

FLYING WITH FAKE FEATHERS

by

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BLACK SCREEN

Breathing. Slow. Even.

A gasp. Movement. A quick shuffling as if someone were standing up. The breathing hastens, panicked. A thirty-ish male voice sounds. We'll call him JOHN.

JOHN

Hello?!

His voice echoes off the walls of an apparently large space. He groans momentarily in pain.

JOHN

Hello? Is anyone there?

His feet shuffle across the floor. It sounds like bare feet on bare concrete.

The shuffling stops. His clothes rustle as he moves. His hand pats on something. He gasps.

JOHN

Hey. Hey, are you ok?

The patting stops suddenly. John gasps and there is a rapid rustling followed by a hard thud of him hitting a wall possibly made of sheetrock by the hollow sound of it. His breathing is rapid again.

JOHN

Oh, biggins. Blurvite blithering blatherskite.

His hands brush the wall and his feet slap the floor more quickly this time. Then he stops.

CLICK! A bright flash washes out the room momentarily, but when the room comes into view, he appears to be in-

INT. WAREHOUSE

-a warehouse of some kind with little but building materials and garbage strewn about.

But what John (in his thirties with a well-kept look about him dressed in jeans, a dirty t-shirt, and no shoes) centers on is the body lying eyes open in the center of the floor before him.

The corpse is male as well and dressed similarly to John, but in his forehead is a neat bullet wound. There is no blood anywhere around the body or on anything else in the room.

He looks around the room in a panic. He checks his pockets. Empty. He looks at the corpse and grimaces.

He shuffles over and kneels next to it. He examines at the wound curiously. Sits back and wrinkles his brow, as if thinking very hard about it.

JOHN

What is that?

He sighs and shakes his head. A thought clearly takes his attention. His eyes dart around the room. He stands up and looks around frantically. He walks quickly through the building and finally comes across a bathroom.

He walks in and looks into the mirror. He touches his face.

JOHN

Oh biggins.

He reaches out and touches the mirror.

JOHN

Who am I?

He slowly walks out of the bathroom and looks across the floor to the body.

He walks back to it and kneels beside it. He feels of the front pockets. Empty. He turns the body on its side and feels of the back pocket closest to him. Empty.

He rolls the body to the other side and feels of the back pocket away from him. A wallet. He pulls it out. He opens it up to the cash pocket. Empty.

He flips through it to reveal the driver's license mug shot of the corpse. The license shows the name as DANIEL MICHAEL JENKINS along with his address.

He glances at the corpse again, and then grimaces. With a sigh, he flips through the other contents of the wallet (library card, credit cards) before settling on a picture of young woman around their age, who we'll call JENNIFER.

He looks at Daniel and then back at the picture. He reaches for Daniel's left hand and looks at the ring finger. Nothing. He folds up the wallet and puts it in his pocket.

He stands, uncertain, looking around. There are no doors or windows within the borders of the light.

He steels himself and turns toward the darkness at the outer range of the light and walks into it. He walks gingerly through the chaos of the unfinished room, sticking to the bare concrete.

He reaches another wall and feels it over. This time, he finds a handle for a door. He turns it and finds it unlocked. Slowly, he opens the door.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

John peeks out slowly into the night air. The lawn is manicured and the building appears complete on the outside.

He walks out very pensively and gazes around an almost vacant parking lot. A single sedan rests at the far end of the lot.

He walks toward the parked car, occasionally glancing around him. He spots a second car parked in an adjacent lot. He turns back to the first car.

He touches the hood of the car and looks at it. He walks to the driver's side door but before he can touch the handle, he is grabbed from behind and slammed onto the hood of the car.

A well-built man, known as SMITH, looks him close in the face.

SMITH

You know how long we've been
waiting for you?

JOHN

No.

Smith slams him onto the hood of the car.

SMITH
Funny guy, huh? We'll see
how funny you think the boss
is.

He is all but ripped from the hood of the car, swung around and-

INT. BOSS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

-flung into a chair in a stark, brightly lit meeting room. Smith, along with a second well-built man known as BROWN, take a stand behind him. John looks at them momentarily, and then turns his gaze to the person across the table.

BOSS WELTER is a man in his 40's who looks like he doesn't take crap from anyone because he always gets his way one way or another. Anger constantly radiates from him.

BOSS WELTER
We don't have all night.

JOHN
Ok. What would you like to
know?

BOSS WELTER
What did you do with it?

JOHN
With what?

BOSS WELTER
Don't play games with me!

Boss Welter's right-hand man, GARISH, stands at his right hand. This guy is huge. His age indistinguishable. He would be a good reason the boss always gets his way.

GARISH
If he needs some persuasion...

BOSS WELTER
He appears to...

Smith and Brown grab John's arms to lift him.

JOHN

Wait, wait, wait! I mean, if you tell me what I did with whatever, then I'll tell you what I know.

BOSS WELTER

You think I'm stupid?

JOHN

No. I mean, no sir. I just don't know what you're talking about.

BOSS WELTER

Garish...

Smith and Brown lift him out of the chair.

JOHN

Seriously, I don't know anything. I don't even know who I am.

GARISH

I'm going to enjoy this.

JOHN

No, I just woke in that building. I don't know anything.

Smith and Brown hold John's right hand on the table. Garish grabs John's pinky and lifts it to the point of pain.

GARISH

You have to the count of three to tell us what we want to know.

JOHN

I promise I would if I could.

GARISH

1...

JOHN

Look, I don't know.

GARISH

2...

JOHN

I don't remember anything.

GARISH

3...

Garish pulls up on John's pinky. It snaps. John screams in pain. Smith and Brown hold him still. Garish grabs the ring finger.

John glances down and notices he has a ring on it.

GARISH

1...

JOHN

Look, I promise, I woke up in that building tonight with this corpse, and I don't remember anything.

BOSS WELTER

A corpse?

Garish doesn't relax, but looks at his boss.

BOSS WELTER

What corpse?

JOHN

His wallet. It's in my pocket.

BOSS WELTER

You robbed him?

JOHN

I don't know who I am. I thought I'd go to his place to see if they knew me.

Boss Welter nods to one of the hoods who violently removes the wallet from John's pocket. Tosses it to Boss Welter. He catches it, hardly looking. Opens the wallet. Looks at the license.

BOSS WELTER

How stupid do you think we are, Mr. Jenkins?

JOHN

What?

Boss Welter tosses the wallet back to John. John looks frightened as Garish puts pressure on his ring finger.

JOHN

I'm telling you the truth.

BOSS WELTER

the only thing I want to hear from you is the location of what you acquired for us.

GARISH

2...

BOSS WELTER

This is going to hurt.

JOHN

Okay!

Garish doesn't relax.

JOHN

It's hard to describe. I can take you there though.

Boss Welter leans in close to him.

BOSS WELTER

If you so much as breathe the wrong way, you will regret it.

JOHN

I understand.

BOSS WELTER

Garish, release him.

Garish does so. John cradles his hand.

BOSS WELTER

Garish, fix his hand.

John looks up afraid. Garish smiles, steps forward, grabs John's hand, and pops John's pinky back into place. John howls in pain and cradles his hand again.

BOSS WELTER

See? We can be merciful. If you aren't back in an hour, you won't need it anyway.

The Boss and Garish leave the room. John grabs the wallet as Smith and Brown grab him and push him forward into-

INT. CAR - NIGHT

-the backseat of a sedan. He sits up as they shut the door behind him. Smith gets into the backseat. Brown drives.

John sits up and looks around as the Brown starts the car.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

The car drives down the street.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

John looks uncomfortable as his eyes dart around the darkness outside the vehicle.

JOHN

Um, it's left here.

John doesn't sound certain of this, but Brown turns anyway. John looks out the window, as if sizing up his options.

He glances at both of the other men. They are watching the road, paying no attention to him. He leans on the armrest of the door. Glances back to them. No reaction.

He adjusts himself as if trying to get comfortable, but moving closer to the door. Glances back to them. No reaction.

JOHN

Another left here.

Both of them glance to the left and slow down for the turn. John looks out his window and glances behind them. As soon as they start the turn, John swings the door open and jumps out.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

"Heys" from the men are quickly muffled by the closing door. John rolls to a stop and takes off across a deserted park.

Although still barefoot, John runs at a breakneck pace across the park. Smith chases him equally fast.

Smith tackles him to the ground. John hits hard. He rolls over to see Smith coming at him, fists flying. John blocks a couple of blows, much to the surprise of them both.

John delivers a swift punch to the Smith's face, throwing him to the ground. John leaps up just as Brown reaches him and throws a punch. John dodges and returns a punch, nailing Brown in the side of the head.

Smith jumps back up and attack as well. Though against 2 to 1 odds, John manages to dodge, deflect, and punch them both with remarkable skill.

Brown comes toward John, but John punches him hard in the nose, which is met with a sickening crack. Brown's head snaps back, and he falls to the ground, dead. Both Smith and John pause for a moment to look at this.

They look back at each other. Smith tries to take a swing at John, but John hits him upside the head, knocking him to the ground unconscious.

John kneels briefly beside Brown. His eyes remain open, rolled to one side. His mouth hangs open. Blood trickles out his nose.

JOHN

Oh, biggins.

John runs off into the night.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

John walks between the buildings of a sprawling apartment complex. He looks at the license in the wallet and then at the numbers on the buildings.

He walks toward one in particular, catching another glance to the wallet. He puts it in his pocket, walks up the door, and with a deep breath, knocks.

He looks back and forth for anyone else out. There is no one. He glances at his wrist, but he has no watch. He taps his wrist as if he expected to find one.

He reaches for the wallet and pulls out a credit card. He pockets the wallet. Moves the card to slip it in the doorjamb.

ANGIE (O.S.)

What are you doing?

He spins and puts his hands behind his back. ANGIE, 30-ish dressed in jeans and a common shirt, stands before him with a disapproving look.

JOHN

Um, I got locked out of my apartment.

He looks to her for some kind of reaction, but she only stares at him. He chuckles, nervously.

JOHN

I thought I'd try the old credit card trick.

She finally speaks, but carefully.

ANGIE

That's not your apartment. It's mine.

JOHN

Oh, I'm sorry.

ANGIE

So what are you doing here? Who are you?

JOHN

Um, this is going to be hard to believe...

ANGIE

Well, we're not going to take it inside, if that's what you're thinking.

He takes a reflexive step toward her as he slips the card into his back pocket.

JOHN

Well...

ANGIE

And you can stand right there.

He backs back up to the space in front of the door.

JOHN

So you live with the guy who lives here? Daniel Jenkins?

ANGIE

How do you know Daniel?

JOHN

Well, as a point of fact, I don't.

ANGIE

How about I just call the police?

She takes a cell phone out of her pocket.

JOHN

No, no. Listen. I woke up in this ... building, like, an hour ago. But I don't know how I got there, and more to the point, I don't remember anything about anything.

ANGIE

(skeptical)

Nothing?

JOHN

Not a thing. I don't know who I am. I don't anything about myself or my world. I don't even know what I'm supposed to know. When I opened my eyes, it was like nothing came before that time. I obviously remember how to talk and walk and stuff, but people and events ... nothing.

ANGIE

Then what brings you here? If you have no memory, then how do you know about Daniel?

He retrieves the wallet. Shows her Daniel's license.

JOHN

When I found the lights, this man was lying dead in that room. He had a hole in his head. I don't remember what does that.

At this information, the ANGIE gasps and puts her hands over her face. Tears brim in her eyes.

ANGIE

Tell me this is a joke.

He shakes his head. She sniffles and reaches into her pocket to pull out a lone key. She walks past him and unlocks the door.

ANGIE

Will you come in?

He nods and enters behind her and closes the door.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The woman walks into the living room and stops, facing away from him.

ANGIE

You're certain about this.

JOHN
(sympathetic)
I'm sorry.

ANGIE
And you have no idea how you or
he got there?

JOHN
No.

ANGIE
Why didn't you go to the police?

JOHN
I didn't know what to tell them.
If I give them this story, I'm as
good as guilty.

The woman walks to the phone and grabs the handset.

JOHN
Please don't call them.

ANGIE
Give me one reason not to.

JOHN
I want to figure out who I am.
People who go through this
sometimes get their memories back
if they see the right people or
experience the right things. Things
they've done before.

ANGIE
And how do you know that?

JOHN
I don't know. I know some stuff and
not others.

ANGIE
And you believe your memory will
come back and you can help catch
Daniel's killer?

JOHN

If I saw him. Then maybe.

The woman slowly hangs up the phone and looks at him. She walks a wide circle around him, keeping her eyes pinned to him.

ANGIE

I don't know you at all. Why should I believe this isn't some ruse to get away?

JOHN

Well, I haven't attacked you, and I haven't tried to run.

ANGIE

True.

She looks away from him and appears to be thinking very hard about this. She turns and looks back at him.

ANGIE

Tell you what: I'll help you. Or at least I'll give you somewhere to stay while you work your world back out. I should probably take you to the hospital or the police, but something about you feels honest, and I trust my instincts.

JOHN

Thank you.

ANGIE

Now, excuse me for one minute. I came over here to get something, and I still need it. Stay here.

She walks toward the bedroom door.

JOHN

So is this your apartment?

ANGIE

No, Daniel is a friend of the family, and he said I could borrow something while he was out of town. I keep odd hours, and figured since he was gone, I'd get what I needed whenever it was convenient for me. Now was convenient.

She points to a clock that reads: 2:30. He looks back to her as she passes into the bedroom and closes the door.

He looks at the basic items in the living room. It's clearly a single bachelor place as the walls are unadorned, the furniture is mismatched and minimal.

He walks around the room, running his hands across the furniture and everything else. The room contains no photos at all or anything else that isn't completely neutral.

The woman emerges from the bedroom carrying a gym bag.

ANGIE

What are you doing?

JOHN

Hoping that some of this might spark my memory. I can only guess that I don't know Daniel.

ANGIE

He knew a lot of people. Maybe you just never come here.

JOHN

Maybe.

He points at the bag.

JOHN

You get what you came for?

She looks at the bag and nods sadly. She sighs.

ANGIE

I feel a little bad taking it, but
he did say I could borrow it
before...

She takes a deep breath.

ANGIE

Can we go?

JOHN

This was the only lead I had. I'm
not sure where else to go.

ANGIE

Well, some rest will probably do you
some good. Why don't you sleep on it,
and see what you remember when you
wake up?

He nods and follows her out.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

They pull up to the front of a suburban home. John stares
absently out the window. She turns off the car and looks at him.

ANGIE

Hey.

He looks at her.

ANGIE

You remember anything yet?

He shakes his yet.

JOHN

I was hoping to see something I
knew, but nothing.

ANGIE

Well, we're here.

He looks up at the house and nods.

ANGIE

Wait here for a moment. I need to make sure the dog is put away.

He nods again. She opens her door.

JOHN

Hey.

She pauses and looks back at him.

JOHN

What's your name?

ANGIE (ANGIE)

Angie. Now we're at a disadvantage, but I guess we're also even since you don't know you either.

He chuckles and nods.

ANGIE

I'll be right back.

He watches her run up to the door, unlock it, and enter. He gets out of the car and walks onto the yard. He stands in the center of the yard and looks around.

He touches his head with his palm as if it aches somewhat as he looks around. The world starts to spin.

FLASHES of the same street in the daylight, but never enough to actually see anything.

Angie puts her hand on his shoulder. He jumps and the flashes stop. He turns quickly to her with a frightened look.

ANGIE

Sorry. You can come in now.

He nods and follows her, holding his head again.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is adorned decently. It has more of a woman's touch than Daniel's place.

ANGIE

I can put you on the couch. I'll see if I have anything else for you to wear in case you want a shower or to change.

JOHN

Thank you.

She walks toward a hall.

JOHN

Do you live here alone?

She smirks a little sheepishly.

ANGIE

I was divorced recently. I got the house, and fortunately, we had no kids. He never picked up his stuff when it was all over, so I was just going to see if you were close to his size.

He nods and looks at his hand. He notices the ring again.

JOHN

I think I might be married.

He holds up the ring. She walks back and looks at it.

ANGIE

Maybe. You know, people give those as promise rings, which means you are either engaged to be engaged or single and saving yourself. Or maybe you're also divorced and this memory loss is the best thing that ever happened to you.

He nods and looks back at the ring. He shrugs.

ANGIE

I'll be right back.

He looks around the room and while everything seems normal, there are no pictures anywhere of anything.

He walks to a cabinet near the TV that would most likely house DVDs. He reaches out to open it.

ANGIE

Here you go.

He turns to Angie who carries a pair of sweats and a T-shirt.

ANGIE

These should get you by so I can wash what you're wearing. I'll also see about some shoes. The towels are in the bathroom.

JOHN

Thank you. I really appreciate it.

ANGIE

Well, it gets lonely sometimes.

She suddenly looks away. His eyes follow her as she walks swiftly out of the room. He smirks and then shakes his head.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

John showers behind an opaque shower curtain. Angie walks into the bathroom, drops a robe and steps in with him. Her silhouette behind the curtain draws close to his as he turns around.

ANGIE

You don't have to be alone tonight.

Their faces draw together in a kiss.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The activities move from the shower to the bedroom. The most distinct characteristic here is that a lamp on a nightstand provides the only light.

EXT. GRAVEL LOT - DAY

John lies on the ground in the sun, sleeping. He is dressed in the same t-shirt and jeans without shoes that he wore the previous day.

He screws up his eyes and then opens them, squinting into the light. He sits up in a start and looks around, disoriented. He sighs, closes his eyes and holds his head for a moment.

Finally, he stands and looks around.

The lot is in the city as he is surrounded by developed land and buildings. He spots a small apartment complex.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

KNOCK KNOCK

A TENANT opens the door to their apartment to find John standing on their doorstep.

JOHN

Excuse me. This is going to sound weird, but I just woke up out in the lot there, and I have no idea how I got there.

TENANT

(skeptical)

Really?

JOHN

Heh, yeah. I don't suppose you saw anything last night.

TENANT

No.

SLAM.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

John steps away from the door and turns to find a sedan pulling into the lot. Smith along with a another man, FRANKS, exit the vehicle. Fear takes over John's expression.

Without a thought, he bolts away from the apartments, through a fence, and across a small playground.

He glances back to find Smith chasing him. Franks gets back into the car. The car starts and peels out of the parking lot.

John glances ahead to find a fence blocking his path. Smith gains on him rapidly. He steers to one side and runs between some buildings.

He passes out from between the buildings just as the car pulls in front of him. John slams into the side of the car, slides across the hood, and hits the ground on the far side.

John turns over, but Smith pins him. Punches John in the face.

SMITH

You killed my partner, you son of a bitch.

(Punch)

Now you're going to tell me where to find what the boss wants

(Punch)

Or I'll kill you.

(Punch)

And after you get it for us.

(Punch)

I'll kill you anyway.

Smith swings for another punch, but John catches it before it can land. Smith stares dumbly at his caught fist. John does as well. They look back at each other.

Smith yells and tries to punch again, but John throws him off. John leaps to his feet. He and Smith engage in a swift street fight where neither is able to land a blow on the other.

Suddenly, a metallic thud sounds behind John, and he collapses. Franks stands behind him holding a tire iron.

They grab John by the arms and drag him to the car, dropping him on the ground next to it.

Smith slaps John in the face. He stirs.

SMITH

Now, you're going to tell us what we need to know.

JOHN

I don't know anything.

Smith slaps him again.

SMITH

Try again.

JOHN

I told you all before. I woke up next to this Daniel guy who probably... He probably has whatever this thing is you need.

SMITH

And he is where?

JOHN

He's where you found me. In the building right there.

SMITH

No tricks?

JOHN

I promise.

Smith lifts John by the collar. The other man opens the back door of the car and Smith tosses John in.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The car drives down the street.

INT. CAR - DAY

John sits in the back seat, handcuffed this time. He sits docilely in the center of the car.

JOHN

I was just wondering...

SMITH

Forget about it.

JOHN

No, I was wondering how you knew where I was. It can't have been coincidence, you guys just showing up like that.

The pair laughs.

SMITH

That's none of your business.

John nods, looking irritated.

JOHN

How much further to the building?

SMITH

I ain't your tour guide.

JOHN

Just asking.

SMITH

Around this next corner.

John nods. Suddenly, he reaches forward and puts the handcuff chain around Franks' neck. Franks struggles. The car swerves.

SMITH

Hey!

Smith moves to attack John, but John lifts a foot and nails Smith in the face, knocking his head back against the passenger side glass. He stays there, knocked out.

Franks continues to struggle, losing air. Unable to breathe, he loses the fight and slumps over.

John quickly reaches over the seat and grabs the wheel.

EXT. CAR - DAY

The car runs off the road into a ditch and comes to a stop.

INT. CAR - DAY

John shuffles through the guys' pockets and finds the key to the cuffs. He unlocks them and tosses them on their seat.

EXT. STREET - DAY

John climbs out of the car and looks around. He runs off.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

John runs across the lawn of the building where it all began. It rests quietly in the sunlight. No one around.

He glances over to see the sedan still parked in the corner of the parking lot. He looks to the building and then walks toward the sedan.

Suddenly, another car pulls into the parking. He looks at it curiously. It stops and Angie gets out.

ANGIE

I've been looking for you all morning. What happened to you?

JOHN

Me? I woke up in a gravel lot. And then I got chased around by more mob guys who think I have whatever this Daniel Jenkins was supposed to give them.

ANGIE

You got up last night, and never came back to bed. I thought maybe you'd just gone into the couch, but this morning, I discovered you had left completely. I thought I'd drive around and look for you, since you weren't doing so well. You know, memory wise.

He nods.

JOHN

For what it's worth, I don't remember anything more.

Angie nods.

ANGIE

What are you doing out here?

JOHN

This is where I woke up. Or in there anyway.

ANGIE

That Daniel Jenkins was on the news this morning.

JOHN

He was?

ANGIE

Yeah, he's a missing person of interest in the theft of an item from the museum where he works.

JOHN

So that's what those guys wanted with him.

ANGIE

What guys?

JOHN

I've had to escape capture from these mob-like guys twice now.

ANGIE

Escape?

JOHN

I suppose it's one thing I am remembering. I'm apparently rather skilled in defending myself.

ANGIE

Why would you know that?

JOHN

I don't know.

He indicates the sedan in the lot.

JOHN

I was just going to see if there was anything in this car. I figure it's his.

ANGIE

That's not his car.

JOHN

How do you know that?

ANGIE

They found his car. Nothing in it.

JOHN

Oh.

He looks at the car again and then shrugs.

JOHN

Well, then I don't know what to do. I don't suppose you know me.

ANGIE

Sorry.

He sighs and walks back to her car. He leans on the side of it.

JOHN

I don't know what to do. These guys want whatever this thing is that Daniel stole. Whether I find it or not, they'll probably kill me. I don't know who I am or even where to begin. If I turn myself in, they might figure me out, but then, who'd believe this story?

ANGIE

Look, I'll park and we'll go inside.

JOHN

I've been inside.

ANGIE

But you've got a better idea of what to look for now.

JOHN

Which is what?

ANGIE

I don't know.

He nods.

JOHN

Ok, but we'll need to be quick. I just escaped a run-in with those guys and they knew where I was going.

ANGIE

So we'll be quick.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Angie and John walk into the darkened room. Daniel's body remains on the floor where he left it. Angie puts her hand over her mouth.

ANGIE
Oh, my God. Daniel...

JOHN
I'm sorry.

She buries her face in John's shoulder. He holds her.

ANGIE
I didn't even think...

JOHN
I know.

She snuffles and takes a step back.

ANGIE
I'm ok.

JOHN
You sure?

ANGIE
Yeah.

She turns back to Daniel's corpse. She slowly approaches him, kneels, and touches his forehead.

ANGIE
You know, he always called me the dangerous one when we were growing up. Figured I'd go first. He was such a great guy. I can't begin to why he would steal something.

JOHN
Usually, people are threatened somehow. To risk his job would be either a secret or a loved one. Who else did he have in his life?

Angie shrugs and shakes her head.

ANGIE
He lived alone. He dated, but as far as I know, he wasn't serious with anyone.

JOHN

Parents?

Angie shakes her head.

ANGIE

Both passed. They had him when they were older. No siblings either. I was like the only sister he had just like he was my brother. I don't have any siblings either.

John only watches her silently as she sheds a few tears.

ANGIE

Well, we came here for a reason.

JOHN

Are you going to be ok here?

She nods.

ANGIE

We should call the police for him, so he's not left out here.

JOHN

We can do it anonymously.

She nods again.

JOHN

I'll find out who killed him for you. I promise.

ANGIE

How do you know you didn't?

JOHN

I guess I don't. If we find out that I'm guilty, then you can do to me what you want. But we still need to find out who I am.

ANGIE

Ok. So where all did you look after you woke up?

JOHN

Just here and I looked at myself in the mirror.

ANGIE

So you didn't search at all?

He shakes his head.

ANGIE

I would guess you're probably not a detective then.

He shrugs.

JOHN

Apparently not.

They separate and walk to the very edges of the light. Angie goes into the bathroom and searches. John looks behind and under the debris scattered across the floor.

He spots an opening in the edge of the floor. He peers through it. Beyond the opening is a drop to a floor below.

JOHN

Hey, did you see this?

Angie walks to him and looks at the opening.

ANGIE

What about it?

JOHN

Well, it's interesting. I assumed I was alone last night, but if the person jumped down here, I wouldn't have noticed.

Angie nods.

ANGIE

I could see that. But what does that mean?

JOHN

It means we go down there, and see if they left anything. Did you find anything?

She shakes her head.

They cock their heads simultaneously at the sound of vehicles approaching. Several stop right outside the building. Doors open and close.

JOHN

Oh biggins. We have company.

ANGIE

What did you just say?

JOHN

What?

ANGIE

Biggins?

JOHN

Sorry.

ANGIE

No, it's just... weird.

The outside door opens.

ANGIE

I guess my car gave away our presence.

JOHN

Well, let's see if we can escape this way.

He crawls through the opening and drops to the floor below. Angie crawls in and does the same, landing as soon as the inner door to their part of the building opens. They sit silently, listening.

SMITH

This is where he was headed.

WILLIAMS

You sure.

SMITH

Sure, I'm sure.

They stop walking.

WILLIAMS

Oh, is that the guy he was talking about?

SMITH

Maybe, but it don't matter now.
He killed two of our guys.

Angie looks at John, incredulous. She mouths the word "two". He waves her off, still listening.

SMITH

That means even if he don't have the item, he's a problem.

WILLIAMS

Boss still just wants him brought in.

SMITH

The boss wants to hire him. I might accidentally kill him first.

Their voices echo more and more as they apparently walk away from them.

They look around the dim room, their eyes adjusting to the lack of light. This lower level is apparently storage. There is a variety of usable stuff everywhere.

They quietly pad through the room to the door. He turns the handle. It clicks loudly.

SMITH (O.S.)
(very faint)
What was that?

John pulls the door open. It creaks even louder than the handle clicked.

WILLIAMS (O.S.)
I hear it too.

SMITH (O.S.)
This way.

JOHN
(whispers)
Oh biggins, we gotta go.

He glances back to see the men's feet walking past the opening. He shoos Angie through the door, and he follows immediately after.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

John and Angie run out the outer door and to her car. He goes for the driver's side.

ANGIE
Oh no. This is my car. I'm driving.

JOHN
But this is dangerous.

ANGIE
Ah, how chivalrous. Get away from my door.

He stares only for a moment before the warehouse doors blast open. He runs around to the passenger side, leaping in just as Angie starts the car and backs out of the space.

Smith and Williams reach the car and tap its trunk as Angie zips out of the lot. The Hoods jump in their car and give pursuit.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Smith and Williams chase John and Angie in close pursuit. The traffic of the day, light though it may be, prevents the Hoods from overtaking them, or Angie from outrunning them.

INT. CAR - DAY

Angie looks back.

ANGIE

This is ridiculous. We're getting nowhere.

JOHN

Unfortunately, I don't remember the town, or I might have a suggestion.

ANGIE

I've got something.

BANG! A shot rings out from behind them. They flinch.

ANGIE

And now they're shooting at us.
Perfect.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Angie turns a tight corner with the Hoods right with them. One of them hangs out the window, brandishing a gun.

She whips around another corner into a small neighborhood.

INT. CAR - DAY

John looks around at the rapidly passing houses. He glances to the speedometer that reads 50. He is thrown to one side as Angie zips around a corner.

JOHN

I'm not sure this is such a good idea.

ANGIE
Just trust me, ok?

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - DAY

She zips around a couple more corners in the neighborhood. The Hoods fall back, but not too far, attempting to navigate the tight roads.

Then Angie takes another tight turn, squealing into what looks like a driveway, but opens into the parking area for a wooded park.

INT. CAR - DAY

She stops, and they turn around to look behind them.

Out the back window, the Hoods drive by.

JOHN
You think we lost them?

ANGIE
No.

EXT. PARK - DAY

They get out of the car and look back to see the Hoods' car back up and look down the narrow entry into the park.

ANGIE
Just bought us long enough to hot
foot it somewhere else. Let's go.

They take off into the park as the Hoods drive into the parking area, blocking their car in.

Angie leads John down a path and through some brush between the trees.

JOHN
You have a plan right?

ANGIE
As long as your feet can hold out.

JOHN

My feet?

He glances down. He's still barefoot.

JOHN

Right. No shoes. I'll watch my step.

They cut through some tall grass to find a little bridge spanning a creek. They duck underneath it and wait.

Footfalls approach. They hold their breath. The feet stop running. They crunch the gravel leading to the bridge until they reach the wooden planks over John and Angie's heads.

SMITH

I could swear they went this way.

WILLIAMS

Me too. Maybe they doubled back somehow. There's a lot of cover.

SMITH

Maybe. Let's check over there.

They run off.

ANGIE

(low)

Do you think they'll do anything to my car?

JOHN

Probably.

She sighs and leans back against the wall under the bridge.

ANGIE

I almost had it paid off.

JOHN

I'm sorry. I'm sorry you got mixed up in this. I'm sorry about your friend. I just wish I knew something to tell you. I'm very grateful for your help, but this is too dangerous for you. You should try to get home.

Angie shrugs.

ANGIE

I'm already in it, so I might as well see what I can do. After all, I actually remember my life.

John nods.

JOHN

Problem is I have nothing to go on. I had nothing on me when I woke up. There was nothing at the scene. I have this guy's wallet, but it didn't give us anything, but the address where I found you. And really, I didn't see anything there that helped. Honestly, what's left?

ANGIE

I don't know. Maybe you just need to think. If you close your eyes, and try to relax, maybe you'll remember something.

John closes his eyes.

POV FLASH: Jennifer smiles at him.

POV FLASH: A car drives up outside the warehouse.

POV FLASH: Daniel drives a punch at John's face.

John opens his eyes, reacting to the punch. He reaches into his pocket and takes out the wallet again. He flips it to the picture.

He stares at Jennifer for a long moment. He glances down at his ring. He looks back at the picture.

JOHN

I think ... I was married to her.

ANGIE

Are you sure?

JOHN

Not completely, but she is very familiar to me. She might resemble the person I got this ring from, but I seriously think she's the one.

ANGIE

Then why is her picture in Daniel's wallet?

JOHN

I don't know. Are you sure you've never seen her?

ANGIE

I'm sure. Daniel mentioned many women, but I never saw any of them. Maybe she was cheating on you.

JOHN

I guess at this point, I have no room to talk.

He looks into Angie's eyes. She smiles and averts her gaze.

ANGIE

Well, you didn't really know at the time...

They share an uncomfortable silence.

ANGIE

So what does biggins mean?

He chuckles.

JOHN

I really don't know. It just came out.

ANGIE
Just never heard it as an
expression before.

He shrugs. More silence.

JOHN
So, where do we go from here?

ANGIE
Take your suggestion. Go home.

JOHN
Are you sure that's a good idea?

ANGIE
I'll let you be respectable. We
just need a place to regroup. We
can't do it wondering when those
guys will show back up.

JOHN
Agreed.

They cross the creek under the bridge. He peeks out across the park. No one is there. They crawl back up the bridge and follow the sidewalk out.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The door opens and they enter.

JOHN
So what about your car?

ANGIE
It's fine. We can get it tomorrow.
I think there's a curfew in the
park, so worst-case scenario: I
have to get it from the cops.

John nods. They stand silently across from each other.

ANGIE
Ok.

JOHN

Yeah.

ANGIE

I'll go to bed now. And let you...

JOHN

I'll sleep in here.

ANGIE

And I'll leave you alone.

Another silent moment.

ANGIE

Good night.

She turns and walks down the hall. A door closes O.S. John sits on the couch. The door O.S. opens and Angie walks out.

ANGIE

Hey. You hungry?

JOHN

Actually, yes.

ANGIE

We can see what I have in the kitchen.

He nods and follows her

INTO THE KITCHEN

where she is already looking in the refrigerator.

ANGIE

I have some bread and lunch meat.

She looks out from the fridge, but he is staring at the fridge door. She looks at him, curious.

ANGIE

What?

JOHN

I thought you didn't know me.

ANGIE

What? I don't.

JOHN

And you said you didn't know her.

ANGIE

I don't understand.

JOHN

Tell me something: if you don't know me, and you don't know her, then what...

He snatches a photograph off the fridge and holds it in front of her. The picture is a snapshot of John and Jennifer posing for the camera in a "Kodak Moment" vacation spot.

JOHN

...are you doing with a picture of us on your fridge?

Angie backs up, frightened.

ANGIE

I don't know where that came from.

JOHN

What aren't you telling me? Who are you? What did you do to me? Who am I? Who is she?

ANGIE

I don't know!

He rushes her, wraps his hand around her neck, and pushes her against the wall.

JOHN

I want answers!

Tears stream down her face as she struggles, fruitlessly.

ANGIE

Please, I don't have any. I don't know you or her. I don't know how that picture got there.

He pulls her back from the wall and butts her head back against it. She whimpers.

JOHN

Stop lying to me!

ANGIE

I'm not. I swear. I never saw you till the other night.

JOHN

If you don't-

ANGIE

Listen, you said you thought you might have been set up for Daniel's murder. Maybe they found out you were here, and planted that for us to find.

He doesn't loosen his grip or move.

ANGIE

It's no crazier than the story you told me, is it?

He softens. He lets her down. He breaks his grip and walks away, massaging her neck.

JOHN

I'm sorry.

ANGIE

You can leave tomorrow morning. I'll let you stay the night, but I want you out. You wanted me to have no part in your problem. That's fine. I'll lay out now.

JOHN

Angie-

ANGIE

No, I'm done. It's all yours.

She walks out of the room. John watches her go. He looks back at the picture of him and Jennifer from the wallet.

EXT. VACATION SPOT - DAY

The picture comes to life as John and Jennifer pose for the camera. They smile as if nothing in the world worried them.

Someone hands the camera back to John and they view the picture together. They turn to each other and kiss in the picturesque moment.

John looks deep into Jennifer's smiling face.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

(angry)

Hey!

A thump distorts the picture.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

Hey, get up!

INT. HOUSE - DAY

John awakens to the thuds of a leather purse slamming against his head. He looks to find Jennifer staring at him, but this time, instead of love, her face only bears hate.

JENNIFER

What the hell are you doing here?

JOHN

What?

JENNIFER

You've got a lot of nerve. You may think you own the place, but after one hopeful message, you think you can just come in here while I'm gone and just take over.

JOHN

I don't know what you're talking about.

JENNIFER

Oh yeah? Oh yeah? You don't know what I'm talking about? How about this little stunt!

She tosses him a DVD with the caption "I had fun while you were out."

JENNIFER

I don't think this needs any explanation.

Confused, he picks up the disc and looks at it. Clearly, he doesn't remember what this item even is.

JOHN

What is it?

JENNIFER

Don't treat me like an idiot. You almost had me won over. You almost had me rethinking everything, but after this...

JOHN

I don't understand. Who are you?

Incensed, She drags him off the couch as best she can. He gets up, but stumbles to the ground.

JENNIFER

Get out of here!

JOHN

Please, I don't know what-

JENNIFER

Why don't you talk to that floozy you decided to bring here. I'm sure she'd be happy to explain while you pound her again.

JOHN

But-

JENNIFER

Get out before I grab the gun and
blow your head off.

She opens the door and pushes him out.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Still disoriented, he stumbles to the ground. She slams the door behind him. He looks around.

He is in front of Angie's house. He looks back and forth along the front, unable to comprehend. He looks to the driveway and Angie's car isn't there. Another sits in its place.

He holds his head. The door opens. He looks up to see Jennifer standing in the doorway. She holds the DVD.

JENNIFER

Oh and this? This little jewel is
going straight to the lawyer I'm
getting today. I'm done. I'm so
done.

She slams the door again. He rises to his still bare feet. He looks to the houses around this one. Each one is free from activity. No one stirs anywhere.

He sighs. Walks to the door and knocks. Jennifer opens it and looks condescendingly into his face.

JOHN

Please tell me something.

She only stares, emotionless.

JOHN

Who am I?

Her expression says she's just been asked the stupidest, most obvious question in the world.

JENNIFER

Are you kidding me?

She slams the door.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Go away!

He slumps his shoulders and sighs. Finally, he backs away from the door and walks down the street.

EXT. STREET - DAY

As he walks, he mumbles to himself.

JOHN

Crazy... It's crazy... Angie lived there last night. The woman from the picture today... Who is she? Who is Angie? Who am I? Who is Daniel? You know, after everything I've seen, I still don't know anything.

He shakes his head.

JOHN

And now I'm talking to myself.

He looks up. Smith and a new Hood, BAKER, stand before him, parked at the end of a block. They stand outside their car smiling.

JOHN

And how do they keep finding me?

He sighs and shakes his head.

SMITH

Well, well, well. Lookee what we have here.

JOHN

Hello. I suppose you want me to come with you.

SMITH

Every time we meet, you give us
more and more unfinished business.

John nods.

JOHN

Can I see your boss again?

SMITH

Coincidentally, he wants to see you.
You see, you've managed to kill two
of our guys, and he ain't pleased.

JOHN

I don't imagine sorry will help.

SMITH

No.

Smith opens the car door. John gets in. Smith shuts the door
behind him. Baker gets in the driver's seat. Smith crosses
around the car and gets in the back seat next to John.

INT. CAR - DAY

Smith pulls a gun and holds it to John's side.

SMITH

You make any move I don't like. Any
move. And it's curtains.

John nods.

JOHN

No problem. This time, you're all I've
got.

SMITH

Man, your life does suck.

The car drives off.

EXT. DINGY ALLEY - DAY

Boss Welter walks around behind John, who is shirtless and tied hand and foot to opposite walls across the alley so that the ropes literally hold him up. Smith and Garish stands behind the boss, and Smith has a particularly self-satisfied look.

Boss Welter cracks a whip across John's back. John winces in pain.

BOSS WELTER

So you woke up next to this guy we were supposed to get the item from. You got carted around town by this broad who even rescued you from us. Then you wake up in her house with the other broad from the wallet. And you still don't know who you are?

JOHN

That's what I keep telling you.

BOSS WELTER

Uh-huh.

The Boss cracks the whip again.

BOSS WELTER

And you think I want to help you?

JOHN

No. I know that I woke up with a guy that had something valuable to you. I hear my memory might come back if I'm exposed to the right stimuli. If it comes back, maybe I'll know something about this item.

BOSS WELTER

What if I don't want to wait?

He accentuates the last word with another crack of the whip.

JOHN

Then I guess you won't get it any quicker.

Boss Welter clearly doesn't like this answer. He cracks the whip again.

BOSS WELTER

I could do this all day.

John doesn't struggle, but allows himself to hang for a moment, unanswering.

The Boss gestures to the Hoods who produce a chair from the wall behind them. He takes the chair and sets it in front of John. He sits and looks to his victim. John glances up at him.

BOSS WELTER

Suppose I do help you. What do you want?

JOHN

Freedom. Information. I just want my damn memory back.

BOSS WELTER

Hard thing for a man to lose his mind. Knew a guy who lost it once. Got rapped it the nut harder than I ever seen a guy take it, and it scrambled his brains, if you know what I mean. He lived in a special home for people like that till he accidentally killed himself.

The Boss leans forward as if there were a punch line.

BOSS WELTER

Climbed up to the roof, held two feathers from one of their craft projects and tried to fly. Five stories down onto solid concrete. Huge mess.

The Hoods chuckle. The Boss turns to them, serious.

BOSS WELTER

Hey, it ain't funny.

He turns back to John.

BOSS WELTER
It's hilarious.

John doesn't share the humor, but looks like he might be going into shock from blood loss.

BOSS WELTER
You gotta lighten up.

JOHN
Hard to lighten up when you're the one who's two steps away from flying with the fake feathers.

BOSS WELTER
I can accept that.

He gestures to the Hoods. they step forward and cut John's wrist restraints. Since his feet aren't under him for support, he crashes to the ground, barely stopping himself with his hands. Then they cut his ankles free.

BOSS WELTER
So where do you start? If I get what I'm looking for, you go free.

John rolls to his back and winces from the fresh wounds. He gathers himself, but doesn't move further.

JOHN
What are you looking for?

BOSS WELTER
Good man. Go for the throat first.

JOHN
I won't know when I see it if I don't know what it is.

BOSS WELTER
I thought you might ask.

He snaps. One of the hoods produces a book. The Boss opens it to a marked page. On the page is a golden oval shaped tablet with Mongolian writing on it.

BOSS WELTER

This is Marco Polo's golden tablet of authority given to him by Kubla Khan before he set out on his fantastic adventure.

John looks at it and then back to Boss Welter.

JOHN

Ok. So?

BOSS WELTER

Not only is it made of pure gold, but it's an object of ancient antiquity. They're supposed to be legend, but wouldn't you know it, as these things go, one of them turns up. Not that it's an obsession of mine, mind you, but a pure gold item that's 800 years old? It sort of caught my interest, if you follow me.

JOHN

So this Daniel guy was supposed to get it for you?

BOSS WELTER

That's right. The owner of this prize loaned it to a museum who allowed it to tour the country. Big to-do thing. Daniel is a security guard at the local museum, and agreed to nab this thing as soon as it came in.

JOHN

And did he?

BOSS WELTER

You won't see it on the news yet, because they're keeping it quiet for now, but my sources tell me that the tablet is indeed missing. And so is Daniel.

JOHN

It hasn't been on the news?

BOSS WELTER

Are you kidding? Their sponsor would lose their shirt if this got out. Anyway, they checked out his place yesterday, and as you can guess, he's gone. But you and I both know where he is, don't we?

JOHN

Dead on the second floor of an unfinished building.

BOSS WELTER

And no one has called the cops yet. Have they?

JOHN

I haven't.

BOSS WELTER

What about this woman you were running around with?

JOHN

I don't know what happened to her, but as far as I know, she didn't.

BOSS WELTER

And we'll keep it that way. Better if someone else finds him up there.

John nods and brings himself to a sitting position on the ground.

JOHN

How big is it?

BOSS WELTER

Well, it fits in a man's pocket, so I can't imagine it would be very large.

JOHN

And you were supposed to get it from him there at that warehouse right?

BOSS WELTER

That's right.

JOHN

I think I'd like to start at the warehouse. I know I've been there twice already, Now that I know what I'm looking for, I might have a better chance of finding it.

BOSS WELTER

What chance do you have of finding it? I've had guys all over that place, and you've lost your marbles.

JOHN

I'm not so much looking as trying to remember. If we're lucky, and I mean both of us, I'll get some memory to lead us both to what we're looking for.

BOSS WELTER

So be it.

JOHN

I could also use a shower.

BOSS WELTER

Of course, of course. I think we're even on our other business. For now.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A car drives down the well-lit city street.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The hoods sit in the front seat again. John sits patiently in the back. A phone rings. Smith answers.

SMITH
(to phone)
Yes? ... Ok ... Ok ... You got it.

He hangs up.

SMITH
(to John)
So what do you think you'll find
there at that warehouse?

JOHN
I don't know. Something.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

The car turns onto another road.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

John looks out the windows, confused.

JOHN
Where are we going?

SMITH
Oh, are you getting your mysterious
memory back?

JOHN
No, I just remember that this isn't
the way we went before.

Smith turns around and points a gun at him.

SMITH
How's about we don't get to the
warehouse?

JOHN
We had a deal.

SMITH

A deal contingent on you finding this little gold doodad for the boss.

JOHN

Right.

SMITH

While you were enjoying our boss's good graces and water, someone else brought the little jewel in and the boss ended up paying twice what he had hoped for it. He said to take out that frustration on you.

JOHN

That's not my fault.

SMITH

Mine either, but fortunately, you get to take the fall for it. Not me.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

The vehicle stops in a well-lit parking lot near some houses. The Hoods get out the car and each stand beside a back door. Smith opens the door on his side and waves the gun at John.

SMITH

Come on. Out with you. And don't think I won't pull the trigger.

John gets out of the car, and Smith closes the door behind him. They walk him a few paces from the car.

SMITH

I've really been looking forward to this.

He reels back and clubs John on the side of the head with his gun. John goes right down.

SMITH

You know, I was afraid I wouldn't get a piece of you when you were making that deal. You can't imagine how happy I am that things are working out this way.

John climbs back to his feet. Smith hits him again. John goes back down. Smith laughs.

SMITH

(to Baker)

You wanna piece of this?

Without waiting for a response, he kicks John in the ribs as he tries to get up again. John rolls to his back and winces. Smith laughs again.

He circles around John, waiting for him to pull himself back up again.

SMITH

Ah, poor thing. Lost your mind. Now you've lost your sense of balance. Once one thing goes, they all go, huh?

John comes to his feet. Smith swings again. John stops the blow, grabbing Smith's hand. John looks into Smith's eyes with anger.

He reels back and punches Smith square in the face. Blood runs from Smith's nose as he stumbles back in shock. John twirls the gun in his hand to grip it properly. He aims for Smith and shoots him square between the eyes.

He glances to Baker, who stands in shock at what just happened.

JOHN

You're not one of the brighter ones, are you?

He points the gun at Baker's head. Baker puts up his hands.

JOHN

Where's your gun?

Baker points to his back.

JOHN

Turn around.

Baker slowly turns around, revealing a pistol tucked into the back of his pants. John rolls his eyes. He slowly steps forward and reaches for the gun.

Baker shifts his eyes and as soon as John is close enough, Baker snatches behind him, grabs John's gun and spins to point it at him.

However, John still holds a gun - the one he just took from Baker's pants.

JOHN

Not quick enough.

John fires, hitting Baker square in the head. Baker falls straight back and hits the ground.

JOHN

What a shame. I was going to let
you go.

He walks to Baker and picks up his gun. He walks to the car, gets in and drives away.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

John pulls the wallet out of his pocket and flips it open to the license. He stares at the address and then looks around as he drives.

He closes the wallet and replaces it on the seat next to him.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

John walks to the door of the apartment. He looks at it for a moment. Feels around the doorframe. Checks beside the porch area.

He sighs and looks at the door. He tries the knob. It's unlocked. He opens the door slowly.

JOHN

Hello? Is anyone in here?

No answer. He enters the apartment and closes the door behind him.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

He flips on the light. Looks around the sparsely furnished room. There is nothing special about the room. The furnishings are typical of a bachelor: minimal.

He looks at the books and movies. He sits on the couch and sighs.

JOHN

Ok, Daniel. Somehow, we ended up together. What's our connection?

He spots a computer sitting on a desk nearby. He walks to it and reaches for the power button. There's no CPU. Only homeless cables. He sits back in the chair.

JOHN

That's convenient.

He looks back to the room behind him. Gets up and walks into the kitchen. Looks over the fridge. No pictures or anything else on it.

He walks to the bedroom which, like the rest of the apartment, is minimally furnished. The bed is made. He looks under it. Nothing.

He walks to the closet and opens the door. There are clothes but nothing on the floor. He looks over the items on the shelves and there is nothing of consequence there either.

He walks to the bed and sits on it.

JOHN

How can a guy have absolutely nothing in his home that says who he is? There's got to be pictures or something. I'd even settle for a utility bill at this point.

He looks around the room from where he sits.

JOHN

Let's think here. If I killed
him, why would I have done it?
I guess he would have wronged me
somehow. How would he have
wronged me?

He looks at the ring on his finger. He looks at the wallet and
flips to the picture of Jennifer. He closes his eyes.

INSERT: The picture of him and Jennifer from the fridge at
Angie's house.

He opens his eyes.

JOHN

Could it be that obvious? Was
that my wife? Was she cheating
on me with this guy so I killed
him?

He stares at her picture again.

JOHN

She does look very familiar.
But where do these mob guys
come in? And who is Angie?
What was this golden tablet
and who ended up with it?
Or could this all be just a
big mistake? And why did Angie
say it was on the news and the
boss say it wasn't?

KNOCK, KNOCK. John's eyes snap to the living room. He walks into
the living room and looks at the front door.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

I can see the light on, you son
of a bitch. Open the door right
now, or I'm calling the cops.

John sighs and walks to the door. He opens it and Jennifer barges in.

JENNIFER

Where is he?

JOHN

Who?

JENNIFER

Don't play stupid with me. I called every number he has, and no one has seen him in three days.

JOHN

I don't understand.

JENNIFER

Ok, you've had your little playtime at my expense at my house. I saw your stupid video. Or at least enough to know what it was a video of. I'm not playing games with you.

JOHN

No, really. I don't know what you're talking about. Did you know I'd be here?

JENNIFER

This is the same thing you were pulling earlier, and I'm not falling for it.

JOHN

Seriously, I'm not playing. Who are you looking for? And please tell me who I'm supposed to be.

She throws up her hands and walks to the door.

JENNIFER

I'm so tired of this. I really am.

He touches her arm. She reels on him and slaps him.

JENNIFER

Don't you touch me! Don't you dare touch me. I thought we were getting past all this. I actually thought that... Please, just tell me what you're done to him.

JOHN

Tell me who I am.

She laughs in complete disbelief.

JENNIFER

Fine. I get it. It's some kind of game. I pour my heart out and this is how you respond. I guess I found out your answer, didn't I? What did you do? Kidnap him? Was your little porn video some kind of insanity plea? I really don't get it. I mean, why?

JOHN

What video?

She turns and walks to the door again.

JENNIFER

No, I'm done. I'm not playing anymore. You're going to hear from my lawyer tomorrow, and maybe even the police tonight. I'm reporting him missing and turning in your DVD as evidence that you are probably involved.

JOHN

Am I your husband?

She stops on the threshold and laughs. She turns to him.

JENNIFER

I don't even know if I ever even knew you after this.

JOHN

How did I know Daniel?

She only stares at him, a complete lack of understanding permeating her gaze. She huffs and turns away from him, shaking her head.

He follows her out the door.

JOHN

Please tell me.

JENNIFER

If I ever see you again, you're going to jail. I promise.

She gets in her car and leaves. He watches, completely dumbfounded. He walks back inside and stands for a moment, speechless.

Finally, he walks in and reaches for the light switch and pauses when he sees the answering machine. He chuckles and walks to it. There are three messages. He presses the play button.

MESSAGE 1 (MACK)

Hey Daniel, this is Mack at the museum. I was just giving you a call to see what happened to you tonight.

BEEP.

MESSAGE 2 (JENNIFER)

Hey, it's me. You know how it is when I'm out of town, and I start thinking about things. Well, I was thinking that maybe I was wrong. I know, that's hard for me to admit. But you know how young we were and well, we both made a lot of mistakes. Yes, I said we. Can you believe it? Maybe I am growing up a little. Anyway, if it's ok, I was thinking maybe we could get together when I get back in town. Should be back tomorrow morning, actually. I know I said not to call me, and you've been really good about that while

(MORE)

MESSAGE 2 (JENNIFER) (CONT'D)

I go insane. I just want to say I'm sorry, and I really want to try and work on us. I promise I'll tell you everything. Just please think about it and I'll call you when I get in tomorrow and we'll do lunch or something. I... um... I'll... talk to you tomorrow, ok? Bye.

BEEP.

MESSAGE 3 (MACK)

Hey Daniel, I don't mean to be a pest, but there's been a bit of a blow up over here. I really need to talk to you. It's beyond urgent. Please call me.

BEEP.

John stares at the machine. He backs away from it and sits. He shakes his head.

Finally, he gets up and turns off all the lights in the apartment.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

He closes the apartment door behind him and walks to the car of the hoods. He gets in and sits in the driver seat, watching the door of the apartment.

The time on the dash fades from 10:30 to 1:15.

John now sleeps with his head resting on the headrest. A door slam wakes him up. He looks to the passenger side to find Angie sitting next to him. She looks out of breath.

ANGIE

What are you doing here?

JOHN

Waiting to see who else might show up. Lucky me.

ANGIE

You've got to get out of here.

JOHN

Why? What do you have that will make me move?

ANGIE

Those mob guys? They ransacked my house. I'm pretty sure they'll come here. You did mention showing them the address.

He folds his arms. She casts panicked looks over her shoulders out the window.

JOHN

And how did you know I would be here?

ANGIE

Where else would you go?

JOHN

You tell me.

ANGIE

You have nowhere else. Your one lead takes you here. I know that and I bet they do too.

JOHN

So tell me something else.

ANGIE

We've got to get out of here.

JOHN

You recorded us the night we met.

ANGIE

I what?!

JOHN

You made a sex tape.

ANGIE

When would I have done that?

JOHN

You must have had a camera.

ANGIE

Have you lost your mind?

JOHN

And that house wasn't even yours.

ANGIE

Come again?

JOHN

I was awakened the morning after we fought by some woman. A woman, that if I put it all together right, is my wife. Or at least was.

He flashes her his wedding ring. She looks at it and then back at him, disbelieving the whole thing.

ANGIE

You're sure about that?

JOHN

She seemed to know me pretty well.

ANGIE

So?

JOHN

Of course I'm-

ANGIE

No, really. Are you sure?

He stares at her, waiting.

ANGIE

Can we please just go? We can talk as you drive.

JOHN

And where am I going?

ANGIE

I don't care. Out of here.

He sighs, starts the car and drives off. Moments later, another car drives up and parks. Two men get out and walk to the door. They kick it in.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The discussion continues.

ANGIE

You are so quick to believe one stranger over another? I say it's my house, and I let you stay there. Some other woman wakes you up and kicks you out, claiming it's hers.

JOHN

She acted like she knew me.

ANGIE

You don't know who knows you. I only just met you. I'll at least admit that. This other woman seems to know you, but for all you know, she might have put you in this state to begin with.

JOHN

What about the DVD?

ANGIE

Did you watch it?

JOHN

No.

ANGIE

Then how do you know what's on it?

John stares at her dumbly. He opens his mouth to respond, but then closes it.

ANGIE

Hey, I know this is hard. I know you feel like you can't trust me, but you either have me who is trying desperately to help you, or you have her who won't even acknowledge that you clearly have a problem.

He pulls over into a darkened parking lot. He stops and turns off the car. He looks at her.

JOHN

So what do I do?

She shrugs.

ANGIE

Just relax for now. Try not to think about it.

JOHN

How can I think about it? There's nothing in my head to think about.

ANGIE

I know.

She reaches out and touches his arm.

JOHN

I'm sorry I assumed the worst about you.

ANGIE

It wouldn't be the first time.

She takes his hand in hers.

JOHN

Angie, how can I be sure you're my friend?

ANGIE

What choice do you have?

He chuckles.

JOHN
Yeah. What choice?

He releases her hand and gets out of the car. She pauses for a moment, stunned. She gets out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

He walks a short distance away from her.

ANGIE
What are you doing?

He spins on her.

JOHN
You're right. What choice do I have?
Maybe that's the point.

ANGIE
What?

JOHN
What choice do I have? I have none.
I have no one. I have no clues. No
pointers. No one to give me any
direction whatsoever. No one except
you, and really, you haven't given
me any direction, but just gone
along this whole time.

ANGIE
I have tried to help.

JOHN
Really? What about the day after we
slept together?

FLASH: John wakes up in the middle of the parking lot.

JOHN
I woke up in the middle of nowhere.
How'd I get there?

ANGIE

You got up in the middle of the night. I thought you'd gone to the bathroom, and by the time I decided to find out what happened, you were gone.

JOHN

Really? I don't remember walking to that lot.

ANGIE

With all due respect, you don't remember a lot of things.

He stares at her for a long moment.

JOHN

Okay, what about the woman at the house. Your house?

ANGIE

I thought we talked about her.

JOHN

You were gone. She was there. Her voice was also on the machine.

ANGIE

So she knew Daniel.

JOHN

She acted like she knew me.

ANGIE

Maybe she does.

JOHN

How?

ANGIE

You tell me. You seem to have all the answers.

They stare at each other, silently. He seems very frustrated, but she is strangely calm.

JOHN

What about the mobsters?

ANGIE

The guys chasing you?

JOHN

They always knew where I was.

ANGIE

Clearly, someone called them.

JOHN

Yes, clearly.

ANGIE

You suspect me?

JOHN

Kinda.

ANGIE

How would I know?

JOHN

You seem rather well informed is all.

ANGIE

I'm kinda clueless right now.

JOHN

So you say.

ANGIE

So I do.

Another silent stare.

ANGIE

Ok, obviously this is going no where. What do you want?

JOHN

I want to know who the hell I am.

ANGIE

But how are you going to do that?
That woman seemed strangely
unwilling to answer that one question
for you, didn't she? Doesn't that
strike you as odd? And she knew you'd
be here, too. An apartment that isn't
even yours. Unless you're sharing a
one bedroom apartment with another
man. Kind of old school, but I guess
some can roll with it.

He sighs and stares away. He shrugs.

JOHN

I just... Don't know anything.

ANGIE

And I understand that. She doesn't
seem to care. Who do you think you
can trust?

JOHN

I don't know.

He stares blankly away from her.

FLASH: A hand dialing a number on a cell phone. A view of the
parking lot at night.

He blinks. Looks around at the same view around him.

JOHN

I was here. I made a call from
right here.

ANGIE

To who?

JOHN

I don't know. Obviously, I
didn't recognize the number.

ANGIE

Do you remember the number?

He gives a look that says, "Really?" She throws up her hands.

ANGIE

Sorry.

He walks back to the car and gets in. She pauses for a moment, and then walks back around to the passenger side and gets in.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

They stare forward, going nowhere. He appears to be deep in thought. Finally, she looks at him.

ANGIE

So tell me, Sherlock. Where do we go from here?

JOHN

Well, let's see what I can be fairly certain of. Daniel was supposed to get an item. He lost it. Someone else found it. He was supposed to make the exchange at the place where he died. I came out. They thought I was he and became a thorn in my side. You are a wildcard but apparently a friend of the late Daniel. You may or may not own the house you took me to. I may or may not be married to the woman in Daniel's wallet, and she may or may not be having an affair with him. The house may or may not be hers or mine and I may or may not live here. What am I certain of? I woke up next to a guy with a hole in his head, and I don't know what the hell happened before then.

ANGIE

For a guy with brain damage, you have a good grasp of where you are.

John spreads his hands in a thank you gesture.

ANGIE

I suppose you could always go back there. You know, again.

JOHN

To the warehouse?

ANGIE

Maybe we won't get interrupted this time.

He sighs.

JOHN

Maybe. It just seems so pointless.

ANGIE

Did you look at everything there?

JOHN

We went all over the inside when we were there, and found nothing more than when I did when I was alone.

ANGIE

Was there anything outside?

John stares off.

FLASH: The car at the end of the parking lot.

He blinks and looks at her.

JOHN

Yeah. In the corner of the lot, there was this car. I walked to it before the hoods picked me up the first time. I saw it out there the second time, but of course, they distracted us again. If it's still there, maybe it has something. Maybe it's my car.

Angie smiles.

ANGIE

Maybe. You had to get there somehow,
right?

JOHN

Right.

ANGIE

Then let's go.

JOHN

You're sure you want to come
with me?

ANGIE

Why not? I've come this far already.
Might as well finish it.

JOHN

Ok.

He starts the car and heads for the exit. Then another car enters the lot, cutting him off. He tries to turn around, but another car cuts him off from the other direction.

Several hoods get out of the cars and approach.

JOHN

Uh-oh.

He and Angie are both yanked out of the car and-

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

-John is tossed onto a hard concrete floor. Garish drags John off the floor by his hair and forces him to kneel before Boss Welter, who looks very, very displeased.

BOSS WELTER

Aren't you a conundrum? I have
two guys out with you to kill
you and you managed to turn the
tables on them both.

Garish punches John sending him reeling back across the floor. Garish grabs his hair again and drags him back before the Boss.

BOSS WELTER

Thank you, Garish. Four of my men you've killed recently. Four. Guys like them are expensive. Garish.

Garish punches John again. As before, he drags him back by the hair. John can barely sit upright.

BOSS WELTER

So I ask myself, what do I do with you. Naturally, my first instinct is to kill you. It would be so easy right now.

The Boss pulls his own gun and aims it directly at John's head.

BOSS WELTER

As they say, all you have to do is squeeze your little finger and... BANG!

He twitches the gun, as if it went off. John flinches accordingly.

BOSS WELTER

But then I considered that you did take out four of my guys. A guy who can do that is rather valuable, in my profession. Wouldn't you say, my mysterious friend?

John only stares, still struggling to stay upright.

GARISH

You were asked a question.

To emphasize "question," Garish kicks John, who sprawls out across the floor. John pulls himself up off the floor and unsteadily stands before them.

JOHN

Yes.

The Boss smiles with delight.

BOSS WELTER

Would you look at that! Punished
as he was, he still stands.

JOHN

Where is Angie?

The Boss looks confused for a moment.

BOSS WELTER

Oh, is that the girl you were
with?

John only stares. He might have even nodded through his current
wobble.

BOSS WELTER

Oh, she is being taken care of.

John roars and rushes the Boss. The Boss doesn't move as John is
nailed by Garish. He goes down without a fight.

BOSS WELTER

Right. Well, Garish, please place
our guest somewhere where he can
reconsider our offer. We don't take
no, and maybe's are met with a little
vacation.

Garish drags John away and-

INT. CELL - NIGHT

-John is tossed unceremoniously into a dark, blank room. The
door is clanged shut.

He remains on the ground for a long time, breathing heavily.
Finally he crawls to his hands and knees.

Then he sits cross-legged on the ground, his head drooped almost
to his lap.

JOHN

Oh Angie. I'm so sorry. What are
they doing to you?

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CELL

A clang pierces the silence. John's eyes snaps open. The door opens shining light into the cell, temporarily blinding him. A shadow of a figure steps in.

A Guard steps in.

GUARD

All right, buddy. The Boss is ready to see you again.

John comes to his hands and knees. As the Guard reaches for him, John's eyes flash toward him. In an instant, John is on his feet. He grabs the unsuspecting Guard and rams his head into the wall.

The Guard spins, dazed only for a moment before John grabs his head and runs it into his knee. The Guard goes down.

John inches to the door and looks out. The hall is clear. He dips back into the room and takes the Guard's keys and gun.

IN THE HALL

he quickly moves from room to room. He tries every door until he finds one that is locked. He finds the key and opens it.

Inside is Angie.

He runs in and kneels to her as she looks up at him.

ANGIE

Hey.

JOHN

Come on.

He takes her by the hand. Unsteadily, she gets to her feet. He looks both ways and runs toward a door at the end of the hall.

They walk out into another hall. No one is around.

JOHN
This is weird.

ANGIE
What is?

JOHN
Where is everyone?

ANGIE
Maybe this is just where they
hold people and doubt they'll
try to escape.

John looks at her disbelieving. She shrugs.

ANGIE
Like I know.

They reach a stairwell and proceed upward. They reach another door and throw it open. Sunlight floods their view.

INT. CAR - DAY

John drives while Angie sits on the passenger seat, staring outside. After a moment of silence, she glances forward.

ANGIE
Turn right here.

John dutifully turns.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

They drive into the lot of the warehouse and park. They both look very tired as they stare out. John looks to the car still parked at the corner of the lot.

JOHN
If this is mine, I don't know how
I'll react. Maybe you'd better
stay here for a moment.

ANGIE
Ok.

She touches his hand, leans over and kisses him on the cheek.

JOHN
What was that for?

ANGIE
For saving me. You could have
just made a run for it.

JOHN
I wouldn't do that.

They kiss. She breaks it off and sits back in the seat, away from him.

ANGIE
If all your answers are here,
everything will probably change
for us.

JOHN
Maybe. Maybe not.

ANGIE
I just wanted one more moment.

He smiles and gets out of the car. She watches him go.

John walks to the driver side door of the mystery car and opens it.

A square access card hangs from the mirror on a lanyard. The passenger seat contains a host of papers of various types and sizes.

He sits in the driver seat and looks at the card hanging from the mirror. He flips the front to him to read it. His brow narrows.

He quickly pulls the lanyard around the mirror and studies the information on the card. He spares a look to himself in the mirror and then looks back to the card.

JOHN
I'm...

He reaches into his pocket and retrieves the wallet he'd been carrying around. He opens it to the license and removes the license from its holder.

He looks at the front and scrapes at the picture. The picture tears and he pulls it off along with the tape holding it on. He stares at it in disbelief.

JOHN

I'm Daniel Jenkins.

His hand drops next to the access card sitting on the seat beside him.

His face now shows on the license that bears Daniel Jenkins' name. The access card says Museum Staff on it with his picture and the name Daniel Jenkins and the word "Security" underneath it.

He sorts through the papers on the passenger seat. He flips through a large number of photos of Jennifer along with the dead man.

There are photos of them dining together, walking together, kissing, and entering hotel rooms. A notation is written at the bottom of one of the pictures of the dead guy: RALPH BIGGINS.

SERIES OF IMAGES: John and Jennifer arguing MOS ... John sitting in a chair drinking straight out of the bottle ... Ralph and Jennifer together ... John watching them.

He blinks. Shock registers on his face. He reaches over and picks up a small notebook. On the page is written: "Meet rep @ 10." A little below that: "Problem to be handled around 7. Be there."

He glances out into the lot and sees Angie standing there, waiting. Her gentle expression has been exchanged for one of curious amusement. He gets out of the car and closes the door.

DANIEL

So I've about got this worked
out, but what I still don't know
is who you are.

ANGIE

What do you think you know?

IMAGE: Someone places the picture of Ralph over Daniel's photo.

DANIEL (V.O.)

The wallet is mine. Someone just
taped the other guy's picture
over mine.

IMAGES: Jennifer argues with Daniel ... She holds hands and
laughs with Ralph.

DANIEL (V.O.)

The woman in the picture is my
wife, though we're going through
a divorce. She was cheating on me
with the guy who lies dead in there.
His name's Ralph Biggins. Been
cursing his name since I learned it,
and apparently, that stuck.

IMAGES: The meeting of Daniel and Angie at the apartment ...
Daniel sits in a chair and drinks.

DANIEL (V.O.)

The apartment where I met you is my
apartment. I was living there
since my wife and I are separated.

IMAGES: Daniel and Angie at the house ... The woman pulls a
suitcase behind her ... Daniel talks to someone from the car
while watching Jennifer leave with her suitcase.

DANIEL (V.O.)

The house you said was yours is
also mine. My wife travels for her
work and she was out of town, which
is when I decided to have her lover
killed.

IMAGES: Daniel steals the Golden Tablet ... He makes the note in
the notebook to meet at 10 ... Daniel parks in the lot and gets
out of his car to look at the building.

DANIEL (V.O.)

I stole the Golden tablet from the museum where I worked in order to pay for the hit. For some reason, the guy I hired called me the day of the hit and wanted me to come out here.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Daniel stands before Angie. She has listened patiently to all of this.

DANIEL

Which brings me to you. You are not who you say you are. You know me. You know my wife. You know a lot about me.

ANGIE

All the answers about me are inside. Come with me.

DANIEL

You think I'm stupid?

ANGIE

Not at all. In fact, as a former M.P., I'm sure you could take me easily.

DANIEL

How do you know that?

ANGIE

I'll show you.

She walks away from him toward the building.

DANIEL

Hold on.

She doesn't turn to him. Continues walking.

ANGIE

If you want answers. You'll have
to come with me. I'm going inside.

He follows her at the rapid pace she keeps.

DANIEL

You did tape us that night,
didn't you? You lied to me.

ANGIE

I imagine your wife enjoyed the
show. She seemed taken by it,
didn't she? And I never said I
didn't. I only gave you some doubt.

DANIEL

I would also wager you were the
one who kept the goon squad on my
tail no matter where I went.

ANGIE

I had to keep you on your toes.

DANIEL

You about got yourself in trouble
though.

ANGIE

I was never in trouble.

DANIEL

But they locked you up.

ANGIE

Only because I knew you wouldn't
leave without me. And I needed
you alive.

DANIEL

You were with them?

ANGIE

Sort of. I amused them.

DANIEL

How?

ANGIE

Oh you'll see. They loved this whole thing. But they were pretty intent on getting a hold of that tablet though, weren't they?

She enters the building. He pauses as the last statement registers. He enters rapidly after her.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Daniel runs up behind Angie as she enters the room where Ralph Biggins still lies.

DANIEL

Wait a minute. You know about that too?

ANGIE

Of course. I know all about you.

DANIEL

You took it.

ANGIE

You didn't bring it with you, so I had to get it from your apartment, unfortunately, with you standing right there.

DANIEL

Bring it with me?

ANGIE

And I've now been paid in full for both jobs.

DANIEL

Both jobs? You're the person I hired?

ANGIE

Oh, they never figure a woman for a hired gun, do they?

DANIEL

Why did you do this to me? You were just supposed to take care of this guy.

ANGIE

That was the job you hired me for. Your wife, on the other hand, felt that her being out of town was the perfect time to take you out.

DANIEL

But you didn't kill me.

ANGIE

There's more than one way to kill someone. You performed admirably. Better than I'd hoped. Now you've not only got the mob after you, you'll have the cops on you for theft of the tablet and for murder.

DANIEL

But I can describe you to them. How do that factor in?

She pulls out a vial of clear fluid.

ANGIE

See this? I did a job once for a guy who did research on nerve agents and such and this little jewel really messes with its victims. Its purpose was to wipe their memories clean, but they never really use it. Not approved. But as a favor and payment to me - your video isn't the first I've made - I can get a hold of whatever I want of this stuff. They have it stockpiled.

Daniel makes a move for her. But she steps back to a switch on the wall.

ANGIE

Whoa there. I don't think you've gotten all your answers in this room yet.

She flips a switch on the wall next to her. A light comes on further in. Jennifer sits in a chair, bound and tightly gagged. She looks drugged.

Daniel runs to her and looks her over.

DANIEL

Hey, are you ok?

He removes the gag. She groans and barely looks at him. Angie walks behind her.

ANGIE

Poor girl's been tied up here all night waiting for us.

DANIEL

You put her up here yesterday?

ANGIE

How was I supposed to know you'd get us captured, and force me to cut a deal to get us out. I lost money on you tonight.

DANIEL

Honey, can you hear me?

She doesn't respond.

ANGIE

I hope she enjoyed our little lovemaking video. I always enjoy making those. Maybe I should have been a porn star instead.

DANIEL

You do this a lot?

ANGIE

Only when it suits me. I guess that would explain why she was so upset with you when you woke up that morning. Well, that and you didn't really live there anymore.

DANIEL

So what do you want with her if I'm your victim?

ANGIE

Come on, Daniel, what do you care? You know she's no saint. She has feelings for you still. Why else would she still have your picture on her fridge? In fact, that message in your apartment was for you. A little alone time on her trip got her to thinking about you. Well, after she got herself a little nookie, like she usually does.

Angie kneels before Jennifer and holds her chin like a child.

ANGIE

Didn't you? You did yourself a little extra business off the clock.

DANIEL

So what do you want?

ANGIE

don't you get it, Daniel? This is fun. I hold the keys to life and death here. I call the shots. And I think you're good for one more round, but this time, I'm just going to be a spectator and watch the fireworks.

Daniel lunges for her. She deftly slips the vial into her pocket and avoids him. She throws a punch for him, but he blocks it. They exchange a rapid series of punches and blocks. They seem very evenly matched.

ANGIE

You're pretty good.

DANIEL

Apparently, I paid attention in defense training.

ANGIE

That's probably why they hired your sorry ass at that museum. They thought as ex-military you were tough and could be trusted. Joke's on them, I guess.

The fight continues non-stop. Neither can get an upper hand on the other.

DANIEL

Why are you doing this?

ANGIE

Because I like toying with my victims. I never sign a contract that demands immediate death. It gets boring.

DANIEL

You never said why you want her.

Angie laughs.

ANGIE

Well, first, she tried to call off our deal when she was having a change of heart. I told her it was already done. Then you woke up at home and the idiot threatened to call the cops on me.

Angie speaks to Jennifer.

ANGIE

Really? Threaten a hired killer? There's genius.

Daniel tries to attack her while her head is turned. She sidesteps him again, pulls a tazer from her pocket, takes a step away from him and zaps him. He falls to the ground, twitching.

ANGIE

Oh Daniel. I love a good fight.
Thanks for the workout.

She pulls her hair back and ties it. She walks to his body and turns him over. He looks directly at her as she sits on his chest.

ANGIE

You know, this is the third time
I've been on top of you. I know
you remember the second, but do
you remember the first?

FLASH: Angie dressed in black in this similar position.

ANGIE

You see, you made the mistake of
telling me about your little heist
and that you'd have my money after
you sold it. You thought I was
inviting you for a view to a kill.
Stupid. You should never accept
such an invitation. You should also
never tell a killer where you plan
on getting the money. What's to stop
them from taking it and making their
own deal? Which I did, and made out
like a bandit. Thank you very much.

She leans down and kisses him on the lips.

ANGIE

Thank you for a wonderful time. I
can't remember when I've had so much
fun with one hit.

She pulls out the vial and fills a syringe with the fluid.

ANGIE

However, I don't think we'll be
doing it again. You've got a lot
going on in the next couple days.

Daniel struggles to speak.

DANIEL
I'll turn you in.

ANGIE
But my dear Daniel...

She leans in close to him.

ANGIE
You don't even know my name.

She stabs him in the temple with the syringe and empties it. He arches his back and screams.

DARKNESS.

SILENCE.

Breathing. Slow. Even.

A gasp. Movement. A quick shuffling as if someone were standing up. The breathing hastens, panicked. John calls out.

JOHN
Hello?!

His voice echoes off the walls of an apparently large space. He groans momentarily in pain.

JOHN
Hello? Is anyone there?

His feet shuffle across the floor. It sounds like bare feet on bare concrete.

CLICK! A light flips on washing out the view to-

INT. WAREHOUSE

-a warehouse with garbage and building materials strewn about.

John looks with shock over the sight of a dead man with a bullet hole in the center of his head lying next to a dead woman who appears to have been dead less time with a bullet hole in her head as well.

JOHN

Oh my God... Who am I?

Police sirens sound from outside.

THE END