

SUN OF GUNN

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FADE IN:

CAPTION: "You are my Sun, my moon, and all of my stars." -
E.E. Cummings

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

It rained, so everything is wet. Sidewalks are cracked and dirty, dumpsters overflow, trash and papers are wind-blown.

FIGURE in a leather overcoat and matching fedora runs down the street, face unseen. Figure keeps looking behind, then stops at a pay phone on a brick wall covered with graffiti. Figure drops quarters in phone-box's slot, then presses "0."

OPERATOR (FILTERED)
Number, please.

FIGURE
(whispers gravely)
Gunn, Craig, Los Angeles, collect.

Phone on other end *rings*. CRAIG GUNN answers.

GUNN (FILTERED)
Your dime.

OPERATOR (FILTERED)
Collect call from Washington, D.C.
Will you accept charges?

GUNN (FILTERED)
Okay, my dime.

Operator disconnects, *click*. Figure *whispers*.

FIGURE
Help me.

GUNN (FILTERED)
Who is --? My little ray of sun...?

FIGURE
They're after me!

GUNN (FILTERED)
Who is?

A bullet *ricochets* off a brick near the Figure who drops the receiver to run away. Receiver sways *creaking* on its cable.

GUNN (FILTERED)
Tommie? --SUN?!

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER ALONGSIDE WASHINGTON DC - NEXT MORNING

A jetliner flies in low over *Gravelly Point Park* landing on Runway #19 at *Reagan National Airport*. FRISBEE PLAYERS in the Park cheer as the plane roars overhead just feet above them.

INT. REAGAN AIRPORT TERMINAL - MOMENTS LATER

CRAIG GUNN, African-American, 60s, clean-shaven, fit-for-age, short Afro, wears a tailored three-piece suit. He enters and waits at the luggage carousel with other PASSENGERS.

A hand lands on Gunn's shoulder from behind. He grabs it in a two-handed wrist-lock and spins around twisting so its owner has to go down on their knees.

D.C. Police Detective LIEUTENANT JAMES JACKSON, African-American, 60s, small paunch, in a cheap dark suit, is on both knees. His fedora was knocked-off and is on floor beside him.

GUNN

Well hello, Detective. Aren't you retired yet?

JACKSON

(in pain)

I wish, then you wouldn't be breaking my arm.

GUNN

Sorry about that, Lieutenant.

Gunn releases Jackson's wrist who stands brushing himself off. Gunn picks up fallen hat, re-creates its crushed block, and hands it to Jackson who re-blocks it again himself.

GUNN

Thanks for meeting me. Any word?

JACKSON

No, but with a full name change and dropping off The Grid, pretty hard to track.

GUNN

"Name change?" --First or last?

JACKSON

Come on, "Tommie?" What were you thinking? Of course kids teased "Tommy Gun" --so changed both.

Gunn grabs his suitcase off carousel. Both walk and talk.

GUNN

"Changed both", huh?

JACKSON

You a parrot?

GUNN

Parent. Be interesting to see what these new names mean?

JACKSON

Well, since your first name "Craig" is Scottish, Irish, and Welsh -- means there were several branches hiding in your family's woodpile.

GUNN

You should have been a genealogist.

JACKSON

Craig's meaning is also "from the rocks" which supports your case of being so hard-headed.

GUNN

Thanks for the history lesson -- not. Any idea who's after ...?

JACKSON

You just called me last night?!

GUNN

How far "off the Grid?"

JACKSON

All the way. No Social Networking.

GUNN

Internet companionship --don't care for it. I hate getting images of what people had for breakfast.

JACKSON

Still same-old old-school. Still, would have made it easier for you to keep up with ...

GUNN

Hey, the Ex wanted me out of their lives!

(embarrassed, recomposes)

Did as instructed, so stayed away.

JACKSON

That's a cop-out. Pun intended.

GUNN

Hope you're referring to how Monty Python ended "The Holy Grail."

JACKSON

"Killer Rabbit?" --Funny.
 (nods *sucking* teeth)
 Must be pretty desperate to reach out to you after all these years?

GUNN

Thanks.
 (thinks, nods)
 Maybe, or may be --remembered you and I are still friends.

Both exit Terminal's main doors to their own *Hmmmm?*-ing.

EXT. NATIONAL AIRPORT MAIN ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Jackson's unmarked car is parked at the curb with an *Official Police Business* paper-sign on its dash.

Gunn throws his suitcase in back seat, then gets in front.

Jackson walks around *grumble-muttering* to himself, grabs his handle with his twisted-hand, grimaces, releases it, then uses his other hand to get open the door.

JACKSON

"Friends," huh --?

INT. JACKSON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jackson gets in and starts his car, then flexes hurt-hand.

JACKSON

Funny way of showing it?

GUNN

Didn't mom tell you not to play with strangers? Speaking of Mom --?

JACKSON

Still there.

GUNN

Drop me at her place.

JACKSON

Oh well, certainly, happy to act as your personal chauffeur --not!

GUNN

Stick to what you know best L.T., being a good cop. I can't give you good reference as a man-servant.

JACKSON

"Man-serv --?!"
(grabs his crotch)
Here's your "servant" -- man.

Jackson frisbees his dash-sign into the back seat as they drive away *laughing*.

EXT. MOM'S NIGHTCLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Rundown bar of row-house businesses. Its front door has rusted steel bars running up and down it. Paint is peeling off its brick walls. Trash blows across its sidewalk. A faded fluorescent sign weakly flashes, *MOM'S HOUSE OF BLUES*.

Jackson's car pulls up to its curb. Gunn exits and closes door, then leans back in to hand Jackson a business card.

GUNN

Call me when you know something.

JACKSON

Still using a flip-phone?

GUNN

Not smart enough to own a smart-phone. Any ideas where to start?

Gunn gets his suitcase from back and closes rear door.

JACKSON

You're so smart, ask Mom.
(drives away yelling)
She always did like you best!

Gunn smiles watching his best friend leave, then turns around to stare fondly at the building.

GUNN

No place like being home --

Gunn goes to front door, *knocks*. No response. He *bangs* on it. Nothing. He walks to a narrow alley between the buildings and turns sideways to sidestep through it with his luggage.

GUNN

less.

EXT. MOM'S REAR ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Gunn exits alley, sets suitcase down, and brushes suit off.

GUNN

Yep, no place.

Glass *breaks* inside Mom's. Gunn reaches in his suit lapel for his pistol. It's not there. He shakes his head whispering.

GUNN

God damn terrorists.

More glass *breaks* inside. He grabs a broken piece of 2 x 4 on the ground and holds it two-handed like a baseball bat.

GUNN

'Eh, batta', batta'.

Gunn goes to back door, sees its glass is broken, then its door is ajar. He pushes it open with one foot cautious.

INT. MOM'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Door swings open into a greasy restaurant kitchen. More glass falls out its swinging interior door. Gunn walks-in silent, then steps on broken glass *crushing* it. He mumbles growling.

GUNN

*Ring the doorbell while you're at it, dumb-bell.***INT. MOM'S CLUB - MOMENTS LATER**

Club has seen better days. Floor's linoleum has faded.

MOM, African-American, 60s, matronly, wearing a printed Muumuu dress, is being held from behind by THUG TWO, 40s Caucasian, over-weight, in a dark suit.

His "twin" partner, THUG ONE, dressed same, holds up a wine glass. Both have thick South African accents.

THUG ONE

For da' last time --where?

Thug One throws his glass down *breaking* it with the rest.

THUG TWO

How much crystal you keep, up to
you, moffie.

Thug One picks up another glass smiling. Gunn's 2 x 4 hits the back of his head. One's eyes go vacant, then he dead-falls forward holding same glass with same stupid smile.

GUNN

You're, Out!

Mom stomps a heel on the instep of Thug Two and steps away as Thug Two reaches inside his jacket. Gunn swings-away again.

GUNN

Stee-rike!

Gunn side-swipes Thug Two's skull knocking him down and out.

Gunn kneels, pulls the pistol and holster off Thug Two's belt, then moves to and does same to Thug One. Gunn stands to hook both guns and holsters onto his own belt quipping.

GUNN

Hit one, get two free.

MOM

Craig!

Mom runs to hug Gunn and give him a big wet-one on his cheek.

GUNN

Ooof, just like old times. Your
handcuffs still behind the bar?

Mom smiles, steps behind her bar, and tosses two pair of pink handcuffs to Gunn who catches.

GUNN

Pink?

MOM

May be snow on the roof, suga', but
still fire down in the furnace.

Mom does a hip bump and tries to smile sexy.

Gunn kneels to cuff Both Thugs behind their backs.

GUNN

There's an image --I don't want.

Mom pulls a pump-shotgun from under her bar, then steps out and hip-aims it at Both Thugs imitating *Clint Eastwood*.

MOM

"Go ahead, now make my day --
(*racks* shotgun)
punks."

Gunn pats down Both Thugs, pocket their extra Clips, and stands.

GUNN

Who are they, what did they want?

MOM

Don't know, but "they" did want to
know where ...

Gunn uses his shoe-tip to nudge Both Thugs who stir *moaning*.

GUNN

Wakey-wakey, snakey-snakeys.

THUG TWO

Any idea da' kak you done stepped
in, Mate?

GUNN

Ex-plains it to me, matey.

THUG ONE

We're federal agents.

GUNN

Feral, maybe. Since when did the
Feds go back to revolvers?

Gunn examines their two .38s, then aims them at Both Thugs.

GUNN

Even if these don't have hair-
triggers --
(*clicks* back hammers)
my temper sure does. Start talking.

Both Thugs look at each other, then remain silent resolute.

GUNN

I'm sure you've both heard this
many times --on your knees, cross
your ankles, hands behind your
heads, interlace your fingers.

THUG ONE

Fok you, kaffir.

Gunn head-kicks Thug One unconscious and holsters a pistol.

GUNN

Caffer, huh? So you're South African. May I see your A.W.B. card, please?

THUG TWO

Bite mee big albino white butt!

GUNN

Can't. My doctor says to stay away from greasy fat.

Gunn head-kicks Thug Two unconscious, kneels holding pistol-barrel to Thug Two's temple, pulls Two's wallet out of his inside jacket pocket, flips it open, and reads it.

GUNN

Yep, South African Delegates. Wonder who delegated them here?

Gunn pockets Thug Two's wallet, then repeats procedure with Thug One. Gunn stands reading wallet and holsters pistol.

GUNN

What the heck did Tommie get into? And where is ...?

MOM

Like I kept telling these two morons --I, don't, know.

Gunn puts Both Thugs badges with their wallets on the bar.

GUNN

Call the Precinct direct, ask for Lieutenant Jackson.

MOM

Ain't he retired yet?

GUNN

Only mentally, and tell him to bring his best --diplomacy.

Mom picks up the receiver of a vintage rotary-phone.

MOM

Okay, but I need both cuffs back.

Gunn raises an eyebrow at her.

MOM

What, I still party?

GUNN

Still have a room without a view?

MOM

I'll sleep better with you in the house. It'll keep the breakage down --just like old times.

Gunn looks down at Both Thugs and shakes his head.

GUNN

Too much like old times. Speaking of, where's my Ex?

Mom was *dialing* the phone, but stops, then pushes a finger on its disconnect button.

MOM

You, don't know?

Gunn tilts his head, has an epiphany.

GUNN

When?

MOM

Last month, someone should have ...

GUNN

You'd think. How'd it happen?

MOM

Coroner said a massive heart-attack. Tommie found her --days later.

GUNN

Where?

MOM

At her new place. Tommie had long ago moved out.

GUNN

Maybe.

(tilts head)

Or may be not.

(studies Both Thugs)

After we get rid of dung and dunger here. --Would you hand me a bottle of your cheapest, please?

MOM

You drinking again?

GUNN

For the Afrikaans, might help
loosen their tongues.

Both stare at each then say simultaneously.

MOM/GUNN

Good luck wit' dat.

Mom pulls a bottle from under the bar, blows dust off it,
pours two glasses, and holds one up for a toast.

MOM

To old friends.

Gunn holds the other glass up.

GUNN

Who you callin' old?

They *clink*, then drink laughing while Both Thugs *groan*.

EXT. D.C. INNER CITY ROW HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

A cab pulls to the curb in front of a run-down two-story old
brick townhouse. It is dark inside.

Gunn exits, pays CABDRIVER, and cab drives away. Gunn walks
up to the front door and *rings* its bell. No answer. He *knocks*
hard. No answer. He looks, then walks over to an alleyway.

EXT. ROW HOUSE BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

High fences of wood and covered chainlink hide backyards with
dented trashcans outside their locked gates. Trash blows.

Gunn exits alleyway, stops at a back gate, tries, but it's
locked. He flips open a spring-assist knife, sticks blade in
the space near the door's latch and lifts. Gate *squeaks* open.

GUNN

*A black man breaking and entering
at night with a knife and two guns.
(slide-whistles)
What could possibly go wrong?*

Gunn walks lightly on paving stones through an eight-foot by
ten-foot backyard of dead-flowers and unmowed grass. He peers
in its iron-barred kitchen door window to see dirty dishes
piled high in its sink, then a shadow moves inside. Gunn
ducks. A silent bullet *breaks* through the door's glass.

GUNN

What the --?! Tommie, it's dad! You called me last night, came as quick as I could. What's going on?!

Moments pass, then Gunn sees same shadow shuffle across the floor to sound of multiple locks being *released*, then door knob turns and door *creaks* open by itself. Gunn peers in.

GUNN

Come on, Sunshine, where are you?

No answer. Gunn enters cautious.

INT. TOWNHOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A pig-sty of garbage, wrappers, and trash. Roaches scurry.

Gunn enters, closes door, looks at its multiple locks, then throws them on. He turns back and surveys the filth.

GUNN

This ain't good.

Gunn flips back his coat and pulls one Thug-pistol out of its holster talking to himself.

GUNN

Must have plenty more back at the Embassy not to ask for these back.

Gunn holds his pistol two-handed, then moves in proper law enforcement-style procedure searching.

INT. TOWNHOUSE LOWER FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Gunn checks living-dining room, then starts up the stairs.

GUNN

Tommie, where are you?! Kind of freaking your dad out!

INT. TOWNHOUSE UPPER FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Gunn exits upstairs onto bedroom floor and scans concerned.

GUNN

Remember when I used to call you my "little ray of sunshine?" It's okay now, dad's here.

Gunn quick-peeks in the open bathroom door, also a mess.

GUNN

Whatever's going on, we can work it out, just don't shoot your old man!

Gunn goes to and tries the master bedroom door. It's locked.

GUNN

Tommie?

CIERA calls out from second bedroom. She startles Gunn.

CIERA (O.S.)

Ciera!

Gunn goes to second bedroom and tries door knob. It turns.

GUNN

I didn't know she died. Why didn't you call me?"

CIERA (O.S.)

When did you care?!

Gunn drops to a knee and opens the door just a crack.

GUNN

I've always cared, about you both. Plus, it would have been the right thing to do.

CIERA (O.S.)

Your sticking around --would have been the right thing to do!

GUNN

Did what I was told, that's all.

CIERA (O.S.)

God damn right that's "all!" Never called or visited me once!

Gunn quick-peeks in, then darts inside the bedroom.

INT. CIERA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Messy. Dresser drawers are open. Clothes hang off them and furniture. Empty soda cans and fast-food wrappers on floor.

CIERA CARTER, African-American female, late-20s, is fit, but gaunt with her short Afro matted and bags under her eyes.

She sits on the bed with back resting against wallboard. Her clothes are disheveled with a vacant stare. She has one knee up resting her hand on it aiming the exact same pistol that Gunn holds aimed at her.

CIERA

Bet I know where you got yours.

Gunn stands and holsters his weapon holding both hands up.

GUNN

Back atcha'. So put yours down, and we can talk this out.

CIERA

Just like --old times?

A passing car *backfires* out in the street.

Ciera bolts out of bed holding her pistol. Gunn chops Ciera's wrist causing her to drop it. Ciera is startled, stumbles back, then falls sitting on the bed. He picks up her pistol.

GUNN

When was the last time you slept?

CIERA

Christmas.

GUNN

Then lay back and get some. Santa came down the chimney, you're safe.

CIERA

(jumps up again)
"Safe?!" I've never been "safe!"
(chortles)
Saved maybe. Mom saw to that.

GUNN

Tommie --?

Years of anger come out. Ciera *slaps* Gunn hard.

CIERA

It's Cierra! And cut the father-daughter crap. It was never there.

Gunn rubs his slapped cheek.

GUNN

"Ciera," huh? Okay, that name means "black," but you're not Spanish? So what's your new last name?

Ciera scans the room for threats. She's well trained.

CIERA

Little late in the game to care
like you care. Don't you think --
stranger?

Gunn puts Ciera's pistol in his coat pocket and pats the bed.

GUNN

Maybe, I don't know. Maybe we can
talk about it later. Right now, you
need to sleep. Okay?

CIERA

You, you won't leave?

Gunn holds up the Boy Scout's three-finger pledge-sign.

GUNN

Army Scout's Honor.

Ciera lays down and passes out. Gunn pulls a blanket off the floor, shakes garbage off it, then lays it over her lovingly.

GUNN

Won't leave you again --ever.

INT. CIERA'S KITCHEN - THE NEXT NIGHT

Kitchen is now clean with all trash gone and dishes put away.

Gunn wears an apron over his dress pants, shirt and tie, with both guns still in their holsters on his belt. He stands wiping the counter dry.

CIERA (O.S.)

Nice outfit, Tex. Do windows?

Gunn points to the kitchen door. A piece of plywood has been nailed over its broken pane.

Ciera, still in same clothes, dirty socks, no shoes, hair even more a mess, stumbles in looking exhausted.

GUNN

Looked better.

CIERA

Bite me.
(yawns stretching)
How, long?

GUNN

Twenty-four hours, had me worried.

CIERA

That's a first.

Ciera falls into a kitchen table chair, then *belches*.

Gunn pours milk in a glass, then sets it down *hard* on the table spilling some.

GUNN

Look, this will go a whole lot easier if you lose the "F.U." attitude! Now, are you hungry?

CIERA

"F.U.?" God damn right, F, U!
(her stomach *growls*)
Wait, "hungry?" Yeah, okay, sandwich would be nice.

GUNN

Grilled cheese on whole wheat with bacon and tomato soup.
(no response, explains)
Jackson brought us groceries.

CIERA

You --didn't leave?

GUNN

Told you I wouldn't.

CIERA

Another first. Yeah well, guess things did get kind of weird when I couldn't sleep. I started to ...

GUNN

imagine things? The mind goes places you don't want when you don't give it what it wants.

CIERA

How are you making the soup?

GUNN

(shakes a milk carton)
The way you like, with milk.

CIERA

Enough with the "pretend" down memory-lane stroll!

Ciera fake-sniffles as her voice goes beyond sarcastic.

CIERA

You're gonna' get me all misty.

GUNN

We have a saying in Hollywood --
"Never pretend, behind the camera."

Ciera doesn't understand. Gunn spins angry to her.

GUNN

Okay, little girl, let's get this
out of the way once and for all!

Gunn *slams* milk carton on the counter and counts on fingers.

GUNN

One, I am your father. Two, your
mom had the Court order me to leave
you alone, forever. Three, she went
back to using her Maiden name.

Gunn stops to think. His thumb, forefinger, and middle finger
were extended counting. He now forms them into a finger-gun,
points it at Ciera, and drops thumb in epiphany.

GUNN

Carter, Ciera Carter. Makes sense,
since it was your Mom's last name.

Gunn's three fingers come back out again, now with a fourth.

GUNN

Four, your "mom" kept unlisting
your phone numbers.

Gunn's little finger now comes out and he splays all five.

Five, all of my letters to you,
were returned to me --unopened.

CIERA

You, wrote me?

Gunn's five fingers now form a fist.

GUNN

Her T.R.O. said I was not to get in
touch with you. Got it?

Gunn *slams* his fist down into the tabletop, *bam*.

Ciera is startled.

GUNN

Did what I was told, so get over it! She, we, didn't get along, period. But that doesn't mean I forgot about you.

CIERA

Coulda' fooled me.

GUNN

Yeah, that's exactly right.

Gunn opens fist to wipe crumbs off table into his other palm.

GUNN

So I had to.

Gunn slap-wipes crumbs into the sink with his back to Ciera.

CIERA

"Had to" what?

GUNN

Fool, you.

CIERA

I, don't understand?

GUNN

Yeah, well understand this. I came to all your God Damn graduations.

CIERA

Yeah right, I never saw ...

GUNN

(spins angry again)
You weren't supposed to!
(folds arms)
Jackson kept tabs on you, told me when and where.
(looks at the floor)
Just because you didn't see me, doesn't mean I wasn't there.

CIERA

Prove it.

GUNN

(looks up angry)
Bite me!

Gunn's glare goes to a sniper's thousand-yard stare.

GUNN

Time to come to Jesus, "sunshine."
What's really going on, and who's
really after you?

Ciera stares at her full glass puzzled.

CIERA

I, don't know.

GUNN

Okay, so let's start with --

Gunn pulls out Ciera's pistol and *slams* it on the table.

GUNN

How did you get this?

INT. TOWNHOUSE KITCHEN - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Lights are off. Remnants of a late dinner are in the sink.

Outside door handle turns left-right, then *scratching* noises inside its lock, and door slowly opens.

Thug One and Thug Two dressed in all-black suits with black shirts and ties, creep in silent. They have new weapons with suppressors raised. Their red aiming lasers sweep searching.

INT. TOWNHOUSE LOWER FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Thug One and Thug Two stealth down the hallway with their red laser-lights sweeping to stop at the base of upper staircase. Thug One hand-motions over his head to, *Overwatch*. Each put a foot on the first step.

GUNN (O.S.)

First one's a killer.

A shop light, angled, turns *on* behind to blind them.

Thug One spins and fires *silent* at a winged-chair next to the light. The chair's back-cushion *poofs* out some stuffing.

A muzzle-flash *explodes* from a corner opposite it. Its bullet strikes Thug One in a thigh knocking him down as his weapon spins away. Thug Two freezes.

GUNN (O.S.)

Drop it, kick it.

Thug Two fires *silent* at the opposite corner from first muzzle-flash.

A second muzzle-flash *explodes* from a third corner hitting Thug Two in his thigh knocking him down. His gun spins away.

End table light clicks *on*. Gunn sits cross-legged in a third chair dressed same as at dinner with apron still on, aiming his two earlier Thug-guns.

GUNN

Not the brightest bulbs in the box
--dread men not walkin'.

Both Thugs lay holding their shot legs grimacing in pain.

GUNN

You're both fine, ya' big babies. I
missed the bone.

Gunn tilts his head, then sings the "Dem Bones" song.

GUNN

"The thigh bone's connected to the
hip bone /The hip bone's connected
to your stupid bone/ Now shake dem
skeleton bones!"

Thug One looks at Thug Two, *WTF?* Thug Two now speaks with an even thicker South African accent.

THUG TWO

We mades a mistake, poepol. Thought
it was our friend's house.

GUNN

Really? That's the best you dead-
head dead-ends can come up with?

Gunn tightens his double-aim on Both Thugs.

GUNN

Truth is, you're both inside the
house I paid for "cuiter." Ever
heard of "Stand Your Ground?" No?
Too bad. Because your two sorry
pink asses are puckered in mine.

Both Thugs *mumble-swear* in South African slang.

Gunn tosses each a dish towel.

GUNN

Stop you're staki-whine. Compress
the bleeding and start talking or I
will let you bleed-out, till I get
my answers. Your choice.

Thug One fights to stand up on his good leg defiant.

THUG ONE

Naal you!

GUNN

Okay, hop-a-long.

Gunn *fires* into Thug One's good thigh who falls thrashing
around. Gunn then aims determined at Thug Two's good knee.

THUG TWO

Easy, ya' mal mompie! What ya'
want?

GUNN

To kiss and make-up. But first,
let's start with who you work for.

Ciera runs down the stairs with her previous pistol drawn.

CIERA

What's going on --Dad?!

Both Thugs look at each surprised.

THUG ONE/THUG TWO

Baba?

GUNN

Call the police, tell them we're
holding two home invaders.

Ciera goes to use the hall phone as Gunn yells after her.

GUNN

And describe what the homeowners
look like so they don't shoot us!

Thug One tells Thug Two in their native language "Well my
brother, hold your mouth."

THUG ONE

Aweh my Bru, hou jou bek!

GUNN

"Aweh," huh? So you both met in
prison. I need answers, "doos."

Thug One *spits* on the floor insulted.

THUG ONE
Jou bliksem!

GUNN
"Bliksem?!" Nah, I knew who my mom
was. Bet you can't say the same.

Gunn stands, walks to Both Thugs still wearing his apron.

Both Thugs start *laughing*.

THUG ONE
'Ey antie, don't get yer broekies
in a knot.

GUNN
Oh, the apron, I get it. But "it" --
(straightens apron)
also keeps your blood, off my suit.

Gunn kicks Thug One in his head knocking him over and
unconscious, then throws a third dish towel at Thug Two.

GUNN
Tie that around his other wound.

Thug One does as instructed while glaring at Gunn.

GUNN
Okay, your "bru" ain't listening
now, so answer my question.

THUG ONE
He's mal, he'll shaft me ouballie!

GUNN
Okay "he," now were getting
somewhere. What's "he" name?

Thug One is defiant and remains silent tending to Thug Two.

Gunn, detached, steps on Thug One's towel-wrapped leg wound
saying in South African, "I'm sick of this nonsense."

GUNN
Ek siek en sy nonsens.

Thug One grabs at his leg in pain. Gunn steps off it.

GUNN
His name!

No response. Gunn steps down on One's leg again.

GUNN

Pass out from the pain or talk --
your choice again.

THUG ONE

Bladdy hell, chan!

GUNN

"Chan?!"

Gunn pats his slight paunch looking in a wall mirror, then holds out both arms saying in South African, "Give me a hug."

GUNN

Gee mee 'n drukkie.

Sirens gets closer. Red lights flash outside the windows. Car doors open and feet run, then *pounding* on front door.

THUG ONE

Domkop.

Gunn kicks Thug One in the head unconscious, then drops both weapons on floor, raises hands, and yells going to the door.

GUNN

I'm the homeowner, Officers! I
called you! Do, Not, Shoot, Me!

INT. TOWNHOUSE LOWER FLOOR - LATER THAT MORNING

Ciera mops-up Both Thug's blood off the hardwood floor.

Gunn and Jackson sit across from each other in the shot wing-chairs watching. Jackson examines bullet-hole in his chair.

JACKSON

Tell me again, how you don't know
why the same two guys broke into
your Ex's new house with new guns?

GUNN

Hey, my first visit here, ask them.

JACKSON

Can't, they already lawyered-up.

GUNN

That was fast. So I'm thinking,
this was pre-planned?

JORDAN

Ya' think? Gotta' tell you buddy-boy, this is one heck of a pickle you pulled outta' my barrel.

GUNN

Cracker barrel. I'll find out why.

JACKSON

(to Ciera)

Tommie --uh, Ciera, is there anything you haven't told us?

CIERA

As I told Mister Gunn ...

GUNN

"Dad." After tonight, it's Dad.

CIERA

As I told Mister "Dad," I was walking home from work when ...

JACKSON

From your computer software job?

CIERA

Right. When I noticed some guy from the Metro was following me. So I took off running. Then I called --
(points to Gunn)
"that" guy.

JACKSON

Left out the part where your "some guy" took a shot at you.

CIERA

How'd you ...?

JACKSON

I'm a trained detective. So tell me again, how you got "that" gun?

Jackson points at Ciera's gun on the coffee table, then gets out his pocket notebook to check his notes.

INT. TOWNHOUSE LOWER FLOOR - NOW DAYBREAK

Jackson stands inside the threshold as Gunn holds the front door open. They shake hands as Ciera watches.

JACKSON

You do know, her story doesn't check out, right?

GUNN

I know. Give me time.

Jackson exits. Gunn closes the door and turns.

GUNN

Pack a bag.

CIERA

Why?

GUNN

Baseball. Three strikes and you're out.

(no response, explains)

We --need home-field advantage.

CIERA

(thinks, then remembers)

I haven't been up there in years.

GUNN

Good, then they, don't know about it.

INT. A CABIN IN THE WOODS - THAT NIGHT

Wooden-log hand-built cabin a mile off a dirt road and miles from any state highway. One bedroom, no bathroom. Great Room has a fireplace. A wood-stove is near two wood cabinets with a small counter-space under. No electricity. Dust and cobwebs everywhere with furniture covered by yellowed sheets.

Noise of a hasp-lock being *pried* off, then front door *creaks* open. Gunn enters carrying soft luggage. Ciera enters behind carrying a large plastic cooler. A horrible smell hits both who drop their items to *cough* fanning the air.

CIERA

What frickin' died?

GUNN

Go find out.

CIERA

Why me?

Gunn opens the only window in the house.

GUNN

Because "me" will be putting out
unwelcome mats.

Gunn takes two old-style coyote steel-spring traps with teeth
off a wall, pulls a flashlight out of pocket, and exits.

CIERA

Just don't put one in front of the
out-house --Old, Man!

Ciera drops her cooler onto a wooden-frame couch. A cloud of
dust rises from it. She *coughs* waving a hand through the
dusty air, then *coughs* more.

CIERA

Bet this --is where I sleep.

INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - NEXT MORNING

Sound of bacon *frying* wakes Ciera sleeping on the couch.

CIERA

What, died?

GUNN

One or two?

CIERA

Zero. Coffee?

GUNN

Yep, but no room service.

Ciera throws blanket off and sits up still in same clothes.

CIERA

Any chance I get the bed tonight?

GUNN

Nope. You're young, still flexible.

Ciera stands up and stretches, her back catches. She yipes.

CIERA

Ow! Says you. Be right back.

Gunn *whistles*. She turns. He tosses her a plastic bag.

Ciera opens bag to pull out a paper-wrapped single roll of
toilet paper and a box of lye. She examines the lye box.

CIERA
What's this for?

GUNN
I'm a trained detective.

Ciera puts on shoes and exits holding the toilet paper while reading the box of lye.

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Ciera exits cabin and looks around. They are in a forest. An overgrown dirt road disappears into its tall trees. Their rented SUV is parked on the side with an old tarp over it.

Ciera walks to a ramshackle out-house, opens its *creaky* wood door, then jumps back yanking her face away appalled.

CIERA
That's what died!

She holds her head away daintily sprinkling lye inside its commode-hole.

CIERA
Ewwwww.

INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

A fire is now burning in the fireplace.

Ciera enters with her now empty box of lye.

GUNN
Throw it in the fireplace.

CIERA
Trained detective maybe, but not a trained chemist.

GUNN
Excuse me?

CIERA
Not likely. Sodium Hydroxide itself does not burn, but poisonous gases are produced in its fire.

Ciera puts empty lye-box back in same store's plastic bag and ties it closed.

Gunn throws Ciera a box of alcohol hand-wipes.

GUNN

Wash your hands, little girl.

Ciera pulls a wipe, cleans hands, then looks for trashcan.

Gunn stares at her hands-on-hips, then head-motions to the fireplace again. Ciera shakes her head.

CIERA

Their solid fibrous material is considered a flammable liquid.

GUNN

Great. Should have changed your last name to "DuPont."

(shakes head confused)

Wait, since when is a solid a liquid?

CIERA

Same way propane is a gas, but gas is a liquid.

Ciera puts her wipe in the bag with the Lye box.

Gunn pantomimes her last words sarcastic, then gives up.

GUNN

Who died and left you in charge?

CIERA

Mom.

Gunn drops his head.

Ciera smiles-mean, then sits at the table.

CIERA

Smells good --"mom."

GUNN

B.L.T. sandwiches for lunch, then no more bacon. Ice'll be gone, too.

Gunn puts a paper plate in front of Ciera. It has one fried egg, two pieces of bacon, and a bran muffin.

CIERA

I said, "no egg."

GUNN

You need protein.

Ciera pantomimes sarcastic his last words, then takes a bite with a plastic fork. She chews, then tilts her head.

CIERA

Not bad.

GUNN

Good bachelor living.

Gunn sits with similar paper plate and begins eating.

CIERA

Remarry?

Ciera timed her question on purpose. Gunn *chokes* on his food and has to force-swallow to talk.

GUNN

Where the heck, did that come from?

CIERA

We're here, alone, doing the whole father-daughter camping-out thing. It just, "popped" out.

GUNN

(grunts to himself)

Man, this is gonna' be a long --.

Gunn tilts his head, then nods and answers her question.

GUNN

Too old and not enough time, to bother with it again.

CIERA

"Bother?!"

Ciera nods, then waits for Gunn to take another mouthful.

CIERA

Sex?

GUNN

(chokes again)

Jesus! You gonna' be like this the whole time?

CIERA

Payback.

GUNN

For what? Doing what I was told!

Gun slams his plastic forks down and folds arms angry.

GUNN

Life ain't that simple, simpleton!
Sometimes a legal promise makes you
hurt people without meaning to.

(picks up fork)
Or wanting to.

CIERA

"Promise is a big word. It
either makes something, or breaks
everything."

GUNN

Unknown.

CIERA

Just like us.

GUNN

(eats chuckling)
Sounds like you got "daddy issues."

CIERA

(slams down her fork)
Did, still do, a lot!
(picks up fork)
But was "a lot" easier when you
weren't sitting in front of me.

Ciera takes a bite and waits. Gunn nods taking a mouthful.

CIERA

Love me?

GUNN

(spits out his mouthful)
God damn! You are doing this on
purpose!

Ciera smiles. Gunn glares, then *snort*-chuckles shaking his
head. Both go back to eating.

CIERA

Okay, I'll stop. But you do know, I
really don't know you. Right? So
what have you been doing?

GUNN

Still a P.I., but hooked up with a
studio, so do background intel, on-
set security, Principal protection.
Pretty sweet gig actually.

CIERA

Did you really come to all my graduations?

GUNN

Got the tax receipts to prove it.

CIERA

Why didn't you say something?

GUNN

Because your mom was always there.
(shakes head to self)
Man, she hated my guts.

CIERA

Why?

GUNN

Gonna' have to get married to answer that one. What about you?

CIERA

Too busy with my career.

GUNN

Which is --?

CIERA

Told you, I'm ...

GUNN

Stop it, just stop it! Time to come to Jesus for real.
(lays down fork)
Both our lives --depend on it.

Ciera looks at plate, plays with food, nods, then looks up.

EXT. THEIR CABIN IN THE WOODS - THAT NIGHT

Smoke billows out its chimney. Lantern light flickers inside its only window. A twig *snaps*.

Thug One and Thug Two, now in black tactical gear, wear two-hole balaclavas with night-vision goggles. They limp-stalk to the cabin shoulder-aiming *Heckler & Koch MP5-SD* automatic rifles with suppressors. They limp from tree-to-tree covering each other giving silent military hand-signals.

Thug One gives hand-sign for Thug Two to go check the SUV while he covers the front door of the cabin.

Thug Two works his way to the car, pulls out a detonation device from a thigh pocket, and places it inside a front wheel well. He moves one foot for balance and steps on the first hidden coyote-trap. It *snaps* shut loud as its teeth sink through his boot. He grimaces in whispered pain.

THUG TWO

Again?

Thug One moves a foot and steps on the second coyote-trap. Its teeth sink through his boot. He whisper-curses in pain.

THUG ONE

Fok Mi, Fok Jy, Fok Doss!

Thug One and Thug Two fire emptying their silenced clips at the cabin. Bits of log splinter away. Both drop their clips, quick-reload, then wait breathing hard in pain. No response.

THUG TWO

Axed?

THUG ONE

Ag. You?

THUG TWO

Bad Ju-Ju, my friend.

THUG ONE

Frag out, my friend.

Thug One and Thug Two each grab an M-67 grenade off their vests and pull their pins.

Gunn's voice speaks somewhere behind Thug One.

GUNN (O.S.)

Think hard.

Thug One spins looking while grimacing from his trap.

Ciera's voice speaks somewhere hidden behind Thug Two.

CIERA (O.S.)

Think harder.

Thug Two spins looking for her grimacing from his trap.

CIERA (O.S.)

You two ever been chained inside an out-house?

Sound of Ciera's hammer *clicking* back.

CIERA

Hold the grenade, throw the guns.

Thug One squints looking for Cierra.

GUNN (O.S.)

Ditto, doo-doo.

Thug One and Thug Two look at their feet, shake their heads, then to each other saying "*F this S--*, I'm leaving brother."

THUG ONE

Fok die kak --!

THUG TWO

ek loop, china!

GUNN

AUGER IN!

Leaf *rustling* is heard as Gunn and Ciera dive to the ground.

Double *ping* as Both Thugs release their grenade handles, but hold onto grenades. Their two loud *explosions* light up the night and ground around each.

Thug Two has a secondary *explosion* from the device he planted and the SUV goes up in the air, inverts, and crashes down.

Eerie silence, then sound of wood *breaking* as Thug One's tree begins to fall.

CIERA

EXPEDITE!

Sound of more leaves *rustling* as Gunn and Ciera scramble to jump up and run away.

Thug One's tree falls *crushing* the out-house.

Gunn and Ciera walk out of the woods in all-black outfits with Night-Vision goggles on carrying the earlier handguns.

GUNN

Didn't see that coming.

CIERA

Neither did the out-house.

GUNN

How'd they find us so fast?

CIERA

Hacked into our SUV's LoJack.

GUNN

Wait, you wanted this?

CIERA

Not --"this."

(waves hand at carnage)

Wanted to interrogate them first.

Let's go find their car.

GUNN

Bury 'em?

CIERA

"Bury" what?! Both done already run home to Momma Nature. Plus I gotta' go, literally.

GUNN

Yeah. Scared the crap outta' me, too.

Gunn looks at their flattened SUV, then *snaps* fingers.

GUNN

That's why you insisted on me buying full insurance.

CIERA

Plan your Dive.

GUNN

Dive your Plan.

Gunn and Ciera fist-bump without looking at each other.

EXT. DIRT ROAD FROM CABIN - LATER SAME NIGHT

Gunn and Ciera walk on either side of the road searching with Night-Vision goggles on. Each carries their own soft luggage.

Ciera stops holding her left fist up at 90°, then drops her bag and crouches.

Gunn freezes, drops his bag, and crouches.

Ciera taps a palm on top of her head three times asking for *Overwatch*.

Gunn quick-*whistles*.

Ciera crouch-walks drawn down the road with her weapon aimed.

Gunn does the same on other side of road covering behind her.

Same black make and model SUV they rented sits off the dirt road in the trees. Ciera holds up her left fist aiming weapon with right. Gunn stops. Ciera examines vehicle for booby-traps, then pulls off goggles, and opens driver's door.

Its interior light comes on surprising Gunn with his goggles still on. He yanks them off.

CIERA

Clear!

GUNN

(rubbing hurt eyes)

Not yet.

(recovers, walks to SUV)

Know how to hot-wire?

CIERA

Trained detective, huh?

Ciera opens her free hand. A car fob with keys is in it.

Gunn imitates The Lone Ranger's faithful Indian companion *Tonto* with same deep voice.

GUNN

"Hmmm? What now, kemosabe?"

CIERA

A hearty "hi-o" silver-haired one.

Ciera searches SUV more and finds a laptop under the seat.

CIERA

Once you start the car, we've got thirty minutes.

GUNN

Two Blacks, dressed in black, carrying guns, driving a stolen black vehicle. --More like thirty seconds.

CIERA

There's a Truck Stop in thirty clicks.

GUNN

Get our luggage.

CIERA

Why me?

GUNN
(takes keys from Ciera)
Age drives before beauty.

Gunn gets in the driver's seat.

Ciera *grumbles* something unpleasant walking back for bags.

CIERA
I read about the dangers of "older
drivers," grampa!

GUNN
Driving at night scares me, so I
wear a blindfold!"

INT. THUG'S SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Gunn, wearing Night goggles, drives with headlights off along
an empty paved state road.

Ciera has the badguy's laptop open on her thighs searching
its *Menu*, then gets animated.

GUNN
Find something?

CIERA
More than they wanted.

GUNN
You can't turn that over to your
Control. --Not yet.

CIERA
"Control?"

GUNN
Which Agency do you work for?

CIERA
"Agency?"

Gunn *slams* on the brakes throwing both forward in their
belts. Laptop slides onto floor. Gunn turns to Ciera angry.

GUNN
Stop it, just stop it! Remember
what I said about Baseball? You've
already lied to me --thrice.
(no response)
I was trained by them too --"boot."

Ciera recognizes his military slang word but does not react.

Gunn smiles knowing she knows, then starts driving again.

GUNN

You handle yourself too well, not to have gone through somebody's boot camp. Which Branch?

CIERA

Even though I swept for Bugs, we still have to burn this vehicle.

GUNN

Agreed. Gonna' tell me dick-less?

CIERA

Not a chance, dickhead.

Ciera picks up to work on the laptop again.

GUNN

It's a sad fact of life, but you can't help someone, that doesn't already want to help themselves. You can leave me at the rest-stop.

CIERA

I'd rather leave you --at a rest home.

Gunn *slams* on brakes throwing both forward again, but this time Ciera holds onto the laptop glaring at Gunn.

GUNN

Fuck You!

CIERA

Now you know how it feels!

Gunn exits car angry.

Ciera exits angrier.

EXT. NEAR THUG'S SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Both stare away from each other in angry silence, then Gunn turns to her. Ciera makes fists and slides back a boot into a fighting stance. Gunn pulls out a small envelope from his Tac-vest and tosses it at Ciera's feet. Ciera relaxes, bends, then opens his envelope.

PICTURE COLLAGE: Inside the envelope are pictures of all of Ciera's graduations, including her Army Basic Training.

Ciera's eyes get big, then shiny-wet. She looks away.

CIERA

You --do love me?

Gunn steps to her and lifts her chin to stare into her eyes.

GUNN

You --have no idea.

Ciera throws her arms around Gunn's neck. This is new to him. He slowly puts his arms around her back, then pats it.

CIERA

Department of Homeland Security.

Gunn is still recovering from his first father-daughter hug.

GUNN

Really? Didn't guess that one.
Well, congratulations. *I guess?*

Ciera steps back. They "see" each other for the first time.

GUNN

What the heck does our Homeland,
have to do with South Africa's?

Ciera goes back to looking at his pictures.

CIERA

We suspected I.S.I.S. infiltrated
the South African Embassy in D.C.,
so we crashed their computers by
remote. I was sent in as an I.T.
repair-guy.

GUNN

What'd you find?

CIERA

Enough to suggest they have a Mole
inside our department.

GUNN

Let me guess, you were discovered,
they chased you, but you couldn't
trust your own agency, so B.E.T.
phoned home.

Ciera puts the pictures back in their envelope and goes to toss them to Gunn who holds both hands up.

GUNN

Yours. Mine are on my computer.

CIERA

Speaking of. I need access to the D.C. Police mainframe. I need -- Jackson.

GUNN

That's why you called me! You needed Jackson's help, not mine.

CIERA

Hey, I didn't "know" you!
(pockets pictures)
Then.

INT. THUG'S SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Gunn gets in driver's seat angry.

Ciera gets in passenger's seat.

They drive on in silence.

Ciera smiles, then pats pictures in her pocket.

CIERA

This is our first road-trip --Dad.

Gunn has to smile. What father wouldn't?

INT. THUG'S SUV - MOMENTS LATER

A 24-hour truck stop is well lit ahead.

GUNN

(imitates *M.L.K. Jr.*)
"I have a dream."

CIERA

Park in the shadows, Martin.

Gunn smiles, then sings Dion's *Abraham, Martin, and John*.

GUNN

"Anybody here, seen my old friend Martin? Can you tell me where he's gone, on?"

Ciera joins-in as they pull into the huge lighted Truck Stop.

GUNN/CIERA

"He freed a lot of people, but it seems the good, they die young. I just looked around, and he's gone."

They're in sync now, father and daughter.

EXT. THUG'S SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Their SUV parks in a far corner away from the lights, a block from other vehicles.

Ciera exits and walks to the stop's store.

GUNN

Bring me a grape Nehi!

CIERA

You got money!

Ciera enters the store as Gunn fumes yelling after her.

GUNN

I loved the little girl you were,
more than the woman you've become!
(remembers fondly, smiles)
You always did have spunk.
(walks to store *grumbling*)
I hate spunk.

EXT. THUG'S SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Ciera empties gasoline from a plastic can over the car's seats, tosses can in, then unwraps and lights a new cigar. She inhales deep making its end burn bright red and *coughs*.

Gunn lights up his own stogie, then puffs quoting.

GUNN

"A good cigar is as great a comfort
to a man, as a good cry is to a
woman."
(blows a smoke ring)
So have another.

CIERA

Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton. So bite
me.

Ciera lays her unlit cigar's end in the edge of gas-pool on the floorboard's carpet, leaves door open, opens car's gas lid, removes and tosses its gas cap, then walks away.

GUNN

Not gonna hang a piece of burning cloth out of it?

CIERA

Only works in the movies. You should know that --grampa.

EXT. AT TRUCK STOP GAS PUMPS - MOMENTS LATER

TRUCK DRIVER, African-American, 50s, waits in his 18-wheeler.

Gunn climbs in the passenger door of cab and pays Driver, then waves Ciera over.

Ciera jogs to the truck with their luggage and climbs in behind Gunn, then All Three drive away.

EXT. THEIR SUV AT TRUCK STOP - MOMENTS LATER

Thug's SUV catches fire, burns brightly, then *explodes*.

INT. 18-WHEELER DRIVING DOWN HIGHWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Gunn and Ciera watch their fire in the truck's side-mirror.

Gunn sings more of *Abraham, Martin and John*.

GUNN

"Can you tell me where he's gone, on?"

CIERA

"I thought I saw him walking up over the hill."

TRUCK DRIVER

(joins-in singing)

"With Abraham, Martin, and John."

EXT. 18-WHEELER DRIVING DOWN HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

All Three laugh driving into the night.

GUNN (O.S.)

Who wants a grape Nehi?

DRIVER (O.S.)

Thanks.

Sound of two cans pop-tops *opening*.

CIERA (O.S.)

Where's mine?

GUNN (O.S.)

"You got money."

(to Driver)

You got kids?

DRIVER (O.S.)

Two daughters.

GUNN (O.S.)

Want a third?

Gunn and Driver *guffaw*, loud.

CIERA (O.S.)

*Men.***EXT. HENRY J. DALY BUILDING, WASHINGTON D.C. - NEXT MORNING**

Lieutenant Jackson, wearing same suit, parks in front parking lot of 437 Indiana Avenue N.W., exits, then locks his car.

He starts to walk to the D.C. Police Headquarters building.

GUNN (O.S.)

Morning, Lieutenant.

Jackson spins reaching into his side-holster.

Gunn sits on cement retaining-wall, now in a suit, holding two paper cups of coffee. He holds one out, then brings it back staring at Jackson's automatic.

GUNN

Maybe you've had too much caffeine already.

Jackson relaxes and walks over to Gunn who hands him the cup.

JACKSON

Black, one sugar?

GUNN

Barely sweet. --Just like you.

JACKSON
(blows, sips)
Just not, too sweet.

Ciera steps from behind a light pole also now wearing a suit holding Thug's laptop.

Jackson sees Ciera and reacts.

JACKSON
You okay, Tommie?

CIERA
Ciera!

GUNN
We're both "okay," thank you.
(points to laptop)
That, belongs to the bad-guys. She
needs to get into your Special
Operations Division to link "that"
into Homeland Security's mainframe.

Jackson spits out his coffee, then wipes chin with hanky.

JACKSON
So let me get this straight. You
want me, to escort you both, past a
building of armed officers, ask all
the geeks in the S.O.P. Office to
go on break at the same time, then
let you plug an unsecured unit,
probably containing viruses, into
our classified and secure system?

Gunn and Ciera nod.

Jackson walks away hailing a cab.

JACKSON
Taxi!

CIERA
Hey Uber, I swept the laptop!

A taxi stops, Jackson hand-motions for it to leave.

JACKSON
Well all-rightie then, that's
different.

Jackson tosses his cup into a trash can and turns.

JACKSON

Not!

CIERA

We suspect I.S.I.S. is planning something and their Intel is on it. Only I have the knowledge to break into it. That different enough?

JACKSON

Why not take it to Homeland?

Ciera looks at Gunn who head-motions to Jackson, *Tell him.*

CIERA

Because we have a Mole.

Jackson about-faces crisp hailing another cab.

GUNN

Those same two South Africans tried to assassinate us last night. She believes I.S.I.S. has infiltrated their embassy here in D.C.

Same cab stops for Jackson who waves it on. Same CABBIE now flips Jackson off. Jackson waves *Yeah, yeah*, then turns.

JACKSON

Please tell me they tried to kill you both out, of my jurisdiction?

GUNN

Way "out." Both blew themselves up rather than be captured twice.

JACKSON

Jesus.

CIERA

She can't help us, only I can.

Gunn offers his cup to Jackson.

GUNN

More caffeine?

JACKSON

With alcohol. --Come on, let me do the talking. I'd like to retire, with at least some bennies.

The Three walk up the long stairs to the main building.

INT. D.C. POLICE HEADQUARTERS S.O.P. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Its Data Center houses large Mainframes with Cooling Towers.

It's still early, so office is deserted. Security door *buzzes* and its red light turns green as Jackson enters with his Badge on suit's lapel pocket.

Gunn and Ciera enter behind wearing *Visitor* badges on theirs.

Ciera goes to one array, flips down its work-tray, plugs a *USB*-cable into the Thug's laptop, then into the mainframe, and begins typing.

JACKSON

(mutters to self)

*One year, only one more year. --
Then full retirement, maybe move to
the Bahamas, buy a fishing boat.*

GUNN

(to Ciera)

How long, sweetie?

JACKSON

"Sweetie?"

CIERA

Depends. Once I sign-on, everyone will be tracking its I.P. address.

JACKSON

"Tracking?!" No one said --?

(turns to Gunn)

You really do hate me, don't you?

GUNN

Why don't you wait outside the door and keep watch --detective?

JACKSON

(throws arms up)

Oh, yeah, sure, I'll just wait
"outside." Wait --!

(counts on three fingers)

Let's see. First, I must stay with all Visitors at all times. Second, no Guest can be left unattended. And third, all Non-personnel must be escorted at all times always.

Jackson pulls down his outside two fingers leaving, *The Bird*.

JACKSON
Got it, dumb-ass?

GUNN
Fine, just don't bite it off. Could
you at least listen at the door?

Jackson grumble-mumbles as he goes to stand by the door.

JACKSON
Maybe rent scooters at the beach?

GUNN
How's it coming --daughter?

CIERA
Man that sounds strange.
(continues typing)
It's clean, not much memory, has a
strange code I don't recognize. I'm
trying to connect with the South
African Embassy computer now.

GUNN
"Strange code?"

CIERA
Yeah, wait. What the --?!

Ciera begins typing *furious* mumble-cursing.

GUNN
What?

CIERA
Assassination.

JACKSON
What?! Who?

Ciera freezes, then turns shocked to both.

CIERA
The President.

JACKSON
When?!

Laptop begins to make *noise* as smoke rises from inside it.

GUNN
Supposed to do that?

Ciera yanks *USB-cord* from Mainframe, *slams* laptop shut, and throws it like a Frisbee into a far corner. It *explodes*.

JACKSON

Three seconds!

Jackson opens the door and steps out just as its green light turns red and *klaxon* goes off.

JACKSON

RUN!

Gunn and Ciera exit running past Jackson as door knob yanks out of his hand and *slams* shut with locking bolts extending.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SERVER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jackson, Gunn, and Ciera freeze as a D.C. uniformed POLICE OFFICER comes around a hallway corner. All Four stare.

JACKSON

We heard it, too! Room is sealed,
go get your Supervisor!

Police Officer nods to jog back around same corner.

Jackson spins to Gunn.

JACKSON

Hit me.

Gunn stares at Jackson.

JACKSON

Take the South Fire Exit, hurry.

Jackson draws his weapon. Gunn stands there stunned.

Ciera *punches* Jackson hard who falls down.

Ciera grabs Gunn and pulls him to exit running.

Jackson glances up at a ceiling camera rubbing his jaw.

JACKSON

Your best acting --

Jackson grabs weapon and takes off after them *racking* slide.

JACKSON

is when you're not acting.

EXT. HENRY DALY BUILDING'S SIDE FIRE EXIT - MOMENTS LATER

Gunn and Ciera burst through a metal fire door. It *slams* shut behind them. Both are winded. Gunn holds onto his side.

CIERA

Getting too old for this shit, old timer?

GUNN

Speak for yourself, shit-head.

CIERA

Where do we get another laptop?

Gunn quotes in Sean Connery's accent from *The Untouchables*.

GUNN

"If you're afraid a' gettin' a bad apple, don't go to the barrel, get it from the tree."

CIERA

(also in *Connery's* accent)

"That's the opposite, a' the D.C. way."

Gunn and Ciera walk down the sidewalk to the street trying to act nonchalant. Both fail glancing over their shoulders.

INT. "THE SPY STORE" - MOMENTS LATER

Old small electronics store, bars on windows, shelves of listening devices, micro-tape-recorders and Big Ears, etc.

CLERK, 20, Asian, in shirt-tie writes on its counter in back.

Ciera and Gunn enter and go to him. Gunn talks as *Connery*.

GUNN

The kid n' me wanna' pull a caper see, so we need to see the wally-bagger.

CLERK

Hearing aides next door, ojichan.

Gunn feigns being hard-of-hearing cupping a hand behind ear.

GUNN

Eh?

Clerk puts hands flat on counter, leans forward, and yells.

CLERK

I said ...!

Gunn snap-slams sides of both his fists onto the back of the Clerk's hands causing a *boom* sound. Clerk yanks back hands.

CLERK

Jesus!

CIERA

Just the owner, please.

OWNER, African-American, 50s, balding, beer-belly, in white shirt and shiny-black skinny-tie, enters from back room.

OWNER

Gunny-baby!

They shoulder-hug, then shake hands like old friends.

OWNER

Kids, no respect. Did enjoy watching on the monitor though.

CIERA

Would you mind turning it off and sending junior to lunch?

Owner nods, then head-motions to Ciera.

OWNER

Who's Lil' Kim?

GUNN

My daughter.

Owner is surprised, then turns to Clerk who is holding his hurt hands crossed under both armpits.

OWNER

Take a good lunch, then come back with a gooder attitude.

Clerk exits store. Owner reaches under the counter pushing buttons. Sound of front door *locking* behind Clerk. Closed-circuit monitor mounted on wall behind Owner goes to static.

OWNER

Anything for you, bro.

GUNN

My girl needs a few things.

CIERA

First, I'm not a "girl" and second,
"we" can't pay by credit card or
we'll be tracked, so --

GUNN

"So" --I'll pay by check.

CIERA

Wood pulp? Really old, old school.

Gunn glares at Ciera while pulling his checkbook from inside a jacket pocket and begins writing a check.

GUNN

Hold off cashing this for a week.

OWNER

(to Cierra)

Your dad saved my life. A lot of
folks in this town owe him big-
time. Watcha' need, Tommy-Gunn?

Gunn was trying to get Owner's attention. Oops, too late.

CIERA

CIERA!

OWNER

(offended to Gunn)

Sure she's yours?

GUNN

Had my doubts, then I saw an Army-
Navy store down the street. Do you
have an account with them?

OWNER

Yeah, have them call me, run a tab,
get what you need for --"Junior."

CIERA

Ciera!

Owner smiles.

GUNN

What makes you think they're for
her?

OWNER

"Hearing aides next door, grampa."

All Three *laugh*.

EXT. D.C. FLOP HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

Worn-down former four-star hotel is now a skid-row shelter. Old-style rusting metal fire escape runs down its outside.

Gunn and Ciera now wear old overcoats and hats hiding their faces. Ciera has her hair up under her hat and pushes a metal shopping cart of full plastic trash-bags. Both look homeless.

GUNN

This the best disguise you could come up with, Einstein?

CIERA

We'd stand out carrying new gear and electronics wearing suits, Einstein-less.

Gunn stops in front of the dilapidated building.

CIERA

Here? We're staying here? You bring the Lysol?

GUNN

Just my checkbook, and I know the owner, so be polite.

Gunn enters.

Ciera struggles trying to pull their full shopping cart up the stairs angry-pantomiming "Be polite."

CIERA

They have a wheelchair?!

INT. THEIR FLOP HOUSE ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Small room with one window to fire escape. No carpet, double-bed on metal box spring-frame and one chair with small table. A chipped porcelain sink with mirror is in a far corner. An empty antique wheelchair sits in its opposite corner.

Gunn lies on bed with eyes closed while Ciera works on a new laptop at the table.

GUNN

What's your plan?

CIERA

Go in through the roof.

GUNN

How, the embassy is self-standing,
no other buildings around?

Ciera quotes the poem.

CIERA

"Under a spreading chestnut-tree."

Gunn sits up quoting Longfellow's *The Village Blacksmith*.

GUNN

"Something attempted, something
done." Me, Longfellow? You, Tarzan?

CIERA

(low Tarzan yell)
Ahh a-a-a-ahhhh a-a-a-ahhhhhh.

GUNN

Where you want me?

CIERA

(points)
In that wheelchair.

Gunn swings legs out of bed and stands *cracking* knuckles.

GUNN

Enough with the old age jokes! I
can cause a diversion. How?

CIERA

(points again)
"In that wheelchair."

GUNN

Oh. And what's your exit strategy?

Ciera quotes *True Lies* in Arnold Schwarzenegger's accent.

CIERA

"Walk out the front door."

GUNN

(answers as Tom Arnold)
"Ballsy. Stupid, but ballsy."

EXT. EMBASSY OF SOUTH AFRICA IN D.C. - LATER THAT NIGHT

The real D.C. Embassy consists of two four-story buildings joined by matching skyways. No outside guards, just a high ornamental iron fence with recessed matching double-gates.

A life-size statue of *Nelson Mandela* sits on a pedestal inside the fence's recess. A flagpole is also inside the fence, but with no flag as it was taken in for the night.

Huge trees line one side with a large driveway on the opposite side. No nearby buildings. Its four-lane road has "No Parking" signs all along it with no street-lights.

Gunn, in earlier overcoat and hat, sits in the antique wheelchair across from the Embassy with one garbage bag in his lap. He puts a finger to one ear. Ciera whispers.

CIERA (FILTERED)

Ahh a-a-a-ahhhh a-a-a-ahhhhhh.

Gunn looks up to see Ciera, in black Tactical gear wearing a two-hole black hood and gloves, swing onto the Embassy's roof from its only nearby huge tree. Gunn holds his finger harder against his ear-bud and talks into its wrist-microphone.

GUNN

Careful Sunny, I'd like to get to know you better.

Gunn becomes aware of being watched and turns to look up at an OLD WHITE COUPLE, husband and wife, in evening clothes, who stand behind him. Gunn imitates *Mike Tyson's* high voice.

GUNN

I'm talkin' to Mikey!

Old White Couple slink away in a hurry. Gunn *laughs*. Ciera whispers. Gunn puts a finger to ear-bud talking into wrist.

CIERA (FILTERED)

What are you laughing at?

GUNN

Stereotypes. Sit-Rep.

CIERA (FILTERED)

Almost there.

Black Humvee drives in and behind embassy to its parking lot.

GUNN

Car just pulled in the back lot, can't see occupants, but it's a Humvee, not exactly diplomatic.

CIERA (FILTERED)

I'm in.

Gunn puts down his hands and whispers to himself.

GUNN
Gently, daughter --gently.

EXT. CURB NEAR EMBASSY OF SOUTH AFRICA - MOMENTS LATER

Gunn still sits waiting, then takes off his hat to wipe brow.

PEDESTRIAN, African-American, is walking by and drops coin in Gunn's upside-down hat who sees and quips.

GUNN
Thanks, brotha'.

Gunn pockets the change and puts on his hat, then ear-winces.

CIERA (FILTERED)
Blow it, Blow it!

Gunn grabs trash bag and runs across street reaching in the bag then throws it at the metal locked gates and turns away.

Bag *explodes* taking-out the gate's center lock.

A Yellow Cab drives up the street. Gunn stumbles in front of it drunk-like. Cab *screeches* to a stop. Its JAMAICAN CABBIE, wearing a multi-stripped Rasta-cap, jumps out angry-yelling.

CABBIE
What da' matta' wit' you, mon!

GUNN
(now in Jamaican accent)
Level Bill. Bait Up!

Gunn runs to Cabbie pushing him down to get in driver's seat.

Ciera hits the Embassy gates running carrying a laptop and jumps in through the cab's open passenger window. Gunn *stomps* on accelerator and throws his coin out onto Cabbie.

Both front doors of Embassy throw open as GUARDS rush out with guns. *Explosion* inside Embassy causes Guards to duck.

The Yellow Cab burns rubber away and turns a far corner.

Cabbie sits up now covered with coin yelling Jamaican slang.

CABBIE
You trow cheddar at me? Don't get me iggy, ya' warm mosquito net!

Guards run to encircle Cabbie with guns aimed down at him.

Cabbie throws up his hands saying, "So that's the way it is?"

CABBIE

A so di ting be set --
(means "douchebags")
bumbaclots?

INT. YELLOW CAB - MOMENTS LATER

Gunn drives as Ciera pulls off her hood and looks at laptop.

GUNN

Will they know?

CIERA

Let's just say, all their memos
with be hand-written for awhile.
(typing onto laptop)
Good thing this cab came along.

Gunn *whistles*. Ciera looks. Gunn holds up a cheap cell-phone, wiggles it back and fourth, then throws it out his window.

CIERA

Not bad, geezer-rider.

Gunn yanks steering wheel. Ciera hits her head on door frame.

CIERA

Okay, okay, no more "old" jokes.

GUNN

Anything interesting?

CIERA

Found a message hidden inside an on-
line game.
(types more)
Got it.
(whistles)
Bumbaclot!

GUNN

When?

CIERA

Two days.

GUNN

"Two?!"

CIERA

Need to go back and get your
wheelchair, Abuelo?

Gunn yanks the steering wheel so Ciera hits her head again.

CIERA

Got it, *got it*.

She keeps rubbing her hurt head while working on the laptop.

INT. JACKSON'S TOWNHOUSE BEDROOM - LATER SAME NIGHT

Second-story bedroom with a dresser, nightstand and lamp. An easy chair is next to them.

Its only window is open so the curtains billow in a breeze.

Jackson is asleep in double-bed, rolls on back, and *snores*.

GUNN

L.T.

Jackson is startled-awake, rolls for a weapon in his nightstand, but instead falls out of bed onto the floor.

Gunn, sitting in the chair, turns on its floor lamp.

GUNN

Still got those cat-like reflexes.

Jackson stands wearing paisley pajamas and gets his bearings.

Ciera steps into the light still in Tactical gear and points.

CIERA

Are those --paisley?

JACKSON

Ex gave them to me, flannel, comfy.

(wakes fully)

Why the hell am I telling you?

(angry to Gunn)

Why the hell am I telling her?!

(wags an angry finger)

And why the hell did you break-in?

CIERA

Two days.

JACKSON

"Two Days?" What's in two --?

Jackson remembers, then turns too fast to Ciera, and trips over blanket to fall on floor again. Gunn looks down at him.

GUNN

Want us to come down there?

Jackson rolls onto his back with hands behind his head.

JACKSON

Nah, I'm good.

INT. 24-HOUR DONUT SHOP - NOW DAYBREAK

Service Counter with low bar stools and booths having tables.

Gunn and Ciera, dressed in suits again, sit in a booth.

Jackson sits on its other side. Jackson put on a suit over his PJs, so the paisley shows under his coat sleeves.

Senior Secret Service Agent, DAVID FORD, African-American, 40s, in a black suit, enters, sees them, and sits beside Jackson. They shake hands.

JACKSON

Thanks for coming, Dave.

(to Gunn)

This is Secret Service Special Agent Ford.

Ford nods at Gunn, then Ciera.

FORD

You the gunny sacks?

JACKSON

They have important information.

FORD

About an assassination attempt.

JACKSON

You know?

FORD

No, but why else call me here in the middle of the night?

(stares at Jackson)

Is that, are those, paisley?

JACKSON

(tries to hide cuffs)

I was asleep.

Ford opens his jacket. He put on his suit over his pajamas.

FORD

Me, too.

All *laugh* except Ciera who stands up.

FORD

Where you going Tweedle Dee?

Ciera smiles big, then begins *snapping* fingers to sing the lyrics of LaVern Baker's *Tweedle Dee*.

CIERA

"You make my heart go clickety-clack, Tweedlee tweedlee tweedlee dee," --you, so and so.

Ciera walks away *snapping* fingers. She stops at the Juke Box, drops in quarters, pushes a selection, then goes in bathroom.

Gunn, Jackson, and Ford, watch her with mouths open.

JACKSON

Sure she's yours?

GUNN

Estranged.

FORD

And strange.

JACKSON

(double-take to Ford)

How'd you know who she is?

Juke Box begins playing Lavern Baker's *Jim Dandy*.

FORD

(talks into sleeve)

Now.

SECRET SERVICE AGENTS in black suits rush-enter the front door with automatic weapons drawn.

JACKSON

Why?!

Ciera exits bathroom with its soap dispenser now torn off the wall and its top off. She jerks all its liquid onto the floor in front of the Agents who slip on her soap.

Ciera hops over the counter to exit through its kitchen.

Gunn follows her.

Ford draws his weapon. Jackson shoulders Ford out of the booth seat so both fall on the floor with Jackson on top.

JACKSON

WHY?!

Ford talks into his wrist again.

FORD

Back door, Back Door!

INT. 24-HOUR DONUT SHOP KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Gunn follows Ciera heading for the kitchen's exit. It's Fire Door is yanked open by MORE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS entering with weapons raised. Ciera grabs coffee pot and douses the floor with hot liquid. More Agents slip and slide falling.

Ciera and Gunn jump over More Agents to exit.

INT. DONUT SHOP BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Secret Service Agents pull Jackson off Ford and handcuff him.

Ford stands, holsters weapon, brushes off, and talks to cuff.

FORD

Sit-Rep?!

UNKNOWN AGENT (FILTERED)

Both suspects escaped, searching.

JACKSON

"Surprise, surprise. Couldn't find it in your eyes, but I'm sure it's written all over my face."

FORD

Norah Jones. --And its an H.S.P.D. my friend.

Ford indicates to uncuff Jackson. ONE AGENT does.

Jackson's eyes narrow as he rubs his wrists.

JACKSON

A Homeland Security Presidential Directive? What happened?

EXT. 24-HOUR DONUT SHOP BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

All Agents have recovered wiping off their suits. They sweep the alleyway with weapons checking other business Fire Doors.

A Butcher Shop rear door is open. More Agents fan out in it.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

More Agents enter and "leap frog" to clear the room.

FIRST AGENT opens the Butcher's freezer door, looks inside, then shuts door. He drops the lock-pin in its handle.

FIRST AGENT

Clear!

SECOND AGENT

Clear!

More Agents back out covering their exit and close Fire Door.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP'S FREEZER - MOMENTS LATER

Tarp over wood pallet of meat boxes moves. Gunn stands up wearing Butcher's freezer-coat. Ciera stands and wraps tarp around her, then tries to open freezer door. It's locked.

GUNN

Didn't elementary that out, did you
Sherlock?

Ciera looks out, then raps her knuckles on freezer's window.

GUNN

Gonna' slide out as a Fudgsicle?

Ciera goes to meat boxes and rips open the tops, then dumps their contents upside-down.

GUNN

Good idea, let's have a barbecue.

Steaks and dry ice fall out of the boxes onto floor. Ciera scoops all the dry ice back into one empty box. She is freezing and mad.

CIERA

Shut --Up.

GUNN

You're my daughter alright. Know
how I can tell? 'Cause you sound
just like your Mother!

Ciera springs to grab Craig's coat lapels and pin him against
a wall. She's strong.

CIERA

You have the obligation, to remain
completely silent!

Ciera releases Gunn, then goes back to gathering her dry ice.

GUNN

Sorry. --How can I help?

CIERA

Never heard that from you before,
sounds strange.
(shakes head)
Need as much dry ice as possible.

Gunn begins ripping open more boxes and dumping their
contents on floor. He sweeps his dry ice into another box.

GUNN

What are we doing?

CIERA

Thermodynamics.

Gunn fills Ciera's box. She carries it to the freezer door
and holds open-side with dry ice against door's window with
one hand while holding the tarp around her with the other.
She has to switch hands often because it's getting colder.

CIERA

Drag that pallet over her.

Gunn does as instructed. Cierra leans one end of it against
her box and puts a foot out to hold the other end so box of
ice stays against the window. She checks her watch.

GUNN

I'll bite, where are we going?

CIERA

Nowhere, man --yet.

Ciera and Gunn stand waiting. Gunn doesn't know why.

GUNN

There's winter-cold --
(stomps feet)
then there's freakin' cold! Wanna
let me in on your little secret?

Ciera drops ice-box on floor, rips a slat off the pallet, wraps a corner of her tarp around one end, then hits the board's other end hard against the window. Nothing happens. She repeats hitting it over and over. Still nothing.

GUNN

At least we'll die together.

Ciera flicks a Bic-Lighter on, adjusts its flame to high, then holds it near the window-glass.

GUNN

You had a lighter the whole time?
We could have built a fire!

CIERA

To die faster from carbon monoxide poisoning rather than slower from carbon dioxide? Good thinking, Dad.

GUNN

Oh, so now we're related.

Ciera blows out lighter and grabs the board again to hit the window. Again, nothing.

GUNN

Are you killing time, or us?

CIERA

One way to find out.

Ciera flicks on lighter and holds flame against window glass.

GUNN

(raspberries)
Family.

CIERA

Where?

Ciera blows out lighter, grabs board, hits window. Nothing.

GUNN

Whatever you think you're doin'.
(stomps feet to get warm)
You ain't doin' it.

CIERA

Hey, know how I know you're my Dad?
--'Cause you ain't f'n helping me!

Ciera flicks on lighter, holds against glass, and steps back.

GUNN

How, Einstein-less?

Ciera looks at Gunn, smiles, and taps one knuckle against the same glass. It begins to fracture.

CIERA

Ever thought your personality might
a reason Mom hated you?

Ciera grabs board and breaks out the window completely.

GUNN

How'd you do that?

CIERA

Theoretical physics.

GUNN

Theoretically --how can you reach
the door's freakin' lock pin?

Ciera places broken pallet against the door at a 45° angle.

CIERA

Hold your foot against the bottom
to keep it from sliding.

Gunn holds his foot against the pallet's bottom.

GUNN

Gonna' wiggle your way way-out?

Ciera drops tarp and takes off top clothes to just her bra. She's fit, but skinny. She climbs the pallet like a ladder, relaxes, exhales, puts head against one shoulder, sticks that arm out the window, then begins to wiggle her head through.

GUNN

I was kidding!

Ciera gets her head out, puts other arm against its side of her body and tries to get that shoulder through. She wiggles so her legs and feet rise up into the air dancing.

GUNN

Are you serious?

Sound of metal-pin hitting floor on other side. Ciera jerk-pulls herself back through window, slides down pallet, then kicks it away and pushes on the door's release-handle.

Door swings open.

Gunn puts one hand on Ciera's shoulder.

GUNN
Great trick, Daughter.

CIERA
Here's another one --"Dad."

Ciera pushes Gunn backwards who slips and falls onto floor.
Ciera exits closing freezer door, then re-drops lock-pin in.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP OUTSIDE FREEZER DOOR WINDOW - IMMEDIATELY

Gunn's face appears in the broken-out window incredulous.

GUNN
Why?!

CIERA
Yell louder and they'll hear you.

GUNN
Who are you?!

CIERA
I am --"The Mole."

Ciera exits the shop.

Gunn's surprised voice changes pitch to echo betrayal.

GUNN
Noooooooooooo --!

INT. JACKSON'S OFFICE IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LATER THAT DAY

Small plain government office with award-plaques on walls.

Jackson sits behind his cluttered desk watching Gunn cuffed to a metal chair across from him.

Ford paces angry between Jackson and Gunn.

FORD
We had her, had her, then you --!

JACKSON

Easy Dave, she had us all.

Gunn still looks in shock.

JACKSON

What about Gunn?

Ford bends, unlocks Gunn's handcuffs, then pockets them.

FORD

He can't Charlie Foxtrot this any worse. What next, tough-love guy?

Gunn looks up through his eyebrows rubbing his wrists. His reckoning is coming.

GUNN

My wrath.

EXT. MARYLAND MOTEL - LATER SAME NIGHT

Cheap drive-by motel off a busy highway. A cab pulls up to its curb. Ciera exits, pays, jogs to a room, and *knocks*.

INT. MARYLAND MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Tacky double-bed room with shag carpet and striped wallpaper.

A cultured, but thick Russian accent answers in the dark.

MISTER X

Enter --Tomasina.

Ciera opens the door, enters, scans, then throws its lock.

MISTER X

Make yourself a drink.

(*"sit down"* in Russian)

Syad.

Ciera grabs a soda can, pops it, drinks thirsty, sits in an old arm-chair and sinks into its cushion. She has to wiggle out to slide forward and sit on the chair's front-frame.

Floor lamp beside is too bright. She reaches to turn it off.

MISTER X

Nyet! Uh, leave on, please.

CIERA

Shouldn't have called me in.

MISTER X sits in same type of chair as her, but in opposite corner with no light, so just a silhouette. He slides forward to sit on chair's edge. His glasses reflect Ciera's light.

MISTER X

It was necessary, to, uh, give the appearance, of complying with higher orders, dah? Status, please.

CIERA

On schedule.

MISTER X

Dubbro, uh, guud. And your ahtetz?

CIERA

My father was the only way I could get into the police main frame.

MISTER X

Dah, dah, you have done vell.
(sips his drink)
That was all I need. You may go.

CIERA

Why send the two assassins?

MISTER X

Necessary to sell mission, dah?
But, uh, one gets what they do not pay for. Ex-convict mercenaries have little mentality, so got, uh, carried away on own.

CIERA

"Carried away?!" I'll say, far, far away.
(finishes soda)
Slight change of plans.

MISTER X

Whose plans, please?

CIERA

My father, is not to be hurt.

MISTER X

Ahh, you want to change your plans.
This is not something vee do.

CIERA

Deal-breaker.

MISTER X

My dear, "vee" do not break deals,
vee break other tings, dah?

CIERA

Need your word on it.

MISTER X

My vord! Oh, that is different. And
now you have it. So we are, uh, how
do you say, still "on?"

CIERA

Just have my money ready.

Ciera unlocks the door and exits closing it behind her.

BORYS, 6' 5" built thick like a wrestler, steps out of the
bathroom in a black suit that looks like he grew into it.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. D.C. LIQUOR STORE PHONE BOOTH - THAT FIRST NIGHT

Ciera is on the phone talking to Gunn when earlier bullet
ricochets beside her off the brick and she runs away.

Borys steps out of the shadows, still in same suit, with his
weapon smoking. He picks up Ciera's receiver to listen.

GUNN (FILTERED)

Tommie? --SUN!

Borys hangs up the receiver, holsters his gun, and smiles.

RETURN TO.

INT. SAME MARYLAND MOTEL - PRESENT NIGHT

Ciera is gone. Mister X turns to Borys.

MISTER X

Room is in her name, dah?
(no reponse means yes)
Pay for extra week, put "No
Disturb" sign on door. Do not touch
her sodie-pop can.
(evil laugh)
Her name, her fingerprints, she is
now, uh --kak tis krashish?

Borys smiles earlier smile nodding.

BORYS

"Fall, guy." And her papa? You gave your vord.

MISTER X

Dah. But I did not give --yours.
Dasvidaniya?

Borys smiles most evil, then interlocks his fingers to *crack* all eight knuckles. They sound like plywood breaking.

EXT. SOUTH AFRICAN EMBASSY IN D.C. - THAT NIGHT

Embassy is decorated with flags and lit up like an airport.

Arriving in front are influential ATTENDEES, older male and females in formal wear, who exit limousines or cars that are taken by Valets. Attendees enter. It's party-time, DC-style.

Cab pulls up. Ciera exits with hair up and tight wearing a tuxedo. She almost looks like a man. She/He enters Embassy.

INT. SOUTH AFRICAN EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS

Embassy SERVANTS carry trays of food and drink to Attendees.

Embassy STAFF mingle with Attendees explaining works of art.

Ciera enters and pats the backs of SOME MALE ATTENDEES while smiling. She also shakes SOME FEMALE ATTENDEES gloved hands. She certainly looks like she belongs. All the time, she is moving herself across the room until she is at its rear hallway and stops. A FEMALE SERVANT passes carrying a tray.

CIERA

Excuse me, where's the bathroom?

FEMALE SERVANT

(curtseys embarrassed)
Je ne parle pas anglais?

CIERA

Où sont les toilettes?

Female Servant points to a back corner hallway.

CIERA

Merci beaucoup.

Ciera *clicks* her heels and kisses the back of Servant's hand.

CIERA

Enchanté.

Female Servant smiles confused, then continues on.

Ciera watches her exit, then strolls down the hallway.

INT. SOUTH AFRICAN EMBASSY BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A single plush private washroom.

Ciera opens door then pulls a professionally-printed *Closed for Repairs* sign out from her jacket, removes its double-sided tape cover, sticks on outside of door, then closes and locks the door from the inside.

Ciera slides open its only vintage window. Spanish burglar bars are bolted outside on its brick wall. Ciera sprays three bars on top and bottom with a *Hydrochloric Acid* foam and waits. She puts rubber gloves on, then pulls on same three bars. They break free. She wipes off the bars and outside cut areas with a neutralizing rag, then throws it, bars, and her gloves in the trash can. She takes off her Tuxedo jacket, lifts her bibbed-shirt, and unwraps a climbing rope around her waist. She pulls out a small folding grappling hook, ties one end of the rope to it with a *clove hitch* knot, then loops the rope. She pulls out two pocket-size foot ascenders and straps each to her shoes. She taps her *Apple* wristwatch setting its timer, then holds the rope outside as she squeezes through the three now removed-bars opening.

EXT. SOUTH AFRICAN EMBASSY BATHROOM WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Ciera pulls herself out and through the security bars opening to stand on its bottom cross-bar.

She drops loose rope with the hook-end, then swings it around to throw up so hook catches on the roof. She steps into the rope and reaches down to lock each ascender cam, then climbs.

INT. SECOND FLOOR COMPUTER ROOM WINDOW - MOMENTS LATER

Ciera comes to an upstairs window, flips open a spring-assist knife and slides it under to trip the mechanical lock inside.

CIERA

This is why all windows should have alarm sensors.

Ciera opens the window, kicks-out of the rope, and climbs in.

She uses a pocket flashlight and sits at the main keyboard.

CIERA

Man, it's cold in here.

Ciera plugs in a *USB-stick*, types to upload it, then puts it back in her pocket. She climbs out and closes same window.

INT. SOUTH AFRICAN EMBASSY BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ciera climbs in the window with her rope, reverses the order to put the climbing gear back in her pockets, re-wraps rope around her waist, then tucks her shirt in. She takes the cut bars out of the trash, coats both ends with black epoxy, then glues them back in their original spaces. She slides the window shut, taps her Apple watch to stop its timer, smiles. She puts jacket back on, *flushes* toilet, and opens the door.

INT. OUTSIDE THE EMBASSY'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ciera closes the door and goes to remove her *Closed* sign.

GUNN (O.S.)

You a White House Plumber now?

Ciera spins to see Gunn leaning in a corner.

Gunn taps his own Apple watch, then nods his head at her.

GUNN

Not bad.

CIERA

How --?

GUNN

Trained detective, remember?

CIERA

When --?

GUNN

I was more concerned with your "why" at first. That was simple enough, you needed me to get into the police mainframe.

Gunn stands upright. He coils ready for anything.

GUNN

Then I started thinking of all your "what ifs."

Gunn stalks Ciera. It does looke like he wants to hit her.

GUNN

What if, you weren't downloading
info but uploading false intel?
(straightens her bowtie)
What if, there is no assassination
plot but merely misdirection?
(brushes off her shoulders)
What if, you didn't finish what you
came here to do our last time?
(steps back arms wide)
And here we are, together again.

Ciera reverse strikes a fist under Gunn's solar plexus.

Gunn's diaphragm is shocked. He can't breathe and *gasps*.

DRUNK ATTENDEE stumbles down the hallway.

DRUNK ATTENDEE

Fixed yet?

Gunn doubles-over, stands straight, and repeats. Ciera knows he knows this is the martial art remedy to force oxygen in.

CIERA

Don't eat the Calamari.

Ciera helps Gunn into the bathroom. Drunk Attendee covers his mouth with one hand while holding his stomach with the other. He about-faces racing to look for another bathroom.

Ciera exits the bathroom reaching back in to lock its door.

CIERA

And I was just beginning --to like
having you as my father.

Ciera closes door, straightens her jacket, and exits Embassy.

EXT. SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS - LATER THAT NIGHT

An uninspired-architecture low-rise nine-story glass and concrete building in Washington, D.C.

Jackson, in his suit, bangs on its front glass double-doors.

INT. SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS - SIMULTANEOUS

Small windowless interview room with metal table and chairs.

Gunn, still in tuxedo, sits hand-cuffed to its table with a closed manilla-folder file on it. Ford paces in front of him.

FORD

Two things I hate the most --being made a fool, and going full circle.

GUNN

"If you can't take a joke, son -- don't look in the mirror."

FORD

What?! Who said that?

GUNN

Foghorn Leghorn. We kinda' live by him out in Hollywood.

FORD

A comedienne, huh?

GUNN

Dee-teck-tive. You should try it.

Ford yanks the coax-cable out of the corner camera, then grabs Gunn by his lapels and pulls him up to standing.

FORD

Know what I just detected?

Ford knees Gunn before he can answer. Gunn doubles over.

FORD

You're an a-hole!

Knock on the door. Ford pushes Gunn back into his chair, then plugs the coax-cable back into the camera.

FORD

What?!

Jackson enters and sees Gunn doubled-over.

JACKSON

Oh it's that kind of interrogation. And here I forgot my favorite rubber hose.

GUNN

Just discussing the finer points --
(breathes in, then out)
of comedy versus drama.

FORD

Only I ain't laughin'.

JACKSON

I read your report. Are you sure she ...?

GUNN

I'm sure.

JACKSON

She's not just leading us down a primary primrose?

GUNN

Most of what we learn about people is retrospective, but --
(now recovered, sits up)
either of you considered she might be leaving us bread crumbs instead?

Ford and Jackson look at each other, then sit down in sync.

JACKSON

Are you suggesting, she can't get out of whatever she's into?

FORD

Then why didn't she tell you?

GUNN

You're the Agent in Charge, you figure it out --Herbert.

Ford jumps up to grab Gunn and stand him up. Gunn push-trips Ford away who falls. Jackson jumps up to step between them.

JACKSON

If you two keep jumping up, then I have to jump up, and soon we'll all be too tired to figure this out, so why don't we all --sit, down.

Ford and Gunn glare, then all Three sit back down in sync.

JACKSON

Okay. What do we know for sure? And let's be objective this time.

GUNN

First, she is a Homeland Security Agent, right?

FORD

Wrong.

Gunn and Jackson look at each other.

JACKSON

But you verified her employment
with the department earlier?

FORD

Yes, but now they say she left
under --
(opens to read from file)
"less than favorable conditions."

GUNN

When?

FORD

Why does that matter?

GUNN

Date, please?

Ford searches his file again.

FORD

23rd.

GUNN

Of this month?

FORD

What does that ...?

JACKSON

(snaps fingers)
The night she called you.Gunn nods, *Uh-huh*.

FORD

How does that matter?

JACKSON

(pointing at Gunn)
Can we get him out of those cuffs,
please?Ford is still confused. Jackson *snap*-points at Gunn's cuffs.
Ford grumbles as he unlocks Gunn's wrists who rubs them.

Gunn and Jackson converse leaving Ford out of their loop.

GUNN

Disavowed?

JACKSON

Sure, if she had to go in deep,
makes sense.

FORD

What are you two talking about?

JACKSON

(snap-claps-points)

She requested to be "let go" to
convince her Handler of loyalty.

Gunn *snap-finger-points* to Jackson.

GUNN

She can't checkmate as a double
agent until she's got all their
pieces and players in motion.

Ford's head is going back-and-forth like at a tennis match.

FORD

Is the assassination threat real?!

Gunn and Jackson continue to ignore Ford.

GUNN

Could be a Washington Two-Step.

JACKSON

We should play all the angles. What
about the South African Embassy?

GUNN

Have their I.T. guy cross-reference
their back-up files against the
current ones and the --

Jackson and Gunn do their own private hand-shake routine.

JACKSON/GUNN

Difference is what she uploaded!

FORD

(has had enough)

What are two rambling about?!

Jackson *exhales* frustrated, then explains to Ford.

JACKSON

Ask the White House to instruct the State Department to request the South African Embassy have their own Computer Support Specialist set up an Editing Bay with dual screens to run both files simultaneous.

GUNN

They should look for dep-file abnormalities or malware.

Ford pantomimes sarcastic Gunn's last words.

FORD

Oh, is that all? You want creme with that sugar, too, honey?

GUNN

I could go for a cup.
(to Jackson)
You still black?

JACKSON

Last time I looked. But with all the new condiments and flavor cremes, sometimes I ...

Ford *bangs* his fist on the table making it echo.

FORD

What do I tell the President?!

GUNN

Yes.

FORD

"Yes" there is a threat, or no, it could be something else?

JACKSON

Yes.

Ford grabs what little hair he has left and pulls at it.

FORD

You're doing this on purpose!

GUNN

He's not --

Jackson shakes his head innocent.

Gunn smiles mischievous.

GUNN

I am.

Ford jumps up to grab Gunn's lapels again and pull him to standing. Gunn quick-executes a wrist-lock to a shoulder-hold pressing Ford's cheek down onto the table.

JACKSON

Is that really necessary?

GUNN

His first two times I let it go,
but three strikes? He's, Out.

Jackson bends over to tilt his head sideways talking to Ford.

JACKSON

I asked you to take it easy on him.
Can you do that now, please?

Gunn holds firm. Ford nods once. Gunn releases.

JACKSON

Good, now that we're all friends
again --what's her next move?

GUNN

Same as in chess.
(no response, explains)
Whenever we played, I always won.
because she was too fastidious.

Gunn looks at Ford raising an eyebrow.

GUNN

Need time to look that word up?

Ford glares. Gunn smiles and continues.

GUNN

She followed all the Chess Masters
tactics exactly to the point of
leaving her final strategy --
inflexible.

Gunn looks at Ford raising other eyebrow. Ford glares back.

JACKSON

Great!
(*raspberries*)
Which means --?

GUNN

Fool's Mate.

JACKSON
Checkmate in two moves?

FORD
But that exposes your Queen?

Gunn and Jackson look at Ford.

FORD
What? I play.

GUNN
Exactly. And so is she. And that is
the missing piece of her puzzle. By
the way, who is her boyfriend?

Jackson and Ford look at each other knowing the answer.

FORD
Let me do it, please?

JACKSON
Just don't be cruel.

FORD
(this made his day)
Did you mean, her --girlfriend?

GUNN
Her, What?!

EXT. ROW TOWNHOUSES IN GEORGETOWN, D.C. - SIMULTANEOUS

Brownstone row homes also having outside walk-down basement
apartments having no windows.

INT. A GEORGETOWN BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Small efficiency decorated with high-end art and furnishings.

Ciera sits at a tiered computer station with three monitors.
One monitor has Russian lettering on its screen.

CIERA
And --

Ciera hits her *Return Key* with pointer-finger in flourish.

CIERA
(Russian, *voila*)
Vualya.

An effeminate hand rests on her shoulder. Ciera reaches across her own chest to place her own hand on top of it.

CIERA

Relax. I tapped into a neighbor's
wi-fi. Any jackboots will kick down
their door.

Ciera signs-off, then turns and takes the mysterious female hand, and kisses the back of it.

INT. SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Basement of their science building. The Secret Service Data Center has multiple *CPU Towers* with tempered glass side panels. Their best I.T. Tech, JENNY LEE, 20s, Asian female, wearing black-frame glasses, speaks perfect English with no accent. She works in a pentagon-shaped four-screen work bay.

Gunn, Jackson, and Ford, stand huddled behind her.

JENNY

And --

Jenny hits her *Return Key* with a pointer-finger in flourish.

JENNY

(Japanese, *voila*)
Biora!

JACKSON

Nice of Homeland to let us in.

FORD

Had to, shared jurisdiction.

Jackson puts his hand on top of one of the CPU's. Jenny *slaps* it away using a bad Asian accent.

JENNY

No touchee.

JACKSON

They're not --hot?

GUNN

Liquid-cooled fans.

Jackson and Ford look at Gunn.

GUNN

What? I browse.

A mechanical *ding* sound comes from one of the monitors.

FORD
Find something?

Jenny types on her keyboard, then uses a British accent.

JENNY
"Ello, 'ello, 'ello?

JACKSON
Did you find her?

JENNY
Tomasina T. Gunn, right?

The Three Males nod.

JENNY
First name now Ciera, changed the
last name to Carter, right?

All Three Males nod again. Jenny tilts her head sideways.

JENNY
Changed more than that.

FORD
Find her girlfriend?

JENNY
Yes --and no.

All Three Males look at each other.

Jenny points at her screen looking back to Jackson.

JENNY
You wanna' tell him?

Ford leans over Jenny's shoulder to see and smiles again.

FORD
Let me, let me.

JACKSON
(to Jenny)
You sure?

JENNY
I'm sure it's sure. It ran all
personnel files cross-referencing
emails and phone logs and found
only one common perpetrator.

GUNN

What? Did she switch names again?

FORD

(he can't help himself)
Switched more than that --"dad."

JACKSON

Uh,, your daughter, she, uh, her
lover is, uh --

FORD

(steps in front of)
Know what pseudohermaphroditism is?

GUNN

Pseudo-whatism?!

JENNY

A condition in which the individual
has a single gonadal member, but
also combines features of both
sexes in their external genitalia.

Gunn sits down *hard* open-mouthed.

FORD

Sometimes it's just great to come
to work.

EXT. ANOTHER TOWNHOUSE IN GEORGETOWN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Secret Service Counter Assault Team, *C.A.T.*, dressed in all
black tactical gear, stack-up with one hand on each other's
shoulders on the stairs outside the basement's steel door.

CAT LEADER holds up two gloved-fingers, then steps back in
unison with CAT TEAM who all take one step up the stairs.

CAT TOOL-GUY steps down beside them to extend and hold an 8
foot pole *Command Initiated Bang-Pole's Door Key* blast-panel
over the steel door's two deadbolts, then nods once.

CAT Team gets weapons-ready.

CAT Tool-Guy detonates Pole's controlled *explosion* blowing
door inwards. He steps out of the way as CAT Team flows in.

Sounds of CAT Leader yelling commands inside, a high-pitched
scream, commotion, then CAT Team's "Clear" in multiple-yells.

CAT TEAM

Clear! ...Clear! ...Clear!

CAT Leader exits up the stairs pulling off his gas mask, then his balaclava. He's African-American, 30s, bald, military fit, and shakes his head.

CAT LEADER

Scared the shit out of an old White couple. But it's not his, uh, her, uh whatever --place. Ciera probably tapped into their IEEE 802.11x.

Ford, Jackson, Gunn, and Jenny who looks like a fish out of water, all wearing tactical vests, step out of the shadows.

JACKSON

Their who?

GUNN

Wi-Fi.

FORD

What's the range for remote access "Theft of Services?"

JENNY

Piggybacking a long range antenna with external antenna jack could allow her to pick up their signal from several kilometers away.

JACKSON

How'd she get their password?

JENNY

Sniffed, spoofed, or social engineered it. Could have even done a drive-by hack.

Gunn shakes his head scanning the houses, then *snaps* fingers.

GUNN

Neighbor!

ALL look at him. Gunn points at the breached basement.

JACKSON

She knows them.

FORD

Who "she?" Your daughter?

GUNN

No, her significant --
(shakes head in disbelief)
"whatever" other.

INT. CIERA'S GEORGETOWN BASEMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ciera and her LOVER, face unseen, same age but Caucasian, are asleep in a double-bed in the corner.

Ciera's *Tower CPU* light comes on. *Whirring* inside becomes a *whine* as steam starts coming out of its side vents. The CPU literally boils-over inside to a flashpoint that "pops" like a camera flashbulb lighting up the entire room.

Ciera comes straight up out of bed standing on it as her Lover wakes up pulling the sheet over her face frightened.

LOVER

What?! What?

Ciera jumps onto an antique dresser.

CIERA

Found us sooner than later.

Ciera yanks at a two-foot square ceiling vent.

LOVER

What --are you doing?

CIERA

They'll release you, you don't know anything.

Ciera removes the vent to toss it aside, then grabs inside the vent's edge.

LOVER

You're doing pull-ups --now?

CIERA

Contact you when I can.

Ciera swings up feet first into the opening like a WW-II bomber pilot. Lover is deer-in-the-headlights.

LOVER

When you can?! What is going on?

Ciera's head pokes out.

CIERA

Keep that exact dumb look.

Ciera is gone. Her voice echoes inside the ductwork.

CIERA (O.S.)

Dasvidaniyaaaaa --

LOVER
 (fingertip-waves)
 Paka-paka.

Lover drops the sheet and entire physique changes as her face contorts in pure hate. Facial muscles relax to reveal a masculine structure. She/He forms a fist with thumb sticking out between index and second finger shaking it at the vent.

Lover's voice drops two octaves as "he" now snarls in perfect Russian "Die, die, my darling." Venom drips from his voice.

LOVER
 Umri, umri --moya dorogaya.

CAT's breaching charge *blows* the front door open. CAT's Entry Team enters in trained protocol. Their eight red tracer lights center on Lover who pulls the sheet up to "her" chin.

LOVER
 Eeeeeeeeeee --!

EXT. CIERA'S GEORGETOWN ROWHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

CAT Team exits with Lover hand-cuffed behind and the sheet now wrapped around "her" like a hood also covering her face.

CAT Leader exits behind All shaking his head slow.

Jenny exits up the basement stairs to go to Ford, Jackson, and Gunn, standing outside by Jackson's unmarked cruiser.

FORD
 Nothing?

JENNY
 Kentucky fried nothing.

JACKSON
 Even the hard-drive?

JENNY
 Where ever your clown is, she's a three-ring circus now. Because she was using liquid nitrogen for Overclocking.

GUNN
 Any Processor can heat up to over 100 degrees. Overclocking is when you cool it below 180 minus degrees to increase its memory speed.

All Three look incredulous at Gunn who shrugs shoulders.

GUNN
Welcome to Holly-weird.
(to Jenny)
Seven gigahertz?

JENNY
Probably eight.

GUNN
(whistles)
Eight billion EM waves? She could
run the Pentagon from here.

JENNY
Probably did.

GUNN
Was she a Fabrice Bellard student?

JENNY
(French, *Isn't everyone*)
N'est-ce pas tout le monde.

FORD
Who of you is the geek, and "whom"
is the nerd?

JACKSON
(bad Italian accent)
I'ma so confused-a.

FORD
So much for your two moves.

GUNN
(wags pointer-finger)
This was only --her first move.

EXT. CONSTITUTION AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D.C. - NEXT MORNING

Presidential Motorcade moves down the street lined with
SPECTATORS on both sides behind temporary metal fences.

Jackson stands in suit on sidewalk wearing a Secret Service
pin on his lapel and an earpiece. He presses on it to listen.

FORD (FILTERED)
Ford to Jackson, what does Gunn
say?

JACKSON

Nothing.

FORD (FILTERED)

Nothing-nothing? *That's a first.*

JACKSON

Nothing, because "he" --ain't here.

FORD (FILTERED)

Why?!

JACKSON

(wincing)

Traffic. How the hell should I know?

GUNN (FILTERED)

Everyone calm down, I'm here.

FORD (FILTERED)

Where?!

Jackson winces reaching to loosen his earpiece.

GUNN (FILTERED)

Keep yelling like that, and I won't be.

Jackson nods, *I agree.*

GUNN (FILTERED)

Jenny?

Jackson tilts his head, *Jenny?*

JENNY (FILTERED)

Yes, Craig.

Jackson tilts his head the other way, *Craig?*

GUNN (FILTERED)

You ready?

JENNY (FILTERED)

Born ready.

GUNN (FILTERED)

Lieutenant, when you see the traffic lights turn red, yell out.

FORD (FILTERED)

They can't turn red! We took over D-Dots Traffic Control.

GUNN (FILTERED)
They probably come in through D-Dots "Pedestrian Control" program.

JENNY (FILTERED)
I'm in it, too.

Jackson stands frozen as all the traffic lights for the Presidential Motorcade turn red. He yells into a shirt cuff.

JACKSON
Red, Red!

FORD (FILTERED)
Ford to all drivers, Run The Lights, Run The Lights!

All the lights enroute turn back to green. Jackson *sighs*.

JACKSON
Green, they're back to green!

GUNN (FILTERED)
You're good, Jenny.

JENNY (FILTERED)
Didn't hire me for my personality.

GUNN (FILTERED)
CAT Leader, your men ready?

Side-door slides open on an all-black government van parked next to Jackson. CAT Leader jumps out yelling.

CAT LEADER
Deploy, deploy, deploy!

Side-doors on similar vans parked all along motorcade route slide open and CAT Team Members jump out with weapons raised.

GUNN (FILTERED)
Call the ball.

Jackson hears a *whining* sound and looks up to see a Racing Drone flying over him. He yells into his cuff.

JACKSON
Incoming!

CAT-Leader now pulls out from his van a 21-pound shoulder-mounted anti-drone net launcher that looks like it's from the 22nd Century. He shoulders it, then aims through its scope to track the drone. Its computer calculates the Drone's future flight path and *tone-beeps*. CAT-Leader pulls its trigger.

ARROW CAM: Compressed air shoots a small rocket above and in front of the Drone's flight path to drop a net over it. Net's parachute deploys and lowers the Drone safely to the ground.

More Drones fly down Constitution Avenue. Various CAT-Team Members fire their net shooters to capture all.

All their little parachutes float down as Spectators take silly-selfies with them in their sky-background.

GUNN (FILTERED)

Jackson, have your men quarantine the drone's LZ's until the Bomb Squad can diffuse them.

FORD (FILTERED)

Whose Bomb Squad?!

D.C. Capitol Police and D.C. Metropolitan Police vans marked *Bomb Squad* arrive at drone locations. Their doors open, then EOD's in their 80-pound *Bomb Suits* exit and go to the drones.

Between the EOD's in their space-suits, and the CAT-Members holding their *Buck Rogers* shooters, the Nation's Capitol now looks like a video game battleground.

JACKSON

(talks into cuff)

Jackson to all D.C. police, execute crowd control around the drones!

Uniformed D.C. POLICE OFFICERS run to encircle each fallen drone and back up gawking Spectators as EOD's work within.

MOUNTED U.S. PARK POLICE ride up on their horses to help.

FORD (FILTERED)

Is somebody going to tell me what the "f" is going on?!

GUNN (FILTERED)

Shut up and enjoy the show, G-Man.

Jackson covers his mouth *laughing*.

GUNN (FILTERED)

Inspector?

INT. SEWERS UNDER D.C. STREETS - SIMULTANEOUS

Bubbles pop on the surface of a pool of human excrement, then the head of the D.C. Sewer Authority's version of a Navy SEAL emerges. His full-face mask's regulator has a microphone.

SEWER INSPECTOR (FILTERED)
Sewer Clear!

OTHER SEWER INSPECTORS voices respond over his receiver.

OTHER INSPECTORS (FILTERED)
Clear! ...Clear! ...Clear! etc!

INT. SECRET SERVICE MOBILE COMMAND VEHICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Ford, in a suit, sits in a captain's chair with wall monitors showing grid TV-images and a huge laptop on a work counter with several monitors. Ford sits quiet for a moment, throws a I'm-not-in-charge hissy-fit tossing papers, then calms down.

FORD
Gunn?

Gunn's voice comes through over the truck's ceiling speakers.

GUNN (FILTERED)
Here.

FORD
Do you hate me?

GUNN (FILTERED)
Couldn't take the chance she had
D.C. Police under surveillance.

JACKSON (FILTERED)
So you do hate me?

FORD
Anything you want me to do? Or
should I go just home and watch it
all unfold on CNN?

GUNN (FILTERED)
If you want --take over.

Ford pantomimes Gunn's last words making hateful faces.

FORD
Where are you?

GUNN (FILTERED)
Waiting.

FORD
For --?

GUNN (FILTERED)

Her "en passant."

JACKSON (FILTERED)

Chess's only special move that
allows the capture of a piece
without moving onto its square?

Ford is ready to explode. He force-calms himself.

FORD

I'd really like to know what move
you are playing for, p-l-e-a-s-e.

GUNN (FILTERED)

Checkmate.

EXT. 1125 16TH ST NW, WASHINGTON, D.C. - MOMENTS LATER

Built in 1910 and purchased by Russia in 1913, it was their foreign Embassy until 1964. Since then, it has been their Ambassador's residence. It is both a Washington historical landmark and a Federation of the Soviet Union territory.

A van marked 'Puters R Us pulls up to its *No Parking* curb.

DRIVER, Older Caucasian, white hair, wearing work coveralls with the van's matching logo, exits and opens rear doors, then places orange cones in front and back of the van.

Driver retrieves a tool box, closes doors, and reports to TWO GUARDS, in suits, inside its double-gates. They read a letter Driver hands them, then hang a Visitor's Pass around his neck and hand-motion him to pass. He enters the Embassy.

INT. RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Van's Driver stands inside a plexiglass entrance way. TWO MORE GUARDS on the other side motion for him to place his tool box in a smaller pass-thru plexiglass chamber. He does.

Two More Guards run it through an airport scanner, then open to inspect visually. They motion for Driver to raise his arms and rotate 360°. Driver does as they watch on a monitor. They nod to each other and open the interior door. Driver enters.

TWO armed Russian uniformed SOLDIERS with automatic rifles, one in back of, and the other in front of Driver, escort him down a narrow flight of stairs off to the side.

INT. RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR'S BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The Two Soldiers open its only room's door.

Driver nods and enters carrying his tool box which is grabbed by One Soldier as Second Soldier *slams* the door shut behind.

INT. RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR'S BASEMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Driver is grabbed inside by TWO SECURITY GUARDS, both huge in black suits, and thrown into a metal interrogation chair. The Two Security Guards strap Driver's wrists and ankles to the bolted down chair, then smile and exit. Driver talks to himself in a thick German accent.

DRIVER

Drei Sec --guud, guud.

Driver waits scanning the room, then sees a ceiling camera.

DRIVER

Guten Tag, wird es auf diesem flug
einen film geben?

Computer-changed voice answers overhead in a Russian accent.

VOICE (FILTERED)

Nyet, no in-flight movie dis trip.
You --vill entertain us, dah?

Driver acts like he's sneezing, but really spits a cuff-key down into his waiting hand.

DRIVER

Ich verstehe nicht?

VOICE (FILTERED)

You understand all too vell what is
about to happen. Ya?

Driver's fingers curl-in trying to unlock his wrist with key.

Interior door opens and Borys enters in earlier black suit. He goes to the ceiling camera and unscrews its coax-cable. Red light on the camera goes out.

Mister X enters, lifts wig off Driver and pulls off the fake mustache, then peels off facial masking. He is not gentle.

MISTER X

You were perhaps going to a ball,
in masquerade --Mademoiselle?

Borys pulls out his handkerchief to wipe the white grease-paint off Ciera's cheek revealing her black skin.

MISTER X

Can not hide what you really are.
You, uh, how do our South African
friends say it? Ahh yes --Caffer.

Borys *slaps* Ciera hard, then steps back to fold his arms.

BORYS

You fail in mission, but vee not
fail in ours. Welcome to, Matushka
Rossiya, uh, Mom Russia. You vill
not be leaving her bosom --ever.

Ciera's stretched fingers insert key into her cuff's lock.

MISTER X

Vee are both masters of disguise.

Mister X removes his own wig, sunglasses, and make-up to reveal, Ciera's Lover, who now speaks perfect English.

LOVER

Lover-girl.

He snatches Ciera's key out of her cuff's lock, then bends down to glare in Ciera's face.

LOVER

Americans --
(spits on Ciera)
disgust me.

He steps back to pull out an antiseptic wipe, then further cleans his face now speaking in a perfect British accent.

LOVER

Had to go to a beauty parlor, luv,
and have my skin exfoliated.
(back to regular English)
To get your stench off me!

CIERA

Hey, you were no party either, pal.

A NEW computer-changed voice now speaks in Russian overhead.

NEW VOICE (FILTERED)

The United Russian Party, no longer
welcomes you, comrade.

CIERA

Uh-oh, sounds like you're not
welcome to the party --"pal."

Interior door opens and RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR, 50s, greying hair
with a Russian accent, but speaks perfect English, wears a
Diplomatic Suit and enters with the original Two Soldiers.

AMBASSADOR

Your pitiful attempt to embarrass
this station was dangerously
foolish. It was badly conceived,
poorly executed, and relied on
foreign assets. You are not of the
highest caliber for this job. You
will be sent home on next plane to
answer for your actions. Dah?

LOVER

(looks at Borys)

And if we do not wish to depart?

The Two Soldiers flank out on either side of Ambassador
pulling back, then releasing, their AK-47 loading bolts.

AMBASSADOR

Eto ne vazhno, uh, does not matter.
You will be on the plane either in
a seat, or a diplomatic pouch. No
difference to me which you choose.

Ambassador hand-motions for Two Soldiers to take Lover who
drops to a knee and pulls a weapon out of an ankle holster.

Borys shoots First Soldier. Lover shoots Second Soldier.

Borys goes to check they are dead, and takes their rifles.

LOVER

Iron boot on other footsie now --
right, comrade?

A DIFFERENT third computer-changed voice now speaks overhead.

DIFFERENT VOICE (FILTERED)

Npravil'no, tovarishch.

TRANSLATION CAPTION: *Wrong, comrade.*

Inner door *slams* shut. Borys lumbers to check. It's locked.

BORYS

Der'mo!

Lover adjusts his cuffs looking up at the speaker in his best *James Bond* British accent.

LOVER

Have me at a slight disadvantage,
old chap. Introductions would be in
order. Yes?

DIFFERENT VOICE (FILTERED)

Nyet.

LOVER

I could on a whim I suppose --shoot
the Ambassador.

(no response)

No, I suppose that may not matter.

(clears throat)

Do you have a suggestion perhaps?

DIFFERENT VOICE (FILTERED)

(Russian for "checkmate")

Măt.

CIERA

Dad?

Lover seizes the opportunity to hold his gun-barrel against Ciera's temple as he head-motions to Borys to do same with Ambassador. Borys does. Love uses a famous Latino accent.

LOVER

"Say 'ello' to my little friend."

(now in a Texan accent)

Seems we got ourselves a teenie-
weenie Mexicana standoff, Señorita.

Moment, then inner door swings open.

LOVER

There ya' go partner. Bet this here
ain't your first rodeo. You all
have yourself a nice day now, hear?

Lover head-motions for Borys to exit with the Ambassador and both move to the door.

Lover holds his barrel against Ciera's temple still a Texan.

LOVER

Now don't be tryin' no funny stuff,
cowgirly. I gots a real itchy
trigger finger. So don't be goin'
and make me scratch it.

Lover unlocks one of Cierra's wrist-cuffs, then gives her the key to unlock the other still using his Texas accent.

Ambassador is through the door, but as Borys's head goes past its frame, the butt-end of a fire extinguisher *smashes* his temple. Boris deadfalls forward. His pant cuffs are grabbed to pull his legs out of the way, then door *slams* shut again.

Lover sees and exclaims in his true native Russian accent.

LOVER

Blyad!

Ciera grabs the key back from Lover and front-kicks him away as she unlocks her other wrist before he can attack.

FIGHT SCENE: Ciera's ankles are still locked to her chair so she has to wrestle with him using only her hands. Ciera is able to wrist-lock his weapon away which spins across the room. Lover fights dirty scratching and clawing at Ciera's face and eyes as she works him around to a rear naked choke.

CIERA

Nighty-night, lover-boy.

Ciera squeezes both arm's muscles in while pushing her elbow down so Lover's Carotid Arteries cut off blood to his brain. He pulls a knee up to grab a spring-assist knife in his sock, flicks its blade open, then stabs Ciera in a thigh. Ciera *grunts* still tightening her grip until Lover goes limp. Ciera does not release and waits. Nothing happens.

CIERA

Olly olly oxen free.

(no response)

Not funny, dad-ee.

(no response)

Dad?

DIFFERENT VOICE (FILTERED)

Dah?

CIERA

(tilts head, nods)

Payback for the cabin?

DIFFERENT VOICE (FILTERED)

Dah.

Door opens and Gunn, in his suit, enters nonchalant.

Cierra drops the unconscious Lover. Cierra's fight-or-flight adrenaline is now wearing off. She grimaces.

Gunn smiles, then sees the knife sticking out of her thigh and rushes to her a concerned father. He yanks off his tie and makes a tourniquet on her femoral artery above the knife.

GUNN

Sorry, sorry, didn't see you were hurt. I would never joke about that, you know that. You okay?

Gunn takes off his jacket and wraps it around the knife and her leg tying the jacket's sleeves together talking nervous.

GUNN

Never pull a knife out, bleed less if you leave it in, only let a doctor remove it. You're gonna' be fine, sweetie, daddy's here now.

No response. Gunn looks up. Cierra has an ear-to-ear grin.

GUNN

What?

CIERA

Kinda' nice, finally seeing you do the whole "dad" concern thing.

GUNN

I always have been?

CIERA

I know --
(kisses his forehead)
now.

GUNN

Thought you were a trained detective?

Ambassador re-enters with earlier Two Security Guards who take conscious Lover into custody hand-cuffing him behind, then pull a bag over his head. They lead him out not gentle.

Gunn unlocks Ciera's ankles with the key, then picks Ciera up in his arms.

GUNN

Let's get you to a hospital --
daughter.

Ciera locks her hands around his head.

CIERA

Sounds good --dad.

Ambassador holds the door open for them.

AMBASSADOR

Thank you for coming to me earlier today. You saved both our countries from oshibka, uh a, huge mistake. This is your daughter, yes?

Gunn smiles like the proud father he is now.

GUNN

You have children?

AMBASSADOR

Dah, one. But he, she, whatever --

Ambassador purses his lips, then finishes in Russian.

AMBASSADOR

Transvestit.

GUNN

Takes all kinds. Hope to meet him someday.

AMBASSADOR

You just did.

Gunn doesn't understand, then "gets it" and looks at Ciera.

CIERA

Sins of the fathers.

INT. D.C. HOSPITAL TREATMENT ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Emergency Room patient area with drapes drawn around it.

Ciera sits on a gurney with her injured leg outstretched on it. Her pants leg was cut off and removed. Her stab-wound is stitched and wrapped. Gunn and Jackson stand beside Ciera.

CIERA

How did you know?

GUNN

If we had played checkers instead of chess when you were a kid, I would have had to Crown you.

The drapes are pulled open by Ford and Jenny who enter.

GUNN

Well, look what no cat would drag in.

CAT-Leader steps in behind them.

GUNN

Let me re-phrase --.

FORD

How'd you know?

GUNN

I'm a trained ...

CIERA

I called him.

GUNN

(explains)

Seems my daughter was a triple-agent establishing a "relationship" with an Asset in order to gain his, her, whatever --trust and Intel.

CIERA

My Asset also created an alter-ego to try and throw me off.

JACKSON

And the sewers?

CIERRA

My idea, in case of a double-cross.

FORD

And the South African Embassy?

CIERA

The Ambassador's son had me plant a hidden program in their computer to prove the assassination attempt was their doing. Guards surprised me while I tried to remove it, so I had to go back a third time.

JACKSON

And your lap-top exploding in my Department?

CIERA

Only way I could alert the Secret Service.

Jackson looks at Ford who nods, then hands a flight-ticket to Gunn.

GUNN

Didn't know you cared, big-guy.

FORD

Didn't, still don't, least not about you. She earned it.

Jackson hands a second ticket-folder to Ciera.

FORD

With thanks from your federal government.

Mom enters to stand beside CAT-Leader. She "eyes" him, *meow*.

He feels her stare, then looks at her and nods professional.

She holds up a pink hand-cuff and twirl-circles it on her index finger twitching eyebrows up and down.

GUNN

Book a room.

Mom hooks CAT-Leader's arm as he looks for an escape route.

FORD

Speaking of "booked", your flight leaves at eight.

GUNN

Tonight, why the rush?

Jackson circles his ever-present fedora on a finger.

JACKSON

We appreciate your assistance, but uh, there would be less -- repercussions, if you two were not here during the Senate debriefings.

GUNN

Allowing the Secret Service to take full credit, huh?

CAT-Leader bristles. Mom tries to comfort him.

Ford looks hurt at Ciera.

CIERA

He's a trained detective.

JACKSON

I'll secure your house while away.

Gunn takes Ciera's ticket to put with his and opens them.

GUNN

Where are you deporting us?

FORD

Back where you belong, to "make believe" city.

GUNN

Can't hear you.

FORD

L.A.

GUNN

Still can't hear you.

Ford is puzzled.

JACKSON

I think they want to go somewhere else. Maybe a little more, exotic?

Ford looks at Jackson.

JACKSON

I'm a trained detective.

Ciera swings her injured leg off onto the floor.

CIERA

Jamaica would be nice.

Gunn hands the two tickets back to Ford.

GUNN

Then Jamaica it is --tomorrow.

(to Ciera)

Of course we'll need new luggage -- tonight.

Ciera puts weight on her injured leg, she's wobbly, so Jenny supports her, then hands Ciera a crutch.

CIERA

And new clothes, to "blend" in.

JACKSON

They probably want to stay in a five-star hotel, all expenses paid.

Jackson puts a hand to his mouth and whispers to Ford.

JACKSON
They have wheelchairs and such.

The Three smile innocent at Ford who *sighs*, then nods.

Gunn looks at Ciera. His smile fades as he shakes his head.

CIERA
What?

GUNN
When were you going to tell me?

CIERA
"What?"

GUNN
You know, about your --*life choice*.

CIERA
My what?!

Ciera loses balance and Jenny catches her.

GUNN
Hey, it's D.C., everyone's a little
gay.

CIERA
I'm not a lesbian, dad.

Ciera bends Jenny backwards to kiss her passionate, then
stands her back up. Jenny swoons.

CIERA
I'm "ace."

JACKSON
Asexual?

Jenny dry-spits, thinks, then nods, and smiles sexy a Ciera.

JENNY
I can deal with that.

All *laugh* except CAT-Leader whose arm is being stroked by Mom
with bedroom-eyes as she twirls her pink hand-cuffs faster.

The Others see them and laugh *harder*. All except CAT-Leader.

FADE OUT.