Ivy are strolling through the crowd. They turn a corner, and Ivy leans against a wall, taking out her makeup case and mirror for a quick touch up.

CHEN (CANTONESE)

Why do you need to do that? You look fine.

Ivy stops and looks up at Chen.

IVY (CANTONESE)

Dad, I'm not trying to look older, you know? Just nice...

Ivy continues her touch-up, and puts away her case. As they walk together towards Ninth Avenue, Chen steps out and hails a CAB.

INT. VASILY'S HOME - NIGHT

Vasily is prepping himself, trying to manage his looks in spite of a bruised and cut face, which he's cleaned up as best as he can.

He looks in his bathroom mirror, washing his face, trimming nose hairs, trying to look his best.

He finally puts down his nose hair clipper, and turns on the water in his sink, splashing his face, and drying it with a towel. He then removes a dinner jacket hanging on the door, and puts it on, finally taking a moment to look at himself.

VASILY

(to himself)

Okay. Okay...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vasily turns off the light.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB, MEATPACKING DISTRICT - NIGHT

The exterior of the CLUB is packed with a long line of CLUB-GOERS hoping to get in.

CHEN'S TAXI pulls up, and he gets out with Ivy.

Chen approaches a BOUNCER and DOORPERSON holding a CLIPBOARD. Chen flashes his TIGER BEETLE CARD, and the bouncer unhinges the stanchion, letting Chen and Ivy pass, and hooks it closed again, arguing INDISTINCT with a small group who have broken off from the line.

INT. CLUB, MEATPACKING DISTRICT - NIGHT

FOLLOW CHEN AND IVY as they enter the club, past a COAT ROOM, and some TWENTY OTHER CLUB GOERS, proceeding up a flight of stairs, and into a

INT. VIP ROOM - NIGHT

Devon is performing again, with the same attendees seen at her previous party -- minus the original hostess.

INT. CLUB, MEATPACKING DISTRICT - NIGHT

Davis and Boone sit in a corner, out of sight, sipping vodka tonics. They watch a window on the second floor, behind which is the VIP room.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Moreno sits on the edge of his bed, staring at the keys on the table across from him.

His room's phone RINGS, and he picks up, the FRONT DESK on the other end of the line.

MORENO
(into phone)
Yes?

FRONT DESK CLERK
(v.o.; filtered)
Mister Domingo, you have a visitor
asking for your message.

MORENO
(into phone)
Yes. three-twenty-seven, twenty-nine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRONT DESK CLERK
(v.o.; filtered)
Thank you, sir.

Moreno hangs up the phone, and stands. He grabs all the keys off the table.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

TIGHT ON: PAPER

Vasily looks down at the numbers spoken by Moreno, now written on a piece of paper, and walks out of the hotel.

EXT. 327 WEST 29TH ST - NIGHT

The ADDRESS clearly seen, Vasily enters the building.

INT. 327 WEST 29TH ST - NIGHT

Vasily approaches the DOORMAN, who hands him an envelope. Vasily takes the envelope and walks out of the building.

EXT. 327 WEST 29TH ST - NIGHT

Vasily tears the envelope open as he walks, and a key drops out into his hand.

TIGHT ON: KEY

Vasily checks for a number, and sees the number.

INT. BAGGAGE STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT

Vasily enters a room with a wall of lockers, and finds the locker corresponding to the number on the key. He walks over and opens the locker, finding

INT - LOCKER POV

A VIAL, containing a slightly OPAQUE liquid, sits next to another white ENVELOPE.

Vasily reaches in and grabs the envelope, and opens it. Into his hand falls the same keys from Moreno's hotel room.

Vasily pockets the keys, and grabs the vial, and closes the locker shut.

He opens another locker, and finds some of Moreno's equipment, including a THUMB DRIVE. He then places the other keys to other lockers into the open locker, and closes it shut.

BLACK:

INT. VIP ROOM - NIGHT

Vasily approaches Ivy and Chen, who have taken seats at a table near the window, which affords a view of Davis and Boone from CHEN'S POV.

VASILY
Mister Chen, so glad you could make it! And this must be...

IVY
Hello, I am Ivy, nice to meet you.

VASILY
Yes, nice to meet you too, Miss Ivy.

CHEN
Hey, listen, can we get a drink? I don't see any --

Ignoring Chen's question, Vasily looks at them for a moment.

VASILY
Are you two, related, maybe?

Chen glares at Vasily as Ivy LAUGHS.

CHEN
Look, let us know when we can go ahead with our business.

VASILY
(laughs)
Of course, Mister Chen. Come, shall we move to my office?

Chen and Ivy stand up, and walk over to a door leading to Vasily's office.

INT. VASILY'S OFFICE - CLUB - NIGHT

Vasily enters, followed by Ivy and Chen. As Vasily closes the door behind him, he's suddenly shocked as he sees

NAJIRA

Duct-taped to a chair, sitting in the middle of the room.

Ivy is also surprised, and Chen stands by her protectively, as Vasily's thugs draw pistols, holding them in place.

VASILY
Oh, yes, well, she decided to show up after all. I know she betrayed me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VASILY (CONT'D)

And, I know you are working with the FBI. At least up until a few days ago. Now, you are, what is it? Officially unofficially employed?

INT. CLUB, MEATPACKING DISTRICT - NIGHT

SURVEILLANCE SCREEN

Davis and Boone watch the scenario develop in Vasily's office on an iPhone screen.

INT. VASILY'S OFFICE - CLUB - NIGHT

Vasily takes a seat across from Chen and Ivy. Najira eyes Chen affectionately, and Ivy notices, and stares at her father.

VASILY

(laughs)

Miss Ivy, unlike Mister Chen, I am someone you can trust. And to prove it, I am going to demonstrate the effectiveness of what I am selling. I would like you to consider being my partner, as obviously, we no longer have need of Mister Chen.

CHEN

You can't do this!

VASILY

Oh, yes I can. Watch me.

CHEN

You son of a bitch!

Chen lunges at Vasily, but is intercepted by one of the guards and pinned down on the floor, a gun pointed at the base of his skull.

Vasily then turns on a speaker on his desk, flooding the room with the music from the VIP room. He walks over and kneels down to speak to Chen.

VASILY

As I had explained to your... former friend and associate, Mister Chen, what I am selling is the future. In the future, there is no more chemicals, no more weed, coke, heroin, meth, krokodil, all that is history. The effect can last as long as you pay for, without the chemical residue, hazardous mixing and storage conditions, ugly deaths... It is now a technology.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VASILY (CONT'D)

And I understand you have facilities in China to handle production. As with all wonderful new technology, at first it will only be available to the rich. We are not concerned with being Coca Cola, at this stage. For now we will just be jewelers. Small volume, and very, very high return.

Vasily takes out his vial and places it on the table.

VASILY (CONT'D)

This is the base material. Millions of nanobots, programmed specifically to seek out the area of the brain which produces dopamine. Once they are in place, they are activated by a signal which acts as an encryption key, unlocking instruction in the nanobots to immediately act, simulating the effect of dopamine release into the brain. And because these particles are so small, they cannot be detected by the authorities by any ordinary means. No chemical residue, no trace left to find by drug tests. It is totally clean! And now, the music is cued...

Vasily picks up the vial of nanites, and walks over to Najira. He holds her nose closed forcing her mouth open, and the liquid from the vial down her throat.

CHEN

No!

Najira, now having swallowed the liquid, looks up at Chen, smiling. She mouths the words "I love you."

Vasily then checks his watch, and counts down second-by-second, to the beat of the music.

VASILY

Eight, seven, six, five,...

INT. VIP ROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT ON: DJ LAPTOP SCREEN

The current play indicator bar hops onto the track entitled "Test." The MUSIC changes, and

INT. VASILY'S OFFICE - CLUB - NIGHT

Najira begins to hallucinate.

She slowly leans her head back, feeling the effects.

VASILY
(to Chen, sinister)
The money.

Chen glares at Vasily.

VASILY (CONT'D)
The money, Mister Chen, in return
for her life. I have an nano-
neutralizer on hand nearby, just
send me the money! Or do you want
to play Chinese roulette?

Chen quickly takes out his cell phone, presses a few buttons.

TIGHT ON: CELL PHONE SCREEN

Chen presses a "SEND" button, and a progress bar appears, and
reaches 100% in three seconds.

CHEN
Okay, it's done!

Vasily checks his own PHONE

TIGHT ON: VASILY'S PHONE SCREEN

Another screen appears, showing an amount in a savings
account of half a million dollars.

Vasily looks up from the screen, smiling. He pulls out a
THUMB DRIVE from his inside jacket pocket, and places it next
to the nearly empty vial on the table.

VASILY
(to thugs)
Let's go.

The thugs follow Vasily out his exit door.

CHEN
Wait!

VASILY
It's safe! We gave it to everyone
in the VIP room, didn't you notice
there was no alcohol?! You will
see, the effect will fade in a few
minutes. The encryption key signals
are on that thumb drive.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VASILY (CONT'D)

As you will see once again, I am an
honorable man, Mister Chen!

(to thugs)

Go!

Vasily disappears with his thugs down the stairs.

As the MUSIC continues, a smile emerges across Najira's face.

Ivy picks up the thumb drive and the vial, still containing a sample of the nanoceutical mix, and begins to open her purse.

Chen rushes over to Najira, cutting her free, as her body goes limp.

NAJIRA'S POV

Chen's face, distorted by colored light, and the fading appearance of thousands of ANGELIC FIGURES, a glimpse of heaven. Filaments of blue and white, stars, and then a sudden SWITCH BACK TO REALITY.

Najira blinks her eyes.

Chen holds her carefully, looking into her eyes.

CHEN

Najira!

Najira looks up at Chen, blinks her eyes again, and smiles.

NAJIRA

I feel like I just got off a
rollercoaster ride that took me all
the way to heaven.

Chen doesn't realize that Ivy is now aiming a .22 at him from behind, her hand shaking violently.

Before Ivy fires, Moreno bursts into the room.

MORENO

No!

As Ivy is distracted, Chen turns, and grabs Ivy's arm holding the gun. They struggle, the gun goes off, putting a hole in the ceiling, but Ivy is no match for Chen. He finally wrestles the .22 from Ivy's grip, and they separate.

CHEN

Ivy, why?! It's over!

IVY

Not for me! It's never over!

Ivy slowly backs towards the door, passing Moreno on the way out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chen holds his arms open, but Ivy passes behind Moreno, puts on a pair of sunglasses, and disappears out the door. Chen rushes past Moreno, following Ivy out the door.

Moreno rushes over to Najira.

MORENO

I couldn't let them kill you. I finished it! Everything's gonna be okay!

INT. CLUB, MEATPACKING - NIGHT

Davis and Boone's table is now deserted. Chen emerges from the VIP entrance, searching for Ivy.

CHEN'S POV

He catches a glimpse of Ivy quickly heading out the door, negotiating her way through the crowd as fast as she can.

CHEN

Ivy!
(to himself, CANTONESE)
Teenager!

Chen follows, as

EXT. CLUB, MEATPACKING - REAR EXIT - NIGHT

Vasily's car, waiting by the curb, intercepts Vasily and his two thugs, just as Davis and Boone turn the corner. The two thugs pull their pistols out again and open fire, as Davis and Boone take cover behind a dumpster. Vasily jumps into his car and slams the door.

INT. VASILY'S CAR - NIGHT

VASILY

(to driver)
Let's go!

EXT. CLUB, MEATPACKING - REAR EXIT - NIGHT

Vasily's car speeds off as both thugs are shot dead by Davis and Boone, who then quickly take to their own car, the black Crown Victoria, and engage pursuit.

EXT. CLUB, MEATPACKING - NIGHT

Ivy runs out of the club, searching frantically for a taxi, heading into the street, and suddenly whirls around as

DAVIS AND BOONE'S CROWN VICTORIA

Slams into Ivy, sending her rolling onto the bitumen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chen emerges from the club just in time to witness the accident, and rushes over to Ivy, who is lying on her back, as Davis and Boone speed off in pursuit of Vasily.

Chen walks over to Ivy, bending down to hold her hand as her life ebbs away.

IVY

(weak)

Even though we are all alive, only
some of us live.

CHEN

Ivy...

IVY

Dad...

Chen picks Ivy up and cradles her, tears beginning to appear in his eyes, as he watches her die, their eyes locked.

In the midst of the CROWD OF ONLOOKERS, Chen picks up Ivy, and carries her off to the sidewalk, out of the street. He passes Najira and Moreno, who have joined the crowd of onlookers, stopping only for a moment to look at them, and continues walking.

Chen places Ivy's body on the sidewalk, as Najira watches. Moreno turns to look at Najira, realizing her feelings for Chen.

MORENO

I'm sorry, Najira. I... I should
have known. God, I am so, self-
important.

NAJIRA

You had no choice. It wasn't your
fault. Vasily will get what he
deserves.

Moreno looks down, ready to walk away, nodding his head in agreement. Najira catches him, and looks into his eyes. She looks at Chen one more time, who is still grieving over Ivy.

Najira then plants a kiss on Moreno, and Moreno leads her away from the crowd.

MORENO

I need to get you to the lab.

Moreno and Najira walk away, just as Roth pushes his way towards Chen, running into them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROTH
 (to Paolo)
 Hold up a sec, kid.
 (to Chen)
 Hey, stranger!

Chen turns to face Roth.

ROTH (CONT'D)
 I guess she got what she came for?

Chen stands up and pushes Ivy's purse into Roth's chest. He turns back to Ivy, while Roth looks inside, finding the vial and the thumb drive. Fuller emerges from the crowd, and stands with Roth, looking down at Chen.

FULLER
 A lot of trouble over this stuff.
 Was it worth it?

ROTH
 He'd probably do it all again.

BLACK:

EXT. DOWNTOWN PIER - NIGHT

Davis and Boone's black Crown Victoria sits wrecked into a wall on the side of the road, steaming, as Vasily's car sits still some fifty feet away.

DAVIS AND BOONE

Are barely conscious, bloody from the wreck.

Vasily gets out of his car, holding a pistol, slowly approaching the wrecked car.

He stops in view of Davis and Boone, and raises his gun, when he is suddenly illuminated by TEN RED LASER POINTS, followed by a SPOTLIGHT.

Vasily freezes, and looks up, to see

THREE OTHER CROWN VICTORIAS

Used as cover by SEVEN OTHER AGENTS, one of whom holds a megaphone.

MEGAPHONE AGENT
 (into megaphone)
 That's far enough, Mister
 Voruntsev. Step away from the
 vehicle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vasily grudgingly complies, and three of the agents rush over to the crashed vehicle, as a fourth drags Vasily's DRIVER out of Vasily's car and cuffs him.

Davis regains consciousness, and turns to the window, where one of the three agents holds a gun on him.

AGENT

Agent Davis, agent Boone, you're both under arrest for criminal conspiracy to aid a foreign national, reckless endangerment, manslaughter, multiple charges of corruption. You have the right to remain silent...

Davis closes his eyes again, as Boone looks over at him, disappointed.

BOONE

Fuck.

INT. MEDICAL LAB - DAY

Najira is lying under sedation in a surgical chair, wearing a hospital gown. Electrodes are placed around her forehead. Her brain wave patterns appear on a nearby MONITOR, as LARGE NEUROLOGICAL EQUIPMENT is set up around her head.

INT. MEDICAL LAB HALLWAY - DAY

Roth stands with Moreno, who is now wearing a lab coat.

ROTH

So she's going to be all right?

MORENO

We're going to neutralize all the nanites in her system. She might experience some additional minor instances of drainage, but nothing more than what she might get from a runny nose. She'll be fine.

ROTH

That's good. Chen...

MORENO

Listen, I'm just glad I could help.

ROTH

Yeah, they're on their way to Leavenworth for a very long time. I just wanted to thank you personally for your assistance.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROTH (CONT'D)
I don't know what we would have
done without your help. And...

Roth turns to glance into the lab at Najira, and back at Paolo.

ROTH (CONT'D)
You both realize, none of this ever
happened. None of it.

MORENO
Of course. Listen, tell Chen,
Najira and I...

Roth's cell phone rings, and he answers, while nodding to Moreno that he understands, holding up a finger for him to wait.

ROTH
(into phone)
Yes, sir.

Roth quickly puts his hand over the mouthpiece of his phone.

ROTH (CONT'D)
(to Moreno)
I'll tell him.

Roth turns and walks off down the hallway, continuing his conversation, as Moreno turns and walks into the lab.

INT. MEDICAL LAB - DAY

Moreno stands by the equipment as an ASSISTANT checks readings.

NAJIRA
What did he say?

MORENO
Everything's gonna be fine. Just
relax.

Najira closes her eyes, and Moreno then flips a SWITCH, triggering the FIRING of several small static charges around Najira's head. A small amount of BLOOD and FLUID ooze from her nose, and Moreno wipes it away. Najira opens her eyes again, and looks up at Moreno, trusting.

CHEN watches from a window across the room, as Najira begins to awake. Moreno approaches the window, looks at Chen, and gives a thumbs up sign.

INT. CHIEF FULLER'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A DIGITAL RECORDER sits on the table, as Chief Fuller leans back in his chair, looking at Chen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FULLER
(into recorder)
Henry Chen, debriefing interview,
twenty December 2012.
(to Chen)
So, after she invited you into her
apartment, what was your course of
action, objectives?

CHEN
I thought I already answered that.

FULLER
Please state that again, for the
record.

Chen looks up at Fuller, and decides to change his approach.

CHEN
Look, you don't get it, do you? How
can you be interviewing me if I
don't exist?

Fuller immediately turns off the recorder.

FULLER
Don't make this difficult, Chen.

CHEN
What's going to happen to Paolo's
research? You know, what he
invented, has major, and I mean,
major repercussions for the drug
trade. It's destined to be more
addictive and easier to access than
internet porn, for God's sake! What
are we doing about it?!

Fuller stays silent, then leans over and depresses a button
on his intercom.

FULLER
(into intercom)
Gentlemen, we're done.

Fuller stands up, as Chen looks at him expectantly.

CHEN
Hey, hey, wait a second! So that's
it? You're just gonna walk away
without letting me know where all
this is going? What's going to
happen to Moreno's research? What's
going to happen to him? You know we
can't just leave him unprotected!
There are people out there --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FULLER

You're right, Chen. None of this happened. Now if you want to play ball, and give us a full report, that's one thing. But we're not giving you a damn thing about any of this.

Chen stands up, taking his winter coat, and walks over to Fuller, leans in close, threatening.

CHEN

Well, I guess you got the half million back, right? Isn't that what it all comes down to? Money?

FULLER

Yeah. And you've got a nice paycheck waiting for you, now that the mission's complete. So go enjoy life for a while. Whatever gets you up in the morning. Now's your time to enjoy it.

Chen backs away, and walks out the room.

INT. HALLWAY FROM CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

As Chen exits, he walks past Roth, and TWO OTHER agents.

He takes off his jacket, and then his tie, and leaves them on the floor behind him.

EXT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Chen flings the door open, and walks down the steps wearing his winter coat. He reaches the sidewalk, and continues AWAY FROM CAMERA.

BLACK:

A series of NEWSPAPER HEADLINES appear, each DISSOLVING into the next:

MEXICAN CARTELS DRY UP; SHARP DECLINE IN COCAINE USERS BLAMED

AFGHAN HEROIN SUPPLY DWINDLES DUE TO RECORD LACK OF USER DEMAND

DRUG TEST FAILURES AT ALL-TIME RECORD LOW

DEA DECLARES FIRST MAJOR SUCCESS IN WAR ON DRUGS

REPORT: ECONOMIC RECOVERY DUE TO EXPLOSIVE GROWTH IN NANOTECH, ONLINE COMMUNICATIONS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAO PAOLO TEEN ARRESTED FOR 'BRAIN HACKING;' NEW WAR ON
'DARKNET' CYBER NETWORKS EXPOSED

NANOCEUTICALS: A NEW BATTLEFIELD FOR THE WAR ON DRUGS

FADE TO BLACK.

SCROLL CREDITS ON BLACK

THE END