

# **THEY CALL HER CHRISTINA**

## **Episode 5**

by

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INT. APARTMENT NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Back in her apartment Rain greets Furball, and for the first time, in a long time, she's in a good mood. But after thinking for a few minutes, she takes Buz's card, and throws it in the trash.

RAIN

I know he means well, good guy, but I'm in this alone, and that's the way I want it. But it was pleasant to have some interaction with someone, but I have too much baggage to bear, it is too uncomfortable to share, good luck Buz, maybe see you on the street again.

NARRATOR V.O.

Back in her element she looks to the end table. A syringe, a cotton ball, a spoon and a bag sit there. She reaches for a bong and lights it up. She coughs loudly, takes a few more hits, then heads to the bathroom to freshen up. Splashing water on her face, she sits on the bowl and takes care of her business. It's 5:34pm. She takes the cd Buz gave her and listens. While not being a fan of hip hop, she finds it very enjoyable. He's very philosophical with his lyrics, draws you in, sorta like poetry with a beat. The album has 11 tracks and she listens to them all. She really doesn't listen to music, not her thing, she enjoys movies, that's for sure, but music, not at all, probably because she was always scolded every time she tried to listen growing up. Some of her step siblings listened to music, some enjoyed pop, others country, and of course a little heavy metal thrown in. So it's not like she never listened, just she never had a chance to care much. This didn't bother her in the least. A week later when she went to her mail slot, there was a package, it was from Buz. She ran upstairs and threw it right in. There was a message inside of the envelope.

RAIN V.O.

Hope you are well, I'm just doing my thang, but our meeting touched me, so I wrote you a song, enjoy.

RAIN

Oh my god, I can't believe this, he wrote a song for me?

NARRATOR V.O.

The label read They Call Her Rain. She sat on the couch and listened closely. It was by far the best song she had listened to of his. The song was full of emotion, and pain at the same time. He told her story, with a smooth backbeat, he remembered all they had talked about, even the walk home, the lyrics said it all. The song ended, and she began to cry. She suddenly jumped up.

RAIN

I have to call and thank him!

She went rushing through the garbage, she searched and searched, but nothing.

RAIN

Fuck! That trash went out yesterday I'll head back to that studio and find him tomorrow, think I'll go smoke some more weed.

The typical pattern she has so masterly achieved. The following morning she headed straight to the studio, stopping for nothing, she arrived, panting,

RAIN

Is Buz Bomb here?

BERTHA

No sweetie, I'm pretty sure he won't be recording any time soon here, he got into a fight with the producer, but here's a flyer, I think he's performing this afternoon at a matinée.

NARRATOR V.O.

She took the flyer and walked back outside. Yes, his name was on the bill. For someone that doesn't associate with others, she seemed to leave that behind for the moment, she was going to that show. Giddy with excitement, she checked the address,

RAIN

Shit, that's the other side of town, might as well make my way there now.

NARRATOR V.O.

She walked thirty long blocks, took her hours, then she arrived at the venue, The Dragon's Den. They had just opened and were letting people in, the cover was \$10, that was fine with her, why not she thought. The place is dark, with marijuana smoke filling the room. Rain goes up to the bar, orders a drink.

RAIN

Jack and coke please.

The drink comes up fast.

The bar is long, and at the end, in the back is the stage. Full lighting, big PA. It fills fast and soon is very noisy, rap music blares in the background. Someone turns to Rain.

WINSTON

Hey, want a joint? On the house, just trying to get everyone in the mood, and here's my card if ya ever in need of some weed, I got some indeed.

He turns back around. She lights up the joint and puffs away. The stage lights go on and the host begins to speak, the house music has been turned off.

MC

Welcome everyone to this showcase, sponsored my Majic Studios and Corrosive Entertainment. We got a lot of talent for you all, so let's get the party started, you ready?

The crowd breaks into cheers.

MC

Alright, first up hailing from the Bronx, Infa Man, give it to them brother!

INFA MAN

Yo Yo Yo, you all ready to get down, let's do this!

NATTATOR V.O.

The beat drops and the crowd begins dancing around, screams and oh's are heard as he spits his verses, filled with great punchlines, this is obviously going to be a wild show. Rain orders drink after drink, continually high just from breathing the thick air. This is a

(MORE)

NATTATOR V.O. (cont'd)  
society of people that join  
together, wherever, whenever to  
enjoy this form of music. The  
artist feed off the crowd, they  
keep throwing support right back.  
Rain is actually having a good  
time, act after act come on, then  
Buz Bomb is introduced. He hits the  
stage with a never ending energy,  
the crowd is loving it, he's very  
popular, she thinks to herself. His  
set ends, and the show goes on.  
Elizabeth is buzzed, she tries to  
figure out a way to get to him, he  
hasn't emerged from backstage yet.  
She takes her drink and bumping  
into many, makes her way to the  
entrance at the side of the stage,  
she waits, ignoring the act on  
stage, she is too focused on  
thanking him. Buz opens the  
backstage door and makes his way  
through the crowd, everyone shaking  
his hand, patting him on the back,  
speaking to him. This is her  
chance. She squeezes her way  
through and stands face to face  
with him. She smiles, then hugs  
him. She whispers into his ear.

RAIN

Thank you.

He grabs her hand and they go to the bar.

BUZ

How'd you find me girl?

RAIN

That was easy, they gave me a flyer  
at the studio.

BUZ

So you came all this way to thank  
me?

RAIN

Yes, of course, who the hell has  
ever written a song for me, I'm  
speechless, I'll be honest, I never  
wanted to see you again, but I just  
had to thank you, I can't believe  
I'm here, what a blast. I'm very  
complicated Buz, so we can't have a  
relationship, not even a  
friendship, even though that's what  
this is what it must feel like. I

(MORE)

RAIN (cont'd)  
must be alone, no one can tell me  
different, so in saying that, thank  
you again, the song was beautiful.

BUZ  
But, but....

She stops him.

RAIN  
Sorry Buz, this is goodbye, good  
luck, I must go now, take care of  
yourself.

She hugs him and makes her way out of the bar. Now back on  
the street, she convinces herself that she isn't going to  
walk back. She hails a cab.

NARRATOR V.O.  
On the ride she wonders if ending  
their relationship was a good idea,  
but deep down, she knows, it would  
never work. Her drug addiction and  
need to be alone would be violated.  
As she gets dropped off, she again  
wonders what if....

RAIN  
No, gotta be this way, for the  
best, for my sanity, there is no  
room for another, ever.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Back in her apartment, she plays the song again, and cries.  
Composing herself she heads to the bedroom, and falls face  
first on the pillow. She sleeps soon after. Dreaming, she is  
brought back to the bar, the energy, the vibes, the  
lifestyle, the music, she'll never witness that again, or  
would she, that's to be seen.

FADE

Day of the flight to the UK to begin training. Rain wakes  
up early and leaves out of bed, she makes a quick breakfast,  
with a few nuggets of weed left she fills her bong and hits  
it hard.

RAIN  
Well that's it, no more drugs. For  
the best, I need to be clean, gonna  
miss them, here's to substance  
abuse! Go fuck yourself!

Last night she arranged for a ride to the airport, her  
flight is at 2:30pm, she figures leave at 11:00am, give  
enough time to ensure she makes it. She takes a look around  
her apartment, cleans up a bit, sees if she forgot anything.

RAIN

Nope we good.

She picks up Furball and holds her close, crying.

RAIN

Going to miss you my friend, don't  
be scared, I'll be back soon,  
you'll be taken care of, just wait  
patiently for me, oh I love you so.

She puts her down and gives her a final pet. In the bathroom she takes a long shower, then combs her hair, brushes her teeth, goes to the closet and chooses clothing appropriate for a long flight, something comfortable, but at the same time dressy. She doesn't dry her hair with blow dryer, when dry it has natural soft curls. Back in the main room of the apartment, there is ring from someone trying to get into building.

RAIN

Yes, who is this?

MAURICE

It is your driver Maurice, I'm here  
to take you to the airport.

RAIN

I'll be right down.

She runs frantically around, grabbing her bag, keys and the luggage, she picks it up exits and locks her door. She lugs the suitcase down the stairs, as she gets to the door and opens it, Maurice, takes the bag, and opens the car door for her. Closing it, she sits there nervously, but at the same time excited.

MAURICE

Ready to go ma'am?

RAIN

Yes Maurice.

They take the bit of a drive to JFK International Airport. They reach the British Airways terminal. Maurice opens the door for her, she steps out, taking a look around and sees planes taking and landing all around here. It's a little noisy.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

MAURICE

Here's your bags, have a safe  
flight.

RAIN

Thank you.

She tips him \$20 dollars. Into the terminal she goes, there is a long line to check in. She slowly makes her way up to the counter. Families, business men and tourists fill the maze of turnstiles. They call her over.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

HELEN

Hello, may I see your  
identification and passport please.

RAIN

Yes, of course. Just these bags?

RAIN

Yes.

HELEN

Has anyone approached you or had  
access to your baggage.

RAIN

No.

HELEN

I see your ticket is all paid for.

The woman places the bag on the conveyor belt.

HELEN

Your flight is at terminal C,  
flight 149, section 23, just follow  
the signs. It's scheduled to take  
off in a short while.Y

RAIN

Yes, thank you.

Rain makes her way to the checkpoint, she places her bag on the belt with scanner, and walks through the detector.

MARGIE

Could you step this way please.  
Just routine, could you take off  
your shoes, please stand with your  
legs spread and arms stretched out.

She takes a wand scans Rain's entire body, examines her shoes.

MARGIE

Ok thank you, have a safe flight.

She puts back on her shoes and followed the signs until she found her flight terminal.



RAIN

Shit I have an hour, going to get  
some food and maybe something to  
read.

Looking around, she sees some fast food, she decides why not. She finishes eating and hits the book and magazine store. She chooses an Entertainment Weekly, a Time, and a fashion magazine. Perusing the books she stares in disbelief. There it is the book They Call Her Christina. She picks it up and goes to pay. Now prepared, back to the terminal, she sits down and waits for the next half hour, she looks around and sees all walks of life getting on this flight. There is an announcement.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, we are now  
beginning boarding, would first  
class passengers please board at  
this time. Thank you.

INT. JET - DAY

Rain realizing that's her, she hands ticket to attendant, then walks through the passageway, onto the plane, finding her seat. She is in disbelief of how much room she has in the seat, this will be a relaxing flight, she will definitely be drinking. The rest of the passengers enter the plane walking past her, some give her a nasty look, coach seats aren't really fun, so that makes sense to her. One passenger even says to her.

PASSENGER

So you think you're special huh?

Then walks away. The plane now filled, people move about putting their carry on's into compartments. A man speaks over the speaker system.

CAPTAIN

Hello everyone, I'm your Captain  
Harry McClancy, we will be flying  
at an altitude of 55,000 feet, the  
flight will be approximately 7  
hours, which will bring us into  
London at about 11:00pm. Sorry  
there won't be much of a view  
except the Atlantic Ocean, make  
yourself comfortable, any questions  
our attendants will answer. Flight  
attendants please prepare for take  
off.

The seatbelt signs blink, the attendants check to see if everyone has them on. The plane pulls away slowly from the terminal and heads toward the runway, there is a line of planes waiting to take off. I finally becomes time for Rain's flight to take off. One thing that we may have not mentioned, she has never flown before. She grips the arm

rests tightly. As the plane quickly speeds up, she cringes.

RAIN

Shit! Oh god.

A woman turns to her.

DORIS

Don't worry Miss, flying is fun,  
nothing to worry about.

As she says that the wheels retract and they are airborne. The plane is slightly tilted upward as they make their ascent. This goes on for 15 minutes, Rain still gripping. The plane levels out and she looks out the window. All she can see is clouds, with breaks in between, the ocean. Finally at ease, she lets go the arm rest. The woman speaks again.

DORIS

See, nothing right?

RAIN

Actually that was pretty scary.

DORIS

Oh, you'll be fine.

The attendants run through their routine of what to do if a disaster occurs during flight. She looks around and sees all of first class either sleeping, or reading, fumbling through their bags. The attendant enters, she asks each person if they'd like some champagne.

RAIN

I'll take a whole bottle please.

ATTENDANT

Sure, I'll get that right to you,  
with an ice bucket.

More at ease, she pulls out a magazine and flips through the pages, but she finds it hard to concentrate, she just looks forward to the drink. Again the Captain speaks.

CAPTAIN

We are at our cruising altitude,  
lunch will soon be served, the  
attendants will soon be handing out  
headset so you could listen to some  
music or watch the movie, which  
today is Chicago, we are traveling  
at 500 miles per hour, England,  
birthplace of Shakespeare and The  
Beatles, is a country in the  
British Isles bordering Scotland  
and Wales. The capital, London, on  
the River Thames, is home of

(MORE)

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

Parliament, Big Ben and the 11th-century Tower of London. It's also a multicultural, modern hub for the arts and business. Other large cities are Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Bristol and the university centres of Oxford and Cambridge, we thank you for choosing British Airways.

An attendant approaches Rain.

ATTENDANT

Here are your headsets, today we are serving fish and chips, Sunday roast, consisting of roast beef, roast potatoes, vegetables and Yorkshire pudding, or you may just request a sandwich of your liking.

RAIN

Thank you for the headsets, I think I'll take the Sunday roast.

ATTENDANT

Very good, your champagne will be here in a minute. In the back of the seat in front of you, you'll find the channel guide for your headset. Food should be here in about 20 minutes.

RAIN

Thank you.

Her champagne arrives, she says thanks, and begins to drink it quite quickly, not stopping until she gets buzzed. She is now more relaxed, and the whole idea that she is on a plane disappear. She peers out the the window, now clear skies, she sees far below the ocean. Well that's boring she thought. She closes the window. The woman who spoke to her at take off leans over, she is in here 70's but looks very good for her age.

DORIS

See I told you it was nothing, I see you have a full bottle there, that should take the edge off. I always fly first class, I don't mind the extra cost, I'm a widow, but I travel the world, alone, yes I do go on tours with people my age, looking very forward to this trip, this is a country I've never been to, I see your alone, what's this a business trip or recreational?

RAIN

A little of both, this is my first time out of the US, so I don't know what to expect, but I'll be there for a year, so I'm sure I'll get to see all the sights and enjoy the local food. Meet some new people, call it home for awhile.

DORIS

Lucky you, a whole year, New York is nothing like England, I hear it's wonderful, I'll only be there 9 days, but the tour takes us to all the major tourist sites, I wouldn't be able to do this trip without the tour, too old to be scampering about the city trying to find things to do, like the captain said, it's an arts and business hub.

RAIN

Yes, when I heard my job was bringing me here I was very excited, it's going to be a long year, but then I can head home to my apartment, I already miss my cat.

DORIS

Oh, I love pets, I have a dog named Sammi, a beagle, my neighbor watches her while I travel, I miss her too, I don't get much time with her, but she knows her mommy and waits patiently for me.

RAIN

I don't have time for a dog, but a cat fits me perfect, I was actually thinking of getting a kitten so she has a playmate, but she may be a one cat only type, so I've held off, her name is Furball.

DORIS

Oh, how cute, how old is she?

RAIN

I think she's about 3, I rescued her.

DORIS

So, how long have you been working for this company?

RAIN

I'm a new hire actually, so they want to teach me everything before I start, a little nervous about it for sure.

DORIS

I'm sure you'll do fine.

The food arrives, the conversation ends. Rain eats slowly, savoring each bite, the food is amazing, she never thought food on a plane would be good. But she remembered she's in first class, probably not eating what those in coach are chowing down. As she finishes, her dishes are taken away, and she slips on the headset. She never saw Chicago, so she looks forward to that, but for now some music. She checks the channel guide, and surprisingly enough, there is a hip hop channel. Choosing it, she slips back into the chair and listens. The lyrics are full of words like bitches, hoes, derogatory terms, lots of violence, she thinks oh my god, guess there is bad rap, she turns it off and waits for the movie to start. The woman leans over again,

DORIS

I'm sorry, I'm Doris, it's nice to meet you.

RAIN

I'm Elizabeth. this has been nice. Do you find yourself lonely, now that your a widow?

DORIS

No, no, not at all.

RAIN

Ill be frank, I haven't had anyone special in my life, but that has been my choosing, I don't want it, not even friends.

DORIS

There's nothing wrong with that dear, I just stay busy, that's how I keep myself from being lonely, just keep moving. I miss John a great bit, we had such good times, but he was a smoker, day by day taking years off his life until then it was gone. We had a big savings, so that's how I do so much traveling, going on a cruise in a few weeks with some friends, they are also widows, it's sort of a club we have, getting together often, going out, having I guess what you could call parties. When your my age I think you'll see that

(MORE)

DORIS (cont'd)  
you need to enjoy your later years,  
because in a blink of an eye you  
could be gone.

RAIN  
I see your point, I'm young, but I  
do hope to live a long time, even  
be adventurous like you when I hit  
that age, but my new job is opening  
up new opportunities, that's my  
focus.

DORIS  
Good for you, not to be rude, do  
you mind If I get a little rest  
before we land?

RAIN  
Of course not, think I'll take a  
little snooze myself.

The conversation ends again. Rain lies the seat back, grabs a pillow, and takes a short nap. She is jolted out of sleep as the plane hits turbulence, the plane shakes, drops, rises and fights with them. The Captain has put on the seatbelt sign.

CAPTAIN  
Ladies and gentlemen, we are just  
experiencing some turbulence,  
should only be for a little time,  
please fasten your seatbelts,  
attendants, please take your  
positions.

Rain is getting nervous again, she has no idea what's going on, but she doesn't like it. Doris still asleep, unknowing of the things going on with the flight. Rain clutches her arm rests again, tightly. Her bottle of champagne and bucket falls to the floor. Everything is rattling, as if the plane was in a battle. In the coach section, compartments come open and bags start falling everywhere, people are screaming, crying out for help. Jillian picks up the phone and calls the cockpit.

JILLIAN  
Captain, it's bad back here, the  
overhead compartments are shaking  
open, there's a bit of chaos right  
now.

CAPTAIN  
Just stay in your position we are  
lowering our altitude. Out.

Jillian goes on loudspeaker.

JILLIAN

Everyone, everyone, please stay calm, if someone is injured we will attend to you shortly. Please stay in your seats with your seatbelt on, this will be over soon.

The Captain and co-pilot lower the planes altitude a few thousand feet. Slowly but surely, the turbulent end.

CAPTAIN

Heathrow, Heathrow, this is flight 143 out of New York, we've had to lower our altitude, things were getting messy up there, any further instructions?

TOWER

Flight 143, what's your current altitude, over?

CAPTAIN

45,000 feet.

TOWER

Flight 143 we have you on radar, you may go ahead and go down to 40,000 feet, over.

CAPTAIN

Thank you ground control, lowering.

As the plane leaves the turbulent, chaos ended, the attendants start their way through coach and start with the cleanup. Out of 145 passengers, 3 are injured, minor scrapes and bruises. But they are shaken by the experience. The attendants place all the bags back into the overheads, and pick up any debris that is scattered about. Within an hour everything is back to normal. Jillian speaks to passengers on loud speaker.

JILLIAN

Ok everyone, now that there is order, we are going to start the movie, followed shortly by dinner.

Four hours remain on the flight. The film begins, people plug in their headset, and there is quiet again, except for the occasional baby crying. Rain finally begins to gather herself, she stops an attendant walking by.

RAIN

Excuse me, my champagne fell over, could I get another bottle and a ice bucket.

ATTENDANT

Yes, right away, let me just clean this up first.

She returns quickly, gives it to Rain, she thanks her. Another attendant is now going from person to person taking their dinner order while the movie plays.

JESSE

Hello, for dinner we have Bangers and mash and Shepherd's Pie.

RAIN

Shepards Pie please, thank you.

She likes musical films, prefers action, especially martial arts (A big fan of the old Shaw Brothers films) but she'll take it. She drinks, and drinks, the turbulence made her lose her buzz, so back at it she goes. The movie ends and she removes the headphone.

RAIN

That was pretty damn good.

The food arrives ten minutes later. She loves it, taking her time with it. She opens her window and can see that they are now closer to the water. Soon they'll be landing, so she tries to finish her drink before that time comes. She is now a little more than buzzed, but says to herself fuck it, this is the last time. She leans over, Doris has also finished eating, Rain says slurring,

RAIN

Tha'ts was crazy right, is this what flying is always like, oh my god, I don't like that, no, not at all, you were sleeping I think, you missed it. The plane was shaking like crazy, I heard screams from the coach section, crazy it was.

DORIS

Oh my, yes I was sleeping good thing, those were turbulence sweetie, it happens, quite often actually, these planes are made like buildings, not solid, but there is freedom in the structures and this plane to sway and bend to handle the winds, but your a first time flyer, so I could see why it scared you, seems ok now, how was your dinner?

RAIN

It was incredible, the dishes weren't american, is that british food?

DORIS

Yes British Airways makes the experience begin on the flight,  
(MORE)



DORIS (cont'd)

they do it very well it seems, how they do it I don't know, there can't be a stove on the plane I don't think, maybe a microwave, but the food doesn't seem like that is the way it was cooked.

RAIN

Exactly, well I'm full, and to be honest, I think I'm drunk, haha.

DORIS

You were drinking that champagne pretty hard so I can see that.

CAPTAIN

Ladies and gentlemen, we are prepared to make our descent into London, please fasten your seatbelts, it's 11:05pm and the temperature is 56 degrees there. Attendants please take your positions. Hope everyone enjoys their stay and takes a chance to see all the sites, enjoy the food, the arts, it's a great city. Sorry for the turbulence we encountered, but frequent flyers, you know this is normal. Have a good night, we'll be landing shortly.

Rain fastens her belt, and looking out window sees lights in the distance. The wheels drop down and the plane hits the ground, the brakes are hit and it makes a nice gentle landing. Rain looks out the window again as the plane slowly makes its way to the terminal, just like JFK airport, there are planes everywhere, taking off and landing. They back into their port. Stopped, the seatbelt light goes off, and everyone starts to grab their bags and items.

RAIN

It was nice meeting you Doris, have fun!

DORIS

Nice meeting you dear, good luck.

Rain makes her way through the airport following signs to baggage claim. She finds her spot and waits. A few minutes later her luggage comes past her, she picks it up and starts to look around. Putting the wheels down, and grabbing the handle, she wanders around looking for her contact. A man dressed in all black wearing a hat stands closely, she sees his sign, it say Axis. She approaches him.

EXT. / INT. AIRPORT/ CAR -DAY

RAIN

Hi, are you here for me.

DEVON

Are you Rain?

RAIN

Yes

DEVON

Let me take your bag for you. This way.

He motions to her.

DEVON

Here we go.

He opens the door, she gets in, it's a limo,

RAIN

Wow, how cool is this!

He gets into the driver's seat after putting her bags into the trunk.

DEVON

We will be taking about a twenty minute drive, right to the outskirts of London, sit back relax, there is a TV and Radio back there.

RAIN

Thank you, didn't catch your name. I'm Devon, at your service miss, sorry you won't be able to see the sites being this late, but you'll surely have enough free time to explore the city.

They drive through the city and Rain just looks out the window, finally noticing they are driving on the other side of the road. Not that many people about at this hour, but she could imagine it to be like NYC with congestion. They pull up to a gated entrance. A man also dressed in all black approaches. Devon rolls down the window.

DEVON

Hey Albert, new recruit on board.

The man goes to security station, and opens the gate. Rain sees a very large building in front of her.

EXT./ INT. CASTLE - DAY

NARRATOR V.O.

It is Leeds Castle, 900 years old, Leeds Castle sits thirty miles from central London. It was the home of Henry the VIII. Despite its British location, Leeds Castle has many American connections, now owned by the company Unified. William Randolph Hearst (Hearst Corporation) almost purchased Leeds Castle, until he discovered the missing bathrooms, lack of electricity and that the servants quarters had served as dungeons. Another American, however, did acquire the castle. After purchasing it in 1926, Lady Olive Baillie set about refurbishing the castle and installing all the necessary items. In 1965, Unified purchased the castle and has been in operation there ever since.

DEVON

We are here miss, I'll take care of your luggage.

RAIN

Thank you.

He opens the door for her, she exits. Standing at the entrance is Alicia.

ALICIA

Hello Rain, welcome to the Axis training facility, please, follow me.

They enter into a very large, high, with a huge chandelier hanging, the room has spiraling staircases leading to the next floors. There are many people walking around, some with clipboards, others with briefcases. Everyone, dressed in black.

ALICIA

I'll give you the full tour tomorrow, for now, this way please.

They make their way up the stairs, which ends at the fourth floor. They walk down a long beautifully decorated hallway.

ALICIA

I hope your flight was enjoyable?

RAIN

Actually it was a bit of a bumpy ride.

They reach a door with the number 4423 on it.

ALICIA

Here we are, these are your quarters for the next year, I hope you find them suitable, your bags will be up shortly, settle in, get some rest, breakfast is at 8:00am, there is a map on the back of the door, or I'm sure anyone can direct you to the dining room. I'm sure your very eager to start, so in saying that, goodnight Rain.

RAIN

Goodnight Alicia.

Rain in awe, sits on the bed, and stares blankly for a moment, she then looks around the room. There is a walk in closet, a dresser with a phone, a separate bathroom, with shower, toilet and vanity. There is a TV in the top corner of the wall facing the bed, and there is a speaker there, along with what looks like a camera. Next to the dresser is a stereo with headphones sitting on them. The room is elegant, immaculate and by no means small.

RAIN

Holy fucking shit!

FADE

EXT. BEACH ZAPATILLA CAYS PANAMA - DAY

NARRATOR V.O.

Only a forty minute boat ride from mainland Panama, the Zapatilla Cays are part of a serene, undeveloped archipelago whose crystal waters make for excellent snorkeling. The Zapatilla Cays are also one of the Caribbeans premier sea turtle sanctuaries. On one of those islands, though considered deserted, Lucky and Christina have made it their home. He is snorkeling about in the water one hundred yards from the shore line. Christina sits in a lounge chair watching. He surfaces. She yells.

CHRITINA

Hey, that's enough for today, come have a drink, you've been at that for hours and mommy needs some attention.

LUCKY

Alright, coming back, could you grab me a beer, make sure its cold. Damn woman always giving me warm beer, jeez, he mutters.

Slowly but surely he makes it to the shore, pulls off his flippers and snorkel, throws them on the beach.

LUCKY

This place is so awesome, you wouldn't believe how many fish are around here, and the turtles, everywhere. Gotta say, this may not be St. Lucia, but it's seclusion is perfect for us, you agree?

CHRISTINA

Blah blah blah, always going on about how much you love this place, phooey to you."

LUCKY

Ah, c'mon babe you know we can't be found right now, at least Jimbo always comes through with the deliveries, we should be grateful he doesn't know who we are, cause I would think we'd be in a world of trouble if someone found out.

CHRISTINA

Alright, your correct, sit down next to me, I have your beer, nice and cold, tell me another story, love them!

He sits down, slides back into the chair and guzzles a bit of beer. Burps.

LUCKY

Ok Christina ya ready for this one, remember whenever I use my gun, there is a silencer on it.

CHRISTINA Yes Lucky.

LUCKY V.O.

I was new to the game, a few heists, a couple of murders, then I get a phone call from an unnamed source. They said they needed someone to take down a corrupt executive. The assassination was worth \$500,000, half up front, the rest after proof of success. This all happened while I was in LA. So they tell me the drop off spot for

(MORE)

LUCKY V.O. (cont'd)  
the money. The docks. Like I said I was fresh blood, so I didn't think for a second that there was anything wrong here, I just took on anything that came my way. So on the given night I went to the docks, waiting right where they told me. Suddenly three cars came creeping up out of the dark, surrounding me. They kept their lights on, blinding me, I stood there trying to cover my eyes, I was shitting a brick, thought this might be the end, then I heard a door open and shut. I saw a silhouette of a man coming towards me with a briefcase. He stopped about ten feet from me.

JIMMY

You Lucky?

LUCKY

Yeah that's me.

JIMMY

All the information you need you'll find in the briefcase, along with the \$250,000. We heard good things about you, so don't fuck this up, ya hear me?

LUCKY

Yeah I hear ya, I don't fuck up, so consider the job done.

JIMMY

This ain't gonna be easy punk and your resume is short, big opportunity for you. You do well we may have a nice position in our organization for you.

LUCKY

I work alone, I don't need an organization, I'm a lone wolf, always have been, always will, so you could take that offer off the table.

JIMMY

Have it your way. You have a week to complete this job, this man is about to make big moves, need to stop him now.

LUCKY

Understood, anything else I need to know?

JIMMY

It's all in the briefcase, talk to you soon. Ya fuck up, they'll be a bullet in your head.

LUCKY V.O.

He turned and walked away, got back in the car, and they all drove off, I stood there for a second thinking how the fuck did I get into this? Why would they ask me? I took the briefcase, went to my car and headed back to my apartment. It was in a sleazy part of town; strip joints, hookers, violence and the police didn't seem to care, so it was a perfect place for me to stay, and it was dirt cheap. I could do without the cockroaches, but I didn't care. This was home. I opened the briefcase and pulled out an envelope, underneath it was the money, I didn't think to count it, I'd never seen this much cash. But I wasn't stupid ya see, I had a bank account and a safe deposit box, a great place to keep my loot. So the next morning I went to the bank, put the money in, and headed back to the apartment to start digging into the envelope and whatever was inside. I opened it and pulled everything out, and placed them on the table. There were photos, background on the target, addresses, phone numbers, it was all there. First I read the background, his name was James Clancy, high level executive with The Foster Corporation, he is about to sign an agreement that would let a casino in Las Vegas be sold, taking it away from my employers. They invested a lot of time and money in that casino, and use it as a hub of their operation. Only Clancy had the power to sign this agreement, because it was a sting involving the FBI, and he had been working closely with them, so in a sense, they were actually his employer, so he was getting paid two ways, using Foster funds to purchase the casino. Nobody at

(MORE)

LUCKY V.O. (cont'd)

Foster knew about this except Clancy. The organization felt if he were eliminated, the FBI would have to start all over again, or even give up. I picked up his photo, he was a typical suit. Always smirking like he had a secret, and he certainly did. I check his address, this guy was in Beverly Hills, so I knew this wasn't going to be easy. I had a week, so the first thing I needed to do was follow him around, see where I could get him alone. I didn't have any high tech gear yet, so I'd have to do this the old fashioned way. I picked up all the contents and threw them in the briefcase, packed a bag of clothes and other shit I may need, then headed to the car, destination, Beverly Hills. I took the forty five minute drive, and pulled up to his address, parked. It was a very large house, a Bentley and a BMW were in the driveway. According to the background information, he isn't married, or even have a girlfriend. It was still early, so he was probably still at work, I looked over his house with my binoculars, there were cameras everywhere, and surely a security system. There is no way I could get him here, I took some photos, then decided to go to the next address. The Foster Corporation, smack dead in the middle of LA. Another forty five minutes and I found their building, I drove by, then went into a parking garage. There was a restaurant across the street with outside sitting, I took a seat there and ordered some food and a drink. I surveyed the building, it was fifty stories high, with the logo written on the side. I watched as people came and went from the building. I had to find a way into the building, get an idea of the schematics. I was pretty sure there would be no way to get the job done here, or could it be done. I had to get inside. I finished eating, payed and took a walk around the building. In the back there was a loading dock, a delivery being made at that moment, I closed in on the

(MORE)



LUCKY V.O. (cont'd)  
opening. Climbed up, there was no one around. I entered the building, creeping around the side walls. People were coming, I hid behind a pallet of boxes. After they passed I moved forward. Getting to the back of the room, there was a door which lead up, I quickly entered it, and ran up the stairs. I slowly opened the door at the top, there was a hallway, there wasn't anyone there. I moved in. Found a service elevator, entered it and took a look where it might take me. The highest floor was the 6th, I pressed it. The doors opened and there were people everywhere, looked like the mail room. I had to take a second to think what to do next. Ready, I casually started to walk around, taking in all the details of the room. People didn't seem to notice, they were all dressed casually, so I blended. On the opposite side of the room were two elevators, I thought, that's the way up. I grabbed a mail cart and worked my way to the elevators. Once inside, I saw that this one would take you to at least the 30th floor. I pressed it. The door opened into another mail room, but in this one everyone was wearing suits, a tall man came over to me and grabbed the cart, saying thank you. Fuck, dead end. I headed back to the lower level mail room. I noticed a door that looked like it lead further into the building. There was a long hallway, with another door at the end. Making it to the other end, I opened the door, it was the 6th floor lobby, office workers all around me, I acted as natural as possible and found the elevators that must lead to the higher floors. But I was not wearing a suit, and there were two armed security guards standing in front of them. I needed to get out of there. I traced my steps back to the loading dock, and went back to the street. There were steps into the building and benches all around with trees and flower beds. I decided I would at least for this first day, wait for him, follow

(MORE)

LUCKY V.O. (cont'd)

him, and see his routine, especially interested to where he parked his car. But then it hit me, if he is such a high level executive, he probably has a driver, those cars at his house where for non work hours. Fuck. Since I was already there, I took a seat on a bench which overlooked the entrance. I would wait for him, maybe I was wrong. I sat for hours, then I felt a presence, it was a cop.

OFFICER

Move on, I've been watching you.

LUCKY V.O.

I told him I was waiting for my wife. After further conversation and a lot of bullshitting he finally backed off and let me stay. At about 6:30pm, he finally emerged from the building. He was on his cell phone, and stopped at the bottom of the stairs. A large car pulled up behind me, Clancy walked right passed me and got into the car, which sped away. I finally stood up, shit my ass hurt. Went back to my car, payed the parking fee, and decided to drive back to Beverly Hills. I parked across the street from his house. I could see him walking around, taking phone calls. At about 11:00pm, he shut off all the lights, except for the outdoor ones. I wondered if I should just get a mask on and move in, but the alarm would be set off, I would have a short time until the police arrived. Especially in this neighborhood. I called it a night and went to a hotel. May have not gotten much done that day, but I started to review his files again. Looking at the phone numbers I had, there was his cell. Thought that my be an angle, set up a meeting, but I'd have to think about that a little more. There were photos of the FBI contacts he was using. I knew a guy back in LA who could make me up some fake ID, and then I'd be able to either get into the Foster building, or use it as proof after I set up a meeting. Fuck it I

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LUCKY V.O. (cont'd)

said, think about this in the morning. I got some rest. So here it was day 2. I woke up and reviewed the files again. This guy is a loner, so there must be a moment where I could catch him off guard, he doesn't have bodyguards, just the driver who takes him back and forth to work, but I'm sure the FBI is keeping close tabs on him. Maybe take out the driver and take his place, definitely an option. Killing him at his office could cause a commotion, I'd probably get caught with all the security they have there. Can't get him coming out of the Foster building, not a good idea. Inside the file was an invitation to a party, how'd I miss that, I don't know. It was two days away, in Malibu, it was a black tie event. Don't know if he was going to drive there by himself, but that is a possibility. But I can't get him while he's driving, don't want to fuck up my nice Dodge Challenger. I still had a bunch of days to get this done, so I decided that I was going to the party. That would at least get me close to him, maybe off him in the bathroom. I headed back to LA and rented a tuxedo. Then went through the same routine of staking out the Foster building and following him home. This day turned out to be more fruitful. After being dropped off, he went in the house for about an hour, then came out and got into his BMW. This may be my chance. I followed him, he parked in front of a bar called The Finnegan Inn. They had rooms to stay in, with the vacancy light on. I parked around the corner and entered the bar. There he was, sitting alone at the bar, drinking what looks like a martini. I sat a few seats away from him, and ordered a beer. Two men stood up from a table and approached him. They greeted each other, shaking hands, and began talking about business shit, the casino was never mentioned. I was suspicious that these were FBI agents, but I really didn't know, but they were all in suits, one of

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LUCKY V.O. (cont'd)

them slipped him a small envelope. The men shook hands again and went back to their table. This was my chance to meet Clancy so he would recognize me at the party. I get up and sit next to him. I introduce myself as a film producer, out of work at the moment. He tells me all about Foster, says he's just at Finnegan's to have a quick drink, then head home. He must be lying I think, because obviously the other men that came up to him, knew him well, and that envelope has something important in it. But like I said, I heard no talk about the casino. He gets up says goodbye to the bartender, shakes my hand says nice to meet you and good luck, he heads out. Not much else I can do on this day, so I had a few more beers. A very skinny man walks up to the bar, orders a drink, he was in the photos in the file, the two men from before approach him, and the same thing goes down, envelope and all. There is something going on here, I don't know what it is, but I was pretty sure, someone had made this joint a place of operation. I decide to order the men some drinks, I ask the bartender what they are drinking, he send the drinks over. I turn around and give them a nod, they give a hesitant wave back. I get up and head over to them and ask may I join them. They say yes. I sit down and talk about being out of work, bullshitting, and ask them if they knew anyone who could help me, trying to get information of who they were. They fed me some lines, nothing special, very casual. Then they said they may have some opportunities for me. They tell me that they will have to do a background check on me, ask to see my license. They write down the information, and ask for my phone number. I give it to them and they say they will be in touch soon. I say goodbye and walk out of the Inn. Shit I say, hope they don't dig that deep, I don't have a record, and only a few people know who I am, and their all

(MORE)

LUCKY V.O. (cont'd)  
underground. So I should come up clean. I should know soon enough who they are. I headed back to the hotel. Hung the tuxedo up, and turned on the tv. Some sitcom is on, I watch while laying in the bed. Did I miss something in that file. I get up to check again. The second man that came into the bar is in one of the photos. His name is Jonathan Willis, also an employee at Foster. Working directly under Clancy. Those two men must have something to do with the purchase of that casino. Are they another corrupt organization, rivals to the thugs that hired me for the kill? The plot was thickening.

LUCKY  
Could you pass me another beer Christina?

CHRISTINA  
Here ya go Lucky, so you're getting in pretty deep here, tell me more.

LUCKY V.O.  
A day passed without a phone call, it was now one day away from the party. If these guys are who I think they are, I might end up getting killed. So I made sure I was ready for anything. Then the phone rang. They asked for Ron Johnson, that was my alias, they told me to meet them back at Flannagan's. I armed myself and made my way back there. They were in the same seats as before, they waved me over, asked me to sit down. Then finally the truth came out, they were FBI agents. They told me my record was squeaky clean and that the background check came up empty. Telling me about all the undocumented years I had, but they were in agreement that I wasn't a criminal, just someone who fell off the grid during my unemployment. Next thing I knew an envelope was slid to me. This is your assignment they said. If you speak of this to anyone, you'll spend the rest of your years in prison. I shook their hands and left. In my car I opened  
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LUCKY V.O. (cont'd)

the envelope. It said I needed to make a pick up in Hollywood, at a movie production house, to meet a Richard Levine, and deliver it to a party, also inside was the same invitation I already had, and a photo, with the face circled. Some party this is going to be I thought. Back to the hotel, I threw it on the table where the file was. Changed clothes, and drove to Hollywood. I got the building where he was shooting a film, I entered asked where he was, and was directed to a back room. Mr. Levine I said. Your here for the pick up I assume he said. I told him yes. He handed me a sealed envelope and asked me kindly to please leave. Back to the hotel. I held up the envelope to the light, the papers inside were folded over, so I couldn't read them. Just looked like a blur. If I opened it I wouldn't be able to seal it, it had Levine's insignia on it. It was addressed to a Martin Carter. Putting it on the table, I decided to get some rest, the party was tomorrow. I had a very vivid dream about getting shot, being rushed to the hospital and dying. That woke me out of my sleep. It was something like 2:00am, so I went back to my slumber. I woke up, got dressed and headed to the next door liquor store, bought some vodka. Back in my room I began to drink shot after shot. Not realizing how stupid that was, because that will dull my wits for the party, but I kept drinking. Close to drunk, it was time to head to the party, I grabbed the invitation, the envelope and looked at it for a moment, holy shit I said, Martin Carter is throwing this event, Since I was so new to this game, I found it hard to put things together, not checking for the fine details of things, this could get me killed, I was just working on instinct and not putting thought into what was happening. This whole thing was a huge conspiracy, I felt I was in over my head. I put on the tux, and hit the road on my way to

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LUCKY V.O. (cont'd)

Malibu. I arrived still buzzed, it was a mansion, I pulled up to the front and a valet opened the car door and took my keys. I shouldn't have been drinking, my cover may be blown tonight. So I kept it cool, got to the entrance, and the butler took my invitation. He told me to enjoy the party, and said it was in the ballroom. I made it there, stumbling a few times, fucking drinks. I entered the ballroom, close to 100 people were mingling about, there were caterers, full service bars, and women walking around with appetizers. I looked around the room slowly, seeing if I recognized anyone. I saw Clancy he was talking to the FBI men from the bar, the Jonathan Willis was there at the far end of the room, and the man in the photo stood in the middle, with a group of people surrounding him. He was african-american, tall, balding. All of these people had something to do with the purchase of this casino, but why is Clancy so important, anyone of these people could sign that agreement. I had my mind made up, I was taking out Clancy tonight, but not until after I questioned him. First priority was to act nonchalant and get this envelope to Carter. I went to the bar and ordered a dirty martini, as you know, my drink of choice, I stood there for a bit, then noticed Carter coming for a drink. I approached him, pulled out the envelope, and told him I had a delivery for him. He took it, put it in his jacket and thanked me, walking away. A very quick discreet give and take. Clancy was making his way to the bathroom, I made my move, following closely behind him, a man exiting the bathroom, Clancy goes in, I follow, and lock the door. I greet him, he remembers me. We talk for a moment and then I take his head and smash it into the urinal, breaking his nose. He falls to the floor. Backing up quickly against the wall. Blood pouring down his face. He wants to know what I want. I get right into it.

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LUCKY V.O. (cont'd)

Why are you the only one who can sign to buy the casino? He says the lease is in his name. Why is the FBI involved? They want the Giovanni's out he says. What does Carter have to do with this? He was going to control all the entertainment there. Levine? Providing the talent, as he spits blood. I tell him I've heard enough, I drag him across the floor as he fights the whole way. Throwing him into the stall on top of the toilet, I pull out my silencer and put two in his head and one right through his heart. His body falls limp. I pull out a pocket camera, and take a few photos, some with his head held up. It was time to get out of there. I closed the stall, unlocked the door and made my way back to the ballroom, casually I walk right out of the event. The valet gets my car. I speed off. Looking in the rear view I see a group of men running out of the entrance, pointing. My car is fast, but I play it smart and take the most out of the way route way, driving through suburban towns. The cops are going to be looking for an orange Dodge Challenger. The ride takes awhile, but I make it back to the hotel, parking my car in the back. I packed all my stuff, paid the clerk. I need a new car, but gotta keep it as safe as possible. I take the plates off one car, put it on a cadillac. I break into it, hotwire, and off I go. The drive back to LA seems like it takes forever, I finally made it back to my street, I park about 10 blocks away, I taking every precaution. Back in my apartment, I put my bags down. I grab a beer out of the refrigerator. Sit down and turn on the tv. There is breaking news, The Foster Corporation executive James Clancy found murdered at a high society party, they say how the FBI and police are seeking information for the capture of the killer. With a reward offered. They put up a sketch that doesn't look a thing like me. I put my feet up and say

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LUCKY V.O. (cont'd)

to myself, job well done. My phone rings. It's the unnamed man, who I now know is part of the Giovanni's. He says good job, and sets up a meeting for tomorrow at midnight so I can collect the rest of my money. Sirens wail throughout the night, keeping me on edge. After a few more beers I go to sleep. I get woken up by a pounding at my door. Who is it?, I said. Your landlord he said, your rent is a week late, if I don't get it today, you're out. I open the door and hand him the money. He thanks me. Now awake, I get dressed and go buy some groceries, some liquor. As the day goes by, I drink and eat. 11:00 pm rolls around. I make my way to the car, it's surrounded by police. Fuck. I walk about five blocks to the bus station. It stops at the docks, so why not. At the docks, the same thing happens, surrounded by three cars with their lights on. The man approaches with the briefcase. You did real good Lucky he says. But you know as well as I do, they are putting the pieces together, and will soon find you. What do you propose I ask? Come work for us, give it a try, if you don't like it, you can go your own way. Here is a car. Head to the casino in Las Vegas, stay for awhile, inside the briefcase you'll find who to talk to, they'll be waiting, he said. Ok then, I'll give it a chance, see what's up. You should get out of town as soon as possible, like tomorrow, so empty your accounts, your apartment, and hit the highways. I'll be in touch, take care of yourself killer, he says grinning. He walks back to car and they all pull away, a Ford Escort is sitting there, I was like really? I drive the piece of shit car back to the apartment, there are police outside. I put the briefcase in the trunk, lock the car up, and head upstairs. The police are going door to door. One stops me as I open my door. Hey you he says, you know this guy? He shows me the sketch, I tell him no. He tells me to call if I come

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LUCKY V.O. (cont'd)  
across him. I agree and into the apartment I go. I pack all my stuff quickly. I can't sleep right now, so I stay up drinking waiting for the bank to open. 9:00am, I withdraw all my money from my safe deposit box, and throw it in the trunk of the car. There is a map in the back seat with a highlighted route to Las Vegas. I throw it in the passenger seat and drive off.

CHRISTINA  
Wow Lucky, you didn't get that name for nothing, that was a close call, what happened next?

LUCKY  
I'll get to that another time, why don't you go make me a dirty martini, extra olives, and while your at it, take that bikini off and get over here.

She brings the drink he places it down on the table. Music is turned on. Now naked Christina stands in front of him. She begins a slow seductive dance. Rubbing her breasts.

CHRISTINA  
You want some of this big boy?

Lucky stands, takes off his bathing suit, takes her by the hand and lies her down on the chair. Insert love scene.

NARRATOR V.O.  
This love making was always a beautiful thing between them. Right from the first time, in the old barn. He may have fallen in love with her at first site, but she wasn't far behind in falling head over heels. But they haven't had an adventure in quite a long time, it was saving the presidential candidate while working for that organization out of Canada, that was the last. They have spent a while on this island. Jimbo has been a big part of that, giving all the supplies they needed, and helping them build a hut to live in. There was no electricity of course. But they made due, and have been very happy without having contact with the outside world. they felt that there was no way they would ever be found. Not like  
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NARRATOR V.O. (cont'd)  
St. Lucia, where they were found in a matter of years. They always seemed to enjoy the solitude, their love ran deep. Deeper than most could imagine. The type of love that is truly until death do we part. Nude and embraced, Christina stands up and grabs a bottle of champagne from the cooler. In the far distance there is a small speck in the sky. An engine is heard by both of them.

LUCKY  
Better get dressed honey, think Jimbo is coming.

CHRISTINA  
Gotcha.

The seaplane get closer and closer, flying closer to the water, and indeed it is Jimbo. He comes to a stop a short distance from the island.

JIMBO  
Hello my friends! They wave.

He pulls out a small boat and paddles over to them with some boxes and crates. He reaches the shoreline.

JIMBO  
Oh my friends (He speaks with a heavy accent), I brought tasty treats for you, some firewood, more ice and all your favorite drinks, yes friends, tonight we feast, my wife has been cooking all day. It is a day of celebration you see, for it is your anniversary of living here, I never forget a date.

Jimbo gives a huge smile, showing his missing teeth.

CHRISTINA  
How long has it been Jimbo?

JIMBO  
Four years, a whole four years. I checked today on your accounts, they are all safe, come now, start a campfire, let's heat up this food!

LUCKY  
Jimbo, thank you so much for helping us, we don't know what we would do without you, your the only person in the world we trust.

JIMBO

Oh, worry not friends, not even my wife knows, haha, your secrets lie safe with me, I am still amazed by your stories, your adventures, please tell me one tonight!

CHRITINA

Here ya go Jimbo, some champagne, here Lucky, lets toast to freedom!

They all hit glasses and down the drink.

JIMBO

Ah, my friends, I've always wondered, do you think someone is looking for you right now?

LUCKY

Yes of course, we are probably the most wanted people you'll ever meet, but that's our secret, shhhhh.

Lucky puts his finger to his mouth.

JIMBO

Always kidding around, I love spending time with you both, now let's get this fire going, my wife prepared this special dinner for the occasion.

CHRISTINA

What do you tell her when you come here, and taking her meals places?

JIMBO

Oh, no worries miss Christina, she thinks I'm bringing to a starving town off the coast.

CHRISTINA

How do you explain the liquor?

JIMBO

Doesn't everyone need to get drunk? Oh my friends, she suspects nothing, I fly people all day long around this area, but to the more populated places, the drinks could be anyones! This island is so hidden, you are as safe as you can be. More champagne please.

She pours him more. Lucky is working on the fire and Jimbo is unloading the boxes and crates and placing them around the hut. Lucky has gotten the fire going. Jimbo comes over to the fire with a box.

JIMBO

My friends, for this celebration, I  
give you, Sancocho Soup, Ropa  
Vieja, Tostones, Panamanian Corn  
Tortillas and Yuca Frita, made by  
hand from scratch and it's  
authentic as it gets!

CHRISTINA

Oh my god Jimbo, your wife has  
outdone herself, it all looks so  
good! Is that fucking fire going  
yet nimrod?

LUCKY

Oh fuck you bitch, I'll take those  
Tortillas and shove them up your  
ass!

JIMBO

You two are so funny, haha, grab  
some bowls, plates, forks and  
spoons Christina please, I'll start  
warming this up.

Lucky passes him a some pots and pans, the fire is going  
strong now, Jimbo concentrates on the cooking.

JIMBO

I am not going back tonight until I  
hear a story Lucky, promise me  
you'll tell one, please, please!

Jimbo asks again smiling with a slight tilt of his head.

LUCKY

Well I just finished a long one, I  
guess I could take it from where I  
left off, after eating though.

JIMBO

Oh goodie!The food is ready!

They all sit around a table and eat, drink, laugh and joke  
around. The meal is delicious, they all take their time,  
savoring every bite. Finishing, Christina cleans up the  
table, grabs some bottles of liquor and they all go and sit  
around the fire.

LUCKY

You ready Jimbo, Christina?

They both nod,

LUCKY

Ok, where was I.

## LUCKY V.O

So after the successful kill of James Clancy, the Giovanni family offered me a position, I accepted it. I drove the piece of shit car they gave me 5 hours northeast to Las Vegas. Arriving at The Suncoast Hotel and Casino, the valets took my bags and briefcases. I went to the front desk, told them I was expected, yes sir this yes sir that, annoying, they walked me to my room. They opened the door, it was a very large suite on the 4th floor. I found a pamphlet, it read, In July 1998, a \$145-million dollar project, the Suncoast, was announced. The project would be built on 50 acres at the northwest corner of Rampart Boulevard and Alta Drive, with construction expected to begin in early 1999. In February 1999, the project's name was changed to Suncoast, due to a copyright issue with the Sundance Film Festival. Construction began in June 1999. It was built by Michael Gaughan's Coast Resorts, hence the Suncoast moniker (Coast was purchased by James Clancy who leased it out to Vincent Giovanni in 2004). Suncoast officials began interviewing potential employees in early June 2000. Many applicants had worked at the Desert Inn, which was preparing to close later that year. In late August 2000, the Suncoast had less than 50 remaining job positions to fill, out of a total of 1,800. An opening date of September 1, 2000, was initially targeted, but was pushed back 11 days due to construction delays and building inspections, thus postponing employee training. The project was built at a cost of \$185 million. The Suncoast opened on September 12, 2000, with a five-minute, \$75,000 fireworks show. At the time, it was expected that as many as 90% of the property's customers would be local Las Vegas residents rather than out of town tourists. Johnny Johnson, Gaughan's college friend at the University of San Francisco, attended the grand opening ceremony and booked the first room in the

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LUCKY V.O (cont'd)

hotel. More than 2,100 of the Suncoast slot machines, approximately 96 percent, were coin-free, with only 200 regular slot machines. The Suncoast and the Fiesta were the first major resorts in Nevada to utilize the concept of coinless slot machines, with the Suncoast being the largest to test the new technology. Century Theatres opened its multiplex, located inside the casino, on September 15, 2000. That same day, the Suncoast 460-seat showroom hosted its first concert performance: Air Supply. In 2008, Primo's Steakhouse was changed to SC Prime Steakhouse and Bar. The casino has hosted many events for the Las Vegas-based wrestling promotion ECWA including InterAction 7, Summer Bash 13, Black XMas 9, and Extreme TV. In 2010, The Suncoast became the official home to the Artisan Craft Festival, the #1 rated Las Vegas Arts and Crafts Fair. The event is held 4-6 times a year in the Grand Ballroom. Interesting I thought, no wonder why they don't want to lose the place, they could run all operations right here. I don't know how far the Giovanni empire is spread, but so far LA and Las Vegas. Not to shabby. There was a letter with my name on it on a table, I opened it. It was an invitation to a dinner that night, the invitation was signed by Vincent Giovanni. I walked around the suite, it had everything my apartment had and much much more. A bottle of vodka was on ice, a jar of olives next to it. I opened the refrigerator, there was beer, the freezer was stocked with meals. I would still need to do some food shopping. I made myself a martini and opened my blinds, it overlooked the fountains and garden. As you could imagine, this was a lot to take in, I was finally moving up the hitman ladder, no longer a loner taking on odd jobs, I was now a part of an organization. A corrupt one, but I was already tainted and had blood on my hands.

(MORE)

LUCKY V.O (cont'd)

I opened the walk in closet, it was fully packed with clothing, I saw something in the back, I went to see what it was; a full arsenal of guns, high tech gear, knives and any device I may need on the job. Fucking awesome is what I was thinking, damn, in the major leagues now. The phone rings, it's the unnamed man, says his name is Mario and apologizes for not telling me that, I told him no worries. He was just making sure I made it, and if I liked the place. I told him yes and he said good luck, welcome to the family. I still had a bunch of hours before the dinner and I've been driving all night, but I was wired, might as well stay up, some of my stake outs had me up for 72 hours, so this was nothing, I made a few more drinks. I went and grabbed a tux and put it on the back of the door, then took a shower. I stood in front of the full length mirror, I put on a few pounds, they must have a gym and a pool here I thought, I'll start that tomorrow. I dried off and with a towel wrapped around me, I watched some tv. Death Wish with Charles Bronson was on. figured that will work." "After the movie was over it was time to go, I got dressed and went to the Winston Ballroom. on the second floor. I open the door and two big goons are in front of me.

GOON

Take the position.

LUCKY

What?

GOON

Take the position idiot, arms out, legs spread, shit what are a newbie?

LUCKY

Well actually yes I said, I just arrived, I'm new.

GOON

Ohhhhh your Lucky! Pleasure to meet you, Mario take him to his table.



LUCKY V.O.

There is a stage, with a podium and microphone, a bar, and small tables are all over, with a large table in the middle, in front of the stage. That's the table they sit me at. I see the head seat is very fancy leather, tailored and elegant. I'm the first there, so instead of looking stupid, I get up and head to the bar.

LUCKY

Dirty martini with extra olives. So is this like a special dinner?

BARTENDER

Yes sir. Mr. Giovanni will be here, haha, you're the guest of honor, you didn't know that?

LUCKY V.O.

Suddenly men start to file into the room, getting pat down, the gather in groups in a few start pointing my way. Many head my way. They all come up to me, patting me on the back, shaking my hand, saying what I good thing I've done. Everyone starts to go to their seats, so do I. Then the stage lights go on, and a woman approaches the microphone. She announces that I am the guest of honor, points me out, everyone starts to cheer. A man enters the room with two women at his side, followed by two men. The woman on stage announces him, he walks to the microphone. Everyone stands, he motions for everyone to sit.

GIOVANNI

A new man who means business is in our ranks. His name is Lucky. Welcome him.

LUCKY V.O.

He points to me. Everyone stands and claps. I stand up and wave. Now everyone please sit, it's time for dinner he says. He makes his way to the table and sits at the head chair. I'm sitting right next to him. He reaches over the table and shakes my hand.

GIOVANNI

Job well done Lucky, proud of your work, welcome to the family, you ever need anything you just ask, anything.

LUCKY V.O.

I thank him and the waitress takes my order. Lobster and steak is on the menu, I order that, and another drink. Mr. Giovanni leans over to me.

GIOVANNI

How about I send you some girls tonight, have a little fun and relaxation, massage, sex, whatever ya want, how about it.

LUCKY V.O.

I agree, he motions to the two women he came in with.

GIOVANNI

Cindy, Brittany, this is Lucky, take care of him tonight, alright. They nod their head and go back to their seats.

GIOVANNI

Enjoy your meal, I'd like you to come see me tomorrow morning in my office, we should talk he tells me.

LUCKY V.O.

I agree. The food comes out and everyone eats, there is chatter throughout the room, people at the table talking to me, asking me how I did it, I get all smug and tell them it was a piece of cake. They laugh, all enjoying themselves. I finish and Mr. Giovanni tells me to go back to my room, the girls will escort you there, see you in the morning. There is applause again as I leave, someone shouts hope your not a virgin, everyone laughs. So I stand and the two women follow me. Back at the room they begin to take off their clothes, they are both stunning beauties with body's to match, each with ample breasts, and streamlined bodies. They strip me and gently lie me on the bed. This goes on for two hours, exhausted we all lie on the bed, the girls, fall asleep. I get up and take a shower.

(MORE)

LUCKY V.O. (cont'd)

Dry off, get another drink, then hit the other bed and go to sleep. I wake up with a hangover, get dressed and then head to see Mr. Giovanni. I don't know where his office is, I ask, they direct me to the 10th floor. The elevator opens and the entire floor is full of offices, one right after the other, each with two men at their doors. I ask which is his. I'm directed to the end of the hall. There is a receptionist and for him four men at his door. I tell the receptionist I'm there to see him, she telecoms him that I've arrived. He tells her to send me in. They frisk me, head to toe. I open the doors to a grand office, magnificently decorated, there's a conference table, and in the middle in front of the windows, he sits behind a big desk. He waves me over. Again telling me how special it was that I helped them out, welcome to family, all that shit. He tells me all about their setup here in Vegas, their connection to LA and how they are trying to get into smaller markets and very important, NY to go head to head with the Lombardi's. But he seems most proud of the operations in Europe, Italy. It is making them stronger than ever. They have been in operation for generations, but gangs, FBI, CIA, and the police have been making things very hard for them. He says I'll be busy, but it will take me all over the US, tells me I'm now in the operations division, top 10 hitmen, and says the more I do, the bigger the job. Answer to my son Tony, the muscle he says. But If I needed anyone to talk to about concerns, talk to him directly, anything I want. Sky's the limit. She shakes my hand, and says my next assignment is waiting in the room. I have two days to compete, so I better get rolling. Good bye sir I say. I go back to the room and a file is on the bed. I go to get some breakfast first, take a nice tour of the place. The casino and hotel are elegant and immaculate. People everywhere.

(MORE)

LUCKY V.O. (cont'd)

Everyone showing me courtesy. They have a bulletin of events, one is a group of investors, lots of them, coming next week for a big conference. In the Grand Ballroom. There will be live entertainment, a jazz band, and that Mr. Giovanni is the host. I hope I was invited, this whole thing is interesting. That's going to be a conference I don't want to miss. Back in the room I pour a drink, grab the file, looks just like the one I got in LA. Inside was a photo, it was someone who keeps robbing by gunpoint from Giovanni's liquor and tobacco stores. He keeps getting away, I found his photo, address and phone number. A detailed background about him, he's a serial thief and he's cutting into profits, they want him eliminated as discreetly as possible, I was to leave no trace, he just needed to disappear. Seemed easy enough. He lives with roommates, so there may be other victims, but they don't care, just make it like they fell off the earth. They gave me a new Cobra Mustang, nice upgrade I thought. I grabbed my stuff and went straight to his address. There were three cars parked there. I parked and tried to watch the action, some of the cars left came back, but these guys were home bodies if they were not pulling jobs. Probably sitting there getting all high. What to do, since there were only three, no security, crept around to the back door. Snuck in, and made it towards where I heard talking and a tv. There they were all three, I said fuck it, I just walked into the room and told all of them to move to the middle of the room where I layed a plastic cloth. Execution style I went from head to head. All the bodies fell, no mess anywhere but the plastic. Took a photo. I waited till night, wrapped them all up and one by one put them in trunk. Took a photo. I didn't know the city, so I had to look up where the dump was. Finding it, I opened a manhole and threw them down. Taking my last

(MORE)

LUCKY V.O. (cont'd)

photo. They were as good as gone now, even if they were found, there was zero evidence. Job well done. Back to the casino, I changed into sweats and hit the weight room. I put in a good hour of muscle workout. Another half of cardio. Back in the room, I took the camera put it into an envelope and addressed it to Tony. The next morning I brought it to the receptionist on the 10th floor. Back, I ordered room service, more vodka, and a shrimp primavera dinner. While I waited I showered again, there was a little blood on me. Long and hot I spent a good 20 minutes in there, refreshing to say the least, and I pulled the job off with no issues. The phone rang, it was Tony, he told me how ruthless I was and that taking down that crew was a nice move, all of them have been involved in some way of fucking with the Giovanni's interests. He thanked me, and said the next assignment would be there soon, I would have to travel, but he invited me to the conference, and said I'd be back in time. There was a knock at my door, a short man handed me a file, said good day sir. I sat at the table and opened it. This job was a little bigger, there would be three of us, Nicky, Francis and myself. We were to head to Reno, where a man was holding back from selling a hotel. His associate wants to make the deal, but he doesn't. It says be ready in two hours. I pack a bag and choose some things out of my gear I may need. I meet them and greet them at the lobby, we get inside a van and head out, its a 7hr drive. I review the photos. The three of us talk about what the plan is, talk about some of our assignments, they wanted to know all about LA. We finally arrive at our destination, Reno Savings and Loans. Herbert Morris is our target his office is there, where he runs the hotel operation. The plan is to scope the place, which we do, taking video of the setup. See where the offices are then we would hold up the bank,

(MORE)

LUCKY V.O. (cont'd)

one of us in the getaway van, one getting the money, and me taking out Miller. Seemed easy. We got back in the van, slipped into all black clothing, and put on masks. Nicky would be the driver. Francis was to shoot the guards, there were two, get the money, and I was going to head to the offices. We listen to the police scanner for awhile until we're sure we will have enough time. We make our move, as soon as we walk in Francis takes down both guards, dead on shots, he screams everyone down and heads to the tellers. I rush to the back and start kicking in the doors of each office. Miller wasn't in the first three, then suddenly I hear a shot, I fall down, a third guard that was unaccounted for had shot me in the shoulder. I roll over and blast him down. Getting back up I kick another door down, he was there, hiding behind his desk. I tell him Giovanni said hi, and do my usual two to the head one to heart. My shoulder was killing me, back to the main area, Francis is finishing, we run back to the van. They notice I've been shot as we drive away. I tell them, just get us back to Vegas. They say they have a Dr. there who will take care of it. About two hours into the drive back I faint from loss of blood. I wake up in a medical room and a nurse comes over and announces I'm awake. The Dr. assures me that the bullet is out and I will heal quickly. They help me get my shirt on and back to my room I go. I drink martinis for hours. My phone rings, it's Tony. He tells me job well done, but that I should be a little more careful next time, we don't need to lose one of our hitmen. I explain to him what happened, he tells me to take it easy until the conference. This is the third time I've been shot while working, the others were flesh wounds, but this one went right into my shoulder. It was hard to move it around, but the drinks dulled the pain, along with the painkillers the Dr. gave me. I

(MORE)

LUCKY V.O. (cont'd)

spend the next few days numb, but I'm starting to be mobility back. I dressed and went to the casino, have some fun. I played the slots for hours, but the money meant nothing, I was getting paid handsomely for my work. The night of the conference, tux on, I headed down. Straight to the bar, then mingled about, there was a lot of money in the room. Mr. Giovanni escorts two men over to me, introduces them and tells them I was available if they needed any help. Many deals were struck that night, these were the true players from the surrounding cities. I'm sure Whitney Peak Hotel, Miller's place, was purchased by Giovanni. I got bored and went back to my room. Taking off my shirt gently, I took a glance at the wound. Didn't look that bad, had definitely healed some. I took the next few days resting watching movies, ordering room service for all my meals. The phone rang, it was Tony again, how ya doing killer? I told him much better, good he said, I got a easy job for you, just some surveillance of one of the investors, he seemed to be talking a little to much about the family. I agreed to take it on. The file arrived as usual, I looked it over, very detailed. Jimmy Hutchens of Nevada Power and Lighting was the guy blabbing. Loaded up on high tech gear, then I took my Mustang drove a few blocks to his office. I took the ultra sensitive mic and listened. He was in a meeting with someone, the word Lombardi was mentioned. I called Tony immediately, he told me to take him out. I said fuck it and just walking right through the office, opened his door, closed it, he wondered who I was. I said a friend then killed him. Walked right back to my car and back to the hotel. Easy peezy. His murder made the news, Tony called, he wasn't happy, I explained to him just doing my job, he told me to be more discreet. I agreed.

LUCKY

Christina, could you pass me  
another beer?

She passed one over.

LUCKY

So what ya think Jimbo, getting  
interesting?, shall I continue?

He nodded yes.

LUCKY V.O.

Patiently I waited a few days,  
working out, hitting the casino,  
the restaurants and wondering when  
is my next assignment. Back in the  
room my phone rings, it's Mr.  
Giovanni, he wants to see me asap.  
I go up to his office, I'm told to  
go right in, he motions for me to  
sit down. He tells a story dating  
back generations in Italy, the  
Giovanni's and the Lombardi's have  
been at each other's throat.  
Murder, corruption, treason and  
what is basically a war for  
dominance. Both families made their  
way to the states. Lombardi taking  
home in NY, while the Giovanni's  
made a home in Vegas. They are  
always looking to expand, LA, Reno  
and they now have their sites on  
moving into the enemy's territory.  
He says that a Sal Minetti is in  
town, that's who met Hutchens. He's  
still here looking to stake a  
claim. He told me that I need to  
eliminate him, but it won't be  
easy. He's staying at The Hard Rock  
laying low. He hands me the file  
and tells me to go get him, think  
of a good plan, because he's  
heavily guarded. He walks me to  
the door, tells me, you do this,  
there is a promotion waiting. Good  
luck. This is gonna be a tough one,  
better go plan this out, I thought.  
I review the file closely, room  
1132 is where he's at. I'm heading  
over there. I arm myself "The Hard  
Rock is modern, gaudy and loud. I  
check into a room, different floor.  
I go check it out, small room. I  
lay out all my equipment and come  
up with my plan. I grab some wire,  
and my gun. I go to the lobby and  
sit near the elevators reading a

(MORE)



LUCKY V.O. (cont'd)

paper. I wait for someone to order room service, I'm going to take the waiter out. One emerged, I followed him into the elevator, we were the only ones on. I nod to him, then pull out my wire and strangle him until he falls dead to the ground. Hit stop on the elevator and I put on his uniform. Once ready I press the next floor and pull his body out and put it in the staircase. I head up to the 11th floor. I see at the end of the hall 3 men standing in front of a room talking. That must be it. I slowly walk the cart their way, as I get closer one of them tells me to stop. I say I have a dinner here ordered by room 1132. He walks over to me and starts to check the cart out, then he tells me to stand straight and he frisks me. He says go ahead and walks behind me, right before I reach the other two, I sweep kick the guy behind me, he falls. Quickly pull out the gun and shoot the other two, one in the leg the other in the arm, before they can draw, the guy in back jumps on me, wrestling me to the ground. We struggle while the other two are rolling around in pain. I'm pinned face down, I kick up into his balls and he lurches back, I turn and put one between his eyes. The other two are now getting up. I kill one, then grab the other disarming him and tell him to open the door. It opens I blow his brains out. Inside is Minetti humping a prostitute, I shoot him in the ass, he falls face first on the bed, the woman goes running, I shoot her in the back to stop her. Minetti pleads for his life telling me how I will regret this. They will come for you, they will come he says. I grab his throat. What I'm about to do is a message to you mother fuckers, stay out of this town. I shoot him until the chambers are empty. He crawls for a moment, then dies. I get the fuck outta there and go back to my room. Get out of the uniform, and high tail it out of the hotel. Another job well done. I notice some blood on my face and hands, I

(MORE)

LUCKY V.O. (cont'd)  
wipe it off. I make it back, and at the entrance is Tony and a few other men, they all congratulate me, and walk me into the steakhouse to eat and celebrate. We have a grand old time, lots of laughing, drinking. I tell them I'm going back to my room, they all shake my hand. In the room I turn on the news, and already they are covering the murders. They describe my car. I call Tony, tell him to ditch it and get me a new ride. He agrees. After a few more drinks, exhausted, I fall asleep. I wake up to a phone call, Mr. Giovanni himself, asks to see me. I go to his office and he tells me that he is very proud, and says from this day forth, you'll be on the road, paving new paths for us as we continue to spread the family around the country. He shakes my hand, thanks me for the work, and says you now report directly to me. Your new car will be here soon, and you'll get your first assignment. So I'm guessing that these high profile hits, have put me into an elite division, the killing is just getting started.

LUCKY  
That's it for now, I'm tired,  
Jimbo, thanks again, see you in two days?

JIMBO  
Yes friend, two days, bring you more goodies, Christina, Lucky, you have a wonderful evening.

He paddles back to his plane and flies away.

CHRISTINA  
Lucky, your adventures are amazing, you could leave out the sex, haha, I could see why you did so well on ours.

LUCKY  
Just doing my job sweetheart, just doing my job.

CHRISTINA  
Lets get some rest.

They head back to the hut, holding hands.

FADE

INT. CASTLE - DAY

Rain is woken up by a loudspeaker announcing that breakfast is being served in the main dining room. She dresses and checks the map. She needs to ask for directions on the way. It's a very large room, full of people dressed in black, the food is set up cafeteria style, she gets on the line. She chooses eggs, bacon and toast with some orange juice. She takes an open seat in the long tables. The room is quiet, everyone just eating. A hour later there is another announcement. telling everyone to go to their training sectors. Rain has no idea where to go. Alicia approaches her.

ALICIA

Follow me please.

She motions. Rain follows to a high floor, and enters what looks like a Dr.'s office.

ALICIA

Sit here, your name will be called,  
we'll talk soon.

Rain sits with her hands tucked in her legs. She bites nervously on her lip.

NURSE

Rain?

RAIN

Right here.

The nurse leads her to an examination room.

NURSE

Please take your shirt off and lie  
down here.

The nurse instructs her. She does so.

NURSE

Ok, from what your records say here  
your quite the party animal, that  
must have been fun, we going to  
hook you up to some equipment that  
will detox your system. Don't worry  
it won't hurt.

She puts an IV into her arm.

NURSE

Now first we are going to put you  
to sleep, hook up some other  
machines and you will be micro  
chipped. The system we have here

(MORE)

NURSE (cont'd)  
will have you clean in about 6  
hours.

RAIN  
Ok, I'm ready.

She falls fast asleep and three women begin their work. Hooking up many things, filling her with fluids through the IV. A Dr. comes in and begins the process to put the microchip in Rain's wrist. After a few minutes he stitches it up and the nurses continue their work. They inject her with a few shots, in her upper arm and buttocks. The fluids range from blue, green, and red. Rain's body starts to move around. She is having a nightmare. The nurses strap her down.

NURSE  
Lois, did you read this chart? This girl was putting everything into herself. Sad really, but she'll feel so much better after this, I'm glad this procedure will help her with withdrawals, she shouldn't have much.

LOIS  
Yeah a lot of these newbies come in like this, but we all know that you must have a clear mind to undergo training. They say she gave some of the highest scores they've ever seen, she should do well.

NURSE  
Alright time to wake her up, she's a real looker huh, that is an asset in this field. Help her back to her room, these serums take their toll, she will need rest, please remove the restraints.

The other nurse removes the IV and gives Rain an injection. She starts to wake up.

RAIN  
Wha, wha, what happened?

NURSE  
Your detox is over dear, your clean as a whistle now, there may be a slight withdrawal, I will escort you to your room, watch some tv, Alicia will be in contact.

The nurse directs her, and wishes her the best of luck. Inside her room Rain is dazed and confused, her arm hurts, and she looks at her wrist and runs her fingers across the stitches.

RAIN

Holy shit I feel like crap!

NARRATOR V.O.

She turns on the tv and lays in bed watching. It's the BBC news. She notices how professional and unbiased the program is, taking in everything, getting filled in on world events. The phone rings. It's room service giving her options for a meal. She just asks for Ploughman's lunch. Feeling better, she gets up and takes a shower. When she finished, her meal has arrived. She is famished and eats very quickly. Burping several times. She rinses it all down with a soda. She pushes the cart into the hallway and goes back to watching the tv, a sitcom is now on, she tries to grasp the humor through the heavy british accents. Chuckling at the antics, the show is Absolutely Fabulous, it's about two drunk middle age women and their follies. Over the next few days she experiences slight withdrawals, nothing she cant handle and she continues to get room service. She scratches at her wrist where they embedded the microchip. Feeling claustrophobic, she decides to leave the room and walk around the castle. It has been transformed into a fully equipped training center, she passes many windows, all of them serving a different purpose. There are many large closed doors, some with small windows, she peeks into them. She gets a little wuzzy and stumbles, a women walking by helps her up, Rain thanks her, she doesn't respond and walks away. The walls seem to be closing in on her, so she makes her way back her room, and collapses on her bed.

RAIN

Fuck, please god, make me feel better.

There is a knock at her door.

RAIN

Come in.

Its Alicia, with another woman.

ALICIA

Rain how are you feeling?

RAIN

Still a little dizzy.

ALICIA

You should feel much better in a couple of days, I'd like to introduce you to your training instructor, Mindy, she will now be handling you. You may call me at anytime with questions or concerns, but anything having to do with training should be directed at Mindy, understood?

RAIN

Yes.

MINDY

Hello Rain, after you have fully recuperated we will begin, I'll contact you shortly, It's a pleasure to meet you and look forward to getting you ready for your assignments. Have a good day, talk soon.

NARRATOR V.O.

They leave the room. A couple of days pass, Rain is feeling like herself again, minus the narcotics. She wishes she had some weed. She waits impatiently for a call from Mindy. Pacing the room, flipping through channels not paying any attention to what's on. Filled with anxiety and a feeling of depression, she begins to cry. This goes on for about a half hour. The next morning feeling well enough, she follows the instructions that come over the speaker and starts to eat again in the dining room. She was ready to begin. Mindy approaches her and asks her to come with her. They don't talk. Mindy opens a door and inside is a classroom with a huge monitor set up in the front of the room. And a recliner in the middle. With desks surrounding it. No One else is there.

MINDY

First thing Rain, you need to learn more about the organization and how  
(MORE)

MINDY (cont'd)

it works. You will watch many videos today, so take a seat and we shall begin, your food will be delivered at the assigned times. Pay close attention to every detail, if you need some coffee or a beverage, just ring this button. Make yourself comfortable, here sit in the recliner, any questions?

RAIN

No ma'am.

MINDY

Very well then, let's begin.

NARRATOR V.O.

The lights dim and the first video starts. It shows a tour of the castle and all of its sectors and their purpose. The second video delves into the background of the organization, how they started, how they've grown and what is expected of every agent. Getting a little sleepy, she orders a coffee. The third video is disturbing to her. They show clips of her life that they have captured, there is commentary over it, telling her what she could have done better, their concerns about her drug habits and they explain to her about how her talking aloud will not be tolerated. They then get into her childhood and show pictures of the families she spent her life growing up with, giving details about what happened each time, and how she should have responded as she grew. The images make her cry. At times she put her hands up to her eyes to block the viewing. They pay close attention to the man who raped her, now in prison, and let her know that she may be called to seduce men, something she knew nothing of, the video gives some insight on how to do it, but nothing in great detail. The next video shows mock missions, surveillance, stealth, killing and most importantly how to conduct oneself in the field. This video she pays the most attention to, now getting a better idea of what would be expected of her. The next video

(MORE)

NARRATOR V.O. (cont'd)  
is a tour of the city and the  
places she may be encountering, and  
showing the spots where  
recreational travel is permitted.  
She cannot leave the city under any  
circumstance. All her training and  
alone time will be strictly in  
London. The final video explains  
the order and pacing of her  
training, Mindy enters the room and  
sits next to her, giving further  
details. The video ends.

MINDY  
Well there you go Rain, you are now  
ready to begin your training, this  
was just an overview, each thing  
you will be taught will be more  
intensive, and we'll be keeping a  
close eye on your progress, if at  
any time you begin to fail, you may  
need further instruction or you may  
even be kicked out of the program,  
which to be honest is not a pretty  
thing, your life will never be the  
same, you know too much already, so  
you ready?

RAIN  
Yes.

MINDY  
After breakfast, you will begin  
each day in the weight and cardio  
room, 9-10:00am, Peter will assist  
you, follow his every instruction,  
you are out of shape, and that is  
not acceptable. From this day  
forward you will work out, even  
when in the field. Get use to the  
food here, because that is what  
your diet will consist of in the  
outside world. I know how poorly  
you've treated your body, that ends  
now. It's almost dinner time, why  
don't you go freshen up, maybe take  
a nice long shower, I will meet you  
at 10:00am to begin your regiment.  
Enjoy your evening.

NARRATOR V.O.  
Mindy leaves the room. Back in her  
room, Rain takes a nice hot long  
shower, letting the water pour down  
her body as she stands motionless  
for a bit. She touches her flabby  
arms and legs, and the fat around  
(MORE)



NARRATOR V.O. (cont'd)  
her waist. Dinner is announced, it is 7:00pm. Rain hopes she can get use to this schedule, because she never had one . The dining room is silent again, except for the clattering of the food being served. She leans over to the woman next to her.

RAIN  
How long have you been here?

No response.

She returns to eating. A bell rings, ending breakfast, all the trainees head off to their daily routines. Rain was smart and copied the map on her door, and with all the scouting she did, made it very easy to find the gym. She asks for Peter.

PETER  
Hello there, not gonna lie to you, gonna make you work hard here, lets get you started on the treadmill, burn off some calories, 30 minutes, start slow, then gradually pick up pace. Then we'll move to the weights. Sound good?

RAIN  
Yes

The gym is packed, almost every machine being used, she finds a treadmill and after a moment of trying to figure it out, she starts it up. 5 minutes in and she's feeling the burn.

RAIN  
Half an hour? Fuck!, oops, shhhh."

20 minutes in she is sweating profusely, panting. Peter comes over,

PETER  
Not that easy I see, you got 10 more minutes, push it.

Ready to collapse a buzzer goes off.

PETER  
Alright everyone change stations.

Peter comes back to Rain,

PETER  
Ok now for the weights, were not trying to build muscle, we want to  
(MORE)

PETER (cont'd)  
tone it, so small weight, lots of  
reps. We'll start with this one and  
work our way around.

Rain goes through all the stations, her arms and legs feel  
like rubber. The buzzer goes off again. Peter speaks aloud,

PETER  
Ok everyone good work, see you all  
tomorrow.

Rain walks out of the room wobbly, Mindy is at the door.

MINDY  
So first day, probably a little  
sore, here eat this and drink some  
protein shake.

Rain finishes it all.

MINDY  
Ok first thing we get started on  
today is very important, shooting  
and how to handle a gun. This way  
please, Ever handle a gun before  
Rain?

RAIN  
No ma'am.

MINDY  
Oh, then this should be fun.

As they get closer to the shooting range, gunfire can be  
heard. They enter the room.

MINDY  
Safety first around here Rain, here  
are some headphones and a vest.

She put them on.

MINDY  
Here are the lockers, this one is  
yours, here's the key, and this is  
your firearm, with it's case. A  
Ruger MK II, hold it for a moment,  
feel its weight, now in the field  
you will always use a silencer on  
this, never ever go without, very  
important, kills need to be silent,  
and dead on, which brings us to the  
range. See at the end a target? You  
can control here how close or far  
you want it, we'll move it close  
for now. Now this is how you load  
it. This is your safety, click it,  
(MORE)

MINDY (cont'd)  
it's ready to go. Now step into  
this booth. Your gun is ready to  
fire. Take aim at the target and  
start shooting.

Rain's first shot misses the target and it hurt her hand,  
she starts shaking it.

MINDY  
You have to balance it out, look  
down the chamber in the sight, and  
let it recoil a little, gently,  
then you wont have your hand  
hurting like you just did. Again!"

Rain shoots again following the instructions and actually  
hits the corner of the target.

MINDY  
Very good, you have 100 rounds  
here, practice, I'll be back.

NARRATOR V.O.  
Rain takes a deep breathe, and  
starts to shoot, over and over  
again, about 25 shots in, she's  
hitting the target body, but no  
death shots. 50 shots in her  
confidence is growing. She starts  
to get head shots and chest shots.  
She hits the button to make the  
target move further away. It's like  
she started all over, missing the  
target, barely hitting them. She  
stops for a moment to compose  
herself. Mindy returns.

MINDY  
Rain, I understand that you are  
trying, but slow down, this will  
take time. Bring the target closer  
again.

Rain listens and starts to shoot again and is hitting the  
target well, she is out of rounds.

MINDY  
Well there you go, day 1 of  
shooting, you did well, I'm  
impressed. Each session you will be  
given 100 rounds, move the target  
away slowly as you get better. Once  
you are proficient at shooting it  
at full distance, we'll move onto  
scoped sniper rifles, then into  
semi automatic guns. Those are all  
you'll need in the field. The  
(MORE)

MINDY (cont'd)  
sniper gun I think you'll find the  
hardest, it's not just about  
pointing right at the target, you  
have to take your environment into  
account. So, let's move on.

They head to a different floor, they enter a long room, with  
obstacles set in a throughout it.

MINDY  
This is a course you must make your  
way through. The average run is 2  
minutes, the best do it in 1:30.  
Shoot for that as the weeks go on.  
Ok, step to the starting spot.  
Learn the layout, memory of your  
surroundings are extremely  
important. This will be integral in  
the field. When you hear the  
buzzer, start, ready?

Rain takes a deep breathe.

RAIN  
Yes.

The buzzer sounds and Rain sprints to a climbing wall. Still  
worn out from the workout, she has a real hard time with  
this, she uses her legs often. Next through some tires, she  
trips, gets back up, then crawling under barbed wire, she  
scratches herself man times, some even puncture her skin.  
This is military training.

CHRISTINA  
Fuck.

The next obstacle was a pad on wheels that had to be pushed  
to the line. She struggled with this one, and it took a  
while, like a few tries. Then it was a straight sprint to  
the end. The buzzer goes off. Panting and huffing, Rain has  
her hands on her bent knees.

RAIN  
Could I get some water please.

MINDY  
Certainly, here, drink it all, you  
will need to drink water all day,  
so get use to that. 8 a day, so  
really after each session, morning  
when you get up and so on.

Mindy steps back for a moment and lets Rain get some air.

MINDY  
You may have two waters for your  
workout, now it took you three  
(MORE)

MINDY (cont'd)  
minutes and twenty seconds to  
finish the course, not bad for a  
first try. I going to leave you  
alone here for an hour. Learn all  
you can, practice, this is your  
time to perfect the room. Catch  
your breath, drink up, and I'll be  
back soon. You have one more class  
today, because your not ready for a  
full day of training, you just got  
here. So finish here, and we'll  
move on. Good luck!

NARRATOR V.O  
Still trying to get some energy  
together, Rain walks around the  
course. Studying each one,  
picturing in her mind the best way  
to approach it. She takes some new  
attempts on each challenge. If the  
try didn't work, she would look at  
it again, coming up with a new  
plan. Then back at it. Since she  
had an hour, she felt 15 minutes a  
challenge overview was enough. She  
finally made it to four of them,  
only leaving out the sprint.

RAIN  
That will get faster as I continue  
to go.

Mindy enters the room and waves Rain on, they head to the  
1st floor. You can see through a large window, people  
practicing martial arts.

RAIN  
Yes!

MINDY  
That will be enough Rain.

CUT