

THE FINGER

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EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A Catholic Priest, FATHER LEAHY (bald, sixties), presides. He speaks over the action.

FATHER LEAHY

Give to us now your grace, that as we shrink before the mystery of death, we may see the light of eternity. Help us to live as those who are prepared to die.

A dozen beautiful and elegantly dressed forty-ish women tearfully grieve. In contrast to this, CLEO PARKER-ALLEN STEINMETZ, the veiled widow in her late-forties, sheds no tears.

HELGA, early forties, stands close to CLEO. When Helga puts her arm around her, Cleo abruptly frees herself.

Father Leahy has finished. He nods to Cleo, who gathers a handful of soil. She stares down into the grave for a moment, then throws the soil into the grave with the velocity of a major league pitch. There's an audible GASP from the mourners.

EXT. CEMETERY PARKING LOT

Attendees are getting into their cars; a hearse drives away.

Cleo and Helga approach Helga's Mercedes. Helga opens the drivers side.

HELGA

It was a beautiful service, Cleo.

Cleo enters the passenger side. No comment.

INT. HELGA'S CAR - LATER

Helga stops in front of Cleo's apartment building.

Helga pats Cleo's hand.

CLEO

Stop.

Helga withdraws her hand.

HELGA

(unbuckling her seat belt)
Would you like me to come up --

CLEO

-- No.

CLYDE, the doorman, approaches. Cleo raises her hand to stop him from opening her door.

There's an uncomfortable silence. Cleo finally turns to look at Helga.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Helga. I know you fucked my husband.

HELGA

I --

CLEO

-- don't.

Cleo opens her car door, flashes Helga a killing look, then leaves the car.

HELGA

Cleo, we only did it twice, I swear. No, wait -- three times, but --

The car door SLAMS shut.

EXT. CLEO'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Cleo approaches the entrance. Clyde holds the door open for her. She stops.

INT. HELGA'S CAR

Helga, crying, attempts to enter traffic. On-coming cars HONK. She breaks hard, stopping her car partially in the path of busy traffic.

EXT. CLEO'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Hearing the SCREECH of tires, Cleo turns to see Helga's car in traffic.

INT. HELGA'S CAR

Through the passenger window, Helga sees Cleo flipping her off.

EXT. CLEO'S APARTMENT BUILDING

A large truck slams into Helga's car tossing it into thick traffic where it is hit several times, spinning it around. Helga's limp and bloody body hangs from her shattered windshield.

Cleo stares in disbelief.

CLEO
For God's sake . . .

Then after a brief standoff with her building, she enters.

INT. DOOR TO CLEO'S APARTMENT

Cleo places a key in the lock; she remembers:

FLASHBACK

Cleo, in exercise togs, opens the door to her apartment. Upon entering she hears sounds of people having sex. She peers around the corner of the foyer into the living room and sees her husband, BOB, early 50's, with a very young woman, CHRISSY. They do not see her.

Cleo moves into Bob's view at the end of the sofa. He jolts back.

CHRISSY
What, baby?

BOB
Oh, fuck. What can I say?

Cleo shoots him a bird. He dies on Chrissy. Cleo is shocked. She lifts his arm, checks his pulse, then coldly:

CLEO
Honey, he's all yours.

She allows his limp arm to drop. Chrissy screams.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. CLEO'S BEDROOM

Cleo speed dials.

CLEO
Hey Lady. Call your little sister.
She's a widow.

Cleo removes mourning clothes. She speed dials again. As she speaks with her lawyer, TURNER FITCH (late forties), she pours a Scotch. Turner has a strong Southern accent and often exaggerates it.

CLEO (CONT'D)
Turner! Cleo Parker-Allen here.

TURNER
(V.O.)
Cleo. Dear, dear Cleo, how in God's glorious hell are you, darlin'?

CLEO
Turner, how the hell do you think I am?

INT. TURNER FITCH'S OFFICE

TURNER
Insensitive question, so sorry.
Hang on a sec.

Turner closes a porn site on his computer. He starts to pull up his pants, but changes his mind.

TURNER (CONT'D)
OK. Back. How was the funeral?
Was that today?

INT. CLEO'S APARTMENT

CLEO
I want to expedite all the crap,
all the damn crap, you know, assets
cashed in, liabilities paid off,
all that stuff. Your our lawyer --
can you do that for me?

INT. TURNER FITCH'S OFFICE

TURNER
Darlin', ole Turner will do most
anything for ya'.

Silence.

TURNER (CONT'D)
Cleo? Cleo, you still on the line?

CLEO (V.O.)
I want you . . .

He waits.

TURNER
Uh, was that an incomplete sentence?

CLEO (V.O.)
No.

TURNER
Be there in a jiffy.

Turner ends the call, springs into action pulling up his pants and rushing to leave simultaneously. He falls.

INT. CLEO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In bed. Turner, who is working hard, sports a bandage on his brow. Cleo appears unmoved by his efforts.

CLEO
. . . and I found panties, not mine, mind you. Cheap panties! In one of my shoes, in my closet, a Christian Louboutin. Cheap panties! On our anniversary.

TURNER
Is that good?

CLEO
Finding panties?

TURNER
No, do you like what I'm doing?

CLEO
It's fine, Turner -- and the day Bob died was my birthday -- did you know that?! He was schtupping some kid on my sofa on my birthday! And then today, a hoard -- yes, hoard of shameless women Bob had screwed shows up for his -- Get off me.

He sits next to her.

TURNER
I wasn't done yet.

CLEO
Can't you do that later?

TURNER
Good Lord. You mean finish at home?

CLEO
If you don't mind.

TURNER
(examining his palm)
With Rosie Palm?

CLEO
What?

TURNER
You're sending me home to Rosie
Palm?

Cleo squeals with delight.

CLEO
I haven't heard that expression
since Ole Miss!

TURNER
Well, I can tell you I've had many
a date with Rosie since our days in
Oxford, and now when I finally git
you nekkid again . . .

CLEO
May I ask a personal question?

TURNER
I don't see why not.

CLEO
Why didn't you ever marry? Someone?

TURNER
Because someone took off to New
York City after graduation and got
hitched up with a rich asshole
named Bob Steinmetz.

CLEO
Really? Turner, I don't want to
feel awkward about that right now.

TURNER
(embracing her)
Okie-dokey.

CLEO
 (freeing herself)
 I want to drop the asshole's name
 and go back to Parker-Allen.

TURNER
 Yes ma-yam.

CLEO
 I want to go back and start over in
 so many ways. I had promise,
 didn't I?

TURNER
 Absolutely, you had promise.

CLEO
 Promise of what? What is it I was
 meant to do? What is my raison
 d'etre?

TURNER
 Be careful of what you ask a naked
 man, my dear. Especially in French.

She kisses him and then explores his palm.

CLEO
 So this is Rosie.

TURNER
 Oh, yes, and she has stories to
 tell that would curl your eyelashes
 don't you Rosie girl?

Turner runs his hand from his face down his chest and under
 the covers.

TURNER (CONT'D)
 Rosie! Naughty, naughty Rosie!
 Darlin' what are you doin' down
 there!?

Cleo laughs; they cuddle. She imitates how he says "There."

CLEO
 "They-yah." Why after all these
 years, do you still have that
 accent?

TURNER
 Practice. You lost your accent,
 because you didn't practice!

(MORE)

TURNER (CONT'D)

Cleo, darlin', the way I talk has made my career up here in Yankee Land, and when I tell folks I grew up in Chicken Bone, Miss-ippi, they go crazy for me.

Cleo giggles.

TURNER (CONT'D)

And when I cry . . .

CLEO

Cry?

TURNER

I almost always find somthin' to cry about when things aren't goin' my way, and when a client or judge, opposing counsel sees a big ole stud like me cryin' it knocks'um right off their plate.

He begins to cry.

TURNER (CONT'D)

And, I swear, Cleopatra Parker-Allen, if you don't let me back on you, I shall die. Die! Please, please don't send me home to Rosie Palm!

Cleo laughs and comforts him as he bawls. They pull the sheet up over their heads.

EXT. CLEO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Clyde hails a cab for Cleo.

INT. CAB

CLEO

New Freeman Bank on 42nd Street.

The driver, ALONZO, hums.

The cab enters thick traffic, slows to a stop.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck.

ALONZO

You can say that again.

CLEO

Oh, fuck.

She opens a tiny bottle of scotch, drinks half and passes the bottle to the Alonzo. He drinks.

CLEO (CONT'D)

I hate driving through Times Square. I should have moved to another bank eons ago.

Alonzo jolts into another lane which has opened up and speeds ahead for a couple of blocks.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Damned tourists.

She casually lifts a bird finger to the window without looking out.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE

Pedestrians fall like dominos as the cab passes.

INT. BANK OFFICER'S OFFICE

Cleo stands over FRANK MORETTI'S desk. He is a bank officer in his early sixties, no more than five feet in height nervously struggling for breath. His frowning assistant, BRENDA (fifties), towers by the door.

CLEO

Check again, Frank! Please.

MORETTI

It will be the same, as it was the last, four times, I checked, Mrs. Steinmetz, all shared accounts, are, empty.

CLEO

Parker-Allen. I go by Parker-Allen now, I thought we established that. But, Frank, you can call me Cleo, you always have.

MORETTI

Ms. Parker-Allen, Cleo, all accounts are shared accounts. Except for one. And they are --

CLEO
Empty! Yes, you said. When did
that happen?! How do I get into his
private account?

MORETTI
You can't.

CLEO
What do you mean, I can't?

MORETTI
I mean, it's not, not, in your --
you can't, until --

CLEO
Spit. It. Out. Frank!

MORETTI
Until, until -- please ask your,
ask your lawyer about that process.

CLEO
Can you at least give me the
account balance?! I need to plan.

MORETTI
No, Mrs. Stein--Parker-Cleo, you --
your name is not, on that account.

CLEO
So?

MORETTI
So? Well, your husband. Mr.
Steinmetz --

CLEO
BOB! You were his banker, you
played golf together, I'm sure he
screwed your wife! You can call him
BOB!

Brenda slips out of the office.

CLEO (CONT'D)
Now, what about the savings
account?

MORETTI
You don't have one. Anymore.

CLEO
What happened to it?

MORETTI

Bob.

CLEO

Bob happened to it?!

MORETTI

Bob transferred. The funds to his personal, account. And, also . . .

CLEO

Also, what?

MORETTI

Other assets which, were previously, uh --

CLEO

(getting cell phone)
-- I am calling my lawyer.

Brenda returns with a SECURITY GUARD.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Seriously? A Guard. A goddamned security guard!?

(to Brenda)

You think I'm dangerous?!

BRENDA

Mr. Moretti has another appointment.

Cleo goes to the door, but turns back.

CLEO

I've been banking here most of my adult life, and now, now when my husband has died, and I'm trying like hell to put my life back together, what do I get?! A security guard? Well fuck you Frank Moretti!

She flips him off. He immediately dies. Cleo is shocked and confused.

The guard and Brenda rush to Moretti. Brenda dials.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

BRENDA
 (into phone)
 I think Mr. Moretti's had a stroke.

CLEO
 I'm so terribly sorry! I wouldn't --
 didn't --

BRENDA
 -- Just go, Mrs. Steinmetz. Please.

The security guard ushers Cleo out.

INT. BANK OUTSIDE OF MORETTI'S OFFICE

Cleo is dazed. She looks at her hand, considers, then shakes her head and chuckles at the absurdity of that possibility. Then she stops, stares at her hand and seriously considers.

INT. CLEO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Turner and Cleo lie exhausted and happy in Cleo's bed.

TURNER
 Oh, that was so much better than
 Rosie Palm.

CLEO
 How do you stay in such good shape?

TURNER
 I work out four times a week, I box
 on alternate days, run every night
 unless I git lucky --

CLEO
 Enough, I'm exhausted.

Cleo kisses his chest.

CLEO (CONT'D)
 I need you to tell me the truth
 about something.

TURNER
 Yes, I do.

CLEO
 Do what?

TURNER

I do wax my chest. And my back. I tried havin' my ass waxed, but that was too painful.

CLEO

Oh. Well that's not what I want to know. Was Bob planning to leave me?

TURNER

Figured that out, did you?

CLEO

Why didn't you tell me.

TURNER

It was privileged information while he was livin'. I knew you'd know soon enough, but don't you worry darlin', once his will clears probate, you will be one very wealthy widow.

CLEO

So he hadn't changed his will. That surprises me.

TURNER

I'm afraid his lazy-ass lawyer was draggin' his feet on the will change thing.

Cleo snuggles to Turner and squeals.

INT. CLEO'S KITCHEN - DAY

The remains of a hearty breakfast are pushed to one end of the kitchen table.

Turner and Cleo drink coffee and read the *Times*.

CLEO

I could get used to this.

Turner folds his section of the paper, so that the front page headline "TOURIST DIE-OFF IN TIMES SQUARE" faces Cleo.

TURNER

What's that?

She lowers her section, but cannot see Turner, as he is hidden behind Section A.

CLEO
 Having breakfast and sharing the
Times with . . .

Cleo sees the headline. She stares in shock.

TURNER
 Oh, bull-hockey, I gotta scoot,
 darlin' -- got a client comin' in.
 Hoppin' in your shower, OK?

CLEO
 OK . . .

She tosses her section to the floor and reads the first
 section.

Her eyes widen. She remembers.

SERIES OF FLASHBACKS

Cleo flips off Bob; he dies.

Cleo flips off Helga; she hangs from the windshield of her
 car.

Cleo gives her banker the finger; he dies.

Cleo remembers lifting her bird finger to the window of her
 cab in Times Square.

BACK TO SCENE

Cleo attempts to stifle a scream.

INT. FBI OFFICES, FEDERAL PLAZA, NYC

CONNIE, a receptionist, sits at a large desk in the FBI
 Offices on the 26th floor with a large FBI logo prominently
 displayed behind her.

As JIM ST. JAMES enters, Connie pushes a button on her phone,
 alerting RICHARD "DICK" SATTERFIELD that his appointment has
 arrived.

CONNIE
 Mr. St. James, please go right in.

JIMMY
 Thanks, Connie.

He doesn't move. They've done this dance before.

CONNIE

Mr. St. James, you may go in now.

JIMMY

It's Jim, Connie.

(leaning into her personal
space)

Come on, flash me that sexy smile
of yours--

The door opens, revealing Dick.

DICK

If I made moves on the staff at
Homeland Security . . . ?

JIM

They'd have to waterboard your ass,
Dick.

DICK

Expect no less from the FBI, Jimmy
boy. Come in.

JIM

Later Connie.

INT. DICK'S OFFICE

JIM

I'm no longer with Homeland
Security, proper.

DICK

So, DHS did have it's balls
clipped?

JIM

Ugly rumor, Dick.

DICK

I notified the Secretary's office
about this, so why are you here?

JIM

DHS kicked it to CPA.

Dick closes the door.

Suddenly both men are all business.

DICK
Citizens Protection Agency? I
thought CPA was the ugly rumor. So,
you guys are up and running? That
was fast.

JIM
I assume you have something
significant to discuss?

DICK
Not sure. Sit over here.

Dick seats Jimmy on front of a monitor.

JIM
The tourist die-off at Times
Square?

DICK
We reviewed all CCTV footage
before, after and during the time
of the incident. We've examined
fucking miles of tourists' cell
phone video and conducted over one
hundred interviews and this is all
we got.

Dick clicks a remote and video of traffic passing at the time
of the tourist die-off plays in slow motion. The men watch
as CLEO's cab passes. On the video, Cleo's bird finger is
circled in red.

JIM
You are shitting me.

DICK
I shit you not. Look, the exact
second the finger appears in the
window, the first tourist falls.
And, see -- the moment her finger
is removed, the die-off stops. We
can't see her face here, but--

JIM
(laughing)
-- What the fucking hell --

DICK
-- Hear me out. Subsequent video
shows a woman, same hair style,
same color clothes entering the
First Freeman Bank shortly after.

JIM
Did she rob it with her finger?

DICK
She shoots a banker the bird and he dies.

JIM
Witnesses?

DICK
Two. Her husband dies when she catches him with another woman and on the day of his funeral, her girlfriend, who'd had an affair with her husband, dies in a traffic accident. CCTV footage shows Parker-Allen flashing a birdie less than a second before the crash.

Dick waits for a response. Jim shakes his head.

JIM
OK, who is she? Ties to foreign governments? Terrorist groups?

DICK
As far as we know she's just a rich bitch, no job, with no interests except shopping.

JIM
OK, so . . . how? How does she kill with her bird finger? Can anyone explain that?

DICK
Nope.

Jim laughs.

JIM
I cannot believe we're having this conversation. Coincidence is all it is, all it can be!

DICK
But what if it's not? If, and I stress IF she is killing with her bird finger, she could be using new weapons technology.

(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)

Jim, tourists have canceled flights and hotel reservations, businesses in the area, as well as theatres have emptied overnight. This is a fucking mess.

Jim works hard to maintain a professional face.

JIM

So, you've begun a full investigation?

DICK

She can't take a shit we won't know about.

JIM

And if she takes a shit, you'd rather we clean it up.

DICK

Passing it to Homeland was protocol. If they pass it to you under-the-radar boys, well . . . I'll keep my opinion about that to myself.

INT. FATHER LEAHY'S CONFESSION BOOTH

CLEO

. . . Well, let's see. My last confession was sometime, ugh -- does it really matter? Look, before we get into my reason for this visit, I want to thank you, Father Leahy, for burying Bob.

FATHER LEAHY

No problem. He was my first Jew. But, I understand he was agnostic.

CLEO

Oh yes, he was, and a Catholic service may have kept his Mother away. For whatever reason, I am grateful for that.

She pauses, not sure how or if to proceed.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Father Leahy, I think I am living with, under a curse of some kind.

FATHER LEAHY

God gives us gifts, Cleo. God does not curse his children. You may need to look at this a different way. What is it exactly?

CLEO

I can't bring myself to say it.

FATHER LEAHY

Is this gift shared by many or given to you alone?

CLEO

I think it's just me -- mine alone.

FATHER LEAHY

Does this gift bring you pleasure?

CLEO

I'm ashamed to admit that it has.

FATHER LEAHY

Does this gift, when used, bring change to others?

CLEO

Permanent change.

FATHER LEAHY

Then you must use it. If God has selected you from among all his children to --

CLEO

-- But, you don't understand. Some might see it as wrong, sinful . . .

Father Leahy licks his lips, leans in and carefully asks:

FATHER LEAHY

Some women at your time of life, make discoveries, find new . . . interests . . . develop new skills. Is it, perhaps, sexual in nature?

CLEO

GOD NO!

INT. THE NAVE OF THE CHURCH

Praying parishioners are startled by Cleo's echoing outburst and turn to look at the confession booth. Also, they see FBI undercover investigator ED STEWART, late 20's good looking Black guy, standing very near the confessional.

Ed crosses himself and appears to be waiting his turn at shrift.

INT. FATHER LEAHY'S CONFESSION BOOTH

Father Leahy peeps into the nave.

FATHER LEAHY

(hurriedly)

Go in peace, Cleo. If God has bestowed a gift, then you have a responsibility to use it, what ever it is. Wisely, and for good, of course.

CLEO

Thank you, Father.

She starts to go.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Father.

FATHER LEAHY

(impatiently)

What?

CLEO

Father, I'm not entirely sure about this ability I have. It could be bizarre coincidence.

FATHER LEAHY

(dismissing her)

Then use it -- try to use this gift and you will know.

CLEO

Of course!

Father Leahy wipes sweat off his forehead with a handkerchief.

INT. THE NAVE OF THE CHURCH

CLEO searches through her purse for sunglasses as she approaches the exit, taking the wrong door by mistake.

EXT. FATHER LEAHY'S CHURCH

Cleo exits the church through the entrance. A large unctuous woman with a "DISCOUNT LIQUOR" ID pinned to her blouse reading "JEANNIE" attempts to enter at the same time. The women bump into each other.

JEANNIE

Wrong door.

CLEO

(still distracted)

What? So it is.

JEANNIE

The doors are clearly labeled.

CLEO

So they are. Excuse me, please.

Cleo attempts to go around Jeannie, who blocks her.

JEANNIE

Typical.

CLEO

What? I am sorry I took the wrong door, OK?

Ed exits the church and walks away.

JEANNIE

It's written all over you, Honey. Your clothes, your makeup, jewelry. Privileged. Rules don't apply to you, do they?

CLEO

Yes they do. When I make a mistake, I apologize -- which I did just now. And when someone apologizes to me I usually accept it. Now, get out of my way!

JEANNIE

The hell I will. Turn around and come out the exit!

CLEO

I am already out, you are being a
bully!

JEANNIE

You get what you want, do what you
want! To hell with everyone else,
right!?

Jeannie again blocks her way.

CLEO

Wrong, Discount Jeannie, just you.
To hell with you.

Cleo shoots a bird and Jeannie grabs her chest and falls.
Cleo walks into the sunshine, she looks up and mouths "Thank
you."

Cleo continues to walk, putting on sunglasses. Ed sees all
this from a nearby hiding place.

INT. A COZY MANHATTAN TAVERN - NIGHT

TRUDY PARKER-ALLEN MILLS, early fifties, and Cleo are
drinking in a quiet corner. A more than half-empty bottle of
Scotch and a more than half-eaten basket of munchies are on
the table.

TRUDY

Honey, it just isn't possible. Oh,
baby girl, don't be angry with me.
You must know that what you are
saying is ridiculous!

Ed Stewart, posing as a waiter, stops at their table. He
wears ear buds, and his shaking head suggests he is listening
to music.

As he speaks, he knocks a water glass over, and during the
chaos he drops a listening device into Cleo's bag.

ED

Can I get you ladies anything else?
Oh, shit -- sorry!

Cleo yelps.

ED (CONT'D)

Let me clean that up.

Cleo places a hand on his shoulder and submits to his
busywork.

ED (CONT'D)
There goes the tip.

CLEO
(Seductively)
I'm not wet there.

ED
Oops.

CLEO
Cute, but so clumsy.

TRUDY
(shaming)
Cleo.

ED
So sorry, Ma'am.

CLEO
You asked if we wanted anything
else? What did you have in mind?

ED
(flirting back)
Hmm . . . More scotch, chips,
anything?

TRUDY
No thank you.

Trudy hands him a large bill.

CLEO
Keep the change.

TRUDY
Excuse me?

ED
(grinning)
Thanks.

CLEO
You're new?

Trudy elbows Cleo, who pushes Trudy's arm away.

ED
Yep.

CLEO
I'm a regular. I'll be keeping an
eye on you.

ED
Cool. I'll be keeping an eye on
you, too.

He walks away, adjusting his phone. We hear the next few
lines through his ear buds.

TRUDY (V.O.)
You must be very drunk, Cleo.

CLEO (V.O.)
He's hot!

TRUDY (V.O.)
And half your age. (whispers) And
he's Black.

Ed bends over to pick something up off the floor.

CLEO (V.O.)
Look at that!

Ed smiles broadly. Both women admire Ed's behind. Trudy,
snapping out if it:

TRUDY
Where were we?

CLEO
I asked you up here for support.

TRUDY
Yes. And I come all the way from
Shreveport because I thought you
were in mourning, and you tell me
your vulgar, adolescent, tacky
little habit of shooting the bird
is killing people. Well, certainly
you should be upset with yourself.
Embarrassed! I cannot believe you
still do that. Mother would just
die.

CLEO
Too late.

TRUDY
Well, she'd turn over in her grave.

CLEO
Here we go . . .

TRUDY
Cleo. Which is more plausible?
That you're experiencing
understandable mental issues what
the death of your husband. Or,
that you are actually going around
finger fucking people to death?

CLEO
Do you even know what you just
said?

TRUDY
If what you are telling me has
actually happened --

CLEO
-- actually happened!? --

TRUDY
-- then it has to be an
extraordinary coincidence.

Cleo slams back another Scotch, rises, and declares:

CLEO
I suppose I shall have to prove it
to you!

Cleo pours the remainder of the bottle into Trudy's glass.

CLEO (CONT'D)
You'd better drink that, you're
going to need it.

Trudy downs it.

TRUDY
Why?

EXT. CENTRAL PARK

Cleo and Trudy walk through the Ramble area of Central park.
They are stumbling drunk.

TRUDY
Honey, you are just bored out of
your mind. That can happen, you
know.

CLEO
I'm not bored -- at least, I don't
think I'm bored.

TRUDY
You could have a career. You could
get a job.

CLEO
A what?

TRUDY
Job. Job!

Cleo
Do you have a job?

TRUDY
I don't need a job. My husband's
not dead, and I'm not bored.

CLEO
Now you're bragging.

TRUDY
You could apply to the *Times* or *The
New Yorker* --

CLEO
-- They'd laugh --

TRUDY
-- It would give you something to
do. You have a degree in journalism
from Ole Miss and you wrote for
that paper, what was it?

CLEO
The Hoofbeat? That was in high
school!

TRUDY
Where ARE we?

CLEO
Central Park. The Ramble, I think.

TRUDY
Why?

CLEO
It's supposed to be a high crime
area. So far we've seen only a few
very affectionate men.

TRUDY

(whispers)

Yes. I want you to explain to me
what those men were doing --

CLEO

-- Trudy you don't want to know,
and I do not want to tell you.

TRUDY

Cleo, I am a grown woman I've had
children you can tell me anything!

Cleo spots gingers barely visible in the dim light.

CLEO

(changing the subject)

Oh, look!

Trudy

(frightened)

What!?

CLEO

Those plants. What are they
called? Mama grew those all around
the porch in Jackson, remember?

TRUDY

Oh. Ginger lilies, I think. Cleo,
I am feeling uneasy being out here
in a high crime area at night with
just your middle finger to protect
us. I'm stressing. We need to go.

CLEO

You need to lighten up, Trudy.
Relax a little.

TRUDY

I can't relax right now. It's
scary here, and --

(whispers)

I need to pee.

CLEO

You never could just let go and
enjoy the moment.

TRUDY

I can't let go!

(whispers)

I need to pee!

CLEO
Then pee! Just squat over there by
the ginger lilies and pee! This is
New York -- people pee everywhere.

TRUDY
I don't think I can do that.

CLEO
Why are you whispering?

TRUDY
Am I? Well, we're talking about
pee.

CLEO
For God's sake you are still so
Southern!

Trudy, lifts her skirt and squats.

TRUDY
(still whispering)
I'll try. So, what were they doing
-- those men?

Cleo spots two creepy figures just ahead on the path.

CLEO
Wait!

TRUDY
(rising)
Wait!?

Trudy dances a bit with urgency.

TRUDY (CONT'D)
Why?

Cleo points to the men ahead.

TRUDY (CONT'D)
Oh no.

Trudy tries to turn back, but Cleo guides her along toward
the men.

CLEO
(quietly to Trudy)
Keep moving, or they'll think
you're afraid of them.

TRUDY
I am afraid of them.

As the ominous figures approach:

CLEO
Good evening, gentlemen.

The men do not reply.

CLEO (CONT'D)
We're lost.

TRUDY
What?

Still the men do not speak. After a moment:

CLEO
Which way is Central Park West?

One of the men, THUG TWO, walks behind them, the other, THUG ONE, closes in. Both men smile and point in different directions. Thug One, is very close to Cleo.

CLEO (CONT'D)
(to Thug One)
I need you to stop right there,
Sir. State your intentions.

Thug One looks blankly at her and places a hand on his crotch.

CLEO (CONT'D)
Are you planning to rob us, kill
us, what?

TRUDY
(whispering)
You have completely lost your mind.

CLEO
I need to know up front right now,
or I might kill you for no good
reason.

The men laugh. Thug One unzips his jeans.

CLEO (CONT'D)
Don't do that.

TRUDY
Good Lord, his penis is out!

CLEO
Calm down, Trudy.

TRUDY
His penis is OUT!!
(on her cell)
Is it 911 in New York or some other
number --?

Thug One takes her phone and tosses it into the gingers.

TRUDY (CONT'D)
That's a new phone!

Thug Two is now behind them; he gooses Cleo. Thug One, in front of them, snaps open a switchblade.

TRUDY (CONT'D)
He has a knife!

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE PARK

Ed and another FBI Agent, MARK, listen to Cleo and Trudy.

ED
Let's go!

The men run.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - THE BRAMBLES

THUG ONE
On your knees bitches.

TRUDY
HELP!

Cleo backs away and turns into Thug Two.

TRUDY (CONT'D)
HELP!

CLEO
Trudy, you heard me, I warned them.
(to the men)
I warned you. She's my witness.

TRUDY
HELP!

Thug Two pushes Cleo to the ground. Trudy SCREAMS. Cleo flips Thug Two off.

CLEO
Fuck you!

Thug One immediately stabs Thug Two in the neck. Cleo scrambles to her feet.

THUG TWO
(falling to his knees,
blood spurting)
What!?

THUG ONE
Well, damn, sorry man.

Thug One raises the knife to stab Trudy, who is SCREAMING. Cleo flips him off. He stabs himself. She flips him off a second time with her other hand, and he stabs himself again. He falls.

CLEO
(examining her fingers)
Oh my goodness, I'm ambidextrous.

The sisters watch the men bleed out and die. Trudy begins to shake as the complete realization of her sister's "gift" overwhelms her.

CLEO (CONT'D)
So, tell me I'm crazy, tell me it's
all a coincidence now.

Trudy backs away from Cleo, terrified.

TRUDY
No . . . Impossible. No! (suddenly
laughing) No, no, no . . . you know
these men. These men are actors.
You set this up.
(to the bodies)
Ya'll can get up now.

Pause.

TRUDY (CONT'D)
That's real blood.

CLEO
Yes, it is.

TRUDY
That's a real knife, isn't it?

Cleo nods, "Yes."

TRUDY (CONT'D)
This is real.

Trudy begins to cry. Cleo attempts to comfort her, but Trudy backs away. She screams.

CLEO
Trudy?

TRUDY
Don't touch me, please. How in the world can this be real?

CLEO
I don't know. I honestly don't know.

Cleo looks around.

CLEO (CONT'D)
We shouldn't stay here.

TRUDY
What? Oh.
(whispers)
Wait. I really, really need to --

CLEO
-- for God sakes -- just do it!

TRUDY
Not in front of them!

Cleo Guides Trudy along the path away from the bodies.

CLEO
(whispers)
We'll find a spot on the way out of the park.

Ed and Mark arrive. They survey the carnage. Ed continues to listen and presses an earbud against his ear.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - A SIDEWALK

Trudy and Cleo walk together. The FBI Agents follow at some distance.

CLEO

Father Leahy says I have a gift and it should be used; however, he has no idea what the gift is.

TRUDY

Some gift. I can't stop shaking.
(pause)
How long?

CLEO

Have I had this gift? I don't know? I think it started with Bob.

TRUDY

Cleo! You killed your husband?

CLEO

I think so.

TRUDY

My God.

CLEO

You know, I've been shooting birds all my life. Sometimes I put my hand in my purse or in a pocket and give someone the finger while I'm smiling in their face. It's a habit. Often just a reflex, an unconscious reflex.

TRUDY

Goodness. So who, besides Bob and those men in the park?

CLEO

I don't have an exact count yet. I don't believe it ever killed anyone before. Bob. What's strange is I don't regret it, well, except for my little banker yesterday.

TRUDY

You killed your little banker?

CLEO

It just slipped out.

TRUDY

You have to be careful, Cleo. Maybe you should wear mittens.

CLEO
Trudy, mittens are seasonal.

TRUDY
Well, you just have to be very
careful in the future, honey. I
mean, what if you get mad at me?
And, it just slips out?

Cleo
Sweetheart, I don't give the finger
to people I love.

TRUDY
You did when you were little.

An unmarked van pulls up alongside Cleo and Trudy. Four men
get out. AGENT SPENCE puts a gun to Trudy's head.

Two other agents, EARLY and CLARK hold Cleo's hands above her
head. A fourth, SAPP, politely addresses Cleo.

SAPP
Ms. Parker-Allen, spread your
fingers, please.

Cleo looks at Trudy and Agent Spence's gun. She spreads her
fingers.

CLEO
Who are you?

Agent Sapp injects Cleo in the neck. She slumps.

TRUDY
HELP!

Agent Spence injects Trudy. The men rush both women into the
van and drive away.

Ed and Mark arrive, and watch the van speed away.

MARK
That wasn't us, was it?

ED
Nope.

INT. CPA - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Cleo, alone, sleeps slumped over a table in an otherwise
empty room. A loud high pitched ALARM sounds.

She wakes with a start, and immediately shoots an angry bird in the direction of the sound source. The speaker EXPLODES.

Cleo is shocked by this.

CLEO
So that's what happened to my alarm
clock.

She looks at her "bird" and marvels at it.

CLEO (CONT'D)
What else can you do?

INT. CPA CONTROL ROOM

Agents Sapp and Spence watch Cleo on a Screen.

SPENCE
What the -- she can't hear us now.
How will be interrogate her?

They watch as Cleo spies the camera.

SAPP
Uh-oh.

She says "Fuck you!" And flips off the camera. Not only does their screen go dead, it EXPLODES.

SPENCE
Shit!

Both men have glass fragments in their eyes. Sapp feels for a red button on the console, and slaps it. A building ALARM sounds.

INT. CPA INTERROGATION ROOM

Cleo goes to the door. There is no knob. She gives the door a fierce finger. It explodes away. Cleo is delighted.

CLEO
Oh, my God.
(looking up)
Thank you.

INT. HALLWAY IN CPA FACILITY

Small cells line the hall, each with a small glass window. Cleo runs down the hall, looking into the cells.

CLEO
 (whispering)
 Trudy! Trudy!

Cleo hears BANGING from a cell down the hall and Trudy's voice calling "CLEO."

Cleo spots Trudy in one of the cells, carefully flips off the door lock, SNAP. The door opens, and Trudy rushes to her. They embrace.

CLEO (CONT'D)
 Oh, honey! I am so sorry! Are you
 all right?

Two agents, RICHARDS and EARLY enter through a door at the end of the hall, weapons drawn.

TRUDY
 Cleo!

EARLY
 Hands on your heads ladies!

CLEO
 (raising her arms)
 What's the magic word?

The men are confused. Then:

RICHARDS
 Please?

CLEO
 Too late.

Cleo flips a bird with each hand and the men SHOOT each other. Cleo is amazed. Trudy becomes hysterical. Cleo shakes her.

CLEO (CONT'D)
 Trudy, focus! Please!

TRUDY
 I am. I am. What is this place?

CLEO
 -- quiet, Trudy. We'll have a
 conversation later. First, we have
 to get out of here.

Holding out two birdies, Cleo whispers as they go.

CLEO (CONT'D)
I wish these came with an
instruction manual.

The women exit through the door at the end of the hall,
carefully stepping over Richards and Early. Trudy is crying.

CLEO (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Trudy, sweetheart, you have to
stop screaming every time I kill
somebody.

CLEO (CONT'D)
I'll try. Sorry. Every time?!

Cleo clamps a hand over Trudy's mouth.

INT. CPA LOBBY AREA

The small lobby is a mess, showing signs of a recent move-in.
Through an open door, the women see the control room and the
bloodied agents.

Cleo 's hand is over Trudy's mouth. They move to a door
marked exit, and just as they exit, Agent CLARK rushes into
the control room.

INT. CPA CONTROL ROOM

Clark kills the alarm.

EXT. CPA FACILITY

Trudy gasps for breath. Cleo looks around.

TRUDY
Where are we?

CLEO
Looks like the Meatpacking
District.

TRUDY
Meatpacking?! What does that mean!

CLEO
I don't know.

TRUDY
Who are they?

CLEO
I don't know. (Pause) But they have
our handbags!

TRUDY
My Lana Marks!

CLEO
And my Chanel.

The women, ready for a brawl, re-enter the facility.

INT. CPA CONTROL ROOM

Agent Clark attends to Spence. Sapp, having difficulty
seeing, is using a cell phone.

SAPP
The guards are not answering.

Sapp spots Cleo and Trudy standing in the doorway.

SAPP (CONT'D)
Oh, shit!

Sapp raises his hands over his head.

SPENCE
What?

CLEO
Hands over your heads, *all* of you,
whoever you are!

Clark and Spence comply.

CLEO (CONT'D)
Where are our handbags?

CLARK
What?

TRUDY
Our handbags! Where are they?

SAPP
(to Clark)
Did the lab pick them up yet?

CLARK
No. They should be over there.

Clark points to the back of the room. Trudy spots them on a table, their contents spread on the table. Trudy quickly replaces the items.

CLEO
What lab?

SPENCE
Our lab.

CLEO
And you are?

SAPP
Special Agent Sapp --

SPENCE
Shut up!

Trudy tears a tag from her handbag, and reads.

TRUDY
What's CPA?

Spence looks to Sapp and shakes his head, "no." Cleo shoots Spence a bird. He bangs his head on the console and dies. Trudy clamps a hand over her mouth to mask a scream.

Clark pulls a gun. Cleo flips him off, he shoots himself.

Again, Trudy clamps down on her mouth to mute a scream.

SAPP
Oh, God! Please, please.

CLEO
Answer her, what's CPA?

Trudy finds the bug placed in Cleo's handbag by the waiter (Ed) the previous evening.

TRUDY
Is this yours?

CLEO
(to Sapp)
Was that in my handbag?

SAPP
Yes.

CLEO
What is it?

SAPP
A listening device.

CLEO
A CPA listening device?

SAPP
FBI.

Cleo extends a hand, and Trudy gives her the bug. Cleo tosses it into the air and flips it off. It explodes with a SNAP.

INT. FBI Offices

Ed rips out his ear buds, holds his ears and screams.

INT. CPA CONTROL ROOM

CLEO
CPA? An initialism for?

SAPP
Citizens Protection Agency.

CLEO
Is that a joke? Who will protect
citizens from you?

Cleo answers her question by slowly flipping him off. He dies.

TRUDY's scream finally escapes.

EXT. CPA FACILITY

Cleo and Trudy walk away from the warehouse. Cleo stops, turns.

CLEO
Citizens Protection Agency?

She flips off the building. It explodes and burns.

They walk down 14th Street. Sirens are heard. People come out of buildings to see what's happened.

EXT. BRASS MONKEY WEST 12TH

Trudy sits at a table. Cleo returns a phone to BILLY, the bartender (a woman in her thirties), and joins Trudy. They drink wine.

TRUDY

So?

CLEO

Turner will meet us in an hour.

TRUDY

Where?

CLEO

He owns a rental property in Hells
Kitchen. It's being renovated.

Cleo drains her glass.

CLEO (CONT'D)

He is going to ask a lot of
questions.

Cleo wipes tears from her face.

TRUDY

Cleo, what's the matter? What did
he say?

CLEO

He wanted to know why I wasn't
using my phone and why I cautioned
him about being followed, why I'm
afraid to go home.

TRUDY

What did you tell him?

CLEO

Not much. If I tell him about my
gift, I'll be putting him in
danger. I'm not sure I'm strong
enough for this. I want to return
this gift.

TRUDY

Well, that would be rude.

Cleo breaks down.

TRUDY (CONT'D)

Oh, baby girl don't cry. You have
been amazingly strong, and you've
discovered your purpose!

CLEO

It comes with too much
responsibility.

(MORE)

CLEO (CONT'D)
And with a very high price! I
killed four men today. I should
feel horrible about it, but I
don't. What's wrong with me?

TRUDY
Five men.

CLEO
Oh, yeah. See what I mean -- I
can't even keep count. I must be a
bad person.

TRUDY
Could it be part of the gift, not
feeling horrible about using it?

CLEO
(comforted)
Maybe so.

Cleo refills her glass.

CLEO (CONT'D)
I shouldn't involve Turner. I don't
want to turn his life upside down,
like I have yours. Oh, sweetie,
what will you do? You can't just go
home to Shreveport and leave this
behind.

TRUDY
I hadn't considered that. But,
Cleo, this has been such an
adventure for me. Being here with
you, it's like living in one of
those Marvel movies, and my kid
sister is the super hero.

CLEO
That's so sweet.

Cleo cries. Trudy comforts her.

TRUDY
I'll be Robin to your Batman.

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT BUILDING IN HELL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The apartment is almost completely bare with the exception of an old sofa and a wooden kitchen table and four chairs, one of which is in pieces. Cans of paint and drop clothes litter the room; brushes soak in a pail of water.

A cardboard box overflows with the remains of junk food wrappings and soda cans left by workmen.

Turner paces a bit, shaking his head. Cleo and Trudy sit on the sofa. Finally, Turner speaks.

TURNER

What a . . . what a complete
crock. Now, I am convinced that
you both have been through the
wringer -- you look terrible. But,
all that crap about being kidnapped
by the Feds and killing five, FIVE
agents . . . ? WHY would they
kidnap you? And, you don't even
own a gun, do you?

CLEO

No, I don't.

TRUDY

She finger fucks them --

CLEO

-- Trudy!

TURNER

What? Hell, I know that can't be
true, I'm still alive.

CLEO

(to Trudy)

Honey, why can't you get that
right?

TRUDY

What? What did I say?

CLEO

Never mind. (She looks about)
Turner, sweetheart, if you are
going to re-do this place, you just
have to remove that whole wall.

TURNER

What?!

TRUDY
Oh, I agree.

CLEO
Just open this room up into the
kitchen and you'll have --

A large rat crawls out of the trash. Trudy screams and points.

TRUDY
RAT!

Cleo flips it off, and it explodes mid air.

Turner looks at what's left of the rat, then to Cleo. After a moment, he passes out.

INT. FBI OFFICES, DICK SATTERFIELD'S OFFICE - DAY

Days Later. Connie enters Dick's office. Dick and Jim St. James stand, waiting.

CONNIE
Turner Fitch is here.

Turner walks in. Connie leaves, closing the door. After sufficient awkwardness, Dick breaks the silence.

DICK
You are Cleo Parker-Allen's
attorney?

TURNER
That's right. You Dick?

DICK
Yes. Sorry. This is Jim St. James
who heads up a special unit of
Homeland Security.

TURNER
I was told you headed CPA.

JIM
(Nodding, looking to Dick)
Where'd you hear that?

TURNER
It's in the wind. I understood
your secret agency is independent
of supervision?

JIM

We were until recently. We lost our temporary facility and five agents.

TURNER

Sounds like somebody was careless.

Jim glares. Turner shakes his head sympathetically.

TURNER (CONT'D)

So . . . are we going sit down an' begin civil discourse? Or maybe you boys would prefer we strip down and fight it out? Personally, I wouldn't turn around for the difference.

DICK

What?

JIM

Well, I'm fighting mad, I can assure you.

TURNER

So am I, Sir! Citizens Protection my sweet ass, kidnappin' citizens off the street and --

DICK

-- I opt for civil discourse, gentlemen! My house, my rules. Please.

He ushers the others to a table. They sit, tentatively.

SERIES OF SHOTS

(We see the men speaking, shouting, but hear no dialogue.)

The wall clock in Dick's office spins from nine to noon.

Dick sits on his desk, Turner and Jim stand nose to nose in their shirt sleeves.

The clock spins to three o'clock.

Connie brings in food. Exits. Turner nurses a black eye. Jim has a nose bleed.

The clock reads six o'clock. Turner and Dick both sit on Dick's desk. Jim pounds the wall.

Outer office, Connie is dressed to leave, but sits on her desk holding her purse.

The clock reads nine o'clock. Turner sits alone on the desk and weeps. Dick and Jim watch in amazement and make conciliatory gestures.

Outer office, Connie is barefoot, she paces, smoking.

The clock in Dick's office reads two o'clock. Turner sits on Dick's desk, drinking coffee. Dick and Jim pace about eyeing each other.

The clock spins to four o'clock. Turner and Dick sit side by side on Dick's desk. Only Jim paces.

INT. FBI OFFICES, FEDERAL PLAZA, NYC - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Connie naps at her desk. She awakens when the door to Dick's office opens.

Dick escorts Turner out. They shake hands. Behind them in Dick's office the clock in Dick's office reads six-thirty.

DICK

Turner, I repeat, this arrangement is a trial. The agent who will assist Parker-Allen and I are the only people in the agency who will know about it.

TURNER

And Jimmy boy in there?

DICK

Don't concern yourself with him. If it should blow up in my face, I know nothing -- never knew anything about it. Are we clear on that?

TURNER

Painfully so.

INT. FBI OFFICES, FEDERAL PLAZA, NYC, DICK'S OFFICE

Dick and Turner can be heard TALKING in the outer office. Jim speed dials on his cell phone.

JIM

Meet me in an hour.

Jim puts his cell away and joins the others.

INT. FBI OFFICES, FEDERAL PLAZA, NYC

Turner shakes Jim's hand.

TURNER

I know this didn't go your way. No
hard feelin's, I hope.

JIM

(smiling)
Of course not.

INT. CLEO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Two days later. Trudy and Turner are in Cleo's living room.
Tension in the room is palpable.

TRUDY

She didn't eat a bite of lunch, or
breakfast.

CLEO

(entering)
I couldn't. I'm too excited.

TRUDY

I feel so useless -- Cleo, please --

CLEO

-- Don't start that again.

TRUDY

But Honey --

CLEO

I wish you could come, but it could
be dangerous. The agent who called
said to come alone. Oh shoot, what
was his name?

TRUDY

You said Ed.

CLEO

Right, Ed.

Cleo takes a deep breath, and then gently hugs her sister.

CLEO (CONT'D)

It will help so much if you get the
groceries while I'm . . . at work.
And when I get back, we can have a
nice dinner at home.

There is an awkward silence.

TURNER

(too loud)

Time, ladies. Agent Ed should be downstairs now.

CLEO

What am I doing?! I lied, I'm not excited, I'm nervous -- I'm having second thoughts!

TRUDY

Then don't go, honey.

TURNER

(to Trudy)

She has to. It either this or face multiple murder charges.

(to Cleo)

You can do this, darlin'. It's a wonderful thing the FBI is overlooking so much in exchange for your service.

TRUDY

Just think, you finally have a job!

CLEO

How do I look? The black leather bomber isn't too much?

TURNER

You are one hot assassin -- smart and sexy!

CLEO

(to Turner)

Where will you be?

TURNER

I'll be right here 'til I hear from you. You'll call me as soon as you can, right?

CLEO

Of course.

Turner kisses Cleo goodbye, then opens the door for Cleo. Trudy rushes past him.

TRUDY

I'll walk you down, Baby Girl --
Turner, I'm going on to the grocery
store.

TURNER

Be a doll and bring me some honey
roasted cashews?

TRUDY

They'll give you gas.

EXT. CLEO'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Cleo and Trudy leave the building as Clyde opens the door for
them.

INT. JEEP

From a parked Jeep, MOE and JEFF, wearing work-out gear,
observe Cleo and Trudy hug.

EXT. CLEO'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Cleo is met by Ed, dressed as a chauffeur. He opens the back
door of a sleek black limousine.

Trudy gives Cleo a final reassuring hug, and Cleo climbs in.
Trudy watches the limo pull away, wiping tears from her eyes.

INT. LIMOUSINE

ED

'Morning, Cleo.

CLEO

So, you are Ed. You do keep
popping up.

ED

Told you I'd be keeping an eye on
you.

CLEO

Will you be keeping an ear on me as
well?

ED
 No, Cleo. My ears are still
 ringing from the last time I did
 that.

Ed moves the limo into traffic.

CLEO
 (smiling)
 Good.

EXT. CLEO'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Trudy hails a cab.

The Jeep passes Trudy's cab as she climbs in. It follows the
 limousine.

INT. LIMOUSINE

ED
 You ready for this?

CLEO
 I don't yet know exactly what *this*
 is.

Ed tosses a wig back to Cleo.

CLEO (CONT'D)
 You are kidding.

INT. TRUDY'S CAB

FELIX, the cabbie is a good looking lad. He flashes a big
 smile.

FELIX
 Where to?

TRUDY
 I want to follow that limousine,
 that black one, please.
 Clandestinely.

FELIX
 Lady, you gotta translate.

EXT. CLEO'S APARTMENT BUILDING

A blue Audi A-3 driven by Jim St. James flies past as Trudy's cab starts to pull away. The Adi lays on the HORN.

INT. LIMOUSINE

ED
Your mark is in the envelop.

CLEO
This is a cheap wig.

ED
I don't think this guy will notice.

Cleo finds the envelop next to her on the seat.

CLEO
"Mark?"
(lifting the envelop)
So does this self-destruct?

ED
Ha ha.

Cleo opens it, and sees a photo.

CLEO
Joey Stalin?

ED
(laughing)
I know, right?

CLEO
Damn. Too ugly to live?

ED
You could say that. Instructions
are on the back.

Cleo flips the photo over. She reads, entertained.

CLEO
Joey Stalin in a café called The
Foreign Woman on Surgei Dovlatov
Way? In Queens. This is rich.

ED
Cleo -- may I call you Cleo?

CLEO
Of course.

ED
I've been instructed to remind you
to reserve use of your . . .

CLEO
Finger? Yes?

ED
Until it is required.

CLEO
Then you'll have to behave
yourself, Ed.

He laughs.

EXT. EN ROUTE FROM MANHATTAN TO QUEENS

There's an almost playful jockeying for positions in traffic
as the Jeep and the Audi attempt to follow unnoticed, and
with the cab following first one, then another.

INT. TRUDY'S CAB

FELIX
Uh, Lady . . . I don't think we're
the only people following that
limo.

TRUDY
(perking up)
Oh, dear.

EXT. THE LIMO, SURGEI DOVLATOV WAY, QUEENS

The limo pulls over several yards from The Foreign Woman.

The Jeep pulls over further back, and even further back, the
Audi pulls over.

Trudy's cab passes the Jeep, the Audi and the limo. It pulls
over in the next block.

Cleo gets out of the limo wearing the wig. The limo pulls
away.

Cleo walks to The Foreign Woman, stops for a moment at the
door, and then enters.

INT. JEEP

Moe and Jeff check their weapons, a handgun and a riffle.

INT. TRUDY'S CAB

Trudy on her knees in the backseat peering out.

FELIX
You getting out here?

TRUDY
No, thank you.

INT. BLUE AUDI

Jim places his handgun on the seat and picks up binoculars.

INT. THE FOREIGN WOMAN

It's dark and quiet in The Foreign Woman. Cleo stops just inside the door and waits for her eyes to adjust.

Three dangerous looking hulks lean into each other at a table in the back of the otherwise empty café: JOEY, ALEXEI, and RUDI.

CLEO
Kon'nichiwa

Alexei, a very fat man, stands and addresses Cleo ominously in a thick Russian accent.

ALEXEI
What do you want?

Cleo lifts her chin, draws her shoulders back and responds with a really bad stab at a Russian dialect.

CLEO
I vant lunch!

Alexei and Rudi laugh. Joey stands and angrily shouts:

JOEY
Otvali!

The men are silenced. Joey snaps his fingers and Alexei sits. Joey slowly moves to Cleo.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Do I know you?

CLEO
(mispronounces "no" in
Russian)
Net.

JOEY
(corrects the
pronunciation)
Nyet!?

CLEO
Nyet!

Joey moves into her personal space. He looks as though he might eat her.

JOEY
We stop serving lunch hour ago.
What do you want?

CLEO
(in the bad dialect)
Late Lunch. Vhat do you have?

JOEY
(suspicious)
We have plenty foods.

CLEO
Yo quiero . . . linguine positano.
s'il vous plait.

JOEY
(confused)
We do not have that.

Alexei and Rudi slowly place their hands on weapons inside their jackets.

Joey and Cleo are close enough to kiss. Joey's body blocks his friends' view of Cleo, who brings her hand to her lips.

CLEO
(caressing her lips)
C'est dommage.

JOEY
(pissed)
Who are you?

CLEO
(whispers)
A foreign woman.

Cleo forms a bird over her mouth and winks. Joey falls dead at her feet. She pretends surprise and hysterics.

CLEO (CONT'D)
(in a bad German accent)
AHHHHH! Oh, Mein Gott! Mein Gott!

Alexei and Rudi rush to Joey as Cleo runs out of the café. Rudi follows her.

EXT. SURGEI DOVLATOV WAY, QUEENS

Rudi chases Cleo down the street. Cleo laughs and sheiks.

In the next block, the limo pulls up behind the Jeep, and Cleo gets in.

Rudi pounds on the window and runs along side.

INT. LIMOUSINE

ED
You made a friend?!

Cleo smiles radiantly and shoots Rudi a bird just as he aims his gun at her. She screams with excitement.

INT. TRUDY'S CAB

Trudy, still observing from the back seat SCREAMS. Felix covers his ears.

INT. LIMOUSINE

In the rearview mirror Ed sees Rudi fall.

EXT. SURGEI DOVLATOV WAY, QUEENS

Moe and Jeff leave the Jeep with their weapons drawn.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Cleo SCREAMS with delight and flings the wig off. Ed observes with amazement through the rearview as he drives.

CLEO
(scooting up to Ed)
Oh Ed! I've never had so much fun
in my life!

ED
It's not supposed to be fun, Cleo.

Cleo falls back laughing.

At that moment, a bullet enters through the rear window and explodes Ed's head.

The limo lunges forward. Ed's body pressed against the HORN.

The limo CRASHES into The Foreign Woman just as Alexei opens the door. Alexei is pinned.

INT. TRUDY'S CAB

Trudy observes what's happening from her cab. She SCREAMS. FELIX has opened his door and watches.

FELIX
Holy fuck!

INT. LIMOUSINE

Cleo pulls up from the back seat to peer out. She sees Moe and Jeff. They are in the street running toward her.

Another shot pierces the rear window. Cleo ducks down, frozen with fear.

INT. TRUDY'S CAB

Felix goes to the back door and opens it.

FELIX
You're getting out here, lady.

TRUDY
(shutting the door)
NO!

FELIX
(beating on the window)
OUT.

TRUDY
They are shooting at my baby
sister!!

EXT. FELIX'S CAB

There's a tug of war with the passenger door. Felix falls
back on the sidewalk.

Jeff and Moe carefully approach the limo.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Cleo hides on the floor.

INT. TRUDY'S CAB

Trudy beats on the rear window of the cab.

TRUDY
WATCH OUT!!

Felix gets back into the cab and makes himself small and
drives.

FELIX
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

TRUDY
Stop! Stop! Stop! (Crossing her
fingers) I have a gun!

Felix slams on the brakes and raises his hands above his
head.

EXT. LIMOUSINE

Crouching low, the men creep to each side of the limo and
reach for the door handles.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Cleo hears CLICKS as both men try the door handles at the
same time. She fiercely flips a bird at both doors.

EXT. LIMOUSINE

The doors explode off the limo. The men are knocked away by the doors.

Moe is knocked into the path of a cement truck, which runs over him, BREAKS loudly and stops.

Simultaneously, Jeff is badly injured, but attempts to crawl out from under the door on top of him.

As she leaves the limo, Cleo shoots a bird and he explodes, sending the limo door flying.

Cleo opens the front passenger door of the limo to see Ed. She almost throws up.

She catches a glimpse of Jim standing by his blue Audi A-3 observing the scene with a gun in his hand.

Jim, seeing that she's spotted him, hops behind the wheel and guns the Audi toward her.

Cleo, sobbing, runs into a side street.

INT. TRUDY'S CAB

Felix has bent his rearview in order to see the action.

TRUDY
Turn around!

FELIX
How'd that happen?!

TRUDY
Turn around!

FELIX
No, Ma'am!

TRUDY
We have to help her!

FELIX
I'll make the block, OK? Then you
get out!

INT. JIM'S CAR

SIRENS are heard. Jim turns onto the side street Cleo turned into.

JIM
(holding a hand gun)
Where are you, alien bitch?

EXT. ALLEY

Cleo hides behind boxes in an alley, terrified and crying.
She sees Jim's blue Audi pass.

INT. TRUDY'S CAB

TRUDY
Turn right!

FELIX
And then you get out!

TRUDY
Maybe!

INT. JIM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jim continues to drive. He pounds the dashboard with frustration.

In his rear view he sees Cleo crossing the street behind him.

He attempts to make a U-turn but on-coming traffic makes it impossible. He stops abruptly causing his tires to SQUEAL.

EXT. STREETS IN QUEENS

Cleo reacts to Jim's SQUEALING tires. She turns just in time to see the blue Audi turn left at the next corner.

Cleo runs through HONKING traffic to return to the ally.

As Cleo runs through the alley, Trudy's cab speeds by.

INT. TRUDY'S CAB

FELIX
Hey! That was --

TRUDY
Yes! Turn around!

FELIX
Oh Fuck, Lady!

TRUDY
I have a gun!

Felix almost causes a pile-up when he breaks.

EXT. TRUDY'S CAB

The cab swings up onto the sidewalk as it make a U-turn.

EXT. ALLEY

Cleo reaches the far end of the alley, and exits.

INT. TRUDY'S CAB

Felix stops.

TRUDY
Why are you stopping?

FELIX
I'm done, lady. For real. Shoot me.

TRUDY
Oh, darn it. You've been such a sweet boy. How much do I owe you?

FELIX
Nothing. Just get out.

EXT. TRUDY'S CAB

Felix SCREECHES away with the back passenger door still open.

EXT. A STREET IN QUEENS

Cleo enters a dry cleaners.

INT. DRY CLEANERS

The CLERK is a slender young woman with a ring in her nose. her hair is blue and orange tied up in a blue scarf. She wears a ripped jeans jacket.

CLERK
Ticket?

Cleo presents the clerk with a hundred dollar bill and a cheap black wig.

EXT. STREET IN QUEENS

Jim's car speeds past the Dry Cleaners.

INT. JIM'S CAR

Jim continues to search for Cleo. He beats his fist against the console.

EXT. STREET IN QUEENS

Cleo, completely exhausted, dressed in a ripped jeans jacket and with her hair tied up in a blue scarf walks slowly to a corner and hails a cab.

Felix's cab pulls up. Cleo gets in.

INT. FELIX'S CAB

CLEO
Having a good day?

FELIX
You wouldn't believe it.

CLEO
You too?

Cleo sees Trudy hailing a cab.

Stop!

Felix slams on his breaks. He sees Trudy, then looks back at Cleo. He SCREAMS.

EXT. STREET IN QUEENS

Felix leaves the cab and backs away.

FELIX
NO!

Trudy sees Felix, and rushes to his cab.

TRUDY
You came back?

FELIX

NO!

CLEO

(getting out of cab)

Trudy!

TRUDY

Cleo?! Oh, my God!

She and Trudy hug and cry. Felix stands in traffic watching in disbelief.

CLEO

What are you doing here?

Trudy is crying and contrite.

TURDY

I followed you.

Jim's Audi flies down the street nearly hitting Felix, his horn BLARING. He throws on his breaks, and gets out.

JIM

Get out of the Goddamned street!

Are you fucking crazy!?

He recognizes the women.

JIM (CONT'D)

You!

He runs back to his car and grabs his gun. As he points the gun at her, Cleo flips him off, and he is knocked into the path of a bus.

Felix is frozen.

CLEO

(to Felix)

Won't you please drive us home?

Felix is almost catatonic. He manages to move.

FELIX

Do I have to?

CLEO

Yes.

INT. FELIX'S CAB

Trudy snuggles to Cleo in the back seat.

TRUDY
(noticing the jacket)
You shopped?

CLEO
A little.
(to Felix)
What's your name, young man?

FELIX
Felix.

CLEO
Felix, can you forget what you've
seen today?

FELIX
I doubt it.

CLEO
Talk about it to anyone and I'll
track you down.

FELIX
Yes, Ma'am. Where to?

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT BUILDING IN HELL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The apartment has seen improvement.

Turner enters. He leans back against the door, anguished.

A dark figure emerges from the back of the apartment. It's Cleo wrapped in a blanket. She watches Turner for a moment, before he senses her presence.

TURNER
Cleo? Is that really you?

Cleo still wrapped in the blanket walks into Turner's arms. He hugs her warmly.

TURNER (CONT'D)
Merciful heavens, I was so worried
about you.

CLEO
No one ever shot at me before.

TURNER
I looked everywhere for you.

CLEO
People want to kill me.

TURNER
I know.

CLEO
And Ed! Such a nice young man. He --
it, it was so awful.

Cleo cries softly.

TURNER
Why didn't you call me?

CLEO
I threw my phone away. I was afraid
of being tracked. And, I was afraid
to go home.

TURNER
No need to be afraid now.

CLEO
Well, I am.

Trudy toddles sleepily in from the bedroom and hugs Turner.

TRUDY
Hi, Turner.

TURNER
Trudy!

She presents him with a bag of nuts.

TRUDY
Here are your nuts.

TURNER
Thank you, Trudy.

The three share a hug.

Turner becomes very serious.

TURNER (CONT'D)
We need to talk.

INT. MEN'S ROOM, LEYLA, W.74TH - NIGHT

Days later. Dick stands at a urinal. He speaks into his cell.

DICK

I have something I have to deal
with and then I'll be home. See
you in a bit.

INT. DINING ROOM, LEYLA, W.74TH

Turner is seated at a table with his cell to his ear.

Dick joins Turner.

DICK

Still no luck reaching her?

Turner shakes his head.

TURNER

And her sister went shopping and
never returned.

DICK

The only bodies found within a ten
block radius of The Foreign Woman
were the three Russians, our agent,
two men we don't know, and . . .
Jim St. James, of course. I'm so
sorry, Turner. I would never have
predicted he'd go Rambo on us.

A waiter brings two drinks to the table.

DICK (CONT'D)

Thanks.

The men drink, carefully eyeing each other.

TURNER

Are you searching for Cleo?

DICK

We're investigating the event, not
searching for anyone. I can't
assign agency resources to problem
which doesn't exist. It was a trial
run, as you are aware -- and an ill-
advised one, as it turned out. The
Agency can't be tied to it.

TURNER

So, now I should just forget Cleo and her sister and go about my business?

DICK

I would advise that, yes. Turner, you are a big boy -- you knew going in --

TURNER

-- I sense I've become liability for ya' Dick. You see, I know about the "problem which doesn't exist." And I'm not about to forget Cleo and her sister.

Pause.

DICK

You and I, we have to maintain a high level of trust between us, Turner.

TURNER

Trust? You were either dead wrong about Jimmy fuckin' St. James, or you sent him to clean house for ya.

(pause)

I think the latter was your plan all along.

Pause.

TURNER (CONT'D)

That makes you a liability. For me.

Silence.

DICK

Careful.

TURNER

(laughing)

G'night, Dick.

Turner leaves. Dick signals AGENT GLENN at the bar. Glenn follows Turner.

EXT. W 74TH STREET

Turner walks toward Columbus Ave. He passes a figure wearing a hooded jacket who walks out of the shadows toward him. They pass each other.

Glenn follows Turner. The hooded figure passes Glenn, then turns to follow him at a distance. She removes the hood -- its Cleo.

When Glenn lifts a handgun with a silencer and points at Turner, Cleo flips him off. He shoots himself.

INT. LEYLA, W.74TH

Dick signs the charge slip for the drinks.

As he approaches the door, Cleo appears just outside. She is joined by Turner.

Cleo shoots a somber bird as Turner waves bye-bye, and Dick falls.

EXT. W 74TH STREET

Turner and Cleo walk to Central Park West. Cleo hails a Limo. Felix drives.

INT. FELIX'S LIMO

Cleo and Turner join Trudy inside.

CLEO
Turner, Felix is our full-time driver now.

TURNER
Welcome aboard Felix.

FELIX
Thank you, Sir. Where to?

CLEO
Home for now. I'll read the *Times* in the morning and then we'll know where we go tomorrow.

TRUDY
Party time!

Trudy lifts a bottle of Veuve Cliquot from an ice bucket passes it to Turner, who opens it, while Trudy distributes flutes to all, including Felix.

CLEO

To what shall we drink?

TURNER

-- I got this one. (pause) Here's to a beautiful lady who'll be searchin' out the bad guys, and actually liftin' a finger to make a better world!

ALL

Here, here!