

Just Kill Me

by

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EXT. CHICAGO OFFICE BUILDING - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A gorgeous woman, Naomi, 30s, savvy assassin, picks at her wedgie, while peering coolly through her rifle scope at a four-star hotel entrance below.

Naomi spots her mark, TOMMY, 40s, a stocky little weasel in a gaudy suit, strutting obnoxiously among four mammoth BODYGUARDS.

Irritated, she presses into her ear to answer an incoming call.

NAOMI

Not now, mother.

Naomi repositions her rifle scope, pokes her eye, squints to refocus on Tommy's head.

NAOMI

Knock it off, mother.

She presses her earpiece to hang up. Angry, Naomi abruptly presses her earpiece again.

NAOMI

I would rather be gang banged by a bunch of prison inmates than go on another blind date. Hey, Tommy.

She spies Tommy talking on his cellphone from the hotel entrance below. Naomi smirks, flashing her middle finger at him.

NAOMI

You've been very naughty.

She notices a tiny red laser dot on her chest.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Come down here and spank me.

Naomi quickly searches the adjacent rooftops for the SNIPER, spotting the Sniper, calmly shoots him dead center between the eyes.

NAOMI

Hang on, I have another call.

Seething, Naomi presses her earpiece again.

NAOMI

Forget it, mother.

Naomi presses the earpiece again to hang up.

NAOMI
Sorry about that.

TOMMY (V.O.)
Whatever he's paying you, I'll pay
you double.

NAOMI
Your dumb ass brother told me the
same exact thing.

TOMMY (V.O.)
My brother hired you to kill me?
That son of a bitch.

She lines her scope on Tommy's head, squeezes the trigger,
Tommy drops dead on the sidewalk.

NAOMI
Thank God, I'm an only child.

Two of the Bodyguards duck down returning fire, the other
two Bodyguards sprint to the building where Naomi is.

Fuming, Naomi presses her earpiece again.

NAOMI
I can find my own man, mother.

Bullets slap the building inches from Naomi's head. She
kills the two Bodyguards on the street below.

NAOMI
A decent man.

Naomi sprints across the rooftop, frantically stuffing the
rifle into it's canvas case.

NAOMI
Not some tool with a flashy car,
perfect hair, thinks he's God's gift
to women.

Scrambling to get into a rappelling harness, the two remaining
Bodyguards break through the rooftop door, shooting at Naomi.
She withdraws her gun, shooting them both square in the chest.

NAOMI
All right, mother. After this one
I'm through.

Stumbling off the ledge, Naomi hangs upside down in the
rappelling harness, straining to pull herself up, her mother's
ramblings echo from her earpiece.

EXT. CHICAGO OFFICE BUILDING - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Naomi makes crackling noises into her earpiece as she lands in the alleyway, steps out of her rappelling harness, hurls it to the ground in frustration.

NAOMI

I'm losing you mother.

She gets into her Mercedes, pulls her hair, bangs her head against the steering wheel.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

BARRY LEWIS, 30s, piercing blue eyes, rugged looking, obsessive compulsive, fighting with his tie in his immaculate bedroom.

He grabs one of four combs aligned perfectly on his dresser, runs it meticulously through his hair then tosses the comb to the trash.

Grabs the next comb, runs it through, tosses it. Grabs the next comb, runs it through, tosses it. Grabs the next comb, runs it through, tosses it and admires his hair.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Barry stands on a chair, slips a noose over his head, sighs deeply, jumps off the chair, landing safely on the floor.

Pissed, Barry gets up on the chair, adjusts the rope, places the noose back over his head, steps one foot off the chair, when there's a knock on the front door.

Furiously, he removes the rope from his neck, the chair breaks, the rope tightens around his neck, wriggling to get free, the rope snaps, sending him crashing to the floor.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Barry throws open the front door, the noose still dangling around his neck.

A bratty GIRL SCOUT holds a box of cookies.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - NIGHT

Barry wanders to the front returns counter, he stops and straightens a few disorganized spray paint cans on a shelf.

He stands in line at the returns counter, tactfully picking lint off a ELDERLY WOMAN'S jacket in front of him. The Elderly Woman catches Barry, hits him with her purse.

A PIMPLY FACED CLERK, 20s, demands Barry forward. He places the rope on the counter.

CLERK
May I help you?

BARRY
I need to return this rope.

CLERK
What's wrong with it?

BARRY
I was told this rope would support
up to one hundred eighty pounds and
it didn't.

CLERK
We have a strict return policy and
in order to process the return.

Barry gives the Clerk a sheepish look.

BARRY
I just want to return it.

CLERK
Yes sir, but I need to follow proper
protocol.

Barry points to a sign on the wall that reads "Satisfaction
Guaranteed or Your Money Back."

CLERK
I'll have to call my manager.

BARRY
Please, I just want my money back.

The Clerk pages the store manager. A portly STORE MANAGER,
approaches the Clerk, a bib around his neck, face covered
with barbecue sauce, licking his fingers.

STORE MANAGER
What's going on?

CLERK
This gentleman would like to return
this rope.

The Store Manager examines the rope.

STORE MANAGER
What's wrong with it?

The Clerk butts in.

CLERK
All that he told me was that it broke.

STORE MANAGER

In order to refund your money, I must know what the rope was used for. That's our policy.

BARRY

I was trying to hang myself. Happy now?

The Store Manager looks deadpan at Barry.

STORE MANAGER

Do you have your receipt, sir?

Barry takes each receipt from his wallet, places them in order one by one, neatly on the counter. The Store Manager, Clerk, and Customers all groan.

INT. CHICAGO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Naomi scans the bustling restaurant. MATT, GQ, athletic build, perfect hair, waves at her from his table. Naomi cautiously approaches Matt, eyes him apprehensively.

NAOMI

Nice hair.

Matt checks Naomi out.

MATT

Your mother was right, you're beautiful.

Naomi rolls her eyes, tentatively sits down at the table. A WAITER hands Naomi and Matt menus. Before she can open the menu, Matt orders for her.

MATT

The lady will have a salad.

Matt leans over to Naomi, eyeing her stomach.

MATT

I noticed your core needs work.

Naomi glares at Matt.

MATT

I'll have the salmon. Bottled Water for both of us.

Naomi seizes the Waiter's arm, stares intensely into the Waiter's eyes.

NAOMI

I want a gigantic steak smothered in onions, baked potato bathed in butter, chives, sour cream, bacon bits, and a beer.

She releases the Waiter, he scurries to the kitchen.

NAOMI

What's your story?

MATT

I'm a --

Naomi surveys Matt.

NAOMI

A investment banker with a incredibly chic apartment, a sports car that makes women wet, and one hell of a lover.

Matt chuckles.

MATT

You're a feisty one. I like that.

Naomi grabs her fork, holding back the urge to jam it in Matt's eye.

Matt rambles on about his life during dinner. Ignoring, him Naomi takes the last bite of her steak, leans back in her chair, pure joy radiates from her face.

Matt tenderly touches Naomi's hand.

MATT

I have a hot tub at home with pulsating jets.

NAOMI

Wow. Pulsating you say?

She twists Matt's hand. He falls to his knees.

NAOMI

Is this the hand you masturbate with?

Matt nods. His tortured face mixed with pleasure. Naomi twists Matt's hand to the breaking point, he groans in excruciating satisfaction. She looks at Matt with disgust.

NAOMI

Not worth it.

Naomi let's go of Matt's hand, she smiles joyfully strolling out of the restaurant.

Matt places his hand to his face.

MATT
My dungeon queen.

INT. CHICAGO ZIG'S TRENDY CLUB - NIGHT

A trendy gay nightclub, dazzling lights bounce off sweaty MEN dancing to the latest hit music.

ZIG, 50s, BAR OWNER, flamboyant, arms dealer, gang tattoos cover his thick body, approaches Naomi slouched over the bar.

NAOMI
I'm thinking on switching sides,
lesbians seem to have it easier.

Zig makes a sour face.

ZIG
Oh, sweetie. Definitely not lesbian
material.

Naomi takes a swig of wine.

NAOMI
You're probably right. I hate plaid.

Zig takes Naomi's wine glass away from her.

ZIG
Go home. I'll have your rifle
calibrated for you tomorrow.

NAOMI
Bye.

Zig watches Naomi walk wearily out of the club.

ZIG
That girl needs a man.

INT. NAOMI'S CHICAGO APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tiny, cramped, apartment lined with everything NASA and space. Naomi plants a long wet kiss on Neil Armstrong's and Buzz Aldrin's posters.

NAOMI
Miss me, boys?

She grabs a water out the refrigerator, stares longingly at the framed posters of Buzz Aldrin and Neil Armstrong.

NAOMI
To the last of the decent men.

INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Naomi in sexy nightie, frantically tearing her bedroom apart looking for her favorite book, *John Glenn A Memoir*, finding it, she gives it a kiss and a hug.

She falls into bed, reads for mere minutes, tosses the book aside, turns out the light, squirms to settle in, satisfied ready for sleep, she closes her eyes gently, a peaceful grin adorns her face.

The lull of Tick-tock, tick-tock of the clock. Her eyes burst open, staring wide-eyed at the ceiling, another sleepless night.

INT. CHICAGO - SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

MEN stop shooting, gawking at Naomi, strutting provocatively up to a AMANDA, Naomi's mother, 50s, uptight, a cougar who could kick your ass.

AMANDA

How did the date go?

Naomi shoots Amanda a smug look.

NAOMI

Seriously, mother. You even have to ask?

Amanda shoots proficiently at a silhouette target.

AMANDA

What was wrong with this one?

NAOMI

Where did you find this guy at a hardware store?

Amanda stops shooting, gives Naomi a bewildered look.

NAOMI

He was a real tool.

Naomi chuckles.

NAOMI

Forget it.

AMANDA

What's going on with you?

Amanda continues shooting.

NAOMI

Nothing. My record is still perfect.

AMANDA

You're taking to many risks lately?

NAOMI

There were only four of them.

AMANDA

Only four? Well, that changes everything.

NAOMI

You should talk, I've heard the stories.

Amanda sets her gun down, seizes Naomi's earlobe.

AMANDA

That's when I was young and undisciplined.

She releases Naomi's earlobe.

AMANDA

Rule number one: Professionalism is the key to success in this business.

Naomi nods her head affirmatively; having heard this a thousand times before.

AMANDA

I heard Vladimir is doing well.

Naomi shudders at the very thought of working with Vladimir again.

NAOMI

Do you have anything for me or not?

AMANDA

I'll let you know.

Naomi fires her gun with extraordinary accuracy at the target.

She pushes a button, the target comes into view, a outline of precision accuracy. The Men cower glimpsing Naomi's handiwork. Amanda rolls up the target, whacks Naomi over the head.

EXT. CHICAGO OFFICE BUILDING - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Barry gets on the rooftop ledge, viewing the cars and PEOPLE below passing by oblivious to him, he readies himself to jump.

NAOMI (O.S.)

From this height, all you're going to do is break a leg.

Barry, startled by Naomi's voice, loses his balance, she pulls him back before he falls. Landing on top of Naomi, Barry's piercing blue eyes gaze deeply into hers, they share a tender moment.

NAOMI

You get off me, now.

Barry remains on top of Naomi.

NAOMI

Hello, anyone in there?

Snapping out of his daze, he rolls off of her.

NAOMI

I'm Naomi.

BARRY

Barry.

Naomi points to Barry's groin.

NAOMI

Barry are you packing a gun, or are you just happy to see me?

Barry shields his erection from her. She converses with Barry as she sights her sniper rifle.

NAOMI

Barry, did you realize that of all the planets in our solar system, earth is the only planet that has the perfect conditions to support life. Crazy, huh?

Naomi spots a BALD MAN blowing up a sex doll in the building across the street, she pulls the trigger, the Bald Man falls onto the bed.

NAOMI

You would think there would be another planet in our solar system able to sustain life, wouldn't you?

Barry cringes watching Naomi disassemble her sniper rifle.

NAOMI

You have a penis, but don't like guns? Interesting.

She cleans up her evidence, putting the shell casing in her pocket.

NAOMI

Come on, I'll give you a ride home.

Naomi moves towards Barry, he backs away towards the ledge.

BARRY

I'm not going to tell anyone. I swear.

Police sirens can be heard in the distance.

NAOMI

Okay, fine. You can explain to police what you're doing on the roof.

INT. NAOMI'S CAR - NIGHT

Naomi pulls her Mercedes up to his white bungalow with a perfectly landscaped yard. Barry quickly exits, not being able to get out the car fast enough.

BARRY

Thanks for the ride.

Barry rushes to his front door. She watches Barry's ass, oddly attracted to him, follows him to the front door.

Barry spins around, faces Naomi.

BARRY

What do you want?

NAOMI

You going to invite me in?

Barry searches his pockets for the keys. Naomi holds up his house keys. Barry reaches out for them, she playfully pulls them back from Barry, finally handing them over, he opens the door.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The wall is a loving shrine to his deceased parents, with pictures of Barry and his parents from happier times. Faded sailboat wallpaper line the walls.

NAOMI

Whoa. Captain hook, your interior decorator?

Shelves are filled with miniature sailboats. Naomi picks up one of the miniature sailboats.

BARRY

Don't touch that.

He takes it from her hands, places the sailboat in it's original position on the shelf.

Naomi admires the family pictures.

NAOMI
Your parents still sail?

BARRY
My parents died in a car accident.

NAOMI
Sorry.

Barry opens the front door.

BARRY
It's getting late.

NAOMI
What do you do for a living?

BARRY
I'm an accountant.

Naomi spots a drum set in the corner.

NAOMI
Cool drum set. You play?

BARRY
I used to.

Naomi pounds out a spasmodic beat. Barry darts over to Naomi, wresting the drumsticks from her hands. He places the drumsticks back in their original position on the drumhead.

NAOMI
Why do you want to kill yourself?

BARRY
None of your business.

NAOMI
Are you a virgin?

Barry blushes.

BARRY
No.

NAOMI
Do you have cancer or something?

BARRY
No.

NAOMI
White males are the most successful
when it comes to committing suicide.

BARRY
Believe me, I've tried.

Barry zones out, in a daze of his attempted suicides.

Barry downs a bottle of pills, pukes them up in the kitchen sink.

Barry holds a toaster in the tub, he notices the toaster is unplugged. He gets out of the tub, slips on the floor, striking his head on the counter, knocking himself out.

Barry stands in the front yard, pouring a gas all over himself soaking himself. He screams, drops, rolling on the lawn.

Naomi taps Barry on the shoulder. He abruptly comes out of his daze.

Barry looks curiously at Naomi.

BARRY
Would you kill me?

Naomi chuckles. Barry is stone faced.

NAOMI
Your serious?

Barry nods a definitive "yes."

NAOMI
No way.

BARRY
Why not?

NAOMI
You seem like a decent guy.

Naomi considers this, smiles wide.

NAOMI
I'll do it.

BARRY
You will?

NAOMI
Yeah, what the hell.

BARRY
Do I schedule an appointment?

Naomi gives Barry a contemptuous look.

NAOMI

You're not getting your teeth cleaned.

Naomi looks inquisitively at him.

NAOMI

What would your last meal be?

BARRY

Deep dish pizza.

She smiles genially at Barry.

NAOMI

Me too. I love deep dish pizza.

Naomi places her empty bullet cartridge in Barry's hand.

NAOMI

Something to remember this night by.
I'll be in touch.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Barry collapses onto his living room couch. His face full of dread, flooded by emotions, realizing he'll soon be dead. Knock at the door. Barry opens it.

JAMES WALTON, clean cut, athletic build, displays his badge which reads, Special agent FBI. Special agent FBI, PETER HARRISON, real hard-ass, a cheesy toupee, shabby suit stands alongside Walton.

WALTON

I'm special agent FBI, James Walton.
This is my partner special agent
FBI, Peter Harrison. May we come
in?

BARRY

Sure, I guess. What is this about?

WALTON

Sailor, huh?

Walton inspects the miniature sailboats. Barry stands anxiously by Walton's side.

WALTON

Wonderful detail. I used to love to
build models as a kid.

Walton reaches for a boat.

BARRY

Please, don't touch them.

WALTON

What are you doing with a professional killer?

BARRY

How do you know that?

Harrison gets nose to nose with Barry.

HARRISON

Hiring her to kill some nice old lady, steal her social security checks to support your drug habit. You sick bastard.

Barry looks dumfounded at Harrison.

BARRY

I didn't think it was illegal to hire someone to have yourself killed.

Walton eyeballs Barry, not believing him.

WALTON

You hired her to kill you?

HARRISON

Give me a break. Take him downtown.

WALTON

Last chance.

BARRY

I'm serious.

Barry drops the shell casing onto the floor, Harrison snatches it up off the floor.

BARRY

Hey, give that back.

HARRISON

What do we have here?

Harrison tosses the shell casing to Walton, he examines the shell casing.

WALTON

Time to go, Barry.

INT. FBI INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Barry scared shitless, squirms at the table. Walton scans a file. Harrison stares Barry down.

WALTON
Accountant for the past ten years,
Never been married, parents deceased.

BARRY
You're making a big mistake. Call
Naomi.

Harrison mocks a call on his cellphone.

HARRISON
Hello, Naomi, this is the FBI. Did
a Barry Lewis hire you to kill him?
What's that? He's a raving loon.

Harrison gets right in Barry's face.

HARRISON
Do we look stupid to you?

Walton pulls Harrison back from Barry.

WALTON
Are you aware of the penalty for
providing false information regarding
a federal investigation?

Barry's face turns pale.

WALTON
I had Ballistics examine that shell
casing of yours. They confirmed
it's an exact match to the one that
killed a businessman earlier tonight.
Do you know anything about that?

Barry remains silent.

WALTON
You'll have no problem explaining to
a judge what you were doing with a
shell casing from a professional
hit.

Harrison stands behind Barry's chair.

WALTON
You're a person of interest in this
investigation that means we can hold
you here for up to forty-eight hours.

Harrison humps the back of Barry's chair.

HARRISON
They'll be trading your skinny ass
for smokes all night long.

BARRY

Naomi gave me the shell casing.

Walton shakes his head in disapproval at Harrison. Harrison stops humping the back of Barry's chair.

HARRISON

Why would she do that?

BARRY

I don't know.

Walton reflects on Barry's answer.

WALTON

You're free to go.

Barry is stunned.

BARRY

I am?

Harrison is shocked.

HARRISON

He is?

WALTON

Get out of here before I change my mind.

Walton watches Barry scurry out of the room.

Harrison glares at Walton.

HARRISON

Why did you let him go? You don't believe this whack job?

WALTON

Why would Naomi give him a shell casing from a hit? Unless she had plans for him.

HARRISON

What plans would Naomi have for that loser?

WALTON

We put him under surveillance.

Harrison scoffs.

WALTON

Have I ever been wrong before?

Harrison shoots Walton a dubious look.

HARRISON

What about that snitch in Portland?

WALTON

Hey, that guy lived.

HARRISON

If you call eating your meals through
a straw for six months living.

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amanda reads a book on assault weapons in her cozy living room. Knock on the door, she lifts up her nightgown, placing a gun in her garter holster.

Amanda sees Naomi through the peephole, she aims her gun behind the door at Naomi's head.

AMANDA

Password.

NAOMI (O.S.)

I'm not going to kill you.

The sound of heavy locks can be heard releasing. Naomi carrying a duffel bag bolts past Amanda. Amanda promptly locks the door behind her.

AMANDA

I can warm up some dinner.

Naomi rushes down the hallway to the closet door.

NAOMI

I rather you kill me. I'm just
picking up a few things.

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - SUPPLY ROOM - NIGHT

Naomi slides open a panel in the back of the closet, exposing a vault door with a keypad.

Naomi punches a code into the keypad, opening the vault door, machine guns, rocket launchers, and explosives line the vault. She chooses weapons like she's grocery shopping.

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Naomi shuts the closet door, a knife pierces the door. Amanda's version of a pop quiz.

Amanda charges Naomi unleashing a flurry of punches. Naomi blocks them with relative ease.

NAOMI

You've been practicing.

AMANDA

Who's the mark?

Naomi kicks Amanda in the chest, sending Amanda reeling backwards.

NAOMI

He's a nobody.

Amanda pulls a knife from her garter.

AMANDA

Rule number three.

Amanda slashes at Naomi, she uses a couch cushion as a shield.

NAOMI

No secrets, I know. This is different.

Naomi hurls the shredded couch cushion at Amanda.

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Amanda drives Naomi into the kitchen, slashing wildly at her, picking up a frying pan she deflects Amanda's attacks, knocking the knife out of Amanda's hand.

NAOMI

It's a special project.

Amanda flings open the refrigerator door, catching Naomi in the face, she stumbles backwards.

AMANDA

It's a government project, isn't it?
I don't trust those creeps.

Amanda tosses a coffee pot at Naomi, ducking behind a cupboard door, the coffee pot shatters against it.

NAOMI

No, it's not a government project.
Those guys never pay.

Naomi hurls the flour container at Amanda, hitting Amanda in the face, blinding her.

Amanda wipes the flour out of her eyes, sweep-kicking Naomi sending her crashing to the kitchen floor.

Amanda punches Naomi repeatedly, she shields herself from Amanda's blows.

AMANDA

Is it a black flag operation?

NAOMI

Thanks for bringing that up.

In one single fluid motion, Naomi places Amanda in a choke hold, Amanda fiercely struggles, Naomi tightens her hold, Amanda taps out.

NAOMI

I always enjoy our conversations,
mother.

AMANDA

I expect a full report when you get
back.

Naomi salutes Amanda as she leaves. The kitchen is a disaster area.

AMANDA

Hey, who is going to help me clean
this mess up?

INT. FBI OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Walton stares intently at a board full of tough looking men, labeled Russian Mafia. Harrison creeps up behind Walton.

HARRISON

Stop staring at it. You'll go blind.

Walton jumps out of his skin.

WALTON

Jesus, you scared me.

Harrison laughs.

WALTON

Months of surveillance, undercover
work, and taxpayers money. Still
nothing solid. The Russians continue
to gain control of the city.

Walton picks up surveillance pictures of Naomi off the table.

WALTON

The key to stopping them, is a
suicidal accountant and a hired
killer.

Harrison places his arm around Walton.

HARRISON

You're so screwed.

Walton shoves Harrison's arm off him.

HARRISON

None of this means anything unless we can get Naomi in court.

WALTON

I know that.

HARRISON

The Russians get wind of this. They'll kill her before she sets one foot in court. Along, with that suicidal dork.

WALTON

We're doing this, right?

Harrison massages his temples.

HARRISON

What's the worse that can happen? We're kicked out of the FBI and spend the rest of our lives as mall security guards.

Harrison gives Walton a smart ass grin.

WALTON

I can't believe you're my partner.

Harrison frowns at Walton.

HARRISON

That hurt.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Harrison and Walton sweat bullets crammed in their sweltering high-tech FBI surveillance van parked outside Barry's house.

HARRISON

How hard would it be for the FBI to put a portable toilet in here? We're not animals.

Harrison unzips his fly ready to pee into a soda bottle.

WALTON

What are you doing? Get out of here.

Walton closes his eyes, whispering "calm blue ocean" repeatedly. Harrison carries in the urine filled soda bottle.

HARRISON

You think they'll let us tazer skateboard punks at the mall?

Walton sees the urine filled soda bottle in Harrison's hands.

WALTON

Get that thing out of here.

Harrison empties the bottle out the backdoor.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Barry comes out of kitchen, nearly jumps out of his skin to see Naomi standing there.

BARRY

What are you doing here?

Naomi glances at Barry's crotch.

NAOMI

You're not happy to see me?

Barry places his hands over his crotch.

BARRY

Yeah.

NAOMI

I have this job in Vegas. I figured we could have a little fun. Looks like you could use it.

BARRY

I can't go. I have to work.

NAOMI

You quit. I called your boss this morning.

Barry glowers at Naomi.

BARRY

You had no right to do that.

NAOMI

You really want to spend your remaining days trapped in a cubicle?

BARRY

Well, no.

NAOMI

Great, let's go.

BARRY

I need to pack.

NAOMI

Don't worry everything is taken care of.

Pausing, Barry tries to make sense of all this.

BARRY
I'll wait to you come back.

NAOMI
You want to die or not?

Barry considers Naomi's ultimatum.

BARRY
You never told me how much it's going
to cost to kill me?

NAOMI
Don't worry about it. It's pro bono.

BARRY
I can't let you do that. I'll pay.
How much?

NAOMI
Five thousand.

Barry's face turns pale.

BARRY
Dollars?

NAOMI
No, Care Bear stickers.

BARRY
Do you take a check?

Naomi chuckles.

NAOMI
I can't really hunt you down if the
check bounces? Now, can I?

BARRY
I guess not.

Naomi glances at her watch.

NAOMI
We need to go.

EXT. AIRPORT HANGER - DAY

A Gulfstream jet waits for Naomi and Barry. Barry remains riveted to the passenger seat.

BARRY
I can't fly.

NAOMI

Why not?

BARRY

Those things crash. They explode.

NAOMI

Look at it this way: if we do crash, then you're dead. Plus, you won't owe me five thousand dollars.

BARRY

I guess that makes sense.

Naomi smiles wryly at Barry, he gets on the plane.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Harrison watches Naomi and Barry get on the plane. Walton closes his cellphone.

WALTON

Naomi's going to Vegas. Our plane will be here in a few minutes.

HARRISON

You think we'll have time to have a threesome at the bunny ranch?

WALTON

What? No.

HARRISON

With my next visit I get a free twist and shout. It's where the woman takes her legs --

Harrison grabs his leg pulling up to his head. Walton puts his hand up.

WALTON

Stop. Stop.

Harrison mutters under his breath in frustration.

HARRISON

You're no fun.

WALTON

What?

HARRISON

Nothing.

Harrison gives the finger behind Walton's back.

INT. GULFSTREAM JET - NIGHT

Barry is paralyzed in his seat. Naomi thumbs through *Popular Science*, complaining about the articles.

NAOMI

The government spends billions each year on defense. To protect us, from God only knows what. We can't even keep NASA space shuttle program going.

Naomi shakes her head in disgust.

NAOMI

How are we supposed to be able learn about the wonders of the universe?

Barry catches the magnificent Las Vegas skyline out his window.

INT. LAS VEGAS - HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Naomi tips the BELLHOP. Barry is mesmerized by the exquisite hotel suite, everything from the chic furniture to the breathtaking view of the Vegas Strip below.

NAOMI

See you for dinner. I have to kill Elvis.

BARRY

What am I supposed to do?

Naomi smiles warmly at Barry.

NAOMI

Have fun.

BARRY

Easy for you to say.

NAOMI

A change of clothes are in the bedroom.

BARRY

Thanks.

Naomi dashes out the door duffel bag in hand. Barry rearranges the furniture, cleans up the suite.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Barry wanders into the romantic bedroom suite, a couple of stylish suits lay on the bed, he picks one of the suits off the luxurious king bed.

He tries a suit on, it's a perfect fit, he admires himself in the mirror.

INT. LAS VEGAS - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Walton scans his laptop screen. Harrison peers out the window.

WALTON
Naomi made her first kill at sixteen.

HARRISON
I was masturbating five times a day
when I was sixteen.

Walton makes a gross out face.

HARRISON
You never stroked it?

Walton buries his face behind his laptop screen.

WALTON
I can't remember.

HARRISON
Cheryl Tiegs, Cindy Crawford, and
that Daisy Duke chick. What was her
name?

Walton peeks over his laptop screen.

WALTON
Catherine Bach.

Harrison starts laughing.

HARRISON
I knew it. You're a stroker.

WALTON
Shut up.

HARRISON
Did you ever sit on your hand until
it's asleep, then stroke it,
pretending it's someone else?

WALTON
Shut up.

Harrison strokes a soda bottle.

HARRISON
Oh Daisy, you're so hot. Don't stop.

He shakes up the soda bottle, it explodes all over Walton's face.

HARRISON

Sorry.

Furious, Walton runs to the bathroom towels his face off.

HARRISON

I used that towel to clean up after
I stroked it earlier.

Harrison laughs.

HARRISON

I'm kidding.

Walton tosses the towel at Harrison, grabs another towel, wipes his face off.

WALTON

You're sick.

HARRISON

At least, I'm don't repress my urges.
It's not healthy.

Walton ignores Harrison, goes back to his laptop.

HARRISON

I'm sure you could get one of the
girls at the ranch to put on some
daisy duke shorts.

WALTON

Shut up.

HARRISON

Just saying. It looks like you could
use a good tug job.

Walton glares at Harrison, reaches for his gun.

HARRISON

Okay.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Naomi storms in, tossing her duffel bag onto the couch.
Barry comes out of the bedroom.

NAOMI

Kill Elvis, it will be fun. One
teeny-weeny bit of information they
forgot, there's a Elvis convention
in town this week.

Naomi is amazed, how handsome Barry looks.

NAOMI

Hot.

She gestures for Barry to spin around, he does a quick spin, she slaps him on the ass.

NAOMI

I'll be out in a few minutes.

EXT. HOTEL SUITE - BALCONY - NIGHT

Barry fastidiously cleans his silverware with his napkin. Naomi saunters in gracefully wearing a sexy revealing evening gown. Barry is awe struck by Naomi's beauty.

BARRY

You look beautiful.

NAOMI

Thank you.

A knock on the door. Naomi returns with a pizza box, she serves up a slice of Chicago deep dish on Barry's plate.

NAOMI

Flew it in from Chicago.

Barry takes a bite of pizza.

NAOMI

Heaven, huh?

Barry cracks a tiny smile.

NAOMI

You have a nice smile.

Naomi takes a bite of pizza, her eyes roll back in her head, it's heavenly.

NAOMI

Oh my God, there's a orgasm in my mouth.

Barry takes a drink a water, spits it out.

NAOMI

You okay?

He nods.

Empty pizza box on the table. Naomi and Barry hold their stomachs, staring ahead in a food coma. Naomi shivers in the night air. Barry gets up from the table, places his suit jacket over her shoulders.

NAOMI

What did you want to be when you grew up?

BARRY

It's silly.

NAOMI

You wanted to be Superman? Wonder Woman?

Barry remains silent. Naomi observes the star filled sky.

NAOMI

I remember watching TV as the astronauts boarded the space shuttle Columbia on it's maiden voyage. I knew right then that's what I wanted to be.

BARRY

What happened?

NAOMI

Killing is the only thing I have ever known.

Barry mumbles softly.

BARRY

A drummer in a power trio.

NAOMI

What?

BARRY

A drummer in a power trio.

He smiles meekly at Naomi.

BARRY

I would line up empty boxes and cans in the garage. I dreamed I was Neil Peart from Rush.

NAOMI

Cool. Why didn't you become a drummer?

BARRY

After my parents died, I lost interest.

Naomi gets up from the table, pulls Barry excitedly to the door.

NAOMI
Time to have fun.

Barry yanks Naomi back.

BARRY
Why are you doing this?

NAOMI
When I was seven I found this sick cat. I spent day and night nursing that cat back to health. It drove my mother crazy. She wanted me to put it out it's misery.

Barry looks perplexed at Naomi.

BARRY
I'm a sick cat?

NAOMI
No, I love driving my mother crazy.

BARRY
You're mother knows what you do for a living?

NAOMI
Who do you think got me into this business?

INT. HOTEL CASINO FLOOR - NIGHT

Harrison and Walton tail Naomi and Barry as they roam the casino floor, shouts of joys from WINNERS, groans of despair from LOSERS resound throughout the casino.

INT. HOTEL HIGH ROLLER ROOM - NIGHT

Naomi flirts with the GUARD at the high roller room. The Guard lets them pass.

Barry and Naomi sit at a blackjack table. All the PLAYER'S eyes lock on Naomi. The PIT MANAGER whispers into the DEALER'S ear. The Dealer places a stack of chips in front of Barry and Naomi.

A COWBOY leans over to Barry.

COWBOY
What escort service did you get here from?

BARRY
She's going to kill me.

COWBOY

Does that cost extra?

Naomi taps Barry on the shoulder to get his attention.

NAOMI

Ever play blackjack?

BARRY

No.

NAOMI

The object of the game is the to get twenty-one or get as close to twenty-one without going over.

The Dealer shuffles the cards.

NAOMI

We need to place our bets.

Barry picks up a red chip.

BARRY

How much are these worth?

NAOMI

Thousand dollars.

BARRY

I don't have that kind of money.

NAOMI

No worries. I'm staking you.

BARRY

I can't let you do that.

Naomi winks at the Cowboy.

NAOMI

How else are you going to afford me?

Naomi places Barry's bet. The Dealer busts.

BARRY

Did we win?

NAOMI

Yes, we won.

The Dealer places a stack of chips before them. Naomi hugs Barry in victory. A CROWD gathers around Barry and Naomi. Naomi pushes their huge stack chips in.

BARRY

What are you doing?

NAOMI

Having fun.

The Dealer lays down his cards. The Dealer busts. The Crowd goes wild. In her excitement, Naomi gives Barry a deep kiss, he's frozen to his seat.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Harrison and Walton tail Naomi and Barry into a hotel bar, a ROCK BAND is on stage setting up. Naomi hops on stage speaks to the SINGER. The Singer confers with the GUITARIST and DRUMMER. Naomi takes the microphone.

NAOMI

Hey, everyone. We're honored to have one of the greatest rock drummers in the world here tonight.

Naomi gestures to Barry to come on stage.

NAOMI

Come on, let's give him a big hand.

Barry makes a bee line for the exit. The CROWD pushes him back towards the stage. Barry utterly frightened, hyperventilating sees nowhere to run.

The DRUMMER stands up. Naomi forces Barry onto the seat.

BARRY

I can't do this.

Barry's face drips with sweat. Naomi holds Barry's face in her tender hands, looking calmly into his frightened eyes.

NAOMI

Yes, you can.

Harrison and Walton blend into the crowd. Naomi incites the Crowd to cheer for Barry, she goes to the side of the stage. The Rock Band starts playing a loud upbeat tune.

Barry relinquishes his fear, seeing Naomi smiling confidently at him from offstage, he pounds out the beat with reckless abandon. The Crowd yells.

Harrison claps, screaming along with the crowd, Walton jabs Harrison in the ribs to stop clapping.

Barry stands up on the seat, raising his arms in triumph, slips off the seat, hits the floor, pops up off the floor unharmed. The Crowd screams.

Naomi runs up to Barry, high fives him.

NAOMI

That was awesome.

BARRY

It was okay.

NAOMI

Time to celebrate.

INT. LAS VEGAS NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The music is pumping as the DJ spins the latest hit music. BEAUTIFUL and WEALTHY PEOPLE party the night away, dancing, drinking, and kissing.

Barry and Naomi sit in a plush booth. Naomi flags down a WAITER. She shouts over the noise.

Harrison and Walton sit inconspicuously in a back booth spying on Naomi and Barry.

NAOMI

A bottle of your finest champagne.

The Waiter nods and leaves.

BARRY

I don't drink.

NAOMI

You didn't fly either, yet here you are.

BARRY

Do you ever turn off?

NAOMI

No.

TWO THUGS menacingly approach the booth, VLADIMIR, handsome, stylish, arrogant prick, scoots into the booth pushing Naomi in farther.

NAOMI

Vladimir.

Naomi and Vladimir share friendly hugs. Vladimir won't let go of her. Naomi pushes Vladimir off her.

VLADIMIR

You're still as beautiful as a Russian sunset?

Vladimir eyes Barry threateningly.

VLADIMIR

Who's your friend?

NAOMI

This is Barry. He's paying me to
kill him.

Vladimir doesn't seem surprised. He shakes Barry's hand.
Barry winces in pain, his hands raw from drumming.

The Waiter displays the bottle of champagne. The two Thugs
press their guns against the Waiter's head.

VLADIMIR

Get that filth out of here.

The Thugs drag the Waiter to the back.

VLADIMIR

We talk business, yes?

NAOMI

We'll talk later.

Vladimir moves in to kiss Naomi. Naomi blocks Vladimir's
advances.

The Waiter hauled back in by the Thugs carrying another bottle
of champagne, his lip bleeding, a black eye. Vladimir
inspects the bottle.

VLADIMIR

Good.

He gestures to the Thugs, who cast the Waiter to the floor.
Vladimir parades out with his Thugs.

BARRY

Who was that?

NAOMI

Ex psycho boyfriend.

Naomi shakes the ill feelings from her body.

BARRY

He's an assassin too?

NAOMI

He's a cold blooded killer.

BARRY

What's the difference?

NAOMI

Assassin's have rules.

The Waiter pours a couple of glasses. Naomi holds up her
glass for a toast.

NAOMI
To the after life.

Barry hesitates, convinces himself, "what the hell" then drinks the champagne. A pleasing look appears on his face.

Four empty champagne bottles sit on the table. Barry drunk, disoriented, looks at Naomi with glazed eyes.

BARRY
How come you never became an astronaut?

Naomi buzzed, leans over to Barry.

NAOMI
Assassins are not top on NASA's list.

Barry slurs his speech.

BARRY
NASA are bunch of idiots. What have they ever done?

NAOMI
Put a man on the moon, invented velcro, microwaves.

BARRY
You're beautiful, smart, and sexy. You can do anything.

Naomi is taken back by Barry's comments. Locking eyes with her, Barry moves in closer for a kiss. She feels a warm tingle run down her spine, a feeling like never before.

BARRY
I'm drunk.

Disappointed, she backs away from Barry.

NAOMI
Yeah.

Barry stands up, takes a step, falls flat on his face. Naomi helps him up.

NAOMI
Let's go, party animal.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Totally spent, Barry clings to Naomi, she pries him off her, crashing on the couch, he topples off the couch, mumbling into the carpet.

She helps Barry back onto the couch, ripping her dress in the process. He groans painfully, passes out.

Naomi removes her dress, covers Barry up, she can't help but smile, hears Amanda's voice in her head.

NAOMI

Shut up, mother.

INT. LAS VEGAS - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Walton opens his laptop, searching the database intently. Harrison is on his cellphone.

HARRISON

Sorry, sweetie. I'll have to catch you next time I'm in town.

Harrison turns his back to Walton.

HARRISON

You have that cheerleading uniform?

Harrison growls.

HARRISON

Plunging in the end zone, over and over.

Walton tosses a cup at Harrison's head.

HARRISON

I have to go. Bye.

Harrison makes kissing sounds into the cellphone.

WALTON

What's Naomi and Vladimir planning?

HARRISON

Who the hell is Vladimir?

WALTON

You never read the reports.

Walton shakes his head in disappointment at Harrison, shows the laptop's screen to Harrison a picture of Vladimir.

WALTON

A former Russian Olympic gold medalist. After the Olympic's he became a soldier in the Izmaylovskaya gang, one of the most ruthless gangs in Russia. Now he's the most lethal assassin in the world.

Harrison scans the report on the laptop screen.

WALTON

We need to find out what Barry knows?

Harrison looks at Walton like he's crazy.

HARRISON

Turn Barry into a asset? You got to be kidding?

Harrison peers into Walton's eyes.

HARRISON

Are you high?

WALTON

He's already got closer to Naomi than we ever did.

Harrison shakes his head in disbelief.

WALTON

We have the opportunity to make one of the largest busts in FBI history. We'll be heroes, parades, key to the city, and more.

Harrison gives Walton a dubious look.

HARRISON

If it doesn't work?

WALTON

We'll crack skateboard punks skulls at the mall.

HARRISON

Tazer them too?

WALTON

If that makes you happy.

EXT. HOTEL SUITE - BALCONY - DAY

Naomi finishes up her morning exercises. Barry clutches his back in pain, flops down in the chair letting out an intense wail.

NAOMI

Morning.

BARRY

Just kill me, now.

Naomi shoves her knee into Barry's back. He screams out then cheerfully stands up perfectly straight, elated at the relief.

BARRY
I need to take a shower otherwise
I'm going to crawl out of my skin.

NAOMI
Uh, gross.

Naomi reaches into her duffel bag.

NAOMI
I almost forgot.

She places a wad of money on the table.

BARRY
What's that?

NAOMI
Your winnings from last night.

Barry picks up the money, hands it to Naomi.

BARRY
You keep it. That should be enough
for the job, right?

NAOMI
Yeah.

A awkward silence between them.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - BATHROOM - DAY

Barry's body is silhouetted against the hotel shower curtain. In the steamed mirror, the reflection of Naomi's gun in her hand. She aims her gun through the shower curtain at Barry's head.

Barry continues cleaning himself totally unaware of her. Naomi's hand shakes, gathers herself, raises the gun again, her hand continues shaking.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Barry comes out of the bathroom. Naomi tosses a wad of money at Barry's head.

NAOMI
Deal's off.

She bolts out of the hotel suite. Barry stands there dumfounded. Naomi bursts through the hotel suite door.

NAOMI
You want a lift home?

INT. CHICAGO - DINER - DAY

Amanda sits at the counter eating lunch in a quaint diner.
Naomi joins her at the counter.

AMANDA
Who is Barry Lewis?

NAOMI
Barry Lewis?

Naomi feigns recognition.

AMANDA
Stop lying to me.

NAOMI
The guy is crazy. He hired me to
kill him.

AMANDA
Why is he still alive?

NAOMI
How do you know he's still alive?

AMANDA
One of my old contacts saw you leaving
Vegas with him.

Naomi chuckles.

NAOMI
Vladimir, son of a bitch.

Amanda glares at Naomi.

AMANDA
Once word gets out that you let a
mark live, and it will, you'll be
considered a rogue assassin and
they'll kill you.

NAOMI
You're overreacting, mother. It
will all blow over.

Naomi gets up from the table to leave.

AMANDA
Sit down.

Naomi reluctantly sits back down.

AMANDA
Did I ever tell you about that time
in Paris?

NAOMI

Some guy, and you almost lost your perfect record. Blah, blah, blah.

AMANDA

In this business, a perfect record is the only thing keeping you alive. Kill him.

Naomi snatches Amanda's sandwich, takes a bite, spits it out, tosses the sandwich back onto Amanda's plate.

INT. BARRY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Barry lays on the couch, holding his stomach. Harrison and Walton barge in.

HARRISON

Back from the dead.

Terrified, Barry sits up from his couch.

BARRY

What do you guys want?

Walton stares down Barry.

WALTON

What were you and Naomi doing in Vegas together?

BARRY

Naomi, had a job and she invited me to come along.

Harrison eyeballs Barry.

HARRISON

You told us, you hired her to kill you.

WALTON

Why didn't she kill you?

BARRY

She called the deal off.

WALTON

Why?

BARRY

She didn't say.

Harrison rolls his eyes at Walton.

HARRISON

You working with the Russians?

BARRY

Russians?

WALTON

The guy in Vegas Naomi was with, Vladimir, he's a enforcer for the Russian Mafia, as well as one of the most lethal assassins in the world.

BARRY

Naomi told me she broke it off with Vladimir.

WALTON

Why?

BARRY

Vladimir was psycho.

WALTON

Naomi told you that?

BARRY

Yes.

Harrison and Walton grin devilishly at Barry sit down on the couch.

WALTON

Barry, we have a deal for you.

Fearing the worse, Barry shrinks down from Harrison and Walton.

BARRY

What?

WALTON

Get close to Naomi and find out what she's up to.

Barry stands up.

BARRY

I don't think so.

Walton and Harrison pull him back down on the couch.

WALTON

Barry, have you ever been in an asylum?

BARRY

No.

WALTON

Asylums are not the best of places. If you're truly suicidal, I'll have no choice but to commit you for your own safety.

Harrison places his arm around Barry, squeezing him tight.

HARRISON

You'll be gagged, strapped down, and monitored twenty-four-seven. Kind of reminds me of my third honeymoon.

BARRY

I'm not sure about this.

WALTON

Great, it's settled then.

Walton removes a wireless mike, from his suit pocket. Walton and Harrison attach the wireless mike to Barry's chest.

BARRY

What happens if Naomi catches onto me?

HARRISON

She'll kill you, or the Russians will. It's a win, win.

WALTON

We're not the bad guys. I'll call you later.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Barry sits on the couch, terrified by Walton's threats. Knock on the door. He opens the door, surprised to see Naomi standing there holding a bag of groceries.

BARRY

What are you doing here?

Naomi makes a sad face.

NAOMI

You're not happy to see me?

Naomi glances at Barry's crotch, he covers it up.

NAOMI

I came here to apologize.

She pushes past Barry into the living room.

NAOMI

You're my first miss.

She makes puppy dog eyes at Barry.

NAOMI
Do you forgive me?

BARRY
Yeah, I forgive you.

Naomi proceeds to the kitchen.

NAOMI
Great, let's eat.

BARRY
I'm not really hungry.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Barry watches Naomi unpack the groceries.

NAOMI
You like spaghetti?

Barry nods a definite "yes."

BARRY
I didn't know you cooked?

She is insulted by Barry's comment.

NAOMI
Are you kidding? I'm a regular Julia Roberts.

BARRY
You mean Julia Childs?

NAOMI
She has nothing on me.

Naomi searches the cupboards for cooking pans. Barry grabs pans out the cupboard, hands it to her.

NAOMI
Thanks.

Lost, Naomi stares blankly at the oven. Barry turns on a burner for her. She places the pot of spaghetti on the burner, opens the oven places the garlic bread on the rack.

BARRY
You need to turn on the oven.

Naomi randomly pushes buttons. Barry turns on the oven to the desired temperature.

NAOMI

Thanks.

Barry sets the table, curiously watching Naomi, as she struggles to cook dinner.

NAOMI

It's the least I can do.

Smoke billows out of Barry's oven. The smoke alarm pierces the air. Barry sprints into the garage, returns with a fire extinguisher.

Naomi throws a knife at the smoke alarm hitting it dead center, smoke alarm stops, she gives Barry a reassuring smile, pulls the garlic bread out of the oven.

NAOMI

Dinner is served.

Barry sits down at the table, cleans his silverware. Naomi plops down spaghetti and sauce on Barry's plate, she does the same with her plate.

NAOMI

Go ahead, dig in.

Barry takes a bite, makes a sour face, spits it into a napkin.

NAOMI

You wimp. It's not that bad.

Naomi takes a bite, makes a gross face, spits it out in a napkin.

NAOMI

I'll order some pizza.

Naomi leans back, patting her stomach. Barry tosses a pizza half eaten pizza crust into the box.

NAOMI

My gun was pointed right at the back
of your head in the shower. All, I
had to do was pull the trigger.

Barry is pissed, slams down the pans on the counter. Naomi is startled by Barry's outburst.

BARRY

Why didn't you?

NAOMI

I kept thinking of that sick cat.

BARRY

What kind of a assassin are you?

NAOMI

Look, at this way you have a second chance.

Barry glares at Naomi.

BARRY

Are you trying to talk me out of killing myself?

NAOMI

No, I --

BARRY

You're the worst assassin ever.

NAOMI

That's a little harsh.

Barry storms out of the kitchen. Naomi chases after him.

NAOMI

How do you think I feel?

Barry gives her a bewildered look.

NAOMI

It's not like people are pounding on my door to kill them.

BARRY

I'm a loser.

Naomi places her arm around Barry, smiles warmly at him.

NAOMI

You're not a loser.

Knock on the door.

NAOMI

Expecting company?

Barry shakes his head.

Naomi pulls her gun, creeps to the front door.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Walton peeks out the window, spots Naomi's mother standing by Barry's front door.

WALTON

Who is that?

Harrison jams his face next to Harrison's, peers out the window.

HARRISON

It's cougar season.

Walton grabs a camera, shoves Harrison's face out the way, snaps pictures.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Naomi flings open the door. Shocked to see, Amanda standing there.

NAOMI

What are you doing here, mother?

Amanda pushes past Naomi into Barry's living room.

AMANDA

Where's Barry?

Barry peeks out from the kitchen.

AMANDA

I'm Amanda, Naomi's mother.

Amanda moves towards Barry, reaches her hand out. Naomi rushes in front of Barry, blocking Amanda's path.

Amanda scans the outdated living room.

AMANDA

Know wonder he wants to kill himself.

A awkward silence between Amanda, Naomi and Barry.

NAOMI

May I talk to you outside, mother?

Repulsed by the smell of burnt food, Amanda makes a sour face.

AMANDA

You're going to make him eat your cooking? Better put a bullet in his head now.

Naomi shoots Amanda a deadly gaze.

NAOMI

Outside, mother.

She smiles at Barry.

NAOMI

I'll be right back.

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Naomi gets right in Amanda's face.

NAOMI
You lay one finger on him. I'll
kill you.

Naomi and Amanda stare down one another.

AMANDA
I'm not here to kill him.

NAOMI
Why are you here?

AMANDA
I want to find out why this guy has
you in such a tizzy.

NAOMI
I'm not in a tizzy.

Amanda peers into Naomi's eyes for the truth.

AMANDA
You have feelings for him.

NAOMI
That's none of your business.

Amanda glares at Naomi.

AMANDA
Kill him.

NAOMI
I plan to. It's not the right time.

Amanda rolls her eyes.

AMANDA
Where did I go wrong with you?

Naomi scoffs.

NAOMI
What did you do right?

She smiles wryly at Amanda.

NAOMI
If you're staying for dinner. You
need to promise me you'll be good.

AMANDA
I promise.

Amanda heads for the front door. Naomi grabs Amanda's arm.

NAOMI
Hand them over.

AMANDA
You still don't trust me?

Naomi looks deadpan at Amanda.

NAOMI
No.

Amanda hands Naomi her gun, knives, a garrote. Naomi eyes Amanda.

NAOMI
Come on, mother.

Amanda smiles sheepishly at Naomi, reaches down removes a gun from a ankle holster, slams it into Naomi's hand.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pizza boxes litter the kitchen table. Naomi, Barry and Amanda sit quietly around the table holding their full stomachs.

BARRY
Thanks for the pizza.

AMANDA
You're welcome.

BARRY
Naomi tells me you're in the
assassination business too.

Amanda gives Naomi a nasty look.

AMANDA
She told you that?

BARRY
Kill anyone famous?

Amanda gives Barry a cold look.

AMANDA
I killed Kennedy. I was the shooter
on the grassy knoll.

Naomi nearly chokes on her food.

NAOMI
She's kidding.

AMANDA

Why are you a coward?

NAOMI

Mother.

AMANDA

My daughter is a professional assassin. She's kills dignitaries not dopes.

NAOMI

Mother.

Naomi glares at Amanda.

AMANDA

You don't even have the guts to kill yourself. Do everyone a favor get a bus schedule and jump in front of one.

Barry gets up from the table.

BARRY

I'm really tired. If you both could please leave.

Naomi stares daggers at Amanda.

NAOMI

Barry, hold on.

Barry ignores Naomi, proceeds to his bedroom.

AMANDA

What a loser. He reminds me of that sick cat you brought home.

NAOMI

Shut up, mother.

AMANDA

You think you can save him?

Naomi ignores Amanda.

AMANDA

He's already dead.

NAOMI

Get out, mother.

Amanda collects her weapons, walks out.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Naomi gently knocks on the Barry's bedroom door, opens the door, slips in. Barry lays on the bed staring up at the ceiling.

NAOMI
I'm really sorry about that.

BARRY
She's right. I'm a coward.

Naomi sits down on the edge of the bed.

NAOMI
You're not a coward.

BARRY
It doesn't matter. I'll be dead soon.

Naomi's cellphone rings, she answers it.

NAOMI
Hey, Zig. I'll be right over.

She closes her cellphone.

NAOMI
Let's grab a drink.

BARRY
I just want to sleep.

NAOMI
You can sleep when you're dead.

Naomi drags Barry out of bed.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Walton drives cautiously behind Naomi's car. Harrison reaches for the steering wheel.

HARRISON
My grandma drives better than you and she's dead.

Walton strikes Harrison's hand away.

WALTON
This a perfect textbook tailing technique. You wouldn't know that, would you?

HARRISON
I missed, driving like a punk day.

WALTON

If it wasn't for me you would have never graduated from the academy.

HARRISON

Give me the wheel.

Harrison and Walton fight for the steering wheel. The van zigzags in and out of traffic.

A dump truck bears down on them. Walton swerves out of the dump truck's way, crashing into a light pole. Harrison and Walton raise their bruised heads from the deployed airbags.

HARRISON

Who's the punk, now?

INT. ZIG'S TRENDY CLUB - DAY

Naomi pulls Barry in with her. Zig comes out from behind the bar, hugs Naomi.

NAOMI

Zig, this is Barry.

Zig checks Barry out.

ZIG

He's cute.

He bear hugs Barry.

ZIG

You're nothing but skin and bones.
Sit down, I'll be right back.

Barry sits down at a table. Zig returns with a plate of chicken and vegetables.

ZIG

The chicken is lightly seasoned, the vegetables are steamed.

Barry polishes the silverware with his napkin, then takes a bite.

ZIG

So, what do you think? Good?

BARRY

It's good.

Zig smiles at Naomi.

ZIG

I like him.

NAOMI

I'll be right back.

A SHIRTLESS MAN makes eye contact, he gives the Shirtless Man a friendly smile. The Shirtless Man winks seductively at Barry, rubs his nipple. Embarrassed, Barry looks away.

INT. ZIG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Zig's office cluttered with a odd mix of fashion magazines, guns, explosives, and ammunition. Naomi grabs some ammunition, explosives off the wall.

ZIG

What's with you and Vladimar?

Naomi stuffs the ammunition and explosives into a duffel bag.

NAOMI

Nothing, we're fine.

Doubting her, Zig raises one his bushy eyebrows.

NAOMI

Any new dress designs?

Zig excitedly opens a sketch pad full of fashion designs. Naomi flips through the sketch pad. The dress designs range from the obscene to the peculiar.

ZIG

What do you think?

NAOMI

They look great, Zig. I'm not sure though how many women want to buy a dress with AK -47s patterns all over them.

ZIG

That's why these dresses will intimidate the fashion industry.

NAOMI

Yeah, it sure will.

Naomi drifts off for moment. Zig bumps her arm.

ZIG

You okay, sweetie?

NAOMI

I'm fine.

Zig looks into Naomi's eyes.

ZIG
You like him?

NAOMI
It's that obvious?

Zig places his arm around Naomi.

ZIG
I worry about you sweetie.

Naomi kisses Zig on the cheek.

NAOMI
Zig, come on, it's me.

ZIG
That's what I'm worried about.

Naomi gives Zig a big hug.

INT. ZIG'S TRENDY CLUB - NIGHT

Shot glasses line the table. Barry nurses his soda. Naomi slams another shot, placing it on the counter.

NAOMI
What person, living or dead, would
you most like to have dinner with?

BARRY
I don't know, Jesus?

Naomi pours another shot and slams it.

NAOMI
Everyone says Jesus.

Barry aligns the shot glasses perfectly.

NAOMI
I'm sure he's a cool guy and all. What
are you going to ask him? It's like
asking Abraham Lincoln, "I bet you
wished you would have stayed home?"

Naomi slams another shot.

BARRY
I would like to have dinner with
parents again.

NAOMI
You really loved your parents.

Barry smiles, reminiscing of happier times with his parents.

BARRY

In the summer, we would sail to this small island and picnic on it. Some of my best childhood memories were on that island.

NAOMI

My childhood memories were being dragged around the world and spending my nights with complete strangers.

BARRY

That sounds terrible.

NAOMI

I was the only kid who got a sniper rifle for her sixteenth birthday.

BARRY

I got a new retainer.

Naomi slurs her speech.

NAOMI

I need to go pee pee.

Naomi staggers onto the dance floor, bumping into an HANDSOME MAN. A MUSCULAR MAN seizes Naomi, rears back to punch her.

Barry seizes the Muscular Man's fist, dangles from the muscular man's fist.

BARRY

I'm sure we can solve this peacefully.

Naomi motions to fight it out on the dance floor. The Muscular Man cocks his head defiantly.

MUSCULAR MAN

Fine.

Naomi takes Barry's hand, leading him to the dance floor.

BARRY

Wait a minute.

The DANCE CROWD closes around them egging on a fight. The DJ spins a up tempo song.

Naomi runs her hands all over Barry's body. The Muscular Man and Handsome Man writhe on one another.

Naomi grinds her crotch on Barry's leg, twirls around him like a strippers pole.

The Handsome Man whirls around the Muscular Man right into the splits, grasps his crotch hard.

He grits his teeth, but loves it. The Dance Crowd yells.

Naomi wraps her legs tightly around Barry, dry humping him, rubs Barry's face between her breasts.

The Muscular Man tosses the Handsome Man into the air. He catches him, spins her around, the Handsome Man rests in the Muscular Man's arms, they shoot brazen looks at Naomi and Barry. The Dance Crowd howls.

Naomi motions to Barry to run to her, jumping into her arms, she whirls Barry high around the dance floor, shoves Barry to the dance floor, sits on his face, raises her arms in victory.

The frenzied Dance Crowd encircle Barry and Naomi. Naomi mockingly displays the loser sign at the Muscular Man and Handsome Man.

She kisses Barry passionately on the lips, he is frozen by her kiss.

NAOMI

I could kill for some pancakes.
There's this great place, best
pancakes in the city.

Naomi heads for the front door. Barry remains frozen by her kiss. She snaps her fingers in Barry's face, he comes out of his daze.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sitting in a corner booth, Naomi stuffs her face with pancakes. Barry watches Naomi a repulsed expression on his face.

BARRY

What's your strangest job you ever
been hired for?

NAOMI

Other than this one? I was once
contracted to kill Miss America.

BARRY

Come on, I'm serious.

NAOMI

I was hired by the mother of the
runner-up.

BARRY

Did you kill her?

Naomi is hurt by Barry's accusation.

NAOMI

I'm no Mother Teresa, I do have
scruples.

Naomi finishes up her pancakes, gives thumbs up to the COOK
in the back, leaves a generous tip.

NAOMI

Vladimir, you prick.

She spies one of VLADIMIR'S THUGS, peering at Naomi and Barry
over his newspaper.

BARRY

Your boyfriend is here?

She glares at Barry.

NAOMI

Ex boyfriend.

Naomi glances over at Vladimir's Thug reading the paper.

NAOMI

That guy reading the paper. He's
one of Vladimir's thugs sent to kill
you.

Barry spins around to catch of glimpse of the Vladimir's
Thug.

BARRY

What? Why?

Naomi gives Barry a dumfounded look.

NAOMI

Duh? Vladimir paid him to.

Barry is terrified.

BARRY

What do we do?

Calmly, Naomi takes Barry's hand.

NAOMI

Follow my lead.

Naomi flirts and laughs with Barry, proceeds to the men's
bathroom.

NAOMI

Once were in the bathroom you start
groping me.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Barry and Naomi tumble into the men's bathroom, she pushes Barry into the bathroom stall.

Faking sex, Naomi screams with pleasure, rhythmically pounding her fists against the bathroom stall door. Vladimir's Thug slips into the bathroom, locking the door behind him.

NAOMI

Oh, my God. You beast.

She taps Barry on the arm encouraging him to join in.

BARRY

Yeah, baby. Yeah.

He repeatedly flushes the toilet. Naomi continues pounding on the stall door, screaming with pleasure.

NAOMI

Yes. Don't stop. Yes.

She flings her panties over the bathroom stall door, hitting Vladimir's Thug on the head.

NAOMI

Oh God. Yes. Yes.

Peeking through the crack of the bathroom stall door, Vladimir's Thug spots Barry sitting on the toilet. Vladimir's Thug reaches for his gun, Naomi kicks the door open, knocking Vladimir's Thug out cold.

NAOMI

Vladimir, always the cheap bastard.
Can't even hire a pro.

Vladimir's Thug starts coming to. Naomi snaps his neck, killing him. Alarmed, Barry shrinks back.

BARRY

Why did you do that for?

NAOMI

You wanted the three of us to go out
for dinner and a movie?

Picking up Vladimir's Thug, she struggles to move him into a bathroom stall.

NAOMI

Help me.

Barry repulsed, stands his ground.

BARRY

He's dead.

NAOMI

For crying out loud, he's not going to sell your insurance.

He shakes out the ill feelings from his body.

NAOMI

Help me get him in the stall.

Naomi places the Vladimir's Thug arms over her shoulders, Barry tentatively grips Vladimir's Thug pushing on him from behind.

The men's bathroom door opens. A OLDER MAN walks in. The Older Man's, Barry, and Naomi's eyes all meet.

The Older Man scurries out.

Laboring, Naomi and Barry finally get the Vladimir's Thug into the bathroom stall. Swiftly exiting the bathroom stall, Barry hurls in the sink.

Naomi collects herself in the mirror, just another day's work.

NAOMI

Welcome to my world.

Barry looks up at her from the sink, his face totally pale.

BARRY

You can keep it.

Naomi opens the door a crack, checking for Vladimir or his Thugs, she see no signs of them, grips Barry's hand tightly in hers.

NAOMI

Run like hell.

Naomi and Barry sprint out of the bathroom.

EXT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Barry and Naomi run hand in hand together, he trips, hits the ground, writhes in pain holding his knee.

NAOMI

Unbelievable.

Naomi rushes to Barry's side, throws him over her shoulder, runs to the car, tosses him in the back seat, speeds down the street.

INT. NAOMI'S CAR - NIGHT

Barry sticks his head out the window for some fresh air. Naomi yanks Barry's head back in, closes the window.

NAOMI

Get back in here. I'm not going to let that asshole get a free shot at you.

BARRY

How do you do this?

NAOMI

It's just business.

Naomi gives Barry a condescending smile. He doesn't buy her lame response.

BARRY

This isn't you.

Naomi snaps at Barry.

NAOMI

I'm a killer.

He pauses, knowing it's not going well, but really trying.

BARRY

You're an astronaut.

Rattled, by Barry's statement Naomi goes on the defensive.

NAOMI

Astronauts, don't take money to kill people.

BARRY

Well, no.

Naomi frowns at Barry.

NAOMI

Oh, Barry. Our first fight.

Barry shakes his head in disappointment.

BARRY

You're better than this.

Naomi squirms in her seat, frazzled by Barry's statement.

INT. ZIG'S TRENDY CLUB - NIGHT

Rushing into the club, Naomi shields Barry behind her. Zig hugs Barry and Naomi.

ZIG

Ever since you broke up with Vladimir.

NAOMI

Zig, shut up. He wants Barry dead.

ZIG

Why? Who would hire Vladimir?

Naomi and Barry exchange knowingly looks.

NAOMI

Keep him safe.

Zig pulls Barry close to him.

ZIG

I sure will.

Naomi heads for the door.

BARRY

Where are you going?

NAOMI

To take care of something.

BARRY

What about Vladimir? Won't he send another killer for me?

NAOMI

Trust me, you're safe here.

Zig holds Barry close. Sitting at the bar from the dance off is the Muscular Man, Zig motions him to come over. The Muscular Man stands defiantly by Barry.

ZIG

Oh, I need to check on my soup.

Barry smiles weakly at the Muscular Man, who gives him a hard cold look.

INT. ZIG'S TRENDY CLUB - NIGHT

Barry spots Walton and Harrison walk in, his cellphone rings, he answers it. Zig returns with a bowl of soup for Barry.

BARRY

I have to go the bathroom.

Zig touches Barry on the arm.

ZIG

Their is a hole labeled heaven in the bathroom. Trust me, it's not heaven.

Barry gives Zig a bewildered look.

INT. ZIG'S TRENDY CLUB - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Walton and Harrison drag Barry into the bathroom stall. Barry notices cuts, bruises on Walton's and Harrison's faces.

BARRY

What happened to you you guys?

WALTON

Nothing. What happened at the restaurant?

BARRY

One of Vladimir's Thugs tried to kill me.

HARRISON

Why is Vladimir trying to kill you?

BARRY

I don't know.

HARRISON

Vladimir must have found out we're on to him.

WALTON

He must have a mole in the FBI.

Walton removes a picture of Amanda from his pocket.

WALTON

Who is this woman?

Barry glances at the picture.

BARRY

Naomi's mother. Amanda.

Walton and Harrison give one another concerned looks.

WALTON

Great.

BARRY

What?

WALTON

The Bureau believed she was dead.
(MORE)

WALTON (CONT'D)

She's one of the most lethal, cunning, assassins in the world. What's her and Naomi up too?

BARRY

Nothing.

HARRISON

Knock it off. I'm getting sick and tired the whole idiot act.

Walton removes a wireless microphone from his pocket, gives it to Barry.

WALTON

You're going to have to wear this wire, find out what Vladimir, Naomi, and Amanda are up too.

Barry is a bundle of nerves.

BARRY

I can't do it.

He hands the wire back to Walton.

WALTON

We've been through this, Barry.

Walton shoves the wire back into Barry's hand.

HARRISON

Naomi, Vladimir and Amanda are cold blooded killers, the sooner we can lock them away the better.

Barry gives Walton a nasty look.

BARRY

Naomi is not a killer.

HARRISON

That's right, she's been shooting people with water pistols.

WALTON

That's enough.

Walton tries to calm Barry down.

WALTON

Barry, you're doing a great job with Naomi. I swear, if I didn't know any better, I would say she likes you.

Barry face lights up regarding Walton's observation.

BARRY
You really think so?

WALTON
That guy, Zig.

BARRY
Yeah, what about him?

WALTON
His real name is Zigfrid Mikhailov.
Arms trafficking, racketeering, money
laundering, just to name a few.

BARRY
Zig? He seems so nice.

HARRISON
Yeah, until he cuts one of your hands
off with his meat cleaver.

WALTON
I'll talk to you later.

A SKINNY MAN knocks on the stall door.

HARRISON
Go away, it's all full.

The Skinny Man sees Barry's, Walton's, and Harrison's feet
all together.

SKINNY MAN
I bet it is.

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amanda reads a assault weapons magazine, she feels Naomi's
gun barrel pressed against the back of her head.

NAOMI
You put Vladimir on me.

Amanda puts down her assault weapon magazine.

AMANDA
Do you remember when you were seven
and found my gun?

NAOMI
Hiding your SIG Sauer P229 in the
cookie jar wasn't such a good idea.

AMANDA

You respected the gun and no one got hurt.

Amanda looks sternly at Naomi.

AMANDA

If you would've followed my rules none of this would've happened.

NAOMI

To hell with your rules.

Amanda snarls at Naomi.

AMANDA

I'm not spending the rest of my golden years rotting in a federal prison.

Naomi keeps her gun directed at Amanda.

AMANDA

This is the life we chose.

Naomi backs slowly to the door, keeping her eyes trained on Amanda.

NAOMI

I had a choice?

She looks defiantly at Amanda.

NAOMI

I love him, mother.

Fuming, Amanda advances on her. Naomi stands her ground. Amanda slaps Naomi in the face.

AMANDA

Vladimir, will kill you. And, for what?

Naomi places her gun softly in Amanda's hand, hugs Amanda, walks out the door.

Amanda watches the front door, waiting for Naomi to return, she doesn't return. Dejected, Amanda sits down in her chair, staring at Naomi's gun, wipes a tear away.

INT. ZIG'S TRENDY CLUB - NIGHT

Sitting at the bar, Barry picks at his food. Zig sits down next to him.

ZIG

She loves you, you know?

BARRY

You ever been in love?

Smiling wide, Zig recalls his love.

ZIG

She was a acrobat in the circus.
Things not meant to be.

BARRY

I'm sorry.

ZIG

Don't be, she was the circus tramp.
She was ridden more than the circus
bicycles.

BARRY

I had this dog, I loved him very
much. One day, he jumped right in
front of a car. He gave me strangest
look before he jumped.

Zig gives Barry a odd look.

BARRY

Forget it.

Barry returns to picking at his food.

ZIG

You haven't lived my boy, until you
have been in love.

BARRY

I haven't felt like living. Until,
I met her.

ZIG

You need to tell her.

BARRY

No, it's too late.

ZIG

It's never too late.

Zig pats Barry on the back, gives him a encouraging smile.

Naomi sprints in, seizes Barry by the arm.

NAOMI

We need to go.

Zig motions to Barry to confess his love for Naomi.

BARRY
Can I talk to you?

NAOMI
No time. Zig, you still have that apartment?

ZIG
Sorry, I rented it out to this cute couple.

NAOMI
I need to find a safe place for Barry and me while I figure a way out of this mess.

Barry mutters under his breath.

BARRY
My parent's cabin.

NAOMI
What did you say?

BARRY
My parents have a cabin in upper Wisconsin. We could stay there.

NAOMI
Great, let's go.

Crying, Zig hugs Naomi.

NAOMI
Take care of yourself.

ZIG
You too.

Zig hugs Barry, whispers in Barry's ear, gives him a big kiss.

EXT. ZIG'S TRENDY CLUB - NIGHT

Naomi and Barry get into her car. Walton and Harrison tail them in the FBI surveillance van.

INT. NAOMI'S CAR - NIGHT

Barry sits there silently. Naomi glances over at Barry.

NAOMI
What was that with you and Zig? I have never seen him like that before.

Defensive, Barry fires back at Naomi.

BARRY

Nothing.

NAOMI

Hey, didn't you want to talk to me about something?

Barry slouches in his seat.

BARRY

It's not important.

NAOMI

When is the last time you've been to your parent's cabin?

BARRY

A couple of years.

Barry rests his head on the seat. Naomi glances in the rear view notices the FBI surveillance van tailing her.

EXT. BARRY'S CABIN - DAY

Naomi drives up to the small rustic cabin. Barry gets out of the car, checks under a small canister by the front door, removes a key, opens the door.

Rubbing her eyes, Naomi scans the perimeter of the cabin, follows Barry inside.

INT. BARRY'S CABIN - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Dirty from neglect. Cozy living room, small kitchen to the side, a rustic fireplace in the corner.

NAOMI

Cute.

Naomi helps Barry clean up the living room, she peers out the back window, notices a large shed.

NAOMI

What's back there?

BARRY

Nothing, just an old shed.

NAOMI

Stay here, I'll check it out.

She heads out the back door, Barry runs in front of her blocking her path.

BARRY

You can't go in there.

NAOMI

Why not?

BARRY

It's locked. I don't have a key.

She fakes Barry out, goes around him.

EXT. BARRY'S SHED - DAY

Naomi picks up a rock to bust off the lock on the shed door. Barry stops her, reaches up on the door frame, removes a key, opens the door.

INT. BARRY'S SHED - DAY

A small dilapidated sailboat sits on blocks. Naomi runs her hand down the boat.

NAOMI

What's her name?

BARRY

Name?

NAOMI

She doesn't have a name? Do you know why captains started naming their boats after women?

Barry shrugs an "I don't know" with his shoulders.

NAOMI

The captain of the ship named it after someone significant in his life, or after a mythological figure he thought would bring good luck to the voyage.

Barry noticing a spot on the hull of his beloved, starts sanding.

BARRY

My parents loved this boat.

He continues sanding the boat.

BARRY

I remember what my dad's final words were, "stop playing that stupid drum set and get a real job."

Naomi shoots Barry a odd look.

NAOMI

With a little work we could restore this boat.

BARRY
I don't think so.

Barry continues sanding the boat.

NAOMI
Come on, it will be fun.

Barry shakes his head a definitive "no."

NAOMI
I can tell this boat means a lot to you. You wouldn't want to leave it looking like this?

BARRY
Fine.

Naomi claps her hands in excitement.

NAOMI
Cool.

Naomi picks up sanding paper, starts sanding erratically. Frustrated, Barry can no longer endure her sanding, takes her hand delicately in his.

BARRY
With the grain.

Naomi and Barry are like dancers, sanding the boat in perfect rhythm, she gazes into Barry's piercing blue eyes. They share a moment.

BARRY
You want to go to bed?

Naomi is shocked.

BARRY
I meant, if you're tired. Long trip and all.

Barry and Naomi share a laugh.

BARRY
You thought me and you in bed together. I don't even have a bed. I have a couch. You want the couch?

Naomi scoffs.

NAOMI
I can sleep in the car. You can have the couch.

INT. BARRY'S CABIN - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Barry tosses and turns, gets off the couch, peers out the window at Naomi's car, takes a deep breath.

BARRY

Naomi. Hi, how are you?

INT. NAOMI'S CAR - NIGHT

Naomi stares strangely at Barry, watching him practice his speech in the window.

INT. BARRY'S CABIN - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

He smiles nervously, fidgets with his clothes.

BARRY

I know this sounds crazy. Life is crazy. Not that I'm crazy. I love you.

Barry smacks his head repeatedly.

BARRY

Great.

He spots Naomi looking at him from her car. Naomi smiles, waves at him. Embarrassed, Barry waves back.

INT. ZIG'S TRENDY CLUB - NIGHT

Vladimir along with his Thugs stroll confidently up to Zig behind the bar.

VLADIMIR

Where is Naomi?

Zig reaches underneath the bar for his shotgun. Vladimir signals to one his Thugs to go back behind the bar.

ZIG

No idea.

The Thug seizes Zig, rips the shotgun out of his hand, tosses the shotgun to Vladimir.

VLADIMIR

I thought we were friends.

Zig scowls at Vladimir. Vladimir pumps the shotgun, points it at Zig's head.

VLADIMIR

Last chance. Where is Naomi?

Zig smiles wide.

VLADIMIR

What are you smiling at?

Vladimir spins around. A group of MEN aim guns directly at Vladimir and his Thugs. A Muscular Man blows Vladimir a kiss.

VLADIMIR

See you around.

Vladimir hands the shotgun back to Zig. Vladimir and his Thugs back away slowly to the door.

ZIG

What a bitch.

INT. BARRY'S CABIN - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tap on the back window. Barry spots Walton and Harrison standing by the window, opens the window.

BARRY

You shouldn't be here. If Naomi catches you.

WALTON

We received word that Vladimir found out where you and Naomi are.

Barry is stunned.

BARRY

The only people who know we're up here are you guys and Zig.

Walton and Harrison give Barry a dubious look.

BARRY

Zig would never tell Vladimir where we are.

HARRISON

You guys taking warm showers together?

BARRY

What's your problem?

HARRISON

My problem is we don't have squat on Naomi and what she's planning. Plus, I have some type of rash from shitting in the woods.

Harrison unzips his pants to show Barry his rash. Walton stops him.

WALTON

We're running out of time. Find out what she's up to.

BARRY

I'll do my best.

HARRISON

Your best sucks. Get the information or I swear, I'll drag to prison by your testicles.

Walton and Barry give Harrison a disgusted look.

HARRISON

By the way, you have any toilet paper?

BARRY

Hang on.

Barry returns with a roll of toilet paper, gives it Harrison.

HARRISON

Thanks.

INT. BARRY'S SHED - DAY

Stretching, Naomi walks wearily in. Fiercely, Barry sands the boat. She raises her shirt revealing a huge scar on the side of her body.

NAOMI

It's hot in here.

Barry notices the scar on Naomi's body.

BARRY

Oh, my God.

Naomi glances down at her side.

NAOMI

I bought lemonade from this little boy, turns out he was a dwarf assassin. Made one hell of a good lemonade though.

BARRY

What's your plan?

NAOMI

I'm working on it. Have any water?

BARRY

Yeah, sure.

Barry runs into the house, returns with a glass of water, gives it to Naomi.

BARRY
You plan on killing Vladimir?

NAOMI
Maybe.

BARRY
After you kill Vladimir I guess,
you'll go back to working for the
Russians.

Naomi eyes Barry suspiciously.

NAOMI
Yeah.

BARRY
What other plans do you have?

Naomi looks deadpan at Barry.

NAOMI
World domination.

BARRY
Really?

Barry sands the boat.

NAOMI
I thought you wanted me to quit?

BARRY
I did. I do.

Naomi eyes Barry curiously.

NAOMI
You okay?

Nervously, Barry sands the boat.

BARRY
I'm fine.

He averts Naomi's gaze, sanding the boat. Naomi takes a drink of water.

NAOMI
The water is so good.

Ignoring Naomi, Barry keeps focused on sanding the boat.

NAOMI

So good.

Barry looks at Naomi out of the corner of his eye. Teasing Barry, she seductively rubs the glass against her face, sliding the glass down towards her breasts, he is utterly captivated by Naomi's exhibition.

NAOMI

You want some?

Naomi hands the glass to Barry. He takes a drink, chokes on the water. Naomi pats Barry on the back.

NAOMI

You okay?

Barry nods.

NAOMI

Let's take a break go into town.
Grab some lunch.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Barry and Naomi eat lunch. Nervously, She watches out the window, as a black SUV with Vladimir's Thugs slowly drive by.

BARRY

What's wrong?

Naomi ignores Barry.

BARRY

Naomi? Naomi.

Naomi snaps out of it.

NAOMI

I'm sorry, what?

BARRY

Something wrong?

Naomi forces a smile.

NAOMI

I'm just peachy.

BARRY

After lunch, we can pick our paint
at the hardware store.

Naomi hops up from the table.

NAOMI

Let's go.
I'm going need you to crouch down in
your seat.

BARRY

Why?

NAOMI

It's a surprise.

BARRY

I don't like surprises. My parents
threw me a surprise party once. No
kids showed up. The clown my parents
hired, stole our TV.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Barry loads the trunk with the paint. Naomi notices
Vladimir's Thugs sitting in the black SUV down the street.

INT. NAOMI'S CAR - DAY

Naomi peers into her rear view mirror, spies Vladimir's Thugs
accelerating up behind her.

NAOMI

Do me a favor and open the glove
compartment.

Barry removes the gun from the glove compartment, holding it
like a dead rat. Naomi takes the gun from him.

NAOMI

Keep your head down.

Forcing Barry's head down, she weaves down the road.

Vladimir's Thugs spray bullets at Naomi's back window
shattering it. Naomi leans out the window, firing repeatedly
at the SUV.

NAOMI

I love you!

Barry strains to hear her over the gunfire.

BARRY

What?!

The Thugs in the SUV close in continuing to fire at Naomi.

NAOMI

I love you!

Barry raises his head pointing to his ear.

BARRY

What?!

Naomi performs a bootleg turn, shooting the Thug driver between the eyes. The SUV veers off the road into a ditch, she speeds down the road.

NAOMI

Are you hurt?

BARRY

You're the worst assassin ever.

NAOMI

News flash, I kicked ass.

BARRY

Take me home.

EXT. BARRY'S CABIN - DAY

Naomi jams on her brakes. Barry bolts out of the car, into the cabin. Naomi sprints after him.

INT. BARRY'S CABIN - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Naomi scans out the window for any sign of Vladimir or his Thugs. Barry waves his hands wildly about.

BARRY

Bullets are whizzing by my head.
Your mother hates me, your assassin
boyfriend wants to kill me.

NAOMI

Ex boyfriend.

BARRY

I can't take this anymore.

Barry runs to the door, throws it open. Naomi pounces on Barry, shutting the door on his hand, he screams in pain.

NAOMI

It was an accident.

Barry grips his hand in pain.

BARRY

My life is an accident.

NAOMI

I'll get you some ice.

Naomi opens the freezer door. It's totally empty.

NAOMI

You have no ice.

BARRY

That's right, Miss perfect I have no ice.

She soaks a dishtowel with cold water, wraps the towel around Barry's swelling hand.

NAOMI

You really think I'm perfect?

BARRY

You're beautiful, smart, funny, and a great dancer.

She smiles lovingly at Barry.

NAOMI

Being perfect is not what it's all cracked up to be.

BARRY

It's better than being a coward.

NAOMI

You're not a coward. You're a drummer.

She heads for the door.

BARRY

Where are you going?

NAOMI

To tie up some loose ends.

BARRY

What if Vladimir shows up?

NAOMI

The FBI will protect you.

Barry is shocked.

BARRY

How did you know?

Naomi shoots Barry a arrogant look.

NAOMI

Sweetie, I'm the best.

INT. BARRY'S CABIN - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Harrison and Walton flip on the light. Sitting on the couch in the dark, Barry tosses his wireless mike at Walton.

BARRY

She's gone.

Harrison glares at Barry.

HARRISON

You told her we were watching her.

BARRY

No, she spotted you guys.

Walton gives Harrison a wry look.

BARRY

Take me to jail.

He places his hands out to be cuffed.

WALTON

Forget it. Without Naomi's testimony, it's over.

Dejected, Harrison joins Barry on the couch.

HARRISON

Being mall security guards won't be so bad.

Walton gives Harrison a hard look.

HARRISON

It's going to suck.

Harrison joins Walton and Barry on the couch.

WALTON

I don't get it. All she had to do was kill you and she would have never been in this mess.

Barry looks Harrison and Walton directly in the eye.

BARRY

She did it for me.

Harrison and Walton marvel at Barry's response.

HARRISON

Let me get this straight: she pissed off the Russian Mafia to be with you?

Barry gives Harrison and Walton a knowing glance.

BARRY
She's in love with me.

Harrison and Walton burst out laughing.

BARRY
I'm serious. It's not funny.

Harrison tries to catch his breath.

HARRISON
You're right. It's hilarious.

BARRY
Get out.

Harrison and Walton stumble out the door, laughing uncontrollably.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

Walton is reviewing the surveillance tapes. Harrison taps Walton on the shoulder.

HARRISON
I'm going to take a dump.

Harrison exits the van. Walton leans back in his chair. A knife blade presses hard against his throat.

WALTON
Before you kill me, I just need to know one thing.

Naomi keeps her knife close to Walton's jugular.

NAOMI
What's that?

WALTON
What do you see in him?

NAOMI
He's a demon in the sack.

WALTON
Kill me now.

Walton closes his eyes, waiting for Naomi to slit his throat.

NAOMI
What if I was to testify in court?

Astonished, Walton's eyes open abruptly.

WALTON
What's it going to cost me?

NAOMI
I'll be in touch.

Naomi releases her knife from Walton's neck. Harrison walks into the van, adjusts himself.

HARRISON
Whoa, that was a good one. I must
have lost five pounds.

Grabbing his neck, Walton looks around the van. Naomi is gone.

WALTON
Naomi was here.

Harrison is shocked.

HARRISON
You're still alive?

Walton smiles wide.

WALTON
She's going to testify.

HARRISON
Yes.

Harrison and Walton high five, missing badly.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sitting in a back booth, Naomi stuffs her face with pancakes. Walton and Harrison cautiously walk in, keeping one hand on their guns, slide tentatively into the booth across from her.

WALTON
We want your mother too.

Naomi shakes her head a definitive "no" at Walton and Harrison.

WALTON
If the Bureau discovers we helped
you, our careers our over. We'll be
lucky to get a job as a mall security
guard.

Harrison stares at Naomi's breasts, she catches Harrison.

NAOMI
Hey, my eyes are up here.

Embarrassed at being caught, Harrison raises his head.

NAOMI

I'll give you my mother. If you place Barry under protection too.

WALTON

No deal.

Naomi slides out of the booth.

NAOMI

Have fun being mall security guards.

WALTON

Okay.

Naomi sits back down in the booth, passes a note to Walton.

NAOMI

I'm going to need this.

Walton and Harrison glance at the note.

WALTON

You sure about this?

HARRISON

You want to die?

Naomi looks curiously at Harrison.

NAOMI

Go play and let the adults talk.

Harrison gives Naomi a snide look.

NAOMI

If the Russians believe I'm still alive. We're all dead.

WALTON

Tetrodoxin only lasts a couple of hours. What if we can't get you out before the Russians find out you're still alive?

NAOMI

That's not problem.

She sticks her plate of pancakes in Walton's face.

NAOMI

You want a pancake?

WALTON

No thanks.

HARRISON

I'll have one.

Harrison reaches for Naomi's plate. Walton smacks Harrison's hand.

WALTON

We need to go.

HARRISON

I have to ask you something.

NAOMI

Yeah.

HARRISON

What the hell do you see in that guy?

Walton gives Harrison a "don't go there look".

WALTON

See you later.

INT. BARRY'S SHED - NIGHT

Naomi walks into the shed. Barry is pouring gasoline all over the boat.

NAOMI

Barry. Stop.

Barry strikes a match.

BARRY

It's cursed. This boat has destroyed everyone I have ever cared for.

Naomi gets between Barry and the boat.

NAOMI

I'm still here.

BARRY

Not for long.

He looks at Naomi, forlorn.

BARRY

My parents didn't die in a car accident. I killed them. They were working on the boat when it fell on top of them. I didn't secure it properly.

Barry raises the match.

NAOMI

Barry, this is your mother speaking.
It wasn't your fault.

Shocked, Barry spins around half expecting to see his mother.

NAOMI

It was an accident. I love you.

Barry eyes swell with tears. Naomi smiles compassionately at him, wiping his tears away.

BARRY

I love you too.

Naomi hugs Barry, notices his back is on fire, throws him to the ground, extinguishing the fire.

NAOMI

I'm glad, I can make you so hot.

Naomi chuckles, lingers on top of Barry.

BARRY

I never thought anyone could fill my empty soul. The guilt I carried after my parents death. I didn't feel anything for life --

NAOMI

Shut up.

BARRY

Sorry, I'm ruining this special moment.

Naomi can feel Barry's erection pressing against her hip.

BARRY

In third grade, I won the spelling bee. I got so excited I let out this enormous fart. It stunk so bad people nearly trampled one another trying to get out.

Naomi places her hand over his mouth.

NAOMI

You're ruining it.

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amanda closes her cellphone, stares at a picture of her and a teenage Naomi, smiling, holding silhouetted targets.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Harrison answers his cellphone. Walton searches through some files.

HARRISON
What? Are you sure?

Harrison closes his cellphone, looks grimly at Walton.

WALTON
Who was that?

HARRISON
Vladimir is on his way, he's going to kill Naomi.

Walton makes a quick call.

WALTON
This is special agent Walton. I need to speak to Director Johnson immediately.

INT. BARRY'S CABIN - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Naomi and Barry lay intertwined on the couch. Vladimir and her Thugs burst through the door. Naomi and Barry tumble off the couch.

VLADIMIR
I don't believe it. He's still alive.

Naomi shields Barry behind her.

VLADIMIR
You've changed.

Vladimir gets up close to Naomi.

NAOMI
I have been feeling a little bloated lately.

Vladimir searches Naomi's eyes for the truth.

VLADIMIR
You like him?

Vladimir rubs his gun against his head.

VLADIMIR
Oh, come on. You could have this.

Vladimir flexes her muscles, poses seductively for Naomi. Naomi makes a gross face.

VLADIMIR

You want him?

NAOMI

Yes.

VLADIMIR

Kill this, asshole.

Before the thugs can react, Naomi is on them. She snaps the first thug's neck. In a single fluid attack she sweeps-kick the second thug, then drives the heel of her hand into his throat, crushing his windpipe.

Naomi takes Barry's hand. Vladimir rolls her eyes.

VLADIMIR

We could have been great together.

Vladimir points her gun at Naomi. Barry gets in front of Naomi.

BARRY

Kill me.

VLADIMIR

Duh, I'm going too.

A SWAT TEAM piles into Barry's living room followed by Harrison and Walton. Vladimir, Barry, Naomi, Thugs, Walton, and Harrison are all wedged in Barry's tiny living room.

NAOMI

Anyone for twister?

Walton and Harrison squeeze through the SWAT team to get to Vladimir.

WALTON

Vladimir Izmaylovskaya, you're under arrest.

The SWAT team cuffs Vladimir and his Thugs.

VLADIMIR

I get it he's just your rebound guy.
I'll wait for you.

The SWAT Team take Vladimir and his Thugs from Barry's cabin. Walton cuffs Naomi leads her to the van. Harrison checks out Naomi's butt.

NAOMI

Stop staring at my ass.

BARRY

Walton, can I have a minute with Naomi?

WALTON

Sure, I guess.

Naomi plants a deep passionate kiss on Barry's lips.

NAOMI

See you on the other side.

Barry grins from ear to ear.

WALTON

Time to go.

Walton and Harrison escort Naomi out of the cabin.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

NAOMI

How did you guys know that Vladimir was coming to kill me tonight?

WALTON

We received an anonymous tip.

Naomi mutters under her breath.

NAOMI

Mother.

WALTON

What did you say?

NAOMI

Nothing.

INT. BARRY'S SHED - DAY

Barry sits in the boat, staring blankly ahead. Amanda stands in the doorway.

AMANDA (O.S.)

I raised her, trained her, honed her into the perfect weapon. You destroyed a lifetime of work.

Surprised, Barry nearly jumps out of his skin.

AMANDA

Nice boat.

BARRY

You going to kill me?

Amanda goes to back of the boat, Naomi name is painted in big letters, she smiles fondly.

AMANDA

I wish I could, but I can't.

BARRY

Are you sure?

AMANDA

I have rules.

Amanda notices a suitcase by the door.

AMANDA

Going somewhere?

BARRY

No.

AMANDA

Clever girl.

Amanda smiles proudly, hits Barry over the head with her gun.

INT. FBI INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Naomi is in shackles. Two ARMED GUARDS stand alongside her. Harrison and Walton sit at the table.

WALTON

Here's the deal: you tell us everything about your contacts.

Maybe we can work out some sort of deal.

Naomi remains silent.

WALTON

The sooner you talk to us the sooner it's over.

HARRISON

I have a question for you. Are those real?

Harrison points to Naomi's breasts. She gives Harrison a weird look.

Knock on the door. Walton opens it. Amanda disguised as an attorney stands there briefcase in hand.

AMANDA/ATTORNEY

Release her at once.

Naomi eyes widen recognizing Amanda disguised as a attorney.

WALTON

You are?

AMANDA/ATTORNEY

Margo Leach. I'm her attorney.

Walton gives Amanda a inquisitive look.

WALTON

Attorney?

Amanda glances at Walton's ID.

WALTON

Special Agent Walton.

AMANDA/ATTORNEY

Special Agent Walton, you have no grounds to keep her here.

WALTON

We have evidence linking her to assassinations and an affiliation with a major criminal network.

AMANDA/ATTORNEY

You need to remove the guards and cuffs immediately.

HARRISON

Who the hell do you think you are?

Amanda gives Harrison a icy stare.

AMANDA/ATTORNEY

You are?

HARRISON

Special Agent Harrison.

Amanda steps up to Harrison.

AMANDA/ATTORNEY

Special Agent Harrison chose your next words carefully. They might be your last with the FBI.

Harrison stares down Amanda.

HARRISON

I have two words for you go --

Walton restrains Harrison.

WALTON

The cuffs still stay.

Walton motions for the Guards to leave.

AMANDA/ATTORNEY

I'm going to need a moment alone
with my client.

WALTON

You have two minutes.

INT. FBI INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Amanda removes a lock pick from her hair, picks Naomi's
shackles.

AMANDA/ATTORNEY

Once the Russians find out you're in
here. You'll be dead by morning.

NAOMI

What are you up to?

AMANDA/ATTORNEY

I'm trying to save you.

Naomi chuckles.

NAOMI

You sent Vladimir to kill me.

AMANDA/ATTORNEY

I tried to call it off, I was to
late.

She smiles warmly at Amanda.

NAOMI

You did warn the FBI. You're not
such bitch after all.

AMANDA/ATTORNEY

I'll take out the guards. You take
out those FBI agents.

NAOMI

I'm not going anywhere. Barry and I
plan --

AMANDA/ATTORNEY

Barry is dead.

Naomi is shocked.

NAOMI

What? You killed Barry.

Amanda refastens Naomi's arm shackles.

NAOMI

What about your rules?

Amanda gives her a wry look.

AMANDA/ATTORNEY

To hell with the rules, right?

INT. FBI HALLWAY - NIGHT

Harrison and Walton wait impatiently in the hallway.

HARRISON

She reminds me of my ex-wife.

WALTON

Which one?

Harrison smirks at Walton.

HARRISON

I'm going to grab a soda. You want something?

WALTON

No thanks. Hey, does that attorney's name sound familiar to you?

HARRISON

No.

Walton makes a call on his cell phone.

INT. FBI INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Amanda stops speaking to Naomi as Harrison and Walton step into the interview room.

WALTON

Ms. Leach, how long have you been practicing law?

AMANDA/ATTORNEY

About fifteen years.

WALTON

I called a friend of mine who is a clerk at the courthouse, and they have no records of a Margo Leach practicing law here.

Walton trying to get a rise out of Amanda. Unnerved by Walton's statement, she calmly answers.

AMANDA/ATTORNEY

I used to practice law under my married name: Mueller-Leach.

Walton shoots her a hard look, thinking it over.

AMANDA/ATTORNEY

Agent Walton, you cannot keep my client here.

WALTON

Ms. Leach, your client is going to remain here. That's final.

Amanda picks up her briefcase.

AMANDA/ATTORNEY

I'll be back, good day, gentlemen.

Harrison checks out Amanda butt as she leaves.

HARRISON

Come to think of it, she reminds of more of my second wife. Boy, did we fight, but the make-up sex was volcanic.

Walton makes a nauseating face regarding Harrison's statement.

INT. FBI HALLWAY - DAY

The Guards lead Naomi into her cell. Walton follows behind.

INT. FBI CELL - DAY

The Guards remove her shackles. Walton signals Naomi by nodding. Naomi answers back with a wink. The Guards lock the cell door behind them.

Naomi shakes out her hair, pill lands in her hand, she places the pill into her mouth.

INT. FBI - SPECIAL AGENTS WALTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Harrison is eating lunch. The phone rings. Walton answers it.

WALTON

Special Agent Walton. I'll be right there.

Walton hangs up the phone.

WALTON

Show time.

Walton proceeds for the door. Harrison takes his sandwich.

WALTON

What are you doing?

HARRISON

I'm hungry.

Walton rips the sandwich out of Harrison's hands hurls it in the trash.

HARRISON

Nice.

INT. FBI CELL - DAY

Walton and Harrison push past the Guards into the cell. Naomi lays unconscious on the cement floor.

WALTON

Naomi?

Walton feels for a pulse from Naomi. He looks up at Harrison, Guards in shock.

WALTON

She's dead.

Harrison pounds his fist repeatedly on the wall.

HARRISON

Why? Why. Those bastards.

Walton and the Guards give Harrison a strange look.

HARRISON

Sorry about that.

Reeling, Walton turns to the Guards.

WALTON

Sound the alarm and seal all exits.

The Guards run out of the cell. Harrison and Walton pick up Naomi dart for the exit.

EXT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

A ambulance is waiting for Walton and Harrison, load Naomi into the back, hop into the ambulance.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Walton speeds down the road. Harrison reaches over to touch Naomi's breasts. Walton looks back at Harrison in disgust.

Naomi seizes Harrison's hand.

HARRISON

I was checking your pulse to see if
your were okay.

Naomi eyeballs Harrison.

HARRISON

So sue me.

Naomi raises her shirt, flashing her breasts at Harrison.
Harrison is like a deer in the headlights.

NAOMI

Happy now?

HARRISON

Yes.

WALTON

After we pick up Barry, we'll --

NAOMI

He's dead.

Walton is stunned.

WALTON

What?

NAOMI

Mother killed him.

Harrison chuckles.

NAOMI

What's so funny?

Naomi glares at Harrison.

HARRISON

Why do hot chicks like losers?

NAOMI

Barry wasn't a loser.

HARRISON

Oh, right. He was a real winner.

WALTON

Shut up, Harrison.

Walton pulls up to his car. Walton, Harrison, and Naomi pile out of the ambulance into Walton's car.

INT. SPECIAL AGENT WALTON'S CAR - DAY

Sitting in the back seat, Naomi notices a number of construction cones block half of the road.

WALTON

What's going on?

Walton drives around the construction cones onto the shoulder of the road.

Naomi under her breath.

NAOMI

Mother.

Walton drives onto the shoulder of the road.

NAOMI

Stop the car. Now.

HARRISON

Why?

A small explosion blows out the two front tires, Harrison careens into a ditch. Amanda taps on the window with her gun.

AMANDA

Get out!

Harrison and Walton stumble out of the car badly shaken up.

Amanda keeps her gun on them.

AMANDA

Toss your guns.

Amanda binds Harrison and Walton's hands, points her gun at the backs of their heads.

NAOMI

Mother, no.

Naomi points her gun at Amanda.

WALTON

I knew it. You owe me twenty bucks, Harrison.

Amanda pistol-whips Harrison and Walton knocking them out.

AMANDA

A simple "thank you" would be nice.

NAOMI

How did you --

AMANDA

Sleeping beauty drug, right?

Amanda opens the trunk, Naomi's face comes alive seeing Barry bound in the trunk, Amanda points her gun at Barry's head.

AMANDA

Drop the gun.

Naomi drops the gun, Amanda tosses a pair of zip tie handcuffs at Naomi's feet, she places the zip tie handcuffs on.

NAOMI

Where are we going?

AMANDA

We're making a stop, then we're going to the airport. There's still a chance we can get out of here alive.

Naomi gets into the trunk with Barry.

NAOMI

Don't count on my vote for mother of the year.

Amanda shuts the trunk on Naomi and Barry.

EXT. CHICAGO CEMETERY - DAY

Amanda opens the trunk. Naomi helps Barry out of the trunk.

NAOMI

You're still alive.

Naomi hugs Naomi with all her might, kisses his face all over.

Amanda clears her throat.

AMANDA

Can we get on with this?

Naomi finally pries Barry off her.

NAOMI

Don't ever leave me again.

He takes Naomi's hand.

BARRY

I promise.

Naomi and Barry walk into the cemetery. Amanda walks cautiously behind, her gun trained on them.

AMANDA

I warned you this would happen. Love is not meant for people like us.

Naomi scoffs.

NAOMI

What do you know about love?

AMANDA

I loved your father.

Stunned, Naomi stops in her tracks.

NAOMI

That guy you killed in Paris was my father?

AMANDA

He was an assassin. After, I became pregnant with you. He went rogue. I had kill him.

NAOMI

You two could have been happy together. Why not just run away?

AMANDA

"Happy" is just a word Madison Avenue uses to sell cars. Once we get back to work, everything will make sense.

Naomi gives Amanda a bewildered look.

NAOMI

What do you mean we?

AMANDA

You'll love South America.

NAOMI

Are you off your meds?

Amanda gives Naomi a snide look.

NAOMI

It's for your own good.

AMANDA

My own good?

Naomi rolls her eyes. Barry, looks between them, a little lost.

AMANDA

Stop.

Barry and Naomi stop in front of a freshly dug grave. Amanda raises her gun at Barry, Naomi steps in front of him.

AMANDA

The world needs us.

Naomi looks at Amanda, a long, quiet moment of understanding passes between them.

NAOMI
You're afraid of being alone. That's
it, isn't it?

Amanda averts Naomi's gaze, embarrassed, a tear rolls down her cheek.

NAOMI
Are you crying?

Amanda wipes a tear away.

AMANDA
You and the record is all I have
left in this world. Satisfied?

Naomi laughs.

AMANDA
What's so funny?

NAOMI
I'm not used to this side of you.
Vulnerable.

Harrison and Walton charge in, pointing their guns at Amanda.

WALTON
Drop the gun.

Amanda looks at Naomi, crushed.

AMANDA
You sold me out to the FBI?

Walton and Harrison close in on Amanda.

NAOMI
Loves a bitch.

Walton takes Amanda's gun from her.

HARRISON
Are still mad at me because I had
sex your fiancée? Is that the reason
you didn't tell me about your plan?

Shocked, he looks over at Harrison.

WALTON
You had sex with my fiancée?

Ignoring Amanda, Harrison and Walton argue. Amanda seizes Barry, placing a knife to Barry's neck.

NAOMI

Mother, what are you doing?

Amanda backs away her knife pressed hard against Barry's neck.

NAOMI

Guys. Guys. You want stop your little lover's quarrel.

Walton and Harrison stop fighting.

AMANDA

I won't let you ruin your life with this loser.

BARRY

Hey, I'm right here.

NAOMI

It's my life.

Walton and Harrison step towards Amanda, looking for opening to shoot Amanda.

HARRISON

Take the shot.

WALTON

I might hit Barry.

HARRISON

Your point is?

Naomi rips the gun out of Walton's hand.

NAOMI

For crying out loud.

Naomi shoots Barry in the leg. Seeing the blood from his leg, he faints. Amanda smiles widely.

AMANDA

It's about time.

Walton pulls out his backup gun, points his gun at Naomi.

Harrison keeps his gun on Amanda.

WALTON

Naomi, drop the gun.

Naomi keeps the gun directed at Amanda.

AMANDA

Rule number five: once a contract is in force, interference by another party will not be tolerated.

Amanda drops the knife.

WALTON

Naomi, don't do it.

Naomi shoots Amanda in the stomach, she falls to her knees.

AMANDA

That's my girl.

Walton and Harrison carefully approach Amanda. She slaps Barry to awaken him, he comes out of it. Naomi tears off her sleeve, wraps it around Barry's leg.

BARRY

You shot me.

NAOMI

You'll live.

Barry and Naomi share a tender kiss, she runs over to Amanda, presses on her stomach. Naomi glares at Walton and Harrison.

NAOMI

Just don't stand there, go get help.

Walton dials his cellphone. Harrison runs off to the car. Amanda gestures for Barry to come closer, he drags himself over next to Amanda's side.

AMANDA

Do you love my daughter?

Barry smiles cheerfully at Amanda.

BARRY

Yes, very much.

With her last ounce of strength Amanda seizes Barry by the throat.

AMANDA

I swear if you ever hurt my girl. I'll climb out from the depths of hell and kill you.

Amanda releases Barry's throat, he gasps for air. Amanda closes her eyes. Naomi cries, cradling her mother's head in her lap.

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - BOAT DOCKS - DAY

Harrison, Walton, Barry, Naomi stand on the boat dock. Walton hands Barry a bottle of champagne. Naomi quickly takes the bottle from him.

WALTON

The FBI would like to thank you for
all your help.

Harrison sticks his hand out. Barry tentatively shakes it.

HARRISON

You're one lucky son of a bitch.

Harrison undresses Naomi with his eyes.

HARRISON

I would do that all night.

Barry nudges him in the ribs. Naomi takes Barry's hand.

WALTON

Call me, if you two need anything.

Naomi hugs Walton, hugs Harrison he moves his hand down to Naomi's butt, seizes Harrison's hand twisting it, pushing him off her.

HARRISON

Naomi, if you're ever looking for a
cheap one night stand.

Walton drags Harrison off the dock.

WALTON

Come on.

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - BARRY'S BOAT - DAY

The sunset paints a beautiful glow on the water. Barry gazes out upon the water, helping Naomi steer the boat.

BARRY

I forgot how beautiful the water can
be.

Naomi slaps Barry in the face.

NAOMI

Don't you ever forget it.

Barry rubs his face.

BARRY

I love you.

NAOMI

I love you too.

Naomi and Barry kiss passionately as they sail into the sunset.

THE END