

The Flower Job

by Marty Lang, Brian Trent and Damian Dydyn

FADE IN:

ON A BLACK ROBE

Of a KID in a Grim Reaper outfit, moving with purpose ...

Until he's hit in the face with a bunch of eggs. He quickly ducks, trying to avoid the poultry projectiles.

A group of CHILDREN IN HALLOWEEN COSTUMES empty their cartons at him, then run off. The young Reaper sprints to catch up.

Behind them, a majestic office building towers over the landscape. A sign in front says VISIONWORKS.

INT. VISIONWORKS - HALLWAY - DAY

Workers type away in their cubicles. Two men walk together. One is GARY HANSEN SR., 60, all corporate, all the time. The other is BARRY "TWITCH" FITCH, 55, an arrogant, energetic power player.

GARY SR.

Are the documents ready for review?

TWITCH

Patti's preparing the contracts.
They'll be ready when you get back.

GARY SR.

And what about -

TWITCH

Mr. Hansen. Please. Go home. Pass
out some Halloween candy.

GARY SR.

Sorry. I haven't taken a vacation
in ten years. Retirement is going
to be wonderful.

Twitch nods.

TWITCH

I'll take good care of the company.

Gary Sr. pats his shoulder.

GARY SR.

Thanks, Twitch.

Twitch smiles, satisfied. As Gary Sr. walks off, the smile melts away.

DOWN THE HALL

GARY HANSEN, 27, doodles at his desk. Gary is a mess of long hair, sideburns and carefree whimsy. Gary Sr. walks by.

GARY SR.

You know, that could be the last report you ever do.

GARY

Well, until the sale goes through, someone has to get some work done around here.

Gary leans back in his chair.

GARY

Are you sure about this?

GARY SR.

Terrific. I'll see you at home. Just gonna get Mom some flowers.

GARY

Cool. See you at home, Dad.

IN THE ELEVATOR

Gary Sr. leans against the wall, deep in thought.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Gary Sr. walks outside. He spies a florist across the street. He pulls out his cell phone and dials.

GARY SR.

Zelda, get me Bradford Hayes.

He crosses the street and stops on the sidewalk. He checks his pockets. They're empty. WE HEAR TRIBAL DRUMS AND SINGING.

ZELDA (V.O.)

It's just going to take a minute Mr. Hansen.

GARY SR.

Sure. And check my desk for my wallet. I'll be right up.

Gary Sr. turns to walk back across the street. THE DRUMS AND SINGING CRESCENDO ...

BOOM! Gary Sr. is struck by the 319 bus, crushed like an ant under a shoe. The bus screeches to a stop.

Samaritans run to help Gary Sr. He lies motionless, his head on its side. THE DRUMS AND SINGING REACH THEIR PEAK ...

CUT TO TITLE CARD: THE FLOWER JOB

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

A dark bedroom. The bed made neatly. An alarm clock reads 5:03. An alarm SOUNDS at 5:04.

Next to the clock is a dossier with two blue event tickets, and a picture of a man in a suit.

ANGELA, 26, radiating style and grace, emerges, towel-clad, from the bathroom. She turns the alarm clock off.

She lays items out on her bed:

Little black dress.
Little black purse.
Pocket knife.
Silencer-tipped pistol.
A yellow pen, with a syringe.

She slips into her dress and turns to the mirror. She puts on a gun holster high up her thigh. She takes the pistol and slides it in.

She lets her dress down, concealing the holster. She smiles.

EXT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Angela walks out and locks her front door. Her apartment is not in the nicest part of town.

She walks down the stairs and turns down the street.

Behind her, a large, violent-looking HOMELESS MAN with scarred lips sits by the stoop.

He sees her, gets up, and advances toward her.

Sensing something, Angela glances behind. She sees him coming, and reaches quickly for her purse. Just as the man is next to her -

ANGELA
Sorry, LeVon. All I got today is
singles.

She hands him a stack of one dollar bills. LeVon grins big.

LEVON
Thank you, baby.

ANGELA
You'll keep an eye on my place?

LeVon smiles. Angela smiles back, then keeps walking.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

Angela lowers a sleek black masquerade mask in an opulent, crowded ballroom. We're at a charity silent auction.

WAITERS whirl about with trays of champagne glasses. Well-dressed DIGNITARIES grab and drink them.

The man in Angela's photo stands at the bar, dressed as Benjamin Franklin. This is SENATOR HARRY RUTHERFORD, 55, a smarmy man who's handsome like an aging Ken doll.

Angela glides over and sits across the bar from him.

A WAITER carrying hors' devours notices Angela and veers towards her. Angela notices him, and smiles nervously.

WAITER
Uh, hello. Are you here alone?

Angela looks down, smiling and giggling. She nods slightly.

WAITER
How can someone as pretty as you be here, um, without a date?

Angela smiles, blushing, and laughs nervously. Noticing she's blushing, he confidently moves to sit down next to her -

When Rutherford saunters over and cuts him off, taking the seat next to her.

RUTHERFORD
Glen Livet, 18 year, three ice cubes.

The waiter is speechless.

RUTHERFORD
I'm sorry, did I interrupt?

The waiter says nothing. Her eyes remain glued to the bar.

RUTHERFORD

I didn't think so. Glen Livet, 18
year, three ice cubes.

Stunned, the waiter backs away and vanishes. Angela watches him with compassion.

RUTHERFORD

With an opening like that, he'll
never get laid.

Angela watches the waiter, sad. Rutherford extends his hand.

RUTHERFORD

Harry Rutherford. Senator, Harry
Rutherford.

Angela's sadness melts away. She looks up and shakes his hand. She covers her face with her mask.

RUTHERFORD

I like your smile. Would you care
to join me on the auction floor?

Angela nods.

RUTHERFORD

Perhaps when this is finished,
you'll permit me to show you a good
time?

ANGELA

(Irish accent) I'm sorry, but my
grandmother asked me to help her
with her groceries this afternoon.

Rutherford leans back, smirking.

RUTHERFORD

Come now. No self-respecting adult
lets their family run their life.

Angela smiles. Waiters bring lunch to nearby tables.

ANGELA

Is it too old fashioned for me to
say I have to powder my nose?

Tapping his nostril twice, he winks.

RUTHERFORD

Certainly not.

Angela smiles, and saunters off to the ladies' room.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Angela walks in. Three women giggle at the mirror; an OLDER BLONDE with big hoop earrings, a SHORT-HAIRED BRUNETTE, and a SOPHISTICATED REDHEAD.

Angela takes out a bottle of nail polish. She sets it down and checks her nails.

The women leave. Angela draws a gold pen and a syringe from her purse. She draws liquid from the bottle. Her smile melts.

She fills the pen with liquid and withdraws the needle, tucking it all away in her bag.

She stares at herself in the mirror, vulnerability washing over her. She steadies her breathing ...

Then her cell phone RINGS, playing "Don't Fear the Reaper." She answers the phone.

ANGELA

Area clear.

EMPLOYER

Angela, I'm sorry for interrupting you. Is your customer in sight?

ANGELA

He will be.

EMPLOYER

Rutherford isn't the only order.

ANGELA

You set up a second order on my turf?

EMPLOYER

Not us. There's a delivery for another senator.

ANGELA

What other senator?

EMPLOYER

We don't know. But it's high profile. Expect a pro.

Angela sighs, disgusted.

EMPLOYER

Plan accordingly. This might compromise your exit strategy.

ANGELA

Thanks for the heads up.

Angela slams the phone shut.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A nondescript white van pulls into an open spot. The license plate says ER1S, a reference to Eris, goddess of chaos.

A large black boot hits the ground, and a heavy leather bag drops into view.

A MAN carries the bag across the parking lot -

INTO THE BALLROOM FOYER

And drops it on the ground. A SPARKLY SILVER NOTEBOOK and FEATHERY PINK PEN fall out, and a hand picks them up.

IN THE BALLROOM

Angela walks back in, surveying the crowd. She eyes waiters, reporters, and guests.

The room SLOWS DOWN. Angela glances around, a sea of costumed faces glaring back at her menacingly.

She blinks. Everything SPEEDS UP and returns to normal.

Angela saunters back to Rutherford, playing with a platinum money clip. She caresses his shoulder.

RUTHERFORD

You have enough powder?

ANGELA

Enough for now.

Rutherford smiles, then is tapped on the shoulder by SENATOR WILL WILLIAMS, 45, a horny John Edwards clone. He's dressed like Don Quixote, and very drunk.

WILLIAMS

Harry! Long time no see, buddy!

RUTHERFORD

Will. Good to see you. I'd like you to meet ...

He looks at her inquisitively.

ANGELA
Molly O'Reilly.

WILLIAMS
Molly.

William offers his hand, Angela accepts.

ANGELA
Nice to meet you.

As they talk, the man in heavy boots enters, dressed in beat-up clothes, a fake mustache and mole. This is THE PRO, 45, a seasoned professional hitman. He walks to the room's center.

He looks through a notebook, then obviously analyzes the crowd. He sees something, then darts off.

WILLIAMS
I hear the Irish love their liquor.

ANGELA
Guilty.

WILLIAMS
You should see the liquor cabinet at my house. Some of the finest whiskey you've ever seen.

RUTHERFORD
Will. I think a cultured woman like Molly would enjoy something a little more aged, like a fine wine.

Angela smiles. As they spar, she positions her poison pen over Rutherford's drink.

WILLIAMS
No, I certainly believe our friend here desires something more recent.

RUTHERFORD
I agree, Will. Why don't you go to the bar and bring us some drinks?

Angela isn't laughing. She puts her thumb over the pen, about to squirt the poison out ...

When she sees the waiter looking at her. She holds his gaze, glances at the pen, then back at him ...

Angela withdraws the pen. Rutherford smiles.

Her confidence is gone.

WILLIAMS
(beaten) Sure. I'll be right back.

Angela glances at Williams. Her expression turns to horror.

THE PRO IS AIMING A GUN BEHIND WILLIAM'S HEAD!

She winces as The Pro pulls the trigger! His brains splatter all over her face. She is mortified.

The Pro plugs him again. Hysteria grips the room.

He walks back toward the foyer. A SECURITY GUARD moves toward him. The Pro calmly shoots him, then continues on.

Shellshocked, Angela stares at Williams' corpse. She puts her hand over her mouth.

Rutherford shakes his head at Williams and sips his drink.

RUTHERFORD
Fucking cockblocker.

CUT TO:

INT. EMPLOYER'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

A sparse, dimly lit room. Angela sits in a sofa chair. Across a table is THE EMPLOYER, 45, a steely, gritty smart-ass.

EMPLOYER
What was wrong with his work?

ANGELA
He blew his brains out in front of half the fucking government!

EMPLOYER
Got the job done, though. More than I can say for you.

ANGELA
He's a lunatic! Are we supposed to be human wrecking balls?

EMPLOYER
You have a gun. Once the place went nuts, why didn't you shoot him?

ANGELA
You know I use poisons.

EMPLOYER

Why did I spend a small fortune on
non-metallic guns for you?

They size each other up.

EMPLOYER

Are you sure it was the other
assassin that threw you off?

ANGELA

What are you saying?

The Employer drops pictures on the table. The one on top
shows Angela hesitating, holding her pen above a drink,
looking towards the bar.

EMPLOYER

Get it together. And from now on,
carry a gun.

Angela stares at the picture.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pot holders line the walls. Signs exclaim "There's no place
like home." GRANDMA, 80 and spry, dusts off her mantle when
the doorbell RINGS. She turns, cautious.

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Angela stands in the doorway. A loudspeaker BLARES.

GRANDMA (V.O.)

Leave the premises now.

ANGELA

It's me, Grandma.

Grandma opens the door a tiny bit. The lock is still on.

GRANDMA

What's my specialty?

ANGELA

Creme brulee. Open the damn door.

Grandma closes the door and unlocks it from the inside.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Angela flops down on the couch. Grandma senses her anguish. She places two cups of tea on the table.

GRANDMA
Are you pregnant?

ANGELA
Huh? Oh, no, no. Gotta get laid for that.

GRANDMA
What'd I tell you? It's okay to have casual sex sometimes. I met your grandfather -

ANGELA
It's not that. I don't know if I want to keep working.

GRANDMA
You better. I'm not supporting you.

ANGELA
I mean at the job I'm at.

GRANDMA
What? Why?

ANGELA
I'm losing my touch.

GRANDMA
So work harder.

ANGELA
I don't know if I want to be there anymore. I'm not enjoying it. My boss is a tyrant. Haven't you ever been at a job you hate?

Grandma nods.

GRANDMA
I have. Before I killed my first dignitary, my employer demanded I skin him alive. I thought that was barbaric, but I did it. With work, sometimes you do what you gotta do.

Angela nods. She shifts around on the couch, uncomfortable. Grandma leans back.

GRANDMA

Your heart hasn't been in it lately. You used to get such a rush out of the kill. Honeymoon's over?

ANGELA

Yeah. But I'm young. There's a lot of other things I can do. I don't think I want to be doing something I hate my whole life.

GRANDMA

Give it one assignment. You'll feel differently after you spend some time with another mark.

Angela nods half-heartedly and sips her tea.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Twitch stomps toward a cell phone stand CASHIER.

TWITCH

I need a prepaid cell phone.

Twitch slams a twenty down. Horrified, the cashier pulls out a small box.

CASHIER

Here you go, sir.

Twitch takes the box and storms out. The cashier watches him.

CASHIER

Sir? Your change?

Twitch ignores him and walks out. Angela crosses him, with a basket impossibly full of groceries.

AT THE BUTCHER COUNTER

Angela waits in line. Her phone RINGS, playing "Don't Fear the Reaper". Shoppers grumble as she fumbles for her phone.

She brings it to her ear. One YOUNG KID smiles approvingly and plays an air-guitar chord.

ANGELA

Hello?

EMPLOYER
Is the area clear?

ANGELA
No.

INT. EMPLOYER'S HIDEOUT - DAY

Angela sits across from the Employer.

EMPLOYER
I have your next assignment.

ANGELA
Already?

EMPLOYER
Consider it a chance to redeem
yourself.

Angela shakes her head. The Employer lifts a remote and
clicks a button. The phone lights up.

EMPLOYER
We're here.

TWITCH (V.O.)
Good. I want to have some roses
delivered to someone. Red roses.
Dark red, with thorns.

EMPLOYER
That's what we do. Who's the
recipient?

TWITCH (V.O.)
My nephew. Sweet kid. Just
inherited a huge fucking 500
million dollar a year software
company from his father! A company
he was going to sell to me!

EMPLOYER
We can deliver them for you.

TWITCH (V.O.)
I want to meet your delivery boy.

EMPLOYER
We don't arrange for introductions.
Trust me when I say they'll be
delivered.

TWITCH (V.O.)

I don't do trust. I couldn't bear to think how his life would be if he didn't get them, so I'm having two florists deliver for me.

EMPLOYER

What?

The Employer gets up and starts pacing as Twitch speaks.

TWITCH (V.O.)

You heard me. This is a competitive job. The florist who gets it done, gets the his payday.

EMPLOYER

We don't care much for non-exclusive contracts, sir.

TWITCH (V.O.)

And I don't care for those who lack a green thumb.

Angela cringes.

EMPLOYER

There are many disreputable firms out there.

TWITCH (V.O.)

Don't worry. Your florist's competition is a Pro. He just made a big delivery in the Senate.

Angela's eyes grow wide.

ANGELA

Oh, Christ.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Twitch hangs up his cell phone and drops it in the trash. He grins, then rushes down the street.

INT. VISIONWORKS - PATTI'S OFFICE - DAY

PATTI, 28, pummels a suspended punching bag in the corner. Patti is a strong, aggressive woman. Twitch walks in.

TWITCH

Patti! How was your vacation?

She doesn't answer. He continues into his office.

INT. VISIONWORKS - TWITCH'S OFFICE - DAY

A massive cherry wood desk sits before dozens of awards and commendations. A crucifix hangs crooked on the wall.

TWITCH

Ask me how I'm doing.

Still nothing.

TWITCH

Great! No, better than great! Do you know why?

Twitch picks up a picture frame with Gary Sr. and him smiling. He slams a fist into the glass, cracking it.

TWITCH

Bus! HA!

Patti appears in his door with a hellish scowl.

PATTI

Don't mock the dead.

TWITCH

Don't ruin my fun.

Patti rolls her eyes.

PATTI

You make the call?

TWITCH

Set up with two of 'em. Hopefully one won't fuck up. These guys know what they're doing?

She nods. He is still looking at the picture.

TWITCH

Bus. Heh.

PATTI

I'll be glad when that little bitch is gone.

TWITCH
Me fucking too.

Patti leaves. Twitch chuckles, mimicking a bus slamming into the picture with a stapler.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angela pours pasta into a strainer. She scoops the pasta out onto two plates. She grabs two forks, and enters

THE DINING ROOM

Where Levon checks out pictures on the fridge.

ANGELA
Isn't the shelter open in November?

She puts the pasta on the table. He sits down.

LEVON
Yeah, they open, but I like the company here better.

ANGELA
You're just saying that because I shower every day.

She pours Levon a glass of milk. Levon happily drinks. Angela slumps in her seat. Levon notices.

LEVON
What's eatin' you?

ANGELA
I don't like my job.

LEVON
So quit.

ANGELA
I wish it was that easy. I've never done anything else before.

LEVON
That don't matter. You want to do something, do it. Haul trash one day, be on TV the next day.

ANGELA

What if I can't find anything? I won't be able to invite you to any more of my world-class dinners.

LEVON

I'll be ok. Do what's best for you.

ANGELA

Thanks. What did you used to do?

LEVON

Don't matter. Didn't pay enough.

Angela nods. She raises her milk. Levon follows suit.

ANGELA

A new tradition. Monday night Ziti!

They clink glasses and dig in.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PRO'S APARTMENT - DAY

A small studio, with only a bed, fridge, and a tape recorder. The Pro lays down with a book.

The tape recorder plays phrases in Finnish. The Pro consults the book and repeats what he hears.

A KNOCK at the door. The Pro rises fluidly, never taking his eyes off his book. He cocks a shotgun, and unbolts the door.

A well-groomed metrosexual glides through the doorway. This is HARVEY, 58, The Pro's boss.

A pair of golden wings is pinned to his lapel, a nod to IRIS, goddess of rainbows. A gust of wind follows him in.

Harvey finds himself face to face with a shotgun barrel. The Pro still hasn't stopped reading.

HARVEY

What the hell is that?

The Pro puts the shotgun down. His Finnish tape continues.

THE PRO

(in Finnish) I am learning the Finnish language.

HARVEY

What?

THE PRO

I am learning the Finnish language.

HARVEY

Finnish? Why? Why not Chinese? Or Spanish? Or Russian? Those would help you with work. What use could Finnish possibly be to you?

The Pro gives Harvey a stern glare.

THE PRO

You never know.

HARVEY

You never know. Like when you learned Esperanto. Nobody in the world speaks Esperanto! All they did with that language was make one shitty movie with William Shatner!

The Pro shrugs, unimpressed. He steps away from Harvey, and Harvey steps forward. There's a duct-taped X beneath him.

HARVEY

You're hopeless. You did sub par work on Williams. Left a lot of witnesses.

THE PRO

I was wearing a disguise.

HARVEY

You wore a mole and a mustache.

THE PRO

You don't pay me for makeup. And don't stand in my spot.

Harvey looks down, then backs away, hands raised.

HARVEY

I'm just sayin... you need to stay focused

The Pro keeps staring.

HARVEY

I've got a live one. Some young CEO pissed his uncle off. Uncle wants him dead. Want in?

The Pro nods stoically. Harvey hands him a sparkly silver notebook, and he rifles through it.

HARVEY
Here's your notes.

THE PRO
This guy have a security detail?

HARVEY
Checkpoint booths, no bodyguards
and he rides a bike.

THE PRO
Harley?

HARVEY
Ten speed.

The Pro tilts his head, confused.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Gary hops onto his ten-speed bicycle. He's dressed in formal office-wear, but -

His Birkenstock-clad feet push off on the pedal.

EXT. COFFEEHOUSE - DAY

Angela sits, depressed, sipping coffee. She sees Gary biking down the street, past the front of VisionWorks.

She looks down at her dossier - a VisionWorks employment application, and a newspaper ad: WIRELESS COMPANY LOOKING FOR NEW MINDS. She sighs, then begins filling it out.

INT. VISIONWORKS - GARY'S OFFICE - DAY

Gary drops his bookbag at his desk and sits down. Then ZELDA, 73 and spry, darts into the room. Her sneakers have wing patterns on the heel, a nod to Mercury, the messenger god.

ZELDA
Good morning, Gary! You need to
oversee the interviews for the new
entry-level R&D positions. Gary!
You need to get going!

Gary lowers his paper, as if a noise has startled him.

GARY

Oh, good morning Zelda! Humid day-
star today, don't you agree?

Zelda is stunned.

INT. VISIONWORKS - LOBBY - DAY

Several well-dressed APPLICANTS sit in chairs, including Angela. A nervous man sits next to her. This is GREG, 25, a flighty space case.

She pats him on the shoulder, and WE SEE A SMALL ITEM FALL INTO HIS BREAST POCKET.

ANGELA

You're gonna do great.

GREG

Thanks.

INT. INTERVIEWER'S ROOM - DAY (INTERCUT WITH ANGELA OUTSIDE)

A stone-faced INTERVIEWER sits across from Greg.

INTERVIEWER

What skills do you feel you would
bring to VisionWorks?

GREG

I think, uh, my professionalism. I
enjoy being part of a team.

INTERVIEWER

Why did you leave your last job?

GREG

I found I had, uh, outgrown it. I
wanted a new, challenging horizon.
The prospect of working, um, for a
cutting-edge wireless -

A phone intercom light blinks on with a beep.

GARY (V.O.)

If you were offered a choice,
between having The Incredible
Hulk's power of strength, or
Rogue's power of acquiring new
mutant abilities through physical
contact, which would you prefer?

GREG

I... um... I'm not really sure.

IN THE LOBBY

Angela jots down TEAM-ORIENTED, AMBITION, and PERFECTIONIST.

When Gary asks his question, Angela crosses out her earlier
words, and adds IDEAS? And CREATIVE? She smiles slightly.

IN THE INTERVIEWING ROOM

The Interviewer faces APPLICANT #2.

INTERVIEWER

How would you handle multiple
assignments in a deadline-driven
environment?

APPLICANT #2

I can type at 90 words per minute,
so I'm able to fluidly complete
assignments that take others a long
time. It's never been a -

GARY (V.O.)

Armadillo and Porcupine. They're in
a fight. Which one are you?

APPLICANT #2

I ...

GARY (V.O.)

And why?

IN THE LOBBY

Angela listens. She writes THINK ON YOUR FEET and INDIVIDUAL.
Now she's smiling broadly, giggling to herself.

IN THE INTERVIEWING ROOM

The Interviewer faces APPLICANT #3.

GARY (V.O.)

Oak or maple?

Applicant #3 stares blankly.

MOMENTS LATER

APPLICANT #4 attempts to answer Gary's question.

APPLICANT #4

I'm not really sure I understand.

GARY (V.O.)

You're an octopus which has just made the evolutionary leap to land. What do you build your early shelters out of? Oak or maple?

Applicant #4 blinks, as if in a trance.

OUTSIDE

Angela laughs out loud. The other applicants stare at her.

ANGELA

Sorry.

MOMENTS LATER

The Interviewer faces Angela.

INTERVIEWER

How would you rate your listening skills?

ANGELA

Very good.

The intercom beeps. Angela smirks.

GARY (V.O.)

Your flooded basement proves to be inhabited by a super-intelligent civilization of eels. Assuming their population doubles every six hours, how do you deal with this infestation?

The Interviewer, stone-faced until now, stares in shock at the phone. But Angela jumps right in.

ANGELA

Well, I don't consider it an infestation right away.

I attempt to make contact with them, since an aquatic intelligence is likely older than us. And they're probably hungry, so I bring my leftovers. If they're not, this may be seen as an offering to their gods, so I'm covered either way.

For a long time, the intercom is silent.

GARY (V.O.)
Dude ... you're hired.

Angela hesitates, then nods. The Interviewer shakes his head.

INTERVIEWER
I'm so done with this shit.

INT. VISIONWORKS LOBBY - DAY

Angela walks down the hall with a smile.

INT. VISIONWORKS - HUMAN RESOURCES - DAY

An HR MANAGER thumbs through paperwork. Angela fidgets.

HR MANAGER
Okay, looks like the preliminary paperwork's in place. You just have a few more things to do.

ANGELA
What else do I have to do?

The HR manager takes out a huge stack of papers. He grunts picking it up, and slams it down in front of Angela.

HR MANAGER
And after that ...

Angela's eyes grow wide. We then

CUT TO:

INT. VISIONWORKS - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Angela fills out paperwork in the waiting room.

INT. VISIONWORKS - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A NURSE shakes a urine cup at Angela, who smiles innocently.

INT. VISIONWORKS - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - BATHROOM - DAY

The capped cup sits on the sink. Angela washes her hands.

INT. VISIONWORKS - HUMAN RESOURCES - DAY

Angela walks in and shakes hands with a smiling HR DIRECTOR.

INT. VISIONWORKS - SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Angela sits in a chair, and then a camera FLASHES. She's given a security card with her name on it.

INT. VISIONWORKS - AUDITORIUM - DAY

Angela sits among a number of NEW EMPLOYEES. The HR Manager stands before them, impossibly happy. Angela's exhausted.

HR MANAGER

And now that you've signed your contingent staffing contracts, I'd like to welcome you into the VisionWorks family.

He points a remote behind him, and a large video screen descends. The HR Manager's face pops on the screen.

HR MANAGER

Welcome to Visionworks! We're so glad you can begin contributing to the most successful wireless technology company on the East coast. We've developed a series of -

A SECURITY GUARD approaches the HR Manager and whispers in his ear. The HR Manager looks around the room, whispers back and the guard leaves. Angela watches intently.

HR MANAGER (CONT'D)

-introductory videos for each of your particular departments. We'd like you to watch these videos in pairs, so you can get to know your future coworkers.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Angela sits knee to knee with VANESSA, 26, a brainy, quick witted woman, watching their video in the cramped room. Angela's uncomfortable.

VANESSA

You know, I could be that fat bastard in the front row who smelled like rotting cheese.

Angela glances nervously at Vanessa, then smiles.

ANGELA

You're right, could be worse.

They both settle in and watch the video.

INT. VISIONWORKS - AUDITORIUM - DAY

New hires mill about. Angela and Vanessa walk in. Angela tracks down the HR Manager.

ANGELA

Where are we supposed to go now?

A few new hires listen in. The HR Manager shakes his head.

HR MANAGER

At the moment, we need you all to take your seats.

ANGELA

Shouldn't we be getting to our departments?

HR MANAGER

We'll be done here in a few minutes. Please take your seat.

Angela glances at the door. A security guard waits there.

Angela walks to an empty chair, checking for exits. She sits and puts her purse on the floor. A handgun peeks out.

Vanessa plops down next to her with a smile. Angela spots a door near the back of the room.

VANESSA

Wonder what's going on with all the security.

A half dozen more GUARDS spill inside. Angela slowly reaches into her purse.

VANESSA

Wonder if they'll stripsearch us.
Maybe I'll get the cute one.

Angela forces a smile. The HR Manager clears his throat.

HR MANAGER

I'm sorry for the delay, but we
have a small situation.

Angela cocks her gun inside her purse. She slowly withdraws her hands and sees the HR Manager watching her.

HR MANAGER

We've detected some unusual
electronic equipment. And it's
coming from one of you.

Angela places her open purse in her lap.

HR MANAGER

So if you'll all kindly make your
way to the front of the room, we'll
sort this out. Single file please.

Vanessa and Angela stand up. Angela's purse hangs off her shoulder as a line forms.

VANESSA

Ooh, it is the cute one!

Angela smiles briefly and eyes the other door again.

The line moves forward, each new hire being scanned with an electronic wand. Angela taps Vanessa on the shoulder.

ANGELA

Do you have a tissue?

VANESSA

Oh, sure.

Vanessa opens her purse and Angela reaches into hers.

ANGELA

Hey, I think the cute one is
looking at you!

Vanessa looks up. Angela reaches for something in her purse, but doesn't find anything.

Her eyes light up and she touches her ear. A listening device is still there.

VANESSA

You sure? He must have looked away.

She fishes through her purse. A security guard approaches.

SECURITY GUARD

Please step forward, miss.

Angela looks back at the exit as Vanessa is scanned.

The guard motions Angela forward. She steps up, crossing her arms so her hand is next to her purse.

The HR Manager walks over, watching Angela suspiciously.

The wand starts at her ankles and moves slowly up her leg. She looks to the exit again, sliding her hand into her purse.

The guard sweeps the wand over her hip and up her side, coming up to her purse. Angela swallows hard.

The wand passes over her purse and up to her shoulder ...
Angela grips her gun ...

When a PANICKED NEW HIRE breaks for the door! Security tackles him. They take out tasers.

PANICKED NEW HIRE

Wait! Don't tase me, bro!

Two guards hold him down. A third searches him with the wand. It beeps at his tie. The third guard pulls his tie pin off and brings it to the HR Manager.

SECURITY GUARD 3

Hidden camera, sir.

The HR Manager shakes his head and turns back to the group.

HR MANAGER

I'm sorry you all had to see that.
This company is in a very, very competitive industry, so we need to make sure no one can steal our intellectual property. Corporations can resort to drastic measures to achieve their ends sometimes.

Angela, still standing, takes a long, deep breath. The auditorium door closes.

HR MANAGER
 Now, let's get you all to your
 respective departments.

The new hires stare at the door, slack-jawed.

INT. VISIONWORKS - RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT ROOM - DAY

Angela and Vanessa walk in and see chairs lined up. Greg sits
 in one chair, a YOUNG WOMAN in the other.

Angela sits next to Greg.

ANGELA
 Hi! You got hired too?

GREG
 Uh, yeah. Sure did.

ANGELA
 I'm Angela.

GREG
 I'm Greg. Hi. Hello.

They shake hands. Greg's hands are trembling.

ANGELA
 Are you still nervous?

GREG
 No, nervous, no. Uh uh, not at all.
 Do I look nervous?

ANGELA
 No.

She smiles. Vanessa walks up to FRED, 33, a smarmy ass-
 kisser. He types on his laptop, tapping his feet.

VANESSA
 Hi, I'm Vanessa.

FRED
 Fred.

His eyes don't leave his laptop. Vanessa backs away. A
 TAPPING is heard on the intercom. Everyone looks up.

GARY (V.O.)
 New hires?

Everyone looks around, unsure.

GARY (V.O.)
I said, new hires?

The group responds with a smattering of confused responses.

GARY (V.O.)
Good. Responding to aural stimuli is a necessary skill in a team environment. Your first mission at VisionWorks will therefore be a lesson in teambuilding. There is a staircase to your right.

Everyone looks to their right. They see a black door with a huge sign that says THIS STAIRCASE.

GARY (V.O.)
You must get to the seventh floor conference room, in a group.

Everyone looks around, nodding. That doesn't sound hard.

GARY (V.O.)
With one obstacle.

CLICK! The lights go off, and it is totally black.

GARY (V.O.)
You have three minutes.

ANGELA
(under her breath) What the hell?

She gets up and starts walking toward the door.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The room is consumed in darkness. People fumble around.

ANGELA
Ow! You stepped on my foot!

GREG
Sorry.

FRED
I told you we should have gone single file.

VANESSA
We voted to move in pairs.

FRED

And you were all wrong.

A small light comes on, revealing the conference room. A BUDDHA statue rests on the table. Everyone sits down.

Angela glances around. The room has an espresso machine, a pinball machine and a gumball machine.

GARY

OK, now that we've used all our senses to get here, we've prepared ourselves. I want you to open your mind's eye -

Gary snaps open the shades.

GARY

And tell me what you see.

Fred squints and holds his hands up over his eyes.

GREG

Bright.

Gary picks up his laser pointer. There is a board on a tripod, a graph with four bars and numbers below each.

Each colored bar is an illustrated man. In the first, he is walking. Second, he's watching TV. Third, he's in the classic thinker's pose. Fourth, he's watching TV again.

Gary points out each picture with his laser-pointer.

GARY

I think being barked at by an executive stifles creativity, but that activities like these can lead to untold mental discoveries.

Fred furiously scribbles notes. Angela listens, curious.

GARY

So today, our meeting will be very short. I want you all to go home, watch some cartoons, try to let your mind wander, and watch some more cartoons.

Gary claps his hands, and the meeting ends. Workers get up and leave. As they open the door, we see THE WHOLE HALLWAY IS COMPLETELY DARK. Fred opens his cell phone for light.

Angela stays behind as Gary packs up his things. She plays with her poison pen as she approaches.

ANGELA

Uh, Mr. Hansen? I was wondering if you could explain some of these numbers for me.

GARY

Sure. Angela, right?

Angela nods. Gary takes the laser pointer and points out a part of the graph.

GARY

There's lots of numbers here, Angela. The world's full of numbers. Which one inspires you?

As he talks, her eyes grow wide ...

A laser beam appears on Gary's chest.

SHE SEES THE PRO ACROSS THE STREET, AIMING A RIFLE.

ANGELA

No way. (to Gary) TWO!

She jumps into Gary's arms. The pair end up against the wall. Gary's pleasantly surprised.

GARY

Wow, um, that's great! But, it's not really relevant to the chart. I do agree, though, that we all should be working two-gether.

Angela gives an honest smile, backing away a step.

ANGELA

You're right. How about two cups of coffee, so we can talk about this?

Gary nods and goes to the cappuccino machine. Angela creeps to the window, attaching a silencer to her pistol.

GARY

You know, it's like humanity has shattered into factions, and coffee is the glue bringing us together.

ANGELA

Couldn't agree more!

Angela looks out the window, picks a mark, and empties four rounds at The Pro, who leaps away as the bullets hit drywall.

Gary backs up, thinking the sound is coming from the cappuccino machine. He hits the machine.

Gary brings two cups of coffee to the table. Angela nervously watches both him and the outside.

GARY

Caveman clans would pick fleas out
of each other's hair to huddle
together. Now there's coffee.

Gary takes a sip and puts his coffee down. The Pro gets in position to shoot. The laser sight flickers in the window.

GARY

Could there be anything better?

Angela jumps toward Gary and embraces him again. This time, they twirl so Gary's back is to the window. Angela squeezes off three rounds as they move.

GARY

Yeah, I guess that might be a
little better.

ANGELA

Can I walk you out?

Gary nods with a smile. They stop and walk to the door.

ANGELA

Oh, I forgot my purse.

With Gary in the hallway, Angela walks to her purse, scoops it up, and continues striding towards the open window.

The Pro finally retreats.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Angela slumps out from the building. She dials her cellphone.

EMPLOYER

Yes?

ANGELA

That maniac tried to take Gary out
from across the street.

EMPLOYER

So? He's your competition.

ANGELA

You have to neutralize him. I can't work like this.

EMPLOYER

Sorry, Angela. That's your problem.

The Employer hangs up. Angela fumes. A nearby TEEN BOY wears a shirt with a British flag. She smiles, and approaches him.

ANGELA

(English accent) Excuse me, can I use your cell phone?

The high school boy is speechless. He gives her the phone. She dials three digits.

ANGELA

Yes, hello? I have some information about the maniac who killed Senator Williams last week.

She smirks. The teen boy is checking her out, in awe.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

OFFICER GRANDE and OFFICER SMALL, their sizes befitting their names, walk clutching police sketches of The Pro.

OFFICER SMALL

I'll take this end.

He motions down the hall. Officer Grande nods, and we follow him as he knocks on a door. The door opens.

OFFICER GRANDE

Good afternoon, ma'am. We're conducting a search for a very dangerous man. We believe he may be in this area.

He holds up a police sketch.

DOWN THE HALLWAY

Officer Small knocks on a door. The door opens.

OFFICER SMALL
Good afternoon, sir. We're
conducting a search for...

He looks down at the sketch. He looks back up in surprise.

A hand shoots out, grabs him, and yanks him inside. We hear a
concrete block SMASHING. The door shuts.

OFFICER GRANDE

Goes to knock on another door in the hallway, when he hears
EXPLOSIVE BLUDGEONING in the other room.

The Pro emerges from his apartment, wearing Small's hat,
holster and badge over his boxers and wifebeater.

He walks toward Officer Grande, his head down.

OFFICER GRANDE
What the hell?

The Pro raises his head. Officer Grande's eyes grow wide, and
he reaches for his gun.

The Pro shoots him dead.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

The Pro walks outside, fully clothed in police regalia.

CUT TO:

INT. VISIONWORKS - PARKING LOT - DAY

Angela walks past Fabrizio, who nods happily at her.

FABRIZIO
You must be a new employee.

ANGELA
Yes, I am.

FABRIZIO
Well, welcome to VisionWorks.

ANGELA
Thanks.

INT. VISIONWORKS HALLWAY - DAY

Angela walks inside, a bit perkier than she was outside. Vanessa comes sprinting toward her.

ANGELA
Hey, Vanessa.

VANESSA
You're late! Come on, Mr. Hansen
just called a meeting for everyone
in R and D!

She grabs her hand, and hauls her off.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

Employees sit, notebooks in hand, scribbling with importance.

We see who they're looking at - Gary, looking fresh out of an audition for a Pearl Jam cover band.

Gary has a serious look. Gradually, people stop writing.

GARY
Is anyone still working?

Fred furiously writes, but he's the last one. He stops, and looks around, scared.

GARY
Okay, let's see what you came up
with. Anyone?

Gary looks around, and slowly, one hand comes up at the back of the table. Gary eyes him with gravity.

GARY
Go ahead.

On shaky legs, Fred stands up,

FRED
Hi. I'm Fred. I like the color
green.

After a stare-down, Gary gives an approving nod.

GARY
Very good, Fred.

Fred sits with relief, wipes his sweaty brow and gulps the water in front of him.

Gary swivels his eyes to someone else. He points this time.

GARY

You.

Greg stands.

GREG

My name is Greg, and I like
chimichangas.

Gary stares at him uncomfortably long. Greg gets nervous.

GARY

Very well then, Greg.

Greg sits back down, spooked. A coworker next to him offers him a handkerchief. Gary looks at the table.

GARY

Anyone else?

No hands go up. This entire room is scared to death.

GARY

Guys, you have to understand something. A company is like an organism, with each cell carrying out a specific job. But they're part of a larger body, we're still just individuals.

Gary points to Fred, then Greg.

GARY

After this exercise, I know that Fred likes green. And, for reasons not entirely clear to me, Greg likes chimichangas. But the fact is, now I know. And from this day forward, we'll work better together than if I hadn't found that out.

Slowly, the assembled group begins to nod.

GARY

So who's next?

Empowered, Angela stands up.

ANGELA

My name is Angela, and, uh, I put two things that I like.

Heads shoot over to her in shock.

GREG
(whispering) Oh god, she's fucked.

ANGELA
I like Manolo Blahnik shoes ... and
... hardcore rock music.

All heads turn from her to Gary, like they're watching a tennis match. Gary gives a non-committal nod.

GARY
Well I don't ... but I think it's
great that you can unwind after a
tough day at work to a band like
System of a Down or Hatebreed.

Angela blushes.

GARY
I don't know how my dad ran this
company, but if we're going to
succeed together, we have to be a
tribe. We're individuals working
for a common purpose. Remember,
there is no I in TEAM, but there is
a WE if you turn the M upside down.

A few people nod, but everyone else stares blankly.

Twitch sits up near the front. His painted smile almost steals attention from the hellfire in his eyes.

EXT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Employees congratulate Angela. She's not used to this.

Gary approaches her, and her fans immediately retreat.

GARY
(whispers) Stop by my office at the
end of the day.

Angela nods. Gary walks away. Her fans converge on her again.

INT. GARY'S OFFICE - DAY

Zelda watches Angela into Gary's office, suspicious. Gary sees her and waves.

GARY

That was very impressive.

Angela says nothing. She's getting shy.

GARY

You should speak up more. Great ideas never come to be if they don't emerge from someone's mouth.

Angela giggles a little.

ANGELA

Well I guess it makes sense, you put it that way.

GARY

We never had a chance to finish those coffees you requested. Wanna check out Bean There, Done That?

ANGELA

Sure.

GARY

Great. I'll meet you at the end of the work day.

Angela bounds off, a spring in her step.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VISIONWORKS - ANGELA'S DESK - NIGHT

Angela has a stack of manuals in front of her. Some desks are empty; others are still working.

Angela's not working; she's daydreaming. She looks at the clock and fidgets with her poison pen.

Twitch enters the room and everyone pretends to work - except Angela. Twitch notices her, and approaches.

TWITCH

Miss?

ANGELA

Oh, yes?

TWITCH

I couldn't help but notice your daydreaming. Is he cute?

ANGELA

I'm sorry?

TWITCH

Well, your smile was so big I figured it had to be a daydream about some Danielle Steele sexual romp in a faraway tropical island with the sun setting and the warm water splashing up around you ... yeah ... yeah, that's good ...

Angela doesn't know what to say.

TWITCH

Well, we don't pay you to get moist. GET BACK TO WORK!

Twitch walks off, satisfied. Workers are horrified. Angela's in the zone now, though. It's time to work.

INT. BEAN THERE, DONE THAT - DAY

Angela sits alone at a table. Underground music softly PLAYS. Books line the shelves. College students work on laptops.

Gary sits at the table with two coffees and gives one to her.

ANGELA

Thanks.

GARY

Well I wanted to meet one-on-one with all of you anyway, so I thought I could start with you.

ANGELA

Makes sense.

GARY

What do you think a company is?

ANGELA

A group of creative minds?

GARY

It is. But it's more than that. It's a tribe. Everyone needs each other for survival.

Angela smiles genuinely.

GARY

We're in a creative wasteland, so only our creativity will get us through it. We're not ants. We have thumbs. Free thinkers are crushed under the juggernaut of groupthink.

ANGELA

Wasn't Juggernaut a God?

As Gary begins talking, TRIBAL DRUMS and PRIMAL SINGING rumble low in the background.

GARY

Well yes, Angela. Juggernaut was a Hindu god. The natives used to drag his immense statue through the streets, and throw themselves in front of his wheels, to be crushed to death. Plus, he was a pretty cool X-Men character.

ANGELA

(deadpan) Fascinating.

GARY

I'm really glad to have you as part of the team.

ANGELA

Me too.

Angela grabs her purse.

ANGELA

I need to go powder my nose.

INT. COFFEEHOUSE BATHROOM - DAY

Angela walks in and finds three young women giggling at the mirror; a BLONDE with big hoop earrings, a SHORT-HAIRED BRUNETTE, and a SOPHISTICATED REDHEAD.

Angela takes out a bottle of nail polish. She sets it on the table and appraises her nails.

The giggling women leave. Angela draws a gold pen from her purse, then a syringe. Drawing liquid out of the bottle, her smile melts away. But she's sad this time.

She fills the pen with liquid and withdraws the needle, tucking it all away in her bag again.

She stares at herself in the mirror, vulnerability washing over her. She steadies her breathing ...

BACK AT THE TABLE

Angela sits down and notices Gary is somber.

ANGELA

You okay?

GARY

My father was killed by Juggernaut.

ANGELA

What?

GARY

He was always plugged into work, even when picking up flowers for my mom. I don't even think he saw the bus coming. It steam-rolled him.

He sips his coffee. When he puts it down, a bus SCREECHES to a halt behind them, on the street.

Gary looks behind him. As he turns, Angela reaches forward to inject her pen's poison into his coffee.

She hesitates, frozen for a moment. But she steels herself and injects the poison.

Gary turns back around. Angela doesn't look at him.

GARY

All the money he made, everything he ever did, for nothing.

ANGELA

You had time with him. That's more than a lot of people get.

GARY

I barely knew him. I caught glimpses sometimes, but he lived to work. Not the other way around.

Angela is silent. Gary picks up the coffee.

GARY

That's how I got here. I loved my father, but Juggernaut isn't going to run our company down.

ANGELA

What do we do, then?

GARY

I don't know. Maybe I should have just accepted Twitch's offer.

ANGELA

What offer?

GARY

He was going to buy my father's shares just before the accident. I got the company after he died, and he offered me the same deal, but I said no.

ANGELA

Sounds like your father was ready to move on. You don't seem too keen on what running this company did to him. Why put yourself through the same thing?

GARY

I've been asking myself that same question. I don't think I'm ready to let go yet. This company is what he left behind. It's all I have left of him.

Gary picks up his coffee, but doesn't drink.

GARY

What about you?

ANGELA

What about me?

GARY

Your parents ... ?

ANGELA

Juggernaut's a busy god.

She takes a deep breath. Gary is very interested.

EXT. ANGELA'S CHILDHOOD HOME - BACKYARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

YOUNG ANGELA, 6, plays with her toy ponies and a miniature prairie ranch.

As she plays, A MENACING BLACK SEDAN MOVES BEHIND HER.

ANGELA (V.O.)
I was little when my mom died.

GARY (V.O.)
What about your father?

ANGELA (V.O.)
I never knew him. My mom left him
in Europe. She emigrated here when
I was still in her belly.

GARY (V.O.)
Did she travel a lot?

ANGELA (V.O.)
Work took her all over the world.

BANG! A shot rings out. Young Angela jumps out of her skin.

EXT. ANGELA'S CHILDHOOD HOME - BACK DOOR - DAY

Young Angela, frightened, approaches the door. As she touches
the doorknob, THE BLACK SEDAN DRIVES BACK THE WAY IT CAME.

INT. ANGELA'S CHILDHOOD HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Angela walks in. Everything looks normal. She walks into
THE LIVING ROOM

And everything looks okay there as well. She enters
THE KITCHEN

And everything looks fine, too, but she passes the table ...

HER MOTHER'S CORPSE IS ON THE FLOOR, ON HER BACK, A BULLET
WOUND LEAKING FROM HER FOREHEAD. \$100 bills lie on her chest.

Young Angela surveys the horrific scene. She tenderly holds
her mother's lifeless hand, and starts to cry.

END FLASHBACK - BACK TO COFFEEHOUSE

Gary is cradling his cup of coffee, moved.

GARY
How did she die?

ANGELA
Cancer.

GARY

Maybe we're both haunted. Maybe
that's why we do what we do.

Angela nods. From the street, horns BLARE and a cabbie
SHOUTS. Gary looks back to the window.

Angela twirls her pen fluidly and jabs it at Gary's cup. She
withdraws the pen as he turns back to her.

They share a moment looking at each other as the coffee
spills silently over the edge of the table.

GARY

Ancestral voices don't always have
to haunt, do they? Can't they guide
us too?

ANGELA

Maybe.

Gary raises his cup, tilts it back, shakes it, shrugs, and
puts it down, surprised it's empty.

ANGELA

Well, my ancestral voices are
guiding me home to sleep.

Gary glances at the cup.

GARY

Yes, it has been a long day.

They stand and Angela steps around the puddle of coffee on
the floor. Gary notices it, confused, as they leave.

EXT. COFFEEHOUSE - DAY

Gary and Angela stand together.

GARY

Work tomorrow. 9:34 sharp.

She salutes him - with her left hand. Gary smiles and walks
down the street.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Angela's alarm clock blares. She rolls over and turns it off.

LATER

She strolls out of the bathroom and lays items on her bed:

Black business suit.
Classy black purse.
Laptop computer in a case.
New ball point pen.

She looks out the window, and smiles.

SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. VISIONWORKS - RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT DEPT. - DAY

Fred stands before Gary's team, talking and gesturing to a poster-board which displays the schematics for a new wireless handset device. Angela sits next to Gary, taking notes.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Angela enjoys lunch with her team. Gary talks. Greg is engaged in passionate discussion with Vanessa.

A waiter presents a tray of chimichangas, distracting Greg.

While Greg plows into the food, Gary shakes his head in playful disgust.

Angela and Vanessa sit with their heads together, giggling and pointing at a cute waiter across the room.

A nearby customer drops her drink, which SHATTERS. Angela instinctively reaches into her purse for her pistol.

Angela then realizes her overreaction. She pulls out her lipstick, covering her reflex.

EXT. VISIONWORKS - DAY

Angela and Vanessa take turns addressing the group, as they sit on picnic tables in a grassy area alongside the building.

As Angela hands a sheet to Gary, her finger brushes his. There is a moment of mutual attraction. They both smile.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The team takes shots together, clearly enjoying themselves.

Vanessa sits with the cute security guard.

Angela stands next to Gary, and they share a knowing smirk. Under the bar, the two hold hands.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Gary's team stumbles out of the bar. He hangs back as they walk away. Angela hangs back too.

ANGELA
Not coming with us?

GARY
I probably shouldn't. Tomorrow's going to be a long day.

ANGELA
(quietly) You want to have dinner at my grandma's with me tomorrow?

GARY
What?

ANGELA
(louder) You want to have dinner at my grandma's with me tomorrow?

Gary smiles.

GARY
I would love to.

Gary grasps her hand briefly, then walks away. Angela stands there doe-eyed with a dopey smile plastered on her face.

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Angela leads Gary to the front door. She then rings the doorbell, knocks three times on the door's window pane, kicks the door once with her feet, and then says -

ANGELA
Wow, would you look at those stars!!!

She gives Gary a winning smile, and, after a moment's hesitation, quickly rings the doorbell again.

The door opens a crack. Grandma peeks through.

ANGELA
Yes, Grandma, it's me.

GRANDMA
You're not alone. The pressure
plates indicate -

ANGELA
This is my date! Gary, say hi to my
grandma!

GARY
Greetings.

She lets them in.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Angela and Gary sit on the couch. Grandma takes the recliner.

GRANDMA
You didn't tell me you were
bringing company.

ANGELA
It was a spur of the moment idea.

GRANDMA
I hardly made anything tonight.

IN THE DINING ROOM

Gary and Angela sit at the table, surrounded by enough food
to feed an army. Grandma holds a tray.

GRANDMA
Do you like manicotti, Mr. Hansen?

GARY
Yes, ma'am. I usually have Cinnamon
Toast Crunch this time of night.

GRANDMA
A toast! Good idea! I have a bottle
set aside for a special occasion.

Grandma walks to the wine rack, pulls a bottle out, and pours
three glasses. She looks back. Gary's looking at Angela.

GRANDMA SPOONS A WHITE POWDER FROM A CRYSTAL DISH, AND MIXES
IT INTO ONE GLASS.

She walks back. She gives Gary the drink mixed with powder.

GRANDMA
To the happy couple!

Grandma raises her glass. Gary and Angela reach for theirs.

Angela grabs the wrong glass! Grandma's eyes go wide. Angela lifts the glass to her lips ...

CRASH! The glass shatters. Shocked, Angela turns to her side. A fork is pierced in the wall.

GRANDMA
Oops, clumsy me.

Gary is bewildered.

AT THE END OF THE MEAL

GRANDMA
Dessert is just about ready.
Angela, would you mind helping your
frail old grandmother with the
creme brulee?

ANGELA
Of course, Grandma.

The two get up and go to the kitchen. Gary shovels in a mouthful of food.

IN THE KITCHEN

The door shuts behind them. Grandma whips around.

GRANDMA
That's your mark.

ANGELA
Yeah?

GRANDMA
We had him. How could you pick up
the wrong glass?

ANGELA
Grandma, you don't -

GRANDMA
I hate to do it, but we'll have to
poison the creme brulee.

ANGELA
Grandma ...

IN THE DINING ROOM

Gary notices a pot of flowers on the china cabinet. He tries to smell the flowers, but frowns.

He pulls a "daisy" out. He looks at it - it's actually a razor-edged stiletto. He stabs it back in the pot.

IN THE KITCHEN

Grandma hovers over her creme brulee with a small bottle and an eye dropper in her hand.

GRANDMA

Really, dear, it's okay. I can just make a fresh batch for us tomorrow.

ANGELA

Grandma, you don't understand.

Putting down the bottle, Grandma picks up dessert and heads for the door. Angela stands in her way.

ANGELA

I don't want to poison him.

She takes the tray from Grandma and places it on the counter.

GRANDMA

Alright, we've already eaten, what other options do we have?

Angela takes a deep breath, ready to confess, when -

GRANDMA

I won't stand for any arterial spray. I just had the carpet cleaned! You'll have to be careful.

She grabs a large butcher's knife.

GRANDMA

And you're not leaving him here. You know the backyard is full -

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Gary finds a picture of Angela, her mom and grandma, framed in a silver circle. He lifts the frame, and accidentally flicks a hidden switch.

Blades snap out, turning the picture into a Japanese throwing star. He slowly puts it back. He's spooked.

IN THE KITCHEN

ANGELA
Grandma, I'm not going to kill him.

GRANDMA
I know, that's why I'm trying to help you.

ANGELA
No, Grandma, I'm not going to kill him at all.

Grandma looks at Angela sadly and sighs.

ANGELA
He's my date.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Gary eyes the dining room. He sees some candles next to him. He extends his arm to touch them, then thinks better of it.

IN THE KITCHEN

GRANDMA
You fell for a mark.

ANGELA
It's not that. I'm just not cut out for this anymore. I like this guy. I don't want to kill him.

GRANDMA
I wasn't asking. I know that look.

Angela is confused.

GRANDMA
How do you think I met your grandfather?

The two sit in silence for a moment, then share a giggle.

ANGELA
So you promise you'll stop trying to kill him now?

Grandma nods. Angela heads for the door. Before opening, she turns back.

ANGELA
You think we look good together?

GRANDMA
You look great together.

Angela smiles and opens the door.

EXT. GARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Angela pulls up to the driveway. They exit and walk to his front door.

ANGELA
I hope she didn't weird you out.

GARY
No, not at all. A person has to be concerned with their security. Was she ... mugged at any point?

ANGELA
No, but her daughter didn't meet a happy end.

GARY
Right. I'm sorry.

ANGELA
Me too.

With that, Angela leans over and kisses Gary on the mouth. Gary gives in, kisses back.

As they separate, a BUDDHA door knocker hangs behind them.

GARY
VisionWorks has rules against fraternization. Lateral transfers and terminations are possible.

ANGELA
Sounds serious.

GARY
I am.

Gary smiles warmly and opens the door. Angela breathes a sigh of relief, but Gary hesitates.

Gary reaches into his jacket pocket and presents her with a long, slender giftwrapped box.

ANGELA
What's this?

GARY

Just a little something I got you
to celebrate a new chapter in your
life. Open it when you're ready.

Angela smiles.

ANGELA

Is this another mystical thing?

GARY

Yeah, something like that.

They share a smile and kiss again.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angela turns on a lamp. She flops onto her bed, looking to
the ceiling with a child-like smile.

Her phone rings a second later and her smile grows wider
seeing who it is.

ANGELA

You aren't going to believe this!

INTERCUT WITH VANESSA'S APARTMENT.

VANESSA

Believe what? Did dinner go well?

ANGELA

You could say that.

VANESSA

Oh my God ... He's not there right
now, is he?

ANGELA

No! What kind of girl do you think
I am?

VANESSA

One that needs to get laid.

There's a pause, then the two start giggling hysterically.

FADE TO BLACK.

HARVEY (V.O.)

Every department in the state has
had an APB on you this week. Can
you do this?

INT. THE PRO'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Pro stands by the window, his fingers lifting the blinds enough to peek at the street.

THE PRO
I can do it.

HARVEY
This is serious.

THE PRO
I know.

The Pro hangs up and drops the blinds.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The Pro, in police uniform and flipping through a silvery sparkly notebook, walks past Fabrizio.

FABRIZIO
Something I can help you with
officer?

The Pro lays Fabrizio out.

Gary parks his bicycle and heads for the door.

The Pro stalks Gary from behind. Gary hears him and turns.

GARY
Officer?

THE PRO
Gary Hansen?

Gary looks over The Pro's shoulder and sees Fabrizio's feet sticking out from behind his post. He's nervous.

INT. ANGELA'S CAR - DAY

Angela drives in the parking lot, looking for a space.

She turns the corner, and sees The Pro putting Gary's head through a car window!

Shocked, she speeds to them. The Pro pulls Gary from the shattered window and tosses him to the ground.

With Gary bloody on the asphalt, The Pro reaches for his holster -

And Angela's car plows into him, flipping him through the air onto the ground!

Angela parks and emerges, gun drawn. The Pro is already up and limping toward the stairwell door.

Angela runs over to Gary.

ANGELA
Are you okay?

Gary nods weakly.

ANGELA
Don't move, I'll be right back!

Angela runs to the stairwell door.

She bursts into the stairwell, and is struck with a yellow "SLIPPERY WHEN WET" sign.

Her head snaps back. She tumbles back in the parking garage. The Pro hits her stomach. She doubles over onto the floor.

The Pro swings the sign at her neck. She ducks and aims the gun at him.

He swings the sign back, knocking the gun away from him and into the concrete wall. She squeezes off a shot.

The Pro drops the sign and wrestles her for the gun. They slam into a car, clutching the gun between them.

The weapon slips free and slides under a car.

The Pro fires a side-kick into Angela's stomach, which sends her bounding off the car. She lands unsteady but on her feet.

NOTE: This conversation takes place in Esperanto.

THE PRO
Crazy bitch!

ANGELA
Not as crazy as you!

The Pro is speechless for a moment.

THE PRO
You speak Esperanto?

ANGELA
Yes.

THE PRO

Why?

Angela gives him a stern glare.

ANGELA

You never know.

The Pro nods in approval.

He charges at her. Angela runs up to meet him. He punches her in the jaw.

The Pro grabs her by the neck, and throws her into the wall.

Angela grabs the plastic light cover above her, rips it off, and smashes it into The Pro's head.

The Pro delivers another side-kick into her stomach, and she falls to the ground.

He steps toward her then slowly spins around. His eyes widen.

Angela drags herself to her feet and looks for the Pro. He is gone and a crowd of scared employees stares back at her.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Angela rushes to Gary.

ANGELA

You're gonna be okay.

Gary nods.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Gary lies on a hospital bed, lightly bandaged and bruised. Angela stands next to him, also with battle scars.

ANGELA

Looking good.

She smiles, but Gary doesn't react. He is somber.

ANGELA

How you holding up?

GARY

I saw my life flash before my eyes.

ANGELA

And?

GARY

It fucking bored me.

ANGELA

What are you talking about? You're one of the most unique people I've ever known.

Gary says nothing. He stares ahead, meditatively.

ANGELA

You're coming down from a combat-high. The adrenaline in your blood is thinning out. It's almost like a caffeine crash, but worse.

GARY

How do you know that?

ANGELA

Just rest, Gary.

They sit quietly. Angela puts her hand on his head.

INT. PATTI'S OFFICE - DAY

Twitch is pacing in front of Patti's desk.

TWITCH

When did I send those flowers, Patti?

PATTI

Three and a half weeks ago.

TWITCH

And have they been delivered? No! I hire two florists, and neither one can ring the doorbell.

PATTI

There's more than two florist shops in the world.

TWITCH

Does it take the Russian army to whack that Birkenstock freak?

Patti looks at him sternly.

PATTI

My cousin's boyfriend knows this guy. He's the best in California.

Twitch is slightly interested.

PATTI

He's costly, but he'll be worth it.

TWITCH

If he gets it done, I don't care.

She picks up the phone and dials.

PATTI

I'm on it.

INT. IRA'S APARTMENT - DAY

IRA, a supremely confident black man with a massive afro, plays Duck Hunt on his Nintendo. He talks on the phone.

IRA

Yeah. Mmm hmm. Yeah. I see. I'm feelin' you. Yeah. Can't do it.

He hangs up the phone and goes back to playing Duck Hunt. After a moment, the phone rings again. He picks up.

IRA

Yeah. Mmm hmm. Yeah. I see. Oh, how is your cousin? (pause) You know I'm only west coast.

INT. TWITCH'S OFFICE - DAY

Patti is on the phone with him.

PATTI

It's an easy hit, Ira. (pause) You'll get twice your usual fee.

Patti pauses, rolls her eyes and sighs.

PATTI

And I'll hook you up with my cousin. Again.

INT. IRA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ira is now facing us, shooting the plastic gun into a mirror, while ducks fall behind him on the TV screen.

IRA
She still as fine as ever?

Ira listens a moment, then smiles from ear to ear.

IRA
I'll be there in six hours.

EXT. UNITED STATES - DAY

A huge animated map of the United States. An plane takes off from Los Angeles and flies to Hartford.

SERIES OF SHOTS

The sun reflects off of his Raybans.
A polished shoe steps onto concrete.
A car door opens.
A gold tooth DINGS.
A firing bolt slides into place.
A sniper rifle shifts on a tripod.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - ROOF - DAY

Ira, dressed immaculately in a suit, walks toward the edge. He looks down the street.

Kneeling down, a huge glob of BIRD SHIT lands on his shoulder. He looks at it, shakes his head in disgust,

AND WITHOUT LOOKING, FIRES ABOVE HIM.

After a moment, a dead bird falls and lands with a THUD, feathers floating down after it. Ira smiles.

Content, Ira turns and sees A BLACK X OF DUCT TAPE. There are also instructions: KNEEL HERE, GUN HERE, SODA HERE.

IRA
What the fuck?

He looks up, and WE SEE A GUN AIMED BEHIND HIS HEAD.

A shot is fired. Ira falls dead, and two tufts of afro float to the ground where he had been standing.

The Pro crouches where the tape tells him to, sets a soda where the tape indicates, and mounts his sniper rifle.

THE PRO
Nobody stands in my spot.

He looks down the street, and sees Gary riding his bike.

ON THE STREET

Gary is riding to work. His cell phone rings.

GARY
Gary here.

ANGELA
Hey, it's me. Feel like meeting up
for breakfast?

GARY
Where'd you have in mind?

ANGELA
The diner on Ash Street.

Gary looks up. Ash Street is directly in front of him.

GARY
I have a lot of paperwork to do,
Angela. I need to get to work.

Gary glances up at the sign, and continues up the street.

ON THE ROOFTOP

The Pro lines Gary up in his sights, and pulls the trigger.

ON THE STREET

A truck pulls in front of Gary just as the gunshot rings out, blaring its horn, deflecting the bullet.

INT. VISIONWORKS - LOBBY - DAY

Gary enters the lobby and his eyes linger on his phone. An old man, BRADFORD HAYES III, waddles up towards him.

BRADFORD
Gary? I'm Bradford Hayes III,
chairman of the board.

GARY
Hi, Mr. Hayes. I know who you are.

BRADFORD

Just wanted to be sure. You and I
must speak. Now.

Gary nods as they walk into the interview room.

INT. INTERVIEWER'S ROOM - DAY

Bradford shuts the door slowly.

BRADFORD

I came by to see how things were
running.

GARY

We have a new spirit of creativity
propelling VisionWorks. It's going
to work wonders here!

Gary and Bradford sit. Bradford unbuttons his suit; a golden
lightning bolt clip sparkles on his tie, a nod to Zeus.

BRADFORD

For the past fifteen years,
VisionWorks has worked pretty damn
well. From where I stand you're
making a mockery of this company.

Gary steels himself.

GARY

Mr. Hayes, pardon my saying so, but
you don't know what it's like to
have your opinions and ideas
crushed. People just want to know
that they're being listened to.

BRADFORD

What are your projected revenues
this quarter?

GARY

An oak tree takes years to grow,
but once it's mature it's a solid
pillar that can't be moved.

Bradford stands up and glares down at Gary.

BRADFORD

Metaphors don't answer to our
shareholders, I do. I always had to
remind your father of that. And now
you.

You bring a new hire in and don't even bother to check her credentials?

GARY

What are you talking about?

BRADFORD

The HR Manager came to me about an Angela Scarcelli. Turns out all her references are fake.

Gary stands, stunned.

BRADFORD

As president it is your responsibility to be sure about every one of your employees. If VisionWorks starts taking a nose-dive, I'll rip you out like a fucking weed.

Bradford stomps to the door and opens it.

BRADFORD

I don't care who the hell your father was.

GARY

You can't do that. I'm the majority share holder.

BRADFORD

The board has built in protection.

GARY

What's that supposed to mean?

Bradford walks back to Gary.

BRADFORD

I'm filing an injunction tomorrow. You have two weeks to convince the board this company is in good hands.

Bradford marches away and SLAMS the door. A painting jumps off the wall while the lights flicker. Gary jumps in terror.

INT. VISIONWORKS - RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT DEPT. - DAY

Gary sits at the head of the table while a presentation wraps up. He is troubled and clearly not listening.

GREG

In conclusion, the Audio Instant Messenger will work in accordance with hands-free laws, while also increasing consumer convenience. This could become the next portal into IM. It could give us an exciting edge very soon.

All heads nod in excitement and look to Gary for approval. Gary is stoic.

GARY

What else do we have?

Greg shifts uncomfortably and sits down. Angela stands up, eyeing Gary for a long moment.

ANGELA

We were talking... and, well, we're really excited about this idea.

She looks to her colleagues, and they encourage her to proceed with eager nods.

She opens a file on the table.

ANGELA

Technology is moving towards compact, multi-functional capability. A phone isn't a phone anymore. It's a calculator.

VANESSA

A text messenger.

FRED

Music player.

GREG

Flashlight.

Everyone looks at him, puzzled.

GREG

You know ... the light, when it's dark, and you can't see.

Slowly, people look back to Angela.

ANGELA

And the barrier between people and technology is breaking down.

The BlueTooth is a great example.
We've come up with a monocle.

GARY

A what?

ANGELA

It fits over the eye, and transmits directly to the retina. For communicating, a device would be placed on the finger tips, allowing use of a VR keyboard. It would access Internet sites, movie listings, news broadcasts.

FRED

Stock market quotes.

GREG

Mexican restaurant reviews.

GARY

Why would you need Mexican restaurant reviews, Greg?

ANGELA

That's just the point. It can be tailored to whatever you want. It will be the next step in the evolution of wireless. We call it the Eye-Pad.

GARY

The ... Eye-Pad?

Angela lifts a circular patch of colored glass and places it over her eye.

ANGELA

Eye, eye, captain.

Angela smiles. Gary is not impressed.

GARY

And how much will this cost?

Angela flips a page in the file before her.

ANGELA

We're estimating 50 million to develop a prototype.

GARY

And when would this prototype be ready?

ANGELA

We would need to talk to R&D before-

GARY

When would we see a profit? Or is this some pipe dream, a pit that we pour resources into? Can we launch this by the end of the quarter?

The room hangs in silence.

GARY

That was a question.

ANGELA

Until we talk to R&D, we can't be sure.

FRED

We wouldn't see profit for ... a while.

GARY

Is that what we tell our shareholders? We MIGHT see a profit at some point? You want to put that in the quarterly report, Fred?

ANGELA

We were under the impression that real creativity shouldn't be chained by dollar signs.

GARY

You know what happens to companies that don't focus on profits? They collapse.

ANGELA

The Eye-Pad is a great idea. I think it'll make money and change the world, if we take the time to develop it.

GARY

I guess that's why I'm running this company and you're not.

ANGELA

I thought you were running this
company because your father died.

Anger flashes in Gary's eyes.

GARY

And I thought you had a future
here. You're fired.

Gary stares, unflinching. Angela slowly, emotionally, gathers
up her things and walks out.

INT. ANGELA'S DESK - DAY

Angela gathers her belongings, close to tears. She puts her
last items in a box.

INT. HALL - DAY

As she approaches the elevator, Greg and Vanessa cross her
path. They give Angela a slight nod. Greg looks around, then
puts his hand on Angela's shoulder.

GREG

I wish I could have said that.

Angela smiles through her sadness, eyes on the floor, then
trudges to the elevator.

VANESSA

What happened with him?

Angela doesn't answer. The doors start to close in front of
her but Vanessa steps in.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

VANESSA

Angela, that was personal. Everyone
up there could see it.

Angela stares hard at the doors.

VANESSA

Look, you can shut me out if you
want, but I'm just gonna keep
calling you tonight until you tell
me what's going on.

She turns toward Vanessa, her lip trembling.

ANGELA

I don't know. He's never been like that before.

VANESSA

Did something happen?

FLASHBACK PARKING LOT - DAY

Gary lays on the ground, bloody. The Pro hovers over him.

BACK TO ELEVATOR

Angela's eyes harden.

ANGELA

Nothing I can think of.

VANESSA

I thought things were going well with you.

Angela's composure weakens again.

ANGELA

They were ...

EXT. VISIONWORKS - DAY

Angela is lost. A tear streaks down her face.

She stumbles outside the building. As she does, Twitch walks behind her on a cell phone.

TWITCH

That's it! I'm sick of these lazy florists. I'll do the fucking flower job myself!

Angela freezes on the spot. She whips around but the source of the voice has vanished in a crowd.

Her phone rings and she shakes off the cobwebs.

ANGELA

Hello?

GRANDMA

Arugula.

ANGELA

Huh?

GRANDMA
ARUGULA. Heat's on. Get moving.

ANGELA
Wait, what ... are you sure?

Angela looks back again, her brow furrowing.

GRANDMA
Yes, I'm sure.

ANGELA
Understood.

She takes a steadying breath and marches toward the garage.

INT. VISIONWORKS - R AND D AREA - DAY

Vanessa, Greg and Fred talk softly. Zelda strides past, mad. Vanessa turns and follows her, Greg and Fred on her heels.

VANESSA
Excuse me, Zelda?

Zelda tries to wave them off.

VANESSA
Zelda, are you OK?

She and Vanessa nearly walks into the back of her. She spins on her heels.

ZELDA
The nerve!

Vanessa retreats with her hands up.

VANESSA
Whoa, I was just trying to be nice.

ZELDA
Oh, not you deary. HIM.

Vanessa looks back to Greg and Fred for a moment.

VANESSA
Mr. Hansen?

ZELDA
Yes, Mr. Hansen! He just told me...

Zelda trembles. Words fail her.

ZELDA

Well, I'm not going to stand for it! I quit! I'm just grateful his father, God rest his soul, wasn't around to see it!

She continues down the hall, fuming. Vanessa turns back to Greg and Fred.

VANESSA

I don't know what's going on, but we have to do something.

FRED

Like what?

Greg stands up, his eyes darkening.

GREG

We talk to Mr. Hansen.

FRED AND VANESSA

What?

GREG

We march in his office, and we let him know exactly what we think!

Vanessa nods, Fred isn't so sure. The other two grab him by his arms and drag him down the hall.

INT. VISIONWORKS - GARY'S OFFICE - DAY

Gary sits at his desk, a vein throbbing at his temple, when his door bursts open.

He stands up, his fury boiling over.

GARY

What do you think you're -

GREG

Mr. Hansen, we've been talking and we all agree that the way you treated Angela is unprofessional, degrading and ...

Gary's eyes widen and Greg backs up a step.

GREG

Well ... we think you've been a turd in the punch bowl.

VANESSA

Uh, sir, what Greg means is, we think you acted rashly. Angela is an important part of our team.

GARY

You do? Well, luckily, I don't answer to you. Now, if you don't mind -

Greg steps forward again.

GREG

We do mind, Mr. Hansen. Bring her back.

Gary is speechless.

GREG

Bring her back or, or we leave too.

GARY

What makes you think you can just stride in here like this?

GREG

You did.

Greg looks back to Vanessa and Fred to see shaky but definite nods of agreement.

Gary stares at the group, speechless.

EXT. HARTFORD STREETS - DAY

Angela's black Taurus roars down the road. She blasts through a red light, nearly causing an accident.

EXT. HARTFORD FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN - DAY

The car screeches to a halt at the curb. She steps out onto the sidewalk.

INT. HARTFORD FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN - DAY

Angela approaches a desk dropping a key on it.

BANK CLERK

Um, can I help you, miss?

Angela raises an eyebrow impatiently.

INT. PRIVATE DEPOSIT BOX ROOM - DAY

The clerk excuses herself and Angela turns to the box, now laying on a table.

She inserts her key, opens the box and pulls several pieces of paper from it.

Glaring at the stack of paper, she wipes away a tear.

Snapping the box shut, she spins and leaves the room.

EXT. HARTFORD FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN - DAY

Angela leaves the building. As she approaches the corner, a black limo pulls up.

Before she can react, two THUGS flank her and grab her. The limo door opens. Angela's pushed inside. The limo drives off.

EXT. ANGELA'S BOSS'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

The limousine squeals to a halt in a back alley.

INT. ANGELA'S BOSS'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Angela is led into a dimly-lit room. Her Employer is waiting for her in a sofa chair.

ANGELA

If I missed Hawaiian shirt day, you could have just called me.

EMPLOYER

No, this is Quality Assurance.

Angela turns and looks toward the entrance.

ANGELA

Complete with henchmen escorts.

EMPLOYER

You screwed up, Angela. And this isn't the first time. Sit down.

She obliges, unbuttoning her jacket and smoothing her skirt.

ANGELA

Is this the part where you terminate my employment?

EMPLOYER

That's one way to put it.

Angela notices the photos are of her kissing Gary. She recomposes herself.

ANGELA

No money ever changed hands.

EMPLOYER

You've turned, Angela. You know the rules.

Angela's phone rings, playing "Don't Fear the Reaper." She ignores it.

ANGELA

Where did you get those?

Heavy feet STOMP into the room. We hear a familiar voice.

LEVON

You should be more careful where you get your freak on, baby.

Spinning around in her chair, Angela is shocked to see him.

ANGELA

You bum ...

LEVON

Times is hard. I had to get back to work.

He reaches down and picks up the package.

LEVON

(To Angela) Thanks for the ziti.

Payment in hand, he walks out.

EMPLOYER

We don't fall for our marks. We don't accept jobs and then change our minds. We're professionals.

Angela folds her arms.

ANGELA

Let's talk about professionalism. You say I'm slipping? What employer would have FOUR people work on the same hit? That's right! The number's up to four now!

Our client himself is about to get his hands dirty. Is that professionalism?

The Employer is startled.

EMPLOYER
How do you know this?

ANGELA
Call him.

The Employer considers this. She dials a number on the phone.

TWITCH (V.O.)
Ah! My favorite, good-for-nothing florist fuckers!

EMPLOYER
You brought in other cleaners? Besides the one you told us about?

TWITCH (V.O.)
Damn right, since nobody in this fucking town knows how to do anything! It was an open contract -

EMPLOYER
With one other party -

TWITCH (V.O.)
What is this? Am I in divorce court again? You didn't deliver. Neither did he. I did what I needed to, and HE fucked up too! Why is this so difficult? Did I put a hit out on God? I should be on a far away tropical island by now!

Angela perks up. She's heard that phrase before.

EMPLOYER
Sometimes these jobs take time.

TWITCH (V.O.)
Sure, if you're going after Castro. Fuck you! Your florist is fired! The other florist is fired! And I'm never buying flowers in this town again!

He hangs up and the Employer stands up. The Employer and Angela stare at each other.

EMPLOYER

That changes nothing. You still walked out on a contract.

ANGELA

I can't just graciously resign?

EMPLOYER

After this?

The Employer holds up the stack of papers Angela had taken from the bank.

EMPLOYER

Care to explain?

Angela's eyes are glued to the ground.

EMPLOYER

Figured you could use these to keep us off your back?

ANGELA

I had to protect myself.

The Employer stands up and pulls a pistol on Angela. She waves the papers, angry.

EMPLOYER

What were you going to do with these? Did you think they'd keep you safe?

ANGELA

Well, there was always the option of killing you. But I thought that lacked creativity.

She slams the papers down on the table.

EMPLOYER

What is it with you? Why can't you just get the job done?

ANGELA

Because there's a right way and a wrong way to do things. If I can't do it right -

EMPLOYER

Then do it wrong! Just get it done!

ANGELA

So two wrongs make a right?

Angela's eyes widen.

The Audio IM flashes before her, followed by the Eye-Pad.

ANGELA
(whisper to herself) Of course!

EMPLOYER
Not anymore.

The Employer raises her gun more firmly.

Desperate, Angela lunges forward and swipes at the gun, knocking it from the Employer's grasp.

Angela throws a right cross that the Employer blocks and follows up with an elbow to Angela's face.

Stumbling back, her eyes dart to where the gun rests, then up to the Employer.

The two leap for it at the same time.

Angela lands a second too late. The Employer's hand grasps the handle, but Angela grabs her wrist a second later.

They roll across the ground, wrestling for the gun until the Employer manages to pin Angela on her back.

They struggle for the gun, but Angela has no leverage. Slowly, the weapon is drawn to her head.

Angela stares at her, then we hear a GUNSHOT. Angela winces. She eyes the Employer, confused.

The Employer goes limp and collapses, a bullet in her head.

Angela pushes her off and looks to the door -

GRANDMA IS STANDING THERE, SMOKE WAFTING OFF HER PISTOL.

Two thugs lay at her feet, gaping wounds in their necks.

Grandma's holding the flower stiletto from her dining room.

GRANDMA
Thought you'd run into trouble.

ANGELA
Glad to see you.

GRANDMA
I had half a mind to leave you.

Both women survey the carnage around them.

GRANDMA
Dinner next week?

ANGELA
Only if there's creme brulee.

GRANDMA
Should I make enough for three?

Angela looks down at her phone. It was Gary who called.

ANGELA
I hope so.

They leave the room together.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARTFORD STREETS - NIGHT

Gary rides his bike, gloomy. His phone rings. He looks at it hopefully, but frowns.

GARY
Gary on a bike, Gary here.

TWITCH
Gary, big news! Gotta act fast!

His phone beeps.

GARY
Twitch, what are you on about?

TWITCH
This is huge! Meet me in my office,
and hurry up!

GARY
What's this about?

TWITCH
I've got it! We'll see a profit by
the end of the quarter! Bradford
will love it!

The phone clicks and Gary slows to a stop. He sighs, turns around and heads back up the sidewalk.

A moment later, another ring. Gary has a voicemail.

ANGELA (V.O.)

Gary, we need to talk. I know I said something stupid at the meeting, and I'm sorry, but I really need to see you. I'm headed to Bean There Done That. Will you please meet me there at 8:30?

Gary looks at a clock outside a nearby bank. It reads 7:45. A smile spreads across his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP ACROSS FROM VISIONWORKS - NIGHT

The Pro kneels by the ledge, a flashlight in his mouth. His notebook has directions on how to disassemble his rifle.

He hears a car SCREAMING down the road. He stands up.

Angela's car screeches into the parking garage below. He glances up and down the street.

He flips his notebook to a page marked ASSEMBLE.

EXT. ROOFTOP ACROSS FROM VISIONWORKS - NIGHT

The Pro snaps two pieces of his rifle together and looks down at the street again.

Gary is approaching the building.

He glances at his half assembled rifle, scans his notebook and picks up the barrel.

EXT. VISIONWORKS - NIGHT

Gary sits at the entrance to VisionWorks, his eyes lingering on the coffee shop. He sighs and pedals toward the garage.

EXT. ROOFTOP ACROSS FROM VISIONWORKS - NIGHT

A moment later, The Pro emerges over the edge of the roof just in time to see Gary slip into the garage. He grunts.

He flips the directions to a page marked DISASSEMBLE. He places it back on the ground.

INT. PATTI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Angela pops the lock on Patti's door and walks inside. She sits at Patti's desk, rifling through papers.

Angela turns her attention to the computer. The image of CERBERUS, a three headed dog, sits on the screen.

She opens Patti's e-mail.

INT. VISIONWORKS LOBBY - NIGHT

Patti enters the building in a long trench coat, carrying a bag. She marches toward the elevator.

IN PATTI'S OFFICE

Angela reads the progression of e-mails from Twitch to Patti.

First: PATTI, I'VE ORDERED THE FLOWERS. WITH THORNS.

Second: IF THESE FLORISTS ARE HALF AS GOOD AS THEY SAY, THEY SHOULD BE FUCKING DONE BY NOW!!!!

Third: I WANT YOUR LEGS WRAPPED AROUND MY HEAD.

Angela winces. As she turns away in disgust, she notices the door handle jiggling.

ANGELA

Oh, shit.

The door opens and Patti walks in. She is surprised to see Angela at her desk.

PATTI

What the hell are you doing?

Angela grabs the e-mails out of the printer.

ANGELA

A little research.

Patti is puzzled. Slowly, she shuts the door. And locks it.

Patti unbuttons her coat and drops it to the floor. She is wearing high heels, fishnet stockings and a black corset.

Patti's bag falls to her feet and its contents spill out:

Condoms
Strawberries
MP3 Player
Speakers

... and a thirteen inch black dildo.

ANGELA

Uh, maybe I should just be on my -

PATTI

Oh, no. Not gonna happen.

Kicking off her shoes, Patti casually approaches Angela, her hand sliding into her purse.

She whips out a taser and fires. The electric coil screams toward Angela.

Angela grabs a clipboard and deflects the coil. The coil hits the overhead lights. They explode, darkening the room.

OUTSIDE THE OFFICE

Zelda looks over at Patti's office at the noise. She cranes her neck to get a better view.

INSIDE THE OFFICE

Angela grabs a letter opener from the desk. She flings it like a ninja star.

Patti barely has time to bring up her purse, and the letter opener pierces the bag. Patti is shocked, then furious.

PATTI

That was Prada!

Patti, standing in front of a wheeled table, kicks it and watches it hurtle toward Angela. Angela jumps out of the way as it smashes into a coffee-maker.

The coffee-maker is shattered. Coffee spills onto a power cord on the floor. It sizzles and sparks.

Angela stands. Patti whips her purse at her. Angela ducks.

Angela, on the floor, sees a cord coming out from the back of the computer next to her. She pulls it out towards her.

On the desk a COMPUTER MOUSE is yanked across the surface and out of sight. It swings upward, catching Patti on the chin.

Patti falls back into a glass-encased poster that says TEAM: Together, Everybody Achieves More. The poster spider-cracks.

Near the coffee-maker, the power cord is spewing sparks, which scorch the carpet.

Patti stands and notices a tall lamp in the room's corner. She grabs it and holds it like a club.

Angela, on her feet, is unimpressed. She grabs a paper cutter and breaks the blade off, holding it like a machete.

With each gladiator staring the other down, smoke from the rug reaches the smoke detector.

It goes off, and sprinklers shower them both with water.

Patti glances at her ample cleavage. She looks at Angela, and puffs out her chest in an aggressive frontal display.

Angela glances down at her smaller assets, looks to Patti, and shrugs. She then marches forward, machete at the ready.

Patti steps forward and swings the lamp. Angela parries the blow with her machete, then swings at Patti's head.

Although Patti ducks the blow, the blade slices off a large lock of her wet hair.

Patti swings the lamp, forcing Angela to duck. The top of the lamp shatters against the wall.

OUTSIDE THE OFFICE

Zelda is now enthralled with the sounds of battle. Other late-working employees approach to check out the action.

INSIDE THE OFFICE

Angela grabs a Rolodex and whips it at Patti. It hits her, and its cards explode, filling the air like chicken feathers.

Through this cloud, Patti thrusts her lamp out like a spear. Angela leans back and replies with another swing at Patti.

Patti hits Angela's back with the lamp post, pushing her into the wall. Angela kicks Patti's stomach, knocking her back.

Angela moves forward. Patti, tiring, circles around her.

PATTI

I used to play rugby in college.

ANGELA

I used to kill people for a living.

Patti freezes. ANGELA IS THE WOMAN TWITCH HIRED. She returns the lamp to the room's corner.

PATTI

I ... I think I'll get my things.

Angela lets her retrieve them. Suddenly Angela's phone plays "Don't Fear the Reaper".

She looks down at it and frowns.

ANGELA

Where's Twitch?

PATTI

Said something about a meeting upstairs.

She finishes packing her things back into her bag and backs up toward the door.

Angela looks back to her phone, which reads MISSED CALL. Patti is gone before she can ask another question.

She glances back at Patti's desk.

OUTSIDE THE OFFICE

Angela, furious, parts the crowd. They all look to Zelda.

ZELDA

What? I'd be pissed off too if I got fired.

INT. VISIONWORKS LOBBY - NIGHT

The Pro heads toward the elevator and stops suddenly as it DINGS and the doors open.

Patti emerges, wearing only her stockings and corset, carrying a small bag and her purse.

He eyes her longingly as she approaches. Their eyes meet and she surveys him with a smile.

The Pro opens his mouth to speak, but no words come. He lifts a finger to ask her to wait.

Pulling out his sparkly notebook, he frantically rifles through the pages. She watches him with curiosity.

He looks up at her again, opens his mouth and still, silence.

The Pro returns to his notebook and tears through to the last page, finding no help.

His shoulders slump, he frowns and simply walks past her toward the elevator.

Patti is dumbfounded.

INT. VISIONWORKS - OUTSIDE TWITCH'S OFFICE

Angela's phone rings again and she smiles. Before she can bring it up to her ear, she spots Gary across the crowd.

Their eyes meet, and they embrace.

ANGELA

You got my message?

GARY

I did. And look, I'm so-

ANGELA

Gary, there isn't time. You have to listen to me.

GARY

OK, what's up?

ANGELA

A lot of things going on that you need to know about.

GARY

What things?

Behind them, the elevator lights up. Someone is coming.

ANGELA

I quit my job.

GARY

I know. I fired you. And that was wrong.

The numbers above the elevator door start to rise.

ANGELA

No, my other job.

GARY

You work two jobs?

ANGELA

I used to. Until today, I was a professional hitwoman.

The elevator dings.

GARY

You were going to kill me?

ANGELA

I was, yes. But not now. You mean something to this company. To everyone. And especially to me.

GARY

You said things. What else is going on?

ANGELA

There's another guy. He's a lunatic. He's brutish, he's messy -

Angela's face goes white. The Pro stands in the elevator, a crowbar in one hand and a gun in the other.

GARY

He's standing right behind me, isn't he?

The Pro raises his gun as he scans the crowd.

ANGELA

Yep. Run!

She turns around, dropping her purse, and fires at The Pro.

The Pro ducks behind the door of the elevator. The bullet ricochets off the frame. The crowd drops to the ground.

He peeks around the door, his crowbar out and another shot hits the elevator, this time inches from his face.

He drops his crowbar and spins back behind his cover.

Behind Angela, Gary opens the door to the stairwell and backs out of sight. Angela looks back to him.

ANGELA

Gary, wait! Twitch -

The door snaps shut half way through her warning.

Two bullet holes appear in the wall near her. She hits the ground, rolls around, and squeezes off two more shots.

IN THE STAIRCASE

Gary backs away from the gunfire, terrified. He starts to descend but is stopped by Twitch, on the landing above him.

TWITCH

Gary! Just in time. Come with me.

Gary looks at the door as more shots ring out.

GARY

Twitch! There's a gunfight going on in there! We have to get out of here!

Twitch, realizing he hadn't reacted normally, jumps as the next volley sounds.

TWITCH

Yeah, I know! We can hide in the R&D room, come on!

A bullet shatters the glass behind him. Gary jumps up a few steps and Twitch grabs his arm, dragging him along.

ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR

Angela squeezes off one, two, three shots in The Pro's direction ... but the fourth shot is empty.

With no more ammo, she backs to a conference room doorway.

The Pro advances and fires. Angela dives into the conference room. The bullet shatters a glass wall.

IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM

The Pro runs in, gun drawn. He's hit by Angela, spraying a fire extinguisher.

He backs up, turns, and is confronted with a white haze of extinguisher smoke.

Something hits the floor, and he fires at it. But it's only the fire extinguisher.

He takes aim at the clearing mist - just in time to see a chair hurtling towards him.

He steps out of the way. It hits the door frame behind him.

Taking aim into the mist, he squeezes the trigger.

CLICK. No more ammo.

Angela is visible through the thin mist now. The two warriors stare each other down.

The Pro drops his gun and rushes at Angela. Angela kicks a table over for a barricade, then sprints away.

He leaps over the barricade. Angela topples the pinball machine to the floor, which The Pro barely avoids.

The Pro climbs over the pinball machine. Angela knocks Gary's gumball machine to the ground.

Hundreds of gumballs scatter across the floor.

Angela dashes for the back door. The Pro, fast on her heels, slips and falls on the gumballs.

From the ground he grabs one, fires it like a fastball, and it smashes into the back of Angela's head.

She tumbles face-first to the floor.

Angela scrambles over to the espresso machine. She ducks behind it just as 25 gumballs smash against it.

Angela grabs a stack of espresso cups and whips them across the room. They smash into The Pro's back.

The Pro responds by throwing the entire gumball machine at her. It destroys the espresso machine.

He tries to charge her again.

Angela throws a saucer that hits him in the throat. He keels over, then throws himself against the wall to avoid another.

The Pro fires a red gumball at Angela, which hits her in the forehead and gives her a red pattu (Hindu dot). She falls.

ANGELA

Why are these things so hard?

She wipes the dot off her forehead, then darts for a side door. He comes barreling after her.

IN THE CUBICLE ROOM

The Pro crashes through the door. He looks around, but can't find Angela. He snatches a pair of scissors nearby.

A birds-eye view shows The Pro stalking through the maze of cubicles. Angela is tucked inside one, a good distance away.

The Pro hunts from cubicle to cubicle, scissors raised.

As he passes Angela's cubicle, she stands up, a power strip cord wrapped around her hand.

She swipes it at his scissors, knocking them from his hand. The Pro kicks the cubicle wall in.

Angela climbs onto the desk then somersaults to the cubicle behind her. The Pro pulls himself on the wall to follow ...

when Angela smashes a computer monitor into his head! The monitor explodes and The Pro hits the floor, knocked out.

Angela barely glances at him as she dashes for the stairwell.

INT. RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Gary enters the room, followed by Twitch. He locks the door behind them, and pulls the shades down.

GARY

So what's the big news?

TWITCH

You really should have sold me your shares, Gary. But no, you couldn't just take the money, go to the Caribbean and bang vacationing coeds for the rest of your life!

Gary's eyes go wide.

GARY

It's you.

Twitch spins around.

TWITCH

It's me. After all this time, all the failed hitmen, all the stupid chanting and bong smoke and hippy hand-holding bullshit, it's me!

GARY

Twitch, we can resolve this without violence. If it's more money you want -

TWITCH

I want more money! More power! More company! Whole company! And a better fucking parking spot!

Twitch pulls a gun out from his jacket. Gary takes a frightened step backwards, holding his hands in the air.

GARY

I'll give you my parking spot.

TWITCH

Oh, it's too late for that. Even if you sold me the company I couldn't trust you to keep your mouth shut about -

He looks around the office and listens. People SCREAM downstairs. He nods to them.

TWITCH (CONT'D)

- all this.

The angry edge drops away from him.

TWITCH (CONT'D)

You wouldn't believe how hard it is to get someone killed in this state. I hired three fucking hitmen. Three! Just for you! I mean you'd think that the law of averages and a moderate level of competency would get the job done. I mean, no offense, but you're not exactly the president!

GARY

I'm not, you're right.

Twitch is contemplative for a moment, rubbing his chin.

TWITCH

So, anyway, the bad news is you're about to die.

GARY

Is there good news in this?

TWITCH

Sure as the DayStar is hot. I mean, I'm not a total asshole. I'm gonna give you a choice. You love this Eastern mystical crap. I've read some of it. I know how the old samurai would commit sudoku.

GARY

You mean seppuku?

TWITCH
 Yeah, three syllables, ends in
 "ku," whatever. They cut their
 belly open. With an audience. So.

Twitch retrieves a knife from his pocket and slides it across the table to him.

Gary looks past Twitch to the window, HE SEES ANGELA CREEPING TOWARD THE DOOR. They make eye contact. She nods to him.

TWITCH
 You can kill yourself, and I'll be
 your audience. Or I can shoot a
 hole in your head and frame you for
 a suicide. Sound good? Your choice.
 And you have 20 seconds to decide.

GARY
 You don't have to do this, Twitch.

TWITCH
 Seventeen seconds!

GARY
 Twitch ...

Twitch cocks his gun.

GARY
 Alright! Calm down.

He picks up the knife and steps toward Twitch. Twitch backs up toward the door. Gary steps closer, dropping to his knees.

Twitch backs up another step.

TWITCH
 Not any closer! You think I'm stu -

CRASH! The door is kicked open, knocking Twitch into the table. His gun falls to the floor. Angela jumps in the room.

Twitch tries to grab the gun from the floor. Angela pushes him into the wall and scoops up the weapon.

She drops the clip and ejects the round in the chamber before tossing it aside.

GARY
 Angela ...

She doesn't take her eyes off Twitch. She holds the stack of papers from the employers and the e-mails.

ANGELA

Do you know what these are, Twitch?

Angela tosses the stack in front of Twitch. He sees bank statements, audio tapes, and e-mails from Patti's computer.

ANGELA

It's all the documentation the police will need to tie you to my employer.

Twitch twitches.

ANGELA

There's only one way to play this that doesn't end up with you in prison.

There is a long silence. Twitch smiles.

TWITCH

And what? You'll live happily after ever here at VisionWorks? This place won't last six months with this prickfucker at the helm.

It's Angela's turn to smile.

ANGELA

Maybe. Maybe not. We have two concepts that are going to take the market by storm when we combine them.

Gary's confused. He thinks for a moment, then his eyes widen. He nods his head, grinning.

GARY

Merge the Eye-Pad and the Audio IM ... oh my God.

Angela flashes a grin at him, then snaps back to Twitch.

ANGELA

So what's it going to be, Twitch? You think you can take me?

He surveys her, then Gary. He's lost and he knows it.

TWITCH

Fuck! Fuck both of you!

Twitch runs out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gary and Angela follow Twitch to the stairs, and hear his footsteps echo below them.

They give each other a tight embrace, and then kiss.

INT. VISIONWORKS - LOBBY

Twitch crosses the lobby rapidly, dialing his cell-phone.

TWITCH

Patti! Pack your bags. We're going
to Mexico. Fuck my wife. Let's go.
First flight we can manage.

EXT. VISIONWORKS - NIGHT

Twitch approaches the street, still talking intently. He begins crossing.

TWITCH

No, things didn't go as I hoped.
He's alive. She's alive. They're
all alive. NOBODY'S DEAD.

As he says this, he walks directly into the path of an oncoming bus. It's moving too fast to stop.

As he turns to face the bus, the grill becomes the frightening face of the Hindu God Juggernaut for a split second. TRIBAL DRUMS AND PRIMAL SINGING herald its arrival.

Twitch stares in horror at his oncoming fate.

TWITCH

Fuck.

CUT TO WHITE

The bus SLAMS into Twitch with cosmic force. Witnesses YELL.

INT. VISIONWORKS - LOBBY

Angela and Gary walk warily from the stairs into the lobby and approach the doors.

ANGELA

So you really like combining the
Audio IM with the Eye-pad?

GARY

I'm pissed I didn't come up with it.

He flashes her a smile and she chuckles.

GARY

I'm going to bring it to Bradford at tomorrow's board meeting.

Gary and Angela freeze as they reach the curb. They stare in amazement at Twitch's body in the street. They embrace.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A small group of mourners gather around a casket. Three women sit beside it; an OLDER BLONDE with big hoop earrings, a SHORT-HAIRED BRUNETTE, and a SOPHISTICATED REDHEAD.

Pictures of Twitch with different scowls surround the casket.

PRIEST

We bid this man farewell. We don't really know where he's going, but we're sure that -

OLDER BLONDE

- he'll get what's coming to him -

SHORT-HAIRED BRUNETTE

- and he'll piss off any fucking person waiting for him -

SOPHISTICATED REDHEAD

- that lousy prickfucker.

The gathered crowd is unsettled. All eyes turn to the women. The priest nods his head at them.

PRIEST

Amen!

EVERYONE

Amen!

Greg, Fred and Vanessa approach the casket and place roses on top. Fred's wearing a green tie.

Patti puts a single white rose atop the others. She shakes her head, wiping away a tear.

As she turns to leave, Patti sees Angela approaching. Patti lowers her head, and quickly moves out of Angela's way.

Angela nears the casket, AN ANKH AROUND HER NECK.

She places a single black rose and five hundred dollar bills, her past now behind her.

She leaves the casket's side, meeting Gary. They hold hands, and exit the gathering.

IN THE PARKING LOT

Gary and Angela make their way to her car. Gary stops half way and she doesn't notice for a few steps.

ANGELA

You okay?

GARY

Fine. Are we out of the woods?

ANGELA

If that maniac assassin was any more public, he'd be on the cover of a Wheaties box. He won't hunt here for a long time.

She walks back to him.

GARY

That's not what I meant.

ANGELA

I know.

GARY

Look, there's something I need to tell you.

ANGELA

Wait, me first.

Angela looks down at the ankh. Her eyes glisten.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Gary ... you've done more for me than anyone I've ever met.

She fingers the ankh.

ANGELA

You've helped me to stop being what everyone else expects me to be and start figuring out who I want to be.

GARY

And that's a good thing ...

ANGELA

It's the most wonderful gift I've ever had. But it means I still don't quite know who I am.

Gary steps closer to her and smiles nervously.

ANGELA

And until I figure that out, I can't be part of something bigger.

Gary opens his mouth, but there's nothing there. He shakes his head, and a tear falls.

Angela takes his hands. He looks up at her.

She leans in and kisses him tenderly, finally allowing her own tears. They pull apart.

ANGELA

Thank you.

Gary nods.

GARY

So what now?

She finally lets go of his hand and takes a step back.

ANGELA

I don't know, but eventually the authorities are going to trace this back to me. I can't stay here.

GARY

Yeah ...

ANGELA

What about you? What did you want to say?

GARY

Oh, right. I sold the company to Bradford.

ANGELA

You what?

GARY

It was time to let go. They're on the right path again and my life is taking me elsewhere.

ANGELA

Where's that?

GARY

An island just off Costa Rica. I bought a little villa. Thought I'd retire young.

He flashes a goofy smile. They share a laugh.

ANGELA

That'll suit you.

Gary steps close to her again.

GARY

I was hoping it would suit us ... when you're ready.

She smiles, kisses him again and backs away.

ANGELA

When I'm ready.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE EUROPEAN CITY - ESTABLISHING - DAY

GARY (V.O.)

Where do you think you'll go?

ANGELA (V.O.)

I don't know. Maybe Europe?

EXT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

SUPER: HELSINKI, FINLAND

A white van, looking suspiciously like The Pro's vehicle, pulls up to a gas station.

INT. VAN - DAY

A sparkly notebook is grabbed from the passenger seat.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

The Pro approaches a woman sitting at the counter. She is KARINA, middle aged and attractive.

His notebook is held out ahead of him.

NOTE: This conversation takes place entirely in FINNISH.

KARINA

Can I help you?

THE PRO

I'm looking for Karina's Petrol.

KARINA

Oh, that's my place! It's just up
the road on the left.

She smiles at him. He fakely smiles back.

With a slight nod, he starts to turn and flips to the next page of his notebook.

It says KILL KARINA.

He freezes, then looks back up at her, murder in his eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.