

THE STARTLING EXPLOITS OF CALICO BASH

By

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&

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FADE IN:

INT. BANK - DAY

It's boring as hell.

BOY waits in line with his MOTHER. He plays with a superhero figurine. The GUARD YAWNS against the wall.

Boy sees OLD MAN HACKING into a hanky.

BOY
Mom. I think he's gonna puke.

MOTHER
Stop staring.

Old Man pockets the rag. Winks at Boy. Boy smiles back...

He notices THREE MEN in the teller lines, in the same fedora and trench coat, same newspaper hiding their faces. The similarity is...odd.

Erratic COUGHING. Old Man doubles over -

BOY
(pulling on her shirt)
Mom!

MOTHER
What did I say -

Old Man collapses. Mother SCREAMS. Guard runs over.

GUARD
Call an ambulance!

JOHN DOE (30s) tosses his newspaper to the floor. He makes a point to be ordinary, but his brazen self-love interferes.

JOHN
Play time.

He opens his coat, exposing his monstrous AK47. FIRES at the ceiling. People YELP, hit the floor.

SECOND MAN BELTS Guard. THIRD MAN tosses his coat to Second Man, giant shotgun held close. John hops on the counter.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen! As the
smarter of you may have guessed,
this is a robbery.
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Stand up for yourself and you'll be
 shot down. Everybody stay cool and
 it'll be over before you can say
 Johnny comes marching home. Thanks
 for your attention.

He jumps down. Aims at the MANAGER'S nose.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 The vault key, if you please.

MANAGER
 (shaken but brave)
 I don't have any key.

A revolver at Manager's temple. Second Man has John's face,
 mannerisms, and dangerous tone.

JOHN TWO
 We hate when people lie to us.

Manager digs it out of his pocket. John and John Two take
 off. Boy sees Third Man - JOHN THREE - check his watch.

JOHN THREE
 Five minutes!

GUARD
 Three.

JOHN THREE
 Excusez moi?

GUARD
 Response time is three minutes.
 You only have three.

JOHN THREE
 (a grin)
 Not today, buckaroo.

INT. VAULT - DAY

John and John Two tape cash, bonds, and foreign currency to
 the insides of the trench coats.

INT. BANK - DAY

Manager hits the silent alarm under the counter. TEEN stares
 at John Three's unique shotgun.

TEEN
What kind of gun is that?

JOHN THREE
Wanna close up?

Teen shrinks. John bounds over the gate, coats on his arm.
John Two bows grandly.

JOHN TWO
That's all, folks!

John SHOOTS John Two and John Three! People SCREAM.

JOHN
I always surprise myself.

He drops a brick of cash on each body. Winks at Boy.
Strides out, WHISTLING. PAFF! The bricks stain John Two and
John Three purple. Customers CRY. Boy's superhero lies
bloody and abandoned.

INT. BANK - DAY - LATER

Yellow tape and chalk lines. SERGEANT RICK TIERNEY (30s)
drinks coffee. LIEUTENANT JIMMY BOYD (40s) pops an antacid.

TIERNEY
Heartburn?

BOYD
I'll live.

TIERNEY
Try salad. Better on the
digestion.

Tierney lifts a red and purple sheet.

BOYD
That's our boy.

TIERNEY
(the other body)
That's him, too.

Boyd eyes Old Man's sheet.

BOYD
A stage two.

TIERNEY

Yep. Solid distraction. Knew he'd be buying the farm, put it to good use. How long's he been at this?

BOYD

Since there was only one of him.

INT. VAULT - DAY - LATER

The SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER snaps the empty shelves.

BOYD

This place is international. Bonds and currency.

TIERNEY

But he only takes cash.

BOYD

Bingo. It's like he robbed the entire world. Big change in M.O.
(thinking)
Alarms were disabled, right?

TIERNEY

Manager pushed the silent alarm - nadda.

BOYD

First response was how long?

TIERNEY

Eight minutes.

Boyd gives him a look - what?

TIERNEY (CONT'D)

Eighty nine kilo was down the block. Store owner across the street saw them coast down the back alley.

BOYD

Which means they knew something was up in the bank, headed to the back to surprise the perps - then where the hell did they go?

BENSON (20s) hurries in, face pale atop dress blues...

INT. BACK ALLEY - DAY - LATER

Blood drenches the bricks. An empty squad car idles. Benson struggles to keep his food down.

BOYD
They find the heads?

TIERNEY
Doing their best.

BENSON
Sweet creeping Christ...

FORENSICS steps up.

FORENSICS
Fucking ambush.

BOYD
Replay it.

FORENSICS
Rivers and Overlung pull up, pile out. Ready for the go. Then someone lands on the roof...

Dents on the car.

FORENSICS (CONT'D)
Uses an edged weapon on Rivers, causing a spray.
(pointing to the blood)
Perp's attack was instantaneous, no hesitation. He or she leaps down on the hood...

Dusty prints on the chrome.

FORENSICS (CONT'D)
Where Overlung fires one into the wall, ten feet up. Then gets it in the kisser with the same edged weapon. Not sure what.

He drops the smashed bullet in Tierney's hand.

FORENSICS (CONT'D)
Circuit panel on the roof was forced open. Killer tricked out the alarm, waited around to slice and dice.
(pointing, grimly)
Left his mark. As usual.

The Scene Photographer SNAPS an evil drawing on the brick -
the Comedy and Tragedy faces in blood.

TIERNEY
Aww, shit. Not him...

INT. BANK - DAY - LATER

Tierney and Boyd peruse the bank. Study the security photos.

BOYD
This fucking city.

TIERNEY
Not just ours. You read about
Paris?

BOYD
Yeah. Invisible phantom swipes the
Mona Lisa.

TIERNEY
Vitruvian Man, too.

BOYD
What?

TIERNEY
Vitruvian Man. You know, the naked
guy in the circle? Arms out?

BOYD
What kind of ghost would steal a
couple Da Vincis?

TIERNEY
Da Vinci's?

BOYD
Always the laugh riot, Sergeant
Tierney.

TIERNEY
Thank you, Lieutenant Boyd.
(beat)
Bank guard said they were hauling
fancy stuff. Modified weapons.

Boyd grabs a photo - John Three and the shotgun.

BOYD

The gun witch strikes again.
 (beat)
 Quite the unholy trilogy.

TIERNEY

They had to join up sometime.

BOYD

Psych profiles said they never
 would. Incompatible personality
 dynamics.

TIERNEY

Look at this place, Jimmy. They
 were pretty goddamn motivated,
 dynamics or not.

It hits Boyd.

BOYD

Someone else put this together.
 (forebodingly)
 Someone worse.

TIERNEY

Any ideas?

BOYD

Yeah. A bad one.
 (beat)
 They're just getting started...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

City of the near future. Financial buildings soar like
 cathedrals, blooming behind brick tenements and vintage neon
 signs. High-tech architecture meets corporate decay.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

This is your Channel Six Global
 News at ten! For citizens of the
 world!

ON A TV

The logo dissolves, revealing DONNA CAREY's (40s) smile.

CAREY

Good Evening. I'm Donna Carey.
 (beat)
 Violence in Eleba.
 (MORE)

CAREY (CONT'D)

Abulia Mugambi has been assassinated. The African dictator and so-called "People's General" was found murdered in his home yesterday, the victim of a brutal attack. Eleba authorities are currently compiling a list of suspects...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The TV illuminates the room as MARK DONNER (30s) SNORES in bed, amid pizza boxes and soiled laundry.

A KNOCK. He opens his eyes, wipes drool.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Mark staggers to the door. Another KNOCK.

MARK

Cut it out! The hell do you want?

WOMAN (O.S.)

(muffled, behind the door)

I'm looking for X Ray.

His face becomes grave.

MARK

Never heard of him.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Jackal sent me.

MARK

Shit!

He runs as a heel CAVES the door! A SHADOW draws a fifty caliber automatic handgun. The laser sight sweeps the room.

CALICO BASH (26) stalks in. She's scrappy, with a take-no-prisoners attitude. A sexy, stone-faced force to fear.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mark removes his clothes. A skin-tight one-piece underneath. He pulls the matching cowl and gloves from a drawer.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Calico locks the door. Pulls a spray can from her coat. Blankets the place with thick haze. Aims down her laser. Waits.

FOOTSTEPS without a body. A wind pushes through the haze.

CALICO

Peek a boo.

Her bullet SPLINTERS wood. A chair flies at her on its own. A phantom fist KNOCKS her. Unseen hands choke her.

Calico knees the air. Mark YELLS, invisible. She HEAD BUTTS him. His transparent body KNOCKS over a lamp as he charges in the bathroom, SLAMMING the door. Calico KICKS it open!

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mark, visible, gasps on the floor with a hole in his leg. He grips the belt battery.

MARK

Knew I should've charged this thing. Calico Bash, I presume?

CALICO

Mark Donner, A.K.A X Ray. Roll over, sugar.

She holsters her gun. Handcuffs him.

MARK

Un-fucking-believable.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

She throws him on the couch. Picks up the phone. Dials.

MARK

I take it Jackal's pissed.

CALICO

Shouldn't have stolen the Mona Lisa out from under him.

MARK

You can't prove that.

CALICO

Jackal stole the suit from the military and you stole it from him. He was slurping oysters in Chicago and you were using credit fraud to bounce across France. That makes you the ace.

(into the phone)

It's Bash. I got him. Understood.

She hangs up. Hauls Mark to his feet.

MARK

(squinting in the haze)

The hell is this stuff, anyway?

CALICO

Hair spray.

MARK

(sniffing)

Watermelon. Nice.

She swipes his car keys from the end table.

EXT. CENTRAL STADIUM - NIGHT - LATER

Calico drags Mark across the dark, deserted Astroturf.

MARK

Is it true about Patty Poison?

Took you one shot?

CALICO

Keep jabbering and I'll give you the same.

MARK

Curve the ball, honey. Jackal' put me down no problem. He'll kill me. You get that, right?

CALICO

I find, I deliver, end of story.

MARK

You can't stay neutral forever. No one can.

An unmarked van races onto the field. BRUISERS in suits and ski masks leap out. Grab Mark.

CALICO

Money.

TALL BRUISER tosses her a football. Calico produces a jackknife. Slices the leather. Green stacks inside. She nods. Bruisers force Mark inside the van.

MARK

No! Stop! Calico! He'll kill me!

She pockets her earnings, deaf to his pleas. Discards the football as the van peels off into the night.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

MOLLY (18) runs for her life. Her girlish beauty is stained with street filth. MOHAWK (20s), SKINNY (20s) and UGLY (30s) are on her heels.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

They corner her, HOWLING and LAUGHING. Ugly fondles the silver charm around her neck: a queen of hearts playing card.

UGLY

Pretty thing, chickadee.

She shoves him away.

MOLLY

Buzz off, shit bags!

MOHAWK

Oh, don't be like that! All we want is some...seed money!

SKINNY

Not me, man. I'm hungry for...a little tail!

MOLLY

(bravely)

Fuck yourselves!

She BELTS Skinny. He LAUGHS. She PUNCHES Mohawk. He BASHES her stomach. Molly retches. Skinny UNZIPS.

SKINNY

Time to make this swallow swallow!

A SHAPE scoops up a discarded beer bottle -

Calico SMASHES it across his face! Mohawk WAILS. Calico drops him with a RIGHT CROSS. Ugly throws a left. Calico BREAKS his arm. He falls, CRYING. Molly watches, amazed.

Skinny stabs with a blade. Calico steals his knife and drives it through his hand! Skinny SCREAMS. Calico draws her fifty and aims at his head.

CALICO

The ammo in this gun will burn a hole in your brain the size of an apple. Then end up two feet deep in the concrete behind it. Neat, huh?

SKINNY

(terrified)
Don't kill me.

CALICO

I don't waste bullets on shit. Get the fuck outta here.

They limp off. Calico holsters her gun. Helps Molly up.

CALICO (CONT'D)

What did I tell you about the subway?

MOLLY

It's dangerous.
(an excuse)
My legs hurt from walking.

CALICO

Now the rest of you hurts worse.

MOLLY

Sorry, Cali.

CALICO

Hungry?

INT. STUBBY'S DINER - NIGHT - LATER

A booth. Calico drinks coffee. Molly HUMS as she ravenously cleans her plate - "I'm a Little Tea Pot."

CALICO

So you gonna tell me or what?

MOLLY
 (fingering her charm)
 Lydon's Clothes. I start next
 week. Sweet, right?

CALICO
 You're lying, Molly.

MOLLY
 What? No, I'm not.

CALICO
 Coughing, avoiding eye contact,
 scratching. Everybody's got a lie
 detector. You play with your
 necklace.

Molly drops her head.

CALICO (CONT'D)
 Where you been sleeping?

MOLLY
 Spruce Street. Alley's pretty
 cozy. If you don't mind the urine
 and stuff.

CALICO
 How long since you ate?

MOLLY
 What's today?

Calico slides money across the table.

CALICO
 Take this.

MOLLY
 Hey. Other chicks would kill to be
 this thin.

CALICO
 (a command)
 Take it.

Molly pockets the cash.

MOLLY
 Thanks for saving my ass again.
 Get a new job?

CALICO
 Same shit, different scum bags.

MOLLY
Look. I know I've already asked -

CALICO
No.

MOLLY
Cali -

CALICO
This job is dangerous. Deadly
dangerous. Get me?

MOLLY
Not if you teach me!

CALICO
I am teaching you. Don't go out
after dark. Avoid the subways.
Make friends you can count on.

MOLLY
Like you.

CALICO
Exactly.

Molly WHISTLES her tune.

CALICO (CONT'D)
What is it with that song?

MOLLY
Dad sang it to me. Back when he
cared. When I took off, he said
I'd be dead in a week. Showed his
ass, right?

CALICO
You don't need him. You're tough.
Like me.

MOLLY
Kinda think you're tougher -

S.W.A.T. MEN CRASH through the windows! Customers SCREAM.
Calico pulls Molly behind the booth. She aims over the top,
laser beaming. S.W.A.T. lasers swarm her like bees.

S.W.A.T. MAN
Put the gun on the ground! Don't
think! Just do it!

Molly is petrified. Calico drops it.

S.W.A.T. MAN (CONT'D)
Step away from the girl!

MOLLY
Cali -

CALICO
Stay down.

She walks out.

S.W.A.T. MAN
On your knees!

She stares at Molly. Drops. They cuff her. Haul her off.

MOLLY
Don't hurt her!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Boyd walks in. Pulls up a chair across from Calico. Drops a file between them.

BOYD
Miss Bash, I'm Lieutenant Jimmy
Boyd. Robbery Homicide.

CALICO
Congrats.

BOYD
Thanks. You understand your
charge?

CALICO
Yeah. Murder.

He opens the file.

BOYD
You refuse to give us your real
name, so this is what we have:
(reading)
Calico Bash. Twenty six.
Freelance bounty hunter. Wanted by
the N.Y.P.D., L.A.P.D., C.P.D.,
F.B.I., and Interpol for
interfering in criminal
investigations under the Department
of Justice.
(to Calico)
(MORE)

BOYD (CONT'D)

Let me know if anything here is wrong.

(reading)

Wanted for the murder of Patricia Jeni, A.K.A. Patty Poison -

CALICO

Wrong.

He waits.

CALICO (CONT'D)

Patty was a nurse slipping cyanide to her patients. Her last victim's family had money. I tracked her to a condemned school in Albany. She came at me with a knife. I did what I had to.

BOYD

The body of eighty year old Cynthia Wells was found dead from a heart seizure. Can you tell me about her?

CALICO

Patty's patient. Gunshot scared her.

(beat)

Too much.

BOYD

Don't seem to regret it.

CALICO

Not my fault the crone refused surgery.

BOYD

(reading)

Other charges include assault, breaking and entering, impersonating a police officer, impersonating a Federal officer, use of illegal warrant and use of illegal passport. Known associates include Rosie Coronado, Jimmy Di Stefano, the Blitz Brothers, and Romo Dodge. He's a pleasant one.

CALICO

Better than some.

She flips the mirror the bird.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Tierney behind the glass.

TIERNEY

Spunky.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

BOYD

We questioned the runaway you were with - Molly Richards. She refused to testify against you. She's legal age, so we cut her loose. You care about her. If you were to make a deal, say, give us your contacts, you could be back on the street and -

CALICO

No.

Boyd sighs.

BOYD

You have the right to an attorney.

CALICO

You have the right to suck my clit.

BOYD

Talking tough won't help you.

CALICO

I'm already tough. I'm just talking. I hate lawyers.

BOYD

Lawyers or men?

CALICO

Pick one.

He grabs the file.

BOYD

I'm sorry.

CALICO

Pants on fire.

He walks out.

JUDGE (V.O.)
State your verdict, Mister Foreman.

INT. PRISON BUS - DAY - LATER

Calico rides with FEMALE PRISONERS.

FOREMAN (V.O.)
On the count of murder in the first
degree, we find the defendant
guilty as charged. On the count of
involuntary manslaughter, we find
the defendant also guilty.

EXT. YORK STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY - LATER

She walks, shackled, past WOMAN GUARDS.

JUDGE (V.O.)
Calico Bash, you are to be remanded
to York State Penitentiary, where
you will remain until execution by
lethal injection.
(beat)
Court is adjourned.

INT. DEATH ROW - YORK STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY - LATER

Calico enters the glass cell. It SEALS behind her.

GUARD
Welcome to the Row, sweet cheeks.

She walks off.

INT. CELL - YORK STATE PENITENTIARY - LATER

Calico on the floor, hanging her head.

RING. RING. RING.

She's mystified. She reaches under her cot...

A cell phone. She presses send.

CALICO
Yeah?

MAN
 (from phone)
 There's a card key under your
 pillow. The Guard wears your size.

It DIES. She dials. STATIC. She tosses the phone in the
 toilet. Finds the key.

INT. DEATH ROW - YORK STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY

SCREAMING O.S. Guard races over to see Calico writhing on
 her cot.

GUARD
 For Christ's sake...

INT. CELL - YORK STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

She charges through the HISSING door.

GUARD
 Girl, are you gonna get it -

Calico PUNCHES her unconscious. Undresses her.

INT. DEATH ROW - YORK STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY - LATER

Calico steps out, dressed as Guard. Passes cells. Runs the
 card through a slot. HISS. She walks through the door.

INT. GUARD BOOTH - YORK STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY - LATER

Calico inserts her card. HISS. Walks in -

TALL GUARD does a crossword. Calico pulls her cap low.
 Moves quick but steady. Tall Guard glances up, face
 suspicious -

TALL GUARD
 Hey!

She freezes...

TALL GUARD (CONT'D)
 Decision. Six letters.

CALICO
 Choice.

Tall Guard writes it in.

TALL GUARD

Thanks.

CALICO

No problem.

HISS. She vanishes out the door.

EXT. WOODS - DAY - LATER

Calico sprints through the trees.

EXT. BUS DEPOT - DUSK - LATER

She passes parked, filthy Greyhounds.

EXT. LOCKER AREA - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

Calico opens a locker. I.D.s, wigs, passports, grappling gun, clothes, money.

INT. BATHROOM - BUS DEPOT - DUSK - LATER

She exits a stall, herself. Shoves the uniform in the trash.

EXT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT - LATER

Calico approaches pay phones in the wall.

The first RINGS as she passes. Weird. She passes the second. It RINGS. Weirder. The third...

RING. Calico answers.

BLANK

(from phone)

Calico Bash?

CALICO

Don't know her.

BLANK

October third, nineteen ninety two.
Trumell, Canada.

It floors her.

CALICO

Who is this?

BLANK
 Hong's Chinese Cuisine. Ten
 Minutes.

CALICO
 What's the magic word?

BLANK
 Lethal injection.

The line DIES.

INT. HONG'S CHINESE CUISINE - NIGHT - LATER

A dragon breathes fire across the wall, fangs bared around -

Calico. Across the table sits a man with years under his
 belt. He GULPS down noodles, carelessly ominous - MISTER
 BLANK (60s).

BLANK
 I love Chinese. Thai burns my
 stomach. Between Chinese and Thai,
 I always choose Chinese.

ORIENTAL MUSIC overhead. MEN IN BLACK guard.

BLANK (CONT'D)
 Culture's intriguing, too. Got an
 animal for each year. Sheep, boar,
 things like that.

CALICO
 Who are you?

BLANK
 Call me Mister Blank. I represent
 the government.

CALICO
 What branch?

He shows I.D. Her eyes widen.

BLANK
 (from the Zodiac menu)
 Ninety two. That's your year,
 right? The monkey. Clever,
 skillful, inventive. Solves the
 most difficult problems. Let's see
 if it's true.

CALICO

You gonna tell me why I'm here?

Blank holds a photo of a snarky CON.

BLANK

Know him?

Her silence says yes.

BLANK (CONT'D)

James Vincent, A.K.A. The Squid.
Wanted by the F.B.I. and D.E.A. for
extortion, drug smuggling, and
homicide. Killed August fourth,
twenty fifteen, New York Harbor.

A SECOND CON with a twisty grin.

BLANK (CONT'D)

And this guy is Mickey Jokes.
Wanted by the C.I.A. and D.E.A. for
white slavery, homicide, and...drum
roll...drug trafficking! Arrested
by Federal agents August forth,
twenty fifteen, New York Harbor.
Charged with the murder of James
Vincent, A.K.A. The Squid.

CALICO

So?

BLANK

Eyewitness reports unknown female
present. Eluded Federal officers
under the guise of pregnant woman
entering labor.

(beat)

What'd you do? Stuff a sweater up
your shirt?

CALICO

Two.

He pulls something from his jacket. Unfolds it.

BLANK

Calico Bash, A.K.A. Karen Finley.
Mother dead, father missing since
ninety seven -

CALICO

I'm not talking about my father.

BLANK

Then we'll focus on you. Been doing this bounty thing, what, six years? And already in the Justice Department top ten? Way to be, kiddo.

CALICO

And here's where you tell me you sprung me and about the job you want me to pull. Only instead of cash, you offer my freedom.

BLANK

Total government pardon. Once the job's done, I sign, you live.

CALICO

If I refuse?

BLANK

We put you back and they slip you the needle.

CALICO

Never liked needles.

Blank grins.

CALICO (CONT'D)

Who's the quarry?

BLANK

Hear about First Municipal?

CALICO

Look-a-likes. Big score. Dead cops.

BLANK

First off, the cops aren't dead. They're dog food. As for the thieves, look-a-likes is a mild term. They tripped out the alarm, used modified weapons, fast and lethal. Four suspects, possibly five. No doubt you've heard their names. Like evil spells.

He lays out four Bible-sized files. Opens the first. Photos of an exotic woman with steel eyes - DAISY CANNON (40s).

BLANK (CONT'D)
Behind door number one...Daisy
Cannon.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

IN BLACK AND WHITE:

Handguns, shotguns, rifles, rocket launchers, and machine
guns on an endless wall.

BLANK (V.O.)
Gunsmith out of Los Angeles.
Supplies everything from
Winchesters to RPGs.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A battering ram SPLITS the door. S.W.A.T. rushes Daisy. She
WAILS like a warrior, a Kalashnikov BUCKING in each hand.

BLANK (V.O.)
She took out two tactical units
last month. They didn't stand a
chance.

Daisy's boots CRUNCH bullet shells.

BLANK (V.O.)
The weapons in First Municipal had
her name all over them.

S.W.A.T. MAN GROANS. She aims. BANG!

EXT. SOUTH DOCKS - DAY

Daisy watches LIBYAN SOLDIERS pass crates onto a ship.

BLANK (V.O.)
Fifteen nations use her hardware.
And that number's climbing.

END BLACK AND WHITE.

INT. HONG'S CHINESE CUISINE - NIGHT

File two. Twenty grins from twenty John Does.

BLANK

Say hello to John Doe. Only man to
rob five banks at once.

CALICO

How'd he pull that off?

BLANK

There were five of him.

EXT. MIAMI BANK OF COMMERCE - DAY

IN BLACK AND WHITE:

Four MEN in suits and Halloween masks walk out, duffle bags
on their backs. They remove their masks. John, JOHN FIVE,
JOHN SIX, and JOHN SEVEN.

BLANK (V.O.)

He illegally replicates himself.
Uses his copies as a crew. Been a
hard core professional for five
years. The clones age and die
within weeks...

INT. BANK - DAY

Old Man falls dead.

BLANK (V.O.)

Used one as a misdirection in his
latest theft. Something he hasn't
done before. There have been
numerous sightings. Up to thirty
Does at any given time.

EXT. STREET - DAY

JOHN EIGHT fades in and out of the people. JOHN NINE turns
down an alley. JOHN TEN buys a hotdog.

BLANK (V.O.)

He's taken thirty banks. Seven in
the past two months.

END BLACK AND WHITE.

INT. HONG'S CHINESE CUISINE - NIGHT

CALICO

This mug makes an army out of
himself and you can't snag him?

BLANK

Not the real one. More's the pity.

Third file. DOCTOR EZEKIEL SAINT'S (70s) eyes are
treacherously warm behind delicate bifocals.

BLANK (CONT'D)

Next up, Doctor Ezekiel Saint,
P.H.D.

CALICO

Him I know.

BLANK

Him. Not this...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - DAY

IN BLACK AND WHITE:

The PRESIDENT gestures at his podium, a hand on Saint's
shoulder. The Doctor smiles for the PHOTOGRAPHERS.

BLANK (V.O.)

Saint was scientific advisor to the
President. Until they discovered a
secret lab where he conducted human
experiments...

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

FEDERAL AGENTS spill vials, tear notebooks. Hold a raging
Saint at bay.

BLANK (V.O.)

Turns out the good doctor had been
dabbling in criminal activity for
years. By the time we caught up
with him, he'd established himself
as a modern day Moriarty. He
escaped prison two years ago. We
assume he took up with his old
contacts.

CALICO (V.O.)

John Doe?

BLANK (V.O.)
 His partner...and first volunteer.

Inside The Replicator, a mechanical behemoth, Agents wrap a naked and shivering John clone in blankets. The real John watches from the shadows.

END BLACK AND WHITE.

INT. HONG'S CHINESE CUISINE - NIGHT

CALICO
 What was The Replicator for?
 Originally?

BLANK
 Food production. An end to world
 hunger. Doe and Saint agreed money
 was the better commodity.

Fourth file. MASQUERADE (40s), in black, samurai sword
 across his back. His mask half smiles, half frowns.

BLANK (CONT'D)
 Meet Masquerade. Real name David
 Stage, former member of the C.P.D.

CALICO
 A cop?

BLANK
 A bad one.

EXT. POLICE GRADUATION CEREMONY - DAY

IN BLACK AND WHITE:

Cadets in polished brass. The badge on STAGE'S chest is
 dirtier than the rest. He salutes with licentious eyes.

BLANK (V.O.)
 A dyed-in-the-wool psychopath who
 manipulated his way to the top.
 Skilled in martial arts. Ruthless.
 Cunning.

EXT. SOUTH DOCKS - NIGHT

COPS surround a MUTILATED GIRL. Stage lovingly touches her
 bloody hair, admiring the sick spectacle.

BLANK (V.O.)
 He disappeared while undercover,
 searching for serial killer Billy
 Macabre.

CALICO (V.O.)
 He find him?

BLANK (V.O.)
 And learned from him...

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Stage slides on his mask. His features vanish as
 Masquerade's gleam.

BLANK (V.O.)
 Tortured and killed his mentor and
 made a hell of a name for himself
 as a killer-for-hire. An artist in
 his own right.

QUICK FLASHES - MASQUERADE'S GREATEST HITS

A MOBSTER loses his head. A limo EXPLODES. A GAMBLER hangs
 from a ceiling fan. Bloody comedy and tragedy faces on a
 window, a car hood, carved in a WOMAN'S back.

BLANK (V.O.)
 And like any artist, he signs his
 work.

END BLACK AND WHITE.

INT. HONG'S CHINESE CUISINE - NIGHT

BLANK
 He tricked out First Municipal's
 alarm, then turned two cops into
 hamburger.

CALICO
 Very exciting, sugar.

BLANK
 There's more. Someone's running
 them as a team. Find out who.
 Deal with them the same way.

CALICO
 You mean arrest them.

BLANK

No. I don't.

She's taken back.

BLANK (CONT'D)

They've murdered countless lawmen and civilians. They can't be cured. More importantly, they don't want to be.

CALICO

I bet you're great on the violin.

BLANK

I need someone who's seen what our men read about in manuals. You've got connections, means, not to mention moral flexibility.

CALICO

I'm always flexible when it comes to dying.

BLANK

Aren't we all?
(to the kitchen)
Can I get a box, please?

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAWN - LATER

A black Lincoln coasts past the lanterns and chimes.

INT. LINCOLN - DAWN

CHINESE GIRLS with pink backpacks run by the window. A Man in Black drives. Blank rides shotgun. Calico in the back.

BLANK

Back in the day, map makers used to label uncharted areas of the globe with just three words. "Hic Sunt Dracones."

CALICO

Here be dragons.

BLANK

Least they warned people back then.

CALICO

Could warn them now. It'd only be polite since it's your fault.

BLANK

Pardon?

CALICO

These crazies wouldn't be half as whacked if it wasn't for government sponsorship. Just saying.

BLANK

Fifteen years ago, eighty percent of the technologies on this planet didn't exist. With technology comes power. Sometimes power attracts the sick-minded. Progress is so fast these days, it's hard to keep up. Stick ups and purse snatching are dead. Now it's corporate espionage. Environmental terrorism. Even genetic engineering, all to reach some...twisted goal.

(beat)

Downside of The Super Age.

CALICO

Stop it before it starts. Isn't that your job?

BLANK

It's not that easy.

CALICO

Why not?

BLANK

Because some sick minds look very, very healthy.

MUSIC rises.

CALICO

Where are we going?

BLANK

Where old folks go after Florida, kiddo.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

A hundred COPS salute two flag-covered coffins. The BAGPIPE REGIMENT plays "Amazing Grace" beside the RIFLE LINE.

INT. LINCOLN - DAWN

BLANK

Our sources tell us your marks are in the city. You call yourself a bounty hunter. So hunt.

Calico watches a WIDOW CRY.

BLANK (CONT'D)

Another thing - someone will be watching.

CALICO

I don't need a sitter.

BLANK

You're a fugitive, Calico. We need to be sure you won't do anything ill-advised. Like run.

CALICO

Die for sure in a cell or die maybe at the hands of five monsters. Rough bargain.

BLANK

It's a chance to earn your life back, Calico. Take it or leave it. Your choice.

CAPTAIN hands Widow a folded flag. Her DAUGHTER touches it. Something stings Calico...

EXT. FINLEY HOME - DAY - YEARS AGO

KAREN (5) holds her bloody knee beside a toppled bicycle. FRANK FINLEY (30s) applies a kitty cat band-aid. Kisses it.

FRANK

There, there, kitten...

EXT. LINCOLN - DAWN - PRESENT

BLANK

What do you say? Do we have a -

CALICO

(well rehearsed)

I deliver, you make good. No excuses. No time limit. I take them out tomorrow or ten years from now. There will be things I can't control. X-factors. They interfere, I deal with them, but if they hinder the job to the point of incomplete, I don't take blame. You or any of your compatriots fuck me over and I'll give you a hurricane you can't imagine.

BLANK

Deal.

CALICO

When were you born?

BLANK

Sixty one.

CALICO

The Rat. Works hard to achieve goals. Likely to be a perfectionist. Usually very successful and noted for their charm.

BLANK

Good luck, Miss Bash.

CALICO

I make my own luck, sugar.

She climbs out. Blank watches her walk through the graves. The Rifle Line FIRES!

EXT. ROCCO TUNA CANNERY - DAY

Seagulls gather on the roof, fly along the wharf.

INT. KITCHEN - ROCCO TUNA CANNERY - DAY

VADIM ROCCO (50s) heads the table, RUTO ROCCO (30s) at his left. The RUSSIAN MOB face their leaders.

VADIM

(in Russian)

A thief is robbing us. One we know too well.

MOBSTER ONE
 (in Russian)
 We kill him. End of problem.

MOBSTER TWO
 (in Russian)
 Which one?

RUTO
 (in Russian)
 All of them. We protect our
 business. If Doe wants war, we'll
 give him war.

VOICE (O.S.)
 (in Russian)
 The best weapon against an enemy is
 another enemy.

All eyes turn as John strolls in.

JOHN
 Hello, comrades.

VADIM
 Slay the dog!

Ruto SHOOTs John through the head! A shotgun COCKS O.S.
 John (the real one) aims at Ruto's spine.

JOHN
 Really?

A sword at Vadim's neck. Masquerade smiles/frowns. Daisy
 enters, beastly MP5 in hand.

VADIM
 Daisy? I thought we were friends.

DAISY
 (in Russian)
 I have new friends now.

MOBSTER TWO
 Freaks, you mean.

Masquerade cocks his head. Mobster Two shudders.

VADIM
 Perhaps we can make a new deal.

DAISY
 No.

VADIM

What, then? You'll kill us all?

The Mob CHUCKLES at the notion.

DAISY

(directly)

Yes.

Masquerade SLICES Vadim's throat. Daisy FIRES. John BLASTS away. The Russians fill with holes. Masquerade CUTS Mobster One open. He SLICES Mobster Two's head clean off! Daisy EJECTS her clip. John bats at the smoke.

Doctor Saint strides in, cane in hand. He pulls an orange bottle from his pocket. Swallows a pill.

SAINT

How unsanitary.

JOHN

Where is she?

SAINT

Right behind me.

A playful voice O.S. SINGS the National Anthem of the Russian Republic...

MARGO MALICE (30s) skips in, childlike and poisonous. She smiles dementedly, Polaroid camera in hand.

MARGO

Aww, shucks. Guess we'll have to throw them back.

She SNAPS the bodies. The photo PRINTS.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Stop me if you've heard this one:

(beat)

Two lunatics escape their asylum cells, killing guards and patients in a bloody effort for freedom. They make it to the roof, intent on jumping to the next building. The first lunatic says "It's too far, we won't make it." The second holds up a flashlight he stole off a guard and says "Don't worry. I'll shine the light across and walk along the beam to the other building.

(MORE)

MARGO (CONT'D)

When I'm done, throw me the light and then you can walk along the beam." The first lunatic looks at the second and says "What am I, crazy? You'll turn the light off when I'm halfway across!" The moral? Even lunatics like us need trust. With it, we rape this planet, laughing all the way. Without it, we wither, we starve, we die. And most importantly, we won't have any fun.

Margo SNAPS John and Daisy.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Money and weapons?

JOHN

All set.

DAISY

Same.

MARGO

Our new toy, Doctor?

SAINT

The acquisition was simple. The decoding will be simpler.

MARGO

Goody good good. Masky, wonderful work on your vacation.

He bows like a conductor facing applause.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Two weeks from now, the world will be our candy lane. I hope you're ready for a taste.

They agree with sly grins.

MARGO (CONT'D)

That's all for today, boys and girls! Tune in next time!

JOHN

(with a wink)

Time to go to work.

Daisy drops a BOMB on the Russian bodies.

MARGO
Say cheese!

SNAP!

EXT. ROCCO TUNA CANNERY - DAY - LATER

IN SLOW MOTION

Daisy walks out, MP5 in hand. John follows, shotgun on his shoulder. Saint strolls on his cane. Masquerade grins/grimaces as Margo cartwheels and dances. The five are a row of personified immorality.

The cannery EXPLODES! Each is unaffected, the fire burning high behind them. The building LOUDLY collapses.

END SLOW MOTION.

EXT. ALLEY - SPRUCE STREET - NIGHT

Calico passes HOMELESS VAGRANTS. MOANING O.S....

A BUSINESSMAN (40s) leans on a dumpster, face full of ecstasy. Calico SLAMS the lid on his arm! He SCREAMS. Molly pops up.

MOLLY
Cali?

Calico grabs Businessman.

CALICO
I see your dick again, I puree it.

He fumbles off, pants around his knees.

MOLLY
Holy shit balls! You're alive!
How did you get out? They said you
got the needle -

CALICO
What the fuck are you doing, girl?

MOLLY
Making money.

CALICO
Did you listen to a word I said?

MOLLY

You said do what you need to
survive -

CALICO

Without lowering yourself! You're
not a whore, Molly. You're tough,
like me!

MOLLY

No, I'm not!
(beat)
After they took you, things
got...harder.

Calico brushes Molly's hair back. Bruises.

CALICO

What happened?

MOLLY

The three from the subway. They
found me on the street. They took
the money you gave me. I fought
back, but...

(beat)

They let me keep my necklace.

Calico embraces her.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I should've been stronger...

CALICO

It's not your fault.

MOLLY

I'm going home.

Calico is surprised.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I called dad. He said he'd take me
back.

CALICO

He'll only make your life worse.

MOLLY

He promised -

CALICO

Listen to me. Fathers let you
down.

(MORE)

CALICO (CONT'D)
 That's all they know how to do.
 Trust me. You don't need him.
 I'll take care of you.

MOLLY
 What if they catch you again?

CALICO
 The job I'm on is a good one.
 Everything will be different. I
 can start over. We both can.

Calico gives her money.

CALICO (CONT'D)
 Get yourself a room. When I'm
 done, I'll find you. Get me?

Molly nods.

CALICO (CONT'D)
 That's my little tea pot.

MOLLY
 (the nickname)
 No.

CALICO
 No?

MOLLY
 (sternly)
 No.

CALICO
 (grinning)
 Okay.

INT. RICK'S PAWN - NIGHT

RICK (50s) inspects a gold ring through magnified lenses.
 DANNY WEST (20s) waits.

RICK
 Fake.

DANNY
 It's gold!

Rick chips off the color with a fingernail.

RICK
 Fake gold.

DANNY
Come on, Rick! One man's
disposable item is another man's
overpriced treasure, remember?

RICK
Ten.

DANNY
Fifteen.

RICK
Ten.

DANNY
Twelve?

Rick's face hardens.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Okay.

RICK
Anything else?

CALICO (O.S.)
Danny West. Age twenty one...

She walks to the counter.

CALICO (CONT'D)
...and a half.

DANNY
Calico! How you been?

She grips him by the balls!

CALICO
Let's step outside, sugar.

DANNY
(in pain)
Okay.

RICK
Want your ring?

DANNY
Keep it. It's fake.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Danny's face SMASHES brick!

DANNY

Okay! Maybe I...might have...told the cops about you and the Fincelli Boys to get out of a weapons charge. But it was you or Greg Muscko and we both know he's way worse! I mean a guy's gotta watch whose pop tarts he pisses on, you know?

CALICO

The death penalty, Danny. A thing like that can irritate a girl.

DANNY

Glad you got out. See Molly yet? She's been pretty upset -

She BELTS his throat. He CHOKES.

CALICO

I find out you even blinked at that girl -

DANNY

(hoarse)
Alright! I get the message. The shit do you want, anyway?

CALICO

Cannon.

DANNY

The gun witch? You kidding?

She aims her gun at his dick.

CALICO

You ratted on me so you'll rat for me. Now spill it or you join the boys' choir.

DANNY

Okay! I know this guy. Did work for a company - Tadler Limited. It was a front. He said there was a chick in charge, great body but her eyes cold as hell. Heard her tell a buyer she made the "supplies" herself.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

Made me think of this story Jackie Noons spun. An icy chick who makes guns - Cannon. Jackie said he boned her, but you know how he is.

CALICO

Where is he?

DANNY

(scratching his head)
I don't know.

CALICO

You scratched.

DANNY

Shit!

INT. RAVE CLUB - NIGHT

DANCERS SCREAM as JACKIE NOONS (30s) SMASHES through a window under the strobe lights.

JACKIE

Christ! My fucking arm!

Calico storms in after him like a ship in full sail.

CALICO

Where's the gun witch, Jackie?

JACKIE

I ain't telling you shit!

CALICO

Let's test that theory.

She drags him off by his hair.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT - LATER

Calico pulls out a paper. DIALS. RINGING.

GENTLEMAN

(from phone)
Tadler Limited.

CALICO

(flawless French accent)
I have a referral. From Mister Umbrella.

(reading off the paper)
(MORE)

CALICO (CONT'D)
He recommended your discount
modems.

A beat.

GENTLEMAN
Go ahead, please.

CALICO
Two hundred units. Israeli models.
With the designer upgrade.

GENTLEMAN
Anything else?

CALICO
Yes. I'd like to send a personal
thank you...

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A vintage jukebox pumps "Blaze of Glory" by Bon Jovi.
Rifles, handguns, shotguns. Crates and bullet belts.

Daisy at her worktable, a bullet in her teeth. She buffs a
revolver chamber. The bullet doesn't fit. More buffing.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

A BUM meanders past the abandoned building. A stray dog
BARKS O.S. Calico takes a breath. Heads toward it.

A lock on a web of chains across the doors. Calico pulls her
lock pick, goes to work.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Daisy tries the bullet. Bad fit. Back in her teeth.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Calico shines her laser down the second floor hall. Quiet.

She EJECTS her clip. Slides a bullet free. Reinserts her
clip. Grips the bullet in her fist.

CALICO
Just in case.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The bullet fits perfectly. Daisy kisses it, staining the metal with dark lipstick. SLAMS the chamber closed.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Light under a door. Calico peers through the keyhole.

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Daisy working.

BACK TO SCENE

Calico fetches her lock pick. Peers through again -

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Daisy smiles at her, gun aimed.

DAISY

Knock, knock.

BACK TO SCENE

Calico hits floor as GUNSHOTS punch holes across the wood! She rolls over splinters. Twists. FIRES through the wall.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Daisy darts between the bullets like an acrobat.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Calico EJECTS her clip, empty.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Daisy hustles to the wall. Opens her chambers. Ammo spent. A record turns over in the jukebox. "These Boots are Made for Walking" by Nancy Sinatra.

SPLIT SCREEN:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Daisy squats against the wall.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Calico on her haunches. She SLIDES a new clip in.

DAISY
Pretty decent shot, kid.

CALICO
Thanks.

Daisy EMPTIES the shells. Calico HEARS.

DAISY
Too bad I'm better.

CALICO
Oh, yeah. Just look at me all
riddled with bullets.

DAISY
I'm taking my time, pigeon.

Daisy pulls ammo from her pocket. She reloads one gun, kissing each bullet, and sticks it in her belt. She smooches, slides ammo in the second.	Calico raises her gun. She peers through the holes.
--	---

CALICO
Aren't you gonna ask what this is
about?

DAISY
You wanna kill me or somebody who
does hired you to. Same shit,
different shooter.

CALICO
Good. Then you'll know what to do
with these.

END SPLIT SCREEN.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Calico's ammo EXPLODES through plaster. Daisy sprints off.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Calico KICKS the door open.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Daisy FIRES a shotgun. Plaster SHATTERS as Calico dives inside. Lands behind rifles.

Daisy stares through a hole in a crate. Calico's laser fills it. Daisy drops as a bullet RIPS THROUGH. She loads shells.

FIRES. Buckshot RICOCHETS. Calico SHOOTs over a crate. Daisy BLASTS it apart. Calico lurches around a corner. Grips her side. Blood.

DAISY
Congratulations! You're not dead!

CALICO
(ignoring the pain)
That worry in your voice, sugar?

DAISY
Admiration. You're no amateur,
Miss...

CALICO
Bash. Calico Bash.

Daisy pulls an Uzi from a crate.

DAISY
Should've stuck to small timers.
You'll live longer.

CALICO
Everyone will live longer once you
stop breathing, Cannon.

DAISY
Breathe this, sweetie pie.

Daisy strafes as Calico whirls into the fray, matching nine millimeters BLASTING. Daisy rolls across the floor, SPRAYING BULLETS. Calico's slug HITS Daisy's shoulder. She SHOUTS.

Calico ditches the nines. Daisy picks up an M14. Calico takes off with an MP5.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Wait! You forgot your bullets!

She FIRES. Calico slides across the floor, MP5 PUMPING. Daisy gets to her feet, whips around as she and Calico aim -

TWIN CLICKS.

Calico eyes her fifty. Daisy, her revolver.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Well isn't this a lovely bunch of
coconuts?

They match eyes, adrenaline building -

They draw! GUNSHOTS! Both drop...

Calico gets up. Daisy bleeds from a hole in her chest.

DAISY (CONT'D)
What was that?

CALICO
Fifty caliber.

DAISY
Should give it a name...

Life leaves her with a SIGH. Calico aims at the WAILING
jukebox. BOOM! It DIES in a shower of SPARKS.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

Blood seeps from Calico's side. She grabs a pistol. SHOOTS
the wall. Shoves the hot metal against her skin, SCREAMING.

She spies duct tape on the table. Rips off two strips.
Plasters them across the wound.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

Calico slides on her coat. Her eyes wander over the rifles
and handguns. A sly smile...

MONTAGE - CALICO GEARS UP

Calico loads a shotgun.

Twirls two Desert Eagles by the trigger guards.

Straps a revolver to her ankle.

Slips on a bullet-proof vest.

Hangs a bullet belt across her chest.

Loads a mag in an AK47.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING

Calico struts out, armed to the teeth, hauling a duffle packed with weapons. She strides toward the sun.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Cops tag guns. Boyd pops a Tums. Tierney at a bloody sheet.

TIERNEY
Told you. Salad.

BOYD
Tastes like crap.

TIERNEY
So this was the gun witch.

BOYD
We'll run her client roster. See
if any had a beef.

TIERNEY
That'll take a few months. Christ.
First the Rocco Mob, now this.

Forensics hands Boyd a shell casing.

BOYD
Son of a bitch.

FORENSICS
Fifty caliber. Your sly little
jail breaker.

TIERNEY
Doesn't make sense.

BOYD
Not yet...

EXT. PEEP O' RAMA - DAY

"XXX Nudes! Girls Galore!" on the sizzling neon marquee.
Saint removes his fedora. Walks in.

INT. PEEP O' RAMA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

CREEPS browse magazines. The PROPRIETOR notices Saint.
Presses a button. Saint hobbles through a secret door.

INT. PLEASURE ROOM - DAY

Sex toys covered with blood. WHIMPERING O.S. A Polaroid FLASH and WIND from the next room. Saint sets his cane against the wall. Sits on the love seat.

Across from him is a wall of Polaroids. Men, women, children. Bleeding, dying and terrified.

SAINT
Playing Doctor, I see.

Margo enters, in a gore-soaked schoolgirl outfit. Struts to a table full of pliers, cleavers, knives. Chooses a razor. Disappears. SCREAMS O.S. Saint unfolds a newspaper.

SAINT (CONT'D)
You need to see this.

Margo reenters. Moves to a stove. Tosses skin in a pan.

SAINT (CONT'D)
(reading)
...the largest collection of
illegal firearms on record. "We're
happy to have them off the street,"
Detective James Boyd states. Tools
at the scene suggest the victim was
an avid gun maker...

Margo goes rigid.

SAINT (CONT'D)
Officials confirm the yet
unidentified woman was killed with
fifty caliber ammunition. When
asked to describe the scene, Boyd
called it "Baghdad, only worse."

MARGO
(like an evil spell)
Bash.

SAINT
John and I felt you should know.

GROANS O.S.

MARGO
Hush, honey pie!
(beat)
Why plug Daisy? Bash is a
collector, not an assassin.

SAINT

An altercation Daisy failed to mention?

MARGO

What about the shipment?

SAINT

Already completed.

MARGO

Then all we need do is take our revenge. Put Masky on her tail. He'll teach the little bunny a lesson.

SAINT

We have a goal to obtain. Perhaps inviting unwanted -

MARGO

You decode your work?

SAINT

Not as of yet.

MARGO

Jesus, Doc. One would think you're dragging your feet.

SAINT

I'm old, Margo, dear. You will be too one day. If a timely end doesn't meet you first.

MARGO

You're sure something, Doctor.

She tastes the meat. Savors it. Offers.

SAINT

I've had my fill, thank you.

He swallows a pill. Stalks out on his cane.

MARGO

See ya next crime!

She picks up a drill. Vanishes around the corner.

MARGO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Now...let's get really kinky.

The drill WHIRS O.S., followed by SCREAMS OF AGONY!

EXT. AVENUE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Calico scarfs a taco. Tosses the wrapper in the trash. A BUM digs through it. She passes TEENAGERS. The Bum HACKS, limps through the disgusted kids. Calico heads for...

EXT. MOVIE PALACE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

She slips inside.

The Bum straightens up. Stops coughing. Pops gum in his mouth. Jogs toward the doors, limp miraculously gone.

INT. THEATER - MOVIE PALACE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The Bum creeps into the back row. Bogart and Bacall banter in black and white. He scans the VIEWERS with surgical eyes.

VOICE (O.S.)
Ticket, please.

He holds it out -

SNAP! Calico handcuffs his wrist to the armrest. He knives a hand in his jacket but she aims at his heart. He relaxes. Calico straddles him.

CALICO
Anybody asks, we're in love.

Her hand slips down his pants...

CALICO (CONT'D)
This is big.

A pistol.

CALICO (CONT'D)
Government issue. Are you old enough to see this motion picture? Let's check your I.D.

BUM
Left it in my cardboard box.

CALICO
Gotta name?

BUM
Jakes.

CALICO
Noticed you back at Cannon's.
Don't train you very well, do they?

JAKES
Tell it to your cuffs.

They hang, his wrist free.

CALICO
Well aren't you captain magic?
He blows a bubble, hand finding her bandaged stomach.

JAKES
Bet that hurt.

She presses both guns to his neck. Bogart embraces Bacall.

CALICO
I'll make this fast. I've been
shot, run over, blown up, stabbed,
poisoned, beat to shit and I'm
still a wrecking ball in lipstick.
Last thing I need is some pay-grade
monkey cramping my style.

JAKES
He told you we'd watch. You'll
have to deal with it.

CALICO
You screw with me, I deal with you.

She climbs off. Tosses him his pistol. He tucks it away as
she pockets her cuffs.

JAKES
Ever been tortured?

CALICO
Yeah.

JAKES
Me, too.

She speeds out the door. Jakes pulls a cell. DIALS.

JAKES (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hunter is aware.

He hangs up.

JAKES (CONT'D)
Thought she'd be taller.

INT. STORAGE CONTAINER - DAY

Work lights illuminate remnants of crime waves past. Ancient pistols. Designs for fantastic machines. Mysterious items preserved in jars.

Saint ambles in. Unlocks a panel of shelves. He removes The Mona Lisa. The Vitruvian Man. Places them under a microscopic apparatus. A robotic arm MOVES a magnifier across the paintings.

The paint is barcode. The machine spews info on a screen. Saint pops a pill.

SAINT
(to the Lisa)
Pity we had to burn the real you,
my dear. Such as the sacrifices of
science.

INSERT - THE DECODER SCREEN

"Project Judas Ray. Classified Eyes Only. Log #3121AE6."

BACK TO SCENE

SAINT
(with a grin)
Hello, old friend...

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY - YEARS AGO

Six candles on a birthday cake - "Happy Birthday Karen!" She wears a pointy hat, blows out the flames.

She opens a present. A popgun. Pow! Frank fakes a hit. Karen mouths "I'm sorry, Daddy!" He mouths "I forgive you, kitten." Pushes her nose like a button. BEEP. She GIGGLES. They LAUGH, candle smoke twirling...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DUSK - PRESENT

Calico sits up in bed. Her body is a road map of scars and tattoos. She walks to the desk, her things on top: clothes, coat, guns, ammo, knives, change, watch.

She changes the bandage on her stomach.

MONTAGE - CALICO'S ROUTINE

Sit-ups.

Push-ups.

Chin-ups in the closet.

Boxing.

END MONTAGE.

Calico empties a shopping bag on the bed. Wrapping paper and tape. She grips scissors. CUTS the colorful paper.

EXT. ROOFTOP/WATER TANKER - NIGHT

Danny SCREAMS, hanging upside down under the tank, naked body bloody with wounds. Masquerade circles him like a wolf.

DANNY

I don't know where she is -

Masquerade SLASHES with his blade. Danny WAILS.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I swear on my mother for the love
of Christ please stop -

He SLITS Danny's groin! Danny's SCREAM shakes the city.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Wait! I don't know...

(beat)

But I know who does...

Masquerade cocks his head, listening.

INT. JIMMY'S SALON - DAY

Sheers SLICE black hair.

JIMMY (O.S.)

So he pulls a pee shooter outta his
bra and yells freeze, police!

CHUCKLES.

JIMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

This cop, what do you call 'em,
undercover, right? Dressed like a
broad, chases us down the street...

JIMMY De STEFANO (60s) puffs a cigar in his throne-like chair. BODYGUARDS and MAFIA MEN watch as he holds court.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Teddy and me look back to see the hump fall on his face. He yells damn these heels! So Teddy yells now you know how chicks feel, asshole!

Roaring LAUGHTER. The BARBER struggles as Jimmy GUFFAWS.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Ain't that the funniest damn thing you ever heard?

Sardonic CLAPPING from the doorway...

CALICO

Hilarious.

JIMMY

Look at this. You boys want your cookies early this year?

GIGGLES. Which she ignores.

CALICO

Don't carry my cookies with me, Jimmy. Can't have your fat ass sucking them up.

She pulls up a chair.

CALICO (CONT'D)

Got a job. Thought you'd wanna help.

JIMMY

A job. For good green, I'll bet. World could be burning, but little miss sunshine here wouldn't run for a hose without a bill attached.

CALICO

What about your boys here? Steal for the Red Cross, do they?

JIMMY

You're boring me, candy tits. Swish your way home and make baby formula, huh?

She snatches his cigar. Stamps it out.

CALICO

I'm being courteous, shit bird.
Should try doing the same sometime.

JIMMY

Get this stray outta my face.

A BODYGUARD grabs her.

BODYGUARD

Mister De Stefano says time to go -

Calico SPLINTERS his shin. MAFIA MAN heaves a right. Calico PUNCHES his balls. THICK NECK throws her to the counter. Calico ELBOWS him.

An ENFORCER draws a revolver. Calico PALMS his elbow. He SCREAMS, gun rolling into her hand. Calico pulls her fifty, aims both guns at Jimmy as three MOOKS aim at her.

Jimmy calmly lights a new cigar.

JIMMY

Well, if you're gonna be
insistent...

CALICO

Where's Doe, Jimmy?

JIMMY

That freako? Forget it.

CALICO

We both know you'd be raking in ten
times more without him around.

JIMMY

You don't get it, do you? Your
freako's part of something big.
Just ask Rocco and his boys.

CALICO

I'm part of something, Jimmy.
Something Federal. Help me out and
I'll put in a good word.

JIMMY

That a fact?

CALICO

Believe it.

Jimmy puffs. Grins.

JIMMY
 (to the Barber)
 Leave the sideburns.

EXT. SAINT DISMAS CHURCH - NIGHT

Deserted by God, stamped: "Condemned."

INT. SAINT DISMAS CHURCH - NIGHT

John enters, winks at the stone Virgin Mary. Spots a dozen wrapped packages on a pew. Finds the card.

JOHN
 (reading)
 To a man whose birthday is
 everyday. New heaters Daisy won't
 be using. Kisses and licks, Margo.
 (beat)
 Crazy bitch.

He shoves the altar off its foundation. Vanishes down the secret door. The altar SLIDES back. The Virgin MOVES, shoving her hood down...

Calico. She sheds the robe, pulls her gun. Removes a bullet. Tosses and catches it.

CALICO
 Just in case.

INT. BASEMENT - SAINT DISMAS CHURCH - NIGHT

The Replicator in the center, wires and circuits swarming the space. John readies the controls.

Calico aims. Her laser lands on his cranium...

CLICK! A gun in her back. JOHN TWENTY grabs her fifty cal.

JOHN TWENTY
 You're a regular rocket scientist.

JOHN
 Big gun for a little girl. What's your name, hon?

CALICO
 Calico Bash. And I'm not little.

JOHN TWENTY
I thought she'd be taller.

CALICO
Forgot my stilettos.

JOHN
Forgot whom you're up against, more like.

JOHN TWENTY
I think she should see the fun.

JOHN
Don't worry. She will.
(to Calico)
My - selves - have been glitchy lately. Been wanting to give them some exercise. Iron out the kinks. Who's the lucky girl?

John steps in the machine. Red lightning CRACKLES.

INT. THE REPLICATOR - SAINT DISMAS CHURCH - NIGHT

Arcs of electricity tear at John like claws. It schisms down his middle, his body parting as he SCREAMS...

INT. BASEMENT - SAINT DISMAS CHURCH - NIGHT

The machine HOWLS. The doors part. Smoke billows out like hot breath. John is indistinguishable among his FIFTY CLONES surrounding her.

JOHN TWENTY THREE
Calico Bash...

JOHN
...Found my machine...

JOHN TWENTY THREE
...But can she find me...

JOHN TWENTY
...We're all me...

JOHN FIFTY
...So alike...

JOHN FORTY ONE
...Let's wish her luck...

JOHN
 ...She's gonna need it.

He throws her gun out the window. She CRACKS her knuckles.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Okay, gents...
 (with a wink)
 ...kill the skirt.

They RUSH HER. She PUNCHES faces, KICKS stomachs. They pile on her. She pulls a knife. SLASHES her way out. A hole in the ceiling. She leaps, pulls herself through. The Johns race up the stairs, their footsteps a ROLLING TIDAL WAVE.

INT. SAINT DISMAS CHURCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

JOHN THIRTY SIX flies at her. Calico KNIFES him. He falls.

JOHN TWENTY FIVE SMASHES her stomach! She WAILS. CLOCKS his throat. John ELBOWS her. She HEAD BUTTS him. Jumps to a pillar. Climbs...

INT. ORGAN LOFT - SAINT DISMAS CHURCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

JOHN THIRTY wields a fire axe. The blade SLICES her coat. The Johns swarm toward her. CHAOTIC MUSIC as they dance on the organ. Calico CAVES JOHN FORTY FOUR'S ribs. KICKS John Thirty over the rail. Jumps...

INT. SAINT DISMAS CHURCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Three Johns wilt under her. Six more rush her. She BREAKS LIMBS and NECKS. Bodies pile. Calico leaps the pews, escaping grasp after grasp. John trips her. She drags herself to the presents. He aims his gun.

JOHN
 Exercise over. Time to cool off.

CALICO
 You first.

She PUNCHES a hand inside a present -

BOOM! A BLAST PUNCHES a hole in John Forty Two! Calico throws the box off the shotgun.

JOHN THIRTY ONE
Fuck!

She FIRES. Blood flies, bodies fall. John SHOTS back. Calico rolls behind a pew. RIPS open a present. John and JOHN TWENTY SIX crouch behind Saint Peter.

Calico PUMPS BULLETS from an M16, cutting down Johns. The Johns FIRE BACK. Calico grabs ammo -

BLAM! John Thirty Two puts a bullet in her back. She drops. John watches her crawl. SHOTS her in the torso. Calico SCREAMS. John, John Twenty Six, and John Thirty Two aim.

CALICO

Wait -

They SPLATTER HER BRAINS!

JOHN

There we go.

He SHOTS John Thirty Two and John Twenty Six! Grins at Calico's corpse.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Tough luck, babe.

CALICO (O.S.)

For you.

Her fifty's at his head. He tosses his gun.

JOHN

Guess I won't be flying off to freedom.

(scolding himself)

Left the instructions out again, didn't I? I'm quite the prize.

(beat)

If I'm me.

CALICO

You're you.

JOHN

What makes you so sure?

CALICO

You're still alive. The clones take the blunt and you get the glory. Under all that charm, you're nothing but a goddamn narcissist.

JOHN

(correcting her)

A rich goddamn narcissist.

(beat)

First Daisy, now me. How much are they shelling out? A million? Five? Or maybe you think you have no choice, but you do. We always have a choice. Yours is actually quite simple. Kill me. Or don't...and earn yourself enough cash to buy a fucking country.

(beat)

What do you say, hon?

Calico lowers her gun.

INT. BASEMENT - SAINT DISMAS CHURCH - NIGHT - LATER

She follows John, gun at his back.

JOHN

Any preference? Dollars, rubles. Lira? I got a whole stack of rans.

CALICO

Rans. Don't know that one.

JOHN

African. Fancy.

CALICO

Dollars. No tricks.

JOHN

You've seen my trick, Miss Bash. I assure you I'm fresh out.

An antique vault door.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Here we are. I had this baby installed three years ago. Nothing beats good old fashioned iron.

Calico motions. John twists the combination.

CALICO

Back away.

He does so, hands raised. Calico opens the safe...

A STRING tightens, connected from the door to a loop in the ceiling, leading down to a SHOTGUN on a chair -

BOOM! Calico takes it in the chest. Drops.

JOHN

Dopey me. Guess I had a trick left
after all.

He snatches her gun.

INT/EXT. VAULT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

John resets his trap.

JOHN (CONT'D)

When you generate a shit load of
money, you have to protect it.
Brutally and directly. It was my
only option anyway, since the money
I offered is, as you can see, not
even here -

Calico GROANS. John hikes her shirt, revealing the dented
bullet proof vest.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Well smack my ass and call me
Sandy...

Calico's hand sneaks toward her boot...

JOHN (CONT'D)

You are one spunky bitch.

He aims her fifty at her skull -

Calico FIRES the revolver on her ankle. John's brains
SPLATTER. He falls dead. Calico sits up, wincing.

CALICO

Pants on fire.

INT. THE REPLICATOR - SAINT DISMAS CHURCH - NIGHT - LATER

A grenade flies inside. The doors close.

INT. SAINT DISMAS CHURCH - NIGHT - LATER

Calico tosses grenades on dead Johns. Loads weapons and a
few presents in her duffle.

EXT. SAINT DISMAS CHURCH - NIGHT - LATER

She heads down the sidewalk as the church EXPLODES behind her! Debris litters the street.

INT. EASY LOAD LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT - LATER

Calico enters, painfully stripping down to her underwear. Stuffs her clothes in a washer. Turns it on. Hides her duffle in a dryer. Changes her stomach bandage.

She spins a quarter, exhausted. Light dances on the edge...

INT. PLAYHOUSE - DAY - YEARS AGO

Frank shows Karen a quarter. A flick of the wrist - no coin. She pouts - no fair! Frank reaches behind her ear. Ta da! Karen pushes his nose. BEEP! She admires the quarter -

He's gone.

INT. EASY LOAD LAUNDROMAT - DAWN - PRESENT

Calico wakes. The quarter is embedded in her palm.

INT. EASY LOAD LAUNDROMAT - DAWN - LATER

She's dressed. SLAPS a clip in her gun. COCKS it.

INT. BASEMENT - SAINT DISMAS CHURCH - DAY

Boyd comes down the scorched stairs.

BOYD

Think we should I.D. them all, or
pick one and call it good?

Tierney stands over John's body.

TIERNEY

This is him.

BOYD

You sure?

TIERNEY

Point blank between the eyes.
Closest to the blast. Last one
standing.

BOYD
Excellent work, Sergeant Tierney.

TIERNEY
Thank you, Lieutenant Boyd.

Cops sift through Replicator rubble.

TIERNEY (CONT'D)
Guess that thing's no longer a
problem.

BOYD
Feds will do a nation-wide sweep.
Pick up any stragglers.

Tierney rolls the burnt shotgun in his hands.

TIERNEY
One shell. No splatter.

Boyd holds up a fifty caliber shell.

BOYD
Guess she was smarter.

TIERNEY
Our girl breaks out, kills Cannon,
then uses Cannon's cannons on Doe.

BOYD
Hell of a lot of trouble for a
chick with a beef...

Benson runs up.

BENSON
I got bad news and great news.

BOYD
Bad first.

BENSON
We found five grand hidden down
here, most likely expense money.
But the stuff he stole? Nowhere.

TIERNEY
He moved it outta the vault.

BOYD
So we start looking for it.
(to Benson)
Great news.

BENSON
We found an address.

TIERNEY
Whose?

EXT. FAST LANE BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

S.W.A.T. leaps out of black vans. BREAK DOWN the doors.

INT. FAST LANE BOWLING ALLEY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

They sweep the lanes. CAVE a door - "Employees Only."

INT. MECHANICS - FAST LANE BOWLING ALLEY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

S.W.A.T storms through the corridor of gears. Aim rifles.

S.W.A.T. MAN
Freeze! N.Y.P.D.!

Saint raises his hands.

SAINT
Afternoon.

EXT. FAST LANE BOWLING ALLEY - DAY - LATER

Boyd and Tierney lead him out. Saint is in cuffs.

TIERNEY
So much for a fast getaway, huh,
Doc?

SAINT
A man chooses his pace in life,
detective.

BOYD
Well yours is gonna slow down
significantly.
(beat)
Officer?

OFFICER leads Saint away. Tierney eyes the ONLOOKERS.

TIERNEY
Think she's here? We found the
address. Bash might've, too.

BOYD
If she's after him.

TIERNEY
Come on, Jimmy. Sounds to me like
a when instead of an if.

BOYD
And the why?

TIERNEY
That's why you're the Lieutenant.

Boyd watches Officer put Saint in a police car...and head for
the driver's seat.

BOYD
Officer?

Officer climbs behind the wheel.

BOYD (CONT'D)
Officer! Hold up a minute!

The ENGINE STARTS -

BOYD (CONT'D)
Hey!

It PEELS off!

BOYD (CONT'D)
Shit! Ricky!

Tierney and Boyd leap in Boyd's car.

BOYD (CONT'D)
We got a kidnapping, people! Let's
go!

The cherry ignites. The car SPEEDS OFF.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Saint behind the mesh.

SAINT
I take it this is no rescue.

Calico removes the police cap behind the wheel.

CALICO
You really are a genius.

Boyd's car in her rearview. Along with ten squad cars.

SAINT
Wish I could replay the sentiment.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

The police car TEARS through a red. Boyd's car and the squads are on its tail.

INT. BOYD'S CAR - DAY

He drives. Tierney grips the CB.

TIERNEY
This is Adam Seven! I've got a stolen black and white heading south on Cranston! Plate number Robert, X-ray, X-ray, four, seven, nine, nine! Driver is a ten ninety eight impersonating uniformed officer! Request assistance! Over!

COP
(from radio)
This is William three five six. Joining pursuit. Over.

EXT. AVENUE - DAY

The police car scrapes the side of a city bus!

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

SAINT
(calm despite the chaos)
It is a pleasure to finally meet you, Miss Bash. It is Miss Bash, isn't it?

CALICO
It is.

SAINT
And your benefactor would be...?
F.B.I.? C.I.A. perhaps?

CALICO
Does it matter?

SAINT
No. Not anymore.

EXT. AVENUE - DAY

The police car SQUEALS around the bend, heading for -

EXT. FISH MARKET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Salmon and ice fly as the car CRASHES through! People dive out of the way. A wall of crates ahead.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Calico braces herself.

SAINT
Oh dear.

EXT. FISH MARKET - DAY

The car BLASTS through the crates like a wrecking ball!

INT. BOYD'S CAR - DAY

The Detectives tense.

TIERNEY
Jesus!

EXT. FISH MARKET - DAY

Boyd's car SOARS through debris and fish guts. The squad cars ROAR after.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

SAINT
Perhaps that wasn't the smartest
turn.

CALICO
I don't tell you how to splice
genes, old man.

SAINT
Fair enough.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - DAY

The police car SKIDS to a stop! A sea of STANDSTILL TRAFFIC.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

SAINT

Rush hour. Unfortunate.

Calico flips a switch...

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - DAY

The cherry sparks. The siren SCREAMS. Vehicles part like water. The police car nudges through. Boyd's car does likewise, yards behind.

INT. BOYD'S CAR - DAY

BOYD

You've got to be fucking me.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - DAY

The pursuit moves at ten miles per hour. The police car angles toward an open space. Breaks free, ZOOMING down the side street. Boyd's car clears. ROARS after. The squad cars make it through.

INT. BOYD'S CAR - DAY

TIERNEY

(into CB)

Subject is heading west on State Street. Set roadblock at State and Green. Over.

COP

(from radio)

Roger that, Sergeant.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

The police car HONKS. People scramble out of the way. Boyd follows. The police car jerks into traffic. Heads straight for a semi...

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Calico yanks the wheel, teeth gritted.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The police car barely misses the rig. Boyd's car ROARS...

INT. BOYD'S CAR - DAY

TIERNEY

Whoa, whoa, whoa -

BOYD

Hold on, Ricky!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Boyd's car misses the semi by inches! A squad car SMASHES the semi. Several BASH the first car. The remaining squads make the turn.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

SAINT

It was only a matter of time.

CALICO

Talking to me?

SAINT

If not you, someone else. Someone would come to deliver an evil death to an evil man.

CALICO

This a confession?

SAINT

Unlike my cohorts in crime, I've lived infamously enough to understand things they can't. Daisy and John never saw the repercussions of their actions. Masquerade is too far gone to grasp them and Margo stopped caring at age eight. If she did at all.

CALICO

Margo.
(beat)
As in Malice?

SAINT

Know her, do you?

CALICO

(as if struck by
lightning)
Holy fuck...

EXT. STATE STREET - DAY

The police car darts down a one way, dodging oncoming traffic. Boyd's car does likewise, as do the squads.

INT. BOYD'S CAR - DAY

He narrowly misses one head-on collision after another.

TIERNEY

For Christ's sake, Jimmy -

BOYD

Almost there!

EXT. STATE AND GREEN - DAY

Cops COCK shotguns behind a wall of vehicles. The police car SCREECHES to a halt. Boyd's car and the squads fan out. Boyd and Tierney exit the car. Aim sidearms.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

SAINT

Such efficiency. Times certainly
do change.

EXT. STATE AND GREEN - DAY

Boyd grips a bullhorn.

BOYD

This is the N.Y.P.D.! Step out of
the car with your hands raised!

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

SAINT
Going to heed the advice?

CALICO
Would you?

SAINT
All the wonders we make. All our knowledge of the universe and we barely know ourselves. In a world teeming toward chaos, you can only paddle away from the waterfall for so long. I've grown so tired of things.

EXT. STATE AND GREEN - DAY

BOYD
(into bullhorn)
Step out of the car now! This is your last chance!

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Calico meets Saint's eyes in the rearview.

CALICO
Men like you don't get a free pass. You can't just wake up one day and call it quits.

SAINT
I never asked for a pass, Calico. Unlike the rest of my cohorts, I have a unique quality: I'm a gentleman. Wealth and infamy only last so long. I have nothing now. Nothing is what I've become.

EXT. STATE AND GREEN - DAY

BOYD
The hard way it is.
(to the Cops)
Get ready!

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Calico spies a fence in her rearview.

CALICO
Tuck and clench, Doc!

She shoves it in reverse -

EXT. STATE AND GREEN - DAY

The police car shoots backward. Cops OPEN FIRE. The car SCRAPES between two black and whites. SNARLS toward the fence...

EXT. TRAIN YARDS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

It RIPS through. LANDS on dirt. Does a one eighty. TEARS off for the tracks.

EXT. STATE AND GREEN - DAY

Boyd and Tierney drive through the fence. Squad cars follow.

EXT. TRAIN YARDS - DAY

The police car RACES a train. Gravel and dirt fly.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Calico fights to steer. The train BLARES its horn, neck and neck with her. Boyd's car gains in the rearview.

CALICO
Come on...

INT. BOYD'S CAR - DAY

TIERNEY
She's going for the switch!

BOYD
Bullshit she is!

EXT. TRAIN YARDS - DAY

The cars SOAR beside the train.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Calico's odometer at ninety. She puts her weight on the pedal. SCREAMS as she jerks the wheel -

EXT. TRAIN YARDS - DAY

The police car LEAPS in front of the train! LANDS on the other side. Spins. REVS off in the opposite direction.

Boyd's car RUMBLES to a stop. He and Tierney leap out.

BOYD
(kicking the door)
Shit!

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY - LATER

Calico climbs out of the police car. RAKES off the uniform, her clothes underneath. Pulls her gun. Opens the back -

Saint is motionless. She feels his pulse. Turns his hand over. His pill bottle is empty. She holsters her gun. Digs through his pockets. A tiny notebook. The last page:

INSERT - SAINT'S NOTE

"Judas. #13. Green."

BACK TO SCENE

She pockets it. Strolls off.

CALICO
Good luck, old timer.

INT. BATHROOM - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Molly wraps a towel around her wet body. Smiles at her clean reflection in the mirror.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

She passes a room service tray. Plops on the bed. TURNS ON the TV. Molly flips through the channels. Plays with her charm, hums "I'm a Little Tea Pot."

Masquerade hides under the bed. He breathes like a serpent, the TV light reflecting off his ghostly mask...

INT. SHOOTING BOOTH - DAY

POW! PING! PANG! Ball bearings SLAM metal ducks.

ROSIE CORONADO (30s) SHOOTS. It whizzes past the last duck.

ROSIE
(scowling)
Piss.

The BOOTH MAN looks her sexy figure up and down.

BOOTH MAN
Pretty shot, cutie. Pretty ass,
too.

She SHOOTS his foot!

BOOTH MAN (CONT'D)
Ow! Shit!

ROSIE
Shouldn't pester people with guns.

BOOTH MAN
I'm wearing sandals, here!

ROSIE
You'll live. Rack me up again.

He GRUMBLES. FLIPS the switch. The ducks POP into position.

BOOTH MAN
One game.

CALICO (O.S.)
Two. On me.

She pays.

ROSIE
Well if it ain't the cat dragging
herself in.

CALICO
How's biz, Rosie?

ROSIE
Be better if you'd retire.

CALICO
Girl's gotta eat.

ROSIE
Ain't it the truth. Thanks for the
game.

CALICO
Professional courtesy.

ROSIE
Take it you're not here to set up
a kissing booth.

She aims. PING! One duck down.

CALICO
Heard the Carlo Gant job was rough.

She sets her sights. POW! Direct hit.

ROSIE
Breaking two sex psychos outta
prison and handing them over to the
brother of a girl they raped and
strangled? Yeah, I'd call that
rough.

PING! Rosie gets another. POW! PANG! Calico sinks ducks
two and three. Rosie makes her third. Calico HITS four.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
Why the interest? Need some tips?

PANG! Rosie nails duck four. Calico aims. POW! Duck five
falls. Rosie aims at her fifth.

CALICO
Ever hear the name Judas?

TUNK! Rosie misses.

ROSIE
Damn! You mean the bomb?

CALICO
Bomb?

ROSIE
The Judas Ray. Supposed to make
the Atom Bomb look like a
firecracker.

CALICO

Where is it?

ROSIE

Nobody knows. No one even knows if it's real. Just a gangland myth.

(beat)

Christ, I need practice.

(beat)

This is starting to sound like a life ender. I want you retired, not dead.

CALICO

Love you too, sugar.

She takes off. Booth Man hands Rosie a stuffed bear.

BOOTH MAN

Good shooting...ma'am.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Calico passes a BLIND MAN on a bench, stick across his lap.

BLIND MAN

Hunter has arrived.

Calico sits on a bench. MOTHERS push baby carriages by.

BLANK (O.S.)

Appreciated the call.

CALICO

Cute place. Disney Land booked?

BLANK (O.S.)

Better hot dogs here.

He's on the bench behind her. Pretends to peruse the paper as he slides a file through the wood. Calico opens it.

BLANK (CONT'D)

Margo Malice. Kidnapping, murder, blackmail, rape, extortion, theft. Assumed dead on four separate occasions. Specializes in terrorism for hire and has a taste for -

CALICO

Human flesh.

BLANK
Ever meet her?

CALICO
Mentioned her to a bail jumper
once. He pissed himself.

BLANK
He was right to. Girl's a walking
nightmare. And it gets worse.

CALICO
How?

BLANK
Heard of Abulia Mugambe?

CALICO
African dictator. Assassinated by
his own people.

BLANK
No, he wasn't.

He slides it over. Photos of Mugambe with his throat
slashed.

CALICO
That'll ruin your day.

BLANK
Larynx, windpipe and jugular
severed with surgical precision.
Mark of a professional, not some
angry African.

CALICO
Which professional?

BLANK
Second photo.

Mugambe's torso. Comedy and Tragedy.

BLANK (CONT'D)
Took a lot of bribes to keep it
quiet.

CALICO
Why him?

BLANK

We don't know. What we do know is the whole shebang's extremely troubling with Margo giving the orders. Sure it's her?

CALICO

Straight from the doctor's mouth.

BLANK

He mention anything else?

CALICO

Nope.

A beat.

BLANK

Trust is the cornerstone of any relationship, Miss Bash.

CALICO

We don't have a relationship. I just kill people for you.

BLANK

You're welcome to stop. Have you back on the Row before dinner. Beans and franks tonight, I believe. Think it over. You know how to contact me.

He leaves. Calico eyes Margo's photo. Her goblin smile stretches under insane eyes.

INT. ENTRY CAGE - BLACK VELVET CLUB - NIGHT

DOORMAN opens the peep window. Margo's devilish eyes gleam.

INT. BLACK VELVET CLUB - NIGHT

Latex LOVERS grind to the MUSIC. MEN in gas masks whip WOMEN in chains. Doorman leads Margo through. REMY RAQUIN (50s) watches from his window above.

INT. RAQUIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Frenchman turns to his ENFORCERS.

RAQUIN

(French)

Goddamn mother fucker shit.
Malice.

LARGE THUG COCKS a shotgun. Remy opens his drawer, pistol inside. Doorman leads Margo in.

REMY

Margo. You seem well.

MARGO

(French)

Not according to my last psych
test, Remy.

FRENCH THUG frisks her. She MOANS, liking it.

REMY

(English)

What can I do for you?

MARGO

(English)

Rumor says you're skipping out on
our investment.

REMY

I'm merely being cautious.

MARGO

Cautious is good. I expect you to
be nothing but as you deliver my
goods within two days - as agreed.

REMY

If I'd known they were your goods,
I'd have never signed on. I don't
deal with little girls.

MARGO

Don't put little girls down, Remy.
They have the most fun.

REMY

But not more than your partners.

He increases the TV VOLUME.

CAREY

(from TV)

After being kidnapped from police custody, the body of Doctor Ezekial Saint was discovered at a parking lot on fifth avenue. Eye witnesses report the perpetrator as a woman, approximately five feet tall, twenty five to thirty five.

Carey's face next to photos of Saint, John and Daisy.

CAREY (CONT'D)

Daisy Cannon and John Doe, dangerous criminals wanted by Federal agents, were killed earlier this week, making Saint the third in what police are now calling the work of a vigilante killer...

Margo WEEPS. Remy closes his drawer.

REMY

(French)

Nothing but a child.

(to French Thug)

Get her out of here.

FRENCH THUG

(French)

What a badass, eh?

They LAUGH. He grabs Margo's arm -

She snatches the pistol from his belt!

MARGO

(French)

Made you look!

She BLASTS his groin. The men go for their guns as she leaps on Remy's desk. UNLOADS in their faces, GIGGLING.

INT. BLACK VELVET CLUB - NIGHT

Dancers don't notice blood splashing the office windows.

INT. RAQUIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The shotgun BUCKS in Margo's arms. Remy's legs EXPLODE. He hits the floor SCREAMING, pistol escaping his grip. She dances over. Sticks the barrel in his ear.

MARGO

Make the call, lover. Or I
redecorate with Raquin red.

He DIALS his cell. Rambles off FRENCH. Margo KICKS the
phone away. Straddles his chest.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Now that wasn't such a chore, was
it? Hmmm. What can we do to
celebrate? I know. How about a
snack?

He WAILS as she BITES his throat!

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Calico finishes a burger under the flickering lights.

VOICE (O.S.)

Ticket, please.

She offers the slip.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need some I.D.

CALICO

Don't have any.

VOICE (O.S.)

Then we have a problem.

CALICO

And you're it. Gonna keep pulling
my leg or are you gonna sit down?

Jakes sits, disguised as a Transit Authority.

JAKES

A million people on and off these
things everyday. No one looks at
each other. Sad.

CALICO

You always talk this much?

JAKES

Three down, two to go. Doing
pretty good.

CALICO

The good I'm doing is saving my ass and if you pop up again, it won't be my dick in a vice cause I don't have one.

JAKES

You don't like men, do you? Don't trust us.

CALICO

Waste of time. I've got espionage to do.

JAKES

Your father would be proud.

CALICO

You know shit about my father -

JAKES

Franklin Jackson Finley. Married to one Julie Louise Margaret. Recruited by C.I.A., nineteen eighty four, joins anti-terrorism chapter. He and wife give birth to daughter Karen, October seventh, nineteen ninety two. Receives Medal of Valor in ninety. Merit of Bravery in ninety six. Vanishes on assignment in Berlin in ninety seven and presumed dead. Wife Julie dies of ovarian cancer, June, two thousand and seven. Whereabouts of daughter Karen unknown.

CALICO

Bullshit. Blank would've -

JAKES

You're on a need-to-know basis. He thought it would distract you.

CALICO

Why tell me?

JAKES

Compensation for cramped style. I admired him. He chose to make the world a better place for you and your mom. And everyone else.

INT. PLAYHOUSE - DAY - YEARS AGO

Frank BEEPS Karen's nose.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT - PRESENT

CALICO

Dad and I had this thing. Whenever we made each other mad.

(touches her nose)

Beep! Made us laugh. Meant we forgave each other.

JAKES

Sounds nice.

CALICO

It was. Until I walked in on mom bawling her eyes out. She said Dad was gone and he wasn't coming back. He had more important things to do. There I was, six years old in my pajamas, with my mother telling me that, as far as my father was concerned, I didn't matter. He chose to make the world better.

(beat)

He chose wrong.

Jakes pops gum in his mouth.

CALICO (CONT'D)

So how'd you get this gig? They catch you with the Pres' daughter?

JAKES

I volunteered. Calico Bash, live and in person. Truth is, I thought I'd be baby sitting some teenybopper with a popgun and too much attitude. Was happy to be disappointed.

CALICO

Never knew a big strong spy would crush on a gal like me.

JAKES

It's not a crush, it's respect. Made me develop a problem seeing you get hurt.

CALICO
I don't get that often. Respect.

JAKES
I know.

The train stops. Calico sees graffiti on the tunnel wall:
"Time doesn't exist. Clocks exist." She looks back -

He's gone.

She notices the OTHER MAN. Ten seats away. Slouched in a trench coat, fedora hiding his face. He lifts his head -

Masquerade.

Calico goes for her fifty. Masquerade's arm lashes out. A throwing knife EMBEDS in her hand. She HOWLS.

Masquerade ditches the disguise. LEAPS like an Olympic acrobat. Calico gets her gun in her good hand. FIRES! He back flips, dodging it. Closes the space fast. Calico aims -

Masquerade puts a boot to her face!

BLACKOUT.

FADE IN:

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Comedy and Tragedy on the window in black grease. HEAVY COP faces a HAITIAN.

HEAVY COP
You actually saw him?

HAITIAN
(thick accent)
He fought a woman. He take her.

HEAVY COP
(curiously)
What did he look like?

HAITIAN
Evil.

Heavy Cop shudders, writes it down. THIN COP scoops black grease into an evidence bag. He stands...

Jakes. He pulls his cap low. Passes Cops interviewing more WITNESSES.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

He ducks behind a pillar, pulls a device from his pocket. Wipes the grease on it. Presses buttons. The device BEEPS.

JAKES
(off the device)
Fuel oil...

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Calico's vision is shapes and shadows. She focuses...

FIVE WICKED MASKS smile/frown on hooks. Bulbs feed off a generator. Pipes crisscross above a maze of oil drums. Dante's Divine Comedy on the cot. Books and records beside a vintage phonograph. A laptop on a desk. Knives and swords on the wall. Grenades and smoke bombs. Poisons on shelves.

Calico is naked, suspended in the air like a worm on a hook. The ropes bind her wrists behind her back, tie her legs together. Choke her at the neck.

Masquerade studies her soullessly. He strolls to the circular window. Stares out at dark ocean...

EXT. SOUTH HARBOR DOCKS - NIGHT

The decommissioned U.S.S. Manhattan rests in the black water. A decrepit sign on the dock: "Naval Personnel Only. Trespassers Will Be Shot."

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

CALICO
(choking)
How did you find me?

Masquerade passes her clothes, neatly folded on the desk, next to her boots and weapons. He reaches under his cot.

CALICO (CONT'D)
Answer me...

She pulls on her ropes. The loop around her throat TIGHTENS. She GASPS. Masquerade wags a finger. He finds a jeweled box. Opens it.

Trophies. Photos, teeth, hair, toys, even fingers. He finds it. Holds it up...

A queen of hearts playing card. The killer HUMS "I'm a Little Tea Pot."

CALICO (CONT'D)
 (rage building through her
 tears)
 I'll kill you... I'll fucking kill
 you, you sick fuck!

He puts the box away, treating it like a baby.

CALICO (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna feed you your fucking
 heart I swear to Christ!

Masquerade nonchalantly chooses a blade off his wall. Stands in front of her. She SPITS. He cocks his head...

SLASHES her. She SCREAMS. He's entranced by her pain. He RIPS off her bandage. Worms his finger in the bullet hole. Calico spasms. He CUTS her breast! Blood spurts as she WAILS. He forces her mouth to his fake lips. Gropes her.

CALICO (CONT'D)
 (muffled)
 Noo! Fuck you!

Masquerade tightens the rope around her neck. Calico battles to breathe as he watches with vacant eyes...

An ALARM WAILS! Masquerade releases the rope. Calico GASPS. He kicks a lever. His wall parts, exposing five TV feeds. Angles on the ship. The docks. The water.

ON A TV

Jakes creeping across a rooftop.

BACK TO SCENE

Masquerade STABS Calico in the shoulder, embedding the blade in her! She SCREAMS LIKE HELL. Bleeds buckets. Masquerade lovingly taps the handle - hold this. He streaks off.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

THROUGH BINOCULARS

The ship, silent as a tomb.

BACK TO SCENE

Jakes checks his weapons: throwing knives, automatic pistols, an M16 rifle...

Masquerade is behind him. A wicked bow hangs across his back. He readies it without a sound. Pulls an arrow from his quiver...

Jakes cleans his binoculars...

Catches Masquerade in the lens.

He puts the lenses away. Whirls and tugs his gun from the holster -

An arrow SPLITS his forearm! He drops his weapon. The second arrow PARTS his shoulder. He falls. Masquerade lands without A WHISPER. Jakes YANKS the arrow from his arm. Masquerade snatches him. Dangles him over the edge.

JAKES

You mother f-

Masquerade DROPS him!

Jakes BLASTS a grappling hook into stone. Redirects in midair. SCREAMS as his arm BREAKS from the pull. Swings -

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jakes SMASHES through glass, TOPPLING furniture and cabinets until a sudden STOP against a desk! He goes still.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Masquerade loops his bow over his head. Strolls away.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Calico gets the knife handle in her teeth...

Pulls it free with a MUFFLED SCREAM. She points her toes. Spits. The blade tumbles down...

She catches it between her feet! Bends her knees, feet rising behind her to meet her hands. She stretches to reach, pain coursing through her...

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Masquerade emerges from the maze of oil drums.

He freezes.

The rope dangles, empty and sliced through. Calico's clothes and weapons are gone. He draws his bow. Sets an arrow. Stalks the space -

BANG.

From the oil drums. Masquerade circles behind them. Footprints in oil. He follows, hunting like a tiger...

He suddenly stops. Cocks his head. Abandons the path and darts off into shadow.

Ahead, the prints end at the wall, where Calico waits behind a drum, gun gripped. She peers out.

CALICO

Where are you, you son of a -

An arrow STICKS IN HER BACK! She YELPS, whirls to see Masquerade on the drums. OPENS FIRE. Her shots ricochet as he vanishes. Calico TWISTS the arrow free. Pulls the pins on two grenades. Rockets them at the drums. The EXPLOSION RATTLES her jaw.

EXT. U.S.S. MANHATTEN - NIGHT

The hull BLOWS OPEN!

INT. STAIRWELL/MESS HALL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Calico shoves Molly's necklace in her pocket. LOBS a grenade down the stairs...

INT. MESS HALL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

She limps toward the door when her grenade flies back up the stairs! She OVERTURNS a table, dives behind as the BLAST sprays hot metal and fire!

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Water GUSHES in. The Divine Comedy bobs.

INT. MESS HALL - NIGHT

Calico CRACKS two SMOKE bombs. TEARS a strip from her shirt. Stuffs it against her shoulder. Finds the knife in her boot. Grips her fifty. Heads into the haze.

Masquerade appears like a ghost, SLASHING her with a blade! Calico SHOOTs. Misses. BURIES her knife in his leg. He PULLS it free WITHOUT ANY SIGN OF PAIN.

He KICKS her to the wall. Her fifty spins out of reach. He THROWS both blades into her stomach! She YOWLS. SPITS crimson. PULLS the knives free. Drags herself out.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Smoke and fire hemorrhage through the room.

EXT. UPPER DECK - NIGHT

Masquerade stalks Calico. A MAMMOTH EXPLOSION as the gasoline wells go up.

The ship tilts with an ANIMAL ROAR.

Debris TUMBLES. Calico ROLLS to the supply crane. Fire DISSOLVES the deck. The spires FALL. Masquerade somersaults to the crane. Grips Calico. She SPITS saliva and blood on his mask. He puts a boot to her kidney -

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey. Mime boy.

Jakes' size ten BASHES Masquerade's jaw. He hugs his arm, delivers another KICK. Masquerade PING-PONGS against the crane. Jakes KICKS but Masquerade grabs the leg. Flips him. Squeezes Jakes' throat -

The bridge DISSINTERGRATES. The roof COLLAPSES.

Jakes RAMS jagged steel in Masquerade's eye! The assassin PULLS it free. Blood waterfalls down his mask. He STABS but Jakes' good arm gets in the way. Masquerade forces it toward Jakes' iris -

Calico LASHES a chain around Masquerade's neck! Hooks it to the crane.

CALICO
(in his ear)
This is for Molly.

She **SHOVES** him off! Masquerade free falls -

CRACK! His body sways on the chain. Blood obscures his grin, leaving the frown. The destroyer **SINKS**, **BELCHING SMOKE**. Jakes grabs Calico...

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

They **SPLASH** into ocean. He swims to her. Holds her close.

INT. LIVING ROOM - JAKES' CRASH PAD - NIGHT - LATER

Jakes **STORMS** in, Calico over his shoulder. Blank jumps up from the chair.

INT. BEDROOM - JAKES' CRASH PAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

They lay her on the bed. Blank rolls a tray over. Gauze, tools, antiseptic.

BLANK

Is she alive?

JAKES

Barely. Her vitals are weak, but they're there. I'm a mess myself, so I'm gonna need your help -

He **FREEZES**.

Blank tenderly holds Calico's hand. Caresses her hair.

JAKES (CONT'D)

She...she's lost too much blood.

BLANK

Use mine.

JAKES

Sir I don't -

BLANK

Do it.

MONTAGE - CALICO'S SURGERY

The sun rises through the window.

Jakes cuts her clothes off, arm in a sling.

He tapes a tube to Blank's arm. Places the needle.

Blood fills a jar, flows out a second tube.

Both men bandage her.

The sunset bleeds to night.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY - YEARS AGO

Frank holds Karen high, smooches her cheek.

FRANK
That's my kitten...

BLACKOUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - JAKES' CRASH PAD - DAY

Calico opens her eyes. She's naked, bandaged, I.V. on a coat rack. Jakes chews gum in the chair. He offers a stick.

JAKES
Gum?

CALICO
This bed is like fucking wood.

JAKES
Nerve function. Check.

CALICO
How long was I out?

JAKES
Two days.

She sits up. MOANS.

JAKES (CONT'D)
Painkiller wearing off?

CALICO
No. Just agonizing over the fact
that you've seen me naked.

JAKES
Sense of humor. Check.

CALICO
 (serious)
 Thought you only watched.

JAKES
 Didn't like what I saw.

CALICO
 Exemplary agent. Check.

She eyes his arm.

JAKES
 Nothing a few stiff drinks won't help me through. You've got a shit load of lacerations. Sprains, a concussion. Lucky we stopped the hemorrhaging when we did.

CALICO
 We?

JAKES
 Blank. Donated his all-American red stuff.

CALICO
 Have to send him some Chinese.

He tries to laugh. Can't. Hands her Molly's charm.

JAKES
 Sorry about Molly.

CALICO
 It's my fault.

JAKES
 Don't be stupid.

CALICO
That's exactly what I am.
 (beat)
 I told her to stay. She wanted to get away from this vile shit hole. Away from them. If I'd let her...

JAKES
 I'll give you time.

He leaves. Calico's SOBS turn to HOWLS of rage.

INT. LIVING ROOM - JAKES' CRASH PAD - NIGHT

Jakes waits, her SCREAMS reverberating.

INT. BEDROOM - JAKE'S CRASH PAD - NIGHT - LATER

Jakes lays a gift-wrapped box on Calico's lap.

JAKES

From you know who.

She tears it open.

JAKES (CONT'D)

Being that the former's at the
bottom of the harbor...

A shiny new fifty caliber automatic with laser sight,
snuggled between boxes of ammo.

JAKES (CONT'D)

He understands if you're hesitant
to continue.

Calico clasps Molly's charm around her neck. Loads and COCKS
the gun. The laser streaks the room.

CALICO

I don't hesitate, sugar.

INT. BOYD'S OFFICE - DAY

He SLURPS coffee. Tierney enters. Drops a file on the desk.

TIERNEY

Robbery at Fort Ellis military
base, code name Green.

BOYD

Fredrick's case.

TIERNEY

Ours now.

BOYD

Since when?

TIERNEY

Since he found out Saint was there
in the eighties. Did government
contract work. Top secret stuff.

BOYD

And?

TIERNEY

And whatever was jacked was so top secret the Fort Liaison told me I'd be arrested if I kept asking questions.

BOYD

Interesting.

TIERNEY

Gets better. Those paintings swiped in Paris? We just pulled them out of Saint's storage locker. They were coded. Military snatched them, but not before I got a glance at the readouts. Showed the location and codes for the item in question.

BOYD

Which is?

INT. BEDROOM - JAKE'S CRASH PAD - DAY

Calico dresses.

JAKES

The Judas Ray.

CALICO

How bad is it?

JAKES

It's not bad, it's horrible meets terrible. Sends out a wave of polarized atoms. Instead of blowing things to shit, it dissolves them. Has a damage range higher than any nuclear weapon. Big enough to take out -

CALICO

A country?

INT. BOYD'S OFFICE - DAY

TIERNEY

(from a file)

One Calico Bash escapes prison by -
walking out the door disguised as a
guard. Warden says it happened
like magic.

BOYD

Or happened cause someone slipped
her the key.

TIERNEY

No one takes on these nut jobs
unless they're crazy or have a damn
good reason. Money?

BOYD

Can't spend it if she's dead.

Benson enters.

BENSON

Sergeant Field's at The Black
Velvet. Remy Raquin's dead. His
men, too.

TIERNEY

All of them?

BENSON

Shot to death.
(holds up a laptop)
Except for Raquin...

INT. BOYD'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER

The three face the laptop screen. Remy's SCREAMS O.S.

TIERNEY

She's supposed to be dead.

BOYD

She's not.

TIERNEY

The missing face at First
Municipal. Malice.

BOYD

(to Benson)
Get that disk to an interpreter.

(MORE)

BOYD (CONT'D)

Find out what Raquin said over the phone. And call the Marshals. We need every resource we can get.

Benson nods, runs off.

TIERNEY

So what? Give us all the gold in Fort Knox or bye bye America?

BOYD

Margo could take Knox without snagging a stocking. Plus, Doe was an ace. They've got enough cash.

TIERNEY

Doe's dead. Her means is gone and her supply will be too.

BOYD

What about Raquin?

INT. BEDROOM - JAKE'S CRASH PAD - DAY

JAKES

He runs dope and clubs. That's it.

CALICO

What do you need to run dope?

She SLIDES bullets in her clips.

JAKES

Vehicles.

CALICO

Cars, trucks, planes, ships, Remy used every one. Even loaned them out for cash.

JAKES

Transportation.

CALICO

Margo's taking a trip.

INT. BOYD'S OFFICE - DAY

TIERNEY

(from a paper)

"Get Shrike ready. I know what I said. Just do it.

(MORE)

TIERNEY (CONT'D)
 Fucking do it now."
 (beat)
 There you have it. Remy Raquin's
 famous last words. If we only knew
 what the hell a Shrike was.

Boyd TYPES.

BOYD
 It's a bird.

TIERNEY
 A bird?

BOYD
 Known for snatching up small
 animals and impaling them on
 branches.

TIERNEY
 Raquin sold birds?

BOYD
 No...but he had a whole fleet of
 vehicles for running smack.

TIERNEY
 A plane.

INT. BEDROOM - JAKE'S CRASH PAD - DAY

JAKES
 What makes you so sure?

CALICO
 John Doe. He talked about flying
 off to freedom.

JAKES
 Flying where?

CALICO
 Doesn't matter. Hell's the only
 place Malice is headed.

She SLAMS a clip in her fifty. Grabs Jakes' cell. DIALS.

INT. BOYD'S OFFICE - DAY

Tierney runs in.

TIERNEY
Bronx Airfield. Hanger M was
bought two weeks ago with cash by -

BOYD
Remy Raquin.

He puts on his coat.

BOYD (CONT'D)
What model's the plane?

TIERNEY
It's not a plane.

Tierney hands him a file.

BOYD
That's original.

TIERNEY
Call the Feds?

BOYD
And the Marshals. From the car.

INT. BEDROOM - JAKES' CRASH PAD - DAY

Calico tosses Jakes his cell.

CALICO
Tell Blank I'll be in the Bronx.

JAKES
Come back with a pulse, okay?

She KISSES his cheek.

CALICO
Still talking too much.

She slips out the door. Jakes DIALS.

JAKES
Hunter on target.

EXT. MAIN GATE - BRONX AIRFIELD - NIGHT

WATCHMAN GIGGLES at a Playboy. The face doesn't fit the
uniform. A Corvette RUMBLES to the gate. He approaches.

WATCHMAN
Sorry, field's closed -

A luscious REDHEAD steps out, sunglasses on, tits threatening to rip her dress open.

REDHEAD
Guess I got turned around.

He drools as she moves so close he can smell her.

WATCHMAN
(the sunglasses)
Too dark for those, ain't it?

REDHEAD
What did you want me to see?

She spies the magazine.

REDHEAD (CONT'D)
Naughty boy. Should give the real thing a whirl.

WATCHMAN
Well ain't you a surprise.

REDHEAD
You don't know the half of it.

She SMASHES his head on the hood. Tosses him in the trunk. Steps in the booth. The gate opens.

INT. HANGER M - BRONX AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Margo SNAPS a Polaroid of the dead AIRFIELD STAFF.

MARGO
Nice composition.

CROOK walks up.

CROOK
We're ready.

MARGO
Joyous. Wheel out our baby.

EXT. BRONX AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Boyd's car stops at the Corvette. He and Tierney climb out. Peer in to see a red wig, sunglasses, a bra full of tissues.

BOYD
She's here.

BOYD (CONT'D)
Where are the Feds?

TIERNEY
(painfully)
Fifteen minutes out.

BOYD
(sarcastic)
Fantastic.

EXT. HANGER H - BRONX AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Calico squats, Hanger M a hundred feet away. ARMED CRIMINALS guard the front. She EJECTS her clip. SLIDES a bullet in her palm.

CALICO
Just in case.

INT. HANGER M - BRONX AIRFIELD - NIGHT

THIEF climbs in a truck. Criminals HEAVE open the giant doors. The truck REVS forward, a thick cable leading upwards...

EXT. BRONX AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Boyd and Tierney watch in awe...

EXT. HANGER H - BRONX AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Calico's head tilts back as a shadow blankets her...

EXT. HANGER M - BRONX AIRFIELD - NIGHT

The ZEPPELIN emerges. Criminals sever the truck cable. One opens the docking door above. Climbs down the rope ladder.

EXT. BRONX AIRFIELD - NIGHT

TIERNEY
Some bird.

EXT. HANGER H - BRONX AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Calico kisses Molly's charm. Stalks forward.

INT. HANGER M - BRONX AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Margo PUNCHES in a code. The Judas Ray's display ignites -
30:00...29:59...29:58... She kisses the shell like a lover.

MARGO

Oh, baby. I'd fuck you if I could.

CROOK

You hit the appropriate height, you
let it fall.

MARGO

Along with the free world.

Criminals transport it up the ladder.

CROOK

Our payment?

Margo chooses an M16 from their weapon pile.

MARGO

Ah, yes. How rude of me...

EXT. BRONX AIRFIELD - NIGHT

GUNFIRE O.S. Boyd and Tierney draw their guns.

BOYD

Fifteen minutes my ass!

TIERNEY

(into the CB)
Shots fired! Repeat, shots fired!
All units move in!

They run.

INT. HANGER M - BRONX AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Crook and Criminals dead at Margo's feet. She tosses the
empty gun, WHISTLING carelessly. SNAPS a photo.

EXT. HANGER M - BRONX AIRFIELD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

She saunters to the Zeppelin ladder.

BOYD
Freeze, Malice!

He and Tierney aim from the truck.

BOYD (CONT'D)
Police! Drop to your knees!

MARGO
Is that an order...or a request?

BOYD
Remove any weapons you are carrying
and place them on the ground! Now!

MARGO
Only two? You're either brave or
stupid.

CALICO (O.S.)
Considering what a crazy bitch you
are...I'd say brave.

She slinks out, gun on Margo. Tierney aims at her.

TIERNEY
Shit!

BOYD
Stand down, Calico.

CALICO
No can do, Boyd.

BOYD
Listen to me! I know about the
deal. You kill them, you go free.
But it doesn't have to be like
that.

A Criminal crawls out of the bodies. Grabs a pistol...

BOYD (CONT'D)
We can make our own deal. We all
arrest Malice. It'll give you
leniency with the court. Maybe
revoke your penalty. Come on,
Calico, what do you say?

CALICO
Sorry, sugar.

MARGO
This is exciting, isn't it?

TIERNEY
(to Margo)
Last warning! On your knees!

SIRENS O.S. The Criminal drags himself forward...

BOYD
Calico, you are choosing to murder
a wanted felon in the presence of
two cops. Think about what you're
doing!

CALICO
I am. And what I think is - you
don't murder dragons...
(cocking her gun)
You slay them.

MARGO
Do it, Calico -

TIERNEY
Shut your mouth, Malice!

MARGO
Shoot me shoot me shoot me shoot me
shoot me -

Calico squeezes her trigger.

TIERNEY
Jimmy!

Boyd AIMS AT CALICO.

BOYD
Calico don't make me -

Criminal SHOTS Boyd in the arm! Tierney SHOTS the
Criminal. A gun pops out of Margo's sleeve. She KILLS
Tierney.

Calico and Boyd FIRE on Margo. Margo leaps in the truck.
Calico reloads. The truck ROCKETS backward. Calico dodges.
The vehicle CRASHES through guns and aircraft tools.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Margo puts it in drive. STOMPS the gas.

EXT. HANGER M - BRONX AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Boyd reloads. The truck heads right for him -

Calico FIRES! The windshield SHATTERS. Margo jerks the wheel. The truck heads for The Shrike. Margo catapults out the door and onto the ladder.

The truck ZOOMS past Calico. Races into the hanger and collides with containers of Hydrogen! Calico pulls Boyd to his feet. They run as the truck IGNITES -

The hanger EXPLODES! Calico and Boyd hit the ground. SIRENS close in. Boyd limps to Tierney's body. Looks at Calico.

BOYD

Go get her already.

She sprints off as ten cop cars SQUEAL to a stop behind Boyd.

EXT. HILL - BRONX AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Calico pulls her grapple gun. The hook BLASTS off, EMBEDS in The Shrike's cabin. She hooks the rope to her belt. Climbs, the zeppelin towing her through LASHING WIND.

INT. CABIN - SHRIKE ZEPPELIN - NIGHT

Margo steers. The city rises in the windows.

MARGO

(singing)

I love New York in June. How about
you? I love a Gershwin tune. How
about you?

She SMASHES the Judas' panel with her heel. Goes back to the wheel. The bomb continues: 15:14...15:13...15:12...

EXT. OPEN AIR - NIGHT

Neon and steel below as Calico reaches her hook. A service ladder. She climbs it, rope coiled in her hand.

INT. CABIN - SHRIKE ZEPPELIN - NIGHT

MARGO
(singing)
I love a fireside -

Calico CRASHES through the window, KNOCKING Margo down!

MARGO (CONT'D)
You tricky cunt.

Calico pulls her fifty. Margo FLICKS open a razor and PUNCTURES the ship's balloon. GAS floods in.

MARGO (CONT'D)
Muzzle flash in a room full of
Hydrogen. Risky.

Calico holsters her gun. Eyes the Judas' smashed panel.

MARGO (CONT'D)
Baggage handlers these days...

CALICO
Now who's the tricky cunt?

MARGO
Let's find out.

Margo SLASHES with the razor! Calico spins, disarms her.
The bomb: 11:34...11:33...

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

The Shrike blocks out the windows. A JANITOR is dumbfounded.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

The Shrike floats between the skyscrapers.

INT. CABIN - SHRIKE ZEPPELIN - NIGHT

Margo HEAD BUTTS Calico. THROWS her down.

CALICO
Africa...

MARGO
I'm sorry? Speak up, please.

CALICO

It's where you're going. Doe had rans. Which used to be dollars. Which he hid on this thing days ago.

Margo BASHES Calico's chin. SOCKS her stomach.

MARGO

By all means, continue.

CALICO

(in pain)

Daisy loaded her guns, along with the good doctor's inventory. Superior technology and weapons to turn a wild continent into a new superpower. Mask takes out Mugambi, leaving space for a new ruler: you.

Margo KICKS her.

MARGO

Keep going. Almost there.

CALICO

But you'd still have the States to contend with. Unless you drop a bomb on it from the sky and burn the whole thing down.

MARGO

(applauding)

Well done.

CALICO

Too bad your friends won't be around to see it.

MARGO

They weren't friends. They were prophets. Revolutionaries set to refashion the world. A world big enough for the both of us.

(beat)

That's right, sports fan! You've been so busy knocking off my crew that now there are equal shares. Half for me...and half for you. What do you say? Feel like sharing a Queenship?

Calico feels Molly's charm.

CALICO
I already did.

MARGO
You'd rather die than rule the
world?

CALICO
It doesn't matter if I live. All
that matters is you don't.

MARGO
I'll take that as a yes. Now be a
good little cock sucker and let
mommy kill you.

CALICO
I'm not little.

A LEFT HOOK to Margo's jaw! Calico leaps on her like an
animal, BITES her neck. Margo SCREAMS. Calico lunges to the
wheel. Spins it. The compass adjusts: south to north. She
THRUSTS the throttle.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

The Shrike COLLIDES with a skyscraper!

EXT. AVENUE - NIGHT

Rubble CRUSHES taxis. PEDESTRIANS flee.

INT. CABIN - SHRIKE ZEPPELIN - NIGHT

The cabin ROCKS. Margo CHOKES Calico.

MARGO
I'm gonna rip your spine out with
my goddamn press-ons!

Calico SNAPS Margo's pinky! Margo SQUEALS. Calico ELBOWS
her. JAMS broken glass in Margo's leg. Margo SCREAMS.

The Judas: 03:09...03:08...03:07...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

The Shrike heads away from the buildings.

INT. CABIN - SHRIKE ZEPPELIN - NIGHT

Margo STABS Calico in the back. Calico YELLS. Palms Margo's knee with a CRACK. Pulls the razor free. Margo loops the rope around Calico's neck. Strangles her.

Calico HEAVES an elbow into Margo's nose. Pulls the rope off. 01:59...01:58...01:57... Margo staggers in front of the broken window, nose gushing. Calico charges like a bull. Tackles her!

They fly out the broken window!

EXT. OPEN AIR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The women free fall, two dots descending from the massive airship. A greenhouse and pool rush up to meet them...

INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Margo CRASHES through the glass roof. HITS the shrubs.

EXT. POOL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Calico SPLASHES down. Escapes her coat. Breaks the surface, GASPING. Sees the Shrike outside the city.

INT. CABIN - SHRIKE ZEPPELIN - NIGHT

00:02...00:01...00:00!

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Shrike VAPORIZES in a ball of light. The rippling SHOCK WAVE slices the skyscraper roofs. The steel and glass crumble like cheese, the building tops collapsing inward.

The wave dematerializes, the lower floors of the buildings intact. The avenues are filled with debris, people running about scared, but alive.

EXT. POOL - NIGHT

Calico climbs out. Draws her gun. Heads for the greenhouse -

Margo LEAPS at her! RAMS Calico into the pool, fifty flying out of her hands.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Margo STRANGLES Calico. The fifty rests on the bottom. Calico's fingers close around it. She sticks the barrel to Margo's stomach -

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Red overtakes the blue.

EXT. POOL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Calico trudges out. Collapses, wet, bleeding, exhausted.

SPLASHING O.S. She looks up to see MARGO walking out with an inhuman grin. Calico aims -

CLICK.

Margo spits red. Emits a CIRCUS CLOWN LAUGH.

MARGO

Aww. No more bullets?

CALICO

One more bullet.

She EJECTS her clip. Sticks a finger down her throat...

VOMITS. Runs her fingers through the bile. Calico scoops up a bullet. Loads it. COCKS it. Margo rushes her, SCREAMING LIKE A DEMON -

POW! Margo drops dead. Calico lays down. Exhales.

CALICO (CONT'D)

Just in case...

INT. O'GILL'S IRISH PUB - DAY - DAYS LATER

Calico at the bar, wounds patched, beer in hand. Blank drinks his own.

CALICO

Appreciate the drink.

BLANK

You've been shot, slashed, stabbed, beaten, blown up, and nearly drowned. Least I could do is buy you a brew...and deliver this in person.

The pardon. She slides it back.

BLANK (CONT'D)
Don't get the joke.

CALICO
Dragons are extinct. That's that.

BLANK
That may be that, but it's still
filed. Clean slate, government
approved.

CALICO
(playing with the charm)
And here I was being noble.

BLANK
True nobility is found in being
superior to your former self.
(not a scratch or cough)
Your father would be proud.

CALICO
Wherever he is.

BLANK
Right.

CALICO
Pretty lucky with that transfusion.
You matching my blood type and all.

BLANK
Thought you made your own luck.

CALICO
I do.
(beat)
Thanks for the beer.

She heads for the door.

BLANK
Hey. Kitten.

She stops. He lifts his glass.

BLANK (CONT'D)
Be good.

Calico puts a finger to his nose.

CALICO
Beep!

They share the moment.

CALICO (CONT'D)
I'm the best, sugar.

Her cat-like grin is packed with trouble-making prowess.

FADE TO BLACK.

[Note: The following takes place post end credits.]

FADE IN:

EXT. O'GILL'S IRISH PUB - DAY

Calico heads down the street, passing a dark Lincoln.

INT. LINCOLN - DAY

Jakes chews gum behind the wheel, arm healed, suit crisp.

VOICE (O.S.)
Thought she'd be taller.

JAKES
That's what I said.
(beat)
Keep low back there. We don't need
any roller bladers spotting you.

VOICE (O.S.)
And if they do?

JAKES
Then you get to clone and kill
yourself all over again.

SAINT in the backseat.

SAINT
If I had a nickle for every time...

JAKES
We got your book. Scientists are
working on your youth formula right
now. The man himself sends his
thanks.

SAINT
I'm glad he learned how.

JAKES
(chuckling)
You're sure something, Doc.

SAINT
(eyes glinting)
Yes. I'm aware.

EXT. O'GILL'S IRISH PUB - DAY

The Lincoln pulls away from the curb. Coasts down the block and takes a left, vanishing from sight.

FADE TO BLACK.