

CANDY

Written by
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EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

Two gas pumps, one garage. Mountains to the East, nothing but two lane highway to the West. Then...

A car materializes on the heat-distorted horizon.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

JONATHAN, silk shirt, Italian jacket, three too many gold necklaces, sits in the back seat, a square cardboard box in his lap. He texts something, frowns.

The car starts to slow.

JONATHAN
What are you doing?

JANE eyes him through the rear-view.

JANE
We need gas.

JONATHAN
No. We need to get rid of this first.

He holds the box closer.

JANE
You know there's not another station for 100 miles don't you?

JONATHAN
You know who my father is don't you?

Jane stares at him through the rearview.

JONATHAN (cont'd)
There's a dirt road 150 yards past that station. On the right. Don't miss it.

JANE
Yes sir.

EXT. DIRT PATH - DAY

The sedan slows, turns onto the path.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Jonathan watches as the Sedan bumps its way down the path.

JONATHAN
This is good enough.

EXT. DIRT PATH - DAY

Jonathan gets out first, scans. Jane is next, eyes the visible station.

JANE
Aren't we too close?

JONATHAN
Hide in plain sight, ever heard the term?

JANE
Not under these...

His jacket opens revealing a holstered gun.

JANE (cont'd)
... circumstances.

He sees that she sees... and likes it.

JONATHAN
There's a shovel in the trunk.

He sits on the hood as she returns with the shovel.

JONATHAN (cont'd)
Dig, I'll keep an eye out.

Jane plants the shovel, slips into a pair of leather gloves.

Jonathan laughs.

JONATHAN (cont'd)
That's right, protect them nails,
princess.

She digs. He watches then stares at his phone, frowns --

JANE
If she won't text you back, maybe she
don't like you.

JONATHAN
How do you know--

JANE
--Woman's intuition.

She keeps digging.

JONATHAN
Look, I know when a gal don't like me. She *liked* me. We had a nice dinner then we seen Les Mis and going back to her place was *her* idea.
(a beat)
Don't give me that side glance, I ain't no *me too*, she came out of the bathroom in nothing but a thong. Smokin hot. Off the charts I tell ya. And the sex... gal don't do stuff like that if she don't like ya.

He gets lost in memory, then glances down at his phone.

JONATHAN (cont'd)
Now nothing.

JANE
Look, it sounds like a lovely evening. If you're telling the truth--

JONATHAN
--I don't do lies, toots.

JANE
She married?

He hesitates.

JANE
You don't do lies.

JONATHAN
She's not in love with the guy.

JANE
So she said.

JONATHAN
No way. We've been texting for weeks. Never any delay in responding.

She stops digging, wipes her brow. Hrmphs, thinking.

JANE
You said smokin hot, off the charts
hot. Am I correct she's marry-a-rich-
old guy hot?

JONATHAN
He's got money, sure.

JANE
Well there it is, then.

JONATHAN
There what is?

JANE
That's deep enough. Toss it in.

He slides from the hood, moves to eye the hole.

JONATHAN
There what is?

JANE
The old rich guy found out.

JONATHAN
She would have texted that.

JANE
Not if she's dead.

JONATHAN
She's not dead.

Jane leans on her shovel, half smiles.

JANE
Jonathan, what do you think we're
burying here?

Jonathan stares. Cylinders slow to fire. He looks at the box
in his hands, a box roughly the size of a human head.

JANE (cont'd)
You fucked your father's wife,
Jonathan. How did you *think* this
would play out?

Jonathan drops the box, goes for his gun.

Jane pulls a silenced .38 from her back waistband and

FFUMP

-- shoots Jonathan in the dick.

He opens his mouth to scream then she shoots him in the throat.

He falls into the shallow grave gurgling.

Jane pulls the shovel, begins burying him... alive.

INT. SERVICE STATION - GARAGE - DAY

Piece of shit car. Engine winched to the ceiling in the empty bay. POPS (30) squats where the engine should be. Covered in grease and sweat.

MARY (8), dark hair like her father, sits inside an old tire near the back of the car and sings. Her dress as dirty as her dolly.

MARY

This oh man, he plays two, he plays
nik-nak on my shoe--

POPS

--with a nic-nak paddywack,
giv'a'dog'a bone, this old man came
rollin home.

Mary stares up at him, wide eyed.

POPS (cont'd)

What? You think you made that song up?

A long beat then--

POPS & MARY

This old man, he played three, he
played nik-nak on my knee--

MOM (O.S.)

--Alright alright.

MOM (30) with fiery red hair, glistens with sweat. She stands in the office doorway, a plate of sandwiches. Blouse open, her Irish tree of life pendent catches the light.

MOM

Ham and cheese. Come and eat.

DING DING

MARY'S POV

An old van pulls up to the pumps. ROY slides from the driver's seat. RAY from the passenger.

MOM (cont'd)
After, we'll eat after.

Pops climbs out of the old car, turns to the men--

POPS
Fill'er up?

Roy eyes Mom standing in the doorway.

ROY
Yeah. Don't mind if I do.

He pulls a snub nose and SHOOTS Pops in the heart.

Blood SPATTERS Mary's shocked face.

Dad drops dead as Mom SCREAMS and runs into the office. Roy stalks after her.

RAY
No, Roy, I'm first this time.

Roy stops before entering the office, turns.

ROY
No, Ray, you ain't.

When Roy turns back to the office.

SHUNK!

Mom sinks a screwdriver into his eye socket.

POW! POWPOW!

Roy shoots mom as his damaged nerves uncontrollably yank his trigger finger. POW POWPOWCLICKCLICKCLICK

RAY
Son of a...

Mom and Roy collapse in a heap, both still twitching.

Ray stares, unable to process... then --

He kicks Roy off of Mom and drags her to the car.

Her tree of life pendant falls to the ground as --

-- he flings her over the grill, face down, yanks her skirt up. He unbuckles his belt, assumes the position...

WHIMPER

He turns and for the first time, spots Mary. Still sitting in the tire. Blood spattered face streaked with tears.

RAY (cont'd)

Oh. Hi.

He pulls up his trousers and crosses toward her.

She scrambles out of the tire and backs behind the car.

RAY (cont'd)

My name is Ray.

He follows as she backs across the bay.

RAY (cont'd)

I'm real sorry 'bout what Roy done to yer Mom and Pops.

She backs into the wall. Cornered. He stops.

RAY (cont'd)

Maybe you and me can be friends.

His pants drop to his ankles.

Mary reaches up and pulls the wench lever.

The hanging engine falls. Ray VANISHES beneath it. Mary backs away from the spreading blood.

DING DING

EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

Jane steps from the Sedan and freezes.

HER POV

Pop's dead body. Roy's and Mom's.

Jane pulls her silenced .38, then --

Mary walks into view, spattered with Pop's and Ray's blood. Her face blank, eyes filled with trauma.

FADE TO BLACK

MUSIC.

Heavy bass. Something older, erotic. Like Portishead's Glory Box or Enigma's assorted lust songs.

Title Card: CANDY

FADE UP ON--

A nipple. Hard. Erect. Nailed fingers hold a piece of ice, a droplet falls. The areola shrivels.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

INT. BABY DOLLS - MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

CANDY (late 30s) arches her thonged pelvis and rises as only an exotic dancer can. Mohawk, tattoos, she stands out.

Half a dozen MEN surround the main stage as she crawls toward PAISLEY JACKET. He's balding, 80lbs overweight and covered in a sheen of sweat.

He leans close to the stage, fisting fifty one-dollar bills.

Candy places a hand on his forehead, shoves him back into his seat. He submits.

As she hovers over him... we see an Irish tree of life pendant, dangling between her breasts. To be clear, we've seen it before, Mom was wearing it.

Candy shows Paisley the ice, closes it in her hand then tightens her fist in front of him.

Droplets fall from her hand... onto his crotch. Another. Then another.

Paisley's trousers protrude above a tiny little hard-on.

Candy flips backwards in a stunningly acrobatic display, snatches the silver pole and races up it.

Perfectly timed with the music, she twirls and descends, flips and lands on her knees at the edge of the stage, her Holy of Holies right in front of Paisley as the MUSIC ENDS.

He licks dry lips, struggles to swallow and with a shaky hand places the entire wad of cash into her thong.

DJ (O.S.)
Put your hands and your money
together for Candy!

As Candy collects the stray money from the stage, Paisley regains himself and CLAPS enthusiastically.

Candy gives him a wink...

--behind him, against the back wall, Candy eyes ANGEL (maybe 18) seated with DOUCHESUIT.

INT. BABY DOLLS - BACK WALL - NIGHT

DOUCHESUIT
I only made 300 grand that year and I
gotta tell you, it was rough, but --

--Candy suddenly leans between them.

CANDY
(to Angel)
Hey babe, Doris has called a dancer
meeting.
(to Douche)
You mind, sexy? I promise I'll bring
her right back then maybe you can
show us how hard you get.

Without waiting for an answer she pulls Angel away.

INT. BABY DOLLS - MAIN STAGE LEFT - NIGHT

They stop before entering the girls' dressing room.

DJ (O.S.)
Everyone put your hands together for
Hollywood!

HOLLYWOOD takes the stage behind them.

CANDY
What are you doing?

ANGEL
I... what?

CANDY
You've been sitting with douchesuit
for over an hour and haven't done a
single dance.

ANGEL
He was telling me about his--

CANDY
--You're new, right? What's your name?

ANGEL
Rebecca--

CANDY
--Not your real name.

ANGEL
Oh, Uh, right, I'm Morgana le Fay.

CANDY
Oh, Jesus Christ.

ANGEL
It's from King Arth--

CANDY
--I know what the fuck it's from.
Look, from now on you're... Angel. We
don't have an Angel and it attracts a
certain closeted need.

ANGEL
Oh... okay.

CANDY
Listen to me. They are wallets.
That's all they are. They aren't the
future. They aren't sex. You never go
home with them. Never.

ANGEL
I wasn't--

CANDY
--yes you were. He's been filling
your head for an hour. Talking about
his money. Security. All bullshit.
He's here for your pussy and the
moment he has it his money will never
pay your electric bill again.

Angel opens her mouth to protest... but doesn't.

CANDY (cont'd)
Go ask him if he wants a dance. If he
makes an excuse walk away.

ANGEL

He said he wanted to let his food settle before we...

CANDY

Bullshit. If he don't want a dance, walk. The fuck. Away. Leave them wanting more. You are the hottest fucker in the joint.

ANGEL

I am not.

CANDY

Yes, you the fuck are. Show him. Show him you don't need him. Walk the fuck away.

ANGEL

But I've invested all this time in--

CANDY

--That's the point. Honey, men come here for two things, and two things only. To save us and to fuck us. The trick is to let'em think they're 24 hours from getting both. Time investment is the game.

ANGEL

They said you were mean.

CANDY

I get that alot. See that jerkoff in the purple tie?

Angel scans, finds PURPLE TIE. He looks away, embarrassed that he was caught watching them.

CANDY (cont'd)

Go to him.

ANGEL

But what about...

CANDY

Go to Purple Tie. Chat him up. Then go to douchesuit and tell him you'll TRY to see him later.

ANGEL

Why are you doing this? I've only made 20 dollars tonight and I've--

CANDY

--Do what I'm telling you and you'll
make 500. Go.

Angel deflates but crosses toward Purple Tie. LOLA, late
20s, fake blond, fake tits, fake teeth, sidles up to Candy.

LOLA

Jesus, you are the worst dorm mom on
the fucking planet.

THEIR POV

ANGEL chats with Purple Tie.

DoucheSuit watches. Darkens.

Angel and Purple Tie laugh.

DoucheSuit glares.

LOLA (cont'd)

You really are the stripper
whisperer. And I do not mean that as
a good thing.

It's clear Douche is about to lose it.

LOLA (cont'd)

You told her not to fuck them unless
they're really hot and she's really
horny, right?

CANDY

Left that part out because I'm not
you.

LOLA

Gotta figure out which one's face I'm
gonna sit on tonight.

CANDY

I hate you.

They watch as--

Angel finally returns to DoucheSuit, addresses him then
starts to walk away. He grabs her wrist.

Candy bristles, takes a step.

LOLA

Relax, see how she handles it.

Angel spins on Douche, slips her fingers into his waistband, leads him to the dancer lounge.

LOLA (cont'd)
See, she's got this. Now for you. You okay?

CANDY
Sure, if you ignore the fact that I just corrupted another--

LOLA
--It's you're mom's birthday.

Lola gestures to Candy's tree of life pendant.

CANDY
Yeah. I'm fine.

She caresses the tiny tree.

CANDY (cont'd)
She met my dad at Woodstock. Did I ever tell you that?

LOLA
No. But Christ that makes you old.

CANDY
Fuck the shut up.

LOLA
Um... sweetie. You're wallet's here.

THEIR POV

RANDY, 40s, stands out. He's overweight but reeks money. His eyes and smile on Candy as he finds an empty seat.

LOLA (cont'd)
Go while I try to find my fucking phone.

CANDY
You're kidding me. Again?

Candy pulls her phone from her money purse.

CANDY (cont'd)
Give me your fucking login info.

LOLA
No, bitch. I'm not--

Candy shoves the phone into Lola's big fake tits.

CANDY

Do it.

Lola frowns but enters the info.

Candy snatches the phone, uses it like a metal detector. They zombie their way to the DJ booth where they find a pink leopard-skin phone.

Candy shoves the phone between Lola's fake tits.

CANDY (cont'd)

And charge your phone. It's nearly dead.

LOLA

Fine. Thanks bitch.

CANDY

You're welcome, cunt.

INT. BABY DOLLS - BACK WALL - NIGHT

Candy slides into the empty chair next to Randy.

CANDY

I thought you had meetings all week.

RANDY

I broke away. I was getting withdrawal not seeing you. Lola lost her phone again?

CANDY

Of course she did.

RANDY

And you used your phone to find it. I told you that app was brilliant. Did I miss your stage set?

CANDY

Sadly. Can you stay another hour?

RANDY

For you? Always. Or we could slip away for a nice dinner.

CANDY

--You know I can't--

RANDY
--Balthazar's is open until 3am.

CANDY
Randy...

RANDY
Of course, I would reimburse you for the money you would have made, plus extra.

CANDY
Randy, god, you know I want to, you know that. But you remind me so much of...

RANDY
That son of a bitch! Tell me his name and I'll have him killed.

CANDY
I just need a little more time. I don't want my fucked up baggage to jinx us. Not us.

He slips her a hundred.

RANDY
Some champagne then?

INT. BABY DOLLS - BAR - NIGHT

Candy crosses to the bar...

Angel gives her a big grin as she exits the dancer lounge with Douchesuit.

Inside the lounge Lola dances for GOATEE. He's attractive.

CANDY
(to Bartender)
Champagne.

BARTENDER takes the C-note, returns with a bottle, two glasses and a twenty. Candy thongs the twenty.

INT. BABY DOLLS - BACK WALL - NIGHT

Angel chats up Randy as Candy returns.

ANGEL
 You should know, he's loyal. I asked
 him for a dance and he said he was
 yours.

CANDY
 Would you like to join us, Angel?

ANGEL
 It's okay, I'm on stage next.

As Angel moves away--

RANDY
 She tells me you run the place. I had
 no idea.

CANDY
 Hardly.

Candy watches Lola and Goatee move to the exit. Lola
 gestures to Candy that she's going for a smoke.

RANDY
 She said all the girls fear you.

CANDY
 Fear me? Hah.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As DoucheSuit grabs Angel's wrist. She tries to pull away.
 He yanks her close.

DOUCHESUIT
 I don't like being ignored!

CANDY (O.S.)
 Let her go.

DOUCHESUIT
 Fuck off.

Douche shoves Candy but she grabs his hand, bends it back
 and his knees go out from under him.

As he cries out in pain BOUNCER arrives and moves him toward
 the exit.

DOUCHESUIT (cont'd)
 Bitch, you broke my hand! I'm gonna
 sue--

CANDY
 Oh really, shithead? I'll show you
 what a broken hand feels like!

BALD BOUNCER blocks Candy as Bouncer escorts Douchesuit out.

ANGEL
 Thanks.

CANDY
 You okay?

Angel favors her wrist.

ANGEL
 I've been through worse.

Candy watches as Angel moves toward the stage.

DJ (O.S.)
 Let's hear it for our new girl, make
 her feel welcome, Morgana le Fey!

Candy rolls her eyes then catches Randy's impressed gaze.

He golf claps.

She bows, then mouths, "I'll be right back" and crosses
 toward the exit.

EXT. BABY DOLLS - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Couple trash bins and an old Folgers can full of cigarette
 butts as Candy exits.

She spots Goatee at the end of the alley as he shuts the
 trunk of a pricey Mercedes. He eyes her then crosses to the
 driver's side, climbs in.

Candy scans the alley. Where is Lola?

She eyes Goatee as he drives past. He ignores her.

INT. BABY DOLLS - BACK WALL - NIGHT

Candy enters. Scans the place.

Angel is on stage. Girls work the floor. Men leer. Randy
 crosses to the stage, drops several fives.

No sign of Lola.

A thought. Candy pulls her phone from her money purse.

ON PHONE as a map appears. FIND MY. A round icon of Lola's face moves away from Baby Dolls.

Candy quickly crosses toward the dressing room.

INT. BABY DOLLS - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Lockers, mirrors, long benches. GIRLS in assorted state of dress bitch, smoke, and bitch as Candy crosses to her locker and dresses.

INT. BABY DOLLS - MAIN STAGE LEFT - NIGHT

Candy exits the dressing room in boots, tights and a leather jacket, crosses to the back exit as Randy cuts her off.

RANDY
You're leaving?

CANDY
Not for long. One of the girls...
there's something I've got to do.

RANDY
But we have champagne.

CANDY
I know I'm so sorry. Share it with
Angel. I doubt she's ever had
champagne. I'll be back as fast as I
can. Promise.

She pecks him on the cheek. He opens his mouth to protest but she's out the door before he can.

EXT. BABY DOLLS - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Candy checks her phone as she crosses toward a 1960s Volkswagen van.

ON PHONE

Lola's blip continues to move across town.

Candy climbs into the van.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN VAN - NIGHT

Bed in the back, hanging and folded clothes. A line of 6 inch heels. The van's engine RUMBLES.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MOVES

Candy's van moved through the city.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

The van rolls down a dark street, she kills the lights then engine yards from a flickering streetlight.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN VAN - NIGHT

Candy checks her phone.

The Lola icon has stopped at the corner of a large building.

CANDY'S POV

Through windshield a large three story building. The bottom floor windows are barred, some boarded. Sporadic lights throughout the building.

Half a dozen vehicles parked out front.

In the far corner a tall garage stands door open.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Candy crosses toward the building.

No one in sight. She eyes her phone.

ON SCREEN

Lola's icon is straight ahead, inside the garage. Not moving.

As Candy approaches, the garage is deep, deep enough to park an 18 wheeler. The Mercedes we saw Goatee driving, parked at the end. The trunk is open.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - GARAGE - NIGHT

As Candy nears the trunk... it's empty other than a deflated beach ball, tire iron and... Lola's cell phone, face down.

Candy reaches for it. There's blood. Smearred on the phone.

A SOUND. A footstep.

Candy spins, drops into a defensive stance. Too late.

Goatee's punch CLOCKS her on the side of the head!

She falls backwards into the trunk.

Goatee lunges for her but Candy KICKS!

The heel of her boot catches Goatee in the throat. He stumbles backwards, CHOKING.

Candy spins to scramble out of the big trunk as Goatee regains his senses and grabs her from behind.

She throws back, HEADBUTTING Goatee!

A tooth DRIBBLES from his mouth which fills with blood.

Candy rises out of the trunk--

KUHFWAM!

With the tire iron! Goatee's jaw BREAKS.

He crumbles to the ground, motionless as Candy staggers, dazed. Nearly falls.

She touches the back of her head, blood from his teeth.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Candy staggers from the garage.

HER POV

Lights swim. Vision blurs.

Candy staggers toward her two parked vans. Double vision.

EXT. VOLKSWAGEN VAN - NIGHT

She opens the back doors. Shoves the bed forward then opens the floor panel. There should be a spare tire in the space but there isn't.

There's a leather carpenter's belt. Hammer, screwdrivers, duct tape. She straps it around her waist. There's also a set of brass knuckles in the spare tire well. She slips them onto her left hand. She opens a small cardboard box removes a black metal cylinder about three inches long, drops it in the belt. Then she pulls a machete from the well and closes the floor panel.

She starts to close the van doors, pauses. Then reaches back in, pulls a plastic satchel from beneath the bed. The sort of box you'd keep tax paperwork. She spills the contents.

D&D books. Dice. Tiny figurines. There's a square velvet bag with a gold Asian dragon stenciled on the front.

She slips it into a tool belt pouch.

She closes the van doors then marches back toward the building. Her vision clearer.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - GARAGE - NIGHT

Goatee moves but is still on the ground.

Candy takes a knee on his chest. Machete to his throat.

CANDY
Where is Lola?

GOATEE
Fuck you.

He reaches for his ankle. There's a snubnose in his boot! He pulls it!

Candy rises, spins and swings the machete.

Goatee's arm severs from his body at the elbow!

He stares at it. Wide eyed.

As his arms tumbles onto the ground. Fingers still twitching but unable to pull the trigger.

He opens his mouth to scream but--

Candy PUNCHES him with the brass knuckles. His lights go out.

She slides the machete into a sleeve on her belt then lifts Goatee and shoves him into the trunk.

She digs Lola's pink leopard-skin cell out from under him. Checks the face, nearly dead. She slides it into her pocket.

She crosses to his severed arm, a boot on his wrist, pries the gun from his dead fingers.

She slips the tip of her finger into the barrel, looking for something.

She frowns, drops the gun into her belt pouch.

She grabs the arm and tosses it into the trunk.

Then searches Goatee's pockets.

Keys. She drops them into the belt pouch. Money clip, into the belt pouch. Phone. She turns it off, then Frisbees it out the garage door and into the darkness.

She closes the trunk, crosses toward the door.

Locked. She removes the keys. Car key and four others.

She tries the four keys, the second one slips in, turns.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - HALL - NIGHT

A ten foot hallway. Door to the left, door to the right, one at the end of the hall. Door to the right is open.

Candy carefully peers into the room.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A man in a jacket with leather ELBOW PATCHES stands at an open fridge spreading mayo onto a slice of bread. He looks up and stares with confusion at --

Candy stands in the doorway. Mohawk, tattoos, black leather jacket and brown leather carpenter's belt. Hammer, duct tape. The image makes no sense.

She crosses toward him.

CANDY

Guy with the goatee brought a girl
in, Lola. Where is she?

ELBOW PATCHES

Who the fuck are you?

He doesn't wait for a reply. He spins the mayo knife and thrusts it toward her.

She snatches his wrist with one hand, bends and lifts his elbow with the other... guides the knife blade into his left eye socket.

He stands there stunned for a moment as --

ANOTHER ANGLE

A man in a GREY SUIT enters the room, looks up from a clipboard...

GREY SUIT

What the?

He pulls a .38 from a holster beneath his jacket.

As Elbow Patches falls Candy RIPS the knife from his eye and side arms it!

SHUNK!

It buries in Grey Suit's throat. He drops his gun, stumbles forward, fingers clawing at the knife.

Candy sidesteps and shoves him behind her.

He falls on his face atop Elbow Patches, the knife blade bursting through the back of his neck.

Candy retrieves his gun, slips her finger into the barrel, then pouches it.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

Candy eases into the hallway, closes the door behind her. She crosses the hall and listens at the door. VOICES.

She eyes the overhead florescent light, clicks a near switch.

Darkness.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - OFFICE - NIGHT

DATA GIRL, glasses, hair in a bun, types at a computer on a card table. A thick muscled man in a TURTLE NECK leans over her chair, eyes the screen.

TURTLE NECK
You sent him a quote?

DATA GIRL
There are some unknown factors that need your attention.

TURTLE NECK
Go on.

DATA GIRL
The subject, seventeen, rarely uses Facebook but from her Instagram, it's clear she's close to her parents.

TURTLE NECK
It isn't clear, just means she only posts the positive, doesn't mean there aren't skeletons in the closet. But tack on an extra 5 percent under "zero eight five: close family ties".

DATA GIRL
Yessir. And her father's a cop. Deputy sheriff.

TURTLE NECK
Ugh, okay. Tack on 10 percent under "one one three: ties to law enforcement". Are we providing disposal?

DATA GIRL
Yes but with an open date.

TURTLE NECK
I'll draw up a disclaimer. Customer needs to understand this one will generate heat, possibly national.

CANDY (O.S.)
What the fuck is this?

Both Turtle Neck and Data Girl jump.

Candy stands in the doorway, the dark hallway behind her.

CANDY
What does disposal mean?

TURTLE NECK
Who the fuck are you?

CANDY
Where is Lola? The guy with the
Goatee brought her here.

Turtle Neck sizes Candy up then smiles.

TURTLE NECK
Right, I'll take you to her.

He walks toward Candy, smile widens.

Candy pulls the duct tape from its pouch.

SCREEEECH!

She unrolls a four foot strip as--

Turtle Neck reaches for her!

She kicks him in the balls.

His eyes go wide as he reaches for his nuts.

Candy slaps the end of the duct tape over his mouth, wraps
it around his head looping back across his nose!

He reaches for the tape but she wraps both wrists with the
tape then unrolls the strip farther and throws the roll!

It sling shots around him! She catches the roll, wraps the
excess around his wrists again.

He can't reach the tape around his mouth and nose.

She SWEEPS his feet out from under him then RIPS the tape
free as he falls.

Candy drops the roll back into her pouch and turns toward
Data Girl, whose mouth is open in shock.

CANDY
So what is this place?

Data Girl stares at Turtle Neck--

-- as he slowly suffocates. Muscles strain in a futile
attempt to break the tape binding his wrists.

CANDY (cont'd)
Your boyfriend?

At this Data Girl stares up at Candy.

DATA GIRL
He rapes me.

Data Girl looks back at his pleading eyes with indifference.
Candy turns, watches as he begins to convulse.

CANDY
Not anymore.

Turtle Neck falls back. Eyes glassy. Leg twitches. Dead.
Candy turns back to Data Girl.

CANDY (cont'd)
What is this place?

Data Girl's eyes still on Turtle Neck, her reply is robotic.

DATA GIRL
R&R is an Industrial Supply
Distribution company serving all 50
states and Canada.

Candy steps between she and the suffocated corpse.

CANDY
This is sex trafficking?

Data Girl stares up at her. Considers... then--

DATA GIRL
That's like calling Amazon a book
store. This is so much more.

CANDY
Tell me.

DATA GIRL
They'll kill me.

CANDY
Not if I kill them first.

DATA GIRL
Yeah... This isn't a whore house
where you choose from an onsite
limited inventory.

(MORE)

DATA GIRL (cont'd)
I mean, we do that, yes, but our reach is significantly wider.

CANDY
The world is your catalog.

DATA GIRL
Something like that. Did you ever wanna fuck your childhood crush? We can arrange that. Is there a girl on your Facebook you fancy? There's no one your money can't buy. Any age. Any gender.

CANDY
And disposal?

DATA GIRL
We gather, deliver and in some cases we return upon request for...

CANDY
Disposal.

Data Girls nods.

CANDY (cont'd)
Where is my friend? A guy with a Goatee--

DATA GIRL
--Isaac.

CANDY
Right. He brought my friend here.

Data Girl glances at her computer, considers then slides to the keyboard. Types.

DATA GIRL
That's weird. Isaac's not on the schedule. I don't have any pick ups for tonight. There's a delivery scheduled for later but no pick ups. I guess it wasn't entered yet. Someone's going to get in trouble. Isaac's probably upstairs.

CANDY
No. He isn't.

Data Girl stares at her, at the finality.

DATA GIRL
He's with Boris?

She glances at Turtle Neck.

CANDY
Was that his name?
(a beat)
So someone ordered Lola?

DATA GIRL
I didn't say that... but yeah. That's
how it works. Strippers are cheap.

CANDY
Are they now?

DATA GIRL
I mean it's economics. A profession
known for high turnaround. Girls
normally estranged from family who
come from trauma and abuse. They
dance, then they vanish. No one goes
looking for them. No one misses them.

CANDY
Who? Who ordered her?

DATA GIRL
Well, she's not here so I can't tell
you but I couldn't anyway. They're
just numbers.

She gestures to her screen.

ON COMPUTER: Name, address, occupation, notes, all under a
random customer number.

CANDY
She's still here?

DATA GIRL
If Isaac brought her, she'll be
upstairs.

CANDY
How many guards?

DATA GIRL
Guards? Oh. Well, Levi and Jacob are
in charge of the girls. They'll be on
the third floor. Or the 2nd floor
kitchen.

(MORE)

DATA GIRL (cont'd)
Maybe five to ten more throughout the building. They don't exactly check in when they leave.

Candy RIPS a long strip of tape.

Data Girl's eyes go wide.

CANDY
I'm not going to kill you. But I'm not going to trust you either. You could alert the others.

Candy tapes Data Girl's wrist to the arm of her chair.

DATA GIRL
I would never--

CANDY
--Of course you would. You're tech support for the rape and disposal of sex slaves.

She tapes the other wrist to the other chair arm.

CANDY (cont'd)
So no, I'm not going to trust you. I'll be back to set you free after.

DATA GIRL
After what?

CANDY
After I find my friend.

DATA GIRL
They'll kill you first.

CANDY
They'll try.

Candy tapes her ankles to the chair then rolls her aside.

Candy leans over the computer, moves the mouse, types.

DATA GIRL
What are you doing?

CANDY
I'm uploading your harddrive to my server.

DATA GIRL
You don't understand how big this is.

CANDY
Since when has size mattered?

Candy clicks upload.

CANDY (cont'd)
How do I get to the third floor?

DATA GIRL
Out the door, left, stairs at the
back of the warehouse.

Candy tapes Data Girl's mouth.

CANDY
I'll be back for you.

Candy steps over Turtle Neck's corpse and exits.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

Candy steps into the dark hall, closes the door behind her and goes left toward a metal door.

She eases the door open just a crack.

She sees a two story warehouse, dark but for a single overhead light. A card table in the distance is illuminated.

Four men play cards: HEAVY SET, MUSTACHE, GINGER BEARD and BLUE JUMPSUIT.

A fifth, GOTH MAN, stands at the back of an open cargo van, an open garage door beyond. BRENDA is seated inside the cargo van, her wrists and ankles shackled, mouth gagged.

To the right of the van is a metal door, a sign with a stick figure climbing stairs above the door.

Candy reaches into her tool belt, retrieves the velvet pouch with the stitched gold dragon.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - WAREHOUSE LOADING BAY - NIGHT

Goth Man approaches the card table as Mustache shuffles and deals.

Blue Jumpsuit looks over his shoulder and eyes Brenda in the van with obvious lust.

GOTH MAN
20 minutes with no traffic. Who's on the schedule with me tonight?

HEAVY SET
I'm yer huckleberry.

GOTH MAN
Christ, seriously? What did you eat tonight?

HEAVY SET
What's that have to do with anything?

GOTH MAN
What did you eat?

HEAVY SET
I had my grandma's Chili, not that it's any of your ghat damn business.

GOTH MAN
Fuck that, you're not with me tonight. Which one of you wants to come?

Blue Jumpsuit eyes Brenda.

BLUE JUMPSUIT
Yeah, I'll go.

HEAVY SET
Wait, a minute!

GOTH MAN
I'm not sharing a forty minute round trip with your breaking wind.

HEAVY SET
I'm still getting paid?

GOTH MAN
Of course, not.

HEAVY SET
That's not fair.

GOTH MAN
There are consequences to our actions, kiddo.

(MORE)

GOTH MAN (cont'd)
 Next time you're on schedule watch
 what you eat you fucking fuck.

MUSTACHE
 How many?

GINGER BEARD
 Two.

Ginger Beard slides two cards across the table. Mustache
 gives him two more.

HEAVY SET
 Fuck it, I fold.

BLUE JUMPSUIT
 Two. We should up the stakes this
 hand.

Mustache discards three cards, deals himself three.

MUSTACHE
 How so?

BLUE JUMPSUIT
 We could...

He eyes Brenda...

BLUE JUMPSUIT (cont'd)
 ... play for her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Brenda's eyes go large as she overhears.

GINGER BEARD
 She's bought and paid for.

HEAVY SET
 I mean deal me back in if that's what
 we're playing for.

GINGER BEARD
 That's not what we're playing for.
 Raise 20.

He tosses a 20 dollar chip in the pile.

BLUE JUMPSUIT
 Like the customer would ever know one
 of us had a little taste. Call.

GOTH MAN
We don't touch the merchandise.

MUSTACHE
See and Raise 20.

GINGER BEARD
Call.

BLUE JUMPSUIT
Says who, you?

GOTH MAN
Says the boss.

BLUE JUMPSUIT
Never met the man. Call.

GOTH MAN
How long you been here?

BLUE JUMPSUIT
Couple months.

GOTH MAN
Then the rules should be fresh in
your mind.

BLUE JUMPSUIT
Figured they were more guidelines
than rules.

GOTH MAN
You figured wrong.

BLUE JUMPSUIT
I'm joking I'm joking!

MUSTACHE
Show em'. Pair of 8s.

Goth Man slowly circles the table as Mustache reveals a pair
of 8s.

GINGER BEARD
Pair of queens.

He reveals two Queens.

BLUE JUMPSUIT
Hah! Three threes!

He flings three threes on the pile as Goth Man comes to a stop behind him.

BLUE JUMPSUIT (cont'd)
I win!

GOTH MAN
You sure do.

Goth Man slips a thin-bladed knife to Blue Jumpsuit's neck.

GOTH MAN (cont'd)
You're having the wrong thoughts,
kiddo. Asking the wrong questions.

BLUE JUMPSUIT
I said I was joking!

Goth Man slides the tip of the blade down his chest.

GOTH MAN
You weren't. You were testing the
waters but the Boss runs a tight
ship. Sorry, kiddo, there are
consequences to our actions. And no
room for error.

Goth Man pushes the Horizontal blade between ribs four and five.

Blue Jumpsuit's eyes go wide. He JERKS. He GASPS.

GOTH MAN (cont'd)
Do we have any disposals this week?

Goth Man twists the blade then slides the handle down, slicing Blue's heart in half from within.

MUSTACHE
Other than him now, no.

Blue Jumpsuit's head lolls to the side dead as Goth rises and turns to Heavy Set with a stern gaze.

GOTH MAN
You still wanna be dealt in?

HEAVY SET
Um, no. No, I'm good.

Goth Man checks his watch.

GOTH MAN

Good. Let's get her delivered. Who's riding with me?

A HISS as something slices through the air then --

SHUUUNK!

Goth Man jerks. Eyes wide.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

A BLACK THROWING STAR

Embedded between ribs four and five, the head of a gold dragon visible upon the star, the rest buried in his chest.

Heavy Set, Ginger Beard and Mustache stare in shock as --

Goth Man drops to his knees, then falls over dead.

The remaining three men leap to their feet, pull their guns!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Candy stands in shadow.

CLOSE ON VELVET BAG

She slides another star from within and --

ON HEAVY SET

AS he nearly trips over Goth's body.

HEAVY SET

Who is it?! Where are they?!

SHUNK!

A star sinks into the flab of his right breast.

He slaps it away as one might brush a fly away.

SHUNK! SHUNK-SHUNK!

Right breast! Shoulder! Forearm!

He drops his gun and SCREAMS.

INT. CARGO VAN - NIGHT

Brenda stares with confusion through tear-stained eyes.

HER POV

Mustache holds his gun in two hands, scans the shadows.

SHUNK!

A star embeds into the back of his hand!

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - WAREHOUSE LOADING BAY - NIGHT

Mustache cries out and spins. The gun drops as --

SHUNK!

A star sinks into his back!

Ginger Beard's eyes narrow. Searching.

HIS POV

Movement from the shadows near an iron column.

The HISS of something slicing through the air then --

SHUNK!

A star sinks into Heavy Set's left temple.

MUSTACHE

There! Near the column! I see him--

SHUNK!

A star embeds in his throat, only the tip visible. He drops to his knees, suffocates on his own blood.

Ginger Beard tears toward the center column as --

Heavy Set reaches for the star in his temple, his fingers not working properly. His eyes roll back.

He falls on his face, dead.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - WAREHOUSE CENTER - NIGHT

Ginger Beard approaches the iron column, face a scowl.

He leaps around it, gun aimed. But no one is there.

He steps back into the shadows, scans.

He can see the bodies of his team. Can see Brenda in the back of the van still wide-eyed.

He slides his phone from his pocket.

As its face glows it illuminates his.

As well as Candy standing right behind him.

She SLAPS duct tape across his eyes.

GINGER BEARD

Son of a!

He reaches for the tape, drops his phone as she disarms his gun, which CLANGS to the ground!

But he finds her throat! And squeezes!

She CLAWS at his fingers but they tighten like a vice.

She reaches into her pouch for one of the two remaining stars but --

He SLAMS her blindly into the iron column.

The stars fall to the floor with metallic TINGS.

Losing consciousness... Candy takes the end of the duct tape and --

RIIIPS!

He SCREAMS wide-eyed as the tape TEARS his eyelids off!

He flings her WHAM! into the iron column.

She crumbles to the ground as he struggles to clear the blood from his eyes.

Candy finds one of the throwing stars as she scrambles away from him.

He lunges for her!

She flings the star!

SHUNK right in his forehead! But just the tip.

He ignores it, lifts a massive boot and STOMPS!

She barely moves her head out of the way in time.

He lifts his foot again.

Candy's fingers find the other throwing star. She holds it between her fingers as she rolls out of the way, sliding her hand where her face had been!

He STOMPS into the throwing star! And SCREAMS.

Candy throws her legs into the air and kip ups into a standing position.

Ginger Beard RIPS the star from the bottom of his boot and backhands it at her.

She sidesteps, grabs his arm, spins him around and bashes his head into the iron column.

He stumbles back, turns to her -- only the tip of the star now visible in his forehead.

He drops to the ground, dead. Candy scans the ground, retrieves the fallen gun.

Then she takes the star from Ginger Beard's hand, places it in her breast pocket so only the bloody tip is exposed. She glances at the buried star in his forehead, nope.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - WAREHOUSE LOADING BAY - NIGHT

Brenda watches from the back of the van --

HER POV

-- as Candy appears from the shadows. She retrieves her stars from the dead, pouches them, then checks Goth Man's pockets. She rises with a set of keys and approaches Brenda.

CANDY

My name's Candy.

She removes the gag from Brenda's mouth.

BRENDA

Brenda, my name. Brenda.

CANDY

Did they hurt you, Brenda?

BRENDA

No, but I think what was coming would have. Would have hurt.

CANDY

Yes. Let's get you out of here.

Candy tries a small key from Goth Man's chain on Brenda's wrist shackles. Doesn't work. She tries another.

BRENDA

I went to the movies with friends.
When I returned to my car two men...

She glances toward the dead bodies.

BRENDA (cont'd)

The big one there and... the one...
the one with a red beard.

CANDY

He's dead too.

BRENDA

Oh. Right. They were hiding near my car. It's crazy but I think... one was smoking and I saw lots of cigarette butts. Like they were waiting for me.

CANDY

They were.

Candy tries another key.

BRENDA

No, I mean... me. Specifically.

The key works.

CANDY

Yes. They were. Someone ordered you.

Candy drops to Brenda's ankles. Tries the key. Doesn't work.

BRENDA

What does that even mean?

Candy digs through the keys looking for the previous one.

CANDY

It means someone saw you. At the park or on Facebook or at work. Then they called these guys and "ordered" you.

BRENDA

Like Amazon?

CANDY

Like Amazon. But I doubt the shipping is free.

BRENDA

Who?

CANDY

I don't know who.

A beat as Brenda gets lost in thought, then --

BRENDA

My boss. He's always asking me out. He's married. Kids. The more I say no the more persistent. There's something about him... something behind his eyes. But there's no way to prove it is there?

Candy considers.

CANDY

You any good with computers?

BRENDA

I'm a lead programmer.

Candy looks up at her, then turns the key.

The ankle shackles open.

CANDY

Think you can drive this?

BRENDA

The van, sure. Drive it where, to the police station?

Candy helps her climb from the back of the van.

CANDY

I'd rather you not.

She gestures to the dead bodies.

BRENDA
They kidnapped me. You rescued me.
You can't possibly get in trouble for
saving me.

CANDY
You're not the only one. They took my
friend.

BRENDA
And you don't want the police to
help?

CANDY
They have guidelines to follow. I
don't.

Brenda stares at her then slowly reaches for Candy's face.

Candy watches but doesn't stop her.

Brenda rubs a droplet of blood from Candy's cheek.

CANDY (cont'd)
Thank you.

Candy pulls a card from her tool belt.

CANDY (cont'd)
That's where I work. And that's my
Instagram.

BRENDA
You're a stripper?

CANDY
You'd prefer an accountant release
you?

BRENDA
No no, I... I prefer you.

CANDY
I copied their computer hard drive.
It may be a dead end because these
guys are smart.

BRENDA
I'm smarter. Can I see the drive?

CANDY
Message me when you're safe.

Candy removes the van key from the chain, hands it over.

BRENDA

But... but what are you going to do?

CANDY

I'm going to find my friend. Now get out of here before more show up.

BRENDA

Alone? Shouldn't I come with...

CANDY

I got this. You go. Message me when you're safe.

Candy leads her to the driver's door. Opens it.

Brenda starts to climb in, turns back to her.

BRENDA

Thank you.

Candy nods.

Brenda kisses her on the cheek. Breaks. Then --

Kisses her on the lips. Soft. Hold. Break.

Brenda climbs into the van. The engine RUMBLES and she drives into the darkness.

Candy returns to the dead, grabs a jacket from one of the chairs and spreads it open on the card table.

She gathers their guns.

She places them on the jacket along with the guns in her belt. Two snub nosed, one Walther PPK, four .38 automatics, (three chrome, one black).

She ejects the .38 clips, drops them in her belt pouch.

One by one she slips the tip of her finger into the barrel of each .38... looking for something. The first chrome, nope. Second chrome, nope. Third chrome... she reacts. Finds what she's looking for.

She removes the black metal cylinder from her pouch, screws it into the Chrome .38's barrel. A silencer.

She slips a clip into the gun then slides the gun into a leather sleeve on the side of her belt, a holster.

She gathers the remaining guns in the jacket, carries them toward the stairs.

She drops the jacket filled with guns in a trash can near the door.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - BACK STAIRS - NIGHT

Candy eases into the stairwell, listens.

She moves up the cement stairs to the half landing, then up toward the 2nd floor door as --

The door opens. A 30-something in a KID ROCK t-shirt, roll of toilet paper in hand, freezes mid-stride.

He stares at Candy, working the math in his head.

CANDY
Heading up stairs to take a shit?

KID ROCK
Who the fuck are you?

CANDY
The last two men who asked me that are dead.

KID ROCK
What?

CANDY
Are you Levi or Jacob?

KID ROCK
I'm neither, you psycho carpenter.

CANDY
Relax, Kid Rock, I'm here to make a pick up. Isaac brought a girl in earlier.

KID ROCK
Pick up. We don't do *pick ups*.

CANDY
Then you should take it up with Boris.

KID ROCK
I don't like Boris.

CANDY

Who does?

He eyes her tool belt.

KID ROCK

Is that a gun?

CANDY

You don't carry a gun?

KID ROCK

I don't like them.

CANDY

Me neither.

KID ROCK

Levi and Jacob know about this?

CANDY

No clue, Kid Rock, I just do what I'm told.

KID ROCK

Why do you keep calling me Kid Rock?

Her eyes flick to his t-shirt. Is he kidding? He is not.

CANDY

Dunno. You seem like a fan.

KID ROCK

Weird. You must be psychic. Come on then.

He moves up the stairs.

KID ROCK (cont'd)

Isaac brought in the stripper. That's the one, right?

CANDY

That's the one.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

A massive open space runs the length and width of the building. The wall to the right is staggered with doors, each with speakeasy peek holes. The huge open space is sparse except for a pool table, foosball table, and an old Mortal Kombat arcade game.

There is also a bed with a cameras on tripods around it. And chained shackles at the head and foot.

Kid Rock crosses toward the first of the line of doors.

KID ROCK
She's the latest so she should be in
this one.

He slides the peek hole open.

KID ROCK (cont'd)
Oh wait. That's the kid.

He steps back and stares at the line of doors, thinking.

Candy peers inside.

VIEW THROUGH PEEK HOLE

White room. Toilet. A 14 year old BOY sits on a twin bed, hugs his knees. He looks up, eyes red from crying.

Kid Rock approaches the next door, slides the peek open.

KID ROCK (cont'd)
Here she is.

Candy pulls her eyes from the boy and moves to the next door.

HER POV

Lola leaps from the bed and rushes to the small hatch.

LOLA
Candy!

CANDY
Hey Babe, I'm going to get you out of
here.

LOLA
How did you find me, the motherfucker
chloroformed me.

Candy turns to Kid Rock who already suspects something's not right.

CANDY
Where's the key?

KID ROCK
I don't have a key. I thought you
said Boris gave you a key.

CANDY
Boris is dead. Do Levi and Jacob have
the keys?

KID ROCK
Who the fuck are you?

Candy removes the duct tape. Slowly pulls a 4 foot strip.

Kid Rock turns and runs.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - NIGHT

A Mercedes pulls to a stop in the lot.

DRIVER, in a black suit, slides out and opens the back door.
JACKIE, suit with a reflective sheen, loose tie, climbs from
the back.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

ON CANDY'S ANNOYED FACE

HER POV

Kid Rock races toward an exit door at the far end of the
floor.

Candy pulls her fingers from the sticky tape then snatches
the claw-hammer from her belt.

She flicks it in hand so that the claw end is forward then--
--takes a step and flings it!

The hammer spins across the room as --

Kid Rock looks over his shoulder. Sees it coming. Eyes wide
he tries to dodge but he's running too fast.

The hammer SLAMS into the back of his head!

His arms pinwheel as he stumble-falls past the exit door and
towards the huge window!

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - NIGHT

KERSMASH!

Driver and Jackie look up as --

Kid Rock bursts through the glass and plummets to the ground in front of the Mercedes.

JACKIE

Did that sumbitch just jump out the window?

Driver stares at the face down body.

DRIVER

He didn't jump.

Jackie approaches and stares at the claw-hammer protruding from the back of Kid Rock's head.

JACKIE

Go. I'll call Boris.

Driver pulls a gun and rushes toward the front door as Jackie pulls his cell phone.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

Candy turns to Lola.

CANDY

I have to find the key. I'll be back.

LOLA

Be careful.

Candy stops at the door past Lola's, slides the peek open.

A young woman in hot PINK TIGHTS and bikini top rolls over quickly and stares at the door in fear.

CANDY

I'm going to get you out of here. I have to find the key.

Pink Tights opens her mouth to speak but nods instead.

Candy marches down the line of doors. Each has a key locked deadbolt and speakeasy peek holes except for the last door across from the stairwell door.

Candy looks out the shattered window.

HER POV

Kid Rock's body spread eagle below. Jackie, phone in hand looks up. Startled to see her. Confused even.

Candy turns at a noise. Someone is RUNNING up the stairs.

The door flies open as Driver enters, led by his gun. He catches Candy out of the corner of his eye. Wasn't expecting her at the window.

With unrolled tape still in hand, she was expecting him. She ignores the outstretched gun and SLAPS the tape on his throat--

--then slingshots the roll around his neck.

He twists his body and spins the gun toward her as--

--she catches the tape and yanks! Pulling him off balance, she uses his own momentum to swing him toward-

--the window.

He can't stop.

He spills over windowsill--

--as Candy drops to her knees and unrolls the tape, sticking it from the top of the sill to the floor.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR WINDOW - NIGHT

The duct tape noose pulls tight jackknifing Driver's body in air until he SLAMS into the wall.

His gun falls as his fingers claw at the tape.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jackie watches in shock as his Driver struggles then... goes still. Dead.

Candy steps into the window again.

Jackie glares up at her.

She flips him off.

His face turns red. His eye twitches.

Then Candy is gone.

Jackie raises the phone to his ear.

JACKIE

Mick and Brock are dead! Boris isn't answering. Send the brick layers.

(a beat)

All of them!

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - FRONT STAIRS - NIGHT

Candy descends to the 2nd Floor door.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - 2ND FLOOR KITCHEN - NIGHT

An industrial kitchen. Giant fridge, double oven and stove. Levi slaps cheese on one of six sandwiches on six paper plates spread across the counter.

JACOB sits on a beanbag in front of a TV playing a video game as --

-- Candy quietly opens the door. Eases into the room.

ON LEVI

As he slaps slices of ham onto a sandwich then covers with the top slice of bread.

He startles as Candy takes a bite from the sandwich.

He opens his mouth to speak.

She holds up a finger for him to wait... She chews, swallows then --

CANDY

Are you Levi or Jacob?

Jacob leans back in the beanbag and looks at them upside down. He jerks and spins to stare at the newcomer.

LEVI

What?

CANDY

Guess it doesn't matter which is which, you have the keys for upstairs?

LEVI

Keys?

Candy looks at Jacob.

CANDY

This one's obviously a moron. Are you
the smart one?

Jacob scrambles to his feet.

JACOB

Who the fuck are you?

CANDY

I guess not.

Levi turns, leans on the counter with an arrogant smile.

LEVI

You're a ballsy bitch. Boris put you
up to this?

CANDY

Boris is dead.

Candy pulls the screwdriver from her belt, flips it into the
air.

Both men watch the screwdriver spin then she snatches it
and --

--impales Levi's left hand onto the counter.

CANDY (cont'd)

Which of you has the keys?

Levi starts to scream but Candy sweeps his feet out from
under him, a hand on the back of his head, she SLAMS his
face into the counter.

Jacob pulls a Bowie knife from his back and rushes Candy,
knife held high.

Candy yanks the screwdriver from Levi's hand--

--spins, catches Jacob's wrist then STABS the screwdriver
into his shoulder!

He drops the knife with a CRY.

Candy catches the knife, spins as --

Levi tries to stand she IMPALES his right hand onto the counter with the Bowie knife.

Jacob comes up behind her, throws a punch.

She dodges.

Jacob punches Levi in the back of the head--

Candy rips the screwdriver from Jacob's shoulder, snatches his right hand while he's off balance, slams it onto the counter and --

SHUNK!

Impales his right hand to the counter. He CRIES out.

Candy steps back, takes another bite of the sandwich.

CANDY (cont'd)

So.

(chews)

Who has the keys?

JACOB

You bitch!

Like a snake she RIPS the screwdriver free!

Jacob CRIES out again and cradles his wounded hand.

She slams both hands on the counter, impales both palms with the screwdriver!

He SCREAMS.

CANDY

I can do this all day. Keys?

JACOB

Levi has them!

She RIPS the screwdriver free again, spins him toward her and --

SHUNK!

Sinks it into his heart.

He stares wide eyed at her for a long beat then his eyes fade and he crumbles to the floor.

Candy turns to Levi.

CANDY
I hear you have the keys, Levi.

Levi stares at Jacob's body.

LEVI
My right pocket.

Candy walks behind him, feels the outside of his pocket first, then pulls the keys. One ring. Two keys.

CANDY
They both for the cells upstairs?

LEVI
The one with the scratches is. The other is... for downstairs. You going to kill me now?

She crosses to his front.

CANDY
How long have you worked here?

LEVI
Here? I've been with the organization since twenty fifteen. But this, this place... we've only been doing this for a year.

CANDY
A year. How many people have you sold in a year?

LEVI
I don't... I'm not sure.

CANDY
You must have an idea.

LEVI
I make them food. I... I take care of them while they're here.

CANDY
Oh, well that's honorable. You take care of them before they're raped and killed. What do you think, do you deserve to die?

He looks pale. Dreamy.

LEVI
Six months ago I took soup upstairs.
Chicken noodle, my Grammy's recipe.
Monica was in one of the rooms.

CANDY
Someone you knew.

LEVI
High school. We weren't friends. I
mean I knew her but we weren't--

CANDY
--She recognized you.

LEVI
Thought I was there to save her.

CANDY
Were you?

LEVI
I gave her the soup.
(a beat)
I should have saved her I guess.

CANDY
You guess?

LEVI
No, no, I mean I should have.

He stares at her disappointed face.

LEVI (cont'd)
You're going to kill me aren't you...

Candy holds up a carpenter's safety knife. The extended
blade has blood on it.

CANDY
I already did, Levi.

Her eyes flick down.

He looks.

Hands still impaled, his wrist has been sliced open. Blood
all over the counter and front of his pants.

She leaves him pale and fading and exits the room.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Two SUVs approach. Both pull in behind Jackie, standing in the parking lot holding a gun at his side.

A muscled man with white GROOMED SANTA hair climbs from the first SUV. An Asian TATTOOED MAN is next. Followed by MR. RED and MR. GREEN. Twins in dark suits, dark shirts, one with a red tie, one with a green.

Three men from the next SUV: KNIFE MAN wearing a leather sash housing a dozen knives, NUN-CHUCK, in a solid black gi with chucks around his neck, and an everyman, unassuming, in a brown LEATHER JACKET.

As the SUVs pull away the Seven men eye one another suspiciously as Jackie addresses them.

JACKIE

I acknowledge the unorthodox nature of this gathering as I doubt any of you have met. But as you can see, two of my men are dead. None of the others are responding. I want a full cleansing. Kill everyone you find. Except one. Female. Black Mohawk, tattoos. Wound her as you will but I want her alive. I want to know who sent her and why. You have each been wired your quotes as well as a 10 percent bonus... to each when she's brought to me alive. This isn't a competition. I want teamwork.

CANDY (O.S.)

Ahem.

All heads turn to the third floor window.

Candy stands above the Driver's still hanging corpse. She eyes Jackie.

CANDY

You the boss?

Jackie's face darkens.

JACKIE

Go! Get her!--

She pulls the silenced .38 and SHOOTs him in the forehead.

As he drops dead to the gravel --

-- Knife Man pulls a throwing knife from his sash!

Candy SHOOTS him in the throat before he can wind back his throw.

Red, Green, Santa and Leather Jacket pull weapons!

Candy slides against the door with no speakeasy as the window frame and ceiling light up from GUNFIRE!

GROOMED SANTA
You, Leather Jacket, you're with me.
Rest of you...

He glances down at Jackie's dead stare.

GROOMED SANTA (cont'd)
Dead or alive. You're call.

Nunchuck and Tattooed Man race for the front door while Mr. Red and Green head for the open garage.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR - LOLA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lola looks up as Candy unlocks, opens the door.

LOLA
Thank god. Get me out of here.

CANDY
We're all getting out of here.

Candy turns revealing the 14-Year-Old Boy hugging her from the side.

LOLA
Yeah. Yeah we are.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

Groomed Santa checks Jackie's pulse as Leather Jacket approaches, eyes on the window above.

LEATHER JACKET
He dead?

GROOMED SANTA
Boss is gonna be livid. You did the Vegas Casino hit didn't you?

Leather Jacket nods.

LEATHER JACKET
 You the one the boss sent to
 Shanghai?

Groomed Santa nods.

LEATHER JACKET (cont'd)
 You make the call then.

Groomed Santa nods, places a cell to his ear. A beat.

GROOMED SANTA
 Yes Ma'am, it's Brick Layer Four. I'm
 here with Brick Layer...

LEATHER JACKET
 Six.

GROOMED SANTA
 Brick Layer Six. You're husband,
 ma'am, is dead.

He squints as though someone were screaming in his ear then holds the phone out as EVE appears on screen. He accepts the video call.

GROOMED SANTA (cont'd)
 Ma'am.

EVE (V.O.)
 Show me.

Groomed Santa reverses selfie mode, aims his phone at Jackie's body.

CELL PHONE FOOTAGE: eyes open, bullet hole in Jackie's forehead. Kid Rock's body facedown in the distance. Driver's feet dangle just in view beyond.

EVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Fucking hell. Pan up, who is that?

Groomed Santa pans up the far wall revealing...

GROOMED SANTA
 It's his driver, ma'am.

EVE (V.O.)
 We go back, you and I, number Four.
 My husband is dead. You can call me
 Eve. And that's no driver, that's
 Elton.

(MORE)

EVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 He was our very first brick layer.
 Who killed my husband, number Four?

GROOMED SANTA
 Female. Mohawk. That's all we know.
 She's still in the building. Four
 brick layers have gone in after her.
 Myself and six will be joining them
 after this call--

EVE
 --Why call you? My husband has his
 own men. You're mine.

GROOMED SANTA
 Ma'am?

EVE (V.O.)
 Forget it. I am activating my
 husband's call sheet.

She's clearly texting over her phone.

GROOMED SANTA
 Begging your pardon, Ma'am... uh,
 Eve, but if six Brick Layers can't
 handle this then I doubt--

EVE (V.O.)
 --Make no mistake, number Four, I am
 aware that you and your associates
 are scorpions. The Indian Red, the
 Deathstalker, the deadliest of your
 species. But I suspect this mohawk
 who murdered my husband is the same.
 As deadly as you are, drop all of
 your kind into a pit of fire ants and
 none of you survive. It's math,
 number Four. Nothing personal.

GROOMED SANTA
 Yes, Ma'am.

EVE (V.O.)
 And number Four, speaking of
 scorpions, I will be contacting
 Salino.

Groomed Santa's eyes widen.

GROOMED SANTA
 We can handle this. No need to bring
 in Salino.

EVE (V.O.)
I like to keep my options open,
number Four. I'm almost there.

Click. The signal goes dark. Groomed and Leather exchange a glance.

LEATHER JACKET
Salino...

GROOMED SANTA
You know him?

Leather Jacket puffs up.

LEATHER JACKET
I ran interference for him in twenty one... but no. No, not really. Never met the guy. He texted me. Where to be, what to do, when to leave. I didn't complain.

GROOMED SANTA
He's not one you complain to.

LEATHER JACKET
He sent me to a coffee shop in upstate New York. Unarmed. I never go anywhere unarmed, but... this was Salino. Within five minutes six Guido types entered the place. First thing they did was frisk me. Took seats around me. Then all six were dead. Happened so fast I still don't know if Salino was in the joint or shot them through the window. Then I got a text that I could leave.

GROOMED SANTA
Easy money.

LEATHER JACKET
The easiest.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR - 90210'S ROOM - NIGHT

A 20-SOMETHING MODEL type who we'll call 90210 looks up from his cot as the door opens. Even disheveled with two days of stubble he's a young god.

Candy stares at him backed by Lola, Pink Tights and the 14-Year-Old Boy.

CANDY
Come on, we're getting out of here.

He nods, stands.

LOLA
Candy!

Candy spins.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

Nunchuck stands near the back stairwell, chucks in hand.
Smiling.

CANDY
Get behind me.

Everyone does as she says as Nunchuck stalks toward her.
He works the chucks with pure ease... he's a fucking master.
But Candy has guns.

She pulls the silenced .38 and fires!

THWACK!

He deflects the bullet.

His smile broadens.

Candy CRACKS her neck. Raises the gun --

POW! POW-POW!

His nunchucks... in the hands of a genius...

THWACK! -THWA-THWACK!

Candy holsters the gun and bursts into a run toward him.

His grin could not get wider, his chucks impossible to see,
just BLURS.

Candy sidesteps, walks up the wall and flips over him!

But he adjusts -- effortlessly. Spins. AND--

As she lands his chuck blasts toward the top of her head!

He has her!

--then she catches it. Effortlessly.

Raises her gun.

And shoots him between the eyes.

He drops dead, revealing the shocked faces of Lola, Tights, 90210 and the 14-Year-Old Boy.

As Candy marches toward them--

LOLA
Now we leave?

CANDY
There were six sandwiches.

LOLA
Uh... okay?

CANDY
So there's two more.

PINK TIGHTS
Here.

She gazes through the next speakeasy but steps aside as Candy approaches.

CANDY'S POV

Two high school twins, CHLOE and ZOE, could be 18 but likely aren't, look up. Their faces are bruised. They didn't end up here without a fight.

CANDY
We're getting you out of here.

Candy unlocks the door, opens it.

90210
Watch it!

He shoves Candy aside as --

ANOTHER ANGLE

Red and Green OPEN FIRE from the shattered window stairwell.

CANDY
Inside!

Everyone dives into the room as Candy SLAMS the door, locks it from the door's alcove.

CANDY (cont'd)

Here!

She tosses the keys through the speakeasy. Lola catches.

Candy spins with two chrome .38's in hand, leaps into the hall, guns BLAZING.

Red and Green take cover within the last door's alcove.

What follows is a dance of brutality. Dirty Dancing mashed with Scarface... with Matrix and Logan thrown for subtlety. Three gun masters trained to shoot.

And not get shot.

Ducks and rolls and reloads while in mid-air.

But even masters are fallible.

Red stumbles, shot in the thigh.

Candy spins, a bullet to her shoulder.

Green cries out as his gun hand is shot. He switches hands and is just as acute.

Pool and foosball tables are riddled with bullets. The Mortal Combat screen shatters.

Though all three are bloody they reload and maintain the fight without missing a beat.

As Red and Green rotate around her, Candy runs up the wall and backflips.

That... was a mistake.

She lands between them.

They have her.

Knowing smiles.

They FIRE.

Candy kicks off the wall and flips backwards as--

Red and Green shoot each other in the face.

Candy lands, CRACKS her neck, reloads and holsters her guns.
Lola steps from the room.

LOLA
Candy, hurry.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR - TWINS ROOM - NIGHT

As Candy enters Lola and Pink Tights kneel next to 90210.
The boy and twins huddle behind them in shock. 90210 bleeds
from from the gut.

Candy rushes to him, helps the other two apply pressure.
90210 tries to talk but his mouth is full of blood.

CANDY
Here!

She shoves Lola's phone at Lola.

CANDY (cont'd)
Call an ambulance.

Lola presses on her phone but nothing lights up the black
screen.

LOLA
Damn it!

CANDY
Then use mine!

But it's too late. 90210's head lolls to the side. Eyes
open, glassy.

They all stare.

CANDY (cont'd)
He pushed me out of the way.

A moment...

TATTOOED MAN (O.S.)
What is this?

Everyone turns.

Tattooed Man stands in the doorway, an ivory handled Katana
in hand.

He and Candy make eye-contact.

CANDY
What's it look like?

TATTOOED MAN
You are the one killed Jackie?

CANDY
Was that his name? The boss?

TATTOOED MAN
He was not boss.

CANDY
I've killed lots of people. Today
I've lost count. Bosses or not.

TATTOOED MAN
Again. What is this?

CANDY
This is sex trafficking. Men. Women.
And children.

He grips the Katana.

Her hand hovers over her gun.

He eyes Lola and Tights. He eyes the children.

TATTOOED MAN
I will have no part of this.

He slips the blade into a sheath on his back.

She relaxes her hand.

CANDY
Then help me.

He shakes his head slowly.

TATTOOED MAN
I took oath. You know how that works.

She nods.

TATTOOED MAN (cont'd)
I cannot stand against them. But I
don't have to kill you.

CANDY
You don't have to try.

He returns the hint of a smile.

She stands. Bows slightly to a master.

He returns the bow. Turns to go... pauses.

HIS POV

A bloody throwing star protrudes from her breast pocket.

He slide a hand into his Gi, retrieves four silver stars within a descending sleeve.

He holds it out to her.

TATTOOED MAN
(subtitled: Japanese)
The most elegant flower has thorns.

CANDY
(subtitled: Japanese)
Thorns remain long after the flower is dead.

She accepts the gift. They bow to one another then he's gone.

Candy kneels, closes 90210's eyes. Then --

CANDY (cont'd)
Follow me.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

Candy moves toward the shattered window, gestures for the others to stop. She peers out.

HER POV

Groomed Santa and Leather Jacket stand before a large group of THUGS, their weapons range from guns to spiked bats.

Unseen, Candy returns to the others.

CANDY
We'll have to go the back way.

As she starts to cross the room she pauses, stares at the door with no speakeasy. She approaches. Tries the handle. Locked.

LOLA
What is it?

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

Groomed Santa addresses the thugs, gestures to three.

GROOMED SANTA
You, you and you. Split up, cover each exit. No one leaves. The rest of you...

A sports car pulls into the lot. All eyes watch as it stops.

Eve climbs out. Business attire with piercings and tats. She'll beat your face while defaulting on your loan.

She eyes her dead husband then turns to Groomed Santa.

Click. Her trunk opens.

EVE
Put him in the trunk of my car.
Dispose of the other two.

Groomed and Leather Jacket eye the smallish trunk.

EVE (cont'd)
(off their looks)
Fold him.

GROOMED SANTA
Yes, Ma'am. And I was about to send his men into--

EVE
--Don't.

Eve gestures as a big SUV approaches, pulls into the lot.

EVE (cont'd)
Salino works alone.

Groomed and Leather jacket turn and stare.

GROOMED SANTA
Salino...

The SUV slowly moves past them. Its tinted windows obscuring any view. It pulls into the garage and vanishes.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

CANDY
Give me the keys.

Lola hands her the ring of two keys.

Candy inserts the one with the scratches. Nothing.

She stares at the other one.

CANDY (cont'd)
Did you lie to me, Levi?

She tries the other key. CLICK.

The door opens revealing--

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR - VIP CAGE - NIGHT

A small holding room stands between the door and a barred wall. Beyond the barred wall is a proper room. Bed, loveseat and recliner. A toilet and European stand up shower. It's dark but someone sits in the recliner.

CLICK

A table light illuminates the sudden shock and surprise on Candy and the faces behind her.

CANDY
You.

ACTRESS rises from the recliner, a bruise under one eye.

ACTRESS
Yeah, me. How did you know I was here?

CANDY
We didn't.

Candy tries the key on the cage door. CLICK.

ACTRESS
You're not cops.

PINK TIGHTS
We're just like you.

Actress eyes Candy's bloody shoulder as she swings the door open.

ACTRESS
She's not.

LOLA
No. She's not.

CANDY
Come on.

ACTRESS
Just so you know, I can't fight.
That's all stuntmen and CGI.

Candy eyes her blackened eye then her hands.

CANDY
I see the bruised knuckles. And
you're missing a fingernail. You can
fight.

ACTRESS
It wasn't enough.

CANDY
It will be this time.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

As they exit the cage room Candy steals a quick glance through the shattered window. Quickly folds back to the others.

CANDY
Something's wrong.

LOLA
What?

CANDY
They're still out there.

PINK TIGHTS
Isn't that a good thing?

LOLA
Then we go out the back, right? Like
you said?

But Candy doesn't respond. She stares at the far stairwell door. Eases the others behind her.

They fall silent.

Lola, Pink Tights and Actress put themselves between Candy and the kids.

LOLA (cont'd)
What? I don't hear anything.

CANDY
Someone's coming.

ACTRESS
Someone trained not to be heard.

PINK TIGHTS
Hey. That's a movie quote.

Candy holds a hand up for them to be quiet.

CANDY
Stay.

She takes a few steps across the room then stops as the far stairwell door opens.

A beat.

Then a DARK FIGURE enters. Long black overcoat. Black hoodie conceals the face. The Figure carries a small black duffel.

A flash of light from the chrome .38 at the Figure's side.

The two stare at one another for a long beat then the Figure lowers the duffel. Rises and lowers the hood.

She's older but we've seen her before. From our opening.

CANDY (cont'd)
Jane.

Jane shrugs.

JANE
Would it kill you just once to call
me mom.

CANDY

Guess I fucked up if they called you in.

JANE

All these years. Infallible reputation. I've never missed a mark.

CANDY

Oh god this is my fault.

JANE

I've worked with Eve for 20 years. You know how rare it is for a woman to reach her position? Now I have to betray her.

CANDY

I'm sorry...

JANE

It's fine, kiddo. Should'a retired years ago.

CANDY

Like before my graduation?

JANE

I was at your graduation, Sweetheart.

CANDY

You strangled the mayor with a piano wire. You were barely paying attention.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The others stare. Confused.

JANE

Can we do this later?

CANDY

Sure. But they're not going to let us just walk out of here.

JANE

No, they won't. How's your ammo?

CANDY

Anorexic.

JANE
Lucky for you...

Jane holsters the .38 and opens her duffel revealing guns and ammo.

CANDY
You don't normally pack so heavy.

JANE
Yeah, well. This one felt... funny.
Like a set up.

CANDY
Maybe you just felt me?

JANE
Motherly intuition?

CANDY
Something like that. I think I just
stumbled into a bad situation.

JANE
Mmm, that would be a first.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Lola turns to the others.

LOLA
I'm pretty sure that's sarcasm.

For the first time Jane seems to take notice of the others.

JANE
That must be Lola.

Candy nods. Lola waves and grins.

Jane eyes the others.

JANE (cont'd)
Trafficking?

Candy nods again as Jane eyes the Actress.

JANE (cont'd)
You.

ACTRESS
Yeah. Me.

JANE
Big fan of your work.

ACTRESS
I hope I'm about to be a big fan of yours.

JANE
You will be.

Jane and Candy arm themselves. Check ammo.

CANDY
They have us surrounded.

JANE
We leave, we're sitting ducks.

ACTRESS
Then what do we do?

Jane raises a cell phone to her ear.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

Eve, Groomed, Leather and all the thugs watch the building. Listening. Then all eyes turn toward Eve. Something BUZZES.

Eve answers her cell phone.

EVE
Eve.
(a beat)
Of course. All of them?
(a beat)
Very well.

She pockets the phone and turns to Groomed Santa.

EVE (cont'd)
Salino wants us to send in the men.

GROOMED SANTA
All of them?

EVE
To flush her out.

Groomed turns to the waiting thugs.

GROOMED SANTA
You heard the boss. Go. All of you.

As Thugs pour toward the entrances--

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

Pink Tights turns from peering through the window.

PINK TIGHTS
They're coming!

Candy and Jane rise from the duffel, locked and loaded.

JANE
Rest of you pick a room and hide.

ACTRESS
You have an extra gun?

CANDY
Thought you said you couldn't fight?

ACTRESS
I can shoot.

LOLA
What, blanks?

ACTRESS
You know the guns are the same, it's
the end result that's different.

JANE
Can you live with the end result?

Actress eyes the three children.

ACTRESS
Give me the gun.

Jane nods. Offers Actress a 9mm.

Candy opens one of the middle speakeasy doors.

CANDY
Stay with them then. Anyone gets past
us...

Actress takes the offered 9mm from Jane, checks the safety,
wracks the chamber then nods to Jane and Candy.

Candy closes the five of them into the room as--

ANOTHER ANGLE

-- the shattered glass stairwell door OPENS!

The FIRST THUG to enter pulls the pin on a flash grenade--

--AND is met with a BULLET TO THE CHEST! He falls back into the TWO behind him, DROPS the grenade.

Candy and Jane shield their faces as --

KAFOOM!

The concussion blows First Thug and the Two back into the shattered glass stairwell as --

-- the back stairwell door BURSTS open. THUGS pour from within.

The FIRST enters with a snubbed Drako AK, he fires! High, not used to the kick.

Candy puts a bullet in his left shoulder, spins him into the THREE MEN behind him. He SHOOTS all three.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR - MIDDLE ROOM - NIGHT

The boy and twins cower between Lola and Pink Tights, flinching with each sound of GUNFIRE.

Actress stands between them and the door, 9mm in hand. Horror on her face.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

Jane and Candy stand back to back, rotating slowly, guns BLAZING as Thugs enter to meet their doom... a Conan-style mound of bodies at each door.

CLICK, CLICK-CLICK!

Candy's .38s are empty.

Three Thugs single file into the room toward her. One with a BARBED BAT, followed by DUEL MACHETES, followed by TWO HANDED AX.

Candy searches her belt for fresh clips.

CANDY

I'm out!

They rotate! Jane now faces the approaching three as --

-- GOLD TIE with a sawed off shotgun enters and rushes Candy.

Jane raises her guns.

CLICK, CL-CLICK!

She's also out.

Barbed Bat brings the bat down from above his head.

Jane sidesteps, hooks his wrist and spins him, swinging the bat up and into --

-- Duel Machete's balls!

The man screams and drops both machetes.

Jane catches them both, spins and reverse scissors them in front of her... beheading Two Handed Ax before he could raise his weapon.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Candy struggles to find another clip.

Gold Tie raises his sawed off right at her face and laughs as--

--Candy retrieves Tattooed Man's throwing stars. She flings the first!

THUNK!

It embeds in the wall behind Gold Tie.

GOLD TIE
You missed.

JANE
Did she?

Gold Tie looks down as the razor-thin-sliced bottom of his gold tie flutters to the ground.

He stares at his belly. Blood pours from a five inch slit. His face goes pale as his knees betray him.

A string of Thugs come at them from both sides. What follows is a vicious dance of hand to weapon and duct tape combat.

Jane well oiled killing machine of grace and Geometry.

Candy takes on five men with only a roll of duct tape. Until all five are left bound together... and suffocating.

Jane tosses Candy two clips.

They both reload.

Then Jane pops he suffocaters, putting them out of their misery.

The Thug onslaught has stopped. Bodies piled from each door right up to Candy and Jane's feet.

It's quiet.

JANE (cont'd)
Sent them running.

CANDY
Maybe we do the same.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR - MIDDLE ROOM - NIGHT

The sound of a lock in the door.

Actress falls against the side wall, gun aimed at the door.

CANDY (O.S.)
It's us.

The door opens. Candy peers in as Actress lowers the gun.

CANDY
Come on.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Eve, Groomed and Leather Jacket turn as the front door bursts open.

The remaining Thugs pour from within... and skid to a stop into the barrels of Groomed and Leather Jacket's guns.

Eve pulls a leather briefcase from her sports car, turns to the Thugs.

EVE
Gentlemen, if loyalty to my dead husband does not motivate, then perhaps this will.

She opens the case revealing it loaded with bricks of 20's

EVE (cont'd)
Those of you that desire a piece of
this, get back in there. Those of you
that want a piece of these two...

She gestures to Groomed and Leather.

EVE (cont'd)
...feel free to stay.

They all turn and clammer back into the building.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

Candy peers through the shattered window stairwell door as Jane slips a grenade from the belt of one of the dead. Actress and the others follow them.

CANDY
They've regrouped. They're coming.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - FRONT STAIRS - NIGHT

Candy and Jane peer over the railing. Three floors down Thugs pour into the stairwell.

Jane pulls the pin on the grenade, holds it out.

JANE
One thousand one...

She drops it.

It silently falls.

As it drops level with the first of the Thugs...

KAWHOOM!

Glass SHATTERS. Thugs are blown into the walls.

Candy and Jane tear down the stairs, shooting over the railing.

Thugs return fire and fall below them.

They ignore the closer climbing Thugs, choosing to pick off those entering below.

JANE (cont'd)
I got these. Deal with those about to
breathe down our necks.

CANDY
My pleasure.

Candy turns as three Thugs round the the landing directly
below them.

She flings one of the Master's silver stars.

Sh-sh-sh-SHUNK!

It embeds in the landing block wall behind them.

All three cover their bleeding throats and fall dead.

Candy and Jane step over them as they descend the stairs.
Guns erupting, shells rain down the stairs at their feet.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Lola, Tights, Actress and the children hug the walls and
descend from above.

...until only the sound of TINGING SHELLS trickling down the
stairs remain.

ON CANDY AND JANE

As they quietly reload. And stare.

THEIR POV

Jane's grenade drop not only shattered the window but blew
the barred cage out into the field.

CANDY (cont'd)
They'll see.

JANE
Not if you and I are are still
shooting the place to hell.

Lola realizes what they are talking about.

LOLA
No, we all go together.

ACTRESS
We're not leaving you.

CANDY
You are, and you're taking them
somewhere safe. Here.

Candy shoves her van keys into Lola's hand.

CANDY (cont'd)
It's parked on the street. Go.

Pink Tights climbs through the window. The others help the
children follow.

JANE
Wait til we start shooting. Count ten
then run.

LOLA
Don't die, bitch.

CANDY
Don't trip, cunt.

They embrace then Lola climbs through with the others.

Candy moves down the stairs where Jane stands at the door.

JANE
You should go with them, keep them
safe.

CANDY
Nice try.

JANE
You know how this ends. I've betrayed
a crime boss. They'll never let me
live.

CANDY
It doesn't have to end that way. Not
if something happens to her before
she finds out.

JANE
You can't be a part of that.

CANDY
I killed her husband.

JANE

(a beat)

You could still go. There are safe houses, I have money hidden, you could--

CANDY

--No.

JANE

I have people who can protect--

CANDY

--Mom.

That stops Jane in her tracks.

CANDY (cont'd)

I am not leaving you.

A moment between them. Jane nods. They check their weapons then Jane carefully eases the door open.

THEIR POV

A grenade lands just outside the door!

Jane yanks the door closed as --

KABOOM!

The door buckles off its hinges.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - WEST SIDE - NIGHT

Lola, Tights, Actress and the children cower from the blast then vanish into the night.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - BACK STAIRS

Candy and Jane slowly sit up... and stare at CAMO THUG in full camo fatigues standing over them. He wears a chain of grenades. One missing. Gun in hand.

Through the smoke behind him, Groomed Santa and Leather Jacket appear, guns out.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Candy and Jane exit into the lot. They are unarmed. No guns, no tool belt. Driver's body is gone, as is Kid Rock's. It's a ghost town of abandoned vehicles.

All but one, an IDLING limo.

Camo Thug exits, gun still on Candy and Jane. Followed by Groomed and Leather. Guns at their side.

Candy scans the horizon and her face reveals a hint concern.

HER POV

Her van is still parked out there in the darkness. Lola and the others are still out there... somewhere.

She casually scans the surroundings, searching...

JANE

I remember you.

Leather Jacket shifts uncomfortably.

LEATHER JACKET

We've never met, lady.

JANE

Newburgh, New York. You never go anywhere unarmed, but you did that day.

LEATHER JACKET

Wait. You're Salino?

GROOMED SANTA

No, you can't be.

CANDY

Both of them. You remember both of them.

JANE

I do?

CANDY

That Florida cult thing. Remember? You were in Dubai, asked me to cover.

A LIMO DRIVER exits the limo and opens the back door for Eve to exit.

JANE

That's right the little girl.
 (to Groomed Santa)
 You don't do abductions but you
 trusted me and now that little girl
 is back with her family.

GROOMED SANTA

You are Salino.

LEATHER JACKET

(to Groomed)
 You didn't mention that.

GROOMED SANTA

Sorry, I didn't want to seem
 boastful.

Eve approaches, eyes Jane with disappointment.

EVE

How long have we worked together?
 What's it been, twenty years? I dare
 say I would not be where I am were it
 not for you. You've never missed a
 mark for me. For anyone. Yet here we
 are. You fighting alongside the one
 that killed my husband.

JANE

You want your money back?

EVE

You betrayed me. Who is she, your
 lover? Help me understand before I
 have you both killed.

Candy slowly eases her hand toward her only remaining
 weapon, the throwing star in her breast pocket... but Jane
 gently takes her wrist.

Eve notices.

EVE (cont'd)

Jesus. She's your daughter.

JANE

You left me no choice.

EVE

No. I left you no choice you could
 live with. Literally.

Eve turns and nods to Leather Jacket.

He pulls a .38!

Spins and shoots Camo Thug in the back of the head!

Candy and Jane watch the body crumble --

EVE (cont'd)

My father started this business.
Laundering money, gambling,
prostitution... the oldest profession
in History. Mesopotamia, twenty-four
hundred. Frowned upon by most
nations, respected by the
enlightened... but not... not this.
Not rape. And disposal. And not
children.

CANDY

You didn't know.

EVE

Not until recently. By then it was
too big to stop. But in a twist of
stupid irony you two have rid me of a
vast problem. As far as the world
knows, my husband abducted the wrong
stripper then her girlfriend tracked
her cell phone and took revenge. The
trespass will be an embarrassment.
But one I can live with.

(to Jane)

As for you, my old and most *trusted*
associate, you were never here.

Eve turns and walks to the idling Limo. Limo Driver open the door. Eve pauses, turns back to Jane.

EVE (cont'd)

You still have a place in Portugal,
do you not?

Jane does not respond.

EVE (cont'd)

I would go there if I were you. Take
some time. I would be disappointed to
learn you'd returned too soon.

CANDY

Who's in the limo?

Eve stares at her for a long beat.

EVE

Young lady at the moment you are free to go with your lives.

CANDY

I haven't decided if you are free to go with yours.

EVE

Excuse me.

CANDY

You said I tracked my girlfriend's cell phone. And I did. But until someone suggested it recently, I didn't even know that was a thing. You see, I'm not that techie. I'm guessing the someone who suggested it is in the back of your limo.

EVE

No one is in the back of my limo.

JANE

What are you talking about?

CANDY

She knew. She knew who I was to you.

JANE

She couldn't have.

EVE

I did no such thing.

CANDY

Really? Then let me have a peek in the back of your limo. That's where we'll find Randy.

JANE

Who is Randy?

CANDY

Probably a PI. Pricey I expect. She knew your face, most don't. Even these two didn't.

She gestures to Groomed and Leather.

CANDY (cont'd)

But that's all she needed. Randy followed you and it led to me. He's been my loyal customer for months. He showed me how to track a phone with GPS... he showed me yesterday.

EVE

You've lost your mind.

CANDY

A long time ago, sister, but it doesn't mean I'm wrong. I talked to your husband's tech girl earlier, rape victim, you'll like her. She's duct taped in your computer room. Lola wasn't in the system. That's because Eve had her brought here. And Randy made sure I knew how to track her. And I did. Then Eve calls you. She knew what we'd do. She knew we'd take care of her vast problem. The whole time making you feel like you betrayed her.

Jane darkens.

Eve notices. And there's fear in her face.

EVE

I didn't want it to come to this.

JANE

Nor I.

Eve eyes Groomed and Leather.

EVE

Gentlemen, I know it's been a long night but I may have one more task for you.

GROOMED SANTA

No ma'am.

EVE

Excuse me?

LEATHER JACKET

Afraid we can't help you.

EVE

You're siding with her?

GROOMED SANTA
We're siding with no one, ma'am.

LEATHER JACKET
Our loyalty has never been in question.

GROOMED SANTA
But this is... between the two of you. And you two know it.

LEATHER JACKET
Call us after you've worked it out.

As they turn to go, Candy drops, rolls and comes up with Camo Thug's .38. She aims it right at Eve.

Groomed and Leather pull their weapons but don't raise them fully.

Jane steps close. Places a hand on her daughter's wrist.

JANE
Don't.

CANDY
A young man died tonight saving my life. W-we could have been killed. You... y-you could have been killed.

JANE
How many would have died tomorrow if we had not been here tonight? If she had not brought us here tonight?

You could hear a pin drop.

JANE (cont'd)
I betrayed her because I did what I had to do. She betrayed me... because she did what she had to do.

Eve stares at Jane in shock.

Candy sighs and lowers the gun.

Groomed and Leather breathe finally, lower their guns.

EVE
I... I thought you'd kill me.

JANE
And I thought you'd kill me.

CANDY

No.

Candy raise the gun right at EVE and FIRES!

Eve cowers as --

The back window of the limo spiderwebs from bulletproof glass. A man SCREAMS within then--

Randy tumbles from the back of the limo.

RANDY

Don't... don't shoot.

He scrambles to pull himself up from the gravel. Then sits and stares up--

As Candy approaches, gun at her side.

CANDY

Those two may have made peace but you and I have unfinished business.

Candy tucks the .38 in her back waistband, helps him to his feet. Looks into his eyes.

CANDY (cont'd)

I'd sleep with one eye open if I were you.

She shoves him back into the Limo and marches toward her parked van.

Jane nods to Eve.

Eve returns the nod.

Jane gives Groomed and Leather a glance.

JANE

Gentlemen.

GROOMED SANTA

Ma'am.

She falls in behind her daughter, pausing to glance into the limo at Randy. She smiles.

JANE

I would not want to be you.

EXT. VOLKSWAGEN VAN - DAWN

Jane meets Candy at the front of the van as the limo passes, followed by Groomed and Leather in the sports car.

Mother and daughter embrace.

CANDY
Portugal's not a bad idea.

JANE
No, not at all.

Lola rises from inside the Volkswagen. Actress, Tights and the children behind her.

LOLA
Can we go now?

CANDY
Why are you still here?

LOLA
Well, how were you supposed to get home, bitch?

CANDY
Ever heard of Uber, cunt?

Candy climbs behind the wheel, Jane in the passenger seat. The engine rumbles.

Credits roll as the van pulls into the sunrise.

The end