

FADE IN:

OVERBLACK:

DUSTIN (V.O.)  
Sometimes things don't work out the  
way they suppose to...

A LARGE WAREHOUSE DOOR slides open.

Replaces the darkness with LIGHT. Blinding light.

DUSTIN (V.O.)  
...Sometimes no matter what you do,  
or how hard you try, things aren't  
going to go the way you planned.

Two BLACK SILHOUETTES step into the light. No detail.  
Two figures framed by the doorway.

DUSTIN (V.O.)  
Sometimes your chances are just  
slim to none.

The figures walk toward us.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHINESE BORDER ROAD -- DAY

GUANGDONG PROVINCE

A late model BMW speeds down the road. Kicks up dust.

INT. BMW -- MOMENTS LATER

FOUR COURIERS for the Hong Kong Crime Syndicate ride in  
silence. Tense and anxious. All four wear mirrored sun  
glasses. There's a heavy black briefcase between the two  
in back.

EXT. CHINESE BORDER ROAD -- MOMENTS LATER

The BMW whips pass a CHINESE NATIONAL PATROL CAR.

It pulls out into the BMW dusts trail.

INT. BMW -- CONTINUOUS

The driver YUN HO glances into the rear view and gives a silent curse.

The police car red strobes flash to life.

INT. BMW -- CONTINUOUS

The other couriers look behind them. The two in the back pull out submachine guns.

IN CHINESE

YUN HO

Put them down, now! Cover them up.

They put the guns away.

He throws a look at the briefcase.

YUN HO

I'll take care of it.

He slows the car.

EXT. CHINESE BORDER ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

The BMW pulls over.

The patrol car pulls up behind it.

The PATROLMAN pulls up behind.

Patrolman walks up to the BMW. He studies it and looks at the couriers through the window carefully before approaching the window.

PATROLMAN

Let me have your identification.

Yun Ho lifts his shades. Shows his calm, clear eyes.

YUN HO

Of course

(he digs them out)

Here you are, sir.

The Patrolman looks over Yun's passport and driving license. He checks the picture against his face.

PATROLMAN

Yun Ho?

Yun Ho smiles.

PATROLMAN

Why are you visiting China, Yun?

YUN HO

Like my visa says. We're here for my sister's wedding.

The Patrolman scans the inside of the car. The other three faces. He takes passing notice of the briefcase.

PATROLMAN

Your sister.

YUN HO

Yes.

PATROLMAN

Where are your gifts?

YUN HO

Gifts?

PATROLMAN

Gifts. You are going to a Chinese wedding. Where are your gifts for the bride and her mother?

YUN HO

Oh right, gifts. They're in the trunk.

PATROLMAN

Show me.

YUN HO

Of course.

The Patrolman steps back from the door to let him out.

Yun Ho looks into the rear view mirror at the others.

In the back seat, a hand slides toward the TRIGGER almost imperceptibly.

Yun Ho shakes his head. The hand slides back to neutral.

EXT. CHINESE BORDER ROAD -- MOMENTS LATER

Yun Ho steps out of the car and walks around back of the car.

The Patrolman follows.

Yun Ho unlocks the trunk.

The Patrolman looks in. Sees only blankets.

PATROLMAN

Where are they?

Yun Ho looks down, startled at the gifts absence,

YUN HO

I don't...they were here.

He reaches in further in the trunk. Digs around. Finally pulls aside a blanket.

YUN HO

Oh, here they are. Right where I-

The Patrolman shoves Yun Ho by the neck, deeper into the trunk, holding his face into the blanket.

Patrolman draws his pistol and staples two bullets through the back of Yun's head.

The Patrolman steps out from behind the trunk and empties the clip into the car. The couriers spasms violently.

The Patrolman expertly ejects the empty clip, slaps in another and fires another round into the car.

He reaches in and takes the briefcase from the arms of the dead courier.

Patrolman notices the shades everybody's wearing. Takes a pair, puts them on and checks himself in the side mirror.

Not bad.