

SAMANTHA RUTLEDGE P.I, A KILLER CASE

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Fade in:

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

It is raining heavily in the neon lit car park of a small, down and dirty motel.

A match is lit inside a parked car, revealing the face of a young but world weary woman. This is SAMANTHA RUTLEDGE.

Samantha lights a cigarette and proceeds to inhale deep.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

God, another crappy night on the job. Yes, that's right, I'm working right now believe it or not, but I'll get to that in a sec.

She checks her watch.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Any minute now, hopefully.

Moments later, a car storms into the parking lot and halts to a stop. An attractive young woman, KATIE, and a large middle aged man, MILTON, exit the car and rush to the entrance of the motel.

They reach the front door, and safe from the delude of the fallen water, burst out in giggles and laughter. Their shared amusement though, doesn't last long and soon they are kissing the hell out of each other. Their hands get more and more brave and their kisses deeper and longer lasting. Then Milton lifts up the Katie's dress, and caresses her stocking covered thighs, while his lips get buried on the side of the woman's neck.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Just get a room already.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Milton and Katie are inside their motel room, passion now having completely overtaken them. Katie takes a breather from the kissing, pushing Milton back in a playful manner, then proceeds to tauntingly strip out of her dress - revealing a full figure, silk garments and black lace underwear underneath.

Milton is upon her, even more eager and hungry than before, kissing away at her stomach and the top of her breasts. She starts unbuttoning his shirt and kisses him along his chest.

They are naked on the bed, their bodies tangled up together, the mattress squeaking in cries of complaint, the top of the bed knocking away at the wall.

Samantha is standing outside their window, in a raincoat and hat, snapping away at the lustful action with her camera.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Yep, this is my fucking job, watching people rut like bunnies. I have the privilege of witnessing the flabby asses of lying, cheating, adulterous lowlifes as they get their rocks off. So, as you probably would have guessed just about now, I'm a private investigator or maybe I'm just a damn voyeur. It depends how you look at it, I guess. Pan not intended.

INT. MOTEL RECEPTION - NIGHT

Samantha hands some money to the MOTEL OWNER, and he counts it and nods approvingly. She nods back and heads towards the exit.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Samantha is sitting on a stool at the counter of a small, no nonsense drinker's bar. Around her, the few men and women present are quiet and only concentrating on the task at hand.

Samantha downs her shot.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Almost all cases I work deal with infidelity. It's ridiculous really. People, and I mean mostly men, weren't created to be honest and loyal. A long lasting, romantic relationship just doesn't work. It should really be labeled for what it truly is: Myth.

A young, handsome and cocky man, TOMMY, in a leather jacket, sits on an empty stool next to her.

Samantha and Tommy lock eyes, and Tommy signals for the BARMAN.

Tommy turns back towards Samantha.

TOMMY
Can I buy you a drink?

Samantha seems to be thinking the offer over.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)
Thing is, just cause men are pigs,
doesn't mean I don't fancy the hell
out of them.

SAMANTHA
Sure.

TOMMY
What are you having?

SAMANTHA
Whiskey, any single malt will do.

Tommy smiles.

TOMMY
Any?

SAMANTHA
Well, maybe not the really cheap
shit.

TOMMY
Got ya.

The barman approaches.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Two shots of what the lady was
having.

The barman nods and starts to fill glasses. Tommy returns his
attention to Samantha.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I'm Tommy.

SAMANTHA
That's nice.

TOMMY
You're not going to tell me your
name?

SAMANTHA
Not here for chit chat.

TOMMY

What are you here for?

The barman puts the drinks in front of them, and Samantha picks up the glass and points to it.

She downs the drink and Tommy gives the Barman money, then turns to Samantha with his cheekiest smile.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Is that the only thing?

INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Samantha and Tommy enter the apartment kissing and undressing each other.

Tommy pulls back for a second.

TOMMY

Do you want me to get you anything?

Samantha puts her hand on his groin.

SAMANTHA

This will do.

TOMMY

I - I mean, like water, juice or-

Samantha kisses him and passion overtakes them again.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Bedroom's that-

SAMANTHA

No.

She pulls him towards the couch, then pushes him and he falls on it. She climbs on top of him, and while still kissing, she unbuckles his belt, unbuttons his jeans, and pulls his trousers down.

She then reaches underneath her skirt and pulls her panties off. She slowly sits on top of him, a soft moan escaping her lips, and starts moving up and down on top of him.

CUT TO:

They are both sweaty and out of breath as Tommy reaches his climax.

Samantha moves her hand through his head, tenderly stroking his hair. She kisses him a final time, then gets off him and sits on the couch.

She locates her handbag, takes out a cigarette and some matches, lights the death stick, inhales deep and sighs.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Want one?

TOMMY

No thanks, don't smoke.

Tommy pulls his trousers back up and composes himself.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Do you think you can tell me your name now?

Samantha smiles.

SAMANTHA

Samantha.

TOMMY

Nice. Well Samantha, I'm hungry, are you hungry? I'm starving.

SAMANTHA

I'm good.

Tommy gets up.

TOMMY

You sure? I can make us - hmm, bacon and eggs?

SAMANTHA

Sound delightful but I have to leave now.

Samantha stands up.

TOMMY

You do?

SAMANTHA

Oh yeah.

She picks up her panties and works them back on.

TOMMY

Did I do something wrong?

SAMANTHA

What? No, you did everything right.

TOMMY

But.

Samantha walks to him and kisses the side of his face.

SAMANTHA

I just can't stay, sorry.

She walks to the door.

TOMMY

Can we see each other again?

SAMANTHA

Why don't we let fate decide that one, shall we?

Samantha opens the door, waves at Tommy and leaves.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Samantha walks into the tiny adjoining reception area outside her office holding two cups of coffee in a holder, and with a newspaper under her arm. There is a young woman, SUSIE HOLLOWAY, sitting behind a desk and typing things on her phone.

Susie hears Samantha walk in, looks up and smiles.

SUSIE

Oh hello.

Samantha places one of the coffees on the desk.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Thanks a million boss.

Susie doesn't take her gaze away from her phone as Samantha starts asking her questions:

SAMANTHA

All good?

SUSIE

Sure.

SAMANTHA

Any messages?

SUSIE

Nope.

SAMANTHA

Anybody call?

SUSIE

Nope.

SAMANTHA

Any e-mails?

SUSIE

Nope.

SAMANTHA

Alright then.

Samantha walks in her office.

CUT TO:

Samantha is sitting at her desk, in her office. The room is small, and sparsely decorated. There is one window with Venetian blinds, a desk that is messy with notes, papers, and garbage and a computer monitor that is hiding under a cardigan.

Samantha looks through the desk until she finds a pen, opens the newspaper and starts reading and looking through it.

CUT TO:

Samantha reaches the end of the newspaper, and throws it on the ground, on top of a pile of older newspapers. She yawns and stretches out her hands. She takes out a cigarette and matches and starts smoking.

CUT TO:

Samantha puts out her fourth cigarette in the ashtray. She gets up and opens the door. Susie is looking at her phone and giggling.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

SUSIE

Oh nothing, my boyfriend just send me a joke.

SAMANTHA

Oh right, must be a good one.

Susie looks up excitedly.

SUSIE
Yeah, do you want to hear it?

SAMANTHA
No, not really.

SUSIE
Oh, OK.

Samantha turns and is about to close the door but then changes her mind.

SAMANTHA
How long you've been going out for?

SUSIE
What?

SAMANTHA
How long have you been dating him for?

SUSIE
Um, like a month.

SAMANTHA
Hmm, that's probably the best time in the confines of any relationship.

SUSIE
Aha, OK. Did you need something?

SAMANTHA
You mind getting us lunch?

SUSIE
Don't mind.

Samantha hands Susie some money.

SUSIE (CONT'D)
Same as last time?

SAMANTHA
Yeah.

SUSIE
OK boss.

Samantha turns around, hesitates, then turns back to Susie.

SAMANTHA

What's with this boss business
these days?

SUSIE

Don't know, I just like saying it.
Why, do you hate it?

SAMANTHA

Just call me Samantha, or Sam.

SUSIE

OK.

SAMANTHA

OK.

Susie doesn't move.

SUSIE

Can I call you boss too sometimes?

Samantha sighs.

SAMANTHA

Fine, whatever.

Susie puts her coat on.

SUSIE

Won't be long, boss.

CUT TO:

Samantha is eating.

CUT TO:

Samantha is smoking.

CUT TO:

Samantha is looking out the window. She turns and looks at
the clock. The seconds ticking away in a slow, tedious crawl.

CUT TO:

Samantha is looking out the window and smoking.

CUT TO:

Sam is sitting behind the desk. There is a KNOCK on the door.

SAMANTHA

Come in.

Susie opens the door.

SUSIE

Gonna be off soon boss, anything
you need?

SAMANTHA

No, I'm fine, you go ahead. Have a
good night.

Susie suddenly twitches in spot and giggles.

SUSIE

(To someone next to her)
Stop it.

SAMANTHA

What's going on?

A man, LEWIS, laughing, appears next to Susie.

LEWIS

Hey.

SUSIE

This is my silly boyfriend Lewis.

LEWIS

Pleased to meet you.

SAMANTHA

OK.

SUSIE

OK, so see you tomorrow.

SAMANTHA

Good night Susie.

Susie closes the door behind her.

CUT TO:

Sam has fallen asleep on her desk. She wakes up with a jump.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Samantha is approaching her car. It is quite late and there is no one in the street. As she reaches it, a man pushes her hard against it. Sam lets out a CRY and drops her handbag.

MILTON (O.S.)
You're going to regret the day you
were born bitch.

The Man is Milton, who Sam photographed earlier on at the motel. He is enraged and he grabs Sam by the throat.

MILTON (CONT'D)
She's leaving me you stupid cunt.
Do you understand? She's leaving me
and it's all your fucking fault.

Sam kicks him on the shin, hard, making Milton cry out and drop her, then she punches him in the face. Milton moves back and holds his nose in pain.

MILTON (CONT'D)
Fuck.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)
In my line of work, knowing self
defense is a must.

Sam punches him again, twice but Milton places his arms over his face and covers up. Then he grabs Samantha and punches her in the gut, dropping her to the ground breathless.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)
However, when your opponent
outweighs you some 60 pounds or
more, self defence can only carry
you that far.

Milton punches Samantha in the face from above and she spreads out face first on the ground.

MILTON
Oh, I'm so going to enjoy putting
you in a fucking coma.

Samantha starts crawling away and her hands reach out for her bag.

MILTON (CONT'D)
No, no, no, where you going little
girl? We're just getting started.

Samantha's hands rattle inside her bag but Milton grabs her ankle.

He kicks her on her side, then turns her around but Sam is now holding a pepper spray and she lets Milton have it right in the eyes. Milton YELLS in pain and moves back.

Sam takes a deep breath, and despite the obvious pain she is in, gets to her feet and kicks Milton right in the groin, with all she has. Then as Milton leans forward in agonising pain, she knees him in the face, dropping him to the ground.

SAMANTHA

Fuck you Jack. Fuck you. Blaming me for doing my job, when you're the cheating piece of shit. You think your tiny balls hurt now? You come at me again, I'm going to rip them off and stuff them down your fucking throat.

Sam punches him one more time, then holds her hand in pain.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Shit.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

NOT MOVING

Sam gets in her car, but sighs in pain.

SAMANTHA

Jesus.

She lights a cigarette and inhales deep. Then starts the car and drives away.

INT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Samantha gets into her place and rushes to the toilet where she throws up in the sink. She then washes her mouth and face. She looks at herself in the mirror, assessing the damage. She locates a cut on the inside of her bottom lip and grimaces.

She takes off her jacket and her top, in pain, and checks her side, which is red and bruised from the kick.

SAMANTHA

Goddamn it.

She gets some ice cubes and places some in a towel and some in a glass. She heads to the living room, towel to her ribs in one hand, while the other holds on to a glass of whiskey. She sits, nursing the drink and her sore side.

Sam takes out her cell phone and tries to dial a number but her hand starts hurting again.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

This is not a good night.

She puts that hand on the ice, and manages to dial with the other hand.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(In phone)

Hey, did I wake you?

NICK (O.S.)

No, it's fine. What's up?

SAMANTHA

You wanna come around?

NICK (O.S.)

Ah, you OK? You don't sound OK.

SAMANTHA

I'm OK, just had a bit of a rough night, and would like to see you. But if you're busy don't ...

NICK (O.S.)

No, no, it's fine. I'll be right there.

SAMANTHA

Oh cool.

NICK (O.S.)

See you soon.

Sam hangs up and picks up her drink.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

One thing men got going for them is that you can always rely on them to show up in the middle of the night, when you want them to. Now, where are those damn pain killers?

CUT TO:

Sam opens the door and NICK comes in and gives her a kiss but she makes a slight painful SOUND and flinches back slightly.

NICK

Oh God, what happened?

SAMANTHA

Got in a fight.

NICK

Oh no.

SAMANTHA

You should see the other guy.

NICK

Are you OK, should we go to the emergency room?

SAMANTHA

Keep your panties on Nick, I'm a bit banged up, that's all.

NICK

Who did this?

SAMANTHA

It doesn't matter.

Sam puts her arms around Nick, then kisses him. Nick is reluctant at first but soon finds himself kissing her back.

She whispers in his ear.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

We'll have to take it easy this time. I'll need to be on top.

Nick pulls away from her.

NICK

Wait, stop, no.

SAMANTHA

Oh come on Nick, my body's sore.

NICK

No, that's not what I meant. I don't want us to do anything. No fooling around at all.

SAMANTHA

Why not?

NICK

Cause - you're hurt for starters, and, and it's late and I'm tired.

Sam walks up to him, places one hand on his arm and the other on his chest, and kisses his neck.

SAMANTHA

But I really, really want you.

Nick takes her hands away and moves back.

NICK
No, I'm serious.

SAMANTHA
So why the fuck did you even come here then?

NICK
You asked me to and I really wanted to see you. And - you know, we can hang out and chat and then sleep.

SAMANTHA
Oh not this again. Why did I call you, why didn't I just - dial Ben?

NICK
Who's Ben? Never mind. Can't we just get in bed together, fall asleep in each other's arms, and I can bring you breakfast in bed in the morning?

SAMANTHA
Wow, really? I bet you cried a river watching 'The Notebook', didn't you?

NICK
What? No, no. I mean it's a damn fine film but-

SAMANTHA
Shut up. Just shut the hell up. Go, leave.

NICK
You really want me to leave?

SAMANTHA
Yeah, I kinda do.

NICK
Fine then.

Nick reaches for the door and opens it.

Sam's leg is twitching and she seems like she is about to say something but Nick turns around and she stays silent.

NICK (CONT'D)
Just so you know.

Sam grabs the whiskey bottle and fills up her glass.

SAMANTHA

What now?

She pops a pill in her mouth.

NICK

I'm not giving up on you Sam, I'm
never giving up on you.

Nick exits, closing the door behind him.

Sam downs her drink, then fails to suppress the hint of a
smile from forming on her lips.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Samantha is in a kitchen. It is bright and sunny and she is
dressed in a nice, flowery dress. She is frying eggs over a
stove and is also in the process of slicing oranges to make
juice.

Behind her, sitting on a table is a man, JAMES, and an eight
year old girl, HAZEL. They are both eating breakfast cereal.

SAMANTHA

Hurry up and eat your cereal honey,
you'll be late for school. Oh God,
forgot the juice.

Sam slices an orange in half and starts squeezing each part
in the juicer. She fills up a glass.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

James, you want a glass too?

There's no answer.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

James?

Sam turns around.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Why are you ignor...

Sam drops the glass and it shatters on the ground.

She sees another woman, NATALIE, sitting at the table with
James and the child. All of them do not seem to be aware of
the presence of Sam or to have noticed the breaking of the
glass.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
What's going on? Stop it.

Natalie gets up and kisses Hazel on the head.

NATALIE
Come now silly pants, you'll be
late for school.

The girl gets up and gives her father a hug.

The girl is off and Natalie and James share a big kiss.

JAMES
Can't wait for our date tonight.

NATALIE
Me too.

INT. SAMANTHA'S FLAT - DAY

Samantha wakes up in bed, visibly upset.

CUT TO

She splashes water on her face.

EXT. STREET - DAY

It is early morning as Samantha exits her apartment and starts to walk through the streets.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY

Sam is sitting by the river, a cup of coffee in her hand.

She she sips her coffee.

She lights a cigarette.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)
This is my favourite place to be at
in this whole damn city. I think
it's the water, I find it kinda
soothing.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Sam is sitting at her desk and is on the computer. She is clicking away at the mouse-pad and repeatedly pressing down hard on the keyboard. The ashtray next to her is filled to the brim with cigarette butts.

Sam seems to be getting more and more frustrated by the second.

SAMANTHA

Are you kidding me with this? Every damn time.

Sam presses the intercom button on her phone.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(Speaking in the intercom)
Susie, come in here please.

Susie opens the door.

SUSIE

What's up?

SAMANTHA

The computer's playing up again.

SUSIE

(Adopting obvious Irish accent)
Have you tried turning it on and off again?

Sam looks at her surprised.

SAMANTHA

Why, would that work?

Susie sighs.

SUSIE

You've never seen 'The IT Crowd', have you?

SAMANTHA

No, I don't really watch television.

SUSIE

Why am I not surprised.

Samantha gives her a look.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

I'll have a look at it after lunch.
We might need to run a cleaner and
update the virus protection.

SAMANTHA

OK, thanks.

CUT TO:

Samantha is eating a sandwich, when there is a KNOCK on the door.

SUSIE

Sorry boss, there's someone here to
see you.

SAMANTHA

Really?

SUSIE

Yes, said her name was Silvia
Henderson, I'm fairly certain this
will be a new case for us.

SAMANTHA

Oh, OK, good.

Sam quickly puts down the sandwich and starts wiping her hands and face with some tissues.

SUSIE

(Indicating on herself)
Oh, you've got some sauce there.

Sam wipes the right side of her face, on the edge of her lips.

SAMANTHA

Here?

SUSIE

No, other side.

Sam wipes the opposite end.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Yep, gone. Should I send her in?

Sam puts her hand up in a 'wait' gesture. She drinks from her coffee cup.

SAMANTHA

OK, I'm ready, send her in.

Susie nods and exits.

An attractive and voluptuous woman, SILVIA HENDERSON, enters the room and Sam walks to her and shakes her hand.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Hi, I'm Samantha Rutledge.

SILVIA
Silvia Henderson. Thank you for agreeing to see me without an appointment.

SAMANTHA
Not a problem, it's um, a quiet day. Please, take a seat.

Both women sit down.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
If I may ask where you heard of my services?

SILVIA
I stumbled on your website and liked the fact that you were a fellow woman.

Silvia notices the half eaten sandwich.

SILVIA (CONT'D)
Oh God, I'm interrupting your lunch aren't I? I'm so sorry.

SAMANTHA
No, no, it's fine, I was almost done. Please tell me, how may I help?

SILVIA
Yes, of course, let get to it. Well, hmm, I suspect that my husband might be having an affair.

Sam's initial enthusiasm on the possibility of a new case, clearly leaves her face and goes out the window. She finishes her coffee.

SAMANTHA
OK, right, well, Mrs. Henderson, please tell me about your relationship with your husband. What makes you think that he is cheating on you?

SILVIA

That's the thing, there isn't something solid I can point to. I haven't found another woman's lipstick on his shirts and I haven't seen weird text messages on his phone. It's just - don't know, I have a strong gut feeling, I know he is hiding something from me and I'm terribly afraid that it is an affair.

SAMANTHA

Hmm, well, I will try and determine if that is true or not for you.

Samantha gets to her feet and approaches Silvia, who also gets up.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Thank you for coming and seeing me about this, please see Susie outside for payment details and the necessary paperwork that needs to be done to get things rolling. We will need pictures, info and some sort of daily schedule that your husband follows.

SILVIA

Sure, that's no problem.

Samantha opens the door.

SAMANTHA

Susie?

SUSIE

Blue folder boss?

SAMANTHA

Yes.

Susie looks under her desk.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(To Silvia)

Have a good day.

SILVIA

Thank you, you too.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

NOT MOVING

Samantha is in her car, in the dark, watching a house. The front door opens and an athletic man in his early forties, HENRY, walks out, enters his car and drives off.

Samantha starts the engine and drives off too, following Henry's car.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Go time. Another one of the countless, endless lying bastards out there, off to cheat on his other half. To love and to cherish until death do you part.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

MOVING

Sam continues to follow the car, careful not to get made.

Both cars soon exit the city and head into the country side.

CUT TO:

Henry's car finally slows down and comes to a stop outside a large country house. Further back on the road, Sam starts slowing down too and soon brings her car to a stop.

Henry gets out of his car and looks around suspiciously to check he is not watched and Sam slings low in her car.

Henry, still wearing his driving gloves, approaches the house.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam gets out of the car, camera in hand and hides behind some bushes.

Henry stands in front of the door and waits. No lights on in any of the rooms of the house.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

This is the part when a scantily dressed woman, or man I guess, open the door and uncontrollable, unfathomable animal lust ensues.

Henry takes out a hook pick lock opening devise and uses it to pry the door open.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)
What the hell?

The door now open, Henry walks inside and closes it behind him.

Sam moves closer to the house and hides again, unsure about the course of action she should take next.

CUT TO:

Time has passed and Sam becomes more impatient with every passing second.

Suddenly the front door opens and Henry comes out and closes the door behind him. Sam looks on as Henry casually walks to his car, gets in and drives off.

Sam looks around, then heads towards the house and stands in front of the door. She reluctantly tries the handle and it opens. She takes a breath in and walks inside.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam is in the dark house, and she takes out her phone and uses its flash light function. Nothing seems out of the ordinary on the ground floor, so Samantha walks up the stairs and finds a bedroom door ajar. She walks towards it, pushes it gently and walks in the room.

Samantha is devastated by what she finds in there. A MAN and a WOMAN, both in their mid forties are lying in bed dead. Their eyes are open and both have bullet holes on their chests and on their foreheads.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Samantha opens the door and steps out of the house in fear and shock. She closes the door and stays frozen in spot.

She finally snaps out of her daze, turns to the door handle, and, using a bit of material from her clothes, wipes the fingerprints off it.

Sam heads to her car and gets in.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

NOT MOVING

Sam takes in deep breaths and tries to compose herself.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Silvia's husband is not a lying,
cheating, adulterous piece of shit.
No, he's a professional fucking
killer.

Sam starts the car and drives off.

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sam walks to the entrance of her building and is surprised to see Nick standing there waiting, grocery bag in his hand.

SAMANTHA

What the hell are you doing here?

NICK

Your phone's off. I - called the
office and they told me that you
were on assignment, so I thought
maybe you would be back late - and
you know be hungry and stuff.

SAMANTHA

Damn Nick, how long have you been
waiting here for?

NICK

Oh not that long, just some - a few
hours.

Samantha stares at it with a 'what the hell?' look.

NICK (CONT'D)

Here, there's some chocolate
almonds in there too, I know
they're your favourite.

Nick offers her the bag.

SAMANTHA

Thanks.

NICK

Well, it's late, I better go.

SAMANTHA

Don't be silly, you've been standing here for so long, the least I can do is offer you a drink.

NICK

Um, I could actually really do with a visit to the little boys room.

Sam smiles.

SAMANTHA

Right, well see? Come on up.

Sam and Nick enter the apartment and Sam drops the bag with food on the couch and heads straight for her mini bar.

NICK

Just - excuse me for a sec.

SAMANTHA

Do your thing Nick.

Sam grabs a bottle of whiskey and a glass, pauses in thought for a second, then puts the glass away. She opens the bottle and starts drinking from it.

She sits on the couch with the bottle and lights a cigarette.

The toilet FLUSH is heard and Nick returns to the living room and is surprised to see Samantha absentminded and drinking straight from the bottle.

NICK

Oh God, I think you might have a problem.

SAMANTHA

You can say that again.

NICK

I can help you through it.

SAMANTHA

Huh?

NICK

Your drinking? I can be here for you. Whatever you need.

SAMANTHA

What? Drinking is not the problem Nick.

Sam swings a gulp from the bottle.

NICK
It's not?

SAMANTHA
No, of course not.

NICK
What's the problem then?

SAMANTHA
You wouldn't believe me.

NICK
Sure I would.

SAMANTHA
I can't fucking hardly believe it
myself.

Nick sits down opposite her.

NICK
What happened?

SAMANTHA
Some other time. I'm trying hard to
not think about it right now.

NICK
OK, I understand.

Nick stands.

NICK (CONT'D)
Maybe I better be off.

SAMANTHA
No, stay.

NICK
You seem preoccupied.

Sam gets to her feet.

SAMANTHA
I'd rather not be alone right now.

Sam grabs his hand but Nick takes it away.

NICK
It's not a good idea Sam.

SAMANTHA

It's a great fucking idea.

Nick turns and heads to the door.

NICK

Why don't we arrange for a dinner
and movie soon?

Nick's hand reaches the door handle.

SAMANTHA

You can stay the night.

Nick stops and turns around.

They look at each other with expectation. Nick isn't
completely convinced, only hopeful.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I'll even make you breakfast. OK?
So stay. It'll be burned toast with
butter and cheap pit-black coffee.
But breakfast non the less.

NICK

Sam, you had me at burned toast.

Nick rushes over to Samantha and they passionately kiss.

He lifts her up and takes her to the bedroom.

Once there, he lowers her on the bed, then tries hard not to
show how much pain he is in.

SAMANTHA

Your back's hurting, isn't it?

NICK

What? No.

SAMANTHA

Liar.

NICK

Well, maybe just a little.

Sam smiles and starts unbuttoning her shirt.

SAMANTHA

I think I can make you all better.

They resume kissing and start undressing each other.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sam and Nick are lying in bed together, but they are both shot in the chest and head. Their eyes are open.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sam wakes up gasping in fear, waking Nick up in the process too.

NICK
You OK Sam?

SAMANTHA
No, yeah, don't know. I had a
messed up dream.

NICK
You want a hug?

SAMANTHA
No.

Sam takes a cigarette from a packet on the night stand, and lights it.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
What's up with my dreams lately?
Always really messed up shit. Give
me a freaking break.

NICK
That's it, you're getting a hug.

Nick falls on her like a bear, her cigarette drops from her hand to her lap.

SAMANTHA
Hey no, watch it.

NICK
Oh crap.

They both get up in a hurry, afraid they'll get burned.

Nick locates and picks up the cigarette, then hands it to Sam, who looks like she's about to punch him.

NICK (CONT'D)
Sorry.

SAMANTHA
Idiot.

NICK

Can't help it, I'm the hug master.

Nick opens his hands out in a big hug gesture.

SAMANTHA

Forget it.

Nick stays put.

Sam rubs out the cigarette, then looks at Nick who still has his arms out.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Oh screw it.

She goes in for the hug.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Sam walks into the office carrying two coffees and leaves one on Susie's desk.

SUSIE

Thanks boss. Um, there is someone in the office to see you.

SAMANTHA

Who?

SUSIE

It's a woman, she said she was an old acquaintance and insisted she wait in there for you. I tried to get her out but she wouldn't have it.

Sam walks into the office and finds Natalie, the woman from the dream, standing there waiting for her.

NATALIE

Sam.

SAMANTHA

What the hell are you doing here?

NATALIE

I - I didn't know how - I just wanted to see you.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, but I don't want to see you. Get out.

NATALIE

Sam.

Sam moves to the side, keeping the door wide open.

SAMANTHA

Get the fuck out Natalie.

Natalie can't stop tears rolling down from her eyes. She wipes them with her hand, then walks towards the door.

NATALIE

You should know, James and I are separated now. He still-

SAMANTHA

I don't give a hot damn.

NATALIE

Sorry for coming here like this.

Natalie leaves and Samantha slams the door shut.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Silvia is in the office with Samantha.

SAMANTHA

Mrs. Henderson, thank you for coming in today.

NATALIE

That's fine, and please, it's Silvia.

SAMANTHA

Sure. OK So, Silvia, hmm.

Sam hesitates.

SILVIA

I presume you have uncovered something then?

Samantha takes out a cigarette.

SAMANTHA

Smoke?

SILVIA

No, thank you.

SAMANTHA
Mind if I do?

SILVIA
Go right ahead. That bad is it?

Sam lights up.

SAMANTHA
Worse I'm afraid.

SILVIA
Oh God.

SAMANTHA
But not in the way you might be
thinking.

SILVIA
Oh. What other way could there be?

SAMANTHA
I don't even know how to tell you
any of it.

SILVIA
I would suggest trying your best
and fast, before paranoia makes my
mind its permanent residency.

SAMANTHA
Your husband isn't having an
affair. It turns out he is - a
professional killer, an assassin of
some sort.

Silvia looks on dumbfounded.

SILVIA
What?

SAMANTHA
It's true. I followed him to a
country house the night you
messed me. He broke into said
house and murdered a man and a
woman while they were in bed. I saw
their bodies.

Silvia stays quiet, but a storm is brewing within.

SILVIA
Is this some kind of sick joke?

SAMANTHA

I know it's hard to...

SILVIA

What utter nonsense is this? Are you trying to hustle more money out of me? Is that what this is about?

SAMANTHA

Mrs. Henderson, Silvia, I assure you, as far fetched as this sounds, it's God's honest truth.

Silvia rushes to her feet.

SILVIA

If you're going to insist on this childish ruse, we are done. I will not sit here a second longer and have my person and my intelligence insulted like this.

Silvia takes a few steps towards the exit.

SAMANTHA

I'm sorry, but I'm not trying to pull a fast one on you, this-

SILVIA

I will transfer the remaining amount of your fee in the morning and I don't want to hear from you ever again. It was a mistake coming here.

Silvia opens the door.

SAMANTHA

It's the truth Silvia.

Silvia exits and slams the door shut.

A few seconds later Susie opens the door.

SUSIE

What was that all about?

SAMANTHA

One of the very rare instances when I'm actually wishing that the husband was a two timing son of a bitch.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Samantha and Susie are sitting on the roof of their building. Sam takes out a cigarette.

SUSIE
He's an assassin?

Sam lights up.

SAMANTHA
I guess. Maybe a hit-man, or is that the same thing?

SUSIE
So what, like John Wick?

SAMANTHA
Who?

SUSIE
You know, Keanu Reeves in those films.

SAMANTHA
Um, sure, but you know, like a real one and all.

SUSIE
Did you go to the police?

SAMANTHA
No. It'll be just my word against his.

SUSIE
I think you should really go regardless.

SAMANTHA
Maybe.

SUSIE
I mean damn, an assassin?

SAMANTHA
Yeah. Crazy isn't it?

SUSIE
For sure.

The two women sit there contemplating things in silence.

Susie starts to shiver a bit.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

What are we doing up here anyway?

SAMANTHA

What? This is our get fresh air,
clear the head, confidentiality
spot.

SUSIE

It's damn cold.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, we better go back down I
guess.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sam comes out of the bar and starts walking down the street.

CUT TO:

Sam comes out of a corner store holding on to a small paper-
bag. She takes out a new pack of cigarettes, places it in her
pocket, then unwraps a chocolate bar and takes a bite.

She notices Lewis, Susie's boyfriend, across the street from
where she's standing, walk into a restaurant accompanied by a
WOMAN.

SAMANTHA

Son of a bitch.

Sam crosses the street and looks inside the restaurant from
the window. She sees Lewis sit down on a table with the
Woman, who beams a big smile at Lewis and playfully strokes
his hair.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sam rushes into the restaurant and heads right to Lewis'
table.

SAMANTHA

Hello. Lewis wasn't it?

Lewis is taken back.

LEWIS

Susie's boss?

SAMANTHA

Yeah, that's right.

She looks at the Woman.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
I'm your girlfriend's boss.

She turns back to Lewis.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
And you've been busted, you two
timing pig.

LEWIS
No, you got this all-

SAMANTHA
Shut the hell up, you're not
talking your way out of this you
disgusting cheat.

Other customers in the restaurant turn and stare at the
commotion.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
You're all the same aren't you? All
just out for your own selfish
reasons. Lying, deceiving,
manipulating, telling us what you
know we want to hear, promising us
the moon and all the stars in the
sky. You exchange vows with us,
swear life long loyalty and then,
when the moment comes and we're not
looking, you are balls deep with -
with - the next cheap skunk slut
that happens to come along.

Sam takes a breather while Lewis and the Woman look on
terrified. Then Sam notices that all eyes in the restaurant
are on her.

WOMAN
I'm sorry, you have this all wrong,
I'm his sister for fuck sake?

Sam thinks this over for a second.

SAMANTHA
(To Lewis)
Is that true?

Lewis nods his head Yes.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Shit.

Sam tries to compose herself, painfully aware that she has an audience watching her.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
OK, well, I'm terribly sorry for
interrupting your dinner. I'll get
the fuck out of here now.

Sam turns around as casually as she can and walks away. Everyone watches her leave, then return to their plates and conversations as if nothing happened.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Sam walks into the reception of her office looking sheepish, holding coffees and a paper bag.

Susie is sitting at her station, a serious look on her face, an icy stare in her eyes.

SAMANTHA
Good morning.

Susie doesn't reply, she just stares at Sam.

Sam places a coffee on the desk and the paper bag.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
There's an almond croissant in
there and a lemon and poppy seed
muffin.

Sam turns to walk away but...

SUSIE
Are you out of your fucking mind
Samantha? How dare you go after my
boyfriend like that and verbally
assault him in public?

Sam sighs, then turns around.

SAMANTHA
I did not go after anyone, it was a
misunderstanding, that's all. I saw-

Susie gets to her feet.

SUSIE
You saw what, what exactly did you
see, eh?

(MORE)

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Just because your life is sad and pathetic and you have issues a mile long, does not give you the right to project that misery to everyone else around you.

Samantha is about to say something right back but controls herself. She and Susie stare at each other for a moment.

SAMANTHA

Look, what do you want from me Susie? I made a mistake, OK, I'm only human.

SUSIE

You could apologise for starters.

SAMANTHA

Or what?

SUSIE

Or I'll quit. It's not like I'm getting paid anyway.

SAMANTHA

If you quit you're not getting a recommendation letter.

SUSIE

Oooohhhh, what will I do then?

The two women have another stare off.

Susie picks up her bag.

SAMANTHA

Wait. OK.

SUSIE

Yes?

SAMANTHA

OK.

SUSIE

OK what?

Susie sighs. She starts to move.

SAMANTHA

Give me a second here.

Susie grabs her jacket.

SUSIE

Nope.

OK, I'm sorry.

Susie pauses.

SAMANTHA

Seriously, I messed up and I am
sorry.

Susie leaves her jacket, drops her bag back down and sits at
her chair.

SUSIE

Don't worry about it boss.

Sam nods and heads to her office.

CUT TO:

Sam is on the computer, clicking away at the mouse and the
escape button.

SAMANTHA

I'm fucking tired of this crap.
What's this plug-in bullshit?
Susie?

The intercom rings, Sam picks up.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Freaking net is playing up again.

SUSIE

Again? It was fine when I was on it
yesterday.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Try something, it's driving me
crazy.

SUSIE

OK. I'll come and have a look.

Susie is about to stand but the phone RINGS.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Hello, Rutledge Investigations,
Susie speaking.

CUT TO:

In Sam's office, Susie comes on the intercom.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Boss, I have Mrs. Henderson on the line for you, she says it's quite urgent.

SAMANTHA

Oh, put her through.

SUSIE

Done.

SILVIA (O.S.)

Samantha?

SAMANTHA

Yes.

SILVIA

I need to see you.

SAMANTHA

Is everything alright?

SILVIA

No, everything is not alright. Not right at all.

SAMANTHA

When do you want to meet?

SILVIA

Today, now.

SAMANTHA

Oh.

SILVIA

Do you know Nighthawk diner, just off Grahame street?

SAMANTHA

I can find it.

SILVIA

Meet me there in an hour's time.

SAMANTHA

OK.

INT. NIGHTHAWK DINER - DUSK/NIGHT

The sun has started to set as Sam and Silvia are sitting at a booth table of a diner, having coffee.

SILVIA

You have to understand Samantha, my husband, well, he is somewhat of a pillar to our community. Works in charity, church going, always with a quick smile, always polite.

SAMANTHA

Sure.

SILVIA

So I was trying to forget what you said, to push it all the way to the back of my mind, but your words kept coming back to me, haunting my subconscious, and I started to notice certain things.

SAMANTHA

Things?

SILVIA

His choice of words, his mannerisms. I started to get the impression that his dialogue had been rehearsed over a long period of time. And when he smiled, it seemed to me like he was wearing some kind of mask. So I started looking, and snooping around, and finally, last night, at the garage, I discovered a hidden closet compartment.

SAMANTHA

What was in it?

Silvia drinks down some coffee.

SILVIA

What wasn't in it. It was like I stepped into a spy movie. There were bundles of cash, there were passports and - just so many weapons. Small ones, big ones, and - what is it, a sniper rifle?

SAMANTHA

Probably.

SILVIA
There were bullets, and oh so many
knives as well.

Silvia breathes in deep.

SAMANTHA
I'm sorry. This must be terrible
for you.

SILVIA
You know what the funny thing is? I
- I was actually relieved. Can you
believe it? I was happy he wasn't
cheating on me. I'm horrible,
aren't I?

SAMANTHA
Not at all. I'd rather know that my
husband was out there killing
people, than out there cheating on
me with someone else.

SILVIA
Really?

SAMANTHA
Oh absolutely.

Silvia smiles.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
What will you do?

SILVIA
Go to the police I guess.

SAMANTHA
I'll go with you.

Silvia's hand reaches out over Sam's hand and squeezes it.

SILVIA
Oh will you? I'd really appreciate
that.

SAMANTHA
It's fine, I'm involved in this
too. I need to testify about
everything that I saw.

SILVIA
Oh, of course.

SAMANTHA
Come, let's go right now.

SILVIA
OK.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Samantha and Silvia walk out of the diner.

SILVIA
Did you drive here?

SAMANTHA
No.

SILVIA
Lets take my car then?

SAMANTHA
Sure.

CUT TO:

Silvia unlocks her car and gets inside.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

NOT MOVING

Samantha gets into the car as well, but the first thing she sees once she sits down is that someone has put a handkerchief over Silvia's mouth and nose and that she is lying in her seat unconscious.

Henry is in the back of the car and he presses a gun on the side of Samantha's head.

HENRY
No sudden movements or I blow your head off. Place your hands forward against the dashboard.

SAMANTHA
What is this?

Henry presses the gun against Samantha's head.

HENRY
Hands forward now.

Samantha does as ordered and Henry places the handkerchief over her face too. She struggles at first but soon passes out as well.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Silvia and Sam are sitting in the diner again but this time they are wearing the exact opposite clothes as they were wearing in the same setting before. Silvia's wearing Sam's clothes and Sam Silvia's.

SAMANTHA

You see Mrs. Henderson, I know for a fact that my husband is fucking around.

SILVIA

What makes you say that?

SAMANTHA

I've seen it with my own two eyes. I was there, I caught them red handed. They were both naked in embrace, having just concluded the act of - jumping each others bones. Their faces flushed, eyes wide and bright, their skin shinny and glittering with sweat.

Silvia's reaches out and grabs Samantha's hand.

SILVIA

I'm here for you.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

NOT MOVING

Sam and Silvia are in the car together.

SAMANTHA

What now?

Silvia's hand slowly reaches out and tenderly touches Sam's face.

They stare at each other, Sam nervously awaiting Silvia's next move.

Silvia picks up Sam's hand and kisses it a few times and Sam tenderly caresses Silvia's face.

They lean into each other, their lips meeting, touching, and the kiss comes, and it's deep and long.

They are kissing with urgency now, and Sam kisses Silvia's neck and face.

Then Silvia whispers in Sam's ear:

SILVIA
I'm dying right this second.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

NOT MOVING

Sam wakes up gasping in fear. She is still in Silvia's car.

More composed now, she turns her head towards the driver seat only for her body to flinch back and to let out a SCREAM, as she sees Silvia's dead eyes staring back at her.

Silvia's neck has been sliced open and her clothes are soaked in blood.

Samantha frantically opens the car door.

She steps outside and seems to be in the middle of nowhere.

She is breathing in deep and tries to calm herself down.

Henry sneaks up behind her and grabs her in a tight headlock.

HENRY
No, no, no, you shouldn't be up so early.

Sam grabs his arm and tries to free herself but Henry's grip is too strong.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Come on love, back to sleep we go.

Sam world descends once more into darkness.

EXT. SIDE ROAD - DAY

Natural light shines down on Samantha's sleeping face and all is peaceful and quiet in the world.

Sam though, opens her eyes, only to be greeted by the cacophony of CARS speeding along a road and the RING of a mobile phone.

Samantha notices that she is lying on the ground next to a busy road, her phone resting on her chest.

She answers it.

SAMANTHA

Hello?

HENRY (O.S.)

Good morning Ms. Rutledge. Hmm, perhaps too formal. May I call you Samantha, or do you prefer Sam? Or is it Sam to your friends only? No matter, we will be friends soon too.

SAMANTHA

What's going on, why am I here?

HENRY (O.S.)

You've been a bad girl Sam. You've been playing I Spy and it's gotten you in a bit of trouble. Lucky for you, I'm of a forgiving type of guy.

SAMANTHA

What the fuck do you want? Oh God, what did you do to Silvia?

HENRY (O.S.)

What did I do to Silvia? She would be alive right now if it wasn't for you being such a peeping Tom. Tell me, do you like watching people, do you get a kick out of it?

SAMANTHA

What?

HENRY (O.S.)

I want us to try and be honest with each other Sam, I want that type of relationship between us. So you can tell me, its OK. Does watching people turn you on?

SAMANTHA

What the hell is wrong with you? Why are you doing all this?

HENRY (O.S.)

Listen to me carefully now. The murder weapon has your prints on it. Do you understand? I have photos of you with Silvia just prior to the time of her death. I have an air tight alibi and connections in the police department. You go running to them, you'll only get yourself in very serious trouble. Do you understand?

Samantha is silent and in shock.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Give me an answer Sam. Do you understand what I'm telling you?

SAMANTHA

Yes, I understand.

HENRY

That's a good girl. I'll be in touch.

Henry hangs up.

Sam gets up, shivering. She is missing her jacket and purse. She notices tall buildings in the distance, so she starts walking towards the city.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sam is shaking and sneezing as she takes off her clothes and goes under a hot shower.

CUT TO:

Sam, dressed in a robe, pours herself a drink and then gets in bed and nurses it.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sam wakes up scared. The room is dark now and she puts her arms around herself.

She sneezes.

SAMANTHA

Son of a bitch.

Sam grabs her phone, writes and sends a message to Nick:

"Can you come over? Don't feel well. Might be flu."

CUT TO:

The door bell RINGS.

Nick enters holding on to a bag.

NICK

I brought you hot soup. My mamma's recipe. You'll be as good as new once you have it.

SAMANTHA

Thanks, not hungry though.

NICK

I know but you still have to eat something, it's important.

Nick enters the kitchen and takes out the items from the bag. They include a container of soup, honey, ginger, garlic, chillies, lemons, tissues and a big bottle of Vitamin C pills.

SAMANTHA

You came prepared.

NICK

You should be in bed.

Sam walks up to Nick and puts her arms around him.

SAMANTHA

You like me there, don't you?

Nick kisses her on the head, then moves her wondering hands away.

NICK

Not the time for any of that now. You need to stay hydrated.

SAMANTHA

Whiskey?

NICK

Water and/or juice.

SAMANTHA

Sounds boring.

NICK

Tell you what. You get in bed right now, and I promise I will bring you my very own special alcoholic beverage.

SAMANTHA

Hmm, not sure I can trust you.

NICK

It's my family's own recipe. It's called 'Rakomelo' and it's delicious. I'll make it with extra alcohol, just for you.

SAMANTHA

Well, OK then.

Sam heads off to the bedroom.

CUT TO:

Samantha and Nick are in bed, Samantha's head resting on Nick's chest. She's drowsy and half asleep, Nick is wide awake and totally content.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

That really was a good drink Nick.

NICK

I knew you'd like it.

SAMANTHA

You should go.

NICK

Not a chance.

SAMANTHA

You'll catch what I have stupid.

NICK

Fine by me.

They stay silent for a moment.

SAMANTHA

Nick?

NICK

Yes.

SAMANTHA

I like you staying with me.

NICK
I like it too.

SAMANTHA
It doesn't mean we're a couple.

NICK
God forbid.

SAMANTHA
Shut up. It's just...

NICK
What?

SAMANTHA
I'm sleepy.

NICK
Sleep, it'll do you good.

SAMANTHA
Good night Nick.

NICK
Good night Sam.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Susie is at her desk, enthusiastically reading some printed out pages, as Sam walks in. Sam places a coffee on Susie's desk, a newspaper present under her arm.

SUSIE
How you feeling boss?

SAMANTHA
Better, thanks. What are you reading?

SUSIE
The adventures of 'Sherry the Gangster'. It's a pulpy, gritty, crime story blog I discovered recently, and it's sick.

SAMANTHA
Sherry the Gangster?

SUSIE

Yeah. See Sherry was a stand up comic and a stripper too but she started seeing and falling head over heels for this guy Bob, who turned out to be just a good for nothing major league asshole, who treated her like dirt. And he got them involved with organised crime, but-

SAMANTHA

OK, OK, I heard enough.

Sam heads for her office.

SUSIE

What do you like to read boss?

Sam turns around.

She lifts up her newspaper.

SAMANTHA

This.

SUSIE

Is that all?

Samantha shrugs her shoulders.

CUT TO:

Sam is in her office, reading her newspaper.

Her mobile RINGS and Sam picks it up and looks at the screen but it says: PRIVATE NUMBER.

Sam sighs.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Do you ever get that ominous, dread filled, what's in the damn box, sinking ship type of feeling in the pit of your stomach? I'm getting that big time right now.

The phone keeps ringing and finally Sam picks up.

SAMANTHA

Yes.

HENRY (O.S.)

Hello Sam.

SAMANTHA

What do you want?

HENRY (O.S.)

Don't be rude, I was worried about you, I wanted to see how you were.

SAMANTHA

Cut the bullshit and stop calling me.

HENRY (O.S.)

But I have no one else to talk to. My wife's missing.

SAMANTHA

I'm hanging up now.

HENRY (O.S.)

Is Nick your boyfriend Sam?

SAMANTHA

What?

HENRY

He seems nice. Really took care of you the past few days. That was good and noble of him.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

You've been spying on me?

HENRY

Just watching over you. Isn't that what you do, watch people?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

You haven't answered my question. What do you want?

HENRY

To get to know you. I feel that perhaps we're kindred spirits, or maybe it's just that I'm feeling so lonely these days. Not sure to be honest.

SAMANTHA

Leave me the fuck alone you freak.

Sam presses END on her cellphone, then squeezes the device in her fist in anger.

Sam opens her door and looks at Susie.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Susie, I want you to go to the library and to bookshops. Get as much material on assassins, hit-men and professional killers as you can get your hands on. OK?

Susie gets up excitedly and puts on her jacket.

SUSIE

You got it boss.

CUT TO:

Sam types the name 'Henry Henderson' in the internet search engine.

CUT TO:

Sam lights a cigarette and paces up and down the room.

CUT TO:

Sam picks up the phone and dials a number.

After the third dial, a woman answers, FIONA SCOTT.

FIONA SCOTT

Sam? Hey.

SAMANTHA

How are you Fiona?

FIONA SCOTT

Oh you know, can't complain. What's up?

SAMANTHA

Got a name I want you to run.

FIONA SCOTT

Hmm. Why not?

CUT TO:

Susie comes in the room carrying a whole bunch of books and drops them on Samantha's desk.

CUT TO:

Samantha and Susie are sitting on the ground in Sam's office. There are large containers of take away food, and coffee mugs next to them. They are both looking through books and printouts.

Susie sighs and stretches her arms and body out.

SAMANTHA

So what have we learned?

SUSIE

Not much we didn't already know.

SAMANTHA

Sure we did. We learned that these people have the ability to bury their emotions and to see others simply as targets. That they are very organised and calculating and that most of the time they do not suffer from any sort of serious mental illness.

SUSIE

All I got out of all this is that people who kill for a living are not to be fucked with, and I didn't need 10 books to tell me that.

Samantha sighs.

SAMANTHA

You're right.

SUSIE

Did your research on him lead anywhere?

SAMANTHA

Not really. But I have a journalist friend and she will do a very thorough check on him.

Both women get to their feet.

SUSIE

What do you think boss? What next?

SAMANTHA

I think we're going to need a gun, that's what I think.

Susie cannot stop a big smile from forming on her lips.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Samantha and Susie are apprehensively walking through the streets in a unknown part of town, while looking at a tiny map on Susie's phone.

SAMANTHA

You know, I was only half joking when I mentioned the gun.

SUSIE

I'm aiming for the assistant of the year award.

SAMANTHA

Why don't you head back and wait in the car, I can find this place on my own.

SUSIE

Are you kidding? This is my first field assignment and it's very exciting for me.

SAMANTHA

Fine, but don't say I didn't warn you.

SUSIE

I won't.

Susie suddenly stops and points.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Oh, I think that there is the house.

Sam and Susie look at the house.

SAMANTHA

I don't know if this is a good idea.

SUSIE

Do you want a gun or not?

SAMANTHA

From someone called Falcon, because your boyfriend knows someone who is friends with someone else who happens to know someone who's named after a bird of prey?

SUSIE
We're not exactly in the wild west here. How else did you think this was going to work?

SAMANTHA
Fair point. OK, screw it.

Sam knocks on the door. A bare chested, heavily tattooed man, FLOYD, opens the door.

FLOYD
What?

SAMANTHA
Hi, we are here to see the Falcon. He's expecting us.

Floyd smiles.

FLOYD
Is he?

SAMANTHA
Ah, should be.

SUSIE
We have an appointment.

FLOYD
OK, that's cool. Come on in.

Sam and Susie reluctantly walk in and Floyd closes the door behind them.

He walks past them and Susie checks him out. Sam nudges her and gives her a 'cut it out' look.

FLOYD (CONT'D)
Follow me ladies.

Floyd goes down a flight of stairs to a basement and the two women follow him apprehensively.

Floyd points at a door and walks away.

Sam and Susie look at each other, both seeming unsure about what their next move should be exactly.

Sam finally knocks on the door.

A woman, FALCON, opens it. She has purple strands on her hair, a nose ring, tatoos and is wearing a black tank top and military shorts.

FALCON

Who the fuck are you?

SAMANTHA

I'm Samantha and this is my associate Susie. We're here to see The Falcon, or plain Falcon, not sure what he prefers.

Falcon smirks.

FALCON

Hmm, come on in then.

Falcon swings the door wide, then moves aside for them. Once in, she closes the door behind them.

There are no chairs in the room, there are psychedelic objects and decor, a bed with tarot cards spread out on it and a bowl full of marihuana rolled cigarettes.

Falcon walks past them, sits down on the bed and continues turning her tarot cards.

FALCON (CONT'D)

You're here for a gun?

SAMANTHA

Yes.

FALCON

I don't have any, I'm sorry, I had one but it's gone now.

Sam and Susie look at each other confused.

FALCON (CONT'D)

Yes, I'm Falcon, just Falcon, without 'the'. I find it so disappointing that as women you were expecting me to be a man. What does that really say about us? We have a long way still to go, me thinks.

SAMANTHA

Um, sorry?

SUSIE

Yes, we're terribly sorry.

FALCON

Ah screw it, it's not your fault,
it's society, she's a real mean
bitch.

SAMANTHA

I guess we better be off then.

Falcon turns a card over.

FALCON

The cards want me to help you
Samantha, they whisper of very
troubling days ahead.

SAMANTHA

Do they? Great, just my luck
really. Say, can one smoke in here?

FALCON

(Pointing at the bowl)
Only these.

SAMANTHA

Never mind.

FALCON

I won't. I might not have a gun
Samantha, but I still have weapons.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, like what?

Falcon jumps out of bed, moves underneath it, reaches a box
and opens it. She takes out quite a very small make shift
knife, the kind that wouldn't be out of place in the hands of
a prisoner.

FALCON

Here, hold it.

Samantha takes it in her hands, looks it over
disappointingly.

FALCON (CONT'D)

What do you think?

SAMANTHA

It's kinda small, isn't it?

SUSIE

Easy to carry and hide boss.

FALCON
Yep, very true.

SAMANTHA
I guess. It can also come handy if
I ever need to pick something from
between my teeth.

The women share a laugh but Samantha only half meant it as a
joke.

FALCON
Well, if girth and size and power
is what you're after, I might have
something else for ya.

SAMANTHA
O--K.

SUSIE
I like the sound of that.

Falcon reaches under the bed and pulls a long object out. It
is a big old rusty pipe. Dried blood and bits of hair are
stuck on it.

FALCON
Take a look at this beauty. Has
some sentimental value this one, I
once cracked an old asshole
boyfriend of mine right in the
middle of the head with it. Knocked
him the fuck out in one go. It was
a thing of beauty.

Samantha and Susie look at the pipe, then at a reminiscent
Falcon, then at each other.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

NOT MOVING

Samantha is about to start the car while Susie fidgets with
the makeshift knife in her hands.

SUSIE
That wasn't too bad.

SAMANTHA
I think we could have made that
knife ourselves. Maybe even with a
longer blade.

SUSIE
Sure, but did you really want to
leave empty handed?

SAMANTHA
No, I did not.

Sam starts the engine.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Samantha walks into her place, takes off her jacket and
throws it on the couch. She fixes herself a glass of whiskey,
then sits down and starts sipping it.

Her eyes soon narrow down to a foreign object on the table.
It is a small box, wrapped like a present with a ribbon
attached. Leaning on the side of it is a card.

Samantha looks around the place in worry. She slowly, gets up
and reaches for the card.

There is writing on it: 'For Sam, in case you don't have it
already - H.'

Samantha unwraps the box and opens it. Inside, she finds a
small pair of binoculars.

Her phone RINGS, startling her and she drops the binoculars.
She takes her phone out and answers.

HENRY (O.S.)
Do you like it?

Samantha looks out her big window to the tall buildings near
by. She then pulls the blinds down.

SAMANTHA
You broke into my place?

HENRY (O.S.)
I did no such thing.

SAMANTHA
Liar.

HENRY (O.S.)
Tell me, are you disappointed it
wasn't from Nick? See the thing you
have to realise is that he doesn't
really know you, not like I do.

SAMANTHA

You don't know me.

HENRY (O.S.)

Oh but I do. I don't want to sound all cheesy and overly romantic but I think we could be soul mates.

SAMANTHA

You're fucking insane aren't you? Like a proper basket case. Like you'd win a major award for how goddamn off your rocket you are.

HENRY (O.S.)

Sticks and stones Sam or is this the way you like to flirt?

SAMANTHA

I'm getting real tired of this. Leave me the fuck alone or I swear I'll go to the cops, I don't care what comes out of it. I'm just about fed up.

HENRY

Why go to the cops, when they can come to you?

SAMANTHA

What?

The line goes dead.

Two men walk into the room. Detectives MIOCIC and PAVLOV. Miocic is holding a gun in his hand.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Who the fuck are you and what are you doing in my home?

PAVLOV

It's OK, we are police.

SAMANTHA

Is that meant to be reassuring?

MIOCIC

Sit down.

SAMANTHA

Why, you gonna shoot me?

PAVLOV
Actually yes. If you misbehave, we
have been ordered to shoot you in
the leg.

SAMANTHA
Lovely.

Samantha sits down. Pavlov heads over to the bar.

PAVLOV
You mind if we drink?

SAMANTHA
Yes.

PAVLOV
Too bad.

Pavlov pours himself and Miocic a glass.

MIOCIC
Thanks partner.

SAMANTHA
So you're here to waste my whiskey,
is that it?

PAVLOV
I'm afraid we have bad news.

SAMANTHA
What?

MIOCIC
A body was recovered this morning.

PAVLOV
It belongs to a Fiona Scott. You
know her?

Samantha is shocked.

MIOCIC
She was bludgeoned to death. Her
skull was caved in by a heavy blunt
instrument. A metal pipe perhaps.

PAVLOV
Or a baseball bat.

MIOCIC
Right. Maybe.

PAVLOV
It really was gruesome.

SAMANTHA
Get the fuck out.

Pavlov finishes his drink.

PAVLOV
Sure, I can see you're upset. We'll
give you some space to mourn.

Miocic finishes his drink too and the two detectives head for
the door.

PAVLOV (CONT'D)
One can't be too careful these
days. Don't you think so Samantha?

SAMANTHA
Get out.

MIOCIC
Give Nick our best when you see
him.

Pavlov opens the door and they exit.

Samantha's eyes go to the binoculars. She picks them up and
throws them to the wall.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY

Sam is finishing a cigarette and looking out onto the surface
of the water.

Nick shows up and approaches Samantha.

Nick gives her a hug and a kiss but she doesn't kiss him
back.

NICK
What is it, what's wrong?

Sam takes out a cigarette and lights it.

SAMANTHA
Look, there's no easy way to say
this - so here it goes: I just
don't think it's working out
between us.

NICK

What?

SAMANTHA

Don't make me repeat it.

NICK

What did I do?

SAMANTHA

I don't know - you're too clingy.

NICK

No, I'm not.

SAMANTHA

I told you from the start that I don't do relationships, I was very clear about that.

NICK

Why are you bringing this up right now? Everything was going great.

SAMANTHA

You're suffocating me. OK? What do you want from me?

NICK

I just want you to be happy. I - I didn't realize I was causing you so much grief.

SAMANTHA

Now you know, OK. I just - I want to be free, OK. So go find someone else and let me be.

NICK

Sam, what's really going on? There's something you're not telling me.

Nick tries to touch her but she moves back.

SAMANTHA

Goddamn it, I'm speaking English here. I don't want to see you anymore Nick. I'm sick of it. You know what I'm going to do tonight?

Nick shakes his head in a No.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I'm going to go out, get wasted,
find myself a young, muscled stud
and fuck his brains out. That's
what I'm gonna do.

Nick looks away, tries to contain himself.

NICK

So that's it, I can't see you
anymore?

SAMANTHA

No, I think it's for the best if we
stopped seeing each other, for a
long while at least.

NICK

Right, yeah, if that is what you
want.

SAMANTHA

It is.

Nick turns to leave, hesitates, then turns back again.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

No, don't say it goddamn it, not
the bullshit line about never
giving up on me.

NICK

Can't help it, just don't know how
to.

SAMANTHA

You're going to have to learn.

NICK

Right, right. Goodbye Sam.

SAMANTHA

Goodbye Nick.

Samantha turns towards the river as Nick walks away. She
sighs and finishes her cigarette.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

God fucking damn it all to hell.

She then tosses it to the ground and steps on it hard.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Sam is at her favorite watering hole, downing one shot of whiskey after another.

Her phone RINGS, and the words: 'private call' pop up, but she presses the stop button and switches the phone off.

She looks around the place and notices a man in his late forties, FRED, sitting at a table drinking a bottle of beer.

They stare at each other.

INT. FRED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sam and Fred enter into a flat passionately kissing each. The door closes and they lean on it.

Fred unbuttons Sam's trousers and pulls them down, then starts kissing her along her bare thighs. Sam leans her head back and starts to moan.

Samantha though starts knocking her head back upon the door.

SAMANTHA

Wait.

Fred continues on with his kissing and touching.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I said stop.

Sam grabs his head and pushes him back hard.

FRED

What the fuck?

Samantha pulls her trousers back up.

SAMANTHA

What the hell, you deaf?

FRED

What's wrong?

SAMANTHA

I have to go.

Sam opens the front door.

FRED

Are you fucking kidding me?

Sam walks out, and Fred pulls the door open and yells after her.

FRED (CONT'D)
Fucking cock teasing little bitch.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sam walks down a street, really drunk and upset. She stops at a corner, goes up to a wall and throws up.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Sam, dark circles under her eyes, dishevelled, death stick dangling from her bottom lip, is sitting behind her messy desk, which now has the added collection of two large empty containers of coffee on it. She is holding a third large container and sipping from it.

A KNOCK on the door startles Samantha.

SAMANTHA
Yes?

Susie pops her head through.

SUSIE
There's an A4 letter here for you boss.

SAMANTHA
Bring it.

SUSIE
Cool.

Susie walks in and hands the letter to Samantha.

SUSIE (CONT'D)
Do you think it's from crazy assassin guy?

Samantha takes a letter opener and is about to open the letter.

SUSIE (CONT'D)
Oh maybe there's anthrax in it.

Samantha stops.

SAMANTHA
There's no anthrax in it, why would
you say that?

SUSIE
You never know.

SAMANTHA
There' no-

SUSIE
Or maybe a severed finger.

Samantha is still holding the opener and the letter.

SAMANTHA
There's no severed finger, there's
no anthrax. OK?

SUSIE
OK, open it then.

SAMANTHA
I'm going - just shut up and let me
concentrate here.

SUSIE
Sorry, just nervous about the
letter, that's all.

SAMANTHA
Don't be. It's fine.

Samantha takes a deep breathe, leans her body back a bit, and
Susie takes a step back.

Samantha opens the letter and find a sheet of paper inside.
It is a anti abortion leaflet.

SUSIE
What's that?

Samantha stares at it in disbelief.

SAMANTHA
Boss?

Samantha keeps staring at the leaflet.

SUSIE
Boss!

Samantha snaps out of her daze.

SAMANTHA

What?

SUSIE

What does it mean?

Samantha grabs the paper and crumples it. She gets up, puts a cigarette in her mouth, lights it and heads to the window.

Susie takes the leaflet and looks at it.

SAMANTHA

I had an abortion once, just as I had gotten married. Was in two minds about it.

SUSIE

How did he know about it?

SAMANTHA

Who knows.

SUSIE

He's really twisted, isn't he?

SAMANTHA

Yeah.

SUSIE

What now?

SAMANTHA

Why don't you take some time off? Go stay with your parents or something.

SUSIE

But things are finally interesting.

SAMANTHA

Susie, this isn't a game.

SUSIE

I'm not a child.

SAMANTHA

I didn't say you were, but I'm the boss like you keep saying, right? So take a week's holiday.

SUSIE

I'll think about it but it's not fair.

Susie walks back to the reception area. Samantha looks out the window, trying to see if anyone is out there spying.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Susie is in a nightclub with Lewis, having drinks by the bar. Unsuspecting to them, they are watched by Henry, who's also in the club and keeping a low profile.

Susie and Lewis start making out and Henry makes his way next to Susie and puts something in her drink.

Lewis and Susie pause their kissing in order to get some oxygen back in their bodies.

LEWIS

Sorry, be right back, too much beer.

SUSIE

Do your thing honey.

They kiss and Lewis heads to the men's room, only to be followed in by another MAN.

Back at the bar, Susie drinks from her glass and looks out at the dance floor.

She drinks some more and looks towards the men's room for Lewis.

Susie looks at the dance floor again and is shocked and confused as she sees herself dancing away. Then her doppelganger looks right at her and smiles.

HENRY (O.S.)

Hi Susie.

Susie turns to her side, sweat beads forming on her forehead, and sees Henry smiling at her.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Having a good night?

Susie sees her doppelganger stand in front of her.

SUSIE

My boyfriend - be - back any minute.

HENRY

No, he won't. I'm pretty sure he's
lying unconscious on the cubicle
floor from a knock to the head.

Susie's feeling dizzy, her words slur.

SUSIE

What - you - want?

Susie watches her doppelganger go up to Henry and them kiss
each other lustfully.

Susie is really sweating now.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

What's - wrong - with me?

Henry is alone once more.

HENRY

I spiked your drink with GHB and
added a little ketamine too.

Susie tries to say something but can't.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You will pass out soon, and me and
hired help will carry you out of
here.

Susie's eyes close, but she opens them once more and sees
Henry lean close to her. He whispers in her ear.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Hello darkness my old friend.

The world goes pitch black for Susie.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. SUSIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

A very pale, severely dehydrated looking Susie wakes up in
her bed. She is in her underwear and one hand is tied to the
bedpost.

SUSIE

Oh God.

She tries to free herself but feels sick and throws up.

The door opens and Henry walks in holding a bottle of water and sits on the bed next to her. Susie sits up and brings her knees up to her chest.

SUSIE (CONT'D)
Please don't hurt me.

HENRY
Oh if I wanted to hurt you I'd have done it already. You were out cold for so long. I would be full of questions and doubts if I were you.

He looks her from head to toes.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Did I violate your body? Are my spermatozoa swimming inside of you right now?

Susie starts shaking.

SUSIE
Why - why are you - doing this?

HENRY
You know, growing up, in the country side, boy oh boy there were so many ants. Summer time they were everywhere. Thousands of them. I didn't care much for them. I would stamp on them with my feet and I would squash them with my finger. And yet more came and I squashed and squeezed and popped them. Squash and stamp and pop. Yet I never hurt a ladybug. They looked pretty and tickled my hand when they walked on it.

Susie looks at the water and Henry notices her looking.

HENRY (CONT'D)
You must really need this.

He drops it on the bed next to her, gets to his feet and brings a knife out of his pocket.

SUSIE
P- please.

Henry walks slowly around the bed and cuts the rope that's tying Susie to the bed.

He then walks to the door and opens it.

HENRY

Don't worry, I didn't touch you,
you're not my type.

He smiles.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Besides, my heart is set on someone
else.

Henry leaves and Susie picks up the bottle and drinks it
down.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

Samantha is standing in front of a door. Her phone RINGS and
she looks at it and see 'private number' again, so he
switches it off.

Samantha knocks hard on the door. The door opens with the
chain attached and Susie looks at Samantha.

Susie takes the chain off and opens the door for Samantha.

CUT TO:

INT. SUSIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Susie looks much healthier and is wearing a robe, but her
hands are still shaky. A disbelieving Samantha standing in
front of her.

SAMANTHA

I'm so sorry Susie. It sounds so
horrible.

SUSIE

We should have gone to the cops.

SAMANTHA

The cops came to me.

SUSIE

What? When?

SAMANTHA

He send them to my place to
intimidate me. And he had my
friend, who was doing a background
check on him, killed.

SUSIE

Oh my God. What are we gonna do?

SAMANTHA

There's no we in this anymore. This is my mess and I will fix it.

SUSIE

Samantha you-

SAMANTHA

I will handle it, don't worry. Take Lewis and go away for a while

SUSIE

No. I don't want to leave you alone, not now.

SAMANTHA

You have to. Sorry but that's final. No argument.

Samantha walks up to Susie, takes her wallet out and offers her some money.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Here, I owe you this month's travel expenses.

SUSIE

I don't want your money, I'm staying put.

She hands Susie a bunch of notes but she won't take them so Samantha places them on a table.

SAMANTHA

I don't want you at the office. You're on leave now.

SUSIE

No.

SAMANTHA

I can't do what I need to do if I have to worry about you.

SUSIE

What are you planning to do?

Samantha walks to the door.

SAMANTHA

Face this head on.

Samantha opens the door.

SUSIE
Keep safe boss.

Samantha nods and leaves.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Samantha enters the reception area of her office and finds the office phone RINGING.

She stares at it for a bit and finally decides to pick it up.

SAMANTHA
Yes?

HENRY (O.S.)
Do you think ignoring me and being downright rude are going to keep me away?

SAMANTHA
Too optimistic I guess.

HENRY (O.S.)
I'm here to stay Sam, better get used to it.

SAMANTHA
You're going to pay for all that you've done. I'll make sure of it.

HENRY (O.S.)
You sound tense Sam. You might want to stop drinking and being such a slut for a while.

SAMANTHA
You sad, pathetic little man. Do you get a thrill spying on me? Do you get excited eh? Does it make the poor little weenie finally work for a few seconds?

HENRY (O.S.)
I've got someone here that wants to say hi to you.

NICK (O.S.)
Sam?

SAMANTHA

Nick?

NICK (O.S.)

What's going on? Why...

A KNOCK is heard and Nick CRIES OUT in pain.

SAMANTHA

Nick? Nick? Let him be.

HENRY (O.S.)

Have I got your complete attention now?

SAMANTHA

What do you want?

HENRY (O.S.)

You to be nice to me for starters.

Samantha tenses up in rage, her hand squeezing into a fist.

SAMANTHA

OK. What else?

HENRY (O.S.)

Meet me at the diner, you know the one, at 20:00 tonight, and wear something nice. A fine dress perhaps.

SAMANTHA

You want us to go on a date?

HENRY (O.S.)

Yes, is that too much to ask for?

SAMANTHA

God, you're so insane. OK, I go on this date with you, and you let Nick go.

HENRY (O.S.)

I will consider it, you have my word. But, if you don't show up, if you try to get the police involved, if you even show up not wearing what I asked for, then Nick dies, slowly and very, very painfully. You have my word on that as well. Do you understand?

SAMANTHA

Yes.

HENRY (O.S.)

Good. See you tonight then.

The phone line starts BEEPING, and Samantha slams it down on the receiver.

INT. NIGHTHAWK DINER - NIGHT

Samantha walks into the diner wearing a seductive evening dress, her hair and make up impeccably done.

She looks around the place until she locks eyes with Henry, who is dressed in a suit. He smiles and rises from his seat.

Samantha reaches the table and Henry pulls out a seat for her to sit in, before sitting down himself.

Samantha leaves her small handbag open, by her feet.

HENRY

You look amazing.

SAMANTHA

I think we might be slightly overdressed, don't you?

HENRY

Perhaps, but I don't care. I thought it would be somewhat fitting to have our first date here.

SAMANTHA

Well here I am, so how about you let Nick go.

HENRY

We'll discuss that later.

SAMANTHA

Why not now?

HENRY

I said later. Nick is absolutely fine, that's all you need to know.

The WAITRESS comes to the table.

WAITRESS

Good evening. Are you ready to order?

HENRY

I'll have the beef burger, the curly fries and a ginger ale please.

Henry looks at Sam.

HENRY (CONT'D)

How bout you honey?

Sam gets annoyed but hides it well.

SAMANTHA

Just coffee, no milk, no sugar.

WAITRESS

Yep. OK, won't be long.

The Waitress leaves.

HENRY

Just coffee?

SAMANTHA

I'm feeling rather queasy to be honest.

HENRY

Oh, sorry to hear that.

SAMANTHA

So, what is it like being a paid murderer then?

HENRY

Don't know, don't give it too much thought.

SAMANTHA

There must be something about it that you like, otherwise why do it?

HENRY

I'm good at it, and it pays well. It's a job, nothing more.

Samantha smirks.

SAMANTHA

Pale criminal.

HENRY

Excuse me.

SAMANTHA

Oh, nothing, just something I read recently.

HENRY

Oh, OK, right. You're referring to the pale criminal who claims he kills only to rob, but in fact the opposite is true, he robs in order to kill. Wouldn't have pegged you for a Nietzsche reader Sam.

SAMANTHA

I'm not really. But I came upon this recently and thought it was very interesting, and it made me think of you.

HENRY

So you've been thinking of me. That's nice.

Sam smiles.

SAMANTHA

If you say so. The fact remains that you kill because you like it, that you also happen to get paid for it, well that is just a bonus.

HENRY

Is that what you believe?

SAMANTHA

You're a cold hearted killer Henry. At least have some integrity and own up to it.

HENRY

I didn't think you'd be so judgemental Sam. It's an unattractive trait, and it doesn't suit you. I'm not a deranged freak, I simply provide a service, not unlike soldiers and police officers.

SAMANTHA

Keep telling yourself that. Anyway, what do you want with me?

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Why do you keep harassing me? Why drug Susie, why kidnap Nick?

HENRY

Before I answer, please hand me your bag.

SAMANTHA

What?

HENRY

You're going to make me get up?

Samantha stays quiet, and Henry gets to his feet.

Sam's hands instinctively reach for the bag but Henry is upon her and he grabs it too.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Let go, don't make a scene.

Sam lets go and Henry looks through the bag and takes out a small recorder. He places the bag back down and pockets the recorder.

Henry sits back down.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Clever but predictable.

SAMANTHA

If you say so.

HENRY

Now, to answer your question. I can't let you be because I find you utterly delightful.

SAMANTHA

You don't even know me.

HENRY

But I do. I do. You and I are much alike in fact.

SAMANTHA

I don't kill people for a living.

HENRY

We're a lot more similar that you think. Look at our jobs. You spy on people, you gather and analyse information on them, same as I do.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

As for killing, under the right circumstances each and everyone of us is capable of unspeakable acts of violence. Just as we're capable of immense acts of kindness too.

SAMANTHA

You read way too many self help books.

Henry smiles.

HENRY

You know, I really have to thank you Sam.

SAMANTHA

Thank me, whatever for?

HENRY

For shaking things up. I was stuck in a deep fat bubble for a long time. My marriage was more of a front than a loving partnership and work felt as dry and uninspiring as my day job cover. Then you came into the picture and now life feels like one big adventure again.

SAMANTHA

Mine feels like a goddamn nightmare.

HENRY

It doesn't have to be, you'll realise this in time.

The Waitress brings over the drinks.

WAITRESS

Ginger ale? And the coffee.

HENRY

Oh lovely, thank you.

SAMANTHA

Thanks.

The Waitress leaves.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Enough of this shit. Let Nick go.

HENRY

I will. You have my word. Right after you do this one job.

SAMANTHA

What job?

HENRY

I want you to be the one that terminates my next target.

Samantha stares at Henry in disbelief.

SAMANTHA

Oh God, you're serious.

HENRY

It's a really easy assignment, and believe me, the target is a really sick, slimy old fucker that utterly deserves it.

SAMANTHA

I don't care if it's the devil himself, I'm not doing it.

HENRY

Sam, I've been straight with you all this time. You know this to be true. Do this one thing, Nick goes free, refuse to do it and he dies.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sam signs the delivery receipt, and COURIER GUY leaves a package in her hands.

CUT TO:

Sam is nursing a drink, as in front of her, on the living room table is the opened package. Photos of an OLD MAN and papers with information, are spread on the surface, and belonging to that same group is a pair of leather gloves.

HENRY (V.O.)

All you need to do this job is enter the house at the pre arranged time frame. The door will be unlocked and the target alone. Locate the bedroom and walk in. The target will be on the bed.

(MORE)

HENRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

On the night stand next to him will be a specially made plastic bag that you'll place over his head and then pull the string tight to lock in place. Don't worry, he'll be too weak to put up any kind of struggle. You'll be in and out. Easy peasy lemon squeezy.

EXT. RIVERFRONT - DAY

Sam is sitting on a bench by the riverfront she likes to visit.

As usual, she is drinking coffee, smoking and looking out at the water.

She finishes her cigarette and take out her phone.

She dials a number.

CUT TO:

Samantha is now standing by the riverfront.

NATALIE (O.S.)

Sam?

Samantha turns her head and sees Natalie.

The two women walk up to each other.

Samantha stays quiet, unsure of what she wants to say. She takes out the matches and moves them around in her hand.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I'm so glad you called.

SAMANTHA

I wanted to - you know - I've been thinking about - stuff.

NATALIE

OK.

SAMANTHA

The past is the past, you know?

A hopeful Natalie nods Yes.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Maybe we can grab a coffee sometime.

Natalie's eyes water up.

Natalie can't help but put her arms around Samantha, and Sam soon hugs her back.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

NOT MOVING

Sam is sitting in her car, her fingers tapping anxiously on the steering wheel. She looks at a house, the one she is supposed to enter, then at the leather gloves that are on her lap.

CUT TO:

Time has passed, Sam finishes a cigarette, and throws the butt outside the car window. Sweat is visible on her forehead.

HENRY (V.O.)

Remember, this guy is pure scum,
lowest of the low, you'll be doing
the world a big favour.

Sam puts on the gloves and opens the car door. She walks to the front of the house and places her hand on the door handle.

She looks around then takes in a breath and tries the door. It opens and she walks right in.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam waits for her eyes to become accustomed to the darkness, then locates the bedroom the old man is in.

She walks in the room, careful as to make as little noise as possible, and sees the OLD MAN sleeping on the bed. Samantha stands at the front edge of the bed looking at the old man sleeping, then looks to the side table and sees the stringed plastic bag.

Samantha looks back at the old man, sweat now running down the side of her face.

She looks down at her gloved hands.

SAMANTHA

Screw this.

Samantha turns around and lets out a tiny CRY as she finds Henry standing in front of the door.

HENRY

Don't be a chickenshit Sam.

SAMANTHA

Fuck you Henry.

Henry walks to the side of the bed and picks up the plastic bag.

HENRY

Look how easy this is.

Henry puts the bag over the old man's head, waking him but with him unable to fight Henry off.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Look how damn easy this shit is.

Henry pulls the string, tightening the plastic bag and cutting the air supply of the old man.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Fucking look.

Samantha turns around.

SAMANTHA

No.

Samantha rushes out of the room and makes it to the front door, but as she opens it Henry pushes it shut.

HENRY

Where are you off to Sam?

SAMANTHA

The police station, where I should have gone from the start.

Henry takes out a gun.

HENRY

I don't think so.

SAMANTHA

I don't care anymore, one way or another this ends tonight.

HENRY

I really thought you were going to do it, this is very disappointing for me.

SAMANTHA

Well boohoo Henry.

Henry breathes in deep.

HENRY

Screw it. Everyone gets nervous the first time, I did too. It's understandable.

SAMANTHA

I'm not a killer. Never will be.

HENRY

Takes one to know one Sam.

Sam tries to open the door but Henry keeps it closed.

SAMANTHA

Either shoot me or let me go.

Henry sighs.

HENRY

OK, hold on, hold up, relax. I'll take you to Nick.

SAMANTHA

I don't trust you.

HENRY

I promise, I swear. I'll take you to him. It'll be a big fat reunion.

Henry opens the door.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Come, we'll take your car.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

MOVING

Samantha is driving the car and Henry is in the passenger seat, gun in hand.

HENRY

OK, you can stop now.

Samantha puts her foot on the brakes and stops the car.

SAMANTHA
No more games?

HENRY
No more games.

SAMANTHA
Fine, point the way.

EXT. FRONT OF WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Henry, gun in hand, is directing Sam towards a large abandoned building that seems to have been some sort of warehouse but that has now fallen into ruin.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)
OK, I'll admit it. A new case that turned out to involve a professional killer, the threat, the danger, it made me feel - alive. But whatever excitement there was, has given way to what's proven to be one giant clusterfuck. If I survive the night, I'm never going to complain about boring old infidelity jobs ever again.

They stop in front of a big rusty, sliding gate.

HENRY
In there. Open it.

Samantha uses all her strength to slide the door open.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Samantha and Henry walk inside a large space which is full of scraps, rust, garbage and discarded items. Large candles provide the only illumination.

Nick is sitting on a chair and is bound by rope, while duct tap covers his mouth.

SAMANTHA
Nick.

Samantha starts walking up to him.

HENRY
Stay put.

SAMANTHA

You're a sick son of a bitch.

HENRY

I'm a sick son of a bitch with a gun and you'll do as I say.

Henry walks over to Nick, then pulls the tape off his mouth.

NICK

Sam.

SAMANTHA

Are you OK Nick?

NICK

Yes.

HENRY

Isn't this sweet? Enough with the chit chat, lets get down to the bare knuckles, to the serious issues at hand.

NICK

Let her go, please.

Henry steps up to Nick and punches him.

SAMANTHA

Don't.

HENRY

Never speak unless I tell you to Nick. Can you just do that small solid for me man?

SAMANTHA

Leave him alone.

HENRY

See, I don't get it Sam. I'm just really confused and I hope you can provide some needed illumination here. Do you care about this man or not? Cause you sure as hell seemed like you did, especially with staging that breaking up fiasco in an obvious but futile attempt to protect him from me. But then, when his actual life was at stake, you refused to kill your target.

SAMANTHA

I told you, I'm not a killer.

HENRY

Oh but I beg to differ.

SAMANTHA

Think whatever the hell you want.
Just let him go. This is over
Henry, let us be and we forget
about all of it. We go our way and
you go yours.

HENRY

Look into his eyes Sam.

SAMANTHA

What?

Henry points the gun at her.

NICK

No.

HENRY

Shut the fuck up Nick. I said look
into his eyes.

Sam looks at Nick.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Good. I think you owe it to him to
tell him the truth. Do you love
him?

Sam's taken back by the question. She keeps looking at Nick
and he looks at her too.

NICK

You don't have-

HENRY

Nick, shut the fuck up already.

Samantha keeps looking at Nick.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Simple question Sam. Do you love
him?

Sam and Nick are looking at each other.

SAMANTHA

Yes.

Henry sighs.

HENRY

OK then. Was that so difficult? I think that is your problem right there. You have a liability, you have something that makes you weak. But I can help with that.

Henry points the gun at Nick and SHOOTS.

SAMANTHA

No.

Henry FIRES the gun again and Nick falls back and to the ground with the chair.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Nick?

Samantha rushes over to Nick, who's shirt is starting to be decorated in red.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Oh Jesus. Hang in there Nick, just hang in there.

Sam gets up and turns to face Henry.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Why? Why did you have to shoot him?

HENRY

You might be pissed off now but in time you will come to thank me.

SAMANTHA

You sick, twisted fuck.

Sam marches right up to Henry, and as she reaches close to him, he places the gun on her temple.

HENRY

That's far enough.

SAMANTHA

What's the matter Henry, are you so scared of me that you need to hide behind a gun?

HENRY

You really want to do this, you really want to take me on?

SAMANTHA

Go ahead and pull the trigger, just
stop boring me with words.

Henry smiles.

HENRY

Alright, lets do this then.

Henry moves the gun away, takes the bullet clip out and
throws it behind him, then throws away the gun as well.

Sam punches twice at Henry, catching him by surprise, but he
blocks the third punch, then grabs hold of Sam's arms.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Not bad Sam.

Henry head-butts her and she drops to the ground.

Sam holds her nose in pain.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Come on, up we get.

Sam gets to her feet, and blood trickles from her left
nostril. She wipes it away and launches herself at Henry with
punches that he blocks. Henry puts an arm around her body and
throws her to the ground.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Up, up. Up.

SAMANTHA

Shut the fuck up already.

Samantha gets back up. They exchange blows, punches and kicks
but Samantha gets the worse of the exchange.

HENRY

You want to keep going?

Samantha spits blood soaked saliva on the ground, then nods
her head Yes.

Henry attacks her with a low kick and punches combo and once
more she falls down, this time though Henry gets on top of
her.

Samantha is exhausted and in a lot of pain. Henry runs his
hand through her hair.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What do you say, foreplay over or
do you want to fool around some
more?

He smells her hair as Samantha's hand reaches into her jacket pocket.

SAMANTHA

Fine, you got me, you win.

HENRY

God you smell good.

Samantha's hand comes out of her pocket holding on to her pepper-spray.

Henry's lips brush on top of hers.

Samantha's hand comes up with the spray but Henry reaches out and grabs her arm before she can press the can's nostril.

He takes it off her and WHISTLES disapprovingly.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Cheating Sam? Shame on you.

Henry looks at the devise.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Ah, of course, oleoresin of
capsicum, or as it's more widely
known, the good old pepper-spray.
Never leave home without it.

Henry throws the spray away.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What shall your punishment be?

SAMANTHA

Fuck you.

Henry grabs Samantha's right arm and turns it around, locking it in place.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

HENRY

Hold on, this might hurt a tiny
bit.

He pulls and presses down on her arm till a bone cracks.

Samantha let out a big CRY.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 Are we done now, or shall I keep
 breaking more of your delicate
 bones?

Tears appear in Samantha's eyes.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 Hmm, what shall it be?

SAMANTHA
 How about this?

Samantha's other hand comes up fast, the small blade of Falcon's make shift knife reflecting a glint of candle light for a split second, before finding its home and disappearing into the soft flesh of Henry's face.

Henry GROWLS in pain, and Samantha follows up by kneeling him in the groin, and Henry can't help but GROWL some more.

Samantha crawls away from him. She spots the gun on the ground, gets to her feet - immense pain striking her body as she does - and goes for it.

HENRY
 Sam, I don't think I like you
 anymore. Oh God, have to hand it to
 you, you got me good.

Henry pulls out the blade from his face, blood pouring out freely from the wound.

Samantha looks around desperately for the bullet clip.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 I'm going to tear you to shreds.

Samantha finally locates and picks up the clip but finds it incredibly difficult to load it into the gun with one hand broken.

A bleeding, enraged and wild eyed Henry approaches her fast, blade in hand.

Samantha is trying really hard to load the clip in the gun.

Henry is within inches off her now but finally Samantha manages to load the gun and FIRE off a round, hitting Henry in the gut and bringing him to his knees.

Samantha is shocked and her hand is trembling, but she looks at the gun, then at Henry in pain on the ground and fierceness and fearlessness grip her being.

Samantha points the gun at Henry's head.

Henry looks at Samantha and a LAUGH escapes him.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Was right all along.

Samantha pulls the TRIGGER and a bullet makes it's way through Henry's skull.

SAMANTHA
Yeah, what'd you know.

Samantha drops the gun and runs to Nick. His shirt is now almost fully covered with blood.

Samantha grabs hold of him.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Nick?

Nick opens his eyes, blood is now coming out of his mouth, but as he sees Samantha, he smiles.

NICK
Sam.

SAMANTHA
I'm right here with you, it's -
it's all OK, everything's OK.

NICK
Sam?

SAMANTHA
Yeah, Nick?

NICK
Love you too.

Nick's eyes stay in place, his body goes limp and he stops taking in air.

SAMANTHA
Nick?

Samantha shakes him.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

No, please Nick. Don't. Goddamn it,
don't.

She places her head on him, tears appearing in her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Rain falls down across the city, washing away gutters and
cleaning pavements.

The light is on inside the offices of Samantha Rutledge P.I.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Susie is at her desk, MUSIC playing from her phone, one bare
foot up on the desk, nail polish carefully applied on her
toenails.

Inside Sam's office, the window shows us that rain is still
falling rhythmically on the outside world.

Sam is at her desk, right arm in cast.

She lights her cigarette and inhales deep.

FADE OUT.

THE END