

A Normal Shot

Pilot Episode

By

Jay Rockberg

FADE IN:

INT. SPACIOUS OFFICE - DAY

SAMANTHA WELLS, an adorable 26 year old with a nice shape and beautiful eyes, lays on her back on the Psych couch staring into space. A beat.

She gets uneasy. Her eyes scan around the atmosphere as she sits up and scowls at BILL HAYDEN, 40s, her sarcastic, over paid, bible salesman looking counselor.

SAM

Well?!?

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

BILL

Well--I think once again Samantha. You're totally overreacting. We all have an ongoing battle with ourselves. And while you're circumstances are quite abnormal, like every other person in the world you need to stop wining and focus on a solution.

Bill's phone rings on his desk.

BILL

Excuse me.

He picks up.

She scowls and lies back down as her eyes drift out of a thirty-fifth story window with a miraculous view of the New York skyline.

SAM (V.O.)

See this guy? Despite me wanting to pop his head like a champagne cork, we have quite the relationship. You could say it's on and off. I see him three times a week, he makes me feel better, yadi yadda. He's not a shrink, I'm not crazy. Nope--

She looks over at Bill as he scribbles gibberish in his note pad.

SAM (V.O.)

This is the guy you see to cope with your emotions after you've killed someone. Normally he sees cops, first timers, blah blah blah. Funny thing is I'm not a police woman and as far as it being my first time? Uh, not really. Don't get me wrong I'm not some psycho serial murderer. I'm not a terrorist.

A beat.

SAM (V.O.)

I only kill people that try to kill me. Thing is...a lot of people try to kill me.

EXT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

"PING"

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

SAM (V.O.)

I mean, look at me. I look like the average girl, right? I bet at first glance you would think I was a dentist or a kindergarten teacher. Maybe even a journalist. The last thing you would assume is that I could put your lights out a hundred and one ways with my bare hands.

She stops at apartment 820 and fiddles with her keys.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

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

SAM (V.O.)
You know, life is funny. I thought
at twenty six my goals would be
some where around: finding Mr.
Right, have a bunch of kids, raise
a family.

She sighs.

SAM (V.O.)
Nope. My goal is simple. I just
want to be normal. Ha, what a
concept.

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

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

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Sam holds nails in her mouth as she hammers away, putting on
a new door. She sweeps up piles of Cheerios into a dustpan.

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

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

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - LATER

Sam's apartment has turned into a crime scene. Though, the
men poking around don't look like police.

BAER (30s) a large man in a powersuit and a goatee picks up
the lifeless masked man with DANIELS (early 30s) a wannabe
ladies man dressed like a pimp from Miami.

They put the body up on the table.

BAER
Damn, Samantha. I didn't expect to
see you again so soon.

BAER(cont'd)

This is number three since you moved in right?

SAM

I'm popular. What can I say?

BAER

Well, someone's got it out for you.

SAM

I thought this was normal?

BAER

Not exactly.

DANIELS

You might want to think about relocating.

SAM

Hell no. Big cities, remember? What better place to stay off the grid than Manhattan?

DANIELS

There's always Tokyo?

Sam scowls at him.

SAM

I'm not going anywhere.

BAER

Though you make a good point--it looks like someone's found you.

Baer rips off the man's mask.

BAER (CONT'D)

Man! How many rounds did you spit into this guy?

SAM

(defensive)

A couple.

DANIELS

You need anger management.

SAM

I'll settle for "civilian brainwashing."

Baer thinks a moment. This sounds familiar.

BAER
I take it, you've been talking to
Bill?

SAM
He's the only agent in the city.
Yeah.

DANIELS
How is the old fart?

Sam brushes this off.

SAM
Who was this guy?

BAER
Hard to say. Hired hits don't carry
I.Ds. You know that.

She rolls her eyes.

SAM
So you've never seen him before?
Never cleaned up his garbage?

DANIELS
Nope. Not all assassins have the
luxury of being with an agency. He
looks like an amateur.

They make their way out carrying the body in a large black
garment bag.

SAM
So what now?

BAER
For now? Watch your back.

Baer and Daniels make their way towards the door.

DANIELS
Looking good, Sam.

The two exit on an awkward note. Sam's frozen in place.

SAM (V.O)
I'm sure by now you're totally
lost. Let me explain.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - LATER

BOX OPENS,

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

SAM (V.O)

I'm a hit woman. Was rather. I first got into the business about two years ago. I was fresh out of the Marines and still well in my rebellious vigilante stage.

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

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - LATER

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

SAM (V.O)

You know, fed up with crooked politicians, drug lords, terrorists. I wanted to take justice into my own hands. So I was recruited by an agency. After a while I didn't like what I've become. I slowly realized that what I was doing was all wrong. Yeah, these men were criminals but, who were they, really?

EXT. NY BROWNSTONE - DAY

It's a bright Autumn day in Brooklyn. Sam stands across the street watching JANE (30s) with her daughter KARA (6) and newborn. They exit the Soccer-mobile and climb the stairs to the porch. A beat.

SAM (V.O.)

My last successful hit really got to me. I mean, this guy was a total dirt bag, but he had family. For the first time I felt bad. Like terrible. I mean, who were we to decide who lived or died?

SAM(cont'd)

He was somebody's father. Anyway, the bounty I got from his hit, I wanted to put to good use. It wasn't going to bring him back, but it was the least I could do.

Sam makes her way across the street.

Jane opens the door, baby in hand, and looks around. No one's there. She removes an envelope sticking out of the mail box. She opens it.

STACK OF CASH - \$100 bills.

She gasps. A smile slowly peeks from the corners of her mouth.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SAM (V.O.)

By that time, I wanted out. But unfortunately, when you're as good as I am, the agency won't just let you quit. Especially, when you don't complete a contract. I had one job left. Just one guy. I don't know what it was I just couldn't pull the trigger. I kept thinking about this guy being a father or a husband. Someone's best friend.

She straightens up her place some more.

SAM (V.O.)

Anyway, I bet you can only imagine what happens to assassins when they refuse to finish a job. All I was told is as long as I was alive someone would be trying to kill me. No big deal.

INT. MOVING TRAIN - NIGHT

She looks out of the train window, staring at the bright lights of the New York skyline.

SAM (V.O.)

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

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Sam sits by herself at an outdoor dining table. She looks over at beautiful couple, 20s, obviously deeply in love, across from her. Her heart goes warm.

SAM (V.O)

It gets lonely. Not being able to trust anyone. The only men that come to see me aren't holding flowers and candy, they're concealing automatic weapons. Don't get me wrong I still take care of my, well...needs.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

SAM

(softly)

Do you have one?

HUNK

Yeah.

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

He drops breaking a glass vase on the way down. She looks down at him in disappointment. Not that he tried to kill her. But that she's not getting any. She shakes her head.

SAM (V.O)

That didn't always turn out so well.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

SAM (V.O)

None the less, a stupid problem is still a problem. If I didn't kill my last mark, I was told to expect the worst. No one on the current agency roster scared me enough, so I stuck to my gut instinct. Bill assured me that one day this would all blow over and I would be able to start a normal life. In the meantime, well...expect some unwanted visitors.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

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

SAM (V.O)

(nonchalant)

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

She lifts a silencer at the window and shoots a three rounds.

Direct hit!

The silhouette falls off the side of the building. We hear the sound of him landing on a car as the alarm goes off. Pedestrians start to panic over the ordeal.

She lifts her head up calmly and looks towards the window. A beat. She gets back to her romance novel.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sam struggles to push a big box down the hallway. She's in a sweaty tank top breathing rather profusely. She stops in mid push.

SAM

Jesus.

A door down the hall opens as MARK (20s) a well groomed, business casual stud rushes out, putting his tie on. He looks down at Sam struggling and smirks to himself.

She keeps pushing the box.

MARK
Hey uh--

He runs down to help her.

MARK (CONT'D)
Let me give you a hand.

SAM
No that's okay. I got it.

MARK
I insist. Let's go. Lift on three.

Sam and Mark pick the box up and start walking down to her place.

MARK (CONT'D)
I'm Mark, I live across the hall.

Sam hesitates a second.

SAM
Samantha.

MARK
You new to the area?

She hesitates.

SAM
Yeah. I'm from out west.

MARK
That's a long way. Why the move?

They come to her door and set the box down.

SAM
I think I got it from here. Thanks.

MARK
You sure? I can help you set this up? I'm pretty handy--

SAM
I'm okay.

MARK

Okay, well--I'm off to a meeting so-

Sam passively nods.

SAM

You should get a move on it then.

Mark levels with her.

MARK

Yeah. Well, I'm a nice guy. I'm not sure if you know anyone in the city but you're always welcome to come to my place and--

SAM

I'm really busy these days, so--
(not missing a beat)
But I do appreciate you helping me with this.

Mark takes the hint.

MARK

Okay. Well, nice to meet you. I'm Mark.

SAM

Yeah, you said that.

MARK

I did, huh?
(cracks a smile)
Well, I'll just--

Mark walks off on an awkward note. Sam pulls the box in and goes to shut the door as--

She glances back out and watches Mark rush down the hall on his cell. She takes this in.

She shuts the door.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

A blue BANNER "It's a boy" hangs in the apartment. Sam and a couple of her GIRLFRIENDS hangout in the living room, laughing and opening gifts. Sitting next to SAM on the couch is KARLA, a beautiful brunette with an 8 month belly bulge.

SAM (V.O.)

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

Sam rubs her stomach and smiles at her with envious eyes. Her eyes slowly drift out of the window.

WINDOW POV,

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

Sam sighs and puts her head down. "You gotta be kidding me."

KARLA

What's wrong?

SAM

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

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

SAM (CONT'D)

Cookies.

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

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The GIRLS continue their special day as KARLA opens a gift and pulls out blue pajamas. The WOMEN "awww" to themselves.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The WOMEN take pictures with ear-to-ear smiles as
WINDOW POV,

Sam startles the SNIPER from behind, quickly snaps his neck, and runs back off the roof. A beat.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Karla is three steps away from the kitchen as Sam, appears in the doorway.

KARLA
(startled)
Hey.

Sam's covered in sweat and controls her breathing trying not to giveaway the impression she just ran a mile.

SAM
Hey.

They awkwardly stare at each other a moment.

KARLA
Cookies?

SAM
(not missing a beat)
Yep.

She goes in the cabinet and grabs a box. They join the rest in the party.

EXT. FRENCH BOUTIQUE - DAY

Sam walks out of the elegant shop in beautiful Downtown Brooklyn swinging a couple of bags. She's on her cell in a heated debate with her confidant.

SAM
This is getting a little out of hand. Okay, it's one thing to worry about myself, but I'm putting other innocent people in harms way. I can't live with that.

INT. BUSY OFFICE - INTERCUT

Bill comes out of a corner office and power walks down the narrow corridor throwing his jacket on.

BILL
It comes with the territory Samantha.

Bill's anxious assistant runs up to him wielding a clipboard and flinging a pen at him. He takes the pen and scribbles on the pad.

She runs off.

BILL (CONT'D)
I could tell you to get used to it but like I said, it'll pass just give it time.

EXT. SIDEWALK - INTERCUT

SAM
You keep saying that. What does that mean?

BILL (V.O.)
It means complain less.

Sam stops at a cross walk.

SAM
I just can't figure out who would
be trying to kill me?

INT. BUSY OFFICE - INTERCUT

BILL
Could be anyone. Given your
previous line of work, I think it's
safe to say you've made a couple of
enemies.

EXT. SIDEWALK - INTERCUT

As Sam continues down the sidewalk, she's soon followed by a
TALL BLONDE wearing a fashionable mink hoodie and large
aviator shades.

Sam soon notices her tail. She stays at a normal speed but
now alert.

SAM
Gotta go.

She hangs up her phone.

INT. BUSY OFFICE - INTERCUT

Bill stops in front of the elevator.

BILL
Sam? You there?

EXT. SIDEWALK - SAME TIME

Sam keeps at a normal pace and turns the next corner. She
walks ahead of frame.

The tall blonde comes to the corner, looks both ways and
turns as she's hit with a white bag.

Sam does some quick maneuvering on her unsuspecting
assailant. Sam tangles her arms up and ties her hands
together with her own scarf.

SAM
Who are you?

MIKA
(cute Russian accent)
I'm Mika!

SAM
Why you following me, huh?

MIKA
I so sorry! I--

Sam gets less and less threatened by the second.

MIKA (CONT'D)
I saw you in store. I notice you
keep look at me, so I thought--you
like.

Sam's stunned. She unties her wrists and untangles her.

SAM
I'm sorry. I--I thought you
were...never mind.

Mika gives her flirtatious eyes.

MIKA
It's okay.

She runs her hand down the side of her face.

MIKA (CONT'D)
You very pretty up close.

Sam smiles for a sec. She's flattered. The first comment in a while.

SAM
Thanks.

Mika's hands make their way down to grab Sam's chest. Sam quickly snaps out of it and slaps her hand away.

SAM
Hey!

Mika jumps her eyebrows. Sam squints her eyes at her and walks off.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK SIDEWALK - DAY

Sam strolls along the sidewalk. She looks over at kids playing at a nearby playground.

She takes notice to a young girl that runs up to her mother as she picks her up and laughs with her. The mother kisses her on the cheek and sits her back down. The little girl waves to her mother and runs off with her friends.

Sam takes this in. As her mind roams she follows a group of middle schoolers fresh out of school as they antagonize a smaller kid.

She looks at his back pack labeled: "D. SHAW"

As they pester him even more she walks up in between them.

SAM

Hey, you.

Small Kid looks up at her "who the hell." The bully kids "whoa" to themselves.

SAM (CONT'D)

Nice to see you again how long has it been, Daniel?

He squints.

DARON

Daron.

SAM

I know.

The other kids kind of back off as Sam walks side by side with him.

JERK KID

How do you know her Daron?

Daron is stumped as Sam intervenes.

SAM

We're in the same Tae Kwon Doe class. Last time I saw him he was learning how to rip someone's eyes out with his bare hands. How's that going?

Daron plays along.

DARON
Oh, it's going great.
(to Jerk Kid)
Hey, you want me to show you?

Daron reaches for the kids head as he lashes back. Daron insists.

DARON
Oh, come on it'll only take a second.

Daron runs after them as the kids run off in panic mode. He slows down and walks back over to Sam that has an ear to ear smile.

She slaps him five.

SAM
Good job.

DARON
Thanks, Ms--

SAM
Samantha. I don't do "Ms." Don't mention it. I've been there. They won't be messing with you for a while.

DARON
Can you really rip someone's eyes out with your bare hands.

SAM
Yeah, you don't want to do that though. Use your words.

DARON
Do you know how to do that?

Sam takes this in and smiles. She pats him on the back and crosses the street ahead of him.

SAM
See you around, Daron.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sam steps off the elevator and makes her way up the hallway. She looks up in front of her as she slows her pace. Someone's got her attention--

At the other end of the hallway is NATASHA (20s) cute, slender, assassin for a rival agency and Sam's arch enemy.

She locks eyes with Sam.

SAM
I thought I saw you earlier.

Natasha walks up to Sam as they square off on each other.

NATASHA
Well, here I am.

Sam sighs heavily like this just isn't her day. She cracks her neck and gets in battle mode. Natasha looks at her sideways.

In an instant Sam throws a punch. Natasha blocks that and follows with one of her own. A bare knuckle brawl has broken out in the hallway as the two go at it like Jason Bourne and Jet Li.

Their moves are identical like they've been taught by the same source. Both a step ahead of each other.

Down the hall, a STONER KID comes through the door and sees the two hot women battling. He freezes in place. His face says it all.

STONER KID
Sweet.

Sam throws Natasha aside. She gets up wanting more as Sam calls it off.

SAM
All right!!! All right!!! Jesus!!

The two are pretty winded as they take a time-out. Natasha comes closer to her. Sam gets on edge again.

NATASHA
Relax. I come in peace.

SAM
Do you?
(a beat)
When have we ever been peaceful,
Natasha?

They compose themselves.

NATASHA

(devious)

I figure, you quit the business
you're no longer my competition,
therefore no longer my problem. I
thought we'd bury the hatchet.

(a beat)

After all, we do go way back.

Sam thinks a moment.

SAM

(condescending)

You mean training together, working
together and falling in the shadow
of the number one hit turns you to
a jealous bitch. So you run off to
a rival agency?

Natasha smiles.

NATASHA

Come on. That's so yesterday. You
turned over a new leaf, it's kind
of inspiring.

(MORE)

Sam's agitated.

SAM

How'd you find me?

NATASHA

Word on the street is you've got
some heat coming your way. I
thought you should hear it from
someone on the inside.

SAM

So you know whose trying to kill
me?

NATASHA

Well, I'm not. The job would've
already been done, I can tell you
that much. I can even tell you no
one on our roster is either.

SAM

So what are you really telling me?

NATASHA

I'm telling you, I'm disappointed
Sam.

NATASHA(cont'd)

I thought someone as smart as you would be a little more resourceful.

SAM

Meaning?

NATASHA

Well, I guess you've got to ask yourself. Is someone trying to kill me or is someone sending a message? And if so, why now? You're last hit was a year ago, right? What could you have done to piss someone off?

(a beat.)

Besides leaving at the top of your game?

Sam takes this in. She's had enough.

SAM

Don't let me see you back here, again.

Sam walks passed Natasha. Natasha flips around and renders some last words.

NATASHA

Oh, you'll see me again. Sooner than later.

Sam keeps walking. Natasha's face lights up with a sinister grin as she leaves the apartment building.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

FRONT DOOR,

The lights are off. We hear a rhythmic tick throughout the vacant loft. Momentarily, we hear KEYS jingling from outside--

Sam opens the door and enters. She flicks the lights on and throws her purse on the counter.

SAM (V.O.)

Bill assured me I could return to my life when all this blows over. But when would that be?

A beat.

SAM (V.O.)

I mean, the whole reason I see him every week in the first place is to help change my thinking from a dangerous gun for hire to a normal human being.

She makes her way to another room. She slows down. She comes to a complete stop. She hears the ticking.

CABINET OPENS,

She kneels in front of a timer attached to four BLOCKS of C4. She notices there's a note attached--

NOTE: "Bitch!"

in Natasha's handwriting.

She's just in time. There's only 00:08 left. She sighs and shakes her head.

SAM (V.O.)

But with all these attacks waiting for me, I couldn't...or I'd be dead. (MORE)

She does some quick thinking ripping off the faceplate, exposing some wires. With only 00:02 left she disarms it.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam walks to her window and peeks down. She sees Natasha crossing the street. Without even looking up at Sam in the window, she throws up a middle finger from behind.

Sam giggles to herself and shakes her head.

SAM

(softly)
Bitch.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

SAM (V.O.)

I mean, damn it! It's been a year. How long will this go on?

SAM(cont'd)

Who was going to be the last man standing when all the smoke clears? All questions that I knew I had to find the answers for myself. Nothing ever really made me commit to that mission. That is, until...

BANG! BANG! BANG!

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

FRONT DOOR,

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

SAM (V.O)

Like I said all sizes.

She sighs and shakes her head.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

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

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

SAM (V.O)

Sometimes I want to just quit. Just let them win. I can't live a life constantly looking over my shoulder or second guessing every guy that comes within five feet of me. This had to end once and for all.

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

BRUTE

(laughing)

I too powerful.

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

SAM
(breathing hard)
You ain't shit.

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

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - LATER

Sam cleans up the aftermath of her bout with King Kong.

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

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

CLOSE ON,

the large Brute tied to a chair as he comes to. Sam stands in front on him with her arms folded.

SAM
You have something to tell me?

BRUTE
You very fast for bitchy dame.

She bucks at him. He flinches like a whimp.

SAM
Who sent you?

Brute just laughs to himself.

BRUTE
What do you think this is, huh? You want answers? Ask Jeeves.

Sam considers this. She looks down at a cut on his knee. She takes this in. She walks over to her pantry and takes out a few items. Salt. Lemon juice. A bowl. He doesn't know what to expect.

Sam whistles like a mad man as she mixes the substances together. She walks back over to him.

SAM
You sure?

Brute doesn't answer. Sam shrugs and flings the fluid on his cut. He lets out a girlish scream and freaks out.

BRUTE
Oh, Goodd!!

She lifts the bowl up to dump the rest on him when he surrenders.

BRUTE (CONT'D)
Okay!!!!!!

He exclaims.

SAM
Okay, what?

BRUTE
I'll tell you.

SAM
Everything?

BRUTE
(panic)
Everything. Just don't salt my leg anymore. I don't like it.

SAM
For the last time.
(comes closer)
Who...the hell...sent you?

He hyperventilate.

BRUTE
It was Warren Reed.

Sam can't believe her ears.

SAM
Reed sent you?

He nods like a beaten man.

SAM (CONT'D)
(to herself)
That doesn't make any sense. That
was--
(to him)
Why?

BRUTE
I don't know why. I don't know why
all you stupid Americans do the
things you do. Like talk shows with
Jimmy Fallon. He's not funny.

Sam's at a lost for words. She takes this in. Brute gets
uneasy.

BRUTE (CONT'D)
You going to untie me? Or just
stand there an have a period.

Sam flinches. She flips back around to him and smiles. This
turns into a hysterical laugh.

The Brute laughs too. As they both bust and gut, Sam quickly
hits him with a roundhouse kick--

SMASH CUT:

INT. DARK OFFICE - NIGHT

CRASH!!!

An armed guard flies through the door as REED (late 20s) a
muscular guy dressed business casual, sits up from behind a
desk flabbergasted.

Sam soon follows with two armed GOONS behind her, ready to
take her out.

GOON
Boss?

He throws his hand up to let them be. They tuck their guns
back in and walk away.

REED
(sarcastic)
Please come in.

SAM
(outraged)
What do you think you're doing?

REED
Why, what ever do you mean
princess?

SAM
Look, I'm not stupid! When I left I
wanted out, if you want to keep
this up it's only going to end bad
for you.

REED
Really? You know the policy. I've
got a large team ready to put your
lights out as soon as I say the
word.

SAM
Yeah, you guys are doing a great
job of that. Last time I checked
the score board I'm undefeated.

Reed nods to himself.

REED
Please. Those were new recruits.
Amateurs. You know how this works.
Those were only warnings. Think of
them like warning letters. Sooner
or later, you know the Repo Man is
coming.
(a beat)
Trust me Samantha we can make your
life a lot more difficult.

She takes this in.

REED
But I like you Samantha. I don't
want that. You don't want that. You
know what you have to do to make
this all go away.

SAM
What the hell do you want from me?
You can easily hire anyone of your
Smokin' Aces to hit this guy.

REED

It's a matter of pure principle. If I just let you walk, before I know it my business turns into a democracy. Every stone face killer that grows a heart and thinks they have a choice might not deliver. Now how would that make me look?

SAM

I really don't give a shit.
(presses)
You know what? You do what you have to do. I'll be waiting. And when I'm through with them...I'm coming for you.

Sam heads for the door. Reed takes this in. Just as she touches the knob--

REED (O.S.)

Wait.
(MORE)

She stops.

REED

I'll offer you a settlement. One last job. If you accept, you'll make off quite nicely. Two and a half million. You can start a normal life any where in the world, be who ever you want to be. You'll never hear from us again. That's my word.

Sam considers. Reed waits for a response. She comes back in after shutting the door and takes a seat.

SAM

Tell me.

Reed smiles and slaps his hands together. He gets up and pulls a manila folder from a file cabinet. He walks back over to Sam and tosses it to her. She picks it up.

REED

His name is Joel Best. Although that doesn't matter.

REED(cont'd)

What he does for a living doesn't matter, how long he's been doing it doesn't matter either. You just need to know that it's his head or yours.

SAM

I don't "hit" anymore.

REED

It never mattered before. For all you know he's a rapist or a child molester. Maybe he's the next guy that's going to pay you a visit at your nice little loft downtown.

SAM

I doubt it.

REED

How can you be sure?

Sam doesn't respond. She looks back down at the profile. She considers. Reed levels with her.

REED (CONT'D)

Look, just do the job, take the money, and move on with your life. Believe me trying to kill you is costing way too much.

Sam takes this in.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Sam peers over the ledge in a skintight catsuit and sunshades keeping tabs on a gentleman having on a phone conference in an office a couple floors down in the next building. She discreetly screws the scope on the rifle and aims it at his window.

SAM (V.O)

What a deal. My freedom and two million bucks. All it took was one bullet. Just one guy.

(takes this in)

One possibly innocent guy. The solution to this riddle almost sounded too easy.

Sam looks across at Reed and his henchmen (disguised as construction workers) roaming around on the roof of Joel's building. Reed watches her with binoculars.

Her finger begins pressing the trigger as she brings Joel in the cross-hairs of her rifle. She sighs.

SAM (V.O.)

(defeated)

You know what? At the end of the day, who gives a shit about being normal? I should just let the feds deal with scum like Joel Best.

(looks at Joel)

Maybe I have a responsibility to take out the real threat to society. Those that kill unjustly.

She looks back into the scope. Joel's in his office as his WIFE and KIDS walk in with lunch.

SAM (V.O.)

I guess what I learned from all this is--killing people wasn't the problem.

In one move, she switches her cross hairs in Reed's direction.

SAM (V.O.)

I was just aiming at the wrong target.

Reed is alerted as he reaches for his gun and yells to his MEN.

POWWW!!!!

He's caught in the chest and quickly drops to the ground. Sam darts down the stairs to the roof.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Sam reaches the bottom and sprints up the alleyway as a Black VAN speeds after her. We hear bullets flying her way in every direction breaking windows and hitting walls.

She looks back at the VAN pursuing her. A beat. She keeps running and smiles.

FADE OUT.