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DARKNESS.

Footsteps, echoing.

FADE IN:

INT. A HALLWAY. DAY.

SUBTITLE: JULY 17th, 1957. LOS ANGELES

A MAN, clutching several files in his arms. He hurries through the quiet hallway of an official-looking building and reaches a set of double doors.

INT. CAFETERIA.

The man, JOSEPH LANE (32) walks in. A big, modest-looking guy with kind blue eyes, he steps into the cafeteria, clean and empty.

SENATOR SMITH

Good Afternoon, Mr. Lane. Please
take a seat.

The afternoon light filters through the windows, directing him to lone table and chair in the center of the room. Joe sets his files down on the table and nervously glances at several OFFICIAL-LOOKING MEN and the elegant SENATOR MARGARET CHASE SMITH (50's), facing directly at him from another table. The room is pin-drop hushed, a private committee.

JOE

Apologies for the delay, Senator
Smith. Mr. Tolson, it's an honor to
meet you.

CLYDE TOLSON (50's) amiably raises a hand, the casual one in the lot of interviewers.

TOLSON

The honor is all mines, sir.

SENATOR SMITH

Mr. Lane, it comes to my attention,
that you, an FBI agent, happens to
work as a mere secretary for a so-
called XYZ Program. Assistant
Director Tolson and I rarely travel
outside the duties of Washington.

SENATOR SMITH(cont'd)

But since the death of Senator McCarthy, my interests leave me no choice but to come to Los Angeles to hear the facts inside this program itself. In fact, you are the only surviving program, as I heard.

Joe shifts uncomfortably, staring at the files stacked up in front of Senator Smith.

SENATOR SMITH

I have reviewed the files and the nature of your employers. Some of these duties which includes unauthorized wiretapping, theft, murder...?

JOE

I don't think I can reveal much, Senator--

SENATOR SMITH

Young man, I see it in your eyes you have much to tell me.

Joe blinks at her.

SENATOR SMITH

Whatever we like it or not, there is a war. And we must best handle it, not by swords or bombs, but by the sheer will and the intelligence of this nation. I charge you with full liberty to say what needs to be said. Nothing comes out of this room. Do you understand?

Joe hesitates. Then grabs the pitcher of water off his table, pours a long drink. Senator Smith notions one of her men and a tape recorder is switched on.

It's going to be a long story.

INT. DARKNESS.

AS CREDITS ROLL:

MONTAGE: A grainy blip of light flashes in the darkness and blooms into a full blown explosion. Another scratchy footage of a massive cloud billowing into the sky, its form swelling into a mushroom.

One clip after another, nuclear bombs in the day and in the night explode, swallowing the heavens with smoke and fire.

TITLE CARD: BLACK WEDNESDAY.

We slowly PULL BACK, and the reel of explosions flickers to a stop on a projection screen.

INT. CLASSROOM.

SUBTITLE: FEBRUARY 5th, 1957

A stuffy classroom watches a nerdish PROFESSOR, in thick horn rimmed glasses, switch off the projector. He shuffles towards his students.

PROFESSOR

Now that we've watched this delightful film, I'd like to see a show of hands who can tell me the social-economic effects of the black plague during the 1300's.

None of the STUDENTS raises their hands. The professor scratches his ear and scans for a victim....

Near a window, JACK ABNER SINES (19) is bobbing his head, struggling to stay awake. Unlike his clear-cut classmates, he's dressed loosely in shirt and tie, his black hair ruffled and untidy. But behind his boyish looks and uncanny appearance, there's a sense of resilience in the kid.

Finally, his forehead drops through his hands and SMACKS onto his desk. Heads turn and the professor targets him.

PROFESSOR

Ahh, Mr. Sines. Always a pleasure to see you volunteer. Can you name one result "The Plague" had on early Europe.

Jack rubs his head then looks blankly at the professor.

JACK

Death.

The professor gawks at him.

PROFESSOR

Okay. Wonderful. Death has been a result of the "Black Plague"...

A few snorts and giggles from the class and the lecture resumes.

Jack exhales, then glances out the window. A tall MAN IN A FEDORA HAT and suit leans against a black car, watching him. Jack stares back at him, troubled.

EXT. USC CAMPUS.

Jack emerges from a building of brick and stone and starts walking. Behind him, the BLACK CAR follows him, rolling on the road alongside him.

Jack passes by several windows, glimpsing the car's reflection. He quickens his pace.

The car parallels Jack and he sees the MAN IN THE FEDORA HAT at the wheel. Jack starts running. He dodges a bicyclist and veers into a quad.

The car parks at the curb and the Man In The Fedora hat steps out, pursuing him.

Jack looks back, seeing only a small silhouette of the man. Before he looks where he's going, he SLAMS into a brick wall, and flops onto the floor. In front of him is a colorful mural of blue skies and the towers of a nuclear energy station: "TODAY'S ENERGY FOR TOMORROW'S FUTURE."

The man takes off his hat with a frown. We now get a better glimpse of him as MR. JONATHAN SINES (44), a refined handsome man with piercing gray eyes and a amiable expression.

INT. SEDAN. DAY.

JACK is slumped on the passenger seat, a large bandage stuck on his forehead. MR. SINES drives, uncertain what to say. Both of them are silent.

MR. SINES
How are you doing in school?

JACK
(None of your business)
Fine.

MR. SINES
What kind of classes are you taking?

JACK
Archery, Physics, Shakespeare--

MR. SINES
(Hums)
'To be or not to be...'

JACK (CONT'D)
--English, History of the Roman
Empire...

MR. SINES
You know, Junior, you need to start
thinking about your future.

JACK
Why do you care what I do?

MR. SINES
Because I'm your dad, that's why.

JACK
You sure aren't acting like one--

MR. SINES
Let's just stick with your future,
alright? If my guess is right, you
haven't figured what you want to
be, haven't you?

Jack doesn't answer.

MR. SINES
First, you were thinking about
being a writer. For a newspaper.
Okay. Then you changed into
becoming a doctor. Then you thought
about being a scientist, a
meteorologist...

JACK
Have you been spying on me?

MR. SINES
According to your advisor, a cute
lady I might add, you don't seem
like you have a plan of your own
here. Just picking all sorts of
weird classes here and there, like
a buffet...

JACK
(Distressed)
Does it really matter to you?

MR. SINES
Of course it does.

JACK
The hell it doesn't!

Mr. Sines frowns.

JACK
(Angry)
I don't even know who you are! You never showed up for my birthdays. You weren't there for my graduation. You never showed your face at all in my life! Now, just when I'm finally living my own life, you start spying on me!

Jack glares at his father with the look of fire.

MR. SINES
(Apologetically)
Well it is your birthday today, isn't it?

JACK
My birthday was last month. You don't even remember when my birthday was, did you?

Mr. Sines frowns, a tinge of guilt in his eyes. Sines sulks back in his chair. A moment of silence, and the man sighs.

MR. SINES
Alright, I'll...take you out to eat then. Where do you want to eat?

Sines has his arms folded.

MR. SINES
Okay. I know a good place somewhere around town with some great pie...if that's okay with you.

No answer.

MR. SINES
Okay then...

And he turns the wheel.

INT. A DOWNTOWN DINER. DAY.

MR. SINES and JACK, seated at a shaded patio of a homely diner. Jack is savagely devouring an entire chocolate pie while Mr. Sines checks his watch then clears his throat.

MR. SINES
I didn't think mud pie would turn
your appetite into a pig.

Jack glowers at him, crust and chocolate stuck on his face.

MR. SINES
Waitress! A glass of milk please?

Mr. Sines raises a hand for AGNES (17), a pretty redhead with short hair who swiftly brings a glass to the table.

AGNES
Here you go, sir.

She sets the glass down, the two youngsters awkwardly blushing at each other. Mr. Sines grins as she walks off.

MR. SINES
What a nice girl.

JACK
I don't go for dates, Dad.

MR. SINES
I didn't say anything about a date!
Unless you want me to arrange one.

JACK
No, I meant nothing like that...
Dad!

Mr. Sines innocently raises his hand again.

MR. SINES
(Calls)
Oh, waitress! Waitress!

Jack pulls his hand down. The man laughs.

MR. SINES
I was joking, I was joking. You
didn't think she would hear me, did
you?

AGNES (O.S.)
More milk, sir?

Agnes is her standing over their table.

MR. SINES
A bottle of your house wine,
please.

AGNES
Sure.

She nods and heads inside. Sines buries his head in his hands.

JACK
Why do you torment me?

MR. SINES
I'm not tormenting you. I'm helping
you out here.

JACK
All those years and I still need
your help?

Mr. Sines frowns. The boy has a point.

MR. SINES
For this one time, I'm going to be
frank with you, Junior--

JACK
(Corrects him)
It's Jack.

MR. SINES
I care about you. I always have.
But my work can't involve you. You
need to trust me on this.

JACK
Then why don't you leave it?

MR. SINES
Hey! I'm talking about you, not my
work. Everytime I watch, you're
burying yourself, lost in this open
road with no sense of drive here,
not sure where to go, how to get
there.

JACK
I can get by fine--

MR. SINES
And what? Carry that kind of attitude to your grave? I'm telling you this because I live that kind of life too, with no one to rely on. I don't want you to do the same. That's why I've been watching you and that's why I want you to at least say 'hello' to that pretty girl over there.

Jack scoffs, shaking his head.

JACK
This is none of your business.

MR. SINES
Then why are you in Los Angeles? Are you passing classes to make yourself a future, digging up treasure? Or are you doing it because someone tells you to? You don't look excited.

(Sincere)
The choices you make, Junior. Don't do it to impress anyone. Do it for yourself. I'll always be proud of you one way or the other.

Jack nods, frowning. Mr. Sines pats him on the head. Then he leans back, and with the sunlight hitting him, he gives him a warm, but sad smile.

MR. SINES
I love you, son--

SPLAT! A bullet splits into the back of Mr. Sines head and his face slams into his plate. Jack gapes, bits of blood and pulp bleeding into the tablecloth.

JACK
Dad...

Another shot zings by, splintering glasses and plates. Jack ducks and frantically crawls through the maze of tables and screaming customers. A hail of bullets slice into the patio, it's shooter nowhere to be seen...

Jack spots the entrance door of the restaurant. He dives in, dodging a shot customer.

INT. RESTAURANT.

PATRONS and EMPLOYEE, cowering on the floor. Jack races across the restaurant floor and bursts into--

INT. THE KITCHEN.

--where several COOKS yell at him amid the hiss and heat of the stoves. JACK evades them and exits out the back door.

EXT. ALLEY.

Alone, JACK pants against the wall, then glances around. Several SEEDY MEN in suits, hats and glasses spots him from the end of the alley.

A beat. Both the horrified Jack and the men gape at each other.

Jack darts through the alley. Then men yell and dash after him before he disappears into the other end.

EXT. END OF THE ALLEY--A BUSY INTERSECTION.

The SEEDY MEN race out into the open sun and scan the area, lost in the bustling of traffic. A heavy looking DIRTY guy, smears the sweat off his face, cringing.

DIRTY MAN

Where the fuck did he go?

A BUS hisses and slowly rolls off. JACK is inside, watching the men. In unison, the men stare back at him.

INT. BUS.

JACK breathes and sinks in his seat. Several rows behind him, a WOMAN with jet black hair and sunglasses watches him.

EXT. DORMATORY. NIGHT

The brick buildings of the college dorms in the dead of night. JACK, glances around, then darts across the yard for the entrance.

INT. JACK'S DORM.

JACK bursts into his room, a messy narrow cell filled with books, papers, and film posters. In the dark, he yanks his drawers open, stuffing piles of clothes into his bag. As he does this, he stops at the window and sees--

HIS POV: THE LAWN

SEVERAL SEEDY MEN move across the lawn.

JACK

Panics, frantically looks around for a hiding place.

JACK
Shit, shit, shit!

Then he snatches his bag and dives under his bed.

A pair of shoes blocks the hall light underneath the front door. The knob of Jack's begins to rattle, and squeak. With a click, the knob drops onto the floor, and rolls across the floor. Jack squirms, clutching his bag tightly.

The door opens and several MEN walk in, cigarettes in hanging from their lips, guns and flashlights in their sides. A TALL man looks around, amused.

TALL MAN
Anyone home?

The men wander around, tossing books and clothes aside. One rummages through Jack's closet. Another looks under a table, then glances at the window, motioning the OTHER MEN waiting in the lawn outside.

As Jack holds his breath, the tall man kneels to look under the bed and sees nothing but a solid wood panel, a wall between him and Jack. He knocks on it, then gets to his feet. Jack heaves a huge sigh of relief.

TALL MAN
Forget it. He isn't here.

DIRTY MAN
Tony said he just ran here.

TALL MAN
I won't break every room just to find one brat--

The tall man stops. On the lawn are his men, dead.

DIRTY MAN

Shit!

They grab their weapons. One of the men bursts out of the room, and is immediately shot down outside the door. The other men slam behind the walls along the doorway, weapons clicking.

DIRTY MAN

What the hell is going on!

INT. HALLWAY.

The wounded man, his throat gushing with blood. He gurgles loudly at the sight of a figure steadily approaching him.

INT. JACK'S DORM.

JACK, nervously holding his breath as a gunshot rings in the air.

TALL MAN

(Whispers)

Who the hell is it?

Shots rip through the wall, killing them. Their bodies hit the floor with a thud and Jack covers his mouth, hyperventilating. He hears the sound of footsteps entering, approaching. He holds his breath.

A HAND grabs a fistful of his shirt and yanks him out of his bed. Sines yelps, finding himself face to face with a slender and alluring woman with the long jet black hair: JILLIAN HARPER (26).

HARPER

Are you Jack Sines?

JACK

Huh?!

HARPER

(Urgent)

Are you Jack Sines?!

Harper glimpses several men racing across the lawn. She immediately reloads her pistol and pulls Jack out the room.

EXT. HALLWAY.

STUDENTS peer out from their doors, dazed, as several MEN race up the stairs and FIRE on HARPER and JACK. Harper drags Jack across the hall, returning shots, before bursting into a student's room and locking the door.

INT. STUDENT'S ROOM.

JACK and HARPER, their presence interrupting a YOUNG NAKED COUPLE, humping madly in bed. One look at Jill and her gun and they flee for the bathroom.

HARPER
Fucking kids, get out of here!

She barricades the door with a chair and thrusts Jack out the window.

HARPER
Come on!

Bullets puncture the door and the SHADY MEN smash into the room. They spot the bathroom, locked, the whimpers inside growing louder. The men blast the doorknob off.

EXT. DORMITORY.

A SCREAM (O.S.) then GUNFIRE. HARPER yanks JACK off the fire escape and runs for the street. His clothes spill out of his open bag and flutter across the lawn.

A MAN races along the bushes and fires at HARPER. She dodges behind a tree, a bullet splintering its trunk. Sighting a driver and his car waiting up ahead, HARPER shoots him dead and pushes Jack in.

INT. SHADY MEN'S CAR.

HARPER lands into the driver's seat, grabs a second gun and stuffs it into JACK'S hands.

HARPER
Take it and use it.

JACK
I don't know how to--

A THUG charges for Jack, his window open. Harper snatches Jack by the wrist and fires the gun in his hand. The thug topples to the ground.

HARPER
(Scolds)
Use your goddamn archery!

Through the window, she sees more men racing for them.

EXT. DORMITORY.

The car screeches off the curbside and into the street. The men take shots at it before it disappears.

INT. SHADY MEN'S CAR.

HARPER, on drive, glances at her rearview mirror.

HARPER
I'm going to ask you again, kid.
Are you Jack Sines?

She glances at JACK and sees him cowering low in his seat. He slowly unwinds himself and peeks out the window.

HARPER
Come on, answer the question! Are
you him or not?

Suddenly, gunfire smashes through the windshield, a pair of headlights shining at them. Harper hits the breaks as the car SMASHES into the other.

WASH TO:

A DREAM: EXT. A RUINED CITY.

White fog. JACK opens his eyes, swallowed in a gray of mist and silence. He staggers around, finding his footing among the debris.

The mist slowly thins, and Jack beholds a sight: an entire city, leveled and barren. The debris spans for miles, a field of devastation. Jack spins around, confused then trips over a panel of wood on the ground.

He peers at it, the markings in Japanese...

INT. A HOTEL ROOM. AFTERNOON.

JACK squints and opens his eyes. He feels the bandage on his forehead and pulls himself up. Half of the bed empty and crumpled; *Someone has been sleeping next to him.*

There's a soft hiss of water rushing behind the bathroom doors. Jack slowly gets up and slowly hobbles for the door outside, passing by several pistols on the dresser. Unlocking the door with a click, Jack carefully opens the door.

WHACK! A dagger strikes the doorframe in front of his face. HARPER leans by the bathroom doorway, the shower running. She glares at Jack, flicking another blade in her fingers.

HARPER

Close the door. Get on the bed.

Sines obediently shuts the door and shuffles onto the bed. Harper switches the water off and steps into the room, wearing nothing but a towel.

JACK

You're not going to kill me, are you?

HARPER

That depends on what kind of mood I'm in.

JACK

What do you want from me--

Harper drops her towel, naked. Jack blushes and quickly looks away. Harper scoffs at him, then slips into a sundress, strapping her guns underneath her skirt.

HARPER

Hey. It's not like I've been with a guy before.

(A beat)

Here. Get dressed.

She tosses Jack's bag into his face. He searches it, empty.

INT. DINER. NIGHT.

HARPER scans through several files, stamped with an FBI seal, as JACK quietly forks a piece of cole slaw. His eyes catch a surveillance photo of himself, shuffling through Harper's fingers.

HARPER

We've never officially met, have we? Don't you think its a little rude I rescued you and you don't give me the decency to tell me about yourself?

Jack ignores and scans around. They're the only two customers, alone on a booth. Harper snaps her fingers in front of him.

HARPER

Hey! Don't avoid me. Why don't you tell me your name?

JACK

(Shoots back)

Why don't you tell me yours.

HARPER

Alright, then. My name's Jillian Harper.

JACK

I'm Ritchie Smith.

HARPER

Bullshit. You're lying.

JACK

It's the truth.

HARPER

Really? Is that what your friends call you? Ritchie-bitchy?

JACK

I don't...really have any friends.

HARPER

So what? Least you don't look like one of those upperclass brats.

Jack shakes his head, bitter.

JACK

What do you want from me?

HARPER

Well your dad died here, didn't he? Isn't that why I brought you over here, huh Jack?

JACK
He's not my dad.

HARPER
You better mean it, kid.

JACK
You got the wrong person--

The two freeze. AGNES is standing by their table. With a solemn face, she sets a slice of pie and a bottle of wine in front of Jack, painted mountains on its label.

AGNES
I'm sorry about your dad.

Jack nods.

JACK
It's okay. Thank you.

Agnes quietly walks away, some of the COOKS silently watching. Harper's face curls into a smile.

HARPER
What a nice girl.

With a pained look, Jack grabs the bottle of wine and heads for the door.

HARPER
Hey, where are you going?

JACK
Out.

HARPER
Fine then. Be that way.

Jack grasps the handle, ready to open it.

HARPER
Go ahead and leave! But I'm warning you. The moment you step outside, they will find you. And they WILL murder you.

This stops him. He stares at the door, listening.

HARPER
You know you can't run, Jack. You want to find a safe place to hide?

HARPER(cont'd)

You want to know who killed your dad? I can help you. I can kill them.

(Challenges)

What do you say?

Jack turns, his gaze lost on Harper.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT.

The CAR, a broken wreck, slowly sputters up to a row of several large abandoned warehouses. HARPER steps out and rhythmically knocks against a solid rusty door.

A beat. No response. Harper pounds the door.

HARPER

(Yells)

Fucking Hernandez! Open the damn door, Spanky!

VOICE (O.S.)

It's Sparky, not 'Spanky'...

The door opens, revealing GREG "SPARKY" WILSON (38), a wiry looking guy in suspenders and rolled up sleeves. He slumps against the doorway, dog-tired.

SPARKY

The meeting began an hour ago.
Where've you been?

Harper steps aside, revealing a shy JACK standing behind her. Sparky gawks at him.

INT. XYZ WAREHOUSE.

SPARKY, leading HARPER and JACK through a maze of crates and file cabinets. Jack tugs Harper by the sleeve.

JACK

(Whispers)

Who's Hernandez?

SPARKY

You mean Esteban Hernandez? He's a big Cuban Cartel boss around Los Angeles. Ms. Harper's been trying to murder this guy for ages.

Harper snorts.

SPARKY

She's used every trick in the book to get close to him, but she just can't kill him. Hence, why she continues to curse his name...

They emerge into the well-furnished area of desks and chairs where several FBI AGENTS study the projection screen. At the sight of Jack, they drop what they're doing.

THOMAS EDWARDS (50's), head of the team, quickly shuts off the projector. A cranky man donning spectacles, a balding head and a nervous twitch, he marches right towards Harper.

EDWARDS

Harper, who is this kid? I told you already we don't bring visitors here!

HARPER

Gentlemen, this is Jack Sines.

The agents look confused.

EDWARDS

Who's Jack Sines? Sines doesn't have a son.

HARPER

Well why else would I drag my ass at 3 AM in the morning fending a dozen loaded men going after this punk? This is serious shit, Edwards. They killed his dad.

EDWARDS

How do you know he has a kid? How do you know he isn't a spy? For all I know, this could be a setup--

JOE (O.S.)

It's him alright.

JOE stands at the corner of the room. One look at Sines and he's certain.

JOE

That's Jonathan Sines' son.

EDWARDS

You know about this kid?

JOE

Yeah. Sines wanted me to build a profile of him in case of his death. Everything you need to know, she has it.

Edwards glares at Harper, pausing.

EDWARDS

Joe, Harper. In my office.

Jack watches as Joe and Harper leave their places. Edwards snaps his fingers at Jack.

EDWARDS

You too, kid.

Jack gets up and follows.

INT. EDWARD'S OFFICE.

EDWARDS flips through JACK'S files on his desk.

EDWARDS

What the hell are you thinking? You could've left this kid to the police.

HARPER

Police doesn't have shit for brains. Think about it. Why would these bastards go after this kid?

EDWARDS

I don't know, why don't you ask him?

HARPER

Because he doesn't know shit either. If you put this loner out there, they'll kill him off.

Edwards paces back and forth.

HARPER

We're onto something big, Edwards. And bringing him here is the last thing they want. Right kid?

JACK

(Stammers)

I...uh...yeah.

HARPER
And you want this kid safe and
sound, right Joe?

JOE
Well, yes--

HARPER
So what do you think?

Edwards continues to pace back and forth. Then he narrowly gazes on Harper.

EDWARDS
You better make sure you keep an
eye on him. You understand that?

Jack sees the smile on Harper's face.

INT. XYZ WAREHOUSE. LATER.

JOE sets up the slide projector as JACK watches, stirring his coffee. Both are alone in the warehouse, the agents gone.

JOE
Your father's been in this program
for six years. When I first met
him, I was a FBI homicide detective
blacklisted in '55. For a year, I
couldn't go anywhere, until your
father hired me here.

(A beat)
Ah! Here we go!

Joe clicks a button. On the screen, is a grainy surveillance image of Mr. Sines, shaking hands with Roman Petrov (late 30's), a sharply-dressed man in shades.

JOE
Two months ago, your father was
spying on a weapons engineer named
Romani Petrov, one of the richest
men in Los Angeles. This man has
been in the consulting business for
years, even smuggling weapons into
the Hungarian Revolution. But we
didn't think much about him, until
we saw this.

Joe clicks the projector again, this time, a photo of a party scene.

JOE (CONTINUED)

This was taken at Alexi Petrov's party, his younger brother. See this man here?

He circles a MYSTERIOUS MAN with a goatee sharing a table with Roman.

JOE

This is Nikolai Sidrovich, a known Soviet spy. Goes by the alias "???" Sidrovich isn't on Alexi's guest list, which only means his big brother brought him there.

Joe shuts off the projector.

JOE

Roman Petrov also has an offshore account growing by the millions. We don't know what this account is and where the money comes from. Yesterday, your father was supposed to set up a meeting with Roman to confirm his relations with Nikolai Sidrovich. Of course, that meeting never happened.

Behind the rows of desks and chairs, HARPER leans against a file cabinet, arms folded and watching.

JOE

Everyone here thinks Petrov planned your father's death and he's selling secrets to the Soviets. But what we don't know is how he found your dad out, what he's hiding, and why he's after you too.

SPARKY (O.S.)

Harper! Joe!

SPARKY and SEVERAL AGENTS enter with suitcases and equipment.

SPARKY

I just ran a wiretap on Petrov. That bastard's got a funeral set up for Sines tomorrow.

Harper and Joe glance at each other. An idea lightens on her face.

INT. CHURCH. DAY.

An old stone chapel. Bands of light illuminate the vacant pews as JACK and HARPER, in a wig, sit front row. Both of them stare at the closed casket.

Bored, Harper looks around then lights up a cigarette.

HARPER

I'll say, your dad was one of the most likable men I ever met. Too bad he made more enemies than friends.

JACK

What was he like?

HARPER

A pretty swell guy. I'm sure everyone back at the office wanted to come and make a ceremony if we could. Things won't be the same without him here.

A beat.

JACK

I don't remember my dad being Catholic. Last time, he said he wanted to be cremated.

HARPER

Hey, I don't see your dad with beads and Hail Jesuses either but that's what he wanted. A burial.

There's a crestfallen look on Jack's face.

JACK

The day my dad died, I told him it wasn't my birthday. I lied to him.

HARPER

Well, at least he's not alive to get all upset about it now, is he?

Jack pouts.

HARPER

Cheer up, kid. It's not like the things we do in life to matter.

HARPER(cont'd)

All we can do is make a whole big deal out of stuff before we drop dead in a hole. Everyone dies, right?

He shrugs. Harper glances around again and sees ROMAN and his BODYGUARDS at the entrance, carrying in baskets of flowers. Harper quickly stubs her cigarette and nudges Jack.

Roman and his company make their way through the aisles towards the casket. As his men place the arrangements, he notices Harper...who is wailing and sobbing. *What an act.*

ROMAN

Hello there.

We see Roman up close: a clean shaven, eloquent-looking man. He pulls a handkerchief from his pocket and offers it to Harper. Harper takes it, dabbing her eyes.

HARPER

(Sniffles)

Thank you.

Roman is taken aback by her beauty.

ROMAN

The pleasure is all mine, Miss...

HARPER

Sines. Dora Sines. I'm his sister.

She gestures at the casket.

ROMAN

Ahh, I see. And you must be...

Roman looks towards Jack. Jack is bewildered, not sure what to say...

JACK

Uh...

HARPER

This is my nephew, Jack.

Roman shakes Jack's hand. The men finish arranging the bouquets and leave the church.

ROMAN

A pleasure to meet you, young man. I'm sorry about the loss of your father. He was a great guy.

JACK

Thanks.

HARPER

Jack, my dear, can you please go in the car and grab my sunglasses. I'm afraid the sunlight will hurt my eyes.

JACK

(Clueless)

Sunglasses?

HARPER

Don't be silly, they're in the in the glove compartment. Please go.

Unsure, Jack nods and goes for the exit.

ROMAN

(To Harper)

Perhaps we can move to a place less bright and discuss more about your brother?

EXT. CONVERTIBLE.

A view of the stone CHURCH, right across a cemetery. At the curb, JACK digs into the glove compartment of Harper's sleek THUNDERBIRD convertible. He huffs and gives up.

INT. CHURCH.

The doors open and JACK steps in. Harper and Roman are nowhere to be seen...Until he hears the muffled sound of MOANING, echoing from the closed confession booth.

EXT. CHURCH.

JACK, lounging on the entrance steps with the other BODYGUARDS. Leaning nearby is ALEXI PETROV (29) a fair-haired guy with a charming expression.

ALEXI

They're sure taking their time.

(A beat)

You're Jonathan Sines son, aren't you?

JACK

Yeah. I am.

ALEXI

I am Alexi. It's nice to finally see the son of a great man who knows my brother well.

Jack nods. The doors open and HARPER and ROMAN emerge.

ROMAN

I'll see you later Miss Sines. Come along, Alexi.

Roman straitens his tie as his men escort him to his car. HARPER waves goodbye with a wide grin.

HARPER

That guy is one fucking liar. Doesn't show any remorse and yet he celebrates a guy's death with lots of flowers and some good sex.

Roman's car drives off. Harper throws a fist in the air.

HARPER

I humped him so hard and he still doesn't make a confession!

Jack moans, his face in his hands.

JACK

I don't believe this! You slept with the guy who killed my dad...inside a CHURCH!

HARPER

Cheer up. I got his house keys.

She dangles a pair of keys and tosses them to Jack.

EXT. PETROV ESTATE. NIGHT.

THE CONVERTIBLE, rolling by the iron gate of a large white mansion.

INT. CONVERTIBLE.

HARPER stops the car. She undresses out of her funeral gown and into something darker. As she ties her sneakers, JACK is looking unsure.

JACK

I don't know. I don't think we should break into his house.

HARPER

Why, are you a scaredy cat?

JACK

No, I just think something's not right. He didn't kill us in the church. Maybe we should just back--

HARPER

Shut your whining, kid. You want to nail the guy who killed your dad? Huh? Do you want to stay alive? You will do whatever I say. You will speak whenever I say. And you will be whatever I say. Now here!

Harper stuffs a gun into Jack's hands.

EXT. PETROV ESTATE.

HARPER slips through the gate, followed by JACK. Both of them race across the yard then ducks against the walls of the mansion.

INT. PETROV ESTATE.

The front door opens. HARPER and JACK quietly step in, a domed entrance of marble pillars, antiques and several ROTTWEILERS snoring by the fireplace.

Clear, Harper motions Jack to go ahead of her. They slowly ascend the stairs, spiraling to the bedrooms above.

Jack peeks upstairs, empty, then tip-toes into the shadows. As he approaches a pair of double doors, he glances behind him. Harper is gone!

EXT. PETROV ESTATE.

HARPER climbs the wall overlooking the house and sits on it, watching.

INT. PETROV ESTATE.

JACK is terrified and alone in the big house.

JACK
(Whispers)
Ms. Harper? Ms. Harper?

This stirs the DOG, a sprig, white pointy-eared mutt asleep at the foot of the doors. Jack huffs, and slowly makes his way to the doors. He reaches for the knob and opens it.

INT. ROMAN'S BEDROOM.

The bedroom, lavishly decorated with Persian carpeting and mahogany furnishings. Decker on the walls are works of art, antiques, and weaponry. JACK peers inside and spots a canopied bed. ROMAN snores, an eyemask shielding his face.

Jack pulls a sword from the wall and approaches the bed, the blade gleaming under the moonlight. He raises it, ready for the kill when a reflection catches his eye. He squints at the blade, then turns around. Illuminated by a the window, are several documents sitting on a heavy desk.

Jack puts down the sword and carefully shuffles through the papers. A paper slips out of his fingers and flutters under the desk. As he kneels for it, something white and fuzzy trots up behind him.

DOG (O.S.)
WOOF!

Jack reacts, slamming his head under the desk. Roman jumps out of bed, startled.

ROMAN
(Scolds)
Bones!

The dog, BONES, wildly prances around the bedroom before leaping into Roman's arms.

ROMAN
Bones, you son of a bitch! How did you get in here?

Roman cuddles the dog then notices the papers, gone from his desk. And the sword on the floor. He picks the blade up and scans the room.

Under the desk, Jack huddles, beads of sweat forming. Roman slowly approaches the desk. Sword at the ready, he jumps in front of Jack.

Jack yelps and fires his revolver, shattering his arm. Roman gasps and hits the floor, clutching his bloodied arm as Jack bounds out of the desk and out of the bedroom.

INT. PETROV ESTATE.

JACK races across the halls, BONES happily tailing him. Around him, MISTRESSES and BODYGUARDS open their doors. One look and the men charge after him down the stairs.

Jack budes front doors, finds it locked. One of the men snags him back by the shirt and he kicks and screams. He rips himself free, scampers into the kitchen then he squeezes through the doggy door.

EXT. PETROV ESTATE.

JACK and BONES race across the lawn as the BODYGUARDS give pursuit, unleashing the ROTTWEILERS. One of them chomps on his leg and drags Jack across the grass. Jack he claws the ground frantically, the dogs snarling on him...

A SHOT blasts the dog in the head and it whines, slumping to the ground. Jack shakes himself free as HARPER casually raises her rifle and hums, firing headshots at every dog and guard.

JACK
(Yells)
Start the car! Start the car!

Harper hops off the wall. Jack and Bones burst through the gate and slams it shut, then jumps into the car. Harper slams the accelerator and the car squealing off.