

RUTHLESS

Written by

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A mother's love for her child is like nothing else in the world. It knows no law, no pity, it dares all things and crushes down remorselessly all that stands in its path.

-- Agatha Christie

OVER BLACK:

RUTH (V.O.)
Once upon a time there was a
beautiful princess who lived with
her mother, the Queen.

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

At the foot of a twin bed, a PUPPET SHOW, starring two shabby dolls -- "Princess" and "Queen" -- is underway.

RUTH (O.S.)
The Princess and the Queen were the
best of friends. Nothing could ever
come between them.

As Queen gives Princess a kiss, then dips below the bed, we meet the woman performing our show, RUTH STANTON (30s), long blonde hair, penetrating, soulful eyes. A born mother.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Until one day, when the princess
went for a walk all by herself...
and a Gargoyle attacked!

Ruth "flies" in a plastic GARGOYLE (which looks like something out of a McDonald's Happy Meal) and begins chasing Princess across the sheets --

-- REVEALING the sole spectator, NAOMI STANTON (4), adorable, curious, snuggled tightly in her blankets. Enraptured.

RUTH (CONT'D)
But the princess was too small to
fight the Gargoyle on her own.

The Gargoyle has Princess by the feet.

RUTH (CONT'D)
But luckily, she didn't have to.
You know why?

NAOMI
Why?!

RUTH
Because the Queen was never far
behind... in her monster truck!

The Queen triumphantly returns atop her trusty steed, a tattered, hand-me-down TOY TONKA TRUCK.

RUTH (CONT'D)
(Queen's voice)
You leave her alone, Monster!

As Ruth puppeteers the epic Queen vs. Gargoyle battle, she really starts getting into it.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Oh no! The Gargoyle's too strong!

Naomi cowers under her blanket. Too scared to watch. Ruth notices and stops the show. Chuckling at her over-exuberance.

RUTH (CONT'D)
It's okay, Bug, it's just pretend.

Ruth retires the toys, then sits closer to Naomi, who finally has the courage to peek her head out from under the covers.

NAOMI
Did the Queen kill the Gargoyle?

RUTH
(playful)
To be continued...

Naomi scowls as Ruth tucks her in.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Who loves you?

NAOMI
You.

RUTH
Who will always love you?

NAOMI
You.

Ruth leans down to give Naomi a kiss.

RUTH
Who's the hottest mom in
Pennsylvania?

NAOMI
Mrs. Docherty!

RUTH
(feigning shock)
What?! How dare you!

Ruth begins tickling Naomi. Then...

RUTH (CONT'D)
 Alright, meanie, get some sleep.

Ruth makes her way to the door. She stops. Turns to Naomi.

RUTH (CONT'D)
 Luv luv, Bug.

NAOMI
 Luv luv.

A deep smile grows on Ruth's face as she watches Naomi roll over and fall sleep. Ruth slowly shuts the door behind her.

INT. RUTH'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Humble. Tidy. Ruth, wrapped tightly in an old winter jacket, finishes packing her bag, when her ears perk up.

She moves for the door, opening it just before the babysitter, JULIE (19), bookish, has a chance to knock.

JULIE
 How do you always do that?

As Ruth grabs her thermos from the counter, we notice how different she is when Naomi's not around. More reserved. Intense. Safe behind a self-imposed protective barrier.

JULIE (CONT'D)
 She asleep?

RUTH
 Yeah. I'll pick her up after daycare, okay?

JULIE
 Cool. Hey, you mind if I hang out here a bit tomorrow morning and study? Dorm life is killing my GPA.

RUTH
 The place is yours.

JULIE
 Gawd, I wish. I'd give anything to have my own crib. I think my roommate's bi-polar.

Ruth looks at Julie, speaks with that matronly tone.

RUTH

If you want something to happen,
you just have to make it happen.

Julie smirks. Appreciates the kick in the butt.

JULIE

Yeah, I know, you're right.

Ruth nods encouragement, then grabs her keys and exits.

EXT. MOTEL ALEXANDRIA - PENNSYLVANIA - NIGHT

Might as well be a Super 8. Cheap, worn down. On its last legs. Like the town of Alexandria, it's seen better days.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A GIANT BLOOD STAIN on the carpet. TWO HISPANIC MAIDS stand over it, staring down, horrified.

OLDER MAID

(in Spanish)

What kind of people do this?

The room is destroyed. Remnants of a redneck rager. Empty beer cans, broken liquor bottles. Piss and puke.

YOUNGER MAID

(in Spanish)

Maybe it's wine.

RUTH

(in perfect Spanish)

No, it's blood.

REVEAL Ruth, the third maid, in her tacky motel uniform.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Here. Let me.

The Older Maid nods appreciation as Ruth gets down on her knees and vehemently SCRUBS at the blood splatter.

Harder. Faster. Determined to remove the stains.

EXT. MOTEL ALEXANDRIA - PARKING LOT - DAWN

The graveyard shift of Hispanic Maids, and Ruth, slog towards their beater cars. Exhausted after another long night.

Just as Ruth reaches for her driver's door --

OLDER MAID
Work is not a prison...

Ruth turns to see the Older Maid standing nearby.

OLDER MAID (CONT'D)
Yet you work harder than any
prisoner I've ever known. Why?

With a purposeful grin --

RUTH
Because I have to.

The Older Maid seems intrigued. She takes off a thin metal
NECKLACE. Offers it to Ruth. Who declines.

OLDER MAID
To watch over you.
(then)
It's okay. I buy them in bulk at
the county fair. One dollar each.

This time Ruth accepts the necklace. Rubs her fingers over
the worn SAINT CHRISTOPHER pendant.

RUTH
Thank you.

The Older Maid smiles big as Ruth opens her car door.

OLDER MAID
Where do you always go every
morning in such a hurry?

Ruth enters her car.

RUTH
Work.

Off the Older Maid's confounded expression as Ruth shuts the
door, then drives her car out of the parking lot...

Onto the cold, desolate rural highway.

RUTH (V.O.)
My name is Ruth Stanton. I'm a
single mother. And I work two jobs.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

EXT. PETERSBURG GLASS COMPANY - DAY

Ruth's car pulls into the quintessential rustbelt factory.

INT. PETERSBURG GLASS - DAY

Giant melting furnaces. Glass blowing machines. Conveyor belts. Rack movers. Rivers of molten glass.

Ruth works the production line. Inspecting trays of freshly molded bottles. The work is hard and hot.

RUTH (V.O.)

I've been in recovery since my
daughter was born four years ago...

As Ruth changes out of her sweat-soaked shirt, we can't help but notice her athletic, toned body --

RUTH (V.O.)

But every day still feels like a
struggle...

-- and the plethora of SCARS imprinted on her torso.

EXT. SACRED TRINITY CHURCH - DAY

Old. Stone. Weathered.

RUTH (V.O.)

I think it probably goes back to my
own childhood. I never knew my
father, and my mother, she was this
revered career woman...

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY

Addicts Anonymous Meeting. Various attendees sit in metal chairs. But we're not paying attention to them...

We're only focused on Ruth, who continues her story.

RUTH

Everybody respected her. But she
chose work over me. So when I had
Naomi, I knew I was gonna do things
differently than she did...

INT. SHOP N' SAVE - DAY

Generic market. Everything from toothpaste to motor oil. Ruth CASHES her meager paychecks. Gets crumpled bills in return.

RUTH (V.O.)

And I wasn't gonna let anything get
in the way of what mattered most...

Double-checking her clipped coupons, Ruth peruses the aisles, filling a small basket with healthy options of cheap food.

RUTH (V.O.)

So I left my old life, and
everything in it, behind. But yeah,
sometimes I still think about it...

At the checkout, Ruth's EYES land on a liquor display, riveted by TWO HORSE DOLLS "HAULING" A BOTTLE OF GIN.

RUTH (V.O.)

And even though that life was
filled with abuse... the sex and
drugs... the violence...

After a moment of deliberation, Ruth motions for the attendant to pull down the bottle of gin for her.

RUTH (V.O.)

I still wonder if in some ways it
might've been better than the life
I have now...

EXT. ALEXANDRIA DAYCARE - DAY

School's out as NAOMI maneuvers through the sea of children.

RUTH (V.O.)

But when I look into Naomi's eyes
and see the way she looks at me...

Naomi sprints towards Ruth, who eagerly waits by her car.

RUTH (V.O.)

How much she needs me... and how
much I need her...

Ruth offers Naomi the HORSE DOLL she bought from the store (she wasn't buying liquor). Naomi smiles. Hugs Ruth tightly.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY

CAMERA PANS across the many somber faces, including the seasoned group leader, FATHER THEO (60s), before once again landing on Ruth, who struggles to finish.

RUTH

I just put one foot in front of the other. Every day. And I keep living. And I'm not gonna stop until I know Naomi has the future she deserves.

The group nods. Supportive.

FATHER THEO

Thank you, Ruth. Let's all thank Ruth for sharing her story. She's been coming to group for months and we finally got her to talk!

The group chuckles, vocalizing their gratitude. Ruth grins.

FATHER THEO (CONT'D)

But seriously guys, just remember, it's not about where you come from, but where you're going. And more importantly... how you get there.

Off Ruth as she takes a deep, restorative breath...

END SERIES:

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

Ruth drives past rows of staggered double-wides. Most are dilapidated. Poverty-stricken. Hers is simple. Clean.

As soon as Ruth parks, Naomi hops out, and runs into the trailer, playing with her new horse doll.

Ruth grabs the groceries and follows her in.

INT. RUTH'S TRAILER - KITCHEN - NIGHT

SCRAMBLED EGGS sizzle in a frying pan. Ruth, wearing the Saint Christopher pendant, stands by the stove, preparing breakfast for dinner.

In the living room, Naomi plays with her toy truck.

RUTH
 (calling to Naomi)
 You want cheese?

NAOMI (O.S.)
 Yeah cheese!

Ruth sprinkles some cheese on the eggs, when her phone BUZZES. Ruth checks it. Text message from an UNKNOWN CALLER.

The text reads: *"Long time no see my little worker bee."*

This elicits a smile. Ruth texts back: *"Yeah, really long time little ant. How'd you find me?"*

-- *"I may be old but I still have my ways. Dinner soon? I should be your way on Friday."*

Ruth replies: *"See you then, grandpa."*

-- *":) that's a smiley face FYI. Damn, I really am old!"*

Ruth smiles again. It's nice. Then...

RUTH
 (calling to Naomi)
 Okay, it's ready.
 (no reply)
 Dinner's ready!

Just then, Ruth hears a loud CRASH. Concerned, she turns off the stove and runs over to the living room --

-- where she finds Naomi crouched on the floor next to a shattered PORCELAIN BALLERINA DOLL.

It belongs to a set of SIX PORCELAIN DOLLS that are lined up perfectly on the mantle. All of the "girl dolls" are a bit stereotypical (maid, secretary, nurse, teacher, librarian).

RUTH (CONT'D)
 Hey, you okay?

Ruth circumvents the couch, sees that Naomi discovered something that was HIDDEN INSIDE the broken doll.

RUTH (CONT'D)
 You found mommy's special doll.

Naomi holds up a RECTANGULAR ITEM wrapped in a faded handkerchief, along with a brimming ENVELOPE.

NAOMI
It fell. It was an accident.

RUTH
It's okay.

Ruth sits beside Naomi and opens the envelope for her.

Inside, we see a stack of old PHOTOGRAPHS. All of them show YOUNG RUTH (from baby to teenager) with her mother, VICTORIA (30-40s), statuesque, intimidating. From the look of the pictures, they seem to have travelled the globe together.

NAOMI
Who's that?

RUTH
Your grandmother, Victoria.

NAOMI
I have a grandmother?

RUTH
You did. But she died many years
before you were born.

Emotions threaten to bubble to the surface as Ruth flips through the old pictures. Memories stirring.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Come on, we can look at these
later. I'm starving.

Naomi jumps to her feet. Runs to the kitchen.

As soon as she's gone, Ruth carefully opens the item wrapped in the faded handkerchief --

-- revealing one FULL CLIP OF 9MM AMMO.

Ruth nimbly spins the magazine in her hand. Thumb caressing the exposed jacketed hollow point round like it were a long lost friend. Ruminating.

NAOMI (O.S.)
I said I didn't want cheese!

Snapped from her reverie, Ruth wraps the ammo clip back in the handkerchief before heading into the kitchen for dinner.

RUTH
You better be joking!

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ALEXANDRIA - NIGHT

QUICK SHOTS. Another long night on the job. Ruth vacuums the hallway. Throws away trash. Scrubs a dirty toilet.

EXT. MOTEL ALEXANDRIA - DAWN

Ruth says goodbye to the Older Maid. Gets in her shitty car and drives away. Same morning routine.

INT. PETERSBURG GLASS - DAY

QUICK SHOTS. Another long day on the job. Ruth lugs boxes of defective bottles to the trash. Stacks pallets of material.

As Ruth takes a water break, chugging from her thermos, she's hit with a pounding headache. Feels like a migraine.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

LOCKERS line the concrete walls. Flanked by coffee and snack machines. The social hub of the manufacturing plant.

Ruth leans against her locker, POPS some Advil, squeezes her eyes shut, still trying to fight off the headache.

TWO MALE CO-WORKERS huddle together at the locker directly behind Ruth, ogling her backside as they tease each other about what they "would do with that ass."

The TALL WORKER gives his friend a slick little nod just as he "accidentally" bumps into Ruth, his hand grazing her rear.

*** What happens next... is both unexpected and beyond fast.*

In one smooth motion, Ruth blindly SNATCHES his groping hand, spins, and using his own body weight and momentum --

-- SLAMS him into the locker. TWO FINGERS instantly jab into the pressure point right between his ear and jaw.

Tall Worker is shocked at the pain. Immobilized.

OTHER WORKER

Let him go!!

Ruth is jolted from her trance-like focus. She releases Tall Worker, who stares at her like she were some kind of witch.

A tense beat. But before anyone can say anything --

-- a homely ASSISTANT approaches.

ASSISTANT

Ruth. Charlie wants to see you.

Ruth regains her composure, follows the assistant out. The two co-workers huddle together again, nursing their egos.

Their expressions can say only one thing...

"What the fuck just happened?"

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

STAINED TEETH gnaw on a pencil. Reveal CHARLIE FULLER (50), former college football player, former ladies man. Now a greasy factory manager. The fat fish in a tiny pond.

Gnawing turns to slurping as Charlie eye-fucks Ruth, who sits in a small chair across from his oversized desk.

CHARLIE

You been here, what, almost a year?
How come I feel like we don't
really know each other?

RUTH

I'm just here to work.

CHARLIE

Yeah, well people are talking about
you. They won't stop.
(with a wink)
Course I can understand why.

Ruth sits there. Blank. Accustomed to sexual harassment.

Charlie leans back, pores over a written REQUEST FORM. He pretends to contemplate long and hard about some decision.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You know you're the first line
worker I ever had who actually
requested overtime.

Charlie stands, circles his desk, sits in front of her.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Whatcha need the extra dough for?
You got your eyes on a nice dress?
(no reply)
You're right. None of my business.

Charlie leans closer. Ruth can smell his testosterone.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 You got something special, Ruth.
 Something men want, bad. And if you
 were, say, to give it to one of
 them... well, I bet your money
 problems would just disappear...

Charlie rests a hand on Ruth's leg. She doesn't flinch.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 And you wouldn't need overtime.

A tense moment. We wonder what Ruth will do. Fight?

RUTH
 (then, firm)
 I just need an extra shift.

Charlie stares at Ruth. Everything about her may say she's damaged. But in her eyes... there's strength.

Ruth swallows down her frustration in order to keep her job.

A long beat. A stand off.

Finally, Charlie breaks. Realizes she's not for sale.

CHARLIE
 Yeah, well I'll think about it.

Like a petulant child who didn't get what he wanted, Charlie circles around his desk and sits. When Ruth stands to leave --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 One of the men's toilets on three
 is clogged. It's a real shit show.
 Be a good girl and go clean it up.

Ruth stares at Charlie. Another little stand off.

RUTH
 Yes, sir.

Manhood restored, Charlie puffs his chest. As Ruth turns...

CHARLIE
 (under his breath)
 That's what I thought, Bitch.

Ruth says nothing. Just quietly exits and gets back to work.

INT. PETERSBURG GLASS - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Back on the line, Ruth struggles to straighten a FAULTY CONVEYOR PISTON that keeps firing off track. Like the machine were throwing wild punches. KNOCKING bottles to the ground.

Realizing it's futile, Ruth jumps down and begins picking up the shards of glass that have scattered all over the floor.

Surrounded by cauldrons of molten glass, the heat waves practically singe her skin.

Ruth takes a long drink from her water thermos --

-- when another headache hits.

VEINS in her head bulge. More sweat.

Suddenly, things go cloudy. *Distorted.* Her head THROBS.

Ruth tries to stand up, but she stumbles.

Knees wobbling as she COLLAPSES to the ground...

FADE OUT.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

MRI SCANS backlit against the wall. Unnerving discolorations spot various areas near the brain stem. This is not normal.

DR. GATE (30s), baby face, fresh out of his residency, scrutinizes the scans. Eyes straining. Clearly stressed.

RUTH (O.S.)
My daughter?

Dr. Gate turns to reveal Ruth, sitting in bed, just waking.

DR. GATE
She's outside. Someone named Julie brought her.

Ruth breathes a sigh of relief.

RUTH
What happened?

DR. GATE
You fainted and hit your head.

RUTH
Another concussion?

DR. GATE
Have you had many concussions?

Ruth tightens her hospital gown. Glimpses of more SCARS.

RUTH
Yes.

Dr. Gate approaches her. More than nervous.

DR. GATE
I'm afraid this is more serious
than a concussion. You, uh...

His anxiety starts to concern Ruth. But she remains calm.

RUTH
Just breathe. Say it slow.

Dr. Gate takes a mindful breath, then --

DR. GATE
It's called Glioblastoma.

This hits Ruth.

RUTH
Cancer?

DR. GATE
It's a rare and aggressive form.
(referencing MRI)
You see this discolored area in the
pons region? That's the tumor.

Ruth's face hasn't changed. She remains strangely even.

RUTH
A brain tumor?

DR. GATE
I'm afraid so.

RUTH
Operable?

Dr. Gate can barely hide his anguish. The answer is no.

DR. GATE

The tumor is already located in a hard to reach area, but there's also the vascularization we'd have to contend with. It's entangled with too many blood vessels for us to attempt surgery.

(disappointed in himself)

I've never had to give this sort of diagnosis before. I'm sorry I'm not better at it.

Ruth is deep in thought. Processing it all. Dr. Gate tries to remain optimistic.

DR. GATE (CONT'D)

I sent your scans to one of the best neurosurgeons in the state who also happens to be an old mentor of mine. He's a specialist. He thinks there's a small chance that a certain type of radiation therapy, stereotactic radio surgery, might slow down the --

RUTH

How long?

A beat. Dr. Gate doesn't want to answer.

RUTH (CONT'D)

(matter-of-fact)

According to the Kaplan-Meier curve, how long do I have left?

DR. GATE

Six months. Maybe less.

Ruth stares blankly for a long, agonizing moment. Then, like she somehow just decided to accept her fate... she nods.

DR. GATE (CONT'D)

I can prescribe you some medication to help manage the symptoms. But the headaches, along with the loss of vision and balance. Well, it's only gonna get worse until...

RUTH

Until it can't get any worse.

Dr. Gate nods.

DR. GATE
You should really see a specialist.

Ruth starts to get up.

RUTH
No. I only need to see one person
right now.

DR. GATE
Who?

RUTH
My daughter.

Ruth exits the exam room. Through the window, Dr. Gate watches as Naomi runs into Ruth's arms. Ruth's face betrays nothing. She seems perfectly healthy as they walk away.

Off Dr. Gate's sorrowful expression...

INT. NAOMI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ruth smiles as she tucks Naomi into bed like it were just another night. But her daughter can sense something more --

NAOMI
Mommy, are you okay?

Ruth gently caresses Naomi's cheek. Staying strong for her.

RUTH
Who loves you?

NAOMI
You.

RUTH
Who will always love you?

NAOMI
You.

Ruth leans down and gives Naomi a tender kiss.

RUTH
Get some sleep.

Ruth makes her way to the door. She stops. Turns to Naomi.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Luv luv, Bug.

NAOMI

Luv luv.

Ruth smiles as she slowly shuts the door behind her...

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

... but the smile quickly fades as Ruth leans against the door for a long moment. Vulnerable. Scared.

And then... she folds to her knees and silently sobs.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. NEWMAN LAW SERVICES - DAY

Strip mall. Squeezed between a Chinese buffet and H&R Block.

DOUGLAS (PRE-LAP)

According to state law, without a blood relative to take custody...

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Fighting another headache, Ruth sits across from lawyer, DOUGLAS NEWMAN (40s), kind, educated, salt of the earth.

DOUGLAS

Upon your death, Naomi will become a ward of the state.

This hits Ruth with more punch than the cancer diagnosis.

RUTH

An orphanage?

DOUGLAS

And then foster care, perhaps.

This is Ruth's worst nightmare.

RUTH

No, she can't. She's strong-- she is, but not that strong. There has to be something I can do.

DOUGLAS

I'm sorry, there's nothing --

RUTH

What about life insurance?

DOUGLAS

Unfortunately, no insurance company will cover you because your illness is considered a "pre-existing condition."

Ruth shakes her head. At a loss.

RUTH

(thinking out loud)
And if I had money?

DOUGLAS

I've run your financials. With total assets, including your car and trailer, in the neighborhood of thirty thousand dollars... in the long run, that's not gonna make much of a difference.

RUTH

What if I had more money?

DOUGLAS

How much?

RUTH

A lot.

Douglas shrugs.

DOUGLAS

Everything is a function of money.

RUTH

What does that mean, exactly?

DOUGLAS

It means that if you had sufficient funds, we'd be able to open a trust for Naomi. One that would be properly managed until she turns of legal age. Then she'd have all the things she needed to prosper. She'd attend a top-tier boarding school. Be surrounded by caring and passionate professionals. Get a proper education...

(then, poignant)

She'd have a chance at a real future.

Ruth's wheels are already spinning.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
 Why? Do you have access to that
 kind of money?

Off Ruth... a glimmer of hope... and fear...

EXT. HOWARD'S DINER - NIGHT

Local version of Denny's. Big rigs and muddy trucks clutter the parking lot. Last stop for slop before leaving town.

INT. HOWARD'S DINER - NIGHT

SPOON SWIRLS COFFEE. Ruth sits in the corner booth. Staring down at her cup. Lost in thought. Still contemplating it all.

GARRETT (O.S.)
 I see a little worker bee.

Ruth glances up to find GARRETT WARD (50s), rugged, handsome in a Harrison Ford way. The air of an architect/contractor.

RUTH
 Hey little ant.

Ruth stands up and they share a warm hug. They both seem genuinely happy to see each other. Been a long time.

GARRETT
 (re: diner)
 What, the Four Seasons was booked?

RUTH
 (sarcastic)
 You joke now, but wait till you try
 the scrapple. To die for.

Garrett makes a 'disgusted' face and Ruth grins. Then they sit down across from each other. Garrett soaks her in.

GARRETT
 You look like shit.

Ruth snorts.

RUTH
 Thanks, grandpa.

GARRETT
 So what gives? The ordinary life's
 not all it was cracked up to be?

RUTH
It has its moments.

GARRETT
You don't miss the city?

Ruth shakes her head.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Bullshit.

Ruth smiles.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
How's the little one? Naomi, right?

RUTH
She's good. Tough for her age.

GARRETT
Like her mother.

An awkward beat. They both know what question comes next.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
And Bryce? Have you talked to him?

At the mention of that name, Ruth closes herself off a bit.

RUTH
Not since I left. You?

GARRETT
Nah, I'm running with a different crowd these days.

Garrett knows not to push. Bryce is obviously a sore subject.

RUTH
I'm really glad you reached out when you did... I need some advice.

GARRETT
Wow, this is a first.

Ruth takes a moment... unsure how to proceed.

RUTH
I've got a situation.

GARRETT
Then what do you need me for? I've seen how you handle "situations."

RUTH
This one's different.

Ruth struggles to find the phrasing.

RUTH (CONT'D)
I'm thinking about going back.

Garrett seems utterly surprised.

GARRETT
That bad, huh?

RUTH
It's a function of money.

A beat. Garrett nods. He understands.

GARRETT
Well, the reason I tracked you down
in the first place was I wanted to
tell you in person...
(dramatic pause)
I'm retiring.

RUTH
Seriously? I thought you'd be
working till you were old and gray.
Oh wait, you are.

GARRETT
Ha fucking ha. No, I landed a big
contract. Huge payday. Now I'm
gonna spend the rest of my days on
a beach somewhere pounding cheap
tequila and cheaper women.

Ruth chuckles slightly. He hasn't changed.

RUTH
Well, congratulations. If anyone
deserves to be a fat drunk with
venereal disease it's you.

Garrett chuckles back. Then...

GARRETT
You really want my advice?

Ruth nods sincerely. Garrett leans in.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
If money can help your situation...
then Bryce is your man.

Ruth takes another moment. A decision made.

Just then, a hefty WAITRESS approaches. Asks for their order.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
 (big, sarcastic grin)
 I hear the scrapple's to die for.

Ruth smiles. Off these two old friends...

CUT TO:

EXT. RUTH'S TRAILER - MORNING

Overcast. Rain begins to drizzle. Ruth says goodbye to Naomi before sending her off with Julie, who waits by her already running car.

Ruth leans down. Eye-to-eye with her daughter.

RUTH
 I want you to be good at daycare,
 today, okay? And listen to Julie.
 She's in charge.

NAOMI
 I wanna be in charge.

RUTH
 You will be soon. Listen, I won't
 be here when you get home.

NAOMI
 Why, where you going?

RUTH
 I've got someone I need to go see.
 But don't worry, it's a special
 trip. And when I get back
 everything's gonna be perfect.

Naomi doesn't realize the weight of the conversation. She fidgets, ready to get out of the rain.

RUTH (CONT'D)
 I want you to have something.

Ruth takes off the SAINT CHRISTOPHER pendant and clasps it around Naomi's little neck.

RUTH (CONT'D)
 Always wear this, okay? It will
 protect you until I get home.

Naomi rubs the pendant. She likes it.

NAOMI
It's raining.

Ruth smiles.

RUTH
Okay, go on. I'll talk to you soon.

Naomi gives her mom a big hug, then runs into Julie's car.

Ruth approaches Julie. Unsure what to say.

JULIE
(then)
Don't worry, she'll be fine.

RUTH
I'm counting on it.

With that, Julie gets into her car and drives away with Naomi. Rain falls harder as Ruth stands there...

Watching them disappear into the distance.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

INT. RUTH'S TRAILER - BATHROOM - DAY

RUTH stares in the mirror. One hand clutches her long blonde hair. The other lifts up a pair of SCISSORS.

With each cut of her hair, she begins to transform slightly --
-- hardening right before our eyes.

INT. RUTH'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A PORCELAIN MAID DOLL shatters against the hard floor --
-- revealing another FULL AMMO CLIP inside, along with THREE INTERNATIONAL PASSPORTS.

INT. RUTH'S TRAILER - KITCHEN - DAY

Ruth peruses some of the OLD PHOTOGRAPHS of her mother, Victoria, before throwing them away.

Ruth rubs her temple. Another headache. Then she pops open a bottle of PRESCRIPTION PILLS. Dry-swallows one.

INT. RUTH'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A SECRETARY DOLL shatters. Inside, a 9MM BARREL.

A NURSE DOLL EXPLODES, revealing an OLD CELLPHONE.

Then the teacher... and the librarian...

Hidden within each doll are pieces of Ruth's past: a pistol slide... recoil spring... more passports... ammunition.

INT. RUTH'S TRAILER - KITCHEN - DAY

Sitting at the table, Ruth plugs the OLD CELLPHONE in.

Powers it on. Then types a message.

TO BRYCE: *"I need to see you."*

As she hits send... the CAMERA PANS across the table...

Finding a 9MM HANDGUN freshly assembled.

INT. RUTH'S TRAILER - BATHROOM - DAY

Ruth lifts her head up. Hair now short. Edgy.

The transformation complete.

END SERIES:

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

QUICK SHOTS establishing the city. Capitol Hill. Washington Monument. White House. Pentagon. We've seen it all before.

MORE SHOTS as we move away from the familiar. Into Southeast DC. Crime ridden. Congested. Dilapidated Industrial parks.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

Graffiti and barbed-wire. Homeless. Junkies.

TAXI drops Ruth off. The second she exits, the cab speeds away. Even to a local cabbie this is a rough neighborhood.

As Ruth stands in front of an abandoned OFFICE BUILDING, we notice how different she looks. Dressed in a form fitting outfit. Tailored pants. Crisp white shirt.

The air of a fierce businesswoman.

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Flickering fluorescent lights. More graffiti. Cobwebs. Piles of trash. All mixed with the stench of piss and puke.

Ruth walks to the front desk where a HOMELESS WOMAN has made camp. Stained mattress. Overstuffed shopping cart.

HOMELESS WOMAN
Who the hell is you?

RUTH
I need to see Bryce.

Homeless Woman stares at Ruth like she's crazier than her.

HOMELESS WOMAN
You in the wrong damn place.

Ruth notes an oddly high-tech SURVEILLANCE CAMERA fixed to the lobby ceiling. It moves slightly. Watching her.

RUTH
I don't think I am.

The way Ruth says it makes the Homeless Woman stand at attention. Her face changes. Maybe Ruth isn't so crazy.

HOMELESS WOMAN
You wanna see Bryce?

RUTH
Tell him it's Ruth --

Just then, a hallway DOOR opens and out struts BRYCE SHAW (30s), buttoned-up, glasses. More hipster than gangster.

BRYCE
Would you look who the cat dragged in. The Queen Bee herself.

Ruth offers a small smile.

BRYCE (CONT'D)
I thought your text was some kind
of joke. But here you are.

Bryce stands in front of Ruth. A loaded moment.

BRYCE (CONT'D)
You look amazing.

Bryce smiles. Ruth smiles back.

RUTH
Thanks.

They hug... but it lasts a little longer than expected.

BRYCE
Four years. I wasn't sure I'd ever
see you again.

He clears some newspaper from a bench. They sit.

RUTH
I wasn't sure I wanted to be seen.

Bryce stares at her. Their history deep.

BRYCE
When you left... I didn't know what
happened. Or where you went.

RUTH
Pennsylvania.

BRYCE
Pennsylvania?

RUTH
To raise my daughter.

Bryce's jaw goes slack. He had no idea.

BRYCE
Holy shit. A daughter?

RUTH
(nodding, proud)
Her name's Naomi. She's four.

Bryce leans back in disbelief.

BRYCE
Wow. You're a mom.

RUTH
Trying to be.

BRYCE
So what are you doing here? I mean,
shouldn't you be at a PTA meeting
or something?

RUTH
I need to work.

This piques his interest.

BRYCE
You want to come back?

Ruth nods. Then... like she were just stating a fact...

RUTH
I'm dying, Bryce.

BRYCE
What do you mean, you're dying?

RUTH
Brain cancer. I've got six months
left. Maybe less.

Bryce reels from all this new information.

BRYCE
I'm so sorry.

RUTH
It's fine. I'm fine. But I need
money to make sure Naomi doesn't
end up in the system when I'm gone.

BRYCE
What happened to your cash?

RUTH
I spent everything I had to buy my
way out. Lots of grudges that
needed clearing up. Couldn't risk
any retaliations. Then there's the
papers, and everything else I
needed to make a fresh start.

BRYCE
Sorry, I didn't know you were
having such a rough go of it.

RUTH
I had to choose between the job and Naomi. I don't regret my choice.

BRYCE
Yeah, of course.

Ruth stands firm. Trying not to show desperation.

RUTH
I need one job, Bryce. That's it. But it needs to be big. Really big.

Bryce ponders the request. Then...

BRYCE
Maybe someone up there's looking out for you, cause I actually have a job. A big fat whale that no one seems able to catch --

RUTH
I can.

Bryce smiles.

BRYCE
Glad to see you haven't changed...

Just then, the front door OPENS and FOUR HIRED THUGS enter.

BRYCE (CONT'D)
Babylon hasn't changed either. At least not when it comes to this.

RUTH
I'm ready.

BRYCE
You sure?

THUG #1 moves towards Ruth. Sizing her up.

THUG #1
This is her? You're kidding?

RUTH
(to Bryce)
Just give me the job.

The Thugs stand right over her now.

BRYCE

There's always a test. You know
that. Even for you.

Ruth nods. Like a gymnast remembering an old routine, she
takes a deep breath. Settles herself.

Just then, Thug #1 lays his hand on Ruth's shoulder --

THUG #1

Let's go bitch --

-- which is the biggest mistake he'll ever make.

In one smooth motion, Ruth TWISTS Thug #1's wrist and stands
upright, using the upward momentum of her shoulder to
grotesquely SNAP his arm at the elbow.

He screams.

Thug #2 throws a punch.

Ruth dodges.

JAMS her extended fingers into his Adam's apple.

His eyes go wide. Gagging. Spitting.

Thug #3 lifts Ruth up. About to slam her against the wall
when she spins and SIDE KICKS him in the spinal column.

We hear the CRACK of a vertebrae as he collapses.

Thug #4 bearhugs her from behind. Bad move.

Ruth SMASHES her fist into his balls.

Grabs a handful and RIPS down like she were yanking a lemon
from the tree. He cries like a baby.

As Ruth tears them limb from limb (which takes all of ten
seconds) we see how flawless and mechanical her technique is.

She is an iron ballerina. Graceful. Precise. Dangerous.

When it's over, Ruth stands above the four motionless heaps.

She fixes her blouse. And her hair.

Then nods over to Bryce --

RUTH

I pass?

Bryce grins, then walks through the hallway doors.

BRYCE
 (over his shoulder)
 Let's talk in my office.

Ruth follows.

INT. BABYLON INC - SAME

As Ruth breaches the hallway doors, the dilapidated look of the exterior and lobby are immediately gone. Now replaced with modern design, architecture, and technology.

It's like walking into a completely different building. More Google headquarters. All right angles. Lots of glass.

As Ruth follows Bryce through the main floor, dozens of HIPSTER WORKERS, in their little cubicles, whisper and gossip. All eyes on Ruth. The prodigal daughter returns.

-- "...That's Ruth Stanton. The Ruth Stanton? She was Babylon's youngest contractor. She's Victoria Stanton's daughter. They're both legends. The best ever. I can't believe she's back. Someone is so fucked..."

BRYCE
 Business has been booming since you left. We've doubled our contracts and taken over as the number one contract service in the country.

RUTH
 (re: hipsters)
 They all look so young.

BRYCE
 We're recruiting out of the top colleges now. Only the best for our corporate team. It's all about technology, software, and application management.

RUTH
 I thought it was all about killing.

BRYCE
 (sly grin)
 Well, that too.

INT. BRYCE'S OFFICE - LATER

Large. Pristine. Overlooking the buzzing floor below.

Bryce sits with Ruth on a designer couch. Giant LCD display on the wall near them. We note various NEWS programs. Every country. Every language. But one thing connects them all:

Every story is about some murder or accident.

Bryce fixes on a report from France. A fatal car crash.

BRYCE

Client wanted it to look like an accident. They always do. I think that's another five-star rating.

Ruth is impressed. Slightly puzzled.

RUTH

These are all Babylon?

BRYCE

We've gone Global.

RUTH

Who's doing all the actual work?

BRYCE

Well, the ones like you, the real pros, they're all retiring because they don't like progress. It's all new technology. The darknet markets have pretty much taken over the business and ninety-percent of my contractors are now freelance. They go through a rigorous application process of course, but I've got people doing jobs in every corner of the world. Some of them I've never even met.

RUTH

And you call that progress?

Bryce shrugs.

BRYCE

Babylon has become the Angie's List of contract killing. It's not a "look them in the eye business" anymore.

(MORE)

BRYCE (CONT'D)

Now it's a "hire someone online and let them do the dirty work" kind of business.

RUTH

Guess I got out at the right time.

BRYCE

I don't know, someone with your skillset. You'd be a whole new category on our site.

Ruth rubs her temple. Another headache.

RUTH

I only have time for one job.

This brings Bryce back to earth. A solemn beat.

BRYCE

You sure about this?

RUTH

I'm sure.

Bryce is still skeptical.

BRYCE

When you left, you said you didn't think you were the kind of person who could kill anymore.

A beat. Ruth stares at Bryce.

RUTH

Look at me now. What do you see?

Bryce stares back. She is stone cold ready.

BRYCE

I see a killer.

Ruth nods.

RUTH

So how much does this job pay?

BRYCE

It's a Platinum level assignment.

Ruth is confused. Bryce smirks. Lets the anticipation mount.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

Ten million U.S.

(then)

Your daughter will never have to worry about anything ever again.

Ruth exhales. This is what she was hoping for.

RUTH

Where's the mark?

Bryce leans back.

BRYCE

Well, he just so happens to be in one of your old stomping grounds.

(then)

I hope your passport's up to date.

Off Ruth's curiosity...

SMASH TO:

EXT. RIO DE JANEIRO - BRAZIL - DAY

QUICK SHOTS. Christ the Redeemer. Sugarloaf mountain. Copacabana. Maracanã Stadium.

EXT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Ruth exits among the crowds. Walks with purpose. Sunglasses and hat cover her face as she hails a yellow taxi.

MORE SHOTS as Ruth is driven away from the familiar. Towards the south zone. Between São Conrado and Gávea. Into the slum.

EXT. ROCINHA - DAY

Rio's largest favela. A city within a city. Steep. Built into the hillside overlooking the beaches. Colorful. Dangerous.

Ruth's taxi drops her off in front of a small HOTEL wedged between businesses in a crumbling concrete building.

Ruth exits. Scans the crowded street near the base of the slums. Watches a group of young children play among the trash laden sidewalks. Poor. But resilient.

INT. HOTEL BOA VIAGEM - DAY

Ruth approaches the hotel ATTENDANT, who glares at her sideways. Curious about this gringo woman.

(Note: *Italics* = Portuguese).

RUTH
(perfect accent)
*I need a room. Two weeks. Top
corner and I'll double your rate.*

The Attendant is surprised. But happy to rent out a room.

ATTENDANT
Sim Senhora.

INT. RUTH'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ruth peers out the window. The slums scattered before her like discarded Legos on a hill. Mind already working.

BRYCE (V.O.)
His name is Sebastian Volkov. "Lobo
Russo". The Russian Wolf.

On a bare wall, Ruth tacks up a picture of SEBASTIAN VOLKOV (40s), balding, dark skin. Eyes of an egomaniac.

RUTH (V.O.)
I need everything you have on him.
Tell me every detail.

Ruth sits on the bed. Large FILE FOLDER on her lap.

BRYCE (V.O.)
Sebastian wasn't born in the
favela. Mother was Brazilian.
Father was a Russian diplomat.

Ruth pores over various PHOTOS and PAPERWORK that document every recorded moment of Sebastian's life.

BRYCE (V.O.)
He was your typical spoiled rich
kid. And when his dad died, he left
him a fortune, but that wasn't
enough for Sebastian. He didn't
want money. He wanted power.

We see an old NEWSPAPER obituary on Sebastian's father.

BRYCE (V.O.)

When he came back to Brazil with his mother, he saw that power in the drug lords of the favela. He wanted to be feared and loved like they were. So he bought his way in. Started cutting down all of his competition until he was running his own section of the slum.

PICTURES of Sebastian's victims. Gruesome dismemberments. More newspaper CLIPPINGS. The work of "Lobo Russo".

BRYCE (V.O.)

Sebastian was nothing like the people he controlled. He made them big promises and they believed he had their best interests at heart. The more he lied to them, the more they trusted him. The more they loved him.

On her tablet, Ruth watches old SURVEILLANCE VIDEO of Sebastian Volkov in the slum alleyways. The poorest people flock around him, worshipping at his feet. Even in this grainy footage, he has the air of a psychopathic cult leader.

BRYCE (V.O.)

Now he runs the favela and an army of soldiers that he's used to gain control of Rio's shipping ports. Drugs. Guns. He controls it all. Anything going in or out.

PHOTOS of Sebastian's soldiers patrolling the port.

BRYCE (V.O.)

And as you can imagine, this has made a lot of people very unhappy. Cartels, smugglers, even some corporations are having their goods stolen, then Sebastian turns around and sells them back at a mark up. That's why the contract is so high. They're pooling resources.

More SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of soldiers commandeering trucks and shipping crates filled with cocaine and machine guns.

BRYCE (V.O.)

But now he seems to be getting more paranoid. He's locked himself in his compound, running his empire from the highest point of Rocinha.

(MORE)

BRYCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Protected night and day by armed
 soldiers. Like a God perched on his
 very own Mount Olympus.

AERIAL PHOTOS of Sebastian's compound built in the highest
 point of the favela. Made of metal and barbed-wire. Embedded
 in the mountain. Guarded by armed soldiers. Dozens of them.

BRYCE (V.O.)
 But if you can find a way to storm
 the castle and bring this "god" to
 his knees... Naomi will be taken
 care of when you're gone...

Ruth sits on the edge of her bed. Staring down at her tablet.

BRYCE (V.O.)
 She'll have a future.

Ruth scrolls through pictures of Naomi. Her motivation.

PULL BACK to see the wall behind Ruth. Now completely filled
 with pictures, papers, schematics, and handwritten notes on
 Sebastian Volkov and his operation. It's like seeing the mind
 of a mad genius at work. Purposeful chaos.

Off this wide shot...

EXT. ROCINHA - SLUM STREETS - DAY

A MOTORCYCLE TAXI DRIVER approaches a line of 125cc
 motorbikes parked outside a pharmacy. Full face helmet.
 Wrinkled orange "taxi" vest. Gloves. Completely covered.

As the driver hops on a bike and expertly maneuvers through
 the crowded street... REVEAL it to be Ruth...

Her mission begun.

EXT. SEBASTIAN'S COMPOUND - LATER

Row of fortified metal shanties connected by barbed-wire
 fencing. The base of Sebastian's compound.

One narrow gate, guarded by SIX ARMED SOLDIERS, rattles open,
 allowing a caravan of reinforced Toyota TRUCKS to exit.

The caravan of six vehicles barrels down the hill --

-- followed by Ruth on her motorcycle taxi.

EXT. SLUM STREETS - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS as Ruth tails the caravan through a condensed labyrinth of narrow alleyways snaking down the hill.

EXT. PORT OF RIO - DAY

One of South America's largest ports. Shipping containers piled high. Giant cranes. Layers of dirt and rust.

The caravan circles a CONTAINER with Colombian markings until it's completely surrounded.

FIFTEEN SOLDIERS jump out of the trucks. Guns aimed. But there are two men in command. Sebastian's generals:

First is MATHEUS (40s). Greasy. Intelligent. Manic. The air of a coke head. He seems to be the brains of the operation.

Then there's NANDO (40s). Sinewy. Sadistic. The gaze of a rabid pitbull. Takes pleasure in pain.

BEHIND A NEARBY CRATE

Ruth turns off her motorcycle engine. In neutral, she coasts closer. Watching. Listening.

Ruth takes note as Matheus and Nando confront a small crew of COLOMBIAN DRUG SMUGGLERS. Tensions run high.

MATHEUS

You know the rules. You know the price. Why is there confusion?

The LEAD COLOMBIAN spits on the ground. Confers with his men.

LEAD COLOMBIAN

One day Sebastian will get what's coming to him. So will you.

Matheus eye-conferences with Nando. Then smirks

MATHEUS

You gonna pay or not?

LEAD COLOMBIAN

You'd be willing to start a war over one container?

MATHEUS

There'll be no war.

(then)

Only blood.

In a flash, Nando lunges forward --

-- SNATCHES the Lead Colombian's head and begins SAWING at his pulsing neck with a jagged knife. It's gruesome and lasts a long, agonizing minute. Blood everywhere.

Sebastian's Soldiers lift their guns. Ready to mow the Colombians down. They shake with anger. And fear.

MATHEUS (CONT'D)

(to next Colombian)

You gonna pay or not?

The Second Colombian nods. Throws over a satchel of CASH.

MATHEUS (CONT'D)

(smirking)

See you next week.

With that, Matheus nods to Nando, who drops the body of Lead Colombian. His neck dangling like a broken Pez dispenser.

Sebastian's Soldiers enter their caravan and drive off.

Ruth starts her motorcycle, about to follow the caravan --

-- when three of Sebastian's BIKER SOLDIERS cut her off.

BIKER #1

What are you doing here?

Ruth remains still. If she takes off her helmet, her cover will be blown. A blonde American woman is too suspicious.

BIKER #2

Get off the bike! Now!

Another long beat --

-- before Ruth TWISTS the throttle.

Tires SMOKE as she whips the bike around and BARRELS towards the center of the shipping yard.

The Three Bikers pursue.

EXT. SHIPPING CONTAINERS - DAY

AERIAL VIEW as Ruth speeds between two towering walls of containers. On the outside, the three bikers run parallel to her. Until they split apart. Trying to head her off.

Ruth senses the attack and breaks hard as Biker #1 crosses directly in front of her.

Now Ruth pulls out. Chases him. Just as Biker #1 realizes he's being followed --

-- Ruth pits his back tire with her front, causing him to fiercely wobble and SMASH head first into the metal side of a container. Flattened like a pancake.

Ruth slides her bike around, searching for her next target.

BIKER #2 slowly drives through an aisle of containers, looking down every alley as he passes.

When he reaches a clearing --

-- Ruth's bike SHOOTS OUT like a heat-seeking missile.

She pops the front wheel and SLAMS rubber into the side of his body. Knocking him down. His bike topples to the ground as Ruth rides right over the top of him --

-- SPINNING the back tire on his chest and helmet. RIPPING his jacket to shreds. SHATTERING his face mask.

Just then, a RIBBON OF BULLETS ping off the container.

Sparks shower Ruth as she dodges gunfire.

BIKER #3 now on her tail.

Ruth evades. Speeding down a long runway towards the water.

More BULLETS pock the dirt around her --

-- but she's an expert rider. Weaving aggressively around equipment, crates, and parked vehicles.

Ruth gains speed.

STEERS for a RAMP that shoots directly into the water and a departing TUG BOAT fifty yards out.

She's gonna try and jump onto it.

Biker #3 gains. UZI raised. Firing.

He sees Ruth crest a small hill in front of him, CATAPULTING through the air towards the tug boat...

But she misses the landing and CRASHES into the water.

Biker #3 slams his brakes just in time. Stopping at the edge of the ramp, he watches the churning water to see if Ruth emerges. He waits. Gun at the ready.

When without warning, he takes a HARD KICK to the helmet.

He falls to the ground. Uzi snatched from his hands.

RATATATATATATATAT. A barrage of bullets riddle his body.

As he dies, Biker #3 gazes up...

Shocked to see Ruth standing above him.

Sans helmet. Hair blowing in the wind.

A blonde angel of death.

CUT TO:

INT. RUTH'S HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

Standing at the window, overlooking the orange gloom of the favela, Ruth talks on her new work cellphone.

RUTH

(on phone)

I followed his top lieutenants but lost them. It's like you said, he's locked himself in his compound.

INTERCUT:

INT. BRYCE'S OFFICE - SAME

Bryce sits at his desk. Watching more news reports.

BRYCE

(on phone)

Then find a way in. Quick. I'm getting word that the contract is heating up again.

INT. RUTH'S HOTEL ROOM

RUTH
You said it was mine.

BRYCE
It is. But I never said it was exclusive. There's been at least two recent failed attempts, which means Volkov's on high alert.

RUTH
How many contractors are active?

BRYCE
Not sure. But I wouldn't be surprised if other networks are involved. All I do know is that the client will pay the first person to complete the job. So make it you.

Ruth paces. A beat.

BRYCE (CONT'D)
Ruth?

Ruth sits on the bed. A large SHOPPING BAG beside her.

RUTH
Yeah.

Bryce takes a moment. Emotions surfacing.

BRYCE
Promise me something.

RUTH
What?

BRYCE
That you'll be careful.

Ruth opens the bag and extracts its contents.

RUTH
I can't promise that.

BRYCE
Then what can you promise?

Ruth stares down at something on the bed.

RUTH
That Sebastian Volkov will die.

Bryce can't help but smile as Ruth hangs up the phone.

Ruth stands, kisses her hand and touches a PICTURE of Naomi tacked to the wall amidst the mission details.

As Ruth heads into the bathroom to shower...

CAMERA PANS over to the bed... REVEALING a gorgeous WHITE DRESS with her 9MM laying on top of it.

CUT TO:

EXT. VALHALLA NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Rocinha's hottest dance club. No velvet ropes and red carpets here. Just a massive crowd of people. Ready to party.

INT. VALHALLA - NIGHT

CIRCULAR ROOM encased in mirrors. Like being inside a disco ball. Light pulsates. Hundreds of gyrating bodies dance and push against the glass. Smell of sweat. Drugs. Sex.

FOLLOW that white dress as it saunters its way through the crowd. People part. Staring. Gawking. Drooling.

As Ruth finally makes it to the quieter back bar, we get our first clear view of her... and we are not disappointed. Dress fits her body like a glove. Hair. Make-up. Sexy personified.

Ruth orders a rum. Takes a long drink. Every eye in the place is on her. Sparkling like a diamond.

Ruth spots something across the room that draws her attention...

Or more accurately.. *someone*.

BRUNALDO, a ridiculously hot Brazilian, dances. His stomach muscles throb, peaking out from his unbuttoned shirt. Shorts so tight you can see everything. A boy toy piece of meat.

Ruth finishes her drink and slides over. He eyes her.

RUTH
*I want to see how well you move
your body.*

Brunaldo turns towards her. Starts dancing closer.

BRUNALDO
Like this?

RUTH
No.

Brunaldo seems confused. His confidence wanes.

RUTH (CONT'D)
*I want to see how well you move
 your body inside me.*

This catches him off guard. But he smiles.

BRUNALDO
I live close by.

RUTH
Anything closer?

Now he smirks.

BRUNALDO
*I bartend here. There is a room in
 the back. Yes?*

Ruth leans in. Sensually kisses his lips. That's a 'yes'.

Brunaldo turns and escorts Ruth behind the bar. The Bartender winks at them as they step through a hidden back door.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - SAME

Sudden silence. Just the vibration of throbbing bass as they walk a circular hallway surrounding the dance floor. Clubbers on display behind the glass like fish at an aquarium.

A sexy couple dances against the one-way glass. No idea they're being watched from the other side.

RUTH
They can't see me?

Brunaldo moves up. Presses his crotch into her back.

BRUNALDO
*They can't hear you either. The
 back rooms are all soundproof.*

He kisses her. The throng of dancers gyrating behind them.

RUTH
What goes on in these rooms?

BRUNALDO
Whatever you want.

Ruth spins him around. Now pressing her crotch into his back.

RUTH
*I heard some girls talking about a
 Russian Wolf. Is that you?*

She licks his ear. Manhandling him. He likes it.

BRUNALDO
No. Sebastian. He owns the club.

RUTH
Is he your friend? Is he here?

She reaches around. Rubs the outside of his shorts.

BRUNALDO
*No. He never comes here. But his
 Lieutenant has his own room down
 the hall. He has many party favors
 if you want some.*

Ruth pushes him harder into the glass. His face pressing against it. Inches from the dancers on the other side.

RUTH
Good...

Ruth runs her hand through his hair.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Because I like to party --

-- then SMASHES his face against the glass.

KNOCKING him out cold.

The dancers on the other side look curious for a brief moment as the mirror wobbles ever so slightly.

Ruth scans the circular hallway. No one around.

She drags Brunaldo into a NEARBY CLOSET.

NEXT CUT:

BARREL of a 9MM slides into position. Locked. Loaded.

Gun at her side, Ruth makes her way down the hallway, peaking around the first corner to see FOUR SOLDIERS standing guard at a door marked, "PRIVATE. NO ENTRY".

Ruth tucks the gun into her garter belt. Lifts up the bottom of her dress. Showing her legs. Giving them room to maneuver.

She then stumbles around the corner. Big sloppy smile. Acting like a drunk, flirtacious American bimbo.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Where's the party? I wanna party.

The Four Soldiers share glances. Like lions and a lamb.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Who wants to have some fun?

The Four Soldiers let down their guard. Slowly circle.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Cause this is gonna be fun.

The first to meet the lioness and find out who the lambs really are... is Soldier #1.

As he leans into Ruth, she KNEES him in the balls then sidekicks Soldier #2 in the throat.

Both of them stumble.

Ruth is brutal and precise in her attack.

ELBOW to Soldier #3's jaw. Followed by a series of powerfully fast JABS to his neck. Collapses his trachea.

Soldier #4 gets in a RIGHT HOOK to Ruth's face. She shakes it off -- HEADBUTTS his nose. Cracks it. Blood pours.

Soldier #1 and Soldier #2 join forces and begin WAILING on Ruth. She takes the pain. Welcomes it.

Ruth SPINS, parries, goes low -- SWEEPS Soldier #1's leg. He falls. Ruth STOMPS her heel into his face.

She then FRONT KICKS Soldier #2 in the chest --

-- SLAMS him back against the glass. It cracks. Now we can hear the music from the club leaking through. More bass.

In one final flurry of brutal attacks, Ruth SNAPS the leg of Soldier #3 and PISTOL WHIPS Soldier #4.

As the glass spiderwebs... the distorted reflection reveals Ruth to be the last one standing.

With a quick breath, Ruth enters the "private" door.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

One SURVEILLANCE GUARD watches a security monitor of the main room, where NINE MEN (including Matheus) mill around, laughing, drinking, doing drugs.

At the center of the main room, a TEENAGE SLUM DWELLER sits on a chair. He looks petrified.

Before the Surveillance Guard can even turn around --

-- Ruth WHIPS him in the head with the butt of her gun.

As he falls to the ground, Ruth gets a clear view of the monitor. Now realizing what's happening in the main room.

Blood boils as she grabs a GUN from the Guard's holster.

Now with a gun in each hand, Ruth studies the monitor, watching how the nine men move inside the room.

She begins twirling her arms like an orchestra conductor.

The same motion. Over and over and over again.

Burning the arm movements into her muscle memory.

INT. MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

THE BARREL OF A REVOLVER pressed to the Young Slum Dweller's head. CHAMBER rotates into position. Hammer slides back.

Finger on the trigger... CLICK.

Young Slum Dweller cries silently as Matheus and the eight other men laugh, cheer, and exchange sweaty wads of cash in their twisted game of Russian roulette.

MATHEUS

My turn! My turn!

Matheus grabs the pistol.

PUSHES it into the mouth of the Young Slum Dweller before making some bets with the other men.

MATHEUS (CONT'D)

Come on come on come on!

CHAMBER rotates into position. The glint of a silver bullet.

The Young Slum Dweller shudders.

Just as the bullet is about to discharge --

-- Ruth KICKS through the door.

The men reach for their guns but they're too late.

Using the practiced "orchestra conductor" arm movements, Ruth fires EIGHT perfectly precise shots --

-- and eight Men, sans Matheus, crumble to the floor. Dead.

Matheus is in shock. He pulls the gun out of the Slum Dweller's mouth. But before he can get a fix on Ruth --

-- she UNLOADS two bullets. One into each of his knees.

With an agonizing scream, Matheus falls to the ground.

Ruth surveys the scene. Lets the Young Slum Dweller free before turning her attention to Matheus.

She hoists him onto the chair. Grabs the roulette REVOLVER.

MATHEUS (CONT'D)
(mumbling, in pain)
Fuckin bitch.

Ruth hovers over him. SPINS the revolver chamber.

RUTH
How do I get into Sebastian's
compound?

Matheus laughs.

MATHEUS
Who the fuck are you?

RUTH
Someone who has a job to do.

MATHEUS
Another assassin? You? You'll never
kill him, you stupid little cunt --

Ruth presses the revolver barrel to the fatty underside of Matheus's bicep. RAPID SQUEEZES the trigger five times --

-- CLICKCLICKCLICK**BANG**CLICK.

The flesh of his arm RIPS apart. Matheus SCREAMS in agonizing pain. The shrill sound causes Ruth to squint. A migraine.

Her head pounds. Things go blurry. She stumbles. But Ruth fights through the pain and gathers herself.

Hands shaking slightly, she loads another bullet.

RUTH

I asked you a question. How do I get into Sebastian's compound?

MATHEUS

Fuck you! He can't be killed. Even if you get inside, one sound and an army will descend on you.

Ruth shakes her head. Wrong answer.

She TRIGGER SQUEEZES again, pointing at his other bicep --

-- CLICK**BANG**CLICKCLICK.

Both of Matheus's shredded arms now hang limp at his side.

The shock setting in.

RUTH

I could put this gun to your head and kill you with it, understand? But if you tell me how to get into Sebastian's compound I will not kill you with this gun.

(repeating)

Do you understand?

Ruth loads another bullet.

RUTH (CONT'D)

How do I get into the compound?

She shoves the revolver against his forehead -- CLICKCLICK --

MATHEUS

There is a way! There is a way!

Ruth lowers the gun.

MATHEUS (CONT'D)

Northwest side. In the market. There's a door. We have passageways we use for certain deliveries. They lead all the way up the mountain.

Ruth peers down at Matheus. Then she lifts her 9MM --

MATHEUS (CONT'D)
What are you doing? You said you
wouldn't kill me?

RUTH
(re: revolver)
I said I wouldn't kill you with
that gun.

Ruth FIRES her 9mm point blank. Blows his brains out.
But before Ruth exits, she does something strange...
She SMEARS blood on her arms and face. RIPS her skirt.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Looking beaten and battered, Ruth stands outside of the
closet door. Hears BANGING from inside.

She opens the closet. Brunaldo is inside. Confused.

Ruth is now crying, hysterical. A bloody mess.

RUTH
*They killed everybody! They're
dead! All dead!*

BRUNALDO
Who? What happened?

RUTH
*I think they were Colombians. After
they hit you, they took me.*

Brunaldo is frantic, overwhelmed.

RUTH (CONT'D)
They killed everybody!

Brunaldo runs down the hall, leaving Ruth.

Soon as he's gone, she calmly wipes the blood from her face.

EXT. VALHALLA - NIGHT

GROUP OF SOLDIERS and POLICE run into the club. Crowds of
panicked partygoers scatter. Total chaos. Confusion.

SNIPER POV

From an adjacent rooftop, ANOTHER ASSASSIN, who we never get a clear look at, scans the front of the club.

Rifle scope FINDS Ruth in her white dress.

CROSSHAIRS stay locked on her as she pushes her way through the gathering crowd...

And then she vanishes.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEBASTIAN'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

Flickering street lights cast shadows on the structure.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

KNIFE saws into a bloody steak. Sebastian Volkov sits at his gold-plated desk, in his gold-plated room, filling his fat face. Everything about him and the decor is ostentatious.

Sebastian is heavier than his pictures. Bloated. Hair spread thin over his balding head. Leather skin unnaturally dark.

Sebastian talks to Nando and a group of Soldiers that we recognize from the club. Mouth always full.

SEBASTIAN

Ten men and nobody saw anything?

CLUB SOLDIER #1

We believe it was the Colombians.

NANDO

They weren't happy about the last shipment. I sent a message.

SEBASTIAN

And this is their reply?

Sebastian chugs vodka from a gold chalice.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

If no one saw anything, then who said it was the Colombians?

Just then, two Soldiers walk Brunaldo in. A bundle of nerves.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

You work the bar?

BRUNALDO

Yes. Three days a week.

Sebastian's fork pierces meat. He takes another bite.

SEBASTIAN

What were you doing there tonight?

BRUNALDO

I was just having fun.

SEBASTIAN

And you saw what happened?

BRUNALDO

Well, no. I was knocked out. But the girl I was with. She saw.

SEBASTIAN

Girl?

BRUNALDO

A gringo. Blonde. American I think.

Sebastian finds this curious.

SEBASTIAN

American?

BRUNALDO

They beat her. She was bleeding.

Sebastian stands up. KNIFE in one hand. Fork in the other.

SEBASTIAN

Where is this girl now? I would like to hear her story.

Sebastian approaches. Brunaldo eyes the knife. Trembling.

BRUNALDO

I don't know. I never got her name.

SEBASTIAN

Then you're useless --

In a flash, Sebastian STABS Brunaldo's neck with the fork.

Brunaldo clutches his throat. Blood seeps out as he stumbles.

Sebastian nonchalantly walks back to his desk.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
*Double the compound guards. And
 find the Blonde American girl.*
 (to Nando)
I'm counting on you to handle this.

Nando nods with reverence, then turns and exits.

Sebastian goes back to his meal as Brunaldo flounders on the ground like a dying fish.

CUT TO:

TEXT MESSAGE ON RUTH'S PERSONAL PHONE

FROM GARRETT: *"How's your situation?"*

INT. RUTH'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Fresh out of the shower, Ruth sits on her bed, texting.

Ruth: *"Everything's good. Back to work."*

Garrett: *"Gimme a call if you wanna talk. I am retired.
 Plenty of free time. Good luck with the job."*

Ruth: *"Thanks. It's the last one before MY retirement ;) --
 that's a winkey face fyi."*

The tiny smile on Ruth's face dissipates, replaced by a more sorrowful expression.

CLOSE ON the word "retirement". Which now takes on an entirely new meaning. Just as she pops another pill --

-- a facetime call comes in from "JULIE BABYSITTER". But in Ruth's screen, we see Naomi's chubby cheeks.

RUTH
 (answering)
 Hey Bug.

INTERCUT:

INT. RUTH'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Upside down on the couch, Naomi talks to her mom. Giddy.

NAOMI
 (on phone)
 Hey mom!

INT. RUTH'S HOTEL ROOM

Ruth can't help but smile at her little bundle of energy.

RUTH
What're you doing? Where's Julie?

NAOMI
Cooking. We're having meatloaf.

RUTH
Sounds yummy. Everything else okay?

Naomi sits upright.

NAOMI
You never finished the story.

RUTH
What story?

NAOMI
About the Queen and the Gargoyle.

RUTH
Oh yeah.

NAOMI
Did she kill him?

RUTH
Well, I was gonna finish that story
when I got home. How's that?

NAOMI
Okay, mommy.

Naomi is distracted. We can hear Julie calling her to eat.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Time to eat. Luv luv, BUG!

Naomi kisses the screen. Then hangs up.

Ruth takes a moment. A sad smile on her face.

RUTH
Luv luv.

Another beat before Ruth puts her phone away. She then takes a deep breath to center herself. There's still work to do.

CUT TO:

EXT. COPACABANA BEACH - DAY

Miles of golden beaches. Tanned bodies. Like the opening of a Travel Channel show. South America at its most glorious.

EXT. MAMA'S DEEP DISH PIZZA - DAY

"Original Italian" pizza on the less populated side of the boardwalk. Seems like a terrible idea for this location.

INT. MAMA'S DEEP DISH PIZZA - DAY

Small. Quaint. Mostly empty except for the smiling older WOMAN who works the counter, dishing out a slice to a young local. This is MAMA (60s), full of energy, joy, wisdom. You get the feeling that she's "mama" to everyone she meets.

Ruth enters. Stops to get a good look at Mama.

RUTH

You got anchovies?

Mama turns to see Ruth. Her eyes light up.

MAMA

Ruthie!

Mama bounds around the counter, swallows Ruth up in a loving hug. Ruth smiles. For a moment, she seems like a happy kid.

RUTH

Hey Mama.

Mama sets Ruth down. Soaks her in. Can't stop smiling.

MAMA

Oh my little Ruthie, you look more beautiful than you did the last time I saw you. When was that?

RUTH

'08.

MAMA

Oh yeah, I remember now. Your mother was working outta the city, you two came up for a beach day.

(then)

That was the year she died.

Ruth nods.

MAMA (CONT'D)

You look just like her. Guess
you're similar in other ways too.

A slight glimpse of emotion in Ruth. Then --

MAMA (CONT'D)

Lemme show you round the place.

Mama leads Ruth into --

THE KITCHEN

Where a giant BRICK OVEN takes up half the space. The fire
inside its mouth burns bright. And hot.

MAMA

I've got something that'll really
wet your appetite.

Mama uses a long wooden pizza peel/spatula to reach inside
the oven and --

-- CLICK. On the broad side of the oven, a HIDDEN DOOR slides
open. Mama smiles. Motions for Ruth to enter. She does.

INT. THE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Total contrast to the grungy pizza shop. Modern, sleek, airy,
and sophisticated. Every inch of it filled with high-tech,
cutting edge weaponry. The "Apple Store" of weapon shops.

MAMA

You shoulda seen this place back in
your mom's day. I started selling
pistolas outta the back of an old
truck. She was my best customer.

RUTH

She loved her guns. Taught me how
to blind reload a Sig 25 before I
could tie my shoes.

MAMA

You say that like it's a bad thing.
She was one of the first women in
the business. That means something.

RUTH

(flippant)
It means she was a terrible mother.

Mama seems to take offense.

MAMA

You turned out pretty good.

RUTH

I am who I am in spite of her, not because of her.

MAMA

Yeah, well it was a different time back then. Trying to have a career and be a mother was unheard of.

RUTH

I know. She had a choice. And we both know how that went.

MAMA

And you?

RUTH

I choose my daughter.

MAMA

But you're here, still working.

RUTH

It's a one time job.

Mama sizes up Ruth. Then...

MAMA

At the end of the day, all you can really do for a child is love them.
(sincere)
And I know your mother loved you.

Ruth wants to believe that. But she doesn't.

A long beat. Then Mama changes the subject.

MAMA (CONT'D)

I think that's enough reminiscing for one day, let's get down to business. When you put in your order, you said the job was covert and needed to be done in stealth...

Ruth nods. Mama escorts her towards the back --

-- where a LARGE BLACK METALLIC CASE waits.

MAMA (CONT'D)

I think this should suffice.

Mama clicks open the case. Ruth peers in. Smiles.

MAMA (CONT'D)

A lady should always have the perfect outfit for every occasion.

Mama stands next to Ruth. Puts a loving arm over her shoulder as they both stare down at what's inside the weapons case.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARKET - NIGHT

The base of Volkov's compound. Bottom of the hill. An old sign that simply reads: "Mercado."

Two of Sebastian's SOLDIERS enter, followed moments later by a MUSLIM WOMAN in a burqa.

CAMERA LINGERS...

LANDS on a shadowy figure, carrying a shoulder-strapped rifle case, moving quickly across the street.

The other assassin.

INT. MARKET - NIGHT

Thick layer of dust covers every aisle, which are all filled to the brim with ten-year old products.

The Two Soldiers confer with a MUSCULAR GIRL (20s), tattoos, piercings, bad attitude, who works the counter.

The Muslim Woman peruses an aisle. Intense blue eyes peak through the dark veil... REVEALING her to be Ruth.

RUTH'S POV

Soldiers mumble something about a delivery. The Muscular Girl seems annoyed. Until finally, she agrees to their request.

The Two Soldiers walk towards the far wall. Stand and wait in front of the polished steel FREEZER DOOR.

The Muscular Girl grunts a few Portuguese curse words, then reaches under the counter and PRESSES A BUTTON.

A light next to the freezer door BLINKS. CLICKS. Unlocked.

The Two Soldiers open the sizeable door and enter.

NEXT CUT:

Muscular Girl leans against the counter, reads a copy of VIP magazine. Grinning to herself about some pop culture joke.

RUTH (O.S.)
Do you have cigarettes?

Muscular Girl glances up to see Ruth, in burqa, approaching.

Ruth sets down a dusty BOTTLE OF RED WINE.

The Muscular Girl eye-rolls the burqa. Shakes her head in disapproval. Blatant xenophobia.

MUSCULAR GIRL
*I thought you people weren't
allowed to smoke or drink.*

Ruth clocks the area behind the counter. Spots the FREEZER DOOR BUTTON. She lifts up the bottle of wine --

RUTH
You could join me.

MUSCULAR GIRL
I would never drink with you --

In a flash, Ruth WHIPS the bottle across Muscular Girl's face. KNOCKS her to the ground with a deep THUD.

Ruth hops the counter and pushes the DOOR BUTTON.

She then runs over to the freezer door. CLICK. Unlocked

But before opening the door, Ruth removes the burqa like a magician shedding her cloak.

As the cloth flutters to the ground in SLOW MOTION...

REVEAL Ruth in all her badass glory. Black Kevlar tactical vest, fully equipped with two compressed Ruger SR22s, and a syringe gun loaded with 5ml cartridges of some unknown drug.

Ruth puts on the final pieces of her outfit:

Two "Serb-Cutters": custom fit gloves with razor-sharp blades that jut out from the bottom of each palm like shark fins. This allows for full use of her hands and fingers while simultaneously being able to slice and stab.

Now dressed to kill... Ruth opens the door and enters --

INT. HIDDEN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Narrow passageways built between the walls of multiple shanties and shacks. A string of harsh fluorescent bulbs illuminate the dank, squalid labyrinth of corridors.

Ruth moves stealthily --

-- when she hears Soldiers approaching.

Ruth quickly tucks herself under a pile of old wood pallets as FIVE ARMED SOLDIERS march past. These corridors allow Volkov's Soldiers to covertly navigate the entire hillside.

Ruth slips out of the shadows, moves in the opposite direction. Peaks around a corner --

-- and clocks FOUR SOLDIERS standing guard.

Ruth grabs a silenced Ruger SR22 for each hand. Holds the guns to her head in prayer. Takes a moment.

Thinks of Naomi.

And then...

Like a whirling dervish, Ruth runs the gauntlet --

-- FIRING a barrage of shots.

Three SILENCED BULLETS take out Soldier #1.

Two to the chest.

One to the face.

Dead before he hits the ground.

The other THREE SOLDIERS raise their guns --

-- but Ruth is too fast.

They never get off a shot.

A bullet to Soldier #2's chest.

About to scream, Ruth's curved blade SLICES his throat.

She never stops. Never slows.

Soldier #3 has his finger on the trigger.

Takes TWO SHOTS to his arm and hand. Drops the gun.

Ruth descends on Soldier #4.

Three precise movements.

SLITS a tendon in his arm.

STABS a pressure point in the neck.

With a final spin, she executes the kill blow to his jugular.

Soldier #3 regroups. Charges. Terrible idea.

Ruth ducks. Dodges. Slices and dices. Stabs and kicks.

He was dead two moves ago.

They're all dead.

But Ruth doesn't take any time to admire her handiwork. She just keeps moving. Resolute.

After a moment, Ruth rounds a corner and finds a rusty LADDER built into the wall.

Ruth climbs up. Exits through a small hatch.

EXT. VOLKOV'S COMPOUND - LOWER TIER

Ruth emerges into the night air. Surrounded by another maze of metal shanties and shacks. All spiralling upward. She's like a rat stuck inside a mountain of trash.

ONE CONTINUOUS TAKE as Ruth navigates through nooks, crannies, aisles, and alleys. Covertly makes her way higher.

Up ahead, a small stream of SMOKE leaks around the corner.

On the other side, a SOLDIER puffs a cigarette. He takes one last drag. Drops the butt.

Just when he stomps his foot on the cherry --

-- A BLADE glints from the shadows and slices his ankle.

As the Soldier folds down to his knees, Ruth slinks out of the darkness and STABS the life out of him.

But now she's exposed, and one of Sebastian's Soldiers gets the drop on her. Massive. All muscle. We'll call him BIG BOY.

Big Boy UPPERCUTS Ruth and she drops her gun. Then he LIFTS her up and SLAMS her down. Hard. She drops the other gun.

Ruth scurry-crawls towards the corner of the roof, but Big Boy chases. SNATCHES her leg. LANDS an ELBOW into her spine.

Ruth anguishes in pain as Big Boy pounces. Two-hundred forty pounds of muscle straddles her as he unloads HAMMER FIST after HAMMER FIST.

Ruth struggles to deflect the powerful blows, but many of them connect.

Big Boy YANKS her up and HURLS her against the wall --

-- SLAMMING her head. Everything goes fuzzy... *distorted*.

Ruth tries to focus. To fight. But she can't lock in.

Ruth HEADBUTTS Big Boy. Nothing.

Big Boy HEADBUTTS Ruth. Cracks her nose. Blood GUSHES.

Big Boy throws Ruth to the ground. Nearly unconscious.

It's almost over.

As Big Boy bounds towards Ruth, she makes one desperate and final reach for the SYRINGE GUN on her vest.

CLOSE ON a small label. Reads: "5ml adrenaline."

Ruth loads THREE CAPSULES and injects herself.

And then...

The adrenaline kicks in.

Ruth rises to her feet. Eyes flutter. Lips quake.

For a moment, Big Boy seems confused. But he attacks anyway.

His confusion soon replaced by pain.

Ruth is a wild animal. She KICKS him in the groin. STOMPS his foot. HEADBUTTS the lower side of his chin, causing him to bite off his tongue and GURGLE blood.

Ruth SWEEPS his leg and Big Boy falls.

After a ferocious barrage of attacks, Big Boy lets the final twitch of his life escape. Now just a hump of grisly meat.

Ruth GASPS for air as the adrenaline subsides.

In so much pain, she POPS more medication.

Ruth then lifts her eyes. Glances up at the top-floor WINDOW of the compound. Sebastian's so close she can smell him.

Ruth gathers all her strength... and rises to her feet.

The job's not finished yet.

INT. MARKET - NIGHT

MUSCULAR GIRL is lifted to her feet. Still dazed. Nando stands nearby. Surrounded by armed Soldiers.

NANDO
Who did this?

TWO SOLDIERS enter from the freezer door. Panicked.

SOLDIER #1
There's more men here.

SOLDIER #2
All dead.

Muscular Girl looks up. Cheek swollen. Eye black.

MUSCULAR GIRL
She was covered. I couldn't --

NANDO
She?

Muscular Girl nods. Concerned, Nando dials his phone.

NANDO (CONT'D)
(to soldiers)
Alert our men.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE - SAME

SCREAMS OF A YOUNG GIRL named ISADORA (18). Terrified. Tied to the wall. Crying as Sebastian LASHES her with a dog whip.

With each THRASH, Sebastian licks his lips, grinding his crotch into Isadora's back as he drools.

SEBASTIAN
Your screams make me hard.

She trembles. Sebastian whips her again. And again.

-- interrupted by his RINGING PHONE.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
 (answering)
What?!

INTERCUT:

INT. MARKET - SAME

Nando paces. More Soldiers arrive. Locked and loaded.

NANDO
 (on phone)
*The girl. The blonde American.
 She's here.*

INT. SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE - SAME

Sebastian's face changes.

SEBASTIAN
What do you mean, she's here?

NANDO
*Inside the compound. She's a
 professional.*

For the first time... we sense fear in Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN
*Then what are you waiting for?
 Bring me her fucking head!*

Out of frustration, Sebastian WHIPS Isadora again.

She SCREAMS.

EXT. SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE - SAME

Ruth is right outside so she can hear the SCREAM.

Just as Ruth is about to enter, TEN SOLDIERS burst out of a nearby door, chattering about a "blonde assassin" as they run into Sebastian's office.

Ruth hides. Pissed. There goes her element of surprise.

TWO SOLDIERS take up the rear. Standing guard.

Ruth clocks their weaponry. UZIs.

She takes a deep breath. Still battered. Drained.

Ruth squints. Another headache. POPS more medication --
-- then INJECTS herself with her last capsule of adrenaline.
3... 2... 1...

EYES DILATE. WIDE. READY.

Ruth jolts out of her hiding place --
-- and attacks with renewed vigor.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE - SAME

Sebastian stands, circled by his TEN SOLDIERS, when he hears the sounds of MACHINE GUNS and MAYHEM right outside.

SEBASTIAN
(panicked)
Kill her!

The Ten Soldiers run through the door.

SCREAMS and more GUNFIRE.

Sebastian can do nothing but listen to the symphony of violence playing out on the other side of the walls.

BULLETS riddle the plaster.

CRACK. A body THUDS into a section of wall.

More RATTLING SHOTS.

Pictures fall. Shatter on the ground.

The action moves around Sebastian... circling...

His imagination runs wild.

Another SCREAM.

Followed by a BLOODIED HEAD crashing through wood.

Finally... the long murderous orchestra ends in SILENCE.

Just Sebastian's labored breathing and Isadora's sniffles.

MORE SILENCE.

-- **CRAAAAAAASH** --

A Soldier's body BURSTS through the front door. Shredded with bullet holes. A pulverized jumble of blood and flesh.

Then... entering through the now gaping doorway...

Is Ruth.

RUTH
Sebastian Volkov.

Uzi at her side, Ruth emerges. Hair matted. Blood trickling down her face. Pale. Etched in fresh scars.

The very embodiment of death itself.

SEBASTIAN
Listen to me. I can pay...

Sebastian backs away. Cornered by his gold-plated desk.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
I'll double your fee. Double --

-- cut off by the snap of GUNFIRE.

A ribbon of BULLETS rip through Sebastian's body as he collapses to the ground. Blood pools. Dead.

A moment as Ruth stands there. Inhales a deep breath.

Her mission complete.

The moment is broken by Isadora, who looks upon Ruth, her savior, with both surprise and adulation --

ISADORA
Who are you?

Ruth says nothing. Just frees Isadora from bondage.

Outside, Ruth hears the commotion of approaching Soldiers.

ISADORA (CONT'D)
Nando will be here soon.

Ruth offers Isadora a small nod, then glances down at Sebastian's body. BANG. One more shot between the eyes for good measure before she just turns and walks away.

EXT. LOWER TIER - MOMENTS LATER

The whole favela is awake. Even the SIRENS of la policía.

In a dark alley, Ruth is kneeled down. Extracts a flat, vacuum-sealed PACKAGE from underneath her vest.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SEBASTIAN'S BULLET RIDDLED BODY. Standing over him are Nando and a team of their most dangerous Soldiers.

A glint of emotion flickers behind Nando's sadistic eyes.

NANDO

*One million US dollars to anyone in
the favela who kills her.*

Soldiers glance at each other. Eager. This is HUGE.

NANDO (CONT'D)

*I want every man, woman, and child
in Rocinha hunting this bitch.*

Nando kneels down. Lovingly caresses Sebastian's cheek.

EXT. SEBASTIAN'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

The narrow gate rattles open allowing a caravan of SOLDIER'S TRUCKS to enter, along with the corrupt police force.

A CROWD has gathered to see the commotion.

CAMERA FINDS Ruth, wearing a brunette wig and "favela clothes." She blends in perfectly with the slum dwellers as she limps down the hill... away from the compound.

As Ruth gets a few steps from the entrance, she pulls out her work phone and begins typing out a text.

TO BRYCE: *"Job is done --"*

We now realize that the CAMERA POV is actually...

SNIPER POV

Crosshairs hover over Ruth's heart.

In a stroke of luck, she gets bumped by a Slum Dweller --

-- just as the SHOT RINGS OUT.

BULLET explodes in Ruth's shoulder.

She FALLS to the ground.

CROWD screams. Police scramble over. Blood puddles.

RUTH'S POV

On a nearby rooftop, she spots a SHADOWY FIGURE perched behind the scope of a sniper rifle...

But then everything goes *blurry*...

FADE OUT.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

RUTH'S EYES SNAP OPEN.

Her POV of a fist slamming into her face.

Ruth, in tattered black pants and a T-shirt, takes the hit.

SPITS blood.

Ruth is tied to a chair at the center of the room. Surrounded by more Soldiers, including Nando, who PUNCHES her again.

NANDO
Who hired you?

Ruth clocks her familiar surroundings.

RUTH
(bloody, sarcastic smile)
Where's your boss?

Nando furiously WAILS on Ruth.

NANDO
(getting tired)
Who hired you!?

Ruth is a pulpy wreck.

RUTH
Just shoot me. Save us the time.

Ruth smiles again. Nando backs off.

NANDO
You're ready to die?

RUTH
Gotta go sometime.

NANDO

And you have no reason to live?

A flicker of emotion in Ruth. She swallows it down.

NANDO (CONT'D)

What about for revenge?

RUTH

Revenge is poor motivation.

Nando gathers himself. Walks towards the desk.

NANDO

If it were me, I'd want to know who tried to kill me.

RUTH

Someone got mad that I did a job they couldn't. Simple as that.

NANDO

Or maybe someone wanted to take credit for the job you did.

Ruth shakes her head. Not buying it.

NANDO (CONT'D)

Perhaps Bryce.

Nando now holds Ruth's WORK CELLPHONE. He shows her the phone. Unsent Text message on screen.

TO BRYCE -- *"Job is done."*

NANDO (CONT'D)

Bryce is the one who sent you, right? Who is he? Your handler?

(no reply)

He knew you were in Rio, didn't he? So he let you do the job, and when it was done, he did you.

Ruth's head pounds. Eyes straining.

RUTH

He wouldn't --

Nando circles closer.

NANDO

Are you sure? How much was the contract? Sebastian was a very wanted man.

Ruth SQUINTS. Fighting the migraine. Her eyes close. Trying to remember, but it's hard. It's all so foggy.

FLASH CUT:

Back to Ruth lying on the pavement. Bleeding out.

She stares up at the adjacent rooftop. Her POV of a SHADOWY FIGURE perched behind his sniper rifle.

The image is fuzzy... clouded... but then it *focuses*...

REVEALING a glimpse of the man who shot her...

Bryce.

BACK TO SCENE:

Nando smirks at Ruth's expression.

NANDO (CONT'D)

I was right, wasn't I? You work for Bryce and he betrayed you.

Anger bubbles in Ruth.

RUTH

Bryce hired me to kill your boss. But you don't have to worry about him.

NANDO

Why is that?

RUTH

Because I'm going to kill him myself.

Nando smiles. Finding a bit of joy in this game.

NANDO

Yes, now I see the life flickering back into your eyes. You have a purpose. A burning desire to live. To finish what you started.

Nando grabs something else from the desk. A STEAK KNIFE.

NANDO (CONT'D)

And now I am going to take that from you. To make sure you never get what you want. That Bryce walks away with your money. And you die here in the slums for nothing.

Nando presses the KNIFE under Ruth's cheek.

NANDO (CONT'D)
You hear me? For nothing.

A sudden rage ignites in Ruth's eyes as she SNAPS down her jaw. Biting Nando's hand.

He pulls back. Cutting her cheek with the knife.

SCREAMING at the top of her lungs, Ruth stands and CHARGES like a bull towards the window --

-- SHATTERING glass as she leaps out --

EXT. SEBASTIAN'S COMPOUND - SAME

-- and PLUMMETS twenty feet.

PINBALLING off the metal rooftops until she SLAMS into the hard dirt road.

Ruth glances up. Sees Nando and his Soldiers scrambling.

Somehow, Ruth finds the strength to lift her mangled body up and hobble-sprint down the hill.

EXT. SEBASTIAN'S COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

Narrow gate still ajar. Crowd's gone. Commotion over.

Ruth scans her surroundings. DARTS across the street and into another set of tight alleyways.

EXT. SLUM STREETS - NIGHT

Ruth may be out of the compound, but she's still stuck high up in the favela. More than a mile to the bottom of the hill.

In a narrow alley, Ruth staggers against the wall. Blood from her shoulder wound SMEARS the cement. She needs medical help.

Up ahead, Ruth spots a YOUNG BOY kicking a soccer ball against the embankment.

Ruth approaches.

RUTH
I need help. A doctor?

The Young Boy locks on her. Curious. And then --

YOUNG BOY
 (screaming)
I found the blonde girl!

Nearby doors swing open. CLATTER of feet.

Everyone within earshot is sprinting this way.

Ruth turns and runs. Young Boy keeps screaming.

NEXT CUT:

Ruth rounds a corner. It seems safe. Until --

GUNFIRE rings out.

PEPPERS the metal wall next to her.

Ruth takes off as a group of LOCALS chase after her. FIRING.

BULLETS thisclose to her head.

She keeps running... her head pounds... but she won't stop.

NEXT CUT:

Ruth limps down a narrow path flanked by brick walls.

She's completely drained. Wounded.

Ruth spots an opening where part of the wall has crumbled like a bomb recently exploded.

Ruth achingly climbs the rubble and enters --

EXT. CONCRETE COURTYARD - NIGHT

Lit by a string of white Christmas lights powered by a small gas generator, SIX GANGSTERS mill about, throwing knives and play fighting with sticks. Placing bets.

They immediately spot Ruth.

RUTH
 (annoyed)
 Fuck.

She tries to back away. But they're piqued.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Please. I just want to pass.

They know exactly who Ruth is.

GANGSTER #1
*She's the one who killed Sebastian.
 Which means she must be good.*

Two Gangsters move between Ruth and the exit.

Knife blades GLINT in the torchlight.

RUTH
You don't have to do this.

The Gangsters surround her.

Gangster #1 gestures to the others with his knife.

GANGSTER #1
We split the bounty.

Ruth clocks the encroaching gangsters. There's too many of them. She's badly injured, and this time, she has no weapon.

If Ruth wants to win this fight, she needs an advantage.

That's when Ruth hobbles towards the generator and flips off the power, plunging the courtyard into moonlit darkness.

FOOTSTEPS on the concrete. BLADES shimmer. Men GRUNT.

Ruth's piercing BLUE EYES scan her surroundings...

And the onslaught begins.

FLASHES of carnage as flesh is sliced and stabbed. BODIES fall to the ground. A flurry of brutal GLIMPSES.

Until we hear a FINAL SCREAM.

Then silence. Followed by the RATTLE of the generator.

The Christmas lights FLICKER to life, revealing Ruth standing in the middle of the mortally wounded gangsters.

She YANKS a knife out of her leg. Tosses it aside.

Ruth tries to move, but she's hurt. Bad. Off balance --

-- she topples to the ground.

Luckily, there's someone there to help her. The young girl from Sebastian's office... Isadora.

ISADORA
 I live close. I can help.

Isadora helps Ruth to her feet. Ruth is too exhausted to doubt or argue. As they exit the courtyard...

ANGLE ON one of the wounded Gangsters... watching.

INT. ISADORA'S HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

One room shanty. Small cot. Electric griddle. Gas lamp. But thoughtful details show us that Isadora takes pride in her home. Curtains. Art. A shelf of trinkets. This is true poverty... yet somehow feels cozy.

Looking better, Ruth sits by the fire. Tightens a leg bandage made out of her shirt sleeve. Another one on her shoulder.

Isadora never takes her admiring eyes from Ruth.

RUTH

I need to get out of Rocinha tonight. Is there a way?

ISADORA

Impossible. Nando has the entire favela surrounded. Every exit is guarded by an army of his men, including the police. And there is a one million dollar price on your head. Which means every person in the slum is now your enemy.

Ruth glares at Isadora. Cautious.

RUTH

What about you? That's a lot of money. Why didn't you take it?

Like it were the greatest gift --

ISADORA

Because you killed Sebastian.

RUTH

Was that the first time he...?

ISADORA

No. He and Nando. They do much worse together. Much worse.

(then)

They have been like a cancer to the favela. Thanks to you, part of it is now gone. But Nando will continue to infect the people.

(MORE)

ISADORA (CONT'D)
And he will not stop coming after
you until you're dead.

With a morbid grin --

RUTH
I'm already dead.

Isadora is confused. Ruth doesn't want to get into it.

ISADORA
I've never seen someone like you.
Smarter, stronger, deadlier than
the men. I want to be like that.

RUTH
You're a woman. You already are.

They share a small smirk.

ISADORA
Can I ask you a question?

Ruth nods.

ISADORA (CONT'D)
How did you learn to kill?

A beat.

RUTH
My mother.

ISADORA
Your mother was an assassin?

RUTH
One of the first. One of the best.

ISADORA
That must have been good for you to
grow up with.

RUTH
Not really. I just wanted to go to
prom. Not weapons training.

ISADORA
(perplexed)
You are not close with your mother?

RUTH

I was. In the beginning. But she was always working, always so paranoid. She would move us around from place to place at the drop of a hat. One day she left for a job and never came home. They say she got killed by her mark, but who knows.

Isadora takes that in. She can relate.

ISADORA

My mother is dead too. She died in the drug wars. When Sebastian first took over. My father died then too.

RUTH

I'm sorry.

ISADORA

I wish she was here. Whether she was a farmer, a shopkeeper, or a killer like you. Just knowing she loved me would be enough.

This hits Ruth in the heart.

RUTH

She does love you. A mother always does. Even in death. I promise.

Isadora smiles. She likes the thought of that.

ISADORA

And you? Do you have a child?

RUTH

Yes. A daughter. Naomi.

ISADORA

And you need to get home to her?

RUTH

Yes.

A beat. Isadora makes a decision.

ISADORA

Okay. I can help you.

RUTH

How?

ISADORA
Cow's blood.

Off Ruth's curious expression...

CUT TO:

EXT. BUTCHER SHOP - DAWN

Sun peaks over the patchwork of shanties. Sunlight falling on the modest store front. Crates and pallets stacked outside.

At the end of the street, a barricade. Police patrol.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - DAY

Yesterday's meat hangs on hooks. Cows, pig, goat. Dangle like flesh and bone chandeliers. Bugs swarm. No refrigeration.

Isadora ladles cow blood from a brimming trough into a LARGE CONTAINER the size of a bathtub.

ISADORA
Every morning the owner sends a container to the port. He sells them to the Chinese. Says it's from rainforest monkeys. They think it's medicine or something.

RUTH
And no one checks inside?

ISADORA
Would you?

Ruth glances at the tub of murky blood. Shakes her head.

ISADORA (CONT'D)
I've worked here for two years. You will make it out. I promise.

Ruth nods. Accepts her word.

ISADORA (CONT'D)
The driver will be here soon. Make sure you don't move until you get past the favela boundary.

Ruth climbs into the tub of blood.

RUTH
Thank you.

ISADORA

Maybe one day I will see you again.
And your daughter and I can ride
horses together.

Isadora offers Ruth a hopeful smile.

RUTH

(lying)
Yes. Definitely.

Isadora secures a metal lid to the top of the tub. Save her nose, mouth, and eyes, Ruth is fully submerged. Through a tiny crack in the seam, she can see outside the container.

Isadora gives the tub a gentle tap as TWO DRIVERS arrive at the door. Their truck idles out front.

RUTH'S POV

From inside the sloshing container as the Driver's wheel her through the shop and towards the entrance.

Isadora stands alone. Watching. Smiling. But then...

Isadora's moment of joy transforms into panicked fear.

Ruth tries to get a better vantage --

EXT. BUTCHER SHOP - SAME

-- but now she's outside. In the street.

As the container gets loaded onto the truck, Ruth hears a recognizable voice --

NANDO (O.S.)

Is that her?

Ruth catches a quick glimpse of Nando, three Soldiers, two Policemen, and the Wounded Gangster from the courtyard.

WOUNDED GANGSTER

Yes. I saw them together.

Nando and his posse enter the butcher shop.

Ruth squirms for a moment. A decision being made.

But then... she lays still...

And the truck rambles away.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

ISADORA GETS SLAMMED against the wall. Shrinks to the ground.

Nando and his men tower over her.

NANDO
Where is the American?

ISADORA
I don't know.

WOUNDED GANGSTER
She's lying. I saw her.

Nando leans down. Inches from Isadora's face.

NANDO
Tell me or die.

Isadora says nothing.

NANDO (CONT'D)
*You're willing to die for this
gringo woman?*

She glares into his sadistic eyes. With a morbid grin --

ISADORA
I'm already dead.

Nando shakes his head in disgust. He stands. GUN aimed at the cowering girl.

NANDO
You're right about that.

ANGLE ON a nearby wooden table. BUTCHER KNIFE rests there, until a BLOOD-COATED HAND reaches for it.

Isadora remains defiant. Nando grips the gun tighter.

NANDO (CONT'D)
(to Gangster)
You're sure it was her?

WOUNDED GANGSTER
Yes. She helped --

BUTCHER KNIFE flies across the room. THUDS into Wounded Gangster's back. Folds him over.

Nando, the three Soldiers, and two Policemen draw their weapons. Begin FIRING at Ruth --

-- who darts behind slabs of SWAYING meat.

BULLETS rip into flesh. But not hers.

Ruth SOMERSAULTS low. KNIFES the leg of Soldier #1.

As he loses balance, Ruth SNATCHES his gun. FIRES two shots to his skull. Fragments and blood.

Ruth is relentless. Possessed. Sheathed in crimson blood.

She RATTLES off a barrage of shots --

-- MOWS down the two Policemen.

Soldier #2 sneaks up behind her, but Ruth is ready --

-- DROPS, spins, and FIRES three shots to his abdomen.

Soldier #3 sees the carnage. Then sees Ruth covered in cow's blood. Demonic. Like the grim reaper herself.

He's had enough. And runs.

Ruth has the killshot, but doesn't take it. Instead, she turns her attention to Nando, who clutches Isadora's neck.

Pistol to her head.

Ruth inches closer. Eye-conferences with Isadora.

RUTH

What about you, Nando? Are you
ready to die?

Nando's FINGER tickles the trigger.

NANDO

I have nothing left to live for.

Ruth gives Isadora the slightest glance --

RUTH

Well I do.

-- and Isadora DROPS.

It's all the opening Ruth needed. TWO PERFECT SHOTS. Nando's brain splatters the wall behind him. Morto.

Before Ruth can lower her gun, Isadora jumps into her arms.

ISADORA
You came back for me.

Isadora hugs Ruth tight. Like a daughter.

And Ruth accepts the embrace like a mother.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL BOA VIAGEM - DAY

BLACK TRAVEL BAG thrown into the back of a taxi. Ruth, who looks just patched up enough to travel without too much suspicion, slams the trunk. Isadora stands on the sidewalk.

ISADORA
When will I get to meet your
daughter?

Ruth takes a moment.

RUTH
One day. I'll make sure of it.

Isadora smiles. Bittersweet. Ruth moves for the taxi.

ISADORA
What are you going to do now?

RUTH
(then)
I'm gonna go get paid.

Ruth hops in back and slams the door closed.

INT. TAXI - DAY

The taxi drives off as Ruth types a text message on her personal cellphone.

TO GARRETT: "I need a favor. Can you help?"

A long pause before reply...

Garrett: "Of course. Everything okay?"

Ruth: "Need you to watch Naomi. Protect her from Bryce."

Garrett: "Bryce?????"

Ruth: "I'll explain everything soon. Thanks."

With that, Ruth hangs up the phone.

As the Taxi speeds away from the buzz of the favela, it seems to sparkle with a more vibrant, lively, and joyful energy...

Like a disease has been cured.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

LEATHER BOOTS bound down a concrete sidewalk. They turn and stop. Ruth stands in front of a familiar office building.

This time she's wearing a BACKPACK. Carrying a 9MM.

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Ruth marches with furious purpose. The Homeless Woman at the desk sees her. About to say something --

-- when Ruth SHOOTS out the surveillance camera.

HOMELESS WOMAN

The fuck are you doing!?

Ruth leaps the counter. JAMS her gun into the Homeless Woman's temple.

RUTH

I need to see Bryce.

Homeless Woman stares at Ruth like she's crazy.

INT. BABYLON INC - MOMENTS LATER

Ruth breaches the hallway doors --

-- and FIRES three rounds into the ceiling.

The buzz of the office falls silent. Dozens of Hipster Workers stop what they're doing. Frozen in fear.

RUTH

Bryce!

Ruth empties her backpack onto the floor.

A myriad of EXPLOSIVES.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Where's Bryce?!

Hipster Workers quiver. Exchanging nervous glances.
Now holding a detonator in her other hand --
-- Ruth FIRES again.

RUTH (CONT'D)
WHERE IS BRYCE??!!

BRYCE (O.S.)
Ruth?!

Ruth turns to see Bryce running over. In shock.

BRYCE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

RUTH
Give me my money and I'll let you
die slowly.

Bryce is taken back. Almost insulted.

BRYCE
What money?

RUTH
It was you. You set me up.

BRYCE
What are you talking about? The
contract got paid to someone else,
and when I didn't hear from you, I
thought you were dead.

RUTH
Someone else? Who?

BRYCE
I don't know. But it was paid out.

Ruth struggles. Another HEADACHE comes on strong.

RUTH
I saw you. In Rio.

BRYCE
Rio? What are you talking about?

Ruth is sweating. VEINS bulge. Everything is fuzzy.

RUTH
You were there. You shot me.

BRYCE
(worried)
I haven't been there in years.
Ruth, you need to calm down. You're
not well. You're sick.

Ruth points her wobbling gun at Bryce. He stays back.

RUTH
I saw you...

Ruth squeezes her eyes shut. Straining.

FLASH CUT:

Back to Ruth lying on the pavement in Rio. Bleeding out.

She stares up at the adjacent rooftop. Her POV of a SHADOWY
FIGURE perched behind his sniper rifle.

The image is murky... clouded... and it never *focuses*...

Maybe it wasn't Bryce after all.

BACK TO SCENE:

RUTH (CONT'D)
(confused, unsure)
No... I saw... I saw...

Ruth's head THROBS. She reaches for her medication.

STUMBLES. Knees wobble.

Bryce runs to help as Ruth COLLAPSES hard to the ground --

-- PILLS scattering everywhere.

FADE OUT.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

RUTH'S EYES FLUTTER OPEN. She's laying on a bed inside a
pristine, white-walled room. Cutting-edge medical equipment.

Bryce sits next to her.

BRYCE
Hey. How you feeling?

Ruth blinks her eyes. Cracks her neck.

RUTH
(surprised)
Good.

Bryce moves closer. Sincere in his concern.

BRYCE
I thought you were...

RUTH
I am. Just not yet I guess.

BRYCE
(trying to cheer her up)
Yeah, well, if you weren't already
dying, I'd kill you myself.

A small moment of relief. Then Ruth leans her head back.

RUTH
I'm sorry I accused you... I
just... haven't been myself. The
headaches. Everything's so foggy.

BRYCE
It's okay. I understand.

Bryce takes a beat. Treads carefully.

BRYCE (CONT'D)
Have you gotten your affairs in
order? I mean, is everything ready?

RUTH
Not yet. Not until I find out who
set me up and stole Naomi's money.

BRYCE
(fishing)
What about her father? Maybe he can
help. Who is her father?

Ruth stares at Bryce. She wants to answer, but can't.

BRYCE (CONT'D)
Ruth?

Ruth locks eyes with Bryce. A long moment. And just as she
begins to open her mouth... the doctor walks in.

That's what he's called. DOCTOR (50s). Brilliant, impolite.

DOCTOR
I'd say it was nice to see you
again, Ruth, but that'd be a lie.

RUTH
Doctor.

Doctor checks his folder. Peruses some MRI scans.

BRYCE
So what's the diagnosis?

DOCTOR
Still waiting on a few tests...
(referencing file)
But we've got a bullet wound to the
right supraspinatus, clean exit. A
three-inch laceration to the left
vastus lateralis. Needed a Tetnis
shot for that one. Then there's the
plethora of abrasions and
contusions. I guess the diagnosis
is... just another day on the job.

RUTH
What about my head?

DOCTOR
As thick as it's always been.
(checking another file)
But when did you start taking
Amaryl for diabetes?

RUTH
(confused)
I don't have diabetes.

Doctor glances at Ruth. Intrigued.

DOCTOR
Then why the hell're you on Amaryl?

RUTH
My pills? The doctor said they
would help with the headaches.

Doctor is confounded.

DOCTOR
If you don't have diabetes, this
medication would cause headaches.
Along with dizziness, fainting,
short term memory loss, even loss
of vision and hallucinations.

RUTH
What about the cancer?

DOCTOR
Whose cancer?

RUTH
Mine. Glioblastoma. Brain cancer.

Doctor points to an MRI scan of her brain.

DOCTOR
See that right there?

RUTH
I don't see anything.

DOCTOR
Cause there's nothing to see.

RUTH
Are you saying I don't have cancer?

DOCTOR
That's exactly what I'm saying.

Ruth still can't believe it.

RUTH
Are you sure?

Doctor glares at her. Insulted.

DOCTOR
When I give a diagnosis, it's an accurate one. Otherwise, with my clientele, I would've been dead a long time ago.

Ruth is shell-shocked. Bryce too.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Cancer? Who the hell told you that?

Fuming, Ruth rises up from the bed. Grabs her clothes.

BRYCE
What are you doing?

Ruth reaches the door.

BRYCE (CONT'D)
Wait, Ruth, is there something I can do to help? Can I call someone?
(MORE)

BRYCE (CONT'D)
 At least tell me where you're
 going? Ruth, where are you going!?

Calling over her shoulder --

RUTH
 To a get a second opinion.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A MAN'S FACE SHATTERS a wall of MRI scans. Hard to tell
 because of all the blood... but it's the baby-faced Dr. Gate.

Ruth drags him across the floor. Then she props him up and
 SHOVES her gun under his chin.

RUTH
 Talk.

Dr. Gate squirms. Petrified.

DR. GATE
 I was just doing what he paid me to
 do. That's all.

RUTH
 Who paid you?

DR. GATE
 I don't know his name. He needed a
 drug that would cause the headaches
 and then he made me give you a
 terminal diagnosis. I'm sorry, I
 am, but I needed the money --

Ruth WHIPS her gun across his face.

RUTH
 Who paid you?

DR. GATE
 I told you I don't know! He was
 older. Tough looking guy. Kept
 saying I was his "worker bee" --

The breath is knocked out of Ruth.

FLASHBACK TO:

HOWARD'S DINER -- PREVIOUS SCENE --

After just getting her diagnosis, Ruth sits in the corner booth... as Garrett enters.

GARRETT
I see a little worker bee.

RUTH
Hey little ant.

Ruth stands up and they share a warm hug.

LATER --

Ruth and Garrett talk. Every word takes on new meaning now.

GARRETT
You really want my advice?

Ruth nods sincerely. Garrett leans in.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
If money can help your situation...
then Bryce is your man.

BACK TO SCENE:

Ruth staggers. Head now clear as she realizes the truth.

FLASH CUT:

Ruth lying on the pavement in Rio. Bleeding out.

She stares up at the adjacent rooftop. Her POV of a SHADOWY FIGURE perched behind his sniper rifle.

The image is now sharp and focused... REVEALING a clean view of the man who shot her... GARRETT.

BACK TO SCENE:

Ruth is snapped out of her memory, interrupted by her RINGING PHONE. She glances at the screen. Incoming call: Garrett.

RUTH
(answering phone)
You're dead, you know that?

INTERCUT:

INT. PETERSBURG GLASS - SAME

CLOSE ON Garrett walking down the main floor. Phone to ear.

GARRETT

(on phone)

So were you until a few minutes ago. And now you have a new appreciation for life. You should thank me.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

RUTH

I will. Right before I kill you.

GARRETT

You know what, I think we should talk this out in person. Mano-e-womano. Clear the air a bit.

RUTH

Name the time and place.

Garrett stops in the middle of the floor.

GARRETT

How about the old day job? It's the weekend. We can be alone. And I still have the key I made to sneak into the break room and spike your thermos with Amaryl.

Garrett smirks. Ruth clenches her teeth.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

And Ruth. Come alone. Or my little guest here will end up like you were supposed to.

For the first time... we sense fear in Ruth...

REVEAL that Garrett has Naomi. He's been dragging her behind him like a sack of rocks. Naomi is scared. Confused.

NAOMI

Mommy --

GARRETT

See you soon.

Garrett hangs up.

Off Ruth... fear transforming to wrath...

CUT TO:

EXT. PETERSBURG GLASS - DAY

AERIAL VIEW of the expansive industrial complex. Like the blue collar version of a medieval castle. Smoke stacks replace castle towers. Metal fences and concrete castle walls. And an empty parking lot for a moat.

A DOZEN ARMED MERCENARIES covertly patrol the fortress. And overhead, perched on scaffolding, are the SNIPERS.

These are not third-world slum soldiers. But military trained, the "best money can buy," Grade A killers.

INT. PETERSBURG GLASS - MAIN FLOOR

AUTOMATED CONVEYORS run alongside the center aisle, molding bottles from sheets of molten glass. Nearby furnaces glow.

The factory whirs with life. Operating without personnel.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

WHISKEY pours into a paper cup. Garrett screws the lid on his flask. Savors a long sip. Offers a drink to Naomi, who cowers in an adjacent chair. Duct tape over her mouth.

Garrett takes another drink. Leans close. He spots the Saint Christopher medallion around her neck. RIPS it off.

Naomi wriggles. Garrett stares deep into her eyes, recognizes the strength glinting there.

GARRETT

You are your mother's daughter.

Garrett's HANDHELD RADIO chirps.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

(answering)

Yeah.

SNIPER #1

(on speaker)

It's time.

Garrett smirks. Takes another drink.

GARRETT

She's here.

He YANKS Naomi up from her chair. Exits with her in tow.

EXT. SCAFFOLDING TOWER - DAY

SNIPER #1 scans the perimeter. Through his rifle scope, we see a BLACK SUV approaching in the distance.

SNIPER #1
(in earpiece)
Eyes on possible target. North side
entrance.

CROSSHAIRS lock onto the vehicle's front windshield. From this angle it's impossible to see who's driving.

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE

BLACK SUV speeds through the parking lot and BURSTS through the front gate --

EXT. COMPOUND COURTYARD

-- before BREACHING the courtyard and violently CRASHING into the far wall of the building.

BLACK SUV is crumpled metal. Smoke. Spinning tires.

TEN MERCS slowly surround the vehicle. M16's trained.

MERC #1
(in earpiece)
Center courtyard. We've got her.

MERCS inch closer to the destroyed SUV.

INTERCUT:

INT. MAIN FLOOR

Garrett listens on his radio. Naomi beside him.

GARRETT
(in radio)
Do you have eyes on?

EXT. COMPOUND COURTYARD

Merc #1 angles to get a better vantage.

MERC #1
Negative.

Garrett shakes his head. Grins.

GARRETT
It's rigged. She's not inside.
She's drawing you close. Soon as
you're in range, KABOOM. Dead.

Merc #1 steps onto an embankment so he can get a better view of the wrecked SUV. It's empty.

MERC #1
Roger that. Bitch is smart.

GARRETT
Do not engage.

MERC #1
Copy. Back to the perimeter.

Merc #1 motions to his men. They abandon the EMPTY SUV and return to their posts. Snipers pivot back to the outside.

INT. BLACK SUV

Front seats are empty. But something in the back moves.

ANGLE ON a blanket covering the floor. It twitches.

On closer inspection, we realize it's a BALLISTIC BLANKET --
-- and emerging from underneath... is Ruth.

Dressed for battle, Ruth pulls out her mouthguard, grabs a large duffle, and slow-crawls away from the wreckage.

EXT. SCAFFOLDING TOWER

Sniper #1 continues scanning the outside perimeter of the factory. The parking lot. Adjacent roads. Sees nothing.

SNIPER #1
North side clear.

SNIPER #2 (O.S.)
South side clea--

A distinctive *PPFHT-THUMP* transmits through the radio.

SNIPER #1
Repeat. South side?

GARRETT
What's happening? Report.

Suddenly, static and PANICKED CHATTER fill the airwaves.

SNIPER #3 (O.S.)
South side is down. I don't --

POFFHT-THUMP. Across the courtyard, Sniper #3 tumbles out of his perch. Fifty feet to the ground.

GARRETT
Hell is going on out there?

SNIPER #1
We're taking fire!

Sniper #1 stays down. Continues scanning the outside of the factory, searching for the shooter.

SNIPER #1 (CONT'D)
Anybody have eyes on?

SNIPER #4 (O.S.)
I can't see her! I can't --

On the completely opposite side of the courtyard, Sniper #4 cartwheels off the scaffolding. They're dropping like flies.

SNIPER #1
We're losing men at every post. She must have help out there!

SNIPER #5 (O.S.)
She's not out there. She's --

POFFHT-THUMP. Sniper #5 lets out a muffled SCREAM.

At a loss, Sniper #1 turns and crouches low. Protecting himself from an outside shot...

When he sees Ruth perched on the middle smokestack, inside the courtyard, sniper rifle to her shoulder.

INT. MAIN FLOOR

Surrounded by TEN MERCS, Garrett listens via his radio.

GARRETT
(on radio)
What's going on? Where is she?

SNIPER #1 (O.S.)
She's here --

PFHT-THUMP. Sniper #1's radio goes silent.

GARRETT
Goddamnit!

Garrett SLAMS his fist into the metal conveyor. Knows she got the better of him. Then he laughs. Amused with himself.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
She was inside. Their backs were turned, they were sitting ducks...
(back on radio)
Everyone fan out. Now!

As the Mercs charge out, Garrett glares down at Naomi.

EXT. COMPOUND COURTYARD

With a gun in each hand, Ruth strides into the open.

A DOZEN MERCS closing in. And then...

It begins.

Ruth DROPS four Mercs with three precise shots into each of them. Two to the body. One to the head.

She EJECTS the spent clips. SLAPS in replacements while simultaneously spinning behind a cement pylon.

ANGLES around with one arm. FIRES three shots at an incoming Merc. Dead before he hits the ground.

It's a violent ballet of gunfire as Ruth moves in and out of cover. Constantly firing. Constantly moving.

SIX more perfect shots. Three more Mercs fall.

Out of ammo, Ruth somersaults, retrieves an ASSAULT RIFLE from a dead Merc, unfolds the stock --

-- and rises to her feet FIRING.

It's graceful. And savage. Every bullet hits flesh and bone.

Killshot.

After killshot.

CLICKCLICK. She's out of ammo again.

THREE more MERCS run through the center of the courtyard, guns trained as they pass the wrecked SUV.

Ruth extracts a small detonator and triggers it --

-- BOOOOOOOM! The SUV explodes in a massive fireball that completely engulfs the surrounding Mercs.

Just as the flames subside --

-- the two remaining MERCS blindsides her.

Merc #1 throws a wild PUNCH, but Ruth ducks and SNAPS his arm over her right shoulder like a breadstick.

Merc #2 drives a KNEE into Ruth's back, but with a blinding quick reversal, she lands a vicious ELBOW into his jaw.

Merc #1 connects a PUNCH with his good arm and DROPS Ruth.

In a flash, they converge and attack while she's vulnerable and on the ground.

Merc #1 uses his body and good arm to pin her legs while Merc #2 WRAPS his meaty hands around her neck, strangling her.

Ruth can't get leverage. Eyes bulge. Suffocating.

She GASPS for air... about to go unconscious.

Merc #2 pushes down harder on her trachea. Tries to put all his weight behind his grip. It's working.

As he continues to SQUEEZE, his head ends up dangerously close to Ruth's face --

-- so she BITES off his ear.

In one lightning fast motion, Ruth squirms free, SPINS, and wraps her arms around Merc #1's neck and her LEGS around Merc #2's neck.

She has them both by the throat in a death grip. Squeezing like a python. TWISTING violently. Until finally --

-- she SNAPS Merc #2's neck with a sharp thigh-twist.

Now she clings to Merc #1 with all her might.

She doesn't have the strength to break his neck with her bare hands... but she uses her leverage to keep squeezing...

And squeezing... and squeezing...

Until he suffocates and the life slips out of his eyes.

Nearly spent, Ruth rises to her feet, grabs the PISTOL from another dead Merc, and enters the building.

INT. MAIN FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Automated conveyor belts hum loudly as Ruth runs in. She immediately spots Naomi zip-tied to a tangle of metal pipes, duct tape wrapped tightly over her mouth and eyes.

Just as Ruth's about to run for her, Garrett appears on the center aisle, between her and Naomi. Pistol in hand.

The two trained killers size each other up...

RUTH

I thought you were gonna retire.

GARRETT

I was going to, I really was. The Volkov job was supposed to set me up for life.

RUTH

But you couldn't do it.

Garrett smirks.

GARRETT

I had two months on him and I couldn't find a crack.

RUTH

So you drugged me and paid a doctor to tell me I was gonna die.

GARRETT

I knew you had a kid. Knew I could talk you into going back and doing one last job for her.

RUTH

You played me from day one.

GARRETT

Oh come on, it was a smart move. I was stuck. You have connections in Brazil. I figured it'd be a job you might be able to do.

RUTH

I can do any job. Including this one.

GARRETT

Well there is one big difference between me and Volkov...

Garrett pulls out a second gun. One in each hand.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

He wasn't a professional killer.

(then)

Tell you what. I'll make you a deal. You leave now, you can have your daughter and you can go off and live happily ever after. Or you can stay and fight. Possibly die. Then you get no money, and she gets no mommy.

Ruth stands firm.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

Garrett FIRES two rapid shots, but Ruth was ready and quickly dives out of the way, rolling behind the conveyor.

Ruth pops up. RATTLES off her own gunfire. But Garrett is already on the move. Ruth runs after him. Enters --

INT. GLASS ROOM

Warehouse stocked full of glass panels. Lined up like dominos. Rows upon rows upon rows. Like a giant funhouse.

Ruth moves cautiously. The reflections playing tricks on her eyes. Every bit of movement amplified by the glass.

In the corner of her eye, something flashes.

Ruth FIRES. Glass EXPLODES.

GARRETT

Missed me.

Garrett's behind her. UNLOADS a barrage of lead.

Ruth SPRINTS along the aisles of glass.

Bullets SHATTERING dozens of panels, but Ruth stays ahead, dive-rolls behind a metal frame for safety.

Like chess masters, they move in and out of the rows of glass panels. Using reflections to seek and hide from each other.

Finally, after a masterful dance of gun play, the last glass panel shatters, and they're both out of ammo --

-- Ruth TACKLES Garrett to the ground.

Time for hand-to-hand combat.

Garrett may be a bit older, but he's still strong and fast.

Ruth, who's exhausted after her courtyard ordeal, is unable to get a jump on him.

Garrett UNLEASHES a flurry of punches and kicks.

Ruth tries to block, but a few slip past her defenses.

Ruth rebounds. Goes for a SIDE KICK.

Garrett SNATCHES her leg from the air --

-- HURLS her to the ground as she rolls over broken glass like cheese on a grater. Clothes and skin shredded.

Ruth grabs a nearby SHARD of glass. Wraps a piece of her torn shirt around the bottom, creating a makeshift knife.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Now we're talking.

Garrett finds his own shard. Does the same.

Now the two master assassins engage in a glass-knife fight...

And it does not disappoint.

Ruth charges. Garrett parlays. LUNGES.

SLICES a piece of Ruth's arm.

Ruth returns with a vengeance. PUSHES Garrett backwards.

Cornered, he hops on the CONVEYOR BELT. Ruth joins him.

The glass-knife fight continues as the conveyor moves them through the factory, past rivers of molten glass --

INT. MAIN FLOOR

-- and into the main floor where the bottles are molded.

GARRETT

If you kill me you get nothing, you do know that, right?

RUTH

As long as you're dead. I can live with that.

Garrett lifts the Saint Christopher medallion from under his shirt. The necklace dangles there. Taunting Ruth.

GARRETT

And Naomi? What'll you do? Take her on jobs with you like Victoria did? Always on the move. Always one step ahead of a bullet. That who you wanna end up like?

Ruth takes a moment. Thinking of her mom.

RUTH

Maybe.

Ruth attacks. Garrett deflects. But she SLICES his arm, causing him to drop his glass-knife.

As Ruth advances, Garrett spots a blowing STICK on the next conveyor. He leaps over and grabs it. Wields it like a fiery hot sword dripping with molten glass.

Ruth jumps over and the fight continues, but Ruth's knife is no match for his fire stick.

The liquid glass flings from the iron, burning into her skin.

GARRETT

You can still walk out of here.

Ruth spots her own fire stick. Retrieves it.

RUTH

I intend to.

Ruth attacks again. Swinging wildly.

Garrett blocks her. Iron SPARKS at contact.

They parry, dodge, and riposte. But it's not poetic. It's violent. Desperate.

As the conveyor continues to move them along the factory floor, the fight seems evenly matched.

Behind Garrett, Ruth notices the FAULTY PISTON that was firing off track earlier, knocking bottles to the ground.

Getting an idea, Ruth begins a flurry of swings, but they seem sloppy and slow and Garrett evades them easily.

Finally, Ruth loses grip on her weapon and it CLANGS to the ground. She's now unarmed. Vulnerable.

GARRETT

(big grin)

You should've left when you had the chance.

The conveyor moves. The faulty piston approaching.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

That's why I always thought women shouldn't be in this business. You think with too much emotion.

Now Ruth grins.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Something funny?

Garrett inches forward. Fire hot iron in hand.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

You might as well share with the class. You can consider them your dying words.

RUTH

You're a man.

Garrett stops. Curious smile. Conveyor keeps moving.

RUTH (CONT'D)

And just like a man...

Garrett is oblivious to the faulty piston right behind him.

RUTH (CONT'D)

You talk too much.

Like it were throwing a wild punch, the faulty PISTON shoots out, knocking Garrett off the belt and to the concrete.

It gives Ruth the moment she needed to pounce.

She unleashes her fury. WAILING on him with every fiber of strength she has left in her body... until Garrett is beaten.

Ruth finds a SHARD OF GLASS from a shattered bottle. Lifts it underneath Garrett's chin. Ready to take his life.

GARRETT
Wait! Just wait!

She does.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
How about we split the money? It's already in my account. You'll never get access. Just let me live and I'll give you half.

Ruth presses the glass to his skin. Draws blood.

RUTH
Remember that night in Berlin. We both finished jobs early. You said you could drink me under the table. But instead you drank me into bed.
(then)
It was four years ago, but it's a night I'll always be grateful for.

Garrett's face goes pale with a dawning realization.

RUTH (CONT'D)
I'm not sure if you know this, but if there's no will explicitly stating otherwise, then biological children are entitled to all of their parent's estate.

Garrett glances to the far side of the room where Naomi is bound, gagged, and blindfolded.

RUTH (CONT'D)
So our daughter will be just fine.

And with that, Ruth PRESSES the glass into Garrett's neck.

Killing him instantly.

Ruth pulls off the Saint Christopher necklace as she staggers to her feet. Looks over at Naomi.

NEXT CUT:

Ruth unties her daughter, careful to leave the blindfold on.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Hey, Bug.

NAOMI

Mommy?!

Ruth hugs her tightly for a long moment. Tears welling.

RUTH

(then)

I'm gonna take you home now, okay?

NAOMI

Okay.

Ruth picks up Naomi and carries her down the main floor...

Leaving the carnage in their wake.

EXT. COMPOUND COURTYARD - DAY

As soon as Ruth and Naomi step outside, the sleazy factory manager, Charlie, enters from the parking lot. In shock.

CHARLIE

(seeing Ruth)

What in God's name happened?

Ruth sets Naomi down. Then she calmly picks up a 9MM from the ground. Strides over and presses it to Charlie's forehead.

Charlie shakes in his boots.

RUTH

I think it was some kind of gang turf war. But either way, I was never here, do you understand?

Charlie nods. Near tears.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Good. Oh, and I quit.

CLICK. The sound of Ruth expending the clip makes Charlie piss his pants. Literally.

With just the slightest hint of satisfaction in her grin, Ruth takes Naomi by the hand and they continue walking.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Once they're in the clear, Ruth stops and finally removes Naomi's blindfold. Gives her daughter a big smile.

RUTH
You okay, little Bug?

Naomi nods. Wipes her eyes. Like she woke from a nap.

NAOMI
Is the story over?

RUTH
Yeah.

NAOMI
What happened? Did the Queen kill
the Gargoyle?

Ruth takes a long, contemplative moment. Then smiles...

RUTH
She did.

Naomi smiles back. She likes that answer.

NAOMI
Cool.

Naomi takes her mom's hand and they just keep walking...

TRANSITION TO:

INT. RUTH'S TRAILER - DAY

RUTH hands the trailer keys to Julie. It's her house now.
Julie leaps up and down. Hugging Naomi and Ruth. Overjoyed.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

SAINT CHRISTOPHER medallion rests on top of a white envelope,
sitting on a freshly made bed.

Curious, the Older Maid picks up the envelope and opens it to
find a HUGE WAD OF CASH.

She nearly faints. Then opens the letter inside. It reads:

*-- I gave your necklace to my daughter, but we won't need it
anymore. We'll be watching over each other now.*

The Older Maid smiles. Sniffs the money. BIG smile.

EXT. MOTEL ALEXANDRIA - DAY

Naomi stands next to a new CORVETTE as Ruth approaches.

Ruth looks back at the motel. A tiny grin.

NAOMI
Where are we going now?

RUTH
Ever heard of Brazil? There's some
people there I want you to meet.

Naomi shakes her head. She seems nervous.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Who loves you?

NAOMI
You.

RUTH
Who will always love you?

NAOMI
You.

Naomi smiles. Her nerves settled.

As they both enter the car and Ruth speeds out of the parking
lot, onto the desolate rural highway --

RUTH (O.S.)
Who's the hottest mom in
Pennsylvania?

NAOMI (O.S.)
Mrs. Docherty!

Over the sweet sound of mother/daughter giggles...

THE CAMERA BOOMS up...

And off this epic wide shot, we...

SMASH TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS:

**** POST CREDIT SCENE ****

FADE IN:

INT. BRYCE'S OFFICE - BABYLON, INC - DAY

At his desk, Bryce pores over a new assignment file. Sitting across from him, looking fresh, rested, and happy... is Ruth.

BRYCE

Now that you're back and Naomi's all situated, I got a job --

RUTH

I told you I was out.

BRYCE

I know. But this is... complicated.

RUTH

I'm sure one of your other contractors can handle it.

Bryce shakes his head.

BRYCE

The assignment just came in. Big payday. The mark is another contractor. A real pro. Maybe one of the best ever.

RUTH

I'm not ready for a job like that.

BRYCE

I don't want you to do the job. I want you to find the mark before the contract can be completed.

RUTH

(confused)

And what am I supposed to do when I find the mark?

Bryce hands Ruth a PHOTO from the folder. It's a surveillance picture of a CLASSY WOMAN in her fifties.

We immediately recognize her as Ruth's mother, Victoria.

BRYCE

I'm sure you'll think of something.

Off Ruth... floored...

SMASH TO BLACK.