

"THE LONG KISS GOODNIGHT"

by

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REVISED DRAFT

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A WINDOWPANE

Assaulted from without by SNOWFLAKES. Wind tossed.
INSIDE, a bed, dappled with moon shadow. A LITTLE GIRL,
fast asleep. The wind whistles and sighs outside. She
DREAMS... Eyelids closed, eyes roving beneath... then suddenly
they SNAP open. A stifled cry. She thrashes for her STUFFED
BEAR, as a soft voice says:

VOICE

Shhhhh.

And there's MOM, kneeling beside her. Vague shape in
the dimness. The full moon throws light across one
sparkling eye.

LITTLE GIRL

Mommy, the men on the mountain...!

MOM

Shhhh. Gone, all gone now.

(strokes her hair)

I'm here. Mommy's always here and no
one can ever hurt you. Safe now...
safe and warm... snug as a bug in a
rug.

(beat)

I'll sit with you, think you can
sleep?

LITTLE GIRL

Turn on the nightlight.

girl's

The mother nods. Passes her left hand gently over the forehead.

MOM

Close your eyes now. I love you.

mother
heads

The child subsides, breathing steady. Eyes closed. The rises. Regards her through the dimness. Slowly turns, for the door. Flicks on a Winnie the Pooh NIGHTLIGHT -- Her entire right forearm is slicked with blood. More on her Czech-made MP-5 machine gun.

blood

out

bed.

the

She staggers just a little... barely noticeable. Passes on the light. Into darkness. Sits beside her daughter's The child sleeps peacefully. Outside snow slithers at glass.

FADE OUT. Pause. Blackness.

FADE IN:

in the
legend:

It's snowing in southwestern Ohio. Before us, nestled rolling hills: a postcard slice of suburbia. SUPER the

UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO.

Three Weeks Earlier.

the one

Peaceful. Serene. It's the town in the glass bubble, God shakes to watch it snow...

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Slapping of
Main

CHILDREN, dozens of them, bursting from houses. screen doors. A HORSE-DRIVEN SLEIGH is rattling down Street. Flanked by kids. Christmas carols, droning from loudspeakers.

in

HAPPY, LAUGHING SANTA waves howdy, chortling his "Ho's"

fire groups of three, meanwhile he's really a grizzled old
marshall named EARL, freezing his nuts off.

things: Beside him sits MRS. CLAUS, about whom we notice two

woman. First, she's the June in this June/December pair -- and
second, she's to kill for, an effortlessly beautiful

For the record, meet SAMANTHA CAINE.

SAMANTHA

How you holdin' up?

EARL

Freezing my nuts off.

Santa produces a bottle of Seagrams. Starts to open it.

SAMANTHA

Put that away.

from a Earl complies, grumbling. Some teenage burnouts howl
street corner:

BURNOUT

Ow! Mrs. Claus is HOT!

Samantha squirms in her seat, scowling.

SAMANTHA

I can't take it, Earl, this dumb
costume is giving me a wedgie. Driving
me crazy, but there's these *kids*
here --

EARL

Right, you don't wanna be rootin' --

SAMANTHA

In front of little Billy, age four,
yeah. "Look, Mommy, Mrs. Claus chooses
to go butt-mining."

EARL

This is little Billy talking?

SAMANTHA

Age four, kid's unbelievable.
(sighs)
I'm too old for this, Earl.

EARL

Yeah, yeah. Spare me, I got a prostate
the size of a melon.

Samantha stares at him.

EARL

Seriously, half my life's a doctor's
hand up my ass, I should marry the
fucker.

SAMANTHA

Say that a little louder, there's a
kid in back didn't catch it.

EARL

It's not that fucking little Billy
again, is it?

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Rallying
her
HUSBAND,
which
tiny

Throughout the following NARRATION, we watch Sam: 1)
the varsity CHEERLEADERS; 2) Showing off a GERBIL to
seventh graders; 3) Kneeling in church with her
blessing herself; 4) Absently fingering a silver KEY
she wears round her neck; and finally 5) Probing at a
ridged SCAR under her hairline.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Eight years. I keep hiring detectives,
but they never find anything.

(beat)

I was born 3000 days ago on the beach
in New Jersey. I entered the world
fully grown, wearing clothes I don't
remember buying. Nothing in the
pockets but a single key, filed
smooth.

(beat)

I'm married now. Nice guy, early
forties. I stand naked in the mirror
and try to guess my age. Thirty-five,
maybe. I have lots of scars.

EXT. SNOWY SUBURBAN STREET - AFTERNOON

Balding.

Samantha walks with her husband HAL. Late thirties.

Coming out of St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

SAMANTHA

Hal, I gotta tell you, of all the Christmas pageants I've seen, this was by far the most recent.

HAL

Aw, honey, I had teenage girls playing the wise men, what'd you expect?

SAMANTHA

Teenage boys?

HAL

Well, I thought they did fine.

SAMANTHA

Just fine? Come on, it was ground breaking stuff. The first Nativity where Joseph stares at the wise men's tits all night.

an

She hugs him good-naturedly. As they near their house,

running,

eight year-old GIRL drops from a TREEHOUSE and comes

leaps into Mommy's arms --

SAMANTHA

Hey, you!

The kid leaps into her arms, as we HEAR:

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Her name is Caitlin. She's my daughter and when I woke up on that long-ago day, she was two months grown in my belly. I don't know who put her there. I may never. I just know she's mine, and she's about to turn eight.

HOME.

The family troops up the driveway to their SUBURBAN

the

Chipper little A-frame. Christmas lights abound. Behind

house, a vast frozen POND. It is idyllic.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT

CAITLIN
shepherds
EARL

PARTY in progress. Laughter. Mingling. In the corner,
puts pipe cleaner antlers on the gerbil. Samantha
her home room class past the punchbowl. She is radiant.
surreptitiously nips from a silver flask.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

3000 days. I teach now, fifth grade.
I have the key, I wear it around my
neck for luck. Except for that, and
my name, all traces of my prior life
are lost.

(beat)

Was I in love ever...? Did someone
look in my eyes, did I say, "Darling,
I'll never forget you...?"

(beat)

Because fuck me, darling, I managed.

young

ACROSS THE ROOM -- Her daughter CAITLIN hangs with two
girls. Shows off a plush TEDDY BEAR, says:

CAITLIN

His name is Mr. Perkins, my Mom named
him for me.

GIRL #1 points, whispers excitedly:

GIRL #1

That's her?

Caitlin nods. Kid #2:

GIRL #2

That's who?

GIRL #1

(excitedly)

Her Mom, she's got amnesia.

GIRL #2

Swear?

CAITLIN

Swear.

GIRL #2

Too weird.

A voice interrupts their reverie:

SAMANTHA

Excuse me.

on The girls whirl around, startled -- Samantha is leaning
the desk behind them. Busted. She smiles amiably:

SAMANTHA

Hello, girls. Caitlin, I'm going to help Dad with the refreshments.

(leans in, whispers)

Which one's Dad? I forget.

The girls look at her like she's grown a tail.

SAMANTHA

Kidding.

CUT TO:

A DOOR KICKED OPEN, WHAM-! Splintered. Lock shattered.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - AKRON, OHIO - NIGHT

three A NUDE COUPLE on the bed. They look up, startled -- as
looking men burst through the door. The LEADER: a haggard-
the man sporting a soup-stain on his tie, whoops, that's
con design, sorry. MITCH HENESSEY, private investigator and
man extraordinaire. He flashes a phony badge:

YOUNG MAN

POLICE. DON'T MOVE.

MAN ON BED

What the hell is this...?!!

YOUNG MAN

Don't give me an attitude, sir. You're assuming I won't shoot your sorry ass, and everyone knows when you make an assumption, you make an ass out of u and mption. I'm Sergeant Madigan, Vice, and if you cop a 'tude, jerkoff, I will see to it you spend the next ten years in prison getting

ass-fucked, and if the case is thrown out because my arrest is too violent, then I will personally HIRE men to ass-fuck you for ten years. So if you're an ass-fucking fan, go ahead and mouth off, but meanwhile you're under arrest for the crime of prostitution, now shut the fuck up before I cut out your kneecaps and use 'em as ashtrays.

(beat)

Officer Donleavy, read him his rights.

Loses

Donleavy looks pale, pasty. He stutters a few words of interest. Wanders away across the room.

MAN ON BED

(a trifle confused)

Please, this is my first, I... I've never done this before, I'll do anything...!

YOUNG MAN

Sir, listen to me. I understand you're not a wealthy man, but in light of the damage this arrest will cause you, we might be able to make an arrangement --

The man

Donleavy plops in a chair. Belches. Grins foolishly. in bed points to him:

MAN IN BED

Is he all right...?

in a

TO:

THE REMAINING COP is swaying on his feet. Like a tree hurricane. Donleavy pukes all over the floor. We CUT

INT. BARREN GREY OFFICE - NIGHT

Henessey

THERE'S THE GIRL. The one in bed moments ago. She and are dividing a wad of bills.

GIRL

We gotta stop using bums.

MITCH

(lights a smoke)
Forget it. They looked like cops. We pulled it off, didn't we?

GIRL

It was embarrassing.

MITCH

You want I should hire actors, for Chrissake? These guys are cheap, they work for food.

GIRL

Uh-huh. So, when they puke all over you is that, like, a refund?

MITCH

Trin, I'm pissin' myself over here, you're so funny. What's this?

magic
He indicates an envelope earmarked for him. Labeled in marker: SAMANTHA CAINE.

TRIN

New case, honest to God chick with amnesia. You want the job?

HEAD
Henessey opens the envelope. Extracts a black and white SHOT of Samantha, says immediately:

HENESSEY

Yep. Yep, yep, yep.

Stares, mesmerized. Trin peers over his shoulder:

TRIN

Wasn't there a lady on TV named Samantha? Had a magic nose or something.

HENESSEY

'Bewitched', yeah. Good show. Chick lived with a faggy guy, then in the last season it was a different faggy guy. Okay. Here's what we do; get on the horn to amnesia chick, tell her yes. Then tell her in 1967 she promised to give me a blow job. Worth a try, right?

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT

SAMANTHA and HAL bid goodnight to their friends and neighbors.

Hal steers her away from a middle-aged teacher.

HAL

Christ, guy's all over you like a cheap suit.

SAMANTHA

That's funny, there's a cheap suit all over him like a cheap suit.

She notices EARL sitting in the bushes by the side of the building. He is speaking intently to the gerbil.

HAL

Oh, boy. Someone's gotta take my father home. I'm plowed.

Samantha takes the keys from him. Breathes deeply of the chill night air. Smiling. Surveys the scene... their friends. The neighborhood. Sighs:

SAMANTHA

This is all I ever wanted.

At which point, young Caitlin says:

CAITLIN

How would you know?

ESTABLISHING SHOT - STATE PRISON - OHIO - NIGHTTIME

Switch gears: A grim, grey building. Guarded. Patrolled.

INT. PRISON - TELEVISION VIEWING ROOM - EVENING

A tired TV set drones to an audience of one. Let's call him ONE-EYED JACK. In fact, let's give him one eye, the other replaced by a PATCH. He smokes cigarettes, stubs them out on the chair's armrest. Throws offhand glances at the TV screen.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON T.V.)

...So much for the flame-swallowing Santa of Boone County. Meanwhile, KTVA news journeyed to Upper Sandusky, where Santa's own *Mrs*. Kringle turned out to celebrate her hubby's worldwide tour. After one look at her, I'm thinking Santa got what he wanted this Christmas.

Jack
at
The happy news chatter continues. Jack isn't listening.
isn't talking or breathing either. He's simply STARING
the TV screen, jaw slack...

ONE-EYED JACK

Gotta be fuckin' kidding. No. No way. SHIIIT!!

He SCREAMS as we CUT TO:

EXT. WOODLANDS - WITH SAMANTHA - DRIVING

hard
in
its
If you had to pick a night to die horribly, you'd be
pressed to find a nicer one. A country highway. Bathed
moonlight. Crusted with snow. Pontiac Sunbird, wending
way through the wooded slopes.

INT. SUNBIRD - SAME TIME

SAMANTHA drives while Earl (the SANTA we saw earlier)
reclines, still drunk.

EARL

You're married what now, five years...?

it:
He makes a thumb circle. Jabs his finger in and out of

EARL

You and Hal, how often you two...?

SAMANTHA

Stick our fingers in our hands and pull them out again? Every chance we get. Shut your piehole.

EARL

Don't get all snippy...

SAMANTHA

Earl, do me a favor. Every few words say "hic" and have bubbles come out your mouth, okay?

EARL

Goddamnit, I'm not drunk. Would a drunk man have this much raw talent?

she He starts playing the Hawaiian nose harp. In Sam's ear,
can't help it, snorts laughter --

Sunbird's THE ADULT DEER appears perfectly framed in the
sudden headlights. Dead ahead. Sam looks up, face etched in
BROADSIDES TERROR. *No time to think*. SWERVES, no dice...!
the animal --

and And it comes THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD. All two hundred
fifteen pounds of it. Fucks up their night altogether.
Actually, it only makes it *halfway* through --

HOOF But the damn thing is ALIVE. More than alive. KICKING.
Collapses Thrashing. Squawling with pain and rage. A FLAILING
his skull.

chest. Sam rides the wheel, screaming. An antler gouges her
doing Rips. Draws blood. She SWERVES, madly -- Hits the tree
50.

ANOTHER ANGLE

outward Sam goes airborne. Explodes through the windshield,
she's bound. Shower of glass, spritz of blood... And then
Sunbird flying. Slow motion, end over end... We lose all SOUND.
Silence as she tumbles. Below and behind her, the
noiselessly ERUPTS. Fireball, sky high --

Whoomph-! Sam floating. Describes a lazy arc in mid-air...
silhouette. Disappears into the snow. Swallows her, leaves a
impromptu Around her, trees catch fire. Burn. She lies in her
sarcophagus. Out of sight.

Scene THE FLAMING DEER totters from the wreck, thrashing.
from from a nightmare. Nightmare part two: from the snow,
the human-shaped divot -- arises a woman of blood.
though She stumbles from the drift. Toward the wreck. And
it's clearly Sam Caine under all that crimson, there's
something wrong about her *eyes*.

deer, En route to the car, she kneels beside the suffering
away its flesh scorched and torn -- and KILLS it. Puts it
with a sharp CRACK-!ing blow to the head. Stands, eyes
squirming with madness...

wiping The car's an inferno. Earl is dead. She turns away,
SNOWMAN. blood from her eyes -- Comes face to face with a
A jolly white fellow. Charcoal briquettes for eyes. She
heat -- watches, fascinated, as he MELTS in the blast furnace
With warning, she *screams*. Crumples to the ground.
The snowman's eyes fall out. He melts away and away...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - AKRON, OHIO - TWILIGHT

HENESSEY Elsewhere. Tract housing, late-model cars. MITCH
TODD: not delivers a Christmas gift to his nine year-old son
with just any gift, the *Midtown Saturn Orbiting Precinct*,
action figures. Henessey points to the box, engrossed:

HENESSEY

...and here's the jail here, see...?
Escape chute for the Borian, he's a
dinosaur guy, Moves quick, don't
take no shit neither. See, you can
make him shoot the guard -- ah, hell,
look, I played with it a little
myself, I'm sorry.

VOICE interrupts them:

VOICE (O.S.)

TODD, TIME FOR DINNER. NOW.

An awkward pause. Henessey scowls.

HENESSEY

Hey, you go ahead, um... hope you
like the present.

TODD

It's awesome, Dad. Mom, though, she...
(sighs)
She gets weird. On my birthday, when
you gave me the Schwinn... she called
bicycle stores to see if there'd
been any robberies.

Henessey manages to control his face. Says tightly:

HENESSEY

Tell her I don't steal them locally.

He watches, forlorn, as his son vanishes inside the
house.

Christmas lights, blinking feebly. We HEAR, supered:

HENESSEY (V.O.)

Dear Ma: Filled out the child support
stuff last week. Office got pissed,
under ex-spouse I put "Spawn of Satan,
Dweller in Eternal Dark." Just being
honest, Ma, lady wants me to die.

As he reaches his car, his BEEPER goes off.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - MINUTES LATER

Henessey on the phone. Dials. Waits. We HEAR:

HENESSEY (V.O.)

I'd go without a ripple, that's the

truth. Ex-con. Ex-husband. Expired. Thanks, Ma, for hiding the truth from me for so long. Or maybe you believed in me. I miss you. I hope you believed, even for a day. No one did, Ma. No one at all. It's cold here. I'm sorry you're dead. Your son, Mitch.

The phone picks up. He says:

HENESSEY

Me. What's up?

TRIN (O.S.)

Mitch, we got a bite on amnesia chick's photo. Found a guy remembers seeing her, fall of '87. He wants cash, should I grease him?

HENESSEY

Hell, no! Use your head, girl. Let the fucker squeeze the Charmin.

TRIN

You kidding? Guy's hideous. I'll do it, but we're talking time and a half. Plus a night on the town when I get back, and *no cockfights this time*.

INT. SAMANTHA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - TWO DAYS LATER

hospital
sunlit

Samantha, having survived. Laid up now in an austere room. Listening to silence. Stares out the window at a tree. Head bandaged. Frowns:

SAMANTHA

I want a cigarette, why do I want a cigarette...?

Slides

Outside, snow slithers... Her eyelids, slowly closing. off the edge of consciousness...

an
reflection --

IN THE DREAM: She stands on a windswept cliff, before incongruous FULL-LENGTH MIRROR. Staring at her reflection -- it's bleeding from a scalp wound.

tiny

She probes her head... frowns. Nothing. Nothing but the
RIDGED SCAR she's had for as long as she can remember.

SAMANTHA

What... what do you want...?

The reflection eyes her grimly. Haggard. Tired.

REFLECTION

I want a cigarette.

SAMANTHA

I don't smoke.

REFLECTION

(chuckles)

You used to.

to

Samantha is suddenly holding a cigarette. She raises it
her lips. Her reflection MIRRORS her precisely. Except
Samantha COUGHS, chokes on the smoke -- While her

bloody

reflection takes a long, satisfying drag.

REFLECTION

Relax, you can drop the act. Nice
and smooth, take another hit. There
you go. See how easy it comes back?

easily.

They are now in perfect synchronicity. Sam inhales

REFLECTION

I'm coming back. You know that,
don't you? Name's Charly, by the
way. You're gonna love me.

The reflection grins. There's blood on its TEETH.

INT. SAMANTHA'S HOME - DAY

COMMOTION

moves

Back at home, business as usual, pre-Christmas. A
has arisen: Gingerly, bones still aching, Samantha
toward the KITCHEN. HAL and CAITLIN trail behind.

HAL

Honey, you can't cook, I'm not wrong

about this.

SAMANTHA

I'm *remembering*, Hal. Things are coming back. Trust me, I'm a chef, I know it.

CAITLIN

Daddy, make her stop!

SAMANTHA

Hush. Go to the garage and get me something, anything. A veggie, go, man, go! I'm hot to trot.

INT. KITCHEN/GARAGE - SAME

the
Hal worriedly exits to the garage. Plucks a tomato from fridge, tosses it to Caitlin, who stands in the door.

HAL

Tomato.

Caitlin turns, tosses it to Sam --

CAITLIN

Tomato.

proceeds
blur.
like a
Who catches it, plops it on the cutting board and to DICE it to SIMTHEREENS. Razor-thin slices. Knife a Missing her fingers by millimeters, never faltering, mad mumblety-pegger --

HAL

Onion, flying in.

Sam catches it. Knife flurries. Pieces, flying up.

SAMANTHA

More. Faster.

Caitlin
and
to
And it becomes a bucket brigade. Hal heaves veggies to who spins and relays to Mom who slices, dices, purees, even makes curly fries. Veggies, incoming. HAL starts

another, lose it, starts lobbing them at Caitlin, one after she giggles, starts throwing them overhand --

CAITLIN

Tomato. Tomato. Tomato.

is And now it's a food fight, PELTING Mom, and the floor
up COVERED with food as Hal stumbles in laughing, scoops
Caitlin --

last, Samantha shakes her head, grinning, dices to pieces a
think: lovely radish. Ends with a flourish, TA-DAH-! Doesn't
balance. Flips the knife point up on ONE FINGER. Tips it for
it to Lobs a tomato. Slings the knife without looking, pins
the wall, KA-CHUK--!

Hal Everyone goes silent. The knife, quivering. Caitlin and
turn as one, gaping at her. She shrugs numbly. Blinks.

SAMANTHA

Uh... chefs do that.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY OR NIGHT, IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL

Furnaces Underground. Water GURGLES through overhead pipes.
hum and tick in the sweaty gloom.

him, A SHIRTLESS MAN is tied to a chair. Weeping. Before
Impeccably what looks like a young GQ model. Blonde. Gorgeous.
in attired. For the record, TIMOTHY. He looks his captive
the eye as the guy blubbers:

MAN

Please, man... I don't know why you
gotta kill me... But use the gun,
not the knife. Please. As a fucking
favor, I'm begging you...

TIMOTHY

It'll be over soon.

MAN

Jesus, man... I... I'm scared of the knife... Shit, I can't handle getting shots at the doctors, man, PLEASE...!

TIMOTHY

Last chance. What do you know about a town called Santa Claus?

MAN

What is this, *what the fuck is this*?? I'm FBI, for Chrissake, you can't do this to me. I don't know **ANYTHING.**

as Timothy stares him full in the face, eyes narrowed...
though seeing into his brain. He nods, satisfied.

TIMOTHY

No. You don't.

(beat)

I can always tell, you know... If someone's lying to me. A little skill of mine, something to trot out at parties.

the He slams home the knife. We don't see it, but we FEEL
Inches impact. The FBI man's face contorts in SHOCK. Twisted.
away from Timothy, their eyes lock...

it A CELLULAR PHONE BEEPS. Timothy reacts, annoyed. Plucks
from his belt and flips it open:

TIMOTHY

Timothy.

VOICE (O.S.)

Message from Mr. Daedalus.

TIMOTHY

I'm listening.

still He shrugs at his captive. Rolls his eyes. The guy's
dying, still on the KNIFE.

VOICE (O.S.)

He says he's sorry, but he needs you right away. Something's come up.

TIMOTHY

Nix. I'm just finishing up here. Then I'm going bunjee jumping.

VOICE (O.S.)

He's aware of your weekend plans, and he apologizes.

TIMOTHY

All right, what's so fucking important?

VOICE (O.S.)

Your old colleague, One-Eyed Jack...? Recently escaped from a high-security prison, as you're aware. But listen to this: prior to his escape, seems he saw something on TV that disturbed him. So much he had to be sedated.

TIMOTHY

I saw it, too. It's called "Empty Nest." How the fuck is it my business?

VOICE (O.S.)

The man was overheard talking to himself under sedation.

(beat)

He said Charly Baltimore's alive, sir.

Timothy is silent.

SUIT

I know it's incredible, sir, but... if she were alive, I'm thinking she might be in contact with the old man in Pennsylvania. Should I --

TIMOTHY

Tap his phone, yes. And tell Daedalus I'm on my way. Timothy out.

He clicks off, face troubled. Withdraws the knife.
Checks his clothing. Not one speck of blood.

INT. SUPERMARKET - CHECKOUT STAND - AFTERNOON

HAL A CARTON OF MARLBORO REDS hits the stack of groceries.
looks at his wife, bewildered.

SAMANTHA

They were on sale.

looks At the next register over, a duo of Canadians throw
her way. Confer in rapid-fire French, subtitled for us:

CANADIAN #1

Ooh, j'aimerais la baiser. (Subtitle:
I'd like to fuck her.)

The checker looks up, smiles:

CHECKER

Don't you love hearing people speak
French?

CANADIAN #2

Oui, j'veux etirer celle-la autour
d'une chaise. Comme je le vois, une
femme c'est comme Gumby avec des
seins. (Subtitle: I'll stretch her
over a chair, women are merely Gumbys
with tits.)

HAL

Beautiful language.

shoots He turns to Samantha -- except Sam isn't there. Her arm
him out-! CLAMPS on one of the men. By the throat. Catches
like a fucking VICE. Her voice a sibilant hiss:

SAMANTHA

*Allez, Gumby etirerait le cou, fils
de pute*.

motherfucker."
start Accent flawless. Eyes like steel. The man will go on to
shits. a profitable construction business with the bricks he

SLAM

CUT TO:

SAMANTHA - ON THE PHONE TO HER SHRINK - INTERCUT

Jubilant, can't contain herself:

SAMANTHA

I speak French.

PSYCHIATRIST

You do.

SAMANTHA

You bet your life, fluent French,
whatever the fuck that means.

(chortles)

Quand j'étais à l'école, J'ai eu un
professeur qui s'est fabriqué du
dentifrice!

PSYCHIATRIST

You just said when you were in school,
your teacher was made of toothpaste.

SAMANTHA

Right, he was, you got a problem
with that? Pasty Joe, we called him.
Look, the accent's perfect, so piss
off. I'M A FRENCH CHEF, YA-HOO.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

"Frere
her
BEAR.

Samantha and daughter CAITLIN sing a hearty chorus of
Jaques." Sam giggles , Caitlin looks nervous; astride
new two-wheeler BICYCLE while Sam finishes removing the
training wheels. Caitlin points to her stuffed TEDDY

CAITLIN

Put Perkins in the basket. He's luck.

SAMANTHA

Mr. Perkins, going in the basket.

CAITLIN

Are the training wheels off?

SAMANTHA

Just pretend they're still there.
Piece of cake. You can do it.

CAITLIN

Wait...! I'm scared.

SAMANTHA

Shhh. Nothing to be scared of. Pretend you're one of the X-men, you're tough. Let's go, now. Three, two, one...

CAITLIN

Mom, I can't do it, swear --

weaves,
Spills
Samantha sets her sailing. Laughs excitedly. The bike side to side... hits the curb and topples with a CRASH. Caitlin to the pavement. Now's she's CRYING.

CAITLIN

Ouch--! I can't do it, it HURTS-!

lines.
Samantha walks over briskly. Face set in determined

SAMANTHA

Nonsense. You can do it. You don't want to, but you can.

CAITLIN

My arm hurts, please take me home...!

SAMANTHA

You can go home, Caitlin. You can ride there.

the
An unpleasant note is edging into her voice. The louder kid cries, the more Samantha starts to SIMMER.

CAITLIN

Mom, no...!

SAMANTHA

Look, I know you're afraid, that's the whole *point*, can you see that? Now stop being a little baby and get on the damn bike.

hollers.
She hoists her onto the seat. Caitlin cries and

SAMANTHA

You gonna be afraid of things all your life? Huh? That what you want?

CAITLIN

My wrist hurts...!

her
Snap. Something lets go. Suddenly Samantha's right in
face:

SAMANTHA

Life is pain. Get used to it. See,
you *will* ride this bike home,
princess. You will ride it and you
will not fall again, *is that
understood*...?

Eyes cold and lifeless. She is not herself. CUT TO:

INT. SAMANTHA'S HOUSE - TWILIGHT

WRIST
counter-
phone,
CAITLIN huddles on the steps, itching at her brand new
CAST. Eavesdropping on her parents. In the kitchen a
top TV is on, the Three Stooges. Samantha is on the
saying:

SAMANTHA

Yes, I'm three blocks past the gas
station... Right. Thank you Mr.
Henessey, I'll see you shortly.

turn
the
eyes:
She hangs up as HAL ENTERS behind her... She doesn't
around. Samples the topping of a cream pie. Stares at
linoleum floor. He regards her with angry, vindictive

HAL

She rode all the way home. She didn't
fall, not once. She didn't cry.

(beat)

You're good. You should work with
kids, you know that?

SAMANTHA

She said her wrist hurt. I didn't
know it was broken, God. I can't
even remember what I said to her...!

Hal takes a breath, composes himself.

HAL

We can still make six o'clock mass,
you coming?

hanging

Sam surveys her perfect kitchen. Runs her hand over a
pot. Looks sadly at her husband. Whispers:

SAMANTHA

A private detective's coming by,
he... he's found something.

(beat)

I may have to go away. For a bit.
Now please leave me alone.

HAL

Go away. With a detective. Jesus,
it's the holidays, Sam --

SAMANTHA

Are you deaf? I said leave me alone.
Go to church. Drink blood. Drink
some for me.

quite

Outside

Merry,

are

at

They stand in tableau. An electric silence... Broken
suddenly by the sound of SINGING. CHRISTMAS CAROLERS.
the front door. The sweet strains of "God Rest Ye
Gentlemen" wafts in through the window.

Except the sweet strains ain't so sweet. These carolers
TERRIBLE. Missing by a country octave. Sam and Hal look
each other, what the hell...?

EXT. THE FRONT PORCH - JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR - NIGHT

Snowflakes

the

soprano. HE-

THE CAROLERS continue their interesting rendition.
fall. All is quiet. All is bright. Especially bright is
SHOTGUN BARREL pressed to the throat of the lead
109. Over and under combo. Shotgun on top. HE cannon on
bottom. You'd sing shitty too.

INT. HOUSE - SAME

festive
door.

Samantha hurries to the door. Carrying a bowl of
M&M's. Just as she gets to the door, the singing STOPS.
Footfalls running away, that's odd... She opens the
Carolers, gone. She's eye to eye with ONE-EYED JACK.

ONE-EYED JACK

Evening Charly. Long time.

dumbstruck,
decision,

He swings the big GUN. Slams the barrel into her. Glass
shatters, M&M's everywhere. She gapes at him,
unable to THINK... Hurry it up, lady, we need a
live or *die* --

steps

SHE GRABS THE GUN BARREL. Wrenches the gun...! On the
CAITLIN howls, eyes like saucers --

CAITLIN

Mommy...!

SAMANTHA

GET OUUTTTTT!!!!

from
brave,
trip
ROLLS,

Sam's cry is a veritable shriek. HAL LAUNCHES himself
the kitchen doorway. Pounces on Jack, snarling --
useless. For his trouble, gets three broken ribs and a
to the fireplace, airborne. Comes down. Catches fire.
over and over on broken ribs --

stairs.
Top of

JACK kicks Samantha in the gut. She collapses onto the
Splinters the banister. That's when he sees CAITLIN.
the stairs, paralyzed.

SAMANTHA

NO!!!!

draws
Gun
EXPLODES. A

Jack is already moving forward. SPIN-COCKS the shotgun,
a bead -- Promptly slips on festive M&M's. Goes down.
goes off, WHAM-! A flat concussion. The banister

toward storm of wood chips, as SAMANTHA surges up the stairs,
her daughter --

DISAPPEARS JACK. On the ground. Fires, *wham*--! The wall
can three inches from Caitlin's head. Blown to shreds, you
daughter -- see outdoors. Samantha doesn't miss a beat. Grabs her
her flings her OUTSIDE. Through the hole in the wall. Takes
by the belt and fucking HURLS her out into space...!

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - SAME TIME

SLOW Two stories up. The kid is ejected, flailing. Floats in
Sails MOTION. Across a ten foot gap -- INTO THE TREEHOUSE.
Alive and head over heels into the place. Hits with a CRASH.
unhurt.

BACK INSIDE THE HOUSE

JACK. Samantha didn't even look. Didn't need to. Here comes
down Up the staircase. Reloading. Samantha launches herself
rolls the stairs. COLLIDES, head on -- Down they go. Jack,
to his feet. Propels her into the KITCHEN.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

linoleum, She hits, spray of cat food. SKIDS. Across the
the slams to a stop. Hard. Cupboard pops open, out comes
behind. IRONING BOARD. Falls into place, SNAP--!
A GUN BLAST disintegrates it. Reveals Sam, cowering

ONE-EYED JACK

I want my eye back, bitch.

the Samantha struggles to her feet. Dazed. Jack abandons
-- shotgun. Takes the IRON down from its spot on the shelf

Slams it against her head.

ONE-EYED JACK

Goddamn you. Fight me. What's wrong
with you, *fight* me!

in
CLOSE ON TV: Stooge Joe Besser mugs wildly, takes a pie
the face.

takes
Jack raises his arm for the killing stroke -- Samantha
bone in
Hal's cream pie from the counter and shatters every
his face.

entire
Comes from nowhere. Back foot planted, body twisting,
organism focused into the outstretched arm, WHACK-! We
have
never seen anyone move this fast. Samantha RECOILS.
Startled
by what she's done --

there.
The glass dish is SPLINTERED into his head. It STICKS
breathing
He topples. Hits the linoleum. She straddles him,
hard. Winded.

forward.
The barking dog "Jingle Bells" plays inanely in the
background. Samantha stares. Trembling. Pokes the body.
Nothing. Pokes it again. Still nothing. She leans

Grips the neck and wrenches, CRACK-! Just making sure.

filling
She out of it. In shock. Glaring at her own hands as if
demanding an excuse for their behavior. There is pie
catatonic.
on her fingers. She kneels beside the corpse,
Stares. Absent-mindedly licks the bloodied cream.

frowns.
HAL is standing in the doorway. Wide-eyed. He has seen
Samantha break the man's neck. She looks at him,

SAMANTHA

It took me three seconds. That's...
that's good, huh...?

He stares, dumbstruck. She blinks. *Snaps out of it*.

SAMANTHA

Caitlin. We gotta find Caitlin.

flings
dick.
She gets up. We RUN with her to the front door -- she
it open and collides with MITCHELL HENESSEY. Private
Runs right into him.

HENESSEY

Hey--! Slow down. The kid's okay,
she's in my car, what the hell is
going on?

up a
to
Henessey spins, as FOUR POLICE CRUISERS pull up. Vomit
bevy of COPS, swarming toward the house. He spins back
Samantha -- As she collapses to the floor.

FADE

OUT:

Pause. FADE IN. Super the legend: ONE WEEK LATER.

ESTABLISHING - SAMANTHA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Early morning quiet. HENESSEY and SAMANTHA are throwing
suitcases into the back of his battered Chrysler.

INT. HOUSE - LATER - EVERYTHING'S PACKED

softly:
Sam's looked better. Kneels beside Caitlin, says

SAMANTHA

That man who tried to hurt us...? If
I stay here... other people will
come. I have to leave. Just for a
little while.

reaches
match,
Caitlin looks at the floor. Doesn't respond. Samantha
in a cupboard. Produces a box of CANDLES. Lights a
touches flame to one of them.

SAMANTHA

I want you to light a candle and
keep it in the kitchen window. And
never, *ever* let it go out, because

as long as it burns...? It means
you're thinking of me. And if I'm
alone... if it's dark and I'm lost...
It's how I'll find my way home.

She touches Caitlin's wrist cast. Pain in her features.
She
grabs a marker pen and writes a TELEPHONE NUMBER on it.

SAMANTHA

That's for a portable phone. I keep
it with me, you call me anytime, you
don't worry about the bill. And last
but not least --

She reaches behind her head. Unhooks the KEY, the one
she
wears around her neck.

SAMANTHA

For luck.

Slips it over her daughter's head. Looks up at HAL,
eyes
brimming. He whispers:

HAL

No matter what you find, I'm not
scared. Not of you. Not ever...

SERIES OF SHOTS: EXT. SUBURBAN TOWN

As it fades behind Henessey's Chrysler. Leaving behind
porch-
bound elders, dimestore clerks. Grinning children, hair
like
spun straw. All fading... DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HENESSEY'S PLYMOUTH - THE OPEN ROAD - DAY

Henessey sings with the radio. Loudly. He's got the
lyrics
wrong: "I'm not talking 'bout the linen... And I don't
wanna
change your life..."

Samantha endures as much as she can. Speaks up:

SAMANTHA

"Movin' in."

HENESSEY

Hah?

SAMANTHA

It's not linen. The song's not about linen.

HENESSEY

Whatever. You cold?

SAMANTHA

(shivers)

I'm freezing.

HENESSEY

Turn on the heater. It doesn't work, but it makes a very annoying noise which distracts from the cold.

SAMANTHA

I'll pass.

(clears her throat)

So, you're a former cop. Atlanta, was it...? Stop me if I'm out of line, but I'm curious. How did you... well, succeed? I mean, where six other detectives failed?

HENESSEY

You kidding? Pure luck. Plus my secretary used her feminine wiles. She's got two, one wile per side. Huge. No kidding, you can see 'em coming around a corner, you got time to comb your hair. Nice kid, you'd dig her.

(beat)

Ah. Here we are.

EXT. STORAGE RENTAL PLACE - DAY

As they clamber from the car, Henessey shoves his sunglasses into his sportcoat. SINGS:

HENESSEY

Putting my glasses in my coooat..."

Samantha looks at him like he's sprouted wings.

HENESSEY

I sing what I do so I'll remember it. "Turning off the downstairs

liiiight..." You know?

Samantha smiles thinly. The man's a lunatic.

INT. STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

concrete
Whispers:

An old, walrus-mustached IRISHMAN ushers them down a hallway. The old man hangs back with Henessey.

WALRUS MAN

The elder Trelawney rented to her in '87, aye. Ne'er could bring himself to dispose of her things. I'faith, she's welcome to whatsoever she wishes, for ne'er has trod these walls a lass so easy on the eye, divil take me if I'm lyin'.

Henessey lights a cigarette, says:

HENESSEY

Do me a favor. Say, "Always after me Lucky Charms."

ANGUS

"Always after me Lucky Charms."

HENESSEY

Thanks. Just needed to hear that.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Drab, musty. Filled with disused tables, lamps, farm implements... Jimmy Hoffa watches TV in the corner.

HENESSEY

See anything you recognize?

SAMANTHA

Yeah, this dirt used to be outside my window, shut up and let me look.

(sighs)

I'm sorry, Mr. Henessey, I'm a little on edge.

in

She pauses. Surveys the musty compartment, faraway look her eye... says softly:

SAMANTHA

I can feel her. Like a ghost.

(beat)

We could walk away, you know. There's still time, we could just... leave her dead.

sharp She hefts a SUITCASE onto a bench. OPENS it -- Draws a breath:

SAMANTHA

Ay-i-yi!

finest, Clothes to kill for. Smooth velvet. Creamy silk. The the best. The sexiest. Sam peeks at the tags:

SAMANTHA

Size four, no way. You know how long it's been since I could wear a size four?

(beat)

Can't be mine. Can they...?

underwear. She checks the case for INITIALS -- C.E.B. Who...? Henessey grunts. In his book, well dressed is clean Holds up a small manila envelope.

HENESSEY

Unmailed envelope. Addressed to a guy.

SAMANTHA

What's in it?

HENESSEY

Another guy's address. Two addresses, is basically what I'm saying.

suitcase... A Meanwhile, her hands, still pawing through the up the SHAPE. She feels it. At the bottom of the case. Lifts Sam mound of fabric -- HKM-40 sniper rifle. Disassembled. looks like she just took a stomach punch. still Up until now, it could've been adrenaline. She could

everything.

be just a schoolteacher. A rifle, that changes
She plunks the clothing back in place. Hides it.

HENESSEY

Anything else in there?

SAMANTHA

Hmm...? Uh, no. Just... more clothes.

HENESSEY

Yeah, well take a look at this.

Windeman*.

Written to

He holds up the envelope: addresses to one *Nathan
Fishes in his coat, brings out Samantha's CHECK.
him, earlier that day... identical handwriting. CUT TO:

INT. COLONIAL STYLE HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

mid-

ALICE

itself.

NATHAN WINDEMAN is in a bad mood. A frail-looking man,
seventies. Tiredly spooning a bowl of soup. His sister
watches TV nearby. In her lap, a Pomeranian cleans
Windeman scowls:

NATHAN

Alice, please...?

Alice stares at him. Uncomprehending.

NATHAN

Your dog, Alice. It and my appetite
are mutually exclusive.

ALICE

What's wrong with the dog?

NATHAN

It's simple. He's been licking his
asshole for three straight hours. I
submit to you that there's nothing
there worth more than an hour's
attention, and I should think whatever
he's attempting to dislodge is either
gone for good or there to stay.
Wouldn't you agree?

beats
up:

Theatrical? Nah. The old bat scoops up her pooch and
feet for the door. THE PHONE RINGS. Nathan snatches it

NATHAN

Hello?

The voice is soft. Controlled:

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Hello, Mr. Windeman, I got this number
from a realtor in Pennsylvania. I'd
like to speak with you.

NATHAN

Who... who is this?

SAMANTHA

You tell me, Mr. Windeman.

Nathan pales. Blinks once. Twice. Manages:

NATHAN

...Charly...?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

My full name, please.

NATHAN

God, it really is you...!? Chapter,
they think you're dead, *everyone*
thinks --

SAMANTHA

My full name. Please...!

A pause. Then:

NATHAN

You don't know your name.

this is

He chews his lower lip, mind racing. Jesus, no joke,

her... He fights to control his voice:

NATHAN

Your full name... is Charlene
Elizabeth Baltimore.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME TIME

headset: A MAN in shirtsleeves flips a switch. Speaks into a

MAN

Signal Daedalus. We just got her,
she made contact. Initiating phone
trace.

INT. HOUSE - BACK WITH NATHAN

NATHAN

Charly, don't talk, just listen: We
have to meet, understand? We have to
meet *right away*.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Meet me off I-79. Highmile exit,
Salt & Pepper Lounge. Eleven a.m.

She hangs up. Nathan stares, trembling. Turns to ALICE,
standing in the doorway. Swallows hard, says:

NATHAN

A former student... is in trouble.

INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM - WITH CHARLY

alone She hangs up the telephone in the ladies' room. Stands,
in the stillness. Hands to her head, mind churning...

her Turns, checks to make sure the door is locked. Props
of SUITCASE on the sink and opens it. Flips back the mound
clothing --

sniper And there it is. The pieces, disassembled, of an M-40
their rifle. Her trembling hands find the parts, seemingly of
then, own volition... Hefting them. Gauging their feel. And
slowly... terrifyingly...

place, Knowing how they go together. She SNAPS the barrel in
thing *click*--! The sound breaks her reverie. She drops the
like it's alive. Looks down, trembling...

picks
hand,
She
except
something
Reaches

ALSO in the case: a wicked looking HUNTING KNIFE. She
it up gingerly. Shiny, brand new. Turns it over in her
fascinated by the play of light off the blade...
Looks up. Her REFLECTION, in the mirror. Staring back.
frowns -- It frowns. She turns away --
THE REFLECTION DOESN'T. It stays right fucking put,
now it's *smiling*. Malignant. Deadly. Sam feels
wrong. Spins back toward the mirror --
Her reflected arm comes through the looking glass.
into Sam's world and SLICES FOR HER THROAT.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DRIVING - LATE AFTERNOON

of

Samantha JERKS, comes awake in the passenger seat of
Henessey's Plymouth. Bad dream. Looks over to see if he
noticed -- he's honking his horn at a TRAFFIC JAM. Sea
taillights, dead ahead.

SAMANTHA

What's this? What the hell is this...?
We don't have time for this, of all
the cocksucking bullshit --

HENESSEY

Whoa. Ms. Class, drive a little truck
on the side, do you?

SAMANTHA

What are you, a Mormon?

HENESSEY

No, ma'am, it's just that... well,
when we met you're all, "Oh, foey,
I burned the darn cupcakes." Now,
you go into a bar, ten minutes later
sailors come running out, they can't
take it.

screaming.

Just then, THREE POLICE CRUISERS blow by, sirens
Henessey frowns, puzzled.

HENESSEY

What the hell...? Lemme check the scanner.

He switches on a police band radio. Listens, hears:

VOICE (O.S.)

...without endangering the hostages, over... ...Roger that two-niner. PCP confirmed, he's on a fuse, please provide backup, over... ...Conneaut, I'm waiting on Special Weapons, sorry, over...

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - CONNEAUT LAKE, PA. - SAME

to a
Santa,
dimly,
POLICE FLASHERS, spinning. Cop cars, incoming. SLAMMING
halt. Disgorging uniformed cops. THE DINER is rapidly surrounded. Its a cheery decor, the giant roofbound
all in stark contrast -- To the SCREAMING we hear,
from within.

INT. DINER - SAME

meatloaf
baby.
the
Hostage drama, unfolding. The perp's a big ugly
with his mitts on a waitress. She's sixteen, she's a
She's sucking the barrel of his shotgun. His finger on
trigger. From outside, we hear the COPS:

COP VOICE (O.S.)

GIVE YOURSELF UP AT ONCE. LEAVE THE BUILDING, HANDS ON HEAD. DROP THE WEAPON, REPEAT, DROP THE WEAPON.

yells:
Mr. Shotgun snorts laughter. Does a little dance,

MR. SHOTGUN

I'm the man! I'm the man! I elicit the explicit!

EXT. DINER - SAME TIME

highway
The police are just starting to re-route traffic. A
cop signals to HENESSEY, "Turn around, go back."

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

clutches
Samantha's
shakes

Henessey swears. Swings wide, when suddenly a HAND
his arm. He looks over and suppresses a shiver --
eyes have gone dead and cold. She lights a cigarette,
out the match and says:

SAMANTHA

Go up this hill.

HENESSEY

Why?

SAMANTHA

Drive up the fucking hill.

Now Henessey shivers. Cranks the wheel as we CUT TO:

EXT. HILLTOP - OVERLOOKING TOWN - NIGHT

trees.
SAMANTHA flops on the frozen ground in a stand of pine

HENESSEY

Where the shit did you get that?

the
scope.
No answer. She deftly assembles the SNIPER RIFLE. Rests
rifle barrel on a dead branch. Flicks on the starlight

HENESSEY

Sam, Goddammit, you're gonna kill
someone! Hey!

SAMANTHA:
Hostages.
He's
tightens.
She ignores him. Focuses through the scope. POV
Framed in spectral GREEN, the diner's interior.
Crying mothers. Children, catatonic.
Through a tiny window -- a limited view of the KITCHEN.
in there. Girl, eating both barrels. Samantha's jaw

HENESSEY

The diner...? That's half a mile

away, are you fucking crazy?

SAMANTHA

HK M-40 assault rifle. At three hundred yards, vertical drop six inches.

waitress. Mr. Shotgun leans in. WHISPERS something to the

SAMANTHA

Shit. He's gonna do the girl.

HENESSEY

How the fuck can you tell?

She steadies the rifle. Takes aim.

SAMANTHA

I read lips.

She fires. Splintered CRACK-!

INT. DINER

burnt Mr. Shotgun dies on his feet. Outgoing matter. Flung. Spattered on the grill where it sizzles along with hamburger. He drops. Screams. Pandemonium.

EXT. HILLTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Samantha slams the trunk of the Chrysler. Gets in the passenger side without a word. Hennessey pulls away.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - SAME

laugh. Samantha stares straight ahead. Gives a high, brittle

SAMANTHA

See? Took care of it. Knew I could.

reserved She laughs again. Hennessey favors her with a look for people with major deformities. Suddenly she says:

SAMANTHA

Pull over.

shoulder. He stops the car. She gets out. Stumbles across the

with

Kneels. Throws up. Henessey watches. Lights a smoke
trembling hands.

SAMANTHA

Had to, he... he would've killed
her... Had to... Oh God I took him,
such a good shot... I felt proud of
it, such a shot, Jesus, *how could I
be proud*...?

(sobs)

I'm scared... I want to go home...

Henessey kneels beside her awkwardly. She clutches his
shoulder. Presses her head to his chest. Cries.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Yes, it certainly is. CUT TO:

INT. SITUATION BRIEFING ROOM - SAME TIME

PRESIDENT is
panel of
the
distinguished

Three stories below the White House proper. THE
seated in his robe and slippers. Before him sits a
three: National Security Adviser; Deputy Director of
CIA; and ANOTHER MAN in his sixties, sporting a
mane of silver hair. The President addresses him:

PRESIDENT

Mister Perkins.

(frowns)

Please, say it again, I'm a little
slow. Better yet, I'll try it. You
lost an operative, a trained
counterassassin, and you just saw
her on TV in a Christmas parade.

the
with
says:

The silver-haired man appears unperturbed. And no, by
way, it didn't escape us that he shares his surname
Caitlin's TEDDY BEAR, the one Mom named -- He nods,

SILVER-HAIRED MAN

On TV, that's correct. It's two weeks
old, intelligence just caught it.

PRESIDENT

You recruited this woman in the late seventies?

SILVER-HAIRED MAN

For Chapter, yes. I was a friend of her father's, you see, and... I took her in.

PRESIDENT

Well, it looks like she returned the favor, now doesn't it?

(throws up his hands)

Unbelievable. You people, you dump this on me, then next week you're screaming, "Where's our funding?" Shit. I'll tell you where it is, can you say health care?

The head of the CIA pipes up:

CIA DIRECTOR

Mr. President, please calm down. The CIA bears no responsibility for this problem.

PRESIDENT

Thanks for sharing, Kent. How many double agents you got on the payroll, last count...?

CIA DIRECTOR

Sir! That controversy has been thoroughly dealt with, and if there still exists a leak, perhaps this... woman agent of his --

SILVER-HAIRED MAN

If I may, sir, Colonel Baltimore hasn't had classified access since **1987**.

(beat)

But thank you, Kent, for trying to fuck me in the ass.

He directs his baleful gaze at the President. Lights a pipe.

SILVER-HAIRED MAN

I'm afraid rooting out double agents may have to wait. The primary threat is the woman. Her specialty is

counterassassination, a horseshit turn of phrase which implies the other fellow shot first, but in point of fact she's a takeout artist of the first order. Nearly disposed of our friend the Beard down in Cuba a few years back. Specializes in long rifles, accurate to a mile and a half. Presumed dead; now, after eight years, back in the field, agenda unknown. She knows enough to hurt us. I'm frightened. Understand?

PRESIDENT

Yes, yes. I believe you. Just one question:

(beat)

What in pluperfect hell is she doing in a Christmas parade???

INT. ROADSIDE GAS STATION - NIGHTTIME

Henessey is on the phone to his ex-wife. Glowering.

HENESSEY

Aw, cut me a break, Fran. I been out eight months, I'm back doing skip traces, now you got me stealing fuckin' bicycles?

EX-WIFE (O.S.)

I don't want you around Todd, hear me? Shrink told me what those men did to you in prison. This is a Christian household, my son's not gonna develop any... tendencies. Understand?

speechless.
pumps,
Looks up
For a moment her ignorance is so stunning he's
Then he slams down the phone. Cracks it. Returns to the
where SAMANTHA leans against his car, still dazed.
at him, says:

SAMANTHA

I still can't believe it. You're saying my hands didn't even shake...?

the
Henessey doesn't look at her. Puts the nozzle back in

pump. Crosses to the driver side without a word.

SAMANTHA

What's the matter with you?

HENESSEY

You. You're the matter. Look, you wanna keep going, good luck. I'm driving back to Ohio. You're free to come with me.

SAMANTHA

What... what are you telling me?

He gets into the car. Starts the engine. Samantha reacts, distraught. Leans in, kills the ignition. Pulls him out of the car.

HENESSEY

Goddammit, lady, I'm taking you *home*.

She slaps him. HARD. He falls back, stunned.

SAMANTHA

I'll spell it out for you, ready? I have no future, *I can't go home*. Until I know what's happening, I'm in *prison*, you know how that feels...?

HENESSEY

Yeah, matter of fact. Four years inside. Marion, Illinois, real shithole. Get in the car.

SAMANTHA

I'm sorry.
(clears her throat)
Um... what did you...?

HENESSEY

Seven years ago, Atlanta PD. Me and my partner, we handled a lot of impounded shit. Fucker hated me, boy. One weekend, when he was conveniently gone...? Some bearer bonds disappeared from his office. And lo and behold, when the police responded to an anonymous tip, you'll

never guess what just happened to be sitting in my closet.

SAMANTHA

The bonds. Your partner put them there?

HENESSEY

(laughs)
Hell no, I did, I stole the fucking things.

she He serious. Samantha frowns, a little thrown -- Then snorts, loses it. They both lean against his Chrysler.

HENESSEY

Now every dollar I hand my kid, he asks his mother did I steal it.

He smiles ruefully. Spits. A pause, then:

HENESSEY

No more killing.

Samantha's voice is cool and level:

SAMANTHA

No more killing.

She blows her nose.

SAMANTHA

It was a helluva shot, wasn't it..."

DISSOLVES TO:

ESTABLISHING - SALT & PEPPER LOUNGE - MORNING

LOUNGE A gunmetal grey sky looms overhead. The aforementioned
with mud- is a faded old roadhouse, gravel parking lot strewn
parts. covered trucks. The kind that get a man laid in these
halt. HENESSEY'S PLYMOUTH pulls into the lot, rolls to a
He'll never get any.

INT. SALT & PEPPER LOUNGE - DAY

the
haired

Honky-tonk. SAMANTHA and HENESSEY enter, blinking in dimness. Around them, drunk mid-day cowboys. Stringy-girls in their ample laps. SAMANTHA consults her watch:

SAMANTHA

Quarter til. Any time now.

Signals

They sit at the counter. Henessey flags the bartender. for a beer. Lights a cigarette, blows smoke:

HENESSEY

Nice crowd.

SAMANTHA

You're just jealous of their girlfriends.

HENESSEY

Who wouldn't be? Corner booth, there's a beaut. While you're doing her doggie-style you can pop the zits on her back.

British-

Samantha shoots him a look. ON A TV above the bar, a sounding CNN announcer is saying:

CNN COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Violence in Northern Ireland continues today, despite a plea by British prime minister John Major --

shoots

Samantha sits up straight. Draws a sharp breath. He her a questioning look --

SAMANTHA

I just... got a flash of something,
I...

(blinks)

I hurt my father.

HENESSEY

Whoa. You remember your father?

SAMANTHA

No... that's what's strange.

(shakes her head)

If I saw him on the street, I... I

wouldn't... oh.

miserable.
She rubs her eyes. Her voice breaks. She's utterly

Henessey leans in, says softly:

HENESSEY

Ms. Caine, last week at a party I ran into a girl I knew from college and we chatted for a few minutes. And it wasn't til I was driving home on the freeway that I remembered that I'd screwed her in the back of a car once.

(beat)

Everyone forgets.

stares.
He pats her arm. Smiles reassuringly. A pause. She

SAMANTHA

That's it? That's your helpful story? Jesus Christ!

HENESSEY

No, see, all's I'm saying is you're not alone.

SAMANTHA

Oh, shut up.

HENESSEY

Fine. I gotta use the head.

cigarette.
He stands, heads off. Samantha nervously lights a

her.
The bartender suddenly puts a BEER in front of her. She reaches for her purse. He waves it away, points beside

She turns...

The assassin called TIMOTHY sits down two stools away.

TIMOTHY

For you. Another in a long line of bad investments.

SAMANTHA

Excuse me?

TIMOTHY

Just saw the ring on your finger.

He reveals a surprisingly WINNING smile, says:

TIMOTHY

Do I know you from somewhere...?

Grimaces:

TIMOTHY

Whoa. Back up. Total pickup line,
let's forget I said that.

RECOGNITION

Still staring in her eyes. Noting absolutely NO
on her features. She gives him a cursory smile.

SAMANTHA

Thanks for the drink. But no. I don't
know you.

Timothy nods slowly.

TIMOTHY

No, you don't, do you...? I'd know
if you did. I can tell if someone's
lying.

(smiles)

Sorry to bother you.

Sits, a

He takes his own drink and crosses to a back booth.

very puzzled look on his face. Adjusts his coat collar,
whispers into a concealed transmitter:

TIMOTHY

Okay, people, I got what I needed.
Wait until she comes out. Then do
them both.

(beat)

Walk soft, we got local law.

doffing
of
elbow.

He sits back as TWO SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES suddenly enter,
their stetsons. Cross to the bar. HENESSEY, coming out
the bathroom. Sees the deputies. Grabs SAMANTHA by the
Tosses down a fin, steers her toward the door.

SAMANTHA

(sotto)

What are you doing?

HENESSEY

Pork. On your nine.

SAMANTHA

So?

HENESSEY

So you shot a guy in the head yesterday. We wait outside.

SAMANTHA

It's freezing.

HENESSEY

Too bad. People shouldn't shoot other people in the head. Just themselves. During that show with the little girl who's a robot.

EXT. SALT & PEPPER LOUNGE - SAME TIME

their
Henessey,
They emerge into the chill air. Breath pluming from mouths. Samantha surveys the parking lot. Grabs points --

A LATE-MODEL CAR pulls into the gravel lot. Stops.

SAMANTHA

Bingo. That's an old guy's car.

HENESSEY

How do you know?

SAMANTHA

Because there's an old guy in it. Come on.

coat.
They cross toward the car. She frowns, points to his

SAMANTHA

Gun bulge.

HENESSEY

You think I'm gonna shove it down my pants? Shoot my damn dick off.

SAMANTHA

So now you're a sharpshooter?

HENESSEY

Ho, ho.

door
He
As they approach the other car, the engine stops. The
opens and a middle aged man emerges -- IT AIN'T NATHAN.
pauses, lighting a cigarette.

SAMANTHA

Mr. Windeman...?

dazzling
darts a
She strides right up, Henessey in tow. Flashes a
smile -- *Slow motion*. The guy DROPS HIS LIGHTER,
hand inside his coat with practiced ease... Pulls out a
SILENCED PISTOL.

SAMANTHA

Oh, SHIT!

both to
THROUGH
Another,
the
speed*.
hand,
Slow motion. Samantha tackles Henessey. Hurls them
the ground... During their fall, STUFF HAPPENS:
She clutches his sportcoat -- Grips his .38 special
THE FABRIC and squeezes... A sharp report, BAM-!
BAM-! The jacket, shredded. HITMAN just caught two in
chest. He goes over backwards, gun spitting --
Sam and Henessey hit the ground. *Back to regular
Henessey rolls over, stunned. Samantha's staring at her
wondering how in the hell it just did that.

HENESSEY

Jesus wept...!

leather
the
lot...
They scamper to their feet. Running hellbent for
toward the Plymouth... They never make it.
ANOTHER HITMAN steps calmly from the trees. Stands at
shoulder of the highway, full view of the parking

target --

Adopts a two-fisted stance. Draws a bead, locks on

Leaves his feet.

highway
wham--!

Takes to the air as a BLACK LE SABRE swerves off the
with no advance warning and DEMOLISHES the bastard,

wheel.

The car roars across the lot, NATHAN WINDEMAN at the

INT. BARROOM - SAME TIME

FLYING
a

The snapped-in-two hitman announces Nathan's arrival by
THROUGH THE WINDOW in an explosion of glass. Caroms off
table and bounces head over heels. Hits, dead.

behind

TIMOTHY swears. Leaps up and bolts for the door, right
the SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES, as

EXT. BUILDING - SAME TIME

NATHAN

The black Le Sabre SLEWS to a stop, showering gravel --
shouts at Sam and Henessey:

NATHAN

Get in! Both of you, NOW!

OUT,

They pile into the backseat. Nathan floors it. PEELS
bouncing onto the highway -- and meanwhile here comes
TIMOTHY. On the run. Barks into his transmitter:

TIMOTHY

East, they're going east. *Head them
off*.

fast.

He begins to run: we have never seen anyone run this

INT. NATHAN'S CAR - DRIVING

see...
blood.

NATHAN kicks in the afterburners. Squinting, can't
WIPERS, squeaking to and fro. Erasing the hitman's

a
of
Henessey is trembling; Samantha comatose. Nathan steals
look in the rear view mirror. Gets his first good view
Samantha. Reacts, stunned:

NATHAN

Charly. Jesus Christ, I don't believe
what I'm seeing, you're so *fat*.

This is not what she expected to hear.

SAMANTHA

I'm... um, I mean... what?

NATHAN

What in God's hell have you been
eating, you look positively bovine!
Hang on.

with
50 yards down the highway. Beside a parked car, a guy
an ELEPHANT GUN.

SAMANTHA

Oh, God, no more--!

SPLINTERS...!
The big rifle BUCKS concussively. The car window
Does not break.

NATHAN

Bulletproof. Put it in myself.

CRUNCHES the
SCREAMING
onto
Almost as an afterthought, he swerves slightly.
gunman against the parked car. Shatters him. His
VISAGE goes by an inch from Samantha, he coughs blood
her window...

EXT. FROZEN WOODSCAPE - SAME TIME

woods.
through the
Timothy, on the move. RUNS, breakneck through the
Jumps fallen logs. Ducking, swerving. In and out
trees, as

INT. NATHAN'S CAR - DRIVING

trembling;

Scenery whips past. In the backseat, Henessey is
Samantha comatose. Nathan snaps his fingers sharply:

NATHAN

Charlene, darling --

SAMANTHA

My name is Caine. Samantha Caine.

NATHAN

(exasperated)

Yes, yes, you said that on the phone.
Must I point out to you that the
letters in the name SAM CAINE, when
rearranged, spell out AMNESIAC? Your
mind was missing a name, so it simple
invented one that was an anagram of
your current condition.

Samantha reacts, floored.

NATHAN

Dammit, Charly. The schoolteacher,
that was your cover! Your memory was
gone, you got confused and you BOUGHT
YOUR OWN COVER. This ridiculous Ohio
housewife business, it's a fantasy,
you *wrote* the bloody thing!

SAMANTHA

It's not a fantasy, *I'm in the
fucking PTA*.

NATHAN

Then quit. You're an assassin for
the United States government.

(beat)

I ought to know, I trained you.

Henessey is so shocked he's LAUGHING:

HENESSEY

Beautiful. Fuckin' beautiful.

EXT. SHEER EMBANKMENT - OVERLOOKING HIGHWAY - SAME TIME

to the
A forty foot embankment, damn near vertical. Plunging
road below. Topped by a chain-link FENCE.

Pitches
bottom
two-
doing 90.

Timothy hits the fence at a dead run. Up and over.
head over heels down the embankment, BOUNCING. Hits
in a shower of dirt, rolls, comes up... .357 AMP in a
fisted grip, and *there's Nathan's car*. Blows by,

Timothy swivels calmly, BLASTS AN ENTIRE CLIP at the
retreating car. Shot after shot, like a machine --

INT. NATHAN'S CAR - SAME TIME

rides

Sam SCREAMS as the side windows COLLAPSE INWARD. Nathan
the wheel, swerving.

HENESSEY

What happened to bulletproof?

NATHAN

The side windows were next, I swear.

BACK WITH TIMOTHY

best,

Watching them go. Oh, well. He tried, right...? Did his
tomorrow's another day --

of
a
fast-

Without missing a beat, Timothy walks out in the middle
the road. ANOTHER CAR, coming. Sports car. He snaps in
fresh clip. Raises his fist and PUMPS ONE through the
approaching windshield. Kills the driver.

Onrushing

The car throws a skid. Slewing SIDEWAYS at him.
juggernaut, immense...!

drive-
the

He vaults the hood without breaking stride. Catches the
side doorhandle, jerks -- then he's in, and out comes
corpse and the car *never stops moving*.

water...

Completes an out-of-control 360, showering muddy
and then he's stomping the gas. Utterly relentless.

Leaving

behind a wet and very surprised-looking corpse.

INT. STOLEN CAR

--
POLICE
bar.
Timothy GUNS IT, eyes locked dead ahead on the Le Sabre
Hears a SCREECH. Whips his eyes to the rearview mirror:
CRUISER. Fishtailing onto the road behind him. Falls in
behind, SIREN wailing. One of the deputies from the

INT. NATHAN'S CAR - DRIVING - SAME TIME

Samantha.
Nathan fishes a gun from his coat. Hands it to

NATHAN

Here, you might as well have one
too.

SAMANTHA

My God. How many do you carry?

NATHAN

Three. One shoulder, one hip, and
one right next to Mr. Wally --
(pats his groin)
Where most patdowns never reveal it,
as an agent is often reluctant to
feel up another man's groin.

Henessey looks out the back windshield, says:

HENESSEY

Got a tail.

Nathan looks, SWEARS. The chase car's gaining on them.

NATHAN

Lucky bastard found the only cool
car in the fucking midwest.

road,
side
the
He accelerates into a curve. Rockets past a connecting
as, without warning -- ANOTHER COP CAR skids out of the
road, after him. The other deputy...
TIMOTHY, boxed. Going too fast, swerves...! PLOWS into

car's deputy headlong. BROADSIDES him. Glass flies. The cop
car TIRES blow out as it's SPUN 180 degrees... Timothy's
careens into a GULLEY --
Back BAM-! Hits a dead stop. Hood shears off, goes flying.
end sticking up, tires spinning... The horn blares
continuously.
Door UP ABOVE: The other cop arrives, brakes to a halt --
his opens and out he comes. Helps Deputy #2 clamber from
crippled black-and-white.
Cringing Together they leap down into the gulley, guns drawn.
Approaching as the long HOOOOOOONNNNNK continues unabated.
SHOTS. the crashed car. Walking up, guns at their sides... TWO
bottom They jitter and twitch. Topple over dead, slide to the
of the gulley.
also INSIDE THE CAR, we see that a very annoyed Timothy is
releases very conscious. Splayed against the driver's side door.
He Holding one hand down on the horn, HOOOOOOONNK... He
Nathan it. Horn stops. On the radio Conway Twitty is singing.
breath... puts a shot through the radio. Silences it.
Climbs from the car and stares off down the road. Of
and his companions, there is neither whisper nor

EXT. ROADSIDE - LATE AFTERNOON

car is Nathan has pulled over in a grove of pine trees. The
police covered with branches. He watches through a gap as two
cars go by on the distant highway.

NATHAN

Your father was in the British SIS,
assigned to the Irish situation.

After he was murdered in 1971, his friend Perkins recruited you for Chapter, a black bag operation working out of the U.S. State Department.

Charly is overloaded. Trying to keep up, not wanting to:

NATHAN

Fall, 1987: Presidential orders come down. You're to flush out a terrorist by the name of Daedalus. You never complete the mission, electing instead to die, of all things, despite clear orders to the contrary. And dead you remain until, without preamble, you re-emerge, eight years later and fifteen pounds heavier.

SAMANTHA

Would you lay off the weight?

NATHAN

I think we can safely assume Daedalus is aware of your resurrection and is attempting to reverse it. *Damn*, I can't drive around in this thing.
(beat)
Any idea where we can go to stash this car?

IN SAMANTHA'S LAP

Her fingers unconsciously fiddle with something. Damp, crumpled. The ENVELOPE. One address left.

SAMANTHA

This address...? I... I recognize it now. I think it belongs to a friend.

envelope,
is
Henessey stares at her. As Nathan reaches for the his coat falls open and Samantha GASPS; his left side soaked with blood.

NATHAN

Perhaps you'd best drive.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY - DAY

frozen
a
stump.
around

The house is actually an old converted MILL. Beyond it,
landscape stretches to the lakeshore. In the BARNYARD,
scruffy looking COWBOY TYPE is splitting logs on a tree
Drops the axe. Scoops up an armload of firewood. Comes
the corner --

NATHAN,

Drops the logs, startled. AN UNLIKELY TRIO approaches.
sweating. Pasty. Levels a revolver. Samantha says:

SAMANTHA

Don't be afraid, we don't want to
hurt you.

(beat)

I just want to know who you are.

whooping

Seeing her, his eyes go wide -- He locks her in a
BEAR HUG, shouts:

MAN

CHARLY, BABY!!

and

Picks her up, SPINS HER around, laughing... Hennessey
Nathan stare. Befuddled.

TIME CUT - MINUTES LATER

in

watches him

The strange man (let's call him LUKE) stands awkwardly
the dooryard. Shifting from foot to foot. NATHAN
dispassionately from the tree stump. Gun on his knee.

LUKE

(sighs)

Look, is this America's Funniest
Practical Videos or something?

house.

kneels

The DOOR bangs open and Samantha comes out of the
Carrying bandages. Alcohol. Crosses to the tree stump,
before Nathan. His voice is a harsh rasp:

NATHAN

Let me do it.

pipes

He bats her away, administers his own first aid. LUKE
up, exasperated:

LUKE

I can't believe you don't remember
dating me. Charly, please, you pursued
me for months.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, well. I caught you and forgot
you. Sorry.

LUKE

It's December, you'll remember.
Right...?

a

He chuckles. Looks at her face. Stops chuckling, takes
sudden interest in the ground. Sam crosses to HENESSEY,
standing nearby. Takes him aside, whispers:

SAMANTHA

(sotto)

This is ridiculous. What do we do
with this guy?

HENESSEY

Don't ask me, I just work here. Did
you bump pelvises with him or not?

SAMANTHA

It's possible.

HENESSEY

And you kid, Cathead --

SAMANTHA

Caitlin.

HENESSEY

Yeah, whatever. Um, could he be
the...?

SAMANTHA

I don't know.

(beat)

It's coming back, though. All these...
little details about him.

She studies Luke. Frowning. Concentrating.

SAMANTHA

I know he's got a pin in his leg,
car accident. I know he cuts his own
hair... thinks Rush Limbaugh's an
ass. I know he sits down when he
pees. I know --

HENESSEY

Enough. You're giving me a stiffy.

Just then NATHAN is hit with a dreadful-sounding cough.

It

wracks him. Doubles him up. LUKE blurts out:

LUKE

Goddammit, he's *dying*. Let me call
the poor bastard an ambulance!

Nathan grits his teeth:

NATHAN

No ambulance. The car I ordered
will be here soon.

SAMANTHA

Mr. Windeman, please let him help
you. I know this man, I... I'm pretty
sure I slept with him.

Nathan presses a bandage to his side.

NATHAN

I'm about to faint... And if you
call an ambulance, I will fucking
kill you.

He pitches forward into Henessey's arms.

EXT. SHADED PORCH - MID-AFTERNOON

side.
Beside the lakeshore LUKE AND SAMANTHA walk side by

RACK FOCUS to the porch: NATHAN is laid out on a chaise
lounge. Henessey beside him, applying cold compresses.

The
Henessey
older man stirs, coming awake... Tries to sit up,
nudges him flat again.

NATHAN

Where's Charly...?

HENESSEY

Relax. She's with Luke. That's his name, Luke.

NATHAN

Goddammit, I told you --

HENESSEY

Yeah, yeah, we weren't real big on what you told us. I had him call you an ambulance, so shoot me. Should be here within fifteen minutes.

Nathan groans. Henessey presses a cloth to the man's head.

HENESSEY

The guy's story checks out. Sam knows things about him. Stuff only a lover would know.

NATHAN

Sod that... just watch them.

HENESSEY

Don't worry about it. Chick signs my checks, I'm gonna watch her get aced? Lie back down.

Nathan swallows. Grimaces. Lies back down.

NATHAN

Checks. You're not fooling anyone, dear boy.

(bemused)

You'd wash her feet and drink the water... wouldn't you?

HENESSEY

Cut me a break, nimrod. She's married with a kid.

Busted. Nathan coughs. Speaks, eyes faraway:

NATHAN

My star pupil...

(smiles thinly)

That man in Pennsylvania yesterday... The one at the diner, that was hers, wasn't it...?

HENESSEY

How'd you know?

NATHAN

(nods)

I saw the news report, they found a shell casing a thousand yards away, helluva shot.

HENESSEY

Tell me about Daedalus, what's his story?

NATHAN

Arms broker, man without a face. Veteran of Baader-Meinhoff and the Red Brigades. He's rumored to be based in the U.S. Doesn't travel much, they say. Too afraid of metal detectors, the poor sod's got a foot-long piece of steel in his leg.

At which point, Henessey stops. Frowns.

HENESSEY

Come again?

NATHAN

A pin, Mr. Henessey. A surgical pin.

He scuffs his shoe in the porch dust. Eyes narrowed:

HENESSEY

Where the hell...? I know I just heard that somewhere, something about a...

His eyes widen:

HENESSEY

Oh, fuck.

Points to the lake:

HENESSEY

Nathan, that son of a bitch has one in **his** leg.

Nathan freezes, thoughts racing... swears violently:

NATHAN

You blithering idiot, the son of a

bitch wasn't her lover, he was her target, he's Daedalus!

HENESSEY

Oh, Jesus...! That's how she knew all that shit, not from *dating* him -- she *studied* the fucker to take him out!

the
off
softly
RATCHETING
hadn't --
Inside,
professional.
fucker

He takes off for the lake at a dead run. Behind him, bloodied Nathan DRAGS himself to his feet and lurches the porch, stumbling. Weaving. Refusing to go down. AT THE LAKESIDE -- Luke walks behind Samantha. Talking in her ear, smiling... She hears something. A noise, drawing closer, hmmm...? Looks up. Wishes she A BELL RANGER HELICOPTER is descending over the lake. TIMOTHY shoulders a bolt action rifle, coolly FIRES, kicks up dirt at Henessey's feet. Stops the cold. On the shore, LUKE smiles at Samantha, says:

LUKE

Sure don't look like an ambulance, does it?

broken
doll.

SLUGS HER IN THE FACE. Drops her to the ice like a

CUT TO

BLACK:

a
or
Grainy.
a

Black indeed. Deep. Empty. Out of the darkness, we hear NEWS COMMENTATOR. Voice scratchy. Indistinct. Far away long ago... A TELEVISION IMAGE fills the screen. Black and white. The legend: BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND, over footage of

crisp-
reporter:

sidewalk bombing. We're back in time, the year 1971. A
looking BRIGADIER is speaking to the off-camera

BRIGADIER

...the bombing has been linked to
the Ulster Volunteer Force, which,
as you know, is the counterpart of
the provisional IRA and the most
violent of the Protestant Paramilitary
groups.

An ANNOUNCER's face replaces him:

ANNOUNCER

Despite threats of reprisals,
Brigadier Baltimore repeats that he
will seek to cut UVF supply lines,
especially from Tripoli, Lybia. U.S.
President Nixon concurs that...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

a
just saw
date

A battered TV, volume turned low. Snoozing in a chair,
rumpled older man -- It's the BRIGADIER, the one we
speaking on TV. A CALENDAR on the table identifies the
as June 23, 1971.

IN THE NEXT ROOM

awake,
blanket.

Girlish decor. Pinups of rock stars. A YOUNG GIRL is
dressed and currently stuffing two pillows under a
She inspects her handiwork. Human-looking lump. Turns,
satisfied.

from
door.
digits.

One last look at the WOODEN JESUS on the wall -- Creeps
the room. Past the sleeping Brigadier. To the front
She checks over her shoulder, nervous. Taps out five
Shuts off the alarm. Unlocks the door and slips out.

EXT. STREET - BELFAST - NIGHT

grin.
The boy's name is GREGORY. Sixteen, with a quick, easy
Huddled beneath a tree with him, the girl is gelatin.

GREGORY

You've never made it with a boy,
then?

GIRL

There's nothing odd about it. I'm
only sixteen.

GREGORY

Rubbish.

GIRL

What?

GREGORY

You're fourteen and not a day more.
Here now, I'm right, you're blushing.

GIRL

Look, what if I'm ignorant? It's my
father, we never stay in one place,
I never meet bloody anyone.

GREGORY

Saw him on the telly. Think he'd
kill me? I'm a nasty one, I am.

terrified
He slides a hand under her sweater. She stiffens,
and exhilarated, as he gently strokes her nipple with a
thumb.

GREGORY

You know what, I'll bet you've never
even kissed a boy... now, have you?
(beat)
Aye, but you want to...

duckling
He leans in. She leans forward. A jerky, tentative
on the road to swan-dom. Their lips touch.

flat.
Across the road, THE WINDOWS BLOW OUT in her father's
rush
She spins, scream caught in her throat -- as ARMED MEN
unlocked.
from the house. Through the door, the one she left

realizes Stutter of SMALL ARMS FIRE. She whirls on Gregory,
only then that the guy is LAUGHING.

GREGORY

Thanks for shutting off the alarm,
you bloody Papist bitch.

He slaps her full across the face.

GREGORY

Tell the press the Ulster Force claims
full credit.

He spins and flees.

INT. BRIGADIER'S FLAT - MOMENTS LATER

run run Girl, moving. Walls racing past, shot to PIECES, run
into her bedroom and LURCHES to a stop, screaming:

GIRL

***DA*!**

refused Propped against the wall. By the bed. He's still alive.
reached his Incredibly. The man has DRAGGED himself in here. He
to die, simply couldn't, you see... Not until he
daughter.

ANGLE ON BED

just Two pillows, jammed beneath a blanket. The Brigadier
Shifts his stares at them. His face slack. White and gastly.
eyes. gaze to his daughter. Tears running from his dulled

BRIGADIER

How much...

He raises the pistol to his head.

BRIGADIER

...did they pay you...?

FADE He fires. On a young girl's dissolve into insanity we
OUT... Sound, echoing away. Blackness, total.

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT OF OLD MILL - NIGHT

Waking is slow.

Tries
the
over

Samantha opens her eyes. Blinks. Hazy, out of focus.
to rub her eyes, can't. Hands. Something's wrong, what
hell'd she do with her hands...? Ah. They're stretched
her head. BOUND WITH CORD. Suddenly she's very awake.

ANOTHER ANGLE

windswept
it.
now.
corollary

The basement of the old converted mill. A drafty,
place full of old, broken timbers. A river runs through
A stream, at any rate. The waters are still and frozen
Above the stream -- A GREAT WOODEN WHEEL. Smaller
of the wheel outside. Mounted on the same axis.

affixed
bad
TURN...
Beneath
wearing

SAMANTHA is tied to that wheel. Lashed to its SIDE,
to it like a goddess to a Greek sailing ship. Now the
news, the ice has been chopped away so the wheel can
And it will plunge SAMANTHA UNDER THE FREEZING WATER.
the ice. Bound hand and foot. Strapped to the wheel,
only a nightgown, she is utterly helpless.

giving
cherry
place,
wave:

THE MAN KNOWN AS DAEDALUS (AKA Luke) stands before her,
instructions to the ubiquitous TIMOTHY. He looks up at
Samantha. Seeing her eyelids flutter, he tosses her a
wave. Gone is the gee-whiz country boy schtick; in its
a frightening arrogance. He tosses her his cheeriest

DAEDALUS

Well, good afternoon. If it isn't
the forgetful spy. How you feeling?

SAMANTHA

Not-so fresh.

Subsides.
at
thinly:

Samantha struggles against her bonds. No dice.
Takes a look around at her predicament. TIMOTHY stands
the edge of the ice. Watching her intently. Smiles

SAMANTHA

You... you're... the man from the
bar...?

TIMOTHY

Look at her. She's not faking it,
she doesn't know me from Adam.

Daedalus shakes his head, frowning:

DAEDALUS

It's not that I don't trust my
compatriot, Colonel Baltimore. In
fact, I had every confidence that
your amnesia was genuine -- until
you showed up *here*. You follow?

(beat)

Meanwhile, I just got around to
reading the papers, there's the small
matter of an incident upstate. Long
range rifle shot, blew a man out of
his socks.

(coldly)

You can see where I'm coming from.
I'm trying to pull off the biggest
job of my career. I have to know.
How much you really remember... and
who you've told.

SAMANTHA

I didn't tell a soul, I swear.

DAEDALUS

We'll soon know.

beam.
water

He crosses toward a large RED BUTTON. Set into a wooden
Samantha thrashes at the bindings. Looks down at the
where it intercepts the mammoth wheel. Fighting panic:

SAMANTHA

Is... is this a torture thing...?

DAEDALUS

Torture, yes. The torturing of beautiful women, albeit politically incorrect, is an addiction with me.

(beat)

A woman never looks quite so beautiful as when her face is distended in pain. Witness the beauty of childbirth.

SAMANTHA

Please, I'm getting all misty. Look, untie me, I'll make any face you want.

DAEDALUS

Let's not, and say we did. Do you smoke?

SAMANTHA

Smoke...? Um, no. Not... not really.

DAEDALUS

Good. You'll last longer. Now hush yourself, and take a deep breath. We're gonna do the torture thing.

He hits the button. An electric WHINE -- THE BIG WHEEL
TURNS. Feet first into the water. Struggling. Arms stretched
above her head. She plunges below the surface. A new
dimension in PAIN. Frozen, mind-numbing.
She WRITHES against the wheel. It's like a crushing
VICE is ripping her limb from limb. She opens her eyes,
briefly. Discovers she's not alone -- A mere foot from her face,
THE BLOATED CORPSE of the drowned NATHAN. Staring away and
away. Blue with cyanosis.
Meanwhile, back ON THE SURFACE: Daedalus turns to his
right-hand man, who says:

TIMOTHY

We're running on schedule, I just secured the tanker. We're borrowing it from Carbide in South Carolina. Cargo listed as fire retardant.

DAEDALUS

(nods)

Juice up the bird, we head out soon as I'm done here.

He turns. Hits the red button again. THE WHEEL reverses itself. Creaks and moans, turning --

SAMANTHA BREAKS THE SURFACE. Gasping for air. Wheezing. Choking. The FREEZING WIND plasters the nightgown to

her.

DAEDALUS

Take all the air you can, that's right. If you need to vomit, do it now.

Samantha, face twisted. Coughs. Wheezes. TIMOTHY looks

her

in the eye... shakes his head:

TIMOTHY

You don't remember *at all*...? The greatest night of your life, shit, drown this ungrateful wench.

He exits. Daedalus, alone with his captive. On her

features,

unbridled HATRED. He chuckles:

DAEDALUS

Talk to me Colonel. Is my identity safe...? The truth, and I'll shoot you in the head. Nice and quick. Otherwise, you're in for a long night. *Who did you talk to*?

SAMANTHA

...Nobody... fuck you...

He shakes his head, makes a "tsk tsk" gesture. Smiles

grimly

as he turns his attention to the red switch.

DAEDALUS

Hate to see you like this, Charly. I

heard you were a helluva spy once.
Without warning, her head snaps upward -- Eyes cold.
Voice,
not her own:

SAMANTHA

Watch your back. I'm not done yet.

DAEDALUS

That's a very funny joke. You're an entertaining woman. Good night.

Daedalus
Lights
Nathan,
come... In
He hits the button. She plunges beneath the surface.
walks over to one corner. Sits down. Takes out a pipe.
it. Picks up a book. Reads. And reads.
UNDERWATER -- Sam THRASHES and jerks, to and fro. Dead
mocking her. There, under the water, the memories
a flood. Stark and vivid.

MEMORY FLASH - THE YEAR

sky.
One
the
THE TRUNK OF A CAR opens, revealing a patch of night
Mostly obscured by two familiar individuals --
There's ONE-EYED JACK, remember him? Few years younger.
eyeball heavier. The other man is TIMOTHY. He looks in
trunk. Nods.

TIMOTHY

Okay, I'll signal Daedalus. Your money will be waiting, and Jack...? Do yourself a favor, do her and dump her, I'm serious. Don't get cute, try to play doctor first. I made that mistake.

The lid SLAMS SHUT.

BACK UNDER THE WATER

faster
The world of rushing MADNESS, memories unspooling now,
and faster --

MEMORY FLASH: A CLIFF overlooking the ocean. Darkness. Sheeting rain. Our heroine (for it is unquestionably SAMANTHA) is lying unconscious atop a rocky bluff. Drenched. ONE-EYED JACK produces a SYRINGE from a leather case. Rolls up her sleeve. Starts to administer the injection. Stops. He can't resist... Can't help LOOSENING the buttons on her shirt. Her eyes snap open. And before it even registers, she's grabbed the hypodermic and plunged it deep INTO HIS EYE -- Then she's up and running. Along the cliff, toward the car... Jack, HOWLING in pain, stumbling... Draws his gun and shoots her. In the head. She pitches backward. Tumbles from the cliff...! Rushes headlong toward the waters below, getting smaller --

INT. BASEMENT OF OLD MILL - THE PRESENT

Here. Now. She breaks the surface. Gasping for breath. SHRIEKS, a sound ripped from her by the PAIN, the COLD -- By her ruptured sanity. She hangs there. Drenched. Half frozen. DAEDALUS can't help it. A chill dances up his spine, watching... She is not afraid. She is not whimpering. She is looking directly AT HIM. With a sick smile.

CHARLY

Daedalus... Make you a deal... Let me go now...? I'll leave you the use of your legs... Bargain, trust me...

Daedalus struggles to recover his poise.

DAEDALUS

How did you find me? Who knows about this place, WHO HAVE YOU TOLD?

Charly's eyes bore into his:

CHARLY

I let you touch me, cowboy... I think
I need a bath.

Into Daedalus stabs the red button. THE BIG WHEEL TURNS...
the water goes Charly. Going down for the third time.

UNDER THE WATER - HELL - SAME

PAIN. Here we are again, in the world of silence and blinding
Despair and madness but now there's something else --
Now there's RAGE.

wrist... It takes losing most of the FLESH from her right
turns But she frees the hand. WRENCHES it loose. The water
fucking soupy red around it. GROPEs, blindly. Fingers NUMB, so
cold -- Breath, running out. No air. NO TIME.

bobbing She darts her right hand forward. Toward the obscenely
hand CORPSE of Nathan. Does something grotesque, jams her

DOWN THE CORPSE'S PANTS --

Mr. Hideaway gun, it's right where he said, right beside
Rage Wally. PSP-25. Semi-auto, steel jackets. She waits.
inside her. Death in her hands.

MEANWHILE, BACK ON THE SURFACE

boots The wheel CREAKS. Groans. The terrorist in the western
watches her emerge, face first -- She comes up firing.

scraps. He The first slug takes him in the knee. Blows it to
collapses, howling. She shifts aim. THE RED BUTTON. No
hesitation. BLAM-! Hits it DEAD ON. Stops the wheel.
Incredible.

SPLINTERS Doesn't blink. Unties her captive hand. BLOWS TO

as the wood surrounding her feet. Leaps to solid ground,

ANOTHER ANGLE

vision Daedalus looks up from his prone position. In agony. A
a from Hell approaches: A fiendish blue-skinned woman in
risen, sodden nightgown. Blood leaking from one wrist. She has
REBORN, from the icy waters.

DAEDALUS

Samantha... Please...!

CHARLY

Who's Samantha?

She She shoots him in the other knee. He HOWLS. Gun, empty.
Snatches tosses it aside. In a nearby crate: ASSAULT RIFLES.
up a Kalashnikov and clip. Kneels and says:

CHARLY

You see in the movies, badguy says,
"Talk to me and I'll let you live."
We're gonna run a variation, it goes
like this: Talk to me...? I'll let
you die.

She fires again.

CHARLY

Where's Henessey...?

INT. ROOT CELLAR - WITH HENESSEY

The detective lies naked, bound hand and foot. Beaten.
FREEZING. A single ray of LIGHT through a tiny crack.

ripped He hears a SPLINTERING noise, as if a door's been
Shouts, from its hinges. Pause -- A FUSILLADE of gunfire.
him. cries. A heavy weight SLAMS to the floorboards above
onto Through a crack comes a tiny stream of BLOOD, dribbling
him, as --

EXT. OLD MILL - SAME TIME

hand.
Leaps in
Running for
Wracked
AND
fading...
OLD
STRAIGHT UP

TIMOTHY bolts from the house, clutching a bleeding
Running hellbent for leather. Reaches a parked car.
and kicks over the engine as, behind him --
MORE MEN come piling out of the house, shouting.
their cars -- never make it. CUT DOWN IN THEIR TRACKS.
by gunfire, bodies twitching...
And as Timothy PEELS OUT, spraying mud, we pull UP, UP,
AWAY... Into the sky, moving ever higher, gunfire
Until now we're WAY UP, we can see Timothy's car... the
MILL, ever so tiny below us...
It blows to pieces. Sends flaming boards flying
AT US.

INT. VICTORIAN BUILDING - CHAPTER HQ - NIGHTTIME

coat.
His aide -- let's call him HARRY -- looks up nervously.

PERKINS

This can't happen, Harry. The
President's already up at night,
prowling his sock drawer for double
agents, and now we've got a fucking
rogue on our hands.

HARRY

Sir, there's someone in the conference
room to see you.

PERKINS

Oh, for the love of Christ, who can
be so fucking important?

pack of
He throws open a door off the passage: THERE'S TIMOTHY.
Perched on the edge of a conference table, tamping a
smokes. Perkins reacts, stunned.

TIMOTHY

It's me, your poor black cousin. The one you can't be seen with.

PERKINS

You...! Are you crazy, coming here??

TIMOTHY

(Lights a cigarette)
My boss is dead.

PERKINS

What...?

TIMOTHY

Your rogue bitch just took him out. Probably went shopping in his weapons storage too.

Piercing. He blows smoke. Trains his eyes on the older man.

TIMOTHY

We're still on, Perkins. I've got the tanker, the chemist, all ready to go... but you gotta contain her, man. We gotta step on her hard and fast.

An agent on the SWITCHBOARD calls out:

SWITCHBOARD

You have a call on line three, sir.

PERKINS

Who is it?

SWITCHBOARD

Charly Baltimore, sir.

it: Perkins stops dead. Lunges for the phone, nearly drops

PERKINS

Perkins.

INTERCUT - OUR HEROINE AT PAY PHONE

says: We only see her mouth. Set in hard, grim lines. She

CHARLY

It's cold, I want to come in.

PERKINS

Charly...? Oh, my God, what the hell are you *doing*? Listen to me, I'm going to direct you to a safe house, get you on a plane --

CHARLY

Can the bullshit, I'm not telling you where I am. I'll come in for a full debriefing, but we do it my way.

PERKINS

Charly, you're being paranoid. It's not like it used to be, you're eight years out of date.

CHARLY

Do tell.

PERKINS

Congress won't authorize a dime, Charly. Chapter's on the way out, we've been reduced to a records-keeping agency, we *don't* have enough money to kill you*, understand...?

CHARLY

Fuck you, Perkins. If you want me dead, you'll pass a hat in the typing pool to buy bullets. We do things my way.

PERKINS

Your way, I see. And if I say go to hell?

CHARLY

From where I stand, it ain't much of a commute. You'll hear from me.

She clicks off. Perkins darts a look at the techie --

guy

shakes his head, no go on the trace. Perkins swears.

PERKINS

She mustn't threaten our success. Contain her, whatever it takes. But be *careful*. If it gets out you're working for me... we'll both be

grabbing our ankles on the White
House lawn.

ESTABLISHING SHOT - ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

There. Thank you, New Jersey, that'll be all. You can
go now. Um, please.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT

Waking is slow for Mitch Henessey. He swallows dryly.
Eyes creak open, struggle to focus... Hears WATER running. A
he shower. Squints at his watch. He's not wearing a watch,
what knew that... In BED, naked. Chest swathed in bandages,
pain. the hell...? He pokes them. Jerks his head, hissing in

EXT. LIVING ROOM OF SUITE - WITH HENESSEY - NIGHT

Henessey lights a smoke at the bar. Flicks the match in
a trashcan. Starts to go, stops... Reaches into the can.
Plucks out a tiny scrap: PHOTOGRAPH, ripped in two.

A photo of Hal and Caitlin.

He pockets it, disturbed. Crosses to the bathroom door.
The shower has stopped. Raises a tentative hand, starts to
WOMAN, knock... It OPENS. There, in a thin silk robe, is a
swabbing at her hair.

She breezes out of the bathroom all chipper, like
nothing's unusual. Notices Henessey cursorily. Raises a finger:
"one sec." Lowers her head and shakes it like a terrier,
spraying him.

He cannot stop staring. It's Samantha, it *has* to
be...

Now she's BLONDE, though. Hair clipped short. Bobbed.
Blood-red fingernails. Red cotton shift, legs for days.

Samantha. Then, she *smiles* at him -- and it's not her, not

a
she
Amnesia's over, folks, because we're clearly looking at
changed woman: This one's name is CHARLY BALTIMORE, and
hasn't seen the light of day in eight years.

CHARLY

Hey, Mitch. Glad you're awake. Uh-
oh, you're seeping.

She grabs a washcloth. Frowns, says:

CHARLY

Here, look at this.

RIPS
With that, she opens her robe and exposes her breasts.
Henessey perks up considerably -- then SCREAMS as she
the gauze from his chest. She clinchs the robe again.

HENESSEY

Ah, that hurt like shit!!

CHARLY

That's why I distracted you first.
(dabs at his wounds)
Same principle as breaking in virgins.

HENESSEY

Same as -- virgins, *what*...?

CHARLY

Saw it in a Harold Robbins book. Guy
bites her on the ear as he goes in.
Distracts from the pain. You ever
try that?

HENESSEY

No, I slug 'em in the jaw and yell
"pop goes the weasel," what the fuck
are you talking about? Who are you??

CHARLY

Name's Charly. The spy. Nice to
meet'cha. Drink?

INT. CASINO BAR - EVENING

mannerisms, the
through her
roving,
nearby

Henessey watches, fascinated. All the little differences. Shaking out a match, running a hand through her hair... And never missing a thing, eyes constantly scanning. Guard never down. She plucks a drink from a table, steals it outright.

CHARLY

See? Sit next to the dance floor, every drink's free. People finish dancing, they think the waiter lifted 'em.

Henessey grimaces. Clears his throat, says:

HENESSEY

I'm confused. Gimme a minute.

CHARLY

Take two, they're small.

shifts

She knocks back her drink. No hesitation. Henessey uncomfortably, lights a smoke.

HENESSEY

Okay. Let's say I buy it. You're actually a trained killer, Jesus, I can't even say it with a straight face.

(frowns)

So then... Samantha, she...

CHARLY

Never really existed. Like Nathan said, she was a total fabrication, I made her up.

HENESSEY

Fabrication. And now she's just... gone? Forever and ever?

CHARLY

Thank God. Look at my inordinately large ass, look what she did to me.

digest.

Henessey squirms, this one's gonna take some time to

HENESSEY

Pretty convincing act.

CHARLY

Guess so.

HENESSEY

I mean, her personality, it had to come from *somewhere* --

CHARLY

Change the subject. Better yet, steal me another drink.

Henessey sighs. Next to him a couple get up to dance.

He

reaches over and lifts their beers.

HENESSEY

Drink up. What's next?

CHARLY

I called Chapter. I'm trying to bring us in from the field alive...

HENESSEY

Chapter. Can you trust them?

CHARLY

Not sure. Until I know, you might wanna stay away from curbs.

He looks at her, confused:

CHARLY

They like to push people in front of buses.

Didn't need to know that. A DANCING SANTA goes by:

SANTA CLAUS

(bad Caribbean accent)

Hey, lady, Santa want to dance the lambada wit'choo. *Come this way, everybody*!

He shimmies away. Charly grins at Henessey:

CHARLY

If I could come that way I wouldn't need to dance the lambada. Follow me, I need you to do something.

EXT. DANCE CLUB - PAY PHONE - NIGHTTIME

phone: Henessey hunches forward, speaks rapidly into the

HENESSEY

...The lady's whacked, Trin, she's lost it and I want fucking out, now *call the Feds*. She's moving us tonight, I'll sneak out to this phone, call you back at midnight with the details.

foot He hangs up quickly. Turns -- reveal CHARLY, lounging a
away, watching him.

HENESSEY

All right, Charly. What did that accomplish?

CHARLY

I'm testing our boy Perkins. I figure he's gotta be tapping your office. Got a light...?

HENESSEY

(pause, then:)

Oh, no. He just traced that call?

She swipes matches from his pocket. Nods.

CHARLY

Come midnight, you hang by the phone. Nobody shows, we think about trusting him. He tries to kidnap and torture you, well, there it is.

HENESSEY

Whoa, time out.

CHARLY

Oh, don't be such a baby.
(lights her cigarette)
Ten o'clock, we got two hours to kill. I'm a woman, feed me.

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK - NIGHTTIME

Charly CARNIVAL RIDES, dead for the winter. Henessey and

stroll beneath them. He smokes. She eats Chinese.

CHARLY

Ugh. God I'm full, I'm gonna have a food baby.

He takes a good long look at her, still can't fathom it.

HENESSEY

"Charly." fucking unbelievable.

(beat)

Shame about the fat ass. I bet you were really attractive once.

CHARLY

Oh, I was. Check this out. One time? A guy said he'd fuck me.

HENESSEY

No.

CHARLY

Swear to God.

HENESSEY

Did he make good?

CHARLY

Absolutely. Oh, and afterwards? Oh my God, afterwards I said the most funny thing, you know what I said...?

(beat)

I said, "Go back to your room. Dad..."

Charly's
CRACK...
She laughs through a swig of beer. MEMORY FLASH:
bedroom as DAD puts the gun to his head and fires,

CHARLY

It's why he thought I had him killed.

Henessey huddles, watching her closely.

HENESSEY

Your father was murdered.

voice
She nods, gazes out over the icy waters. Speaks, her
faraway and gone:

CHARLY

When Da died, I went to his funeral.
12 years old, today I wouldn't. And
I overheard a woman, she was
praying... She was thanking God --
sounded so happy -- thanking Him it
hadn't been *her* father who was
killed. See... she didn't really
care that God had let someone die...
just so long as it missed *her*.

(beat)

...and she bought her cross at the
same store as mine, see, that's what
we do, we all pray to the same cross
on a hundred different walls, and
sit back and wait to see who gets
hit and who gets missed.

bottom
Anger flares in her eye. Like a stirring of mud at the
of a deep, deep, pond.

CHARLY

Fuck the waiting. Fuck being afraid.
I determine who gets hit, and how
hard. And I thank no one. It's
pathetic to thank someone who spares
you -- when they're just taking
someone else.

(beat)

Walk me upstairs?

INT. HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHTTIME

him.
They enter the suite. She drops her purse, sways toward
doorway.
Presses him against the wall, framed there in the

CHARLY

This is my first date in eight years,
Mitch. Is this a fun date...?

lips.
Quite suddenly, Charly leans over and kisses him on the
He reacts, startled. Stares at her.

HENESSEY

Okay, what's going on?

CHARLY

True love, shut the fuck up.

HENESSEY

You kidding me? I'm an ex-con, lady.
I wear a shiny suit, my tie's crooked,
and the last time I got blown candy
bars cost a nickel. Plus I'm ugly,
so what's up?

CHARLY

Chemistry. Be quiet.

Henessey's
found

She nibbles his ear. Pulls back, smiling -- and
holding the picture of HAL and CAITLIN. The one he
torn in two. He looks her full in the face:

HENESSEY

Chemistry my ass. Know what I think?
I think this is why you'd fuck me.
(beat)
To kill a schoolteacher. Bury any
trace of her.

He pushes her away.

HENESSEY

Sorry, I liked the schoolteacher.
When she comes back, give me a call.

Charly jerks backward. Angry. Henessey heads for the
bathroom.

HENESSEY

Oh, and call your fuckin' kid, will
ya'? It's two days to Christmas, and
she's under the mistaken impression
that Mommy gives a shit.

Charly snatches up her purse, eyes burning:

CHARLY

I didn't ask for the kid, Mitch.
Samantha had the kid, not me, **NOBODY**
ASKED ME.

She storms out. CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHTTIME

Rest

Charly stalks the city streets. A quartet sings, "God

depressing
Total
window.

Ye Merry," ostensibly about joy, oddly the most
tune ever written. On a crowded street, she is alone.
misfit. Searches her own haggard features in a shop
window.
Swallows hard, whispers:

CHARLY

Easy, baby. She ain't coming back,
no way. Bitch is dead.

pockets.
falls

She bustles down a sidestreet, hands jammed in her
That's when a tall BEARDED MAN crosses the street and
in alongside.

BEARDED MAN

Good evening.

CHARLY

Fuck off.

BEARDED MAN

I see me a good-looking lady, all
upset, I wonder if she doesn't need
some male company.

CHARLY

Forget it. I'm saving myself 'til I
get raped.

.38.

His hand edges out of his windbreaker with a snubnosed

BEARDED MAN

Step into the alley, honey. I ain't
asking, I'm telling.

might

Charly stops walking. Regards him the way you or I
look at a telephone cord. Groans:

CHARLY

Oh, don't tell me. You're early,
Goddammit, you're supposed to be at
the pay phone. Go away and come back
at midnight. I'm not ready yet. Got
a light?

The guy stares, mouth working.

BEARDED MAN

Lady, I have a gun!

COCKS Which is precisely when a much larger Smith and Wesson
next to his ear:

VOICE (V.O.)

This ain't no ham on rye, pal.

Charly HENESSEY holds the gun rock steady in his big fist.
spins on him, eyes flashing:

CHARLY

What the hell are you doing here?

HENESSEY

Saving your life. Woulda got here
sooner but I was thinking up the
sandwich line.

CHARLY

You think I couldn't take him?
Idiot, you probably scared the
other guy away --

HENESSEY

What other guy -- ?

CHARLY

Headhunters, nimrod, they go in pairs,
were you always this stupid or did
you take lessons?

HENESSEY

I TOOK LESSONS.

their The hitman watches, bewildered. Considers waving to get
attention. Finally he can't stand it. Blurts out:

BEARDED MAN

Hey!

Charly snaps her head toward him:

CHARLY

What?

BEARDED MAN

I still got this fucking gun!

She smiles sweetly.

CHARLY

No, you don't.

his Takes it off him. Just like that. He stares dumbly at
empty hand. Half of his trigger finger is missing.

BEARDED MAN

SHIIIIIT!!

KICK. Charly flips the gun into the air. Launches a SPIN
Shatters his jaw. Catapults him backwards.
way Completes her spin, catlike -- Catches the .38 on its
down. DOESN'T STOP THERE. Arm out, gun cocked -- FIRES.
Straight at Henessey, what...? He dives aside --

KNIFE BEHIND HIM, a second HITMAN. Blown to tatters. The
meant for Henessey arcs through the air...

detective. Imbeds itself in the ground an inch from the prone
dead. He stares at it with shocked eyes. The killer hits,
Twitches. CHARLY. Lowers her arm slowly. Gun barrel
smoking.

CHARLY

Fuck you. Just fuck all of you.

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY STREET - NIGHTTIME

plunges A BRONCO ROARS UP out of a parking garage. Swerves and
into the maze of streets that inspired the world's most
popular board game.

INT. BRONCO - SAME

shaking. Charly drives, possessed. Henessey drinks. Hands

CHARLY

Dammit. I knew I couldn't trust that
prick.

She throws a shrieking skid. Henessey clutches for the dashboard, swearing.

CHARLY

Easy, Spike. I got myself out of Beirut once, I think I can get us out of New Jersey.

HENESSEY

Don't be so sure, others have tried. The entire population, in fact.

(beat)

Look, about me...? I mean, what's up, you're this hot survival chick, I'm getting the feeling you don't need me anymore.

Charly reaches over. Yanks the doorhandle.

CHARLY

Good point.

She kicks him out of the moving car.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME TIME

shudders
up,
Bronco

He bounces off the highway. Rolls. Over and over, to a stop. Pause... The wind blows. He groans. Looks spits gravel. Stands. Dusts himself off. Watches the go far away.

TIME CUT - EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

As Henessey trudges wearily down the highway we HEAR:

HENESSEY (V.O.)

Dear Mom: I was tortured, now I'm in Atlantic City. The girl of my dreams just threw me out of a speeding car. Now more people will come and shoot me in the head. On the plus side, I won two bucks at video poker.

the
him.

A SCREECH of tires, he turns, startled -- here comes Bronco. Skids onto the highway and races back toward Pulls up alongside. CHARLY throws open the door, says:

CHARLY

Get in.

off. He
the
He does. Without a word. Closes the door, they drive
lights a cigarette like nothing happened. Shakes out
match, speaks without looking at her:

HENESSEY

Found a use for me.

CHARLY

Yep.

(beat)

I gotta vanish, Mitch. I need money,
a whole bunch.

HENESSEY

Why didn't you say so? Gimme a second
while I pull it out of my ass.

She turns to him, a gleam in her eye. Speaks softly:

CHARLY

The key, Mitch. The one I keep around
my neck.

HENESSEY

What about it?

CHARLY

What if I told you it's the key to
Box 406 at Pittsburgh International
Airport?

HENESSEY

How would you know? Someone filed
off the numbers.

CHARLY

Not someone. Me. I filed them off.

(beat)

There's a briefcase in Box 406, Mitch.

HENESSEY

What's in it?

CHARLY

\$200,000.

Henessey does a spit-take, sprays whiskey.

CHARLY

Payment for my last assignment. I need you to retrieve it for me.

HENESSEY

Why me?

CHARLY

Don't be stupid, they might have the place covered. I don't want to get shot to pieces.

HENESSEY

Shoulda known.
(sighs)
Gimme the key.

CHARLY

I'd love to. I left it with Caitlin back in Ohio.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

The BRONCO races on into the night...

INT. BRONCO - SAME TIME

Charly

Late, very late now. Henessey, driving. Beside him, reclines, lost in reverie. Features bathed in passing roadlights. Henessey grinds out a butt:

HENESSEY

Humor me: you're a paid assassin, then you fall off a cliff. Sink under the ocean, and when you come out you're a fucking schoolmarm, wanna tell me what happened?

CHARLY

I fell into a school of fish, they elected me principal. Shut the fuck up.

HENESSEY

Mmmm. Personally...? I'm thinking maybe Samantha Caine wasn't an act. Maybe you forgot to hate yourself for eight years, ever think of that...?

CHARLY

Shut. The. Fuck. Up. Hmmm... Nope, seems clear enough to me. Hate myself, Christ almighty. What are you, my shrink?

HENESSEY

No, just some loser thought he could maybe understand, fuck it. I been there, you know. I'd kill for fucking amnesia. I'm with my boy and all I can think is I got reamed in the ass by three guys. Merry Christmas, son, here's a ball glove, did you know Daddy screamed when they carved the name in his back...? Mary, by the way. I pushed for Cindy, but hell. God, I'm tired.

(beat)

I never did one thing right, you know it, not one fucking thing. Not even accidental, that takes skill.

slack, He looks over. She's asleep, hasn't heard a word. Face lips slightly parted. The toughness banished from her features. In its place, a lingering sadness. CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAWN BREAKING

eyes quiet. The Bronco glides along. Charly in the passenger seat, roving like a hawk's. THE CAINE HOUSE is peaceful and Christmas lights, still burning dimly.

CHARLY

Drive past, don't slow down.

(points)

Park under those trees, honk if there's trouble.

HENESSEY

(bad Rochester)

Yas, massah, I be slowin' de caw down fo' you.

MP-5 She stuffs a .45 automatic in her waistband. Cradles an
Makes beneath her coat. Rolls out of the still-moving truck.

to her way through back yards. Silent as a cat. She went
cookouts here. Bridge parties. Now she prowls, a grim
assassin.

face Leaps a fence, drops behind a woodpile -- Comes face to
with RAYMOND, a fifth grade student we saw earlier.

Secreted behind the woodpile, SMOKING. His eyes pop as he spies
good ol' Ms. Caine, sporting blonde hair and an assault
weapon.

Charly doesn't miss a beat:

CHARLY

Good morning, Raymond.

RAYMOND

Um... morning, Ms. Caine.

CHARLY

What did we learn about the dangers
of smoking...? Give it here.

cigarette A wet stain appears at his crotch. He hands her the
long, with nerveless fingers. Charly accepts it. Takes a
satisfying drag. Passes it back.

CHARLY

Thanks. Tell anyone you saw me I'll
blow your fucking head off.

Moves off through the bushes. Out of sight.

EXT. CAINE BACK YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Crouches, Charly kicks aside a pair of abandoned ice skates.
is face pressed to the glass door. Looking in. The house
off silent and empty. Nobody home. The Christmas tree winks
door and and on. The tree she helped decorate. She opens the
slips inside. CUT TO:

INT. GOVERNMENT ISSUE SEDAN - DRIVING - SAME TIME

stained
Charly

Three GOVERNMENT AGENTS. Faces drawn, haggard. Pit-shirts, day old sandwiches. Carrying photographs of and Henessey. Agent #1 sighs, examining her figure.

AGENT #1

Man, I'd eat a mile of her shit just to follow it back to the ass it came from.

AGENT #2

Christ, I'm trying to have breakfast.

A RADIO MIC on the dash squawks, a voice says:

VOICE (O.S.)

Unit 2 to Red Dog, give us one more pass, let's make sure the house is secure.

EXT. CAITLIN'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

rifle
everything

Charly enters. All business. Begins to systematically rifle the drawers. Her daughter's precious things. Sweeps everything onto the floor. Utter disregard, it's a bit startling.

PERKINS

Crosses to the bed, throws back the covers -- MR. (the stuffed bear) has the chain around his neck.

audible,
the
frowns.

We hear it, then. Ghosting on the still air, barely the sound of SINGING... Children's voices waft across the frozen pond from St. Paul's Episcopal CHURCH. Charly frowns. Crosses to the window, lifts the sash.

the
SCOPE.
down

Pause. Charly chews her lip. Unlimbers the MP-5. Hefts the wicked-looking thing. Not to fire it... but to use the SCOPE. Adjusts focus. Practiced movements. Deft. Sure. Sights down the weapon. Scans though the gunsights...

in

POV CHARLY: Hal's CHRISTMAS PAGEANT. There's Hal. Cast

church
Choir

spectral GREEN. Laughing and serving breakfast. On the lawn, a NATIVITY scene. Teenage girls as the wise men. of children, singing... CAITLIN among them.

eyes

Charly is sweating. She lowers the scope. Squeezes her shut. Something in her, threatening to WRENCH LOOSE...

EXT. FRONT OF CAINE HOUSE - SAME TIME

riveted
corner

Henessey, slouched behind the wheel. Starts to light a cigarette. Stops, the match halfway to his face. Eyes on the rearview mirror as a GOVERNMENT SEDAN turns the behind him...

BACK WITH CHARLY - INSIDE

when
the
GUNSHOTS

Watching her family, far away. Fighting emotion. That's she hears A HORN HONKING. Her head whips around, toward front of the house. The honk is followed by three in rapid succession.

She's up and moving. All else forgotten.

EXT. FRONT OF CAINE HOUSE - SAME TIME

government

Henessey PEELS OUT, tires smoking. Careens forward, SEDAN close behind --

through.
Hits,

The upstairs window EXPLODES outward. Charly, hurtles Freefalls to the porch roof. Glass, showering down. rolls. Surfaces in a combat crouch, FIRES.

over
off --

Government sedan, KILLS THE PASSENGER. Collapses him the doorframe. Gun clatters to the street, car speeds

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - DRIVING

The driver looks over, incredulous.

DRIVER

He's dead. Goddammit, how did that happen??

BACKSEAT

Go bulletproof, now!

that
dead
pate

The driver hits a button and up go the windows. All, is, except the passenger side window -- Because the guy's bald HEAD blocks it. Becomes WEDGED there. Bald exposed to the world.

BACK WITH CHARLY - FRONT OF HOUSE

Takes

Charly watches the two vehicles rocketing away down the street. Out of range. Lowers the smoking .45. SWEARS. off around the house at a dead run.

INT. ST. PAUL'S - SAME TIME

fellow
looks up
moving,
THREE
palms a

Switch scenery: the Christmas Pageant, CAITLIN and angels traipse into the church vestibule... Caitlin just in time to see TIMOTHY apply the chloroform. Two seconds, she's out like a light. Next case. Up and child tucked neatly under his arm. A NEARBY MOTHER OF THREE has seen it happen. Opens her mouth to scream -- He KNIFE. Puts it to her youngest son's kidney:

TIMOTHY

Wanna be a statistic, lady? You're about to have 2.4 children.

Freezes her. Petrified.

TIMOTHY

I know where you live. Close your mouth, you look like a fish. Merry Christmas.

He exits into the vestibule. Quick. Professional.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RANCH:

Henessey, High speed chase, in progress. The driver dogs jockeys for position. Barks into a radio mic:

DRIVER

Target two, acquired! Red Dog in pursuit, backup requested.
(over his shoulder)
You got him?

BACKSEAT

I got him.

The backseat agent hefts an AK-47 assault rifle.

WITH HENESSEY - DRIVING

see
window. Henessey checks the rear view mirror -- just in time to a circular portion of glass POP from the chase car's
Out comes a gun muzzle.

HENESSEY

Jesus wept.

STRAFES it. The guy opens up on full auto. Rakes the Bronco,
coming Henessey swerves madly -- no go. Death run. He's not home, not this time.

EXT. FROZEN POND - SAME TIME

the legs, CHARLY BALTIMORE hurtles forward, SPEED SKATING across frozen pond toward the chase vehicles. Long, coltish to die for.

CHARLY

This is gross, this is gonna be so
Goddamn gross...

alongside She goes SIDESLIPPING at superhuman speed. Tacks
Raises the government sedan. Targets the bald guy's head.
driver the .45 and FIRES. Not to be graphic, but the car's receives the bulk of the mess. SPRAYED.

off
*still
Across the eyes. He loses control, SKIDS OUT. Catapults
the road, onto the ice. Slides right toward Charly,
doing fifty*...

She doesn't miss a beat. LAUNCHES herself, twisting in
midair... Up OVER THE HOOD of the sedan, it blows by
underneath her as

ANOTHER ANGLE

AXEL
SHOTS
The car
picture
The incredible part. In slow motion, she does a DOUBLE
PIRHOUETTE. Above the hood. Mid-spin, she blows THREE
through the windshield. Kills everyone. Keeps going.
spins twice around. PLOWS to a halt -- Charly hits a
perfect landing.

skates
driver:
On the shore, HENESSEY watches, thunderstruck. Charly
by the icebound sedan. Flashes a grin at the dying

DRIVER

Shit... it really... *is* you...

CHARLY

Phil...? Phil Krauss? I don't believe
it, they moved you from cyphers.
Long time, man, I figured you were
dead by now.

She delivers a blow to the neck. Kills him. CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DRIVING - DAYTIME

Henessey and Charly, driving a new vehicle: late model
Cadillac. Charly driver. Henessey rifles the glove
compartment.

CHARLY

So, Mitch. Still think I'm warm and
fuzzy?

HENESSEY

Sure. It's not your fault the gun
accidentally went off in mid-air as

you tripped and flew over the car.

CHARLY

Exactly. What's in the glove box?

HENESSEY

Phone bill, Christmas card... Five buck, swell. You didn't have to kill him, you know.

CHARLY

Back off, man. Do I tell you how to snap photos of extramarital blowjobs? No.

nowhere.
abruptly
scoops
call.

There is a short, CHIRPING sound. Seemingly from
They exchange puzzled looks, what the hell...? Charly
realizes it's coming from her purse. She reaches in,
up the CELLULAR PHONE, the one she told Caitlin to
Thumbs the button. Says cautiously:

CHARLY

Hello?

A voice, then... Clipped tones, TIMOTHY'S voice:

TIMOTHY (O.S.)

It's me, I got your kid. Give your location, we gotta lose the cellular.

Charly. Hand gripped tight on the phone. Pause, then:

CHARLY

State Road 80, 15 minutes west of Harrison.

TIMOTHY

Okay, here's how we do it. Drive to Harrison, find their main bus stop. Pay phone, fifteen minutes. Better drive fast, after five rings I hang up.

Click.

HENESSEY

What the hell was that?

CHARLY

He's got the kid. Doesn't want to talk on the airwaves, he's routing me to a land line. A pay phone.

HENESSEY

Which phone? Where?

The detective's mind, racing... suddenly it hits him:

HENESSEY

Shit. Service centers...! They list 'em on the back of phone bills, right?

CHARLY

Excuse me?

HENESSEY

Shut up and find me a gun. HK, MP-5.

As he rips open the bill we CUT TO:

we're
RINGS,
A neutral background, as Charly's HEAD enters frame, very tight on her FACE... Tense, thin-lipped. A PHONE deafening. Click -- Charly speaks tersely:

CHARLY

Verify you have her.

TIMOTHY (O.S.)

I got your cellular number off a cast on her right wrist. Right below Mommy loves you... Picture of a panda. Dog, panda, it's got funky ears.

CLOSE ON CHARLY: Dead still. Made of glass.

TIMOTHY (O.S.)

I want money, Charly. I know you've got numbered accounts, we all do. I'll let you know where and when. Fuck with me...? I'll blind the kid and shoot out her knees.

CHARLY

You're dead, motherfucker. We don't involve families. It's not the way it's done, *we don't take families*.

TIMOTHY

I'll be in touch.

until
REVEAL:

He hangs up. Dead silence. HOLD on Charly's face...
slowly, ever so slowly, the camera pulls back to

operator.
CRINGE
leveled.

The .45 automatic -- Pointed at the head of an AT&T
THE PHONE COMPANY, they've taken it over. Employees
on the floor. Hennessey, MP-5 slung on his shoulder,
Charly points to the switchboard:

CHARLY

Give me an ANI trace. Do it.

MORNING

EXT. PINE-COVERED MOUNTIANS - UPSTATE NEW YORK -

sign:
rusty

Set back from the mountain road, a lonely MOTEL. A neon
Deer Lick Motel, No vacancies. The sign sits atop a
pole. Blinks forlornly.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

across the

TIMOTHY hangs up and turns to MR. PERKINS, seated
room:

TIMOTHY

It's done, she hooked. All I gotta
do is set the ransom meet.

PERKINS

She mustn't suspect a trap.

TIMOTHY

No way. She thinks I'm acting alone,
remember? Say the word, I'll hand
her to you on a plate.

at
her.

Perkins crosses to the bed. Rubs tired eyes. Gazes down
Caitlin. Asleep, a syringe on the nightstand beside
Next to a brown paper bag.

PERKINS

God. We're monsters, aren't we...?
(pause, then:)
Forget Charly. Talk to me about
tonight.

TIMOTHY

The tanker's on its way from
Charleston, ETA 1:00 a.m. One
terrorist on ice, waiting to play
patsy.

(points)

What's in the sack?

Perkins follows his gaze: the brown paper bag. Smiles
thinly.

PERKINS

That...? Something to prove that I'm
not a complete ogre.

He reaches into the paper bag and brings out a BABY
DOLL.
Sweet, innocent. Frilly with lace. A bright red bow.

PERKINS

See? The young one will have a doll
to play with on Christmas. Very
popular item. It... well, it pees.
You put water in it and... oh, fuck
you.

INT. ROADSIDE RESTAURANT - NEW YORK STATE - TWILIGHT

Charly and Henessey, eating at HARDEE'S. Seated across
from
each other at an orange plastic table, scarfing
Christmas
burgers. Outside, a billboard reads: WELCOME TO SANTA
CLAUS!
Where it's Christmas all year long!

HENESSEY

Almost dark now.

CHARLY

Another ten minutes. You want my
Crazy Meal action figure?

HENESSEY

Pass. Listen, you sure we're doing
the right thing? We've got money, we
could negotiate...

CHARLY

I'll get the damn kid, okay? God, I hope he doesn't shoot her up. Kid's dead weight if she's sedated.

HENESSEY

Not so emotional, I'm getting embarrassed with these outbursts here.

CHARLY

Oh, balls. Want me to cry on cue? I can. This is an extraction, nimrod, and she's the target, that's how to play it, the only way to beat this guy.

HENESSEY

Yeah? How come you know so much about this fucking guy?

CHARLY

Don't go there, Mitch, you don't want to know.

HENESSEY

I'm here. Suppose you tell me.

CHARLY

Fine, you asked. I bumped pelvises with this guy. In Paris, back in **1987**.

She knows she's shocking him, rubs it in:

CHARLY

I'd been assigned to kill his boss, remember...? Needed him out of the way. So I let him seduce me. Had a steel needle under the pillow, figured to stick him *en flagrante*, that means while we were screwing. But he was too slick. Bashed me in the head, finished, then threw me in the trunk of a car. Still think I'm a girl scout, Mitch...?

The look in her eyes is feral.

CHARLY

It's almost dark. Let's get it done.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHTTIME

up
MEN
into
operate
truck.

Full dark now, the fun begins... A TANKER TRUCK rumbles the mountain road. Pulls up before the Deer Lick Motel. IN SUITS wield flashlights, motioning the truck forward a cavernous GARAGE. Inside, men in BLUE JUMPSUITS cranes, maneuver a FILL TANK into place above the

EXT. SURROUNDING MOUNTAINSIDE - SAME TIME

CHARLY
Comes

tonight
elbow.
binoculars,

In the distance, as the tanker enters the garage -- BALTIMORE drops into frame. Lands and rolls, cat-quick. up behind a scrawny pine. Scans through a pair of Zeiss Nightvision binoculars. Welcome to the extraction. No more fun and games, it's a survival-zero operation. HENESSEY appears at her Lugging the ordnance bag. He sees Charly lower the head in hands.

HENESSEY

What's the matter?

CHARLY

They're here.

HENESSEY

Who?

CHARLY

Fucking Chapter, that's who. Timothy acting alone, Caitlin had a chance. Now...? She's dead meat.

INT. BUNKER - SAME TIME

driving a

As the tanker snorts to a halt, TIMOTHY pulls up, bright red Jaguar. Gets out as a blue-suit trots up:

BLUE-SUIT

1800 hours. We're still trying to
clean the tanker --

TIMOTHY

(scowls annoyance)

Fuck the cleaning, just drain it and
reload. Chop-chop, I'm going bunjee
jumping after this.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - SAME TIME

Charly and Henessey. Kneeling. He speaks tersely:

HENESSEY

Let me go in.

CHARLY

Negative. You stomp around like a
forties drunk and you're a lousy
shot.

HENESSEY

I get by.

CHARLY

You couldn't hit a lake if you were
standing on the bottom, now shut the
fuck up.

odds.
Props
Charly studies the encampment. Armed men. Impossible
Draws a long ragged breath and flops on the ground.
her back against a tree. Staring. Lights a cigarette:

CHARLY

I saw a little girl.

HENESSEY

(frowns)

Come again?

CHARLY

That's what happened under the water.
That night, eight years ago.

She looks up at the sky. Face troubled.

CHARLY

At the end... there she was, this
pretty little girl at the bottom of
the ocean, smiling at me. Three years

old, didn't know Daddies hid in closets, not yet. Stared up at me in the strangest way... saying how'd it come to this, we were so pretty and perfect, now look at us, sinking with our head all open... Said when she grew up she was gonna teach school. She couldn't wait.

She heaves a sigh. Threads a silencer on a baretta.

CHARLY

Guards are on 27-1 megahertz, meet me at 26-9, you need to talk. As soon as you spot me with the kid, start blowing the charges.

Leans
startled.

Henessey nods. Pause -- she does something unexpected. over and kisses him hard on the lips. He reacts, She pulls back, the oddest look on her face.

CHARLY

They're gonna blow my head off, you know.
(softly:)
This is the last time I'll ever be pretty.

turns

She kisses him again. Softly. Tenderly. Pulls back, without a word.

CHARLY

Time now. What I do next, they tell me it... looks like a machine or something. You don't like it, don't look.

foot to

She moves off toward the trees. Henessey shifts from foot, awkwardly. Opens his mouth --

CHARLY

Don't say it.

HENESSEY

I was gonna say enjoy life, eat out more often.

CHARLY

Gotta go.

(beat)

If she's alive, she's coming out of there, Mitch. If she's not... they'll know we stopped by.

She's gone, like a wraith. CUT TO:

the
She
solemn

SERIES OF SHOTS: Charly, on the prowl. In and out of trees... BURYING C-4 CHARGES. In bushes. In snowdrifts. crawls to woods' edge, peers out -- The motel stands and bedraggled. Draws a sharp breath -- !

There's a LIT CANDLE in the window of 17. CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL GROUNDS - SAME TIME

a

A gray-suited SENTRY. Poised on a wooded slope. He puts walkie-talkie to his lips and says:

SENTRY

All clear.

on
Drops.
gun

CHARLY, out of nowhere. Lightning fast. Hand, clamped mouth. In goes the knife. Deep. He burbles blood. Before he hits, Charly's already switched from knife to and moved on.

EXT. UNIT 17 - SAME TIME

window of
door,
light.

Charly appears from the shadows. Ghosts up to the #17 and peers in. Scans. Misses nothing. Crosses to the taps lightly. Watches the PEEPHOLE, a tiny pinprick of Abruptly darkened by a human eye --

Sputs
goes

She presses the silenced Beretta to the hole and fires. of splinters. From behind the door, a muffled thud. She to work on the lock.

BACK WITH HENESSEY - MINUTES HAVE PASSED

Henessey lies prone, binoculars trained on the motel.

HENESSEY

Christ, lady, what are you doing in there, playing fucking mah-jongg?
Move.

Skorpion

Behind him, a tiny, sharp click--! TIMOTHY has a machine pistol aimed at his head.

The killer speaks into a radio unit, a single word --

TIMOTHY

Bogey.

CATCHES

POP--! go the Kleig lights. BRILLIANCE, blinding --

Unconscious

CHARLY coming out of 17. Pins her dead to rights.

kid's.

DAUGHTER cradled in her arms. Tiny DOLL cradled in the

Charly runs, as the ground around her erupts like a **SHELLBURST**.

saying:

TIMOTHY, MEANWHILE, shouting into his walkie-talkie,

TIMOTHY

Take her alive, Perkins wants her!

tumbles

Henessey watches, helpless and PANICKED, as Charly

BACKWARD. Crashes through a CELLAR ACCESS, it splinters beneath her...! Plunges into blackness.

INT. CELLAR - PITCH BLACK

DARKNESS

She hits, cushions the kid. Grunt of PAIN... THE

strafe

EXPLODES into kaleidoscopic FLASHES OF GUNFIRE, Charly

it all. Blows through the clip, hits the lights:

Rusty

She's killed household items. BRICK WALLS, blasted.

she's

tools, faded signs -- THREE TEN-GALLON GAS CANS which

floor.

managed to PERFORATE, good one, Charly... The gas comes bubbling out on burps and splatters, drenching the

brick
LOCKER.
serious:

Charly casts about for an escape route. Set into the wall, a huge steel DOOR. She flings it open -- MEAT Nothing there, no help. Eyes darting. Possessed. A GRAVELY VOICE wafts down from above, then. Deadly

VOICE (O.S.)

I smell gasoline, you have a little accident...? I got plenty of matches up here. Bad way for a kid to go. Thirty seconds, think it over.

Regards
TO:

CHARLY stands in place, mind racing... Caitlin's DOLL. her dully. Plastic smile like it knows a secret. CUT

INT. MOTEL - 2ND FLOOR - NIGHTTIME

pipe... MR.
HENESSEY
radiator...

A MATCH FLARES as it descends into the bowl of a PERKINS puffs mightily. Turns and favors CHARLY and with a thoughtful gaze, they're handcuffed to TIMOTHY straddles a nearby chair. Smiles and says:

TIMOTHY

Good to have you back again, Chuck.

PERKINS

You know, Colonel, you ought really to have stayed dead. You don't know the rules of the game anymore.

CHARLY

No shit. Eight years ago, you send me to kill Daedalus and this clown. Now you're working *with* him.

He crosses to the fireplace, flips the match inside.

PERKINS

Budget cuts, remember? Congress blinded us in Eastern Europe, Central America. Across the board, an intelligence blackout. We had to recruit any eyes and ears we could

find, even if it meant going to former targets.

Pause. Suddenly Charly's eyes go wide. She whispers:

CHARLY

Budget cuts... oh, God. Is *that* what this is about...? The foot soldiers, the tanker truck... Fuck me, you're running a fundraiser!!

Comprehension, dawning. She looks up in disbelief.

CHARLY

You'll get all the money you want at the next budget hearing, won't you...? All you need is a major terrorist incident.

PERKINS

Interesting theory.

CHARLY

Theory, my ass. I think some terrorists were planning a strike. Bought supplies from Daedalus, that's how you knew they were coming...

(eyes widening)

No way. Don't tell me you're gonna sit there and let them go through with it, *just to get a budget increase*.

Perkins shrugs philosophically.

PERKINS

It's not without precedent. 1993, remember the World Trade Center bombing...? The CIA had advance knowledge, don't think they didn't. Worse, the diplomat who issued the terrorist's visa was CIA, they *facilitated* the bombing. Purely to justify a budget increase. Of course, they'd no way of knowing the terrorists would botch the job.

CHARLY

That's not gonna happen this time...?

PERKINS

No. This time, the terrorist event

will come off precisely as planned.
This time the terrorists can't muck
it up... because we've killed them
and taken over.

Charly and Henessey react, startled...

EXT. MOTEL GROUNDS - NIGHTTIME

compound.
On the move. Our two heroes, shepherded across the

Timothy's casualness is belied by the presence of two
dyspeptic GUARDS, each keeping a safe distance.

A POCK-FACED AGENT approaches briskly, RIFLE across his
shoulder. Holds out his hand:

POCK

Found these buried around the
perimeter.

unit.
Timothy studies it: C-4 CHARGE with remote detonation

TIMOTHY

Make sure you get all of them.

reproachfully:
The agent rushes off. Timothy looks at Charly

TIMOTHY

Chuck, you give me the fuck of my
life then try to stick me, come back
from the dead, whack my boss... No
sense lyin', I'm miffed.

stumbles,
to
Grits
Moves like lightning. WHACK-! Kidney shot. Charly
vision going black. Fights for balance. Henessey starts
react but a GUN MUZZLE stops him. Charly straightens.
her teeth, says:

CHARLY

So what's the plan? What's going out
in the tanker?

they
Timothy
Timothy and the guards exchange looks. Cracking up,
can't believe it -- Charly's not laughing. Looks at

with hooded, lifeless eyes:

CHARLY

What's the plan? I'm gonna die, I
wanna know.

Timothy lights a cigarette. Studies Charly.

TIMOTHY

You wanna know the plan?

Christmas

He casually points to the neighboring valley, where
lights twinkle.

TIMOTHY

Santa Claus -- small town U.S.A.
personified. We drive the chemical
tanker in tonight, park it. Add a
catalyst, chain reaction, it goes
hot. We evacuate. The mix heats
overnight, goes critical at 312
degrees Celsius. 8:00 Christmas
morning... Main Street looks like a
meteor strike.

HENESSEY

Are you fucking insane? You're talking
about 10,000 people!!

CHARLY

Easy, Mitch.
(to Timothy)
How you gonna blame it on terrorists?

TIMOTHY

Those roads are treacherous this
time of year. When we dump a car to
the bottom of a ravine, with the
corpse of Imn Al Rahman in it... get
the picture?

Pause. Charly summons herself. Her voice a dull rasp:

CHARLY

Listen to me, Timothy. Please. Let
my kid go.

TIMOTHY

Why? For old times' sake...?

She shakes her head:

CHARLY

Goddamn you, *look at her eyes*...

TIMOTHY

And why exactly should I do that...?

CHARLY

(spits blood)

Because they're yours, motherfucker.

She stares Timothy full in the face.

CHARLY

That night in Paris, I got pregnant.
The little girl's your daughter.

Dead silence. A pause... Then Timothy brays LAUGHTER.

TIMOTHY

Priceless. Can't believe it...

bring

Hooting out loud. Tears, streaming... He manages to
himself under control. Stops, gestures to the CELLAR
ACCESS,
the dark awaits...

TIMOTHY

Kid's down there. What it is, Charly,
they're gonna find you both frozen
to death in the woods. Suicide pact.

Charly fights to contain herself.

CHARLY

She's no risk, Timothy, *let her
go*.

TIMOTHY

The freezer's downstairs, Charly.
Let's get it done.

passes

Charly and Henessey are separated at gunpoint. A look
between them. Henessey swallows hard.

HENESSEY

I'll wait for you to rescue me.

CHARLY

Be just a minute.

Charly goes through the opening.

INT. CELLAR - SAME TIME

her, he

The same CELLAR she occupied earlier. Timothy behind wrinkles his nose in distaste.

TIMOTHY

Shit, this place is loaded with fumes, nobody light a fucking match. You check her for flammables?

GUN GUARD

(shrugs)

Checked her for colon cancer.

Caitlin is sitting in a chair.

Perkins

her

Bundled in flannel, clutching her baby doll, the one bought for her. She looks up at Charly dully. Sucking thumb.

CAITLIN

Mommy...

Charly composes herself.

CHARLY

Shhhhh. Mommy's here, it's okay. Safe and snug... what comes next, huh...? What's the next part?

CAITLIN

...bug in a rug... man with white hair... says the same thing you say...

mustn't

Charly licks her lips. Easy, Charly, keep cool, she die afraid...

CHARLY

We're going to take a nap together, Cate. You can have your dolly, and Mommy will be next to you, how's that? It'll be like bears in winter. When they get cold, see, they fall deep, deep asleep...

TIMOTHY

Bears, yeah, yeah. Enough.

guard
in
He points to the STEEL DOOR of the meat freezer. The
opens it onto a gleaming silver CHAMBER. Timothy calmly
adjusts the thermostat. Sub zero. The guard reaches for
Caitlin's doll... Charly snatches it back. Face etched
disgust.

CHARLY

You're murdering us both, cocksucker,
let the kid have her fucking dolly.

Timothy
He subsides, unable to meet her gaze. At which point,
tosses her the WOODEN BOX.

TIMOTHY

Chuck, I'm not a total creep. I'll
make you a deal, okay? There's a
knife in that box. Now, you and the
kid, you're going to freeze, *but* --
if you kill the kid *by your own
hand*...? I won't kill your husband.
Serious. We're gonna open that door
and you'll both be frozen solid, but
I wanna know that you've cut your
own child's throat.

LOOK
Caitlin. As
You don't want to ever be on the receiving end of the
she gives him... Steps into the freezer, holding
the door starts to swing shut, she says:

CHARLY

It ain't over, motherfucker. You're
gonna die screaming and I'm gonna
watch. Am I telling the truth...?

room
view,
nothing
She flashes him her most DAZZLING smile -- The whole
lights up. She can do that. As the door erases her from
a chill dances up Timothy's spine... because there was
resembling doubt on her face.

INT. CELLAR MEAT LOCKER - SAME TIME

CHARLY crosses with Caitlin to the far corner.

CAITLIN

Mom, it's cold in here-!

CHARLY

Shhh. Just for a little bit. Polar bear, remember?

enough,
the
edge.

Moves. Quick. Methodical. Breaks open the BOX: Sure a hunting knife. Without missing a beat, she crosses to STEEL DOOR. Kneels and begins DIGGING at the bottom CARVING into the brick, what the hell...?

INT. UPSTAIRS INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME TIME

before
the

Henessey, by the window. Tied to a chair. Timothy paces him, carrying three razor-keen SCALPELS. Pegs one into wall with deadly accuracy.

TIMOTHY

Tell me where Charly keeps her money. She must have mentioned it.

HENESSEY

Get fucked, you dumb bastard. Charly called Washington, by morning this whole place'll be crawling with Feds.

TIMOTHY

We'll be gone by then, Mitch.

HENESSEY

Yeah, well, that's what I'm saying, there's a couple Feds, they couldn't sleep, said they might come early. Fuck you, someone'll screw up. Just watch.

TIMOTHY

Already did, Mitch, someone already did. Perkins got stuck with a double agent, someone trusted, highly placed.

HENESSEY

Who?

TIMOTHY

Me.

(chuckles)

Chinks are paying me to bring down Chapter.

Henessey reacts, startled. Timothy chuckles:

TIMOTHY

Truck goes, hundreds dead -- rescue teams within minutes, guess what they find...?

HENESSEY

The patsy.

TIMOTHY

Uh-uh. They find Chapter, caught with their pants down. See, Mitch, I dumped in a much faster chemical catalyst...

(beat)

The tanker's gonna blow *tonight*. In the center of town, thirty-five minutes from now.

INT. CELLAR MEAT LOCKER - SAME TIME

eyes.
she
loopy.
actual
two
gently

CHARLY, sweating at sub zero. Brushes hair from her
Blinks. Still jabbing with the knife, *why the hell is
digging*? Gonna crawl under the damn door? She's gone
Lying flat, she appraises her work --

A TINY NOTCH. Poked through to the other side. The
penetration to daylight: millimeters. Then, she does
seemingly nonsensical things: Crosses to Caitlin --
takes the doll from her, then:

CHARLY

Open.

Kneels

Reaches in her mouth. Takes out her RETAINER.
Must be the temperature. Crosses to the door again.
down. Calmly, with infinite care, takes the retainer...

against
directly
through

Inverts it, now it's *trough*-shaped. Holds it flush
the tiny NOTCH she carved. BABY DOLL, now. Holds it
above the retainer. Depresses the KNOB in its back:
It pees gasoline. Gas, trickling down the retainer,
the brick -- into the other ROOM.

doll.
back to

Not much. Enough. She stands. DRAWS A TRAIL with the
Crosses, dribbling, over to Caitlin. Hands the doll
her. What next..?

HIGH --
kid...?

She grabs the hunting knife, that's what. RAISES IT
One terrifying moment, is she gonna put it in the
Hardly. Brings it down on the floor. Slams it down.

CHARLY

Gimme a spark... show me, show me...

RINGS

Tries again. And again. STRIKING, over and over. Floor
with the effort --

CHARLY

Come on, come on... do it...!

work*.
Lets go a GROAN of despair:

CHARLY

All this, just one fucking match,
Goddamit...!

She collapses forward. Cradles her head in frustration.
There's a tiny tap in her shoulder.

CAITLIN

Mommy...?

eyes,
CAST

Charly looks up, face haggard and depleted... Caitlin's
alive again. No longer dulled. Kid reaches inside her
and brings out a pack of matches.

CAITLIN

Don't cry. I keep these here.
(beat)
For lighting your candle.

innocent
she
streaming...

Charly stares, dumbstruck, at the tiny gift.
The bitterness, the self-hatred, all of it. Under
eyes on Christmas Eve DETONATES, blown sky-high, and
sweeps up her daughter and cradles her, tears

CHARLY

I love you, Caitlin, oh God, do you
know how much I love you...?

Caitlin pulls back, looks flush in her mother's face.

CAITLIN

Am I gonna die...?

Charly's

From a dark and cold place, Caitlin has led her home.
eyes, like steel. A harsh whisper:

CHARLY

No, baby, you're not gonna die. They
are.

She strikes a match.

INT. SECOND STORY INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME TIME

Henessey, straining against his bonds. Sweating.

TIMOTHY

Charly's stash. What's the number of
the locker, Mitch...?

HENESSEY

Fuck you.

TIMOTHY across the room, a good forty feet.

TIMOTHY

Left nut, five bucks I make it.

Smiling, he raises a scalpel. Eyes dead like a rat's.

INT. CELLAR MEAT LOCKER - SAME TIME

The flame hovers above the gasoline trail.

CHARLY

When I tell you, scream as loud as you can, or else your ears'll get hurt.

Cradles
A tiny nod. Charly calmly touches fire to the fuel.
Caitlin to her chest, gently strokes her hair...

CHARLY

Hey, should we buy a dog...?

And
The flame races across the room. Hits the steel door.
zip! Vanishes through the NOTCH. A pause...

THE BASEMENT BLOWS SKY-HIGH.

THE
to
Wooden walls, obliterated. Boards sheared. Atomized.
MEAT LOCKER DOOR blows inward like a cannon shot. Holds
its hinges, buckled like JIFFY POP.

INT. UPSTAIRS INTERROGATION ROOM

chair.
FEET,
disintegrate
TIMOTHY'S THROW is off target, sticks in Henessey's
Between his legs. Inches. Then the assassin LEAVES HIS
look of comic surprise -- as the walls behind him
in FLAME. Henessey cries out, blinded as

EXT. MOTEL BUILDING

lofting
SIGN.
WHAM.
sticks.
He's blown backward OUT THE WINDOW. Chair and all,
across the middle distance... blasts through the MOTEL
Blows it to SPLINTERS. Tumbles, and over end... lands,
Atop the garage's CORRUGATED ROOF. Chair flies to

doesn't
A BLUE SUIT spins, startled. Gun comes up -- Henessey

from
drops.

miss a beat. Reaches between his legs. Plucks the KNIFE
the wood and slings it...! Guy takes it in the head,
Some days you get lucky.
He looks up in disbelief. FIREBALL, raging to Heaven.

HENESSEY

You foxy bitch.

EXT. BLAST SITE - SAME TIME

ALIVE.
scuttle

TIMOTHY staggers from the smoke. Nicked and bloodied --
Rushes into the cavernous GARAGE, where blue-suits
like ants. Points to the tanker, face crazed:

TIMOTHY

Move it out of here, now!

EXT. MOTEL GROUNDS - TRAVELING WITH CHARLY - SAME TIME

across
nothing...
IT,

Caitlin in tow, SMOKE everywhere. Running flat out
the compound. Eyes ticking back and forth, missing
Sees a gun on the ground, scoops it up: promptly DROPS
the fucking thing's red hot.

smoke,

That's when the POCK-FACED KILLER lurches out of the
blade arcing for her throat.

CHARLY

Run, Catey.

the
rears
scoops
spurts

She goes under the blade. SLAMS him. Down they go, hit
dirt -- CAITLIN beats feet, vanishes into the smoke.
Charly, fighting for her life. Manages to KICK FREE. He
up. Poised to hurl the KNIFE. Charly, dives, rolls --
up the gun and SCREAMS as her flesh sizzles and it
three times and blows him down.

shoulder.
about,

Doesn't stop. Rips the AUTOMATIC RIFLE from his
Rummages in his coat -- Cube of C-4. Even better. Casts
searching the smoke... No sign of her daughter.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHTTIME

the
merrily.
look --

CAITLIN darts in and out of the trees. Frightened. In
background, men rush back and forth. The MOTEL burns
Then, above the shouts, A RUMBLING noise, she darts a
as THE TANKER comes trundling out of the garage.

bright
driver
COVER.

POV CAITLIN: Attached to the rear of the truck bed, a
yellow UTILITY BOX, roughly three by three. As the
idles, waiting for the road to clear -- Caitlin BREAKS
Runs and climbs inside the box, and meanwhile

BACK WITH CHARLY - SAME TIME

We

Her mother. Crouched behind Timothy's RED JAGUAR. Scans
through the rifle's Starlight Scope. Sweating. Intense.
see the landscape, cast in ghostly GREEN.

CHARLY

Where'd you go, baby... show Mommy...

TINY

There. Bingo. Charly watches through the scope as a
GREEN CAITLIN climbs into the box and shuts the lid.
Unfortunately, a nearby blue-suit has WITNESSED this.

He

looks around, stabbing a finger at the box:

NOSY BLUE-SUIT

Hey. Hey, you see that? A little kid --

A bullet slams him backward in a cut-string sprawl.

WITH CHARLY

She lowers the rifle. Nods grimly:

CHARLY

Smart girl, honey. Stay still. Don't

make a sound. Snug as a bug in a rug...

MEANWHILE, ELSEWHERE ON THE GROUNDS

woodsmoke,
hunkers
up
26.9

HENESSEY, on the move. Crouched low. Choking on eyes streaming. Up ahead, a splayed CORPSE -- He over the poor schmuck, guy's good for a radio. Snatches the portable unit. Fumbles with the dial, searching for megahertz...

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - HIGH ABOVE MOTEL - SAME TIME

along
grounds,

CHARLY slews to a stop in the red Jag. Leaps out. Darts the cliff, throws herself flat. Peering down at the sniper rifle positioned -- Babysitting the tanker. HEARS HENESSEY... Calling to her on the radio.

HENESSEY (V.O.)

Charly, you there? Hello, Charly.

Grabs the unit from her belt:

CHARLY

Mitch! I don't believe it. Listen, if you say, "Are we having fun yet" I'll rip your nuts off. Where are you?

HENESSEY

Behind the big garage. Is Caitlin with you?

CHARLY

No, but she's safe for the moment, she stowed away on the tanker truck.

Henessey draws a sharp breath. Swallows, says:

HENESSEY

Charly, Timothy rigged the tanker to go off early. We got fifteen minutes. No more.

On her reaction we CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROADSIDE - WITH TANKER AND EN TOURAGE

Phony
is
facing

Beside the tanker, A PANEL TRUCK sits, engine idling.
logo on its side -- *Little Debbie* snack cakes. A RAMP
lowered, and a CAR begins backing up into the truckbed,
outwards.

unwrap the
behind

INSIDE THE TRUCKBED, harried blue-suits hurriedly
frost-covered corpse of IMN AL RAHMAN -- and place him
the wheel.

MEANWHILE, AT THE BACK OF THE TANKER

passes.

A blue-suit puts a PADLOCK on the utility box as he

SNAPS IT SHUT.

BACK WITH HENESSEY - SAME TIME

He hears two flat CRACK-!s on the still air.

HENESSEY

Hello...! Charly...?

Even over the receiver, her desperation's apparent:

CHARLY

Tires won't pop, Mitch. Bastard just
locked her in, she's stuck in there
and they're leaving, *Goddammit*!

mind

Henessey rubs his eyes. Takes several deeps breaths,
turning it over. He looks up. Tired. Haunted.

HENESSEY

All right, I'll go in and get her,
you watch my back.

CHARLY

No chance. I make it twelve, Mitch,
automatic weapons.

HENESSEY

So kill 'em for me, bitch, Christ,
what are you good for?

He stuffs a fresh clip in the gun. Wipes away sweat.

HENESSEY

(to himself)

C'mon, buddy. Do one thing right,
just this once... please...

Closes his eyes. Gathers himself. Long pause...

HENESSEY

Piece of cake.

He leaps from the roof and makes a death run.

dodging
screaming:
Gun in one hand, radio in the other. Swerving and
like a broken-field runner, CHARLY in his ear

CHARLY (V.O.)

Your nine, on your nine!

SMOKE,
He spins, BLASTS AWAY, dead guy, pitching forward --
billowing, making him COUGH...

CHARLY (V.O.)

30 degrees left, Mitch. Left.
(beat)
Your other left.

Stumbling, catching himself. Barreling forward.

CHARLY (V.O.)

*Nix, nix, I can't see in there,
don't do it, break right...*!

He breaks right.

CHARLY (V.O.)

*Fuck me, I was wrong, get outta
there*!

guns.
Two
backwards.
He staggers out of the smoke: TWO MEN, MP-5 machine
Trained on his chest. He struggles to aim, oh, shit --
distant CRACKS. The bad men go away, catapulted
Henessey shouts into the radio:

HENESSEY

Gracias.

CHARLY (V.O.)

De nada.

UP ABOVE, ON THE HILL

the
talking
it's

CHARLY fires shot after shot. Every time she squeezes trigger, someone dies. No such thing as wounded, we're St. Peter looks up from a magazine and says holy shit, the lunch rush at Kate Mantilini's.

BACK DOWN BELOW

there,
way.

The smoke clears and Mitch sees the tanker. Right thirty yards away. Yellow UTILITY BOX. No one in the

CHARLY (V.O.)

End run, Mitch, go wide!

He breaks for the truck.

CHARLY (V.O.)

No, Goddamn you, they got you flanked...!

Everybody fires a gun.

MITCH GETS HIT

Takes one high in the chest, SPINS him...!

UP ON THE HILL

zone,

CHARLY SPRAYS on full auto, DICES TO TATTERS the combat extinguishing the gunmen, too little too late because

MITCH IS IN DEEP

buddy,
other
he's

BAM--! bullet takes out his right arm, fuck *you*, doesn't miss a beat, simply tosses the gun over to the hand and KEEPS SHOOTING, blows that fucker down and now

And
slowly,
staggering into the trees, and collapses, and HITS...
lies very still and bleeds. As ECHOES of gunfire die
we HEAR:

HENESSEY (V.O.)

Dear Ma: I'm looking at the ants,
they're pretty great. Some really
funny ants here, Ma. All these funny
ants, think I'll stay and watch 'em
awhile...

UP ON THE HILL

rifle,
SOUND,
Aftermath... Charly's out of ammo. Flings aside the
snarling in a helpless rage -- Something else, then.
nearby. Building in pitch, reaching a crescendo --

A SCREAMING CHOPPER RISES BEHIND HER.

Crests the cliff and hovers like the SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

INT. CHOPPER - SAME TIME

down his
Jaguar.
MARKSMAN, riding shotgun. Scans the cliff below: Thick
evergreens. Charly, somewhere among them. He sights
rifle, takes careful aim -- BLOWS OUT TIRES on the
Cripples it. The chopper BANKS, heading away.

BACK WITH CHARLY - SAME TIME

her.
ain't
trees,
In big trouble. MANY HEADLIGHTS, bouncing uphill toward
Cut off, they've cut her off -- The other direction
much better: A 200 FOOT DROP. Straight down. Evergreen
far below. Power lines. Highway.

Crosses
She hears the PHONE RINGING, then... inside the Jag.
slowly. Reaches in, lifts the receiver. It's TIMOTHY.

TIMOTHY (V.O.)

I tried to give you a pretty death,
baby. Did my best. Now you're fucked,
now it's ground beef time.

CHARLY

The truck. How long til it blows?

TIMOTHY

(incredulous)

Sweet Loretta, you're another animal
entirely. Let's see, 312 degrees...
Make it ten minutes, give or take.

CHARLY

Then I better hurry.

TIMOTHY

Oh, spare me. You made a big noise
and bought five more minutes on the
planet. Give up. Die. I'll spit in
what's left of your face.

behind: He clicks off. Charly drops the receiver. Turns, looks
They're coming for her.

in Woods filled with headlights. Backlit FIGURES. Ducking
and out of the trees, getting closer... The wind blows.
Bitter cold out here in the dark night of the soul. Nothing
left. No hope. No reason.

Caitlin, dead.

the The rage explodes in the form of a kick which SHATTERS
miracle. lock on the trunk. *Dammit*, she needs a fucking

At that moment, the trunk lid slowly rises, CREAKING...
Revealing all of Timothy's BUNJEE JUMPING EQUIPMENT.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - SAME TIME

The TANKER is rolling. Out onto the road, snorting and
belching. Preceded by the Little Debbie PANEL TRUCK.

INT. UTILITY BOX - ON TANKER - SAME TIME

ROARING Poor little Caitlin huddles in the dark. All alone.
in her ears. Sort of like being underwater.

EXT. TANKER TRUCK - CLOSE ON UNDERBELLY

A silver device attached to the skin of the tank.

WITH TIMOTHY - CROSSING THE SMOKE-FILLED GROUNDS

watch. Red

He consults a tiny, liquid crystal display on his numerals. *178 degrees*.

EXT. CLIFF'S EDGE - WITH CHARLY

4

She won't quit. Busy now, deftly sticking the wad of C-EXPLOSIVE to the bottom of the Jaguar. Straightens. around --

Turns

Stands dead calm as they all come out of the TREES, drawn... Raises her hands, see, boys...? No bang-bang.

guns

Like backlit monsters, they approach, hulking. Matter yards, now... She flashes a naughty little smile --

of

Goes backward off the cliff and rockets earthward.

fast...!

200 feet of open air, THE BUNJEE Cord pays out,

carabiner to

Whipsaws out the door of the Jaguar, hooked by the STEERING COLUMN and meanwhile

THE CHAPTER AGENTS

them, a

Rush forward, incredulous. Peer OVER THE EDGE: Below

stone.

swan diver, BLACKNESS all around. She drops like a

Vanishes into the fog, beautiful as a poem.

to

INSIDE THE JAGUAR: The cord goes taut -- Now it starts

FEEL

stretch outward. DECELERATION kicking in, Charly can

it, still whistling through space...

Hits a dead stop.

This is it. Cord, stretched as far as it goes.

She's still sixty feet above the highway.

her
No hesitation whatsoever. She thumbs the DETONATOR in
right fist --

Blows the car.

UP ABOVE - CLIFF'S EDGE

edge
The Jaguar goes up with a solid CRUMP--! Blown off the
of the cliff. Along with a half dozen screaming AGENTS.

BACK WITH CHARLY - FALLING

does
Lifeline cut. 60 feet above the road, no problem. She
thirty feet in freefall. Raises her left hand --

downward
Slaps a carabiner on a passing POWER LINE. Hurtles
until suddenly, KA-CHUK--! She LURCHES to a stop.

thirty
AN
Driver
Doesn't miss a beat: Grips a rope and GLIDES the last
feet, touches down lightly. Unhooks herself, turns as
ONCOMING CAR throws a fishtail SKID, just misses her.

SWEARS.

She raises her gun. Fires without blinking.

DRIVER
Puts a hole in the passenger side windshield and the
ain't sticking around, he's out the door and gone as

CHARLY THE EXTERMINATOR

FLAMING
Crosses to the car, face a stone mask. Behind her the
JAGUAR SMASHES to the ground, raining fragments --

Followed
another.
most of
by BURNING CORPSES, smacking the pavement one after
She doesn't even look. Gets behind the wheel. Leaves
her tires on the road behind her.

EXT. MAIN STREET - TOWN OF SANTA CLAUS - CHRISTMAS EVE

TEEMING

Replay

Milling crowds. Music and laughter. SANTA heads up a PARADE down Main Street, atop a horse-drawn sleigh... of the film's opening, as

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

point:

The gleaming TANKER roars down a sidestreet. Riding the innocuous PANEL TRUCK.

The temperature gauge continues to RISE: *203 degrees*.

EXT. MAIN STREET - EDGE OF TOWN - SAME TIME

PARADE

mailbox.

the

Charly runs a roadblock, doing fifty -- Someone put a in front of her. Hits the BRAKES...! Fishtales into a Sends it flying through a plate glass window. Out of car, gun held low, and meanwhile --

INT. CAR - DRIVING

TIMOTHY barks orders into a mic:

TIMOTHY

All units converge. Divert local law, this is a government matter. Brook no interference, I want the Baltimore woman eliminated. *Where's the fucking chopper*?

Racing toward the edge of town and meanwhile

ON THE PARADE ROUTE

like a

suddenly

SANTA CLAUS himself perches atop his sleigh, feeling rock star and wishing his groupies were legal... when he's got company.

CHARLY

I'm the Missus. Drive.

bolt.

The rogue colonel FIRES A SHOT in the air -- THE HORSES Plunging off the parade route amid SCREAMS as

INT. PLUSH LIMO - SAME TIME

VOICE
MR. PERKINS hunkers forward, face slack, as a tinny
issues from his headset mic:

VOICE (O.S.)

...yes, she's with Santa Claus,
correct, er, excuse me, the individual
playing Santa, er... they're
pursuing the tanker truck, sir.

Perkins stares straight ahead, speechless.

EXT. HIGHWAY - HEADING OUT OF TOWN

hooves
the
distance,
SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE TANKER. Horses at full gallop,
in pounding frenzy. Charly tries to JUMP from one to
other -- no go, the tanker pulls away, widening the
and meanwhile

TWO GOVERNMENT SEDANS

CRACK--!
Come whipping out of ALLEYS, fall in behind them.
Gunshots, shattering the stillness.

EXT. TRUCK CHASSIS - SAME TIME

as
A RICOCHET whines off a hydraulic cable. Spurt of fluid
the BRAKES start to go, and meanwhile

BACK ON THE SLEIGH

CHARLY throws herself flat next to Santa.

CHARLY

Sorry, man. Government agents, high
level conspiracy.

SANTA

Fuckin' government.

Charly
through.
The SEDANS jockey for position, try to pull ABREAST --
swerves the sleigh back and forth, won't let them
She hands the reigns to Santa.

CHARLY

Veer left.

SANTA

Away from the truck?

CHARLY

Do it. In five seconds I'm gonna own
that fucking truck.

FOOT
the
ABREAST
Santa complies. PEELS OFF to the left -- Opens a TWELVE
chasm between sleigh and tanker. Sure enough, one of
government cars spurts forward to fill the gap, comes
of them. It's what she wanted.

***FIVE SECONDS*:**

TWO
Drilling
instantly --
Charly Baltimore LEAPS from the sleigh, lands atop the
government car. Skips lightly across it, casually BLOWS
SHOTS through the ROOF. Down through the metal.
into their heads. Driver and passenger, killed

STONE.
As Charly hops nimbly from her 50 mile-an-hour STEPPING
Over to the tanker. Dump-stuffs a new clip, as

THE CORPSE CAR

control.
CHASE
Fades from the race, driverless. Whipping out of
FISHTAILS away behind them -- Takes out the SECOND
CAR, spray of metal.

Three seconds, and Charly's taken out two pursuers.

INT. CAB OF TANKER TRUCK - SAME TIME

snags
into
steam.
The door flies open and the DRIVER sees CHARLY. Bloody.
Demonic. Wisely leaps out, BOUNCES from view -- Charly
his hat as he goes by, plops it on her head. SWINGS UP
the drivers' seat, double-clutches -- pours on the

Five seconds. She owns the tanker.

truck
park

BLASTS forward into the lead PANEL TRUCK. Slams the
from behind, BULLDOZES it -- Sends it THUNDERING into a
bench. Glass sprays.

machine
sidestreet.

She owns the road. On the seat beside her: an MP-5
gun. She's set. Throws a NINETY DEGREE turn onto a
Donates most of her tires to New York.

INT. SPEEDING TANKER TRUCK - SANTA CLAUS - NIGHT

forth

Charly's on fire. Senses heightened. Eyes tick back and
like a machine. Heading downhill, out of town...

CHARLY

Hang on, Catey.

WHINE,
She's in

She hits the brakes. A flash of SPARKS..! A ripping
dies away -- The brake pedal is all play. Nothing.
a runaway truck.

CHARLY

No, not fair, not fucking fair...!

Barreling onward. A lunging behemoth.

CHARLY

Can't stop, Catey, can't...

mile

CHAIN-LINK FENCE, at road's end. Beyond it, a quarter-
plunge. Downhill over rocky terrain --

Closed

To St. PETER'S SEMINARY. Looming stone structure.
now. Vast empty PARKING LOT.

drag,

Tears on her cheeks. Lights a cigarette. Takes a long
exhales:

CHARLY

Suck my dick, every one of you

bastards...

Blows through the chain-link fence.

blasted
SHUDDERS AND LEAPS DOWNHILL. Mud blows skyward. Trees,
to splinters.

CAITLIN

Buffeted inside the UTILITY BOX. Cries out as

IN THE CAB

retorts
mad
Charly fights to contain the beast. "Fuck you," slyly
the beast. She BOUNCES and caroms off the sides like a
pinball --

THE TRUCK SMASHES DOWN

tires
one
And all the windows BLOW OUT concussively and the front
go with a volcano CRACK-! as the beast goes canting to
side, ponderous, MASSIVE...

It keels over on its side. Still doing fifty.

TRAVERSES THE PARKING LOT.

like
Slows itself by TAKING OUT LIGHT POLES, shears them off
saplings.

Whacks the side of the chapel. IMPACT. Keeps going...

like
Charly is EJECTED from the cab. Pinwheels through space
a broken doll, bursts through a STAINED GLASS WINDOW.

INT. CHAPEL

her
The glass ruptures as she catapults through. Hits on
stomach, bounces. Slides to a stop, rolls over --

PETER
FLINGS herself aside just in time, as a towering ST.

marble...!
SMASHES to earth an inch from her head, showers

Concussion dies away. Silence. Echoes.

EXT. SEMINARY GROUNDS - SAME TIME

Comes The tanker slides, DETONATING planters one by one...
to rest in a central COURTYARD. Lies there, a hissing
dinosaur.

truck's TIMOTHY'S TEMPERATURE GAUGE is still affixed to the
underbelly: *280 degrees*.

INT. CHAPEL - WITH CHARLY

Stares Charly, semi-conscious. Rolls onto her back, gasping.
at the gathered saints. Swallows hard. Sucking it up,
preparing. Rolls to one knee, plants her foot...

She's got to make that truck.

guts. On her feet now. Stumbling forward. One arm hugging her
get Cross-eyed, so hard to focus... left foot, right foot,
flings it done, bitch, yes it's *supposed* to hurt that much,
think open the door and she's so brave that for a second we
she might make it.

Timothy kicks her in the head.

a Charly flies back. Hits and SLIDES. Fetches up against
him. bannister, WHAM--! Timothy calmly shuts the door behind
Consults his tiny gauge -- *297 degrees*.

TIMOTHY

Call it four minutes to detonation.
I got a chopper on the way, lots of
time.

SWITCHBLADE. He sheds his coat. Stows his gun. Removes a
knife. Drapes the coat on the bannister. Flicks open the

CHARLY

Oh, honey. Only four inches...?

TIMOTHY

You'll feel me.

Adopts

He approaches, almost casually. Charly staggers erect.
a killing stance. Instinct. She can barely stand.

INT. PERKINS' LIMOUSINE - SAME TIME

PERKINS hears a garbled, pained voice over his headset:

VOICE (O.S.)

Point team leader, reporting...
She's... incapacitated the truck...
I'm damaged, sir, I believe I'm
dying... Instructions...?

PERKINS

Continue dying. Out.

hits the

He leans back. Stares sightlessly. Loosens his tie,
intercom and says:

PERKINS

Anthony, get me the President...

He takes out a bottle of Scotch. CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL - SAME TIME

Charly and Timothy. They circle, two pros.

TIMOTHY

You've lost a step, Chuck. Muscles
never recovered from C-section, I'll
bet. Am I right?

the

Never watching the eyes, the eyes are liars, they watch
HANDS... The gathered saints look on, neutral.

CHARLY

Please, man... She's only... eight...
she's a beautiful little girl...

His concentration never falters as he says:

TIMOTHY

She's a worthless bitch. I know it

'cause she came out of me.

hold of
through
Staggers
He LUNGES with the knife, she spins away -- He gets
one arm and FLINGS her, up and over...! She SAILS
space. Twists in mid-air. Lands like a cat. Almost.
forward. They circle...

TIMOTHY

It's called shock, Charly... Your
body wants to go into shock...

CHARLY

Fuck you, your breathing's lousy...

eats
right
her
back
Charly LAUNCHES herself. Avoids a stab at her throat,
that for breakfast, spins, slams the knuckles of her
hand into Timothy's ribs. Busts one. He snarls, TRAPS
wrist: CRACK! Wrist, broken. She HISSES in pain, falls

GASPING.

Circling again. Charly cannot walk a straight line.

TIMOTHY

Look at you. You're out of your
motherfucking league, dearie.

CLOSE ON CHARLY

red,
as
She looks up at him from sunken eyes shot through with
and in those eyes we glimpse it; the DEMON, laughing...
Charly whispers:

CHARLY

...You want a piece...? Take my
shoulder.

purpose and
--
He lunges with the knife...! She ducks, trips on
HANDS HIM HER SHOULDER, all that's missing is the plate

him
And WHAM. In goes the knife, cuts deep and Charly looks

in the eye and GRINS because sure enough, there's the bastard's KNEE, wide open...

in
shoulder

Boot-strikes, BAM--! Shears the knee, and Timothy HOWLS agony. Stumbles backward into the bannister --
Grabs his coat. Brings out the gun, it GOES OFF--!
Charly dives for cover. Rips the knife from her own and flings it.

Up

Takes him in the shoulder. Topples him back. BANNISTER. and over, flailing...! Drops from sight.

Legs

Charly falls back. Pause. Sucking air. Sits down hard. splayed. Looks down at herself, oh, God...
There's a hole in her chest.

EXT. SEMINARY - NIGHTTIME

severe.
kid.

The doors burst open and here she comes. Trauma, Shock, blood loss -- She makes for the tanker. For her Hitches. Staggers. Going on sheer guts.

THE HELICOPTER ROARS OVERHEAD

The PILOT brandishes his radio mic:

PILOT

Got her. Heading for the tanker, thirty yards out. She's all over the place, something's wrong with her.

WITH CHARLY

in a
the

Left foot, right foot, she's not running, she's falling straight line -- Reaches the tanker. Staggers against inverted chassis. UTILITY BOX. Above her.

CHARLY

Cover your ears.

pieces.

Casts

She raises her gun. Fires. BAM-! Lock springs to
CAITLIN tumbles to the pavement, dazed and confused.
about --

CAITLIN

MOMMY...!

arms

for

She springs to her feet. Comes running and flings both
around her mother. HUGS HER -- That one puts Charly out
a few seconds. PAIN, excruciating. Comes to her senses,
swaying like a clothesline in a high wind...

CHARLY

Run... get out...

CAITLIN

Don't go away again, Please...!

TEMPERATURE

Charly grabs Caitlin's head. Turns it. Facing the
GAUGE. Red numerals: *301 degrees*.

CHARLY

The truck's a bomb... gonna blow up,
RUN... I'm right behind you, go...

Caitlin hovers, torn. Charly summons a guttural CROAK:

CHARLY

...*Go and don't look back*...

surrounding

Collapses.

in and

In the end, Caitlin relents. RUNS, toward the
woods... Charly watches her go. Nods, satisfied --
Hits the tarmac and splays in a heap. Breath wheezing
out. Already the pavement is staining red.

WITH CAITLIN

DISOBEYS

As, within ten seconds of the command, she promptly
her mother, looks back -- Stops dead.
There's a corpse underneath the truck.

or
It isn't moving. It isn't breathing. It isn't laughing
crying...

Or hurting, not anymore.

CAITLIN

Mommy, no...!

pumping,
Grabs
Jerks
Bomb forgotten. Danger forgotten. Her tiny arms
feet slapping pavement -- She returns to her mother.
one knife-bloodied shoulder, oblivious of the wound.
back and forth. Frenzied.

CAITLIN

It's okay. I'm sorry I left, please
wake up, come on please...

STARES.
CHARLY. Cheek against the pavement. One lifeless eye
Bloodshot and sightless.

ANOTHER ANGLE

SEDANS.
cars.
Government vehicles, pulling up now. At the edge of the
parking lot. 100 yards away, give or take. Numerous
The Little Debbie panel truck. AGENTS crouch behind
Weapons trained on the wounded behemoth.

EXT. SEMINARY - SAME TIME

emerges,
murder
hauls
The side door BURSTS OUTWARD and a limping figure
frantically signaling for the chopper: TIMOTHY'S got
in his eye. THE CHOPPER banks, coming in low as he
himself aboard.

PILOT

Sir, your shoulder --

TIMOTHY

Fuck the shoulder, knee's worse.
Just bring me around and hold her
steady. I'm not leaving until I know
the bitch is dead.

He grabs an automatic rifle.

BACK WITH CAITLIN - UNDERNEATH THE TANKER

and She adheres to Charly's motionless form. Looking small
terrified. Whispers in her mother's ear. Soft and low:

CAITLIN

Mommy, get up now. You just stop it,
Mommy, you stop being a little baby.
Stop it, you're not dead, I know
you're not dead so you get up now.

Face contorted, she strikes out. Flails. HITS Charly.

CAITLIN

Don't you die, you get up now,
Goddammit...! Life is pain, you just
get used to it, and stand up *right
this minute*, Mommy. Life is pain,
do it, you bitch. *Do it*.

-- Tears coursing in rivulets. Little fists clenched. Then
enough It might be a trick of the wind. Tiny aspiration, not
breath to fog a mirror...

CHARLY

...mommy... here...

One A solitary tear appears in the wide-open staring eye.
Seeking fingernail, then. Scratches feebly. Toes, shifting.
rictus purchase. A HAND, planting itself... TEETH BARED, a
of pain... Rising up...

She *Standing*. Full height now, flexing one deadly arm.
hugs her daughter and says:

CHARLY

...You're grounded...

the Overhead, the HOWLING of rotor blades. Charly gasps for
breath. Cracks open the GUN... no bullets. Swell. Scans

feet
pavement,

pavement... There. THE MP-5 machine gun lies twenty
from her. Twenty miles, same difference. Across the
even farther away: Timothy's car.

305 degrees. Charly swallows hard:

CHARLY

I'm gonna get the gun, you run for
that car. We go on three, okay? One...
Two... *Three*.

ERUPTS.
skyward --

They break cover. Into the open. A WITHERING FIRE

Right at their feet...! Geysers of asphalt, shot

Charly
Thumbs

TIMOTHY sprays the blacktop from above. Ruthless.
goes insane. Lurches, crazed, to the cab of the truck.
the mike and says:

CHARLY

Somebody get that motherfucker off
me! I got a kid here, I got my eight
year-old daughter, *Jesus Christ*...!
It's Christmas Eve, who are you
people, fucking pull him off! Do
you hear me...?

CUT TO:

are. We

EYES SNAP OPEN IN DARKNESS. We don't know whose they
don't know where we are.

BACK WITH CHARLY - SAME TIME

Caitlin.

The temperature gauge: *308 degrees*. She clutches
Shouting into the mic:

CHARLY

Distract him, for God's sake give me
ten seconds, please, I'm begging
somebody, anybody, *she's my
daughter*...!

EXT. EDGE OF PARKING LOT

cars and
beaurocrat.

A sour-looking CHAPTER AGENT stands before a row of
the Little Debbie panel truck. Expressionless
Lifts the mic to his lips and says:

CHAPTER BEAUROCRAT

Negative, ma'am, we understand your
request, but we've decided to go
ahead and let this play out...

Behind him, the back of the panel truck EXPLODES. A car
CATAPULTS outward into space -- SMASHES DOWN atop two
sedans.
Blows out their windshields. Flings itself to the
pavement
and RICOCHETS forward, zero to sixty.

MITCH HENESSEY

At the wheel. Making a suicide run. Face a FRIGHT MASK
of
deadly purpose. We have no idea why someone who looks
like
him is alive.

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

Distraction, just enough: The pilot banks toward the
CAR.

TIMOTHY

Where are *you* going??

Timothy grabs the stick -- THAT'S WHEN CHARLY BREAKS
COVER.
Does a MAD STAGGER across the blacktop. Goes for the
GUN.
TIMOTHY CHANGES DIRECTION. Chopper again, SCREAMING in
low
and fast --
CHARLY dives, rolls -- Comes up with the MACHINE GUN
and
falls flat on her back, points it skyward:

CHARLY

Suck on it.

pitches
right on
degrees
daylight,

She fires. Blows the chopper's TAIL ROTOR. The craft
to the side -- Dumps Timothy out the door. Flailing.
Head over heels, he FALLS -- Lands atop the TANKER,
the silver tank and *burns*. Actually SIZZLES at 310
Celsius, steam pouring off him like a vampire in
SHRIEKING--!

CHARLY

Die screaming, motherfucker.

SIRENS
bloody

She watches as he slips from sight... off the tanker.
now, approaching. Wind, biting cold. Ground black and
in the moonlight...

the
dozen

HERE COMES HENESSEY, powers across the lot, pedal to
metal. Followed at a distance of fifty yards by half a
squawling GOVERNMENT VEHICLES, flashers turning.

cooking...!
the

Henessey stomps the brake. SLEWS to a stop, tires
KICKS open the passenger door as Charly collapses into
car, CAITLIN in her arms. The kid says:

CAITLIN

Hurry! The truck is a bomb!

HENESSEY

Yeah, yeah. What else, we got a
fucking lightning rod on the roof...?
No, Caitlin, *don't check*.

He PEELS OUT.

CHARLY

Hey... you're bleeding...

HENESSEY

I think that's yours...

CHARLY

Right, sorry...

He inadvertently smacks a light pole. SPARKS fly.

CAITLIN

You're a bad driver! Who said you could drive?

EXT. PARKING LOT - BESIDE THE TANKER - SAME TIME

ROARS
and
They have to drag Timothy inside the car. The engine as it leaps forward, trailing the other FIVE -- Scarred hideous, he stares after Charly, screaming:

TIMOTHY

Somebody do her, somebody kill that fucking whore, kill her!

everything
touches
Blown
That's when the helicopter crashes. The pilot does but flap his arms -- Forget it. IT KEELS OVER. Rotor pavement -- Blows to pieces. They ALL go. Snapped off. like rockets in every direction.

through the
the
out
TIMOTHY LOOKS UP as a rotor blade whistles right windshield of his car. Shears off his HEAD. Blows out BACK in a shower of glass and hurtles onward, SPINNING of control...

Strikes the tanker. Boom.

a
Imagine God in Monte Carlo. Tossing dice the length of craps table. Now, imagine the dice are BURNING CARS.

EXT. EDGE OF PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

WOODS as
his
woods
into
Henessey flies out of the parking lot and INTO the the firestorm RAGES TO HEAVEN behind him. Cars, heading way -- AIRBORNE. Fights the wheel, swerving through the as all around him, FLAMING CARS crash down. BOUNCING and out of the trees, peekaboo...

meteors,
Some go flying past OVERHEAD. Striking in front like
GOUGING the earth. Caitlin screams:

CAITLIN

Don't hit the cars!

and
Henessey favors her with a foul look. CHARLY looks up
sees ANGELS flying overhead, trailing concrete...

highway
Then they're OUT OF THE WOODS. Car slingshots onto the
and races forward, SAFE. Behind it, the sky is aglow,
SNOWING
fiery traces... Bits of earth, trees, pavement.

woods
OVERHEAD VIEW: As they roar out of town, we see burning
and a CRATER approximately 150 yards in diameter -- St.
Peter's Seminary no longer exists... CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - OUTSIDE OF TOWN - NIGHTTIME

lays
Charly:
Henessey coasts to the side of the road and stops. He
his head on the steering wheel, sucking air. Looks at

HENESSEY

Sorry, can't drive... Are you okay...?

CHARLY

(grimaces)

...Are you... stupid...?

HENESSEY

...funny thing...? You aren't going
to die... I am...

Charly offers him that soft, sad little smile.

CHARLY

I know.

up...
Henessey starts to fade... breathing labored... Reaches
strokes Caitlin's hair. Smiles at her:

HENESSEY

Hey, gorgeous... know something...
you got your mother's eyes... don't

let... nobody tell you different...

tear
Slumps back in the seat. Gazing at Charly. A single
runs from one bloodshot eye. He whispers:

HENESSEY

Scared... to be nobody... without a
ripple... please... remember me...
(beat)
...Love you...

Dies.

herself...
everything
Charly leans on the dash. Cries for awhile. For
for Henessey... for this Godawful planet, and
else. DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE - SAME TIME

nightlight.
up.
A MOTHER SITS in the glow of a Winnie the Pooh
Next to her sleeping daughter's bed -- back to the very
beginning of the film, it's been a long kiss goodnight.
An elderly FARMER pokes his head in. She doesn't look

DOCTOR

Um, Ma'am...? Ambulance is here.
They'll be right in.

in
glass.
The shadowy figure nods... Remains seated. Stays awhile
the dark. Keeping vigil. Snow slithers against the

SLOW

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PALATIAL GEORGETOWN ESTATE - EARLY MORNING

his
aide Harry.
MR. PERKINS emerges from a guest cottage, flanked by

AIDE

...They'll push for dismantlement of
our apparatus in Chile, but we've
got a degree of plausible

deniability...

and a Harry's FOOT comes down on a circular slab of STONE --
voice from the grave says:

VOICE (O.S.)

Stay very still.

Stops him in his tracks, stops him dead --

Stands, As CHARLY BALTIMORE steps from the nearby trees.
them. twenty yards downrange. Beretta leveled at both of

there in Two months, you barely notice the limp. She stands
million. sleeveless top and short skirt and looks like a
on. Thumbs a metal box, click-! A red ARMING LIGHT blinks

CHARLY

Good morning, I'm Charly. The slab
you're standing on is actually a
land mine. Keep your foot on the
pressure plate, nothing happens.
Step off the stone, we'll all be
wearing you.

PERKINS steps forward. The gun shifts. Targets him.

PERKINS

Charly, I know we've treated you
poorly, please, it was just business --

He She reaches in a pocket. Tosses him a cellular phone --
catches it as though it were a live snake.

CHARLY

My terms are these. Call State and
order full disclosure on your personal
correspondence. Then disband Chapter,
effective immediately. In exchange...?
I won't shoot you, and I won't make
you stand on that mine. I won't touch
you. I won't touch you. I promise.

PERKINS

You... you promise.

DIALS. He swallows hard. Looks to his aide... back to her...

Charly takes a deep breath. Scans the flowers, face placid. It's really quite lovely today. Maybe she'll start a garden.

Perkins clicks off. Look at Charly:

PERKINS

It's done. Now, you promise... you won't shoot me... won't make me get on the mine...?

CHARLY

I promise.

She smiles. Shifts her aim and shoots the other guy. Perkins' eyes WIDEN in sudden realization. He LUNGES forward, grabs the aide, holding him up... desperately propping his dead weight atop the land mine...

PERKINS

Goddamn you, I can't hold him... You bitch... YOU FUCKING BITCH...!

EXT. GEORGETOWN AVENUE - DAYTIME

cherry Hennessey's CHRYSLER CONVERTIBLE has been restored to a red. It purrs along the boulevard, Charly at the wheel. Hair blowing. She talks on the cellular phone:

CHARLY

Yes, Mr. President, you have my assurance that Perkins' latest operation has been rendered beyond salvage.

road a Behind her a GOUT OF EARTH blows skyward. Showers the ways back.

CHARLY

He's not in the greatest shape either.

INTERCUT - PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

He speaks from the oval office, face grave:

PRESIDENT

I owe you an astounding debt of thanks, Colonel. Would it be impertinent to ask if you'd consider working for State again? The moneys involved would be substantial.

CHARLY

Out of the question. I've got a stack of papers to grade. Listen, before I go, I need a small favor...

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - AKRON, OHIO - DAY

by Henessey's EX-WIFE stands in the open doorway, flanked
her son TODD. Two uniformed COPS speak solemnly:

UNIFORM COP #1

...As I say, we can only apologize for the system, Ma'am, but it's confirmed that your husband is innocent of the crime for which he was imprisoned. This is a photograph of the actual criminal...

He shows her a mug shot of TIMOTHY.

UNIFORM COP #1

A petty thief, now deceased. I'll respect your wishes should you choose to file charges against the State Attorney...

In the eyes of a young boy, Henessey finds redemption.

EXT. HOUSE - EDGE OF WHEATFIELD - TWILIGHT

Caitlin is Sun, passing into mystery. Wheatfield, rippling.
in the yard, chasing a big floppy-eared Labrador.
On the porch, a CRICKET chirps. HAL comes out, sits
beside his wife CHARLY as she finishes eating. Says softly:

HAL

Just talked to Dr. Sullivan, she's

gonna need the full braces. Even
with your teaching, insurance won't
cover it... I don't know what to do.

Caitlin Pause. Charly says nothing. The dog parades up to
faraway with a stick in its jaws. A farm truck goes by, a
 speck.

 Charly absent-mindedly rolls a steak knife in her
fingers. Eyes far away.

 It never occurs to her what she's done until the
chirping stops.

Ten feet away, the knife quivers.

FADE OUT. ROLL END CREDITS.

THE END