

THUD

By

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INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM

SMASH CUT INTO:

A pale, slightly more than middle-aged man hits the bright white linoleum floor with a sudden THUD. As soon as he hits the ground, a corresponding title flashes on screen, matching the sound. Blood runs from his recently sliced throat as he struggles against death.

The shot rotates to reveal a woman in her mid twenties standing at his feet, still holding the bloody knife, with a frozen look on her face that's a combination of sadness, anger, and most of all, shock.

She's ALEX, and she's a contract killer, which you would never guess from looking at her. Her hair is disheveled, suggesting she cuts it herself, though it's been a while. She's small, but quick and strong.

She stumbles over to the sink and turns on the water, dropping the knife into the sink in the process. As the blood from the knife spirals down the drain, she splashes her face with water.

In the mirror, we see the man stop fighting for his life, and the room becomes eerily still.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex exits the bathroom into the apartment's living room. The bright glow behind her bleeds into the darkness, silhouetting her figure before she disappears silently into the shadows.

On the other side of the room, she switches on a small lamp on a bookshelf that barely illuminates her torso.

CLOSE ON a shelf of knick-knacks and picture frames. The light of the lamp clearly highlights an old school picture of a young girl.

Alex looks at the picture with fractured stoicism. She closes her eyes and takes a calming deep breath.

Her moment of silence is interrupted by the vibration of her cell phone in her pocket. She takes out the phone and looks at the screen.

CLOSE ON the phone as the caller I.D. reads BRIAN.

She presses a button and brings the phone to her head.

ALEX

Fuck you.

BRIAN(V.O.)

(on the other end)

This doesn't sound good. Did you kill him?

ALEX

Why didn't you tell me?

BRIAN (V.O.)

You wouldn't have done it if I had.

ALEX

(beat)

Explains a lot, though, doesn't it?

BRIAN (V.O.)

I suppose it does.

ALEX

Not entirely confident with my reasoning though... You wanna fill in the blanks?

BRIAN (V.O.)

It's a long story.

Alex slowly turns up the lights using a switch next to the bookcase and turns around to take a look at the apartment.

ALEX

I've got time.

BRIAN (V.O.)

No you don't, actually. You need to get the hell out of the country. The CIA is on Peter's ass, and he's on yours, so you better--

ALEX

I quit.

Alex sits down on the sofa in the center of the apartment.

BRIAN (V.O.)

(beat)

Excuse me? Alex, this isn't a work matter, it's a personal matter. You can't just quit your life, you have to face this shit head on.

She picks up a bookmarked copy of Kurt Vonnegut's Mother Night on a nearby coffee table and begins leafing through it.

ALEX  
What if I did?

BRIAN (V.O.)  
Did what?

ALEX  
Quit life.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
You mean kill yourself?

ALEX  
It is what I do for a living.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
What, now? Now is not a good time.

She tosses the book back on the coffee table in repressed frustration.

ALEX  
Look, I killed him, alright?! Just let me go. You got what you wanted. I'm useless to you now.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
Oh, come on. That's ridiculous. You're the best I have, Alex, I can't lose you.

ALEX  
He was my father!

She gets up and heads for the bathroom.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
I don't see what the big deal is, you hardly knew the guy.

She stops in the doorway, looking at the body.

ALEX  
He raised me for thirteen years, Brian. Alone.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
OK, I'll give you that, but in the long run, what does it  
(MORE)

BRIAN (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 really mean? He was always off  
 doing jobs, anyway. I was more of a  
 father to you than he ever was. I  
 made you who you are!

ALEX  
 And you're proud of this?

BRIAN (V.O.)  
 Of course I'm proud of you, Alex.

She turns around and heads for the sliding glass door  
 leading out the balcony.

ALEX  
 Proud? No one should be proud of  
 what I am. I murder people for a  
 living. It's fucking vampiric.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
 Murder's such an ugly word...

ALEX  
 It's not the just the word, it's  
 the concept.

She opens the door and steps out onto the balcony.

EXT. APARTMENT BALCONY - NIGHT

BRIAN (V.O.)  
 Alright, this is bad. This is very,  
 very bad. You're losing your  
 edge... You really, *truly* feel  
 that bad about killing your father?

ALEX  
 Well, considering he's supposedly  
 been dead for fourteen years, yeah.  
 I'm pretty pissed.

She walks out to the end of the balcony and leans on the  
 ledge.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
 I understand you must be a bit  
 confused, so I--

ALEX  
 Confused? About what, exactly? The  
 fact that you faked his funeral?  
 The fact that you manipulated me?

BRIAN (V.O.)

It was for the best, alright? I saw  
your potential and I took  
advantage.

ALEX

(holding the receiver in front  
of her face)

I WAS THIRTEEN!!

BRIAN (V.O.)

And look how you've grown!

Dead silence. She stares down at the busy street below,  
fuming.

BRIAN (V.O., CONT'D)

OK, you're obviously very upset  
right now, so I'm gonna give you  
some time to cool off. I hope you  
reconsider the whole, you know,  
suicide thing.

(hangs up)

Alex lets out an angry yell as she hurls the phone through  
the sliding glass door, shattering it to pieces.

She straightens herself out and closes her eyes, taking  
another calming breath. She leans back on the ledge,  
watching the traffic below.

Without a moment's hesitation, she climbs up onto the ledge.  
She looks back into the apartment, seeing the bright glow  
coming from the bathroom, now tinted with a hint of red.

She puts a hand up to her forehead and massages her temples,  
preparing herself.

With complete confidence, she steps off of the ledge.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM

Alex lands with a soft THUD, face first on a linoleum floor.  
Realizing she is not splattered on a sidewalk, she jolts up  
in shocked confusion. She frantically feels her face, arms,  
stomach, legs; still intact.

At first she doesn't notice that it's a different bathroom.  
The lighting, for one, comes from a single, dangling bulb  
filling the room with a jaundiced glow.

She stands, disoriented, needing the counter for support. She pulls herself up, immediately vomiting in the sink. On the counter are neatly folded washcloths and a small, plastic sign reading:

WELCOME!

We hope your stay here will be both enjoyable and refreshing!  
 REMINDER: Check expiration dates on all mini bar items before consuming.

She stops to read the sign on her way up from the sink, then comes face to face with the mirror and stops.

The reflection in the mirror is a much younger Alex, about thirteen, in different clothes. Her clothes are dark and formal, suggesting she has just come from a funeral.

It doesn't take Alex very long to recognize the reflection. Shocked, she turns away from the mirror. She looks down at herself, seeing the same Alex that jumped off of the balcony.

She turns back to the mirror. Same reflection. Young Alex.

ALEX

(muttered)

What the hell is going on?

BRIAN (O.S.)

What was that, Alex?

His voice comes from the other side of the door, startling her.

BRIAN (O.S., CONT'D)

You alright in there?

ALEX

...Brian?

BRIAN (O.S.)

Yeah... You OK?

ALEX

Uh...

BRIAN (O.S.)

Well if you need anything, just call out, I'll try to see what I can do to help.

ALEX

Um...yeah...sure thing!

BRIAN (O.S.)

Take your time, kiddo. I know this is hard for you.

Alex takes a few gradually slowing breaths to calm herself, looking her reflection straight in the eye.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

The bathroom door opens and there stands Alex, as we're used to seeing her and how she sees herself, calmed down but cautious.

Brian lays on the bed, watching TV with the sound too low to hear. He is here in his mid thirties, and also dressed in funeral attire, but not looking very mournful.

When Alex enters the room, he shifts completely, adopting a look of consolation and turning off the TV.

In the corner of the room, next to a small desk adorned with a modest desk lamp, is a man in a cop uniform. He's bound and gagged, and shows signs of being beaten. His badge and wallet are carelessly strewn about the stained carpet. He is the epitome of a broken man.

Alex walks over to the open mini bar. She takes out a packaged sandwich with a "BEST BY..." sticker stamped on it. She reaches a final conclusion based on the date and nods accordingly.

BRIAN

(clears throat, chuckles uncomfortably)

Who puts perishables in a mini bar, right?

ALEX

We just came from my father's funeral, didn't we Brian?

BRIAN

Is this the denial stage? 'Cause I'm no good with that psychology bullshit...

ALEX

(deadpan, as she closes the mini bar, keeping the sandwich)

Hey, watch your mouth. I'm a teenage girl for fuck's sake.

The cop continues to stare at the floor. Were it not for the occasional blink, one would think he was dead.

BRIAN  
You're right... sorry.

ALEX  
(nodding to the cop)  
So are you gonna introduce me?

She takes a bite out of the sandwich, staring Brian down.

BRIAN  
(ignoring her)  
It's just that I thought you might be a tad more upset. Your father just died, you know.

ALEX  
(tossing the sandwich in the trash)  
Did he?

Brian smirks nervously. This Brian lacks confidence, quite different from the phone conversation we heard earlier.

BRIAN  
Sounds an awful lot like denial, Alex.

She walks over and sits. Brian awkwardly places a hand on her shoulder.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Look... I know it must be hard for you, losing a father.

ALEX  
Yeah, it is. Happened to me twice, actually. Felt pretty much the same both times.

Brian is confused.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Like shit, as you can probably imagine. Different reasons, though.

BRIAN

What are you talking about?

ALEX

Well, there was the time I attended his close casket funeral, for one.

BRIAN

And the second?

ALEX

When I killed him. Knife to the throat. Didn't see it coming. Neither did I, actually, but I guess that's the effect you were going for, right?

BRIAN

(making some distance)

I don't understand..

ALEX

Don't really need to, either. You're just a figment of my imagination.

BRIAN

Is that so?

ALEX

(nods with condolence, as if she's just brought him terrible news)

Yep.

Brian laughs, standing up.

BRIAN

How do you figure?

ALEX

Well, after you had me kill my father, I decided to kill myself. Best decision I ever made, really. Stepped off the ledge of the apartment, hoping to tumble peacefully to a quick and simple death on the sidewalk below. As it happened, however, the last thing we talked about was my father's funeral. I'm sure you can imagine how that subject came up.

Brian smirks sarcastically.

ALEX (CONT'D)

So... that was still fresh in my mind as I took the plunge. Therefore, this is just a pre-sidewalk manifestation of that memory. You're just an ignorant player in the tragedy of my death.

BRIAN

I see... Well, I hate to break it to you sweetheart, but I'm as real as it gets.

ALEX

Of course you would say that. Nonetheless, pretty sure this is all in my head. Should be over any minute now.

BRIAN

So do we just wait?

ALEX

That's my plan. Feel free to do whatever you want, though. Makes no difference to me.

They wait in silence for a few moments. Alex sits quietly on the bed. Brian taps his foot impatiently. The cop remains motionless.

BRIAN

(after just enough time has passed)

OK, Alex, I think we've waited long enough.

Alex suddenly looks very uncomfortable.

ALEX

I don't understand...

Brian smirks again, same level of sarcasm.

BRIAN

Join the club.

ALEX

I should be dead by now... This isn't making any sense.

BRIAN

No, it isn't. I'm glad you've finally come to your senses.

ALEX

(looking to the heavens in a brief moment of frustration)  
Alright, fine. I'll play along.  
What's with the cop, Brian?

Brian looks at the cop, as if he'd forgotten he was in the room.

BRIAN

Oh, right. That. This is very important, OK? I need your undivided attention.

Brian carefully removes a line of fiber wire from his coat pocket. The wire is equipped with handles; the tool of a professional.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Do you know what this is?

Alex stares at the wire in sadness. A rush of horrible memories comes flooding back to her. Almost immediately, the confident, in control assassin becomes quietly humbled by the object held in front of her.

ALEX

(choking on the words a bit)  
Looks like a fiber wire...

BRIAN

(surprised at her answer)  
How did you know that?

ALEX

(catching herself)  
Oh, um... I saw my dad with one once. Said he used it for work.

BRIAN

Yes, he did. Alex, do you know what your dad did for a living?

ALEX

Not exactly...

BRIAN

You're not stupid. You knew.  
Obviously... I mean, how else could

(MORE)

BRIAN (cont'd)  
you have come up with that crazy  
story of yours?

ALEX  
Just creative I guess...

BRIAN  
I suppose there's no point dancing  
around it any more... Alex, your  
father was a hit man.

ALEX  
(still very somber)  
I know...

BRIAN  
Yeah, I thought so. I'm sure you  
could guess what he used this for,  
then.

ALEX  
I have a general idea, yeah.

BRIAN  
He didn't really have much, so  
there really isn't a lot in the way  
of tangible inheritance for you  
other than this fiber wire.

Alex turns and looks at the cop. For the first time, he  
lifts his head, looking Alex straight in the eye with an  
expression of pure sadness.

ALEX  
(turning back around to Brian)  
Let me guess... you want to make it  
a family business.

BRIAN  
I know this is an awful lot for  
someone your age to take in over  
the course of a weekend, but you  
have to understand that with your  
father gone, we don't have a whole  
lot of options. There's no one to  
care for you anymore.

ALEX  
Except you.

BRIAN

Exactly. Now, I don't know how to raise a kid, but I know how smart you are. I know that you've practically been raising yourself your whole life anyway, so I figured I might just skip the whole parenting phase and cut right to the chase.

Alex slowly reaches out for the fiber wire. Brian presents it as if handing her a diploma.

ALEX

(staring at the wire in her hand)

You want me to be a hit man.

BRIAN

For lack of a more appropriate term, yes. It's... your birthright.

ALEX

(taking hold of the wire handles)

You expect me, a thirteen year old girl, to suddenly drop my entire life and take up the family business.

BRIAN

That in a nutshell, yeah.

ALEX

(slowly beginning to wrap the wire around her hands)

Which is to kill people for money.

BRIAN

What have you got to lose, really? You're not even in high school yet. Trust me, I'm saving you a lot of vicious social turmoil. Especially in your situation... you're "Little Orphan Alex".

Suddenly, Alex pulls the wire taut and kicks Brian in the shin. He falls forward, palms landing on the edge of the mattress.

Alex bounds with speed and precision, dodging his fall and spinning quickly enough to catch his throat with the fiber wire. She pulls tightly.

In his frantic struggle, he loses his balance on his hands, and Alex holds him down from behind, continuing to strangle him with the wire.

ALEX  
(snarling)  
You son of a bitch. You sick...  
manipulative son of a bitch. I wish  
I was smart enough to see through  
your bullshit when I was thirteen.

Brian pounds the bed with his hands, but Alex remains stronger.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
You got lucky, you know that? Life  
was just shitty enough back then  
for me to leave it behind without a  
care in the world... I don't know  
what the fuck is going on right now  
but I believe I may have jumped the  
gun, so to speak, on my decision to  
stop killing people.

Brian's life is nearly gone, but his refusal to die is overpowered by Alex's refusal to let him live.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
'Cause this feels... *really* good.

His frantic movement slows to a few sporadic kicks before completely stopping. She lets go and he slips peacefully to the carpeted hotel floor.

Alex stares, panting, at her handiwork. Brian lays motionless at her feet. She looks up at the cop, who now is quite frightened.

She walks over and takes out the gag. The cop remains quiet, watching her warily.

ALEX  
(beginning to untie his  
restraints)  
Don't worry, I'm not going to kill  
you. Not this time.

COP  
I'm really beyond caring about  
whether I live or die at this  
point.

ALEX  
Don't say that.

COP  
What does it matter to you?

ALEX  
I'm sure you've got plenty to live for.

COP  
Not really.

ALEX  
What about family? Got any kids?

COP  
No... Divorced, though.

ALEX  
What about friends? Colleagues?

COP  
Why are you so interested in me?  
Why should you care at all about anything I have to tell you?

ALEX  
Because I want to know that I'm doing a good thing by not killing you.

COP  
In that case, don't bother. No one will miss me.

ALEX  
(stops untying him)  
I'm not going to kill you. I refuse to. I don't want any more blood on my hands if that's OK with you.

COP  
(nodding to Brian)  
Didn't seem to have a problem with him. What makes him so special?

ALEX  
He had it coming, trust me.

COP  
I don't trust you. No one your age should be able to do what you did.

ALEX

I'm older than I look.

She finishes untying him and he stands, rubbing his wrists.

COP

I guess I should thank you for untying me. You should know, though, that I'm going to have to turn you over to the authorities.

ALEX

Fine by me.

COP

You should also know that I'm glad you did it. As frightening as the thought may be that someone your age was able to do that with such... passion, he obviously did have it coming.

ALEX

I know. I wouldn't have done it otherwise.

COP

And... thanks for not killing me.

ALEX

No worries.

COP

He told me his plan. About how he was going to have you kill me to desensitize you to the act of committing murder.

(looks over at Brian's body)

Looks like he still got the job done.

ALEX

Yeah, well... we'll see.

She turns and walks toward the door. When she reaches it, she grabs the knob and keeps walking, expecting the door to open. Instead, she just runs into it face-first.

She jostles the knob.

ALEX

What the hell?

COP

What?

ALEX

It's locked...

She continues shaking the doorknob, growing increasingly frustrated. At the height of her frustration, she kicks the door in anger, stumbling backward.

ALEX

FUCK!!

COP

Here, let me give it a shot.

He brushes past her and tries his hand at opening the door. His attempt yields the same results.

COP

Interesting.

Alex looks around, seeing the window. She heads toward it grabbing the chair on the way. When she reaches the window, she assumes a stability stance and props the chair up on her shoulder.

COP

Hey, don't--

She swings the chair at the window, but it just bounces back, taking her with it to the ground.

COP

That's quite a window...

Alex lays on the ground, eyes closed, meditating.

COP

Look, there's got to be a way out of here. The lock's probably just jammed or something. I'll call the front desk, I'm sure they can send someone up to fix it.

Alex's eyes perk open, as if waking up from a nightmare. She's just had a horrifying thought.

The cop picks up the phone and begins to dial, then stops.

COP

Odd... no dial tone.

He follows the cord, seeing if there's a plug issue. No luck. It's still plugged in.

Alex finally gets up.

ALEX

You know how they say your life  
flashes before you when you die?

COP

(half-ignoring her as he  
continues to search the room)  
That is what they say.

ALEX

I think that might be happening to  
me, only its... interactive.

COP

(completely ignoring her, now  
starting to get frustrated)  
Do you have a cell phone? Don't all  
you teenagers have cell phones?

Alex is ignoring him now. She walks over to Brian's body and picks up the fiber wire, immediately pulling it taut.

COP

What are you doing with that?

ALEX

(uncomfortably)  
Why don't you try breaking the door  
down?

COP

Well, I doubt it'll work, but I  
suppose it's worth a shot.

He runs at the door full speed, ramming into it and bouncing off, landing with a face plant on the ground.

Alex quickly sits on his back, slipping the wire around his throat and pulling tightly. He doesn't struggle as violently as Brian, but his face looks as if he can see death approaching.

Eventually, he gives in and flops coldly onto the carpet, eyes still wide open in fear.

Alex lets go of the wire and jolts up, disgusted by what she's just done. She immediately runs off screen to the bathroom and we hear her vomit into the sink. We then hear

the water running, and she emerges from the bathroom rubbing her face with wet hands. In the background, we still hear the faucet running.

She sees Brian's body lying on the ground, and in a final fit of anger runs over and kicks him repeatedly.

When she has sufficiently vented her anger, she walks back to the door, stepping solemnly over the dead cop.

She calmly takes hold of the doorknob and twists. The knob twists with her grasp.

ALEX  
(muttered)  
Son of a bitch.

She continues to open the door.

INT. BAR

The door opens to reveal a moderately busy bar, but we can't hear it. Behind Alex is the hotel room, the cop's body immediately behind her, Brian's body further back. No one seems to notice.

Sitting at the bar is Brian, beer in hand. He looks a bit older now; around his early forties. He spins around on his barstool and smiles, proceeding to wave her over.

Alex looks back at Brian's body, lying dead on the floor. She then turns forward to see Brian, whose wave becomes more insistent.

She lets go of the door and steps inside. As the door closes behind her, the sound of the busy bar suddenly kicks in. It's a bit of a shock to her senses, but she shakes it off and moves toward the bar.

BRIAN  
See, Alex? I told you that you'd be ready for action by the time you turned 21, and here we are. Barely making the deadline. Happy birthday, kiddo.

He slides over another glass he had been keeping in front of him. She stares at it in silence, still trying to adjust to his cheeriness.

BRIAN

C'mon, it's been a long eight years. You deserve a little alcohol in your system.

She tentatively takes a drink.

BRIAN

No, no, no. You'll never get a buzz going that way. You gotta drink up!

ALEX

I'm not thirsty.

BRIAN

I know your training was grueling, alright? I was there, remember? I put you through it, I should know.

Alex just smiles awkwardly.

BRIAN(CONT'D)

Look, things have been tough. I know that. Your situation is very unique. But you've improved drastically over the past few years, and you deserve a little reward. So these next few days are gonna be party days, then you gotta whip yourself back into shape. You're not shooting targets any more. This is the big leagues, kiddo. Live game.

ALEX

Stop calling me kiddo.

BRIAN

(surprised)

What?

ALEX

I said stop calling me kiddo. You're not my fucking father. Cut it out.

BRIAN

Where did all this come from? I've been calling you kiddo for years, why the sudden animosity?

ALEX

Because I'm sick of this bullshit. You're not my father, you never were, and you never will be. You're just the asshole who ruined my life.

BRIAN

Ruined? What life? You basically lived alone for thirteen years. And what's with all this attraction to your father all of a sudden? He's been dead for eight years, and you never so much as mentioned his name!

ALEX

Recent events have led me to believe that maybe you're lying. Maybe he's not dead, and maybe I made a horrible mistake joining your little organization.

BRIAN

Why would I lie about that? How could I lie about that? I respected your father, Alex. He was the best that ever worked for me, with the potential exception of you so long as you drop this right now and get yourself back on track.

Alex buries her head in her hands, realizing the futility of arguing with him.

ALEX

(sighing)

Alright. If you say so.

BRIAN

The best thing you can do is forget your father ever existed. That's how I trained you, remember? You're a killing machine.

ALEX

And machines don't have feelings. I know.

He hops off of the stool and slaps some cash on the bar. He gets ready to leave, but reminds himself of something

BRIAN  
I almost forgot your real birthday  
present.

He reaches into his pocket and tosses a rusty key on the bar  
in front of Alex.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
It's an apartment key. When you're  
all done here, gimme a call. I'll  
come pick you up and show you where  
it is. It's a nice place. You'll  
like it.

ALEX  
Um... Thanks, Brian.

BRIAN  
Happy birthday, kiddo.

He gives her a paternal pat on the back and leaves. Alex  
washes down her frustrated anger with a decent gulp of beer.

Further down the bar, an already plastered man takes notice.  
He gets up and moves over to sit next to Alex.

DRUNK  
Happy Birthday, cutie.

Alex winces. She sheepishly glances at him and nods with  
faux gratitude.

DRUNK  
Twenty-one, right? S'what the  
drinks are for, right?

ALEX  
Yeah. That's what the drinks are  
for.

DRUNK  
So what other plans you got for  
your birthday? Gonna go party some  
more?

ALEX  
Uh... no. No, I don't really have  
any plans.

DRUNK  
That's a shame. You gotta party on  
your birthday. It's science.

ALEX  
Thanks for the advice.

DRUNK  
Seriously, you only turn twenty-one  
once.

ALEX  
Yeah. I know. Thanks.

DRUNK  
(beat)  
Hey. I could show you a good time.

ALEX  
I'm not interested.

DRUNK  
Oh yeah? We'll maybe I'm  
interested! You ever think about  
that?!

Alex suddenly turns around and leans in so he can hear her.

ALEX  
Just so you know, I'm pretty sure I  
have to kick your ass. Happened a  
long time ago, and it's gonna  
happen again. Trust me, it doesn't  
end well for you, so my advice  
would be to drink as much as you  
can now so the experience isn't  
quite so terrifying for you.

DRUNK  
That a threat? You trying to start  
a fight? Who put you up to this?  
That guy you were with-- he your  
boyfriend?

ALEX  
(made furious by the last  
comment)  
I warned you.

Suddenly Alex elbows him in the gut, sending him flying off his barstool. Pandemonium spreads throughout the bar as she follows him to the ground.

She lands on top of him, straddling his stomach, and begins to punch him repeatedly in the face.

As he screams in pain, the few other bar attendants move off to the side. Some even begin to cheer her on, while others yell at the drunk to get up and fight.

The bartender immediately begins panicking, searching frantically for the rifle he keeps under the bar. He quickly pulls it out and points it at Alex's back.

BARTENDER

Stop! Stop or I'll shoot!

Alex doesn't budge. She continues to assault the drunk's face with punches.

The bartender hovers his shaky finger above the trigger. Unable to move himself to fire, he hops over the bar and raises the gun, attempting to hit Alex instead.

Before he can bring it down, she hears him and jumps up, quickly turning around and catching it.

The two play a struggling game of tug-of-war as the drunk attempts to crawl away, bloodied and weak.

Alex takes a quick look behind her and notices the escape attempt. She kicks the bartender in the stomach, providing enough force for him to let go.

She instantaneously spins around, aims, and fires a single shot into the back of the drunk's head, splattering his blood on the floor.

The bar stands still as the gunshot tapers into a deafening silence. Half of the attendants are staring at Alex. The other half are staring at the bloody corpse. The bartender is still trying to catch his breath.

Alex lowers the gun. She looks at the mess she's just made, then at the horrified witnesses.

She turns around to look at the bartender, then looks at the gun in her hands. Disgusted by what she's just allowed herself to become, she drops the rifle and bolts for the door.

EXT. ROOFTOP - AFTERNOON

Alex barrels through the door, immediately closing it behind her. Breathing heavily, she leans against it, sliding down to the concrete beneath her.

ALEX

What the fuck is happening to me...

Almost on cue, she feels her phone go off again. By habit, she takes it out and looks at the caller I.D. Brian again.

Furious, she stands and throws the phone off of the roof. She then sits back down, attempting to resume her time of rest.

Almost as soon as she sits down, she feels her phone go off again. Startled, she takes it out, fumbling a bit, and looks at the caller I.D. Still Brian.

This time, she drops it on the floor and stomps on it, breaking it into a mutilated mass of plastic. Immediately after the phone is destroyed, another goes off in her pocket.

She takes it out and throws it off the roof again, only this time it gives her an idea.

She runs over to the edge of the rooftop leaps over the ledge, hoping that she'll finally get what she wants.

EXT. ROOFTOP - AFTERNOON

Alex lands with a THUD on the same hard, concrete roof.

The wind is knocked out of her, so she coughs a bit before pushing herself up. Like in the hotel bathroom, it takes her a moment to find her balance.

ALEX

God dammit...

The phone goes off again. Defeated, she takes it out and answers.

ALEX

Hi, Brian.

BRIAN (V.O.)

So did you make it there alright?

ALEX

Don't think I really had a choice.

BRIAN (V.O.)

What do you mean by that?

ALEX

Well, where else was I gonna go?

BRIAN (V.O.)

You've got a point. Still, you could have gotten lost or something.

ALEX

I doubt it.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Good confidence. So you ready for your first job? Well, aside from that guy in the bar.

ALEX

That wasn't a job.

BRIAN (V.O.)

I know, but you did kill him. You can't be getting trigger happy like that, Alex. Bad for business. Luckily, you weren't technically an employee of mine yet, so I was able to easily brush under the rug. I can't do that any more, alright?

ALEX

No problem.

BRIAN (V.O., CONT'D)

I suppose it was good to fire yourself up before there was a paycheck involved. Keeps you in the right mindset.

ALEX

Still a little hard to get used to.

BRIAN(V.O.)

I suppose that's normal. Regardless, you have work to do. Easy job, shouldn't give you too much trouble. If you haven't found it already, there's a drop box on the roof for you.

Alex looks, sees the box, and begins to walk towards it.

BRIAN (V.O., CONT'D)

In the box is a sniper rifle with an enhanced scope. Like I said, it

(MORE)

BRIAN (V.O., CONT'D) (cont'd)  
shouldn't be too hard to knock this  
one out of the park. Simple point  
and shoot.

ALEX  
(laughs)  
Murder's never simple, Brian.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
It can be. Just need to be in the  
right mindset. Come on, we went  
over this during your training. You  
should be a killing machine by now.

Alex quickly assembles the rifle and sets up her position.

ALEX  
So which one is he, again?

BRIAN (V.O.)  
I never told you... but he's just a  
small time bookie somebody wants  
taken care of. The client  
specifically requested this time  
and place. He wants to make an  
example of the poor son of a bitch.  
There's a picture in the drop box  
for you.

She reaches in and pulls out the photo.

ALEX  
Oh, right.

She scans the ground below without the scope, looking for a  
suitable duplicate. She sees him sitting at a table outside  
a small cafe, alone. She looks through the scope for a  
closer look.

ALEX  
I got him.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
Definite match?

ALEX  
Positive.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
Whenever you're ready. Be careful  
about your timing. You don't want--

ALEX

The wrong witnesses. I know.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Good luck, Alex.

She hangs up and tosses the phone aside. She lines up the cross-hairs, slowing her breathing to a steady rhythm.

She hesitates, waiting for the right breath to let her know when to fire. She can't seem to convince herself to pull the trigger.

She takes a moment to shake it off, fighting her consciousness. Her hands lose their steady immobility, and she lets go of the gun, rolling over onto her back, forcing herself to calm down.

She takes a few deep breaths. She closes her eyes and reaches over for the rifle, bringing it to her chest and reassuming the proper hand positioning.

Down below, a waiter is collecting the man's bill. With a satisfied smile on his face, he gets up to leave.

ALEX

Shit!

Alex stands with lightning speed and aims, firing a precise shot straight into the man's heart. Immediately after pulling the trigger, she drops back down to cover.

She calmly picks up the phone and punches a few keys, waiting.

BRIAN (V.O.)

How'd it go?

ALEX

Got him.

BRIAN (V.O.)

That took a while, what happened?  
Are you OK?

ALEX

No. No, I'm not OK. Not at all.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Why? What happened?

ALEX  
Nothing. Nothing happened. Every  
thing's fine...

Alex hangs up and tosses the phone over the ledge like a grenade. She stands and walks calmly towards the door.

INT./EXT. LOCATIONS - VARIOUS DAY/NIGHT

(MONTAGE)

Alex comes through the door and is immediately called by Brian. This annoys her.

Alex is looking through another scope, concentrating. She pulls the trigger, but hesitates.

A man is shot from behind, dropping to reveal Alex standing with a silenced pistol. Remorse is still seen in her face.

Alex comes through a series of doors, each a different model in different environments.

Alex is killing a man with fiber wire.

Alex readies another sniper rifle, then pulls the trigger. Her remorse is beginning to slip away.

A series of varying men in varying locations are being hit by sniper bullets.

Alex walks casually into a room and militantly shoots the two men there with virtually no signs of remorse. She then turns around and leaves where she entered.

(END OF MONTAGE)

EXT. ALLEY - DAWN

Alex stumbles through the door, exhausted. As soon as she closes it, she collapses onto the ground.

Her phone goes off, but she doesn't notice.

FADE TO BLACK.

BICYCLE COURIER (V.O.)  
Uh, miss?... Miss?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - AFTERNOON

Alex slowly wakes up. Standing over her is a BICYCLE COURIER.

When she awakens, he lets out a sigh of relief.

ALEX

(sitting up)

Do you know how long I've been out?

BICYCLE COURIER

(in a neurotic, relieved stupor)

No... I was just taking a shortcut through the alley here, and I saw you lying here, and I didn't know if you were homeless, or just lost, or--

ALEX

Oh... Well, don't worry too much, I'm fine. Just got a little tired.

BICYCLE COURIER

What were you doing out here?

ALEX

Working... Hard work, you know. Gets a bit exhausting after a while.

She stands up and stretches a bit.

BICYCLE COURIER

Working alone? Why? What do you do?

ALEX

(looking around, getting her bearings)

Doesn't really matter much, does it?

BICYCLE COURIER

Well, that sort of depends. Do you need help or something? It's dangerous for a young woman like yourself to be out here all a--

ALEX

Actually, there might be something you could do for me...

BICYCLE COURIER  
Name it, I'd be happy to help. I mean, I don't know if I--

ALEX  
Wouldn't happen to carry a gun, would you?

BICYCLE COURIER  
What?! A gun? Why would I carry a gun, I'm just a bicycle courier!

ALEX  
Seriously? They still have those?

BICYCLE COURIER  
It's a hobby. Why do you need a *gun*?

ALEX  
I kinda missed an... appointment. Just forget the gun, alright? I never asked, you never saw me, OK?

She starts looking around the alley again.

BICYCLE COURIER  
(catching on, nervous)  
Oh... oh, no. Are you like a hit... woman?

ALEX  
No.

BICYCLE COURIER  
Are you sure, 'cause I think a lot of that sounded like euphemisms for--

ALEX  
I'm not a hitwoman, alright? You're safe.

Alex finds a ladder to the roof of one of the buildings further down the alley. She smiles at her discovery and begins to climb.

BICYCLE COURIER  
Hey, wait! Where are you going?

She ignores him and keeps climbing.

BICYCLE COURIER (CONT'D)  
You sure there's nothing I can do  
to help you?

She leans off the ladder, checking her distance with the ground. Her posture suggests that she plans on jumping.

BICYCLE COURIER (CONT'D)  
Whoa, wait a minute! Hey! Wait a  
minute, you sure you want to be  
doing that?

ALEX  
(yelling back from a  
substantial height)  
Pretty sure!

She considers the distance, climbs a few more rungs, looks back down, and nods to herself.

Understanding how serious she is, the bicycle courier nervously fumbles with his helmet before mounting his bike.

BICYCLE COURIER  
Please, miss, don't jump!! I'm  
going to go get some help and be  
right back!!  
(muttering to himself)  
Oh, no... oh, no...

He quickly finishes mounting the bike and heads off.

BICYCLE COURIER  
PLEASE DON'T GO ANYWHERE!

Alex laughs a little to herself as he rides off.

After checking the ground one last time, she hops off of the ladder.

EXT. ALLEY - DAWN

Alex lands with a THUD that briefly knocks the wind out of her. She coughs a couple times before pushing herself up.

Once she stands, her phone goes off.

She takes it out and answers.

ALEX  
Alright, Brian, I'm here. What's  
the job?

BRIAN (V.O.)  
What, no hello?

Alex doesn't respond.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
Alright, alright. I just got a call from a loyal government client who says one of his employees ran off and is somewhere in your general area.

ALEX  
Lucky me.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
Apparently this gentleman found something out and has refused to share it with the rest of the group. The client is paying an open fee to anyone you manages to catch him and coax it out of him. Think you can do that?

ALEX  
Probably.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
One of his colleagues ratted him out to their superiors, and the address is two buildings down from your apartment. How fast can you get there?

ALEX  
Already there.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
Oh, I forgot to mention: he's threatened suicide. If you act quickly you can probably catch him before he jumps.

ALEX  
Shit!

BRIAN (V.O.)  
One more thing... Kill him when you're done. There's a gun in the--

ALEX  
I know where it is...

Alex tosses the phone and bolts for the ladder, reaching into a box at the foot of the ladder to grab the gun on the way up.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAWN

She reaches the top just as the man is already running for the ledge.

She hops up onto the roof and fires a shot at his leg, causing him to fall just a few feet before the ledge.

SUICIDAL MAN

(screams)

What the FUCK?!

Alex runs over to him.

ALEX

Put pressure on it. That should slow the bleeding.

SUICIDAL MAN

(panting in pain as his leg blood runs into a pool on the ground near his leg)

Who are you? Did the government send you? Are you supposed to kill me or something?

Alex begins to apply pressure, but he quickly pushes her off of him and applies the pressure himself.

ALEX

No, I'm not here to kill you. I'm here to get you to talk.

SUICIDAL MAN

(continuing to struggle with his speech)

And then kill me.

ALEX

Why is it so goddamn important to you that this information be protected?

SUICIDAL MAN

Why is it so goddamn important that you get it out of me?

ALEX

It's my job. I'm good at my job. I don't like my job, but I'm good at my job.

SUICIDAL MAN

I don't care how good you are, I'll never say anything.

ALEX

You don't have to. I already know.

SUICIDAL MAN

How could you possibly--

ALEX

You finally discovered the location of the national terrorist known to the public as "Peter". Mountain range just outside the Canadian border. How am I doing so far?

He stares at her in disbelief. In frightened confusion, he frantically tries to make a break for the ledge once again.

Alex quickly stands and kicks him in the gut. He stops, rolls over, and cries in pain.

SUICIDAL MAN

What?! If you already know, then what the hell do you want out of me?!!

ALEX

I wanted to ask you about something.

SUICIDAL MAN

I don't... I thought you already knew!

ALEX

Not that. I wanted to ask you why you were attempting suicide.

SUICIDAL MAN

(sitting up painfully)

Why? What does it matter why? You have no more use for me, which means you're probably going to kill me, which means I get what want anyway. What possible reason could I have for wanting to tell you why?

ALEX  
(laughing)  
You know what? Never mind. You're  
right, forget I asked.

Alex puts the barrel of the gun against his forehead,  
teasing him.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
This is all so fucking  
ridiculous... I might as well just  
get it over with.

SUICIDAL MAN  
Go ahead. Kill me. Make a Pollock  
imitation out of this rooftop. I  
know you want to, you sick bitch.

Alex smacks him across the temple with the butt of the gun,  
quickly replacing the barrel.

ALEX  
What the fuck do you know about me?

SUICIDAL MAN  
I know your name is Alex, and for  
the longest time you were an  
unstoppable killing machine. Devoid  
of all emotion and conscience. The  
perfect assassin. Then one day your  
conscience came back from vacation  
only to find you murdering an  
innocent woman. It didn't like that  
very much and convinced you to  
quit.

(mocking)  
How am I doing so far?

ALEX  
(showing an inkling of fear)  
How did you know that?

SUICIDAL MAN  
(laughing)  
Pretty weird, huh? Being on the  
other end?

ALEX  
Who are you? Why are you doing  
this?

SUICIDAL MAN

Oh, I don't think you really need  
to know that.

Alex slams him roughly against a heater mounted on the  
rooftop, pushing the barrel of the gun deeper into his  
forehead.

ALEX

What the fuck is happening to me?!!

SUICIDAL MAN

One hell of a nightmare.

ALEX

So it *is* all in my head? Is that  
what you're trying to tell me?

SUICIDAL MAN

Not necessarily...

Alex slams his temple again.

ALEX

You better give me some answers or  
I will pull this trigger!

SUICIDAL MAN

(chuckling)

Again, what possible motivation  
could I have? Go ahead, knock  
yourself out!

ALEX

(almost crying)

Why is this happening to me?! Why  
couldn't I just die like everybody  
else?!!

SUICIDAL MAN

What makes you think everybody else  
just dies?

Alex slams his temple once more.

ALEX

STOP FUCKING AROUND AND TELL ME  
WHAT'S GOING ON!!!

SUICIDAL MAN

I'm sure you've noticed the  
pattern--

ALEX

It's just the murders, I know, but what the fuck does it mean?

SUICIDAL MAN

What do you think it means?

ALEX

It means the last thing I was feeling when I stepped off the ledge was guilt. And the guilt got to me and now I'm having some sort of... I don't know, extremely vivid nightmare or something...

SUICIDAL MAN

Maybe. Hell of a nightmare though, isn't it? You feel pain, you get tired. Probably a little hungry now, aren't you?

ALEX

(clearly lying)

No...

SUICIDAL MAN

Face it, Alex. This is beyond psychological--

In a heightened rush of fear, confusion, and anger, Alex pulls the trigger. The gunshot rings for a moment.

Alex lets go of his shirt, standing up and wiping her hand off on her pants.

She stares and the dead body lying in front of her.

ALEX

(quietly to herself)

What the fuck just happened?

She shakes it off and takes out her phone, trying to distract her thoughts. She presses a couple buttons and puts the phone to her ear.

ALEX

I got the information.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Alex, that's fantastic! You've just done both of us a great service.

ALEX  
Yeah, well... we'll see.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
You did kill him right?

ALEX  
Yes...

BRIAN (V.O.)  
So who was he, what did he know?

Alex stops for a second.

BRIAN (V.O., CONT'D)  
Alex?

ALEX  
Sorry, I'm trying to remember. It's been a while...

BRIAN (V.O.)  
Wasn't it just a few minutes ago?

ALEX  
(remembering)  
Oh, right. He was a mole for that Peter guy. The terrorist... He was told that if they ever discovered Peter's location, he was supposed to destroy the data.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
I was hoping that was it. This is really phenomenal. So you know where it is?

ALEX  
Yeah.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
Good. Don't tell me over the phone, this might be bugged. I need you to go find this guy Peter and kill him. There's a huge government sponsored bounty on his head, and right now you're the only one with sufficient knowledge to collect on it. Do you think you can find your way there?

ALEX

Yeah, I know where it is.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Good... good. Be quiet about it,  
I'm sure he's well protected.

ALEX

I know.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Don't get yourself killed, alright?  
I don't want to lose you. You're  
like a daughter to--

Alex hangs up and throws the phone to the ground and stomps on it repeatedly.

ALEX

You're... not... my... FATHER!!!!

On "FATHER", she angrily kicks the pile of plastic. Some of it lands by the body laying by the rooftop.

Reminded of the strange words spoken by the man, she turns away and walks toward the ladder.

EXT. REST STOP - DUSK

A small, deserted rest stop sits in stagnant silence. One door, perhaps a supply closet of some sort, opens slowly.

Standing in the doorway is Alex. Behind her, we see the alley from before.

She tentatively steps out into the open air of the rest stop, door closing behind her. She looks around, seeming a bit lost.

She walks around the corner of the rest stop to see the mountainous woodlands extending from the area.

ALEX

(realizing where she is)

Awesome...

She walks over to a picnic bench and takes a seat. Noticing something, she looks down at her waist to see a holstered knife and handgun.

Looking around a bit more, she sees some vending machines in another area of the rest stop.

Smiling, she heads over to them.

Inside one of the vending machines, behind a thick pane of Plexiglas, is a generic mix of snack foods. Alex takes a step back and kicks the barrier as hard as she can.

Much to her surprise, she bounces back, letting out a painful yell.

Shaking off the pain, she takes out her gun and fires a round into the Plexiglas barrier. The barrier cracks substantially, and one bag of chips bursts open, showering the inside with crumbs.

She kicks it a few more times, and it finally gives in. She reaches inside and grabs a candy bar, immediately ripping it open and taking a bite.

SUICIDAL MAN (O.S.)

You know, money might have been easier.

Alex drops the candy and turns around, drawing her gun on him.

ALEX

What the fuck are you doing here?

He puts his hands up calmly.

SUICIDAL MAN

Relax, I just want to talk.

She lowers her gun and holsters it.

ALEX

You clean up well.

She goes back to the vending machine and takes out another snack.

SUICIDAL MAN

(rubbing his forehead)

Thanks... Hope you're not too torn up about all the mind games.

ALEX

Not really.

SUICIDAL MAN

That so?

ALEX

(nods)

I've been thinking about it, and I'm pretty sure you're just a subconscious hallucination.

SUICIDAL MAN

Am I?

ALEX

You're just the part of me that doesn't understand what the fuck is going on so you keep throwing out half-brained theories hoping one of them will stick.

SUICIDAL MAN

Suppose that's certainly a possibility.

ALEX

Why don't you sound convinced?

The suicidal man smiles mischievously.

SUICIDAL MAN

Alex, what did you imagine death feeling like?

ALEX

I was hoping it would feel exactly like what it is. Your brain stops working and your body collapses into a lifeless pile of flesh and bones. It's a simple matter of thud, dead. I imagine it stings a little.

SUICIDAL MAN

What about your soul? What happens there?

ALEX

Soul? What soul?

SUICIDAL MAN

Everyone's got a soul.

ALEX

I don't have a soul.

SUICIDAL MAN

If you don't have a soul, what's standing here right now?

ALEX

I don't know, I'm no psychologist... I know it's not a soul. Brian trained the soul out of me.

SUICIDAL MAN

Well it's some form of you, isn't it? You are dead, aren't you? Or are you...

ALEX

If you don't mind, I have a long hike ahead of me, and I would appreciate it if you could just leave me alone so I can finish doing my job... again. Hopefully, when this is all over, I can just get back to dying. It's all I ever wanted anyway, I don't know why things had to get so complicated...

SUICIDAL MAN

Ever think that maybe some part of you doesn't want to die? Like... I don't know, the reasonable part?

ALEX

Nope, never occurred to me. Just want to power through to the end so I can finally relieve the earth of my shameful existence...

SUICIDAL MAN

No existence is shameful, Alex..

ALEX

Would you stop with the fucking mind games already?!!

SUICIDAL MAN

I'm just trying to--

ALEX

(drawing her gun)

Do you want me to kill you again?!!

SUICIDAL MAN

Oh, it worked so well the first time, so--

ALEX

Just shut up, alright? Shut up. I don't want to hear any more of your psychobabble...

SUICIDAL MAN

Alex...

She quickly draws her gun and fires a round straight into his forehead.

She holsters her gun and walks in the direction of the woods, grabbing another bag of chips for the trip.

After a couple more steps she stops again, looking off to the side. She walks off screen and we hear another gun shot, followed by the sound of more Plexiglas being broken.

She returns carrying a bottle of water, continuing off into the woods.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

It's dark, but with enough moonlight for Alex to see where she's going. She walks quietly, despite the amount of dry leaves and such scattered about the ground.

Suddenly, we hear the crunching of leaves under footfalls.

Alex stops. The crunching continues.

She looks around warily, slowly drawing her gun.

In the distance, a silhouetted figure darts from the cover of one tree to another.

Alex sets off in the direction of the tree, noticing that the crunching has stopped.

Just as she is within a few feet of the tree, a sack is pulled over her head from behind.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

SMASH CUT INTO:

Alex being pushed through the entrance flap of a large tent with a dirt floor, hands tied behind her back, still wearing the sack. The tent is lit by surprisingly bright fluorescent camping lamps.

Two men armed with handguns follow her through the tent flap and forcefully throw her into a small camping chair despite her lack of resistance.

Across from her is a man sitting calmly on the ground.

He looks up at her in silence before nodding to one of the other men. Taking the cue, he pats Alex up and down, removing her handgun and her knife before finally taking off the sack.

The man sitting on the ground is PETER, and he radiates importance and authority. Alex's weapons are placed in front of him on the ground by the other man; one of his henchmen.

PETER

I don't know many people who hunt  
with handguns.

Alex stares at him without blinking.

PETER (CONT'D)

If you're not here for hunting,  
then why are you here?

ALEX

I was sent to kill you, but we both  
know that's not going to happen.

PETER

Really? Come to collect on my  
bounty, have you?

ALEX

That's why I was sent.

PETER

What, exactly, is the bounty  
nowadays?

ALEX

Not sure, actually. I'm just the  
muscle.

PETER  
Rather unimposing, if I may say so.

ALEX  
Likewise.

One of Peter's henchmen makes as if he's going to hit her, but Peter holds his hand up in objection.

PETER  
Please, she's still tied up.  
There's no need for that. So, what  
is your name, miss muscle?

ALEX  
Alex.

PETER  
Listen, Alex, I want to offer you a  
deal.

ALEX  
Then you'll have to speak with my  
handler. There's a cell phone in my  
right pocket. His number is the  
only one in the address book.

The henchman closest on Alex's right walks over and finds the phone. He quickly looks it over, pressing a few buttons, then nods and tosses it to Peter.

PETER  
(looking at the phone)  
Brian, is it?

She nods, and Peter proceeds to make the call. Everyone sits in silence as they wait for an answer. Finally:

PETER  
Hello, Brian? This is Peter... Yes,  
*that* Peter... No, she's doing fine.  
No one makes it past my people,  
though she did get remarkably  
far... Well, she certainly didn't  
seem like a hunter, so... Look,  
Brian, I've got a proposition for  
you. The President and his cronies  
at the pentagon posted a fairly  
hefty bounty on my head,  
correct?... How about I match it--  
no, double it given that you turn  
your business over to me?

Alex looks bored.

PETER (CONT'D)

I have plenty of work for her. In fact, I have a guy on the premises that I've been meaning to execute, but none of my men seem to be willing. Hold on --

(to the other men)

Guys, why don't you bring him in.

(back on the phone)

Brian, do you know Senator Jacobs?... Well he's the special guest I was referring to... Yes, that's the one... Oh I'll have plenty more business for you in a moment, hoping everything goes well... Alright, Brian, you have a nice evening.

The two men come back through the entry flap holding a man in a very dirty and torn suit. He looks a bit young for a senator, but incredibly worn down. This is SENATOR JACOBS.

Peter puts the phone in his pocket and looks at Jacobs.

PETER

Mister Jacobs, I'm afraid we no longer have any use for you. To be honest, you're only depleting resources at this point, and--

Jacobs notices Alex.

JACOBS

Who the hell is she?

PETER

She is your executioner, senator. And while she does what I'm paying her a very large sum of money to do, I want you to think about the future of the United States of America. I want you to think about our mutual friend, Mr. President, and I want you to think about what usually happens when you give someone as inexperienced as he is as much power as you did.

Peter gets up and slowly walks over to Jacobs, staring him down.

PETER (CONT'D)

Do you know what happens when a weak person is suddenly made so strong?

Jacobs stares back at Peter, saying nothing.

ALEX

They break.

The two of them look over at Alex, surprised.

PETER

Very good, Alex. He will break. He will crumble under the responsibility of leading a nation, and, well-intentioned as he may be, he will destroy it. The United States of America is headed toward total ruin and you and your congressional buddies aren't doing anything to stop it.

Peter nods, and the two men plop Jacobs down on his knees in the center of the tent. He grimaces on the impact.

Peter picks up the knife and uses it to cut the ropes binding Alex's wrists.

PETER

(placing the knife in her hand  
and speaking softly)

Make sure he feels it. I want to see the life drain out of his pathetic little body.

Alex assumes the position, standing behind Jacobs. Peter walks over to the other side of the tent to watch from a safe distance.

Alex looks down at knife in her hand as she slowly brings it up to Jacobs' throat.

ALEX

(whispered to Jacobs)

Sorry...

She pulls the knife across his throat and stepping back. In a horrifying display of futile resistance, Jacobs cries gurgles of pain as he grasps his throat. He falls to the ground and fights it for as long as he can before finally giving in.

Peter claps from the other side of the tent.

PETER  
Wonderful job, Alex! Money well  
spent!

Alex stares at Jacobs' body as if she's about to be sick again.

Suddenly compelled by anger, she runs at one of the henchmen. Before he gets a chance to react, she stabs him in the gut. The other guard, however, manages to fire a round into her side.

She winces, but soldiers on. She pulls the knife out of the previous henchman's gut, allowing him to fall, and runs at his partner.

Meanwhile, Peter calmly walks over to the gun and picks it up.

Before Alex can reach the other guard, he fires again and hits her in the shoulder.

Peter checks out the gun a bit, getting a good feel for it before he aims.

Alex makes it to the other henchman and quickly slashes his throat.

As the henchman falls to the ground, Peter shoots Alex in the back.

She cries in pain, but soon turns around and throws the knife directly into Peter's shoulder. He cries out and drops the gun as Alex begins to run toward him.

When Peter looks up, Alex tackles him. When they land on the ground, she painfully removes the knife from his shoulder, holding it up against his throat.

PETER  
(panicking)  
Alex, please--

ALEX  
No... I have to kill you.  
Technically, it doesn't really  
count, but it'll still feel  
fantastic.

PETER  
What? What are you--

ALEX

How could you watch a man die like  
Jacobs and then *applaud*?!!

PETER

He deserved it, he was a corrupt  
politician and a fear-monger!

ALEX

And you're a terrorist.

PETER

But my cause is noble and--

ALEX

And I'm sure he felt the same about  
his, huh?

PETER

I had great plans for you, Alex...

ALEX

Great? You're just going to use me  
for your--what did you call it?--  
fear-mongering.

PETER

Alex, that's different, I just--

He doesn't manage to finish his statement, as she angrily  
slices open his throat.

Alex picks up her gun, returning it to her holster. She  
painfully stands up and puts the knife away after wiping it  
off with her shirt. She takes notice of all the bloody spots  
where she had just been shot, wincing.

Holding her side, she drags herself toward the tent flaps.

EXT. CLEARING - MORNING

Alex stumbles out of a pair of tent flaps, almost  
immediately regaining strength. She looks down at her  
blood-stained shirt, feeling where she'd been shot. She is  
relieved to find that she is perfectly fine.

The tent she came from is just as large outside as it looked  
inside. Surrounding the clearing are a series of smaller  
tents. Peter's men run around doing average morning chores.

PETER (O.S)  
Alex! Good morning!

Alex turns her attention to the center of the clearing, where Peter, standing with a smile on his face and holding a coffee mug, waves her over.

He is talking with a younger man, who is taking notes about something on a small pad of paper.

PETER  
I have another job for you, seeing  
as you did such a fine job  
executing Senator Jacobs for me.

Alex smirks sarcastically.

PETER (CONT'D)  
When I kidnapped Mr. Jacobs, I told  
him that if he didn't give us the  
information we needed I was not  
only going to kill him, but I would  
kill his family as well.

ALEX  
Poor choice of words, don't you  
think?

PETER  
How do you mean?

ALEX  
You should have said you would *have*  
him killed. You would *have* his  
family killed. You have no  
intention of doing so yourself,  
you're just the guy who gives the  
orders.

PETER  
Are you trying to say I don't have  
the guts?

ALEX  
That's exactly what I'm trying to  
say.

Peter grabs Alex's holstered handgun and fires a bullet straight into the forehead of the young man taking notes. He falls back without dropping the notepad.

Peter hands Alex the gun, staring her in the eyes with a searing lack of remorse.

PETER

My men would gladly die for me because they believe in my cause. You, on the other hand, won't die for me. I can't afford it. I'm spending an awful lot of money on you, so you better do your job. Do you understand?

ALEX

Peter, I've been manipulated to the point of suicide before and all I can say is... I'm glad I'm not one of your men.

She takes out her phone and tosses it roughly at his chest.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Why don't you call Brian and work out a price.

PETER

(starting to dial)

There's a small rest stop down the way--

ALEX

(heading out)

I know where it is.

PETER

There's someone waiting for you there who can drive you to the airport. The Jacobs family lives in a fairly quiet section of Washington D.C., so please, act accordingly.

ALEX

Sure thing, boss.

As he waits for the call to go through, he gets the attention of some of the other men around the camp, pointing to the body of the note-taker. A couple men run up and start to carry off the body.

INT. JACOBS HOME - AFTERNOON

A woman, MRS. JACOBS, watches a daytime game show on her modest television set. She is seated on her leather sofa with a bowl of wheat crackers sitting on the coffee table. She takes one and pops it into her mouth as the show returns from a commercial break.

On the show, a visibly eager contestant stands by a large wheel made up of alternating sections of green dollar signs and skull-and-crossbones images. The amiable host gives the contestant a hearty pat on the back and states:

HOST

Well, here we are in the final round, with our most successful contestant in the history of this program. He's won over half a million so far, but you never can tell with the wheel of chance, can you?

CONTESTANT

No, you can't, Paul!

The audience breaks into laughter on cue, and Mrs. Jacobs smiles.

HOST

So we all know how this round works, but for those of you just tuning in, I'll run through the rules. Our contestant can either make a wager, up to doubling his winnings, or he can walk away, content with what he's earned so far. Now, today is a landmark occasion, allowing our contestant to wager everything and possibly walk out of the studio with over one million dollars.

The crowd applauds.

HOST (CONT'D)

Now, he has just as much a chance as anybody else to end up losing everything, but I've got a pretty good feeling about this one! How do you feel about your chances today?

CONTESTANT

I feel great, Paul!

HOST

(chuckling)

I thought you might. So without further ado, I say we get this show on the road. Would you like to make a wager?

CONTESTANT

Oh, I want to wager everything,  
Paul!

HOST

Of course you do...

The host steps out of the way and the contestant giddily puts his hands on the wheel.

HOST

Make a prayer to whatever higher  
power you wish and take...your...  
CHANCE!

The audience joins in on the last three words. The contestant spins the wheel with all his might and steps back, smiling hopefully.

Mrs. Jacobs crosses her fingers for the man on the show.

The wheel slows, and tension mounts as the contestant becomes uneasy. With a few clicks, the wheel lands on one of the many skull-and-crossbones sections.

Mrs. Jacobs lets out a disappointed sigh.

Everyone in the studio erupts in despair, and the contestant breaks into tears.

HOST

Well, I'm sorry to say that chance  
was not on your side today, young  
man. On that unfortunate note, I'm  
afraid we're going to have to end  
the show. Until next time, I'm  
Paul--

Mrs. Jacobs turns off the television just as a doorbell ring is heard.

She gets up and walks down the hall to the front door, straightening her hair on the way. The bell rings again and Mrs. Jacobs opens the door. Alex stands on the other side, wearing a look of somber condolence.

ALEX

Mrs. Jacobs?

MRS. JACOBS

Yes?

ALEX  
Wife of Senator Allan Jacobs?

Mrs. Jacobs suddenly looks quite fearful.

MRS. JACOBS  
Why? What did you find?

ALEX  
May I come in, Ma'am? You might  
want to sit down.

MRS. JACOBS  
Oh... oh, yes, please come in.

She moves aside as Alex steps into the house walking toward the living room.

ALEX  
Are your kids home? They may want  
to hear this as well.

MRS. JACOBS  
Oh, yes... just a second.

Mrs. Jacobs disappears into a hallway. Alex waits patiently in front of the television.

MRS. JACOBS (O.S.)  
Jack! Ashley!

As she hears Mrs. Jacobs calling for her children, she buries her forehead in her palm, fighting off bad memories.

MRS. JACOBS (O.S., CONT'D)  
Come into the living room for a  
minute, we have a guest with some  
important news concerning your  
father!

Mrs. Jacobs returns from the hallway, followed closely by her children.

JACK is about thirteen, dressed in a polo shirt and slacks. His hair is neatly combed and he is still carrying a school-issued copy of Lord of the Flies, holding his place with his finger.

ASHLEY is about eight, and she wears a school uniform jumper and shirt. She follows timidly behind Jack with her hands held behind her back.

ALEX  
(clearing her throat)  
Please, have a seat.

They all sit obediently on the sofa.

ALEX  
I... I regret to... Sorry, I'm  
having some trouble getting the  
words out, here...

The Jacobs family waits patiently on the sofa.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
I'm afraid I've been sent to inform  
you that Senator Allan Jacobs is  
dead.

Mrs. Jacobs nods expectantly, tears brimming on the tips of her eyelids. Jack drops his book. Ashley looks to her mother, expecting some sort of explanation. Getting nothing, she turns to Alex.

ASHLEY  
Why? What happened? I don't--

ALEX  
He was kidnapped, tortured, and  
murdered by the terrorist known as  
Peter.

ASHLEY  
I see...

ALEX  
Your name's Ashley, isn't it?

Ashley nods.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Well, Ashley, you should know that  
the reason your father died was  
because he refused to give crucial  
information to a very bad man. He  
was very courageous.

ASHLEY  
I know... Daddy was a very brave  
man. It's good to hear that he died  
with his honor intact.

ALEX

You're very articulate for someone your age.

ASHLEY

Thank you.

MRS. JACOBS

(wiping her eyes)

How do you know he's dead? Did they catch him? Did they catch Peter?

ALEX

No... No, they didn't catch him.

MRS. JACOBS

Well, then how do you know he's dead? Did he send the body? What happened?! I want to see a body!!

ALEX

I don't work for the United States government.

MRS. JACOBS

Then who do you work for? I want a god damned explanation!!

ALEX

I work for Peter, Mrs. Jacobs. I killed your husband.

MRS. JACOBS

No...

Mrs. Jacobs bolts for the phone, shoving Alex out of the way.

ALEX

Don't bother, I cut the phone lines. If any of you try to make for a way out, I will be forced to kill you.

JACK

What difference does it make? You're going to kill us anyway. That's why you're here, isn't it?

ALEX

You're right. I was sent here to kill you. That doesn't mean I'm going to.

ASHLEY

You're going to let us go? Why would you bother coming down here in the first place if you're just going to let us go?

ALEX

Two reasons. One is that you deserve to know what happened to your father.

(to Mrs. Jacobs)

To your husband. I wasn't lying about that, he died an honorable man.

MRS. JACOBS

Because of you...

ALEX

I was doing my job, alright? I didn't enjoy it. Certainly not this time...

MRS. JACOBS

What kind of a person could choose that for themselves?

ALEX

(approaching Mrs. Jacobs)

Do you really think I chose to do this? Look at me. Do I look like the kind of person that would get "assassin" on a career aptitude test? I didn't choose this for myself, Mrs. Jacobs. I just drew the short straw.

Mrs. Jacobs stares Alex down with contempt.

ALEX

OK, I deserve that. No... No, you know what? I can do you one better.

She takes out her gun and readies it for fire. She grabs the barrel and holds the gun out to Mrs. Jacobs.

ALEX

Go ahead, take it. Shoot me.

Mrs. Jacobs snatches the gun out of Alex's hand and points it at her angrily. Behind Alex, Mrs. Jacobs sees her children's wide-eyed expression of shock.

MRS. JACOBS  
(dropping the gun)  
No. I'm not like you. I can't kill,  
even out of vengeance, it's not who  
I am. I fight for peace, as my  
husband did.

ALEX  
(confused)  
I killed your husband, Mrs. Jacobs.  
How could you not want to hurt me?

MRS. JACOBS  
I can see it in your eyes... You're  
right, you didn't choose this. You  
weren't meant for this, you weren't  
meant to be a killer. I can't hurt  
you.

ASHLEY  
What's the second reason?

Alex turns around.

ALEX  
What?

ASHLEY  
You said there were two reasons you  
came, but you only mentioned one.  
What's the other?

Alex hears a tapping on a nearby window. She turns to see  
what it is, finding the suicidal man from before standing  
outside. He gives her a "hurry up" gesture with his hand.

Alex walks over and closes the curtains, seemingly the only  
person that noticed.

ALEX  
Uh... the other reason is...

She walks over to Mrs. Jacobs and picks up the gun.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Kids, I need to speak with your Mom  
in private about that one, OK?

They nod, and Alex faces Mrs. Jacobs in a "this way, please"  
position.

Mrs. Jacobs walks towards the hallway. Alex follows.

## INT. JACOBS BEDROOM

Alex and Mrs. Jacobs walk into the room and have a seat on the bed. Alex makes sure to sit at the head of the bed.

ALEX

I really admire you for not shooting me.

MRS. JACOBS

(chuckling uncomfortably)  
I couldn't do that to my kids.

ALEX

See, I would have... once upon a time. Never used to care. Never felt remorse, or guilt. Then one day someone asked me to murder an innocent woman and her two lovely children. Up until then I dealt mainly with executives, high end criminals, you know, corporate gigs.

MRS. JACOBS

Corporate gigs?

ALEX

People want competition eliminated, rats taken care of, evidence destroyed, that sort of thing. And they pay good money, too.

MRS. JACOBS

So you're not going to kill us because we're innocent?

ALEX

This is where things get... complicated. I want you to understand how much I don't want to kill you.

MRS. JACOBS

I don't care how much you don't want to kill me, I want you to not kill me! Please, you've seen my children, you know how bright they are. Ashley is so... she wants to be a doctor, you know? What if she finds a cure for cancer or something? How's she going to do that if she's dead, huh?

ALEX

I'm not going to kill your kids, I never did, and I never will, but I have no choice with you. I did kill you before. I regret it every minute I continue existing but that doesn't change the fact that I did what I did.

MRS. JACOBS

I don't understand... what do you mean you killed me?

ALEX

It would take too long to explain and trust me you'd only be more confused, but I had to let you know that I'm only doing this because I absolutely have to. And I couldn't bear to do it in front of your kids again.

MRS. JACOBS

Again? What do you--

Alex grabs a pillow and shoves it into Mrs. Jacobs face, pushing her back on the bed. She draws her gun and shoves the silenced barrel into the center of the pillow.

With a muffled pop accentuated by a feathery blast of red and white, the struggle stops.

QUICKLY CUT TO:

INT. JACOBS HOME - AFTERNOON

Jack and Ashley sit on the couch. Jack has his arm around her shoulder, comforting her.

Alex comes walking out of the hallway and sits on the sofa next to Ashley. For a moment the three of them sit in silence.

ASHLEY

Where's our mom?

ALEX

She's in the bedroom.

ASHLEY

(beat)

I thought you said you weren't going to kill us.

ALEX

I'm not going to kill you. Not you.  
Not your brother. But I had to kill  
your mom, OK?

(she grabs Ashley's hand and  
gets off the couch, looking  
her in the eye)

I had no choice. But I feel really  
bad about it, alright? Alright,  
Ashley?

Ashley shakes her head, tears begging to be set free. Alex  
starts to tear up a little herself.

ASHLEY

You didn't have to do that... You  
didn't have to kill her...

ALEX

Yes, I did, Ashley, I had to. But  
you have to understand that when I  
killed your mom, I felt something  
different. I've killed a lot of  
people... a lot of bad people but  
never any good people like your  
mom. I never used to feel anything,  
I was just doing my job, but this  
time I felt something. I felt  
guilty... I felt terribly, terribly  
guilty... Then I thought about  
everyone else and how they all had  
families. Then I felt guilty about  
all of them, too. I didn't know  
what to do, Ashley... I was  
confused and afraid and I couldn't  
take it any more. But I've been  
thinking about it an awful lot  
lately, and I think I know what to  
do. I think I need to give myself  
another chance... Can you give me  
another chance, Ashley?

ASHLEY

No... I can't.

Alex nods, letting a tear escape. She wipes it up with her  
hand and stands.

ALEX

I guess that's only fair, isn't it?  
Don't really know what I  
expected...

Alex hears another tap and turns to see the suicidal man standing outside a different window. He raises his wrist and taps his watch, raising his eyebrows as well.

Alex shakes her head and wipes her eyes as she heads for the front door.

EXT. APARTMENT ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Alex walks out of a doorway meant for a stairwell, but behind her we see the Jacobs' home. As she walks through, the door closes behind her.

She leans back on the door after it closes, and the suicidal man emerges from around the corner of the stairwell entrance.

ALEX

Alright... I think I get it.

SUICIDAL MAN

Yeah?

He leans next to her on the wall.

ALEX

It's like those nights where you lie in bed, trying to go to sleep, but you can't get your thoughts to shut up, so you just keep lying there... You think about all the people you wanted to say something to that day, but didn't get the chance... You try to make up conversations in your head, and you fill in all the other person's lines yourself until you get some sense of closure... because even if it's false closure it still helps you put your mind at ease. Sometimes you get sidetracked, but you just keep coming back to the same damn thoughts over and over and over until you just slip quietly away...

SUICIDAL MAN

Been there.

ALEX

Guess it happens when you die, too. Only, you know... more so.

SUICIDAL MAN

I see you haven't quite slipped away yet... Now why is that?

ALEX

Still got someone to talk to...

SUICIDAL MAN

According to your logic, he doesn't know anything you don't know, so what's the point?

ALEX

Closure.

She boosts herself off and starts heading towards an anchored cable hanging off the rooftop.

SUICIDAL MAN

(as she walks away)

What, you're not gonna shoot me?

ALEX

Wouldn't give you the satisfaction.

Alex grabs onto the cable and eases over the ledge, backing down the wall of the apartment building.

EXT. APARTMENT BALCONY - NIGHT

Alex lands quietly on the balcony, immediately running over to the unbroken sliding glass door and pulling it open, darting inside.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex makes her way to just outside her father's bathroom, the only source of light save the balcony window, ducking just behind the wall. The mirror is fogged, and a shower can be heard.

Alex rests her hand on the holstered knife, but doesn't draw it.

The shower stops running, and we hear the curtain drawn, followed by the sound of a towel being drawn from a towel rack.

She stands up and walks into the doorway just as her father walks by, just finishing tying the towel around his waist.

He freezes.

DAD

Alex?

CUT TO:

The lights are now on in the apartment. Alex sits quietly on the sofa, staring at the copy of Mother Night on the table.

Her father emerges from his bedroom wearing hastily donned sweatpants and a plain cotton t-shirt, plopping down in the chair across from her.

DAD

Can't say I'm surprised to see you.  
He said that if I left, he'd come  
after me. I told him he'd never  
find me. He said he could.

He laughs, masking sadness.

DAD (CONT'D)

Said he'd turn you against me... I  
didn't believe him.

Alex watches him pitifully.

DAD (CONT'D)

For the love of God, Alex, say  
something...

ALEX

Why didn't you take me?

DAD

I couldn't just take you... I told  
your mom I'd take care of you. I  
wouldn't have even been there to  
raise you if she'd have lived more  
than three months after you were  
born. Can you imagine how hard it  
was to do my job knowing I had a  
little girl to take care of? All  
through grade school, I could only  
get local work... It wasn't until  
you were old enough to start taking  
care of yourself that I could start  
bringing in the heavier paychecks,  
but by then I didn't have it in me  
anymore.

ALEX

I know how you feel.

DAD

Alex, I'm so sorry... I never should have left you behind.

ALEX

Then why did you? You still haven't answered my question.

DAD

Because I'm a coward, I don't know... I didn't answer your question because I don't have a real answer.

ALEX

I thought you promised my mom you would take care of me...

DAD

And I couldn't keep it. I was going on fifteen years of ending lives to put food on the table when suddenly I'm expected to help nurture one. I was a psychopath by nature and you changed that. I stopped seeing targets when I was raising you. I saw someone's son. Someone's daughter. Aunts and uncles and cousins and adoption centers. Orphanages.

ALEX

Oh my God...

DAD

What?

ALEX

I've turned into my father.

DAD

(standing up, sitting next to Alex on the sofa)  
Alex, you don't have to go through with this, you know? Join witness protection... Maybe they'll recognize you as my daughter and we can get a fresh start, huh?

ALEX

No.

DAD  
What's the problem?

ALEX  
The problem? Well, for one, Brian found you once, what makes you think he won't do it again?

DAD  
I don't care any more, we can stop him. We can stop whoever he sends, I don't care.

ALEX  
This isn't going to work...

DAD  
Why not try?

ALEX  
It's too late, Dad.

DAD  
Alex...

ALEX  
I just... I just need some water. Where are the glasses?

DAD  
(looking down, having given up)  
Second cupboard, above the sink...

ALEX  
You want one?

DAD  
No, I'm fine...

Alex gets up and circles behind the sofa, drawing her knife. When she arrives behind her father, she finishes the job.

Silently, he slips off the couch.

Alex re-holsters the knife. She then brings up a hand to her forehead and starts massaging her temples, closing her eyes.

EXT. APARTMENT BALCONY - NIGHT

Alex stands on the balcony ledge, massaging her temples. When she opens her eyes, the shocking sight of the streets below causes her to stumble backward, falling off of the ledge.

She lands with a coughing THUD, a fall that takes her a moment to recuperate from.

When she finally reaches standing, she notices the shattered sliding glass door. Smiling, she cautiously steps through it.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

She looks around, approaching the sofa. No body.

Turning around, she sees the bathroom doorway, blood steadily seeping out into the rest of the apartment.

She makes her way back over to the remnants of the sliding glass door. Her phone lies amidst the shards of broken glass, still intact.

She picks up the phone and presses a few buttons, holding it to her ear to speak.

ALEX

(once the ringing on the other end stops)

Brian, we need to talk. Meet me at my apartment in a couple hours, OK? Of course I'm still here, why would I want to kill myself?

She ends the call and heads for the front door.

When she reaches it, she hesitates.

Carefully, she takes hold of the knob and pushes the door open.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY

Alex pokes her head out of the doorway and looks around before stepping all the way through it. She pulls the door closed, keeping her hand on the knob.

She opens the door again, seeing the apartment on the other side.

She closes the door, chuckling to herself as she heads for the elevator.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT

Alex's apartment is modest, but set up in a fashion remarkably similar to her father's.

Brian sits on the sofa, older than we're used to seeing him, but clearly not very different.

BRIAN

What's this about, Alex?

Alex's holstered gun lands on the simple, wooden coffee table, followed by her holstered knife, her cell phone, and a key.

ALEX

I quit.

BRIAN

Didn't we go over this? You can't quit, I need you.

ALEX

But I don't need you, Brian. If I've learned anything over the past... couple of hours, it's that I'm not a killer. I mean, look at me, Brian. How many assassins look like me?

BRIAN

I know one damn good assassin who looks exactly like you. In fact, she is you, and I really can't afford to have her quit.

ALEX

Look, you can have the apartment back, I'll find a new place to live. I just can't do this any more. I can't live with any more blood on my hands. I'm sorry.

BRIAN

It's alright, you're only your father's daughter.

ALEX

As sinister as that comment may have been, I don't really care. I'm glad I'm not my father. My father was ashamed of himself for losing his psychopathic streak. I'm proud. And I'm leaving. You can send whoever you want, but just remember, I'm the best you got.

BRIAN

I thought you weren't going to kill any more.

ALEX

I'd make an exception for your people. If you send enough to really piss me off, I might even make an exception for you.

BRIAN

I hope you understand what that means.

ALEX

It means I quit. Watch your ass, Brian.

Alex begins heading out. As she walks for the door, we can hear Brian fumbling with the holster off screen.

When she reaches the door we hear the shot. Alex's blood splatters on the front door before she gets a chance to open it.

As she hits the ground, the title flashes, matching up with the sound.

CUT TO BLACK.