

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

JANET, a young woman in her early thirties, sleeps on the queen-sized bed, as NATHAN quietly gets dressed in front of a mirror.

After zipping up his pants, he stares at his upper body and flexes his muscular arms.

Nathan opens the closet door and kneels down to an old pair of sneakers. He reaches inside the left shoe and pulls out a wad of hundred-dollar bills. He shoves two bills into his pocket, then sticks the rest back in the shoe.

Nathan tiptoes back to the bed and gently lifts the mattress. He wraps his fingers around a small handgun and pulls it from the hiding place.

Suddenly, Janet sits up in the bed and grabs her pregnant belly. Nathan quickly slides the gun into his pants.

Half asleep, Janet gazes up at him.

NATHAN

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to wake you.

JANET

You didn't. The baby is kicking again.

Nathan walks to her side of the bed, lifts up her shirt and places a hand on her bare stomach.

NATHAN

He sure is.

JANET

Or she!

As Nathan pulls his hand away, she grabs it.

JANET (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

NATHAN

To the store.

Janet glances over at the digital clock on her nightstand.

JANET

At one in the morning?

NATHAN

We're out of milk. And I need  
cigarettes. I can't sleep.

Nathan grabs a shirt out of his closet and hurries out of the  
bedroom.

EXT. MINIT MART - NIGHT

An old, rusty dented-up station wagon pulls into the parking  
lot of the twenty-four hour convenience store. The car stops  
in a parking space below the window.

Through the glass, there is a blurry image of someone looking  
out.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Nathan holds the gun in his lap.

NATHAN

You better not play games with me  
tonight, Jimmy.

Nathan checks outside in all directions, then opens the car  
door.

INT. MINIT MART - NIGHT

JIMMY, a greasy punk with a spider web tattoo on his arm,  
works alone behind the register. As Nathan swings through the  
doors, Jimmy flashes a toothless smile and lets out a  
sinister laugh.

JIMMY

Yo what's up, Nate? It's about time  
you got your ass in here. I thought  
you were coming right down.

NATHAN

Jimmy, you know I have to wait for  
the wife to fall asleep.

JIMMY

Hey man, you've got to tell her to-

Nathan cuts him off.

NATHAN  
Not tonight, Jimmy.

Nathan heads to the back of the store and grabs a half-gallon of milk from the cooler. He takes it up to the register and places it on the counter.

Jimmy drops the milk into a brown paper bag, then types a price into the register.

JIMMY  
Two twenty-seven.

NATHAN  
What? You told me on the phone one seventy-five!

JIMMY  
Yeah, well, prices went up.

Nathan clenches his fist as his face turns red.

NATHAN  
You do this every time.

JIMMY  
You keep coming back.

Nathan lowers his hand.

NATHAN  
Never again.

JIMMY  
Come on, Nate. I'm just messing with you.

Nathan reaches into his pocket and pulls out his wad of cash.

NATHAN  
One hundred and seventy-five dollars. That was the deal.

JIMMY  
And two dollars for the milk. That comes to one seventy-seven.

Nathan hands over the money. Jimmy reaches into the drawer and gives Nathan his change.

NATHAN  
Expensive milk.

JIMMY

But it's well worth it. You'll see.

Nathan lifts the brown paper bag off the counter.

NATHAN

You mind if I use your bathroom?

JIMMY

You know I don't like it when  
people hang around.

NATHAN

I'll only be a minute.

JIMMY

It's open. But make it quick!

Nathan hurries to the narrow hallway at the back of the store.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The grimy bathroom is covered with dirt and cobwebs. Nathan closes the toilet seat and places the brown paper bag on top.

A noise can be heard in the store, but he ignores it.

Nathan stares at himself through the filmy mirror, then reaches inside the bag and pulls out a miniature bag of white powder.

There's already a razor blade on the sink.

INT. MINIT MART - NIGHT

Jimmy squirms on the floor behind the counter with a foot on his back and a gun to his head.

JIMMY

Who the hell are you guys?! I know  
you're not cops!

A badge falls onto the floor in front of Jimmy's face.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Nathan! Flush it down the toilet,  
man! Now!

Jimmy spits out blood.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Nathan inspects his nose through the mirror and wipes away any trace of powder. He takes a couple of deep sniffs.

JIMMY'S VOICE  
(muffled)  
Get out of there Nathan!

A gunshot is followed by silence. Nathan puts his ear up to the door.

NATHAN  
Jimmy?

The doorknob jostles as Nathan backs up against the wall. He pulls out his gun and aims it at the door.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Jimmy, what's going on?!

As the door is kicked open, two more gunshots ring out.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The doorbell wakes Janet up. She looks at the clock which reads 2:15AM. She slowly climbs out of bed and puts on a robe.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Two POLICE OFFICERS hold Janet down as she kicks and screams.

JANET  
No! No! No! Where is he?!

POLICE OFFICER #1  
He's in the hospital with a gunshot wound, but he'll be alright. I'm afraid that after he recovers, he'll be going away for a while.

Janet breathes heavily and stops fighting back.

JANET  
Oh my god! Oh my god! My baby! I'm going to have my baby!

Janet holds her stomach as she tries to catch her breath.

POLICE OFFICER #2  
I'll call for an ambulance.

As the police officer reaches for the phone, DONOVAN, ten years old, runs down the stairs in his pajamas with tears streaming down his face.

FADE TO:

20 YEARS LATER

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - NIGHT

Donovan, now a grown, burly man in his thirties, sits across the desk from DETECTIVE ROBERTS. Donovan's hair is neatly slicked back and he sports a three-piece suit. Detective Roberts closes a file.

ROBERTS

Donovan?

Donovan's eyes are dazed.

ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Donovan?

Donovan snaps out of it.

DONOVAN

Huh?

ROBERTS

Are you alright?

DONOVAN

Yeah. You just brought back some bad memories, that's all.

Donovan stands up.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

I didn't come here to talk about my father. You told me to come right down, that it was very important.

ROBERTS

Donovan, we arrested your brother tonight for armed robbery.

DONOVAN

Brent? No, it can't be. He straightened out.

ROBERTS

Apparently not.

Donovan shakes his head in disbelief.

DONOVAN  
This has to be a mistake.

ROBERTS  
I'm afraid it's not. We're also  
charging him with murder.

DONOVAN  
What?!

ROBERTS  
I'm sorry, Donovan.

Donovan takes a deep breath.

DONOVAN  
Where is he?

ROBERTS  
Follow me.

Detective Roberts swings a key chain on his finger as he  
leads Donovan out of his office.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATING ROOM - NIGHT

BRENT, who is in his twenties, is secured to a chair at the  
end of a large table. His dirty, long hair is pulled back in  
a ponytail.

Two men in black suits hover over Brent. They are AGENT  
FIELDING and AGENT BOCHNER.

Beside Brent is an attractive young woman, AGENT YOST, who  
writes in a notebook.

FIELDING  
Why did you have to kill him,  
Brent?

BOCHNER  
Trying to be more like your father?

Brent spits in Agent Bochner's face. He wipes his face with  
his sleeve. He walks away, but quickly returns and strikes  
Brent on the jaw.

BOCHNER (CONT'D)  
You have no idea what's going on  
here, kid! Your life is in my hands  
now.

(MORE)

BOCHNER (CONT'D)  
Keep up that attitude and you'll be  
spitting on your own grave!

Brent holds his jaw and shakes off the pain.

BRENT  
I'm not talking until my brother  
gets here!

FIELDING  
Your brother's a good lawyer, but  
there's nothing he can do to help  
you. We live in an age of "an eye  
for an eye." Murder carries a  
mandatory death penalty.

BOCHNER  
This is the end of the line, Brent.  
Live like your father, die like  
your father.

The door swings open and Donovan follows Detective Roberts  
into the room.

BRENT  
Donovan! Get me out of here, man!

DONOVAN  
Don't worry Brent, I will.

Detective Roberts points to the different agents.

ROBERTS  
Donovan, I'd like you to meet Agent  
Fielding.

Donovan shakes Fielding's hand.

DONOVAN  
A federal agent?

FIELDING  
That's correct.

Donovan shoots Detective Roberts a confused look.

DONOVAN  
What the hell is the bureau doing  
here? Did I miss something?

ROBERTS  
They will explain everything.

Roberts motions to Agent Bochner.

ROBERTS (CONT'D)  
This is Agent Bochner. He's in  
charge of the case.

As they shake hands, the woman sitting beside Brent stands  
up. Donovan focuses his attention over to her.

ROBERTS (CONT'D)  
And this is Agent Yost.

Donovan approaches her.

YOST  
Hello, Mr. Miller.

DONOVAN  
Donovan. Call me Donovan.

She smiles at him as he checks her out.

YOST  
Nice to finally meet you.

DONOVAN  
You've heard of me?

YOST  
I guess you could say that.

Donovan looks down at his brother.

DONOVAN  
Could I have some time alone with  
my brother?

BOCHNER  
I'm sorry, but we can't allow that.

DONOVAN  
Remember, I'm not just his brother,  
I'm his attorney. He has his  
rights.

BRENT  
Donovan, they're saying this has  
something to do with Dad. They keep  
asking me questions about him.

DONOVAN  
They were asking me questions too.

Donovan glares at Detective Roberts.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Our father has nothing to do with  
this!

Bochner steps in front of Detective Roberts.

BOCHNER

Oh yes, Donovan, I'm afraid he  
does. He has a lot to do with it.

Detective Roberts unlocks Brent from his chair and drags him  
across the room against his will.

BRENT

What are you doing?! Let go of me!

Bochner and Fielding each grab one of Donovan's arms to hold  
him back.

DONOVAN

Would somebody please tell me what  
is going on?!

The door slams shut as Brent and the detective disappear into  
the hallway.

BOCHNER

Sit down.

Donovan hesitates, then sits down at the table.

DONOVAN

All I want is some answers.

BOCHNER

You'll get them. Agent Fielding?  
Fire away.

Agent Fielding turns on a television monitor and inserts a  
videotape as the other agents find their seats.

The television shows the inside of a liquor store where a  
masked gunman walks up to the CLERK behind the counter. There  
are several other masked gunmen by his side.

FIELDING

Your brother enters the liquor  
store with some of his buddies.

The first masked gunman reaches across the counter and grabs  
the manager by the throat. A scuffle breaks out.

FIELDING (CONT'D)

The manager tells him that he can't open the safe, but Brent doesn't believe him.

DONOVAN

That man is wearing a mask. How do you know it's my brother?

FIELDING

Just watch.

During the struggle, the manager pulls off the mask, revealing Brent's face. Brent immediately aims his gun at the manager's head and fires a round.

FIELDING (CONT'D)

The clerk died instantly.

The clerk drops out of view as Brent empties the cash register, grabs some bottles of whiskey and disappears out of the camera's sight.

FIELDING (CONT'D)

He's a cold blooded killer, Donovan.

Agent Fielding turns off the videotape. Donovan looks away as Fielding reaches under the table and pulls out a cardboard box.

FIELDING (CONT'D)

We searched your brother's car and found these items.

He places a small handgun on the table.

FIELDING (CONT'D)

The gun from the video, registered in his name.

He tosses a handful of miniature vials onto the table.

FIELDING (CONT'D)

Crack cocaine vials.

He drops a needle onto the table.

FIELDING (CONT'D)

And a needle with traces of heroin.

Donovan stares at the evidence.

DONOVAN

I know my brother has some problems, but...

BOCHNER

But it looks like he has even more problems than your father did.

Donovan stands up and shoves Agent Bochner up against the wall by his neck.

DONOVAN

My father's problems are done and over with. I'm sick of hearing about it. He paid for what he did. He paid with his life.

Agent Bochner pushes Donovan away from him.

BOCHNER

You try that again Donovan, and you'll be sitting in a jail cell next to your brother.

FIELDING

Regardless of your feelings about the past, we are here to tell you that your brother's situation is relevant to your father's.

DONOVAN

Why? Because my brother could get capital punishment just like my father did?

FIELDING

It's far more complex than that. You see, we believe that it was in your brother's genes to be like your father; a criminal, a murderer.

DONOVAN

I've heard enough!

Bochner laughs at Donovan.

BOCHNER

We've already proved it in another case, and we're about to prove it again. Ever hear of something called nature vs. nurture?

DONOVAN

Yes I have, but what about me? Why haven't I killed anybody yet?

Bochner and Fielding look at each other for the answer. Bochner shrugs his shoulders.

BOCHNER

It's simply not in your genes. Maybe you take after your mother.

Donovan heads for the door.

DONOVAN

This is crazy.

FIELDING

Donovan! Wait! We want to offer your brother a second chance.

Donovan stops and turns around.

DONOVAN

You're letting him go?

BOCHNER

Not exactly.

DONOVAN

Then what's your idea of a second chance?

Fielding points to a chair.

FIELDING

Please sit back down. I assure you that this is worth it.

Donovan sits back down.

BOCHNER

Your turn, Agent Yost.

Agent Yost stands up and approaches Donovan. He glances down at her long legs and short skirt.

YOST

We will be giving your brother a new life.

DONOVAN

Rehab again?

YOST

No.

DONOVAN

What else can you do?

YOST

Exactly what I said. We're going to give him a new life. The catch is, he won't look or act anything like the brother you remember. He will be totally different.

DONOVAN

I get it. You want him to be a guinea pig for one of your experiments. That explains why the feds are here. It's another one of your classified government operations, am I right?

YOST

Like Agent Bochner said, the first half of this project has already been proven a success. Your brother is not a guinea pig. We've done this before.

DONOVAN

What are you going to do to him?

YOST

Of course, that's the classified part.

Agent Bochner leans over into Donovan's face.

BOCHNER

Come on, Donovan, you know as well as I do that your brother has no defense. You know he'll get capital punishment. What do you have to lose? Your law books don't mean anything right now. This is the only chance you have to save your brother.

Donovan stands up in front of Bochner.

BOCHNER (CONT'D)

What do you say?

Donovan swings the door open and stares everyone down.

DONOVAN  
I'll see you in court.

Donovan slams the door behind him.

BOCHNER  
(shouting)  
You have no idea what you're up  
against, Donovan!

Bochner grins at Agent Yost.

BOCHNER (CONT'D)  
Proceed as planned.

Agent Yost smiles back as she stands up, then hurries out the door.

INT. DONOVAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

The front door unlocks and Donovan walks in and throws his keys on the cluttered coffee table. Dirty dishes and piles of laundry are scattered throughout the room. A cat runs out to Donovan, meowing and hugging his leg.

Donovan sorts through a pile of mail. He stops at an envelope with a return address in bold print: Divorce Court.

He throws the envelope across the room and storms over to a collection of pictures on the wall. He removes a picture of himself with a young woman, SANDRA.

He holds the picture in his hands, gazing sadly at the memory.

DONOVAN  
Thanks!

Donovan throws the picture across the room into the front door. It smashes to pieces. He leans up against the wall and closes his eyes.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. Donovan reopens his eyes and approaches the front door.

Donovan swings the door open and is surprised to see Agent Yost standing in the hallway. Without asking, she walks right into his apartment and closes the door behind her.

YOST  
We need to talk.

DONOVAN  
I already told you. I'm not  
interested in your deal.

YOST  
Neither am I. You have to listen to  
me. I'm here to help you.

DONOVAN  
Can you release my brother from  
jail?

YOST  
Not exactly.

DONOVAN  
Then I'm not interested.

YOST  
But that could happen, technically.

Agent Yost kneels down and picks up the broken picture of  
Sandra.

YOST (CONT'D)  
Is this your girlfriend?

DONOVAN  
Wife.

Agent Yost looks up at Donovan, somewhat disappointed.

YOST  
I didn't know you were married.

DONOVAN  
Not for long. She's my soon to be  
ex-wife.

YOST  
I see.

Agent Yost smiles at Donovan as she drops the picture back on  
the floor. She notices more pictures above a bookcase across  
the room and kicks through a pile of dirty clothes to get to  
them. She points to a picture of a young, teenage Nathan.

YOST (CONT'D)  
Is that the father I've heard all  
about?

DONOVAN  
That's his high school graduation  
picture.

Donovan's face suddenly appears agitated.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)  
Why does this keep going back to my  
father?

YOST  
I'm sorry, but the only way I can  
help you and your brother is for  
you to answer my questions.

Donovan takes a deep breath.

DONOVAN  
Fine.

YOST  
On the night that your father was  
arrested for the murder of a  
federal agent, you were ten years  
old. Correct?

Donovan stares at the floor.

DONOVAN  
Yes.

YOST  
And your mother was pregnant with  
your brother?

DONOVAN  
Yes. My father survived a gunshot  
wound and he was arrested at the  
hospital. The stress sent my mother  
right into labor. Brent probably  
wouldn't have been born for another  
couple of weeks. I always felt bad  
for Brent, having that happen on  
his birthday. No wonder he's all  
screwed up. I would be too.

YOST  
You still love your father,  
regardless of what he did?

Agent Yost has struck an emotional chord in Donovan. His eyes  
light up.

DONOVAN  
He's my father. Of course I do.

YOST  
And you love your brother?

DONOVAN

Yes.

Agent Yost moves closer to Donovan.

YOST

Than you have to come with me now,  
before it's too late.

DONOVAN

Too late for what?

ANDREA

To save your brother.

Agent Yost holds her hand out to him.

INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Agent Yost drives a red sports car. The interior is sleek and expensive-looking. Donovan sits quietly in the passenger seat. As Agent Yost shifts gears, Donovan puts on his seatbelt.

DONOVAN

Agent...Agent...

YOST

Agent Yost, but please, just call  
me Andrea.

DONOVAN

Okay, Andrea, where are we going  
and why are you in such a hurry?

ANDREA

I already told you. We're saving  
your brother's life. Wait until  
we're on the elevator and things  
will start to make sense. Maybe.

Andrea shifts again and goes even faster.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT

The sports car races into the entrance of the federal building and stops at a guarded gate.

Andrea flashes an identification card and speeds through the gate when it opens.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The sports car pulls into the first available parking space.  
The lights and engine shut off.

INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Donovan glares at Andrea, shaking his head.

DONOVAN

The Federal Building? Yeah, right.  
Turn around. Why would I want to go  
in there?

ANDREA

It's the only way.

DONOVAN

Forget it.

ANDREA

I already told you. I'm here to  
help you. It's us against them.

Donovan grabs her by the arm.

DONOVAN

You're lying! This is your job  
we're talking about here. You're a  
federal agent. Why would you risk  
your job to help me?

ANDREA

I don't agree with what they're  
doing to you...or me.

Donovan senses something in Andrea's voice and slowly loosens  
his grip on her arm.

DONOVAN

Keep talking.

ANDREA

There's no time. You'll figure out  
the rest on your own.

Donovan eases back as Andrea climbs out of the car.

INT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Donovan looks closely at the red sports car. It features  
scattered dents, rusty spots and a faded paint job.

DONOVAN

I see you take care of your things.

ANDREA

She's been through her fair share  
of car chases.

DONOVAN

Must be an exciting job.

ANDREA

You're about to see for yourself.

Andrea places an identification badge on Donovan's sport  
coat. He checks it out.

DONOVAN

What's this?

ANDREA

For security purposes, you are now  
Special Agent Lynch.

DONOVAN

Who's that?

ANDREA

Don't know. I made it up.

Donovan looks at his picture on the fake identification card  
as they head across the parking lot.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT

It is quiet inside the federal building as several agents  
casually cross their path.

A grey-haired security guard, MAXWELL, guards the lobby. As  
Donovan and Andrea pass through a metal detector, Maxwell  
smiles at them.

MAXWELL

How do you do, Miss Yost? Working  
late again?

Maxwell has an Australian accent.

ANDREA

It never ends.

Maxwell pushes a button that turns off a beeping metal  
detector. Andrea leads Donovan to a wall of a dozen  
elevators.

She stops at the very last one and pulls a key out of her pocket. Donovan presses the buttons continuously to try to get the door to open.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

You can press them all you want. It won't do a thing. It needs a key.

Andrea inserts her key into a slot, then turns it. The door immediately opens and they both step into the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The elevator door closes and Andrea walks straight to the back. With the same key, she opens a small console on the wall. Donovan watches as she types something into a miniature keyboard.

DONOVAN

What are you doing?

A few seconds later, she closes the box and turns around.

ANDREA

Ten seconds.

Donovan points to the display of buttons corresponding to the different floors. It ranges from first floor to twelfth floor.

DONOVAN

Which floor?

ANDREA

It doesn't matter. Pick one.

DONOVAN

I don't know where we're going.

ANDREA

Our floor isn't listed on there.

Andrea holds her hand out to Donovan as the elevator begins to shake.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Take my hand.

DONOVAN

I'll be fine.

Suddenly, the elevator moves at breakneck speed, but is it going up or down?

The ceiling lights flicker as the elevator moves even faster. Donovan holds onto a railing along the wall.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)  
Why is it going so fast?

ANDREA  
It's not even moving. It just seems like it is.

Donovan tumbles around the elevator, while Andrea stands perfectly still.

Seconds later, the elevator abruptly stops.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Donovan picks himself off the floor and follows Andrea out of the elevator. He takes a confused look around and they appear to be getting off on the floor they got on at.

DONOVAN  
We didn't even go anywhere.

ANDREA  
Oh yes we did.

There is the usual amount of traffic inside the federal building.

Donovan and Andrea approach the same security guard, Maxwell, but this time from the opposite side.

Maxwell stands by the metal detector. His hair is no longer grey and he has a much younger, muscular appearance.

MAXWELL  
How do you do, Miss Yost? Working late again?

Maxwell has the same Australian accent.

ANDREA  
It never ends.

Maxwell pushes a button as they pass through the metal detector. Donovan stares Maxwell down. He points at Maxwell and opens his mouth as if about to say something, but Andrea jerks him by the arm and pulls him along.

ANDREA (CONT'D)  
Relax, Donovan.

As they exit the building, Donovan keeps turning around and looking at Maxwell.

INT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Donovan and Andrea approach the parking space where they left her car. Andrea pulls out a remote and points it. A loud beep rings out. As Andrea opens the driver's door, Donovan stops and checks out the car.

DONOVAN

This is not your car.

The multiple dents and scratches are gone. The glossy red paint looks brand new.

ANDREA

Of course it is. Now hurry up and get in. We don't have much time.

Donovan opens the passenger door and climbs inside.

INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Andrea starts the car and pulls away. Donovan holds his forehead.

DONOVAN

I feel like I'm burning up.

ANDREA

That's normal. It'll go away. Just relax. You'll be fine.

Donovan leans back in the passenger seat and stares out the window, sweat running down his face.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The red sports car moves quickly down the street. Only a few other cars are out in the night. Suddenly, the car pulls over to the side of the road.

INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Andrea turns off the headlights, but leaves the engine running.

DONOVAN

Now what are we doing?

ANDREA

First of all, I'm going to tell you something. I don't want you to get caught up in it. Just accept it and move on.

DONOVAN

What?

ANDREA

Your brother's about to be born. Do you know what I'm saying? What it means? Where we are?

Donovan wipes the sweat from his face and laughs.

DONOVAN

At this point, I'm prepared for anything.

ANDREA

Good. Now let's move on to specifics. Later tonight, your mother's going to be arriving at the hospital, along with Agent Bochner and Agent Fielding. Know what they're going to do?

DONOVAN

Something with my brother?

ANDREA

They're going to switch babies. They're going to give you a whole new brother altogether.

DONOVAN

Why are they doing this?

ANDREA

Research. It's just research. And money. It's always about money.

DONOVAN

But why my brother? Why my family?

ANDREA

Why anybody? They want to see how he turns out, to see if he turns into a criminal like your brother did.

Donovan punches the dashboard. Andrea grabs his hand.

DONOVAN  
How can they get away with this?

ANDREA  
They've been controlling lives for years.

DONOVAN  
You're telling me all this and I'm supposed to trust you?

ANDREA  
I'll give you one reason.

Andrea points to a convenience store across the street.

ANDREA (CONT'D)  
Look familiar?

DONOVAN  
Yeah. That's where my father killed that FBI agent.

ANDREA  
Do you know what time it is? It's shortly after one in the morning.

Donovan watches a car turn into the convenience store.

EXT. MINIT MART - NIGHT

An old, rusty dented-up station wagon pulls into the parking lot of the twenty-four hour convenience store. The car stops in a parking space below the window.

Through the glass, there is a blurry image of someone looking out.

INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Donovan seems as if he's in a trance.

ANDREA  
Your mother went into labor from the shock, right?

DONOVAN  
Yeah.

ANDREA  
If you stop your father, then your brother won't be born yet.  
(MORE)

ANDREA (CONT'D)  
They can't switch the babies  
tonight if he's not born.

DONOVAN  
I always thought about what I would  
do if I could go back in time and  
prevent my father from doing this.  
It's like a dream I've always had.

ANDREA  
This is your chance. Make it come  
true.

With a dedication in his eyes, Donovan climbs out of the car.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Nathan holds the gun in his lap.

NATHAN  
You better not play games with me  
tonight, Jimmy.

Nathan checks outside in all directions, then opens the car  
door.

EXT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Andrea leans out her window where Donovan is standing. She  
motions for him to come closer, so he does.

ANDREA  
I'll be waiting here for you. Good  
luck.

Andrea grabs Donovan by his collar and pulls him into a  
brief, but passionate kiss. Donovan turns and hurries across  
the street.

INT. MINIT MART - NIGHT

Nathan hands over the money. Jimmy reaches into the drawer  
and gives Nathan his change.

NATHAN  
Expensive milk.

JIMMY  
But it's well worth it. You'll see.

Nathan lifts the brown paper bag off the counter.

NATHAN

You mind if I use your bathroom?

JIMMY

You know I don't like it when  
people hang around.

NATHAN

I'll only be a minute.

JIMMY

It's open. But make it quick!

Nathan hurries to the narrow hallway at the back of the store.

EXT. MINIT MART - NIGHT

Donovan slows down as he sees a dark figure hanging around the entrance to the store.

Donovan stops as soon as the man's face is visible. It is Agent Fielding.

FIELDING

It's about time, Donovan. We've  
been waiting for you.

DONOVAN

You set me up.

FIELDING

I didn't.

Suddenly, an arm wraps around Donovan's neck and chokes him. It is Agent Bochner.

BOCHNER

But I did.

Bochner pulls a gun and holds it to Donovan's head as he drags him into the store behind Agent Fielding.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The grimy bathroom is covered with dirt and cobwebs. Nathan closes the toilet seat and places the brown paper bag on top.

Nathan stares at himself through the filmy mirror, then reaches inside the bag and pulls out a miniature bag of white powder.

There's already a razor blade on the sink.

INT. MINIT MART - NIGHT

Jimmy squirms on the floor behind the counter with a foot on his back and a gun to his head.

JIMMY  
Who the hell are you guys?! I know  
you're not cops!

A badge falls onto the floor in front of Jimmy's face.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Nathan! Flush it down the toilet,  
man! Now!

Jimmy spits out blood.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Nathan inspects his nose through the mirror and wipes away any trace of powder. He takes a couple of deep sniffs.

JIMMY'S VOICE  
(muffled)  
Get out of there Nathan!

A gunshot is followed by silence. Nathan puts his ear up to the door.

NATHAN  
Jimmy?

INT. MINIT MART - NIGHT

Blood pours from Jimmy's head as Agent Fielding leaves him lying on the floor behind the counter.

At the end of the narrow hallway, Agent Bochner holds Donovan in front of the bathroom door.

BOCHNER  
Open the door.

Donovan tries to open the door, but it is locked.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The doorknob jostles as Nathan backs up against the wall. He pulls out his gun and aims it at the door.

NATHAN  
Jimmy, what's going on?!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Agent Bochner pulls Donovan a step back from the door.

BOCHNER  
Kick it open.

DONOVAN  
No!

Bochner presses his gun firmly against Donovan's cheek.

BOCHNER  
Kick it open!

Donovan kicks the door out of its hinges. Nathan extends the gun out in front of him, his arms trembling.

With one arm choking Donovan by the neck, Bochner uses his free hand to shoot Nathan in the shoulder. As Nathan is shot, blood splatters onto the mirror and he impulsively fires his gun.

The bullet tears into Donovan's chest as Nathan falls to the floor. He drops the gun and clenches his shoulder.

Donovan and Nathan look each other in the eyes, neither one quite sure what just happened. Bochner holds Donovan up, as he gets weaker with every second.

Donovan can barely keep his tearful eyes open as Agent Fielding pushes his way into the bathroom.

He turns Nathan on his back and handcuffs him.

As Donovan tries to speak, a mouthful of blood drips down his chin.

DONOVAN  
(raspy)  
Da-a-a-a-a-a-d.

Nathan looks over as Bochner releases his hold on Donovan. He collapses to the floor and loses consciousness.