

NO BOUNDARY

By

Jerod Brennen

Story by Kenneth Li

323.863.6398

jerod.brennen@gmail.com

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY - DAY

Dim shapes. Muffled voices. Everything's blurred by the BURLAP MASK he's wearing.

The mask is RIPPED from his head.

XIANG ZHENGRUI (early 60's) blinks. His eyes adjust to light. He takes in his surroundings.

FOUR SCIENTISTS in white labcoats, just like his.

A stack of small CONTAINERS bearing BIOHAZARD labels.

A dozen South African men surround the scientists, their rifles trained on the frightened technicians.

JACO (late 30's) paces before the scientists. He clutches a burlap mask in one hand, an MP9 in the other.

He's clearly the man in charge.

JACO

You know who I am?

The Chinese scientists exchange confused looks. One African scientist looks at the leader with disgust.

AFRICAN SCIENTIST

You are Jaco. Mal Luiperd.

Jaco grins.

JACO

Good. You are here because I need your help. Do as I say and no harm will come to you.

The captives relax.

Jaco raises the MP9 and FIRES into the face of the African scientist who recognized him.

JACO

Defy me and you will die.

One scientist SCREAMS. Stunned silence from the rest.

Zhengrui locks eyes with Jaco, but quickly looks away.

Jaco turns his back on the scientists. He motions for his lieutenant, LETSEGO (early 30's), to come closer.

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JACO

Put them to work. I expect results.  
Soon.

Letsego nods and begins barking orders as Jaco disappears from the room.

EXT. HONG KONG - INGREDIENTS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

XIANG NAN (late 30's) and LI XUANMEI (early 30's) share a romantic dinner at a roof terrace table, overlooking the street.

He's wearing a suit. She's wearing a cocktail dress. A formal occasion.

Xuanmei raises her glass.

XUANMEI

A toast.

Nan raises his glass in return.

XUANMEI

To your retirement.

A hesitant smile from Nan. He extends his glass. CLINK.

XUANMEI

You can finally put that work behind you and begin looking toward your future. Our future.

NAN

Special Police Agent is a respectable profession.

XUANMEI

A dangerous profession.

She takes a drink. He does likewise.

An uncomfortable silence.

XUANMEI

So what's next for Xiang Nan? Have you considered my father's offer?

NAN

I'm considering a position as a special consultant for the Special Police. I can still be of service,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NAN (cont'd)  
without being summoned for field  
work.

Xuanmei doesn't like that suggestion at all.

XUANMEI  
Let someone else be of service. You  
have been theirs for years. Now it  
is my turn. I need you.

Nan slips his hand into a pocket, produces a SMALL RING BOX.

NAN  
And I need you.

He opens the box, revealing a DIAMOND RING. He tries to  
speak, but words fail him.

Tears well up in Xuanmei's eyes.

Nan slips the ring onto her finger.

NAN  
Xuanmei, will you-

AGENT INTERRUPTION (O.S.)  
Agent Xiang?

Nan and Xuanmei turn to see THREE SPECIAL POLICE AGENTS  
standing in full uniform.

Instinctively, Nan jumps to his feet, turns his back on  
Xuanmei. He realizes his mistake a moment too late.

Xuanmei wipes her eyes with her napkin, regains her poise.  
She stands.

NAN  
Xuanmei...

She brushes past him, ignores him, leaves.

The agent who interrupted them either doesn't notice or  
doesn't care.

INTERRUPTING AGENT  
Agent Xiang, I am sorry but-

NAN  
What is it?

INTERRUPTING AGENT

Your uncle.

Xuanmei is forgotten. Nan gives the agent his full attention.

INT. NAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nan holds a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH, featuring a younger version of Xiang Zhengrui standing by a teenage boy.

A SUITCASE lies open on the bed, half-packed.

Xuanmei watches him from the doorway.

XUANMEI

You're leaving?

NAN

My uncle Zhengrui was working at a research facility in South Africa. He has been taken hostage.

XUANMEI

This sounds like a matter for the Special Police.

Nan places the photo into the suitcase.

XUANMEI

Nan, you are no longer an agent.

NAN

He is my family.

XUANMEI

And what am I?

Nan turns to face her.

XUANMEI

I stood by quietly for years as you risked your life, night after night. I imagined every horrible fates that might keep you from coming home to me. I can't return to that way of life.

NAN

I can't sit by and allow my uncle to be murdered.

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XUANMEI

And what if he's already dead?

The words sting. Nan looks away, returns to packing his suitcase. Xuanmei refuses to step any further into the room.

A moment of tense silence.

Nan finishes packing, zips the suitcase closed. His decision has been made.

A soft sound from Xuanmei as she makes her own decision.

Nan listens to Xuanmei's footsteps as she walks away. He hears the front door open, close.

Silence.

He turns to the empty doorway.

On the dresser beside the door, Xuanmei's ENGAGEMENT RING.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - DAY

Chinese Special Police Agents load their gear into a PRIVATE JET. One woman, LEE WENG XIN (mid 30's), stands out from the rest.

He gives instructions to the men around him, but there's no need. The agents operate like a well-oiled machine.

Nan approaches Weng Xin, drops his suitcase at her feet.

WENG XIN

Special Agent Xiang. Sorry. Former  
Special Agent. What are you doing  
here?

NAN

I'm coming with you.

Weng Xin opens a folder, flips through the papers inside.

WENG XIN

I was unaware that you were  
assigned to the Task Force  
assembled for this mission. Was I  
misinformed?

Nan doesn't take the bait.

(CONTINUED)

WENG XIN

Of course not. Your name isn't on the list because you are a civilian. This is a government affair, Nan. It would be against regulations for me to-

NAN

Xiang Zhengrui is my uncle.

WENG XIN

That changes nothing. This matter is being handled by a joint task force between our government and the South Africans. It is already a delicate political situation, and it cannot be jeopardized by-

MUSHANG (O.S.)

I believe we can make an exception, Diplomat Lee.

Nan and Weng Xin turn to face the newcomer. They SALUTE.

FEN MUSHANG (early 60's), the Chief of Special Police, walks toward them.

MUSHANG

Xiang Nan. Twice decorated in the five years you served. Your retirement was a loss to the entire Special Police Force.

NAN

Thank you, sir.

MUSHANG

Which is precisely why I had my men inform you of your uncle's plight. I could not order a former agent to be a part of this team, but I knew you would make the right choice. Denying you this opportunity based on a minor technicality would be a gross oversight. Wouldn't you agree, Weng Xin?

WENG XIN

I would be remiss in my duties, were I to disagree with you, sir.

Mushang nods. The diplomat knows her place. Good.

Mushang pulls Nan close, lowers his voice.

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MUSHANG

The work your uncle was doing in South Africa is extremely important to the scientific and political communities of both nations. If this situation is not resolved quickly, the impact will be felt throughout all of China for years to come. These criminals must be stopped and the scientists saved, by any means necessary.

NAN

I will do everything in my power, sir.

MUSHANG

Of course you will. Good luck, Nan.

NAN

Thank you, sir.

WENG XIN

The plane leaves in eight minutes. Anyone not on board will be left on the ground.

An exasperated look from the Mushang.

WENG XIN

That is not a regulation, Chief Fen. It is simple physics.

Nan grabs his gear and scrambles aboard.

Weng Xin scowls after her unwanted passenger.

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

Nan sits alone on the plane, lost in his thoughts. He plays with the ENGAGEMENT RING attached to the chain around his neck.

Weng Xin also sits alone, reviewing notes on her laptop.

PILOT (O.S.)

Beginning our descent into Johannesburg. We'll be on the ground in just a few minutes.

Weng Xin glances over, notices Nan fiddling with ring. She wants to ignore him but can't resist.

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WENG XIN  
What's her name?

NAN  
Sorry?

WENG XIN  
Her name.

NAN  
Xuanmei.

WENG XIN  
How does she feel about you coming  
on this mission?

NAN  
She left me.

WENG XIN  
I'm sorry.

NAN  
Me too.

They ride in silence for a moment.

NAN  
Are you married?

Weng Xin shakes her head, closes her laptop.

WENG XIN  
I was. My job, this struggle to  
maintain peace between our country  
and our allies, it doesn't end when  
I leave the office. Peaceful  
discussions, peaceful emails,  
peaceful meetings. I was so focused  
on maintaining peace with foreign  
nationals that I failed to maintain  
peace with my husband. He left me  
for another woman.

NAN  
Sorry.

WENG XIN  
I'm not. In order to be effective,  
I cannot be distracted. By anyone.

Weng Xin returns to her paperwork.

Nan looks out his window.

NAN  
How good are you?

WENG XIN  
Excuse me?

NAN  
At making peace. How good are you?

WENG XIN  
I am the best.

NAN  
Good.

WENG XIN  
Why do you ask?

NAN  
I believe your skills are about to  
be put to the testh

Nan looks out his window again. Weng Xin gets up from her seat, crosses the aisle to look out Nan's window.

On the tarmac below, LIGHTS FLASH from a group of South African POLICE VEHICLES.

South African police officers surround the vehicles. The plane is close enough that Weng Xin can make out the RIFLES trained on the landing jet.

Weng Xin exchanges a look with Nan.

INT. JOHANNESBURG POLICE STATION - CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

Weng Xin stands in Chief Joffe's office, across the desk from JOFFE (late 50's). Nan watches from just inside the door.

Joffe is playing a video message from Jaco on his computer. The video starts on a close-up of Jaco.

JACO (V.O.)  
- crimes of the South African  
political machine will no longer be  
tolerated. Peaceful change is not  
in your nature, so we will speak in  
the only language you do  
understand.

The video cuts away to men in Johannesburg police uniforms, bleeding from their eyes, ears, nose, and mouth.

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Joffe pauses the video.

JOFFE

Weaponized Ebola. He's threatening to release it on the civilian population of Johannesburg.

WENG XIN

His demands?

JOFFE

There's the mystery. He hasn't made any.

WENG XIN

We need to act quickly. Our team has been reviewing the reconnaissance photos your men provided, and I'm told they have a plan. If you could assemble your team-

JOFFE

Your team will do as they're told.

Weng Xin is caught off-guard.

WENG XIN

We were told this would be a joint operation-

JOFFE

And it shall, with my men in charge. Your men are guests in my country, and they will-

NAN

With all due respect, we have Chinese nationals at the mercy of terrorists based here in your country. We need less talk and more action.

JOFFE

Are you insinuating that my country is somehow to blame?

Weng Xin sighs. This is hard enough without Nan's "help." She throws a frustrated look at Nan.

Nan takes the cue and steps out of the office.