

"CONTROL"

FADE IN

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

A man dressed entirely in black is silently walking through the corridors of an abandoned office building. He stands at a corner, looks at his watch, counts to five on one hand, and quickly turns. A security guard is turning the next corner down the hall. The man slips quietly halfway down the hall, noting the plaques that adorn the various doors along the hallway as he goes. He finds the room he is looking for and pulls a set of lock picks from a satchel he is wearing. He selects two thin lock picks, inserts them into the door's lock, and twists them. The door springs open. He enters the room.

He emerges seconds later with a folder, which he puts in his satchel. He closes the door behind him and leaves the building in the direction he came from.

INT. SHAWN'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

It is a neat bedroom. There is nothing out of the ordinary, although it is a little sparse. There is a bed, a night table with a simple lamp and a portable telephone stand (no telephone), and a dresser with a few picture frames and other odds and ends scattered on top. The Venetian blinds are half opened, and light is streaming in to illuminate SHAWN MASON, a man in his lower thirties who has no distinguishing characteristics, lying under a sheet. He has average length hair. Although he is good-looking, there is nothing about him that stands out. He is the model of an indistinguishable man, physically. He is sleeping. As the camera continues to turn, there is a rocking chair with black clothes draped over them. Shawn is the man from the previous night.

The phone rings. His eyes pop open.

Shawn springs out of bed and searches for the phone amid previously unseen briefcases, folders, and portfolios scattered over the entire floor. Large portions of the portfolios and file folders have the words "Top Secret"

stamped on them. On the third ring, he finds the phone inside of a briefcase. He sits on the edge of his bed in a pair of running shorts as he answers the phone.

SHAWN

Hello...hello?

(beat)

Oh...yeah...yeah...I've got the information. Let me tell you, that was not easy. Those offices aren't as easy to get into as they used to be.

Shawn smirks. He knows he is just being modest, and he is still one of the best spies in the business.

SHAWN

(beat, he frowns)

What? You want me to do what?

(beat)

No man, I don't think I can do that.

(beat)

It's been a long time since I did a federal job. I'm not sure it's worth the risk..

The camera is slowly moving around the room as Shawn speaks on the phone

There is a photograph of two elderly people with Shawn, presumably his parents, the father wearing a Navy uniform. Another picture of Shawn and the woman from the previous picture, both a little older, standing over a grave with an American flag draped over it, crying.

There is another photo of Shawn with an attractive blond woman of about the same age, riding a roller coaster. Another photo of the same couple holding hands, obviously in love.

Still moving, the odds and ends seen on the dresser earlier appear to be more than typical pocket clutter. There is a small set of lock picks in a leather case, a small penlight, and a very small camera, all mixed in with the expected pocket change, pens and pencils, cigarette packs,

and a wallet. As the phone conversation continues, the shot returns to Shawn's face.

SHAWN

(beat)

How much?!

(beat)

Good God, how did you...?!

(beat)

Alright. I'll meet you at...

(beat)

You got it. I'll be there as soon as I get dressed.

Shawn hangs up the phone and heads into the other room. He turns on the shower (off screen).

INT. SHOWER - DAY

Shawn in the shower, hair all covered in shampoo suds. The doorbell rings.

SHAWN

Shit!

(to no one in particular)

I'm coming!

INT. SHAWN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shawn, in a towel, looks through peephole in front door. He smiles, and opens the door to reveal CATHERINE MOORE, the blond from the picture on his dresser. She sees him in his towel and sudsy hair and starts to laugh.

CATHERINE

(slyly)

Did I catch you at a bad time?

SHAWN

(equally sly)

Not if you want to join me.

They kiss. Shawn's towel falls off. He is totally exposed with the door wide open.

SHAWN

Damn it! Close the door!

Catherine starts to laugh. Shawn scrambles to pick up his towel and then shuts the door.

CATHERINE

(catching her breath)

Ha ha ha. I THOUGHT you were excited to see me...

Catherine starts to laugh again.

SHAWN

(shoots her a mock dirty look)
Can I help you or what?

CATHERINE

(smiles, wipes a tear of laughter from her eyes)
I was just wondering if my favorite spy would like to go to dinner with his future wife and her family this evening.

SHAWN

(smirks, knows he is being a smartass)
Please! We prefer the title "espionage agents". Spy sounds so old-fashioned.

Shawn's face goes sour as he suddenly remembers something. There is a close up of the two. Catherine realizes the sudden change in Shawn's mood and immediately loses her smile.

SHAWN

Aww, shit. I can't do it.

CATHERINE

(a mix between angry and upset)
Why not? Are you just never going to have time for me any more? My parents really want to meet their future son.

SHAWN

No, its just...there's a job...

CATHERINE
I figured as much.

SHAWN
Catherine, wait...

Catherine is getting ready to walk out the door. She turns around.

CATHERINE
I don't know what to say, Shawn.
I'd say I've been a pretty good sport. I was really hoping...

SHAWN
(cutting her off)
This is it. This is the job.
I'm done after this.

CATHERINE
What?! I've seen one too many spy movies to know that there is no such thing as "one last job".

SHAWN
Two and a half million dollars.
For one night.

CATHERINE
What?!

SHAWN
Yeah. It's an inside job,
though. Could be very risky.

Catherine is tenderly rubbing the side of Shawn's cheek. She wipes shampoo out of his eye.

CATHERINE
Shawn, honey...just what are you getting yourself into here?

SHAWN
I've worked for the guy before.
He's former KGB. Wants some

American scientific journals detailing mind control experiments that were secretly done on the Russians during the Cold War. Thinks he might have a use for them. Hell, for that much, I'd let him try it out on me.

CATHERINE

Can you promise me that you won't get hurt? I need you.

Shawn rubs Catherine's face as he speaks.

SHAWN

I don't know. I CAN promise you that if this goes off well, the two of us will be set for a long time.

Catherine frowns, upset that her boyfriend is putting himself in such danger. Shawn realizes he is still sopping water onto the floor and wearing a towel, and turns to go back to the bathroom. Catherine grabs Shawn's arm and pulls him in close.

CATHERINE

I love you.

SHAWN

I love you too.

They kiss.

Catherine goes one way out the door, as Shawn goes the other way into the apartment.

INT. OFFICE - THAT AFTERNOON

DMITRI VOROSILOV sits behind a large mahogany desk with the usual business materials covering it. He is a big, bearish man, in his fifties, with dark bushy hair and beard, going slightly gray around the edges. He has a deep voice, but no Russian accent. He has a very grandfatherly demeanor, and Shawn looks completely at ease around him, despite their working relationship.

The office itself is expensive-looking. The carpet is a deep mahogany color to match the desk, and the walls are a rich shade of tan. There are one or two plants in beautifully handcrafted pots. An ornate water cooler with an expensive brand of water sits in one corner. The walls are lined with pictures of Dmitri and his family and friends. There are also several degrees, including a masters in psychology and a masters in business, all from Russian universities.

DMITRI

Shawn, I bring you this offer because I know you are the best. I've relied on you in the past, and I know I can rely on you again.

SHAWN

I know. I'm flattered that you have this much faith in me. But this job, it's going to be tough.

Dmitri is absent-mindedly doodling on a piece of paper.

DMITRI

You make a mountain out of a molehill, my friend. These documents may be top secret, but they are not well guarded. The government has put them in a less secure facility since the Cold War ended. This soundproof fortress of an office is more secure than their facility. I'd like to put them in a place where they can be used instead of stored.

SHAWN

So you plan on figuring out how to control peoples' minds? I guess that could come in handy in a "legitimate" business such as yours. How goes the money laundering business anyway?

DMITRI

My business is as legitimate as they come. I simply manage other people's money. I see nothing wrong with that. And besides, it is not your place to judge my actions, is it, my two-faced friend. Do you want the job or not?

Shawn is obviously conflicted. He looks at a picture on the wall. It is of Dmitri and his family, looking very happy. His mind is made up.

SHAWN

I'll do it.

Dmitri is obviously relieved and pleased that Shawn accepted the job. He stands up and begins rifling through some paperwork in a folder on his desk. He pulls out a single sheet of paper and a blueprint.

DMITRI

Everything you need is on this sheet of paper. Address, specific document numbers, and an account of all the security guards and their schedules. The blueprint is in case you need it. I expect this document by Friday evening, at the latest.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - A FEW NIGHTS LATER

Shawn is dressed entirely in black, wearing latex gloves, and carrying a black satchel and a small tool kit, the same outfit from the other night. He walks up to the door of the office building, checks the sheet from his satchel, looks at his watch, looks inside for any visible guards, and then pulls out two slender lock picks from his kit. He inserts them both into the lock, and with a deft twist of his wrist, the lock comes undone.

SHAWN

(to himself)

Piece of cake.

Shawn enters the building.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Shawn looks around and takes a sharp right, heading for the elevators. He pauses and looks at his watch, as if he is expecting something. Suddenly, he hears footsteps. He hides behind a security desk. An old janitor walks into the room, empties a trashcan into a bigger one, and walks off again. Shawn stands back up and heads for the elevators again. When he arrives at them, he looks around, shocked at how easy this is so far.

SHAWN

(to himself)

Man, you'd think they'd have
SOME security..

As soon as Shawn says this, he looks up and sees the blinking red light of a camera, aimed right at him. He dives out of view. He silently curses himself for forgetting about the camera. The elevator arrives, and he gets in.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Shawn crouches in the far corner of the elevator, just out of another camera's view. He checks his sheet from the satchel again, and presses the button for the fifth floor.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Shawn's head peeks out of the elevator. There is nothing in the hallway. Shawn checks the ceiling for cameras, and spots one about halfway down the hallway. As soon as the camera turns in the other direction, Shawn edges his way along the hall. He crosses a bank of doors, checking the plaques on them as he goes. He sees a plaque on one door that says "Office of Records". He smiles to himself. He approaches the door, and checks for any alarms. Seeing none, he takes out two different lock picks, and again picks the lock with ease.

SHAWN

(to himself)

I deserve an award. Now I've
just gotta find the file cabinet
and get out of here.

INT. FILE ROOM - NIGHT

The inside of the room is lined with file cabinets with no distinguishing characteristics. Shawn curses under his breath when he realizes that this might not be as easy as he thought. Shawn begins rifling through the first file cabinet. Noticing that all of the files are not related to the Cold War, he moves on to the next cabinet, then the next, and the next. There are still no signs of Cold War documents. Shawn mutters some more under his breath.

INT. FILE ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Shawn is at a file cabinet in the middle of the room. Shawn is sweaty from the stress of searching through the file cabinets while staying silent. Dozens of file cabinets are half-opened all around him. It is obvious that some time has passed. He pulls out a document.

SHAWN

Gotcha, you sneaky son of a
bitch.

Shawn puts the folder in his bag and turns to leave when he suddenly hears a noise in the distance from the hallway. He frantically but smoothly scurries around the room, replacing all the file cabinet drawers in their right places, and making sure everything looks the same as it did when he arrived. Suddenly, a light goes on out in the hallway. Shawn hides behind the furthest cabinet from the door.

The doorknob rattles, as if someone is trying to unlock it, and then the door opens. It is the same janitor from before. He empties the trashcan, looks around as if he has left something in the room, apparently gives up, and turns to go. As he is leaving, he notices a half-opened file cabinet. Shawn secretly curses his bad luck. The janitor gives the cabinet drawer a little more thought, shrugs his

shoulders, and moves on, locking the door behind him. Shawn wipes his brow and crosses himself.

As Shawn turns to go, the light suddenly goes back on in the hallway, and the doorknob rattles again. With little time to hide, Shawn dives behind a closer file cabinet. The door opens, and two middle-aged security guards walk in. They begin to search the room and the file cabinets, looking for anyone or anything amiss. As they get further into the room, Shawn starts to edge towards the door, planning to make a break for it.

As he gets nearer, one of the guards turns and looks right at him. Shawn freezes, hoping that in the dark, the guard will not see him. The guard whispers something to the other guard, but Shawn cannot hear it from across the room. The other guard nods his assent, and starts edging to Shawn's side of the room, in the meanwhile taking a black box from a holster on his hip. Shawn turns to run when all of the sudden he feels a sharp flash of pain in the back of his neck. The whole world flashes very brightly, and then seems to go dark. He doubles over, but quickly remembers where he is and forces himself to stand back up. There is pain on Shawn's face, as he lets out a stifled cry of agony.

Shawn stands like a deer caught in the headlights near the door still, scared that the guards heard his sound. The guard who was staring at Shawn moves closer, as if to examine Shawn, but goes right past him, and out the door. He motions to the other guard that there is nothing more in here, and moves on. The two guards leave the room as quickly as they came, and Shawn is left in a stunned silence.

Shawn lies down on the ground, breathing heavily, wondering what just happened. He gently rubs the base of his head, feeling for anything wrong. He feels nothing. Shawn stands back up, and heads for the door. He checks his satchel one more time, to make sure he has everything he came for, and then he opens the door and heads out.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - LATER THAT NIGHT

Shawn is on the phone, frantic. He is talking to Dmitri about what has just happened to him. As he talks, he

loosens up more and more, until eventually he is back to the way he was before he did the job.

SHAWN

Yeah, I got it. That's it, though. That was too close. Tomorrow I will drop off the folder and I expect my money and then I will be on my merry fucking way..

(beat)

I could have been fucked if I had been caught tonight.

(beat)

A smile comes across Shawn's face. Dmitri has obviously said something that he liked.

SHAWN

You're right.

(beat, the smile grows)

I didn't get caught.

INT. SHAWN'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Shawn is lying in bed, looking through the documents. There are several sheets in the folder, including one about the methods of mind control. Shawn reads aloud, into a tape recorder:

SHAWN

"Through several studies, we propose that drugs are not always necessary to control the minds of others. A simple electromagnetic pulse at the right time, received by an implanted magnet over the right temporal lobe, may have the same effect as mind-altering drugs on the electrons transmitted over the synaptic connections."

Shawn pauses, taking this all in. He continues to read into the microphone.

SHAWN

"Should this not work, or if an implant is not feasible, a targeted capsule of a soluble ferrate solution might also work."

Shawn puts the papers back in the folder and closes it. He places it inside of a briefcase and locks the briefcase.

SHAWN

If that's what they could do thirty years ago, what are they doing now?

Shawn turns off the light and goes to sleep.

INT. BATHROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Shawn is lying on the floor, his eyes half-open, obviously in pain. The medicine cabinet is hanging open; bottles are strewn all over the bathroom. Shawn is rubbing his head the same way as he did the previous night in the file room. Suddenly, he clenches his stomach, bends over the toilet, and throws up. He flushes the toilet and stands up.

Shawn closes the medicine cabinet, looks in the mirror, turns on the water, and washes his face. He finds a bottle of mouthwash near the sink and pours some into his mouth. He gargles, spits it out, and returns to his bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Shawn is sitting on the edge of the bed, on the phone.

SHAWN

Hello, Doctor Thompson? Can I come see you?

(beat)

Four PM? Great. See you then.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - THAT AFTERNOON

DOCTOR THOMPSON, a man in his late fifties, is wearing a white coat and standing over Shawn. The doctor is bald

with thin-rimmed glasses and seems very jovial. He goes to the lights and dims them a little.

DOCTOR

So you have never had these problems before?

Shawn is sitting on the examining table. Doctor Thompson crosses behind him, doing routine doctor exams.

SHAWN

Never. I rarely ever even get headaches. And I've never had anything this severe before. I get nauseous, too. And bright flashes of light usually accompany the attacks. What do you think it is?

DOCTOR

Well my boy, I'd have to say that you had what we call a classic migraine. Regular aspirin will help, and so will a cold compress and a dark room.

SHAWN

I tried all that.

DOCTOR

Well...

(beat)

Your father was a good friend of mine. I can prescribe some painkillers that will make the migraines seem almost trivial.

SHAWN

(smiles)

Thanks, Doc. You're a good man.

The doctor scribbles a prescription and hands it to Shawn. Shawn folds it and puts it in his pants pocket.

DOCTOR

Take that to the pharmacy downstairs, and they'll set you up.

Shawn walks out the door. The doctor picks up the phone and dials a number.

DOCTOR

I've done it. He'll be downstairs
in a few minutes.

INT. PHARMACY - AFTERNOON

Shawn is about to hand in his prescription when he looks at his watch and realizes what time it is. He runs out the door, prescription in hand.

A pharmacist behind the counter watches him run out. After Shawn has left, the pharmacist picks up a phone and begins to speak.

INT. SHAWN'S CAR - AFTERNOON

As Shawn is heading towards Dmitri's office, he notices that he is being followed. He turns onto a side street, and attempts to lose the car.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - AFTERNOON

Shawn is driving down a residential street. The car following him drives past. Shawn parks the car, shakes his head; a little upset that paranoia has gotten to him. The same car turns down the residential street coming from the opposite direction, driving very slowly.

Shawn ducks down in his car, takes the briefcase off the passenger side seat, and goes out the passenger side door. The car pulls up alongside Shawn's car, and the driver looks in. Realizing that it is empty, he drives away. Shawn notices that the car has foreign tags. He stands up, dusts himself off, puts the briefcase back in the car, and gets back in the car.

INT. CAR - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Shawn pulls into a pharmacy parking lot.

INT. WAITING ROOM - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Shawn is reading a magazine halfheartedly. The PHARMACIST, who is middle-aged and intelligent-looking, calls his name. Shawn approaches the desk and picks up his prescription.

PHARMACIST

If you don't mind me asking,
What exactly is this a prescription
for?

SHAWN

(hesitantly)

It's a painkiller. I have bad
migraines.

PHARMACIST

It's not my place to judge, as
long as you got the prescription.
I only wonder because I've never
filled a prescription like this
before.

SHAWN

You don't usually carry painkillers?

PHARMACIST

Not painkillers that double up
as vitamin supplements.

SHAWN

What do you mean?

PHARMACIST

These painkillers have all sorts
of minerals in them. You could
go germ-free for years with the
stuff in here.

SHAWN

Maybe it helps the migraines.

PHARMACIST

Maybe. I wouldn't worry about
it. It's not enough to kill you.

I just wanted to make sure you knew what you were taking.

SHAWN

I'll call my doctor. Thank you.

Shawn leaves the pharmacy with the bag in hand.

EXT. PHARMACY - THAT EVENING

As Shawn is getting into his car, he feels that familiar pain in his head, and starts to double over in pain. In agony again, Shawn rips open the bottle of medication and swallows a pill. He blacks out.

EXT. PHARMACY - THE NEXT DAY

The pharmacist is looking down at Shawn, who is lying on the ground.

PHARMACIST

Are you all right? Have you been there all night?

SHAWN

Yeah, I'm fine...goddamn migraine. What do you mean, have I been here all night? I don't remember...

PHARMACIST

Here, let me help you up.
(the pharmacist helps Shawn stand up)
I thought I saw you leave with that guy in the car. What happened?

SHAWN

What guy?

PHARMACIST

Are you kidding me? The guy in the dark suit? You guys were talking for a good fifteen minutes before I left. You looked like

you were about to get in his car
right as I was leaving.

SHAWN

Wow. I must have blacked out.
Thanks for checking on me.

PHARMACIST

No problem. You be careful.

INT. SHAWN'S CAR - LATER THAT DAY

Shawn pulls up to Dmitri's office, and leaves his car with
briefcase in hand.

EXT. DMITRI'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

As Shawn approaches the building, he sees a suspicious man
in a dark suit walking out of the building. He turns to
look at the man, but immediately gets another migraine.
This time, without even thinking, Shawn opens the bottle
and takes another pill. The pain goes away, but when he
turns to look again, the man is gone. Shawn heads inside.

INT. DMITRI'S OFFICE - DAY

Dmitri is sitting at his desk, drinking water out of a
crystal glass. He looks at the briefcase in Shawn's hand
and smiles.

SHAWN

Dmitri, who was that man who
just left your building? In
the dark gray suit.

DMITRI

My friend, there are a lot of
people who leave my building
on a regular basis. I can not
possibly keep track of them all.

SHAWN

You wouldn't have sent anyone
to follow me today, would you

have?

DMITRI

No! That was not my doing.

SHAWN

Who was it, then?

DMITRI

It was not me. That is all I will say.

(beat)

Be careful, my friend. I did not lie when I told you I believed you are the best. I would not like to see anything happen.

Shawn has a doubtful expression on his face.

SHAWN

What do you mean?

DMITRI

I have already said too much.

Shawn is about to say something else, but Dmitri quickly changes the subject.

DMITRI

What took you so long to bring me the documents?

SHAWN

I blacked out last night. I've been getting bad migraines.

Dmitri looks confused, but it quickly passes.

DMITRI

Perhaps you can buy some medicine with this?

Dmitri pulls out a briefcase, opens it, and shows Shawn that it is filled with money. He hands it to Shawn.

SHAWN

Dmitri, I wish you could tell

me more.

DMITRI

I'm sorry, but I cannot. Be careful.

Shawn leaves. Dmitri picks up the phone.

DMITRI

He is on to you. Turn up the power and see if that works.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

As Shawn is leaving the building, he sees the man in the suit again.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Shawn knows for sure that this man is following him now, so he ducks behind a car and runs in order to avoid him. Suddenly, he feels another migraine coming. He reaches for the painkillers when he has a thought.

SHAWN

"A targeted soluble capsule containing a ferrate solution..."

Shawn looks at the pills.

PHARMACIST (v.o.)

"These painkillers have all sorts of minerals in them."

Shawn stops running and jumps up. This momentarily surprises the man, and the migraine ceases. Shawn charges the man, but the migraine returns. However, in spite of his pain, he continues to run at the man.

SHAWN

(laboriously)

Who the FUCK are you, and what the FUCK do you want from me?!

The man sees that Shawn is not responding to the migraines, and takes off running. Shawn follows.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Shawn is chasing the man, who is fiddling with a small black box. Suddenly, Shawn falls over, another crippling headache. He blacks out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - THAT EVENING

A businessman dressed in a suit whose car Shawn is laying next to wakes Shawn with a soft kick in the ribs.

BUSINESSMAN

Get lost, you bum.

SHAWN

(groggy)

Whu...?

The businessman opens the door to his car, gets in, and drives off. It is getting dark.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER THAT NIGHT

Shawn pushes the call button to get buzzed in to an apartment building. Catherine's voice comes over the buzzer.

CATHERINE (v.o.)

Hello?

SHAWN

It's me.

CATHERINE (v.o.)

Shawn?! Where have you been?

SHAWN

Long story. Can I come in?

CATHERINE (v.o.)

Of course. I'll buzz you up.

A buzzing sound is heard from the buzzer and Shawn opens the door and goes in. Before the door catches, a mysterious figure slips into the building. The door catches with a resounding "thunk".

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Shawn is walking towards Catherine's apartment when he hears footsteps behind him. He hides in a nearby doorway. The mysterious figure passes him, and Shawn notices it is the MAN with the suit who has been following him. Shawn follows the man for a while.

INT. APARTMENT DIFFERENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Shawn is following the man, who waits for five minutes, and then walks up to a door and knocks. Catherine answers the door wearing a nightgown. Shawn hides in another nearby doorway.

CATHERINE

Hey honey...oh, it's you. Where is he, RINAT?

Shawn is listening intently. He is shocked when he hears that Catherine knows his stalker.

RINAT

What do you mean "oh it's you"?
Where IS he?

CATHERINE

I buzzed him in five minutes ago.
He should be here by now.

RINAT

I followed him in. Where did he go?

CATHERINE

I don't know. Why don't you use your little magic remote and make him come here?

RINAT

Very funny. I can't risk doing that yet. If I try to move him against his will, we don't know what will happen. The shock might kill him.

CATHERINE

So give him a little migraine. We'll hear the screaming from here.

RINAT

(chuckling)

You evil bitch! You're enjoying this a little too much, don't you think?

They both laugh. Rinat kisses her. Shawn is shocked again.

Catherine and Rinat kiss some more. She pulls away.

CATHERINE

What if he walks in right now? You want to ruin the whole thing? Besides, Dmitri isn't paying us to make out.

RINAT

"Make out"?

They laugh and kiss again.

RINAT

Alright, either he got lost or he's on to us. Either way, I say I give it a shot. See if I can make our dog come when I call.

Rinat takes out the remote control and turns it on. Shawn charges out of his hiding spot and rushes Rinat.

RINAT

What the...?!

Rinat doesn't have enough time to think before Shawn is upon him. Shawn lands two or three punches and Rinat is out cold. Shawn grabs the remote control.

SHAWN

What the fuck is going on here?!

Before Shawn can even turn around to get his answer from Catherine, she has drawn a gun from a table next to her door. She holds it leveled at Shawn's chest with the type of steady arm that he did not expect his girlfriend to have.

CATHERINE

If you know what's good for you,
put down the remote and come
inside.

For a second, it looks like Shawn might try to wrestle the gun out of Catherine's hand. Then he notices the steadiness of her hands, as if she has done this before, and drops the remote.

CATHERINE

Good boy.

Catherine hits him with the gun across the back of the head, and all goes black.

INT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

Shawn is handcuffed to a simple wooden chair. His head is leaning to one side. There is blood running from a cut above his right ear. He slowly regains consciousness.

SHAWN

Wha...? Catherine?

CATHERINE

Call me Nadia. Catherine is my
middle name.

SHAWN

(confused)

I don't understand.

NADIA

Shawn, dear, you are a wonderful spy, but you'd make an awful detective. Your own girlfriend was controlling your mind and you were completely oblivious.

SHAWN

Why?

NADIA

This was never just me. When your father passed away, you were supposed to have been fully conditioned..

SHAWN

What?!

NADIA

Oh...he never told you what he really did for a living, did he? You were as naïve as your mother.

SHAWN

What did he do, Catherine or Natasha or whoever you are?

NADIA

I told you, it's Nadia. And he studied mind control.

SHAWN

My father was a Navy pilot.

NADIA

Your father was a Navy pilot, yes. He was also a mind control specialist. He worked hand in hand with the ex-KGB for the five years leading up to his death trying to perfect a method of simple mind control.

SHAWN

I don't believe you.

NADIA

Do you remember how we met?

SHAWN

(beat)

No.

NADIA

Well, we had to have met sometime,
right?

SHAWN

I don't see where this is going.

NADIA

Do you think your father was a
compassionate man? Did he care
for you at all?

SHAWN

He was never the most affectionate,
but he was good...

NADIA

Would a good man use his own son
as a human guinea pig?

Shawn spits in her face.

NADIA

What do you think those pills
really were? After all this
time, your body was starting
to fight our control, so we
needed to step it up a notch.
And you were the only one who
could get the files. Ironic,
isn't it?

Rinat re-enters the room from outside. He has a bandage on
his nose, and he holds the remote control in his hand.

RINAT

You broke my fucking nose.

NADIA

Calm down. You have the upper

hand.

RINAT

And you! You could have broken
the implant when you hit him.
Be a little more careful next
time.

Catherine points the gun at Shawn's head.

CATHERINE

There won't be a next time.
This project is officially
terminated. He's worthless.

RINAT

No. I'm going to make him pay.
Let's see him squirm a little.

Rinat turns a dial on the remote. Shawn jerks back in his chair, in pain. He begins to struggle in the handcuffs, against his will. He is trying to regain control, but the intense pain in his head is stopping him. Suddenly, Shawn goes limp. Blood starts running from his nose.

RINAT

It worked! I got him to struggle!

NADIA

Dmitri is going to promote you!

They kiss. She winks at him.

We'll tell him the good news
tomorrow.

Nadia and Rinat, holding hands, leave the room, locking the door behind them. Shawn is left alone, still attached to the chair by the handcuffs. His head rises for one second, and he looks like he might regain consciousness. Then everything goes black.

INT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Shawn is awake, still attached to the chair. He rocks back and forth one or two times, and eventually falls onto his

back. As he falls down, his lock picks fall out of his pocket. He grabs them, selects two picks from behind his back, and swiftly opens the handcuffs. He stands up, rubs his wrists, and leaves the room.

INT. SHAWN'S BATHROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Shawn looks in the mirror. He washes his face of all traces of blood, and rubs his wrists under the cold water. He looks in the mirror closer, and notices a wrinkle near his right eye. Upon closer examination, he realizes that this is a minute scar.

SHAWN

(to himself)

Jesus. How long has this been
going on. How many years have
I lost?

Shawn looks through the bathroom door at the photo of Nadia and Shawn on the roller coaster. He goes into his room.

INT. SHAWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He picks up the photo, looks at it for a moment, and throws it against the wall, shattering the frame. He walks over to a chair, picks up his satchel and black clothing, and heads out of the room.

EXT. DMITRI'S OFFICE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Shawn, dressed in his familiar black outfit, silently walks down the hallway of a familiar office building, stops at a familiar door, and picks the lock. The door opens, and Shawn walks in, satchel in hand.

INT. DMITRI'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Dmitri, Nadia, and Rinat are in the room, all drinking water out of crystal glasses. Dmitri is seated at the desk. Nadia and Rinat are standing, pacing, obviously excited.

RINAT

It worked.

DMITRI

What worked?

RINAT

I forced Mason to struggle.
Against his will. I controlled
him.

DMITRI

And how do you know that it was
against his will, exactly?

RINAT

He passed out.

DMITRI

His father would be proud. I am
very happy with this. Between
this and those files he gave me,
we should have him fully
conditioned quite soon.

NADIA

What should we do with him? I
don't want him tied up in my living
room for any longer than he has to be.

DMITRI

We will dispose of him as soon
as possible.

RINAT

Tell you what. Why don't we bring
him back in here tomorrow, try to
reset his memory, and do it all
over again. We can get it right
next time.

DMITRI

That sounds like a plan. In the
meantime, stay with Rinat, Nadia.
I know you are anyway.

Nadia and Rinat hold hands. They turn to leave. The door is locked. Rinat attempts to unlock it, but the mechanism does not turn.

RINAT

What the hell is this? Why did you lock the door?

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Shawn, wearing a suit and his satchel, is standing outside of Dmitri's office with the locking mechanism in his hand. He has jammed the lock. The three of them are stuck in the soundproof office. The irony causes Shawn to smile.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Dmitri, Nadia, and Rinat continue to drink from their glasses. Rinat looks into the water cooler as he is drinking.

Sitting in the bottom of the cooler are the remainder of Shawn's pills, slowly dissolving in the water. Rinat looks scared.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Shawn pulls the remote control out of his satchel.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

All three people are spitting out the water. Suddenly, they all drop to the ground, writhing in pain.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Shawn, wincing, takes a potted plant out of its pot, sticks the remote control underneath, and replants it. He walks away, whistling.

FADE OUT

- END -