

TRIGGERED

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FADE IN:

INT. QUEENS HOTEL - BAR RESTROOM - NIGHT

SHAYLA JOHNSON (30s), African-American woman, scantily dressed, washes her hands and mumbles loudly to herself.

As she speaks, she SLAPS herself, leaving a wet spot that drips down her face, building herself up.

SHAYLA

(to her reflection)

You can do this. You just gotta go up there and do him. Do them all if that's what it takes.

She pauses and stares at herself in the mirror. Water drips down her face.

FLUSH! Behind her a bathroom stall opens and a LITTLE BLACK GIRL walks out, dressed in her Sunday best, a frilly little white dress and different colored bows in her braided hair.

Shayla freezes, not able to take her eyes off of the girl.

The little girl curiously returns Shayla's stare as she washes and dries her hands.

Once the little girl exits the bathroom--

SHAYLA (CONT'D)

(to her reflection)

Head in the game, Shayla. Head in the game.

She opens her purse and pulls out two dagger-shaped earrings and puts them on.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - QUEENS HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Shayla widens her stance and spreads her arms as a burly Russian Security Guard #1, (40s) MAN BUN, pats her down for any potential weapons.

Security Guard #2, (20s), MISSING EYEBROW, scarred hands, holds her small purse, watches lazily from a stool near the penthouse door.

MISSING EYEBROW

You're new. What happened to the Asian girl?

Shayla's head bops along with the music streaming through the air pods in her ears.

The long dagger-shaped earrings she wears CLINK with her head movements.

Missing Eyebrow gestures for her attention.

Shayla removes an air pod from her ear.

MISSING EYEBROW (CONT'D)
What happened to the regular girl?

Shayla shrugs and rolls her eyes.

Man Bun grunts as he steps away from Shayla-

MAN BUN
She's clean.

MISSING EYEBROW
You people are not usually his type. He likes Asian girls. Did the agency run this by him first?

SHAYLA
I just go where they tell me.

Missing Eyebrow hands Shayla her purse. Keeps the phone.

MISSING EYEBROW
No cellphones past this point. You get it back when you come out.

Shayla nods and takes back her small purse, drops both air pods in it.

Man Bun opens the door to the penthouse for her.

As she passes him, he rubs his hand over her ass.

MAN BUN
If he doesn't want you little shahktor, don't worry, I can find something to fill your time.

Shayla gives him a bright smile.

INT. QUEENS HOTEL - PENTHOUSE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Man Bun points to the bed which sits on the other side of the large studio apartment-style hotel room.

MAN BUN

Wait for him on the bed.

Shayla makes her way across the room as the door closes behind her.

The smile drops from her face.

As she passes the kitchen, she runs her fingers along the large center kitchen island, pauses at the butcher block.

She smiles again as she continues to the bed. Begins to HUM.

The dagger-like earrings graze her shoulders as she takes a seat on the king size bed facing the closed bathroom door.

The sound of a SHOWER running is heard behind the door. Shayla closes her eyes...continues to hum.

The SHOWER stops...her HUMMING stops.

Shayla's eyes open when the door of the bathroom swings ajar and KRISTOFF KABINOV, (50s), steps out wearing nothing but a white towel around his wide waist.

An ex-boxer's physique that has gone to seed.

He pauses at the sight of Shayla.

KRISTOFF

Where is the Asian one?

SHAYLA

She had some kind of emergency and they sent me.

Kristoff assesses her quietly.

KRISTOFF

Stick out your tongue.

Shayla quickly does what he requests. Kristoff steps forward and takes Shayla's tongue in between his forefinger and thumb...leans in to inspect Shayla's tongue...he releases it and steps back.

KRISTOFF (CONT'D)

It'll do. I assume they told you of my proclivities?

Shayla wipes drool from her chin.

SHAYLA

Yes. They did.

Kristoff nods.

He turns around and drops the towel. He bends over, braces himself against the bedroom dresser as he spreads his legs.

Shayla doesn't hide the look of disgust as she stands up and slowly walks toward the bent-over man. She pauses when she reaches him.

KRISTOFF

On your knees.

Shayla's face disappears as she drops to her knees behind Kristoff's rear end.

KRISTOFF (CONT'D)

Now stick it in.

Kristoff's eyes close as he excitedly waits for Shayla to do as he commanded.

His eyes shoot open... a HOWL of pain escapes his lips...turns around to face Shayla, who quickly comes to her feet. One of Shayla's earrings protrudes out of his left butt cheek.

He wraps one large hand around Shayla's throat, yanks the earring out of his butt cheek and brings the bloody earring up to her face.

KRISTOFF (CONT'D)

What is this? Do you know who you're fucking with?

Shayla smiles.

SHAYLA

You said stick it in.

Kristoff's eyes go wild.

He shakes Shayla like a rag doll with only one hand.

The crazed smile never leaves Shayla's face.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)

Yes, I know who you are. I need something and I was told you're the one who can give it to me.

Kristoff drops the earring and wraps his other hand around Shayla's throat.

KRISTOFF
Who are you? A Fed?

SHAYLA
(voice strained)
Nah, too many rules. Not really my
thing.

Kristoff shakes his head as his vision goes blurry. His hands slip from around Shayla's throat. And he drops to his knees in front of her.

Shayla kneels in front of him. Takes his bowed head into her hands and gently raises his head to hers.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Uh-uh it won't be that easy for
you.

He blindly stares back at her.

KRISTOFF
(slurs)
What'd you do to me?

Shayla caresses his face.

SHAYLA
A little hoodoo and voodoo, as my
chemist calls it. Fast acting. It
first paralyzes your extremities
before it travels to your heart,
causing it to stop.

KRISTOFF
What...what do you want?

Shayla lifts his right hand.

SHAYLA
Your thumb and forefinger.

KRISTOFF
(strangled)
My men... will kill you..

Shayla smiles down at him.

SHAYLA
They'll try.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. QUEENS HOTEL PENTHOUSE ROOM - LATER

Shayla stands over an unconscious Kristoff, his right outstretched hand now missing a thumb and forefinger. A kitchen knife is tucked under her arm.

She folds his severed appendages in toilet tissue... grimaces as she stuffs the tissue down her bra.

Shayla takes the bloody knife and stuffs it in the back of her skirt, covers the handle with her shirt,

She grabs a pillow from the bed and throws it over his bloody hand before she screams-

SHAYLA

Help! Someone help us!

The front door CRASHES open and both security guards enter the suite with their guns drawn.

In tears, Shayla continues as if in panic-

SHAYLA (CONT'D)

I think he's had a heart attack or something. Oh my God! Call 911!

The guard's heads swivel around, searching the large room for intruders. Missing Eyebrow bends down to check Kristoff's pulse and to see if Kristoff is breathing.

MISSING EYEBROW

He has a pulse but it's weak.

Missing Eyebrow pulls out his cellphone and dials a number.

MAN BUN-GUARD

(to Shayla)

What happened?

In the background, Missing Eyebrow speaks Russian.

SHAYLA

He was standing there one second and laying on the floor the next.

MISSING EYEBROW

They're on their way up.

Shayla tries to ease her way toward the front door.

SHAYLA

I'm just going to go.

Man Bun turns his gun toward her.

MAN BUN
Don't move. You stay.

Shayla raises her hands.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS approaches the door...the door opens, and three more men enter the room. Two LINEBACKER-type size men, even bigger than the two security guards, the third smaller one, in the middle is DOCTOR FEDOROV, slim and graying, carries a large leather bag.

Under her breath Shayla whispers-

SHAYLA
Shit.

The Doctor rushes to Kristoff's side...pulls a stethoscope out of his bag...listens to Kristoff's heart.

DOCTOR FEDOROV
What happened?

MAN BUN
Believe it's a heart attack, Doc.

DOCTOR FEDOROV
Did he take anything?

The security guards look to Shayla for a response.

SHAYLA
Nothing that I saw.

The doctor checks Kristoff's pulse again and shakes his head.

DOCTOR FEDOROV
I can't work on him here. We need to get him back to the compound.

He nods toward Shayla.

DOCTOR FEDOROV (CONT'D)
And bring her with us. I'm sure Bernoff will have some questions for her.

The two large Linebackers flank Shayla, each claim one of her arms. They move with her towards the front door.

Both security guards lift Kristoff off the floor and two things happen at once:

- the pillow falls away from Kristoff's bloody right hand, showing the missing fingers.

- the bloody kitchen knife falls from Shayla's skirt onto the floor.

Shayla looks over her shoulder at the knife.

The Russians look from the knife, to Kristoff's ruined hand.

DOCTOR FEDOROV (CONT'D)
(in Russian)

Kill her.

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT

Linebacker #1 -

Pulls out a .45

Shayla -

Springs forward, shoes forgotten on the floor, maneuvers so the Linebackers loses their grip on her--

She grabs the knife and takes out Linebacker #1, using a number of cuts and stabs.

Linebacker #1 -

Cries out as he's killed, his finger presses on the trigger, firing SHOT after SHOT but each shot goes wild--

Man Bun loses the grip on Kristoff's body as he ducks, the dead man's head hits the floor with a THUMP--

The doctor scrambles to the bathroom--the room is filled with Russian CURSES and outraged CRIES--

Now dead, Linebacker #1's body crashes backward into the entertainment center--

Shayla -

Moving fast, throws her remaining earring at Linebacker #2, hits him square in the carotid artery--

But he keeps coming, grabs her, turns her body around in his arms as he secures her in a headlock--

MISSING EYEBROW
Break her neck!

As Linebacker #2 holds Shayla, his body goes slack and his arms drop, but he keeps standing as if stunned--

Man Bun -

Raises his gun, starts firing SHOTS at Shayla, who ducks behind the lumbering poisoned Linebacker #2--

The poisoned linebacker takes five SHOTS to his chest before he drops to his knees--

Shayla -

Pulls a gun out of the Linebacker #2's waistband, using his dead body as a shield, she fires at Man Bun, hits him in the shoulder, he falls back with a YELL--

Man Bun -

Shoots at her again, the bullet takes a large chunk of the dead Linebacker #2's face off--

Shayla -

Returns fire, hits Man Bun square in the center of his forehead, blood splatters the wall behind him--

High pitch annoying laughter comes from the bathroom.

Shayla backs up towards the door.

SHAYLA
What's so funny?

INT. PENTHOUSE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The doctor leans nonchalantly against the bathroom's door.

DOCTOR FEDOROV
You still believe you're going to
make it out of here alive.

INT. WALL NEAR PENTHOUSE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Missing Eyebrow -

Hides behind the wall near the bathroom, pulls out his gun. He and the doctor lock eyes, the doctor gives him a little nod--

He takes a couple of deep breaths before he turns into the -

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The dead Linebacker #2's body is still in the same place, on his knees, back straight. Blood drips from the dead man's face to the floor.

Missing Eyebrow -

Begins to fire SHOT-after-SHOT at the dead Linebacker #2's body. Moves closer and closer, until the dead linebacker's body falls backward, revealing Shayla is no longer hiding behind him.

He looks around quickly but doesn't see Shayla; he heads toward the front door--

Calls out to the doctor-

MISSING EYEBROW

She's trying to escape!

SHAYLA

Now why would I do that? We're all having fun, aren't we? I know I am.

Nervous, the security guard slowly turns toward her, faces the barrel of the gun she's still holding.

She shoots him in the forehead, he falls backwards into the hall--

Shayla checks the chamber of the gun before snapping it back into place.

She turns back to the room.

Dead bodies are grotesquely strewn across the room.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)

Do you want to come out, doctor? Or do you want me to come in after you?

The doctor, with his hands up, moves into the room.

DOCTOR FEDOROV

You know you won't get away with this, right? There's a bigger fish in the pond and he'll find you and kill you for what you've done here.

He begins to maniacally laugh, filling the room with the annoying sound.

DOCTOR FEDOROV (CONT'D)
What's that saying? Oh yes, I know.
You're a dead man walking.

His laughter continues.

SHAYLA
If I'm dead, why don't you join me?

She fires a SHOT and the doctor's laughter abruptly cuts off.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Shayla's grey sedan sits outside of a large shipping container. Abandoned wrecked vehicles, tires and other junk surround the container.

INT. SHAYLA'S CAR - NIGHT

Shayla's on her cellphone.

SHAYLA
Can you hurry up? I would like to
get home at some point tonight.

A truck's headlights fill her car.

BEN (O.S.)
Is this fast enough for you?

Shayla exits her car.

EXT. JUNKYARD - CONTINUOUS

BENJAMIN TATE (40s), African-American, tall, bow-legged, ex-military, FBI agent, steps out of his black truck. Badge at his waist and gun in a holster on his hip. He pulls on his FBI jacket as he walks toward Shayla.

BEN
Now tell me why I had to crawl out
of the arms of a very sexy woman to
meet you in a junkyard at
(looks at his watch)
two in the morning?

Shayla adjusts her clothes, then pulls a wedgie out of her backside.

SHAYLA
Complain to me when you've had a
piece of string stuck up your butt--

BEN
(annoyed)
Shayla.

Shayla rolls her eyes and heads toward the shipping
container. Ben follows her.

BEN (CONT'D)
What are we doing out here? You
know the rules, you don't go off by
yourself without informing me of
your plans.

SHAYLA
Yeah, you can yell at me later.
Just wait until you see this.

She moves a large piece of junk out of the way to show a
large door and an electronic panel, which has a finger
sensor.

BEN
What the hell?

SHAYLA
Shhhh! We haven't even gotten to
the good part yet.

Shayla reaches into her bra and pulls out the bloody tissue.
She then removes the two bloody fingers.

BEN
Do I even want to know how you got
those?

SHAYLA
No.

Shayla presses Kristoff's thumb up against the finger
sensor... the panel turns red...then reads "DENIED ENTRY."

Shayla shrugs and places Kristoff's trigger finger on the
sensor...the panel turns green...the words "ENTER" appear on
the panel and the steel door opens.

Ben and Shayla peek into a small room with a second steel
door and electric panel with a finger sensor.

BEN
What the hell is going on?

He pulls his gun as they step into the small room.

INT. SECOND FOYER OF SHIPPING CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS

Shayla takes note of Ben's gun.

SHAYLA

You won't need that. Matter of fact, put it away. You don't want to scare them any more than needed.

BEN

Scare who?

He holsters his gun.

SHAYLA

Do you remember when a group of teenage girls from China who went missing while on a trip to New York?

Ben quickly shakes his head when realization hits him.

BEN

The ones from six months ago. You found them?

She pulls out Kristoff's thumb but before she presses it to the sensor, Ben holds up his hand to stop her.

BEN (CONT'D)

You know you could have just told me where this container was?

SHAYLA

Nope. This container has a failsafe. If you try to enter it without using the proper methods (she waves the thumb in Ben's face) it sets off poisonous gas and starts a fire. They-

BEAT-

Shayla presses the thumb up against the sensor...the panel turns green...the word ENTER appears on the panel...the large thick steel door opens to show-

INT. MAIN CONTAINER COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Young Asian, Black and White girls cling to each other on makeshift beds.

SHAYLA

Would've died before you got to
them.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OF JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Shayla's car is now parked a few spaces down from the junkyard's entrance.

INT. SHAYLA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Shayla watches as four ambulances and three black unmarked SUV's enter the junkyard.

She presses a button and the car fills with music.

Shayla smiles as she starts to sing along with the music. She drives off.

A girl's voice, MICHAELA'S, interrupt's Shayla's good time.

MICHAELA (O.S.)

So, did you kill the men who took
those girls?

Shayla looks in her rearview mirror and sees a vision of her dead eight-year-old sister Michaela, the white Sunday best dress is somehow brighter, ghostly, in the dimness of the back seat.

EXT. SHAYLA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The grey sedan swerves, then rights itself.

INT. SHAYLA'S CAR

Shayla's grip on the steering wheel tightens.

SHAYLA

You're not supposed to be here.

Michaela does not respond.

Shayla turns off the music. Her disposition now sour and angry.

She drives quietly for a moment before she looks in the rearview mirror at Michaela, who silently looks out the side window.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Don't ever come with me on a mission again.

Michaela doesn't answer.

Shayla's hands tighten on the steering wheel and in a shout.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Did you hear me! NEVER come with me on missions again!! Answer me, Michaela. Tell me you understand what I just said.

Michaela finally turns her head back to Shayla. Their eyes meet in the rearview mirror.

Without answering, Michaela turns back to the window.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Ben speaks to a police detective as the girls are led one by one out of the container.

His superior, CASEY STEPHENS, middle-aged, greying at the temples, a scar mars the left side of his face calls out to him.

CASEY
Ben!

Ben ends his conversation and walks over to his boss.

CASEY (CONT'D)
So tell me again, how did you come across the information that led you here?

BEN
I received a call around two this morning and was told where the fingers would be and where the container was located. I was just getting ready to call it in when I heard screams coming from inside of the container. I used the fingers to open the doors

Casey nods but does not seem convinced.

CASEY

Just a random call? Not your little friend putting her nose in places it doesn't belong again? Because if she is Ben I--

BEN

It was her.

CASEY

Goddammit! We spoke about this!

BEN

I didn't know she was working on this. Not until she opened the container. I had no--

CASEY

That's the point. You can't control her. This better be the last time she's connected to any of our cases, Ben. The last time. Or you'll need to find a new career. And you might want to warn her
(points at container)
that she may have bitten off more than she can chew, this container is connected to the Russian mafia. And you know as well as I, they're going to want her head on a platter.

INT. KASICH HOME - MASTER BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

BRUCE KASICH, (30s), White male, tall, exits the shower with a white towel wrapped around his waist.

INT. KASICH HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bruce heads to the dresser and pulls out a pair of grey jogging pants and pulls them on.

He heads to the king-sized bed where his satchel is placed, opens it, he pulls out a small black leather bag.

Unzips it, he pulls out a can of deodorant, but attached to the canister is a pair of lace panties.

INT. BRUCE'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Bruce pins KAREN, (24), red haired intern, against his trophy case...her hands drag through his hair as they kiss passionately...he pulls away and turns her around... he lifts her skirt...pulls off her panties...puts them in his pocket before he resumes kissing her.

PRESENT

INT. KASICH HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

ANDREA, (30s), Bruce's wife, model turned housewife, voice interrupts Bruce's musings.

ANDREA (O.S.)

What's that?

Bruce freezes. The panties hang in his hand. Andrea stands at the entrance of their bedroom door, a laundry basket in her hands.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Bruce, what's that you're holding?

Bruce, with a sleight of hand, drops the panties back into the leather case and pulls out a black jewelry box.

He keeps the jewelry box behind his back as he turns to her.

BRUCE

Can a guy try to surprise his wife?

Andrea moves into the room.

ANDREA

You haven't been able to surprise me in the past ten years. Why try now?

Bruce shakes his head at her antics but holds out the jewelry box to her.

Andrea, excited, drops the laundry basket, takes the box out of Bruce's hand and opens the case.

Andrea gasps at the sight of the three-carat diamond earrings.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

They're beautiful!

BRUCE

Try them on.

Andrea races to their dresser with the mirror and puts on both earrings. Bruce stands behind her and smiles at her happy reflection.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You like?

Andrea turns and pulls him into a hug.

ANDREA

I love them.

They kiss which turns into a heavy make out session until-

KID'S VOICE (O.S.)

DADDY!! YOU PROMISED!

Bruce and Andrea stop kissing and rest their foreheads against each other.

BRUCE

Rain check?

ANDREA

Definitely!

BRUCE

On my way, son!

Andrea picks up the laundry basket.

Andrea exits the room. Bruce grabs a t-shirt from the dresser and puts it on.

He opens his traveler's case, stuffs the panties inside and closes the satchel.

INT. DAYCARE BUS - EARLY MORNING

The bus is filled with prosthetics, makeup, and wigs crowding the shelves. An open closet is stuffed with different clothes and outfits.

Shayla sits at a make-up table, dressed in a business suit. Her cornrowed hair is covered by a hair net. She brushes out a semi gray wig.

The bus's door opens behind her, CHASE, (20s), androgynous gay white male, approaches her holding two cups of coffee.

He hands her one as he takes a deep drag of his cup.

Shayla looks down at the cup of coffee and up at him in confusion.

CHASE

I'm calling a staff meeting.
Thought it would make it more
professional if we both held a cup
of coffee.

Shayla places her cup of coffee on the table in front of her and continues to brush the wig's hair.

Chase takes a nervous breath. Sets his cup down and picks up a makeup case.

He starts making up Shayla's face.

CHASE (CONT'D)

I saw it in some movie, something
about corporate espionage. Whenever
the leads took a meeting, they both
drank coffee. So, I thought if we
did the same thing--

SHAYLA

Spit it out, Chase. What do you
want? More money?

CHASE

No! I don't need any more money--
what am I saying? I would love more
money.

Shayla releases a sigh. Chase nervously licks his lips.

CHASE (CONT'D)

But no, you guys have treated me
well. I just wanted to know if you
have a time frame when we'll be
done with all of this? For...for
when you won't need my services
anymore?

SHAYLA

Why?

CHASE

I got an opportunity to get into
this internship at this big studio,
using my skills as a makeup artist,
and it begins in three months.

(MORE)

CHASE (CONT'D)

I just wanted...wanted to know if you will have everything wrapped up by then?

SHAYLA

An opportunity? Or do you have the internship?

CHASE

I have it.

Shayla nods. She turns in the chair and places the wig over her hair. Chase sets the make up down and helps her secure the wig in place.

SHAYLA

Things are moving along as planned.

Chase's face drops in disappointment.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)

But we should see the light at the end of the tunnel in a few months' time.

Chase continues with her make-up.

CHASE

We both know what you did for my family--for my sister-- we don't need to go into all that because that would make me cry and I can't. I can't handle crying right now, because I just used a new face mask this morning and it's an expensive Korean mask and I don't want to get puffy--okay? But I want you to know that I will see this through. I want to finish what I started. Because even though I don't owe you--I owe you.

Shayla's eyes connect with his as he angrily wipes away tears.

Chase clears his throat.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Meeting adjourned.

He continues applying her makeup.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Now let me finish covering up these bruises. We can't have Ms. Claire showing up to work looking like she got into a bar brawl.

He lifts Shayla's chin to look at the black and blue bruises around her neck.

CHASE (CONT'D)

I hope you buried the body fifteen feet under.

INT. ZOBAIR TECHNOLOGIES - CLAIRE'S DESK - MORNING

Fake pictures of Claire's grandkids crowd her desk behind the placard which reads, Claire Owens Executive Assistant.

Shayla is disguised as Claire, the executive assistant, an older, African immigrant.

Claire types furiously away at her desktop.

TINA, (30s), Asian-American, executive assistant, approaches Claire.

TINA

Who made you mad this morning?

Claire doesn't look up from her keyboard.

Claire speaks with an African accent-

CLAIRE

Huh?

TINA

Are you typing your resignation letter or something?

Claire finally looks up at Tina and cracks a wide smile.

CLAIRE

No, just replying to the agency who thoroughly messed up Mr. Wagoner's travel plans he had with his wife.

TINA

You got time for breakfast this morning?

CLAIRE

No. I must set up for a conference meeting in a few hours. Raincheck for tomorrow morning?

TINA

Sure. See you then.

Claire's desk phone rings. She answers it.

CARL (FILTERED)

Claire, I need to go over some details with you concerning the meeting.

SHAYLA

I'll be right there Mr. Wagner.

She hangs up. Takes a deep calming breath before she stands up and heads to a door marked "CARL WAGNER CEO".

She knocks and enters.

INT. JOHNSON HOME, FRONT ENTRANCE - EARLY EVENING

Shayla enters the front door, her disguise gone. She is dressed in dark jeans and t-shirt, her hair pulled into an afro puff.

NURSE SHELBY a older black woman, petite and friendly face, peeks out from the kitchen.

SHELBY

How was your day, Shayla?

Shayla forces a smile to her face.

SHAYLA

It was good. How was he today?

Shelby shrugs--

SHELBY

Cantankerous as usual but fine. I'm about to make him a plate for dinner, do you want one?

Shayla shakes her head no.

SHAYLA

Long day. I'm going to go lay down.

INT. JOHNSON HOME, SHAYLA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

The sparsely furnished room has a small wall-mounted television plays softly in the background, a large aquarium sits on top of a dresser in a corner.

In the queen-sized bed, Shayla tosses and turns in her sleep.

DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAY

Shayla, in a hospital gown, is strapped to a bed. She struggles against her restraints and stares in horror at a empty corner of the room.

SHAYLA

She's here! She's standing right there! Just look! Michaela's right there!

DR. MAITLAND and a NURSE stand over Shayla.

DR. MAITLAND

No, Shayla. She's not. Michaela's been dead for quite some time. You're suffering from a psychotic break.

SHAYLA

Michaela, show them! Say something!

Dr. Maitland gestures to the nurse, who prepares a needle.

Shayla struggles harder against her restraints, tries her best to lean away from the nurse and the needle.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)

No! Please! She's there. She's right there! Michaela!

The nurse administers the sedative.

Shayla's movements slow and before her eyes close she sees Michaela standing in the corner of the room.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)

Michaela!

PRESENT

INT. SHAYLA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Shayla's eyes open, short of breath, heart pounding -

SHAYLA

Michaela!

Michaela takes a seat on the bed behind Shayla.

MICHAELA

You had that dream again, huh?

Shayla turns to Michaela and exhales in relief.

SHAYLA

Yes.

MICHAELA

It's just a dream.

SHAYLA

You and I both know it really happened.

MICHAELA

At least Daddy didn't make you stay long at that hospital, like he did the others.

Shayla doesn't answer but heads to her aquarium.

She peaks into the glass and fiddles with the heating lamp. Before she drops a couple of live grasshoppers in the aquarium.

Michaela taps on the glass.

SHAYLA

Don't do that. She doesn't like it.

MICHAELA

She's a bug.

INT. AQUARIUM - CONTINUOUS

A long green Praying Mantis, with a triangular head and bulging eyes, swivels its head as it searches for its prey.

INT. SHAYLA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

SHAYLA

She's my bug.

Michaela peers into the aquarium.

ON THE AQUARIUM

The mantis grabs a grasshopper and starts chewing on it's head.

INT. SHAYLA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michaela grimaces--

MICHAELA

Yeah, I can see why.

Shayla straightens and grabs her cell phone and begins scrolling through it.

Shayla turns and grabs her coat from the back of her door.

MICHAELA (CONT'D)

You know you're only doing this for Daddy.

Shayla starts to put on her coat.

SHAYLA

Do you know, not one of them has suffered the consequences for what they did to us? What they did to you? I'm doing this. Not Daddy.

MICHAELA

I'm coming with you this time.

Shayla swings around quickly, angry.

SHAYLA

No! You stay -

The room is empty, Michaela is gone.

Shayla closes her eyes in frustration and takes a few deep breaths before she opens her bedroom door.

There in his electric wheelchair outside her door is her father, JEROME JOHNSON (60s) ex-military now MS survivor.

Without being asked, he wheels into Shayla's room.

JEROME

Who were you talking to in here?

Shayla hesitates.

JEROME (CONT'D)
Were you talking to Michaela again?

SHAYLA
I was watching TV.

JEROME
This plan won't work if your brain
is compromised.

Shayla's hands ball into fists.

SHAYLA
Dad, it was just the TV.

Jerome turns in his wheelchair to face her television.

JEROME
We've never been this close before.
It's time for those three men to
pay for what they did to you and
sister. You've got to be ready.

SHAYLA
I am ready.

JEROME
You better be.
(BEAT)
I've been monitoring the dark web
and it appears the Russian mob has
put a bounty on your head since you
killed the head of their syndicate
and freed all of their prostitutes--

SHAYLA
Sex trafficked girls, Dad.

JEROME
Did you miss the part where I said
you now have a bounty on your head?

Shayla shrugs--

SHAYLA
What else is new?

JEROME
Damn it, Shayla! Why didn't you
listen to me and stop going off on
these damn missions of yours?

SHAYLA

What did you want me to do, Dad?
You trained me to be this killing
machine. Did you want me to just
let people who need help suffer and-

JEROME

I expect you to let the law
enforcement do their job.

SHAYLA

Right. Let the law help... like
they helped me and Michaela?

JEROME

This is not the same thing. You
have a mission, our mission. You're
out here being a roughshod
vigilante and now you have a whole
Russian syndicate out to get you.
And you don't seem to understand
the danger you've put yourself and
our mission in.

SHAYLA

Our mission, Dad? All I do is think
about our mission. Thinking of
different ways I'll take revenge on
the men who hurt me and Michaela
all those years ago and caused
Michaela's death. But you know what
gives me the most pleasure? The
moment when this is all over and I
won't have to think about it or
them ever again.

JEROME

Shayla--

SHAYLA

Look, I need to meet up with Chase
so we can continue our recon on one
of our targets. Don't worry though
it's for your mission, not mine.

She sidesteps her father. And heads out the door.

Her father calls after her.

JEROME

Just keep your head in the game.

INT. JOHNSON HOME HALLWAY - NIGHT

Shayla rolls her eyes as she heads down the hallway.

Michaela appears at her side.

MICHAELA

Why do you listen to that? Why
don't you just leave? Forget all of
this and just go have a normal
life.

Shayla trembles, she's so angry but she lowers her voice.

SHAYLA

A normal life? How? When all I see
when I close my eyes is that room
and their faces. I can still smell
them and hear their laughter. Hear
your screams. There is no normal
for us.

Shayla turns to look at Michaela but Michaela is gone.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)

If it was, you would still be here.

FADE TO:

EXT. WATSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The grey house's remaining shutters hang on by a wish and a prayer. The yard's patchy grass is filled with old car parts.

An old 1980s beat-up Cutlass Supreme is parked next to a brand new four door silver truck.

INT. WATSON HOUSE LIVINGROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

J.B. WATSON JR (JUNIOR), (12), almost identical to the kid on MAD magazine, sits in front of the television, on the living room floor, engrossed in the video game he's playing.

His mother LIBBY WATSON (30s), heavy set, blond stringy hair, stands over a kitchen sink, arms deep in hot water as she washes the dishes.

LIBBY

Junior, come take out the trash!

Junior ignores her, continues to play.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
Junior, did you hear me? Come take
out the trash!

JUNIOR
You do it!

Libby's shoulders and head droop at his reply.

J.B. WATSON (30s) enters the living room, plaid shirt, dark jeans, protruding beer belly, takes a heavy seat in the nearest arm chair.

He picks up a television remote, he hits Junior in the back of the head with it.

Junior grabs the back of his head and turns to his father.

J.B.
What'd your mama say to do?

Junior jumps up and grabs the trash from the kitchen, as J.B. watches him from the living room.

Junior exits out of the back door with the trash bag.

J.B. walks over to Libby and grinds against her backside. Libby stiffens.

J.B. (CONT'D)
You going to be up when I get home?

LIBBY
If I'm not, I'm sure you'll wake
me.

J.B. roughly yanks Libby's head back by her hair.

Libby gasps in pain, fearful, she stares up at him, her right eye has a dark shiner.

J.B.
What'd you say?

LIBBY
(quickly)
Nothing, babe. Nothing.

J.B.
So I'm not going to have to wake
you up tonight, am I? You're going
to be up waiting for me?

Libby on the verge of tears.

LIBBY

Yes.

J.B. slams his lips down on to hers before he releases her hair and slaps her on her behind.

J.B.

Good girl.

J.B. grabs his car keys from the kitchen table and walks toward the back door as Junior enters.

J.B. (CONT'D)

Listen to your mom. No more of that back talk. You hear me?

Junior, nervous, looks from his mother to his father.

JUNIOR

Yes sir.

J.B. reaches out to ruffle Junior's hair and Junior flinches away in fear but relaxes when he realizes what his father is doing.

J.B. chuckles and exits out the back door.

EXT. SYLVIA'S BAR - NIGHT

J.B.'s truck roars into the parking lot of the bar. He parks in front of the red brick building, one large window, shows a flickering open sign; a black sign with white lettering "Sylvia's" hangs over the door.

INT. SYLVIA'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

The bar is dark. Overhead pendant lights light up the bar top.

A seventy-inch flat panel TV set, placed behind the bar, illuminates the rest of the bar.

The TV is on a sports talk show called "The Heat".

The bar is filled with its regular patrons.

J.B. takes a seat at the bar and slaps down a fifty-dollar bill on the wood surface.

J.B.

Give me my regular and keep them coming.

LEON (60s), white male, balding with mullet in the back, white T-shirt, leather vest, and dark jeans, hands J.B. a beer.

Picks up the money.

LEON
Whoa! Big night tonight?

J.B.
Yep. Got my promotion this morning.

A couple of the other patrons congratulate J.B. He smiles proudly and takes a sip of his beer.

LEON
Well in that case...the first beer
is on me.

J.B. takes a long pull from the beer bottle before he slams it down on the bar.

J.B. points at the TV.

J.B.
I grew up with that guy.

Leon turns to look up at the large TV. Bruce Kasich is at "The Heat" host desk delivering a blistering commentary on the New York Giants last game.

LEON
You know that guy?

J.B. nods and takes a sip of his beer.

J.B.
We used to be best friends.

LEON
Used to be? So no chance of getting
a complimentary set of Super Bowl
tickets?

J.B.
Nope. Haven't talked to him in
years.

LEON
That's a damn shame.

J.B. hands over his empty bottle and Leon hands him a fresh bottle, before he goes to serve the other patrons.

J.B. mumbles to himself -

J.B.
Yep, a damn shame.

Out the corner of his eye, he catches sight of MICKEY, as Shayla now disguised as another patron, with a large afro, a larger prosthetic nose, tries to pass by him with a drink in her hand.

He grabs her by her arm, almost causes her to drop the drink.

J.B. (CONT'D)
Mickey! How you doing?

Mickey speaks in a southern accent-

MICKEY
I'm doing fine. But I would be
doing better if you let go of me.

J.B. ignores her and pulls her close.

J.B.
Yeah. I've been putting in long
hours at the factory. I haven't
seen you around here in a while.
You still looking good.
You still remind me of someone.

J.B. peers at Mickey.

MICKEY
How about this. The day you
remember who I remind you of, I buy
you a drink?

J.B. releases Mickey arm and holds out his hand to shake Mickey's hand.

J.B.
Deal.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK 1998

Sixteen-year-old J.B. slaps fourteen-year-old Shayla across her face.

J.B.
Shut up all that screaming. Ain't
nobody coming to help you.

CARL

Hey! Don't mess up the merchandise.

J.B. looks over his shoulder, smiles at the teenage Carl.

J.B.

Come on, Carl. You let me take the first shot and I'll take your late-night shift at McDuffie's next weekend so you can take Jessica out.

CARL

Fuck that J.B.! We already agreed! I go first. Bruce goes second and you go last!

BRUCE

You take my next two late night shifts and you can take my spot.

J.B.

Deal.

PRESENT

Mickey shakes J.B.'s hand.

MICKEY

Deal.

INT. OFFICE - CAFETERIA - MORNING

Shayla is disguised as Claire.

Tina and Claire eat their food, but Tina is clearly bursting at the seams to tell Claire something big.

CLAIRE

Okay. Okay. What so important?

Tina looks ready to explode, finally shows her hand to Claire. A huge diamond ring sparkles on it.

TINA

Barry asked me to marry him.

Claire eyes widen in surprise.

CLAIRE

Congrats! Have you decided on the wedding date?

TINA

Yeah, that's what I wanted to talk to you about.

CLAIRE

Me?

TINA

Yeah, you. I wanted to ask you if you wanted to be my maid of honor?

Claire is a loss for words.

CLAIRE

I'm... I ... uh,

TINA

I know it's a lot to ask. But Larry and I decided to have a courthouse wedding. A small party, his mom and my dad. His best friend and you. If you agree?

Claire clears her throat and wets her lips.

CLAIRE

You don't want to ask any of your other friends?

Tina shakes her head.

TINA

It's always been hard for me to make friends. Mostly because of my social anxiety. But you've never made me feel weird because of it. You took me under your wing when I started working here. And you know so much more about my relationship with Larry than anyone else in my life. So you're the one I want at my wedding.

CLAIRE

When is it?

TINA

Next Saturday.

CLAIRE

So soon?

TINA

Barry doesn't want to wait. Said we
wasted enough time as it is. So...
you in or not?

Claire hesitates and then forces a smile.

CLAIRE

Sure.

(beat)

I'll be happy to.

TINA

Great! You can help me choose what
dress I'm going to wear. I've
paired it down to ten dresses.

CLAIRE

Ten?

TINA

It was sixty.

CLAIRE

Oh, okay.

TINA

Do you have any pictures of your
wedding dress?

CLAIRE

My wedding dress?

TINA

Yeah, you know, when you got
married to your late husband.

Claire scrambles for an answer.

CLAIRE

OH! No, I lost a majority of my
family albums in a house fire
several years ago.

TINA

Awww, that's a shame.

Starts pointing out dresses on her phone.

TINA (CONT'D)

What do you think about this one?

Claire nervously rubs her sweaty palms against her pants.

CLAIRE
Ummm, it's pretty.

TINA
How do you think it would look on
me?

CLAIRE
Uh...I,

Claire cell phone begins to ring. Looks down at the caller
ID, Claire stands up -

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Excuse me a second. It's my
daughter.

Claire walks over to the other side of the room and answers--

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Hello?

BEN (V.O.)
Hello, Shayla. Is this a good time
to talk?

Claire let's out a sigh of relief.

CLAIRE
Perfect timing, actually.

BEN (V.O.)
Everything okay?

CLAIRE
Yeah. What do you have for me?

BEN (V.O.)
Just calling to confirm Subject A
has checked into the Arroy Hotel.
And I've e-mailed you the itinerary
for tonight and left you a key in
your go bag. Chase will meet you in
your reserved room.

Claire nervously bites her lip. She hesitates.

BEN (V.O.)
You sure you're okay?

CLAIRE
Not really.

BEN (V.O.)
What's wrong?

CLAIRE
How much do you know about
weddings?

BEN (V.O.)
Weddings?

CLAIRE
Yeah, I've just agreed to be a maid
of honor for my co-worker. And I
have no idea on what to say or how
to act. I know I'm supposed to be
supportive but how much support am
I supposed to give?

BEAT.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Hello?

Ben laughs so loud it hurts Shayla's ear.

His laughter finally calms down, Claire presses her cell
phone back to her ear again.

BEN (V.O.)
My knowledge is limited to getting
drunk on free booze and banging
bridesmaids.

A worried Claire stares out the window as people move about
her, eating, talking and laughing.

BEN (V.O.)
Shayla, if it concerns you this
much, why did you agree?

SHAYLA
Because she would suspect something
if I didn't.

BEN (V.O.)
Is that the only reason why you
agreed?

Claire forehead wrinkles in confusion.

SHAYLA

Yeah, what other reason would it be?

BEN (V.O.)

Maybe because you made a friend. And that's what friends do for one another, we show up.

SHAYLA

We are not friends. This is a means to an end. I'm using her for cover. Doing the exact thing you and my father taught me to do.

Ben sighs again.

BEN (V.O.)

We seem to have taught you too well. Back to the reason for this call. I'll see you tonight?

SHAYLA

Yes, tonight. I'll see you tonight.

BEN (V.O.)

Head in the game, Shayla.

Claire blinks as if woken up from a trance.

SHAYLA

Always.

Claire hangs up her cell phone.

Claire takes a deep breath and plasters a smile on her face before she heads back to her table to Tina, who is still scrolling through pictures of wedding dresses.

CLAIRE

Sorry about that. Now let me see these dresses.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

The large luxurious hotel, with a large lobby, restaurant and bar is filled with football fans.

Shayla pulls a small suitcase behind her, disguised with a wig and sunglasses.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

She takes the elevator up to the seventh floor.

INT. HOTEL 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Shayla heads to room 705 and lets herself in with a keycard.

INT. ROOM 705 - NIGHT

Bedroom suite that features a king-size bed, desk and large bathroom, which Chase exits once he hears the door open.

CHASE
Any issues?

SHAYLA
No.

Shayla leaves her go bag by the side of the bed.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
What about you?

CHASE
No.

Chase steps aside so Shayla can see the bathroom.

CHASE (CONT'D)
Everything is set up for you in
there. No prosthetics tonight.

He pulls a paperback book out of his back pocket and gets comfortable on the bed as he begins reading.

Shayla enters the bathroom and as she closes it, she stops and pulls the three dresses off of the back of the door.

Holds them out to Chase.

SHAYLA
Really? These are my choices for
tonight?

Holds out the blue dress.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Slutty...

Holds out the green dress.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)

...Hoe...

Holds out the black dress.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)

And high-class prostitute.

Chase points to each dress.

CHASE

I prefer, bottom hoe, side hoe and
top hoe.

SHAYLA

Please tell me that's not an
IceBurg Slim novel your reading?

CHASE

How did you know?

SHAYLA

Just a guess.

Shayla closes the bathroom door.

INT. ROOM 705 - LATER

There is a knock on the door. Chase checks the peep hole and a wide smile fills his face. He opens the door to let Ben in. They greet each other.

Ben looks down at his watch.

BEN

Is she ready?

The bathroom door opens and Shayla steps out in the green dress. It clings to every curve of her body, not leaving much to the imagination.

Ben eyes Shayla in shocked silence.

Shayla fidgets in it, uncomfortable.

Her natural hair, now pressed straight, hangs past her shoulders.

CHASE

I see you went with side hoe.

SHAYLA
It seemed appropriate.
(to Ben)
Has Bruce made it downstairs yet?

It takes Ben a second to respond.

Confused, Shayla looks down at herself, oblivious to how beautiful she looks.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
What is it? Is something wrong?

CHASE
No. Nothing's wrong. You look
fabulous.
(to Ben)
Say something nice.

Ben clears his throat.

BEN
Yeah, he's at the bar with a couple
of his cronies.

Shayla checks herself out in the mirror and turns to Chase.

SHAYLA
What do you think?

Gestures to herself.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Do you want to make any adjustments
or is this fine?

CHASE
No, you look perfect.

BEN
Do you have everything you need?

SHAYLA
Yes, I do.

Ben opens the hotel room door and they follow Shayla out.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Shayla approaches the bar.

Chase and Ben enter behind her and take position at the end of the bar.

The hotel bar is crowded with an eclectic crowd of people.

Shayla situates herself a few feet away from Bruce, who is involved in a serious conversation with a couple of patrons at the bar.

A MALE PATRON, in a football jersey, walks by and slaps Bruce on the back.

MALE PATRON
Great game tonight!

Bruce returns the gesture.

Bruce raises his hand to gain the bartender's attention. Points to his nearly empty glass.

BRUCE
Can I get another one?

The bartender nods and begins making another drink for Bruce.

SHAYLA
You made some great calls tonight.

Bruce, for the first time, notices Shayla and lustfully looks her up and down.

Behind him, Ben and Chase move in next to Bruce at the bar.

The bartender hands Bruce his new drink. Bruce doesn't take his eyes from Shayla as he picks up the drink and takes a sip. Bruce turns his body to face Shayla.

Bruce points over his shoulder at the television set.

BRUCE
You mean that? Because that's not the only thing I'm good at. I have other skills the public doesn't get to see.

Shayla giggles.

SHAYLA
Really? Do you want to show me these other skills you're good at?

BRUCE
Your room or mine?

SHAYLA

Hmmm, I think we should properly introduce ourselves first? Don't you?

Bruce sets his drink down on the bar and shakes Shayla's hand.

BRUCE

Bruce Kasich, ma'am.

Behind him, unnoticed, Chase drops a drug into Bruce's drink.

SHAYLA

Mandy. Mandy Thompson.

Bruce takes Mandy's hand, kisses it.

BRUCE

Pleasure to meet you, Ms. Thompson.

Shayla winks up at him.

SHAYLA

Sounds like the pleasure is going to be all mine.

Bruce moves even closer to Shayla. His tall frame hovers over hers as he leans down to whisper in her ear.

BRUCE

I love it when a woman knows what she wants.

SHAYLA

Good. Just so we're clear. We're using my room tonight.

Bruce smiles, downs his drink in one gulp.

BRUCE

Let's go.

She takes Bruce's hand and leads him out of the bar and toward the hotel elevator banks.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Bruce and Shayla make out as they move blindly into the elevator.

The elevator doors close behind them.

Shayla pulls away.

SHAYLA

Hold on, baby. We have to push the button.

She turns in his arms and pushes the button for the seventh floor.

Shayla freezes because in the mirror's reflection is Michaela, who appears to stand right next to the couple.

MICHAELA

You don't have to do this.

Shayla shakes her head and closes her eyes.

Bruce kisses her neck but once the elevator starts to move, he grabs his head.

BRUCE

Whoa!

Shayla turns toward him in concern.

SHAYLA

You okay, baby?

Bruce shakes his head to clear it and pulls Shayla back into his arms.

BRUCE

All good.

He stares down at her for a beat.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You know, you remind me of someone.

SHAYLA

I do? Who?

Bruce's searches Shayla's face as she smiles up at him.

BRUCE

I don't know. Maybe you just have one of those faces? A real pretty face.

Shayla steps up on her tiptoes to kiss him again.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK 1998

Fourteen-year-old Shayla screams before her mouth is covered by a white hand. Her arms are tied to a headboard.

Her eyes are wild as she fights to break free. Her skirt is pulled up above her legs.

Sixteen-year-old Bruce runs a finger down her left thigh.

BRUCE

I love a pretty face. I'm going to make it good for you. If you only just relax. But if you want it rough, I can make it rough.

He begins to unbutton his pants.

PRESENT

The elevator doors open, and Bruce and Shayla exit to -

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bruce stumbles behind Shayla but catches himself.

BRUCE

(vision blurry)
Shit!

SHAYLA

We're almost there.

BRUCE

(slurs)
I'm not feeling so good.

SHAYLA

But I got something for you. In my hotel room.

Bruce perks up and he tries to focus on Shayla's figure.

BRUCE

You got something for me?

Shayla nods and smiles as she takes his hand and leads him toward her hotel room door.

SHAYLA

Yeah, I got something for you.

Shayla pulls out her hotel key card and they enter -

INT. ROOM 705 - NIGHT

Shayla pulls Bruce toward the king size bed and pushes him down.

He lands on his back, dazed. He tries to sit up but the room spins.

He tries to focus on Shayla but that proves to be too difficult. He begins to panic.

BRUCE

Help me. Something's wrong.

He reaches out to Shayla's blurred image.

SHAYLA

Did you have too much to drink?

Bruce tries to get up but his spinning head won't let him. He falls back onto the bed. His breathing becomes heavy as a slight panic falls over him.

BRUCE

(slurs)

I think... I think someone put something in my drink.

Shayla

And you would be correct.

Bruce gives up trying to sit up and lays back down.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

What?

SHAYLA

I said you were correct. Someone did put something in your drink.

Bruce lifts his head and sees there are now three forms, Ben, Chase and Shayla, standing above him.

BRUCE

You... you

Bruce passes out.

SHAYLA

Well, that was anticlimactic. I was hoping to break a couple of bones tonight, at least.

BEN

Yeah, tonight is a good night.
Don't expect the others to go as
well.

Shayla rolls her eyes in response. Ben turns to Chase.

BEN (CONT'D)

Where did you hide my suitcase?

CHASE

Under the bed.

Chase leans over the unconscious Bruce and checks his pulse.

Ben gets on his knees and pulls out a silver suitcase. He opens it, he pulls out a laptop. He takes a seat at the desk. He starts his laptop and logs into the hotel security cameras to delete any incriminating evidence.

Shayla enters the bathroom -

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Shayla pauses and takes a deep breath. The cool façade drops. Tears spring to her eyes. She takes a couple of steps to the mirror. Looks at her reflection, she notices her lipstick is smeared. She turns on the water and frantically washes her face.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK 1998

SERIES OF SHOTS

Sound of the bed creaking and muffled screaming.

-Naked male torso moves up and down above Shayla.

-(Off-Camera)8-year-old Michaela screams.

-Over her assailant's shoulder Shayla sees J.B. throw 8-year-old Michaela, on the other twin bed and climb on top of her.

SHAYLA

Michaela! No! Leave her alone!!
Please leave her alone.

Hair mussed, tears stream down her face. Shayla's assailant covers her mouth and continues to move on top of her.

PRESENT

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Shayla turns to the toilet and throws up. Once she finishes heaving, she begins to frantically take off all her clothes and turns on the shower.

IN THE SHOWER

Shayla steps under the spray and lets the water wash over her. She picks up the packaged bar of soap and rips the plastic off and begins vigorously washing her body.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - AT THE BASE OF A PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

BERNOFF KABINOV, (60s) Kristoff's brother, leader of the Russian gang, tall, slim, bookish looking, meets ALEX JACOBSON, (50s) his lawyer at the base of the Jet's steps.

Alex hands over a grainy picture of Shayla leaving the Queen Hotel.

ALEX

We have a lead. It hasn't been easy. Seems she has some help in high places. If all goes as planned, you'll be back on your way to Russia by tomorrow at the latest.

Bernoff hands the picture back.

BERNOFF

Bring her to me. I want to kill her myself.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A much calmer Shayla steps out of the shower and grabs a towel and dries off.

Shayla wraps the towel around her body. She grabs another towel, she wraps her now wet hair. She steps to the mirror Shayla wipes the steam off the mirror.

She peers stoically at her reflection.

KNOCK, KNOCK

Shayla opens the door to find Chase, holding out a maid's uniform to her.

CHASE
Here you go.

Chase hands her the maid's uniform and peers closely at her face.

CHASE (CONT'D)
You okay?

INT. ROOM 705 - CONTINUOUS

Ben turns from the laptop and looks over in concern at Shayla.

Bruce is still knocked out on the bed, but his hands and feet are now bound and a gag covers his mouth.

Shayla takes the uniform and nods.

SHAYLA
I'm fine.

Gives Chase a small smile.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Be out in a second.

Shayla closes the bathroom door.

INT. ROOM 705 - CONTINUOUS

Shayla exits the bathroom. Now in the maid's uniform, natural hair pulled back into two braids.

Bruce is missing from the bed. Chase and Ben stand near a hotel maid's cart, which takes up a most of the room's space.

BEN
All good to go?

Shayla avoids eye contact and busies herself as she secures the apron around her waist.

SHAYLA
Yes, all good. Everything ready?

CHASE
Yeah, Ben has wiped all footage of us from the hotel security system.

Taps the side of the cart.

CHASE (CONT'D)

And our package is ready to be moved. I'll have the van ready at the loading dock.

Ben hands Shayla a key card.

BEN

This will get you in and out of all doors. I've already set the hotel camera's on a ten minute loop.

Shayla pins the card to her apron.

BEN (CONT'D)

I'll leave first and head back to the bar.

Looks down at his watch.

BEN (CONT'D)

You have that long to remove your package from the premises.

Heads to the door and opens it.

BEN (CONT'D)

I'll scrub the room down. Let me know if you run into any issues.

CHASE

It should be smooth sailing from here on out.

BEN

Shayla?

Shayla gingerly pushes at the cart testing the weight.

SHAYLA

Yeah, smooth sailing.

Ben exits the room. Chase turns to her.

CHASE

You sure you're okay?

Shayla avoids Chases eyes.

SHAYLA

Yeah. You should go. We don't have much time left.

Chase heads toward the door. But as he opens it -

SHAYLA (CONT'D)

Oh! Claire is going to need an outfit to wear to a courthouse wedding. And since I'm horrible at that sort of thing, I'm definitely going to need your help.

Shayla gives Chase a small smile.

CHASE

No problem. You know I love dressing Claire.

He checks out the hallway.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Meet you in a few minutes.

Chase exits and the door closes behind him.

Shayla lifts the fake compartment top which held small bottles of soap and shampoo and stares coldly down at Bruce's unconscious body.

Shayla closes the compartment and exits the hotel room.

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The door closes behind her and she pushes the cart down the hall toward the elevator banks.

An elderly female HOTEL GUEST exits a hotel room behind Shayla. Seeing Shayla, she calls out-

HOTEL GUEST

Excuse me. Maid?

Shayla keeps going, ignoring the woman. The woman picks up the pace to try to catch up to Shayla.

HOTEL GUEST (CONT'D)

Excuse me! MAID!!!

Shayla stops the cart and closes her eyes in frustration. When she opens them, she turns with a smile for the woman.

SHAYLA

Yes?

The elderly woman sounds as if she is out of breath.

HOTEL GUEST

I'm sorry but I was going to call down and ask for more towels. But I see that you have plenty.

She grabs five towels from the top of Shayla's cart.

HOTEL GUEST (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I take a few of these?

SHAYLA

(hides her irritation)
Sure.

HOTEL GUEST

Oh! You have those little shampoos I like!

The elderly woman reaches for the fake shampoo bottles which are glued to the top of the fake compartment.

Shayla grabs the elderly woman's hand before she touches the shampoo bottles.

The elderly woman gasps in shock.

SHAYLA

Sorry but these bottles are all empty.

Leans in conspiratorially.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)

The hotel likes us to gather the empty bottles so they can refill them.

Releases the woman's hand.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)

Cheap, huh?

The elderly woman looks a bit confused but then she shakes her head.

HOTEL GUEST

I guess everyone is trying to save a buck.

The elderly woman backs up.

HOTEL GUEST (CONT'D)

Well thank goodness for clean towels.

Shayla keeps the fake smile on her face.

SHAYLA

Yes, thank goodness.

Shayla watches until the woman enters her room, the smile drops. Once the door closes, Shayla rushes down the hall and hits the button on the hallway elevator.

She taps her foot impatiently, as she waits for the elevator to come.

The elevator door opens, and a drunk couple spills out. Shayla dips her head and pretends to search for something on her cart.

The man bumps into her and mumbles a slurred "Excuse me."

Shayla ignores him and pushes the cart into the elevator as soon as the couple clears out of her way.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Shayla presses her badge to the card reader and pushes the button for the basement.

She impatiently watches as the floors tick by. Her phone beeps and she pulls it out her pocket, the alarm gives her a 5-minute warning.

She exits to a long hallway, with gray brick walls and a shiny tiled floor.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Shayla's cell phone beeps. She pulls it out of her apron pocket. The alarm gives her a 3-minute warning.

She moves a little faster down the long hallway.

Shayla stops at two double wide gray doors with the card sensor. She swipes her card, but the sensor stays on red. She swipes the card again, but the sensor doesn't turn green.

Her phone beeps again, she looks at it. She's received a 1-minute warning.

She tries to call Ben but her cell phone CHIRPS at her that she has no cell service.

One of the gray doors open, and a SECURITY GUARD exits it.

He looks at her in surprise.

SECURITY GUARD

Don't tell me you've been standing here all this time trying to use your card to get in?

Shayla tries the card again and gives him a little smile.

SHAYLA

Yeah, and for some reason it's not working.

SECURITY GUARD

Yeah, that's because it's broken. I can let you in but I have to check on your badge with front desk first.

SHAYLA

Really?

The guard shrugs--

SECURITY GUARD

Usually no one comes down here this late.

SHAYLA

What do they think will happen, I steal all hotel toilet tissue?

SECURITY GUARD

Could happen.

SHAYLA

Listen, this is my first night on this job. I was told to clean the penthouse and my cart wasn't fully stocked when I came on my shift. I just need to restock and get to the penthouse before they call down looking for me.

The security guard eyes Shayla then he lifts up his walkie talkie.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Come on, dude. It's my first night
on the job.

The Security Guard lowers the walkie talkie.

SECURITY GUARD
Just this once. Make sure you
prepare better next time.

He holds open one of the gray doors for her.

Shayla smiles brightly at him.

SHAYLA
Oh! Thank you! I owe you one.

Shayla pushes the cart into the storage room. Spares one more
smile at the guard before he lets the door close.

Shayla's smile drops as she tucks her chin to her chest
keeping her head adverted from the camera's overhead.

She moves the cart across the room to the door for the
loading dock.

She uses her key card to open the door.

EXT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

A few empty trucks are parked at the loading dock and Shayla
pushes the cart past them towards a Boogie Van, black, with
dark tinted windows, which is backed into the loading dock.

Shayla moves the cart closer. Chase opens the van's rear
doors.

Shayla pushes the entire cart inside.

INT. BOOGIE VAN - NIGHT

Chase closes the van's doors behind Shayla.

CHASE
You're cutting it real close. I was
just about to call Ben.

He moves to the driver's seat, Shayla follows close behind,
takes her place in the passenger seat.

SHAYLA
Yeah, ran into a couple of issues.

Chase gives her a sharp look as they drive away.

Shayla pulls out her cell phone and quickly sends a text.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)

Don't worry, it's not anything Ben
and his laptop can't handle.

Chase points over his shoulder.

CHASE

We have to take back roads to keep
away from street cameras. Will he
keep until we get to our
destination?

Shayla nods.

SHAYLA

He should be out until the morning.
And if not, he may not make it to
the next location.

Chase nods solemnly before he turns his attention back to the
road in front of him.

EXT. BACK ROAD CITY - NIGHT

The van travels along a dimly lit street. It is the only
thing moving this late at night, at least until a dark SUV,
with its headlights off, turns off of a side street and
starts to follow the van.

INT. BOOGIE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Chase hums softly while he drives. Shayla sleeps in the
passenger seat.

Bright headlights fill the side mirror and illuminates the
inside of the van.

Chase keeps his eyes on his rear and side windows as he
reaches over to shake Shayla awake.

Shayla wakes with a start--

SHAYLA

What?

CHASE

Someone's riding our ass.

Shayla sits up and looks around.

EXT. BACK ROAD CITY - NIGHT

The SUV's engine revs as it speeds up to SLAM into the back of the van.

INT. BOOGIE VAN - NIGHT

Chase and Shayla rock forward in their seats from the impact.

CHASE

Shit!

They rock forward again as the SUV slams into them again.

EXT. BACK ROAD CITY

The impact pushes the van into an enclosed parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The van crashes through a chain linked fence before it comes to a hard stop.

The SUV stops behind it, two ARMED MEN jump out of the black SUV. One comes to the van's driver-side window, the other to the passenger side.

INT. BOOGIE VAN - NIGHT

Chase grips the steering wheel, blood drips down his face from a cut.

CHASE

Who are these guys?

SHAYLA

Whatever you do, just don't give them a reason to... do anything.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The armed men break both windows, reach in and unlock the doors before dragging both Chase and Shayla out of the van.

Shayla is held, with her hands up, a gun pointed to the side of her head, on the passenger side of the van.

Chase rounds the van with his hands up, the other armed man right behind him.

Chase is forced to his knees. He shakes in fear as a gun is pressed to the back of his head.

Shayla as cool as ever--

SHAYLA

Okay fellas. What's this about?

ARMED GUY

Someone would like to see you.

SHAYLA

And he couldn't send a Zoom invite?

The armed guy, points to the black SUV.

ARMED GUY

Go.

Shayla starts forward but looks back over her shoulder at Chase, who is not allowed to move.

SHAYLA

What about my friend?

ARMED GUY

He didn't get an invitation.

Chase panics and tries to run but his goon fires a shot, and hits Chase in his back. His body falls to street, unmoving.

SHAYLA

Chase!

She struggles to get to him but a gun is pressed to her head.

ARMED GUY

Move. I won't tell you again.

Shayla is visibly shaken as she's led to the SUV.

Shayla enters the back of the SUV, both armed men enter to flank her and close the doors behind them--

INT. BLACK SUV - NIGHT

A driver and PASSENGER sit up front.

One of the armed guys keeps a gun trained on her. The other puts his gun away.

Shayla watches their movements closely. You can almost see a plan starting to form in her head.

A Russian but familiar voice from the passenger seat grabs her attention--

PASSENGER

I told Bernoff it would've been
better to leave you dead and bloody
in the street like the bitch you
are, but alas, here we are.

The passenger turns to look at Shayla. Shayla's eyes widen in shock--

SHAYLA

What the fuck?

The face of the Russian Dr. Fedorov, whom she killed earlier at the penthouse, stares back at her.

His caustic laughter fills the SUV.

FADE TO BLACK.