

INT. DINER -- DAY

The searcher wakes up, shakes his head clear. He opens the menu, studies it ... when Jenna brushes past him, leaving a CHECK.

JENNA

Check, sir.

THE SEARCHER

Eh - excuse me?

But Jenna is long gone. The searcher shakes his head, then the check catches his eye ... "RUN. THEY'RE COMING" scrawled across it.

The searcher glances up to look, but Jenna disappears into the kitchen.

The searcher rises, glances to the side. A black car, a large sedan, with darkly tinted front glass, ominous and official, has stopped outside, but the occupants are still in the vehicle.

He gets up and moves down the aisle towards the back door, leaving his backpack behind. He notices that Mac has gotten up too and is coming towards him, holding out his hand as if to stop him.

MAC

Excuse me ...

The searcher SLAMS a coffee mug into the Mac's face! He goes down, stunned. The searcher immediately picks up speed, runs towards the backdoor, hearing Mac getting up and going after him ...

EXT. BACK DOOR ALLEY -- DAY

Mac opens the door, takes a peek. Not a soul in sight. He starts to move when ...

...BHAM! The door gets slammed into his face. Stumbling backwards, Mac sees the searcher run to a ledge, preparing to jump. Rubbing his chin, he sets off after the searcher at top speed.

A FRANTIC FOOT CHASE. Both men scramble over chain-link fences, leap over trashed cars. Mac has pulled a gun, is firing on the searcher but misses. But he is catching up. Mac pursues around a corner, into a passageway between buildings --

--Where the searcher gets another jump on him, swinging a metal rod at his head, but Mac is quick. He ducks out of the way; the rod only catches his arm, but at least he drops his gun.

Mac rolls up, combat-ready. They circle each other; the searcher is expertly wielding the short rod with the familiarity of someone well-trained in martial arts --

unbelievably fast -- Mac attacks, but the searcher quickly parries, catches the other arm and pins him on the ground. Mac flails helplessly like a fish on dry ground, but the searcher has him under complete control, putting pressure on the road, bearing down on the throat of bespectacled man.

THE SEARCHER

So, friend, now we talk.

Mac is struggling, retching.

THE SEARCHER (CONT'D)

Who the hell are you? Who do you work for? And why the hell are you after me?

Mac is saying something, but it's unintelligible.

THE SEARCHER (CONT'D)

What?

He eases on the pressure. Mac coughs.

MAC

Traitor.

He exhales. Raspy voice.

MAC (CONT'D)

You're a fucking traitor.

Bullets whistle past the searcher. Two men have appeared, firing on him. Time to leave. The searcher ducks and whips the rod across Mac's head, knocking him out.

Using various obstacles as cover, he escapes down a narrow alleyway.

He turns a corner, slows down, tries to be an inconspicuous guy on a walk -- heading towards the subway station -- trying not to panic -- don't run, stay small -- get to the corner...

And it's looking good for a moment -- but only a moment -- ... He scans the streets. Frowns as he spots the SAME large dark sedan ... with darkly tinted front glasses, up the street, parked, idling. He turns the other way ... Pulse starting to race.

Too late. The driver has spotted him. The engine REVS, the car shoots out, accelerating towards the searcher.

The searcher gives up all pretense of being visible and runs. The staircase of a pedestrian tunnel is close, just a bit closer ... the car is coming ... the searcher dives.

GUNFIRE erupts. The bullets miss the searcher by mere inches, emitting sparks on the railings. A black HIPSTER, coming up the staircase, is not so lucky.

He is literally getting perforated by the bullets, his body jerking wildly as it gets hit, spraying blood everywhere before his lifeless body tumbles down the stairs--

The car speeds up and screeches around a corner.