

DOODLEBUG - THE PRELUDE

Original screenplay
By Kevin Trainor

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FADE IN:

EXT. SHALLOW SHORELINE/LAKE - LIGHT

CLOSE-UP: COMBAT BOOTS RUNNING THROUGH SHALLOW WATER.

HEAVY BREATHING from the man running, JASON TURNKEY. He is responding to the enthusiastic calls of a young girl:

GEORGI
Daddy! Daddy!

The girl offers food to a serpent-like creature which is circling the surface of the water.

GEORGI (CONT'D)
Daddy, daddy, look!

TURNKEY
No, Georgi, no!

Not heeding the warning, the girl continues extending her hand to the fish.

GEORGI
See, daddy? He's...

Running, Turnkey cocks his weapon and belly surfs into the shallow water.

GEORGI
No, daddy, no!

He FIRES: *BANG!*

The BULLET STREAMS through the air. The fish lowers it's head to meet the bullet:

SPLAT.

The FISH COLLAPSES as Turnkey's surfing ends eye to eye with the DEAD BEAST'S HUGE HEAD.

GEORGI
Daddy, daddy, he was my friend, he
wasn't going to eat me!

Turnkey desperately hugs Georgi:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TURNKEY

That is an Amazonian Snakehead, sweetheart, and I'm not going to bet he's already had lunch. You are all I have, Georgi, and an 8 foot Amazonian Snakehead is not a pet.

Turnkey opens the jaws of the snakehead showing it's teeth. Georgi *GASPS*, but points to the belly of the fish. A *BABY* snakehead is stuck in the birth canal of the mother snakehead.

GEORGI

Look daddy, look! A baby!

Taking a *BOWIE KNIFE* from his belt, Turnkey bends for a closer look. Georgi, thinking the worst:

GEORGI (CONT'D)

No, daddy.

TURNKEY

Please, sweetie. I'm not going to...

Turnkey cuts the mother's belly and frees the baby snakehead, along with *DOZENS* more!

FISH WIGGLING FROM MOTHER SNAKEHEAD.

Turnkey picks up Georgi and begins walking inland just as *FLOCKS OF BIRDS* swoop down to feed on the baby snakeheads. Georgi looking from her father's shoulders:

GEORGI

Daddy, oh, no!

TURNKEY

Birds?

GEORGI

Yes, daddy!

The birds feast on the baby fish. It seems all the snakeheads have been eaten. One, however, is managing to escape.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHALLOW UNDERWATER/COASTLINE

A BABY SNAKEHEAD IN SHALLOW WATER IS DODGING BIRD'S BEAKS as they spear the water around him.

Swimming, the baby snakehead comes upon a MOTHER FROG and her TADPOLES. Mother frog looks curiously at the fish who resemble her tadpoles. She briefly turned around and, unknowingly, the snakehead quickly SWALLOWED one of her babies. Mother frog turns around again with food for her babies, to find one has "disappeared". Perplexed look on Mother frog.

The snakehead wobbles away with a swollen belly in the shape of a tadpole.

BACK TO SCENE:

EXT. FURTHER INLAND

Georgi sees a large BUG on a rock, crawling awkwardly about in circles. Georgi takes note and points to the bug:

GEORGI

Daddy, look. What is it?

TURNKEY

That is a doodlebug, young lady.

GEORGI

A doodlebug? Why do they call it a doodlebug?

TURNKEY

Because it doesn't know where it's going. It doodles here, it doodles there.

Turnkey puts Georgi down for a closer look at the bug.

TURNKEY

Sometimes, you *shake* 'em up, and they walk straight.

He picks the bug up and shakes it vigorously in his loosely clenched fist and puts it back down. The bug walks steadily into the tall grass.

Pointing to the bug, Turnkey exclaims:

TURNKEY

See?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Georgi shakes her head in a very "Shirley Temple" kind of way:

GEORGI

Daddy, I don't want to be a doodlebug.

TURNKEY

Sweetheart, you are going to be a lot of things in this world, but one thing you will never be is a doodlebug.

DISSOLVE TO: 15
YEARS PASS.
SOMEWHERE IN
SOUTHEAST ASIA.

INT. HUEY COBRA GUNSHIP/FLYING - DAY

A soldier is seated in a Huey Cobra HELICOPTER, with one foot braced against the open door. The copter is hovering in mid-air while the soldier peers through the scope of a M21 sniper rifle to the target below. The camera casually passes the soldier's name tag: *Turnkey*.

Taped to the back of her cap, scripted on paper (by a fellow soldier): "*SGT. DOODLEBUG*".

SPECIALIST EMILY BUTTONS approaches Georgi. Shouting over the Helicopter's motor:

BUTTONS

"El capitan" wants to get back to base.

GEORGI

He does, does he? We go back when... I...

Georgi pulls the trigger: *BANG!* The bullet hits the ground in front of a deer and it scampers away.

CAPTAIN AARGO KANSAS appears in view, quietly taking it all in with binoculars. He admonishes Georgi:

KANSAS

Ha, you missed.

The captain hands the binoculars to Buttons, but she gives them back to the captain:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUTTONS

She never misses... unless on purpose.

Through the binoculars the captain sees the BUCK RUNNING. A man with a bow raises his fist at the copter for spoiling his hunt.

BUTTONS

(to the captain)

Her and the jungle creatures; they are *one*.

Handing the binoculars back to Buttons:

CAPTAIN

If you say so.

Turning her cap back around Georgi notices *Doodlebug* scripted on it and, with a grimace, and tears it off. She gives the rifle to Buttons, saying:

GEORGI

Let's get back to base.

The captain to Georgi:

CAPTAIN

I think that's my call, sergeant.

GEORGI

Yes, sir.

All look about awkwardly.

CAPTAIN

Turnkey, take us back to base.

GEORGI

(feigning immediacy)

Right *now*, captain?

CAPTAIN

Yes, right now... *sergeant*.

GEORGI

OK, you heard the *captain*. Back to base. And right *now!*

Just then a loud *BOOM* and *BLACK SMOKE*, from the base of the propeller's shaft; the helicopter's motor falters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAPTAIN

We've been hit, people! Buckle
up!

Georgi pokes her head out the still open doors and sees
oil spewing from the copter's rotors.

To HIMI, the helicopter pilot:

GEORGI

Himi, we blew a prop gasket!

To the captain:

GEORGI (CONT'D)

We've got 4 minutes before this
bird becomes a flying
refrigerator. Do you want to do
this or should I?

CAPTAIN

(humbled)

It's your refrigerator, sergeant,
not mine.

Georgi acknowledges the captain with a nod and addresses
the pilot:

GEORGI

Himi, there's a river flowing just
beyond that tree line.

HIMI

I keep telling you, damn it, I
can't swim!

GEORGI

It's the 20th century, man. Take
lessons, they may come in handy.

The captain is seated and buckling up.

GEORGI

Brace up, people, we're gonna get
wet!

As Himi steers the copter toward the river:

HIMI

I can't swim!

CREW MEMBER

Swim? The fall is gonna kill ya!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Himi struggles to keep the copter above the tree line. The RIVER is directly below and they are heading for it. Smoke *BELLOWS* about the cabin. All are seated.

CREW MEMBER
(to Georgi)
Belts or no belts, sarge?

The crew wait for her response as she looks about, calculating.

GEORGI
Belts! Buckle up!

Everyone buckles up.

The copter is coming in fast. The propellers are still turning, but provide no lift for the aircraft. Himi is able to keep the nose up while the tail of the helicopter skims the water.

Georgi, rethinking her decision, yells:

GEORGI
No belts! No belts!

The crew immediately begin unfastening their belts. The captain not heeding the warning remains buckled in.

The COPTER HITS THE WATER, skimming the surface before stopping. It takes on water quickly and begins sinking. The crew struggles to the surface.

The captain is having trouble unfastening his belt and is helped by Buttons who uses a bowie knife to cut him free. Together they swim to the surface.

EXT. WATER'S SURFACE - CRASH SITE

Buttons and the captain surface.

BUTTONS
(to the captain,
gasping)
Most of us have learned, when she says something, just do it. It saves a lot of grief.

Most of the crew swim to shore. Georgi goes back for Himi, who is struggling. He swims towards shore, but slowly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The activity of the crash has attracted CROCODILES and one begins swimming towards Himi. The crew attempts to get Himi's attention:

ALL
Himi! There, there! Crocodile!

None of the soldiers have weapons that are functioning. The captain, however, has a 9MM BROWNING HI POWER which he takes out, carefully aims, and pulls the triggers: *CLICK*. The weapon does not fire.

Himi's shoulder and arm is now in the crocodile's mouth. Not taking his eye off Himi, the captain removes a bullet from the gun's chamber and blows on it. He puts it back, blows once again on the weapon's firing pin, aims and fires: *BANG!*

THE *BULLET WHIZZES (SLOW MOTION)* PAST GEORGI, WHO FOLLOWS IT'S PATH WITH WIDE EYES.

The bullet hits the water where the crocodile should be.

All wait in silence. Himi breaks to the surface, *CHOKING*. He swims towards the shore.

HIMI
Cough, cough.

All rush to meet him. The captain stays behind, weapon in hand.

All are ashore.

EXT. SHORELINE

Himi is on his back with the crew about him. His wound *SPOUTS BLOOD*.

HIMI
Ah, man.

BUTTONS
Does it hurt?

HIMI
Does it hurt? Only when I laugh.
Of course it hurts, man!

While putting pressure on the wound:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGI

It could have been worse.

HIMI

Damn right. I could have been baby alligator food.

GEORGI

Crocodile.

HIMI

What?

GEORGI

Crocodile. It was a crocodile.

HIMI

What's the difference?

GEORGI

The difference? You're much luckier than you know.

Georgi inspects the wound.

HIMI

Do you know what it's like, thinking you're about to be eaten by an animal? It's not on the "top ten list" of thoughts you want to be leaving this world with, I'll tell you that much.

While a tourniquet is applied to his arm:

HIMI (CONT'D)

Being dragged off by an animal to be eaten, freaky things go through your head. Will it be big bites, small bites. You know the worst part?

GEORGI

What, Himi? What's the worst part about being eaten by a crocodile?

HIMI

The thought of being fed to the baby alligators.

GEORGI

Crocodiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HIMI

Whatever.

GEORGI

The Buddha fed himself to a
starving lioness to save her and
her cubs.

HIMI

What happened to him?

GEORGI

They ate him.

HIMI

That's what I'm talkin' about. I
ain't no Buddha, I'll tell you
that.

GEORGI

You're in luck. It's your left
arm.

HIMI

I play the ukulele!

GEORGI

Barely. And it's not even an
instrument.

HIMI

What? How dare you. You're very
cruel.

Georgi stands up, gently squeezing his wound as she does.
Himi *screams*:

HIMI

Ahhh!

GEORGI

That's a good sign. Numbness
would be bad.

HIMI

Thank you, "man", you're my Annie
Oakley.

GEORGI

I had no weapon. He fired the
shot.

Georgi nods towards Kansas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The crew finishes the bandaging Himi while Georgi approaches the captain:

GEORGI
I just want to say...

CAPTAIN
(waving it off)
We got lucky, that's all.

The captain and Georgi both look at the sun:

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
I'd say 4 hours of sunlight.

GEORGI
Closer to 3.

CAPTAIN
How far are we from the base?

GEORGI
An hour by copter.

CAPTAIN
Have you contacted them?

GEORGI
Not yet. They're still getting
the lake out of the radio.

CAPTAIN
How's Himi?

GEORGI
In 2 hours, he'll lose the arm.

CAPTAIN
Hmm.

Georgi and the captain walk back and find the group calibrating the radio, searching for the base's frequency: *STATIC over the radio*. The RADIO OPERATOR continues his attempts:

RADIO OPERATOR
This is Alpha, Tango, Zebra, one,
five, niner. Our snake is down,
over.
(pausing)
This is Alpha, Tango, Zebra, one,
five, niner. Our snake is down,
over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Finally:

BASE (V.O.)
One, five, niner, this is base,
Charlie, delta. What is your 20
(location), over?

The radio operator shrugs his shoulders in ignorance and gives the handset to Georgi:

GEORGI
We are three miles south of the
Kum Chao River, where it meets the
Gwallo basin.

In silence, all wait for a response:

BASE (V.O.)
Is that you, Turnkey?

With guilty tone:

GEORGI
Yes, it's me.

Brashly:

BASE (V.O.)
Why am I not surprised? You know,
and I know, you are not supposed
to be in that area.

All look to Georgi.

GEORGI
Talk to my boss.

Yelling:

BASE (V.O.)
Talk to this!

(Assuming a vulgar hand gesture):

GEORGI
Jimmy, you do realize I can't see
you over the radio, don't you?

BASE (V.O.)
I'm not kidding, Georgi, this is
the last time. You're not
supposed to be there, which means
I'm not supposed to be there.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BASE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I don't care who is giving you orders, they don't give them to me. I don't work for them. You do! Comprendre?

GEORGI

Roger.

BASE (V.O.)

Fu*k you and fu*k Roger, Georgi. I mean it! Last time!

Georgi raises the handset to her lips:

GEORGI

(slow and sexy)

Roger... dodger.

Resigning:

BASE (V.O.)

Oh, brother.

GEORGI

Make it fast. We need Band-Aids and Bang-Bang.

BASE (V.O.)

When we house call, we bring all the candy. Listen for the blades and drop smoke when you hear them. You *do* have smoke, don't you?

A crew member nods negatively to Georgi.

GEORGI

Smoke? Of course, we have smoke. Thank you, Jimmy.

BASE (V.O.)

Whatever. Base, out.

GEORGI

One-five-niner, out.

(to the captain)

Let's concentrate on getting some smoke.

The captain acknowledges, and together they walk toward the crash site.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHORELINE/CRASH SITE

Georgi and the captain are on the shoreline looking at the downed copter, its tail protrudes from the water.

CAPTAIN

I don't think anyone is going to be too eager to go for a swim.

Georgi focuses on something across the river. The captain is standing beside her and follows her line of focus. A man in somewhat military garb comes into view.

Instinctively, Kansas reaches for his side-arm. Georgi cautions him:

GEORGI

I wouldn't do that, captain.

A small entourage of men soon reveal themselves from the forest covering and the captain removes his hand from the side-arm. Georgi consoles him:

GEORGI (CONT'D)

His name is BEJO. He has "no dog in this fight".

Georgi gets Bejo's attention and motions to meet him upstream.

FADE IN: MOMENTS
LATER.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING

Despite their "rag tag" appearance, Bejo and his men are well-armed, toting weapons over their shoulders. Smiling, Bejo is happy to see Georgi.

Georgi motions to the captain to stay behind and goes to speak with Bejo alone. They talk for several minutes, loudly and argumentatively at times.

Georgi returns with a FLARE GUN and SMOKE. Georgi, Kansas, Bejo and his group, all walk back to the crash site.

EXT. CRASH SITE - MOMENTS LATER - LIGHT

GEORGI

Buttons, find out why Bejo hasn't been receiving any supplies?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUTTONS

My guess is they're winding things down and he is soon to be a nonessential.

GEORGI

Hmm. They may find him more essential during the transition. I'll speak to the major myself. Here's the smoke and also a flare gun. On my signal, light em up. My guess, and *hope*, in about 40 minutes we'll be hearing them.

BUTTONS

Right.

Buttons rejoins the group, attending to Himi.

Georgi, holding Bejo's list, notices an item: *women's panties... worn. (It is written in Thai and translated for the audience)* Georgi chuckles:

GEORGI

Yeah, he's gonna see those.

DISSOLVE TO: CRASH
SITE, 30 MINUTES
PASS.

EXT. CRASH SITE - LIGHT

Everyone is gathered around Himi while Bejo and his men are off to the side. Georgi has her eyes closed and a hand to the ground. The group waits for her signal... and it comes:

GEORGI

Smoke it!

Buttons fires the flare gun as three helicopters are clearing the tree line: 2 Huey Cobra gunships and an Iroquois Medivac supply ship.

Seeing the flare, the 2 gunships remain in the air while the Medivac/Supply copter lands and disembark.

Himi is carried on a stretcher to the Medivac as Georgi talks with the Medivac crew. They unload supplies.

A war worn soldier from the copter casually remarks to the captain:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLDIER

I love war.

CAPTAIN

It's not a war, it's a conflict.

The soldier shrugs and walks on.

Himi is brought on board the Medivac. Georgi to the doctor:

GEORGI

Brachial artery, left arm.

DOCTOR

Yes, we have it, he'll be treated on board.

GEORGI

(to Himi)
You'll be fine.

Himi gives a "thumbs up".

A soldier from the copter hands Georgi a duffle bag of supplies:

SUPPLY SOLDIER

It's all we got. I assume you took care of the panties.

Georgi "stares him down" and takes the bag. Georgi walks to Bejo and gives him the supplies. Bejo dumps the entire contents on the grass. After a moment of perusing the articles he becomes upset and begins arguing with Georgi. After a moment of arguing, Georgi gives into Bejo's apparent demands and walk towards a tall bush.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUSH CLEARING - A MOMENT PASSES

Georgi exits the bushes under the wanting eyes of Bejo's men and "slingshots" her panties toward the group. Bejo makes a wild catch for them and all cheer.

BEJO'S MEN

Yeah!

Bejo pulls the panties over his head, taking deep breaths as he does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEJO

Ah!

GEORGI

Knock yourself out, Bejo. By the way, that's not marmalade.

Bejo slingshots the panties to his men and all wildly share it.

Bejo motions to Georgi, quietly:

BEJO

I think this is last time you see Bejo.

GEORGI

Really! Are you out of here or am I?

BEJO

Don't know. Bejo not that good.

He opens his arms to invite a hug, but she cautiously backs away.

GEORGI

This better not be another way of getting... I have no more panties!

As they embrace:

BEJO

I know, that's why I wanted a hug.

They both laugh.

A crew member whistles to Georgi and she hustles on board.

The Medivac lifts off as Georgi waves goodbye to Bejo. Standing in a whirlwind of dust, he returns the gesture.

EXT. GROUND AT HELICOPTER LIFTOFF - CONTINUOUS

Bejo watches the copters fly off. He walks away lightheartedly towards his men.

DISSOLVE TO: BASE
CAMP 1 HOUR LATER.

EXT. BASE CAMP - DUSK

Himi is carried from the Medivac and the group follows.

Thinking Georgi is behind him, the captain blindly turns around and asks:

CAPTAIN

After you clean up, you want to have a...

Georgi, however, is walking to the barracks with her crew. The captain follows her with his eyes, then goes his way.

DISSOLVE TO: THE FOLLOWING DAY.

INT. BASE CAMP/MAJOR REGGIE COMSTACK'S OFFICE - LIGHT

ON AN OFFICE'S WALL IS DISPLAYED A LAW DEGREE FOR A REGGIE COMSTACK.

In the back room, MAJOR REGGIE COMSTACK is filing papers scripted: *EYES ONLY/AERIAL SURVEILLANCE COMMANDER*.

In the adjoining office, seated, is Captain Kansas. Comstack joins him in the office with a welcomed greeting:

COMSTACK

Whisky, captain?

KANSAS

Sure. With a splash of soda.

COMSTACK

I think you'll want this straight. A 300 dollar bottle of whiskey needs to be savored.

KANSAS

Straight it is. What's the occasion?

COMSTACK

In 6 months I'll be in civilian clothes giving private consultations at my leisure!

KANSAS

That *is* worth a toast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Holding up the poured glass:

KANSAS (CONT'D)
To private industry.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAJOR REGGIE COMSTACK'S OFFICE/BUILDING - LIGHT

CLOSE-UP: COWBOY BOOTS IN ARMY FATIGUES *CLACKING* ON
WOODEN BOARDS.

Georgi is walking to Comstack's office, wearing cowboy boots and army fatigues. She enters the reception area of Comstack's office.

INT. MAJOR REGGIE COMSTACK'S OFFICE/RECEPTION AREA

GEORGI
(to the receptionist)
Major Comstack, please. Sergeant
Turnkey.

The receptionist acknowledges with a smile and walks to the major's office.

RECEPTIONIST
Sergeant Turnkey to see you,
major.

COMSTACK (V.O.)
Turnkey! Send her in.

INT. COMSTACK'S OFFICE

Georgi has been in the field for 18 months and, having only verbal communication with him during that time, her sudden appearance sparks his curiosity.

COMSTACK
Turnkey, Captain Kansas was
briefing me on your last outing.
I'm glad you got him back to us
safely.... and yourself!

Smiling, Georgi salutes them both, casually. Kansas is happy to see her and returns the salute with a smile.

Comstack, noticing her cowboy boots:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMSTACK

Let me guess. You're quitting the army and joining the rodeo.

GEORGI

Half of that statement is true, major. As they say in show business, "it's been a nice run".

The major motions to sit.

COMSTACK

Turnkey, I'm not even going to try and talk you out of it. You have an open contract with the army and you've given more than your fair share of service to this country. You have my respect. And, as they also say in show business, "you're going to be a tough act to follow".

TURNKEY

I'll take that as a compliment, major.

COMSTACK

As you should. I'll have Margaret finalize the separation papers. They'll be ready for you in the morning.

Georgi grips the arms of the chair motioning to go, but Comstack, seeing another opportunity for a whiskey:

COMSTACK (CONT'D)

Not before we have a toast.

Comstack pours a tall glass of whiskey for everyone.

CAPTAIN

A toast.

They all stand.

COMSTACK

Anything but World Peace, please.

CAPTAIN

To the private sector, where we are all bound.

Georgi swallows the whiskey in one gulp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COMSTACK

That's a \$300 bottle of Yamazaki whiskey, Turnkey. It deserves savoring!

Georgi inspects the bottle.

GEORGI

Their bourbon is \$1200. *That* I would have savored.

COMSTACK

I'll let you know when the Emperor stops by.

Kansas gives Georgi an admiring look.

Comstack slaps the top of his desk, stands, and extends his hand to Georgi.

COMSTACK (CONT'D)

I'm not saluting a woman who just quit the army and is standing in my office with cowboy boots.

They give a brief hug. Georgi looks at Kansas, as if noticing him for the first time:

GEORGI

Kansas. I like that name. What's your first name?

Kansas pauses:

KANSAS

Aargo.

Georgi looks to the major and then back to Kansas.

GEORGI

Seriously?

KANSAS

Seriously.

GEORGI

I guess you learned how to fight.

KANSAS

I did.

Georgi turns to leave, slightly light-headed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GEORGI

Well, major, it's been special.

COMSTACK

You're going to do great, Turnkey.

Georgi, again turns to Kansas:

GEORGI

Aargo?

Kansas winces as Georgi exits the office.

Kansas and Comstack watch Georgi from their window.

KANSAS

How's she going to do... in the civilian world?

COMSTACK

She is a born rebel with a photographic memory and a genius IQ. After spending most of the last three years in the jungle? Is "train wreck" one word or two?

The major bends the blinds to get a better look.

Walking past 2 female officers, Georgi salutes them with her index finger. The younger female officer, seeks to "dress her down", but the older officer restrains her.

Seeing the exchange, Comstack and Kansas eyeball each other. Kansas returns to Comstack's train wreck inquiry:

KANSAS

Two. Unless you're using it in a tittle, then it could be one. But, even then, not necessarily...

Comstack interrupts Kansas, holding up the bottle of whiskey:

COMSTACK

Whiskey?

Kansas extends his glass.

DISSOLVE TO: THAT
EVENING

INT. RESTAURANT/BAR/IN TOWN - EVENING

Georgi is with Specialist Buttons, enjoying dinner and drinks. Also dining in the restaurant is Major Comstack, who comes over to Georgi's table with a female escort, both of whom have been drinking.

COMSTACK
(slurring his words)
Turnkey! I guess you finally have
your going away party.

He patronizingly pats Georgi on her shoulder.

GEORGI
Major, good to see you.

Comstack flirts with Georgi, bending to whisper in her ear:

COMSTACK
You, and your friend, care to join
us?

Everyone looks uncomfortable, with the exception of the major.

GEORGI
Looks like you have your hands
full, major.

COMSTACK
Well, your loss.

Comstack again whispers to Georgi:

COMSTACK (CONT'D)
I have my hands full right now,
and I'm making a little detour.
Can you drop this off in my safe
at the office? The safe is empty
and open. The key to my office is
under the potted plant at the
door. I'd appreciate it.

Georgi hesitatingly agrees and Comstack slides the secured metal briefcase to her.

COMSTACK (CONT'D)
You're the best.

Comstack gives a foolish "stance of attention" and salutes:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMSTACK (CONT'D)
See you in the private sector,
Turnkey.

GEORGI
(quietly to Buttons)
Or the bar.

Georgi casually returns the salute.

DISSOLVE TO: THE
EVENING PASSES.

EXT. RESTAURANT

Georgi and Buttons finished dining and are outside the
restaurant.

BUTTONS
(swaying)
Let me drive you home.

Georgi, seeing her condition:

GEORGI
You're not driving *yourself* home.

Georgi hails a cab from the line of liveries parked
outside the restaurant. She opens the door for Buttons,
giving directions to the driver:

GEORGI (CONT'D)
A, one, five. Non-com's quarters.

The cabbie nods.

GEORGI (CONT'D)
(to Buttons)
Call me when you're short. I've
got things lined up.

Buttons sadly nods agreement.

BUTTONS
(feigning tears)
Listen for that ring-a-ding in 6
months.

GEORGI
Will do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cab pulls away while Georgi stands with Comstack's briefcase, looking at it curiously.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GEORGI'S CAR - PARKING LOT OF DRIVE-THRU - DARK

Parked at an all night donut shop, Georgi seriously inspects the secured briefcase. She looks for clues to open it and sees numbers etched on the back of the metal briefcase, apparently written by Comstack to safeguard against his own drunkenness. Seeing the etchings:

GEORGI

Drunken fool.

Georgi tumbles the combination numbers: *CLICK*. Opening the case, subsequent papers display, what seems to be, random numbers and letters with no indication to what they reference.

Georgi flips through the pages, her photographic mind taking it all in: *CLICK, CLICK, CLICK*. Pages are in code, but a tittle page is decoded for the audience: *AERIAL SATELLITE SURVEILLANCE*.

The *CLICK, CLICK, CLICK*, of Georgi's mind.

Georgi closes the briefcase with everything captured by her photographic memory. Her quizzical expression reflects her quandary as to what the encryptions could mean.

GEORGI

Hmm.

Georgi drives to Comstack's office to drop the briefcase in the safe.

FADE TO:

INT. GEORGI'S APARTMENT/ON BASE

Having returned from Comstack's office, Georgi turns on the night lamp at her bedside table and stares into a mirror atop a dresser, her head buried in her folded arms. She slowly raises her head to eye her reflection.

After a moment, Georgi enthusiastically shouts:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGI

Woo hoo!

FADE TO:

INT. AIRPORT/TICKET COUNTER - FOLLOWING DAY - LIGHT

Georgi gives her duffle bag to the ticket agent who struggles placing it on the turnstile. The agent reviews her itinerary and stamps the passport.

TICKET AGENT

Gate 108. Enjoy Las Vegas, Miss Turnkey.

GEORGI

Oh, I will. I will.

DISSOLVE TO: 3 DAYS
LATER

INT. LAS VEGAS GAMBLING CASINO

Georgi is face down on a Blackjack table, quite inebriated. Her hand shows 2 queens, face up. The dealer prompts Georgi for direction:

DEALER

Madame? Cards?

Georgi raises her head and looks at her cards and those about the table. She splits the Queens and is dealt 2 more cards. She has "18" on the first pair and "12" on the next. She taps, requesting a hit on 18! The dealer hesitates and Georgi taps again, more aggressively:

GEORGI

Hmm!

Georgi is dealt an ace. She now has "19". There is a crowd gathering about Georgi's table, as she has upped her bet significantly and, with the use of her photographic memory, her Blackjack expertise is appearing miraculous.

The dealer waits for Georgi's direction. She taps for another hit on "19" and the crowd *GASPS!* Georgi is dealt a deuce, giving her "21"!

CROWD ABOUT GAMBLING TABLE

Oh! Wow! Gees!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The dealer steps back from the table in disbelief:

BLACKJACK DEALER

Wo.

The dealer turns Georgi's attention to her second pair of cards, totaling 12. She waves the dealer off:

GEORGI

I'm good.

CROWD ABOUT GEORGI

Ooo.

The dealer turns over his card. He has 12. Collectively from the crowd in "sympathy":

CROWD ABOUT GEORGI (CONT'D)

Wo.

The dealer draws a "10" and loses to Georgi. Cheering and applause from the spectators, but the dealer has a look of "what just happened" on his face.

He glances at the house cameras who are eyeing the action at his table. The dealer is not resuming play, but waits for the "pit boss", who is now walking towards them.

"OAHU", the pit boss, is in his sixties and approaches the table with younger "muscle" on both sides of him. Oahu addresses Georgi:

OAHU

Miss?

GEORGI

Turnkey.

OAHU

Yes. May I speak with you a moment, Miss Turnkey?

(to his "muscle")

Jim, collect Miss Turnkey's winnings for her.

GEORGI

I'm not finished.

OAHU

Yes, you are.

The dealer is gathering Georgi's winnings and hands them to Oahu:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OAHU (CONT'D)

Thank you, Jim.

Turning toward Georgi, Oahu points a direction and offers assistance:

OAHU (CONT'D)

Madame?

Georgi is escorted past tourists who applaud her brash moves. She is led to a door at the end of the gambling room.

INT. GAMBLING OFFICE

Two men lead Georgi into the room, directing her to sit. She is tired and offers no resistance. The men remain with Georgi while Oahu walks out of the room.

INT. SECOND OFFICE

Oahu walks into another room and sits at a desk. Investigators are moving about running identification checks on Georgi.

FRANCO, an Italian gentleman in his eighties, approaches Oahu and hands him a photo. Franco steps back, waiting for a reaction from Oahu, who takes a closer look.

Oahu responds to Franco with Italian hand gestures:

OAHU

Cos'e? (what's this) It's "Turkey Tony", from the high-roller's club. So?

FRANCO

Whadya stuned? That "puttan" (Georgi) in the other room, who just took \$250,000 out of the till? That's her uncle!

OAHU

"Turkey" is her uncle?

FRANCO

Oh, Ma-donn. "Tony Turkey" is Anthony Turnkey, *her* Uncle Tony.

Oahu puts it together:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OAHU
Turnkey?

BOTH TOGETHER
Oh, Ma-donn.

Oahu goes back to the first surveillance room, and to Georgi!

INT. FIRST SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Oahu puts the picture of "Uncle Tony" on the table in front of Georgi.

OAHU
You know this guy?

GEORGI
I hope so. If I didn't, they would have arrested him a long time ago for changing my diapers. He's my uncle.

OAHU
Anthony Turnkey.

GEORGI
Uncle Tony.

OAHU
"Tony Turkey".

GEORGI
Yeah, it's a family curse.

OAHU
Is he still out of Ft. Benning?

GEORGI
Long retired and living the quiet life. I assume.

OAHU
(thoughtfully)
Miss Turnkey. Your uncle is a very good client of ours. We're happy to have him. He brings us a lot of business, honestly. But, what you do here, we don't like.

GEORGI
You mean win?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OAHU

You have skills, and you would probably make a lot of friends in accounting somewhere. But here? I'll be frank, nobody in Vegas likes to lose. Not the house, not the players, not the whores. Nobody. So, out of respect for your uncle, "congratulations." But please, take your skills elsewhere.

Oahu hands her the receipt for her winnings of \$250,000.

OAHU

Please stay the night. Enjoy dinner, take in a show.

GEORGI

I'm not finish.

OAHU

(more firmly)

Yes, you are. Louis, escort Miss Turnkey to her room and away from the tables.

(addressing Georgi)

You can cash that receipt... in the *morning!*

Georgi agrees and is escorted out.

Oahu and the remaining detective watch Georgi leave. The detective asks Oahu:

DETECTIVE

What was she using? Wires?
Mirrors?

OAHU

Nay.

DETECTIVE

Dealer in on it?

OAHU

(he scoffs)

Yeah, right.

DETECTIVE

What than?

OAHU

Photographic memory.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DETECTIVE

That's impossible. The dealer was using 3 decks.

OAHU

She is way beyond what we've ever seen.

They watch Georgi leave. The detective, shaking his head:

DETECTIVE

Freak.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. QUAIN T FARMHOUSE - DAYS LATER - LIGHT

Georgi puts down her duffle bag and steps softly on the wooden steps leading to the entrance of a quaint farm house. The door is ajar and Georgi opens it slowly:
CREAK.

GEORGI

Hello?

A woman coming from behind the door swings a bat and narrowly misses Georgi's head. *CRASH!*

An intense hand to hand fight ensues. Both show advanced martial arts SKILLS. Frustrated by Georgi's fighting, the woman takes out Chinese stars from her apron and is about to throw them at Georgi!

Georgi holds up a frying pan in defense, and shouts:

GEORGI

Daddy! She's using the stars!

Her father, Jason Turnkey, steps into view:

TURNKEY

Fahn, no stars!

Fahn shrugs in disappointment:

FAHN

When is she going to learn?

GEORGI

Can I come home to a simple hug?

Fahn reaches to hug Georgi:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAHN

Ah, that's sweet. And when are we going to see grand children?

GEORGI

You can start by not throwing Chinese stars at your daughter!

FAHN

It's a sign of love.

GEORGI

I could just imagine!

Fahn hugs Georgi. All hug each other.

FAHN

You two take a walk by the lake. I'll cook something up. Dumplings, Georgi?

GEORGI

I love you.

Her father leads Georgi out of the kitchen, taking a large bag from the kitchen counter with him. The house is not far from the lake and they chat along the way.

EXT. FARMHOUSE PATH TO THE LAKE - CONTINUOUS - LIGHT

TURNKEY

Uncle Tony called.

Georgi chuckles.

GEORGI

I guess he spilled the beans.

TURNKEY

I don't think he is in the position to spill *anyone's* beans. I'm proud of you. Of who you are, what you've become. You don't owe me any apology. But I sense there is something else in the civilian world for you, other than counting cards at Vegas.

Georgi looks toward the ground and sees a doodlebug, as does her father.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TURNKEY

You're not being a doodlebug, are you?

GEORGI

Dad, what I've learned in the last twenty-five years or so, is that at some point in our lives, we are *all* doodlebugs.

TURNKEY

Well, that's quite the realization. Looks like my doodlebug has grown up.

GEORGI

I think we've past that milestone.

TURNKEY

It doesn't seem that long ago when we were sitting here arguing about that snakehead friend of yours.

GEORGI

Probably wasn't the smartest thing to do... feeding an Amazonian Snakehead.

TURNKEY

Oh, I don't know.

EXT. SHORELINE LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Turnkey removes raw chicken from a bag and moves it about in the water. Soon, the large jaws of the snakehead are seen slithering up to the rock where they sit. Alarmed at seeing the huge fish:

GEORGI

Woo!

TURNKEY

He doesn't do any tricks, but he hasn't eaten me either.

The snakehead's body is all below water, so his enormity is not seen. Turnkey throws the chicken up in the air and the fish swallows it in one bite. *SNAP!*

TURNKEY

It was either feed him chickens or have a lake with one snakehead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The fish slithers off, showing his huge size.

GEORGI
Gotta love nature.

They walk back to the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN TABLE - EARLY SUNSET

The table is covered in food. A large bowl of salad, corn on the cob, chickens, collard greens. They all start digging in. Tall glasses of beer are on the table.

Georgi, reaching for the chicken:

GEORGI
Hey, where's the tail?

FAHN
I'm sorry sweetie, I couldn't help myself.

GEORGI
I was looking forward to it.

Fahn gets up and surprises Georgi with a bowl of fried chicken tails.

GEORGI (CONT'D)
This is why I love this family.

Georgi pops one in her mouth. *CRUNCH.*

Laughter.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT PORCH - SUNSET

Finished with dinner, father and daughter leave the kitchen to sit on the porch rockers. The father's rocking movements are slow and relaxing while Georgi's are vigorous and strained. Her father takes notice:

TURNKEY
Going somewhere?

GEORGI
Sitting still is not one of my strong points.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TURNKEY

That's fine, Georgi. But what's the plan?

GEORGI

I don't know, dad. I think I'm having a "doodlebug" moment.

TURNKEY

Again, fine. Hang out here a couple of weeks, or however long you like. You've been in the jungle for what...

GEORGI

Three years.

TURNKEY

I'm been there, sweetheart. It is not something you want to get use to. War leaves you with a set of values you don't want to take with you when you leave the war.

Georgi nods.

TURNKEY (CONT'D)

I have an idea. Give Uncle Tony a call. See what his thoughts are. If nothing else it'll be entertaining.

GEORGI

I will.

Georgi gets up to sit on her father's lap.

GEORGI

Uncle Tony, huh? When was the last time you talked with him?

TURNKEY

He was here for mom's birthday.

GEORGI

How is mom doing? I never get the full picture with her. I always get her "poker face".

TURNKEY

She has a lump in her breast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEORGI

What? When were you going to tell me?

Georgi hustles to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

She gives her mother the cold stare.

FAHN

I'm having a Chinese herbalist over next week.

GEORGI

Oh, *please*. You need a doctor!

FAHN

He's staying the whole week. And being a prime minister's physician qualifies him.

Still not satisfied:

GEORGI

Maaaaa...

FAHN

(patronizingly)
Whaaaat...

They hug.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS LEADING TO GEORGI'S ROOM
ON THE SECOND FLOOR - 11:00 PM/THAT EVENING

Fahn shouts to Georgi going up the stairs to her room:

FAHN

Your father said to give Uncle Tony a call.

GEORGI

It's 11 o'clock. Shouldn't I wait till tomorrow?

FAHN

No, you'll catch him at home. Right before (Johnny) Carson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGI
OK, mom, thanks. Good night.

FAHN
Good night, sweetie.

Georgi enters her room.

INT. GEORGI'S ROOM

Georgi dials her uncle's telephone number: *RING*.

INT. UNCLE TONY'S LIVING ROOM

UNCLE TONY
Hello.

INT. GEORGI'S BEDROOM

Georgi, pranking him:

GEORGI
You've just won one million
dollars in a once in a lifetime
sweepstakes. That's right, you,
Tony Turkey, have just qualified
for...

Uncle Tony now realizes from the reference of "Tony Turkey" and the familiar voice that it is Georgi.

INT. UNCLE TONY'S LIVING ROOM

UNCLE TONY
Two hundred and fifty thousand
smackers. Wee doggy! Oahu called
me. He was a little upset.

INT. GEORGI'S BEDROOM

GEORGI
Actually, he took it pretty good.
There's been worse reactions.

INT. UNCLE TONY'S LIVING ROOM - TV/SOFA

UNCLE TONY
So I guess they won't be "comping"
you any time soon.

INT. GEORGI'S BEDROOM

GEORGI
I don't think so.

UNCLE TONY (V.O.)
So what's next? What's up? What
are you thinking about?

GEORGI
Honestly, Uncle Tony, I don't
know.

INT. UNCLE TONY'S LIVING ROOM - TV/SOFA

UNCLE TONY
Hmm. Well, money doesn't seem to
be a problem for you and your
father will be happy with whatever
you do, sweetie. Don't look to
please him. What do you want?

INT. GEORGI'S BEDROOM

GEORGI
I honestly don't know Uncle Tony.

INT. UNCLE TONY'S LIVING ROOM/WOMAN ON COUCH IN FRONT OF
TV.

UNCLE TONY
OK, here's is an idea. I have a
good friend who owns a limousine
company in NYC. Do some
chauffeur for a while. Get
your head together. Great way to
make connections, see the town.

INT. GEORGI'S BEDROOM

GEORGI
You know, Uncle Tony, that sounds
like a great idea. I like it!

INT. UNCLE TONY'S LIVING ROOM

UNCLE TONY

Good for you!

Uncle Tony looks through a contact book.

UNCLE TONY

The company's name is Little
Mikey's Limo Service: 212-264-
****. Ask for Cayo (KO). Tell
him who you are, and enjoy
yourself!

INT. GEORGI'S BEDROOM

GEORGI

Thanks, Uncle Tony. I'm really
excited about this!

INT. UNCLE TONY'S LIVING ROOM/WOMAN ON COUCH

The Television is playing Johnny Carson's theme song.

UNCLE TONY

You should be, it will be a lot of
fun. OK, I gotta go, Carson's
teeing off.

Uncle Tony takes a seat on the couch next to the woman.

INT. GEORGI'S BEDROOM

GEORGI

Love you.

INT. UNCLE TONY'S LIVING ROOM

UNCLE TONY

Love you more.

INT. GEORGI'S ROOM

Hanging up, Georgi is excited. She jumps on the bed and
stares at the ceiling, contemplating the adventure ahead.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT PORCH - 2 DAYS PASS/MORNING - LIGHT

Georgi exits the porch door, her father and mother follow.

TURNKEY

It sounds like fun. You won't be that far away. Same country this time. Money in your pocket.

He pulls her close and they all hug.

GEORGI

I love you guys.

Georgi pulls her mom tighter:

GEORGI (CONT'D)

And you! No secrets!

Fahn laughs.

FAHN

Remember, that goes two ways!

GEORGI

(reconsidering)
OK, maybe a few secrets.

Georgi made arrangements to be picked up by Little Mikey's Limo Service, the company referred to her by Uncle Tony.

EXT. FRONT YARD

Soon a limousine pulls up and NEWMANN, a jovial, pot bellied man in his fifties, walks to the rear of the car and takes Georgi's luggage.

Georgi enters the door held open for her and bids goodbye:

GEORGI

Love you.

FAHN AND TURKEY

Love you more.

Georgi waves from the window.

INT. LIMO/GENTLE MUSIC PLAYING

The limo driver, NEWMANN, introduces himself and confirms the destination:

NEWMANN

The Apex at 49th and 8th?

GEORGI

Perfect.

Georgi exhales and relaxes back, staring out the window.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - LIGHT - MID AFTERNOON

The car is pulling in front of The Apex, a 40 story hi-rise building above Manhattan's waterfront a few blocks from Little Mikey's Limo. The doorman opens the car door and Georgi exits.

Newmann finishes a point in their conversation:

NEWMANN

A little advice. The night shift is a different job altogether. During the day you'll get the nannies and grannies going to the doctor, the hairdresser, nail salon, shopping. But in the evening it's mostly bar work. Bigger tippers generally, but trouble.

Georgi grins and Newmann already knows her decision.

NEWMANN

I guess I won't be seeing you on the day line.

GEORGI

Probably not. Nannies and grannies? I don't know. Cleaning up baby puke? Not my gig.

NEWMANN

Ha-ha. Drunks don't vomit and there is a Santa Clause. You and Cleopatra, Georgi. "De Nile", it's a beautiful thing.

Georgi, looking up at the tall buildings:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGI

The city of lights! I want to see them, Newmann.

They hug.

NEWMANN

And you will. Have a great time.

GEORGI

Thanks.

Georgi acknowledges a bellboy and they walk to the receptionist together.

INT. THE APEX - FRONT DESK/RECEPTION

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, madame?

GEORGI

I called early this morning. Turnkey. I reserved a furnished room on the 7th floor.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes. Room 237. James, take Miss Turnkey to her room. 237.

Overhearing the conversation, a young woman comes from behind the receptionist's desk. It is BRENDA FARADAY, the manager who took Georgi's reservation. She extends her hand to Georgi:

BRENDA FARADAY

Miss Turnkey, Brenda Faraday. We spoke earlier this morning.

GEORGI

Brenda. Good to meet you.

BRENDA FARADAY

Let me go up with you.

Walking:

BRENDA FARADAY (CONT'D)

You'll like this apartment. I know you wanted something larger and when one comes up, you're in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They reach the 7th floor and walk to the room. The bellhop opens the door and leaves. Georgi and Brenda walk in.

BRENDA FARADAY (CONT'D)

It's not facing the Hudson, but not much to see there. Now, if skyscrapers are your thing...

INT. GEORGI'S APARTMENT AT THE APEX

Brenda opens up the curtains and reveals a spectacular NYC skyline.

GEORGI

Nice!

Walking about the room, Georgi notices a door with a lock on it. Georgi points to the door:

GEORGI

What?

BRENDA FARADAY

Oh, I thought you knew. The complex was a former hotel. This room, was part of a much larger suite. Behind that door was the bedroom, dining and living room.

GEORGI

Is someone living there now?

BRENDA FARADAY

Yes. She's been here only 3 months. She has a monthly lease so, you might get lucky. If you want a larger apartment that would be it. But it is still not the 2 bedroom that you were looking for.

GEORGI

Well, maybe something will come along.

Brenda exits the apartment. Georgi takes in the view.

GEORGI

Nice.

DISSOLVE TO: NEXT
MORNING

INT. BATHROOM

Georgi checks herself in the mirror, making a *SMACKING SOUND* with her lips.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Before leaving, Georgi eyes the door leading to the adjacent apartment. Curious, she walks to the door and gently unlocks her side. Opening it, she hears a BARRY MANILOW SONG FAINTLY PLAYING: "*I write the songs that make the whole world sing...*" She closes her eyes and rocks to the beat, lost in the moment.

Suddenly, the door opens and a young woman peeks in, startling Georgi. It is JACKELINE, a vivacious call girl.

GEORGI

I'm sorry, I, I... love Barry Manilow.

JACKELINE

New tenant?

GEORGI

Uh-huh.

JACKELINE

(confidentially)
Didn't they tell you?

GEORGI

Tell me what?

JACKELINE

There was a double suicide in there last month.

GEORGI

What!?

JACKELINE

I'm only fuccin' with you.
(introducing herself)
Jackeline, "Jackie". Come on in.

Caught off guard by her comment, Georgi mumbles her name in return and enters the apartment. Both doors are left open.

INT. JACKELINE'S APARTMENT

Jackeline's room is bright and tastefully furnished by the hotel. The girls sit on cushy chairs facing each other.

JACKELINE

What brings you into the city?

GEORGI

How do you know I'm not *from* the city?

Chewing gum, Jackeline's crossed legs are pumping up and down provocatively.

JACKELINE

In my line of business it's an asset if you can spot an "out-of-towner".

Georgi feels uncomfortable with Jackeline's bravado and motions to stand up.

JACKELINE

By the way, you can have it if you want it.

Georgi leans into Jackeline:

GEORGI

What? Want what?

JACKELINE

This apartment.

GEORGI

How do you know I want your apartment?

JACKELINE

I don't know. Grandma called me: "el que sabe".

GEORGI

"The one who knows".

JACKELINE

You speak Spanish?

Georgi disregarding:

GEORGI

What do you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKELINE

They are just hunches, most of the time. But sometimes... we're more transparent than we think, is all I'm saying. I see through the veil of life's illusion, one might say.

Jackeline, lighting a cigarette:

JACKELINE (CONT'D)

What do you want it for? You're connecting the two apartments?

GEORGI

Yes.

Jackeline stands, showcasing the apartment.

JACKELINE

Lotta space. You hide a lot inside you. Which is fine. But at some point you're going to have to open up, if you want that special someone (Jackeline air quotes "someone") to come into your life.

Georgi is feeling vulnerable. Someone sees through her.

JACKELINE (CONT'D)

I'm planning to leave in two months. What will you do with 2 apartments?

GEORGI

Jackeline, I honestly don't know at the moment. But I need space. I always did.

JACKELINE

I understand.

Jackeline walks to a desk, reaches for a business card and hands it to Georgi.

JACKELINE (CONT'D)

You've got skills. If you ever need *mine*, call me.

Georgi takes the card and gets up.

GEORGI

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They walk to the adjoining door. Georgi walks into her apartment, while Jackeline continues to peek through the closing door.

JACKELINE

I won't close mine if you won't close yours?

Georgi, hesitating:

GEORGI

Nay, close it. You freaked me out with the suicide joke.

Jackeline laughs and they close their doors. Shouting through the closed door:

JACKELINE (V.O.)

Call me if you need me!

GEORGI

I will!

INT. GEORGI'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Georgi eyes the business card: Jackeline Bulla: Spiritual Assistant - "You don't know what you don't know."

GEORGI

Truer words were never spoken.

DISSOLVE TO: NEXT
MORNING

EXT. CAB COMPANY

Georgi is looking up at the building and walks in.

DISSOLVE TO:
LITTLE MIKEY'S
LIMO/MANAGER'S
OFFICE - GEORGI AND
THE MANAGER ARE
EXITING THE OFFICE.

INT. MIKE'S LIMO - MANAGER'S OFFICE

ALBY DRISCOLL, has his arm over Georgi's shoulder and they walk together to an open promenade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALBY DRISCOLL

If you're Tony Turkey's niece, say
no more.

Together they are looking down at the ground floor, busy with drivers who are beginning and ending their shifts.

Gripping the arm rail, Driscoll bellows down to the drivers:

DRISCOLL

(heavy Bronx accent)
Hey, stunads! This is Tony
Turkey's niece. Georgi Turkey.

Hearing the "Turkey" reference, Georgi waves her hands in protest:

GEORGI

(to Driscoll)
No, no, it's *TURN*key... *TURN*...
(seeing the futility)

DRISCOLL

(to the drivers)
So behave yourselves.
(to Georgi)
Don't worry they never listen to
me.

Georgi goes down the stairs to mingle with the drivers as Driscoll from above yells down to her:

DRISCOLL

Tomorrow night. 7 o'clock!

She acknowledges Driscoll and continues down the stairs to the drivers, all eager to meet Tony "Turkey's" niece.

DISSOLVE TO:
GEORGI, WALKING
INTO HER APARTMENT,
THAT AFTERNOON

INT. GEORGI'S APARTMENT

Georgi bends to pick up an envelope slipped under her door. Keys slide from the opened envelope. Scripted on the envelope: Things change quickly, sometimes very quickly. Good luck. Call anytime. Till we meet again, Jackeline.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Georgi walks through the door leading to Jackeline's apartment and looks about.

INT. JACKELINE'S APARTMENT

The apartment is noticeably absent of the personal effects. Many kitchen items remain on the shelves.

A scripted note is left on the kitchen table: Help yourself. Whatever is here, is yours. J

DING DONG. Georgi walks to answer the door. It is Brenda Faraday, the building manager.

GEORGI

Brenda!

Acknowledging Jackeline's quick, but convenient departure:

BRENDA FARADAY

Things move quick in this city, don't they?

GEORGI

So far, that would be a "yes".

BRENDA FARADAY

A lot of space. Should I be worried?

GEORGI

(playfully)
If you like.

BRENDA FARADAY

You're not going to tell me, are you?

GEORGI

Probably not.

BRENDA FARADAY

I'll write up the lease. It will be a standard one year, unless you want a monthly?

GEORGI

Yearly is fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENDA FARADAY

We'll get the painters in tomorrow, for whatever you need. Is the furniture OK?

GEORGI

Have them take it out. I'll do some shopping.

BRENDA FARADAY

Sure.

Walking Brenda to the door:

BRENDA FARADAY (CONT'D)

Lotta space.

Georgi, closing the door:

GEORGI

Thank you, Brenda...

Georgi walks about the apartment. It has a large bedroom with living and dining rooms and a spacious kitchen that is colorful and bright.

She nods her head happily:

GEORGI (CONT'D)

I'm gonna to like this.

DISSOLVE TO: THREE
MONTHS PASS

INT. LIMO SERVICE/ GARAGE - LIGHT/MORNING

Georgi drives her to the mechanic's work area and approaches the lead mechanic, LOUIE.

GEORGI

Still has the same problem, Louie.

LOUIE

You told me the right wheel bearing. I replaced it!

Georgi walks Louie to the front of the car.

GEORGI

Point to the right wheel, Louie.

Louie points to the left wheel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGI
That's the *left* wheel!

Only slightly embarrassed:

LOUIE
It probably needed replacing
anyway.

GEORGI
Ya' think? Don't be afraid to
throw a set of wiper blades on.
And dare I ask for a wheel
alignment?

LOUIE
Hey, don't get crazy.

Georgi slaps money in Louie's hand.

LOUIE
Thank you, Georgi. Tomorrow.

GEORGI
Right wheel bearing. And wipers!

Louie smiles:

LOUIE
And wipers.

FADE TO: THAT
EVENING

INT. GEORGI'S APARTMENT

The two apartments are now fully functional with
Jackeline's apartment being used solely for her computer
needs. Large monitors are suspended from the ceiling.

With closed eyes, Georgi is typing, accessing information
still fresh in her photographic memory.

COMPUTER SCREEN: SATELLITE SURVEILLANCE DATA

Aerial surveillance data appears on the monitor. She is
about to hit the return key when the apartment door:
BUZZ. It is a delivery boy. Georgi opens the door and
playfully admonishes him:

GEORGI
You're late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DELIVERY BOY

The order said "7 PM."

Georgi points to her watch.

GEORGI

It's 7:05.

DELIVERY BOY

We're Chinese takeout, not NASA.

Georgi smiles and takes the food.

GEORGI

Xie xie.

DELIVERY BOY

(confused)

What?

GEORGI

Xie xie. It means "thank you" in Mandarin.

DELIVERY BOY

I'm Puerto Rican.

GEORGI

Gracias.

DELIVERY BOY

Just for the record...

Georgi interrupts:

GEORGI

You don't speak Spanish.

The boy nods agreement and Georgi shows him a \$100 bill.

GEORGI (CONT'D)

You speak "Benjamin"?

DELIVERY BOY

Ab... so... *lutely*.

Georgi puts the food on the kitchen table and returns to the computer. It prompts for a reply to enable her access to the Top Secret site. She hesitates:

GEORGI

(to herself)

Not so fast, Georgi girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Fearing they would have the ability to trace her whereabouts, Georgi closes the interaction and walks to the dining room.

Opening a bottle of wine she contemplates an idea.

DISSOLVE TO: THE
FOLLOWING AFTERNOON

EXT. NYC STREET - DAY

Georgi exits a yellow cab in front of a NYC public library wearing a large brimmed hat and sunglasses.

INT. NYC LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Walking into the library, she sits at a public computer and accesses the classified *satellite surveillance data*. She is prompted for a password. Mindful of the security breach, Georgi enters the password and prepares to leave.

Georgi makes an aerial surveillance inquiry and the monitor *FLASHES: INPUT TARGET COORDINATES*. Georgi inputs random coordinates.

Satisfied she has tested the agency's ability to track the hacking, Georgi quickly signs off, exits the library, and hails a cab.

INT. YELLOW CAB

To the cabbie:

GEORGI

East Side. But pull over a second down the block, I just want to make sure of the address. You can start the clock.

The driver acknowledges, starts the meter, and pulls to the curb about 100 feet from the library. A few moments pass and police sirens are faintly heard.

Through the mirror in her makeup case Georgi sees unmarked cars coming towards the library in quick succession. The cab driver is only mildly concerned about the activity and does not draw a connection between Georgi and the police.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGI (CONT'D)

You can pull out, I don't want you
to get stuck here.

Unmarked cars with lights flashing hastily pull up to the
library.

The cab leaves the scene and drops Georgi at her limo
company several blocks away.

INT. MIKEY'S LIMO/OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Georgi walks past MARIE, a dispatcher:

GEORGI

Marie, I'm going to start a little
earlier today.

MARIE

Sure, let me know when you're "in
the seat."

GEORGI

Yep.

INT. LIMO

Georgi in her limo, sits thinking for a moment, then
drives from the garage.

EXT. P.O.V. GARAGE EXIT - LIMO DEPARTING

DISSOLVE TO:
GOVERNMENT AGENTS
WALKING OUT OF THE
LIBRARY.

EXT. LIBRARY ENTRANCE (GEORGI JUST LEFT) - CONTINUOUS

Two suited men stand at the library's entrance.

AGENT

What do you think we have here,
"Cap", another high school genius?

Captain JOHN DISSER is a no nonsense career agent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN DISSER

No, don't think so, Mike. We were being tested. He was around here, waiting for us... somewhere.

AGENT

You want to leave a couple of cars?

CAPTAIN DISSER

Nay, he's gone. He wanted our response time. He got it. We gotta be a little faster next time.

AGENT

You think there's going to be a next time?

CAPTAIN DISSER

You know, most smokers never quit smoking. They just have longer times between puffs. There is always a "next time".

As they are about to get in the car:

AGENT

I'm going to have a cigarette.

CAPTAIN DISSER

How long has it been?

AGENT

3 days.

CAPTAIN DISSER

That's what I'm talking about.

The captain gets in the passenger side while the agent drives.

EXT. POLICE CAR DRIVING OFF P.O.V. LIBRARY ENTRANCE

CAPTAIN DISSER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Except not in the car.

Smoke bellows from the driver's side window as it pulls from the curb.

CAPTAIN DISSER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I said not in the freaking car!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT (V.O.)

Want one?

Surrendering to his habit:

CAPTAIN DISSER (V.O.)

Yeah, give me a freaking
cigarette.

The car speeds up.

DISSOLVE TO: LATER
THAT EVENING.

INT. GEORGI'S LIMO - DARK

Georgi is on break, drinking coffee in her limo. An Asian couple approach the window and gently knock on the top of the car: *TAP, TAP*.

ASIAN MAN

On duty?

Georgi opens her window to address the man:

GEORGI

I am, but I don't pick up on the street. I'm dispatched, with a \$50 minimum.

The man takes a \$100 bill from his pocket.

ASIAN MAN

We're going to the Roxy. Our Limo is back there. Flat tire.

GEORGI

Sure, hop in.

Georgi begins driving.

ASIAN WOMAN

(to her man friend)

Piàoliang. Wèn ta shìfou xihuan nuhái. Yàzhou de. (Pretty. Ask her if she likes girls. Asian ones).

The man laughs.

ASIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

Nín zhàn shàng bàn bǔfèn, ér wo zhàn xià bàn bǔfèn.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

(You take the top half and I'll
take the bottom half).

Georgi, understanding the dialect, laughs. The man takes
notice and whispers to the woman:

ASIAN MAN

She understands us.

She waves the man off in disbelief.

ASIAN WOMAN

(demonstratively to
Georgi)

Shuohuà de nuren.

(speak woman).

GEORGI

"*Speak woman?*" Did I just time
travel?

Impressed by Georgi's knowledge of the language:

ASIAN WOMAN

It's not everyday an American
woman, driving a cab, understands
a dialect used only by a small
coastal village.

GEORGI

It's only spoken by a few because
it has 39 words for fish.

ASIAN WOMAN

The Eskimos have 50 words for
snow!

GEORGI

The Scots have 400 for snow!

ASIAN WOMAN

What!?

GEORGI

400! I'm not kidding.

ASIAN WOMAN

400 for snow? The Scots!? What's
up with that?

GEORGI

Yeah, I know! Apparently, you
open a bottle of Scotch and snow
becomes fascinating!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The two girls laugh, but the man, not so much. They continue small talk and make a bond. Reaching the hotel the man gets out, the women, however, remain.

ASIAN WOMAN

(to Georgi)

Let's go for a drink. Around the corner there is a small cafe. Just a chat. It will be fun. I don't get out often and I suspect, you don't either.

GEORGI

Sounds good.

The man continues walking to the hotel and acknowledges the woman's departure with a wave. Georgi and the woman continue driving to the cafe.

INT. CAFE - A MOMENT PASSES - DIMLY LIT

The girls take a spot to sit, as a waitress signals she'll be right over.

ASIAN WOMAN

By the way, my name is Jia.

GEORGI

Jia. "Auspicious". I like it.

Jia, flabbergasted by Georgi's knowledge of language:

ASIAN WOMAN

OK, that's it, how did you know that? I mean, how did you learn to speak Chinese? And, *clearly*, very well.

GEORGI

Hold up the menu. The other way.

Jia turns the menu so Georgi can read the food items. Holding it up, Georgi's photographic memory takes it all in. In a moment, Georgi has memorized it and waves the menu off.

GEORGI (CONT'D)

OK, ask me about it.

JIA

About what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGI

About the menu, silly.

Jia looks it over.

JIA

OK, what's in the Cobb salad?

GEORGI

Ah, good choice, but, frankly, predictable ingredients: chopped salad greens, tomato, crisp bacon, boiled, grilled or roasted chicken breast, hard-boiled eggs, avocado, chives, Roquefort cheese, and red-wine vinaigrette. Created not by Robert Cobb, who was the restaurateur, but by Paul J. Posti, who worked for Mr. Cobb in the kitchen.

Georgi takes a sip of water and grimaces.

GEORGI (CONT'D)

That last bit of information, about Mr. Posti inventing the salad, I got off a menu in Texas. Which leads me to observe, it could have been called the Posti Salad, putting to rest everyone's expectation of finding corn in the Cobb Salad, an ingredient everyone, surprisingly, neglects. But maybe the Posti Salad sounds a little too "breakfasty". Don't you think Mr. Cobb could have been a little more generous and given the honors to Mr. Posti?

JIA

I'm impressed, *and* hungry. I'm getting the Cobb Salad!

GEORGI

You can't. The kitchen is closed.

JIA

Damn, you're good!

Georgi points to the notice directly in front of Jia:
KITCHEN CLOSES AT 8 PM.

They laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEORGI

Sometimes things are easier than they seem.

JIA

Apparently.

Georgi extends her hand to Jia:

GEORGI

Georgi, or Georgette. But that's not happening.

JIA

Yeah, I don't see you as a Georgette. So, what's your background? I'm guessing Russian spy.

GEORGI

Hardly, my father was Special Operations for the Army. They expected a son, hence, "Georgi", after his father. I didn't have dolls, but I was able to disassemble and assemble a Luger by the time I was 10. 84 seconds was my record.

Georgi sips her water and looks about for the waitress.

JIA

Why would a father teach his daughter weaponry... used by the SS?

GEORGI

Just for record, most of the SS used the Browning Hi-Power. Which is a cinch to take apart. The Luger? *That* was a challenge.

JIA

You didn't want any dolls?

GEORGI

I had dolls! GI Joe, the Hulk, Wonder Woman.

JIA

You know what I'm saying Georgi.

GEORGI

I suspect we both took the same road.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GEORGI (CONT'D)
Neither of us are going to be
soccer moms. Is that what you
wanted to be?

Jia shakes her head "no".

GEORGI (CONT'D)
Well, neither did I.

WAITRESS
Whadya' get?

Jia and Georgi's eyes meet and they turn to the waitress:

BOTH
Tequila.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAFE - 1 HOUR LATER

Jia and Georgi are laughing as Georgi finishes a story:

GEORGI
So I said to him, "call me
'Turkey' one more time. Just one
more freaking time!"

JIA
What'd he do?

GEORGI
He called me "Turkey".

JIA
No! What did *you* do?

Georgi leans in. Both notice a large bug crawling
between them on the table. Georgi eyes the bug.

GEORGI
I squashed him.

Georgi comes down mercilessly on the bug with her hand.
Both girls groan, feigning disgust:

GEORGI/JIA
Ugh.

Taking a clean napkin from the adjoining table Georgi
wipes the squashed bug from her hand and places the
napkin neatly back on the prepared table with the bug
smeared in it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Georgi and Jia get up from the table and both reach into their pockets to pay. Georgi stops Jia's hand, and tosses several bills on the table.

WAITRESS
(seeing the bills)
Thanks guys.

As Georgi and Jia get up to leave, two women sit at the prepared table with the dirty napkin. One of the women takes the napkin (with the bug) and uses it to clean her face, leaving the bug, unbeknownst to her, dangling from her cheek. Her friend seeing the bug, motions to the woman's face.

Taking out a mirror the woman sees the dead bug smeared on her cheek. Both scream:

WOMEN CUSTOMERS
Ah!

EXT. STREET P.O.V INSIDE CAFE

Leaving the cafe, Georgi and Jia vaguely hear the screams.

JIA
That was fun. I haven't done that
in awhile.

GEORGI
Smearing a bug on a napkin?

JIA
Well, that too.

Jia points to Georgi's parked cab:

JIA
How long are you going to do that?

GEORGI
Till something better, or more fun
comes along.

JIA
I think I have something that's
both. Let's talk tomorrow. I
have some ideas.

GEORGI
Sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIA

Great. I'll have a driver pick you up at noon. Text me your address.

GEORGI

Will do.

JIA

See you then.

Georgi calls her Limo company for a lift.

INT. MIKE'S LIMO/DISPATCHER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MARIE/DISPATCHER

Mike's Limo.

EXT. NYC STREET

GEORGI

Marie, this is Georgi. You're still there?

INT. MIKE'S LIMO

MARIE

No rest for the wicked. How bout' you? Tough night out?

EXT. NYC STREET

GEORGI

Yeah, I need a ride back to my castle. I'm at George's Cafe on 6th ave.

MARIE (V.O.)

Rocco is 10 minutes from you. Sit tight.

GEORGI

Thanks, Marie.

MARIE (V.O.)

See you tomorrow night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGI

Sure.

DISSOLVE TO: NEXT
DAY.

INT. GEORGI'S APARTMENT - NOON - LIGHT

While looking at the NYC skyline the door bell rings. Walking to the door she peeks through the viewer and sees an Asian man dressed in black. Assuming it is her driver, she opens the door.

GEORGI

Why didn't the doorman ring you
up...

The man throws a punch at Georgi and she blocks it. After a long fight Georgi's "assailant" succumbs.

Georgi pulls a fire extinguisher from the wall and holds it against the man's head. Exhausted by the fight, the man lamely protests:

ASIAN MAN

That's not fair.

GEORGI

Yes it is. I'm a girl.

Georgi knocks him unconscious. Georgi sees another man walking up the stairs towards her.

GEORGI (CONT'D)

Who are you?

MAN

Your driver.

They both look to the man on the floor.

GEORGI

Who's he?

MAN

Your job application.

GEORGI

What happened to resumes?

BEATEN MAN

(moaning)
Ugh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Both turn to see the man shaking his head, regaining consciousness. Georgi and man resume walking.

EXT. NYC STREET

A car is parked in front of the building and the man opens the door for her.

INT. LIMO/DRIVING

The man, while driving:

MAN

Jia doesn't run the company. I wish she did, I'm her brother.

GEORGI

That would be a good reason.

MAN

That's not the reason she *should* be running the company. She's smart, fair, and relentless. My name is Hai. In Chinese it means...

Interrupting:

GEORGI

The "sea". Where did you go to grammar school, Hai?

HAI

New York City.

Sensing he was bullied:

GEORGI

Gym class must have been a bitch.

Hai animates a karate chop, displaying skill in martial arts.

HAI

Not for me.

Hai is concerned Georgi doesn't know what she's getting into and attempts to make her aware.

HAI

You don't know anything about this company, do you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGI

Going by the "job application"
it's clear you don't make girl
scout cookies.

HAI

No, we don't. 80% of Chinese
imports move through this company.

GEORGI

That's a lot of money.

HAI

Yes, it is. More importantly, it
is a lot of money no one knows
about. Getting the picture?

Hai is cautiously suggesting that the company is a money
laundering front.

GEORGI

I get the picture.

Georgi looks out the window, pensively.

DISSOLVE TO:
3 MONTHS LATER.

INT. JIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Georgi is walking into Jia's office smartly dressed,
waving a stack of unbound papers.

GEORGI

I can't do this anymore, Jia. You
are passing 3 billion dollars
through a 2 million dollar
company.

JIA

Make it look good.

GEORGI

Jia, it's a toothpick company!

JIA

We do love our toothpicks. Relax,
you're not signing off on
anything, I am!

Georgi conceding:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGI

OK, I just want you to know, in a legitimate accounting this will stand out like "dog's balls."

JIA

Did you just say "dog's balls?"

GEORGI

Yes, I did.

Jia waves the comment off:

JIA

Whatever... there is not going to be a legitimate accounting. We pay a lot of people, a lot of money, for that *not* to happen.

GEORGI

I just want you to know how you're money is being spent.

JIA

I'm very happy how our money is being spent. By the way, that is a *wonderful* outfit.

Happy to change the subject, Georgi turns around to model it:

GEORGI

Not too Republican?

JIA

No, Independent, maybe. It's adorable. Let's get drunk tonight.

GEORGI

I'm sorry. I've got a tough boss, no can do.

JIA

I'm your boss.

GEORGI

(conceding)
Purple Monkey? 8 o'clock?

JIA

You got it.

DISSOLVE TO BAR

INT. PURPLE MONKEY BAR - LATER THAT EVENING

Jia and Georgi are sitting at a table as JESSICA, the waitress, approaches.

GEORGI

Two Purple Monkeys, Jess. Double
mine up with 2 shots of gin...
and... who's behind the bar?

JESSICA

"Shorty".

GEORGI

Tell "Shorty" to go the extra mile
and shake up the freaking grape
juice container.

JESSICA

I shall impart this message, but
accept no responsibility as to its
implementation.

GEORGI

How's law school coming along?

Jessica stares blindly at Georgi.

GEORGI (CONT'D)

"Implementation" is not a word
waitresses normally use. It was a
joke. Take a deep breath.

WAITRESS

Right.

The waitress leaves and Georgi turns to Jia:

GEORGI

So how's the kid?

JIA

She's a kid. Adorable. We were
all adorable as kids. Even you.

GEORGI

I was never referred to as
adorable.

JIA

Oh, that's right, Ms. GI Joe.

GEORGI

Hey, I didn't ask for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIA

You sure about that?

Georgi, feigning laughter:

GEORGI

Ha! Do not lay on me, past life, reincarnation, "I came here to save the planet", free will versus pre-destination, alien walk in, parallel universe, alternate time lines, flat earth, astral plane, Were Wolf, Star Wars actually happened, bullshit... Pa-lease!

Jia shakes Georgi's comment off.

GEORGI (CONT'D)

How's the kid? Seriously.

JIA

Seriously? At some point I am going to have to pull back from the family operations and become a full-time mom.

GEORGI

Can that really happen?

JIA

Not without a problem.

GEORGI

Why do I have a funny feeling this is where I come in?

JIA

Not exactly, but you may be able to reduce the pain. But anyone outside of the family will never be allowed access the core of the business.

GEORGI

So, what's the plan?

JIA

Getting out will never be easy. It is, however, doable.

Georgi squints, doubting it.

JIA (CONT'D)

Shut up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEORGI

I didn't say anything!

JIA

Oh, please. Let's just get drunk.

GEORGI

Yes, boss.

Jessica comes to the table with the drinks and flips her pad over to take their food order.

GEORGI (CONT'D)

A bucket of fried Chicken ass,
Jess, and a basket of waffle
fries.

JESSICA

(sarcastically)

You want a side order of grease
with that?

Georgi and Jia with deadpan faces.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Some people find that hysterical.

Still deadpan:

JIA

This is a woman who takes her
grease very seriously, Jess.

Jessica shrugs and walks to the kitchen.

JIA (CONT'D)

I don't know what sounds less
appetizing: Purple Monkey or
bucket of chicken ass. By the
way, I can't believe you got them
to put fried chicken ass on the
menu.

GEORGI

It's their biggest mover. They
can't fry enough of them.

JIA

I can't think of a better way of
impressing a date: "One bucket of
fried chicken ass, please." By
the way where do you buy chicken
ass, and what happened to the rest
of him... her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GEORGI

When you eat a chicken's leg do you wonder what happened to the rest of him? I don't care what happened to the rest of him, it is none of my business... nor should it be yours. Focus on the accounting.

JIA

I refuse to focus on anything else besides getting drunk... and chicken butt.

The waitress brings the chicken and Georgi takes a piece before it is placed on the table.

GEORGI

There is a God. And She likes me.

DISSOLVE TO: NEXT
DAY

INT. JIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Georgi is walking into Jia's office while the head manager, Jia's uncle, Oji, is out of control from a drug induced rage. The bodyguards back away, knowing he can not be consoled.

Georgi sees that Jia is in danger and attempts to intervene. Her eyes meet Jia's as Georgi is pushed out by the guards and the door is being slammed shut.

Oji takes a gun from a bodyguard's holster and shoots Jia: *BANG!* Hearing the shot, Georgi kicks the door open wider, to see Jia slumped on the floor, in blood.

Georgi removes two pistols from her hip holsters and fires while backing out of the office. Hitting two bodyguards in the head Georgi continues shooting as she exits.

Georgi fires her weapons at Oji. A woman blocks the bullets with a metal plate: *PING! PING!* Every bullet Georgi fires is expertly blocked by the woman.

Georgi runs from the office as the woman takes daggers from her waist belt and throws them at Georgi. Georgi senses a dagger coming towards her and ducks.

INT. OFFICE HALL

Georgi dodges all the bullets. Returning fire she aims at the holes in the room dividers from whence the bullets came. But again, the woman blocks the bullets with a metal pan: *PING, PING*. Georgi then goes automatic. Two bullets are coming towards the woman and she is forced to take one bullet as a flesh wound. The woman slumps against a desk and Georgi continues her escape.

Entering an elevator, Georgi uses an emergency key and quickly reaches the basement.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING/PARKING LEVEL

Exiting the elevator Georgi blocks the doors from closing with an ash tray stand and hustles to her personal ride in the garage that day: a 32 CHEVY HI BOY.

GEORGI

The one freaking day I take the
hot rod.

Georgi hops in the Hot Rod and does a smoking burnout.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GEORGI'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - FRONT ENTRANCE

Jumping the curb, she parks in front of her building complex, runs into the lobby, enters the stairwell, and runs up the 7 flights of stairs to her apartment.

INT. GEORGI'S APARTMENT

Georgi goes through a pre-arranged evacuation plan: flipping switches; grabbing a backpack. She then enters the adjoining apartment (Jackeline's) and bolts the door. Georgi's apartment is monitored and she views it from this adjoining room.

Georgi opens a closet and dons a firemen's coat and hat.

The monitor soon shows several men entering Georgi's apartment. Georgi activates a switch that locks the doors and windows in that apartment.

Georgi is watching the monitor, and she flips a switch, activating the release of a sleeping agent. The men fall unconscious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Georgi goes to her computer takes several memory sticks from a secured box and turns on a timer. A 3 minute countdown begins.

Disguised in the fireman's coat, Georgi throws a FAKE BODY over her shoulders and opens the door. She throws SMOKE GRENADES into the hall, triggering the alarm and sprinkler system.

INT. GEORGI'S APARTMENT HALLWAY

Georgi hustles down the stairs in fireman's guise unquestioned and exits the garage. Discarding the gear, she rides off on a MOTORCYCLE and escapes with the clothes on her back and essential computer information.

INT. GEORGI'S APARTMENT

The timer reaches the final second and SPARKS BURST through both of Georgi's apartments, destroying all documents.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DRIVING/MOTORCYCLE - SUNSET - MOMENTS
LATER

Georgi driving on a motorcycle into a sunset. She takes a cautionary look over her shoulders.

FADE IN: MONTHS
LATER

INT. LARGE LOFT-LIKE ROOM - EVENING

Georgi is typing into a computer as Barry Manilow plays in the background. The apartment is spacious: computers, firearms, closets of beautiful (unworn) clothes and shoes. We get a sense of the self-imposed isolation Georgi creates.

The computer chimes an incoming call from DETECTIVE AARGO KANSAS.

GEORGI
Yes, go ahead.

INT. PARKED CAR - DARK

The silhouette of a man at a computer's monitor. He holds a bloodied handkerchief.

DETECTIVE AARGO KANSAS

I have a fingerprint I'd like you
to run.

FADE OUT.

THE END