

# Nowhere Girl

An original screenplay  
by Carole A. Parker

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INT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - BAR - DUSK

One of those bland watering holes for travelers who aren't picky about ambiance. Or their cocktails.

A WOMAN (20's) sits at a table near the windows, watching the planes. Unbelievably hot, with long, long black hair. Reckless curves. Sleek. A gazelle.

Meet CHERRY NATION. Exotic dancer. Former porn star. Future entrepreneur. Single mother of two. Right now she's sipping a whiskey sour and talking on her cell. Tugs on her miniskirt.

CHERRY

Thanks for watching the kids for me, Shag. I owe you one.

(listens)

The money is fucking AMAZING. I'm getting close to having the amount I need to quit dancing and open the store.

(listens)

Of course I'm taking my meds. Mind your own business. It's OVER, Shag, and you have no right to --

(listens)

I'll call you when I get to Vegas.

She feels something in the small of her back.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Don't move. I have a gun pointed at the base of your spine.

CHERRY

What the fuck?

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Don't speak. Just listen.

CHERRY

But --

The gun CLICKS. Camera PULLS BACK to reveal --

A TALL, UGLY THUG in shades and a trench coat seated at the table behind her back. He smiles. Not a pretty sight.

TALL, UGLY THUG

I don't know what kind of game you're playing, girlie, and I don't care. Get off the fucking PHONE.

She clicks it shut.

TALL, UGLY THUG (CONT'D)

Good girl. Now listen carefully. The briefcase is next to your chair.

He FLIPS an envelope on her table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TALL, UGLY THUG (CONT'D)  
Take this envelope. In it, you'll find an address. Take the briefcase there. Got it?

CHERRY  
Listen to me, I think you've got the wrong --

TALL, UGLY THUG  
If you don't deliver the package by sunrise, we'll kill you. And your family.  
(nudges her with the gun)  
GOT it?

She nods. Frightened to death.

TALL, UGLY THUG (CONT'D)  
Lower your arm. Put it near the case.

She does. We hear a SNAP, CLICK.

TALL, UGLY THUG (CONT'D)  
Good girl. Now you're being smart. I'm gonna leave now, and you're gonna keep facing the window. DO NOT MOVE.  
Understand?

CHERRY  
Y-yes.

TALL, UGLY THUG  
One last thing. DO NOT open the briefcase. If you do, you'll die.  
(beat)  
Enjoy your cocktail.

He stands. And in one fluid movement, he's gone. Cherry vibrates in her chair, shaking. Blinking back tears.

She raises her hand. We see she's clutching the briefcase. And that she's been handcuffed to it. She puts it back down.

A good-looking HIPSTER slides into the chair next to her. Studiously messy hair. Five-hundred dollar torn jeans.

HIPSTER  
These airport bars kinda suck, don'tcha think?

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY CHECKPOINT - AT THAT MOMENT

A long line of weary TRAVELERS wait in line. An ANGRY-LOOKING GUARD waves a metallic wand across a FAT MAN'S suit. The detector SHRIEKS. Angry's face lights up.

DOWN THE CORRIDOR

A WOMAN is SPRINTING toward us. Meet APRIL STREET (20's). Eyes burning fire. Tall and foxy, with legs for days. Baby's in black. But how can she run so fast in stiletto heels?

As she runs, she KNOCKS over shit. PLOWS into a ELDERLY MAN.

APRIL  
(British accent, over her  
shoulder)  
Sorry! Government agent!

She gets closer. We see she's a dead ringer for Cherry Nation. Like sisters. What's going on here?

April RACES up to the checkpoint. Flashes her ID.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
Homeland Security! Outta THE WAY!

A open-mouthed guard takes a look at the badge. Fancy stuff.

OPEN-MOUTHED GUARD  
Sure thing, uh --

APRIL  
MOVE IT, Kojak. This is a NATIONAL  
EMERGENCY --

And she KNOCKS HIM OVER and RACES down the corridor.

INT. AIRPORT BAR - AT THAT MOMENT

Cherry looks at the Hipster. Unsure of what to do.

CHERRY  
I need your help.

HIPSTER  
You in some kind of trouble?

Cherry raises her wrist. Exposing the handcuffs and the case.

CHERRY  
You might say that.

HIPSTER  
Holy shit. Are you a --  
(leans over, whispers)  
A spy?

CHERRY  
(lowers it)  
Hell, no. I'm a dancer. Some asshole just  
cuffed me to this briefcase. Said I  
needed to deliver it to someone. If I  
didn't, he'd --  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHERRY (CONT'D)  
(tears up)  
Kill my family.

HIPSTER  
Holy shit.

CHERRY  
You keep saying that.

Pause.

HIPSTER  
I'm -- Peeler.

CHERRY  
What?

PEELER  
My name. Peeler. Peeler Mardo.

CHERRY  
Oh. I'm Cherry.

PEELER  
You certainly are.

CHERRY  
Look, I need your help, not your hitting  
on me, okay? He threatened MY FAMILY.

PEELER  
Okay, okay. I'm sorry. I'm a guy.  
(beat)  
So where are you supposed to deliver it?

The door FLIES OPEN. April RACES into the room.  
WHIRLS AROUND. Stops. Holds up her badge.

APRIL  
Homeland Security, everybody FREEZE!

People stop talking. Look. April pulls out a photograph.  
Starts showing it around.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
Has anyone here seen THIS MAN? It's a  
matter of national security.

April shows it to the bartender. He shakes his head 'no.'  
She goes to Cherry and Peeler's table.

CHERRY  
Ohmigod.

APRIL  
You SAW him? He was HERE?

Cherry slowly puts the briefcase on the table.  
April stares at it, at the handcuffs.  
Then looks at Cherry more closely. Their resemblance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

APRIL (CONT'D)

I'm afraid you're going to have to come with me, Miss.

CHERRY

But he said he'd hurt my family if I didn't --

The wall of windows EXPLODES in a HAIL OF BULLETS. Cherry and Peeler JUMP, hide under a table.

April HITS the floor, ROLLS away. Slides behind the bar. Pulls out twin giant SIG SAUER HANDGUNS and starts FIRING.

Cherry and Peeler start crawling toward the entrance.

Two HUGE GOONS in black BOUND IN. A red DOT appears on the forehead of the first one. His head EXPLODES in a red mist.

APRIL

Smiles. Takes aim at --

THE OTHER GOON

Who FIRES at April. She DUCKS behind the bar.

CHERRY AND PEELER

Make it to the doorway. Crawl away.

THE GOON

RACES toward the bar. SPRAYING his Uzi. Bottles FLY, SMASH.

BEHIND THE BAR

April crawls to the end. GRABS a baseball bat.

THE GOON

Stealthily creeps up toward the end of the bar, where --

APRIL

CRACKS him on the head. The goon goes down, THWUMP.

APRIL

Sorry, fella -- seventh inning stretch.

She looks around. Sees that Cherry is gone.

APRIL (CONT'D)

Shit.

And RACES toward the door.

INT. AIRPORT CORRIDOR - AT THAT MOMENT

A drum-and-bass big-beat by The Crystal Method PUMPS over --  
Cherry and Peeler. TEARING ASS down the moving walkway.  
The briefcase BANGING against the railing.

PEELER  
Where are we going?!

CHERRY  
The fuck OUTTA here!

CAMERA FLIES BACKWARD, WHIPS AROUND --

So that we see April at the other end. She SEES THEM.

APRIL  
Motherfucker.

And she starts TEARING ASS after them.

CHERRY AND PEELER

Reach the end of the moving sidewalk. A sign reads BAGGAGE  
CLAIM. Cherry GRABS Peeler's hand. JERKS HIM toward it.

CHERRY  
C'mon!

They CLATTER down the stairs.

APRIL

Reaches the end of the sidewalk. Looks around.

APRIL  
Shit. Think, think, think --

She sees the sign. RUNS to the top of the stairs, sees Cherry  
and Peeler going down, and TAKES OFF after them.

CHERRY AND PEELER

Hit the bottom. Cherry BANGS into a porter. OOF.

PORTER  
HEY!

CHERRY  
Sorry!

She GRABS Peeler's hand, and they RACE AWAY.

PORTER  
SLOW DOWN, bitch!

APRIL

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANGS into the porter.

PORTER (CONT'D)  
OW, hey!

He GRAPPLES her in a bear hug.

APRIL  
Let me GO.

The porter SQUEEZES TIGHTER.

PORTER  
You gotta SLOW DOWN, lady!

APRIL  
I'm a GOVERNMENT AGENT.

PORTER  
Bull-shit.

She FLINGS his arms away. CRACKS him in the jaw. THWUMP.  
Notices a crowd of ONLOOKERS. Shows her ID.

APRIL  
Homeland Security. Keeping America safe.

And TAKES OFF.

A PAIR OF LITTLE BOY TWINS

Stand nearby holding hands with their mother.

TWIN #1  
I wanna be like HER when I grow up.

TWIN #2  
But she's a GIRL.

EXT. TAXI STAND - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Cherry DASHES over to a gypsy cab.

CHERRY  
TAXI!

She GRABS the door, WHIPS IT OPEN, JUMPS in.  
Peeler piles in after her. SLAMS the door.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Cherry BARKS at the DRIVER, a frightened-looking Turk.

CHERRY  
Let's GO, c'mon!

TURKISH CABBIE  
Wherefor you wish to go?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CHERRY  
I don't care! Just get us the fuck OUTTA  
HERE.

PEELER  
Silverlake, please.  
(to Cherry)  
You'll be safe at my joint.

CHERRY  
'Joint?' Read much Mickey Spillane?

EXT. TAXI STAND - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

April RACES up to a cab. OPENS the driver's side door.  
FLASHES her ID.

APRIL  
Homeland Security! I'm taking your cab!  
Outta the car!

The FAT CABBIE looks at her. Takes a bite of his candy bar.

FAT CABBIE  
Fuck you, lady, I'm not --

April GRABS his arm, starts PULLING him out of his seat.

APRIL  
C'mon, move it, you FAT FUCK.

With all her might, April YANKS him out.  
He HITS the pavement. She JUMPS IN.

Fat lies in the street like a beached whale.  
He FLAILS around, trying to right himself, get up.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
(out the window)  
Some patriot YOU are.

And she GUNS IT and ROARS away.

EXT. 405 FREEWAY - NIGHT

A large, black MERCEDES SUV flies down the carpool lane.

INT. SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The Tall, Ugly Thug we met earlier is behind the wheel. Meet  
TOKEN WARE, former CIA, now black ops gun for hire. He takes  
a sip of designer coffee. Flips open his BlackBerry.

TOKEN  
Avi? It's Ware.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT - CONTINUOUS

A secure HQ in a plush loft space. Several ARMED OPERATIVES mill about. Scan computer screens. Clean weapons.

Their LEADER looks out the high rise window at the city lights while talking on his Bluetooth.

AVI  
You make the drop?

Meet AVI ABBAS (45). Palestinian ex-pat. Now international arms dealer. He lights up a Gitanes. Checks his Rolex.

TOKEN  
Yeah. Broad was acting funny, though.

AVI  
What do you mean *funny*?

TOKEN  
Hard to say. Gut feeling. Like she was in over her head.

A BIG, YOUNG SPOOK comes over to Avi.

BIG, YOUNG SPOOK  
Sir, you need to see this.

He PUNCHES a remote. A sixty-inch PLASMA SCREEN *snaps on*.

INT. NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

A SERIOUS TALKING HEAD sits at the news desk.

SERIOUS TALKING HEAD  
-- where at Los Angeles International Airport, a gunfight broke out at a sports bar. We go now to Charlie Huston, live at the scene.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

Reporter CHARLIE HUSTON stands in front of the open bar window. We can see a CRIME SCENE CREW is working.

CHARLIE  
Thanks, Rolf.  
(dramatic pause)  
One hour ago a team of military operatives opened fire on this airport bar, killing three people and injuring two. Witnesses say the men were shot and killed by a young woman who then left the scene on foot --

AVI  
Shut it off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The spook does.

TOKEN

Pulls his car over to the side of the road. Stops.  
Pulls out a LAPTOP. Boots it up.

AVI

Paces, worried.

AVI (CONT'D)

You better check on the girl. Make sure  
she's alive. And delivering the package.

TOKEN

I'm one step ahead of you.  
(punches buttons, looks)  
She's going east -- instead of north.

AVI

Find her. And find out what the fuck is  
going on. We're taking about a million  
dollars. She might be trying to sell it  
to someone else for a higher price.

TOKEN

Duplicitous bitch. That's why she was a  
bit off.

AVI

*Doo-plicitous?*

TOKEN

Means two-timing. Double-crossing.  
(beat)  
Like your wife.

AVI

We must show respect for the dead, Mr.  
Ware.

Token does a 'take.' Looks quizzical.

TOKEN

Even when you killed them?

INT. TAXI CAB - MOVING - NIGHT

April drives down city streets. Talks into her hands-free.

APRIL

I TOLD you. Someone got there before I  
did.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INTELLIGENCE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SLEDGE CRAFTON (50), beefy ex-Marine, now gone to seed, leans toward the speakerphone on his desk. Strokes the ugly scar that crisscrosses his face. Angry. Beet-red.

SLEDGE  
You really fucked this up, Street.  
GODDAMIT.

APRIL  
Hey! The traffic was FUCKED on the 405.  
And I was ON TIME. The fucker was EARLY,  
and he gave the package to SOMEONE ELSE.

SLEDGE  
Another heartbreaker? Like yourself?

Pause.

APRIL  
Look, chief. We did it one time. It was a  
mistake. I was grieving --

SLEDGE  
Didn't you ever wonder why I took you on?  
(BANGS on the desk)  
A fucking STUNT WOMAN with *no experience*?

APRIL  
But you said I --

SLEDGE  
I fucking said what you wanted to hear. I  
wanted to get in your pants from day one.  
And against all odds, I molded you into  
one of our top operatives.  
(beat)  
Until now.

APRIL  
For your information, BOSS, I'm right now  
approaching the house of the person who  
has the package. I WAS calling in for  
back up. But never mind. I'll handle it  
myself. You can go FUCK your *rules of  
procedure*.

SLEDGE  
Now THAT'S the feisty lass I groomed for  
greatness. You get that case, AND make  
the delivery, I MIGHT JUST consider  
keeping you on.

PUSH IN ON April. Royally pissed.

APRIL  
Wow. Does that mean I can still come to  
the company picnic?

EXT. SILVERLAKE STREET - BUNGALOW - NIGHT

A decrepit pre-war bungalow on a street with similar small houses. Classic cars and bicycles dot the landscape. Peeler opens the front door, ushers Cherry in.

PEELER  
It's not much, but I call it hovel.

INT. MARDO'S JOINT - CONTINUOUS

Classic hipster combination of Ikea, found threadbare furniture. Ironic art. Plants. Pizza boxes. Giant plasma screen, though. And a decent stereo.

Cherry walks around. Inspecting.

CHERRY  
Not bad for a guy. Not filthy.  
(stops, looks at him)  
I'm not fucking you, you know.

PEELER  
I wasn't -- thinking you --  
(beat)  
You want me to fix you a chai latte?

CHERRY  
Gag me. You got a beer?

PEELER  
Sure thing.

Peeler wanders into the kitchen. Cherry goes to the couch. Plops down. Puts the briefcase next to her. Pulls out the envelope. RIPS it open. Pulls out the instructions. Reads.

Peeler comes in with two large bottles of beer.

PEELER (CONT'D)  
(hands one to her)  
Here you go --

CHERRY  
(takes it, looks)  
What the hell kinda beer IS this?

PEELER  
Flat tire. Microbrew.

CHERRY  
I bet you listen to a lot of Beck.  
(holds up the piece of paper)  
We gotta take the briefcase to this address. But I don't where it is.

PEELER  
Let me see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She hands it over. Peeler reads it.

CHERRY  
Where is it?

PEELER  
Dude. That's in the Hollywood hills.

A FIGURE IN BLACK appears in the window. Then disappears.

CHERRY  
Will you go with me?

PEELER  
I don't -- have a car. It's in the shop.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
That's okay. I do.

TOKEN WARE

Walks into the room. Holding a sawed-off shotgun.

TOKEN  
You should lock your front door. Open invitation for dangerous criminals.

CHERRY  
YOU.

PEELER  
That's the guy who -- ?

TOKEN  
I gave you an address to take the case to. And instead, you come to this rat-trap to fuck this LOSER?

CHERRY  
I'm gonna go, I'm gonna go. We got shot at, at the airport, and, and --

PEELER  
We were -- just leaving. Please don't shoot us.

TOKEN  
(to Cherry)  
Did I say you could take SOMEONE WITH YOU? This isn't a DATE. We're dealing with TERRORISTS here. There's a TIME-TABLE. And now you're LATE. You think an AL QAEDA SLEEPER CELL is just gonna HANG AROUND ALL DAY and WAIT?

A GLOCK

Appears next to Token's head. The safety CLICKS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)  
Put the gun down, slowly.

APRIL

Stands in the doorway. Token lowers the gun.

APRIL  
You gave the case to the wrong chick,  
doll.  
(looks at Cherry)  
Jesus Christ. You could be my sister.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - MANSION - NIGHT

A glass and steel monstrosity right outta ENTOURAGE, high on a cliff, jutting out into the sky on stilts.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The very definition of ritzy. The room is fucking HUGE. An amazing view of Los Angeles twinkles below.

Seated in front of a roaring fire is HAMAD KHARRAZI, head of this particular Al Qaeda sleeper cell.

His second-in-command, KAMAL AESEFIJ, stands before him. Both wear 'Hollywood casual' jeans and polo shirts with jackets.

KAMAL  
We have heard nothing yet, sir.

HAMAD  
American BITCH.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)  
Excuse me.

HAMAD  
I told you to be SILENT.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal --

The homeowners. A RICH HUSBAND (50's) and his TROPHY WIFE (20's). Seated on another sofa across the room.

Right now being held at gunpoint by TWO AFGHANI TERRORISTS with Uzis. Dressed in hip-hop baggies and baseball caps.

TROPHY WIFE  
I'm sorry, but I, I -- need to use the --  
ladies' room.

HAMAD  
Stay where you are! You can piss yourself  
for all I care!

KAMAL  
I have an idea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMAD  
And what is your IDEA?

KAMAL  
Well, as you know, I am a bit of what they call a *tech-head* here in the states.

HAMAD  
Yes, I know. You went to university.

KAMAL  
Ball State, sir. Excellent humanities and science programs.

HAMAD  
I am growing impatient, Kamal --

KAMAL  
Well, since she called us on the cell phone, we can return the call with the push of a button.

HAMAD  
We CAN?

KAMAL  
But of course, it's stored on the phone. I suggest we -- call her. Find out what the story is. Fuck Avi.

HAMAD  
BRILLIANT. Call her IMMEDIATELY.

Kamal smiles. Pulls out his cell. Punches a button. Listens.

KAMAL  
It's ringing --

INT. MARDO'S JOINT - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

April holds her gun against Token's head.

TOKEN  
It was an honest mistake. She looks just like you.

APRIL  
I said PUT THE GUN DOWN, NOW.

TOKEN  
I will if you do.

CHERRY  
(to Token)  
Please don't shoot me.

APRIL  
He won't shoot you, not when you're carrying a suitcase nuke.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CHERRY  
A suitcase wh-what?

PEELER  
Holy SHIT.

TOKEN  
Why did you TELL HER?

April's phone RING-RINGS in her pocket.

APRIL  
Shit.

RING-RING

Token moves on April. She PISTOL-WHIPS him. THWUMP.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
Stay RIGHT THERE.

RING-RING

April WHIPS out handcuffs, CUFFS him to a chair, CLICK-CLICK.  
While she's busy, Peeler tip-toes away.  
She pulls out her cell. Answers it.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
This is Street.  
(listens)  
There's been a delay. I'm on my way.

From behind, Peeler SMASHES April on the head with a lamp.  
She reels, and goes down, THWUMP.

CHERRY  
NICE. Let's get the fuck OUTTA HERE.

PEELER  
Maybe we should -- call the cops?

CHERRY  
Are you fucking kidding?

PEELER  
But --

CHERRY  
(holds up the case)  
You know how much this is WORTH? I say we  
deliver it ourselves.

PEELER  
And what, take the money?

CHERRY  
Hell, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PEELER  
 Won't that be -- kinda dangerous?

PUSH IN ON Cherry. Dollar signs in her eyes.

CHERRY  
 Probably.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Kamal clicks his phone shut. Looks at Hamad.

KAMAL  
 She said there was a delay, that she was on her way, and then -- the line went dead.

HAMAD  
 I do not understand.

KAMAL  
 It sounded like there was a struggle. Our operation might be comprised.

HAMAD  
 Give me your phone.

He does. Hamad PUNCHES a number. Listens.

HAMAD (CONT'D)  
 Hello, Avi?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT - NIGHT

Avi stands out on the balcony, talking on his cell. He fires up a smoke with a CLICK of his Zippo.

AVI  
 I assume you are calling to thank me. And to confirm that payment is on the way.

HAMAD  
 There has been NO DELIVERY. This -- woman is late, and then she calls and says there has been a delay, and then there is fighting and the phone goes dead. What kind of operation are you running!?

AVI  
 (smooth)  
 Please accept my profuse apologies. I have someone on the way to intercept it as we speak. All my packages get delivered. Let me call my man and I'll get back to you within the hour.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMAD  
Very well. I will await your word. And  
look forward to concluding this  
transaction.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Avi FLINGS his cigarette over the ledge.  
Furiously PUNCHES a number on his cell. Listens.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MARDO'S JOINT - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

April lies on the floor. Token, a few feet away, still out  
like a light. She opens her eyes. Sits up. Rubs her head.

APRIL  
*Shit.*

The phone in Token's pocket RINGS.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
That might be Avi --

She goes to his jacket, gets the phone. Listens.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
Avi?

AVI  
It's YOU. What THE FUCK is going on? What  
HAPPENED? Why haven't you delivered the  
PACKAGE? And where is TOKEN?

APRIL  
TOKEN gave THE PACKAGE to the WRONG  
PERSON. A woman who looks like me. He was  
EARLY. I was ON TIME.

AVI  
Where is he now?

APRIL  
On the floor. Out cold.

AVI  
Where are you?

APRIL  
Silverlake. At the house of the woman who  
he gave the case to. Or maybe its her  
boyfriend's place, I'm not sure.

AVI  
There's ANOTHER person involved in this?

APRIL  
Hey, you can thank Ware for that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AVI  
But you have the case? From the woman?

APRIL  
No. They're gone.

AVI  
What THE FUCK?

APRIL  
Relax. I've got Ware's transmitter. I'm gonna go get it.

AVI  
But what about Ware?

APRIL  
You think I give two shits? I don't answer to you. WARE fucked this up, and now I'M gonna have to clean up his mess.  
(hears something)  
I have another call. I'll call you back.  
(punches a button)  
This is Street.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

A lonely stretch of Sunset, way east. Far from the strip. Cherry and Peeler sit on a bench at a bus stop. Waiting. Cherry grips the briefcase to her chest like it's a baby.

PEELER  
We should figure out a way to get you out of those handcuffs.

CHERRY  
That would be nice.

PEELER  
(sees something)  
There's the bus.

CHERRY  
Go Metro. Leave the bombing to us --

INT. MARDO'S JOINT - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

April looks through Token's pockets. Finds the handcuff keys.

APRIL  
(on the phone)  
Sledge. What a pleasant surprise.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INTELLIGENCE OFFICE - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Sledge paces slowly, sipping scotch from a cut-glass tumbler. BARKS into the speakerphone on his desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLEDGE

Watch your tone with me, GIRLIE. I'm still your fucking BOSS.

APRIL

Is that MY fucking boss -- or FUCKING my boss?

SLEDGE

Can it, Street, before I can YOU. What's going on? You secure the case?

APRIL

Uh -- no. There's been a little -- problem.

SLEDGE

A little PROBLEM? So help me Street, if you've fucked this up, I'm gonna have your ass.

APRIL

You've already had my ass. Now listen to me, and don't interrupt --

SLEDGE

STREET, GODAMMIT --

APRIL

SHUT UP AND LISTEN TO ME! Avi's guy Ware came in and fucked everything up! The girl and the guy who have the case split, but I've got Ware's tracking transmitter, and I will FIND THEM and GET IT -- so stop thinking with your DICK, take a CHILL PILL, and let me do my JOB.

Sledge HURLS his glass against the wall with a CRASH.

SLEDGE

How DARE you talk to me like that. I will NOT have it. I'm dismissing you from the case.

(beat)

And the unit.

APRIL

You're putting out a burn notice on me?

SLEDGE

See you IN HELL.

He PUNCHES the speakerphone, sending it FLYING across the room -- where it CRACKS into the wall.

APRIL

Sledge? Boss? You there?

(beat)

Talk about a severance package --

INT. CITY BUS - MOVING - NIGHT

One of those long, red monsters, in sections, like a snake. Only a handful of passengers. Cherry and Peeler sit toward the back. Look at a video monitor.

CHERRY  
I didn't know they had TV on the bus.

PEELER  
It's not real TV. Watch.

ON THE SCREEN

A smiling LATINA gives a pitch about 'Accidentes Abigados.'

CHERRY

Makes a face.

CHERRY  
It's in Spanish.

PEELER  
Welcome to how the other half lives.

The bus STOPS. A trio of GANG-BANGERS (early 20's) boards. They strut down the aisle. The first one, the LEADER, sees Cherry. He stops. Nudges the others. Gold-toothed smiles.

They move slowly, sauntering, until they reach Cherry and Peeler. The leader sits in front of them. The others, behind.

LEAD GANG-BANGER  
What'cha got in da case, mommy?

CHERRY  
Uh -- nothing.

LEAD GANG-BANGER  
Can't be nothin', or else you wouldn'ta be cuffed to it.

The SHORT, UGLY GANG-BANGER sitting behind Cherry FLIPS open a switchblade, revealing a long knife. Cherry SHUDDERS.

SHORT, UGLY GANG-BANGER  
It's gotta be valuable, riiight?

The other kid, a TALLER, GOOD-LOOKING GANG-BANGER pulls out a forty-ounce bottle of malt liquor. Takes a swig.

TALLER, GOOD-LOOKING GANG-BANGER  
I say she open it and show us what she's got.

PEELER  
That wouldn't be a good idea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEAD GANG-BANGER  
And why is dat?

The bus JERKS to a stop. A FAT WOMAN in a wheelchair is getting on. This will take a little while.

CHERRY  
Because it's a BOMB.

The Leader starts LAUGHING. Then, the others join in.

LEAD GANG-BANGER  
You kiddin' me. Why would a nice piece of pussy like you have a BOMB?

CHERRY  
For assholes like YOU.

She LEAPS UP -- and WHACKS Leader in the head with the case, CRACK, SPINS AROUND, and CRACKS Short, Ugly in the face.

CHERRY (CONT'D)  
(to Peeler)  
MOVE IT, now!

Peeler JUMPS UP, races toward the exit.  
Tall, Good-Looking cowers with fear.

CHERRY (CONT'D)  
You want a piece of this, homes?

He shakes his head 'no.'

CHERRY (CONT'D)  
I didn't think so. Hasta la vista,  
refried motherfuckers.

EXT. BUS STOP - SECONDS LATER

Cherry and Peeler FLY out the exit door. RACE down the street. LAUGHING and WHOOPING.

PEELER  
Holy fucking shit! You CLOCKED 'em!

Cherry slows down. Catches her breath.

CHERRY  
I don't know what happened. It was like something *snapped* -- and I just DID it.

PEELER  
You were great. And I don't even feel emasculated.  
(beat)  
Okay, where to now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHERRY  
I'm starving. Let's grab a quick bite,  
regroup, and then deliver this fucker.

PEELER  
(staring, big smile)  
I'd follow you to the end of the earth.

Cherry stops. Gives him the eye.

CHERRY  
I'm still not gonna fuck you.

EXT. MARDO'S JOINT - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

April comes out the front door, walks to the curb. Sees  
Token's big, black SUV. Takes out his keys, presses a button,  
and THWIP, the doors open.

APRIL  
He won't mind if I borrow it for a little  
while.

The front door FLIES OPEN, and Token RACES toward April,  
carrying the chair she cuffed him to. She JUMPS IN. LOCKS the  
doors. Token POUNDS on the window.

TOKEN  
Open the fucking DOOR, BITCH!

APRIL  
(pulls out her gun)  
Back off!

He raises the chair, and SMASHES it into the driver's side  
window, SHATTERING it. Glass SPRAYS.

April FLINGS the door open, LEAPS OUT, and KICKS him, WHACK!  
He FLIES backward. THUD. He gets up, chair now gone, holding  
his chained wrists apart, like a weapon.

TOKEN  
I'm gonna KILL you.

April SHOOTS him in the head. BANG.  
It EXPLODES in a cloud of red mist.

APRIL  
Not if I kill you first.  
(beat)  
Asshole. Now I gotta clean this up.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Hamad sits at the bar, sips from a cut-glass rock glass.

HAMAD  
(to the husband)  
Excellent scotch.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

HAMAD (CONT'D)  
 (holds up the bottle)  
 Glenlivet.  
 (to Kamal)  
 Make a note of it.

Kamal nods. He starts pacing, looks worried.  
 Hamad opens up a cigar box. Takes one out. Sniffs it.

RICH HUSBAND  
 Cuban. Help yourself.

He GRABS a fistful. SHOVES them in his pocket.

HAMAD  
 Damn right I help myself.

Hamad shoves one in his mouth. Starts to light it.

RICH HUSBAND  
 You're supposed to cut the --

HAMAD  
 SHUT UP. I know how to smoke CIGAR.

He BITES OFF the end. SPITS IT out. Sticks it back in.  
 FIRES it up. He leans back, smiling. Puffing away.

KAMAL  
 I am concerned about the -- delivery,  
 sir.

HAMAD  
 So we have to wait a bit. We are  
 comfortable. I trust Avi. He comes  
 recommended most highly.

Trophy Wife starts quietly sobbing.

HAMAD (CONT'D)  
 SILENCE.

One of the guards, SAAD, grins a brown, broken-tooth smile.

SAAD  
 She soiled herself, oh holy one.

The other guard, MOHAMMED, nods solemnly.

MOHAMMED  
 She smell like wet camel in hot sun.

RICH HUSBAND  
 Please sir, if you have any decency,  
 would you please let her get cleaned up  
 and change into some fresh clothes. We're  
 cooperating with you.  
 (takes off his watch)  
 Here, take my watch. It's a Rolex. It's  
 worth twenty-five-thousand dollars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Saad SNATCHES the watch, brings it to Hamad.  
He inspects it, smiles, slips it on.

HAMAD  
Very well.  
(to Saad)  
Take the woman to her room, let her  
shower and change.

SAAD  
And then I have sex with her?

HAMAD  
Of course.  
(smiles)  
We all will. It is, how they say in the  
States --  
(beat)  
Gang Bang?

INT. MERCEDES SUV - MOVING - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

April drives down Sunset Boulevard west, into Hollywood.  
She pulls out Token's tracking device, a small, hand-held  
PDA. She FLICKS it on. Looks at the screen.

APRIL  
Bingo. They're only a mile or two away.

As the car takes a turn, another car SWERVES toward her. Her  
focus momentarily away from the road, she doesn't see it, and  
the cars SIDESWIPE each other with a CRUNCH.

The other car pulls over. April keeps going.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
Shit, shit, shit.

A siren WHOOPS behind her. She checks out the rearview.

IN THE MIRROR

Is an LAPD black and white cruiser. Cherry lights FLASHING.

APRIL

Pulls over. Stops. Rolls down her window.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
Great. Just great.

A GRIM OFFICER approaches the car. Leans in the window.

GRIM OFFICER  
License, registration and proof of  
insurance, please.

April goes into her handbag, hands the officer her papers.  
Then shows him her ID.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

APRIL

I realize leaving the scene of an accident is a serious offense, officer, but I'm a Homeland Security agent, and this is a matter of national security.

(low, urgent)

*I need to retrieve a runaway suitcase nuke.*

He takes the ID. Inspects it. Hmmm. April is puzzled, as this normally opens doors faster than a naked woman.

Then she notices the tattoo on the side of his neck. Strictly against LAPD regulations.

GRIM OFFICER

Would you please step out of the car, Miss?

APRIL

Sure thing, officer.

She slowly opens the door, and SMASHES it into his legs. He BUCKLES, hits the ground. April DASHES over, GRABS his piece, and KARATE KICKS him in the head with a CRACK. He goes down.

April retrieves her ID, still clenched in the officer's fist.

The other officer gets out the squad car, starts FIRING at her. April LEAPS in front of the SUV, and RETURNS FIRE.

APRIL (CONT'D)

Sledge didn't waste any time.

A HELICOPTER appears overhead. April looks up.

APRIL (CONT'D)

Whoah. He's REALLY mad.

She pulls a GRENADE out of her pocket, and, like a pitcher at the World Series -- HURLS it at the squad car.

BOOM. It EXPLODES in a massive FIREBALL.

April JUMPS in the SUV, and TAKES OFF in a SCREECH of rubber. The chopper follows, SPRAYING the SUV with MACHINE GUN FIRE.

INT. SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

April feels around under the driver's seat.

APRIL

Let's hope he's got some samples of the merchandise.

She pulls out a huge TACTICAL ASSAULT WEAPON.

APRIL (CONT'D)

Bingo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

April GUNS THE ENGINE.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The car reaches an area full of warehouses, soundstages, strip malls. The grungy part of Hollywood.

The car HITS a hard right at an intersection, tires SCREECHING, and FLIES down an alley, the chopper following.

INT. SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

April sees the loading dock of a warehouse. She pulls up to it. STOPS. JUMPS out of the car with the gun.

A crew of WORKERS watch her. Approach the car.

ANGRY WORKER

Hey, lady. You can't park here.

SURPRISED WORKER

Shit! She's got a gun!

The chopper ROARS above them. Machine guns FIRING.

APRIL

(above the roar)

Stand back! Homeland Security!

She runs into the alley, and FIRES up at the helicopter -- RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!!!

UP ABOVE

The chopper EXPLODES in what is now the requisite massive fireball of flames and smoke. It CRASHES on the roof of a nearby building, which IMPLODES.

April lowers her weapon. Smiles grimly.

EXCITED WORKER

A hot chick like you is Homeland Security?

SMILING WORKER

Where those terrorists?

APRIL

Sorry, fellas. That's on a need-to-blow-up basis.

EXT. VENICE BEACH BUNGALOW - NIGHT

A lovely 100-year-old Craftsman on a leafy walkway street. Lit by old-fashioned lampposts. Steps away from the sand.

INT. BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Two cute little GIRLS (5) and (7) sleep peacefully.

INT. BUNGALOW - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A MAN rummages in the fridge. Looking for a snack. He pulls out his cell phone. PUNCHES a number.

Meet SHAG HOLIDAY (35), who if you remember, is the person we heard Cherry speaking to at the top of the story. Buff and cut. Too good-looking to be a shower head salesman.

Which is why he is actually a CIA operative. Oh, and he's also Cherry's recent ex. He RIPS off a turkey leg. Listens.

SHAG  
Hey, it's me.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

A seedy stripper hangout on the Sunset Strip. Weird psychobilly on the jukebox. A sign reads NO TOP, NO SERVICE.

Cherry sits in a booth with Peeler. Both have the remnants of burgers and coffee on the table. Cherry talks on her cell.

CHERRY  
Shag.  
(beat)  
Ohmigod, I forgot to call you.

SHAG  
It's okay. I just wanted to make sure you were -- okay.

CHERRY  
Are you checking up on me AGAIN? I'm sorry, I didn't mean -- it's been --  
(looks at Peeler)  
Quite an evening.

SHAG  
Something happen?

CHERRY  
You could say that.

SHAG  
What, your flight get delayed?

Pause.

CHERRY  
There was a -- luggage incident.

SHAG  
A *luggage incident*? What happened? Are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHERRY

I'm fine. Someone gave me a briefcase by mistake and then split. Then it turned out that some people want it --

She looks at Peeler. He shrugs. Go for it.

SHAG

Someone gave you a briefcase -- by MISTAKE? What have you gotten yourself into? Are these people chasing you now?

CHERRY

No, no, no. I'm -- delivering it to them. Then I'm on a plane, promise. Gotta be at the club tomorrow.

(brightly)

How are the girls? Did you tuck them in?

SHAG

The girls are fine. Don't deflect, Cherry. I need to know what you --

CHERRY

NO, YOU DON'T. This is MY life, Shag. Thank you for watching the kids, I owe you one. But what we had is OVER, and you have NO RIGHT to give me the third degree. I'll call you tomorrow, BYE.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cherry hangs up. Looks at Peeler. Rolls her eyes.

PEELER

That was your ex.

CHERRY

It was that obvious.

PEELER

Hey. Universal language of love.

(beat)

So he's mad at you?

CHERRY

He was always mad at me. A real sweetheart, but overprotective much? Always keeping tabs on me. Knew every move I made. Fucking creepy.

INT. BUNGALOW - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Shag sits at the table with his snack. Takes a pull on his longneck. Punches another number on his cell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAG  
 (listens)  
 It's Holiday.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A maze of dimly lit cubicles and workstations. Despite the hour, the joint is abuzz with OPERATIVES and TECHNICIANS.

A BLONDE OPERATIVE (25) takes the call at her desk. Crosses her long, amazing legs. Leans back.

BLONDE OPERATIVE  
 Holiday? What's up? I thought you were --  
 (chuckles)  
 On holiday.

SHAG  
 Funny. Listen. I need you to check surveillance at LAX. Something went down tonight, and I need to know what happened.

BLONDE OPERATIVE  
 Comin' right up.

She WHEELS AROUND to a bank of nearby monitors. Fingers CLACK-CLACK-CLACK across her keyboard. The screens SPRING TO LIFE, showing images at the airport.

BLONDE OPERATIVE (CONT'D)  
 Do you have any intel? Airline?

SHAG  
 Not sure. Flight was going to Vegas. The subject was supposed to be on it.

BLONDE OPERATIVE  
 Who's the subject?

Pause.

SHAG  
 Cherry Nation.

BLONDE OPERATIVE  
 The bipolar ex.

SHAG  
 Don't remind me.

BLONDE OPERATIVE  
 Hold on.

SHAG  
 Thanks, Lark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lark PUNCHES IN more information. A list of airline flights and passenger manifests FLY ACROSS her computer screen.

LARK  
Here we go -- Cherry Nation, Sky Blue,  
flight to Vegas, departing at gate 115 at  
9PM.

She WHIRLS AROUND in her chair, goes back to the monitors.

LARK (CONT'D)  
Okay, let's go back to say, 8:30.

Lark PUNCHES IT in.

THE SCREEN

Shows the airport bar. The windows EXPLODING with GUN FIRE.

LARK (CONT'D)  
Oh, yeah -- that's right. I was briefed  
about this. Jesus, I need more coffee.

SHAG  
What the fuck happened?

LARK  
Nothing much. A suitcase nuke that was  
meant for an Al Qaeda sleeper cell was  
mistakenly given to the wrong person.

SHAG  
Do they say WHO?

LARK  
Was supposed to be an undercover  
operative from Homeland Security -- but  
they're really C-6, that's just a cover.  
They were acting as the broker between  
the supplier and the cell.

SHAG  
What the fuck is C-6?

LARK  
(low)  
It's a new black ops unit. Very hush-  
hush. That's all I know. You didn't hear  
it from me.

Shag stands. Starts pacing. Head reeling.

SHAG  
Cherry said someone gave her a briefcase  
by mistake. SHE HAS THE NUKE.

LARK  
FUCK. When did you last talk with her?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

SHAG  
Just now. Shit. Let me give you her cell number, you can triangulate her position.

LARK  
We're supposed to back away from this one, Shag.

SHAG  
She's my EX. And I'm WATCHING HER KIDS.

Pause.

LARK  
Give me the number.

SHAG  
Till death do us part, huh?

INT. SUV - MOVING - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

April drives the car slowly on the right-hand side, checks the hand-held PDA.

APRIL  
They're right near here --

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Cherry pays the BARTENDER (40), an ex-stripper.

CHERRY  
Keep the change.

STRIPPER BARTENDER  
Thanks, doll.

Stripper Bartender ambles away, goes behind the bar.

PEELER  
What now?

CHERRY  
I'm gonna call the guy. Then we're gonna see the guy. Get the money.  
(looks down)  
And then I can finally get this thing off my wrist. It's fucking killing me.

She pulls out a piece of paper. Her cell. PUNCHES a number.

CHERRY (CONT'D)  
Wish me luck.

PEELER  
Luck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHERRY  
 (into the phone)  
 Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Hamad, Kamal and the rest sit and watch DEAL OR NO DEAL on a huge plasma-screen.

KAMAL  
 It's ridiculous. Greedy Americans. There is no GAME.

HAMAD  
 Look at number twenty-seven. She looks Persian.

Kamal's phone RINGS. He gets it. Listens.

KAMAL  
 Hello, Avi?

CHERRY  
 No, this is Cherry Nation. Who's Avi?

KAMAL  
 What is Cherry -- Nation?

CHERRY  
 I'M Cherry Nation. And I have your briefcase.

KAMAL  
 (to Hamad)  
 It's the girl with the package.  
 (to Cherry)  
 Where are you?

CHERRY  
 I'm on my way to see you. You have the money?

KAMAL  
 Of course.  
 (to Hamad)  
 She doesn't know who Avi is. This smells funny. I don't like it.

HAMAD  
 (eyes on the TV)  
 Not to worry. If it goes wrong, we kill her. Then we go visit Avi.

CHERRY  
 You still there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAMAL  
You have the address?

CHERRY  
Yeah, I'm on my way.

She hangs up. The reality of all of this is finally sinking in. Freak-out time. Peeler puts his hand on top of Cherry's.

PEELER  
You okay? You look -- scared to death.

CHERRY  
Of course I'm fucking *scared to death*. Aren't you?

PEELER  
Shit, yeah.

CHERRY  
Thanks for doing this with me. You know, you're not such a --

The front door BANGS OPEN. In walks April.

APRIL  
Everybody FREEZE. I'm a FEDERAL OFFICER.

CHERRY  
Shit.

PEELER  
Fuck.

April sees Cherry. Starts walking toward her.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
You gave me quite the little goose-chase, girlie. You're under arrest, both of you.

A FIGURE IN BLACK appears in the doorway wearing a motorcycle helmet. He raises a sawed-off SHOTGUN.

STRIPPER BARTENDER  
HEY. NO GUNS ALLOWED!

April WHIPS her head around. Sees the intruder.

APRIL  
*Shit*, DUCK!

Cherry and Peeler HIT the floor. April FLIPS over the table, and they all get behind it.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
Don't fucking MOVE. Stay here.

The shotgun BLASTS. The table top SPLINTERS. April ROLLS across the floor. Gets behind the bar, where Stripper Bartender trembles on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She pulls out her Sig Sauer, FIRES a hail of BULLETS.  
They BOUNCE off his kevlar vest.

THE FIGURE

BLASTS again at the bar. Bottles SMASH. Glass goes FLYING.

APRIL

Returns fire. Aims for his head. BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG!  
But the bullets BOUNCE off the helmet.

BEHIND THE TABLE

Cherry whispers to Peeler.

CHERRY

Let's get the fuck out of here.

PEELER

I'm right with you.

They scuttle across the floor to the back door. Push it open.

The shotgun BLASTS.

BEHIND THE BAR

Bottles and glass are FLYING. Booze is pouring everywhere.  
April finds an intact bottle. Opens it. Pours it on a  
cleaning rag. Stuffs it in the bottle. Pulls out a lighter.

APRIL

I love the smell of napalm on a stripper  
pole.

And LIGHTS IT. A ROAR of flames WHOOSHES straight up.  
She HEAVES IT at the figure. He CATCHES IT in a gloved hand.

INTRUDER IN BLACK

Sorry, baby. Fire-resistant.

He TOSSES it out the front door, where it EXPLODES, taking  
out a parked car in a BALL OF FLAME.

APRIL

Who THE FUCK are you?!

INTRUDER IN BLACK

I'm from human resources. And this is  
your severance package.

He PUMPS the gun. FIRES. April DUCKS behind the bar.

INTRUDER IN BLACK (CONT'D)

Come out, come out, wherever you are.

Another BLAST. It hits a tap. A geyser of beer WHOOSHES up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BEHIND THE BAR

April looks around. Sees an aluminum baseball bat. GRABS it.

APRIL  
Deja vu all over again.

THE INTRUDER

Walks toward the bar. PUMPS the gun. FIRES. And, as he reaches it, he leans over, pushes the shotgun down --

And April FLIES UP, SWINGS the bat, and SMASHES it into his head with a CRACK. He weaves a little. Stunned.

April JUMPS OVER the bar. CRACKS him in the crotch. He goes down, reeling in pain. She GRABS his gun. KICKS him in the stomach. The HEAD. He goes out like a light.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
I'm filing a claim for HARASSMENT.

She GRABS him by the leg. DRAGS him over to the stripper pole. Pulls out handcuffs. CLICKS him to the brass rail.

She looks around. Sees that Cherry and Peeler are gone. Shit.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

A SIREN wails outside. She dashes toward the back.

STRIPPER BARTENDER  
HEY. Who's gonna pay for this MESS?

She stops. Turns.

APRIL  
Write your congressman.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

A Corvette convertible RACES up the coastline.

INT. CORVETTE - MOVING - NIGHT

Shag's behind the wheel. Talking on his cell.

SHAG  
Thanks again for watching the kids, mom.  
(beat)  
No, I told you -- she's not in trouble.  
She just -- needs some help.  
(beat)  
Love you, too.

He ends the call. PUNCHES another number. Listens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAG (CONT'D)  
Hey there, Gossip Girl. It's your  
favorite rogue agent.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CUBICLE - NIGHT

Lark sips a mug of coffee. Smiles into her headset.

LARK  
Hey, there. Ready to rock and roll?

SHAG  
Thanks for helping me. You could lose  
your job.

LARK  
I can always get another job.  
(beat)  
But I can't get another you.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Cherry and Peeler run down the alley behind Jumbo's.

CHERRY  
We gotta get wheels, fast.

PEELER  
Maybe we should -- I dunno, turn  
ourselves in. I mean, she's a FEDERAL  
AGENT. We're in serious shit.

CHERRY  
We're in this too far to quit now.  
(beat)  
And besides, I though you wanted to fuck  
me.

Peeler's face turns RED. What the -- ?  
Cherry pulls out a GUN. Evil smile.

CHERRY (CONT'D)  
C'mon, let's go get us a car.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

The Intruder lies on the floor. He raises his head. OW, that  
HURTS. He pushes himself up by his arms into a sitting  
position. Looks around. April is gone. This is NOT good.

Stripper Bartender STOMPS over to him.

STRIPPER BARTENDER  
Get the FUCK outta my bar. You scared  
away all the fucking CUSTOMERS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A siren WHOOP-WHOOPS outside. Intruder takes off the motorcycle helmet. Pulls out his ID.

INTRUDER IN BLACK  
I'm federal agent, Ma'am. This is matter  
of national security.

STRIPPER BARTENDER  
You mean --

INTRUDER IN BLACK  
I'm one of good guys.

Meet YURI VLAOVIC (40), Croatian ex-pat. Another agent under Sledge's employ. Expert assassin. Strictly old-school.

Two COPS come racing in. Weapons drawn.

ANGRY COP  
LAPD! Stay where YOU ARE!

UGLY COP  
Don't MOVE!

Yuri sighs. Shows them his ID.

YURI  
Homeland Security.

Angry looks at his credentials. Holy cow.

ANGRY COP  
He's Homeland Security.

UGLY COP  
With that accent?

Yuri's cell phone RINGS. He gets up slowly. Answers it.

YURI  
Gentlemen, if you'll excuse me.  
(into the phone)  
Is Yuri --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INTELLIGENCE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sledge sits in an easy chair by the window sipping a scotch.

SLEDGE  
You get her yet?

YURI  
She, uh -- got away, sir.

SLEDGE  
You let her GET AWAY?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YURI

Don't worry, I get her. She is driving car of employe of Avi. I have license number. Every cop in city will be on her ass if I tell them she is terrorist.

Pause.

SLEDGE

I knew there was a reason we paid big bucks to get you on board. Go get 'em, and report to me as soon as anything happens.

(beat)

This one's personal.

YURI

Yes, sir. Over and under.

He clicks shut the phone. Smiles strangely. Looks pensive. Angry Cop stares at Yuri.

ANGRY COP

You're chasing a TERRORIST?

YURI

Yes. She is very dangerous. We have to apprehend her immediately.

UGLY COP

And you have her license number? Give it me.

Yuri pulls a notebook out of his pocket. Scribbles on it. Hands it to Ugly.

YURI

I believe term is *APB*?

EXT. SUNSET BLVD - ARCLIGHT THEATER - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Cherry and Peeler watch a crowd of people filing out of the theater. Chatting about the movie they just saw.

CHERRY

Let's find a film nerd.

PEELER

And follow him.

As if on cue, a fuzzy-faced FILM GEEK (20) walks away from the crowd. Talking on his cell phone.

FILM GEEK

It was INCREDIBLE. Charlie Kaufman is a GENIUS. I have to see it again, there are so many layers --

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CHERRY  
Follow me.

They fall into step behind him. He walks down the sidewalk, turns onto a cross street. Cherry and Peeler follow.

DOWN THE SIDE STREET

Film Geek reaches his car. A piece of shit '79 Toyota Celica. Covered with bumper stickers. PETA. PHISH. PANAVISION. He puts his key in the door. Opens it. Cherry walks over.

CHERRY (CONT'D)  
Excuse me.

FILM GEEK  
C-can I help you?

CHERRY  
Give me the keys to your car.

FILM GEEK  
I -- d-don't understand.

Cherry pulls out her GUN. Aims it at him.

CHERRY  
I said GIVE ME THE KEYS.

Peeler appears.

PEELER  
Give her the keys, dude. Chick is DANGEROUS.  
(whispers to Cherry)  
Where'd you get the gat?

CHERRY  
That agent chick dropped it back at Jumbo's.

Geek hands her the keys. Looks like he's gonna cry.

CHERRY (CONT'D)  
Hey, lighten up. We're not going to hurt you. We just need your car.

GEEK  
I drove all the way from SYLMAR. How am I supposed to get HOME?

PEELER  
We could take him with us.

CHERRY  
Are you fucking kidding me? We'd be putting him in a lot of danger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEEK

Don't worry about me. I'll sit in the back seat and be real quiet, I promise. It's okay. D-d-danger is my middle name.

(beat)

I'm Stan, by the way.

PEELER

(to Cherry)

C'mon. We're taking the dude's wheels.

CHERRY

Goddammit.

(beat)

Okay.

(to Stan)

Stay in the back, be quiet -- and no questions. Got it?

STAN

G-got it.

(beat)

Oh, SHIT.

CHERRY

What's wrong NOW?

STAN

Shit my pants --

INT. MERCEDES SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

April drives west on Sunset, passes the Arclight Theater. Looks at her PDA. Scowls.

APRIL

Now they're moving again. Shit.

She PUMPS the gas, starts SWERVING through traffic. Her cell phone RINGS. She picks it up, listens.

APRIL (CONT'D)

Avi.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT - NIGHT

Avi sits at his desk, looks at data on his computer monitor.

AVI

You fucking BITCH. First you fuck up the drop, and then you KILL my *employee*?

APRIL

Your EMPLOYEE gave the package to the WRONG PERSON. I was about to GET THE PACKAGE from her, and he fucking MESSED IT UP. And then tried to KILL *ME*.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

APRIL (CONT'D)

Do me a favor and hold onto your dick,  
ALRIGHT? I'm gonna get the package and  
deliver it, before dawn. GOT IT?

Pause.

AVI

How do I know I can trust you?

APRIL

My god, you Palestinians are fucking  
PARANOID. Will you just let me DO MY JOB?

AVI

Okay, okay, okay.

(beat)

You'll call me after the drop?

APRIL

Yeah.

AVI

Then maybe -- we could grab a little --  
early breakfast?

April CLICKS her phone shut.

APRIL

As *if*.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Hamad and Kamal watch a cheesy reality show on the plasma TV.

HAMAD

Now this is television program. The man  
gets to choose from all these women. And  
he doesn't have to wait for the  
afterlife.

(beat)

Check out the *blonde*. I'm going to buy  
one of those.

KAMAL

But the woman are all -- so stupid.

ACROSS THE ROOM

The RICH HOMEOWNER sits with his wife while the guards'  
attention is on the TV.

Rich puts his hand in his jacket pocket.

IN HIS POCKET

We see a CELL PHONE. His fingers feel the buttons by touch.  
He types in a number.

THE PHONE LCD

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Reads 'Bell Air Security.'

INT. CORVETTE - MOVING - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Shag drives East on Sunset, through the winding curves near the approach to Beverly Hills.

SHAG  
You say she's at the corner of Sunset and Orange?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Lark looks at a computer screen. Stares at a circular mass of orange and yellow smears on a green background.

LARK  
Plutonium never lies. The gift that keeps giving.

SHAG  
I want to call her, find out if she's okay.

LARK  
Be careful. Don't let your personal feelings cloud your judgement.  
(beat)  
She's really that unstable?

SHAG  
She's a great gal. It's just that she has these -- mood swings.

LARK  
And she's got a nuke.

SHAG  
Exactly.

LARK  
Call her. But be careful. Explosions are forever.

SHAG  
Hey. Scared shitless in my middle name.

INT. TOYOTA CELICA - MOVING - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Cherry drives. Peeler rides shotgun. Stan sits in the back. Peeler looks at his I-Phone. Wipes the screen with a finger.

PEELER  
It's coming up soon, slow down --

CHERRY  
Queen's Boulevard?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEELER  
Yeah. This corner coming up.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

The car turns right, starts climbing the hill.

IN THE CAR

STAN  
I know I'm supposed to be quiet, but you need to know something about the car.

CHERRY  
What?

STAN  
It gets kinda funky -- going up hills.

CHERRY  
Funky how?

STAN  
It strains the engine. Sometimes it --  
The engine COUGHS, SPUTTERS -- and DIES.

STAN (CONT'D)  
Stalls out.

PEELER  
Shit.

Cherry pulls over. YANKS on the parking brake.

CHERRY  
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, FUCK.

PEELER  
(to Stan)  
What do you do when it stalls?

STAN  
Uh -- call Triple A.

CHERRY  
Then let's call Triple A.

STAN  
My, uh -- membership expired. I've been meaning to renew it, but it's fifty bucks, and --

CHERRY  
Jesus fucking Christ on a STICK. We're gonna have to walk. Everybody out of the car.

She opens her door. Peeler sighs, opens his.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAN  
Can I stay with the car?

CHERRY  
So you can tell the cops we stole it and kidnapped you? Hell, NO. Outta the car, Napoleon Dynamite, NOW.

STAN  
Okay, okay.  
(beat)  
Jeez.  
(giggles)  
Vote for Pablo!

They pile out of the Celica. Start walking up into the Hollywood Hills. Cherry looks at the houses.

CHERRY  
Look at the size of THAT joint.

Cherry's cell phone RINGS. She gets it. Listens.

CHERRY (CONT'D)  
*Shag? What's wrong? Are the kids okay?*

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CORVETTE - MOVING - NIGHT

Shag drives east on Sunset. Passes The Beverly Hills Hotel.

SHAG  
The kids are fine. I was just calling to see if -- everything was okay.

CHERRY  
Why do you keep checking up on me? You're driving me fucking CRAZY.

Pause.

SHAG  
I know what's going on, Cherry. And I want to help you.

CHERRY  
What's GOING ON? You know WHAT'S GOING ON? Uh, I don't THINK SO.

SHAG  
Do you realize how dangerous a nuclear device is? How unstable?

CHERRY  
What the FUCK? How did you --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAG

I'm CIA, Cherry. I couldn't tell you before -- for obvious reasons.

(beat)

And I'm sorry. It fucking killed me. So let's just forget everything that happened and concentrate on getting you out of this mess.

CHERRY

So you don't sell shower heads. I KNEW it. All the secret phone calls, the long trips, the injuries -- GODDAMMIT, Shag.

SHAG

I know. I know.

(beat)

I'm on my way. I'll be there soon.

CHERRY

How do you know where I --

SHAG

Aerial satellite thermal tracking. You're carrying plutonium, Cher.

CHERRY

I told you not to CALL ME THAT anymore!  
You, you -- *ARRRRGHH!*

(clicks the phone shut)

GODDAMMIT.

PEELER

Shag -- is the ex?

CHERRY

Yeah. And the fuck-head's following us.  
Bastard's a fucking SPY.

PEELER

Shit. What are we gonna do?

LOUD ROCK MUSIC starts playing nearby.

Cherry looks at the house they're in front of. It's smaller, ranch-style. And the music is coming from the garage.

CHERRY

Follow me.

(beat)

I've got an idea --

INT. MERCEDES SUV - MOVING - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

April drives west on Sunset. Starts to approach the strip. She looks at the GPS. A red dot BLINKS on the screen.

APRIL

I've got ya, baby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A siren WHOOP-WHOOPS behind her. An ANGRY VOICE comes over the loudspeaker.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
This is LAPD! Pull over, NOW!

APRIL  
FUCK. *Again?*

She turns the wheel. Pulls over. Stops at the curb. An OFFICER appears on either side of the car. WEAPONS drawn.

CRAZED COP  
Put your hands where I can see them, and step out of the car, NOW.

APRIL  
I'm a federal officer.

CRAZED COP  
I said RAISE YOUR HANDS AND GET OUT OF THE CAR, NOW.

APRIL  
Okay, okay --

She puts them up. Opens the door. Carefully gets out.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
(reaches in her pocket)  
I'm just gonna get my ID --

The cop GRABS April, WHIRLS her around -- and SLAMS HER against the car.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
OW!

Yuri walks over. Lights a cigarette. Surveys his prize.

YURI  
(to the cop)  
Don't cuff her. She's mine.  
(to April)  
We meet again, Ms. Street.

APRIL  
(whips her head around)  
YOU.

YURI  
Lucky for you I wear stainless steel cup.

INT. BELL AIR SECURITY HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

A maze of cubicles, mostly empty. A pair of FEMALE DISPATCHERS sit side-by side at adjacent work stations.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

KANEESHA (35), a big, beautiful African American woman with long, curled nails turns toward her coworker.

KANEESHA  
I just got another one.

MIRASOL (25), a hot, young Latina takes a sip of coffee.

MIRASOL  
Another what.

KANEESHA  
Another call from the same number. But they don't say nothin'. They've called four times in the last half-hour.

MIRASOL  
Where they at?

KANEESHA  
Caller ID says they be in the Hollywood Hills.

MIRASOL  
Maybe he be havin' a heart attack or somethin'.

KANEESHA  
Maybe it's his kid playin' a practical joke.

MIRASOL  
Maybe not.

KANEESHA  
I been on this job over ten years, and I think I KNOW when it's a real call.

MIRASOL  
Suit yourself.  
(beat)  
I'm just sayin.'

KANEESHA  
(looks at her monitor)  
Shit. There it is again. Fuck it. I'm sendin' a car.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE GARAGE - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Cherry, Peeler and Stan walk up to the door. The music grows LOUDER. Big, thick slabs of heavy metal.

PEELER  
Decent band.

STAN  
Sounds kinda like Sabbath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHERRY  
Let me do the talking.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Small and dark, with soundproofing on the walls and ceiling.

Four HAIRY MUSICIANS, all early 20's, are *rocking out* at a DEAFENING VOLUME. Meet SKULL BONG. The LEAD SINGER faces a mirror, singing to his own image. Practicing his moves.

LEAD SINGER  
*And when Satan sings, the blood will  
flow, and the HELL-MOUTH will open for  
YOU --*

The side door OPENS. In walks Cherry, Peeler and Stan. The band doesn't notice, lost in it's dark reverie.

Cherry walks over to the circuit breaker. SHUTS OFF the power. The music DIES. Lights go OFF.

LEAD SINGER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
DUDE. What the FUCK.

BASS PLAYER (V.O.)  
I *told you* not to turn the Marshall all the way up.

DRUMMER (V.O.)  
It's Satan, dude. And he's PISSED.

The lights SNAP back on. Cherry points her gun at the band.

LEAD SINGER  
(sees her)  
*Whoah.* BABE alert.

CHERRY  
Sorry to interrupt the concert, boys -- but I've been cuffed to a suitcase nuke, my car just died, my ex-lover, the CIA and Homeland security are hot on my trail, and I gotta go visit some Middle-Eastern terrorists up the hill.  
(CLICKS the hammer)  
So which one of you Ozzy-wanabes is gonna be my tour guide?

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Yuri chats with the cops. April leans against the SUV, her wrists tied in front with one of those twist-ties. Cheap. Light. Easy. Effective. And PAINFUL.

YURI  
Thanks for help, fellas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRAZED COP

You want us to escort you? That bitch is dangerous.

YURI

I've got it, thanks.

The cops shrug, go back to their car and get in. Yuri GRABS April by the wrists. Points his gun at her. Opens the door. SHOVES her in. Slides her over to the front passenger seat.

YURI (CONT'D)

(gets in)

Sit tight. No talking.

APRIL

Can you loosen it a bit? It's cutting off my circulation.

YURI

I said NO TALKING.

Yuri starts the engine. Pulls out, enters traffic. Driving one-handed, the other pointing his gun at April.

APRIL

Where are you taking me?

He CRACKS her in the head with his piece. April REELS back.

YURI

You American broads WON'T LISTEN. I *said* SHUT THE FUCK UP.

They drive down the strip. Pass by shops and restaurants.

YURI (CONT'D)

Look at all this fucking tourist crap.

(beat)

Crafton wanted me to bring you in.

(turns, smiles)

But I told him I have better idea. We get to play game.

APRIL

What kind of --

She shuts up. Doesn't want to get hit again.

YURI

Ah, you want to know what kind of game? Well, you see, back in Russia we have special method to get information. Way that make Gitmo look like Camp David.

(hisses)

*Waterboarding*. For BABIES.

(beat)

I pride myself in being able to keep detainee alive for WEEKS, sometimes MONTHS.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

YURI (CONT'D)  
 (nasty laugh)  
 We're going to have lot of fun, babushka.

The car stops at a light. Yuri turns his head. Sees --

EXT. CRAZY HORSE STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

A trio of HOT, FLASHY STRIPPERS come out of the club, laughing. All hair, legs and boobs.

IN THE CAR

Yuri watches them. Puts his tongue between two fingers, wiggles it like a snake.

ON THE SIDEWALK

Tall, curvy does a take.

TALL, CURVY BLOND STRIPPER  
 EW. Did you see what that guy just DID?

HOT HISPANIC STRIPPER  
 (walks over, SLAPS handbag  
 against the window)  
 Mother-FUCKER.

HOT ASIAN STRIPPER  
 Me love you NO-TIME.

IN THE CAR

April takes advantage of the distraction. PIVOTS in her seat, curls into a ball, raises her boots, pulls them back, and --  
 SLAMS them into Yuri's head, CRACKING it into the window.

APRIL  
 Take THAT, motherfucker!

She KICKS again, HARDER, BANG -- *squishing* his head like a grape. Blood SPRAYS. The window CRACKS.

ON THE SIDEWALK

The strippers FREAK.

TALL, CURVY BLOND STRIPPER  
 Holy fucking SHIT!

HOT HISPANIC STRIPPER  
 OhmiGOD!

HOT ASIAN STRIPPER  
 Let's get the fuck OUTTA HERE.

And they TAKE OFF, high-heels CLATTERING on the pavement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN THE CAR

April surveys the damage. Sniffs.

APRIL  
Fucker smells like *cabbage*.

She leans over, rummages in Yuri's pockets. Finds a knife.  
Puts it in her mouth. RIPS apart the wrist-tie.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
Thank GOD.

April rummages around. Finds the tracking device. Shoves it  
in her pocket. Takes Yuri's gun. Looks at all the blood.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
Too conspicuous. And the cops have the  
license number. Better split.

She eases out the passenger door side, softly CLICKS it shut.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Lead Singer stares at Cherry's gun. Rapidly sobering up.

LEAD SINGER  
Dude. That's a real gun.

DRUMMER  
(to Lead Singer)  
Chill, Brody. She's not gonna hurt us.  
(to Cherry)  
Right?

BASS PLAYER  
That's a Sig Sauer, man. Wicked piece.

CHERRY  
Shut up, all of you. I just need someone  
to help me find --  
(pulls out piece of paper)  
1155 Queens Road. And we need to go, NOW.

BRODY  
Wait a minute. I recognize you -- you're  
*La Cienega Boulevard*.

DRUMMER  
SHIT, you're right.

BASS PLAYER  
Who?

BRODY  
The porn star, dude -- *La Cienega  
Boulevard*.  
(to Cherry)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRODY (CONT'D)  
 Why'd you retire? You were THE BEST. So  
 fucking HOT.

STAN  
 (to Peeler)  
 I thought she looked familiar.

CHERRY  
 (lowers her gun)  
 I got sick of it. And I make a lot of  
 money feature dancing on the road. I'll  
 be quitting that soon, too -- if I make  
 it out of this alive.  
 (raises it)  
 So which one of you hair metal  
 motherfuckers is gonna show us the way?

BRODY  
 I will. It's my band.  
 (beat)  
 And we're not *hair metal*, we're DEATH  
 metal.

INT. CORVETTE - MOVING - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Shag drives into the heart of the strip, passes Sunset Plaza.  
 Talks on his hands-free Bluetooth.

SHAG  
 She hung up on me.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Lark turns away from her laptop. Touches her headpiece.

LARK  
 Angry?

SHAG  
 You might say that.

LARK  
 You blew your cover.

SHAG  
 Yeah. It was stupid, I know. I just --  
 (looks at the dashboard)  
 I'm getting close. I'd love to get some  
 backup.

LARK  
 You know I can't do that, Shag. The boss  
 gave strict orders -- this one's off-  
 limits. It'll raise red flags that go way  
 beyond me losing my job.  
 (beat)  
 Apparently the guy that runs C-6 has A  
 LOT of pull.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAG  
Then connect me to C-6.

LARK  
I don't have the number. Black ops?  
Hello?

SHAG  
Lark, give yourself some credit. You told  
me you could gather ANY intel.

LARK  
I'll call you when I have something.

SHAG  
That's my girl.  
(looks out the window)  
I'm here. Gotta go.

LARK  
Good luck.

SHAG  
Yeah, right. You've never met Cherry.

EXT. BELL AIR SECURITY - ENTRANCE - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

A SECURITY SQUAD CAR pulls out of the building.

INT. SECURITY SQUAD CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The DRIVER turns to the SECURITY GUARD sitting next to him.

DRIVER  
Weatherman says it's gonna rain.

SECURITY GUARD  
Oh, it's gonna rain, alright.

Meet RENNY QUICK (30's). Big and burly, former Special  
Forces. Retired early due to injuries on the job.

RENNY  
My knee is fucking killing me. It's  
DEFINITELY gonna rain.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

A light RAIN starts falling.

April stands across the street from the Crazy Horse. Watching  
the swarm of COPS, the ambulance. A group of GAWKERS.

APRIL  
Shit, it's raining. I need wheels,  
pronto.

A YELLOW CAB pulls up to the curb in front of her.  
Two DRUNK PARTY GIRLS spill out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

APRIL (CONT'D)  
Ask and ye shall receive.

MESSY PARTY GIRL  
(to the cabbie)  
Keep the change!

WASTED PARTY GIRL  
(tugs on Messy's arm)  
C'mon, let's GO. It's RAINING.

They skitter away down the sidewalk, laughing. April goes to the cab. Opens the passenger-side door. Gets in.

INT. YELLOW CAB - CONTINUOUS

The CABBIE, Middle-Eastern, sporting a turban and a giant mustache, turns and looks at her, startled.

MIDDLE-EASTERN CABBIE  
I'm soddy, meess, but eye'm on call.  
I cannot pick yoo up.

April WHIPS OUT her ID and gun.

APRIL  
Federal agent, Homeland Security. Get in the back seat.

MIDDLE-EASTERN CABBIE  
I WILL NOT. This is RACIAL PROFILING. I am AMERICAN CITIZEN.

APRIL  
This has nothing to do with you, Bollywood. It's a matter of national security. GET IN THE BACK SEAT, NOW.

MIDDLE-EASTERN CABBIE  
You cannot DO THIS. I know my RIGHTS.

April PISTOL-WHIPS him, CRACK. He goes out like a light. She GRABS him, THROWS him in the back seat. Makes a face.

APRIL  
Why does everybody I meet tonight fucking STINK?

INT. HUMMER - MOVING - NIGHT

A BRUNETTE (20's) in shades and black leather is behind the wheel. Hair back in a sleek ponytail. Meet WENDON SWIFT, gorgeous, curvy killing machine. And Sledge's new hire.

WENDON  
(on her cell)  
I'm almost there.  
(listens)  
Not to worry. I always deliver.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WENDON (CONT'D)  
 (listens)  
 Thirty minutes or less? You flirt. BAD  
 boy.

INT. INTELLIGENCE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Crafton hangs up. Raises his cocktail in a toast.

SLEDGE  
*I always deliver.*  
 (beat)  
 I think I'm in love.

And he downs it.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - RANCH HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Brody leads Cherry, Peeler and Stan through the back yard.  
 They walk into a wooded area behind the house.

A light RAIN starts falling.

CHERRY  
 Great. Now it's fucking RAINING.

She pulls her hoodie up over her head. Her Blackberry  
 VIBRATES in her pocket. She pulls it out.

THE SCREEN READS

Reminder: Take your meds.  
 A finger presses a button. The LCD reads ERASE.

BRODY

turns his head. Looks at Cherry.

BRODY  
 Can I ask you something?

CHERRY  
*What.*

BRODY  
 If, let's say, somebody wanted to get  
 into porn --

CHERRY  
 (looks at him)  
 YOU? Are you fucking kidding me?

BRODY  
 What. I'm not THAT bad-looking.

CHERRY  
 No, it's just that --

BRODY  
 I've got eleven inches.

(CONTINUED)





CONTINUED:

PEELER

Where did you learn how to do that?

CHERRY

Hey, just because I take my clothes off for a living doesn't mean I wasn't a Girl Scout.

INT. YELLOW CAB - MOVING - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

April ZOOMS west on Sunset Boulevard. Window down. The wind WHIPPING her hair. The rain is coming down harder, getting her wet. She checks her PDA. Looks up. Sees something.

APRIL

Hey, ASSHOLE! You're in the INTERSECTION!

She HITS the breaks, and the cab SKIDS.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

A BENTLEY SEDAN has pulled out of a mini-mall, it's nose in the intersection. April tries to brake, but she hydroplanes, and SMASHES into the side of the hood. Metal CRUNCHES.

PUNCHING the car sideways. April's cab COUGHS and dies. The hood FLIES UP. Steam BILLOWS out of the engine.

APRIL

SHIT.

The cab driver wakes up. Starts SCREAMING at April.

MIDDLE-EASTERN CABBIE

What you do to my TAXI-CAB, mother-fucker!

April opens the door, starts to get out. Turns to him.

APRIL

Guess you won't be praising Allah today.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

The owner of the Bentley, an IRATE AGENT races over to April. Gets in her face. SHOUTS at her.

IRATE AGENT

You fucking BITCH. Do you realize HOW MUCH that car COSTS?!  
(WHIPS out his Blackberry)  
Just wait till the fucking COPS get here.

APRIL

(WHIPS out her ID)  
Homeland Security, asshole. Get out of my fucking face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRATE AGENT  
 (looks at it)  
 Oh, yeah -- right. *Homeland Security*.  
 What an awful name. Sounds like an  
 insurance company. Ooh, I'm scared.

April PUNCHES him in the face, WHAM. He goes down. She looks  
 around. Traffic is moving around them. She pulls out the PDA.  
 Checks the location.

APRIL  
 It's right around the corner. Fuck it.

And she TAKES OFF on foot, running.

EXT. GARAGE - DUMPSTER - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

The heavens open up, and it starts POURING rain. Thunder  
 BOOMS. Lightening CRACKS in the sky.

IN THE DUMPSTER

Wendon is on top of Shag, CHOKING him.  
 He PRIES her fingers away. HEAD-BUTTS her, BANG.  
 She FLIES against the side of the container, CRACK.

Shag grabs a board, BANGS it on her head, WHAM. She goes  
 down. He starts to KICK her, but she GRABS his leg, YANKS him  
 off his feet. She stands. Pulls out her Sig Sauer.

WENDON  
 Fuck this shit.

She FIRES at his chest -- BANG-BANG-BANG. He FLIES against  
 the wall, flops down. She HOPS out of the dumpster. Looks.

WENDON (CONT'D)  
 Wimp.

And she TAKES OFF into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

The wind WHIPS through the trees. BUCKETS of rain pour down.

Cherry leads Peeler through the woods. They're soaked. They  
 arrive at the rear of a huge back yard. Push through the  
 bushes -- and see the back of an enormous mansion.

CHERRY  
 We gotta find someplace where we can dry  
 out for a bit. My arm is fucking killing  
 me, and my wrist feels like it's gonna  
 fall off.

PEELER  
 What about this place. It's got a pool  
 house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHERRY  
All the lights are out. Bet they're out  
of town.

PEELER  
Let's go.

He starts walking. CRIES out in pain.

CHERRY  
What's WRONG?

PEELER  
SHIT. I stepped on something. Ow, FUCK.

Peeler lifts his boot. A large, rusty nail protrudes.

CHERRY  
C'mon, lean on me. We'll get that taken  
care of.

PEELER  
(puts his arm around her waist)  
Thanks.  
(beat)  
Don't worry. I'm way past wanting to fuck  
anyone at this point.

CHERRY  
Huh. That's a shame.

And she leads a hobbling Peeler toward the pool house.

EXT. QUEENS ROAD - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Torrents of rain pour down on --

April, racing up the steep incline going up into the hills.  
She stops for a moment. Catches her breath.

APRIL  
Fucking -- CRAMP. FUCK.

She massages her leg. Looks at a house.  
A VESPA SCOOTER is parked in front of the garage.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
There is a God.

April RACES up the driveway. Goes to the scooter. Opens up  
the engine manifold. Finds, strips a pair of wires. Touches  
them together. They SPARK. The engine ROARS to life.

She hops on. REVS it. And SPEEDS up the hill.

INT. DUMPSTER - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Shag lies in the trash, motionless. Pelted by the rain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON --

His EAR. We see a communications device. Red light BLINKING.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CUBICLE - NIGHT

Lark taps a pencil on her desk. Listening on her headset.

LARK  
Shag? You there? Shag?  
(beat)  
Shit.  
(listens)  
SHAG?

SHAG

Opens his eyes. Slowly, painfully sits up.

SHAG  
Hey. You don't have to yell.

LARK  
Thank god. Are you alright? What happened?

He opens his flack jacket. We see three SMASHED BULLETS in his kevlar vest. He peels them off.

SHAG  
Was intercepted -- by someone. Woman.  
Had real moves. Vest got a workout.  
(shakes his head)  
Wonder who she's with.

LARK  
What happened to her?

SHAG  
She got away. Must also be after the case.

Shag gets up, climbs out of the dumpster.

LARK  
Well, you at least hurt her, right?

SHAG  
Have no idea. No time for chit-chat. I need the new location. She's on the move.

Lark looks at her monitor. Taps a few keys.

LARK  
She's about one-hundred yards away from you, forty-five degrees, north by northwest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAG  
Like the Hitchcock movie.

LARK  
After this is over, let's go to Paris.  
Catch a thief.

SHAG  
(starts jogging)  
And what, steal jewels? Climb rooftops?

LARK  
Ooh. You're so *Notorious*.

INT. POOL HOUSE - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Cozy. Very hunting lodge. Fireplace. Stocked bar.

Cherry and Peeler enter the room. She guides Peeler over to the couch. He PLOPS down.

PEELER  
Thank god.  
(beat)  
I'm freezing.

Cherry goes to the heater. Turns it on.

CHERRY  
We'll get warmed up in a jiffy.  
(looks around)  
Better leave the lights off.

She find some towels. Grabs one. THROWS it at Peeler.

PEELER  
(catches it)  
Thanks.

They dry themselves. She notices the bar.

CHERRY  
A little brandy should do the trick. Then  
let's take a look at your foot.

She pours two snifters. Takes them to the couch. Sits.

CHERRY (CONT'D)  
(hands one to Peeler)  
Here's lookin' at you, kid.

PEELER  
Yeah.  
(takes a sip)  
Listen to that rain.

CHERRY  
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

She leans over. Kisses him on the cheek.

PEELER  
What was that for?

ANGLE ON --

Cherry's hand grabs the end of the rusty nail. YANKS it.

PEELER

YELLS out in pain.

CHERRY  
Distraction.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

The squad car makes its way down the long, long driveway.

INT. SECURITY SQUAD CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The guys check out the lux digs.

DRIVER  
Shit, look at this joint. It's bigger  
than my *high school*.

RENNY  
Hurry up and park. I gotta take a piss.

INT. MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Unbelievably opulent. Huge. With a giant circular bed.

Trophy's wrists have been tied to the bedposts with rope. Hamad is on top of her, slowly humping away. Her face is streaked with tears. Eyes closed, softly whimpering.

HAMAD  
(grunts)  
American pussy --  
(beat)  
Smells like STRAWBERRIES.

Downstairs, the doorbell RINGS.

HAMAD (CONT'D)  
Go away.

He moves faster, really goes at it.

HAMAD (CONT'D)  
You need to MOVE HIPS.

He SLAPS her. She CRIES out. Starts humping him.

HAMAD (CONT'D)  
That's more LIKE it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kamal comes to the door. Averts his eyes.

KAMAL

Hamad.

Hamad keeps humping, reaching his crescendo.

HAMAD

Ah -- ah -- ah --

KAMAL

HAMAD. Sorry to interrupt, but --

Hamad COMES like a bull on steroids. ROARS like a tiger.

HAMAD

Praise ALLAH! Fuck AMERICAN PUSSY!

The doorbell RINGS again.

KAMAL

There is someone at the door. An ambulance. What should we do?

Hamad gets off Trophy Wife. Pads over to Kamal.

HAMAD

Let them in. Take husband with you. Tell him we hurt wife unless he cooperates.

KAMAL

Okay.

(beat)

How was she?

HAMAD

No pubic hair. Outrageous.

(beat)

But incredible turn-on.

INT. POOL HOUSE - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Cherry and Peeler sit on the couch watching the rain coming down outside. It's letting up a bit.

PEELER

So what next.

CHERRY

Well, since our tour guide got his fucking HEAD blown up, I think I better call the dude and get directions.

Cherry pulls out her cell phone. Tries to dial the number. But the battery is DEAD.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

*SHIT.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She FLINGS it against the wall -- CRACK.

CHERRY (CONT'D)  
MOTHER-FUCKER!

PEELER  
Hey, calm down. It's okay.  
(pulls out his phone)  
You can use mine.

CHERRY  
I can't TAKE THIS ANYMORE.

Just then, the side door BURSTS OPEN with a CRUNCH.  
Splintered wood goes FLYING --

And April FLIES IN on the Vespa.

PEELER  
Holy shit!

CHERRY  
NOOOOOO!

Cherry SCRAMBLES to get her gun, but April is TOO FAST.  
She JUMPS off the scooter, races over and TACKLES her.  
Pins her arms to the floor.

Peeler JUMPS on top of April, tries to pull her off Cherry.  
April HEAD-BUTTS Peeler -- and he FLIES backwards, blood  
POURING out of this nose. April sits astride Cherry.

APRIL  
I'm a federal officer. You're under  
arrest.

CHERRY  
FUCK you.

APRIL  
(SLAPS her)  
What the FUCK were you DOING? Did you  
really think you could get AWAY with it?  
It's a fucking NUKE.

CHERRY  
Go fuck yourself, BITCH.

April takes out her gun. Points it in Cherry's face.

APRIL  
Don't fucking move.

She pulls out keys, unlocks Cherry's cuffs. Looks at her.

CHERRY  
Incredible. You could be my twin.

Peeler goes to the bar. Gets a towel for his nose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PEELER

So I guess we're in a lot of trouble.

APRIL

Unlawful flight with a concealed nuclear device? I would say so.

Peeler inches over to Cherry's handbag on the bar.

PEELER

I would imagine that's -- a lot of time in prison.

APRIL

Try life without parole.

(beat)

If not the death penalty for TREASON.

April gets off of Cherry. Stands.

APRIL (CONT'D)

Roll over. On your stomach.

CHERRY

Fuck you.

April KICKS cherry in the side.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

OW!

APRIL

DO IT. NOW!

A gun safety CLICKS.

PEELER

Stands behind April. Pressing it into the back of her head.

PEELER

I'm really sorry to do this, but we're not going to prison.

APRIL

Do you have any idea what you're doing? You're just gonna make it a hell of a lot WORSE. Drop the gun, and I promise you won't get hurt.

PEELER

(JAMS it into her head)

SHUT UP.

Cherry gets up. Goes to April. GRABS her gun.

CHERRY

Okay, bitch -- give me your cuffs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

April does a slow burn. Takes them out. Cherry SNATCHES them.

CHERRY (CONT'D)  
Hands behind your back.

Peeler steps away. Still aiming. Cherry walks over, CLICKS the cuffs on April. Then SHOVES her on the couch.

CHERRY (CONT'D)  
THAT'S for fucking KICKING me, fucking BITCH.

APRIL  
You'll never get away with this. The area is swarming with agents.

CHERRY  
We'll take our chances.  
(to Peeler)  
Ready to go?

PEELER  
Yeah.

He goes over and gets the case. Hefts it.

PEELER (CONT'D)  
*Heavy.*

CHERRY  
It's a fucking NUKE. Of course it's HEAVY.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

The Driver and Renny stand at the front door. Their car's lights FLASH behind them in the driveway.

RENNY  
(to Driver)  
Ring it again, Carlos.

CARLOS  
(presses the buzzer)  
This is bullshit. Let's get the fuck outta here. Go hit Fatburger.

RENNY  
Hold on. Not so fucking fast. Something's not right. I can smell it. All the lights are on -- and they don't answer the door?

The front door SWINGS OPEN. Revealing Rich Husband, with a big, weird smile on his face. Eyes full of terror.

RICH HUSBAND  
Sorry to keep you gentlemen waiting.  
What seems to be the problem?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN THE FOYER, AGAINST THE WALL

Kamal stands out of sight, holding an Uzi on Rich.

IN THE DOORWAY

Rich blinks, raises his eyebrows expectantly.

CARLOS

We received over a dozen 911 calls from a number at this address.

RICH HUSBAND

From this address? Are you sure?

CARLOS

Yeah. We can track where a call comes from. It was this address.

RICH HUSBAND

I don't know what to say. No one here called you -- perhaps your -- tracking made a mistake.

(beat)

Oh, wait a minute -- maybe it's my son's phone -- but he's not home right now. Please be assured that I will discipline him for this. And please accept my apologies.

RENNY

Could I please use your bathroom? I hate to ask, but it's kind of an emergency.

Renny holds his crotch. Does that 'I gotta pee' dance. Rich looks startled, looks to his left.

RENNY (CONT'D)

I thought so.

He PUSHES his way past Rich, and runs straight into Kamal. Aiming his Uzi at Renny's stomach.

KAMAL

Gentlemen. This is most unfortunate. Please come in and make yourselves -- our hostages.

Renny LEAPS at Kamal, grabs for control of the gun. It SHOOTs WILDLY, MOWING DOWN Carlos. The GUARDS run in and GRAB Renny, PISTOL-WHIP him into submission.

KAMAL (CONT'D)

(looks at the body)

Hurry up and bring it in. Put the car in the garage. And then tie up our visitor.

(beat)

Let's have some fun.

INT. POOLHOUSE - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

April sits on the couch with her hands cuffed. Another set connect her ankle to a leg of the coffee table.

APRIL  
Fucking WHORE version of ME.

She raises her wrists to her hair, pulls out a hairpin. Puts it in her mouth. Starts working it on the cuffs on her hands.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
(mumbles)  
Just wait until I get my hands on her --

Her cell phone starts RINGING on the floor a few feet away.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
SHIT.

It RINGS again.

She *furiously* works the hairpin on the lock. No luck.

RING-RING.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
FUCK.

Shag walks through the ruined door, gun raised. He stops. Looks at the Vespa. Then April.

RING-RING.

SHAG  
CHERRY. You -- changed your hair.

APRIL  
I'm not Cherry. I'm April.

SHAG  
Jesus, You look just like her. You could be twins.

RING-RING.

APRIL  
So that's her name. Who are you?

SHAG  
Shag Holiday, CIA.  
(beat)  
She's my ex.

APRIL  
Pleased to meet you. April Street,  
Homeland Security.

RING-RING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAG  
(nods at the phone)  
You want me to get that?

APRIL  
Nah. I know who it is. It can wait.  
Uncuff me?

SHAG  
Yeah. Sure. Hold on --

Shag pulls out keys, unlocks the cuffs on her wrists.

APRIL  
Thanks.

He leans down, uncuffs her ankle. She stands.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
Double thanks. So what now?

SHAG  
So she was just here?  
(off April's nod)  
And she has the nuke?  
(off her nod)  
Why don't we team up. Two heads are  
better than one.

APRIL  
Good idea. She's really -- volatile.  
What's her deal?

SHAG  
Do you have a few hours?

IN THE WINDOW

Wendon peers in. Pulls away.

OUTSIDE

She leans against the wall. Raises her assault rifle.

WENDON  
A two-fer. *Nice.*

INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Deserted, except for Avi, sitting at his desk, facing the  
floor-to-ceiling windows, city lights twinkling below.

AVI  
(to someone unseen)  
Ahhhhh, that's it, baby -- that's it.

He picks up the phone. Dials a number. Listens.

INTERCUT WITH:



INT. INTELLIGENCE OFFICE - BASEMENT - AT THAT MOMENT

Crafton is supervising the interrogation of an IRANIAN PRISONER, who is hanging from a steam pipe by a chain, shirtless, blindfolded -- and quite bloody.

He takes a sip of his tumbler of scotch. SLAPS the prisoner.

SLEDGE

Tell me, you fucking SAND NIGGER! Give me his NAME.

IRANIAN PRISONER

I don't KNOW, I am not TERRORIST, I am DRY CLEANER!

Crafton nods at a LARGE, SURLY SOLDIER holding a rose clipper around the big toe of one of the prisoner's bare feet.

SLEDGE

This little piggy went TO MARKET.

Surly SNIPS, CRUNCH, and the toe FLIES IN THE AIR like a watermelon seed. The prisoner SCREAMS. Blood flows.

Crafton's cell phone rings. He fishes it out of his pocket.

SLEDGE (CONT'D)

(to the prisoner)

Hold that thought.

(beat)

Crafton here.

AVI

It's Avi. I wanna know what the fuck's going on with the --

(beat)

Shipment --

(beat)

Crafton.

Avi leans back in his chair, rolls his head slowly.

SLEDGE

Do I have to fucking SPELL IT OUT for you? The rogue courier is being TERMINATED, and her replacement is delivering the package. We have it HANDLED.

AVI

Goddammit, Crafton -- your fucking rogue killed my best man. I'm not sure I -- trust you anymore.

He closes his eyes. In some kind of ecstasy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLEDGE

Trust ME? Now you listen to me, you fucking TOWELHEAD -- you're lucky we don't fucking SHUT YOU DOWN. I represent THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT -- and this is a BUSINESS DEAL -- FOR MONEY. Haven't you heard of IN GOD WE TRUST?

(dramatic)

The buyer will get THE PACKAGE.

AVI

Okay -- okay --

(moans)

Ahhh --

(beat)

AHHHHHHHHHHH --

His body JERKS. He smiles, peaceful.

SLEDGE

Abbas? You there?

A TALL BLONDE pops up from under the desk. Wipes her mouth with a tissue. Avi SNAPS his fingers. Points. She leaves.

AVI

Yeah -- I'm here.

He lights a cigarette. Inhales. Blows a lazy smoke ring.

AVI (CONT'D)

Just make sure it happens -- soon. We don't want the *buyer* to get upset and cause an *incident*.

SLEDGE

I'm not worried. They're in fucking *Hollywood*. Why do you think we chose *that* location?

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - WOODED AREA - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

It's stopped raining. Cherry and Peeler walk up the incline though sparse foliage. They reach a narrow, winding road.

CHERRY

Thank fucking god. I'm cold, I'm wet -- and I'm fucking TIRED.

PEELER

(points at the sign)

Check it out. We're almost there.

They start walking up the steep incline.

CHERRY

After this is done, I can't wait to have a stiff drink and a long, hot shower.

Cherry trudges on. White knuckles gripping the briefcase.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEELER

So listen, I was wondering -- when this is all over, would you like to, you know -- go have coffee or something?

CHERRY

(does a take)

You mean like a -- *date*?

PEELER

No, not a DATE. You know, just -- hang out. You know, coffee. Maybe grab a burger --

CHERRY

(faint smile)

That'd be -- nice.

A tear runs down her cheek. She stops. GRABS him. Gives him a long, lingering kiss.

PEELER

What was that for?

CHERRY

Not sure. But I kinda liked it.

(kisses him again)

Yeah. That'll work.

INT. POOL HOUSE - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

April watches Shag communicate with base.

SHAG

(touches his ear)

Lark. I need new coordinates.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Lark swerves in her chair, fingers CLACK-CLACKING on her keyboard. She peers into the monitor, grim.

LARK

She's nearing the top of hill, Shag -- you better get your ass in gear.

SHAG

Don't worry, we're on our way.

LARK

*We, our?*

SHAG

April Street from Homeland Security is also in pursuit. We're pooling our resources.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pause.

LARK

As long as that's *all* your pooling.

The front windows EXPLODE in a SHOWER of GUNFIRE. Glass SHATTERS, goes FLYING. Shag and April LEAP to the floor.

Shag ROLLS over behind the couch. Pulls out his weapon. April LEAPS behind the open side door. Takes out hers.

Silence.

APRIL

What the fuck?

Gloved hands THROW a wire around April's neck and start GARROTTING her. She GRABS the wire, starts GAGGING, SPUTTERING, THRASHING, eyes BULGING.

We see the attacker. It's WENDON. Smiling. Having a ball.

Shag LEAPS UP, RACES OVER to April. GRABS Wendon's hands. She KICKS Shag in the balls. He goes DOWN, OOF. Curls into the fetal position. That girl can KICK.

April struggles, eyes fluttering, her face turning red. She leans forward, raising Wendon off the ground -- and then with all her might, SLAMS her into the wall, THWUMP.

She lets go of the wire. HITS the floor. April FIRES a blast of rounds into her chest BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG.

Nothing. Must be *some kind* of vest.

Wendon smiles. Reaches for her automatic. April GRABS a lamp and SMASHES it on her head. She blinks. LEAPS UP -- And KICKS April, who goes FLYING BACKWARDS onto the floor.

Shag GRABS a chair -- SAILS IT across the room at Wendon. It HITS her in the stomach, sends her FLYING. She ROLLS behind the bar. POPS up, and starts FIRING.

Shag and April LEAP out of the way, get behind the couch. Start RETURNING FIRE.

SHAG

Bitch is GOOD.

APRIL

I've got an idea. You cover me, I'll go outside and go in through the window in the kitchen.

SHAG

Let's do it.

Shag SHOVES in another clip. Pulls out a smoke bomb.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

APRIL  
Why didn't you use that before?

SHAG  
Uh, we've been a little BUSY?  
(beat)  
When I commence firing.

He leans around the corner. TOSSES the bomb at the bar, starts SHOOTING. Smoke starts BILLOWING. Wendon keeps FIRING, starts gagging on the fumes.

April ROLLS along the floor. Bullets PING and SPLINTER the wood as she FLIES out the door.

AT CIA HEADQUARTERS

Lark listens in on Shag's hands-free, which is still on.

LARK  
Shag! What's going on? Are you OKAY?  
(beat)  
SHAG.

OUTSIDE THE POOL HOUSE

April races around to the back. Gets to the window. She looks in, but SMOKE is filling the room. *She can't see ANYTHING.*

APRIL  
FUCK.

She SMASHES the window with her gun. Starts climbing in.

INSIDE THE POOL HOUSE

It's World War III. GUNSHOTS. Smoke everywhere. The bar is ON FIRE. Wheezing and CHOKING, April makes her way through the room, where she sees, on the floor --

Shag and Wendon, each with a hand gripping the other's neck, the other hand fighting for control of Wendon's Sig Sauer.

April takes aim, and SHOOTS the gun out their hands, PING. Wendon SCREAMS, pulls out a HUNTING KNIFE, and JAMS it in Shag's NECK. Blood starts PUMPING like a GEYSER.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
NO!

She FIRES at Wendon's head -- which EXPLODES in a red mist. RACES over to Shag. CLAMPS her hands on his neck.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
Hold on -- it's gonna be okay, it's gonna be okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHAG  
 (eyes fluttering)  
 You get the -- bitch?

The light flickers, then goes out.  
 April cradles his head in her arms.  
 Blood everywhere.

APRIL  
 I HATE this part.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Lark types furiously on her keyboard, looks at the monitor, trying to get a read on the situation.

LARK  
 (into her headset)  
 SHAG, come in Shag, are you alright?  
 (to herself)  
 GODDAMMIT, I should have sent BACKUP.

April hears something. Looks at Shag's earpiece. Grabs it. Wipes it off. Puts it in her ear. Listens.

APRIL  
 Hello, is anybody there?

LARK  
 Hello! Who is this? Where's Shag?

APRIL  
 This is agent Street.

LARK  
 Agent Street? Thank GOD. What happened?  
 Is he okay?

Pause.

APRIL  
 I'm sorry.

LARK  
 (eyes tearing)  
 I see.  
 (beat)  
 Are you -- o-okay?

APRIL  
 Reasonably. I'm alive.  
 (beat)  
 Kinda -- freaked out.

LARK  
 We were -- seeing each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

APRIL  
Shit.  
(beat)  
I'm sorry.

LARK  
(wipes her eyes)  
Let me give you the coordinates. There  
isn't much time left. She's almost there.

APRIL  
Okay.  
(beat)  
Are you okay?

LARK  
I'll have to -- get back to you on that.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Renny sits on the couch next to Rich Husband. The two guards stand behind them with weapons pointed at their heads.

Kamal stands nearby, hands clasped behind him. Hamad holds Rich's cell phone. SMASHES it. STOMPS on it, CRACK.

HAMAD  
You called private security! After I specifically told you not to FUCK AROUND. Do you know what we do to people who don't FOLLOW ORDERS?

RICH HUSBAND  
I'm sorry, I guess I -- panicked.

Hamad pulls out a REVOLVER with a silencer.

RICH HUSBAND (CONT'D)  
No, wait, wait, wait! I've got a shitload of money upstairs! In my safe! You can have it! All of it! There's a couple hundred thousand. It's behind the mirror on the dresser in the master bedroom.

Kamal walks over. Hands him a piece of paper and a pen.

KAMAL  
If you would kindly give us the combination.

Rich scribbles it down. Relieved. Kamal takes it. Nods at Hamad. Hamad raises his gun, takes aim --

RICH HUSBAND  
WAIT, I thought --

And SHOOTS Rich in the forehead -- THWIP. Rich's body SLUMPS over. Dead. Renny's eyes dart madly, heart racing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMAD  
 (big smile)  
 Not to worry, my big, strapping American  
 emergency services worker. We still need  
 hostages -- who know how to behave.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - FRONT DRIVE - NIGHT

Cherry and Peeler walk up the long driveway in the moonlight.  
 The lights of the city twinkle below in the distance.

CHERRY  
 I think I'm gonna pee my pants.  
 (beat)  
 How's your leg?

PEELER  
 It's really starting to hurt. I'm really  
 looking forward to getting a chance to  
 sit down for a second. How's your arm?

CHERRY  
 It's throbbing like a motherfucker. Look,  
 why don't we take a breather before we go  
 in, plot our strategy.

He nods. She leads him over to the garage, which is open.  
 They sit on the hood of a sleek Rolls. Cherry rubs her wrist.

PEELER  
 Ohmigod is that good.

CHERRY  
 Simple pleasures.

She puts the briefcase on her lap. Fiddles with the clasp.

PEELER  
 What are you *doing*? Didn't you tell me  
 the guy said you'd die if you opened it?

CHERRY  
 Yeah, he did --

Cherry closes her eyes. Winces. FLIPS IT OPEN.

Nothing happens.

CHERRY (CONT'D)  
 But he was LYING. *Ha*, I KNEW it.  
 (looks inside)  
 So THAT'S what a suitcase nuke looks  
 like. Looks like any other bomb to me.

PEELER  
 And you've seen a lot of bombs --

CHERRY  
 In the movies, silly, on TV.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

She examines the interior. Points at a small clock.

                  CHERRY (CONT'D)  
This must be the timer.

                  PEELER  
Cherry, I really don't think you should  
fuck around with that. It's been a really  
long night, and I really don't feel like  
getting blown up.

                  CHERRY  
Chill, dude. I'm not gonna --

Her nose *twitches* -- and she SNEEZES.

                  CHERRY (CONT'D)  
A-CHOO!

Which causes her finger to JERK against the side of the  
clock, and SPIN a small knob.

                  CHERRY (CONT'D)  
                  (looks)  
NO -- NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!

                  PEELER  
WHAT'S WRONG?

INSIDE THE BRIEFCASE

A small, red LCD screen reads ENGAGE IN: 15:00 --  
with the numbers reeling backwards.

                  PEELER (CONT'D)  
GODDAMIT, Cherry! What the FUCK are we  
gonna do NOW?

                  CHERRY  
We got fifteen minutes to figure it out.  
Let's get the fuck IN THERE.

EXT. QUEENS ROAD - NEARBY - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

April JOGS up the hill, talking on her hands-free.

                  APRIL  
You can send backup -- I'm not C-6!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Lark watches April's progress on her monitor as it nears the  
location of the nuke.

                  LARK  
I know that. Shag said you were Homeland  
Security.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

APRIL

No, that was the cover C-6 gave me. I'm a MOLE -- I'm *Interpol* -- I'm gonna bring down C-6, the terrorist cell, AND Avi Abbas. NOW, given how things have progressed, I'd love a little help at this point.

LARK

Why didn't Interpol ask for our help in the first place?

APRIL

Don't take this personally, but *The Company* doesn't have the greatest reputation in the global intelligence community since nine-eleven. I mean -- your BOSS told you not to interfere with C-6.

LARK

I -- see what you mean.

APRIL

C-6 is totally rogue -- their ops are for profit. They broker arms deals around the world. Remember the CONTRAS? They'll sell to anybody -- rebels in Darfur, revolutionaries in Somalia, the Tibetan Army -- state of the art weaponry, sold to the highest bidder.

(beat)

Kinda like Ebay.

A MESSAGE BOX

Pops up on Lark's monitor.

LARK'S

Fingers fly across the keyboard.

LARK

April, we've got a situation in Israel. I gotta call you back.

Lark hangs up. April stops running. Taps her headpiece.

APRIL

What? Hello? You there?

(beat)

What about my BACK-UP?

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Cherry and Peeler are at the front door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHERRY  
Go hide in the bushes over there by the window and watch. If something goes wrong, call 911.

PEELER  
Okay. Better hide your gun.

CHERRY  
Shit, yeah.

She tucks it in her skirt waistband in the small of her back.

PEELER  
So, uh -- in case anything -- happens, I just want you to know that, despite all this scary shit -- I've had the best time I've ever had tonight.

Cherry's touched. She kisses him on the cheek.

CHERRY  
Me, too. Now go, scoot -- we gotta save the world.  
(beat)  
And then maybe grab some breakfast.

He nods, limps off into the bushes. Cherry RINGS the bell.

CHERRY (CONT'D)  
Here goes nothing.

The door OPENS. It's Kamal. He sees the case. Big smile.

KAMAL  
Greetings. We've been expecting you.

CHERRY  
Sorry for the delay.

KAMAL  
Not to worry. Please, come in.

INT. MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Kamal leads Cherry toward the living room.

CHERRY  
(looking around)  
This place is -- amazing.

KAMAL  
Vulgar American conspicuous consumption.  
(beat)  
Can't wait to blow it up.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kamal leads Cherry into the room, where Hamad, the guards and Renny are watching a ball game on the big screen plasma TV.

KAMAL  
Hamad. Our package has arrived.

Hamad looks. Smiles. Gets up. Walks over to them.

HAMAD  
Very good. Excellent.  
(gestures at the case)  
May I?

CHERRY  
You have the money?

RENNY

Sits in his chair watching the game.  
Behind his back, we can see him loosening his ropes.

HAMAD

Cocks an eyebrow. Nods. Looks at Kamal.

HAMAD  
Give her the money.

Kamal nods. Walks over to a table. Grabs an attache case. Brings it over. Sets it down on a chair near Cherry and Hamad. Flips open the lid to reveal it's STUFFED WITH CASH.

KAMAL  
One million dollars. As promised.

Cherry's eyes BUG. She's never seen that much money. In a daze, she hands Hamad the briefcase. He takes it. Sets it down. Opens it. Sees the LCD DISPLAY.

HAMAD  
It's been ACTIVATED. *WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?*

The next few moments happen in a BLUR OF SPEED --

RENNY'S

Ropes FLY OFF. He GRABS the guards by their heads and CRACKS them together. SNATCHES their weapons. SMACKS one on the head, THUMP -- then the other, THWACK. They GO DOWN.

CHERRY

GRABS the money.

HAMAD

GRABS Cherry. Points his gun at her head. CLICK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAMAL

Points his gun at Renny. CLICK.

HAMAD (CONT'D)  
(to Cherry)  
What THE FUCK is going on here? Is he  
with you?

CHERRY  
Hell, no!  
(to Renny)  
Don't shoot! I'm with the government!

She WHIPS out her gun. Points it at the case.

CHERRY (CONT'D)  
(to Hamad)  
Let me the fuck go, or else I'll blow us  
all to kingdom come.

Hamad releases her. Looks around. What THE FUCK.

RENNY  
That's really a -- n-nuke?

HAMAD  
YES. And it's going to go off in NINE  
MINUTES.

Renny's eyes dart back and forth. He licks his lips.

RENNY  
I used to be Special Forces. I think I  
can disarm it.

CHERRY  
You THINK you can disarm it?

RENNY  
Well, it's been a few years --

EXT. MANSION - FRONT YARD - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Peeler watches the action through the window. Panicked.

PEELER  
This doesn't look good.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)  
That's the tricky part about being a  
Peeping Tom.

APRIL

Steps into view. Aiming her Sig Sauer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEELER

Oh, h-hi. I'm with Cherry, the girl with the nuke, remember?

APRIL

Of course -- you're the guy that fucking handcuffed me.

PEELER

Sorry about that. Listen, some serious shit is about to go down. Cherry is in there trying to do the deal -- and the nuke has been, like -- ACTIVATED. We've got, like -- I dunno, nine, ten minutes?

APRIL

WHAT?

She touches her hands-free. Speaks into it.

APRIL (CONT'D)

You get all that?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Lark sits at her desk. CHOKES on her coffee.

LARK

Yeah. Hold tight, I'm going to send every agent we have in the area.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Hamad looks at Cherry. At Kamal. Then Renny.

HAMAD

And how am I supposed to believe you?

RENNY

Well, we can go back and forth like this while the clock is ticking -- or you can take a chance on saving your fucking lives. Your choice, Bin Laden.

HAMAD

WHAT did you call me?

RENNY

You heard me, you fucking terrorist. You think you can just waltz into our country and buy a NUKE?

HAMAD

It was *your* CORRUPT GOVERNMENT that SOLD it to us, IMBECILE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHERRY  
SHUT UP, both of you. While you're  
playing who's dick is bigger -- we're  
running out of TIME.

EXT. MANSION - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Peeler sits on the ground. April looks in the window.

APRIL  
I'm going in. You stay put.

PEELER  
Sure thing. I'll just sit here and watch  
my life flash before my eyes.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Renny opens the case. Studies the bomb. Scratches his chin.

CHERRY  
Well, what are you waiting for?

RENNY  
I haven't done this in -- ten years.

CHERRY  
*What?*

RENNY  
Chill out. It's all about shutting off  
the power. Wiring is wiring.  
(beat)  
I'm gonna need pliers, or a pair of  
scissors, something like that.

Hamad looks at the guards, who are now conscious.

HAMAD  
You. Go look in the kitchen.

They RACE OFF.

RENNY  
(looking at the wiring)  
The red and the blue -- or the yellow --

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)  
Homeland Security! Nobody MOVE.

APRIL

Walks into the room. Automatic weapon trained on Renny.

APRIL  
(to Renny)  
Put your hands in the air and step away  
from the device.

(CONTINUED)





CONTINUED: (2)

CHERRY  
 And that's why I hate YOURS.  
 (beat)  
 My sister, the spy.

APRIL  
 My sister, the --  
 (appraises her outfit)  
 Stripper?

CHERRY  
 Exotic dancer. Soon to be former.

The girls are GRABBED FROM BEHIND. Saad has Cherry in a chokehold. Mohammed THROWS April to the floor. Straddles her.

Both aims Uzis at their heads.

SAAD  
 Don't move or I'LL SHOOT.

MOHAMMED  
 Go ahead. Give me REASON.

HAMAD  
 American women TALK TO MUCH. Take them  
 downstairs and shoot them.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
 Federal Marshall! Put your HANDS IN THE  
 AIR!

AN OPERATIVE

In bomb squad gear comes into the room, assault rifle aloft.

CLOSE ON:

The LCD reads 3:45.

RENNY

Looks at the Fed.

RENNY  
 Don't shoot! This is a nuclear device.

OPERATIVE  
 Step away from case. NOW.

SAAD  
 Put your gun down or I shoot THE WOMAN!

MOHAMMED  
 Put down or we SHOOT!

The Fed SHOOTS Renny. BANG-BANG-BANG. He HITS the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHERRY

Hey!

APRIL

What are you DOING? He was DISARMING IT.

Two more FEDS in bomb squad gear BURST IN from the kitchen and start SHOOTING. Saad's and Mohammed's heads EXPLODE.

LARGE FED

Ladies, outside, NOW.

April and Cherry exchange glances.

CHERRY

What's going on here?

APRIL

They WANT the nuke to go off?

LARGE FED

I said NOW.

Cherry GRABS the case with the money, and they start RUNNING.

CLOSE ON:

The LCD reads 2:25.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Two Feds in protective gear with helmets stand in front of bomb squad truck. They start walking toward Cherry and April.

APRIL

(whispers)

I don't trust them.

CHERRY

Let's kick their ass.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CUBICLE - NIGHT

Lark takes a sip of her water bottle. Touches her headset.

LARK

But I don't understand. You WANT it to go off? But what about -- collateral damage?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INTELLIGENCE OFFICE - NIGHT

Sledge Crafton stands at the bar. Mixing a cocktail. Speaking on his hands-free.

SLEDGE

Too many people know. It's a big mess. Better to start again with a clean slate.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLEDGE (CONT'D)

And it's not a real nuke, it's an old Russian piece of shit pipe bomb with a timer, that's all. We'll find some patsy and nail it on them, like we did in Oklahoma City.

He leans down over the bar. SNORTS a line of coke.

LARK

But what about April Street -- and the other girl?

SLEDGE

They're being evacuated. I have special plans for THEM.

(beat)

Don't tell me your getting soft on me. You're one of the best moles I've ever had. I'd hate to have to retire you, too.

LARK

But what about the agents on-site?

SLEDGE

They don't know the bomb is live.

(beat)

Like you said, collateral damage.

INT. BOMB SQUAD TRUCK - NIGHT - AT THAT MOMENT

Cherry and April wear bomb squad gear with helmets. April GUNS the engine. The vehicle starts moving.

CHERRY

Go, go, go --

APRIL

We're OUTTA HERE.

EXT. QUEENS ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The truck ROARS down the road.

INT. BOMB SQUAD TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

April shakes her head slowly. Thinking.

APRIL

Something's not right. They were acting like they WANTED the nuke to go off.

(beat)

Unless they weren't *told* it was live.

CHERRY

Why would the agency do that?

APRIL

I don't know, unless --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An earth-shattering EXPLOSION rocks the truck. April stops. She and Cherry poke their heads out their windows, look.

A MASSIVE FIREBALL ERUPTS in the sky.

THE TRUCK

Continues on down Queens Road.

APRIL (CONT'D)

That was no nuke. Crafton was ripping off the terrorists. Why am I not surprised?

CHERRY

So where are we going?

APRIL

We're gonna pay him a little visit.

CHERRY

(turns her head)

Hey. You okay back there?

PEELER

Sticks his head out from the rear.

PEELER

Well, let's see. I've lost a lot of blood, I'm dizzy from hunger, and I just shit my pants. I'm having a ball.

INT./EXT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING - AT THAT MOMENT

Avi sits in the back as the limo cruises south on the 405. He pulls out his cell. PUNCHES in a number.

AVI

Yeah, hi. I'd like to reserve a ticket on the next flight to Caracas --

A siren WHOOP-WHOOPS outside.

AVI (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

The driver's window SLIDES DOWN.

DRIVER

I wasn't speeding.

AVI

Goddammit.

EXT. 405 FREEWAY - LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

The limo pulls over. A MOTORCYCLE COP pulls up behind it. Stops. Parks. The cop dismounts. Walks over to the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRIVER

What seems to be the problem, officer?

The cop pulls out his SERVICE REVOLVER and SHOOTS him. BANG.

IN THE REAR

Avi hears the shot. JUMPS.

AVI

SHIT.

The cop appears in the divider.

AVI (CONT'D)

NO, WAIT!

And SHOOTS him. BANG.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAWN

A beautiful sunrise. FIRE TRUCKS and PATROL CARS make their way up into the hills. NEWS CHOPPERS fly overhead.

INT. BOMB SQUAD TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

April punches in a number on her cell. Listens.

APRIL

Lark? You there?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CUBICLE

Lark sits at her workstation, blowing on her hundredth cup of coffee. Dark circles under haunted eyes.

LARK

Barely.

APRIL

I need Crafton's location.

LARK

I can't --

APRIL

I thought this line was encrypted.

LARK

It is, but -- I can't --

APRIL

Wait a minute.

LARK

What.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

APRIL  
 You never sent back-up because *you're working for him*, AREN'T you. You're a fucking MOLE.  
 (beat)  
 My GOD am I STUPID.

A FIGURE IN BLACK SHADES

Appears at the end of the row of cubicles.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
 And you got Shag killed.

LARK  
 NO. That wasn't -- my fault.

APRIL  
 Give me his location. NOW.

THE FIGURE

Starts walking toward Lark's workstation.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
 You're a disgrace to your flag. You KNOW that? This is your chance to prove that not ALL American agents are corrupt.

LARK  
 Shag wasn't corrupt!

APRIL  
 But you got him KILLED.

Lark GASPS. Her eyes fill with tears.

LARK  
 Crafton's HQ is in the Capitol Records building. He's got the whole top floor.

The figure reaches Lark's cubicle. He raises a 9mm Baretta with a silencer, and SHOOTS her in the head -- THWIP.

APRIL  
 Good girl, now you're talking -- thanks.  
 (listens)  
 Lark?  
 (beat)  
 Lark?  
 (to Cherry)  
 She hung up.

She looks at Cherry, white as a ghost.

CHERRY  
 Shag's DEAD?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

APRIL

One of Crafton's assassins. I'm sorry, love. I didn't know how to tell you.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

CHERRY

Poor Shag. My god.

(beat)

He drove me crazy, you know? But he meant well, he was -- such a great guy, I don't know what I'm gonna --

(beat)

SHIT, my KIDS. Can I borrow your cell phone?

April hands it over. Cherry PUNCHES in a number. Listens.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

Hello, Jamie? It's mommy.

(listens)

I miss you, too. I'm sorry I woke you --

(listens)

I'm so glad you're having fun. You love your Nanna, don't you?

(listens)

I have good news. I might be coming home sooner than I thought.

(listens)

I love you, too. Go back to sleep.

She clicks the phone shut. Relieved.

APRIL

Thank god for small miracles, huh?

CHERRY

Yeah.

The truck is RAMMED from behind. They JERK in their seats.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

What the FUCK was that?

APRIL

(looks in rear view)

We're being tailed --

(another BANG)

By a fucking HUMMER.

CHERRY

But this truck's bigger than a *Hummer*.

APRIL

Exactly. Hold onto your tits.

April JAMS on the breaks -- SCREEEEECH.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

The Hummer SMASHES into the back of the truck.

IN THE TRUCK

April JAMS it into reverse -- and HITS THE GAS.

ON THE STREET

The truck starts PUSHING the Hummer backwards. Cars HONK. SWERVE to get out of the way.

IN THE HUMMER

The DRIVER curses. Pulls out an AUTOMATIC WEAPON. Sticks it out the window. PUMPS it.

THE TRUCK

Gets SPRAYED with bullets.

IN THE TRUCK

April hands Cherry her Sig Sauer.

APRIL  
Here ya go, love -- shoot his fucking  
nuts off.

CHERRY  
MOTHER-FUCKER.

Cherry takes the gun. Opens her window. Leans out. Starts FIRING at the Hummer. SPRAYS it with bullets.

THE DRIVER OF THE HUMMER

Aims for the truck's rear tires. Gets the left. BANG. Then the right. BANG.

IN THE TRUCK

April SWERVES the wheel.

APRIL  
He's shooting our TIRES. Get HIS!

CHERRY

Leans further out the window. SPRAYS bullets on the Hummer's front tires.

THE HUMMER

Swerves.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

THE TRUCK AND THE HUMMER

Reach an intersection. The truck's wheels SCREECH on their rims, PUSHING the Hummer into ONCOMING TRAFFIC.

A CITY BUS

SMASHES into the Hummer -- BANG. Bye-bye.

IN THE TRUCK

April pulls the truck over to the curb. Looks at Cherry.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
Nice shooting.

CHERRY  
Nice driving.

APRIL  
You okay?

CHERRY  
Well, since you asked -- I feel like I'm  
gonna puke.  
(realizes, turns her head)  
Peeler? You back there? You okay?

Cherry swivels in her seat. Looks in the rear.

THE BACK DOOR

Is open. The compartment is empty.

CHERRY (CONT'D)  
He's gone. Story of my life.

APRIL  
Welcome to the world of espionage.  
The Spy Who Left Me.  
(beat)  
C'mon, we gotta get new wheels.

EXT. CAPITOL RECORDS BUILDING - MORNING

The famous circular landmark gleams in the morning light.  
April and Cherry pull up in a red Mini Cooper convertible.

INT. MINI COOPER - CONTINUOUS

April shuts off the engine. They jump out of the car.

EXT. VINE STREET - CAPITOL RECORDS BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

April looks down at John Lennon's plaque on the Walk of Fame.

APRIL  
Look. Lennon's star.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHERRY  
Hey. Give Violence A Chance.

They walk to the front door. It's LOCKED.  
Cherry peers in the window. Sees a GUARD sitting at a desk.

CHERRY (CONT'D)  
I've got an idea.

She KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCKS on the glass.

THE GUARD

Looks up. Shakes his head. Mouths WE'RE NOT OPEN.

CHERRY

STOMPS her foot. Shouts --

CHERRY (CONT'D)  
We're here for the RECORDING SESSION.

THE GUARD

Looks puzzled. *What recording session?*

CHERRY

POUNDS on the glass.

CHERRY (CONT'D)  
MICHAEL JACKSON! Hurry up and LET US IN.

THE GUARD

Walks over to the door. Unlocks it. Opens it a crack.

GUARD  
Did you say MICHAEL JACKSON?

CHERRY  
Yeah. We're background singers. And we're late.

GUARD  
You're full-a-shit. There's no recording here anymore. And he's DEAD.

CHERRY  
EXACTLY. Quincy Jones is mixing Michael's final tracks. That's why he's using the basement studio. You know how he is about secrecy.

April KICKS the door into the guard's face, THWUNK. He goes down. She pushes it open. Walks in. Cherry follows.

INT. CAPITOL RECORDS BUILDING - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

April and Cherry drag the guard over to his desk. Prop him up in his chair. Dash over to the elevator banks. Push UP.

A SECURITY CAMERA

On the ceiling moves in their direction.

INT. INTELLIGENCE OFFICE - LOBBY - AT THAT MOMENT

A FEMALE OPERATIVE (20's) sits at a desk in the lobby of Crafton's suite of offices watching video monitors.

She dials a number. Listens.

FEMALE OPERATIVE  
Chief? We've got company.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CRAFTON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Crafton WHIRLS his chair around. Leans into his speakerphone.

SLEDGE  
Who is it Donner, Street?

DONNER  
Yeah. And she's got someone with her.  
Some chick dressed like a go-go girl.

SLEDGE  
I had a feeling. Put them in the  
interrogation room. Tell them I'll be  
right there.

DONNER  
Yes, sir.

Sledge WHIRLS around in his chair. Faces a table behind his desk. He leans over. SNORTS a line of coke. Then ANOTHER.

SLEDGE  
(rubs his nose)  
Alright, ladies -- it's SHOWTIME.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

April and Cherry arrive at the top floor. The doors OPEN. They walk out into the corridor.

A LARGE METAL DOOR faces them. No name. No number. Just a small lit button on a silver panel.

April pulls out her Sig Sauer. Raises it.

APRIL  
Ready?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cherry pulls out her Glock.

CHERRY  
Let's do it.

April presses the button. The door SLIDES OPEN.

INT. INTELLIGENCE OFFICE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

They walk into the lobby. We now see that Donner's desk is in a bullet-proof glass cubicle in a corner of the room.

CHERRY  
What is this, Austin Powers?

APRIL  
He always had a flair for the dramatic.

Donner's voice comes over hidden speakers.

DONNER  
Ladies, glad you could join us. Mr. Crafton has been expecting you.

April walks over the cubicle. Stares down Donner.

APRIL  
Well, isn't that a coincidence.

A steel door SLIDES OPENS in the wall.

DONNER  
Right through that door, please. He'll be right with you.

The girls look at the open doorway suspiciously.

APRIL  
How do we know this isn't a trap?

CHERRY  
Cover me, and I'll go take a look.

APRIL  
Okay.

Cherry walks over to the doorway. Stops. Looks in.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Steel walls. A table with chairs. Glass window. Shades drawn.

CHERRY

Turns her head.

CHERRY  
Looks fine to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

April marches over, and they walk in.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door behind them SLAMS shut with a BANG.

APRIL  
I KNEW it.  
(looks around)  
CRAFTON. Show yourself!

The window shade SLIDES UP. Behind it stands Crafton.

SLEDGE  
Ladies.

APRIL  
What's the big idea? You can't keep us  
locked up in here. People know where we  
are.

SLEDGE  
I'm afraid not. They're all dead.

APRIL  
Then what do you want from us?

SLEDGE  
That, my dear, is the question of the  
hour. Please have a seat. I've got a  
story to tell you.

The girls sit.

SLEDGE (CONT'D)  
In the early eighties, I was missing in  
action in Nicaragua -- and during this  
period of time my CRAZY BITCH of a wife  
put our lovely two daughters up for  
adoption -- after she ran off to the UK  
with a rock star.  
(beat)  
Those were heady times. It was pre-AIDS,  
ecstasy was legal --

APRIL  
What's with the life story? Get to the  
fucking POINT.

SLEDGE  
The point? You want me to GET TO THE  
POINT?  
(beat)  
Well, like I SAID -- my wife put our  
lovely young daughters up for adoption.  
Such a sad fate for two little four-year-  
old girls. How tragic would it be if they  
were separated?

April and Cherry exchange glances. What the fuck?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLEDGE (CONT'D)

You know the rest of the story -- because you've LIVED it.

(beat)

That's right -- I'm your FATHER. I scoured the globe for years tracking you down. Of course I was incredibly happy to discover that my little April had become an agent for *Interpol*. That little apple didn't fall too far from the tree. But, however, I was dismayed to discover that my little Abby had changed her name to CHERRY, and had become a PORN STAR and then a STRIPPER. To say I was disappointed would be an understatement.

(beat)

Then I decided to find a way in which I could get you two back together -- in my loving arms.

(beat)

This whole thing has been A TEST. A MILITARY EXERCISE. And you both passed -- with FLYING COLORS.

(to April)

I had a hunch -- and I was right -- that if you took Abby under your wing, she'd grow some balls.

CHERRY

My name is CHERRY, *not* Abby.

APRIL

You fucking SLEPT with me, you -- MONSTER.

SLEDGE

A momentary lapse, I'm afraid.

(beat)

You ARE the spitting image of your mother.

April LEAPS up. SLAPS the window.

APRIL

What THE FUCK do you want from us?

SLEDGE

(strange smile)

What any father wants from his darling daughters. I've created a nice little empire, you know. I'd like you to come work with me -- and live with me.

(beat)

Imagine the possibilities.

(low)

Come to Poppa.

April POUNDS on the window. Cherry watches, in shock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

APRIL

You're the most depraved human being I've ever MET. We wouldn't work for you if you were the last person ON EARTH.

(beat)

*Daddy.*

CHERRY

YEAH. So why don't you go FUCK YOURSELF and DIE.

Crafton shakes his head slowly.

SLEDGE

I was hopping you wouldn't say that. Can't blame a guy for trying.

He takes out his cell. Mumbles something. Hangs up.

SLEDGE (CONT'D)

My heart -- is broken.

The window shade CLOSES. Water starts GUSHING down from a row of pipes in the ceiling.

CHERRY

What the fuck?

APRIL

Stand back!

April raises her Sig Sauer. SHOOTS at the door. The bullets FLY OFF and RICOCHET around the room.

Cherry aims at the window. SHOOTS a SPRAY OF BULLETS at it. They, too BOUNCE of the glass and RICOCHET.

The water swirls around, now reaching up to their knees.

APRIL (CONT'D)

The CEILING. Let's see if we can blow a HOLE in it!

CHERRY

Let's DO IT.

The girls raise their weapons. Start FIRING at the ceiling. Chunks of cement start FLYING off. April shields her eyes with her forearm. So does Cherry.

INT. INTELLIGENCE OFFICE - AT THAT MOMENT

Crafton sits at his desk. Looks out the window. Pensive. He leans over. Hits a button on his speakerphone.

SLEDGE

Donner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONNER (O.C.)  
(electronic)  
Yes, chief.

SLEDGE  
I'm going to go home in a few minutes and get some shut-eye. These all-nighters are killing me. I'm not getting any younger.

DONNER (O.C.)  
Would you care for some company?

SLEDGE  
That would be nice.

DONNER (O.C.)  
Just give me a few minutes.  
(beat)  
I'm sorry about the girls.

SLEDGE  
So am I, Donner. So am I.  
(beat)  
Please do me a favor and never mention them again.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The water is now up their waists. The girls have now blown out a nice-sized hole in the ceiling about six-inches deep.

APRIL  
This isn't gonna work. We're gonna have to think of something else.

CHERRY  
Let me get up on your shoulders. Maybe it's not that thick.

APRIL  
Okay.

April cups her hands. Cherry climbs up April. Stands on her shoulders. Pushes the ceiling where they've shot it out.

Nothing.

CHERRY  
Shit! We're gonna DIE!

APRIL  
Don't EVER say that. We're NOT gonna die.

Cherry JUMPS down. Hits the water with a SPLASH.

CHERRY  
Then tell me, what THE FUCK are we GONNA DO?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

She BURSTS into tears. April GRABS her. Hugs her.

APRIL  
Shhhhh, it's okay -- I'm gonna figure something out.

INT. INTELLIGENCE OFFICE - AT THAT MOMENT

Sledge holds an old, dog-eared Polaroid in his hand. A tear streaks down his cheek.

CLOSE ON --

The photograph. We see two three-year-old little girls. Gorgeous. Happy. Smiling. APRIL and ABBY.

SLEDGE

Pulls out a cigarette lighter. Sets it on FIRE. Tosses it in the ashtray on his desk.

SLEDGE  
Ashes to ashes --

He wipes his cheek. Pours a shot of something brown. Downs it. Punches on the speakerphone.

SLEDGE (CONT'D)  
You about ready, Donner?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

The water has reached the girl's necks. Pretty soon they're gonna have to start treading water.

CHERRY  
I don't CARE if it's DANGEROUS. Let's fucking DO IT.

APRIL  
Okay.  
(beat)  
One last thing. In case we -- don't make it out of this -- I just want you to know that I'm proud to have you as a sister.  
(beat)  
You can really kick ass.

CHERRY  
(smiles, teary-eyed)  
You, too -- sis.  
(beat)  
I mean -- I'm proud, too.

They hug. April pulls away. Holds up a GRENADE.

APRIL  
Okay -- here's the plan. It explodes in three seconds.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

APRIL (CONT'D)

We're gonna go to the wall opposite the window. I'm gonna pull the pin and count ONE, TWO -- and then THROW IT at the window -- then we dive down to the bottom and hold our breath. The water might just shield us from the blast.

CHERRY

Let's DO IT.

APRIL

Okay.

They slog through the water to the opposite wall. April holds up the grenade. Looks at Cherry, who nods --

April PULLS THE PIN.

APRIL (CONT'D)

ONE, TWO --

And HURLS it at the window. They DIVE.

UNDER WATER

The girls swim to the bottom.

THE WINDOW

EXPLODES in a million pieces. Torrents of water start GUSHING through the opening.

UNDER WATER

The explosion ROCKS the girls against the wall. OOF.

INT. INTELLIGENCE OFFICE - AT THAT MOMENT

A wave of water CRASHES into Sledge's office.

SLEDGE

What the fuck?

He JUMPS up on his desk. Pulls out his Browning 9mm.

APRIL AND CHERRY

Appear in the doorway. Wet. Weapons aimed.

APRIL

Drop the gun, Father. We're taking you in.

Sledge looks at the girls. Tears in his eyes.

SLEDGE

You girls really make me proud.

He puts the gun in his mouth.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CHERRY

*Agent Nation.* I like the sound of that.  
Got a nice ring to it.

(beat)

So what are you gonna do with your half-million?

APRIL

My --

CHERRY

Half of the money. In the attache case.  
It's in the trunk.

April shoots her a look. Beams.

APRIL

Let's go grab some breakfast. My treat.  
I'm fucking starving.

FADE TO BLACK

OVER CLOSING CREDITS:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - PODIUM - DAY

Cherry and April are given duplicate keys to the city by the mayor. Flashbulbs POP. The CROWD cheers.

INT. ROMANTIC RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Cherry and Peeler drink champagne by candlelight. He takes her hand. Kisses it.

CAMERA PANS OVER to where CHERRY'S DAUGHTERS are sitting. They start GIGGLING.

EXT. TARGET RANGE - DAY

April takes aim at a target. BLASTS OFF a ROUND OF SHOTS.

ANGLE ON --

THE TARGET

With a perfect circular ring of bullet holes around the head.

APRIL

Hands the gun to Cherry.

CHERRY

Takes aim. FIRES off another ROUND OF SHOTS.

ANGLE ON --

THE TARGET

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The ring of bullet holes now has a smiley face.

EXT. EGYPT - THE PYRAMIDS - NIGHT

April and Cherry chase two BAD GUYS up the steep incline.

EXT. PARIS - THE EIFFEL TOWER - NIGHT

April hangs over the railing with one hand, pelted by rain, the wind whipping in her hair. GUN SHOTS fire over her head.

Cherry leans down, pulls her up. SLAPS a gun in April's hand. They SPIN AROUND, and SHOOT a DOZEN ATTACKERS, killing them.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

April and Cherry sit in chairs across from the PRESIDENT. Cherry says something. Then April. The President raises his eyebrows. Picks up the phone.

And starts dialing ...

FADE TO BLACK.