

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)

Address

Phone Number

FADE IN:

INT. SPACIOUS OFFICE - DAY

AMY WELLS, an adorable 24 year old with a nice shape and beautiful eyes, lays on her back on the Psych couch staring into space. A beat.

She gets uneasy. Her eyes scan around the atmosphere as she sits up and scowls at BILL HAYDEN, 40s, a sarcastic, white haired, bible salesman looking man who's over paid.

AMY

Well?!?

He gives her a concentrated stare as he taps the red pen to his chin. A beat.

She lies back down and looks up.

AMY (V.O.)

See this guy? Despite me wanting to pop his head like a champagne cork, we have quite a relationship. You could say it's on and off. I see him three times a week, he makes me feel better, yadi yadda. He's not a shrink, I'm not crazy. Nope. This is the guy that you see to cope with your emotions after you've killed someone. Normally he sees cops, soldiers of war, etc. Funny thing is I'm not a police woman and the whole GI Jane look, just doesn't do it for me. Although I do kill people. Quite a lot actually. Don't get me wrong I'm not some psycho serial murderer. I'm not a terrorist. You see, I only kill people that try to kill me. Thing is...a lot of people try to kill me.

EXT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

"PING"

The doors slide open as AMY steps off hands full of grocery bags, keys in her mouth. She makes her way down the hallway towards her apartment.

AMY (V.O.)

I'm mean, look at me. I look like the average girl right? I bet at first glance you would think I was a dentist or a kindergarten teacher. Maybe even a journalist. That's what I wanted to be. The last thing you would assume is that I could kill you a hundred and one ways with my bare hands.

She stops at apartment 820 and fiddles with her keys.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

She enters closing the door with her foot. She flicks on the lights with her elbow and walks over to the kitchen counter where she sets her grocery bags.

AMY (V.O.)

Life is funny. I thought at twenty four my goals would be some where around: finding Mr. Right, have a bunch of kids, raise a family. Nope. My goal is simple. I just want to be normal. Ha, what a concept.

She turns to the kitchen cabinet, pulls a .38 Caliber out of her waist and puts five rounds through the door. A beat.

She swings the double doors open as a masked man with a machine gun drops to his knees, then flat on his face as Cheerios rain on the dead body.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

AMY holds nails in her mouth as she hammers away, putting on a new door.

She sweeps up piles of Cheerios into a dustpan.

AMY (V.O.)

In case you're wondering what the hell that was, that was a man with a gun. I get a lot of those.

She gets up and heads for the trash can. She flips the lid open and disposes of them.

AMY (V.O.)

I'm sure by now you're totally lost. Let me explain.

OPEN BOX,

She removes a couple of personal things. Phonebooks. DVDs. She picks up a picture frame and gazes into it.

AMY sets it back down and looks out of the large window facing the city.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - LATER

AMY sits up and out of frame doing power sit-ups in a sports bra and

AMY (V.O.)

You see, the first time someone tried to kill me, I was coming from an Eagles game in Boston. That's the night I found out that I had been marked for dead. I even heard the guys name. Jinx. Then I was approached by this agency and then sort of forced into this program. Like witness protection but not really. I didn't witness anything.

All I was ~~AMC contact~~ long as I was alive someone would be trying to kill me.

She straightens up the place some more.

AMY (V.O.)

They knew they couldn't protect me forever from a person of this guys' magnitude. They believed the only real way to keep me alive was to turn me into a weapon. So I was trained. Hand to hand combat, guns, blades, anything that can put someone to sleep. But for some reason no one could tell me why all this was happening. Apparently this stuff isn't like the movies. The bad guys don't reveal a master plan before they whack you here. If I wanted answers I knew I was on my own.

INT. MOVING TRAIN - NIGHT

AMY sits at window seat staring at the bright lights of the New York skyline.

AMY (V.O.)

I'm just afraid I'm missing out on life as it happens.

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

AMY sits by herself at an outdoor dining table. Next to her is a beautiful couple, 20s, obviously deeply in love.

AMY (V.O.)

It gets lonely. Not being able to trust anyone. Unfortunately, the only men that come to see me aren't holding flowers and candy they're concealing automatic weapons.

Don't get ~~AMY (cont 'd)~~ still take
care of my, well...needs.

INT. AMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

AMY rolls around on her bed with HUNK. Both have on SANTA hats. Next to the bed is a 5 foot nicely decorated Christmas tree. There about 20 seconds from getting it on as

AMY
(softly)
Do you have one?

HUNK
Yeah.

He gets up and walks over to his pants thrown on the windowsill. His expression changes. He reaches in his pocket and pulls out a switchblade. He conceals it in his hand and turns back as

AMY gives him the "touch of death". He drops breaking a glass vase on the way down. She looks down at him in disappointment. Not that he tried to kill her. But that she didn't get any. She shakes her head.

AMY (V.O)
That didn't always turn out so
well.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

AMY runs on a treadmill with her headphones on while watching a muted "The Tyra show" on a flat screen TV.

AMY (V.O)
This agency gave me an insight on
guys like Jinx. They said he would
never come for me himself. Unless
he needed too. Until then, expect
some unwanted visitors. Oh yeah.

Then I was ~~AMY (V.O.)~~ that one day
 this would all blow over and I
 would be able to go on with a
 normal life. In the meantime,
 Well...

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She sits on a couch with a pair of reading glasses under a desk lamp enjoying a good book and a pint of "Chunky Monkey". Just as she turns the page, in the distance, a silhouette appears outside of her window.

He clinks away at the glass trying to find a way in. The sound is loud and distracting, obviously she's aware of the intruder. She doesn't take her eyes off the book. A beat.

She lifts a silencer at the window and shoots a single round. Direct hit. The silhouette falls off the side of the building.

AMY (V.O.)

These henchmen came in all shapes
 and sizes. After a while they just
 got sooo predictable.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A blue BANNER "It's a boy" hangs in AMY'S apartment. AMY and couple of her girlfriends hang around the living room, laughing and opening gifts. She sits on the couch next to a beautiful brunette with an 8 month belly bulge.

AMY (V.O.)

It was hard having a social life
 given my situation but I wasn't
 letting that stop me. And the
 little friends that I made here and
 there, you know, from bookstores,
 health clubs, anywhere I could meet
 someone, they couldn't know. It
 would scare them off.

AMY rubs her stomach and smiles as her eyes drift out of the window.

WINDOW POV,

On the roof of the building across from them, a SNIPER sets up his rifle.

AMY sighs putting her head down. "You gotta be kidding me."

FRIEND

What's wrong?

AMY

Nothing, uh...we're out of--

She picks up a tray of cookies and spills it on the floor.

AMY (CONT'D)

Cookies.

She gets up and darts into the kitchen. The rest of them find this odd, but think nothing of it.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

AMY throws the tray on the counter, hops up on the sink and opens the window.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The GIRL'S continue their special day as GIRL opens of gift and pulls out blue pajamas. The WOMEN "awww" to themselves.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

AMY jumps down the fire escape continuously looking up to the roof.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The WOMEN take pictures with ear-to-ear smiles as

WINDOW POV,

AMY runs up behind the SNIPER, quickly snaps his neck and runs back off the roof. A beat.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

AMY runs back up full speed, as fatigue seems to be getting the best of her.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

GIRL looks around for AMY. She puts her hands on her belly and slowly gets up and heads for the kitchen.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

AMY reaches her floor as she dives back through the window.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

GIRL is three steps away from the kitchen as

AMY,

appears in the doorway.

FRIEND

(startled)

Hey.

AMY

Hey.

She's covered in sweat and controls her breathing trying not to giveaway the impression she just ran a mile. They awkwardly stare at each other a moment.

GIRL

Cookies?

AMY

(not missing a beat)

Yep.

She goes in the cabinet and grabs a box.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

FRONT DOOR,

The lights are off. She's not home. We hear a rhythmic tick throughout the vacant home. Momentarily, we hear keys jingling from outside--

AMY opens the door and enters. She flicks the lights on and throws her purse on the counter. She makes her way to another room as she slows down. She comes to a complete stop. She hears the ticking.

CABINET OPENS,

She kneels in front of a timer attached to four BLOCKS of C4. She's just in time. There's only 00:08 left. She sighs and shakes her head. She does some quick thinking ripping off the faceplate, exposing some wires. With only 00:02 left she disarms it.

AMY (V.O.)

I was told I could return to my
life when all this blows over. But
when would that be?

INT. AMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She sits in the dark as only the moon brings light to the photo that she lingers at. A beat.

AMY (V.O.)

I mean it's been six months? How
long will this go on? Why is this
happening in the first place? All
questions that I knew I had to find
the answers for myself. Nothing
ever really made me commit to that
mission. That is until...

BANG! BANG! BANG!

There's a heavy knock at the front door. She looks at her clock then gets up and walks out of her bedroom.

FRONT DOOR,

She swings it open revealing a 6'9, three hundred something pound, would win an Arnold Schwarzenegger look-a-like contest, Russian BRUTE. He stares down at her with the scariest expression imaginable. She's frozen in place.

AMY (V.O)

Like I said all sizes.

She sighs and shakes her head.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

AMY'S body flies over the kitchen counter landing behind it. She's a little dazed but okay. She flips back up on her feet as the battle continues.

AMY gives him a series of kicks and jabs. Little to no effect. It's like trying to knock out a Coke machine. He grabs her by the neck and lifts her in the air.

AMY (V.O)

Sometimes I want to just quit. Just let them win. Who ever they were. But I have to know what they want from me. This has to end once and for all.

She kicks him in the groin. He drops her. She follows up with a roundhouse kick and a series of attacks. He drops to his knees. She gives him the "touch of death"...it doesn't work. She does it again. Nothing.

BRUTE

(laughing)

I too powerful.

She takes this in. She grabs a frying pan and smacks him with it. He's out cold. She stands over him victorious.

AMY
(breathing hard)
Fat shit.

She sits on the floor next to him. She runs her finger down the side of her head. She's bleeding. She tilts her head back and rests it on the wall while she catches her breath.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - LATER

AMY cleans up the huge mess in the kitchen as a result of her bout with King Kong.

AMY (V.O)
At this point I had enough. I wasn't going to just be a sitting duck waiting for the next ambush. I wanted answers.

She looks over at the unconscious BRUTE tied to a chair in her Kitchen. A beat. She feels a breeze. She looks over at a cracked window that wasn't open before. She wonders to herself as

POP!!!

She's shot with a dart. She picks it out of her back and looks at it. She sighs and collapses.

BLACK SCREEN.

INT. DARK ROOM - SOMETIME LATER

AMY slowly opens her eyes. She's sitting in a metal chair across from REED, late 20s, a muscular guy wearing business attire. A beat.

REED
Morning Sunshine. I understand you're interested in finding a man named Jinx. You're the first?

AMY looks around outraged.

AMY

Who the hell are you? Where's my kitchen?

REED

Not important. What is however, is that you are aware of the man you're dealing with. Jinx wants you dead. How this normally works is, when Jinx wants someone dead. They die. Although you're still alive. Impressive.

AMY

Look you're wasting my time.

REED

Am I? Because the hit out on you says "light out". So what could I possibly be keeping you from besides your appointment for coffin measurements?

AMY

I'm putting an end to all this. It's either him or me. At this point I don't really give a damn.

REED nods to himself.

REED

Commendable. But, what if I were to tell you that he is very aware that you're looking for him.

(chuckles)

In fact, he's even a little worried...

REED laughs. He looks at the other henchmen in the room.

REED

(giggling)

(MORE)
I'm mean, you're kind of deadly
sweetheart. How many have you taken
out so far?

AMY scowls at him. He moves on.

REED (CONT'D)

Yeah. Well...

(clears his throat)

He has a proposition for you. If
you accept, you'll make off quite
nicely. Two and a half million. You
can start a normal life anywhere in
the world, be who ever you want to
be. We'll call it even. That's his
word.

REED waits for her response. A beat. She considers.

AMY

Tell me.

REED slaps his hands together in relief. He gets up and pulls
a manila folder from a file cabinet. He walks back over to
AMY and tosses it to her. She picks it up.

REED

His name is Joel Best. Although
that doesn't matter. What he does
for a living doesn't matter, how
long he's been doing it doesn't
matter either. You just need to
know that it's his life or yours.

AMY looks up at him.

AMY

You want me to kill someone?

REED

You do it all the time. It is kind
of what you do best.

REED (CONT'D)
 For all you know he's a rapist or a child molester. Maybe he's the next guy that's going to pay you a visit at your nice little loft downtown.

AMY
 But he's not.

REED
 How can you be sure?

AMY doesn't respond. She looks like she still objects. REED reasons with her.

REED (CONT'D)
 Look, just do the job, take the money, and move on with your life. Believe me killing you is costing way too much.

AMY takes this in.

EXT. PARK - DAY

AMY sits alone on a bench with an over coat and sunshades on as she keeps tabs on a gentleman having a business brunch with a couple of clients and an outdoor cafe across the street from her. She discreetly screws on the silencer piece of the pistol that's ducked under her hand bag.

AMY (V.O)
 What a deal. My freedom and two million bucks. All it took was one bullet. Just one guy. One possibly innocent guy. The solution to this riddle almost sounded too easy.

AMY looks over at all the disguised henchmen casually roaming all around her. REED sits at a table at the cafe sipping from a steaming mug. He looks her way and sarcastically raises his cup to her. She takes off her shades and smiles with her eyes.

AMY (V.O.)

They almost had me fooled. Sounds like the perfect plan really. But they were wrong about one thing. I didn't always kill people. Luckily, in a previous life, I learned a lot about the art of negotiation. I knew sparing a life someday could get me something. In this case, it was information.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

AMY slaps someone tied to a chair in the face a few times.

AMY

Hey, Hey! Wake up.

The Gigantic Russian BRUTE snuffles himself to consciousness as he pleads for his life.

AMY

What do you know?

He breaks down.

BRUTE

I can't. I can't do that. I can't tell anything!

AMY nods her head. Then she eyes the huge cut on his knee. She makes her way to the cabinets. She pulls out lemon extract, salt, and rubbing alcohol. She sets the products in front of him while she preps a bowl. He looks at the three ingredients trying to guess his cruel and unusual doom. AMY mixes the substances together and approaches him. She wets her fingers in the bowl and drips a little on his cuts. He screams at the top of his lungs.

BRUTE

OKAY!!!

AMY is ready to talk business.

AMY

Okay, what?

BRUTE faces the music.

BRUTE

(breathing heavy)

You've been betrayed. The agency is a cover up. They recruit and train assassins. To find the best they put them in "the program". You were the only one that survived everyone else is dead. They've been planning this ever since the attempt in Boston.

AMY flips out at him.

AMY

(bitch fit)

Are! Are you telling me the assholes that shot at me, abducted me and turned me to...to

She looks at the gun in one hand and the bowl of torture potion in the other and yells

AMY

This!! Are the same people!??!!

She notices she's frightening her hostage with the elevated screaming. She drops the bowl. It shatters. She paces and takes a deep breath. She pulls up a chair and sits in front of him. She's relaxed.

AMY

(calmy)

What do they want from me?

A beat.

BRUTE

They want you to kill a Senator Best.

AMY takes this in.

BRUTE

They're going to offer you a big
payout and the promise of execution
immunity. Go on with a perfect
normal life blah blah.

(snaps)

DO I LOOK NORMAL TO YOU!!!

AMY flinches as his whining continues. She thinks about it.

AMY

You were in the program?

BRUTE

How'd you guess?

She takes this in.

AMY

Why'd you just come out and tell me
everything?

BRUTE

A failed hitman is a liability
issue. I'm as good as dead because
I fumbled the mission. I didn't
kill you.

He breaks down some more. A "snotrocket" drips out of his
nose and on the floor.

BRUTE

(to himself)

Why can't I just be normal!!!

She takes this in and looks up.

EXT. PARK - BACK TO NORMAL

Her finger still flirts with the trigger as she brings JOEL in the cross-hairs of her pistol. She sighs.

AMY (V.O.)

At the end of the day...

In one move, she switches her cross hairs in REED'S direction.

AMY (V.O.)

Who gives a shit about being normal?

REED is alerted and reaches for his gun as

POWWW!!!!

He's caught in the chest and quickly drops to the ground. JOEL and his clients duck down and escape.

The henchmen reach for their weapons as AMY sprints out in the open a fires twin .38s. Most of the men are picked off with impressive marksmanship. She takes out only enough needed so she can escape.

She shoves her weapons in her holsters and runs away at full speed. We hear bullets flying her way in every direction breaking windows and hitting walls. She looks back at the MEN chasing her. A beat. She keeps running and smiles.

FADE OUT.