

The Mother

by

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**INT. BEDROOM - SUBURBAN HOME - DAY**

A YOUNG WOMAN from behind.  
Gazes out the window.

The street is DESERTED.  
But she seems to be staring beyond it.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
*Who is the father?*

MOANS. RAW. LOUD --

**INT. HACIENDA - CUBA - NIGHT (THE PAST)**

The Woman and HECTOR (sleek, feral) have sex.  
Thrilling sex.  
Too bad it's just finishing.

They fall back onto the bed.  
Glistening.  
Out of breath.  
Shuddering from the power of the orgasm.

HECTOR  
*I love you.*

He speaks in *Spanish*.  
The Woman smiles.  
That's it.  
It's telling.  
Hector ignores what it's telling him.

HECTOR (CONT'D)  
*I have something for you.*

He stands.  
Naked.  
Unashamed.  
Throws open the double doors of the suite.

HECTOR (CONT'D)  
*Bring it in.*

TARANTULA (beady eyes, spider tat crawling up his neck).  
Brings it in.  
"It" being a custom made SNIPER RIFLE.  
A YELLOW HAPPY FACE covers the scope cap.

HECTOR (CONT'D)  
*You like?*

The Woman handles the weapon with ease.  
With excitement.

THE WOMAN

I love.

She stretches out on the bed.  
Powerful in her sexuality.  
A girl and her gun.  
Godard would be proud.

HECTOR

*I want you to use it for me.*

THE WOMAN

When?

Hector leans back.  
Gazes at her with frank admiration.

HECTOR

*Soon.*

**INT. BEDROOM - SUBURBAN HOME - DAY**

The Woman stares out the window.  
With bombed out eyes.  
A shadow of that carefree girl in Hector's bed.

THE WOMAN

Who else knows I'm here?

She fidgets.  
Nervous.  
Barely keeping it together.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

No one outside of my office.

An OLDER CIA AGENT (STONE) sits at the table behind her.  
A YOUNGER CIA AGENT (CRUISE) ready to take notes beside him.

STONE

And as soon as you give us more than  
a list of demands, we're prepared to  
move both of you into WITSEC.

The Woman says nothing.

CRUISE

There's six agents here. You're  
safe.

The Woman wants to believe that.  
Doesn't.

STONE

Look, we don't have time for kid gloves. Skyjacking. That's what's on the table here. If you've really gotten your hands on a program that can hack our drone database --

A GUNSHOT.

The bullet SHATTERS a window.  
SMASHES into Stone's forehead.  
BLOOD sprays.  
"Database" was his last word.

Cruise drags The Woman to the ground --

CRUISE

(into his earpiece:)  
Agent down. I repeat, Stone's down.  
We've got a sniper on the left side  
of the house --

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SUBURBAN HOME - DAY**

On the MOVE with Cruise and The Woman.

FAST.

FRANTIC.

GUNSHOTS echo.

Cruise's ear piece CRACKLES with URGENT CHATTER --

RADIO (V.O.)

*Shots from the south end...how many  
are there?...shit...*

CRUISE

Have we been breached? Are they in  
the house --

THE WOMAN

He won't enter until he knows it's  
clear.

He.

One man.

Cruise absorbs that.

CRUISE

(into the radio:)  
Give me an exit route now...  
(static, then:)  
Someone talk to me --

**INT. STAIRS - SUBURBAN HOME - DAY**

Cruise out front.  
The Woman behind.

An AGENT at the foot of the stairs.  
 Bullet in the chest.  
 Cruise moves to check for signs of life.

THE WOMAN

Don't --

*The amount of time Cruise spent in the light of the window?*  
 Just half a second.

**BANG!**

A bullet RIPS through the wall.  
 SMASHES into his chest.  
 He drops like a sack of wheat.  
 Hyperventilating BLOOD.  
 The bullet punctured a lung.

The Woman presses her back to the wall.  
 Out of the light of the window.  
 Listens.  
 Just Cruise's watery WHEEZING.  
 No more gunshots.

There's only one person left to kill.

The Woman grabs Cruise's GUN.  
 Hesitates.  
 Every instinct is telling her to move on.  
 Leave Cruise to bleed out.  
 Protect herself...

**INT. KITCHEN - SUBURBAN HOME - DAY**

The Woman grits her teeth.  
 Drags Cruise across the tiled floor.  
 His blood trail in their wake.

The Woman ransacks drawers and cabinets. Finds...

SUPER GLUE.  
 FOIL.  
 BIRTHDAY CANDLES.  
 A HALF-FILLED GLASS OF WATER.

The Woman tears Cruise's shirt open.  
 Rinses his wound.  
 Fills the oozing bullet hole with super glue.  
 Squeezes it closed.

Cruise writhes in pain.  
 Tries to speak.  
 Coughs up nothing but blood.

The Woman moves on without ceremony...

INT. BATHROOM - SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

The Woman empties a SHAMPOO BOTTLE.  
 Fills it with DRAIN0 from under the sink.  
 Adds WATER.  
 A little FOIL.  
 Breaks a BIRTHDAY CANDLE in half.  
 Sticks it through the top of the shampoo bottle.  
 Lights it.  
 Places it behind the door.  
 Climbs into the bathtub.  
 Pulls the shower curtain closed, and --

Waits.

The birthday candle melts.

And melts.

And melts.

It's quiet.  
 So fucking quiet.

The door CRACKS open.  
 A FLASH of movement through the gauzy shower curtain.  
 The Woman fires Cruise's gun.

*BANG! BANG! BANG!*

Three shots.  
 In a controlled arc.

A GRUNT.  
 IMPACT.  
 The curtain is ripped aside by --

ALEXEI (dead shark eyes, brutish, cold to Hector's hot).  
 A fresh BULLET WOUND in his arm.  
 But he's still got his gun trained on The Woman.  
 A standoff.

ALEXEI  
 Close range. Not exactly our  
 specialty.

He looks down at her.  
 With the barest hint of a smile.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)  
 But I guess I've got the advantage.  
 Two hostages to your one.

*What the hell is he talking about?*  
 The Woman's belly answers the question.



Slowly FADE IN.  
As if coming back to life from the dead...

**INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Agent Cruise wakes in a hospital bed.  
Lit by the blue glow of machines.  
A BREATHING TUB down his throat.

Someone's in the room with him.

Hidden in shadow.  
He TENSES.  
Finger inching towards the call button.

Another inch...

Another...

Almost there...

The shadow moves.  
Into the light --

THE WOMAN.  
Weak.  
Post c-section.  
In stolen O.R. scrubs.

THE WOMAN  
Find...a safe home for the baby...and  
I'll...give you...the program.

She sways.  
Unsteady on her feet.  
Desperate.  
Determined.

He shakes his head.  
Pulls at the breathing tube.  
Also desperate.  
Also determined.

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Alexei will destroy...everything to  
find me. And he always finds me...

Cruise finally drags the tube out --

CRUISE  
You...saved my life --

THE WOMAN  
You can't protect me. So protect  
her.

INT. NICU - NIGHT

A WINDOW separates us from a beautiful BABY GIRL.  
 In an incubator.  
 A BANDAGE covers half her tiny face.

The Woman's reflection appears in the glass.  
 She takes one last look at her daughter...

INT. BATHROOM - STADIUM - DAY (THE PAST)

The noise of a SOCCER GAME echoes.  
 The Woman leans against the cramped stall door.  
 Stares at something in her hands.  
 A million thoughts running through her head.

*bangbangbang!*

An open palm against the stall door.  
 Someone can't hold it any longer.  
 The Woman drops...

A PREGNANCY TEST.  
 Into the toilet...

INT. HALLWAY - STADIUM - DAY (THE PAST)

The Woman moves through a throng of rabid SPORTS FANS.

She's grabbed from behind.  
 Pulled into a dark corner by --

ALEXEI.  
 SLAMS her up against the wall.  
 Menace in his eyes.

No.  
 Not menace.  
 LUST.

He KISSES her hungrily.  
 Like he owns her.  
And she returns the kiss.

ALEXEI

Hi.

THE WOMAN

*Hi?*

She throws a paranoid glance around the corner...

Hector's thug TARANTULA.  
 Snakes through the crowd.  
 Looking for her.

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)

Tell me you aren't risking getting caught to say hi.

Alexei shrugs.  
Lights a CIGARETTE.  
Offers to The Woman.  
She ashes it.  
Places it back on his lips.

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)

Hector doesn't like smokers.

ALEXEI

I don't give a fuck what he likes.

He possessively wraps his arms around her waist.  
Eyes her curves.  
His curves.

THE WOMAN

He told me about the buy.

Alexei's eyes SNAP back to The Woman's.  
"The buy" interests him.  
More than the curves that belong to him.

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)

He wants me there. Next Sunday.

ALEXEI

Where?

THE WOMAN

No details yet.

Alexei takes a deep drag.  
Contemplates a million details.  
The Woman looks at him.  
Raw.  
Open.

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)

We're done after this. Right?

Alexei smiles.  
A devil's head grin.

ALEXEI

It's yachts and private beaches 'til the end of time. Unless you get bored...

**EXT. ALASKA - DAY**

ICE as far as the eye can see.  
 No yachts.  
 No private beaches.

Just a SMALL CABIN in the middle of a FROZEN LAKE...

**INT. ALASKAN CABIN - DAY**

The Woman.  
 10 YEARS LATER.  
 Now...

**THE MOTHER.**

She does her morning exercises.  
 Methodical.  
 Rep after rep.

She's a razor's edge.  
 Just like the length of her hair.  
 All the soft parts carved away...

**EXT. ALASKAN CABIN - DAY**

Make-shift shower.  
 Suds wash over The Mother's fading C-SECTION SCAR...

**EXT. ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

VERTIGO.  
 Halfway up two 150 foot BLACK COTTONWOOD TREES.

The Mother lies in a SNIPER'S NEST.  
 One eye closed.  
 The other staring through the scope of a SNIPER RIFLE.

She breathes steadily.  
 Waits...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*A DEER.  
 Saunters into the crosshairs.  
 Over a mile away.*

The Mother's finger SQUEEZES the trigger.

*BOOM!*

She disassembles her rifle.  
 Doesn't even wait to see the deer go down.  
 She knows she hit her target...

**EXT. ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

The Mother treks.  
Sniper rifle slung over her shoulder...

**EXT. NEAR THE RIVER - ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

The Mother emerges from the tree line.  
Freezes.

A WHITE SHE-WOLF.  
Tears at the DEER CARCASS.  
Her WOLF CUBS bite at each others heels off to the side.

The Mother pulls her rifle.  
Slowly.  
Chambers a round.

*KA-CHHK!*

The She-wolf's attention snaps to the threat.  
She bares her teeth.  
Squares off.  
Eyes locked on The Mother.

A simmering darkness mirrored between them.  
A primal kinship.

The She-wolf slowly advances to attack.  
The Mother holds her ground.  
Turns her rifle.

**At the Wolf Cubs.**

The She-wolf stops dead.  
Mother instincts kicking in.  
Protect the offspring.  
At all costs.

Industrial strength TENSION, then --

The She-Wolf HOWLS.  
Signaling her cubs.  
As they scramble into the woods...

**INT. STORE - DAY**

An OLD MAN (JONS).  
Spies a PICKUP TRUCK pull around back.

He grabs a LOCK BOX from under the counter.  
His CANE.  
Flips the sign on the front door to "CLOSED."

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND - STORE - DAY**

Jons limps towards the pickup.  
 The Mother drags the deer carcass from the bed.  
 He pulls a POSTCARD from the lock box.  
 Hands it to her.

There's no return address.  
 It reads: **#457831 5 AM**

Jons looks over the carcass.  
 Frowns at the BITE MARKS.  
 But keeps his displeasure to himself...

**INT. STORE - DAY**

The Mother picks a strange assortment of items off the shelves --

A JUG of water.  
 BATTERIES.  
 KITTY LITTER.  
 ZIPLOCK BAGS.

**INT. ALASKAN SHACK - DAY**

BREAD.  
 JERKY.  
 Motion sickness PILLS.  
 FLASHLIGHT.  
 WOOL BLANKET.  
 A stack of CASH.  
 SAT PHONE.  
 9MM PISTOL.

All laid out to pack.  
 Precise.  
 OCD precise.

The Mother stuffs everything into a duffel bag.  
 Pulls a NONDESCRIPT BLACK CASE from underneath her bed.

The cabin is BARE.  
 Nothing left behind...

**EXT. DOCKS - FLORIDA - DAY**

The amber light of dawn spreads.  
 SHIPPING CONTAINERS are off loaded from a barge.

**#457831** stenciled across a rusted red container.

A DOCK WORKER unlocks it.  
 The Mother climbs out.  
 They share a nod.  
 She hands over the stack of cash...

**EXT. SHIPYARD - DAY**

The Mother empties her duffel in the trash.  
The refuse of her carefully chosen grocery items.

What you'd need for an extended trip in a steel box.

**EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

The Mother slips in through the back door.  
Takes the stairs all the way up to the...

**EXT. ROOF - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

The Mother opens that nondescript black case.  
It's her sniper rifle.

This is a hit.

She pulls out the scope.  
Pops the cap off.  
Brings it to her eye --

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*KIDS in a playground across the street.  
Lots of them running around.  
Watched by their MOTHERS and NANNIES.*

*A GIRL in a RED MAGICIAN'S CAPE.  
Off to the side.  
Alone.*

*The Red Caped Girl turns.  
Sunlight catches on a faint SCAR.  
On her cheek.  
The remnants of a wound she received in utero.*

The Mother squints into the scope.  
Watching.  
From a distance.  
Fighting emotion.  
She doesn't dare get any closer than this...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*The Red Caped Girl (ZOE, 10).  
Practices MAGIC TRICKS with a DECK OF CARDS.  
Tongues the scar in her cheek.  
A nervous habit.*

*A BULLY approaches.  
Pulls her cape.  
Teasing her.*

*ZOE'S MOTHER across the park.  
Not paying attention to the situation brewing.  
Too busy flirting with a SUBURBAN DAD.*

*A BLACK VAN parked across the street.  
Angled right at Zoe...*

The Mother's protective instincts kick in.  
She sets the scope on the roof's edge.  
Never takes her eye from it.  
Assembles her Rifle...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*More KIDS crowded around Zoe.  
The Bully knocks her playing cards from her hands.  
They scatter in the breeze.*

*ZOE'S MOTHER still oblivious.  
Still flirting.  
The Suburban Dad glances toward that BLACK VAN.*

The Mother assembles her rifle faster now.  
Something is definitely wrong.

She locks the scope in place.  
Raises the rifle...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*The teasing has reached its climax.  
Zoe can't take it anymore.  
She PUNCHES the Bully.*

*FIIIIIIIIIIIGHT!*

*Or more like a beating.  
The Bully has two inches on Zoe.  
The scope hovers over him.  
It'd be a clean shot.*

The Mother's finger rests on the trigger.  
Would she shoot a kid?

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*Zoe's Mother finally intervenes.  
Pushes the Bully off her daughter.  
Drags Zoe towards the parking lot.  
That Black Van circling towards them...*

The Mother tenses.  
Finger curving around the trigger...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*The Black Van gets closer.  
Closer...  
Closer...*

*Drives right past Zoe and her Mother.*

The Mother relaxes.  
Takes her finger off the trigger.  
She overreacted.  
But...

Something still feels off.  
She raises the rifle again...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*SUBURBAN DAD.  
His back still to us.  
Dress shirt and slacks.  
Just a hint of a FADED TATTOO.  
Peeking from the edge of his collar.*

*The hairy legs of a SPIDER.*

*And what happens next, happens FAST --*

*A SCREAM.  
Tire's SCREECHING.  
The Black Van has reversed.  
In front of Zoe and her Mother.  
TWO THUGS attempt to grab the girl.*

*BANG! BANG!*

The Mother takes them out.  
Two kill shots.  
No hesitation...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*TERROR sweeps across the park.  
Mothers, Nannies, and Children scramble.*

*Suburban Dad AKA HECTOR'S THUG TARANTULA.  
Cuts through the melee.  
A shark to blood.*

*The blood being Zoe.*

*BANG!*

*The bullet was just a hair off.  
He dives for cover behind a bench.*

Zoe FROZEN in stunned horror.  
 Gaping as her Mother fights with the van's Driver.  
 HOLD a bead on them.  
 Zoe's Mother blocks a clean shot at the Driver...

The Mother's finger flexes on the trigger.  
 Frustration lining her features.  
 Getoutofthewaygetoutoftheway.

Fuck it.

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

BANG!

The bullet slices through Zoe's Mother's shoulder.  
 Slams into the Driver's neck.  
 BLOOD sprays.  
 They both collapse to the asphalt.

That was The Mother's last bullet.  
 She drops her rifle...

**INT. STAIRWELL - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

The Mother barrels down.  
 Like a freight train.  
 Level SIX.  
 FIVE.  
 FOUR.  
 On the third.  
 She hops over the railing to the bottom.  
 Tweaks her ankle on the landing.  
 Swallows the pain.  
 Bursts out the door...

**EXT. PARKING LOT - PARK - DAY**

POLICE SIRENS in the distance.  
 Zoe shakes her unconscious Mother like a rag doll.  
 Streaks of tears run down her cheeks.

ZOE  
 Mom, get up. Please, get up --

THE MOTHER (O.S.)  
 Zoe!

Zoe turns in a daze.  
 The Mother GRABS her before she can process what's happening.  
 She struggles against this stranger.  
 Scared out of her mind.

ZOE  
 Let me go --

Tarantula peeks from behind that bench.  
 The Mother struggles with a freaked out Zoe in her arms.  
 Distracted.  
 He raises his gun --

*BANG! BANG!*

The Mother spins for cover.  
 Behind a car.  
 Gets CLIPPED in the arm by a bullet.  
 She drops Zoe.  
 Who immediately makes a run for it.

THE MOTHER

Zoe, no --

*BANGBANGBANG!*

Tarantula lays down fire.  
 To keep The Mother trapped behind the car.  
 Dashes after the little girl.

The Mother pulls her 9mm.  
 Rises to fire, but...

Tarantula's got Zoe in his arms.  
 Uses her as a shield.  
 Gun to her tiny forehead.

The Mother tracks Tarantula and Zoe.  
 Waiting for a clear shot.  
That she doesn't get.

Tarantula hops into the idling van with Zoe.  
 Speeds off.

RED and BLUE LIGHTS disco across The Mother's face.  
 Four SQUAD CARS surround her.  
 Cutting off any chance she had of pursuing.

POLICE MEN crouch behind open doors.  
 Guns trained on her.  
 The only threat in sight.

POLICEMEN

DROP YOUR WEAPON --

**INT. ER - HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

The Mother handcuffed to a gurney.  
 A NURSE tends to her gunshot wound.  
 POLICEMEN keep dutiful watch.

BARNEY (O.S.)

She say anything?

FIFE (O.S.)

Not a word.

Near the nurse's station.

Two DETECTIVES (BARNEY & FIFE) observe.

FIFE (CONT'D)

And no ransom demand yet.

BARNEY

You see that rifle we found on the roof? She has to be a part of it.

FIFE

Seems to me the Cubans --

BARNEY

I thought they were Mexican?

FIFE

-- with bullets in them were the kidnapers. It's like...

BARNEY

Like what?

FIFE

Like she was trying to stop them.

Barney tries to digest that.

Can't.

BARNEY

She shot the girl's mother.

FIFE

Clean through the shoulder. Minimal damage.

BARNEY

Compared to...?

FIFE

The kill shots in everyone else.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

The Mother in cuffs.

Arm in a sling.

Loaded onto a PRISON TRANSPORT VAN by Policemen.

ZOE'S FATHER (O.S.)

Please, I'm begging you...

Barney and Fife hold back ZOE'S FATHER.  
He's ragged with emotion.  
Desperate.

ZOE'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
Tell them where my daughter is.  
I'll give you whatever you want...

The Mother climbs into the barred van unmoved...

**INT. JAIL - NIGHT**

The Mother in a prison jump suit.  
Led through the noisy cell block.  
A few LATINA GANGBANGERS side-eye her from their cells...

**INT. CELL - JAIL - NIGHT**

*CLANG!*

The door slides closed.  
The Mother lays down on the bare mattress...

**EXT. DESERT HILLSIDE - CUBA - DAY (THE PAST)**

The Woman lies on her stomach in the dirt.  
Eye to that custom sniper rifle Hector gifted her.

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*A lone BLACK SEDAN.  
Speeds towards a convoy of HUMVEES.  
HECTOR, TARANTULA, & his THUGS.  
Stand beside the gas guzzlers.*

HECTOR (ON RADIO)  
*Here they come, baby.*

His honey-laced Spanish.  
Buzzes from the EARPIECE in The Woman's ear.

ALEXEI (O.S.)  
Something's wrong.

The Woman looks over the rifle's barrel.  
Alexei is laid out beside her.  
His eyes through a pair of binoculars.  
Her spotter.

THE WOMAN  
What do you see?

ALEXEI  
Not down there. I know you.  
Something's bothering you.

The Woman looks off.  
 He does know her.  
 And something is bothering her.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)  
 Did it get real?

THE WOMAN  
 No --

ALEXEI  
 You're in love with him --

THE WOMAN  
 He's the mark.

ALEXEI  
 I don't like surprises.

A lethal beat.  
 The Woman has one hell of a surprise for him.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
*We're in position.*

From the WALKIE clipped to Alexei's belt.  
 He turns his eyes back to his binoculars.  
 Back to the task at hand.

ALEXEI  
 (into walkie:)  
 Everyone hold for my mark.  
 (to The Woman:)  
 12 o'clock. Range fourteen hundred  
 and seventy-six meters.

The Woman lines up the shot...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

HECTOR.  
*At 12 o'clock.  
 Stepping out in front of the Humvees.  
The target.*

ALEXEI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Dial twenty-four plus one click.  
 Wind from 2 o'clock at five miles  
 per hour.

The Woman adjusts.  
 Alexei watches her every move.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)  
 Whenever you're ready.

The Woman takes a deep breath.  
 Flexes her finger on the trigger.  
 Alexei's body TENSES.  
 He's impatient.  
 Finally --

*BANG!*

**INT. CELL - JAIL - DAY**

The arm sling is crumpled on the floor.  
 The Mother does her exercises.  
 Methodical.  
 Rep after rep.  
 Feels like she's been up all night.

She has.

The cell block opens...

**INT. JAIL - DAY**

The Mother steps into the line of INMATES.  
 A LATINA GANGBANGER leans out of line ahead.  
 Looks straight at her.  
 Runs a finger across her neck.  
 Translation: *You're dead, puta.*

GUARD (O.S.)  
 You got a visitor...

The Mother is pulled out of line...

**INT. SECURE ROOM - JAIL - DAY**

The Mother cuffed to a table.  
 The door opens.

CIA AGENT CRUISE enters.  
 10 YEARS OLDER.

He's aged well.

The Mother doesn't react at all.  
 Cruise opens a THIN file.  
 Pulls out a BALLPOINT PEN.  
*CLICKS* it once.

CRUISE  
 There's not much in your file. Ex-  
 army. Sniper certification.  
 Honorably discharged. And then you  
 went off the grid. A ghost.

*CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK.*  
 Cruise fiddles with his pen.  
 A nervous habit.

CRUISE (CONT'D)  
 But that's fine. I don't care about  
 any of that. I'll talk to a ghost  
 if it means saving a little girl.

*CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK.*  
 The Mother remains silent.

CRUISE (CONT'D)  
 Your people still have her. No  
 contact. No demands. So I'm here  
 to ask what you want us to do. To  
 get her back safely.

*CLICK CLICK CLICK.*  
 Not a peep from The Mother.  
 Cruise swallows his annoyance.

CRUISE (CONT'D)  
 This case might be FBI jurisdiction.  
 But I know this family personally.  
 They're good people. And I'm going  
 to do whatever it takes to get their  
 little girl back to them.

Cruise pauses.  
 Locks eyes with The Mother.  
 To sear that point home.

*CLICK.*  
*CLICK.*  
*CLICK.*

Not a nervous habit.  
Morse code.

The Mother nods.  
 Almost imperceptible, and --

Cruise pops like a balloon.  
 LAUNCHES across the table.  
 STABS the pen into The Mother's shoulder.

CRUISE (CONT'D)  
*TELL ME WHERE THE GIRL IS!?!*

He GRINDS the pen into her bullet wound.  
 Reopens it in a gush of blood.

GUARDS rush in.  
 Struggle to pull him off.

Cruise's hand brushes across The Mother's.  
He slips her something.

She quickly SWALLOWS this something.  
 The Guards too distracted by Cruise's rage to notice...

**INT. INFIRMARY - JAIL - DAY**

A CONSTRUCTION AREA is coned off.  
 Near an exposed window.  
 No bars.  
 A GUARD stands watch.

The Mother's cuffed to a bed.  
 Wound re-bandaged.  
 She eyes the clock on the wall.  
 Five minutes til 3.

She's overtaken by a VIOLENT COUGH.  
 Feigned cover.  
 She regurgitates what Cruise slipped her.

A lock pick.

THE MOTHER  
 Can I have some water?

The Guard just stares at her.

THE MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 Please...

The Guard gets up.  
 Annoyed.  
 Grabs a dixie cup at the sink.

The Mother discreetly uncuffs herself.  
 Eyes the window.  
 Just one Guard between her and escape.

The Guard approaches with the water.  
 The Mother readies to make her move...

The door unlocks.  
 FIVE LATINA GANGBANGERS enter.  
 With PRISON WEAPONS.

GANGBANGER  
 Get out.

The Guard turns tail.  
 Locks the door behind him.

Now five crazy bitches between The Mother and escape.  
 The Gangbangers circle the bed.

## GANGBANGER (CONT'D)

Hector says hi, *puta* --

The Mother EXPLODES.  
 Kicks the Gangbanger at the foot of the bed.  
 Square in the breast.  
 Wraps her hand around the HANDCUFFS.  
 Uses them like brass knuckles.  
 Breaking the nose of the Gangbanger on the left.  
 Grabs the arm of the one on the right.  
 Twists.  
 Pulls the TOOTHBRUSH SHANK from her hand.  
 Lodges it in her throat.

One down.  
 Four to go.

The Mother springs off the bed.  
 Always on the move.  
 Making the Gangbangers come to her.

She fights like she shoots.  
 Every blow is a kill shot.  
 Meant to put you down and keep you down.

Two down.  
 Three down.  
 Four.

The Guard outside scrambles to unlock the door.  
 The Mother jams a chair under its handle.  
 Throws a dead Gangbanger against it.  
 For extra support.

One Gangbanger left standing.  
 Barely.

The Mother BUM RUSHES her.  
 Smashing through the bar free window...

**EXT. PARKING LOT - JAIL - DAY**

...and uses the gangbanger's body to break the fall.  
 They land on the hood of a parked car.  
 UGLY IMPACT.

An SUV pulls up.  
 The passenger door is thrown open.  
 Cruise is behind the wheel.

The Mother peels herself off the dead Gangbanger...

EXT. ALLEYWAY - BETWEEN WAREHOUSES - DAY

A beat up, abandoned OLDSMOBILE.  
 Wedge between dumpsters.  
 The SUV slides to a stop next to it.  
 Cruise and The Mother climb out.

CRUISE

I've got a change of clothes for  
 you.

Cruise pops the trunk of the Olds.  
 Bends into it --

The Mother SLAMS the hood down on his head.  
 Pulls his GUN from his holster.  
 Jams it right up under his chin.

THE MOTHER

You told Hector. About Zoe --

CRUISE

No --

THE MOTHER

It can't just be a coincidence. You  
 send the postcards --

CRUISE

Every year. Why turn on you now?

The Mother hesitates.  
 Cruise speaks quickly.  
 Can barely get a full breath.  
 Steel jammed in his throat.

CRUISE (CONT'D)

There's a leak in the department.  
 To the cartels. Hector recently  
 became their main supplier of weapons.  
 Someone turned over the information,  
 but it wasn't me...

The Mother steps back.  
 Gun still trained at Cruise's head.

THE MOTHER

Get in the trunk.

CRUISE

I wouldn't do anything to hurt her.

A long moment.  
 Cruise stands his ground.  
 Finally...

The Mother lowers the gun.  
Reluctantly.

THE MOTHER  
Do you know where Hector is?

CRUISE  
No. I've tried all my sources.  
He's gone into hiding. But there's  
no evidence he's left the island.

The Mother grabs clothes from the trunk.  
Changes.  
Cruise diverts his eyes.  
A gentlemen.

CRUISE (CONT'D)  
He...wouldn't --

THE MOTHER  
No. He thinks she's his.

A flash of curiosity in Cruise's expression.  
*If not Hector, than who is the father?*

THE MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Give me your keys.

CRUISE  
I can help --

THE MOTHER  
I can't trust your people --

CRUISE  
No CIA. Just me. I'm coming with  
you --

THE MOTHER  
Give me the keys.

The Mother's got that gun back in her hand.  
She's going to get those keys.  
Whatever it takes.

CRUISE  
How are you going to get past the  
TGF without me?

THE MOTHER  
I'll find a way.

CRUISE  
And how much time will that waste?

**EXT. WATERS OFF THE COAST OF - FLORIDA - DAY**

The island of Cuba.  
 Just a speck on the horizon.  
 Cruise pilots a speed boat.  
 Across the choppy waters...

**EXT. MARINA - CUBA - DAY**

This is how Cruise gets past the *Tropas Guarda Fronteras*:

- 1) He flashes his BADGE.
- 2) A TGF OFFICER waves his boat through.

**EXT. DOCK - CUBA - DAY**

Cruise opens a HIDDEN COMPARTMENT.  
 The Mother climbs out.

THE MOTHER  
 There's something I need...

**EXT. CUBAN HIGHWAY - DAY**

A rusting FOOD TRUCK powers at us.  
 Pedal to the metal.  
 MARCOS (twitchy, a human hummingbird) drives.

His eyes flit to the rearview mirror.  
 Don't like what they see.  
At all.

He swerves onto a dirt road, REVEALING --

A GAZ 2410 on his tail.  
 The Mother behind the wheel.

She swerves onto the back road.  
 Guns the gas.  
 Inches along side the Food Truck.

Cruise motions from the passenger seat.  
*Pull over.*  
 Marcos shakes his head adamantly.  
*No chance in hell.*

The Mother lets up on the gas.  
 The Gaz drops behind the Food Truck.  
 Marcos breathes relief.  
 It's short lived --

The Mother's hand is out the driver's window.  
 GUN aimed.  
 She fires three shots.

Tire.  
Tire.  
ENGINE.

The Food Truck veers sharply.  
Barely balancing on bald tires.  
Smoke wafting from the engine.

Marcos twists the wheel.  
This way and that.  
TOO HARD.

The Food Truck FLIPS.  
TUMBLES wildly across the dirt road.

One revolution.  
Two.  
THREE.

Finally it comes to a crunching stop on its head...

**INT. FOOD TRUCK - DAY**

An assortment of WEAPONS line the walls.  
Scatter the ceiling.  
Which is now the floor.

The Mother rummages.  
Bags a KNIFE.  
A GLOCK.  
BULLETS.

She checks out a BLACK MARKET 9MM.  
SILENCER.  
INFRARED SIGHT.  
She clicks it on.

The RED LASER slices through the air.  
Lands on a beat up non-descript BLACK CASE.  
Looks familiar.

The Mother pops the case open.  
Her eyes fill with surprise.

It's her gift.

That CUSTOM MADE SNIPER RIFLE.  
10 YEARS LATER.  
Half the smiley face scratched off the scope cap...

**EXT. BACK ROAD - CUBA - DAY**

A very pissed off Marcos.  
Fidgets.  
Spits blood.

MARCOS

That bitch. Almost got me killed.  
Now she robbin' me...

Cruise has his gun trained.  
Right between Marcos's eyes.

CRUISE

There's a safety deposit box in  
Havana. Half a mil. Untraceable --

MARCOS

Motherfucker you robbin' me. And  
you think I'm just gonna trust you.  
Fuck you --

CRUISE

Go on a treasure hunt or die right  
here. Your choice.

Marcos shuffles.  
From one foot to the other.  
Considering...

A RED DOT.  
Appears in the middle of his creased forehead.  
A BULLET HOLE replaces it seconds later.

His LIFELESS body drops to the dirt.

Cruise blinks surprise.  
Gun still trained at the empty air.  
The empty air now cut by an INFRARED LINE.  
His eyes follow it to...

THE MOTHER.  
Lowers the black market 9MM.

THE MOTHER

We can't let anyone warn Hector.

Cruise absorbs that.  
The finality.  
There was never any other way this scenario ended.

THE MOTHER (CONT'D)

This is what it's going to take to  
get her back. Can you handle it?

**INT. WAREHOUSE - CUBA - DAY**

A GERMAN SHEPHERD rips at a PITBULL'S throat.  
In a barbwire laced CAGE.

A throng of LOWLIFES surround it.  
 Cheering for blood.  
 The vibe EXPLOSIVE.

TARANTULA.  
 Oversees the illegal blood sport.  
 Surrounded by his...

SPIDER THUGS.  
 Snake through the crowd taking bets.  
 Holding the leashes of vicious ATTACK DOGS...

**INT. BATHROOM - WAREHOUSE - DAY**

The wall shakes from the adrenaline on the other side.  
 A SPIDER THUG hangs by the door.  
 Tarantula sidles up to a urinal.  
 Right next to...

CRUISE.  
 They trade a cursory glance.  
 That's it.  
 Just two men pissing.

Cruise zips up.  
 Washes his hands.  
 Discreetly eyes in the mirror's REFLECTION...

SPIDER THUG.  
 TARANTULA.  
 The DOOR.

Something has Cruise's forehead creasing.  
 Something he doesn't like...

**IN THE STALL:**

*The Mother peeks through the door crack.  
 BLACK BAG in hand.  
 9MM in back pocket.  
 Impatient.  
 Waiting for a go signal.  
 That Cruise isn't giving.  
 Why?*

Tarantula zips up.  
 Washes his hands.

Cruise dries his.  
 Clocks the slow turn of the stall's lock.  
 Subtly shakes his head to his reflection...

**IN THE STALL:**

*The Mother continues turning the lock.  
 Ignoring Cruise's warning signal.  
 Black bag now in back pocket.  
 9MM now in hand...*

Cruise shakes his head again.  
 More adamant.  
 Still subtle, but --

The Mother bursts from the stall.

*bang!*

A bullet to the head for Spider Thug.  
*His body hitting the floor?*  
 Louder than the silencer-aided gunshot.

Surprise floods Tarantula's features.  
 It's quickly replaced by anger at the sight of The Mother.  
 And that's knocked away by a SUCKER-PUNCH from Cruise.

The Mother throws the black bag over Tarantula's face.  
 Cinches it tight.  
 Cutting off the yell bubbling out --

THE MOTHER

Tell us where Hector is.

Tarantula resists.

VIOLENTLY.

Cruise struggles to zip tie his slippery still wet hands.

THE MOTHER (CONT'D)

Forget his hands. Lock the door.

CRUISE

Lock's broken. That's why I signaled  
 to wait --

The door's pushed open.  
 Cruise draws his gun.  
 Finger hesitating on the trigger...

A LOWLIFE.

Stands in the doorway.  
 Jaw dropped.

He turns tail.  
 The door swinging closed behind him.  
 The Mother and Cruise trade a look.

Clock's ticking now.

Cruise keeps his gun trained at the door.  
The Mother turns all her attention to Tarantula.  
Fierce urgency.

THE MOTHER  
Where's Hector?

She loosens the black bag.  
Tarantula coughs out --

TARANTULA  
*Fuck you.*

Cinched TIGHT.  
She whirls him around.  
Slams him face first into the wall.

A SPIDER THUG barrels through the door.  
Gun raised.

*BANG! BANG! BANG!*

He gets off a shot.  
Before Cruise uses two to put him down.

*BANGBANGBANGBANG!*

Someone's shooting a SEMI-AUTOMATIC through the wall.  
Spray and pray.

The Mother and Cruise take cover --

**IN THE STALL:**

*The Mother drags Tarantula in with her --*

THE MOTHER  
Where's Hector?

*But she doesn't have enough leverage anymore.  
Tarantula's too big.  
He rams her back across the toilet.  
She goes limp.  
Dazed.*

*He gets free.  
Rips the black bag off...*

*BANGBANGBANGBANG!*

Bullets eat up every surface.  
Porcelain shards fly.

TARANTULA (O.S.)  
*Stop shooting --*

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Spider Thugs surround the bullet ridden bathroom door.  
Fingers coming off triggers.  
Guns smoking.

LOWLIFES scramble around them.  
Tripping over themselves.  
Scared out of their minds...

**INT. BATHROOM - WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Tarantula hauls ass for the door.  
He's side blinded by Cruise.  
Linebacker-tackled to the ground.

But Tarantula is TOUGH.  
Throws Cruise off.  
Barrels out the door.

The Mother exits the stall.  
Charges after Tarantula.

CRUISE

Wait...

She heard him.  
Doesn't slow down.  
In juggernaut mode --

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

The Mother lurches out the bathroom door.  
Straight into CHAOS.  
Focused.  
Gun raised.

She takes out the Thugs collapsing on Tarantula to help.  
He grabs one of their guns.  
Fires back.  
The Mother begrudgingly takes cover.

CRUISE.  
Barrels out the bathroom now.  
His cover fire for The Mother forces Tarantula to retreat.

TARANTULA

*Kill them!*

The rest of his Spider Thugs join the fire fight.  
Releasing their dogs on The Mother and Cruise.

The Mother takes out two charging GERMAN SHEPHERDS.  
Cruise fires at a PITBULL.  
Misses.

The Pit LATCHES onto his arm.  
 Jaws of steel.  
 Blood and spit flying.  
 A close range shot drops it.  
 But that was Cruise's last bullet.  
 The Mother's out too.

A GRIMY FIGHT ensues.

Cruise uses his fists.  
 The Mother grips her empty 9MM by the barrel.  
 Uses the handle's blunt force to break noses.  
 Always on the move in Tarantula's direction.  
 Cruise always on the the move in The Mother's.  
 Both taking HEAVY PUNISHMENT.

A Spider Thug knocks the 9MM from The Mother's hand.  
 Follows that with a punch that rocks her.  
 Staggers her back into the cage.

She rips BARBED-WIRE from it.  
 Wraps it around Spider Thug's neck.  
 Chokes him to his knees.  
 Eyes locked on...

TARANTULA.  
 Breaks out the back door.  
 The Mother releases Spider Thug.  
 Hurls herself after Tarantula.

DIZZYING forward momentum --

**EXT. STREETS - CUBA - NIGHT**

The Mother chases Tarantula.  
 Running all out.  
 Breathing hard.  
 In overdrive.

Helter-skelter.

Through THIN ALLEYS between warehouses.  
 Across an EMPTY LOT.  
 FENCE.  
 Over it.  
 Onto CITY SIDEWALKS.  
 Dodging PEOPLE.  
 Into the TRAFFIC-LOGGED STREETS.  
 Slipping through CARS.  
 Over hoods.  
 Around a corner --

*SCREECHHHH-BAM!*

The Mother's hit by a CAB.

She's airborne for a split second.  
Grinds to the pavement.  
Head snapping to concrete.

The SOUND DROPS OUT.  
Just underwater half-silence.  
Ears RINGING.

Tarantula doesn't slow down.  
Doesn't look back.  
The Mother writhes in pain.  
Uses the cab's grill to pull herself up.  
Stumbles --

Cruise catches her.  
His bloodied face creased with concern.  
He's saying SOMETHING.  
It doesn't matter what.

THE MOTHER

Go.  
(then:)  
Go!

She waves in the direction Tarantula disappeared.  
Cruise takes off.  
Sound rushes back in...

HONKING horns.  
Frantic SPANISH YELLS.  
SIRENS.

She shoulders past the irate CABBIE.  
Climbs behind the wheel of his cab.  
He attempts to drag her back out.  
She SLAMS him head first into the door.  
He crumples to the pavement.  
She hits the gas --

**EXT. SLUMS OF - CUBA - DAY**

The Mother blows past a stop sign.  
Eyes scanning out all the windows.  
PARKED CARS and SHANTIES stream by.  
She's looking for any sign of...

CRUISE.  
Rockets down a parallel street.  
Just glimpses of him.  
Strobe-like through the small alleys between shanties.

The cab's engine strains.  
The Mother accelerates.  
Catches sight of...

TARANTULA.  
Running so fast he's almost falling.

The Mother turns the wheel sharply.  
Swerves THROUGH a Shanty.  
Slices easily through the cardboard walls.  
Shooting out the other side.  
Timed just right.

The front of the cab sideblinds Tarantula.  
He flips onto the hood.  
His body spider cracking the entire windshield.

Chase over.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

*BAM! BAM! BAM!*

The Mother's fists.  
Wrapped in barbed wire.  
Smash Tarantula's face.  
PULPY.

Each punch also a vicious cut.

He's tied to a chair center ring.  
Cruise looks on.

*BAMBAMBAM!*

The Mother lets up.  
Winded.

Tarantula stays mute.  
Glares at her through swollen eyes.  
Not a trace of fear.

The Mother looks to Cruise.  
Stretches her fingers.  
Knuckles bruised.  
Split open.

She can't keep this up...

**INT. BODEGA - DAY**

Cruise steps to the counter.  
Places on it...

A six pack of glass-bottled COCA-COLA...

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Cruise tips Tarantula's chair over.  
Motions to the Mother.

CRUISE

Hold him at an angle.

She lifts the chair by its legs.  
30 degrees.

Cruise bites the cap off a Coca-Cola bottle.  
Pulls Tarantula's bloodied shirt up.  
Over his head.  
Pours Coca-Cola onto his shirt covered face.

Tarantula gags.  
Body convulsing.  
In its most basic, merciless survival mode.

Cruise finishes off the bottle.  
Rips Tarantula's shirt from his face.  
FEAR now in the man's eyes.

CRUISE (CONT'D)

Stings a little bit more than water,  
doesn't it?  
(then:)  
Now. Where's Hector?

The Mother observes Cruise.  
Cold determination.  
This is whatever it takes.

Cruise bites the cap off another Coca-Cola...

**INT. ROOM - MOTEL - NIGHT**

WEAPONS.  
TACTICAL GEAR.  
Laid out on the bed.

The Mother in a robe.  
Post shower.  
Loads a SEMI-AUTOMATIC SHOTGUN.

Cruise at the table.  
Shirtless.  
Super glues wounds closed.

A HEAVY SILENCE hangs.

Cruise can't reach a wound on his back.  
The Mother's done loading.  
She moves to help.

She squeezes the wound closed.  
 He tenses.  
 She eases up.  
 Taking motherly care.

CRUISE

We're not going to survive another  
 all out assault.

The Mother pauses.  
 Knows he's right.

CRUISE (CONT'D)

You need to trust me. Act like  
 there's two of us in this or we don't  
 stand a chance.

They lock eyes.  
 The look meaningful.  
 Strained.

THE MOTHER

It's just been me. For a long time.

The admission.  
 It's magnetic.  
 The pull between them unstoppable.

His lips find hers.  
 The kiss grows.  
 Becomes RAVENOUS.

He lifts her into his lap.  
 She wraps her legs around him.  
 Frees him from his pants.  
 Slides him into her.  
 A low shuddering moan escapes around their kiss.

They fuck.  
 FAST.  
 HARD.

And cum.  
 Just as FAST.  
 Just as HARD...

**EXT. AFFLUENT SUBURB - CUBA - NIGHT**

Tony VILLAS line a hillside.  
 The Gaz winds through the quiet streets.  
 Slows just enough for...

The Mother to hop out.  
 She slips around the side of a TWO-STORY VILLA.  
 Duffel slung over her shoulder...

**EXT. BALCONY - VILLA - NIGHT**

The entire HILLSIDE laid out...

The Mother assembles her Sniper Rifle.  
 BASE to HEAD.  
 SCOPE to BASE.  
 LOADS BULLETS.

A low muffled MOAN.  
 Like a plead through a gag.

The Mother ignores it.  
 Lies on her stomach.  
 Positions the rifle through the balcony's rail.

THE MOTHER  
 I'm in position.

The RADIO in her ear BUZZES --

CRUISE (ON RADIO)  
 Copy.

The MOANS continue.  
 The Mother continues to ignore them...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*A GATED VILLA three blocks below.  
 MAIN HOUSE and an ANNEX BUILDING.  
 Isolated.  
 Rolling lawns.  
 Patrolled by GUARDS with ASSAULT RIFLES.*

THE MOTHER (O.S.)  
 Four on the east lawn. Six on the  
 west. Three minutes apart.

The Mother clicks a button on her scope.  
 Never pulling her eye from it...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*GREY and BLINDING HOT WHITE.  
THERMAL VISION.*

*SWEEP the Main House.  
 Hesitate for a moment when a BRIGHT FIGURE appears.  
 Move on.  
 Another BRIGHT FIGURE.  
 Another.*

THE MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 At least ten in the house.

*SETTLE on a room on the second floor.  
THREE Bright Figures.  
One smaller than the others.*

THE MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Second floor. Third bedroom. West  
side. I've got three heat signatures.

CRUISE (ON RADIO)  
You see her?

*CLICK!*  
Thermal vision off --

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*Just an unassuming wall of the Main House.*

THE MOTHER (O.S.)  
It's the only room without a window  
facing north. Hector knows this is  
the only high ground.

CRUISE (ON RADIO)  
He's expecting you.

THE MOTHER (O.S.)  
But he's expecting me alone.

Another moan.  
LOUDER.  
More insistent.

CRUISE (ON RADIO)  
Are you hearing that? What is that?

The Mother glances over her shoulder.  
Through the open sliding glass door.  
Into the lavish bedroom at...

The well to do COUPLE bound and gagged.

The wife pleads through duct tape across her mouth.  
Tears rolling down her cheeks.

THE MOTHER  
The owners.

The Mother draws her 9MM.  
Places it like a finger to her lips.  
*Shhhhhhhhh.*  
The wife goes mute in fear.

CRUISE (ON RADIO)  
I'm in position. East side. Blue  
hydrangeas.

The Mother stretches her neck.  
Her trigger finger...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*THERMAL VISION.*  
*SWEEP* the brick wall.  
*Lining* the east side of the property.  
*Vines.*  
*Vines.*  
*Vines.*  
*BLUE HYDRANGEAS.*

THE MOTHER (O.S.)  
Get ready...

*Because all of this is about to happen FAST --*

*A GUARD approaches.*  
*HOLD* as he gets closer to those blue flowers.  
*And closer still...*

THE MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Go.

The Mother SQUEEZES the trigger...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*Cruise appears at the top of the wall.*  
*Hits the ground the same time as the Guard's body.*  
*He drags it into the cover of bushes.*

THE MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It's forty feet to the house. You'll  
enter through the kitchen. It's  
empty...

*SWEEP* to the Main House.  
*Quick check of the EMPTY kitchen.*

CRUISE (ON RADIO)  
There's an upstairs window...

*TILT* to find a *BRIGHT FIGURE* upstairs.  
*A possible lookout?*

THE MOTHER (O.S.)  
Go.

*Cruise's LABORED BREATHING rises on the radio.  
The Mother squeezes the trigger.  
The Bright Figure drops to the floor.*

*TILT down to the kitchen.  
Hold...*

*Hold...*

*Hold...*

*A BRIGHT FIGURE slips in the back door.*

*CRUISE (ON RADIO)  
(whispering:)  
I'm inside.*

*FIND a Bright Figure coming down the hall.  
Towards the door to the kitchen.  
The one Cruise heads towards.*

*THE MOTHER (O.S.)  
Incoming. Fifteen seconds...*

*Cruise uses those 15 seconds to HIDE.  
In the pantry.*

*The Bright Figure enters the kitchen.  
Passes right by Cruise.  
Who grabs him from behind.*

*The sounds of STRANGULATION rises on the radio.  
Cruise drags the dead body into the pantry.*

*THE MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You're clear.*

*TRACK with Cruise.  
Through the HALLWAY.  
LIVING ROOM.  
FOYER.  
Up the STAIRS.*

*Always scanning fives seconds ahead of him.  
After him.  
Intent on keeping him alive.*

*THE MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Someone's coming out of her room.  
30 seconds...*

*CRUISE (ON RADIO)  
Cover?*

*THE MOTHER (O.S.)  
The second door behind you.*



*SWEEP to that Annex Building.  
A panel GLOWS from surging heat.  
The Mother pumps three rounds into it.  
Lights across the villa cut off.  
BLACK OUT.*

*Another SCREAM from Zoe rises over the radio.*

CRUISE (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)  
It's okay. I'm right here. You're safe...

*SWEEP back to the Main House.  
Bright Figures close in on Zoe's room.*

THE MOTHER (O.S.)  
Five coming up the back stairs.  
Three down the right hallway. You need to move --

CRUISE (ON RADIO)  
I know you're scared, but we have to move fast --

THE MOTHER (O.S.)  
Go now.

CRUISE (ON RADIO)  
Stay behind me.

*TRACK with Cruise and Zoe.  
Heading down the right hallway.  
Better odds.*

THE MOTHER (O.S.)  
I've got two bullets left.

CRUISE (ON RADIO)  
Copy.

*FIND those Three Bright Figures...*

**BANG! BANG!**

The Mother immediately starts reloading.  
Another SILENCED GUNSHOT rises over the radio.  
Followed by MULTIPLE SHOTS.

CRUISE (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)  
We're pinned down.

The Mother's only half-finished loading.  
But there's no more time.

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*The five have caught up to the two.  
Shoot out in the hallway.  
BANG! BANG! BANG!  
Three down by The Mother's bullets.  
One by Cruise's.*

*The last Bright Figure disappears from view.  
How the fuck?*

*CLICK!*

*Grey and blinding white bleeds to COLORS.  
The last Guard comes into focus.  
Hiding behind a BALCONY WINDOW.  
Thick glass obscures thermal vision.*

The Mother squeezes the trigger.  
Turns Thermal Vision back on a half-second later.

THE MOTHER

Go.

CRUISE (ON RADIO)

I know you're scared. But I need  
you to be strong for just a little  
longer...

Zoe's CRYING over the radio.  
It's interrupted by --

That MOAN again.  
More FRANTIC this time.  
*Didn't The Mother tell Scared Wife to shut the fuck up?*

The realization hits The Mother.  
Like a smack to the face.  
Scared Wife must be pleading with someone new.

The Mother rolls out of the way just as --

A MACHETE.  
Slams down in her wake.  
Sharp blade splintering wood.

Someone's found her.  
Someone with a machete.  
No --

Two machetes.

The second slams down on The Mother's left.  
Hard enough to lodge into the wood.  
Stopping her mid-roll.

CRUISE (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)  
Stay flat against the wall...

The Mother scrambles to her feet.  
Finds that first machete at her throat.  
A muscled arm locked around her waist.  
Pulling her into...

HECTOR  
*I knew you'd come for her.*

That honey laced Spanish.  
Just a whisper in The Mother's ear.  
Cruise's voice crackles in the other --

CRUISE (ON RADIO)  
We need a path out --

GUNFIRE.  
He's in trouble.  
But so is The Mother.

She eyes the machete at her feet.  
Lodged in the balcony.  
Hector presses the blade into her throat.  
A warning.

HECTOR  
*You know I always wondered. If it  
was all a lie. I finally got my  
answer.*

He holds her tight.  
Like a lover.  
Their body's flush against each others.  
STIRRING.

HECTOR (CONT'D)  
*The love was real. It created that  
beautiful little girl...*

The EMOTION.  
On The Mother's face.  
Her own memories resurfacing.  
She fights to keep her tone neutral.

THE MOTHER  
I won't have her growing up with  
monsters.

Hector sad-smiles.  
What he expected.  
He lets out a resigned breath.  
An inch of space opens.  
Between The Mother's neck and the blade --

She SMASHES her head back.  
 Shattering Hector's nose.  
 He reacts on instinct.  
 Slicing blade across skin, but --

The Mother's already twisting from his grip.  
 Dislodging that second machete from the balcony.  
 Her hand goes to the slit in her neck.  
 It's just superficial.  
 Hector's hand goes to his nose.  
 It's broken.

They square off.  
 Grips tighten on machetes.  
 A volcano of unspoken emotions between them.

The VILLA CHAOS is still in The Mother's ear.  
 Distracting her.

*CRUISE'S CALLS FOR HELP.*

The Mother slashes first.  
 Hector dodges.  
 Clearing the doorway.

She slips into the...

**INT. BEDROOM - VILLA - NIGHT**

...just barely dodging the arc of his blade.

The MACHETE FIGHT is brutal.  
 Personal.  
 Somewhere between love and hate.

*CRUISE'S LABORED BREATHING.*

Hector hacks away at The Mother.  
 Unrelenting.  
 Forces her back towards the bed.

*GUNSHOTS.*

The Mother uses the Bound Couple as shields.  
 Hector draws BLOOD.  
 The couples.  
 Hers.

*ZOE'S TERRIFIED SCREAMS.*

The Mother's eyes flit out the balcony doors.  
 Towards the villa she can't see three blocks down.  
 Protective mother instinct --

**BAM!**

A vicious punch from Hector.  
Knocks The Mother's ear piece out.

He's too close.  
 She grabs his knife arm to stop a slash.  
 He grabs hers.  
 They GRAPPLE.

He brings a knee to The Mother's midsection.  
 She folds.  
 Falls back on her ass.  
 Hector once again has both machetes.

The Mother scoots back.  
 Through the BATHROOM DOOR.  
 Hector stalks her in...

*THAWP!*

A MACHETE BLADE slices through the wall.  
 Is retracted.  
 Another blade strike.  
 A few feet to the right.  
 It's retracted again.

Hector's striking at The Mother while she's on the move.

She's heading toward the opposite bathroom door.  
 She rolls out of it.  
 Slams it shut behind her.  
 Two hands on the doorknob to keep it closed.

A blade slices through the door.  
 Cutting into her hand.

She screams in frustration.  
 Slams the door open.  
 Before Hector has time to retract the machete.  
 Catching him by surprise...

**INT. BATHROOM - VILLA - NIGHT**

...driving him back through the GLASS shower doors.  
 That SHATTER around them.

Hector drops his second machete.  
 But maintains a grip on The Mother.  
 Maneuvers her into a REAR NAKED CHOKE HOLD.  
 Lifting her off her feet.

Her eyes bulge.  
 She gasps for air.  
 For LIFE.

Tears well in Hector's eyes.  
He squeezes...

And squeezes...

And squeezes...

His grip loosens.  
He can't do it.  
The love was real.  
He can't finish her off.

The Mother can.

The moment her feet crunch into broken glass.  
She tightens her grip on Hector's arm around her neck.  
Flips him over her shoulder.  
Gravity does the rest.

Hector slams down on what's left of the shower door.  
The shark fin shaped glass EXPLODES through his chest...

**INT. BEDROOM - VILLA - NIGHT**

The Mother still gasping for air.  
Pushes the couple's dead bodies out of the way.  
Feels around on the bed.  
Searching for...

Her EARPIECE.

She grabs it.  
A drowning victim for a life preserver.  
Jams it into her ear.

THE MOTHER

Cruise...  
(then:)  
Cruise!

STATIC...

**INT. LIVING ROOM - VILLA - NIGHT**

The Mother moves for the front door.  
Bloody.  
Broken.  
Pushing beyond the pain.  
Throws it open to stare down --

The BARREL OF A GUN.  
Held by...

CRUISE.  
He lowers it at the sight of her.

## CRUISE

We got her.

The Mother looks past him.  
To the GAZ in the driveway.  
Zoe's terrified face framed by the windshield.

The Mother steps back.  
Out of her daughter's eye line.  
Braces herself against the furniture.  
Adrenaline finally leaving her.

Her entire body SHAKES.  
With RELIEF.  
CONFUSION...

**EXT. WATERS OFF THE COAST OF - CUBA - NIGHT**

The lights of Cuba.  
Bleed into the horizon.

Cruise pilots the speed boat.  
Zoe strapped into the seat beside him.  
The Mother surrounded by bloody towels in the rear.  
Wiping off Hector's blood.

Her lover's blood.

Both mother and daughter stare blankly out at the water.  
Emotionally drained.  
Numb.  
Clearly changed forever...

**INT. OLDSMOBILE - FLORIDA STREETS - NIGHT**

Cruise drives.  
The Mother rides passenger.  
Zoe's in back.

The Mother's eyes go to the rearview mirror.  
To her daughter's reflection.  
Zoe's staring right at her.

They have the same INTENSE eyes...

**INT. QUICKMART - NIGHT**

The Mother does her best to find her "travel" items.

A JUG of water.  
ZIPLOCK BAGS.  
JERKY.  
PREPAID PHONE.  
BATTERIES.

The electronics aisle turns into TOYS & GAMES.  
 The Mother pauses.  
 Picks up...

A DECK OF CARDS.

She considers the weight of them.  
 In her hand.  
 As a present for her daughter...

**EXT. DOCKS - FLORIDA - DAY**

DAWN breaks.  
 The Olds pulls in between CARGO CONTAINERS.  
 The Mother and Cruise climb out.  
 She hands him the Prepaid Phone.

THE MOTHER  
 Call when she's safe.

Their look holds.  
 Still meaningful.  
 Still strained.

CRUISE  
 Did you ever consider keeping her?

The Mother looks to Zoe.  
 Sprawled across the back seat.  
 Asleep.

THE MOTHER  
 The only way to protect her was to  
 give her up.

CRUISE  
 A kid needs more than just protection.

The Mother feels Cruise's sincerity.  
 For a moment she's genuinely conflicted, then --

THE MOTHER  
 She has a mother.  
 (then:)  
 And a father.

**EXT. PEST BANK - BUDAPEST - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

In the SHADOWS of the SZÉCHENYI CHAIN BRIDGE...

LASZLO (ratty blond cornrows, diamond studded grill).  
 Sits on the hood of a tricked out BENTLEY.

LASZLO  
 I heard this was Hector's score.

The Woman stands in the glow of the Bentley's headlights.

THE WOMAN

You've never been friends with Hector.

LASZLO

Never enemies either. And from what I've heard, neither were you.

THE WOMAN

We're half a world away from Hector's reach. You've the got connections. Sell it discreetly.

Laszlo considers, finally...

LASZLO

I want to see it.

THE WOMAN

When I see cash.

LASZLO

Fine.

THE WOMAN

20 mil?

LASZLO

I heard you the first time. It'll take me a few days to get it.

The Woman reaches for the GUN in her waistband. A wave of UNEASINESS washing over her.

THE WOMAN

You always negotiate --

ALEXEI (O.S.)

He's already made his deal.

She freezes.

Stunned.

Doesn't have to turn to know there's a gun trained on her.

Alexei tosses a bag of cash to Laszlo.

He climbs into the Bentley.

The headlights recede as he pulls away.

The Woman's eyes search.

For a way out.

Any way out.

There's none.

Just her and Alexei left in darkness.

He takes the Gun from her waistband.  
 Puts his to the back of her head.  
 Holds it there.  
 Finger on the trigger.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)

I want what you stole from me.

A TEAR rolls down The Woman's cheek.  
 It takes her a moment to find her voice.

THE WOMAN

Okay --

He PISTOL-WHIPS her.  
 Dropping The Woman to her hands and knees.  
 Follows that with a kick to the face.  
 VOLCANIC in his anger --

ALEXEI

You betrayed me, for what? 20 mil?  
 That's not even what it's worth --

The Woman rolls onto her back.  
 One hand covering her belly.  
 Not even thinking to defend herself first.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)

I fucking loved you --

He kicks her again.  
 And again.  
 Wild with fury --

THE WOMAN

I'M PREGNANT --

Alexei just stops.  
 All the hurricane wind taken out of his sails.  
 The Woman curls into a fetal position.  
 Protecting her stomach from the next blow.

Alexei stares down at her.  
 Dizzy with confusion.  
 Incapable of processing the conflicting emotion...

An impossible idea strikes him.

He grabs The Woman by the hair.  
 Yanks her up to face him --

ALEXEI

Is it his?

The Woman's pulled a BLADE.  
 One small enough to grab from a hidden strap on your ankle.  
 While you're curled in a fetal position.  
 Pretending to protect your stomach.

She rams the blade into Alexei's gut.  
 Pierces something vital.  
 Alexei roars in pain.  
 Releases her.

She takes off running.  
 For her life.  
 For her baby's life...

**EXT. DOCKS - FLORIDA - DAY**

DOCK WORKERS load shipping containers.  
 The Mother waits in the shadows.  
 Antsy.  
 She reaches into her duffle.  
 Pulls out...

That deck of cards.

She bought them.  
 Never gave them to her daughter.  
 That frustrates her.

She makes a DECISION.  
 Heads off with determination...

**EXT. ZOE'S HOUSE - DAY**

The sunsets over a MODEST HOME.  
 UNMARKED BLACK SEDANS line the curb.

The Olds pulls up.  
 Cruise and Zoe climb out...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*From ACROSS THE STREET.  
 The Mother again watching her daughter.  
 From a distance.*

*TRACK Zoe as she runs to the front door.  
 It's thrown open by her Father.  
 He immediately envelops her in his arms.*

*FBI AGENTS pour out behind him.  
 Guns raised.  
 Pointed at Cruise.*

*His hands are up.  
 BADGE in hand...*

A radio CRACKLES --

MALE VOICE (ON RADIO)  
No sight of the target.

A familiar voice responds.  
Not The Mother.

FAMILIAR VOICE (O.S.)  
Then we'll have to make her come to  
us.

**INT. ZOE'S HOUSE - DAY**

Zoe on the sofa.  
Oddly detached.  
Her Father wraps her in a blanket.  
Fussing over her --

ZOE'S FATHER  
Are you hungry? Do you need water --

ZOE  
Where's mom?

ZOE'S FATHER  
She's still in the hospital. But  
she's going to be okay.

Zoe tongues her scar.  
Looks past her father to...

Cruise across the room.  
Talking to the FBI.  
In hushed tones.

ZOE'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
You want to talk to her? We can  
call her...

He moves to the PHONE.  
Dials.

*TINK!TINK!TINK!*

Something rolls into the room.  
Stops at his feet.  
He stares down in confusion at...

A STEEL CANISTER.

CRUISE  
*GET DOWN --*

*BOOM!*

A FLASH GRENADE.  
 The world goes WHITE.  
 The room fills with SMOKE.

PRECISION SHOOTERS enter from every door.  
 INFRARED SCOPES cutting through the white haze.

They pick off the FBI agents mercilessly.  
 Mozambique Drill.  
 Double taps center mass.  
 Followed by headshots.

Zoe's covering her ringing ears.  
 Coughing out a lung.  
 Squinting through the haze.  
 Gunshots POP all around.  
*Which way is safe?*

She backpedals.  
 TRIPS.  
 Falls over...

The body of her father.

SHRAPNEL litters his face and chest.  
 Zoe opens her mouth to scream.  
 But you have to be breathing to make a sound.

CRUISE.  
 Materializes out of the haze.  
 GUN out.  
 Grabs Zoe.  
 Stays low.  
 Manages to make it into...

**INT. GARAGE - ZOE'S HOUSE - DAY**

A RANGE ROVER.  
 A MINIVAN.

Cruise throws Zoe into the Rover.  
 Climbs in behind her.  
 Hits the GARAGE DOOR OPENER on the visor.  
 The door rises...

*BANG! BANG!*

The Minivan lurches forward.  
 The FRONT TIRES shot out.

By the Sniper that was watching earlier.

The garage door is only half way up, but --

Cruise hits the gas.  
 Before the sniper has a shot at the Rover's tires.  
 The Rover CRASHES through the garage door...

**EXT. ZOE'S HOUSE - DAY**

...and speeds away.  
 Taking fire from the Sniper in front.  
 And the Precision Shooters from behind...

**INT. CARGO CONTAINER - DOCKS - DAY**

PITCH BLACK.  
 A Prepaid Phone screen LIGHTS UP.  
 Illuminates...

The Mother's face.

*RIIIIIIIIIIIIING!*

THE MOTHER

Hello...?

**INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY**

Cruise drives like a Nascar driver.  
 Zoe ducked down on the passenger seat floor.  
 Holding the Prepaid up on SPEAKER.

CRUISE

We're under attack --

THE MOTHER (O.S.)

Zoe?

CRUISE

We made it out of the house. But  
 there's three SUV's on a our tail...

Cruise's eyes flit to the rear view mirror.  
 THREE SUV'S give chase.  
 Working in coordination.  
 Hyena's after a gazelle.

CRUISE (CONT'D)

Precision shooters. At least eight --

**INT. CARGO CONTAINER - DOCKS - DAY**

The Mother assembles her Sniper Rifle.  
 Doesn't need light to know where the pieces go.

THE MOTHER

Drive here. To me.

**INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY**

Bullets PUNCH through the Rover.  
 SHATTER the back windshield.  
 Zoe screams.  
 Drops the prepaid.

CRUISE

We won't make it that far.

Cruise hammers the gas --

**INT. CARGO CONTAINER - DOCKS - DAY**

The Mother slings her sniper rifle over her shoulder.  
 Pulls her 9mm.

THE MOTHER

I'll meet you halfway. Deerfield  
 mall. Do you know where it is?

CRUISE (O.S.)

Yes.

The Mother shoots the hinges off the steel door.  
 Pushes it open, REVEALING --

Open air.

30 feet of it.  
 The container is being lifted onto a ship.

THE MOTHER

Go to the parking complex. I'll  
 have high ground --

The line goes DEAD.

The Mother immediately hits STAR 69.  
 JUMPS.

She falls 30 feet to the docks below.  
 The line RINGING the entire time...

**EXT. DOCKS - DAY**

The Mother breaks into a CAR.  
 Prepaid still at her ear.  
 Still RINGING...

**EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - MALL - NIGHT**

...and RINGING.  
 The Mother wheels in.  
 Speeds to the...

**EXT. TOP LEVEL - PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT**

...hops out with her sniper rifle.  
And that Prepaid.

It's still RINGING.

She moves to the concrete railing.  
Hangs up.  
Star 69 AGAIN.  
*If there's a chance Cruise or Zoe might pick up...*

She sets the RINGING Prepaid on the railing.  
Positions her rifle...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*SWEEP a semi-packed parking lot below.  
A few SHOPPERS weaving through cars.*

*HOLD on the STREET leading to the mall.  
Normal traffic flow.  
No sign of Cruise's Rover.*

A slight BREEZE picks up.  
The Mother turns dials on the rifle.  
Adjusting for it.  
Never taking her eye off the scope.  
TENSE.  
*Come on... Come on...*

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*Cruise's Rover fishtails into view.  
The SUV's still glued to its ass.  
All four vehicles gunning for us.  
BATS OUT OF HELL.*

*THE FIRST SUV DRIVER.  
Bullet to the head.  
The SUV careens wildly into oncoming traffic.*

*THE SECOND SUV DRIVER.  
Two bullets to the chest.  
The SUV careens into cars parked in the lot.*

*Cruise's Rover slips out of view.  
Into the parking structure below.  
The third SUV disappearing with it...*

The Mother's on the move.  
RUNNING.  
Towards the mouth of the SPIRAL RAMP.  
She stops 15 feet from it.  
Raises her rifle...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*Nothing in the crosshairs.  
HOLD on nothing.*

*SCREEEECH!*

*Rubber burning across pavement.  
The Mother holds her rifle steady.*

*Steady...*

*Steady...*

*Steady...*

*The Rover ROCKETS off the spiral ramp.  
Catches air.  
Before slamming back to the pavement --*

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*CRUISE'S FACE.  
Centered in the crosshairs.  
Tension lining his features.*

*He registers the sniper rifle pointed at him.  
A flash of PANIC, then --  
UNDERSTANDING...*

*Cruise keeps the pedal to the metal.  
The Rover speeding right at The Mother.  
She keeps the rifle aimed right at his head.  
Finger on the trigger --*

*Cruise turns the wheel sharply.  
At the last second.  
The Rover swerves right.  
Plowing into a row of parked cars, REVEALING --*

*THE THIRD SUV.  
In perfect range.  
For The Mother to take out the unsuspecting driver --*

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*ALEXEI'S FACE.  
Centered in the crosshairs.*

*He seems to stare right through the scope.  
Right through The Mother.  
That devil's head grin cresting his lips.*

*The Mother's eye falls from the scope.  
Surprise rioting her features.  
Time stands still for a MESMERIZING MOMENT, then --*

Alexei guns the gas.  
 No intention whatsoever of swerving like Cruise.  
 The Mother DIVES out of the way.  
 Barely dodging the front of Alexei's SUV.

He brakes.  
 Burns rubber.  
 Swerves sideways into the far wall.

The Mother's on her feet.  
 9mm out.  
 Runs toward Cruise helping Zoe from the crashed Rover.

TWO PRECISION SHOOTERS.  
 Exit Alexei's SUV.  
 OPEN FIRE.

The Mother and Cruise alternate cover fire.  
 Making a break for it with Zoe down the spiral ramp...

**INT. SECOND LEVEL - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

The Mother out front.  
 Zoe in the middle.  
 Cruise bringing up the rear.  
 All crouched low.  
 Moving quietly through the maze of PARKED CARS.

The Mother's eyes scan vehicles.  
 She's on the hunt for a specific one.

ALEXEI (O.S.)  
 Ten fucking years. Shit, I'd pretty  
 much given up on finding you again...

Alexei snakes through the parked cars.  
 Three Precision Shooters fanned out around him.  
 Their eyes scan the spaces between vehicles.  
 On the hunt.

ALEXEI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Then *bam*. There you are on my TV  
 screen at some goddamn park. Your  
 face plastered all over the local  
 news...

The Mother finally stops at a car.  
 A '92 TOYOTA 4RUNNER.  
Old enough to HOT WIRE.

ALEXEI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Gotta say, I'm fucking loving iphone  
 camera's right now.

The Mother pulls a KNIFE.  
 Jimmies the lock.  
 Cruise keeps an eye on the nearest...

PRECISION SHOOTER.  
 Walking alongside the SUV creeping down an aisle.  
 The Driver also on the hunt.

ALEXEI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Come out now, maybe I'll consider  
 letting the cop and girl go.

*click!*

The Mother quietly opens the door.  
 Reaches under the dash.  
 Stripes WIRES.  
 Cruise quietly pops the back door.  
 Motions for Zoe to climb in --

She SCREAMS.  
 Ducks.  
 Cruise whirls...

A PRECISION SHOOTER.  
 Has spotted them.  
 Three cars over.  
 Gun raised --

*BANG!*

The Mother fires off a quick shot.  
 Clips the Precision Shooter.  
 He takes cover.  
 But now...

Their position's compromised.

The Precision Shooters quickly surround them.  
 TRADE FIRE.

THE MOTHER  
 Zoe get in --

Zoe clambers into the back seat.  
 Cruise slams the door closed behind her.

*SCREEEEEEEECH!*

The SUV fishtails into the aisle.  
 The Driver joining the fire fight.

CRUISE  
 Get it started.

The Mother tosses him her 9mm.  
Turns back to Hot Wiring.

Cruise fires with both guns.  
But he doesn't have a 360 line of sight.  
The Precision Shooters are closing in...

*VROOOOOOOM!*

Car started.  
The Mother climbs in, but --

Alexei grabs her from behind.  
Yanks her out.  
Rams her into the hood.  
Cruise moves to help.  
But he's waylaid by a Precision Shooter --

It's a brutal fight on two fronts.

The Mother in a WRESTLING MATCH with Alexei.  
Cruise in a SLUG FEST with two Precision Shooters.

Zoe can do nothing but watch from the back seat.  
WIDE-EYED.  
Each fight moving further and further out of her eyeline.

The Mother slashes at Alexei with her knife.  
He dodges.  
Forces it out of her hand.  
She braces herself against a car hood.  
Palm flat to steel --

Alexei stabs The Mother right through her hand.

ALEXEI

Now we can always keep it intimate.

He TWISTS the knife.  
Between her pointer and middle finger.  
She screams in AGONY.  
And that hits...

ZOE.  
Climbs into the passenger seat.  
Presses her face against the glass.  
Vibrating with DREAD.  
Trying to catch a glimpse of the fight's outcome --

*BAM!*

A Precision Shooter slams against the window.  
Zoe jumps out of her skin.  
Scrambles into the driver seat.

Precision Shooter tries the handle.  
LOCKED.  
He SMASHES the window out.

Zoe FREAKS.  
Slams her foot on the gas pedal.  
The 4Runner lurches forward.  
Bumps over the parking stop.

She turns the wheel.  
Narrowly avoiding the next row of parked cars.  
Driving HAPHAZARDLY.  
Like a ten year old that doesn't know how to drive...

The Mother clocks Zoe careening down the aisle.  
Head butts Alexei.  
He staggers back just enough.  
For The Mother to kick him back more.  
Into the path of the oncoming 4Runner --

*BAM!*

Zoe hits Alexei dead on.

He rolls up.  
Over the hood.  
Like a rag doll.

Zoe doesn't slow down.  
Doesn't know how to.  
She side swipes three cars.  
SPARKS fly.

Cruise takes off after the runaway 4Runner.  
The Mother only steps behind.  
Laying down cover.  
Firing wildly with her left hand.  
Now her good hand.

Cruise manages to get into the 4Runner.  
Slams the brakes.  
Pops the trunk --

The Mother dives in under a hail of GUNFIRE.  
They speed off.

ALEXEI.  
Scraped and bruised.  
His arm at an UNNATURAL angle.  
Peels himself off the pavement.  
Limps to the SUV.  
Pulls his SNIPER RIFLE.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)  
Give me your shoulder.

He shoves a Precision Shooter to the concrete railing.  
Positions the sniper rifle on his shoulder.  
Using him as a tripod...

**EXT. BRIDGE OVER A - RIVER - NIGHT**

Pedal to the metal.  
Cruise checks on Zoe in the passenger seat.

CRUISE

You okay?

She tongues her scar.  
Tears streaking her cheeks.  
Not okay.

ZOE

I didn't mean to hit him.

Cruise looks to The Mother reloading in the back seat.  
She drops a bullet.  
Hands SHAKING.  
Also not okay.

She reaches for the bullet --

*BLAM!*

A bullet slices through the back window.  
Catches Cruise in the neck.  
It was meant for The Mother.  
If she hadn't moved...

She grabs Cruise's neck.  
With both hands.  
Attempting to stanch the blood GUSHING.

They lock eyes.  
The look still meaningful.  
Still strained.

They know it's the last one.

Cruise's eyes FLUTTER closed.  
His body goes limp.  
His hands fall from the wheel.

The 4Runner veers left.  
Ricochets off the center divide.  
Careens across the highway.  
Breaks through the railing.  
And rockets off the side smashing into the water...

**INT. SECOND LEVEL - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

Alexei tosses his rifle to Precision Shooter.  
Climbs into the SUV cradling his broken arm.

ALEXEI

What the fuck are waiting for? I  
want confirmation she's dead.

**EXT. UNDERWATER - RIVER - NIGHT**

The 4Runner sinks.

And sinks...

And sinks...

Zoe struggles out of her seat belt.  
Pops open her door --

The Mother GRABS her.  
Zoe's eyes widen in ALARM.  
*Is The Mother trying to drown her?*

LIGHT slashes the water around the sinking car.  
Followed by BULLETS.

The steel car frame their only protection.

The Mother lets Cruise out of his seat belt.  
Pops open his door...

**EXT. BRIDGE OVER A - RIVER - NIGHT**

Alexei and Precision Shooter at the destroyed railing.  
Flashlights trained on the water.  
Unloading their guns into the milky black.

CRUISE'S BODY bobs to the surface.  
They pause.  
Wait.  
EMERGENCY SIRENS in the distance.

PRECISION SHOOTER

We need to go...

Alexei doesn't move.  
Doesn't take his eyes off the water.

ALEXEI

She can hold her breath this long.

PRECISION SHOOTER

But the kid can't.

**EXT. UNDERWATER - RIVER - NIGHT**

He's right.  
 Zoe's struggling.  
 Her chest BURNING.

She pushes away from The Mother.  
 Half swims.  
 Half floats for the surface.

The Mother pulls her back.  
 Wraps her own feet around the open passenger door.  
 Using it as an anchor to keep them submerged.

Zoe beats against The Mother.  
 Screaming air bubbles.  
 Panic in her blood shot eyes.

The Mother covers her mouth.  
 Trying to force the girl to preserve air.  
 Her own chest burning now too.  
 But she remains submerged...

Even as Zoe PASSES OUT.  
 Even as her daughter's body convulses violently in her arms...

**EXT. RIVER - BELOW THE BRIDGE - NIGHT**

The Mother BURSTS to the surface.  
 Gasping for air.  
 An unconscious Zoe in her arms.

The destroyed railing is VACATED.  
Alexei is gone.

The Emergency Sirens close in...

**EXT. BANKS OF THE - RIVER - NIGHT**

The Mother drags a blue lipped Zoe onto the muddy shore.  
 Performs CPR.

That's not working.

The Mother continues compressions.  
 Eyes fixed and fierce.  
 Pressing HARDER.

And HARDER.

AND HARDER --

**FADE TO BLACK.**

Linger in the VOID.  
 Stale SILENCE.  
 Thick with TENSION.

This feels like DEATH.

Metal scrapes across metal.  
 A door is dragged open.  
 A slice of light slashes through the darkness.  
 Falls on...

THE MOTHER.  
 Beat up.  
 Bruised.  
 Exhausted.

She steps from the shipping container.  
 Into the Alaskan sun, REVEALING --

ZOE.  
 Peeks from the darkness behind her.  
 Also beat up.  
 Also bruised.  
 Also exhausted.

But ALIVE...

**EXT. ALASKA - DAY**

TRACKING through the SNOW FALL as we break the tree line...

**INT. ALASKAN CABIN - DAY**

Zoe's bruises are fading.  
 She lies in bed.  
 Discreetly watches...

THE MOTHER.  
 Doing her morning exercises.  
 Methodical.  
 Rep after rep.

She finishes.  
 Zoe squeezes her eyes shut.  
 Pretends to be asleep.  
 The Mother heads outside without a glance her way...

**INT. ALASKAN CABIN - DAY**

Zoe dresses.  
 In The Mother's hand-me-downs.  
 Everywhere rolled up to fit her tiny frame.  
 Her gaze through the window...

THE MOTHER.  
Showers.  
That c-section scar.

Zoe tongues the corresponding scar in her cheek.  
Curious about The Mother.  
But too afraid to do anything more than watch.  
From a distance.  
Like mother like daughter...

**EXT. ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

The Mother treks through the snow.  
SNIPER RIFLE slung over her shoulder.  
SHOTGUN strapped to her back.

Zoe follows.  
Her smaller feet sinking into The Mother's tracks...

**EXT. ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

Zoe hides behind a tree.  
Cranes her neck up.  
Spying on...

**EXT. SNIPER'S NEST - DAY**

The Mother breathes steadily.  
Adjusts her BANDAGED HAND...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*A DEER.  
Saunters into the crosshairs.  
20 yards away.  
Much closer than that first shot.*

The Mother attempts to pull the trigger.  
Can barely flex her finger.  
She strains.  
Finally --

*BOOM!*

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*The shot goes WIDE.  
The Deer scampers.*

The Mother sighs in frustration.  
This is not the first hunting attempt.  
Or the second.  
Or the third...

**EXT. ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

Zoe's disappointed as well.  
She heads off into the woods to explore...

**EXT. SNIPER'S NEST - DAY**

The Mother turns.  
Watches Zoe slip away.  
Knew she was there the entire time...

**EXT. ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

The Mother moves silently through the trees.  
Her larger feet erasing Zoe's tiny tracks...

**EXT. NEAR THE RIVER - ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

Zoe crouches near the river's edge.  
Something commanding her FULL attention.  
She reaches her hand out.  
Slowly.  
Cautiously.

THE MOTHER (O.S.)  
They're not pets.

Zoe jumps back.  
Startled by The Mother's sudden arrival.

REVEAL -- The den of the WOLF CUBS.

THE MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Nothing out here is.

Zoe is mute with fear.  
Terrified of The Mother.  
The Mother shifts.  
Uncomfortable with her daughter's discomfort --

A low GROWL.  
From behind.

The Mother freezes.  
Realization washing over her.  
She's not what Zoe is suddenly afraid of.

THE MOTHER (CONT'D)  
How close is she?

Zoe's eyes are saucer wide.  
She opens her mouth to speak.  
It takes a moment to push out --

ZOE  
Right. Behind you.

The Mother turns.  
Inch by inch.  
Until her eyes lock on...

The SHE-WOLF.  
That simmering darkness.  
That primal kinship.

The Mother raises her Rifle.  
Very slowly.

The She-Wolf angles towards Zoe.  
Bares her teeth.  
The same threat The Mother made the last time they crossed.

The Mother stops.  
Rifle halfway up.  
Mother instincts kicking in.  
Protect the offspring.  
At all costs.

Industrial strength TENSION, then --

The Mother backs up.  
Towards Zoe.  
Never taking her eyes off the She-Wolf.  
Retreating just like the She-Wolf last time.

Another low GROWL escapes the She-Wolf.  
Her Cubs SCRAMBLE.  
And The Mother understands.

This isn't like before.

The She-Wolf is of the wild.  
And she has the power now.

THE MOTHER  
Run.

A simple command.  
As simple as the one the She-Wolf gave to her cubs.

Zoe takes off in a flash.  
The She-Wolf gives CHASE.

The Mother pulls her Shotgun.  
Lines up the shot.  
Is only going to get one --

**BANG!**

She MISSES.  
Her fucking hand.

The She-Wolf is on Zoe.  
 RAVENOUS.  
 Tears at her back.  
 The girl's SCREAMS horrific.

It hits The Mother in the deepest part of her soul.  
 She PANICS.  
 Pulls her Shotgun.  
 Charges forward.  
 Fires openly.  
 Until the barrel *CLICKS* empty.

The last bullet finds its target.  
 The She-Wolf's howl is bone-chilling.  
 She disappears into the trees...

The Mother rushes to Zoe.  
 She's face down.  
 CRYING in the BLOOD dotted snow.  
 CLAW MARKS all down her shredded hand-me-down coat.

The Mother rips it open.  
 Pulls up Zoe's sweater.  
 RED WELTS all down her back.  
 That's it.  
 Skin didn't break.  
 The blood is the She-Wolf's...

**INT. ALASKAN CABIN - DAY**

Zoe sulks at the table.  
 Wrapped in a quilt.  
 An unappealing bowl of plain oatmeal in front of her.

The Mother cleans her Rifle.  
 A frosty silence hangs, then --

ZOE  
 When can I go home?

THE MOTHER  
 When it's safe.

ZOE  
 When will it be safe?

Silence.  
 The Mother places the Rifle pieces in its case.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
 I want to go home. Now.

More silence.  
The Mother loads shells into the Shotgun.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
I can protect myself --

THE MOTHER  
You couldn't even protect yourself  
against a ten year old bully on a  
playground.

Harsh.  
And true.  
Zoe drops her eyes in shame.

ZOE  
I could if you taught me how.

That stops The Mother.  
So much unspoken in that simple request.

She looks to Zoe.  
This little girl.  
Full of fear.  
But grasping for something beyond it.

THE MOTHER  
Put your shoes on.

ZOE  
Why? Where are we going?

The Mother grabs her coat.  
The KEYS.  
Tosses them to Zoe.

THE MOTHER  
You're driving...

**INT. STORE - DAY**

The Mother's truck haphazardly careens to a stop out back.

Jons raises a curious eyebrow.  
Grabs his cane.  
Flips the sign on the front door to "CLOSED"...

**INT. STORE - DAY**

Zoe greedily grabs items off the shelves --

SKITTLES.  
SODA.  
CHIPS.

She tears open the Skittles.  
Savors the taste of sugar.

JONS (O.S.)  
You need to see a doctor.

He inspects The Mother's hand at the counter.  
Bends her middle finger back.  
She WINCES.

THE MOTHER  
I can't risk it.

Jons pulls out a bottle of PAIN KILLERS.  
Sets them in front of her.

JONS  
Then I think it's 'bout time you  
accept you ain't gonna get full use  
of that trigger finger again.

The Mother makes a FIST.  
The anger barely contained.  
And even that hurts.

JONS (CONT'D)  
Close quarter combat is better on  
your home turf.

The Mother nods.  
Looks to Zoe stuffing her face.  
Wary of the task at hand.

THE MOTHER  
Thanks for the advice.

JONS  
Here's some more. Distance ain't  
good for everything.

She doesn't reply.  
Doesn't look at him.  
Just at Zoe.  
Finally --

THE MOTHER  
It's kept me alive until now.

**EXT. ALASKAN CABIN - DAY**

The Mother's Truck slides to an easy stop across the ice...

INT. PICK UP TRUCK - DAY

Zoe sits behind the wheel.  
The Mother in the passenger seat.

THE MOTHER  
You caught on fast.

ZOE  
It's easier with no one shooting at  
you.

The Mother LAUGHS.  
It startles Zoe.  
It startles her too.  
She hasn't done it in a very long time.

They stare out at the glittering ice.  
Two strangers.  
Yet not.

THE MOTHER  
You know the mistake you made in  
that fight. On the playground.

Zoe tongues her scar.  
Thinks on it.

ZOE  
I hit someone bigger than me?

THE MOTHER  
You hit him only once. If your enemy  
is close enough to hit you back, you  
never stop hitting him until he can't.

She locks eyes with Zoe.  
Purposeful.  
Intense.

THE MOTHER (CONT'D)  
That's how you protect yourself.

Zoe absorbs that.  
The first lesson...

**FADE TO:**

TIME BRIDGES.

The Mother TRAINS Zoe.

And PREPARES for the fight to come...

**INT. ALASKAN CABIN - DAY**

The Mother does her exercises.  
Methodical.  
Rep after rep.

Zoe struggles beside her.  
One rep to The Mother's three.  
Sweat beading her brow.

The Mother finishes.  
Heads for her shower.  
Zoe stops.  
Spent.

THE MOTHER  
You still have 50 more.

**EXT. SNIPER'S NEST - DAY**

12 TARGETS.  
Varied sizes.  
Tacked to trees at varying distances.

The Mother's eye to the sniper scope.  
She shifts.  
Uncomfortable.

LEFT HAND on the trigger.

Zoe lies beside her.  
Eyes to a pair of binoculars.  
An eager observer.

THE MOTHER  
6 o'clock.

*BANG!*

**THROUGH THE BINOCULARS:**

*TARGET 6.  
Medium distance.  
Medium size.  
The bullet slices through it.*

A breeze dances through the trees.  
Zoe watches The Mother adjust for it.

THE MOTHER (CONT'D)  
7 o'clock.

*BANG!*

**THROUGH THE BINOCULARS:**

TARGET 7.  
 Still medium distance.  
 Slightly smaller in size.  
 The bullet slices through the edge.

THE MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 8 o'clock.

TARGET 8.  
 Further away.  
 Smaller.

BANG!

The bullet misses.

Zoe looks to The Mother.  
 An encouraging smile.  
 The Mother doesn't need it.  
 Or want it...

**INT. ALASKAN CABIN - DAY**

GUN PARTS.  
 BULLETS.  
 Scatter the table.  
 The Mother takes inventory.  
 Cleans her Rifle as an afterthought.

Zoe loads shells into the Shotgun.  
 Fumbling.  
 Inexperienced.

Her eyes flit to The Mother.  
 She tongues her cheek.

The Mother glances over.  
 She quickly turns away.  
 Knocks over the boxes of shotgun shells.

GREEN and RED shells roll across the floor.

ZOE

Sorry.

She scrambles to pick them up.  
 The Mother does nothing to dispel the tension --

THE MOTHER

Don't mix them up. The greens are  
 salt rounds. They won't stop the  
 next wolf you come across...

**EXT. ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

Zoe has the Shotgun strapped to her back.  
 Takes delicate steps.  
 Meticulously retracing her own.  
 Covering her tracks.

She pauses.  
 Adjusts the heavy Shotgun.  
 Squints to...

THE MOTHER.  
 At least 20 feet ahead.  
 And getting further away...

**INT. STORE - DAY**

OLD RADIOS line the counter.  
 Jons and The Mother pour over a MAP of the area.  
 Marking locations.

THE MOTHER  
 He won't come alone. This could  
 help even the odds.

Zoe enters.  
 Takes a Radio.  
 Carries it outside.

JONS  
 That's a lot of ground to cover.

Zoe returns.  
 Takes another Radio.  
 Carries it outside.

JONS (CONT'D)  
 But I guess you've got some help  
 now.  
 (then:)  
 You notice she moves like you. Like  
 she ain't tryin' waste no energy she  
 ain't got to.

The Mother looks to Zoe.  
 Arranging Radios in the back of the Pick up.  
 Zoe can feel eyes on her.  
 Looks back through the window.

The Mother's reflection superimposed over her daughter's.

THE MOTHER  
 I need you to get me one last thing.

**INT. ALASKAN CABIN - DAY**

Zoe passed out in bed.  
 In all her hand-me-down clothes.  
 The Mother throws a quilt over her.  
 This girl that moves like her.

She lightly touches the faint scar on Zoe's cheek...

**INT. ALASKAN CABIN - DAY**

The Mother does her exercises.  
 Methodical.  
 Rep after rep.

Zoe does her exercises.  
 Methodical.  
 Rep after rep...

**EXT. SNIPER'S NEST - DAY**

12 TARGETS.  
 Varied sizes.  
 Tacked to trees at varying distances.

*BANG!*

**THROUGH THE BINOCULARS:**

*TARGET 8.*  
*The Mother missed it before.*  
*The bullet slices through it.*

THE MOTHER (O.S.)  
 9 o'clock.

*TARGET 9.*  
*Further away.*  
*Smaller.*

*BANG!*

THE MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 10 o'clock. 11 o'clock. 12.

*BANG! BANG! BANG!*

*Bulls Eye's.*

The Mother's eyes drop from the binoculars to...

Zoe at the rifle scope.

Tiny finger on the trigger.  
 The length of the rifle the size of her...

**INT. ALASKAN CABIN - DAY**

The Mother surrounded by the OLD RADIOS.  
 In varying degrees of disrepair.  
 Rips components from them.

Zoe's across the table.  
 Painting LUNCH BOXES.  
 Primary colors disappear under matte black.

They work quietly.  
 The silence comfortable now.  
 Familial...

**EXT. ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

Zoe has the Shotgun strapped to her back.  
 Takes deliberate steps.  
 Covering her tracks.  
 Double-timing to keep up with The Mother.  
 But keeping up.

She carries two of those matte black Lunchboxes.  
 The Mother carries a PICK AX.  
 Sweat beads their brows.  
 Whatever they're up to, it's hard work.

*CRRRICCK!*

They FREEZE.  
 Ears straining.

*crrick!*

The Mother pulls the Shotgun off Zoe's back.  
 Moves off their trail.  
 Zoe follows.  
 Stepping into The Mother's tracks.

*crick! crick! crick!*

The Mother raises the Shotgun as they come upon...

The WOLF CUBS.  
 Picking over...

The body of the DEAD She-Wolf.

Shotgun blast carved in its side.  
 Fur matted with dried blood.  
 Lifeless eyes staring through...

MOTHER & DAUGHTER.  
 Standing side by side.  
 Watching the Cubs eat their own mother to survive...

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND - STORE - DAY**

Jons limps towards the pickup.  
Zoe helps The Mother drag a deer carcass from the bed.

No postcard this time.  
Jons has a thin box instead.  
He hands it to The Mother.  
She hands it to Zoe without ceremony.

Zoe hesitates.  
*Is this a present?*

THE MOTHER

Open it.

Zoe slides the lid off.  
Marvels at what's inside.  
Picks it up like it's a priceless artifact.

REVEAL -- a SWITCHBLADE in a small sheathe.

THE MOTHER (CONT'D)

You like magic tricks, right?

**INT. ALASKAN CABIN - DAY**

The Mother sleeps.  
In a chair by the window.

Zoe in bed.  
Stares at her EMPTY hand.  
Hand-me-down shirt bunched at the wrist.  
She turns her hand over...

The Switchblade appears in it.  
Out of thin air.

Magic.

She resets the SPRING LOADED SHEATH.  
Strapped to her forearm.  
Performs the trick again.  
Practicing as if her life might depend on it...

**INT. ALASKAN CABIN - DAY**

The Mother wakes.  
Half a smile on her face.  
It was a good dream.  
She's been having a lot of those lately, then --

The ABSENCE hits her.

Zoe.  
 Not in bed.  
 Not at the table.  
 Not out by the shower.

The Mother is up an an instant --

**EXT. ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

The Mother moves.  
 9MM in hand.  
 Half-dressed.  
 Immune to the cold.  
 DREAD growing with each step.  
 Her eyes desperately searching...

Searching...

Searching...

But Zoe's a quick study.  
 She's covered her tracks well.

A NOISE.  
 Dances through the trees.

The Mother turns on a dime.  
 Follows it.  
 Faster.  
 And FASTER --

**EXT. NEAR THE RIVER - ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

The Mother spots Zoe through the trees.  
 Goes weak with RELIEF.  
 She slows.  
 Stays quiet.  
 Slipping back into distance with ease as she spies...

ZOE.  
 Plays with those Wolf Cubs.  
 Feeding them deer meat.

One of the Cubs nips at her hand.  
 She jumps back.  
 Startled.

Her face erupts in a SMILE.  
 Followed by a LAUGH.  
 From some hidden place within.

It breaks The Mother's heart.  
 Watching her daughter happy.  
 Not a care in the world.  
 Like a 10 year old is supposed to be...

INT. ALASKAN CABIN - DAY

Zoe enters.  
 A linger of that smile on her lips.  
 It evaporates when she sees...

A SMALL DUFFEL BAG packed on the bed.

THE MOTHER (O.S.)  
 It's time. For you to go home.

The Mother sits at the table.  
 Eyes on the bag.  
 Not her daughter.

Zoe doesn't understand.  
*Did she do something wrong?*  
 She looks to The Mother's boots.  
 Caked in SNOW.  
 She does the math.

ZOE  
 I'm sorry. You told me not to play  
 with them, and won't anymore, I  
 promise --

THE MOTHER  
 It doesn't matter.

ZOE  
 But you can't send me back, cause  
 you --

The EMOTION swallows her words.  
 The ground shifting beneath her.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
 You said it's not safe anymore.

THE MOTHER  
 It will be soon.

The weight of that hits Zoe.  
 She fights the tears welling.

ZOE  
 What if I want to stay?

THE MOTHER  
 You can't.

Zoe pleads with her eyes.  
 Hoping the answer will change.  
 The Mother returns her gaze with nothing.  
 Just hard certainty.

ZOE  
I could. If you're my real mom,  
than I can stay.

That question.  
*THE* question.  
It hits The Mother HARD...

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND - STORE - DAY**

Jons limps to the door.  
The Mother's truck pulls up.  
Zoe climbs out.  
SLAMS the door.  
Stalks past him disappearing inside.

The Mother shares a look with him.  
He nods.  
A promise.  
He'll keep Zoe safe...

**INT. ANIMAL HOSPITAL - NEW ZEALAND - NIGHT (THE PAST)**

SURGICAL EQUIPMENT.  
TRANQUILIZER DARTS.  
DRUG VIALS.  
Scatter a counter.

The Woman stands in the filthy space.  
SWEATING from the heat.  
Wearing BAGGY CLOTHES.  
And APPREHENSION.  
Her exhausted eyes on...

The rusty STIRRUPS jutting from the examination table.

The door opens.  
The WALLS of DYING ANIMALS drift in.  
Along with...

THE DOCTOR.  
A SURGICAL MASK.  
Bloody SCRUBS.  
A thick AUSSIE TWANG --

DOCTOR  
Get undressed.

The Woman hesitates.  
Something feels off.  
*Just terrible bedside manner?*  
*Or something more?*

The Doctor moves to the counter.  
Snaps on GLOVES.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

How many weeks?

The Woman shakes off the feeling.  
Pulls off her shirt.  
Exposing her BUDDING BELLY to the harsh florescent light.

THE WOMAN

Does it matter?

The Doctor GRUNTS in response.  
Barely audible.  
But it sets off a SIREN in The Woman's soul.

She's on The Doctor in a *BLUR*.  
Slamming him face first into the counter.  
And reaching for...

A TRANQ DART.

She plunges it into The Doctor's neck.  
He knocks her back with an elbow.  
Wraps his fingers around a Tranq Dart of his own.

But The Woman's on him again.  
And this time she's got the VACUUM ASPIRATION MACHINE.  
She slams it down on his wrist.  
It SNAPS.

The Doctor ROARS in pain.  
Throws his head back.  
Connecting with The Woman's face.

She stumbles across the room.  
He grabs a Tranq Dart with his good hand.  
Whirls on her.  
ATTACKS.

The Woman ducks.  
Dodges.  
Takes a few brutal blows.  
Attempting to slip the dart.

She gets a few shots in.  
Knows how to fight.  
But she's not yet the razor's edge we've come to know.

The Doctor's slowing with each swing.  
The tranquilizer spreading in this blood.  
The Woman just needs to hold out a little...

Bit...

Longer --

The Doctor catches her in the arm with the Dart.

She punches him back onto his ass.  
Rips the Dart out.  
But it's too late.

It's elephant tranquilizer.  
She's a third his size.  
Her senses already dulling.

She blinks hard.  
Fighting it.  
Turns for the door.  
To escape...

**INT. HALLWAY - ANIMAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT (THE PAST)**

The Woman moves along the wall.  
Hand over hand.  
No looking back.  
Desperate to put distance between her and this hospital.  
Before she can't anymore.  
She stumbles over...

The REAL DOCTOR'S body.  
THROAT SLIT.

She barely has a moment to register it.  
A WAVE OF VERTIGO takes her.  
She GROANS.  
Falls to the floor...

**FADE TO:**

**INT. ANIMAL HOSPITAL - NEW ZEALAND - NIGHT (THE PAST)**

The Woman's eyes open.  
Cringing in the blinding florescent lights.  
She's somewhere between consciousness and unconsciousness.  
It takes her a moment to register...

She's tied down to the table.

Legs strapped in the stirrups.  
TIGHT.  
She blearily makes eye contact with...

ALEXEI.  
Wrapping his mangled wrist at the counter.  
His surgical mask hanging around his neck.

ALEXEI  
My fuckin' wrist is broken.

The Woman narrows her eyes.  
Shakes the cobwebs from her head.  
Trying to focus.  
*How can she escape?*

ALEXEI (CONT'D)  
You know, I thought you did all this  
for it. That maybe you didn't want  
it growing up with monsters. Me.  
Hector.

The Woman wiggles her right leg.  
The stirrup is LOSE.  
She attempts to loosen it more.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)  
And I thought, damn. Maybe I let  
you go. Let you sell the hack.  
Keep the money and live happily ever  
after with the baby.

He turns to her now.  
She reduces the movement in her right leg.  
But she can't stop.  
She needs to escape.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)  
I was going to do that. Really.  
After you slipped me in Bangladesh.  
But then you come here. You didn't  
do any of it for that baby, did you?  
You did it for yourself.

The Woman is listening.  
Despite herself.  
Her ex-lover is touching on a dangerous truth.  
He moves in close --

ALEXEI (CONT'D)  
You wanted out. And you thought  
this baby would protect you from me.  
You're the fuckin' monster.

She's finally got that stirrup free.  
Swings her thigh up.  
Connects with the side of Alexei's head.  
And we already know how this ultimately ends...

**INT. ALASKAN CABIN - DAY**

The Mother sits.  
All alone.  
Dials on a SAT phone.

It RINGS.  
Once.

ZOE'S MOTHER (ON PHONE)  
Hello...?

A weak voice.  
Hallowed out by grief.

THE MOTHER  
Your daughter is safe.

ZOE'S MOTHER (ON PHONE)  
Who is this?

THE MOTHER  
She'll be coming back to you soon.

ZOE'S MOTHER (ON PHONE)  
Is this Zoe's birth mother?

That question.  
*THE* question.  
Still hits The Mother hard.

THE MOTHER  
Yes.

And finally admitting it.  
Finally saying it out loud.  
Opens the flood gates.  
TEARS fall.

ZOE'S MOTHER (ON PHONE)  
That CIA agent. Cruise. He came to  
the hospital. After you shot me.  
He told me everything.

A pause.  
Zoe's Mother is CRYING.  
The Mother waits.  
Stifling her own tears.

ZOE'S MOTHER (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
I know you didn't kidnap her. I  
know you've been protecting her. If  
my baby's safer with you...

She takes a deep breath.  
She needs it to finish the thought.

ZOE'S MOTHER (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
If my baby's safer with you, she  
should stay with you.

The Mother absorbs that.  
The hardest words this woman has ever had to speak.  
They steel her for what must be done.

THE MOTHER

She needs more than just protection.

She wipes away her tears.  
Composes herself.

THE MOTHER (CONT'D)

Alexei...I know you're listening.

ZOE'S MOTHER (ON PHONE)

Who's Alexei?

But The Mother isn't talking to her anymore.  
There's an ALIEN CLICK on the line.

Proof of Alexei's tap.

THE MOTHER

Come and get me.

**EXT. ALASKAN DOCKS - DAY**

Alexei and his CREW OF BRUISERS strut off the FERRY.  
Ready for a fight...

**INT. STORE - DAY**

Out the window.  
THREE JEEPS blast past on the road.  
Jons has the phone to his ear --

JONS

I count ten.

**EXT. ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

10 BRUISERS.  
Plus Alexei.  
Make 11.

They sit on ALL-WHITE SNOWMOBILES.  
In ALL-WHITE CAMOUFLAGE.  
Squinting at the cabin across the blinding ice.

BRUISER #1

It'd be easier to catch her by bloody  
surprise if the sun wasn't shining  
at midnight.

Bruiser #2 swallows a YAWN.

BRUISER #2

Let's just go at her. Get it done.

ALEXEI

You step on that ice you're dead.

They look to him.  
Some CONFUSION.  
More SKEPTICISM.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)

It's about 300 yards to the cabin.  
I'm guessing on all sides. Which  
puts the tree line just out of range  
of your average sniper rifle. The  
lake is a kill zone.

The Bruisers take in the scene with new eyes.  
And more appreciation for who they're up against.

BRUISER #4

So what's the play?

ALEXEI

Surround her. Stay on your radios.  
And wait for my word...

**INT. BEDROOM - APARTMENT ABOVE STORE - DAY**

Jons peeks through the cracked door.  
Zoe's in bed.  
Not sleeping.  
Not even pretending to be.

JONS

You should get some shut eye.

ZOE

How did you meet my mom?

JONS

Your momma?

Zoe cuts him a look.  
Sick of this shit.

ZOE

Just because I'm a kid doesn't mean  
I'm stupid.

Jons limps to the edge of the bed.  
Sits with some effort.



BRUISER #2 (ON RADIO)  
*Flynn? What the fuck was that?*

BRUISER #3 (ON RADIO)  
*Some kind of explosion --*

Alexei immediately scans the snow around him.  
 His eyes lock on...

Just a speck of school house red poking through the white.

Alexei inches towards it.  
 Lightly brushes the snow away, REVEALING --

One of the LUNCH BOXES Zoe painted.  
 Wouldn't see it if you weren't looking for it.  
 And that's the point.

ALEXEI  
 She's got the woods mined --

**EXT. NEAR THE RIVER - ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

Bruiser #4 cuts his snowmobile engine.  
 Curses under his breath.  
 Climbs off.  
 Eyes to the ground.  
 Checking for mines.  
 Too preoccupied to notice...

THE MOTHER.  
 Slipping out of the tree cover behind him.

He moves slowly.  
 Inch by inch.  
 Never taking his eyes off the snow at his feet.

She moves just as slowly.  
 Inch by inch.  
 Never taking her eyes off him.

BRUISER #5 (ON RADIO)  
*Anybody got eyes...?*

Bruiser #4 arrives at the iced lake edge.  
 Squints towards the cabin.  
 Hand going to his radio to respond --

The Mother's got him in a REAR-NAKED CHOKE HOLD.  
 Trying to keep this silent.  
 Deadly.

He lurches forward.  
 Slipping on the ice.  
 Goes down HARD on top of The Mother.

He rolls.  
 This way and that.  
 TRASHING.  
 Trying to shake The Mother off.  
 Until...

He takes his last breath.

The Mother pushes him off her.  
 Sucks in air.  
 Turns to look at...

A Lunch Box Mine.

Inches from her head.  
 One more roll and they would have hit it...

**INT. BEDROOM - APARTMENT ABOVE STORE - DAY**

Jons peeks through the cracked door.  
 The covers are thrown back.  
 The bed EMPTY.

He limps towards the closed bathroom door.  
 Knocks gently.  
 Nothing.  
 He jimmies the handle.  
 Locked.

JONS

Zoe...?

The sound of a truck starting up outside is his only answer...

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND - STORE - DAY**

Jons rushes out.  
 As fast as his limp will allow.  
 His truck is already speeding away...

**EXT. ALASKAN CABIN - DAY**

VROOOOOM!

A snowmobile.  
 Shoots across the ice.  
 Full speed.  
 Riderless.

One of the jury-rigged Lunch Box Mines strapped to the seat.

It CRASHES through the front of the cabin.  
 EXPLODES.  
 A blinding ball of fire reflecting off the ice...

EXT. ALASKAN FOREST - DAY

Orange light dances across Bruiser #10's face.  
 He watches the violent flames consume the cabin.  
 Touches the radio at his ear --

BRUISER #10  
 She'd of made a break for it by now.

ALEXEI (ON RADIO)  
 Jacobi, Max, recon. Give me  
 confirmation she's not in there.

A branch SNAPS behind Bruiser #10.  
 He spins.  
 Gun raised.  
 But it's just...

Another Bruiser.  
 Moving through the trees.  
 White camo hood up.  
 Head down.  
 Cautiously watching his every step.

Bruiser #10 relaxes.  
 Lowers his gun.

BRUISER #10  
 We're clear. I checked this whole  
 area --

The other Bruiser raises his GUN.  
 And his head, REVEALING --

The Mother's glittering eyes staring out at Bruiser #10.

*BANG! BANG!*

Bruiser #10's dead body sinks into the snow.  
 The Mother steps around the bloom of red expanding from it.  
 2 down.  
 8 to go.  
 And then there's Alexei.

The stolen radio in The Mother's ear CRACKLES --

BRUISER #9 (ON RADIO)  
 Oh shit, you won't believe this. I  
 see a little girl...

ALEXEI (ON RADIO)  
 Where?

The excitement in Alexei's voice is palpable.  
 PANIC riots through The Mother.

BRUISER #9

She just got out of a truck on the  
South road. Can't be more than 9  
and she was driving it.

The Mother is on the Snowmobile.  
REVVING the engine.  
Shooting off.

ALEXEI (ON RADIO)

Everyone converge on the south road.  
And get that girl...

**EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE - ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

The Mother steers the snowmobile.  
Laser focused.  
Gunning for her daughter.

BRUISER #9 (ON RADIO)

I've got her --

The Mother cuts left.  
Shoots off a small slope.  
CATCHES AIR.  
Before slamming back into a cloud of packed snow.

BRUISER #2.  
Rides on a parallel path.  
Heading for the same destination.  
Assumes The Mother is another Bruiser.  
She pulls her 9MM.

*BANG! BANG!*

Bruiser #2's caught off guard.  
Veers left for cover.  
Disappearing into the thick trees.

BRUISER #2 (ON RADIO)

The target is on a snowmobile. Headed  
for the girl...

The Mother refocuses up ahead...

Bruiser #9 has his arms wrapped around Zoe.  
She FIGHTS him.  
Desperate.  
Messy.  
Scared out of her mind.  
But she's her Mother's daughter.  
And she's got a magic trick.

*SHEEEETH!*

Her Switchblade appears out of thin air.  
 She stabs it into his neck.  
 Bruiser #9 drops her.  
 Blood pouring from his wound.

The Mother zips up on the Snowmobile.  
 Finishes him off with a bullet to the head.

*BANG! BANG! BANG!*

Bruiser #2 is back on course.  
 And closing in fast.

The Mother reaches a hand out to Zoe --

THE MOTHER

Get on --

**INT. ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

The Mother swerves the snowmobile through the trees.  
 Zoe squished on the seat in front of her.  
 Branches whipping at their bodies.

*BANG! BANG! BANG!*

A bullet grazes The Mother's shoulder.  
 Her grip on the snowmobile wobbles.

THE MOTHER

Steer towards the lake --

She lets go of the handles.  
 Doesn't even wait for Zoe to take full control.

She turns.  
 Grits through the pain in her wounded shoulder.  
 Trades fire with Bruiser #2.

He lets up on the gas.  
 Drops back.  
 But not too far.

Zoe steers the snowmobile to the left...

**EXT. FROZEN LAKE - ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

...and shoots out across the ice.  
 Bruiser #2 still gunning for them.

The Mother pulls around the Shotgun strapped to her back.  
 Aims down at the ice.  
 Unloads everything she's got --

*BOOMBOOMBOOMBOOMBOOM!*

Shells crack up the ice in their wake.  
 And those cracks spider out.  
 Forming bigger cracks.

The Mother reclaims the wheel.  
 Swerves hard for the shoreline.  
 Outgunning the buckling ice.

Bruiser #2 hits the brakes.  
 Too late.

The ice gives way.

He's swallowed up along with his snowmobile...

**INT. ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

Trees whiz by in a continuous blur.  
 The snowmobile's engine strains.  
 The Mother doesn't let up.

Zoe's got her gun.  
 Reloads.

*WHAM!*

They're side-swiped by Bruiser #7 on his snowmobile.

Zoe's rocked.  
 Drops The Mother's gun.  
 It disappears in the thick snow.

*WHAM!*

Side by side demolition derby.  
 Swerving away.  
 Then back.  
 TEETH RATTLING COLLISIONS.

*WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!*

Bruiser #7 swerves in.  
 Grabs Zoe's arm.  
 Yanks her towards him --

The Mother twists Zoe's wrist.  
 That Switchblade appears like magic.  
 The Mother pulls it free.  
 Slashes Bruiser #7 in a tendon.

He roars in pain.  
 Swerves away.  
 Dropping back.

THE MOTHER

Jump.

Zoe hesitates.  
They're going FULL SPEED.

THE MOTHER (CONT'D)

Now.

Zoe hurls herself off the moving snowmobile.  
The Mother is a hair behind.  
Tumbling with her daughter.  
End over end.

The abandon snowmobile shoots on.  
Into a Lunch Box Mine.

*KABOOOOOOOOM!*

Bruiser #7 was too close to hit the brakes.  
He shoots through the explosion.  
Blinded by the flames.  
Slams into a tree going 50 mph.

Snowmobile and Rider crushed on impact.

ZOE.  
Wobbles to her feet.  
Shaken and Stirred.  
Tries to catch her breath.  
Can't --

The Mother drags her off...

**INT. SNIPER'S NEST - DAY**

SNOW falls through the trees.  
The Mother lies on her stomach.  
Eyes to pair of Binoculars.

BRUISER #6 (ON RADIO)  
Bitch got Donovan. Left a trail.  
Heading towards the north side of  
the lake --

ALEXEI (ON RADIO)  
Copy. Stay off your radios --

The Radio goes dead.  
Not even a crackle of static.

THE MOTHER  
They're coming.

Zoe TENSES next to her.  
 Eye to the SNIPER RIFLE scope.  
 Finger moving to the trigger.

THE MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 He'll be following our tracks. Adjust  
 for wind. 3 o'clock. 7 miles an  
 hour.

Zoe follows her Mother's instructions.  
 Adjusts dials on the Rifle.

THE MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 He's on foot. Range 658.

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*BRUISER #8.*  
*In the crosshairs.*  
*Moving FAST.*  
*GUN out.*  
*Eyes alert.*

THE MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Shoot. Now.

Zoe pulls the trigger.  
 But not decisively.

*BANG!*

**TROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*BRUISER #8 turns his head.*  
*Just slightly.*  
*Just staying alert.*  
*Just unintentionally saving his life.*

*The bullet whizzes past his ear.*  
*He ducks behind a tree.*

Zoe recoils from the Rifle.  
 PANICS.

ZOE  
 I'm sorry. I'm --

THE MOTHER  
 Don't apologize. Readjust.

The RADIO crackles in The Mother's ear --

BRUISER #8 (ON	THE MOTHER
RADIO)	He's about 6'5 --
She's sniping...	

ZOE

What does that mean --

THE MOTHER

Line up with the blue flower. Half  
way down from the last branch.

Zoe puts her eye back to the scope.  
Adjusts the rifle...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*A BLUE FLOWER.  
Dances lightly in the breeze.*

ZOE (O.S.)

The wind's changed --

THE MOTHER (O.S.)

Aim an inch into the trunk to  
compensate.

Zoe curls her finger around the trigger.  
Takes a deep breath...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*That Blue Flower.  
The thick trunk of tree concealing Bruiser #8.*

THE MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Don't hesitate this time.

(then:)

Now.

**BANG!**

*Half of Bruiser #8's head peeks out.  
Beside that Blue Flower.*

The bullet catches him in the eye.

Zoe jerks back from the scope.  
Holy.  
Fucking.  
Shit.

She just killed a man.

The Mother remains unfazed.  
Keeps her eyes to the binoculars.  
Scans.  
For the next target.

THE MOTHER (CONT'D)

6 o'clock.

She swings the Rifle around for Zoe.  
Forcing her by default into position.  
To stay on mission.

THE MOTHER (CONT'D)

Range 730 and closing.

Zoe lines up the shot...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*BRUISER #3.*  
*Barrels towards them on a snowmobile.*

THE MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hold until he's 500 out.

The Mother's back to scanning.  
Knows this target is already dead...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*BRUISER #3.*  
*Gets larger in the crosshairs.*  
*And larger.*  
*And LARGER.*

*BANG!*

*No time to watch the snowmobile crash --*

THE MOTHER (O.S.)  
11 o'clock (CONT'D) last  
target.

BRUISER #6 (ON RADIO)  
I've got a bead...

Zoe swings the rifle around.  
Adrenaline fueled focus...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*BRUISER #6.*  
*Crouched in the bushes.*  
*Hand to the radio in his ear --*

BRUISER #6 (CONT'D)

...on her hide --

*BANG!*

A DEAD SILENCE floats over the radio.  
Zoe waits.

The Mother scans.  
 Left.  
 Right.  
There.

THE MOTHER  
 12 o'clock. Range 957.

Zoe inches the rifle to the right...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*BRUISER #5.  
 Runs away.  
 Zigzagging through the trees.  
 Making himself a hard target.*

THE MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Range 1001 now.

Zoe adjusts.  
 Tracks him with the rifle.

THE MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 Don't follow him. Pick a point.  
 I'll adjust range.

The Mother keeps her gaze through the binoculars.  
 Turns the dial of the Rifle.  
 A centimeter at a time...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*BRUISER #5.  
 Zigging.  
 Zagging.  
 In and out of the crosshairs.*

ZOE'S FINGER.  
 Curls on the trigger.  
 But --

THE MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 The wind. 8 miles per hour from 4  
 o'clock.

Zoe quickly adjusts...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*BRUISER #5.  
 Still Zigging.  
 Still Zagging.*

THE MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
He's going out of range...

*Zoe continues to hold.  
Despite The Mother's warning, finally --*

*BANG!*

*Another zig --*

*The bullet catches up to Bruiser #5.  
Smashes the back of his head open.*

The Mother looks to her daughter.  
A mix of emotions.  
PRIDE.  
SADNESS.  
APPREHENSION.

Her daughter is now a killer.

Zoe looks over the barrel of the rifle.  
A grim smile edging her lips.  
Prideful.  
Fierce.

A small RED DOT appears between her eyes.

ALEXEI (ON RADIO)  
I clocked you by the third shot.  
But I had to see if she could pop  
Maurice from that far.

He let his Bruiser's be fish in a barrel.  
Just to get a bead on their hide.

ALEXEI (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)  
Our girl's got potential.

The Mother sees that wash over Zoe.  
She might not be able to hear every word through the static.  
But she heard that.

Our girl.

ALEXEI (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)  
Meet me at the cliff's edge. Two clicks  
to the left of your position. Or I  
snuff out that potential right now.

The Mother rises.  
No hesitation.

ZOE  
No, wait --

THE MOTHER

It'll take me four minutes to get  
down there. I'll give you one to  
try and get a shot...

Zoe lets that sink in.  
One minute.

THE MOTHER (CONT'D)

In six you run. No matter what...

**EXT. SIDE OF - CLIFF - DAY**

A SHADED clearing the size of a boxing ring.  
THICK TREES on three sides.  
A 30 FOOT DROP on the last.

The Mother emerges.  
Trudging through the heavy snow pack.

ALEXEI (O.S.)

Drop your weapons over the side.

His voice echoes off the trees.  
Could be coming from anywhere.  
The Mother moves into the sunlight of the cliff's edge.  
Tosses...

The SHOTGUN strapped to her back.  
The 9MM she retrieved from Bruiser #7.  
Zoe's SWITCHBLADE hidden in an ankle sheath.

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

The camouflage too.

The Mother strips.  
Back down to the stealth black thermals she started in.

THE MOTHER

You wanted me, here I am. Let Zoe  
go back to her mother.

Alexei emerges from the trees.  
Sniper Rifle trained on The Mother's back.

ALEXEI

Now what kind of father would I be  
if I did that?

The Mother faces him.  
RAGE in her eyes.  
Deeper than the ocean.  
Wider than the universe.

## THE MOTHER

She's not yours. And never will be.

Alexei stops.  
All bravado gone.  
Playtime's over.

He tosses his Rifle over the edge.  
He wants this personal.  
Intimate.

Neither bothers squaring up.  
They just ATTACK.

The fight is FEROCIOUS.

A decade in the making.  
Neither holding back.  
Each bone shattering blow met with a deflection and counter...

**EXT. SNIPER'S NEST - ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

Zoe's rigid with FEAR.  
Eye glued to the scope...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*LEAVES.  
BRANCHES.  
The tree canopy is too THICK.  
Just FLASHES of movement beneath it.*

*She can't get a shot.*

*It's why Alexei picked this spot...*

**EXT. SIDE OF - CLIFF - DAY**

BLOOD spatters the snow.  
Both The Mother's and Alexei's.

*BAM! BAM! BAM!*

The Mother ducks.  
Dodges.  
Landing more BLOWS.  
But she's expending more energy than Alexei.  
Trying to maneuver him to the cliff's edge.  
Into a patch of SUNLIGHT.

The spot Zoe will have a shot.

**EXT. SNIPER'S NEST - ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

Zoe looks to the LADDER.  
 Leading to escape.  
*In six you run no matter what...*

She puts her eye back to the scope...

**TROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*LEAVES.  
 BRANCHES.  
 MOVEMENT --*

*The Mother and Alexei roll into sunlight.  
 Into the open.  
 Wrestling for advantage.*

Zoe's breath catches.  
 Her entire body frozen in anticipation...

**EXT. CLIFF'S EDGE - ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

Alexei overpowers The Mother.  
 Pulls her up into a choke hold.  
 Cutting off her air.

ALEXEI  
 Think she's still up there?

His eyes flit up.  
 To his approximation of where the sniper's nest is...

**EXT. SNIPER'S NEST - ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

Zoe stares down the scope...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*...right at her father.  
 But she can only see the edges of his face.  
 Alexei's not just choking The Mother.*

*He's using her as a human shield.*

**EXT. CLIFF'S EDGE - ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

The Mother STRUGGLES.  
 Alexei holds fast.

ALEXEI  
 She's got a shot now. Bullet to  
 your head will take us both out.  
 Did you teach her to be that ruthless,  
 huh?

**EXT. SNIPER'S NEST - ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

Zoe angles the rifle...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*...over The Mother's forehead.  
Ruthless.  
Just like her mother taught her.*

**EXT. CLIFF'S EDGE - ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

The Mother continues to struggle.  
But her conviction is waning.  
Alexei's words sinking in --

ALEXEI

We die, but our daughter survives.  
That's all you want, right? So stop  
fucking struggling and tell her to  
do it.

**EXT. SNIPER'S NEST - ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

Zoe's vibrating with conflicted EMOTION.  
Finger curled in a death grip around the trigger...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*Alexei angles The Mother's head.  
Putting it on full display.  
Daring Zoe to take the shot.*

**EXT. CLIFF'S EDGE - ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

A cold determination washes over The Mother.  
She's made the decision.  
She steels herself for what has to come next.

ALEXEI

If it's all been about protecting  
her, then tell her to do it.  
(screaming to Zoe:)  
Take the shot.

The Mother spits through gritted teeth --

THE MOTHER

She needs. More than just.  
Protection.

This time it's not an excuse to abandon her daughter.  
It's a reason to fight to stay.

And that's exactly what The Mother intends to do...

She summons all her strength.  
 Stomps Alexei's foot.  
 He doubles over.  
 The Mother still in his grip.  
 Taking them both out of the line of fire --

*BANG!*

The bullet smashes the tree behind them.  
 Alexei moves FAST.  
 Twists around.  
 Taking The Mother with him.

Off the side of the cliff.

Avoiding Zoe's second attempt to take him out...

**EXT. SLOPE OF - CLIFF - DAY**

The Mother and Alexei.  
 Slide down the dizzying slope.  
 Lightening speed.  
 Knocking into...

ROCKS.  
 STRAY ROOTS.  
 EACH OTHER.

Alexei SMASHES into a boulder.  
 Momentarily breaking his momentum.  
 Falls into a slower slide.

The Mother continues to hurtle towards the bottom.  
 Flipping end over end.  
 Head first.  
 Feet first.  
 And back again.  
 Finally reaching the...

**EXT. BOTTOM OF THE - CLIFF - DAY**

...with bone crushing impact.

That DISLOCATES her arm.

The Mother screams in AGONY.  
 But there's no time to lick her wounds...

ALEXEI.  
 Drops to the snow five feet from her.

The fight still on.

They struggle to find footing.  
 Both their eyes locking on...

A Shotgun sized IMPRESSION in the snow.

Equal distance between them.  
They crab crawl.  
Adrenaline the only thing keeping them going.  
The Mother's arm has her at a disadvantage --

Alexei gets to the Shotgun first.

BOOM!

**INT. BEDROOM - SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT (THE PAST)**

The Woman lies on the bed.  
8 MONTHS PREGNANT BELLY exposed.  
Staring through it with those bombed out eyes.  
Like it and the baby inside doesn't exist.

A DOCTOR operates a portable ULTRASOUND.  
Transducer moving back and forth through cool gel.  
Eyes on the monitor.

CRUISE (O.S.)

Your status and what you've told us  
so far has been verified. We have  
the WITSEC contracts ready. They  
will be signed only after the program  
has been recovered as well as  
authenticated.

Cruise stands by the door.  
Averting his eyes respectfully.  
An air of professional detachment --

CRUISE (CONT'D)

Should it not be recovered, the deal  
is void. You will no longer be under  
the protection of the CIA effective  
immediately.

Cruise glances to The Woman.  
Sympathy peeking through his professionalism.  
If she's listening, she makes no sign.

DOCTOR

Everything's looking good. Would  
you like to know the sex?

THE WOMAN

No.

DOCTOR

Okay. Well, I'd just like to monitor  
the fetal heart rate for a moment,  
and then we're done here.

The Doctor presses buttons on the Ultrasound.  
Cruise regains his professionalism --

CRUISE

The next step is a briefing with  
myself and another agent. We'll ask  
you a series of questions to determine  
if you may have any other intel useful  
to the United States government...

*boom BOOP! boom BOOP! boom BOOP!*

Cruise trials off.  
That TINY HEARTBEAT fills the room.  
Every inch.

And it happens in an INSTANT --

The Woman's eyes focus on her belly.  
Her baby's heartbeat.  
Fills her up.  
Every inch.

*boom BOOP!*

*boom BOOP!*

*boom BOOP!*

The Woman becomes The Mother.

Cruise's eyes are on the monitor.  
He SMILES.  
Like a proud father.

CRUISE (CONT'D)

She's beautiful...

**EXT. ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

Zoe's fetal HEARTBEAT echoes.  
Dancing over...

The Mother's DEAD BODY.

Sunken in the snow pack.  
Her chest a blossom of BLOOD.  
Her Dislocated Arm splayed at an unnatural angle.

Her body starts to MOVE.  
An inch that way.  
Then back.  
As if to the grove of Zoe's fading heartbeat.

REVEAL -- The Mother surrounded by the WOLF CUBS.

They nip at her.  
 Not trying to eat her.  
 Trying to wake her.  
 Get up.  
 Move.  
 Save your offspring.

A Wolf Cub sinks his teeth in.  
 Deep into her dislocated arm.  
 Pulls with all his little cub strength.

The PAIN has The Mother's eyes shooting open.  
 A guttural SCREAM clawing from her bloody chest.  
 It sends the Wolf Cubs SCRAMBLING.

She blinks through the confusion.  
 Barely alive.  
 Touches her shredded bloody chest.  
*How did she survive a shotgun blast at point blank range?*

She finds the answer out of the corner of her eye...

A green discarded shotgun shell.

Zoe dropped the boxes.  
 Mixing up the shells.  
 Her chest is filled with SALT.  
 But it still hurts like a motherfucker.

THE MOTHER

Zoe...

The memory has her remembering why she's out here.  
 Her mother instincts kicking in.  
 Protect the offspring...

**EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE - ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

That SNIPER RIFLE.  
 Abandoned in the snow.

The Mother holds her Dislocated Arm.  
 Limping towards it.  
 Slowly.  
 In pain.  
 Breath ragged.

Dying by inches.

She leans against the tree next to the Rifle.  
 Steels herself.  
 Holds her wrist.  
 And SLAMS her shoulder into the thick trunk.

CRACK!

She gags on the scream as her shoulder realigns.  
Threatening to lose consciousness to the pain.  
But...

She bites down on her tongue.

Using more pain to keep her alert.  
Beyond desperate.  
Beyond determined.

She picks up the Rifle.  
Uses it as a cane.  
Forcing herself onward...

**EXT. FROZEN LAKE - ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

The Mother slumps against another tree.  
Shakily brings the Sniper Scope to her eye...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*THE SMOLDERING ASHES OF THE CABIN.  
ALEXEI.  
ZOE.  
Struggling in his arms.*

*He pops the door of The Mother's truck.  
Throws her in.  
Climbs in after.*

The Mother lowers the scope.  
Has to.  
Strength waning.

The Truck starts up.  
Pulls off.  
Alexei driving away with her daughter.

She raises the Rifle.  
Halfway up.  
Takes a deep breath.  
Grits her teeth.  
Forcing it all the way up to her eye...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*The Truck.  
Getting further.  
And further away.*

**BANG!**

The shot goes WIDE.  
She can barely hold the Rifle up.  
Much less steady it against the ricochet.

And that Truck.  
With her daughter.  
Gets further.  
And further away.

She LURCHES onto the ice.  
Moving as fast as her broken body will allow.  
Sliding.  
Flailing.  
DESPERATE.

And that Truck.  
With her daughter.  
Gets further.  
And further away.

And if it gets to the lake edge -- it's out of the kill zone.

The Mother slips.  
Her body giving under her.  
She goes down.  
Face first.  
Nothing graceful about it.  
The Rifle slides from her grip.

And that Truck.  
With her daughter.  
Gets further.  
And further away.

She SCREAMS with awesome power.  
Spit flying.  
Summoning every last bit of strength she can.

This time she doesn't get up.  
There's no getting back up.  
She drags herself.  
One hand clawing after the other.  
To that Rifle.

And that Truck.  
With her daughter.  
Gets further.  
And further away.

She uses the ice as a tripod.  
Sights up.  
Adjusts for the wind.  
Continues to adjust the range with one hand.  
Wipes the blood dripping into her eye with the other.  
Relaxes her left finger on the trigger.  
Takes a wheezed breath.  
Then stops breathing.

This is the only shot that will ever matter.

BANG!

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*The Truck.  
At the edge of the lake.  
A truck-length away from the safety of the shore.*

The rear window SHATTERS.

The Truck veers to the left.  
CRASHES into a tree.  
And just stays like that.  
Until...

The driver side door pops open.  
Alexei's still moving inside.  
Still alive.

The EMOTION hits The Mother hard.  
This is the worst moment imaginable.  
She's failed her daughter...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*Alexei climbs out of the truck.  
No.  
Not climbs.  
FALLS.  
Pushed out by...*

ZOE.

The Mother remembers to breath again.  
Through the SOBS.  
Through gallows LAUGHTER.  
An outpouring of RELIEF racking her exhausted body...

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*Zoe steps over Alexei's DEAD body.  
Runs back.  
Slipping and sliding across the ice...*

The Mother tries to get to her feet.  
Only makes it to her knees.

And then her daughter is in her arms.

Zoe hugs her TIGHT.  
The Mother winces from the PAIN.  
Tears streaking through the blood on her face.

Her daughter is squeezing the life out of her.  
And it feels good...

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**THROUGH THE SCOPE:**

*KIDS in the playground across the street.  
Watched by their MOTHERS and NANNIES.*

*ZOE.  
A deck of cards in her hand.  
Still sitting off to the side.  
But this time...*

*She's showing another GIRL a magic trick.  
That doesn't involve a knife or blood.  
They sit CLOSE.  
BEST FRIENDS.*

*ZOE'S MOTHER.  
Across the park.  
Watches her daughter with a half smile.  
Still a bit of wariness in her eyes.  
She says something to the woman next to her.*

*A woman with a short bob now.  
But the razor edges are still everywhere else.*

*REVEAL -- THE MOTHER.*

*A smile cresting her lips as she watches Zoe.  
No more distance.  
She's staying close now and forever...*

*So who the fuck is this watching?*

*The Mother's smile FADES.  
Mother instincts kicking in.  
Protect the off spring.  
At all cost.*

*She turns.  
Looks RIGHT AT US.  
Dead center in the CROSSHAIRS.*

*BANG!*

**SMASH TO WHITE.**

**THE END**