

DEATH BENEFITS  
BY  
MISSY COHEN-FYFFE

Mcfyffel@comcast.net  
603-635-9568  
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FADE IN

OVER BLACK

NATE (V.O.)

'I'm Alli, a highly accomplished woman in my 40s.' What does that mean? She's forty one, forty-nine?

SHRINK (V.O.)

Why is that important?

NATE (V.O.)

I don't trust women who won't divulge their age.

SHRINK (V.O.)

You rarely trust anyone, Nate. That's why we're here. Continue.

INT. DEAD GUY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

PRISCILLA EVANS (a.k.a. Alli), 40s, striking, intense, perfectly coiffed updo - think Betty Crocker without the joy - aims a gun with a silencer at an oblivious MAN in a room.

NATE (V.O.)

'I'm a take-charge kind of woman, who's direct, and gets to the heart of matters quickly.'

Priscilla shoots. The man slumps, exposing mounds of cash.

NATE (V.O.)

'I'm always calm, prepared, and I travel light.' Whatever the hell that means.

Priscilla removes the silencer, places it in a pink case along with the gun, turns and walks back with it through the

KITCHEN

Passing a sink of dirty dishes.

NATE (V.O.)

'I never shy away from a challenge -

Priscilla stops, eyes the sink.

LATER

Priscilla leaves. The kitchen now spotless.

NATE (V.O.)  
 'And I enjoy good, clean fun.'  
 Jesus, Doc, she sounds as fun as  
 hemorrhoids.

INT. SHRINK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The talking is coming from NATE TRUCKS, late 40s, adorably disheveled, melancholy eyes with wrinkles that probably shouldn't be on a face his age.

He sits on the couch, across from his shrink, GERALD MATHERS, 60s, professorial in all aspects. Nearby, a few papers of other dating profiles.

NATE  
 Or worse.

Nate drops the paper onto the pile.

GERALD  
 It's been over six months, and  
 things are only getting worse.

Nate points to the paper.

NATE  
 I told you I don't date. Besides,  
 none of them are Lizzie. And this  
 one is definitely not a good fit.

GERALD  
 You aren't buying shoes just  
 getting your feet wet.

NATE  
 They're your shoes, doc. Not mine.

GERALD  
 I only used my dating profile. The  
 picture is yours.

NATE  
 Great. A shrink with fewer scruples  
 than me.

GERALD  
 I'll let that one slide, so we can  
 focus on the more pressing issue of-

Nate stands, points to the clock.

NATE

Oooh, just about out of time.

GERALD

Have you been practicing your tight-space exposure?

Nate reaches for the door handle.

NATE

It's tough. Job's a real killer.

Gerald grabs a dating profile, thrusts it at Nate.

Nate stares at Gerald then the paper.

INT. PRISCILLA'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Painfully sterile. Only the desk calendar sports color - a RED circle on a date with the word PROMOTION.

Priscilla stares at the computer. At the top of the page a BLACK ICE/CIA EMBLEM and the image of the man she killed. Among other words, DRUG LORD is highlighted.

She types TERMINATED with a series of NUMBERS. Hits SEND.

INT. NATE'S CAR - NIGHT

Nate drives, Priscilla/Alli's profile on the passenger seat.

On the radio, NPR.

NPR HOST (V.O.)

There are still some lingering questions surrounding the death of Black Ice Deputy Director Joe Munroe, and we have with us the-

Nate shuts off the radio, rolls down the windows.

Priscilla/Alli's profile paper blows onto his lap.

INT. PRISCILLA'S HOUSE - DAY

The house is immaculate, so much so that it lacks any semblance of life. Only a 5x7 framed photo of a BULLDOG adorns the living room.

A DOORBELL dings.

Heels click on the hardwood as Priscilla passes through the room, righting the lone, already straight, pink sofa pillow.

Her manicured hand opens the door to-

DELIVERY MAN  
Delivery for a Mrs. Evans.

PRISCILLA  
Miss.

DELIVERY MAN  
Sorry. Miss Evans.

Priscilla glances at the man's feet. His shoes are soiled.

PRISCILLA  
Would you mind terribly?

DELIVERY MAN  
Terribly what?

PRISCILLA  
Your shoes.

DELIVERY MAN  
What about them?

PRISCILLA  
Lovely as they are, I've always been quite fond of Rockports, they're covering my wel.

DELIVERY MAN  
Your well?

PRISCILLA  
My W E L. See? It just reads, come. That's not very welcoming now, is it?

He steps off the mat.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

The man hands Priscilla a pad to sign, careful not to step on the mat. She signs it.

Envelope in hand, Priscilla watches the delivery van drive away. She shakes off the mat, repositions it just so.

KITCHEN

Priscilla opens the envelope from HEALTHCARE PLUS. Pulls out a slip, reads.

PRISCILLA

'We regret to inform you that your most recent medical claim has been denied for insufficient cause.' I was bleeding from the head.

The microwave DINGS. Priscilla's manicured finger pushes the OPEN button.

PRISCILLA

Lunch. For one.

LATER

Priscilla eats alone at her kitchen table, staring at the empty chair across from her.

Her phone BEEPS.

A message from DATES-R-US Reads: ALLI, YOU HAVE A DATE!

INT. NATE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eclectic, open concept loft, no small rooms or closets. Even the bathroom is door-less. Paintings adorn the walls, but a large space in between them indicates one is missing.

Nate in the bedroom-area, looks marginally better. His new wrinkled shirt now under a rumpled blazer. He yanks open a dresser drawer. A photo of beautiful LIZZIE stares back.

He grabs a handkerchief, slams the drawer shut.

NATE

What the hell am I doing?

EXT. STREET NEAR ARTIST BAR - NIGHT

Priscilla's car slows as it approaches the place.

INT. PRISCILLA'S CAR - NIGHT

Priscilla looks at her phone GPS, then to the side at the ARTIST BAR studio as her car passes it. She doesn't see the crosswalk or Nate in the middle of it.

THUD.

Nate stands, hands on the car's hood, glaring.

Priscilla pops out of her car.

PRISCILLA  
Did you not see the car?

NATE  
Excuse me?

PRISCILLA  
I can't. You're blocking the road.

NATE  
I'm in the crosswalk.

Priscilla looks at the road.

PRISCILLA  
So you are.

NATE  
That's all you have to say?

PRISCILLA  
I'd ask you to move, but that seems  
redundant.

NATE  
You hit me with your car.

PRISCILLA  
I wasn't trying to kill you.

Nate leans in.

NATE  
Alli Snave?

She sizes him up with her eyes. A perfect zero.

PRISCILLA  
Gerald Mathers.

A car behind them BLOWS its horn.

NATE  
Pull the car over, I'll meet you  
outside-

PRISCILLA  
Gymboree?

NATE

It's an artist bar. You knew we were going to be painting right?

PRISCILLA

Not with our fingers.

NATE

They're drinking wine.

PRISCILLA

They're like little Stepford 'painters' all staring at the same picture, painting the same thing, wearing the same painting... tents.

NATE

Smocks.

PRISCILLA

I'm sorry?

The car behind blows its HORN. Nate holds up his hand.

NATE

They're not painting tents, they're smocks. Look, I'm sorry for the confusion. I thought you knew what an artist bar is. Obviously-

PRISCILLA

You were wrong.

Nate looks at her with growing contempt. The car behind REVS its engine.

NATE

Let's call it a night.

PRISCILLA

Do you fold at every opportunity?

NATE

Fine. Where would you like to go?

PRISCILLA

You'll just have to trust me.

NATE

(sotto)  
Not a chance.



INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant is empty. The waiters look bored.

Priscilla and Nate sit across from one another in awkward silence. Uneaten salads in front of them.

Priscilla resets her silverware, repositions her plate.

NATE

So.

PRISCILLA

So.

NATE

What do you do for work?

Priscilla repositions the water and wine glasses, wipes the spotless table with her napkin.

PRISCILLA

I provide insurance.

NATE

How exciting.

PRISCILLA

You're a psychiatrist.

NATE

Not exactly.

PRISCILLA

I'm certain I read your credentials correctly.

NATE

It was a typo. I'm between assignments at the moment.

PRISCILLA

Perhaps if you ironed a shirt, wore a tie, and went someplace other than Super Cuts, you could find gainful employment.

NATE

Is this a job interview?

PRISCILLA

Just being honest.

NATE

I didn't say I was without a job, just not on an assignment, but thanks for the fashion tips. I'll be sure to file them in the appropriate bin.

PRISCILLA

Then what is it you actually do?

NATE

I'm an artist.

PRISCILLA

You get paid for that?

NATE

I'm highly skilled.

PRISCILLA

I'm actually quite skilled myself. In fact, I'm up for a very big promotion, not that I'm completely unhappy in my current position, but I think my talents can be better used elsewhere. Besides, with the added income, I'll be able to finish what I started a while ago.

NATE

(sotto)

Your thrilling work story?

PRISCILLA

I'm sorry. Did you say something?

Nate shakes his head, 'no.'

PRISCILLA

Mumbling is not an admirable trait. As I was saying, I've received a record number of commendations, and now it's time for me to reap the benefits of my hard work. In fact, the announcement is going to be made public any day now.

Nate's eyes glaze over.

PRISCILLA

There's so much more I intend to accomplish.

It's not that I don't like the way the firm operates, it's just that a wider, more thorough approach to our overall objectives is what I'll be bringing to the table. You know, the ability-

Nate holds up his hand.

NATE  
Would you excuse me?

He makes a bee-line for the men's room.

INT. RESTAURANT MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Nate grabs his phone, presses numbers.

NATE  
Hemorrhoids would be a welcome relief. Get off that dating site. I'm getting Lizzie back and-

Nate looks around the small bathroom, freezes. He unbuttons his top button, loosens his collar, sweats, stuffs the phone in his pocket, grabs the door handle, races into the

RESTAURANT

Gulping air, he grabs water from a tray, gulps that, too.

TABLE

Priscilla straightens the sugar packets, then the condiments, she's about start on Nate's silverware when-

Nate slides into his seat looking awful.

PRISCILLA  
Something you ate?

NATE  
Probably bleeding internally.

PRISCILLA  
I barely nicked you.

NATE  
You ran me over.

PRISCILLA

If I had wanted to run you over,  
you wouldn't be sitting here  
sweating all over the silverware,  
now would you?

NATE

You're a loon.

PRISCILLA

Excuse me?

NATE

We need to call it a night so I can  
get home and...convalesce.

Priscilla stands. Nate tosses cash on the table.

PRISCILLA

Obviously, this-

She points to Nate then to herself.

PRISCILLA

Isn't going to work. Nothing  
personal. I'm just not into-

Nate holds up his hand.

PRISCILLA

What is with your hand? We are  
adults here. Are we not?

NATE

Please. Say no more.

PRISCILLA

You know what you're problem is?  
You're a little boy trapped in a  
man's body.

NATE

I'd list your many problems, but  
I'm trying to cut the night short.

Speechless, Priscilla turns, heels clicking toward the door.

NATE

(sotto)

And don't let the door hit the  
broom up your ass on your way out.

Nate's phone BEEPS. A TEXT reads: REPORT FOR ASSIGNMENT.

INT. PRISCILLA'S CAR - NIGHT

Priscilla wipes her hands with hand sanitizer. Shakes them like she's shaking off the experience. Her phone BEEPS.

The TEXT reads: DIRECTOR THOMPSON WAITING FOR YOU AT H&D.

She smiles at herself in the rear view mirror.

PRISCILLA

Finally!

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

FOLKS stroll, roller blade, walk hand-in-hand.

Nate makes his way to a bench under a tree. Sits.

A man in a TRENCH COAT walks to the bench, sits. He pulls a small envelope from his coat pocket, puts it on the bench between him and Nate.

Nate covers the envelope with his hand, leaves with it.

INT. HAWK & DOVE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Hipster place, lots of MEN and WOMEN with hair buns.

Priscilla sits in a dark booth in the back of the restaurant.

CLIFF THOMPSON, 60s, fatherly, trim, suit and tie, FitBit on his wrist, slips into the booth opposite Priscilla.

CLIFF

Thank you for meeting me on such short notice.

PRISCILLA

Cliff, I can't tell you what this means to me. I have so many positive ideas I can-

CLIFF

Priscilla, what I have to say is difficult, but I won't mince words. I respect you too much for that. I'm making Roger Pike Acting Deputy of Field Operations. I'm announcing it tomorrow.

Priscilla resets her place setting.

CLIFF

It's only temporary, but it's necessary if we're going to get to the bottom of Joe Munroe's death.

PRISCILLA

But Joe committed suicide. And Roger's only been with the firm a year. He has no field experience.

CLIFF

Roger has years of field experience. Does Alexander Litvinenko 2006 ring a bell?

PRISCILLA

The poisoned KGB agent? I thought that was MI6.

CLIFF

Right under their noses, that's his specialty, and one of the reasons we keep our agents' identities confidential.

Priscilla resets the place setting in front of her, again.

PRISCILLA

I don't understand.

CLIFF

Joe didn't commit suicide. He was murdered. I warned Joe dozens of times to keep his firearm by the bed, but he wouldn't listen. Letter of the law, that was Joe.

Cliff tries to move his FitBit. It doesn't budge.

CLIFF

Damn thing.

PRISCILLA

Murdered?

CLIFF

The death benefits are killing our budget. But that's beside the point. You know how much Joe meant to me.

PRISCILLA

Yes, of course. But surely this isn't a job for the Deputy - Acting Deputy. I mean with all of the turmoil, weapons dealers and chaos we're facing, wouldn't we be better served to be upping our efforts on a variety of fronts?

CLIFF

Roger proved it was an inside job, and we know who did it. Now it's up to you to set things right. I promise, once you nail the culprit, I'll take you out of the field for good and see to it you're rewarded accordingly.

PRISCILLA

I'll be made Deputy?

CLIFF

I wouldn't have it any other way.

Cliff tries again to reposition the FitBit.

PRISCILLA

May I help you with that?

CLIFF

Darn contraption. Thing's too tight. Lacey gave it to me. She thinks I need to up my 'healthy' quotient. Damn insurance is killing us. But that's beside the point.

The waiter approaches with a plate of broiled chicken.

CLIFF

I hope you don't mind. I took the liberty of ordering you dinner. Have to keep my number one healthy.

Cliff stands.

PRISCILLA

Thank you.

CLIFF

You've always been like a daughter to me, Priscilla. I'm proud of you.

He leaves out a back door.

The waiter places the boring plate on the table.

WAITER

Dinner for one.

Priscilla folds her napkin and places it on the chicken, walks toward the front door. A HIPSTER bumps into her, drops an envelope on the ground. He picks it up, hands it to her.

HIPSTER

Sorry. Here you go.

He disappears into the crowd of happy twentysomethings.

She tucks the envelope in her purse and leaves.

INT. NATE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nate grabs the envelope from his jacket, tosses the jacket onto the bed.

He makes his way to a desk with a computer, pulls out the envelope. He tips the envelope, slides out a thumb drive.

Nate slips the thumb drive into the side of his computer.

At the top of the page, a BLACK ICE/CIA EMBLEM. Below an image populates the screen. It's Priscilla. Under her picture: PRISCILLA EVANS - MURDERED DD JOE MUNROE.

NATE

I'll be damned. She's a terrorist.

INT. PRISCILLA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Priscilla pulls the small envelope from her purse.

She takes out a small thumb drive, sticks it in the computer.

At the top of the page, the BLACK ICE/CIA EMBLEM. Below, an image populates the screen. It's Nate. Under his image: NATE TRUCKS - MURDERED DD JOE MUNROE.

Priscilla jumps up, knocking over her chair. She grabs the chair, but doesn't put it down. She paces with the chair, looking back at the computer.



INT. PRISCILLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Priscilla, dressed to kill, slams a cartridge into a gun, places it in her belt, tucks a wire coil into her sock, lowers her pant leg.

She opens a closet, pushes apart the organized display of color-coded dresses and shoes, opens a safe, pulls out the pink case she used in the dead guy's house. Shuts the safe.

She throws a kiss to her Teddy bear perched on an otherwise sterile bed, marches toward the door stopping only to perfect her look in the mirror.

INT. NATE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nate grabs a worn duffle bag from under his bed, slings it over his shoulder.

He stops by the toilet, flushes the thumb drive down it.

He looks in the mirror. Walks away. Walks back in front of the mirror, shakes his head.

He sits on the bed, puts his head in his hands. He grabs his cell phone. Texts: NEED TO VERIFY TARGET. An IMAGE of Priscilla appears on his phone next to the word VERIFIED.

INT. PRISCILLA'S CAR - NIGHT

Priscilla pulls up to the back of a high-rise building.

INT. HIGH-RISE STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Priscilla runs up the stairwell of the building.

LATER

Priscilla's pace up the stairwell is steady. She passes a doorway that reads: 12th Floor.

She runs up the stairs.

EXT. NATE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nate pulls the door closed behind him, jogs past the elevator to the door marked: STAIRS.

On the door, the number 15. Nate yanks open the door as-

INT. HIGH-RISE STAIRWELL NIGHT

Priscilla pushes open the door onto-

EXT. HIGH-RISE ROOF - NIGHT

Priscilla runs to the edge of the roof.

INT. HIGH-RISE STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Nate races down the steps taking them by two.

INT. HIGH-RISE GARAGE - NIGHT

Nate jogs to his car, clicks open the door, tosses his duffle bag into the passenger seat, drives out of the garage.

EXT. HIGH-RISE ROOF - NIGHT

Priscilla lowers herself onto the fire escape stairs until she reaches a landing where the neighboring high-rise is connected by a wire.

She pulls the coil of wire from her sock, flings it over the wire connecting the two buildings and

Ziplines across.

She reaches the landing on the opposite building, re-coils the wire, stuffs it back in her sock.

Proceeds down the fire escape to FLOOR 16, pulls out her phone. On it a building SCHEMATIC.

INT. NATE'S CAR - NIGHT

Nate pulls his car onto Priscilla's street. He drives by her house and parks across from a neighbor three houses down.

He unzips the duffle bag, grabs a gun, screws on a silencer. Sticks something into his back pocket.

He gets out of the car, walks nonchalantly across the street, ducks behind a row of bushes, makes his way to the back yard.

EXT. NEIGHBORS' BACK YARDS - NIGHT

A combination of serpentines, rolls, crawling, gets Nate to-

## PRISCILLA'S BACKYARD

It's perfectly manicured. A show piece.

## EXT. PRISCILLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nate sneaks up to a window, flattens himself against the exterior of the house.

He pulls a small sensor device from his back pocket, shines it at the window. A blue line appears.

NATE

Clever. But not clever enough.

He zaps the blue line with his device, it goes out instantly.

He hits a button on the device and a blade appears. He uses the blade to unlock the window.

He lifts the window. Hoists himself up.

## INT. NATE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Through the grates of a vent, we see the bedroom area.

Priscilla, inside the grate, peers around.

The grate is removed and placed inside the vent as Priscilla, feather-like, slides out feet first.

She pulls the gun from her belt, holds it outright, searching the place with her eyes.

It's one big room. No doors, even on the bathroom.

She moves further out into the room.

She eyes the paintings on the wall, noticing the gaping hole where one painting has obviously been removed.

She sees a DESK, moves closer to it. Several FILES sit in a stack. She pushes the top with the top with her gun. It's tab reads HEALTHCARE PLUS.

LATER

Priscilla relaxes her shoulders, the gun now at her side.

PRISCILLA

So much for convalescing at home.

Something catches her eye. It's the back of a large canvas resting against a wall.

She looks around conspiratorially, pulls the painting out from the wall. It's a portrait of stunning LIZZIE - the woman from the dresser photo.

INT. PRISCILLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nate, gun by his side, moves quickly from the

KITCHEN

Glancing at the sterility of it in disgust. Moves to

THE LIVING ROOM

The framed BULLDOG stares at him. He moves into the

BEDROOM

Nothing. Nate's body relaxes.

NATE

Where oh where has my terrorist  
gone?

Something catches his eye. It's a worn Teddy bear completely out of place in the cold-looking bed.

INT. PRISCILLA'S CAR - NIGHT

Priscilla drives.

INT. NATE'S CAR - NIGHT

Nate drives.

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Both cars face each other across the intersection waiting for the RED light to turn green.

The light turns GREEN

The cars pass each other, in SLOW MOTION, just as Priscilla looks to her left at the car coming toward her.

Nate looks at the car coming toward him.

Priscilla hits the gas, takes off down a side road.

Nate tries turning his car, but there's traffic.

His car speeds up, pulls into a parking lot, turns around.

EXT. PRISCILLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Priscilla enters her house, looks around. She runs to the  
KITCHEN

Looks around, nothing. Runs through the living room,  
surveying as she goes to the

BEDROOM

She looks at the bed. The pillow catches her eye. She picks  
up Teddy, then looks down. The small rug by her bed askew.

She bends to straighten it as a BULLET whizzes by her head,  
lodging into the wall.

Without looking, Priscilla drops to the floor, tucking Teddy  
in her belt, throwing her leg out and cutting Nate's legs out  
from under him.

He pops up, as does she.

They eye each other, and then it's kung-fu fever all over the  
place. Surprising both that they're evenly matched.

PRISCILLA

You broke into my house.

NATE

Wanted another shot at you.

PRISCILLA

Just as bad as the first.

NATE

I'm warming up.

Priscilla kicks him in the groin, he doubles over, she makes  
a run for the kitchen.

PRISCILLA

By all means take your time.

Nate grabs the floor runner, yanks it out from under her, but  
she somersaults out of the fall into the kitchen, leaps up,  
grabs a knife from the block.

Nate eyes the knife.

NATE

I imagine you have all night.

She swings the knife, slicing his sleeve. Blood shows.

PRISCILLA

Is that some sort of derogatory  
dating comment meant to imply I  
don't have any place else to be?

A drop of blood falls to the floor. Priscilla scowls at it.

Nate takes his shot, kicks the knife out of her hand.

NATE

Call me clairvoyant.

She karate chops his sliced arm. More blood.

PRISCILLA

Why? Did you see that coming?

They engage in a mixture of hand-to-hand combat throughout  
the kitchen.

PRISCILLA

If memory serves, I answered your  
request for a date.

NATE

And it took all of six seconds for  
you to respond, 'Alli'.

PRISCILLA

And even less time to size up your  
rumples, sorry ass, 'Gerald'.

Priscilla gets in a good jab, positions herself by the  
cabinets, grabs cleaning supplies in between jabs.

NATE

What the hell are you doing?

PRISCILLA

Do you have any idea how difficult  
it is to get blood stains out of  
linoleum?

NATE

No, but I'm sure you can spend the  
better part of an evening extolling  
the virtues of mop and glow.

PRISCILLA

It would be infinitely more  
entertaining than watching you  
sweat all over the silverware.

Priscilla manages to spray the floor, throw a rag over it.

Nate kicks her legs out from under her, but she whacks him on  
the knee with the metal spray bottle, then leaps up.

They're face-to-face, a few feet apart. Nate holds a gun on  
her, she points the ammonia bottle at his face.

NATE

You're certifiable. No wonder they  
want you dead.

PRISCILLA

I have news for you, Romeo, it  
isn't me they're after.

A bullet zips between them, smashing the coffee pot.

They turn to see a MASKED man in the living room with a gun.

Priscilla dives for the floor, wiping up the blood as she  
rolls by. Nate takes out the masked man with one shot, dives  
behind the island.

The kitchen door bursts open, in rolls another masked GUNMAN.

NATE

What the hell?

PRISCILLA

What the hell?

Priscilla takes him out with a shot, pushes the island away  
exposing a hatch.

Nate rolls out from behind the island, sees Priscilla  
kneeling over a hatch in the floor.

She lifts the hatch and turns to see Nate standing a few feet  
away, a gun pointed at her head. He waits a second too long,  
and a THIRD gunman barrels through a window.

Nate kung fu's the guy's neck, taking him out instantly. When  
he turns back, Priscilla is gone.

The sound of SIRENS approaching.

Nate looks at the hole, he tries to move toward it, crouches  
near it, but his legs won't bend. He breaks into a sweat.

The SIRENS louder.

He stuffs the gun into his belt, races out through the now-broken kitchen door into the night.

In the corner, a black-clad HITMAN with cold eyes, pulls out his phone, types: MISSION DELAYED, darts out a window.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Priscilla half crawls, half runs through the darkness.

She slows, feels along the wall, finds a lantern, pulls a match from under it, lights it, flings it around. No one.

Nearby, two pink bags. She grabs them and uses the lantern to guide her through the darkness.

LATER

Priscilla, dirty, winded reaches the end of the tunnel. A step stool rests against the wall. Above it a small hatch.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cars dot the poorly-lit lot.

Under a small car, a manhole cover slides off a hole.

A pink bag pops out of the hole, then another pink bag.

Priscilla emerges, rolls out from under the car.

She opens one of the bags, pulls out a key chain, unlocks the door of the car she just crawled out from under.

Before sliding in, she yanks at something behind her.

Teddy.

She starts up the car, drives away.

INT. NATE'S CAR - NIGHT

Parked on the side of the road, Nate opens the duffle bag, pulls out a phone.

He dials, puts the phone to his ear.

We hear a one-sided conversation.



NATE

Delta one seven...What the hell happened?...What do you mean you don't know? There were three other agents there, not counting the target who wasn't surprised to see me...Well find the hell out... Yes...I'm following the target.

Nate hangs up the phone. Pulls a hand-held tracking device from the duffle bag, switches it ON.

It BEEPS, a button turns green. The small monitor shows a map with a RED moving dot.

Nate smiles.

NATE

Gotcha!

INT. PRISCILLA'S CAR - NIGHT

Priscilla drives, through the windshield an ALL-NIGHT DINER glows in neon ahead.

On the passenger seat, Teddy sits. BEHIND one of his buttons a TINY metallic tracking device.

The car pulls into the All-Night Diner parking lot.

Priscilla emerges from her car looking like hell.

INT. DINER LADIES' ROOM - NIGHT

The place could use a gallon of Lysol.

Priscilla contorts herself into a position so she can change clothes without touching any surface, except the floor.

LATER

She spritzes herself with hand sanitizer, bathing in it.

BANGING ON THE DOOR

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, lady, I can't hold it forever.

PRISCILLA

Just a moment.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I'm giving you ten more seconds,  
then I'm busting down the door.

PRISCILLA  
That would be counter productive,  
now, wouldn't it?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Counter what?

PRISCILLA  
Productive. Get a dictionary, or  
better yet read a book. You will  
learn lots of new words.

The door opens, out steps Priscilla, looking like new. The  
WAITRESS pushes past her, pants half-way down.

Priscilla looks at the greasy kitchen.

PRISCILLA  
I'd rather starve.

Priscilla marches to the exit.

INT. NATE'S CAR - NIGHT

Nate drives. On the radio, NPR.

NPR HOST (V.O.)  
We're back with our guest, Attorney  
Hanson, talking about his client  
who was fired over a hang nail. Mr.  
Hanson, can you give us some  
background on this?

HANSON (V.O.)  
When my client was hired he did  
indeed have a hang nail. We never  
disputed that. It's true that he  
didn't disclose it on the twenty-  
two page medical discovery form  
that as you know is now a  
requirement in most businesses.  
Unfortunately, his hang nail got  
infected, and required a dose of  
tripleoxycylin, which as-

Nate changes the station. Finds music. Keeps driving.

INT. CLIFF THOMPSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

More mahogany than you'd find in Fiji. Big BLACK ICE/CIA EMBLEM on the wall. Photos of Cliff with US Presidents, one with NRA Executive WAYNE LAPIERRE. Under it: GUNS SAVE LIVES.

Cliff tosses a newspaper on his desk, the headline reads: MASS SHOOTING IN MOVIE THEATER.

CLIFF

What more proof do they need? I've said it time and again: arm the ushers, the clerks, the cashiers. We can do better than this.

He's talking to ROGER PIKE, 50s, the suit and tie look good but they're no match for his rough edges.

ROGER

We are.

CLIFF

How are the numbers?

Cliff sits behind a sleek computer screen, grabs a document with charts and numbers on it.

ROGER

You should see at least forty million more shaved off.

CLIFF

Exactly half?

ROGER

Took some manipulating, but that hasn't stopped me before.

Cliff tosses his pen onto the documents.

CLIFF

And what about Priscilla?

ROGER

We're close.

CLIFF

You haven't heard from her?

ROGER

We have time.

CLIFF

I gave my word, Roger.

ROGER

And I gave you mine.

Roger leaves. Cliff grabs his cell phone. Dials.

INT. PRISCILLA'S CAR - NIGHT

Priscilla drives, up ahead MOTEL 6.

Her phone RINGS from caller: CLIFF. She grabs the phone.

PRISCILLA

Trucks was in my house, along with  
three of our own agents, all trying  
to toe tag me.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

CLIFF

Thank God you're alive. Were you  
followed?

PRISCILLA

No, of course not. But there's  
something about him. We might be  
after the wrong guy.

CLIFF

He's rogue and vengeful. It's a  
long story, and we don't have time  
for it. Right now, watch your back,  
lay low and give me time.

PRISCILLA

How much time?

CLIFF

Twenty four hours.

Priscilla ENDS the call. Pulls into the Motel 6 parking lot.

INT. MOTEL 6 ROOM - NIGHT

Priscilla paces. Teddy sits on the bed along with two pink  
bags. The bedspread conspicuously missing.

She looks out the window. The BBQ DINER across the street  
catches her eye.

INT. BBQ DINER - NIGHT

Slow night.

Priscilla sits in a spotless booth, a napkin spread out like a place mat under her dish. A knife and fork positioned neatly across the plate. She stares out the window at Motel 6 and her room. Nothing. All is calm.

The WAITRESS approaches. She has one arm, drops her pen. Priscilla picks it up, tries to put it in the waitresses working hand, but there's a pad there. Priscilla sticks the pen in the waitresses mouth.

PRISCILLA

Here.

The Waitress spits it onto the pad.

WAITRESS

Thanks. I'm a lefty by nature.

PRISCILLA

If you don't mind my asking, what happened?

WAITRESS

Tonsilitis.

PRISCILLA

In your arm?

Waitress laughs.

WAITRESS

Heck no. Tonsilitis isn't cheap. They wanted an arm and a leg. I put my foot down on the leg. Now, what else can I get for you?

PRISCILLA

I'll just take a coffee to go, and the bill, please.

INT. MOTEL 6 ROOM - NIGHT

Sound of a key in the lock, the door opens illuminating a small strip of the empty room.

Priscilla shuts the door, flips a light switch and comes face-to-face with Nate's silencer.

Priscilla throws her coffee in Nate's face.

NATE  
Son of a bitch!

She kicks his gun away.

PRISCILLA  
Hope it leaves a mark.

She pulls her gun on him, Nate kicks it away.

PRISCILLA  
How did you find me?

They wrestle.

NATE  
You mean you don't know?

PRISCILLA  
I hate it when people answer  
questions with questions, it's  
juvenile, but then I should expect  
nothing better from you.

Priscilla's eyes dart to Teddy. Nate follows her eyes for a second, giving her the chance to knee him in the groin.

Nate buckles, but grabs one of her legs.

NATE  
Aren't you even the least bit  
curious?

PRISCILLA  
About what?

NATE  
The other agents?

They spar with each other, ducking, hitting, karate chopping.

PRISCILLA  
Why would I care?

Nate reaches for his gun, can't grab it.

NATE  
Because they're here.

A bullet breaks through the door, lodges in the dresser.

Priscilla dives behind the bed, Nate hits the ground.

PRISCILLA  
Thanks for showing them the way.

NATE  
They were here when I arrived, if  
you had a modicum of skills you'd  
have seen them.

PRISCILLA  
If they were after me, they'd have  
taken me out in the parking lot.

Another bullet flies through the door, then the door comes  
down and in race three AGENTS.

NATE  
Too risky. Someone would see.

Priscilla leaps up, takes out AGENT 1 with a heel to his  
neck, he hits the TV on his way down.

PRISCILLA  
And no one is seeing this?

AGENT 2 lunges for Priscilla, she kung fu's his gut, grabs  
his gun, shuts off the lights as Nate engages in hand-to-hand  
combat with Agent 3.

NATE  
A little light would help.

PRISCILLA  
Not me.

Priscilla cracks Agent 2's arm, smashes a lamp over his head.  
He's out.

NATE  
You're a piece of work.

Agent 3 fights with Nate, who cracks the agent's head against  
the dresser.

PRISCILLA  
You're redundant.

Agent 3 rushes Nate, they fall onto the bed punching each  
other. SIRENS in the distance.

Neither of them see Priscilla sneak out of the room with  
Teddy and her bags.

SIRENS

Agent 3 looks toward the sirens, Nate whacks him on the head with the land line. The agent falls off the bed.

NATE

You'll need some aspirin to stop  
the ringing if you wake up.

Nate surveys the room, no Priscilla. He races to the door in time to see Priscilla's car pull out of the parking lot and two police cars zoom in.

NATE

That's it. No more Mr. Nice  
Assassin.

EXT. MOTEL 6 - NIGHT

Nate's car speeds away.

The black-clad hitman, stomps out a cigarette, walks toward his beat up Chevy.

INT. PRISCILLA'S CAR - DAY

The car on a highway.

LATER

The car pulls off the main road onto a smaller, quiet road.

The car pulls onto a dirt road that reads, HAPPY CAMPERS'S.

The driveway is long, winding and lined with trees. HIPPIY-LOOKING signs imbedded in the trees that border the gravel driveway read: PEACE, LOVE, MAKE LOVE NOT WAR.

The car stops in front of a bungalow.

A SHAGGY dog barks, saunters off the porch wagging it's tail.

EXT. HAPPY CAMPERS' MAIN HOUSE - DAY

Priscilla grabs her Teddy and two bags, navigates her way around the dog, careful not to touch it.

PRISCILLA

Good dog. That's right, no  
touching, just passing by.

She side steps the dog in her heels, climbs onto the steps as the screen door opens.



Out pops LOUISE, 70s, a wild-haired bohemian as down-to-earth as Priscilla is neurotic. She wraps a bathrobe around her naked body.

LOUISE

My Goddess; look at you. You're a vision.

She grabs Priscilla as if studying an ancient treasure.

LOUISE

It's been ages. It's really you.

She bear hugs Priscilla who can't figure out what to do with the bags in her hands.

PRISCILLA

Were you napping?

LOUISE

Is that what they're calling it these days? It's so good to see you, sweetheart. It's about time you hung up those policies and lived a little.

PRISCILLA

I'm just taking a short break. I'm sorry to be so last minute.

LOUISE

Nonsense. Everyone will want to meet you. We'll have a party.

PRISCILLA

No. Louise, please.

LOUISE

Our one and only benefactor pays us a visit, we throw a party. Awe hell. If we make it to the bathroom in time, it's cause for celebration.

Louise easily pries a bag from Priscilla's hand. Priscilla reaches for it, but she's not quick enough.

PRISCILLA

It's really not necessary.

LOUISE

You're only saying that because you've never wet your pants.

The screen door slams behind Priscilla's butt.

INT. HAPPY CAMPERS' MAIN HOUSE - DAY

Eclectic. There's a lot of life well-lived in this place.

A BULLDOG trots up, panting.

LOUISE  
Carlos, my lovie, meet Priscilla.

Carlos gets within drooling distance. Priscilla stares at the snorting creature, not sure what to make of it.

LOUISE  
You got the photo I sent?

PRISCILLA  
Yes. Thank you.

LOUISE  
He's such a sweetheart. Rings a bell when he wants to pee. Don't you love that? Course he could use any one of the dog doors, but he's just so damned polite.

PRISCILLA  
A bulldog with manners.  
How...How...the words escape me.

The door to a nearby room opens, out pops DEAN, 70s, a gray-haired black man with a peace-sign earring. He wraps a towel around his hips, kisses Louise on the cheek.

DEAN  
(to Priscilla)  
So you're to blame?

LOUISE  
Dean, behave. This is Priscilla.

Priscilla forces a smile.

LOUISE  
(to Priscilla)  
Shall we check out your digs?

EXT. BACK OF HAPPY CAMPERS' MAIN HOUSE - DAY

Lush gardens and stone walkways lead to a mix of campers tucked into the woods. Louise waves her hand with pride.

LOUISE  
Shangri-La.

A pair of muddy dogs runs between them, bumping Priscilla, turning her around. FEISTY Woodstock relic, BOB, jogs up.

                  BOB  
Jerry, Phil, wait up!

He stops at the sight of Priscilla.

                  BOB  
Whoa, man, what's with the do, and the threads? Wait, I get it. You're a performer.

                  LOUISE  
Bob, this is Priscilla. Priscilla, meet Bob our resident band leader.

                  BOB  
Far-out. I would have expected someone like way older. Love the look, really retro. Welcome!

The dogs bark.

                  BOB  
Gotta tend to the flock. Peace.

He jogs off after the dogs. Priscilla starts to say something, but Louise is now several feet away.

Priscilla picks up the pace, tripping occasionally on her heels to catch up.

                  LOUISE  
There she is.

Louise points to a small vintage camper nestled in plants.

                  LOUISE  
Home sweet trailer.

Louise unlocks the door, throws it open. They step into-

INT. PRISCILLA'S TRAILER - DAY

It's a tiny throw-back camper from the 60s with peace signs, tie-dye curtains, lots of knickknacks.

LOUISE

Now, freshen up, and come find me  
in the house when you're rested.

Priscilla watches Louise disappear down the path.

LATER - NIGHT

The little space is transformed. No hanging beads, no  
knickknacks, Teddy in a place of prominence on the bed.

Priscilla at the little table stares at her phone.

She picks it up. Dials.

INT. BLACK ICE SECURE ROOM - NIGHT

Cliff studies monitors, checking them against a print out.

His cell RINGS. He sees: DELTA 2

CLIFF

Laying low means no contact.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

PRISCILLA

Would you please explain why half  
our agents are trying to kill me?

CLIFF

I'm trying to decipher it. Have I  
ever let you down?

PRISCILLA

No, of course not, but things are  
getting out of hand. I'd like more  
intel on Nate Trucks.

CLIFF

That's not protocol. It's not safe.

PRISCILLA

Something isn't right, Cliff. I  
can't explain it, but I think I'm  
going after the wrong target.

There's a pause on the other end of the line.

CLIFF

Nate Trucks has a very personal  
motive for offing Joe. Just trust  
me on this, and hang tight.

A RUSTLING outside. She puts down the phone, flattens herself against the wall, yanks out her gun, opens the door.

OUTSIDE

A HOUND crunches around on the ground, pees.

Priscilla hides her gun as flower child, AMANDA, 70s, floats up trailed by four PUPPIES.

AMANDA

I see you've met my Toby. Isn't he a beauty?

PRISCILLA

Alarmingly so.

Priscilla eyes the puppies. They're adorable.

AMANDA

They're better than sunshine.

Amanda stuffs a puppy in Priscilla's hands. It's tail wags.

Through the SCOPE of a gun we see Priscilla's face inches away from the puppy's.

THUD

MARIJUANA GARDEN

Nate lays flat, out cold, in a garden of tall pot plants.

Above him, wafer-thin hippy GERT, 70s, hovers with a shovel.

GERT

Damn gun nuts.

EXT. HAPPY CAMPERS' MAIN HOUSE - NIGHT

Several little tables with candles under twinkling lights make the campy surroundings romantic.

Buffet table of serving dishes. Off to the right a small platform with a drum kit, guitars, a mic. A sign reads: THE GRATEFUL TO BE ALIVE BAND.

Priscilla meanders through the area into-

INT. HAPPY CAMPERS' BACK HALL - NIGHT

The little space is crammed with a broom, dustpan, organic cleaning supplies, a vacuum, buckets, garden boots, a hoe.

Priscilla stops, rolls up her sleeves, yells.

PRISCILLA

Louise? I'll just do a little tidying up before dinner and-

Muffled SOUNDS, banging from the nearby closet.

PRISCILLA

Let me guess, a dog found a nesting-

She yanks the closet door open.

INSIDE CLOSET

Nate thrashes about in full-blown panic mode, strapped to a chair with a tie-dyed bandana stuck in his mouth.

PRISCILLA

What in the-

LOUISE (O.S.)

Gert found him in her special garden. No one messes with Gert's garden. Had this with him.

Priscilla pulls her eyes off a struggling, terrified, sweaty Nate, looks at the duffle bag of guns in Louise's hand.

LOUISE

Open carry's the new black around these parts. They're cheaper to get than Jaquin's meds.

PRISCILLA

What's wrong with Jaquin?

Louise shuts the door. More muffled SOUNDS, banging.

LOUISE

Shingles.

PRISCILLA

I'm sorry.

LOUISE

We're getting it under control. Damn docs want his gallbladder for collateral.

More banging. Priscilla looks at the door.

LOUISE

No need to dampen the groove before our celebration. I'll call the cops after we eat.

PRISCILLA

No! That won't be necessary...he's my...bodyguard...Nate. With all of the excitement, it slipped my mind he'd be tailing me.

Priscilla takes the bag from Louise, yanks open the door. A terrified look on Nate.

LOUISE

For heaven's sakes, Priscilla, we had no idea. Here, let me help him.

PRISCILLA

No. I'll handle him. He's here on my account, after all.

LOUISE

In that case, Nate, you'll want to ice that. There's some frozen alfalfa in the freezer.

Priscilla watches Louise round the corner. She looks at the duffle bag in her hand.

PRISCILLA

I could put my heel through that sweaty Adam's apple of yours and live happily ever after, but these are the people professionals like me swore we'd protect. So as much as it pains me to say it, and it's excruciating believe me, you've been granted a stay of execution.

Nate nods. He'd will her his first born right about now.

PRISCILLA

But, you do anything even remotely un-peaceful, and I mean one misplaced foot or fist or God forbid use of a gun on these "idyllic" premises, and you'll be pushing up the daisies that grow so abundant here. Understood?

Nate nods, a little less emphatically.

She bends down, grabs a hidden gun from Nate's ankle strap and a knife from the other one.

PRISCILLA

And these little artist tools are now mine. Though they'll likely need to be run through an autoclave before they're safe to touch.

Priscilla surveys the closet. It's clear all of the stuff in the hallway belongs inside it. She steps back.

PRISCILLA

Hang on.

She shuts the door. Silence from inside.

Priscilla stuffs the additional weapons inside the bag, searches the hallway, finds a cupboard.

She pulls a small, pink-zippered case from her pocket, pulls out a tiny button-sized tracking device, inserts it in the duffle, sticks the duffle into the cupboard.

She opens the closet door. Nate drips with sweat.

PRISCILLA

Now, as far as anyone of these delightful gray-hairs are concerned, you are my bodyguard, albeit inept as hell having been bested by a geriatric Wheat Thin with a garden tool, but nonetheless my bodyguard. Act accordingly.

Nate stares at her. He might be better off in the closet.

She unties the ropes and bandana, handling them like they're remnants of the plague.

Nate stumbles out gasping for air. He looks like hell.

PRISCILLA

I'd say pull yourself together, but it's clear the possibility is remote. Just do your best. We're going to dinner.

NATE

Dear God not again.



INT. HAPPY CAMPERS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Another eclectic room. Knives, pots, pans, within easy reach.

Nate eyes the knives.

Priscilla pulls a baggy of frozen alfalfa from the freezer, throws it at Nate. He catches it without missing a beat.

Priscilla sees the knives.

They eye each other, the knives, about to lunge.

                    LOUISE (O.S.)  
                    There you are.

Louise enters the kitchen.

                    LOUISE  
                    Sweetheart, they're all waiting.  
                    (to Nate)  
                    It won't do you any good like that.

Nate puts the bag of frozen alfalfa to his head.

                    NATE  
                    (to Priscilla)  
                    You heard the lady.

                    PRISCILLA  
                    (to Nate)  
                    After you.

Nate follows Louise out, Priscilla on his heels.

EXT. HAPPY CAMPERS' MAIN HOUSE - NIGHT

RESIDENTS mingle about. Louise heads to the platform.

Priscilla and Nate step out of the house, into a sea of bell bottoms, and a few too-many mini-skirts for the age group.

                    LOUISE  
                    There she is. The one who made all  
                    of this possible. Let's give  
                    Priscilla a Happy Campers' welcome.

The crowd breaks into CHEERS, WHOOPS, a COW BELL.

                    PRISCILLA  
                    Thank you. All of you. But Happy  
                    Campers is Louise's brainchild. I  
                    just did the easy part.

LOUISE  
Like pay for everything.

More happy CHEERING, COW BELL.

Gert steps out from the crowd walks toward them.

PRISCILLA  
Wow. She is fierce, all seventy  
pounds of her.

Gert gives Priscilla a bear hug, glares at Nate. He takes a  
step back, keeping the alfalfa pressed to his head.

GERT  
He ruined four of my best plants.  
Had to harvest them early.

PRISCILLA  
I'm terribly sorry. Finesse isn't  
his strong suit.

GERT  
Never mind all that. You're a  
legend around here. We owe you.  
(to Nate)  
If your big toe so much as grazes  
one of my plants, so help me-

NATE  
Are you two related?

PRISCILLA  
Would you please excuse us, Gert?

Priscilla takes Nate's arm moves off to a table with two  
seats. She forces him into his, then sits across from him.

NATE  
If you want me to keep my mouth  
shut, you need to chill out.

PRISCILLA  
(hushed)  
Were you or were you not trying to  
kill me tonight?

NATE  
I didn't succeed, did I?

PRISCILLA  
Your misguided point?

NATE

Look, I don't know why these people have crowned you queen of the commune, but you saved my butt, and as much as it pains me to say it, and believe me it does, I owe you.

PRISCILLA

I didn't do it for you.

NATE

Clearly. But, you lighten up on about ten different levels and stop trying to kill me for a few hours, and I'll return the favor.

PRISCILLA

Good. These people don't harm flies, so as far as I'm concerned, the more we keep to ourselves, the better off we'll be.

Nate sits back in his chair, puts the alfalfa on the table.

NATE

They don't know what you do for a living, do they? Where all of the money that so easily funds their organic peace party actually comes from? They're clueless.

Priscilla fidgets, looks at her WATCH. It's 7PM. She straightens her place setting, tidies the table.

PRISCILLA

I'd like to keep it that way.

NATE

I'd like my tools back.

PRISCILLA

Then we have a deal. A twelve-hour truce, then I kill you.

NATE

Twelve hours, then I kill you.

A dinner BELL rings.

LOUISE

Let's eat!

BUFFET LINE

Nate and Priscilla on opposite sides of the buffet. Next to Nate, Bob takes a hit off a joint.

Bob holds the joint out to Nate.

BOB  
Hey man, it's pot-luck.

NATE  
Can't. I'm here to protect madam benefactor.

BOB  
Bummer, man.

Priscilla averts her eyes. Best not to see the contraband. Her discomfort not lost on Nate.

PRISCILLA  
Doesn't that bean salad look tasty.

NATE  
Since I'm on top of things,  
Priscilla's free to partake.

Bob holds out the joint to a stunned Priscilla.

NATE  
(to Priscilla)  
Time to lighten up.

PRISCILLA  
Oh, no, I have this sort of project thing I'm working on, and I really need to keep my focus-

BOB  
This is some of Gert's best stuff.  
You'll focus like the dickens.

PRISCILLA  
But my work is-

NATE  
Something Bob and all of our friends here would love to hear about.  
(to the line)  
Priscilla's quite an accomplished-

PRISCILLA  
Maybe just a little.

NATE  
Clean-up artist.

Priscilla glares at Nate. Takes a hit. Chokes.

NATE  
Gotta hold it in a wee bit longer.

Priscilla takes another hit. Looks at Nate for his okay. Nate waits, enjoying the moment, then nods.

Priscilla blows the smoke out. Stares at the joint.

NATE  
Caring is sharing.

PRISCILLA  
What?

He motions for her to pass it to the Dean beside her, covered in fringe. She hands it to him.

DEAN  
Why thank you lovely lady, don't  
mind if I do.

THEIR TABLE

Empty plates, a candle, sit between Nate and Priscilla.

They're in the mid conversation. There's a marked difference in Priscilla. She's high.

PRISCILLA  
But you're absolutely positively  
sure no one followed you?

NATE  
Absolutely positively.

PRISCILLA  
How can you be so sure?

NATE  
Trade secrets I wouldn't trust you  
with and won't divulge.

PRISCILLA  
Like how you found me? How did you  
find me?

Nate sits back.

PRISCILLA

To be honest, I'm impressed. I mean apart from the whole attempt on my life thing.

Amanda approaches with a plate of brownies.

Priscilla looks like she might eat the whole batch.

AMANDA

Anyone care for one of Gert's special brownies?

PRISCILLA

They do look special.

Nate taps his temple.

NATE

Keeping my wits about me tonight, but I think little miss toker here will have two.

AMANDA

Two? You young folks sure know how to party.

PRISCILLA

(to Nate)

You don't like brownies?

NATE

I don't trust the baker.

Amanda hands two brownies on a napkin to an eager Priscilla.

Priscilla takes a bite. She moans they're so good. Nate can't stifle a smile.

PRISCILLA

You know, you have a really incredible smile. Oh my God, these brownies are amazing. There's something different about them, a little added flavor. Yum.

NATE

Wouldn't have pegged you for having a sweet tooth.

PRISCILLA

See, you don't know everything about me. In fact, I can remember tasting my very first brownie.

She takes another bite, finishing off brownie number 1.

PRISCILLA

I was ten. Louise and I made them from scratch. The batter was good enough to eat. They were so yummy.

NATE

Louise is your mother?

In the BACKGROUND the BAND plays their version of the Dead's FRIEND OF THE DEVIL.

Priscilla grows considerably more stoned. Shakes her head.

PRISCILLA

No. But she was like a real mom, not the kind from those other foster homes. You know the ones who try to do the right thing, but their hearts just aren't in it?

NATE

You were a foster kid?

PRISCILLA

Three times over before they put me with Louise. Apparently, I was a real handful.

Louise dances over.

LOUISE

Hey you, two, this is a party. Come on' and dance.

LATER

Bell bottoms swish against maxi dresses and fringe.

Nate dances with Louise, Priscilla with Dean, barefoot, her hair no longer tied up like a prisoner.

The song ends.

BOB

Thanks, folks. We'd love to play a little longer but Jaquin needs his meds, and I promised Amanda a game of strip Bingo. You all have a great night. Here's to Priscilla.

Folks grab dishes, carry them back to various campers.

Louise grabs a platter, heads toward the house, Nate follows with some bowls.

INT. HAPPY CAMPERS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Louise sprays the platter in the sink, Nate behind her.

NATE

Where do you want them?

Louise points to the counter. Nate puts the bowls there.

NATE

Priscilla says you were her favorite foster mom.

Louise cleans, talks.

LOUISE

Loved every minute with her.

NATE

She loves your brownies.

LOUISE

Gert's, too, apparently. I've never seen her this...

NATE

Normal.

LOUISE

Relaxed. Poor thing, such a cruel childhood. Can you imagine having to be rescued from your own home?

Nate shakes his head, 'no'.

LOUISE

Took them eight days to find her beneath his damn crap. She actually had carved out a tiny cave, God only knows how she managed to stay alive in there. All she had to her name was that worn Teddy bear. Thanks to a dear friend, she was at least awarded the deed to her father's property.

Nate hands Louise the bowls.

NATE

At least she has that.



LOUISE

That bang on your head is taking  
it's toll. She gave it to us. How  
else could we have afforded this?  
Sends us her commission money every  
month, too, so we can buy therapy  
dogs, and pay our medical bills. If  
not for her we'd be selling our  
kidneys to the highest bidder.

Nate looks out the window.

In the BACKYARD, twinkling lights illuminate Priscilla.

NATE

I better get going, get her to the  
camper in one piece...being her  
bodyguard and all.

LOUISE

Uh huh.

He leaves. Louise watches him catch a teetering Priscilla as  
she waves goodbye to Bob and Amanda.

LOUISE

Bodyguard my ass.

She watches Nate put his arm around Priscilla's waist and  
guide her down the path.

EXT. WOODED PATH - NIGHT

Priscilla, shoes in hand, walks beside Nate.

Hound Toby appears on the path, wags his tail.

Without missing a beat, Priscilla bends to pet him.

Just as a bullet whizzes by her head, imbeds in a tree.

Nate throws himself on top of Priscilla.

NATE

Can you run or are you too stoned?

FOOTSTEPS pound from all around.

PRISCILLA

Trade secrets you don't care to  
divulge? Get off of me.

Nate pulls her up, they sprint into the woods, and into Louise, Gert, and Dean.

LOUISE  
Sweetheart, I know this isn't the  
best time to-

A bullet hits the ground splattering twigs.

PRISCILLA  
Louise, there's no time, head for  
the lake.

LOUISE  
Honey, what I'm trying to say is-

NATE  
Do as she says, Louise, and the-

Nate reaches for Louise's arm.

In a nanosecond, Nate's on the ground, Louise's knee to his neck. Priscilla stares at Louise in disbelief.

GERT  
There's no time to explain, love.  
Follow Dean.

Another bullet hits a tree. Nate gets the upper hand, flips Louise on her back. He jumps back, startled.

NATE  
Damn it. Sorry.

He grabs Louise's hand, pulls her up.

LOUISE  
Don't be.

PRISCILLA  
We're not leaving you to fend off  
Black Ice agents. These guys are-

LOUISE  
Newbies.

FOOTSTEPS running toward the group.

In runs ASSASSIN 1, Gert tucks and rolls, knocking him down. She rolls out of the way. He leaps up, lunges for Louise.

Louise aikido's his neck, dropping him instantly.

LOUISE  
I do miss this.

PRISCILLA  
Are you telling me-

ASSASSIN 2 darts out from the bushes. Nate scissor kicks his legs out from under him. Gert pushes off a tree, lands on the assassin's chest, jumps off, Dean twists his head, his neck cracks.

GERT  
Don't you love that sound?

DEAM  
Gert, dear, you really should get out more.

Dean checks his flip phone.

DEAN  
Bob says there are three more, coming from the east.

PRISCILLA  
Louise?

LOUISE  
Sweetheart, I know I should have been a bit more up front when you were growing up-

ASSASSINS 3, 4, and 5 roll into the mix, lunge upward. Louise and Priscilla carry on a conversation while a mixture of hand-to-hand combat ensues between Nate, Assassins, Dean, and Gert

LOUISE  
But there is that whole confidentiality business, not to mention your school plays-

PRISCILLA  
You were killing people while I was in elementary school?

LOUISE  
Nursing is a lovely profession, but it doesn't pay the bills.

Assassin 4 lunges for Louise, Priscilla aikido's his neck without missing a beat.

PRISCILLA  
And Cliff?

LOUISE

You were just so darn aggressive as a child. I had to figure out some way to channel it constructively. I thought, like mother like daughter.

Nate cracks the neck of Assassin 3, goes to high-five Gert, she snubs him.

PRISCILLA

And Cliff?

LOUISE

You were a fast learner. He was duly impressed.

Priscilla throes her hands up in the air as Assassin 5 takes a fist to the nuts from Gert, a chop to the neck from Dean, and a head twist from Nate.

The assassins lay dead. In run underwear-clad Bob and partially dressed Amanda.

DEAN

You're late.

AMANDA

Just wanted to give you the all clear. Must have scared the last guy away. We saw him hang back, then take off in his Chevy.

LOUISE

(to Bob)

You lose at bingo again?

INT. PRISCILLA'S CAMPER - NIGHT

Nate and Priscilla at opposite ends of the camper. Nate sweaty, dirt covered.

Priscilla stares at his sculpted arm. He catches her looking, she points to a gash on it.

PRISCILLA

You should put something on that. Louise is a nurse. I'm sure she put a first aid kit in here somewhere.

Priscilla roots around, pulls out a kit, pulls out cream, bandages, medical scissors.

NATE

A trained killer and a nurse, how normal.

She wraps his arm with the bandage, tapes it. Looks up. The moment is too charged for them. They step back.

PRISCILLA

You're a claustrophobic assassin, if we're on the subject of normal.

Nate stiffens.

NATE

You read that in the paperwork?

She shakes her head, 'no.'

PRISCILLA

You didn't go down the hole in my house. And then there was the back hall closet. Dead give away. Dead.

NATE

A lot of people don't like tight spaces.

PRISCILLA

A lot of people don't drown in their own sweat.

Priscilla crosses her arms.

PRISCILLA

So?

NATE

So what?

PRISCILLA

Why are you claustrophobic?

NATE

Are you nuts? Give you more ammo?

PRISCILLA

If we're going to work together, I should at least know what I'm up against.

NATE

I'm not working with you.

PRISCILLA

I don't see that you have choice.  
It's just temporary, until we get  
to the bottom of things.

She uncrosses her arms.

NATE

Then we go our separate ways?

PRISCILLA

Absolutely. Yes. So. Why the  
claustrophobia?

Nate give up.

NATE

When I was a kid, my mother had an  
old trunk in the attic. It had a  
bunch of books in it. I used to  
crawl inside and read. One day, the  
Salvation Army came to collect  
stuff. I just heard the word  
'army', and that they were coming,  
so I pulled the lid down. I was too  
scared to scream.

PRISCILLA

You were donated to the Salvation  
Army by your mother? Well, that  
explains your trust issues, too.

NATE

Now I have trust issues?

PRISCILLA

Doesn't look like a recent  
phenomenon to me. Probably from  
that empty space on your wall.

NATE

You were in my apartment?

PRISCILLA

I was going to kill you in your  
sleep.

NATE

Charming.

PRISCILLA

We're assassins. Don't be so  
sensitive.

NATE

I need a shower.

He turns toward the bathroom, pushes aside the door. The bathroom is tiny, dark. He stops, turns, heads for the exit.

PRISCILLA

Where are you going?

NATE

To the lake.

He starts to leave. Priscilla grabs his non-banded arm.

PRISCILLA

Wait here.

She leaves. A beat. She bounds back in with a potted fern.

She goes to the bathroom, props open the door, pulls the curtain back from the window, opens it, sticks the plant in the sink.

PRISCILLA

Keep the shower curtain open, focus on the plant and the window. Don't look at the walls. Exposure therapy. It works.

Nate looks at the bathroom, at her, back at the bathroom.

NATE

Got a towel?

Priscilla pulls a drawer out from under the bed, gets a towel, hands it to Nate.

He walks into the bathroom.

Priscilla manages to pull her eyes away from Nate's back.

Nate doesn't shut the bathroom door, turns the shower on.

Priscilla peeks back, sees the towel on the floor.

Nate, in the shower, yells.

NATE (O.S.)

We have to hack into Black Ice.

PRISCILLA

Can you do that?

NATE (O.S.)  
Get my duffle. My laptop's in it.

EXT. WOODED PATH - NIGHT

Priscilla runs toward the main house.

INT. HAPPY CAMPERS' BACK HALL - NIGHT

Priscilla opens a cupboard, yanks out Nate's duffle.

LOUISE (O.S.)  
He's got skills.

Startled, Priscilla almost drops the bag.

PRISCILLA  
Louise, you scared the daylights  
out of me.

LOUISE  
Don't be so jumpy. Something you  
want to share with me?

PRISCILLA  
Me share with you? What is this  
place?

LOUISE  
Gert, Dean, and the rest of us got  
out of the business when the  
intelligence aspect of the Agency  
took a hike. We're so far off the  
grid, CIA assumes we're all dead.  
And we're happy that way. The  
problem is, we can't do much for  
you once you leave the reservation,  
and when you do, it could be fatal.

PRISCILLA  
I can take care of myself. Besides,  
Nate and I decided to pool our  
resources...temporarily.

LOUISE  
Good. Gert'll go commando if one  
more plant gets trampled. She has a  
bit of a temper.

PRISCILLA  
She should see someone about that.



Priscilla kisses Louise's cheek, leaves with Nate's duffle.

INT. PRISCILLA'S CAMPER - NIGHT

Priscilla throws open the door, races up the short steps, and runs right into a bare-chested Nate zipping his pants.

PRISCILLA  
Oh, crap, sorry.

She thrusts the bag at him, staring at more scars.

NATE  
Job hazard.

PRISCILLA  
That's something we have in common.

NATE  
Going somewhere with this?

PRISCILLA  
Something's nagging at me, but I  
can't put my finger on it.

NATE  
Not the agents coming out of the  
woodwork or the geriatric killers  
reigning terror on them?

PRISCILLA  
More like why are we targets?

NATE  
That's what we have to find out.

He opens his duffle, yanks out a lap top.

NATE  
What do we have in common?

PRISCILLA  
We kill people.

NATE  
And what do the people we killed  
have in common?

LATER

Nate sits at the lap top punching keys. Priscilla paces.

NATE

In the past eighteen months, two drug dealers, a weapons dealer and six rogue agents for you, two weapons dealers, an Al Quaida operative and seven rogue agents for me.

PRISCILLA

That's a lot of rogue agents. How many agents were at my place?

NATE

Three, plus three more at the motel, and five here. All tolled, twenty four.

PRISCILLA

That's a lot of dead agents.

Nate clicks around the BLACK ICE/CIA site.

NATE

Odd. There's a cost analysis.

He points to a chart with names and columns of numbers.

NATE

You're an expensive employee.

PRISCILLA

I shouldn't be. They keep denying my medical bills.

NATE

Mine, too. I should have been an insurance salesman.

He clicks a CONFIDENTIAL button but can't get in.

PRISCILLA

Is it too much to ask to see a doctor without giving up a kidney?

NATE

Damn it. Thought I was in.

He clicks some more. The screen reads: ACCESS DENIED.

Priscilla grabs a towel. Looks at Nate. He stops clicking, turns to her.

PRISCILLA

I really need a shower.

NATE  
I won't stop you.

Priscilla looks at the bathroom, back at Nate.

NATE  
You're their spiritual leader for  
crying out loud. And, there's Gert.

Priscilla moves into the bathroom, closes the door.

NATE  
Right.

He types, clicks. Nothing. In the BACKGROUND the SHOWER.

Nate grabs a thumb drive from his duffle, plugs it into the  
lap top. NUMBERS scroll across the screen until a password  
populates it. He types the password.

NATE  
Bingo.

Nate clicks and sees his name. He clicks. Freezes.

EXT. CLIFF THOMPSON'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

A high-end garden party is underway with 20 GUESTS.

Cliff holds court at the grill surrounded by guests.

CLIFF  
Who's ready for my famous BBQ?

Cliff's perfect wife, LACEY, glides across the yard with a  
tray of drinks.

She reaches a group of guests, hands one to PETE RAYNOR, 40s,  
At first glance, he looks like Eddy Munster. At a closer  
look, his eyes aren't nearly as kind.

Pete sticks out his hand. Lacey plants a drink in it.

PETE  
Thanks, Lacey. You planning on  
giving the big guy a break from  
kitchen duty anytime soon?

LACEY  
So the two of you can slink away  
thick as thieves? I think not,  
Senator.

She winks, hands drinks to guests. Pete raises his glass.

PETE  
Cheers!

He takes a sip.

GUEST 3  
(to Pete)  
Heading into a tough week, Senator?

PETE  
We're in good shape.

GUEST 3  
Can't give me any more than that?

PETE  
Off the record?

GUEST 3  
We're at a BBQ.

Pete raises his glass, walks toward the grill.

PETE  
Exactly.

Pete slaps Cliff on the back.

PETE  
Got anything a little less  
fattening?

CLIFF  
I've been trimming fat all week.

PETE  
Heard that many times before.

Cliff lays down the grilling tool, waves to a young TEEN.

CLIFF  
Mikey, take over for me? I need  
to get the Senator something he can  
sink his teeth into.

MIKEY sprints over, eager to get behind the grill.

Cliff and Pete disappear into the house.

INT. PRISCILLA'S CAMPER - NIGHT

Priscilla steps out of the bathroom, a spring in her step, casually dressed, drying her hair.

No Nate, no laptop, no duffle bag. No note.

PRISCILLA

No way.

INT. CLIFF THOMPSON'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

This place could serve kings. Cliff opens a set of indoor shutters revealing a well-stocked bar.

CLIFF

Told you I had you covered.

PETE

You're my cap's one and only feather.

He chugs the rest of his drink, hands the glass to Cliff who's mixing a cocktail. He pours it in Pete's glass.

CLIFF

Don't let Lacey see. I promised no hard stuff and no work tonight.

PETE

Your secret's safe with me.

CLIFF

Music to my ears.

Pete downs his drink.

CLIFF

Everything okay?

PETE

You know how it goes. It's all a numbers game.

CLIFF

Worry's a useless emotion. You have my word on that.

Lacey enters with an empty tray, lays it on one of the granite counters.

LACEY

A yard full of people and the two of you are huddled in here like it's third down and you're on the one-yard line.

CLIFF

(to Pete)

She's learning football.

Cliff holds up his arm, waving his wrist and the FitBit.

CLIFF

(to Lacey)

Just showing off the gift my gorgeous wife gave me.

PETE

Great gift, Lacey. Way to keep our fearless leader in shape.

LACEY

Too bad our leader can't figure out how to use it.

PETE

Old dog.

CLIFF

Not that old, buddy.

Cliff kisses Lacey's cheek on his way out.

INT. HAPPY CAMPERS' MAIN HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Priscilla, pink bags in hand, argues with Louise.

PRISCILLA

I wasn't even supposed to be here.

LOUISE

There are crazies out there.

PRISCILLA

That's why I need to go. After my promotion, we'll be safe, and we'll get what Happy Campers' needs.

She kisses Louise on the cheek, notices the kitchen clutter and a stain on the floor. She fidgets.

PRISCILLA

The place is a mess. And that stain. With a little vinegar, I can get it clean in no time.

LOUISE

Absolutely not.

PRISCILLA

It'll just take a minute.

She opens a cupboard.

PRISCILLA

Where do you keep the-

Louise touches Priscilla's arm.

LOUISE

Sweetheart. Go.

Priscilla pulls herself away.

EXT. HAPPY CAMPERS' MAIN HOUSE - NIGHT

Priscilla yanks open her car door, jumps in. Turns the key, it doesn't turn over. She tries again. Nothing.

PRISCILLA

Damn it.

She slams the door. Something catches her eye in the grass: shiny car parts.

LOUISE (O.S.)

You know, I thought it was odd when he was fiddling around under your hood, but Dean and I got a little distracted.

PRISCILLA

I can thumb.

Louise pulls a set of keys from her pocket.

LOUISE

In the garage. It's my age, but it'll get you where you need to go.

Priscilla grabs the keys, kisses Louise's cheek, darts off.

INT. HAPPY CAMPERS' GARAGE - NIGHT

An old VW bus with peace signs and marijuana leaves painted all over it, sits gathering dust.

Priscilla stares at it.

She pulls open the driver's side door. The front bench is covered in flower pots, rags, a wind chime.

PRISCILLA

Naturally.

Priscilla pushes the debris onto the floor of the van, puts her bags on the passenger seat, wrinkles her nose, jumps in, starts up the engine.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The VW bus makes its way in the slow lane.

INSIDE

Priscilla yanks open a pink bag, pulls out a small tracking device, sticks it to the dashboard, hits the ON switch.

A map appears on a small screen. A green dot blinks, moves.

PRISCILLA

Gotcha.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

The bus pulls into a station.

Nate grabs his duffle, gets off the bus.

INSIDE THE DUFFLE

Under the laptop, guns, a button-size device glows green.

EXT. RENTAL CAR PARK - NIGHT

Nate, in a rental car, pulls out of the rental lot.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Nate's rental sits outside ROOM 6.



INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Nate unzips a suit bag.

LATER

Nate, suit and tie, grabs his duffle, grabs a gun, stuffs it in his back belt, zips the duffle, stuffs it under the bed.

He leaves.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

Mercedes, Jaguars, Cadillacs fill the parking lot.

Nate waltzes up, fits right in. The DOORMAN opens the door.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB BAR - NIGHT

A mixture of suits and dresses fill the room.

Nate spots Roger at the bar, and makes his way over to it.

BARTENDER

What will it be, sir?

Roger sips his drink.

NATE

Dewers, straight up.

ROGER

Interesting seeing you here.

NATE

Thought I'd go to the source to help me decide my next move.

ROGER

The way I see it, you have two choices. Go to jail for murder or finish your assignment.

The bartender slides the drink in front of Nate.

NATE

Put it on my buddy's tab.

The bartender walks away.

NATE

You think you can prove that?

ROGER

The evidence all points to you, 'buddy'. Afraid the writing's on the proverbial wall and on every Black Ice record.

NATE

Not on every record.

Roger sips his drink.

NATE

The drawback to employing a hack? We make it our mission to do it.

ROGER

You should make it your mission to save your own skin, because it's tough to hack much without it.

NATE

Your concern is touching.

ROGER

Lizzie was having an affair with Joe, giving you a nice juicy motive to off him. I'm sure you read that when you were hacking around our system this morning.

NATE

I read a lot of things.

ROGER

I figure you have a few hours before every law enforcement officer this side of the Capitol hunts you down. He was a mighty likable guy that Joe. But, I'll make a deal with you: finish your assignment, walk away a free man.

NATE

I'm supposed to trust you?

ROGER

You? Let's just say you have a decision to make and leave it at that.

Nate downs his drink, leaves.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Nate enters, throws a key on the bed. Turns a lamp on.

Priscilla stands, silencer aimed at Nate's head.

PRISCILLA

You have six minutes before their  
guns start blazing. Talk.

Nate kicks the gun out of her hand. They spar.

NATE

I could have killed you in the  
shower.

PRISCILLA

As if. Spiritual leader. Isn't that  
what you called me?

Priscilla eyes the duffle bag sticking out from the bed.

NATE

It won't help you.

Priscilla lunges for the duffle, grabs a gun, points it at  
Nate. Nate moves closer. Confident.

PRISCILLA

What did Roger tell you?

NATE

Not a hell of a lot.

PRISCILLA

But enough.

NATE

I know I'm supposed to serve up  
your pretty head on a Black Ice  
platter.

The gun wobbles a tiny bit.

PRISCILLA

What else?

NATE

For a normal person, that would be  
plenty. Put down the gun.

PRISCILLA

I do this, I get everything I've  
worked for.

NATE

And what is that exactly?

Nate walks closer. She steadies her aim.

PRISCILLA

I doubt you'd understand.

NATE

I have a pretty good IQ, passed assassin school with high marks. A relative genius when it comes to technology. I'm sure I can grasp the concept of greed.

PRISCILLA

Is that what you call building a medical facility for the elderly? I should have guessed. Well I have news for you, Romeo-

NATE

No, I have news for you. That gun is calibrated to my hand, and only my finger can pull the trigger. Like I said, tech genius.

Priscilla points the gun just to the right of Nate's head, pulls the trigger. Nothing happens.

Nate yanks it away.

NATE (CONT'D)

Just when you were growing on me.

He points the gun at her for a beat, yanks it back, stuffs it in his back belt.

PRISCILLA

Fine. What now?

NATE

Hell if I know, but according to your calculations we have about a minute to vamoose or we're toast.

EXT. BACK OF MOTEL - NIGHT

Priscilla jumps out of a small, bathroom window.

Nate jumps out behind her with his duffle bag.

He stares at the VW bus.

NATE

Nice ride.

PRISCILLA

It's the best I could do. Some hack tampered with my car.

INT. VW VAN - NIGHT

The van moves along in the slow lane.

NATE

Good thing our lives aren't on the line. Oh wait, they are. Go faster.

PRISCILLA

Not without my carburetor, which is laying in a field about three hundred miles away. I need to reach Cliff.

NATE

I don't trust him.

PRISCILLA

How surprising.

NATE

I found something you should see.

Up ahead, by a dirt road, a sign reads: TWILIGHT CAMP GROUNDS. Priscilla uses the turn signal.

NATE

We're going camping?

EXT. CAMP SITE - NIGHT

The VW bus looks at home next to a small campfire and two mismatched chairs.

Nate sits in a chair. Priscilla paces reading a document.

PRISCILLA

Cliff doesn't know any of this.

NATE

Fish always rot from the head.

PRISCILLA

That's a thoroughly disgusting analogy, and I beg to differ.

Besides, this has Roger written all over it. He took my promotion, he wants me dead and neither of us knows why. He said you killed Joe. You didn't have a motive, which renders that concept moot-

Nate shifts in his seat.

PRISCILLA

He took Joe's job, and more importantly here's proof Joe was investigating Roger, so if anyone has a motive, it's him, and once we lay it out for Cliff, we can put an end to this fiasco. I'll get my promotion, Happy Campers will get their medical facility, you get Wonder Woman back, and we never have to see each other again.

NATE

You're a walking example of cognitive dissonance. Don't let the facts ruin your hero worship.

PRISCILLA

You said yourself, Joe was investigating Roger. Not Cliff.

NATE

Is everything always black and white with you?

Priscilla eyes a crushed coffee can on the ground. She opens the back of the VW bus, grabs a partially filled trash bag, marches to the can, stuffs it in the bag.

NATE

Why do you do that?

PRISCILLA

I pick up trash. Shoot me.

NATE

It's tempting.

PRISCILLA

So what if I like things clean. I shouldn't leave the camp site in good shape for the next person?

I should neglect my civic and personal responsibility, let mounds of crap pile up as if the land itself isn't worth the energy I'd have to extend to simply care about it? Is that what you're saying?

Nate walks a few feet beyond her, picks up a crumpled piece of tinfoil, stuffs it in the bag.

NATE

You're right. It deserves better.  
I'm sorry.

Priscilla doesn't know what to do. She hugs the trash bag.

NATE

I'm hungry. You?

EXT. TWILIGHT CAMPGROUND TRAIL - NIGHT

Priscilla and Nate walk through a path toward a busy recreation barn lit with twinkling lights.

PRISCILLA

May I ask you a personal question?

NATE

Shoot.

PRISCILLA

Your fiance, ex-fiance. Is she in the business?

NATE

Lizzie? Not a chance. She's a pediatric neurologist, abhors any kind of violence.

PRISCILLA

She must not have been too enamored with your job.

Nate grabs a stick, whacks at a few pebbles.

NATE

I never told her.

PRISCILLA

Oh.

NATE

Quid pro quo?

PRISCILLA

Sure.

NATE

Why are you so attached to Cliff?

INT. CAMPGROUND RECREATION BARN - NIGHT

Rustic. Two Twilight CLERKS hold fort behind the snack bar. Busy video and arcade games, semi-filled picnic tables, and a big screen TV mounted on a wall by a pool table.

Nate and Priscilla sit across from one another at a picnic table eating hot dogs and sipping sodas in mid conversation.

PRISCILLA

Louise enrolled me in Karate classes when I was younger. I did well. After one of my tournaments, a man approached me and said he thought I had a certain something that would make me a good fit for the CIA. He gave me his card.

She chomps on her hot dog, leaving a mix of condiments on her cheek. Nate reaches over with a napkin, wipes them off.

NATE

You were what? Fifteen?

PRISCILLA

Fourteen. I didn't say anything to Louise, which in retrospect is kind of funny since she was the one who set it up. Anyway, I kept the card. After high school graduation, I was cleaning out a closet-

NATE

No surprise there.

PRISCILLA

And I came across the card. It was Cliff's. He's been like a father to me ever since. Paid for college, bought me my first car, too.

Nate points to the TV.

NATE

Speaking of Papa bear.

ON THE TV



A NEWSCASTER stands in front of the Capitol talking into a microphone. Behind her Cliff, Pete, and several SENATORS.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

In an historic event today, the GOP agreed to cut one hundred million dollars from the federal defense budget breaking gridlock and throwing down the gauntlet for the democrats. Senator Raynor, how were you able to accomplish this?

She puts the mic in front of Pete's mouth.

PETE (V.O.)

It's the result of hard work on the part of fine leaders, like Cliff Thompson, who know when redundancies need to be terminated.

Nate grabs Priscilla's arm.

NATE

He's terminating redundancies.

PRISCILLA

Are you implying we're redundant?

Just as the newscaster is about to speak, an image of Nate's face fills the screen with an 800 number scrolling below it.

MALE (V.O.)

We interrupt this scheduled program to bring you an emergency message. The man you see on your screen, Nate Trucks, is armed and dangerous, and wanted for murder. If you see this man on the street, do not approach him. I repeat. Do not approach. Call the number on your screen below.

BACK TO SCENE

One of the Twilight clerks behind the counter whacks his fellow clerk and points at Nate.

NATE

You don't have to hit me upside the head twice with a garden tool.

Nate stands.

PRISCILLA

Go. I'll stall them with my wit or  
maybe I'll just extol the many  
virtues of mop and glow.

NATE

Don't kill them. We're in enough  
trouble.

Nate drops their trash in the bin on his way out, winks at  
Priscilla. She approaches the snack bar, all smiles.

Clerk 1 pulls a phone from his pocket, about to text.

PRISCILLA

Excuse me.

He stops.

CLERK 1

Ma'am?

PRISCILLA

That was one of the most delicious  
hot dogs I may have ever eaten, but  
now that I'm eating for two  
(rubbing her belly)  
I find that it didn't do the trick.

CLERK 1

I'm sorry?

PRISCILLA

I'm craving an omelet with bits of  
tomato, onion, and what's that  
delicious root vegetable?

The clerk shakes his head confused.

PRISCILLA

It's not garlic, though come to  
think of it garlic would be good,  
too. How about adding that?

CLERK 1

I'm not supposed to make things  
that aren't on our menu.

Clerk 2 cozies up to the counter.

CLERK 2

(Whispers to clerk 1)  
Did you make the call?

They whisper to each other. Priscilla bangs her hands on the counter. The clerks jump.

PRISCILLA  
Leeks! That's what I want.

She waddles to their side of the counter.

PRISCILLA  
Let's see what we can cook up.

EXT. TWILIGHT CAMPGROUND TRAIL - NIGHT

Nate jogs down the quiet path.

He approaches the campsite ahead, sees a shadow near the fire, ducks into the trees lining the path.

From his POV, three AGENTS, survey the area.

INT. CAMPGROUND RECREATION BARN KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tiny kitchen crammed with a cook top, refrigerator, stainless counter top.

On the counter eggs and spices.

On the floor, the two clerks tied together and gagged.

EXT. TWILIGHT CAMPGROUND TRAIL - NIGHT

Priscilla sprints down the trail, tosses the clerk's PHONE into the woods.

She picks up her pace.

From the side of the path, Nate yanks her into the trees, covering her mouth.

NATE  
Three agents at the campsite. We'll have better luck if we take them from both sides.

He pulls his hand away from her mouth.

PRISCILLA  
Thank you. I'll probably catch some wretched virus now. When was the last time you washed your hands?

NATE

We have a few more deadly concerns  
at the moment.

PRISCILLA

What's more deadly than Ebola?

NATE

You think I have Ebola?

PRISCILLA

That's not the point. Virus  
transmission is practically a given  
the moment hands come into contact  
with mouths and eyes.

NATE

I don't have a virus.

PRISCILLA

How would you know? The incubation  
period can be seven to ten days,  
maybe longer.

NATE

You know you can help for this?

PRISCILLA

This from the guy who can't brush  
his teeth with the door closed.

NATE

Can we please get back to killing  
some one?

PRISCILLA

Fine.

NATE

Good. You take our man on the  
right. I'll take the other two.

PRISCILLA

I'll believe it when I see it.

Nate dives, rolls across the path into the trees on the  
opposite side of the trail.

The two of them move stealth like through the woods, reaching  
the opposite sides of the campsite.

BLACK agent, moves toward the trees, focusing on something.

Nate darts out, cracks him on the head with his gun, drags him into the woods. As Nate starts out of the trees, he hears the CRACKLING of the agent's communication device.

LEAD AGENT (V.O.)  
Echo two, come in, Echo two.

Nate searches the agent for the communication device, sticks it in his ear, attaches the base of it to his pocket.

NATE  
Echo two, clear.

LEAD AGENT (V.O.)  
Echo three, come in.

PRISCILLA (V.O.)  
His head's a little too far up his  
ass to chat. Echo two, three  
o'clock.

Nate pivots to his right seconds before LEAD AGENT fires, the bullet hits a tree just behind Nate.

Nate lunges for the agent bringing them both crashing down.

Through Priscilla's gun SCOPE the two bodies fight, tangled.

Nate gets the upper hand. Lead Agent lays silent.

NATE  
Hurry up.

Priscilla jogs into view, carrying two guns.

NATE  
You need a meeting with Papa bear.

EXT. PLEASURE MOTEL - NIGHT

A broken neon sign reads: FLEAS TEL.

Priscilla leaves the reception area.

Nate pops out of the passenger seat of the car with a bag, follows her into ROOM 11.

INT. PLEASURE MOTEL ROOM 11 - NIGHT

It's a flea bag.

Priscilla starts to pull off a bedspread.

NATE

Is that necessary?

PRISCILLA

You have no idea what creatures are on these things. There have been studies, and quite frankly, I gag every time I think about what they actually found.

NATE

Try thinking of it as a challenge.

PRISCILLA

Meaning?

NATE

Dare yourself to sit on one. Start off slow. Sit for a minute.

Priscilla looks at Nate, then at the bedspread. She sits.

NATE

See?

Priscilla nods, less tense.

NATE

You're still alive. Doing great. Any word from him?

PRISCILLA

No.

Nate grabs the bag, pulls out two boxes. He opens them, pulling out small wires and miniature recording devices. He holds one of the wires.

NATE

Your shirt?

Priscilla unbuttons her shirt, Nate looks at her as she lays the shirt on the bed. All of her scars now exposed.

Nate points to a scar on her abdomen.

PRISCILLA

Arms dealer in Saudi Arabia.

NATE

They can be tough.

PRISCILLA

Uh huh.

Nate moves a little closer points to a scar on her rib.

PRISCILLA  
Czech drug lord.

NATE  
They have no finesse.

Nate kneels, touches a contracture scar. Priscilla looks him in the very nice eyes. Swallows.

PRISCILLA  
I was on the burn unit for a month.

NATE  
Must have been painful.

PRISCILLA  
It looks horrible now.

NATE  
No. It's unique.

PRISCILLA  
Oh.

They're inches apart, lips close. Priscilla's phone BEEPS ruining the moment.

PRISCILLA  
It's him.

Priscilla texts. Nate positions a wire on her abdomen.

PRISCILLA  
It only bought us thirty minutes.

NATE  
You good?

PRISCILLA  
I'm finding it tough to wrap my head around.

NATE  
It's what all agents have in common. We're all very expensive medical liabilities.

PRISCILLA  
Liabilities, not redundancies.

NATE

You and I have been killing off the firm's biggest expenses - terminating redundancies - so there's no culpability. Just business as usual.

PRISCILLA

Cliff would never do anything so heinous. If any of this is true, it's Roger's doing. But I still can't see a motive.

NATE

Cutting Black Ice expenses reduces our program costs to the CIA, which reduces the military budget, which makes a political party look good.

PRISCILLA

Why would Cliff care what a political party looks like? What possible motive could he have?

NATE

I don't know. But there's a reason, and I'm betting my life on it.

PRISCILLA

Because without a reason, we have nothing.

NATE

It's not nothing. You said yourself, it's been nagging at you.

PRISCILLA

We're his employees. He has no company, no agency without us. Even Roger wouldn't have a reason.

NATE

Roger could be using us to weed out the less skilled? Create a leaner, meaner agency, and take over. Survival of the fittest.

PRISCILLA

This isn't wild kingdom.

NATE

Want to bet? I'd know for certain, if I could hack into the P&L.



PRISCILLA

You're the tech genius. Hack in.

NATE

Firewall's too strong. I need a password.

Priscilla finishes buttoning her shirt. Stands.

PRISCILLA

Oh, that's all. I'll just pull it out of thin air along with those silly little nuclear codes. You know, the ones they keep in a vault thirty feet below the surface, guarded by a dozen navy seals and an electromagnetic fence.

NATE

Maybe if we could get his iPhone, he's no doubt linked it to some part of his computer.

PRISCILLA

As tech savvy as you are, Cliff is that much the opposite. He'd never be able to link a phone to his computer, he can't even figure out how to use his FitBit. I don't understand how a man with such an-

NATE

He has a FitBit?

PRISCILLA

Yes. His wife got it for him.

Nate smiles.

NATE

We're in.

He opens his laptop, clicks. Goes to a FITBIT website.

Priscilla paces behind him, finishing to dress.

NATE

At the moment, we just have a fiscally responsible CEO or Deputy, but if that budget shows what I think it's going to show, the fish not only rots from the head, it cut off it's own tail, too.

Priscilla looks at the clock.

PRISCILLA  
Are you coding that thing?

NATE  
I'm going as fast as I can. Here.

Nate points to numbers on a P&L.

NATE  
Comparing 2014 with 2015.

He points to the screen. The line item for 2014 SALARIES reads: \$38,000,000. It's \$6,000,000 for 2015.

PRISCILLA  
That's not enough. What about benefits?

Nate clicks, scrolls.

Priscilla's eyes widen. She points to initials at the top of the budget. They read: RP APPROVED. Nate shuts the computer.

NATE  
Guess that explains why my claims are all being denied.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Popular spot. STUDENTS, COUPLES share booths.

Priscilla sits in a booth facing the entrance.

The door opens, in steps Cliff. He scans the room. He spots Priscilla. Relief in his eyes.

INT. DINER ROOF - NIGHT

A chimney sticks out of the middle of the roof, near it two metal stools, a beat up table, two planters and a worn sofa.

Nate stands at the table, studying his iPhone. On it, the scene from the diner below: Cliff across from the camera.

NATE  
Here we go.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Priscilla sits opposite Cliff in the booth. One of her buttons, a tiny camera.

CLIFF

Thank God. I've been a wreck.

She fidgets, wipes the table, sips her coffee.

PRISCILLA

Cliff, hear me out before you say anything. I have reason to believe Roger Pike isn't the upstanding person you think he is. In fact, I believe he's been trying to kill me, and that he's trying to kill your agents for political gain. And, I believe he killed Joe because Joe was on to the scheme.

Cliff grabs her coffee cup sniffs it.

PRISCILLA

It's coffee. Several studies have shown it to be an antioxidant. With half the agency trying to kill me, I think it's a wise drink choice.

CLIFF

For your information, I've been trying my damndest to keep you alive. Among other things, you're my next in line for Christ sake.

PRISCILLA

Exactly why Roger wants me dead. Put a tail on him, bug his office, confront him, do something.

CLIFF

Priscilla, I know this has been a nightmare for you, but you're wrong. I've known Roger longer than I've known you. He's rough around the edges, but inside he's good.

PRISCILLA

Please, Cliff, listen to me. He's after your job. Joe was investigating him. Roger gave Nate the order to terminate me. Nate was convinced I'm rogue.

CLIFF

So that's what this is about? Nate Trucks?

PRISCILLA

Of course not.

CLIFF

You know why you've been tasked with terminating him.

PRISCILLA

He didn't murder Joe.

Cliff pulls a large envelope from his jacket, lays it on the table in front of her. He taps the envelope.

CLIFF

I was afraid of this.

She pulls out three black and white 8x10 IMAGES. The first is Lizzie with Joe outside an office building, the second is Lizzie in a car with Joe, the third is Joe kissing Lizzie's cheek outside a restaurant.

Priscilla's shoulders drop.

EXT. DINER ROOF - NIGHT

Nate stares at the phone.

NATE

Shit.

BACK TO INSIDE DINER

PRISCILLA

This can't be true.

CLIFF

Nate killed Joe when he learned of the affair, he blames us.

PRISCILLA

Roger manipulated these images.

CLIFF

The only thing being manipulated right now is you.

PRISCILLA

He ordered the killing of agents who were just like me and Nate, and made it look like business as usual. It was Roger, not Nate.

CLIFF

Your friend is quite the tech genius and he's out for revenge. He wants to take down the agency. Do you have any idea what kind of mayhem that would cause? How vulnerable that would leave every American? I can't let that happen. He's dangerous. He knows how to play people, you especially.

PRISCILLA

He could have killed me any number of times, but didn't.

CLIFF

Because he's using you to get to me, to take us all down.

Priscilla soaks it in. Cliff slides out of the booth.

PRISCILLA

So, the budget is a manipulation, too? Sixty two point seven million in benefits cut from the budget?

Cliff slides back in.

CLIFF

What did you just say?

PRISCILLA

How come the only two budget reductions are in salaries and benefits, and they conveniently add up to one hundred million dollars? Terminating redundancies? Is that what we are?

CLIFF

Do you have any idea what it costs to ensure assassins with health coverage and death benefits? The GDP of a small nation, that's what.

PRISCILLA

What are you saying?

CLIFF

You try running a world-class security agency. It's a lot harder than knocking off a bad guy or two.

PRISCILLA

Nate's not a bad guy.

CLIFF

You had an assignment. A vital assignment that you've chosen to ignore risking the lives of every American. Not only that, you've developed a relationship with your target, which is a complete break with agency protocol.

PRISCILLA

I'm breaking with protocol?

CLIFF

I'd be careful, Priscilla.

PRISCILLA

Why? Someone might cut off my health insurance? Or kill me?

CLIFF

Not you. But I can't be sure what every drone in our arsenal is up to at the moment.

PRISCILLA

What's that supposed to mean?

CLIFF

You said yourself, we have so many concerns at the moment, weapons dealers, drug lords, and we should be focusing on all of those. Whose to say some hippy commune states away isn't really an incubator for Mexican marijuana dealers?

Priscilla goes pale.

CLIFF

Let me be clear. You have a choice to make. Finish your assignment or say goodbye to Woodstock. I can't imagine a drone would leave any geriatric unturned.

Cliff leaves.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

A black sedan pulls up. Cliff gets into the back seat.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

Cliff in the back of the car as it drives away from the curb, brings his phone to his ear.

CLIFF  
(into the phone)  
Take her out.

He sits back, exposing Roger in the seat next to him.

CLIFF  
We'll have to take out Trucks ourselves. He has the budget. If it gets leaked, everything we've worked for goes to hell.

ROGER  
That's what we need her for.

CLIFF  
We can't risk it. They'll take her out when she leaves the diner.

ROGER  
He'll be tough.

CLIFF  
Alexander Litvinenko was tough.

ROGER  
I was younger then, and we don't have that kind of time.

CLIFF  
The Enforcer will have to do his job earlier than expected. Get it done before the press conference.

The sedan pulls over. Roger gets out and into a parked car.

EXT. DINER ROOF - NIGHT

Nate leans over the edge.

NATE'S POV

Two men run out of the diner, run off in opposite directions.

The door to the roof slams open.

Priscilla points her gun at Nate.

NATE

He's lying. She wasn't having an affair with Joe. She left me for a male nurse.

PRISCILLA

A male nurse? Really?

Nate backs up.

NATE

She was Joe's daughter's pediatrician. He was just a grateful parent. Nothing more.

PRISCILLA

You're lying, and I won't let Happy Camper's can't pay for that.

Nate's back against the edge, he starts for his pocket. Priscilla's gun wobbles.

NATE

We have him. Here.

Nate reaches into his pocket yanks out his phone, but in the moonlight it looks like a gun. Priscilla shoots. Nate topples over the edge as Priscilla catches his phone.

She starts toward the wall, frantic, but a SHADOW appears on the wall. She dives behind the chimney.

EXT. DINER BUILDING - NIGHT

Nate teeters on the ledge of a window. Blood on his arm.

NATE

I just might kill her myself.

Above, SHOTS fire.

EXT. DINER ROOF - NIGHT

A GUNMAN fires from the doorway, a bullet ricochets off the chimney. The gunman moves closer, keeps firing.



Gunman 2 jumps onto the roof. Gunman 1 motions for Gunman 2 to go around the chimney. Gunman 2 swings his gun around the chimney, his arm is shattered by a metal stool.

Priscilla holds his gun on him, while choke-holding him.

Gunman 1 makes his way around the other side of the chimney, his gun at Priscilla's head.

A SHOT rings out. Gunman 1 falls, grabs his leg.

Nate stands at the edge of the roof, gun in hand. He points his gun at the writhing Gunman 1.

NATE

Do what I say and you'll live.

Gunman 1 nods.

NATE

Give her your gun.

Gunman 1 slides his gun to Priscilla.

NATE

(to Priscilla)

You with me?

Priscilla nods.

NATE

(to Gunman 1)

When was the last time you accessed your health coverage?

GUNMAN 1

What?

PRISCILLA

You heard him.

GUNMAN 1

Three weeks ago, cracked rib, sprained ankle. This kills.

He writhes around.

NATE

(to the gunman 1)

I don't have time to explain. You need to confirm she's dead.

Gunman 1 doesn't say or do anything.

NATE

Do what I say, and you have a shot  
at keeping your other leg, too.

GUNMAN 2

Will someone please explain what  
the hell is going on?

NATE

First we confirm with control that  
she's terminated. Follow protocol.

Gunman 1 looks at Gunman 2, at Priscilla.

PRISCILLA

Do it.

Gunman 1 pulls out his phone. Types something, shows Nate.

NATE

Good. Hit send.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

Cliff's phone BEEPS.

He reads the message: DELTA 2 TERMINATED. ECHO SEVEN FIVE.

He sits back.

INT. WASHINGTON POST - NIGHT

Busy newsroom.

In a cubicle, a REPORTER sits across from Nate, Priscilla,  
Gunman 1 and Gunman 2, typing into his computer.

On the desk the iPhone plays a recording of Cliff.

CLIFF (V.O.)

Finish your assignment or say  
goodbye to Woodstock. I can't  
imagine a drone would leave any  
geriatric unturned.

The reporter stops typing, hits STOP.

REPORTER

That's cold. And timely.

PRISCILLA

Timely how?

REPORTER

I'd bet money Cliff Thompson is about to declare his candidacy at a press conference tomorrow.

NATE

Candidacy For what?

REPORTER

United States Senate.

Priscilla and Nate look at each other.

NATE

Ladies and Gentlemen, we have a winner.

PRISCILLA

This will make the papers before then, right?

REPORTER

I'm a journalist, not a blogger. We tend to verify stories that take down top officials.

Nate tosses a pen onto the desk.

NATE

Finally get the ribbon to tie the bow, and the gift vanishes. Unless-

PRISCILLA

(to the Reporter)

When did you say he'll be making the announcement?

The reporter grabs a notebook, flips through it.

REPORTER

Tomorrow, six PM, briefing room, Black Ice Security Agency.

PRISCILLA

What would you say if we could get you all the verification you need?

REPORTER

I'm listening.

INT. REPORTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Small bachelor pad crammed with newspapers, books, plants.

The reporter stands with two towels. Hands them to Nate.  
Priscilla eyes the clutter.

REPORTER

The guest room is just down the  
hall on the left. Appreciate  
everything you two are doing.

NATE

The feeling's mutual.

The reporter heads off to a room.

Nate starts down the hall. Priscilla doesn't move. Nate  
doubles back.

PRISCILLA

(whispers)

Someone could be buried there.

NATE

It's a challenge. That's all.

Nate takes her hand, pulls her toward him.

NATE

There you go. A few more steps.

GUEST BEDROOM

It's not much neater in here. Priscilla stands in the  
doorway looking like she might throw up.

NATE

We have to get to work.

LATER

Priscilla and Nate on the bed amidst papers. Phone BEEPS.

NATE

It's our friendly gunmen. They've  
reported in from their train to  
Mexico. DNA was a match. Clean up  
was a success. You, Delta 2, are  
officially dead.

PRISCILLA

(unenthusiastically)

Yay.

NATE

Hey cheer up. You can waltz into the building with a wig, sunglasses, your press badge, and no one will be the wiser.

Nate waves the PRESS PASS in front of her.

PRISCILLA

And some homeless dead woman has my name on her toe.

NATE

Temporarily. And if it's any consolation, she was already gone.

PRISCILLA

Doesn't matter. I can't pull it off without you, and we've looked at it from every possible angle. There's no way to get you past security.

She grabs at papers, newspapers, tosses them on the bed. The top newspaper catches her eye. She points. Nate picks it up. On it an image of a FOX5DC NEWS TRUCK.

NATE

Fox5dc?

PRISCILLA

That's it. It's perfect.

NATE

No, it's not. They'd know right away I wasn't a reporter or a member of the crew. Everyone signs in front of cameras.

PRISCILLA

The reporter and the crew sign in, not the equipment.

Nate feels her forehead.

NATE

Nope, no Ebola.

Priscilla points to the image of the Fox5dc open truck. Inside several large cases.

PRISCILLA

They just roll them in.

Nate leaps off the bed.

NATE

No. No way.

Nate starts for the door. Priscilla jumps off the bed, onto the messy floor. Grabs his arm.

PRISCILLA

Wait.

NATE

You don't understand.

PRISCILLA

I do.

NATE

I won't. I can't.

PRISCILLA

You're the strongest, most resilient person I've ever known. You survived me. You can do this.

NATE

I need a drink.

REPORTER'S KITCHEN

Priscilla rubs Nate's shoulders. He finishes a shot of whiskey. The bottle half empty.

PRISCILLA

You'll be inside for forty minutes max. There's a blind spot in the room that'll give us time to get you out. I'll get you out.

Nate pours himself another shot. Downs it.

Priscilla moves to the cabinet, pulls down a glass. She fills it with water. Nate watches her.

Nate's POV BLURRY. Priscilla approaches him with the glass.

PRISCILLA

Are you okay? You don't look good.

NATE

Funny, I was thinking just the opposite about you.

PRISCILLA

I think five of those is equal to a dozen Gert brownies. Have some water, and we'll call it a night.

He downs the water. She helps him to his feet. They start toward the bedroom.

NATE

(slurring)

I didn't have to go down the hole to finish you off. I had you. Kill shot to the head. But spilling even one ounce of that beautifully neurotic brain matter would have killed me, too.

Priscilla melts. Nate sobers up, takes her face in his hands, kisses her, then she half-catches Nate as he trips, guides him into the-

REPORTER'S APARTMENT BEDROOM

NATE

I want you to know how I feel.

PRISCILLA

Drunk?

She helps remove his shirt, pants.

NATE

You're in here.

He bangs his chest. Priscilla pulls back the covers.

PRISCILLA

I am?

NATE

Yes. I'm drunk.

Nate passes out.

MORNING

Light hits Nate's face. He moans, rolls over. His eyes jump open. He sits up, clearly hung over.

NATE

Shit.

He looks around. He's alone. On the bedside table a glass of water and a bottle of ASPIRIN.

Nate takes aspirin, washes them down with water.

REPORTER'S APARTMENT KITCHEN

Nate pours himself a cup of coffee. Sees a note on the counter: FINALIZING LOGISTICS. BACK SOON. P.

The front door opens, in steps a different, hot-looking Priscilla. A wig, glasses, and hip wardrobe.

PRISCILLA  
How's your head.

NATE  
Good. Better. Look, I'm sorry about last night. I never drink. Whatever I said, I didn't mean. I apologize.

PRISCILLA  
Sure. Of course. Apology accepted.

NATE  
So we're good?

PRISCILLA  
We're great.

They stand for an awkward moment. She hands him a bag.

NATE  
I'll go change.

EXT. BLACK ICE ENTRANCE - DAY

TV trucks, CREWS, NEWS organizations surround the entrance. The FOX5DC truck front and center.

INT. FOX5DC TRUCK - DAY

Typical sound truck. Three TECHS fiddle with nobs. Nate and Priscilla nearby with a PRODUCER and CAMERAMAN.

They stand over a large crate. Nate looks different, hardly recognizable in contacts, wig, mustache.

PRODUCER  
You sure about this?

PRISCILLA  
In less than an hour you'll have a National Press Club award.



PRODUCER

(to Nate)

You'll need to tie your laptop into the feed from the room. You sure you can do it? We can't risk losing the entire broadcast, and I'm only allowed a cameraman and a tech.

NATE

Just get me in the room.

Priscilla's phone BEEPS, she reads a message.

PRISCILLA

Our friendly reporter has alerted the authorities.

PRODUCER

It's time.

Nate looks at the case, opened and laying on the floor.

PRISCILLA

I'll get you out. I promise...In case I forget to say it, I'm sorry I stabbed you. I'm also sorry I shot you...And I'm very sorry I hit you with my car.

PRODUCER

You trust her to open the case?

NATE

Interesting choice of words.

Nate steps into the case. Priscilla lowers the lid.

EXT. BLACK ICE ENTRANCE - DAY

Camera crews, cases, in line.

Priscilla, press badge around her disguised neck, holds a clipboard. Behind her the CAMERAMAN rolls two large cases.

PLAIN CLOTHED GUARDS scan the crowd. In the corner, the black-clad Hitman's cold eyes scan the room.

INT. BLACK ICE ENTRANCE - DAY

Priscilla and the tech make their way to an area labeled PRESS REGISTRATION. More PLAIN CLOTHED GUARDS scan the room.

Priscilla avoids eye contact with the Black Ice cameras.

INT. BLACK ICE SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

A wall of monitors is manned by six Black Ice SECURITY GUARDS. Behind them, Roger scans the monitors.

He doesn't recognize Priscilla as she makes her way through the registration area.

ROGER

Pull up the briefing room monitors.

The guard to Roger's right, clicks a few buttons and two monitors show the room starting to fill.

ROGER

Pan to the back of the room.

The guard moves a joy stick showing another area of the room.

ROGER

Back around. You're missing the back right corner.

GUARD

Sir, this is as far as it goes.

ROGER

Use camera three.

The guard moves another joy stick seeing all but one area.

ROGER

What the hell?

GUARD

Sir, we have a blind spot. It's been that way for-

ROGER

I don't give a damn how long it's been that way. Fix it.

GUARD

With all due respect, it will take longer to get a camera installed than the entire press conference.

Roger points to a photo of Nate on the desk.

ROGER

You see anyone that looks even  
remotely like this, you get me.

Roger storms out.

INT. BLACK ICE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A small riser with a podium, microphone stand at the head of the room directly in front of auditorium-style chairs. Behind, in the back, risers of cameras, crates, technicians create a wall of equipment.

PRESS members fill seats.

In the back right corner of the room, Priscilla, the Fox5cd Cameraman, hover over a case concealed by the risers.

Priscilla bends to open the lid. It's jammed. She bangs it.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

You, near the crate.

Priscilla stands, smiles, points to herself. The guard softens.

SECURITY GUARD

You forgot this.

He hands her a piece of paper, taking in her hotness.

PRISCILLA

Gosh. Thanks. I'd forget my hand if  
it wasn't attached to my arm.

She touches his arm. He swoons.

SECURITY GUARD

No problem at all. I know how  
hectic things can get. Been there  
myself. I'm here if you need me.

PRISCILLA

(demurely)  
That's a relief.

SECURITY GUARD

You need a hand with that?

He points to the crate.

PRISCILLA

No. I was just making sure it was locked. Can't be too safe.

SECURITY GUARD

That's why I'm here.

He lingers, smiling, flirtatious.

The black-clad hitman enters the front of the room, unnoticed.

PRISCILLA

You know, a cold bottle of water would do wonders for my throat. These events are always so 'dry'.

SECURITY GUARD

You got it. Don't move now.

The guard winks at her, saunters off. He looks back, gives a little wave. Priscilla waves.

When he's out of sight, Priscilla dives for the case. Fusses, opens the crate, grabs Nate. He's sweaty, but okay.

NATE

Flirting? Really?

PRISCILLA

I thought it might be a nice gesture to save your life.

The hitman scans the room, zeroes in on the risers. Starts toward them.

NATE

Shit. We have company. Go.

INT. BLACK ICE ELEVATOR - DAY

Roger stands focused on the floor numbers. The elevator DINGS. Doors open. Roger sprints out into-

LOBBY

Busy area. Roger pushes past reporters, producers.

INT. BLACK ICE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The room fills fast. The flirty Guard finds Priscilla at her seat, hands her the water.

Nate at the Fox5dc cameraman's feet types into his laptop, a cable connecting it to the camera.

NATE  
(to the cameraman)  
Are you getting this?

CAMERAMAN  
Yup.

Roger enters, scans the room with his eyes. Priscilla sees him, looks down at her notes. When she looks up, he's gone.

She turns to see Roger make his way to the back of the room where the hitman is dangerously close to Nate and the laptop.

Priscilla throws her bottle of water at a nearby chair, the SOUND loud enough to startle Nate.

PRISCILLA  
Darn thing just slipped out.

Nate looks up in time to sidestep the hitman's foot, their fighting moves further back behind the riser.

The cameramen are all too busy studying their feeds to notice, including Nate's Cameraman.

Nate, puts his fist through the hitman's chin. Their fight a confined dance of blows, kicks.

Roger races to Nate's laptop, yanks out the feed.

The Cameraman looks up.

CAMERAMAN  
Hey. My feed's gone.

ROGER  
(to the Cameraman)  
Give me your credentials.

CAMERAMAN  
Hey, Pal, you can't mess with the press. Where's my feed?

Roger pulls a gun on the Cameraman.

CAMERAMAN  
Jesus Christ. I'm a cameraman.

The cameraman thrusts his badge at Roger. A CRASH, grabs Roger's attention. A few reporters look around, but-

Cliff enters from the front, walks to the podium.

The feed dangles from the camera.

CLIFF

Thank you all for coming. I know there are newsworthy events all over the city, and I'm honored you've chosen to cover this as well.

Nate slams the hitman, his gun falls as he lands unconscious in the crate, the lid shuts. Nate jams the lock.

CLIFF

As Director of this fine agency, I can attest to the troubles facing our country. We are under threats from around the globe that rival nothing we've ever seen.

Nate looks up, Roger aims a needle at him, Nate, kicks it away slams Roger against the floor, bangs his head against it, races to the Cameraman who's futzing with the laptop.

CLIFF

Our weak stance on everything from guns to drugs has made us sitting ducks.

Nate grabs the laptop, types, grabs the feed, plugs it in.

CLIFF

Today, I'm here to tell you that as a Senator of the United States, I will work to change that.

Lots of movement in seats, hushed comments.

CLIFF

I am officially declaring my candidacy for-

Priscilla stands.

PRISCILLA

Can you tell us, Director, why you had Deputy Munroe murdered? Was it because he had proof that you were

Four SECURITY GUARDS enter from two doors. Press members turn to one another, some stand.

BACK OF ROOM

CAMERAMAN

Holy shit this is good.

Roger jabs Nate's neck with the needle. With all of the mayhem, and the cameraman's eyes glued to the camera, no one sees Roger half-carry Nate out.

PRISCILLA

cutting your budget in only two areas - salaries and benefits - to equal one hundred million dollars to please Senator Raynor by killing-

CLIFF

Security, get this disgruntled, ex-

PRISCILLA

Your own agents and threatening to kill a retirement community full of seniors if I didn't kill the only agent who could expose you?

Security guards race toward Priscilla as the PA system, now plays Cliff's conversation with Priscilla from the diner.

CLIFF (V.O.)

You have a choice to make. Finish your assignment or say goodbye to Woodstock. I can't imagine a drone would leave any geriatric unturned.

A GUARD dives over a reporter, tackling Priscilla. Chairs scatter, cameras click. Even in heels, Priscilla leaps up, grabs the guard in a choke-hold.

INT. FOX5DC TRUCK - DAY

On the monitors, everything from the briefing room, including two FBI agents near Cliff, and Priscilla choking a guard.

PRODUCER

National Press Club here we come.

On one of the monitors, the Black Ice P&L with red circles around the reduced line items in salary and benefits.

INT. BLACK ICE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Total mayhem as two more FBI agents close-in on Cliff.

CLIFF

She has a bomb. Get her for  
Godsake.

FBI agents talk into their collars, SECURITY OFFICERS, FBI AGENTS, fan out away from Cliff toward Priscilla.

Priscilla races toward the back of the room, comes face to face with the flirty guard. He reaches for his gun. Priscilla kicks it away, punches him in the face, he drops.

PRISCILLA

Make sure you ice that.

She reaches the cameraman, sees the lap top, no Nate. She spots a syringe on the floor.

PRISCILLA

Where's Nate?

The cameraman doesn't move from the camera.

CAMERAMAN

No idea, but this is the best  
freaking day of my career.

Guards corner Priscilla. She out maneuvers all of them with a mixture of hand-to-hand and karate, taking them down one-by-one.

Two BLACK ICE SECURITY flank Cliff, whisk him out a door.

INT. BLACK ICE BASEMENT - DAY

Roger half carries Nate down a long corridor. He stops in front of a door. Grabs Nate's ringing cell phone. Stomps it.

Roger unlocks the door to a small padded room.

INSIDE ROOM

Nate lands on the floor. Roger stands over him.

ROGER

I'll be back for your body.

Roger shuts the door, locks it.

EXT. BLACK ICE BUILDING - DAY

Cliff slides into a black sedan.



BLACK ICE SECURITY GUARD

All clear.

The sedan takes off.

INT. BLACK ICE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

All cameras on Priscilla as she takes down more AGENTS. A gun goes off.

Silence.

TWO AGENTS grab Priscilla, yank her arms behind her back. She acquiesces, slumps.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

(sotto)

The syringe. Alexander Litvinenko.  
Right under their noses.

Priscilla twists her arms over her head leaps up and kicks the two guards, races for the door.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - DAY

Cliff on the phone in the back of the car.

CLIFF

Pete, it's a set back, and a small one at that...you have your budget, I'll regroup, change the agency's name, and clear up this unfortunate incident. Anything worth doing takes time. Midterms are better for us. Fewer voters...Good.

Cliff closes his phone.

INT. BLACK ICE BASEMENT - DAY

Priscilla races down the corridor, banging on doors, yelling.

PRISCILLA

Nate. Answer me. Nate.

Priscilla steps on something that crunches under her foot. A small piece of a phone. She freezes.

Roger steps out from around a corner with a gun.

ROGER

Sayonara.

PRISCILLA

Where's Nate?

Roger cocks the trigger.

Priscilla's phone flies toward him, knocking the gun out of his hand and giving her time to kick him in the abdomen.

He falls back against the wall, but before he can regain his footing, her foot is in his crotch.

He falls, gasping for air. She puts him in a choke hold.

PRISCILLA

Where's Nate?

Roger chokes out-

ROGER

Beats me.

Priscilla focuses on a SOUND, giving Roger a chance. He breaks free.

ROGER

Lover boy must be just about dead.

He lunges at Priscilla who doesn't miss a beat kicking him in his throat, he goes down gasping. Priscilla rifles through his pockets, finds a set of keys.

She fumbles with the keys.

PRISCILLA

Nate. Yell. Kick the door.

Nothing. She zeroes in on a door, but Roger is on her again.

She eyes the gun on the floor, they race to it. Roger grabs it, points it at her, but she slides onto the floor sweeping his legs out from under him, grabbing the gun on his way down. She leaps up, pointing the gun at him.

ROGER

Go ahead. Shoot.

PRISCILLA

Gladly.

She shoots, hitting him in the groin. He crumbles in agony.

PRISCILLA

Awww nuts. I missed your heart.

She races to a door. Unlocks it. Empty. She unlocks another.

Nate crawls, disoriented, bloody. She grabs him, holds him as GUARDS descend.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Crying babies, triage patients, concerned family members.

A stretcher wheels in a man bleeding from the head.

It passes a TV monitor with BREAKING NEWS and images of a bloody Roger, being escorted to FBI vehicles.

The stretcher passes a medical cubical, curtains closed.

INSIDE MEDICAL CUBICLE

Nate sits back on the bed, a doctor writes on a clipboard.

Priscilla stands near the bed in a blood-soaked shirt, but she doesn't seem to notice.

She whispers to Nate.

PRISCILLA

I can open the curtains.

Nate shakes his head.

NATE

I'm good.

He reaches for Priscilla's hand.

DOCTOR

You'll be back to normal soon.

PRISCILLA

No residual effects?

DOCTOR

I wouldn't drink any alcohol for the time being. After a sedative like that, the alcohol's likely to put you to sleep permanently.

A commotion in the ER, Lizzie rushes through the curtains in plain clothes, looking as gorgeous as ever.

Priscilla drops Nate's hand.

LIZZIE  
Carl, can I take it from here?

The doctor smiles.

DOCTOR  
Nate, you're in good hands.

The doctor leaves.

Lizzie stands facing Nate.

LIZZIE  
You're a hitman?

NATE  
Assassin.

LIZZIE  
Is there a difference?

NATE  
I like to think so.

LIZZIE  
When were you going to tell me?

Nate averts her eyes.

LIZZIE  
We were together for six years. You couldn't have found a few minutes between breakfast and dinner to tell me you kill people for a living?

NATE  
Would it have made you stay?

Priscilla looks around. A square peg not fitting into the round hole. She backs out of the cubicle into

EMERGENCY ROOM

LIZZIE (O.S.)  
I don't know, but it would have at least explained a few things like your never wanting a door closed, and your trust issues. We could have been working on all of those...issues together.

Priscilla looks around. Patients sit with loved ones.

Priscilla leaves.

IN THE CUBICLE

Nate pulls away from Lizzie. Looks at her.

NATE

And that would have stopped you  
from cheating on me with Curtis?  
Your male nurse.

LIZZIE

Maybe. Yes. Honesty goes a long  
way, Nate.

NATE

You slept with another man.

LIZZIE

I know, and I'm sorry.

NATE

And?

LIZZIE

It didn't work out. He was just so  
...spontaneous I guess is the right  
word. I'm a doctor, for heaven's  
sake. Spontaneity isn't my strong  
suit.

NATE

So, it's over with him?

LIZZIE

Yes, and to be honest, I'd be open  
to trying again. With you.

INT. PRISCILLA'S CAMPER - DAY

The place is lived in, not spotless. A SHAGGY dog lays on the  
bed in place of Teddy.

A relaxed Priscilla, sits opposite Louise at the table.  
Plates with crumbs, vase of wildflowers by the window.

Priscilla tosses the newspaper on the table between them. It  
reads: BLACK ICE IN HOT WATER.

PRISCILLA

He's getting away with it. Changing the name of the company and moving the headquarters. Roger's the scapegoat in all of this, not that he was lily white.

LOUISE

Karma is an interesting thing. I'm certain Cliff will get what's coming to him. What about Nate?

PRISCILLA

What about him?

LOUISE

There were sparks. I saw them.

PRISCILLA

He's in love with Florence Nightingale. She saves lives. I can't compete with that.

LOUISE

Sweetheart, there's no competition.

PRISCILLA

It doesn't matter. I have you. We're getting our medical facility, and that's what matters, right?

Louise kisses Priscilla on the cheek.

LOUISE

That and some of Gert's weed.

Louise leaves the door propped open on her way out. Priscilla brings dishes to the sink, stares out.

NATE (O.S.)

I'm always calm, prepared, and I travel light.

Priscilla turns. Nate holds up a duffle bag.

NATE

I never shy away from a challenge, which is a really good thing because I'm in love with an exceptionally challenging woman.

PRISCILLA

Lizzie?

NATE

No. This woman's a real handful.

Nate climbs the short steps, reaches for Priscilla.

NATE

And I trust her with my life.

She reaches for Nate. They kiss one of those really great, long, passionate kisses.

EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

A trendy establishment.

Cliff and Lacey sip cocktails.

LACEY

Will you excuse me, dear. I need to use the powder room.

Cliff raises his glass.

Lacey makes her way into the restaurant.

Cliff's FitBit buzzes on his arm.

CLIFF

Damn thing.

He futzes with it. A MESSAGE appears on it: LOOK UP.

Cliff looks up. Across the street, the VW BUS with the door slightly open, a gun with a silencer, protrudes. Holding the gun, Priscilla. She winks, pulls the trigger.

PRISCILLA

That's karma.

The door to the van closes.

NATE (O.S.)

Nice shot, sweetheart.

Nate, in the front seat, drives the van onto the road.

THE END