

BOXER

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PRIVATE HOME - COURTYARD - DAY

CLOSE on a butterfly knife, held in a female hand.

WIDEN TO REVEAL two Chinese GIRLS -- about 10 years old -- one with the knife, the other with a staff.

WIDEN further -- we see they are balanced on upright wooden poles, two feet off the ground. They carry out complicated martial arts moves without falling.

LIGHTNING flashes and it starts to rain. Hard. The girls pause and look up to --

A MAN

standing on a nearby balcony, nice and dry. His hand, holding a tea cup, wears a ring with a large red stone.

We can't see his face. He BARKS OUT orders in Mandarin.

THE GIRLS

obediently go back to training. More lightning. THUNDER BOOMS. They're getting soaked...

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK

JANE (V.O.)
I have a son...

FADE IN:

EXT. MANSION - PRESENT DAY

CLOSE on a large pistol, held in a female hand.

The WOMAN with the gun (30's, Chinese) walks up a long flight of steps leading to a huge house. She calls herself JANE. Her face is a bloody pulp.

JANE (V.O.)
This story began when Jack was
12. He means everything to me.
(MORE)

JANE (V.O) (CONT'D)
But of course... those years of
wondering if I was a failure, the
in-vitro, the breech, the divorce
from his father, Edward...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SOCCER MOM KITCHEN - DAY - FLASHBACK

SOCCER MOM, 30s, is having a nice chit-chatty time with Jane who also participates in the soccer team. Soccer Mom turns away to get some snacks --

Jane SLAMS her head with a frying pan -- then takes out a pistol and SHOTS her, twice in the chest and once in the head.

BACK TO:

EXT. MANSION - PRESENT DAY

Jane still climbing the flight of steps.

JANE (V.O)
I have two faces. Jack asks me
what I do for a living. I tell
him I'm a boxer. He gets all
excited by that... Well, he's a
boy...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY - FLASHBACK

A WAITRESS comes running around a corner. Jane catches up behind her and throws a knife expertly into her back.

The waitress falls. Jane SHOTS her twice in the chest, once in the head.

BACK TO:

INT. MANSION STAIRS - PRESENT DAY

She's now inside the house, climbing up a curved stairway.

JANE (V.O.)

Jack wants to come to one of my fights but I tell him: when he's older. In the meanwhile he patches me up...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S L.A. CONDO - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

JACK, Jane's son, 12, has the first aid kit out. He works on his mom's face.

JANE (V.O.)

He's got talent that kid. He could be a great doctor. Listen to me -- world's oldest cliché -- Chinese mom wants her Chinese kid to be a doctor. But he would be great...

BACK TO:

INT. MANSION STAIRS - PRESENT DAY

Still climbing...

JANE (V.O.)

My clients like me because I'm unexpected. Five-four, close to middle-age -- I look like every other suburban soccer mom out there. Or like any waitress...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY - FLASHBACK

ACCOUNTANT gets out of a car. Jane gets out her car and follows him. She holds a syringe.

JANE (V.O.)

... or like any middle-class accountant...

They greet each other as they normally do every day. Then all of a sudden the syringe plunges into his neck.

JANE (V.O) (CONT'D)
 Nobody expects me. Not even my
 clients...

He falls dead and Jane takes his briefcase.

INT. L.A. CONDO PARKING GARAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jane and Jack enter the parking garage. There are
 three random HIPSTERS coming in from the gate. Jane
 turns to Jack:

JANE
 Hey, Jack -- Mommy's getting a
 premonition. Go get the
 earthquake bag ready. And then
 wait for me in the kitchen.

Jack, excited, takes off running.

JACK
 Oh cool! Earthquake!

JANE
 Remember: wait!

Jane continues to her car. The THREE HIPSTERS pass and
 Jane visibly relaxes. Then they attack.

It's a flurry of hands and feet as Jane tries to pull
 out her gun. She keeps getting pummeled. They are
 clearly experts. Finally she gets the gun --

SHOOTS two dead and then approaches LEADER, who is down
 and barely alive.

JANE (CONT'D)
 How did you know where I live?

He just laughs at her.

JANE (CONT'D)
 HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE I LIVE??!!

LEADER
 You stupid bitch.

He says a name -- it's inaudible, but from Jane's
 reaction we know she has been betrayed. She FIRES two
 in the chest and one in the head.

INT. L.A. CONDO STORAGE SPACE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jane grabs a bottle of vodka. Drinks it down. Grabs rubbing alcohol and pours it on her gunshots and screams.

We next see her screaming in pain as she takes the bullets out on her own.

BACK TO:

INT. MANSION STAIRS - PRESENT DAY

Jane reaches the top of the stairs.

She sees the CLIENT (Chinese, 30s, female), who is surprised by the sight of Jane in her house.

A BOY TOY (early 20s white boy) enters the hallway and Jane SHOTS him dead. She turns to the Client who is backing away in fear...

CLIENT
It wasn't my idea! It was the
higher-ups --

Two SHOTS to the chest and ONE to the head.

INT. MANSION OFFICE - DAY

Stacks of CASH are tossed into a black duffel bag.

Jane picks up the bag and walks past an open bathroom door. Inside, the Client is a bloody mess in the shower stall.

EXT. L.A. CONDO - PRESENT DAY

JANE (V.O)
I had always told Jack that he
could come see me box when he
becomes a teenager...

Jane and Jack walk away from their home -- forever. Jane carries the bag, Jack is carrying the earthquake bag.

FADE TO BLACK.

JANE (V.O) (CONT'D)
His birthday is next month...

TITLES: **Two Months Later**

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

A different city, small, maybe in the Midwest. A nice little downtown.

INT. BANK - DAY

Looking much different now in a business outfit, Jane sits in a chair in an office.

At the desk is a cheerful woman, LINDA, 42, the HR person. Reading Jane's résumé.

LINDA
(re: the résumé)
Okay if I keep this?

JANE
Of course.

LINDA
Thank you. Just one last question: may I ask why you left your last job?

JANE
I had to leave L.A. My son has asthma.

LINDA
Oh, that's a shame. How old is he?

JANE
He just turned thirteen.

LINDA
I have a son who's fourteen. It's a tricky age, isn't it?
(standing)
Well, thank you so much for coming in -- we'll be in touch in a day or two.

JANE
Nice meeting you.

They shake hands. Jane reveals an unaccustomed sincere smile.

LINDA
Nice meeting you, Jane.

INT. HOUSE - DUSK

Jack comes home, tossing his coat on a nearby chair.

JACK
I'm home!

JANE (O.S.)
(from another room)
Hang up your coat.

Jack dutifully goes back and picks it up. Opens a closet door.

As he hangs up the coat, he notices something on the top shelf, hidden away: his mother's boxing gloves.

Jack takes them down, studying them curiously.

LIVING ROOM

Jane is working on something on her laptop. Jack leans into the doorway. He has the gloves.

JACK
Hey.

JANE
Hey. How was school?

JACK
Fine.

He watches her for a moment.

JACK (CONT'D)
How come you don't train any more?

Jane stops typing.

JACK (CONT'D)
You used to go to the gym every day. Did you give it up?

Jane looks at him. Hesitates. Then:

JANE
Yes, I gave it up.

JACK
You said when I turn thirteen, I
could watch you fight. You
remember saying that?

JANE
Of course.

JACK
So how come now that I'm
thirteen, you decide to quit?
That's not very fair.

JANE
I had to quit. I... couldn't do
what I was doing any more.

JACK
Why not?

JANE
I wanted a new life. For both of
us.

JACK
Is that why I never hear from my
dad? 'Cause we keep moving and
never tell him?

Jane hesitates -- this is landmine territory.

JANE
If your dad wanted to stay in
touch, he'd do it.

Jack takes that in. Lets it go. For now.

JACK
I don't care if you lose, I still
want to watch you fight.

He smiles weakly. Jane just wants to change the
subject.

JANE
Go do your homework.

JACK
Can't we at least go to the gym --

JANE
Jack, training costs money,
something we have very little of
right now. Go do your homework --

Her phone RINGS.

JANE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yes?

LINDA (O.S.)
(over phone)
Jane Lee? This is Linda from
Continental Trust Bank -- I
interviewed you a few days ago...

JANE
(into phone)
Yes, of course.

LINDA (O.S.)
Congratulations, you got the job.
We were wondering if you could
start tomorrow...

Jane smiles. She's elated. She looks over at Jack to
share the good news --

He's gone.

JANE
(into phone)
Yes, I'll be there tomorrow. Oh,
Linda --? Thank you.

INT. FOYER - NEXT MORNING

Jane checks herself out in the mirror near the front
door, adjusts her super-conservative bankers' outfit.
She takes a deep breath -- this is it. Her new life.

INT. BANK - DAY

Jane walks into the bank. She spots a security camera
and instinctively turns her face away.

The security guard and several tellers glance at her, but she heads straight for her new desk as though unaware of them. But she's very aware.

JANE'S DESK

She studies her workspace cubicle. She's right outside a door marked "Human Resources."

Linda sticks her head out the door.

LINDA
Hi, Jane!

JANE
Good morning.

LINDA
We need to go over a few things
but I'll give you a chance to
settle in first.

JANE
Great.

LINDA
Welcome aboard.

Linda leaves. Jane sits in her new chair, futilely trying to figure out how to adjust it.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jane comes home from her first day at work. Jack is at the kitchen table on her laptop.

JANE
"Hi mom, how was your first day?"

JACK
(excited)
I found this awesome website that
shows you all the things you need
to be a pro cornerman!

JANE
Cornerman?

JACK
The guy in a boxer's corner. You
know.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Like, Ali's cornerman, Angelo Dundee, he always kept an extra mouth guard handy. In case the first one got knocked out of the ring -- which really happened when Ali fought Foreman in Zaire.

JANE

I see.

JACK

And I found the exact type of enswell that Mayweather's guy used -- that little metal thing they press against your eye when it's swollen? It's on sale on Amazon -- can we get it?

JANE

Jack --

JACK

Now that you're working, you can afford to start training again. Get back into boxing. And I'll be your cornerman, Mom.

JANE

I work in a bank now -- I don't need a cornerman.

JACK

But we could train together. Work-out -- you could show me stuff. We could --

JANE

(cuts him off)

That's not who I am any more, Jack.

His face falls.

After a very long silence:

JACK

One time, when I was taking out the trash, I saw this box in our garbage can. All it said was SS190.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
I didn't know what that was so I
looked it up. It's a bullet.

Jane doesn't respond.

JACK (CONT'D)
Armor-piercing. Punches right
through Kevlar vests.
(beat)
They're illegal.

Neither of them says anything for a moment.

JACK (CONT'D)
So, were you a cop?

Again, she doesn't respond.

JACK (CONT'D)
It's okay. We don't have to talk
about it.

He closes up the laptop, clearly dejected. He picks up
a book.

JANE
You're right.

Jack looks at her.

JANE (CONT'D)
SS190's are illegal.

Jack waits for her to continue. He's incredibly
patient.

JANE (CONT'D)
(reluctantly)
No, I wasn't a cop. I worked for
people who can't go to the police
for help. So they came to me
instead.

JACK
Have you ever shot anybody?

JANE
Yes.

JACK
 (slowly)
 Ever kill anybody?

She doesn't say anything. Doesn't have to.

JANE
 (beat)
 I'm still your mother. I'm still
 the same person you've always
 known.

Jack says nothing. His silence is painful for Jane --
 what's he thinking behind those big trusting eyes?

JANE (CONT'D)
 You okay?

JACK
 (shrugs)
 I'm okay.

He takes her hand.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Just promise you won't do it any
 more.

She smiles in relief and cups his face. She is
 overjoyed and proud. Blinks back a tear.

JANE
 I'm just a banker now.

She holds him tight.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Two grounds-keepers (both Asian) trim the grass. They
 look up -- react with fear. They immediately drop what
 they're doing and hurry along...

Out of the way of MR. FENG, 65, tall and lean, well-
 dressed, looking grim. He's accompanied by two goons.

Two female mourners (also Asian) at a nearby grave site
 spot him coming and look on, startled.

FENG

Oblivious to everyone around him, he stops at a huge, elaborate grave marker. His hand, on which is a ring with a large red stone, pulls a single rose from his coat...

And adds it to the pile of roses at the base of the marker. Apparently this is his daily routine. Leaning against the grave is a framed photo of the woman killed by Jane earlier (the Client).

Feng stares, emotionless. He turns and goes.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE: **Two Years Later**

FADE IN:

CLOSE UP - GUN BARREL

It FIRES -- very loud.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

We now see the gun is part of a video game -- computer-graphic characters SHOOT at each other.

Jack, now 15, and a friend, SHAWN, 15, sit on the sofa playing X-Box. Shawn is a good-looking kid with a trendy haircut.

SHAWN

Oh! Cheater!

JACK

I'm not cheating, I'm just a way better shot than you.

SHAWN

You know what they say about guys who need big guns.

The boys elbow each other out of the way as they do battle on the TV.

FOYER

Jane comes home from work. She hears the VIDEO GAME blasting away.

LIVING ROOM

Jane appears in the doorway. The boys don't notice.

SHAWN
My gun won't work!

JACK
You're out of ammo, idiot.

SHAWN
I'm a sitting duck! Aaaah!

A RATTLE of loud gunshots. Jack wins, cheers. They hug -- maybe a little too long.

Jane notices.

JANE
Jack.

They realize she's home and pull away.

JACK
Hi, mom.

Shawn, very well-mannered, stands up.

JACK (CONT'D)
This is Shawn.

SHAWN
Nice to meet you, Mrs. Lee.

JANE
Nice to meet you. Do you go to Jefferson?

SHAWN
Yes --

JACK
We're in the same Science class.

SHAWN
Yeah, and your son the genius is the teacher's pet.

Jack slugs Shawn.

JANE
 (to Jack)
 Fifteen more minutes and then hit
 the books. And turn down the
 volume, please.

JACK
 Okay...

JANE
 Welcome to our home, Shawn.

She exits.

SHAWN
 Thanks, Mrs. Lee!
 (playfully slaps Jack's
 head)
 Turn down the volume! Didn't you
 hear your mother?

JACK
 (laughs)
 Ow, you dick.

JANE (O.C.)
 (from other room)
 Language, Jack!

INT. DINING NOOK - LATER

Jack and Jane eat dinner.

JANE
 You never mentioned your friend
 Shawn before.

Jack shrugs.

JANE (CONT'D)
 I like his hair.
 (beat)
 You ever thought of getting your
 hair cut like that?

JACK
 I'll probably just shave it all
 off -- if I go out for track.
 Less wind-resistance.

JANE
I thought you wanted to play
basketball.

JACK
Maybe I'll do both.

JANE
Both? Just be sure you make time
for your homework.

Jack puts down his fork. He stares at his plate.

JACK
If I tell you something, do you
promise you won't get mad?

She braces herself.

JANE
Of course. You know you can tell
me anything.

Jack takes a deep breath.

JACK
Shawn's gay.
(beat)
And he's got feelings for me.
(beat)
I kinda like him too.

Jane freezes. She was not expecting that.

JANE
Are you sure?

He finally looks at her, anger flaring in his eyes.

JACK
Am I sure? How could someone not
be sure?

JANE
You've never mentioned... this
before.

Jack gets up and storms off to his room.

Jane is stunned. A door SLAMS.

INT. JACK'S ROOM - HOURS LATER

He's on his bed, reading a textbook, ear buds in. There's a KNOCK on his door. He doesn't hear it.

Jane opens the door. He sees her -- ignores her. She walks over and takes out the buds.

JANE

Look. I'm not sure this conservative mom can handle it, but I'm glad you told me.

(beat)

Just give me time to get used to it.

(starts to go, stops)

I'm proud of you.

She leaves, shutting the door behind her. Jack stares at the closed door.

EXT. DOWNTOWN COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jane walks down the sidewalk. As she approaches the bank, she sees something...

A well-dressed guy with slicked-back hair is coming the other way. Staring at her. His right hand goes into his pocket...

Jane tenses up, her right hand dips into her purse, closes on her keys. One key protrudes between her fingers, like a small dagger...

The man pulls out -- a cellphone. He nods to Jane as they pass without incident.

She exhales, relaxes.

JANE

(to herself)

Chill.

She continues on into the bank, past a parked CAR...

INT. PARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Behind the wheel, an Asian man, 30, face obscured by shadow, watches Jane like a hawk. He's dressed casually, wearing a ball cap. His name is CHU.

INT. BANK - DAY

It's a typical busy Friday. Linda is going through some files near one of the tellers, KAREN, 35.

KAREN
Going to Baxter's after work?

LINDA
I was strongly considering it.
(beat)
I was also considering asking Jane to join us.

Jane crosses the lobby, headed to an office. Karen grimaces.

KAREN
That should be fun.

LINDA
You don't like her?

KAREN
I don't know her. She's probably said three words to me since she's been here.

LINDA
Well maybe she needs to be drawn out of her shell. I have a good feeling about Jane -- we just need to give her a chance.

KAREN
I bet you she doesn't come.

JANE'S OFFICE

It's the same room she had her job interview. Smiling, she walks a male job APPLICANT to the door.

JANE
Thank you for coming in -- we'll let you know in a couple days.

APPLICANT
Thanks very much.

He goes. Jane is about to close the door when Linda shows up.

LINDA
 Hey there. Almost quittin' time.
 You coming with us to Baxter's
 after work?

JANE
 I have some errands to run --

LINDA
 Oh, you always have some excuse.
 Come out with us, mingle with the
 employees for a little bit.

JANE
 Maybe next week.

LINDA
 Jane. You're the head of Human
 Resources. You really should
 make an effort to get to know who
 you're resourcing. Also, it's
 good for morale.

JANE
 (thinks it over)
 Okay.

LINDA
 That's the right answer! See you
 there, Jane Lee...

Jane shuts her door. She looks a little anxious.

INT. BAXTER'S TAVERN - THAT EVENING

A small-town bar for the locals. It's busy. Jane and
 Linda sit at a table with four other co-workers: BILL,
 24; MARIE, 55; UMAR, 44; and Karen.

BILL
 Anybody doing anything exciting
 this weekend?

MARIE
 Does fertilizing my rose bushes
 qualify as exciting?

UMAR
 I'm cleaning out my mother's
 attic.

BILL
 Never mind. I withdraw the question.

KAREN
 What about you, Jane? Any plans?

JANE
 Just shopping for clothes with my son.

LINDA
 Picking out clothes with a teenager? Good luck. All my son ever wears is baggy sweatpants. 24/7.

MARIE
 My boy's the same way. I'm so sick of it.

JANE
 Is that the fashion nowadays?

LINDA
 It's not so much the fashion as a way for teenage boys to hide their constant... you-know-whats.

KAREN
 Hide their what?

Linda and Marie laugh.

LINDA
 Lemme put it this way: boys that age don't need Viagra.

UMAR
 (toasts)
 Here's to the good ol' days.

Everyone laughs. Marie notices something at the bar.

MARIE
 I see our new branch manager is working the room...

They all look. A middle-aged guy in a suit, CHUCK, is standing at the bar, chatting up a bored younger woman.

KAREN

Chuck's been here for, what, a couple weeks? And I'll bet he's managed to "accidentally" brush up against my boobs half a dozen times already.

MARIE

Did you see him hitting on poor Ashley today?

LINDA

He tries anything with me and he's gonna get a black knee in his white jujubes.

BILL

To be fair to the guy, he's never touched my boobs.

JANE

Maybe I should have a word with Chuck.

KAREN

Please do! All the girls in the bank hate him.

MARIE

Careful -- daddy's the bank president.

JANE

Well, maybe junior needs a time-out.

LINDA

Am I hearing things, or did Jane Lee just make a joke?
(pulls out phone)
I gotta put this on Twitter...

They all laugh.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Jane and Jack are in the boys' clothes section. Out of the corner of her eye, she sees...

A security camera. On the ceiling.

She turns so that her face is hidden from it. Jack picks out four pairs of gray sweatpants.

JANE
Four pairs?

JACK
You said to pick out what I like.

JANE
But --
(thinks twice)
Okay, okay...

He moves on. She sighs, resigned.

INT. BANK - CHUCK'S OFFICE - DAY

Chuck the bank manager is behind his desk. Jane sticks her head into the open doorway.

JANE
You got a minute?

CHUCK
The inscrutable Jane Lee! Come on in.

She enters, closing the door behind her. The walls of his office are covered with manly clutter: team pennants, a baseball bat, a ceremonial sword, etc.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
(smiling)
A closed door meeting. This can't be good.

JANE
(sitting down)
Chuck, there's no good way to say this so I'll just be frank. A lot of the women in the bank have been complaining about your behavior toward them. That you make unwanted advances. Or make them uncomfortable. I wanted to hear your side.

Chuck's expression and manner totally change.

CHUCK
 (flat)
 How generous of you.

JANE
 Do you know what I'm referring
 to?

He just stares at her. He gets up.

CHUCK
 You came in here... into my
 office... to lecture me about my
 "behavior"?

He slowly walks around his desk and over to Jane.
 Leans down, hands on the armrests of her chair, his
 mouth right in her ear.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 Who the fuck do you think you
 are? Talking to me like that?
 Do you know what I could do to
 you?

Chuck gets right in her face. Lifts his hand in a
 threatening manner. Then caresses her cheek.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 Do you?

Jane grabs his wrist, SNAPPING it. Chuck SCREAMS --
 she kicks him in the groin, sending him down to his
 knees. She jumps out of the chair and grabs the
 decorative sword off the wall.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 No!

He holds up his good hand -- Jane swings the sword and
 CHOPS it off. It lands on the carpet. Chuck stares at
 the bloody stump in horror...

He SCREAMS --

CUT BACK TO:

REALITY

Chuck still caressing her face. The sword is still on
 the wall.

CHUCK

Do you?

Jane's right fist is clenched -- she closes her eyes to keep herself under control, to keep from killing him. Chuck mistakes this for fear.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Nothing to say now?

(turns away)

Get the fuck outta my office.

And if you so much as sneeze in my direction, I will fire your Chinese ass. Hear me?

He goes back to his chair as she gets up, seething with anger. Holding it in. Not looking at him or saying a word.

She leaves.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Jack is at his desk doing homework when his door opens.

It's his mother, still in her ruffled work clothes. She looks as though she's about to say something... but nothing comes out.

JACK

(worried)

Mom?

She looks totally lost. Defeated.

Jack goes to her. Puts his arms around her and just holds her.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's all right, mom. It's all right...

Jane breaks down.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

The high school football team practices behind a chainlink fence. Jack and Shawn walk down the sidewalk after school.

SHAWN

We usually go to my grandparents' for Thanksgiving, but this year we're staying home. You should ask your mom if you can eat at our house.

JACK

On Thanksgiving? I don't know. I'd be leaving my mom alone.

SHAWN

No, dummy -- bring her along.

JACK

She's not all that comfortable around strangers.

They come to a corner.

SHAWN

Well... see you tomorrow, sunshine.

They linger on the sidewalk. Jack starts to lean in for a kiss -- Shawn holds up a hand.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I'd think twice if I were you.

JACK

Why?

SHAWN

Out here, someone could see.

JACK

I don't care --

SHAWN

You don't care if you become the School Freak? 'Cause believe me, it's not fun. Unless you like having guys on the football team piss into your locker.

JACK

I'm not ashamed of who I am.

SHAWN
 (claps)
 Good for you, Ellen --

JACK
 Fuck you --

SHAWN
 Hey, I'm not ashamed, either.
 I'm just telling you school's not
 exactly a party for me, you know?
 I'm surrounded by idiots who
 think it's hilarious to stick
 someone's head in a toilet bowl.
 You want my advice: wait until
 you get outta high school to
 become Mr. Gay Pride. Know what
 I'm sayin'?

Jack nods.

JACK
 Okay, so, how about when we're in
 public, instead of a kiss, we
 just high-five?

SHAWN
 High-five? That is so gay.

They break out laughing -- then high-five. Shawn heads
 toward his house, Jack heads for his in the opposite
 direction.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Jane is getting dinner ready. Her knife slices an
 eggplant --

FLASHBACK - KNIFE FIGHT

Jane fights with a male assailant -- he slashes at her.
 She deftly tosses her knife from one hand to the other
 and stabs him --

BACK TO SHOT

Jane stares at the knife in her hand -- she tries
 tossing it like before. Clumsily grabs the blade --
 cuts herself.

JANE

Ow!

Jack enters.

JACK

Hey, mom. I'm going to the movies with Shawn.

She hides her hand in a dish towel.

JANE

Not until you do your homework. Set the table -- I'm making eggplant.

JACK

(opening fridge)
Eggplant? Just lost my appetite.

JANE

Smart ass. Hey, I got you something from the store...

JACK

What?

She reaches into a bag and pulls out a box of condoms. Tosses them to Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

(aghast)
What the hell, mom?

JANE

Just in case.

JACK

God!

Embarrassed, he tosses the condoms onto the counter in disgust and runs out.

JANE

(shouting after him)
You get mad if I treat you like a kid, and now you're getting mad for treating you like an adult?

JACK (O.S.)
 Buying condoms is not treating me
 like an adult!

JANE
 If you don't use contraceptives
 bad things can happen --

His door SLAMS.

JANE (CONT'D)
 (to herself)
 Like having kids.

She leans against the kitchen counter. Checks her
 bloody hand in the towel and sighs. She can't win.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Jack and Shawn come out of the front doors.

SHAWN
 -- Ruby's is still open if you
 wanna go there.

JACK
 Fine with me.

They pass MUELLER, 17, a big guy sweeping up in front
 of the theater. He smirks.

MUELLER
 What is this, date night?

Jack and Shawn ignore him. Keep walking.

MUELLER (CONT'D)
 Hey, Lee, are you queer now too?
 You will be -- you keep hanging
 with that faggot.

Jack starts to turn around -- Shawn stops him. They
 keep walking.

SHAWN
 Remember I said I'm surrounded by
 idiots?

JACK
 (nodding)
 Yeah.

SHAWN
 Actually, I didn't even know that
 one could talk.

Jack laughs. They continue along the sidewalk.

JACK
 So... my mom bought me condoms
 the other day.

SHAWN
 No way!
 (laughs)
 What's her deal? She hoping
 you'll think she's the hippest
 mom on the planet?

JACK
 Ha. She doesn't care what other
 people think. She's just
 being... my mom.

SHAWN
 Hilarious. So what did you do?

JACK
 I gave 'em back to her.

SHAWN
 Gave 'em back? Hell, I'll take
 'em.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jane is on the couch, reading a book called "Human
 Capital Management Through Analytics." Other books and
 folders lie scattered about. The TV drones on in b.g.

The front door OPENS and CLOSES.

JANE
 Jack?

JACK
 It's me.

He walks past the living room, heading straight for his
 room.

JANE
 How was the movie?

JACK (O.S.)

Good.

That's all she's going to get apparently. She goes back to her book. Jack's door CLOSES.

INT. FBI OFFICE, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Federal Agent GABRIEL SIMMONS, 35, very business-like, enters and walks quickly toward an office.

Gabriel's supervisor, ERNESTO, 53, sticks his head out a doorway.

ERNESTO

Gabriel. Just sent you an e-mail that might prove useful.

GABRIEL

Okay...

ERNESTO

It's the latest on the Triads, from our source in China. Suddenly there seems to be a lot of chatter out there, all about Feng.

GABRIEL

(not happy)

Terrific.

Gabriel ducks into his office -- sits down in front of his computer and starts working the mouse.

Behind him, on the wall, SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of Chinese Triad suspects (including Feng and his daughter) are taped to an electronic touchscreen.

PULL BACK to reveal photos of Jane and a 10-year-old Jack.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

The bell RINGS.

A few stragglng students hurry to their classes. Jack rushes past Shawn, who's going into the Boys Room.

JACK

Gonna be late, dude.

SHAWN
Algebra can wait. My bladder
can't.

Shawn goes into the bathroom.

INT. BOYS ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

Shawn is primping in front of a mirror when Mueller
(from the movie theater) comes in with four BUDDIES.

MUELLER
(to Shawn)
Hey, shouldn't you be in the
girls' room?

His friends laugh. Shawn says nothing. He's had to
deal with shit like this before.

MUELLER (CONT'D)
What're you always coming in here
for? You like to hang out in the
boys' room? Check out other
guys' dicks?

SHAWN
Not really my style.

MUELLER
Not really your style?
(to his crew)
It's not really his style.

Mueller and his snickering buddies surround Shawn.

MUELLER (CONT'D)
I'm so sick of havin' to look at
you every single day, you fuckin'
faggot. You're fuckin' creepy,
you know that?

Shawn tries to squeeze past them and Mueller shoves
him, hard. Shawn falls to the floor.

BUDDY
(to Mueller)
Dude -- cut him some slack.

MUELLER
What, are you turning faggot too?

The friend backs off. Mueller picks Shawn up by his shirt and pins him against the wall.

SHAWN
(shouting)
Help!

Mueller punches Shawn in the stomach, silencing him.

MUELLER
Say it, you queer! Say, "I wanna
look at your dick."

His friends snicker.

SHAWN
No...

MUELLER
Say it, goddam you!
(unzips pants)
You want to see it, don't you?
Admit it! You wanna see it!

SHAWN
No!

The bathroom door opens -- in walks a male TEACHER.

Mueller lets go of Shawn.

TEACHER
Didn't you guys hear the bell?
Come on -- out. Get to class.

Shawn rushes past the teacher and hurries out of there. Mueller just looks annoyed.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Now! Move it!

The five of them shuffle out of the bathroom.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Jane, clad in weekend casual wear, enters. There's a note from Jack: "Went to Shawn's -- love you"

JANE
Well, he loves me...

She grabs her "Grocery List" off the fridge.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Jane comes out pushing a shopping cart full of groceries. She sees something --

CHINESE MAN

In a windbreaker, smoking a cigarette and leaning against the wall of the store. He doesn't see Jane.

JANE

veers in the other direction, not allowing herself to look over her shoulder at the man. She pushes her cart behind a mini-van, then peeks around the corner...

CHINESE MAN

He throws down the cigarette and walks away, disappearing around the corner of the supermarket.

JANE

pushes her cart in that direction, very wary. She comes to the corner...

BUS

The man has joined a crowd of Chinese tourists boarding a tour bus. A female tour guide with a tall flag speaks to them in Mandarin (English subtitles):

TOUR GUIDE

Is everybody back?

All very innocent.

JANE

watches with relief as the bus drives away.

JANE

(to herself)

Chill.

She turns and heads for her car.

Behind her, Chu STEPS OUT of the grocery store and stops. He wears the same cap as earlier. He watches Jane go.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Jane is coming home with groceries just as Jack and Shawn emerge from the front door.

JACK
Hey mom.

SHAWN
Hi, Mrs. Lee.

JANE
Hello, boys. Hey, Jack? Bring
in the rest of the groceries,
please?

SHAWN
Oh -- are you gonna be home later
tonight?

JANE
Yes.

SHAWN
'Cause my mom is gonna call you.
To invite you to tea.

JANE
Tea?

SHAWN
It's just an excuse to talk about
me and Jack. I probably wasn't
supposed to tell you that part.

JANE
(smiles)
Okay...

The boys go to fetch the groceries. Jane looks puzzled.

JANE (CONT'D)
Tea?

INT. SHAWN'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

It's a fantastic house -- obviously they're doing well.

Jane sits in a beautiful living room with Shawn's father, HUGH, 42. Shawn's mother, CONNIE, 41, pours tea for them. There are plates of cookies and cheese.

CONNIE

When we lived in London, we got into the habit of tea in the afternoon.

HUGH

It's like a religion over there.

JANE

So I hear. Your house is so beautiful.

Connie sits down near Hugh.

HUGH

Thank you.

(awkward silence)

Well. Shawn sure speaks highly of your son.

JANE

Oh, we love Shawn. He's a great kid.

CONNIE

This is the first time Shawn has ever been in a relationship.

Jane nods politely. This isn't the easiest topic for her.

JANE

Same for Jack... As far as I know. I mean, I didn't even know he was into... boys... until, you know, last month.

Connie and Hugh both look stunned.

CONNIE

Oh my God, you must still be in a state of shock.

JANE

(laughs nervously)

A little bit.

CONNIE

We had no idea...

HUGH

We just assumed you've known for a while. I mean, we've known Shawn was gay for years now. One Halloween he wanted to be Dora the Explorer, for Christ's sake...

Connie shoots Hugh a look.

CONNIE

Jane, if you're not quite ready to talk about this, it's perfectly fine --

JANE

No, I'm okay. He's still Jack. No matter what, he'll always be my son. My feelings haven't changed. He and I are still a team. Nothing will ever change that.

Connie and Hugh nod. They know what she means.

JANE (CONT'D)

I'm more disturbed by all the baggy sweatpants.

They all laugh.

MONTAGE - GABRIEL/CHU

- Gabriel at his desk -- Ernesto drops three thick manila folders (labelled "Shanghai Triad," "Beijing Triad," "Guangzhou Triad") on his desk.

- Jane gets out of her car and goes into work. Watching from across the street is Chu.

- Gabriel stands at his giant touchscreen. He draws lines connecting a photo of Jane to Feng and his daughter.

INT. SHAWN'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

Jane, Jack, and Shawn's dad, Hugh, watch the traditional Lions Thanksgiving football game.

Shawn walks in like an English butler.

SHAWN
Dinner is served.

DINING ROOM

Everyone is seated around the table, which is full of food. Shawn is carving the turkey.

HUGH
Careful...

SHAWN
I got it under control...
Everything's cool...

He waves the huge knife around. Hugh rolls his eyes.

JACK
Last year mom cooked a turkey
about the size of a baseball.

JANE
The man at the store said it was
enough for two people.

JACK
Yeah, not quite.

CONNIE
Do you have any family nearby,
Jane?

JANE
No, not really.

JACK
My grandparents live in Shanghai.
But we don't talk about grandpa --
he's the black sheep of the
family.

Jane gives him a look.

CONNIE
Both of Hugh's parents passed
away last year.

JANE
Oh, I'm so sorry.

HUGH
 Why don't you and Jack spend
 Christmas with us? We'd love to
 have you.

CONNIE
 Assuming you don't have any prior
 arrangements with Jack's dad.

SHAWN
 Jack's never even seen his dad.

Connie looks a bit embarrassed.

JACK
 He bailed on us when I was a
 baby.

JANE
 Some guys are meant to be fathers
 -- Edward was not that kind of
 guy.

She smiles to put everyone at ease.

HUGH
 Hey -- you should come with us to
 the PFLAG Christmas party.

JANE
 PFLAG?

SHAWN
 It's for parents who are freaked-
 out by their gay kid.

CONNIE
 Shawn.
 (to Jane)
 It's for anyone.

HUGH
 They're an organization that
 tries to bring together family
 and friends of gay people.
 There's a lot of shoulders to
 lean on. If you need it.

CONNIE
 The Christmas party's a lot of
 fun. You should come.

JANE
Sounds interesting.

JACK
She'll go if they have a free
buffet.

Shawn and Jack snicker. Jane slaps her son on the arm.

MONTAGE

Various scenes of Jane trying to live a normal life...

- Jane in a bar with co-workers after work. She's still uncomfortable having her picture taken.
- Shawn and his mom and dad help Jane and Jack carry an oversized Christmas tree into the house.
- The five of them decorate the tree. It's a party.
- An unsure Jane at a gathering of people, including Connie and Hugh. A PFLAG banner hangs on the wall. Soon she's actually laughing, having a good time.
- Carnival shooting gallery: Jane's missing more often than not -- Jack's hitting every target. Jane, a little jealous, switches to her right hand and hits almost everything.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Jane and Jack walk past a storefront -- Jack stops. A Christmas ornament is on display: a pair of boxing gloves.

JACK
It's an omen.

Jane laughs. Jack checks his phone.

JACK (CONT'D)
Ah, I'm late to meet Shawn.

JANE
It's a school night -- be back by
ten.

He runs off. Jane continues the other way.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Jane enters -- automatically spots the security camera and looks away. She heads for the back of the store.

There's a commotion near the front -- two armed TWEAKERS have guns out and shout at the Clerk.

TWEAKER 1
Gimme the money! All of it!
Now!

Unnoticed, Jane ducks down. A door marked "Emergency Exit" is nearby -- she silently pushes it open --

-- and pauses. The robbers SCREAM threats at the clerk. She suddenly looks angry -- at herself?

THE CLERK

pulls money out of the register with shaking hands.

TWEAKER 1
Goddamn it! Hurry up, you fuck!

Tweaker 2 hurries down an aisle, pulls open the beer fridge...

JANE

pops up behind him. Puts him in a neck lock. They struggle together. Jane looks surprised -- this is harder than she expected. He finally passes out, collapses -- but she's obviously rusty.

TWEAKER 1

hears the commotion and turns.

TWEAKER 1
What the fuck --?

He takes a couple steps over -- sees Tweaker 2 sprawled on the ground, unconscious.

Tweaker 1 turns on the terrified Clerk like it's all his fault. Takes aim --

FLOOR

We see his bare feet clad in flip-flops. A hand with a knife ENTERS FRAME and plunges the blade into an ankle, slashes the tendon.

TWEAKER 1

CRIES out, SHOOTING as he falls but only grazing the Clerk in the shoulder. The Clerk drops, listens to the sound of a vicious BEATING on the other side of the counter...

JANE

walks away, drops the bloody knife into her purse. She's disheveled and breathing hard.

JANE

Jesus, I'm out of shape...

She hurries to a door marked "Employees Only." KICKS it in.

STOREROOM

Wires overhead lead to a computer. On an old MONITOR, black & white security camera images show the store, the cash register --

-- and the parking lot. Where CHU stands. Waiting.

Jane stares at the man outside, shocked. She unplugs the external hard-drive labelled "Sec. Cam." and takes it.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

She exits through the front door -- hurries to the corner of the building...

The parking lot is now empty.

SIRENS grow louder in the distance -- Jane, deeply troubled, hurries off.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

An empty playground, late at night.

Under a tree, in the shadows, are two figures embracing. Kissing. It's Jack and Shawn.

JACK
I should get home. It's late.

SHAWN
Yeah, me too.

They start kissing again.

JACK
Seriously -- I'm gonna get in mega-trouble.

SHAWN
Fine, be a wet blanket.

They set off across the playground.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane's in her bathroom, running water over her battered, bloody knuckles.

She catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Shakes her head. Feels tired and old.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Jack and Shawn come to the nearly deserted downtown.

SHAWN
You coming over tomorrow?

JACK
Yeah. I'll text you.

They kiss good night.

SHAWN
Don't let the bed bugs bite.

They high-five and go in opposite directions. Shawn disappears around a corner. Jack continues on.

JACK

smiles. Takes out his phone. He texts:

"miss me yet?"

Jack walks down the street. Keeps checking his phone.

There's no reply.

Finally, Jack stops, texts again:

"Earth to Shawn. Whats up?"

He continues walking, watching his phone. Again, no response.

He tries again: "where r u?" Waits for a response. Nothing comes.

Jack frowns. Something's off. He turns and goes back.

EXT. STREET CORNER - A MINUTE LATER

Jack returns to the street Shawn took.

Half a block away, Mueller and his gang run from an alleyway. Mueller sees Jack and looks away.

Jack runs for the alley as the other boys jump into a car. They get the hell out of there, tires SQUEALING.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

It's dark, hard to see. Jack runs over to a lump on the ground.

It's Shawn. Beaten all to hell.

JACK

Jesus!

Jack touches the side of his battered face.

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh, God, Shawn! Oh God, oh God --

(shouting)

HELP! HELP ME!

He pulls his phone from his pocket. Dials. He starts crying as the other end RINGS.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

(over phone)

Nine-one-one, what's your emergency?

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jane comes in. Jack sits on the floor, his head on his knees.

JANE

I just got off the phone with Shawn's father. He's got some broken ribs and a concussion, but the doctor doesn't think there's any permanent damage.

(sits on his bed)

You can go see him in a couple days.

Jack looks at her like she's crazy.

He jumps up and rushes out of the room.

JANE (CONT'D)

Jack? Jack!

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A NURSE sits at a computer at the Nurses' Station.

Below the counter top, crouched down out of view, Jack creeps along. He makes it to a corridor and, rising, hurries away.

CORRIDOR

He goes from doorway to doorway, peering in each one. Finally he sees --

HOSPITAL ROOM

Shawn's parents slumped in chairs near a bed. Shawn lies in the bed, asleep, his skull wrapped in bandages, his face swollen.

Jack can't take his eyes off Shawn. He steps into the room. Connie notices him. She starts crying -- Jack goes to her and they hug.

A nurse's VOICE, down the corridor:

NURSE (O.S.)

Ma'am! Ma'am! You can't go down there!

In the doorway, Jane appears. She sees Shawn and her face goes rigid. Just as it did in Chuck's office. As if holding something in.

The nurse catches up.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Ma'am? Only family's allowed in there.

Jane doesn't hear her. Her gaze goes from Shawn to his parents. Connie is still weeping.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JANE'S CAR - LATER

Jane and Jack drive down the dark empty streets. Jack finally speaks:

JACK
I want you to teach me.

She stiffens.

JANE
Teach you what?

JACK
The things you know.

JANE
Things?

JACK
The things you used to do!
Your... skills.

JANE
(beat)
No.

JACK
(turns to her)
You used to come home all beat up, but you came home. You must know how to fight. How to protect yourself.

JANE
The things I know... are not self-
defense. They're horrible.

JACK
Show me how to do them.

She stops the car.

JANE
No.

JACK
No?

JANE
(heart breaking)
Jack, I can't --

JACK
So if me or Shawn get our ass
kicked, that's okay. But if I
fight back --

JANE
You're not listening to me. The
things I know are not for
"fighting back". They have a
very specific application for
very specific objectives.

He suddenly notices her hands -- all scraped and cut
up. Her hypocrisy enrages him.

JACK
In other words, when those
assholes come after me, I'll be
shit outta luck. Thanks so much,
mom.

JANE
There are other things we can do --

JACK
Just leave me alone!

JANE
Jack --

JACK
Will you just leave me alone?

They drive on in silence.

INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The alarm BEEPS. Jane shuts it off, forces herself out of bed. Didn't get much sleep.

JANE
Jack, you up?

No answer. To hell with it. On the way to the bathroom, she flips on a TV.

LATER

She gets dressed for work. Half-listening to the TV.

TV NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
An arrest has been made in last night's beating of a fifteen year-old local boy...

Jane turns to see the TV. A video plays: Mueller being led out of a house with handcuffs on.

TV NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Toby Mueller, a Jefferson High classmate of the injured teen, was taken into custody at the home of a friend late last night. Police are investigating the possibility that the attack on an openly gay youth was a hate crime. Mueller, who has no prior arrests, maintains that he was attacked first...

FOYER

Jane comes rushing down the hall -- Jack is loading up his backpack for school.

JANE
They arrested the boy who attacked Shawn.

JACK
They got Mueller?
(enraged)
I'm gonna bash his head in with a baseball bat --

JANE
 (grabs him)
 You're going to go to school and
 act like nothing happened.

JACK
 I'm gonna stick up for Shawn!

JANE
 No -- you're not to get involved.
 You're gonna keep your mouth
 shut, do you hear me?

JACK
 (really losing it)
 What the hell's wrong with you?

JANE
 We're able to have a life here
 because we stay low. The last
 thing we need is to get involved
 in something that's all over the
 TV --

He storms out. Jane watches him go, helpless. Looks
 down at her battered hands.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

As Jack approaches the school, he slows...

Parked at the curb up ahead are two TV news vans. A
 crowd of students stands around watching a male
 reporter speaking into the camera. They hold up phones
 and take pictures.

JACK

joins the crowd to see the spectacle.

FEMALE REPORTER (O.S.)
 Excuse me, girls? Can I talk to
 you on camera?

Jack turns. A FEMALE REPORTER is behind him, talking
 to two HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS.

GIRL 1
 Um okay...

GIRL 2

Sure.

They giggle a little while the reporter waits for the cameraman to get ready. He gives the signal.

FEMALE REPORTER

Do you think it's possible your classmate was attacked because of his sexual orientation?

GIRL 1

I don't know -- this is a pretty small town. I guess it's what guys do.

FEMALE REPORTER

(to Girl 2)

How about you? What do you think?

GIRL 2

I don't know the kid who got attacked, but Toby Mueller's in a couple of my classes and he's not a troublemaker or anything. He's pretty quiet.

FEMALE REPORTER

He claims he was defending himself.

GIRL 2

Well, I don't know, maybe the other kid was asking for it. Like I said, I don't know him --

JACK

I know him.

The reporter and cameraman look over at Jack.

INT. AUTO SHOP - DAY

It's a Jiffy Lube-type place. Jane stands at the counter, a TV droning away in the waiting area. An EMPLOYEE comes out a door.

EMPLOYEE

Your car's all ready -- lemme go
grab the keys and I'll meet you
outside.

JANE

Thank you.

On her way out, she passes the TV, tuned to a 24-hour
news channel.

TV SET

On the screen Jack suddenly appears, at school:

JACK

Shawn's been picked on by guys
like Toby Mueller his entire
life. Because of who he is.

JANE

freezes. Stares at the TV, shocked. Dread in her
eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON clock. Jack is at his desk, watching it.
Impatient.

The BELL finally goes off. Jack grabs his books and
hurries out of there.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jack peers into the room from the doorway.

Shawn lies in bed, bandages around his head. His eyes
and lips are swollen.

Jack tentatively approaches the bed.

JACK

Shawn?

SHAWN

Hey, that sounds like Jack Lee.

It's not easy for him to talk.

JACK
Couldn't tell if you were awake.

SHAWN
I can see a little. How's it
goin'?

Jack has to blink away tears. He wipes his eyes.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Don't do that. You should see
the other guy.

JACK
Mueller's saying you attacked him
first.

SHAWN
Oh yeah? Anyone believe that
shit?

JACK
No. But he only had to spend a
few hours in jail.

SHAWN
Is he back at school?

JACK
No -- nobody's seen him.
(beat)
What happened, Shawn?

SHAWN
He just felt like beating
somebody up, I guess. I probably
gave him a boner once, so now he
resents me.

JACK
He's not gonna get away with this.

SHAWN
Don't do anything stupid, Jack.

JACK
Don't worry. Whatever I do, it
won't be stupid.

They clasp hands. Jack leans over and gently kisses
him.

SHAWN

Ow.

INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Jane is frantically packing things into a box.
Suitcases are scattered about.

The front door SLAMS.

JANE

92

Jack!

92

Jack walks in. Sees what's going on.

He knows what this means.

JACK

Are you kidding me?

JANE

Where were you?

JACK

At the hospital!

JANE

I've been trying to get ahold of
you all day --

JACK

We're running away?

JANE

It's too risky to stay here.
Your face was on TV.

JACK

For half a second!

JANE

That's plenty of time.

JACK

Mom! Think about this! You have
a life here -- I have a life
here! We're doing good, aren't
we?

JANE
(ignores him)
Pack up what you want to bring.

JACK
This is bullshit!

JANE
Jack --

JACK
What am I supposed to do? Forget
about Shawn? Just leave him
behind? What're we gonna do,
Skype each other?

JANE
Listen to me: you can never have
any more dealings with Shawn. Or
anyone else here.

JACK
You can't keep doing this to me!
You never let me see my father,
and now I can never see Shawn?
It's bullshit! I'm not leaving.

JANE
I'm sorry to be the one to break
this to you, but life is not all
about Christmas ornaments and
Sunday brunches --

JACK
Maybe that's exactly what life is
all about!

JANE
We're leaving. I want to be out
in one hour.

JACK
(beat, fuming)
You know, when I was little, you
didn't used to be afraid of
anything. Now you're afraid of
everything!

This rattles her. Jack turns -- spots her boxing
gloves in a packing box. He kicks it and storms out.

Jane hesitates -- as if having second thoughts. Then purposefully resumes her packing.

INT. JACK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack enters and grabs a duffel bag from his closet shelf. He angrily starts throwing clothes into it.

INT. FBI OFFICE, LOS ANGELES - SAME

A video recording of Jack's appearance on the news is playing on a TV.

Gabriel is at his desk, watching the video. He shuts off the TV, gets up, pulls on his jacket, and leaves. In a hurry.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jane steps into the open doorway.

JANE

Jack?

He's not there. She sees the spot on his shelf where the duffel bag used to be. She notices the open window.

INT. LIVING ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

She opens up her laptop. Quickly types a few keys.

LAPTOP SCREEN

A program pops up: GPS Tracker

It says "Enter Target's Phone Number." She types Jack's phone number.

A message appears: "Target's GPS function has been disconnected."

JANE

Damn it, Jack.

INT. SHAWN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Shawn is asleep in bed. A nurse ducks in to check on him. She bends over to look at his catheter bag. Something makes her look twice.

Stuffed underneath the bed is a duffel bag.

Odd, but she decides it's not a big deal. She exits.

The bathroom door swings open and Jack tiptoes over to a chair. He sits down. Looks over at Shawn for a moment, then closes his eyes and stretches out.

INT. JANE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jane drives down an empty residential street, looking for Jack.

EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

She checks over a map and her phone as she pumps gas.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAWN

Jane sits in her car, passed out, exhausted. Jack comes out the main entrance.

He doesn't even see her -- just walks away, duffel bag in hand.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Jane is parked at the curb, watching students file into school. Her tired eyes study every face, looking in vain for Jack.

EXT. ALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON

A pile of cardboard boxes are stacked in a doorway alcove. The boxes move...

...and Jack emerges from the pile, rubbing his eyes and yawning. He grabs his bag and goes.

EXT. BANK - SAME

Jane's car turns into a bank parking lot. Not the one she works at.

INT. SAFE DEPOSIT ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Jane enters and goes to one of the larger drawers and unlocks it.

Inside is her weapons case and a black bag of cash. She takes them both out.

WEAPONS CASE

Jane pops it open -- takes out a revolver and a box of ammo. She begins loading the gun. She clumsily drops several bullets. They bounce on the floor.

JANE

Damn it!

She looks at her hand like it somehow betrayed her. Then resumes loading the gun, slower now.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Jack walks along. He sees something and stops.

Stapled to a telephone pole is a bright new handmade flier:

"Rally Against Hate

This Saturday - 12 Noon

Downtown

Show your support for Shawn Sullivan and all #LBGTQs!
#TEAMSHAWN"

JACK

studies the flier in the fading sunlight. He crosses the street, headed for the hospital.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

We see Jane, through the lobby window, checking in.

Across the street, in a car, Chu also sees her.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jane sits in bed, eyes on her laptop, notepads scattered around her.

On the screen is a Google list: "Homeless Shelters Nearest Me."

She dials a number.

JANE

(into phone)

Excuse me, do you know if a teenage boy came by there today? Or stayed there last night?

SHELTER WORKER (O.S.)

(over phone)

If they're under eighteen, the pastor calls the police to take 'em home. You might wanna try the YMCA over in Kearneyville. Pretty sure they take in minors.

Jane makes a note.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PARKING LOT - DAY

A stage has been set up. A banner says "Rally Against Hate." A man is speaking into a bullhorn. The crowd of 100 or so people CHEER from time to time.

Jack is near the stage, with his duffel bag. One guy in the crowd is doing the loudest yelling and clapping.

He glances over at Jack, catching him staring.

Jack turns away.

AN HOUR LATER

The rally is breaking up. Jack is headed for the street when he hears:

SKINNER (O.S.)

Don't be a victim any more! You can fight back! Don't be a victim!

It's the loud guy, SKINNER, 40, handing out fliers to the crowd. Jack takes one. It's for a martial arts gym.

JACK

This your gym?

SKINNER

I'm one of the trainers.

(to the crowd)

Stand up to bullies! Don't be a victim!

JACK
What do you teach?

SKINNER
All my clients learn how to build upper body strength and increase muscle mass through self-defense applications. Best investment you'll ever make, my amigo.

JACK
What about hand-to-hand fighting?

SKINNER
One step at a time. First you gotta get in shape. Learn the basics.

Jack hands the flier back. Starts to go.

SKINNER (CONT'D)
What's going on, buddy -- bullies giving you a hard time?

JACK
Not me. My friend.

SKINNER
Wait -- come back a second...
(Jack stops)
Was your friend that kid who got beat up?

JACK
Yeah.

SKINNER
No shit. Damn. How's he doing?

JACK
He doesn't look too good.

Skinner studies Jack a moment. Then takes out a pen and writes on a flier.

SKINNER
Drop by this address around seven-thirty. Maybe I can show you some things that'll come in handy.

JACK
What kind of things?

SKINNER
Gardening tips. What've we been
talking about?

Jack looks dubious, but he takes the flier. Skinner
goes back to his spiel.

SKINNER (CONT'D)
(to passers-by)
Don't be a victim! You can fight
back!

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jane is on her phone. As she speaks, she unloads a
sack of groceries: several cans of soup.

JANE
Connie?

CONNIE (O.S.)
(over phone)
Hi, Jane!

JANE
Listen, Jack has run away.

CONNIE (O.S.)
Oh my God!

JANE
I was wondering if maybe you had
heard anything?

CONNIE (O.S.)
No -- this is the first time I'm
hearing this! Are you okay?
Have you called the police?

JANE
(lying)
Yes. Of course.

CONNIE (O.S.)
Oh, God... Let me go talk to
Shawn. I'll call you right back.

JANE
Thank you, Connie.

She hangs up. Another dead end.

She morosely studies a soup can.

LATER

Jane is in the horse stance, butterfly knife in hand.
PULL BACK to reveal she stands on two soup cans. Her legs grow shaky and she tumbles off.

She hits the floor -- the knife pointing up, an inch or so from her eye.

Determined, sweating, she gets back on the soup cans.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

CLOSE on the gym flier. Skinner wrote "10701 Orchard Lane."

Jack looks up at the address before him: 10701. It's a dark, abandoned-looking warehouse. The whole neighborhood is dark and abandoned-looking: factories, junk yards, vacant lots, etc.

He's about to give up and walk away when he hears something...

Music...?

WAREHOUSE

Jack walks over to an old door. It's unlocked -- he pulls it open. The MUSIC is louder now.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Jack goes in and slowly climbs the stairs. It's very dark and spooky, but the MUSIC gets louder. A faint glow up above is the only light.

WAREHOUSE

The stairs lead to a huge empty room. Old brick walls. Exposed roof beams.

About 50 feet away is a portable lamp, the only light in this place.

Near the lamp, Skinner repeatedly punches a freestanding speed bag, like a boxer. A CD player BLARES "Eye of the Tiger."

Skinner eventually notices Jack. He punches the bag a few more times, then shuts off the music.

JACK

"Eye of the Tiger"? That is so cliché.

SKINNER

What can I say? I love action movies. I forgot your name.

JACK

I never said it.

SKINNER

(shrugs)

I'll just call you Fred. I had a dog named Fred once -- you look like him. Everybody calls me Skinner. Come on in.

Jack, clutching his duffel bag, steps inside.

JACK

What is this place?

SKINNER

This is where I live. For now.

JACK

Your gym must be doing great.

SKINNER

It just opened. That's why I stand on street corners handing out fliers. Promotion. You eat?

JACK

Yeah.

He looks around skeptically. There's a stool, a couple of suitcases, and two cots with pillows and blankets.

JACK (CONT'D)

Somebody else live here?

SKINNER
Yeah, Angelina Jolie.

JACK
Why do you have two cots?

SKINNER
Why? Lemme tell you, in my business, you meet a lot of single women, you know what I'm sayin'?

JACK
You'd bring a woman here?

SKINNER
Where else am I gonna take her? The Waldorf-Astoria? Let me ask you a question. What's with the duffel bag? You runnin' away from something?

JACK
No. I'm staying at a friend's tonight. In fact, I should probably be heading over there --

SKINNER
You came all the way out here just to insult my interior decorating? I thought you wanted to learn something.

JACK
Maybe another time.

SKINNER
Suit yourself. Can you hand me that weight next to your foot?

Jack looks down -- there's a small 10-pound barbell. He picks it up and goes to give it to Skinner.

Fast as lightning, Skinner grabs Jack's arm, takes away the weight, and flips Jack over in a somersault motion. Skinner ends up sitting on top of him.

Jack stares, dazed.

SKINNER (CONT'D)
See, if that barbell had been a
gun or a knife, I could've
disarmed and neutralized you
before you even blinked.

He helps Jack get to his feet.

SKINNER (CONT'D)
When I was your age I was a
skinny little twerp, and I got my
butt kicked all the time. But
I'm telling you, you don't have
to live like that. You don't
have to live in fear. You read
me, Fred?

Jack rubs his arm, grimacing.

JACK
Yeah.
(holds out hand)
My name's Jack.

They shake hands.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A Chinese DOCTOR, 40, is kissing a female Chinese
teenager, 16. She's the Client we saw Jane kill
earlier.

The doctor lifts her and sits her down on his desk.
They continue kissing as he unbuckles his pants.

Just then, Jane, also 16, KICKS open the office door
and SHOOTS the doctor, the usual three shots...

A long pause -- and then the two girls laugh. They
depart the office, patting each other on the shoulder,
a job well done.

Outside the door, watching them pass, is a younger Mr.
Feng, mid-30's. Smiling with pride...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Jane awakens with a jolt, her computer on her lap.
Just a dream memory, but a disturbing one.

She immediately checks her phone -- no messages from Jack.

She forces herself out of bed. Begins doing push-ups.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAWN

It's still dark. Jack is asleep on one of Skinner's cots. Skinner wakes him up.

SKINNER

Up and at 'em, sleepy head. We got a lot to cover today.

Jack sits up, groaning, his eyes still closed.

JACK

You got a bathroom here?

SKINNER

That bucket way over there.

JACK

That's disgusting.

SKINNER

That's why it's way over there. Come on, get dressed.

EXT. JANE'S CAR - MORNING

She parks and gets out.

The hospital is straight ahead. Jane heads toward it.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

Jack faces Skinner.

SKINNER

I'll start you off with the basics. Say a guy much bigger than you, a guy like me, tries to attack you.

JACK

I'd get my ass stomped.

SKINNER

Not if you know what to do. The martial arts are about technique, not size. I'll show you. Come at me like you're the bad guy.

JACK

What do you want me to do?

SKINNER

Just try and hit me in the face. Go ahead.

Jack looks for an opening, then lunges, swinging his fist. Skinner ducks, blocks the punch, and simultaneously fake-jabs Jack in the throat and groin.

Before Jack can react, Skinner picks him up and tosses him aside.

Jack is fascinated -- he's hooked.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Lemme show you how I did that...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jane is at Shawn's bedside.

SHAWN

He didn't say anything to me about running away.

She waits patiently. Knows he's lying.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I swear, Mrs. Lee!

JANE

Shawn. I know your first instinct is to cover for Jack. But that's only going to end up getting him hurt.

Shawn looks uncomfortable.

JANE (CONT'D)

Tell me what you know.

SHAWN

He was here.

JANE

When?

SHAWN

All the time. He hangs out as long as he can but he gets kicked out 'cause he's not family.

JANE

Where does he go?

SHAWN

I don't know.

JANE

Did he mention what his plan is? Does he have one?

SHAWN

We talked about running away together, when I get out of here.

JANE

Running away where?

SHAWN

I don't know, anywhere. San Francisco, New York, Miami...
(beat)
He didn't come by last night.

This bit of news startles her.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

And I don't know where he was. I just assumed you'd found him.

She doesn't hear him. Her thoughts are racing.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Mrs. Lee?

EXT. WAREHOUSE ALLEY - DAY

Among piles of rusted junk and empty dumpsters:

Skinner pretends to attack Jack, who does a fair job blocking punches and countering with his own.

SKINNER

That's it -- You got the right idea -- you just need to keep at it until these moves become a part of you.

Jack picks up a broken board off the ground. Swings it like a sword.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Good! Improvising -- I like it.

Skinner kicks the board out of his hand. End of lesson. Jack is exhausted, drenched with sweat.

JACK

Don't you have to go to work today?

SKINNER

I'm the boss. I do what I want. In fact, you wanna come to work for me?

JACK

Doing what?

SKINNER

Cleaning up, fetching towels... We'll keep you busy.

JACK

Yeah, I could use a job. Thanks.

SKINNER

Enough chit-chat. Come on...

Jack once more squares off with Skinner.

MONTAGE

- She stands on the sidewalk outside Jack's school as kids stream past her.

- Taking notes as she scrolls down a web site on her laptop. She has a spreadsheet and other notes taped to her motel room wall.

- Jane walks between cots occupied by homeless people, checking each face. On the wall is a large sign: "Rescue Mission."

- She peeks in on Shawn in the hospital room, walking now, making progress. But no sign of Jack.

- Jane talks to a homeless guy, gives him a photo of Jack and a twenty-dollar bill. She turns to go -- the display window with the boxing glove ornament stops her in her tracks.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - NIGHT

Skinner and Jack sit under the stars, eating. A bucket of KFC is between them.

JACK

Why do you live in this dump?

SKINNER

Opening my gym took every cent I had. This is just temporary.

(wipes mouth)

Lemme ask you a question: is anybody looking for you?

JACK

No.

SKINNER

No? You got no worried parents wondering where you are? No police on the look-out for you? Be honest with me.

JACK

My mom might be looking for me.

SKINNER

Your mom?

JACK

She won't go to the cops. And my dad's not around.

SKINNER

What happened to dad?

JACK

I don't know -- they split up when I was still a baby. My mom hates him, I guess.

Skinner nods, shrugs.

SKINNER

So what did Mommy do that's so bad you gotta punish her like this?

JACK

Punish her? Nothing affects her. She's cold-hearted. She doesn't give a damn about my friend getting beat up. She doesn't even care if I get beat up.

SKINNER

Your mom sounds like a real prize.

JACK

And she's making us move. Last thing she said to me was I can never have contact with Shawn again.

SKINNER

The thing about moms -- they always think they're right. Doesn't matter whose lives they fuck up -- they're always right and you're always wrong.

Jack nods.

JACK

Well I'm not putting up with it any more. Shawn and me, we're gonna get jobs and go live somewhere far away from here.

SKINNER

Shawn your friend who's in the hospital?

JACK

Yeah.

SKINNER

He your boyfriend?

JACK

Is that a problem?

SKINNER

Hey, it's cool. My little brother's gay. In fact, he was my first self-defense customer.

(beat)

Did Shawn happen to see who jumped him?

JACK

Yeah, he told the police who did it. But they already let him out on bail.

SKINNER

So this asshole who beat up your boyfriend might get away with it?

JACK

I don't know. He's saying Shawn started it.

SKINNER

Oh, I bet. I've run into lots of these homophobic bastards.

They're all alike.

(mischievously)

Any idea where this guy lives?

Jack nods.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Come on!

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Quick shots:

- Jane tries to do a handstand against the wall. Fails, tumbles sideways...

- Jane throws shadow punches, clutching soup cans like weights...

- In a horse stance, grimacing in pain...

- She practices a webster (flip) on the bed -- fails miserably. Gets up to try again...

- She expertly loads a pistol -- much quicker than before.

- Attempts another handstand. This time she's able to hold it and then walk on her hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MORNING

Skinner and Jack sit in Skinner's little Ford.

SKINNER

There goes mommy, off to work...

MUELLER'S HOUSE

A woman, 45, gets in a SUV and drives off.

SKINNER AND JACK

watch. Skinner points.

SKINNER

And here comes daddy...

MUELLER'S HOUSE

A man, 45, comes out. Mueller is with him.

SKINNER (O.S.)

That him?

JACK (O.S.)

Yeah, that's him.

The man slaps Mueller in the head and points to a rake lying in the yard. Mueller yells something at his dad -- they look like they're going to fight.

SKINNER (O.S.)

The acorn doesn't fall far.

Mueller watches his dad get in his car and drive away. Mueller sullenly carries the rake into the house.

SKINNER AND JACK

SKINNER

Come on...

They get out of the car.

BACKYARD

Skinner and Jack climb over a wall. They sneak along the side of the house and around a corner...

They tip-toe over to a sliding glass door. Skinner carefully peeks.

THROUGH GLASS DOOR

Mueller is inside, slumped on a couch, watching TV.

SKINNER AND JACK

Skinner looks around. He grabs a garden hose, then turns it on. He sprays water at the sliding glass door.

INT. MUELLER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mueller glances over at the ROAR OF WATER hitting the glass. *What the hell --?* He jumps up.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Skinner tosses the hose aside.

He goes to the door just as it opens. Skinner reaches in and grabs Mueller by the shirt, yanks him out of the house. He punches him in the face like a sledge hammer.

SKINNER

You like beating up smaller kids?

Mueller falls to the patio -- Skinner punches him a couple more times, then steps back and motions to Jack. Jack steps up and hits Mueller twice.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

There's a taste of your own medicine! Asshole!

He and Jack run away. Mueller lies there, semi-conscious, the garden hose still spraying.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jane bursts out of the bathroom with an Airsoft (BB) gun (identical to her real pistol), spinning and webstering across the room, over the bed, firing at pillows propped in the corner -- two in the "head," one in the "torso.". She moves much smoother now.

She reaches the far end of the room and stops, turns...

The place is a mess from her training sessions. Jane smiles at the destruction.

She wipes her sweaty brow, grabs her keys, and leaves.

EXT. RESCUE MISSION PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jane heads for the entrance. She immediately spots -- Chu approaching from a parked car. Reaching inside his jacket...

Without hesitating, Jane runs like hell, across the parking lot. Chu CRIES OUT -- something indistinct. She hops up on a dumpster and leaps over a wall --

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Jane lands on her feet and takes off at full speed.

Chu comes over the wall, right behind her.

They sprint down the alley. A white van stops in the cross street ahead, blocking her escape. Jane skids to a stop --

She pulls out a gun. Lightning quick, Chu KICKS and the gun goes flying. They lunge at each other, trading Kung Fu moves.

Jane and Chu, evenly matched, fight it out. She manages to send Chu tumbling backward, into some trash cans --

The van's side door opens -- four MEN emerge --

-- and Jane is on top of them before they can jump out, kicking and punching them. Jane SLAMS the sliding van door on one guy's head.

From the other side of the van Gabriel glides up behind Jane. His gun is aimed at her head.

GABRIEL

Freeze!

Jane freezes.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

(showing ID)

FBI. I'm Special Agent Simmons.

Chu joins them. His hand pulls his ID out of his jacket. Jane, breathing hard, stares at them in disbelief.

JANE

You guys are FBI?!?

CHU

(Midwest accent)

Special Agent Chu. We need to talk.

JANE

Talk?

CHU

About your son.

She reacts -- he's got her attention now.

CHU (CONT'D)

Come with me.

What choice does she have? She goes with him. Gabriel turns to the other four agents, now getting up, rubbing injured body parts.

GABRIEL

Did you guys learn something?

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Skinner and Jack are fighting. Jack is much improved, but Skinner eventually drives him to the floor.

SKINNER

Good! You just need to work on your hand speed. But you definitely got a knack for this.

Skinner wipes his face. Jack remains on the floor.

JACK
I never hit anyone before.

SKINNER
You talking about that Mueller
punk?

JACK
Yeah. The truth? It made me
sick to my stomach... but I kinda
wanted to keep on punching him.

SKINNER
Sometimes you just gotta release
that inner demon. Just let it
out -- you'll be amazed what you
can do.

Jack takes this in, nodding.

SKINNER (CONT'D)
We should lay low for a while.
In case he goes to the police.

JACK
You think he saw me?

SKINNER
Maybe. Best stay away from
school a few days.

JACK
I can do that.

They laugh. Jack gets up.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hey, can you give me a lift
somewhere?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Shawn wakes up. Jack is beside him.

JACK
How you feeling?

SHAWN

Better.

(beat)

Still hiding from your mom?

JACK

Don't worry. Everything's chill.
I'm finally doing what I want --
what I need to do.

SHAWN

You should let her know you're
okay. She comes here every day
asking about you.

JACK

That control freak had her
chance. Don't worry about her.
As soon as you get out of here,
we can be on our own. Take care
of ourselves. You'll see.

He takes Shawn's hand in his.

DOORWAY

Skinner, out in the corridor, hears everything.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Jane sits at a small table, looking anxious.

Chu and Gabriel walk in. Chu has a briefcase and two
water bottles. He sets them on the table.

CHU

(looks around)

Cozy.

Gabriel leans against the wall. Chu sits down.

JANE

What do you know about Jack? Is
he okay?

CHU

Yes, he's okay.

JANE

You know where he is?

CHU

Maybe.

JANE

Don't play games with me!

CHU

I don't play games, believe me.
We'll get around to your son, but
first you need to answer some
questions.

She just glares at him.

CHU (CONT'D)

Why did you come here? Why this
town?

She says nothing.

GABRIEL

We know you left the Los Angeles
Triad two years ago. And you're
still alive -- that's impressive.

Still no response.

CHU

The rumor is you killed the
boss's daughter, then disappeared
into thin air. My theory? You
quit the Triad, so they tried to
kill you. But you turned the
tables -- got to them before they
could get you. Yes?

She still won't answer.

CHU (CONT'D)

You failed to get Feng, though,
didn't you? Which is why your
life is in danger.

GABRIEL

He's out there, somewhere,
looking for the person who killed
his daughter. Looking for you.

Her face stays impassive. Chu takes some papers out of
his briefcase.

CHU

We got ahold of your financial records. You were very smart -- the way you spent the money you took. A modest house, modest car. The only red flag was the money you've been depositing in your son's college fund. 200,000 dollars in just three years.

He waits for a response. Gets nothing.

CHU (CONT'D)

What were you doing at that homeless shelter this morning?

(beat)

Looking for Jack?

She flinches, almost imperceptibly.

CHU (CONT'D)

Look, we can link you to dozens of kills ordered by the Triad.

(sips his water)

But it's not you I'm after -- I want the people you worked for, in the Triad. Starting with Feng.

(beat)

You want your son back? We might have a lead on his location. But you'd better start talking --

JANE

(furious)

You're risking my son's life!

Chu takes some photos out of the briefcase and drops them on the table before her.

CHU

If Feng wanted to hurt Jack, he would've done it by now.

Jane looks at the photos. They show Jack with Skinner: jogging, training outside the warehouse, in Skinner's car (none of the photos shows Skinner's face)...

Jane is visibly startled but says nothing.

GABRIEL

(re: Skinner)

Kinda hoping you could tell us
who this guy is.

JANE

Be nice if you had pictures of
his face...

(then)

What are they doing?

CHU

Looks like Kung Fu boot camp. Or
assassin's school. You're
familiar with that, aren't you?

This shakes Jane to her core. Chu leans in.

CHU (CONT'D)

Help us help you. We're your
only hope for getting your son
back.

She buries her face in her hands.

An FBI AGENT in a windbreaker knocks and enters.

FBI AGENT

(to Chu)

Looks like the target's moving,
boss. What do you wanna do?

Chu seems surprised. He looks at Jane expectantly.
What's it gonna be?

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Several cars pull up in front. Agents wearing "FBI"
jackets spread out, automatic weapons in their arms.
One of them tries the door -- it opens.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - SAME TIME

A phone BEEPS.

We now see Skinner and Jack out on empty land, shooting
rifles at targets. Skinner looks at his phone.

The screen says "Security Alert." Skinner swipes it -- he sees grainy, black & white surveillance video of armed agents coming up the warehouse stairs.

SKINNER
(to Jack)
Keep shooting. I gotta make a call.

He watches the action on his phone. A satisfied smirk on his lips.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

FBI agents search every nook and cranny. Chu looks over Skinner's stuff. He's not happy.

An FBI Agent comes up to him.

FBI AGENT 2
All clear. Nobody's in here.

CHU
Sweep the neighborhood -- buildings, alleys, vacant lots. And keep outta sight in case they come back.

Chu picks up Skinner's "Eye of the Tiger" CD, frowns.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Jack SHOOTS an AR-15 rifle. Skinner watches.

SKINNER
You're really good. Really good.

JACK
What's the point of this? A bully picks on me, I'm supposed to blow his head off?

SKINNER
Hand-to-hand is important, but it won't save your ass in every situation. What if some clown pulls a gun on you? You need to know how to shoot.

JACK
Shoot what? I don't walk around
with a gun.

SKINNER
Come here...

Jack walks over. Skinner raises his hands, showing he's unarmed. He quickly grabs Jack by the arm and pulls the gun away, all in one move.

SKINNER (CONT'D)
If the other guy pulls a gun, you
can always disarm him. Now you
got a gun.

His phone RINGS. He answers.

SKINNER (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yeah?
(listens)
You got it.

He hangs up.

SKINNER (CONT'D)
(to Jack)
You said you needed a job?

JACK
Yeah.

SKINNER
This could be your lucky day. I
know a man who's looking to hire
someone responsible. Dependable...

JACK
I'm responsible and dependable.

SKINNER
This is a real job, Jack -- for a
grown-up.

JACK
(eager)
I can do it! Come on, help me
out here.

SKINNER
I'll put in a good word. But
don't you make me regret it.

JACK
No way.

Skinner thinks it over -- then smiles a little.

SKINNER
All right -- let's go.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Jane anxiously paces the room, waiting for word.

INT. SKINNER'S CAR - DAY

Jack and Skinner drive past empty fields. Skinner sees something...

FBI agents are spreading out across a plot of land, combing the ground.

Skinner smiles.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - HOURS LATER

Jane sits at the table, her thoughts a million miles away.

Chu enters.

CHU
Jack and his friend weren't
home.

JANE
You people are idiots.

CHU
We just missed 'em -- about a
mile away we found these...
recently fired...

He holds out several AR-15 shells. She knows what they are.

JANE
You're going to get Jack killed.

CHU
 Hold on -- we've got the building
 under surveillance. We'll grab
 'em when they --

JANE
 Can I go now?

GABRIEL
 Why don't you hang out here until
 we have your son.

JANE
 (enraged)
 How long will that be?

He has no answer for that. She gets up.

JANE (CONT'D)
 Are you going to charge me with
 something?

CHU
 I will if I have to.

She opens the door and leaves. Gabriel turns to Chu.

GABRIEL
 You trust her?

CHU
 (wearily)
 She's not going anywhere. Not
 without her son.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Jane, still upset, SLAMS her car door and goes to her
 motel room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As she enters, a man appears behind her, shoving her
 into the room. Another man pops up from behind the
 bed. They're both Chinese and have guns aimed at her.

From out of the bathroom steps Mr. Feng. His face is
 rock hard. He speaks in Mandarin (English subtitles).

MR. FENG
 Sit down.

Jane does so.

MR. FENG (CONT'D)
 Jane Lee... That's what you call
 yourself now?
 (shakes head)
 Plain Jane...

He studies her a moment.

MR. FENG (CONT'D)
 Help me understand. You prefer
 this --
 (picks up soup can)
 -- this life -- to working for
 me?

A long pause. She also speaks in Mandarin.

JANE
 I wanted out.

MR. FENG
 We're family. You don't quit
 your family.

He grabs her chin so she's looking at him. The ring
 with the red stone glimmers.

MR. FENG (CONT'D)
 What have you told the FBI?

JANE
 Nothing.

Feng studies her. She knows that look.

JANE (CONT'D)
 I want my son.

MR. FENG
 I want the money you took from
 me.

She nods.

MR. FENG (CONT'D)
 I would also like my daughter you
 took from me.

Jane has no response. Feng smiles, almost.

MR. FENG (CONT'D)
For the past two years I have
pictured this day many, many
times in my mind.
(beat)
And here we are. Visualization
works.

Mr. Feng turns for the door. Grinning.

MR. FENG (CONT'D)
Now -- on to more interesting
business...

One of the goons sucker-punches Jane from behind.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN ON:

Various dream-like scenes of Jane and her sister when
they were much younger...

- They are taught horse stances by a trainer. Feng
looks on approvingly.
- They fight each other with escrima sticks.
- They eat together, laughing.
- We see them attending a wedding.
- Both of them fire pistols at a shooting range. They
each fire two in the chest and one in the head.
- Both of them fire pistols at a fleeing man. Again,
two in the chest and one in the head.

CUT TO:

JANE - CLOSE

As a black hood is yanked off her head. She blinks,
regaining consciousness...

Sitting on the floor of --

INT. LARGE ROOM - LODGE - DAY

A high-ceilinged room for private functions -- what some hotels call their ballroom. A sign says "Quail Ridge Hunting Lodge."

Jane instinctively starts checking the place out: windows, doorways, lights, etc. At the other end of the room, standing around a table, she sees five of Feng's SOLDIERS: young Chinese men in expensive workout uniforms. Smoking. Eyeing her.

The rest of the room is empty.

JANE

remains composed, but she clearly has no idea what's going to happen next.

INT. LARGE ROOM - LODGE - LATER

Jane is still on the floor, back to the wall. Across the room, a DOOR OPENS. She looks up. Reacts.

In walks Jack.

JANE
(jumps up)
Jack!

The look of relief on her face turns to shock and confusion...

Skinner is right behind Jack. He nods to Jane. They know each other.

SKINNER
(mocking)
Hello... "Jane."

Jack is totally baffled. *What the hell is going on?*

JANE
Get away from him.

SKINNER
I have been away! Because you took off with him as soon as he was born!

JANE
I wanted him to live a real life,
Edward!

Jack is stunned. He steps away from Skinner as it
dawns on him --

JACK
This is my father?

JANE
Jack. I'm sorry. Please
understand I --

SKINNER
He's amazing -- a chip off the
ol' block --

One of Feng's goons comes in behind them, carrying a
folding chair. Following him is Mr. Feng.

MR. FENG
Oh. You started the family
reunion without me.

He's wearing plastic head-to-ankle cover-alls and latex
gloves. Looking very much like a coroner about to
perform an autopsy.

JANE

stares at him incredulously. Even Skinner and Jack
stare: *What the fuck?*

Jane goes toward Jack. Feng raises a hand.

MR. FENG
Stop.

She does.

MR. FENG (CONT'D)
May I go to my son.

Jane glares at Feng.

JANE
May I go to my son?

MR. FENG
(smiling)
Of course you may!

She goes to Jack and hugs him. Dazed, he mechanically hugs her back.

JANE
(whispers)
Do what I tell you!

Jane lets go.

MR. FENG
I'm sure you've been very worried about your son the last few days. There was no need -- we were looking after him.
(to Skinner)
Excellent job training young Mr. Lee here.

Jane glares at Skinner. Feng approaches Jack.

JANE
Jack has nothing to do with this.

MR. FENG
That's where you're wrong.

Feng puts a hand on Jack's shoulder.

MR. FENG (CONT'D)
Jack works for me now.

JANE
What're you talking about?

MR. FENG
I offered him a job, and he took it. Unlike you, your son knows the importance of family.

JACK
(confused)
Mr. Feng?

Feng smiles at Jack, although it looks more like a grimace.

MR. FENG

You used to think your mother was
a boxer who fought in the ring...
When you were little, you said
your greatest wish was to see
your mother fight someday. Well
today, you will get your wish.

Feng smiles and takes a CD out of his cover-alls pocket
-- goes to the table. There's an i-Pod system. Feng
turns it on.

K-pop MUSIC echoes throughout the huge room. It only
adds to the air of weirdness. Feng cocks his head and
listens -- he likes this stuff.

MR. FENG (CONT'D)

Today we both finally get our
wish.

JANE

Let Jack go.

MR. FENG

You should be very proud of your
boy. I will personally see to
his training -- as I did with
yours. I want you to know that
before you die.

Jane glares at him. Jack looks startled.

JACK

What's going on? I didn't agree
to this --

He turns to Skinner, who lays a hand on his shoulder.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to Skinner)

What the hell's going on?

Feng turns to Jane.

MR. FENG

I would happily let your son go
if you could bring me back my
daughter -- but we know that will
never happen.

(MORE)

MR. FENG (CONT'D)
 So I am forced to settle for this
 small measure of satisfaction...
 A protégé to take her place.

He puts a paternal hand on Jack's shoulder.

MR. FENG (CONT'D)
 My grandson is back. Look at him
 -- a born killer. Shame you
 never trained him...

Mr. Feng returns to the table.

MR. FENG (CONT'D)
 I pulled you from the slums of
 Mongkok, took you in, raised you
 like my own daughter. Your sister
 loved you as if you both shared
 the same blood. But you didn't
 hesitate to kill her. It breaks
 my heart -- this betrayal...

He turns up the volume of the MUSIC. Then opens a
 small black case.

Inside are surgical instruments. Feng selects a
 scalpel, then presses the blade against his tongue.
 Blood runs down the handle.

Everyone looks on, baffled. This whole thing is
 bizarre. Insane.

He sets down the scalpel, spits blood, then goes to the
 folding chair and sits down.

MR. FENG (CONT'D)
 Do not kill her.

THE FIVE SOLDIERS

turn to the table, on which lay a variety of martial
 arts weapons. They each take one.

SOLDIER ONE
 (to his comrades, in
 Mandarin)
 How do you want to do this?

SOLDIER TWO
(in Mandarin)
One at a time? Like in the
movies?

Muted laughter. Two soldiers do rock-paper-scissors; the loser groans. The winner, Soldier Three, turns to Jane, a traditional nine-foot Chinese spear in his hand.

She edges away, toward the center of the room.

JACK

lunges -- Skinner holds him back.

JACK
It's five against one!

SKINNER
(riveted by the fight)
Shh. Don't distract her.

SOLDIER THREE

slowly approaches Jane. She backs up. He makes jabbing motions with the spear. She watches his eyes.

And all at once Jane leaps at the spear, grabbing it while avoiding the deadly point. He kicks her leg. She kicks him in the throat and yanks the spear away. She flings it up -- it embeds itself in the ceiling, out of reach.

The man springs at her -- they exchange blows -- she kicks him in the head.

He goes down, struggles back up, then collapses.

SOLDIER FOUR

The rock-paper-scissors buddy SCREAMS in anger and charges at Jane with a machete-like sword. She ducks, avoiding the sword and flipping the man over her back.

The sword CLATTERS to the floor. Jane trades blows with the man, putting him down with a kick to the groin. She hits him hard on the side of the head, knocking him unconscious.

She picks up the sword. Faces the other soldiers.

FENG

watches without emotion.

THE OTHER SOLDIERS

are pissed. Nobody's laughing now. They advance on her all at once.

Soldier One carries a spear-like dagger-axe. Soldier Two has a meteor hammer (a weight on a chain). Soldier Five holds an iron whip -- which is pretty much what it sounds like.

JANE

holds out the sword. The three men separate, surrounding her, making it impossible for her to track all of them at once.

The dagger-axe is thrust at her -- she chops at it with the sword, takes out a chunk of the wooden shaft --

Soldier Five cracks the iron whip -- it wraps around her right wrist. Soldier Two leaps forward, the meteor hammer spinning like a propeller. It smashes her in the face.

Jane drops the sword.

JACK

tries to join her. Skinner tightens his grip.

THE THREE SOLDIERS

all attack at once. Jane is a whirlwind. Fists and feet are a blur. In the melee, she kicks at the dagger-axe, cracking the shaft at the missing chunk.

Soldier One, holding the now worthless weapon, receives a blow to the head and staggers backward.

The fight continues. At one point Jane grabs the meteor hammer chain and tugs it out of the soldier's hands. Jane spins, smashing Soldier Five in the head with the meteor hammer. He goes down, out cold.

Soldier One is back on his feet -- he too is quickly smashed in the head and goes down.

Jane flings away the meteor hammer and comes after unarmed Soldier Two. They exchange ferocious blows.

FENG

leans forward in his chair. Tense now.

JACK AND SKINNER

Jack silently urges his mom on. He's in awe of her. Skinner looks impressed.

JANE

trades kicks with the one remaining soldier. A foot to the stomach doubles him over -- she slams a fist into his head. Kicks him again on the way down.

Soldier Three staggers to his feet. Jane hits him square in the face, knocking him out.

Five crumpled bodies surround her.

FENG

stands up in alarm. He looks at his remaining men -- the two who brought in Jane and the one who carried his chair.

MR. FENG

(in Mandarin)

Attack! What're you waiting for!

THE THREE MEN

all pull out military knives. They close in on Jane.

JANE

exhausted, bleeding, breathing hard, watches them advance.

JACK

frantic, turns to Skinner.

JACK

(points to Feng)

Tell him to stop this!

Skinner shakes his head.

SKINNER
Just stick with me.

JACK
(to Feng)
I'll come with you! Let her go!

JANE
(eyes on the men)
No, Jack!

JANE

tries to keep track of all three men as they circle her, knives out.

They seem reluctant to get any closer.

MR. FENG
Attack! Attack!

The men, crying out savagely, converge on Jane. She fights them as best she can. A knife slices her hand -- she delivers a kick to a groin. She spins and kicks another man in the head as a knife blade cuts the side of her neck.

The fighting continues. One man is kicked in the face and hits the ground, unconscious.

Jane is punched in the head and staggers backward, almost falling. One man seizes this opportunity to try and stab her -- she deflects his arm and punches him in the throat. He collapses, gagging.

JACK

exults as she gets the upper hand.

JACK
Yes!

JANE

hears her son. It seems to give her strength.

It's now down to her and the one remaining goon. They circle each other. Jane's eyes dart toward --

FENG

-- who has removed his gloves and is reaching into his cover-alls...

JANE

springs at the goon, grabbing his jacket. He slices at her arm, drawing blood.

FENG

has a gun out. He FIRES at Jane.

JANE

Using the goon's body as a shield, she blocks the incoming bullets. The goon is SHOT AGAIN AND AGAIN.

One round passes through the dead man and HITS Jane in the side.

SKINNER

pulls out his pistol -- takes aims at Jane. Jack grabs his arm and wrenches away the pistol, exactly as he'd been taught earlier.

He backs away, training the gun on Skinner, then Feng, who keeps his gun pointed at Jane.

JACK

(to Feng)

Don't!

Everything comes to a halt. Skinner can only stand there, hands up.

SKINNER

Jack. Jack! Don't make this mistake, son. You have a gift. You can have a real future with us... with me.

Jane lets the dead goon crumple to the ground. She doesn't move -- Feng and Jack don't move.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Jack, you hear me?

Jack ignores him.

JACK
(to Feng)
Put down the gun!

FENG
Boy, I will kill your mother
before you finish pulling the
trigger.

JANE
(to Jack)
Don't do it, Jack.

Jack glances at his mother, then moves the pistol
slightly.

JANE (CONT'D)
Jack!

He FIRES --

-- hitting Feng in the hand. His gun drops. Jack runs
to Feng. Puts the gun to his forehead.

JACK
You lied to me!

JANE
No!

Feng looks curiously at his bleeding hand. As though
fascinated by it.

FENG
(to Jack)
You could be so much more -- and
instead you choose what? Your
mother who taught you nothing?
Your little boyfriend in the
hospital? I can get you any boy
you want.

JACK
You don't know what you're
talking about.

FENG
I don't? You call yourself
Chinese and then live like an
abomination. You can't be both!
Don't you know that?

Jack presses the gun against Feng's head.

FENG (CONT'D)

This is a very grave error you're making. I can see that your boyfriend's whole family suffers.

Jane steps toward her son.

JANE

Jack, give me the gun.

He doesn't move. He glares at Feng with hate.

JANE (CONT'D)

This is not who you are, Jack.
This is not what you want to become.

She puts out her hand. Jack, tears in his eyes, fights the urge to shoot. Finally, he slaps the pistol into his mom's hand.

JANE

checks on Skinner -- he's long gone.

Feng pounces, grabbing the gun. They struggle -- it FIRES. Feng collapses, clutching his knee.

Incredibly, he tries to stand. Smiles grotesquely.

MR. FENG

I can't believe how you've lost your touch... My men -- You couldn't kill a single one.

The groans of his injured men echo throughout the room.

JANE

I made a promise to my son.

MR. FENG

Oh, but letting these men live -- that's a mistake. Don't you know every single one will come after you, will track you down, until you are dead?

JANE

Only if you order them to.

MR. FENG
Be assured -- I will.

JANE
Be assured you won't.

She SHOOTS HIM twice in the chest, once in the head.

Jack runs to her. Presses his face against her. She holds onto him tightly.

EXT. LODGE - DAY

A large sign says: "Quail Ridge Hunting Lodge - Closed for Season."

Jack helps his mother out to a black Escalade. She grips her bleeding side and walks with a limp.

JACK
Maybe I should drive.
(off her look)
Dad taught me how.

JANE
"Dad"?
(resigned)
Great.

He helps her into the passenger side.

INT. ESCALADE - DAY

Jane and Jack drive through downtown. Jack looks at his mom with concern. And in a whole new light.

She sees something up ahead.

JANE
Pull over a second.

INT. BANK - MINUTES LATER

Boxer enters, her hair and face a mess, clothes blood-stained. Co-workers and customers stare openly.

Chuck leans on a table, flirting with a female customer who's trying to fill out a deposit slip. Chuck sees Boxer and his eyes go wide.

She takes a gun out of her waistband and pushes the barrel against his forehead. Obviously security cameras aren't a concern any more.

BOXER

Today's your last day here.

Chuck is shocked speechless.

BOXER (CONT'D)

Go home. Call your dad. Tell him you quit.

CHUCK

I --

BOXER

If you come here again, or bother any of these women, I will come back and kill you. Got that?

He nods, terrified.

BOXER (CONT'D)

Go empty out your office. You got one minute.

EXT. BANK - 59 SECONDS LATER

Chuck comes out the front door, a box of personal possessions in his arms. Jane is right behind him.

Inside the bank, Linda and other employees rush to the glass doors and windows. Stunned and shocked -- and immensely pleased -- by what they're seeing.

INT. ESCALADE - DAY

Jane gets in, nods at her son. Jack, pride in his eyes, starts the car.

INT. JANE'S BATHROOM - DAY

She stands in the shower, letting the water wash the blood off her battered body.

BATHROOM - LATER

Jane, dressed, sits on a stool very much like the kind that prizefighters sit on.

Jack tends to his mother's injuries. He presses an
enswell against her swollen eye. He's finally become
her cornerman.

JANE

Thank you.

(then)

Jack, I have to tell you
something...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - EARLIER THAT DAY

Jane and Chu are at the table.

CHU

It's your choice, Jane. Spend
the rest of your life behind bars
and never see Jack again. Or,
work with us -- and get out of
jail before he's all grown up.

JANE

"Work with us." What does that
mean?

CHU

First, and starting right now,
you tell us everything. Names,
locations, who works for who --
everything you know about the
Chinese Triads. Then you go to
Virginia, to train my men.

JANE

"Train" them?

CHU

To go undercover. The Triads are
spreading like wildfire, right
here in our own backyard. I want
to infiltrate them, choke them
off, and bring 'em down. You
know their inner-workings -- I'm
not gonna lie, I need your help.

She thinks for a moment.

JANE

Jack gets to keep the money.

CHU
Fine. We got a deal?

Jane nods sadly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JANE'S BATHROOM - PRESENT

A look of panic comes over Jack.

JACK
What are you talking about?

JANE
It's not forever --

JACK
No! Mom, listen to me! Don't do
this! We can move! We can hide
again! Please, mom! Please!

JANE
Jack --

JACK
(sobbing)
Please, mom! We can go to
Alaska! I don't care -- I like
snow! Anywhere, I don't care!

There's a loud POUNDING at the front door. She knows
who it is.

So does Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
(whispers, desperate)
Don't answer that!

He wraps his arms around her and holds on tight,
crying. A tear rolls down Jane's face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHU'S CAR - LATER

Chu is driving -- Jane and Jack sit in the back. She
glances over at him -- he won't look at her.

EXT. SHAWN'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

Hugh opens the front door. Connie rushes out --

Jack is climbing the front steps, his duffel bag in hand. Connie embraces him.

She sees something over his shoulder --

STREET

Chu's car is at the curb. Jane looks on from the back seat. Stoic.

Chu hits the gas as they drive away.

JACK

watches the car go, the same stoic expression on his face.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE on a small package. Lots of stamps. No return address.

Connie studies it. In the next room, Jack, Shawn and Hugh play a board game before a roaring fire. There are stockings on the mantel. Snow falls outside.

CONNIE

Jack? This came for you.

Jack comes over.

JACK

What is it?

CONNIE

Don't know.

She hands it to him and heads back to the next room. Puzzled, Jack opens the package.

Inside is the boxing gloves Christmas ornament.

There's also a note:

"Keep this for us. I love you."

He studies the note -- then walks over to a large, beautiful Christmas tree and hangs the ornament among the other decorations.

Jack slips the note in his pocket and turns to go join the others.

FADE OUT.

THE END