

Queen of Swords

by

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FADE IN:

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Blood trickles over a sweaty but perfectly arched eyebrow.
Down past a closed EYE.

A hammer COCKS. The EYE flickers open.

A FACE is revealed: ASHLEY KING -- 44, a warrior of a woman
covered in bruises and gashes.

She blinks.

SKINHEAD (O.S.)

Just who the fuck do you think you
are?

Ashley's cracked lips form a twisted smile. She sits in the
driver's seat of a lifted Dodge Ram. The door hangs open.

She turns her head.

The SKINHEAD (30s) stands eight feet away, a chrome-plated
.357 Magnum revolver pointed at Ashley's face. A SWASTIKA
TATTOO covers his throat.

Ashley thumps her head back against the headrest and laughs.

SKINHEAD

What's so fuckin' funny?

Almost too fast to see, Ashley whips her hand up and throws a
knife with lethal accuracy. Dead center into the swastika
tattoo.

The skinhead sputters, eyes wide with shock.

His other hand clutches at the knife.

He staggers a step forward. Chokes.

Another step. Drops to his knees.

His revolver clatters on the cement floor.

ASHLEY

It's always easier with a target.

She starts the truck. The engine turns over with a GRUMBLE.
She reaches out and pulls the door shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

A sunny day in suburban San Diego. A small, stucco house on a quiet street.

SUPER: TWO WEEKS EARLIER

Ashley struggles with two GARBAGE BINS at the end of a sloped driveway. One falls over.

ASHLEY
Goddamn it!

She kicks the empty bin.

Drags the other one down the driveway and into the...

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Ashley shoves the bin against the wall.

The door from the house SLAMS. Ashley tenses.

Her mother, PAULA -- 70s, frail, nasty -- shuffles into view.

PAULA
I told you before! Those have to be
off the street on Thursday. I'll get a
fine!

ASHLEY
Hi Mom.

Paula points her CANE at the street.

PAULA
And don't make so much noise!

ASHLEY
Stop yelling at me.

Ashley turns to go get the other bin. Paula shuffles after her, enraged.

PAULA
I'm not yelling! You want to hear me
yell? THIS IS YELLING!

No, this is SCREAMING.

Paula goes back into the house, SLAMS the door again. Ashley picks up the other bin and puts it next to the first one. She follows her mother into the house.

INT. PAULA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

This house is decorated in all the current fashion -- of 1994. And it looks like it was last cleaned then, too.

Paula pours cheap chardonnay into a plastic tumbler. A tabby cat winds around her legs, meowing.

PAULA

Oh, stop whining. I fed you already.

Ashley trudges into the kitchen.

PAULA

I need you to look at the ice maker.
It's not working.

Ashley nods and opens the freezer.

PAULA

Did you hear from your brother today?

ASHLEY

Nope.

PAULA

Well that's a typical man, isn't it?

Ashley fiddles with the icemaker. A little CRACK and it switches on. Ice immediately falls into the tray.

PAULA

What, was it the lever again?

ASHLEY

Yeah. You just have to wiggle it a little bit. And stop turning it off. That's why it gets stuck.

Ashley picks up the wrapper from the wine bottle and takes it to the trash can. When she throws it away, she sees a stack of PHOTOGRAPHS sitting in the trash.

She snatches one of the PHOTOS: Ashley and her younger brother, CHRIS, ages 8 and 5, in front of a Christmas tree.

The other PHOTOS are also of Ashley and Chris as kids.

ASHLEY

Why are you throwing these away?

PAULA

Eh, they're just doubles. I don't need more than one.

Ashley gathers up the photos.

Paula hobbles to the kitchen table and grabs a pink-enveloped greeting card. Hands it to Ashley.

PAULA

Your brother may be an asshole, but I'm not. Happy Birthday.

Ashley clutches the photos in one hand and holds the card awkwardly with the other.

ASHLEY

Oh. Thanks. Okay, well, I gotta get going. Do you need anything else right now?

PAULA

Fine, if you don't want to talk to me, go ahead.

ASHLEY

I have to go back to work, Mom. I'll call you later. Okay?

Paula takes her wine and stomps out of the kitchen, muttering under her breath.

Ashley sighs.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET/INT. JEEP - DAY

Ashley's battered Jeep sits across the street. She gets in and sets the photos and card on the passenger seat. Brushes a few coffee grounds off the photos.

Her cell phone rings. On the SCREEN: Call from LOGAN.

She answers. Puts it on speaker.

ASHLEY

What's up, kiddo?

LOGAN (V.O.)

Hi AA. Um, do you think I could stay with you tonight?

ASHLEY

Yeah, of course. What's going on?

LOGAN (V.O.)

Dad kicked me out.

ASHLEY

What? What the fuck for?

LOGAN (V.O.)

He got mad cause I didn't clean out the refrigerator.

ASHLEY

You're 16 years old. He can't kick you out. Christ, he's just like my mother.

LOGAN (V.O.)

Sorry, AA. I can go hang at a friend's house --

ASHLEY

No, you can stay with me as long as you want. You need me to come get you?

LOGAN (V.O.)

Yeah, if you don't mind...

Ashley starts the Jeep.

ASHLEY

I'm just leaving Grandma's house. Where are you?

LOGAN (V.O.)

I'm at the park down the street from our apartment.

ASHLEY

Okay. I'll be there in fifteen minutes.

LOGAN (V.O.)

'Kay.

He hangs up. Ashley slams her fist on the steering wheel.

ASHLEY
Son of a bitch!

EXT. PARK - DAY

The Jeep slows to a stop in front of large community park. LOGAN -- 16, tall, gangly -- hops up from a graffiti-covered picnic bench and hurries over.

He opens the passenger door and throws his backpack, and then himself, inside.

INT. JEEP

Logan brushes a lock of unruly hair out of his eyes. Puts his seatbelt on.

ASHLEY
Is your dad home?

LOGAN
Yeah.

Ashley flips a U turn.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Ashley parks in front of a rundown, old apartment complex.

Three grungy TOUGHS loiter about in the parking lot. They whistle as Ashley gets out of the Jeep.

ASHLEY
(to Logan)
Stay here. Lock the doors.

He nods. She shuts the door and strolls past the men. Their eyes follow her. Predators.

Ignoring them, she crosses the parking lot and heads up a set of metal stairs to the second floor.

She gets to #23 and raps on the door. No answer. Raps again.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Who the fuck is it?

ASHLEY
Open the door, Chris.

The door opens. CHRIS -- 41, tall, skinny, rough -- stands in

the doorway, cigarette hanging out of his mouth.

ASHLEY

Logan's with me. I don't know what's going on, but get your shit together.

CHRIS

No, you don't know what's going on, so mind your own business.

ASHLEY

He's just a kid. Your kid. Grow up.

CHRIS

Whatever. Keep him.

He slams the door in her face.

Ashley storms back down the stairs to the parking lot.

One of the TOUGHS makes a move toward her.

Before he even knows what hit him, she grabs him by the front of his shirt. A small but wickedly sharp switchblade presses into his jugular.

ASHLEY

Whatever you want, I'm not interested.
Got it?

The Tough holds his hands up. His buddies stare in shock.

TOUGH

Yeah, yeah. Jesus, lady, calm down!

She lets him go. He stumbles backwards. Tries to save face.

TOUGH

You're fuckin' looney tunes, man!

Ashley retracts the blade. Stuffs it in her pocket. Walks back to the Jeep.

INT. JEEP

Logan gapes at Ashley when she gets in the car. She starts the Jeep.

ASHLEY

What?

LOGAN
That was sick!

ASHLEY
What do you say we go to the beach?
Then get tacos for dinner?

LOGAN
Okay!

ASHLEY
All right. I gotta stop at work first.
Then we can play hooky.

She turns the radio on. "Mary Jane's Last Dance" by Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers starts.

Ashley and Logan grin at each other.

INT. APARTMENT #23 - DAY

Chris peers out the window. Watches Ashley's Jeep peel off. He takes a nervous drag on his cigarette.

The apartment is a sty. Empty beer bottles and plastic cups litter the coffee table and any other flat surface. Overflowing ashtrays. It's cramped, dark.

The phone dings. Chris fumbles to find it between the stained couch cushions.

Finally, he grabs it and looks at the incoming text.

On the PHONE SCREEN: A TEXT from PETER -- "They know"

CHRIS
Fuck. Oh fuck.

Chris races around the apartment, gathering a set of keys, a duffel bag, and another cell phone -- a cheap burner.

He opens the front door and hurries out.

INT. ASHLEY'S CONDO - NIGHT

A small, but nicely furnished condo. Ashley and Logan devour tacos at the kitchen bar. Logan eats like he's starving.

He finishes his meal. Ashley pushes the rest of her tacos over to him.

She stands up and opens the refrigerator.

ASHLEY
You want a beer?

LOGAN
What? Really?

ASHLEY
No.

Logan's face falls. He glances at a stack of LEDGER BOOKS on the counter. RISER AUTOMOTIVE printed on the covers.

LOGAN
Hey, AA?

ASHLEY
Yeah?

LOGAN
Are you really a bookkeeper?

Ashley uncaps a bottle of beer.

ASHLEY
That's a weird question.

LOGAN
Just the way you handled that guy today. That was like some ninja shit.

ASHLEY
Well, I'm really a bookkeeper. Not a ninja. Sorry to disappoint.

LOGAN
Could you teach me how to do that?

ASHLEY
Yeah, sure. You just have to look mean. Like this.

She makes a totally unconvincing mean face. Logan cracks up.

ASHLEY
Okay, it's Friday night. What do you want to do now?

LOGAN
Order pizza?

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Ashley and Logan walk along the boardwalk. Logan talks excitedly, gesturing and skipping backwards. Ashley laughs at his antics.

INT. JEEP - DAY

They sing along to 90s rock as Ashley drives on the freeway. Windows open, wind rushing in. Logan's face is more animated, less pinched with strain.

EXT. BBQ RESTAURANT - DAY

Ashley and Logan sit at a big picnic bench on the patio.

A huge array of food spread out before them -- ribs, brisket, mac and cheese, beans, biscuits.

Logan shoves everything into his mouth, barbecue sauce all over his fingers.

EXT. PAULA'S HOUSE - DAY

Ashley clips at a huge bougainvillea trailing over the side of the house. Logan sits on the ground, picking weeds.

Paula comes out of the house carrying a pitcher of lemonade. She's all smiles for her grandson.

PAULA

I brought you some lemonade.

LOGAN

Thanks Grandma.

PAULA

You could stay here, you know. I could use the help around the house.

She looks pointedly at Ashley.

LOGAN

Uh...

ASHLEY

It's too far from his school, Mom.

PAULA

Well, maybe for the summer, then.

LOGAN

Um, yeah, maybe.

PAULA

You shouldn't have to stay with that no-good father of yours.

ASHLEY

He's just going through some stuff.

PAULA

He's always going through some stuff. Ever since he was seventeen. You better not follow in his footsteps, Logan.

Logan looks between Ashley and Paula.

LOGAN

What happened when he was seventeen?

PAULA

He got mixed up with some little slut and all her crazy friends. Left me alone.

ASHLEY

You weren't alone. Dad was here.

PAULA

I might as well have been alone! You left to go to college. Your brother never cared about me. You just disappeared for twenty years!

ASHLEY

Mom...

Paula sets the pitcher down and shuffles back into the house. The door SLAMS.

Ashley peels off her gardening gloves and sits down next to Logan. He picks at a weed.

ASHLEY

I'm sorry this family is so fucked up.

LOGAN

She really hates Dad.

ASHLEY

No, she doesn't. She's just angry. She wasn't...she wasn't very nice. As a mom.

LOGAN

No shit.

ASHLEY

And now she's kind of pushed everyone away, and that makes her feel guilty. So she lashes out.

Logan nods wisely.

LOGAN

It's a vicious cycle.

Ashley laughs.

ASHLEY

Yeah, it is. But it has nothing to do with you. You're her favorite.

LOGAN

Lucky me.

She swats his arm playfully.

ASHLEY

Be nice.

LOGAN

What are we gonna have for dinner?

ASHLEY

I was thinking about making some pasta. How does that sound?

LOGAN

Good.

He stabs a garden spade into the dirt. Hacks at a weed.

LOGAN

I tried calling Dad. He didn't answer.

ASHLEY

He's probably just busy.

LOGAN

Yeah.

INT. ASHLEY'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ashley and Logan watch a movie. The apartment is dark save for the light from the TV. Logan's falling asleep.

EXT. PAULA'S HOUSE - DAY

Ashley parks in the driveway. Logan gets out and meets her at the trunk. They take out a couple bags of groceries.

Logan follows Ashley up the walkway. She opens the front door.

INT. PAULA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

In the kitchen, they set the bags on the counter.

ASHLEY

Mom?

Logan starts putting groceries in the fridge. Ashley walks out of the kitchen into a hallway...

HALLWAY/BEDROOM

The bedroom door is closed. Ashley knocks lightly.

ASHLEY

Mom?

She waits a second, then opens the door. The room is dark. A huddled figure on the bed.

Ashley approaches the bed.

ASHLEY

Oh, no. Mom? Mom!

She touches her mom's shoulder. Nothing. Shakes her. Switches on the bedside light.

Paula is dead. Pale, eyes open. Staring.

Ashley darts back into the kitchen. Grabs her cell phone off the counter and dials.

LOGAN

What's wrong?

Ashley shakes her head. Tears in her eyes.

ASHLEY
 (into the phone)
 I need to report a death. I just found
 my mother.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Ashley and Logan wait in a small room. Logan hunches in a chair, his hoodie pulled around his head.

Ashley paces.

Her cell phone buzzes. The SCREEN: UNKNOWN CALLER

She contemplates a moment, then answers.

ASHLEY
 Hello?

ETHAN (V.O.)
 Ash.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Ashley and ETHAN -- 40s, intense -- barely an inch separating them, in a heated clutch. Breaths heavy, they stare into each other's eyes...

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY - END FLASHBACK

Ashley blinks. Stunned.

ETHAN (V.O.)
 Ash?

ASHLEY
 Ethan? What --

ETHAN (V.O.)
 I heard about your mom. I'm sorry. You
 need to be careful.

Ashley's recovering from her shock quickly.

ASHLEY
 What do you mean? Where are you?

ETHAN (V.O.)
I've got to go. I'll be in touch. Be
careful, Ash.

ASHLEY
Ethan? Ethan? Goddamn it!

He's gone. Ashley stares at the phone.

ASHLEY
Cryptic asshole!

LOGAN
Who was that?

ASHLEY
An old...friend.

Something in Ashley's face hardens. We can see the wheels
turning in her head.

A soft knock on the door.

A cop sticks his head in -- Detective JIM O'NEILL (50s).

O'NEILL
I think you guys can go. We'll keep
you updated, okay? But right now, it
looks like natural causes.

ASHLEY
Natural causes? Are you fuckin'
kidding? She was strangled.

O'NEILL
And what makes you think that, Miss
King?

ASHLEY
I saw the ligature marks on her.

O'NEILL
Are you a forensics expert?

ASHLEY
(to Logan)
Let's go.

Ashley ushers Logan out the door. She gives O'Neill one last
scathing glance.

EXT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Ashley knocks on apartment #23's door.

Silence.

She knocks again. Looks over at Logan. He hands her the key.

They unlock the door and enter the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT #23 - DAY

The apartment is dark, empty. They move through the small space, turning on lights.

LOGAN

I'mma go get some of my stuff.

ASHLEY

Yeah.

He disappears into his bedroom.

Ashley dials a number on her phone. It rings and rings. She hangs up, tries again.

After a few rings, it picks up.

CHRIS (V.O.)

What do you want?

ASHLEY

Mom's dead. Where the fuck are you?

A beat.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Is Logan with you?

ASHLEY

Yes.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Get out of town. Take him and disappear. I know you can do that. Just get the fuck out of here.

ASHLEY

Chris. What the hell is going on?

CHRIS (V.O.)

I'm in trouble, Ash. Just...just take care of the kid for me, okay? I'm getting rid of this phone. Don't call me again.

He hangs up.

ASHLEY

I swear to fuckin' god.

Logan comes back in with a large bag slung over his shoulder.

LOGAN

What's the matter?

ASHLEY

Nothing. You ready?

He nods.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Chris paces in a cheaply furnished, slightly grimy motel room. He looks the worse for wear.

He checks the time. Crushes out his cigarette. Checks the time again.

He flops on the bed and switches the television on. A 90s sitcom plays.

INT. MOTEL RECEPTION - DAY

A lone RECEPTIONIST mans the front desk. He fans himself with a folded up paper and plays solitaire on his phone.

The bell DINGS and two men enter: DEREK GLASER (30s) and KEITH REX (late 20s) -- shaved heads, tattoos, thick necks straining their t-shirts. These two are heavy duty Nazi bikers. Intimidating bastards.

The receptionist gulps in fear.

DEREK

Afternoon. You got a single guy, white, tall, six two, six three, staying here?

RECEPTIONIST

Uh, uh, I don't know --

DEREK
Think real hard, kid. Checked in
yesterday or the day before.

RECEPTIONIST
Uh, yeah, I think so.

He checks the old computer in front of him. His hands shake.

RECEPTIONIST
David Louis, uh, room 28.

DEREK
We need a key.

RECEPTIONIST
Uh --

Keith sets a pistol sideways on the counter. Pointed at the
receptionist's face. The kid's eyes widen.

The receptionist reaches beneath the counter and throws an
old fashioned metal master key on the counter.

DEREK
We were never here. Right?

The kid nods. Scared out of his wits.

Derek winks at him.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Chris has dozed off. The sound of a key in the lock wakes
him. He springs up.

Chris darts to the door, but he's not quick enough. A meaty
arm pushes the door open, forces Chris back.

The two skinheads enter the apartment.

Keith closes the door behind them. Locks it.

Derek surveys Chris.

DEREK
You been rattin' us out.

CHRIS
What? No! Derek, come on, man. I
wouldn't do that.

KEITH
You're a fucking liar.

Derek nods at Keith. Keith pulls out a Taser and shoots it at Chris. The electrodes hit Chris in the chest. He spasms violently. Drops to the ground, twitching.

Derek stands over Chris. He brandishes a large, military-style KNIFE. He kneels down next to Chris. Stuffs a wadded up rag into Chris's mouth.

Keith grabs the TV remote. He turns the volume on the sitcom up. Drops the remote on the couch.

Derek starts cutting. The blaring laugh track drowns out Chris's muffled screams.

INT. ASHLEY'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's late. The hours between night and morning. The apartment is dark, quiet.

Ashley pads into her closet. Closes the door and turns the light on. She's dressed all in black, including gloves.

She kneels, reaches behind a rack of clothes. Reveals a wall safe.

Ashley turns the dial on the safe. It unlocks with a soft CLICK. She swings the door open.

From inside, she pulls out a plastic CASE, about the size of a shoe box. She sets it on the floor. Hesitates. Cracks the case open. Lifts the top.

Inside, a matte black, compact 9mm pistol. Nestled next to it are three magazines and a silencer.

Ashley picks up the pistol. In smooth motions, she takes a magazine, slaps it in place, pulls the slide back to chamber a round. Checks the safety is ON.

She puts the silencer and an extra magazine in her pocket. Tucks the pistol into a harness under her coat.

With each precise movement, Ashley seems to change. The warmth fades. Her eyes steely, face grim.

She stands up. Leaves the closet. Turns the light off.

INT. ASHLEY'S CONDO - SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Ashley slips through the darkness. Stops at the door to the spare bedroom. Cracks the door open and looks inside.

Logan sleeps peacefully.

She closes the door without a sound.

EXT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Ashley stands behind a corner of the building. Watches Chris's apartment.

She pushes off the wall and strides toward the stairs, keeping her head down.

Up the stairs to the second floor. Her feet barely touch the ground. She's inside the apartment in the blink of an eye.

INT. APARTMENT #23 - NIGHT

Moving silently through the apartment -- no easy feat considering the junk everywhere -- Ashley finds Chris's bedroom.

BEDROOM

Flicking on a pen light, she searches the room. Goes through the closet, the dresser, under the bed.

There's an old GIFT BOX under the bed. She slides it out and opens it. Inside: PILLS. OXYCONTIN. HYDROCODONE. FENTANYL. Lots of them in little plastic baggies.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

A few blocks from the apartment building. Ashley cuts across the street toward her Jeep, avoiding streetlights.

A dark figure steps out from behind the Jeep.

Ashley has her pistol out and aimed in a flash. The figure raises his hands.

ETHAN

Find anything?

Ashley lowers her pistol.

ASHLEY

Jesus! I could've shot you.

ETHAN

You were never one to shoot first and ask questions later.

Ashley tucks her pistol away.

Ethan moves into view. He's a little older, scruffier. Dressed in ratty clothes.

ASHLEY

You want to tell me what you're doing here?

Ethan gets closer to her.

ETHAN

You look good, Ash.

ASHLEY

You look like shit.

He laughs.

ETHAN

I'm incognito.

ASHLEY

So what else is new? What are you doing here?

ETHAN

Someone's got to keep an eye on you.

ASHLEY

You here officially?

Ethan scoffs.

ETHAN

No. I'm retired.

Ashley leans against the Jeep. Ethan mirrors her.

ASHLEY

I'm in some shit.

ETHAN

I know. I'm sorry about your mom.

ASHLEY

How?

ETHAN

I keep tabs on you, Ash. I heard it through the channels.

ASHLEY

So what, you just live in the same city and follow me around? That's fuckin' weird.

ETHAN

Old habits die hard.

ASHLEY

Why? Why do you care?

ETHAN

You know why.

ASHLEY

It was just one night --

ETHAN

It was more than just one night and you know it.

Their eyes meet. Something intense passes between them.

ASHLEY

I haven't even seen you in three years.

ETHAN

Yeah. You just dropped off the face of the fucking earth.

ASHLEY

How many favors did you have to call in to get my real name?

Ethan shrugs.

Ashley pushes off the car.

ASHLEY

So you coming with me or what?

ETHAN

Yes, ma'am.

INT. ASHLEY'S CONDO - KITCHEN - DAY

It's early morning. Ashley and Ethan sit at the counter, drinking coffee. They talk quietly.

ETHAN

My friend at the DEA said your brother has been feeding them intel on the Aryan Hell Riders. Heard of them?

ASHLEY

No. Sound like nice fellas.

ETHAN

White supremacist trash. Domestic terrorism, drug trafficking, arms dealing.

ASHLEY

I found drugs in Chris's apartment. Lots of them.

ETHAN

The DEA had him setting up drug deals so they could do raids on the AHR. But they made zero effort to protect Chris. He's a sitting duck.

ASHLEY

I talked to him last night. He sounded scared.

ETHAN

He should be. These guys are no joke.

Ashley rubs her head.

ASHLEY

Fuck. That's why he kicked Logan out.

ETHAN

Ash, we have to assume they'll come after you and Logan. If they think Logan knows anything...

ASHLEY

I know.

Logan shuffles into the kitchen. His hair sticks straight up, eyes bleary.

LOGAN
What's going on?

ASHLEY
Nothing. This is just an old friend of mine. Ethan.

Logan looks Ethan up and down, his face compassionate.

LOGAN
Oh, man. You can have the spare room if you need a place to stay. I can sleep on the couch or something.

ETHAN
That's awfully nice of you Logan, but I'm good.

Logan grabs a mug and starts pouring himself coffee.

LOGAN
No, really. AA, tell him.

Ashley snickers.

ETHAN
What's so funny?

ASHLEY
He thinks you're homeless.

LOGAN
You're supposed to say 'houseless' now.

ETHAN
Ah. Rest assured, I am not houseless.

Logan gives Ethan a skeptical look as he sits down.

ASHLEY
I mean, to be fair, you do look like a bum.

LOGAN
You shouldn't call people that.

ASHLEY
Okay. Sorry.
(to Ethan)
You look like a mental patient. An
(MORE)

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
escaped mental patient.

Logan groans and throws up his hands.

LOGAN
AA!

Ethan looks confused.

ETHAN
What's AA?

LOGAN
Aunt Ashley.

ASHLEY
Aunt Ashley.

A knock comes from the front door.

Ashley and Ethan tense. Look at each other. Like a well-oiled machine, they both get up and move together --

Ashley glides toward the door...

LIVING ROOM

Ethan pulls a pistol from inside his raggedy duster and follows, stepping to one side of the door.

Ashley peers through the peephole.

Detective O'Neill stands on the porch, his face grave.

Ashley nods at Ethan. Gives him a second to disappear into the bedroom. She puts her finger to her mouth at Logan.

She unlocks the deadbolt, then the doorknob. Opens the door.

O'NEILL
Miss King. I'm sorry to bother you so early.

ASHLEY
What is it?

O'NEILL
We found your brother. I'm sorry, but he's been killed.

Ashley turns her head, fighting tears. She looks back at the detective, her face cold.

O'Neill is taken aback by the change in her.

ASHLEY
Who did it?

O'NEILL
We don't know yet --

ASHLEY
Then let me know when you do.

She shuts the door in his face. He knocks on the door.

O'NEILL (O.S.)
Miss King!

Ashley locks the door again. She leans her forehead against the door. The tears won't stop this time. She pounds her fist on the door.

LOGAN (O.S.)
Dad's dead?

Ashley turns to see Logan standing in the doorway to the kitchen. He looks like a lost little boy.

Ashley takes a step toward him. He rushes into her arms. She holds him tight as he sobs.

ASHLEY
I'm so sorry, kiddo.

Ethan appears behind Logan. He and Ashley stare at each other. Murder in their eyes.

INT. ASHLEY'S CONDO - BEDROOM/CLOSET - DAY

Ashley stuffs clothes into a bag on the bed. She moves swiftly. She takes a smaller black duffel into the closet.

Back at the safe, she pulls several cases out. Also, KNIVES of various types, AMMO, neat rolls of CASH, and IDENTIFICATION. All of it goes into the bag.

The last thing out is a sawed-off double barrel shotgun. She tucks it under her arm.

She hauls the bag back into the bedroom. Grabs the other bag

off the bed and heads out.

INT. ASHLEY'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ethan and Logan wait for her. Logan's backpack slung over his shoulder. Ethan looks antsy.

Ashley throws the shotgun to Ethan. He grabs it and checks the barrel.

She sets the black duffel on the sofa and digs around. Finds a box of shotgun shells. Ethan takes it and starts to load the shotgun.

A KNOCK on the front door. Ashley and Ethan stop.

ASHLEY

(whispers)

Logan, go into my closet. Lock the door.

Eyes big, he nods. Disappears into the hallway.

Ashley pulls out her 9mm and checks the peephole.

Through the PEEPHOLE: There's nobody on the porch.

Ashley looks at Ethan. He shrugs. Moves to the side of the door so he'll be behind it.

She sticks the pistol in her waistband. Takes a length of coiled up wire out of her pocket and holds up three fingers. Three. Two. One.

Ashley opens the door, staying inside.

RON (30s) and another skinhead, DWIGHT (20s) rush from the side and push their way inside.

Ashley backs up. Once they are all the way inside, things happen FAST --

Ethan clocks the back of Ron's head with the butt of the shotgun. Shuts the door.

Ashley kicks Dwight's knee. As he buckles, she slips behind him. Wraps the wire around his throat. Knees him in the back and tightens the wire as he drops.

Dwight clutches at his throat. Gasps.

Ashley doesn't let up. He falls face first on the floor, Ashley kneeling on his back.

RON
Hey! What the fuck?

ETHAN
Shut up.

Ethan disarms Ron. Binds his hands behind his back with a zip tie. Shoves the dazed skinhead onto the couch.

Ashley finally unwraps the wire and stands up. Dwight is dead, his face blue.

She approaches the couch.

ETHAN
All he had on him was this.

He holds up a silenced .22 Ruger pistol. Looks like a German WWII relic.

ETHAN
They weren't expecting a fight.

ASHLEY
No, they thought I'd be an easy target. Like my mother. Right? You the one who killed her? And my brother?

RON
Fuck you.

Blood trickles from the wound on the back of his head.

RON
You have no idea who you're fucking with, lady. No idea!

ASHLEY
Kill him.

RON
Hey! Hey wait!

Ashley stares at him. Ethan casually aims the .22 at Ron.

RON
I didn't kill anyone! It wasn't me!

ASHLEY
Who was it, then?

RON
Keith, man! Keith does the hits!

ASHLEY
Who else?

RON
Uh, Chuck, I think. Chuck was with
Keith at least for one.

ASHLEY
Who ordered the hits? Who's in charge
of all you little fuckin' wannabe
Nazis?

Ron gulps. Hesitates.

ETHAN
Just let me kill him. We can find out
on our own. I really want to shoot a
Nazi.

RON
No! It's Derek. Derek Glaser!

ASHLEY
And where can we find him?

RON
He's usually at the shop. Motorheads
Restoration.

ASHLEY
Why, thank you. And goodbye.

She nods at Ethan. Ethan puts the .22 against Ron's temple
and fires. POP POP.

EXT. ASHLEY'S CONDO - DAY

Ashley, Logan, and Ethan hurry out the front door to the
Jeep. They load the bags in the back and get in.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Jeep cruises down a side street between small bungalows
in rough shape and commercial buildings, mostly automotive
repair places.

Ashley slows and pulls in behind an ancient Toyota 4 Runner.

They all get out and start transferring bags to the Toyota.

Logan looks skeptically at the truck. Several strips of duct tape adorn the broken taillights. One fender is dented. Patches of rust dot the roof.

LOGAN

What's with you guys and the shitty old cars?

Ashley throws the last bag in the back.

ASHLEY

My Jeep is not shitty.

LOGAN

Yeah, but this thing has definitely seen better days.

ETHAN

They don't make 'em like they used to. This thing's a beast. New stuff is crap. I don't like new stuff.

ASHLEY

Yeah, me either.

LOGAN

You guys sound like old people. Next you'll be telling me to get off your lawn.

ETHAN

We are old people. Shit, your aunt just turned...what was it, Ash? You've got to be 50 by now, don't you?

Ashley flips him the bird.

ASHLEY

Glass houses, old man.

They get in the Toyota. Ethan starts it up. It purrs like a kitten with a very bad cough.

INT. 4 RUNNER

From the backseat, Logan sticks his head in between the two front seats. His eyes are red from crying.

LOGAN
What's glass houses mean?

Ethan groans.

ASHLEY
Really?

LOGAN
What?

ASHLEY
Those who live in glass houses
shouldn't throw stones?

LOGAN
Oh, yeah. I think I've heard that
before.

Ethan starts to drive.

ASHLEY
It means that Ethan is a lot older
than me, so he should keep his mouth
shut.

ETHAN
A lot?

LOGAN
Hey, do you think we could stop and
get something to eat? I'm starving.

ASHLEY
God, feed the kid once and he turns
into a bottomless pit.

LOGAN
Sorry. It's okay. I'm fine.

He sinks back into his seat. Ashley turns around to face him.

ASHLEY
I'm sorry, kiddo. I was just joking.

LOGAN
I know.

Tears fill his eyes. Finally well over and spill down his
face. He looks out the window.

LOGAN
I try not to think about it, but...

ASHLEY
Yeah, me too.

Logan turns back to her.

LOGAN
I'm sorry you're stuck with me.
Feeding my bottomless pit.

He attempts a smile.

ASHLEY
Hey. I love having you around. You
know that, right?

He nods.

ASHLEY
Besides, you're stuck with me, too. I
swear a lot. And I have weird friends.

Logan cracks a smile.

INT. MOTORHEAD RESTORATION - GARAGE - DAY

A grungy auto shop. Motorcycles in various states of repair litter the shop floor. Confederate and Nazi flags litter the walls. Lots of skull motifs.

Derek works on a vintage Harley. Keith approaches with two other skinheads.

KEITH
We got a problem.

Derek sets down his tools. Picks up a rag. Wipes his hands.

KEITH
Ron and Dwight didn't come back from
the hit. So we went over
there...they're dead. Killed. The
sister's gone. Kid, too.

DEREK
I guess we need some more intel on the
sister, then, don't we? Fucking find
them. Take care of it.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Mountains. Pine trees. Blue sky. A small A-frame cabin circa 1955 sits in a clearing.

The Toyota kicks up dust coming up the drive.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Ethan opens the door. Inside, dust and cobwebs seem to be the decoration of choice.

Ashley coughs and swipes her hand through an old web.

ASHLEY

When's the last time you were here?

ETHAN

Before I deployed to Afghanistan.

ASHLEY

Jesus.

Logan checks out the living room. Dumps his backpack on the couch. A cloud of dust erupts in his face.

LOGAN

This place is, uh, nice.

ASHLEY

Just needs a dusting and a vacuum. You do have a vacuum, right?

Ethan looks like a deer in the headlights.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The place is a bit cleaner. Ashley and Ethan sit at a wooden table in the kitchen. Logan snores softly on the couch in front of a crackling fire.

ETHAN

What about his mom?

Ashley scoffs.

ASHLEY

She's a junkie. Lives in Utah with her other baby daddy. I wouldn't trust her to take care of a pet rock.

ETHAN

He can stay here. As long as he needs
to.

Ashley gets up, paces to the sink. Stares out the window into
the night.

ASHLEY

Should I just walk away? Take the kid
and disappear?

Ethan gets up and joins her.

ETHAN

I don't know. You've got to follow
your gut.

She looks at him. Tears in her eyes. She reaches out and he
pulls her close. Holds her while she falls apart.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Ethan has set up a stack of hay bales in the front yard.
Tacked to the bales is a paper man-shaped target.

Ashley watches Ethan teach Logan how to shoot. Logan's not
even hitting the bales, let alone the target.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Ashley, Logan, and Ethan play cards in front of the fire.

Logan wins the hand and slaps his cards down. Throws his arms
in the air triumphantly.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Ashley throws knives at the hay bale target. Every one hits
on the kill zones.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Logan shoots at the target. All of his shots hit the paper.
Ethan grins and they high five.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Late afternoon. Ashley stands at the living room window. Her
POV: Ethan chops wood in the yard, shirtless.

LOGAN (O.S.)

Who is he, AA?

Ashley turns from the window.

ASHLEY

That's a long story.

Logan sits down on the couch. Looks at her expectantly.

She sighs and joins him.

ASHLEY

I guess I've got a lot of explaining to do.

Logan nods, wise beyond his years.

ASHLEY

I wasn't always a bookkeeper. I used to...god this is a lot harder than I thought it would be. Years of secrets. Decades.

LOGAN

You don't have to tell me if you don't want to.

ASHLEY

No. You should know. I was what they call an operations officer. Counterterrorism and counterintelligence.

LOGAN

You're a SPY?

ASHLEY

I was. I worked in the field with Ethan a lot. He's ex military. You heard of Delta Force?

LOGAN

No fuckin' way. Are you serious? You guys are like, secret agents?

ASHLEY

Not anymore. But yeah, pretty much.

LOGAN

Oh, man I have so many questions!

ASHLEY

And I can't answer them. Look, Logan. I'm going to go away for a while. You can stay here with Ethan. But I have to...take care of some things.

LOGAN

It's Dad, right? And Grandma? Are you going to find who killed them? Let me come with you.

ASHLEY

If you give me the word, I'll forget about it. We can start over, somewhere else.

Logan's demeanor hardens. He looks her straight in the eye.

LOGAN

No. We should make them pay for what they did. They killed our whole family. They're gone --

His voice breaks. Ashley pulls him over and hugs him.

INT. CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ashley lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. The room is dark, the only light coming from a full moon outside.

A soft knock on the door.

Ashley gets out of bed and opens the door.

Ethan stands on the threshold, somber. She moves aside to let him in.

ETHAN

I'm coming with you, you know.

ASHLEY

Ethan, you've already done so much --

ETHAN

I'm not letting you disappear again. We had something, Ash. Right? I'm not the only one who felt it. Who feels it. Right?

She shakes her head. He steps in close.

ASHLEY

No. You're not the only one.

ETHAN

Then let me help you. It'll be just like the old days.

He cracks a smile. Ashley brushes her fingers along his face.

ETHAN

I'm just an old soldier. Past my prime. But whatever is left is yours.

ASHLEY

I've always loved you, Ethan. You know that, I think.

ETHAN

Yeah, I know. Why do you think I stalked you for three years?

ASHLEY

Because you're a weirdo?

ETHAN

Yeah, that too.

Ashley reaches up, her fingertips to his jaw. Slides her hands into his hair. He growls in pleasure.

She kisses him. Soft. They break away. Faces close. Breathing heavy. Then they're on fire. A heavy, deep kiss.

Ashley climbs into his arms and he carries her to the bed.

Clothes get ripped off. Finally skin to skin. Ethan looks down at her. Touches her reverently.

ETHAN

That night in Berlin. I didn't stop thinking about it. Ever.

ASHLEY

Me, either.

He kisses her throat. Her hands clench in his hair. Their bodies move together in perfect synchrony.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Morning sunshine pours into the clearing. Ashley and Ethan

load up the Toyota. Logan sits on the porch steps, sulking.

ASHLEY
Christ, he looks like a lost puppy.

ETHAN
Sure does. He'll be okay.

Ashley shuts the trunk with a THUMP.

ASHLEY
Fuck. I can't leave him. I can't.

She stomps over to Logan.

ASHLEY
Get your shit. Hurry up.

Logan whoops and bolts into the house.

Ashley opens the passenger door to the Toyota. Ethan gives her a look.

ASHLEY
Don't say a fuckin' word.

He shakes his head and smiles.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL - DAY

Inside a shabby motel room. The drapes are drawn. Logan watches TV and plays on his phone.

Ashley and Ethan set a stack of folders down on the formica-topped table in the corner.

ETHAN
Okay, we've got Charles Wilson aka
Chuck. Scumbag number one.

He opens one of the FOLDERS: papers with DEA letterhead next to a MUG SHOT of Chuck.

ETHAN
And then we've got Keith Rex. Scumbag
number two. Believed to be the main
enforcer of the Aryan Fuck Heads or
whatever.

He drops the second FOLDER on the table: more papers and a MUG SHOT.

ETHAN

And last but not least, we've got the main scumbag, and my personal favorite. Derek Glaser aka Nazi Shit Stain. I just made that up, that's not a real aka.

ASHLEY

Yeah, I got it. Thanks.

She inspects the MUG SHOT of Derek. His file is three times thicker than the other ones.

ASHLEY

I'm comin' for you, Shit Stain.

EXT. MOTORHEAD RESTORATION - DAY

Downtown. The part of downtown that hasn't been gentrified. The shop resides in a huge old warehouse building. It takes up the whole block.

INT. CAR - DAY

Ashley sits in a parked car across the street and down a ways. She wears a ball cap and sunglasses. Ear buds in her ears and a camera with a zoom lens on the seat beside her.

ETHAN (V.O.)

Comin' out.

She picks up the camera and looks through the viewfinder.

CAMERA: Chuck Wilson and Keith Rex walk down the street.

Ashley takes several pictures of the men as they reach a pickup truck and a chopper.

ETHAN (V.O.)

You want one or two?

ASHLEY

One.

She swings the camera to look across the street from the shop. Sitting on the ground next to a bus stop is a grungy homeless man, a dirty bandana tied around his head. Ethan.

Ashley zooms in on his face.

ASHLEY

You're such a hot dirtbag.

He winks. She snaps a picture, then sets the camera down.

EXT. MOTORHEAD RESTORATION - DAY

Chuck gets in his lifted Dodge pickup. Keith on his chopper. They take off in separate directions.

Chuck drives right past Ashley.

She starts up the car and pulls out, flips a U turn and follows.

EXT. IMPERIAL BEACH - DAY

Ashley follows Chuck to an older neighborhood. Small houses with cracked driveways and overgrown weeds for lawns.

Chuck parks in the driveway of one of the better-kept houses.

A couple of Latino children play in the yard next door.

Chuck gets out of his truck. Grabs a toy from his driveway and hurls it with force at the kids next door.

CHUCK

Fuckin' spics! Keep your shit in your own yard!

The kids run into their house.

INT. CAR - DAY

Ashley watches this play out from across the street. She writes the address down in a notebook.

EXT. IMPERIAL BEACH - DAY

The sun sets over the ocean. Chuck's garage opens and he walks out a chopper. He's dressed in his skinhead biker best.

He straddles the bike and starts it up. Revs it so its obnoxiously loud bark fills the neighborhood.

INT. CAR - DAY

Ashley waits for him to roar past, then follows.

EXT. HELL RIDER'S BAR - NIGHT

Chuck rolls his bike into the dirt parking lot of a bar on the outskirts of the city. Several other choppers and pickup trucks fill the lot.

Chuck meets his buddies outside the bar.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Ashley watches from a distance.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Late afternoon. Ethan and Logan sit on the scruffy sofa. The bathroom door opens and Ashley steps out. Or what used to be Ashley. This creature is something else.

Long brunette wig, big curls cascade over pushed up and half-bared breasts. Lots of fringe and bare skin. Daisy dukes and cowboy boots complete the picture.

ASHLEY

How do I look?

She twirls. Fringe everywhere. Bats her false eyelashes.

ETHAN

You sure you don't want me to go in?

ASHLEY

No one's going to recognize me like this.

LOGAN

You look, uh, great, AA.

Ashley smiles at him.

ETHAN

Where's your gear?

She slips a straight razor out of her crotch. Replaces it. Pulls switchblades out of each boot.

LOGAN

This seems like a bad idea. What if something goes wrong?

ETHAN

She knows what she's doing. We've been
(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)
in worse places. Plus, I'll be there
for backup.

LOGAN
What about me? I got to stay here,
again?

ASHLEY
You could've stayed at the cabin. You
wanted to come here. So yeah.

LOGAN
Can't I go with Ethan?

Ashley sits down next to Logan.

ASHLEY
You don't want to see this, Logan.
It's gonna get messy.

LOGAN
I don't care.

Ashley and Ethan look at each other.

	ASHLEY		ETHAN
No.		No.	

Logan flops back. Crosses his arms.

LOGAN
I'm fuckin' bored!

EXT. HELL RIDER'S BAR - NIGHT

Ashley exits an Uber outside the parking lot. She adjusts her
top and starts toward the bar.

ASHLEY
You got me?

INT. TOYOTA - NIGHT

Ethan sits in his SUV at the back of the dark parking lot.

ETHAN
Copy.

He starts a TIMER on his watch.

EXT. HELL RIDER'S BAR - NIGHT

Ashley struts through the parking lot. She waits until a big group of women dressed like her walk by.

She follows them into the bar as if she's with them.

INT. HELL RIDER'S BAR - NIGHT

Shitkicker heaven. Dark, smoky. Packed with bikers, skinheads, and trashy women. Country music blasts.

Ashley follows the other women to the bar. She leans in and catches the attention of a BARTENDER.

BARTENDER

Yeah, what can I get ya?

ASHLEY

Bud light.

He nods and reaches behind the bar. Hands her a blue metal bottle. She slides a twenty dollar bill across the bar.

ASHLEY

Thanks. Keep the change.

The bartender winks at her. Stuffs the twenty in his pocket.

She surveys the bar. Searching. Spots Chuck in the back area, playing pool.

Ashley meanders through the throng. Sips her beer. One middle aged biker slaps her ass. She smiles at him. Keeps moving.

She makes her way to the back.

Three pool tables fill the corner of the bar. Several skinheads surround the tables, all sporting Aryan Hell Riders tattoos and apparel. They're all armed - pistols or knives.

A few other women hang out with the skinheads. Some in their 20s, some Ashley's age or older.

Chuck plays at the nearest table. He waits for his turn. Lines up his shot. Glances up at Ashley. She smiles.

He takes his shot. The ball misses the pocket by a mile. Game over. He throws his cue at a lackey. Swaggers up to Ashley.

CHUCK
Hi.

ASHLEY
Hi.

CHUCK
You look familiar. Do I know you?

ASHLEY
You've probably seen me in here
before. I know I've seen you.

CHUCK
Is that right?

ASHLEY
Oh, yeah. I'm Carleigh.

She holds out her hand. Flirtatious. He takes it.

CHUCK
I'm Chuck. Can I get you a drink?

ASHLEY
Sure.

Chuck flags down a WAITRESS. Points at Ashley's drink and holds up two fingers.

INT. 4 RUNNER - NIGHT

Ethan checks his timer: 15:45

Ashley chats to Chuck on the speaker.

He reaches over to a BAG on the passenger seat. Opens it to reveal several PISTOLS and AMMUNITION. Selects an old fashioned UZI. Sets it in his lap.

INT. HELL RIDER'S BAR - NIGHT

Now Ashley and Chuck do shots of tequila. Ashley sucks on a lime provocatively.

CHUCK
Damn, girl. You can drink.

ASHLEY
That's not all I can do.

Chuck grabs her around the waist. Pulls her close.

CHUCK

Oh, yeah?

ASHLEY

Oh, yeah.

CHUCK

All right, all right. Yeah! Let's go.

He grabs her hand and pulls her with him.

INT. BATHROOM - HELL RIDER'S BAR

Chuck hustles Ashley into the bathroom. Locks the door. The music blares.

He pulls her in, kisses her. Sloppy.

CHUCK

Now get on your knees and suck my
dick.

Ashley steps back. Smiles. Licks her lips.

CHUCK

Oh, fuck yeah, baby. But first...let
me see them titties.

He reaches his hand out, squeezes her breast.

Ashley grabs his fingers. Bends them backwards. Bones CRUNCH.

He SCREAMS.

She punches him the throat. Precise. The scream dies. He staggers backwards.

Ashely slips the STRAIGHT RAZOR out of her shorts. Flicks it open. The BLADE gleams.

ASHLEY

Hey Chucky. Paula King. Chris King.
Ring a bell?

CHUCK

(hoarsely)

You!

ASHLEY

That's right, Chucky.

Chuck fumbles with his left hand, grabs a pistol out of the back of his pants.

Ashley slices with the straight razor, almost all the way through his wrist. Blood SPURTS onto her.

Chuck tries to scream through his ruined throat.

Ashley takes the pistol from him. Points it at him.

He clutches his hands to his chest. Cries. Blood flows from the cut on his wrist.

ASHLEY

Did you kill my mother?

CHUCK

I don't --

Ashley pistol whips the side of his head. He falls to the floor. She tucks the pistol in her shorts.

Gets behind him. Holds the straight razor to his throat.

ASHLEY

I'm going to ask one more time. Did you kill my mother?

CHUCK

Yes! Yeah, I fuckin' killed her!
Bitch!

He struggles, but with two useless hands, he's not going anywhere.

ASHLEY

Who was with you? Keith?

CHUCK

Fuck you!

Chuck manages to swing his body around. The razor nicks him in the throat, but adrenaline's running through him.

He knocks Ashley over, gets on top of her. She swings the razor, but he elbows her hand, knocks it away.

He gets his forearm across her throat. Presses down with his

bodyweight.

She chokes. His blood pours down his arm onto her.

Ashley raises her leg. Pulls the SWITCHBLADE out of her boot.

It opens with a CLICK. She STABS the blade into the side of Chuck's head.

He stares at her for a long moment. Her face turns red from the pressure on her neck.

Ashley shoves at him. He finally falls on top of her. She rolls and pushes him off.

The door knob rattles. Someone POUNDS on the door.

Ashley gets on all fours and heaves.

The pounding stops. They've given up.

ASHLEY

Fuck.

She gets up, drags herself to the sink.

Turns on the tap and grabs fistfuls of paper towels. Wets them down and hastily wipes blood from her chest and face.

There's blood all over the floor.

Ashley grabs Chuck by the shirt and drags him into the last stall. Finds his cell phone. Pockets it. Closes the door.

Grabs more paper towels and tries to mop up most of the blood on the floor. She shoves all the towels into the trash.

Checks the mirror one last time. There's still blood on her face. She wipes it off with her hand.

She unlocks the door. Cracks it open. Looks outside. Nobody in the hall. She turns the light off and leaves.

INT. HELL RIDER'S BAR - NIGHT

Ashley moves calmly through the bar. Makes her way through the sea of bodies to the front entrance.

ASHLEY

Leaving.

ETHAN (V.O.)
Copy. I'm at your eleven.

EXT. HELL RIDER'S BAR - NIGHT

Ashley walks out the front. No one takes notice of her, but in places like this, beat-up looking women are the norm rather than the exception.

She weaves through the parked trucks and motorcycles. Finally reaches the Toyota.

INT. 4 RUNNER - NIGHT

Ethan moves the gun bag to the backseat. Ashley gets in.

ETHAN
You okay?

ASHLEY
Yeah. Not my blood.

He checks his watch.

ETHAN
You had two minutes before I came in.
Cuttin' it close.

ASHLEY
I'm a little rusty.

Ethan starts the Toyota.

She takes out Chuck's cell phone. Scrolls through the contacts. Gets her phone and snaps a bunch of pictures of his contact list.

Ashley reaches into a small bag on the floorboard. Rips open a packet of alcohol wipes. Cleans the phone, careful not to touch it again.

She rolls down the window and drops Chuck's phone out as they drive away.

ASHLEY
One down.

INT. HELL RIDER'S BAR - LATER

The bar is cleared out except for cops and medical crew. Detective O'Neill sits at the bar, writing in his notebook.

Another cop, Detective MANNY PEREZ, joins him.

O'NEILL

Well?

PEREZ

Same shit. Brunette, probably thirties. Nobody recognized her or could give much description other than "nice tits."

O'NEILL

Yeah. I don't know if they just ain't talkin' or if they're actually that dumb.

PEREZ

Could go either way with these guys. Could be some kind of turf war. Chuck wasn't exactly low profile.

O'NEILL

Would have to be someone with a death wish or a big fuckin' grudge to start a war with Derek and his crew...

He trails off, lost in thought.

PEREZ

You got something?

O'NEILL

Maybe. But it's a hell of a crazy idea. Chris King was mixed up with the Hell Riders.

PEREZ

Yeah. He was a CI for Vice, wasn't he?

O'NEILL

Yeah. And he has a sister. With nice tits. And a dead brother and mom.

Perez looks at him, then laughs.

PEREZ

You're right. That is a **hell** of crazy idea.

INT. MOTORHEAD RESTORATION - GARAGE - DAY

The place is bustling with activity. Chuck's death has stirred up the skinheads into a hive of angry wasps.

Upstairs in the office, Derek sits behind on old metal desk. Several other Hell Riders occupy the office.

Keith comes in with an armful of files and papers. He sets them on the desk.

KEITH

Here's all we could find on Ashley King. Not much.

Derek slides the folder over and opens it. There's a copy of Ashley's DRIVER'S LICENSE, a PASSPORT PHOTO, and BIRTH CERTIFICATE. That's it.

DEREK

What the fuck is this? We paid for this?

KEITH

That's all there is. No property records. No credit report. Nothing. It's been wiped.

DEREK

Who the fuck is this cunt?

KEITH

My guess? She's black ops of some kind. Or a merc. The only time I ever saw this kind of file was with the operators.

DEREK

You think she's military? You got any contacts could get more on her?

KEITH

Not anybody high up enough for this shit. We'd probably get flagged for even asking.

DEREK

What about the kid?

Keith hands Derek another file.

KEITH

Mother lives in Utah. Chris had full custody. Lots of CPS reports when the kid lived with her.

DEREK

Can we get to her?

KEITH

I have some guys in Utah trying to contact her.

DEREK

Good.

KEITH

What that bitch did to Chuck, man. Brutal. We need to find her.

Derek thinks for a moment. Looks at the file.

DEREK

She wants a war, she'll get a war.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The room is dark, drapes drawn. A sleeping figure on one of the beds stirs.

Ashley wakes up, all traces of Carleigh gone. She blinks for a moment, then realizes she's alone in the room.

She gets out of bed. Checks her phone. There's a text from Ethan: WENT OUT SCOUTING

Ashley dials his number.

ETHAN (V.O.)

Mornin'.

ASHLEY

Is Logan with you?

ETHAN (V.O.)

No.

ASHLEY

Fuck!

ETHAN (V.O.)

I'm on my way.

She hangs up and dials Logan. It RINGS and RINGS. No answer.

Ashley hurriedly dresses. Grabs her pistol. Tucks it into the back of her jeans.

She dials again. Opens the door and leaves the room.

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - DAY

The sunshine is blinding. A cleaning cart sits outside the room next door.

Ashley sticks her head into the open room.

ASHLEY

Hello?

A Latina housekeeper comes to the door.

HOUSEKEEPER

Hi, yes?

ASHLEY

(in Spanish, subtitled)

Did you see a teenage boy leave this room? He's about six feet tall, brown hair.

HOUSEKEEPER

(in Spanish, subtitled)

No, I didn't see anybody today.

ASHLEY

(in Spanish, subtitled)

Today? Some other day?

HOUSEKEEPER

(in Spanish, subtitled)

Yes. I see him leave a few times.

ASHLEY

(in Spanish, subtitled)

What direction did he go before?

The housekeeper points east.

ASHLEY

Okay. Thank you.

The housekeeper goes back into the room.

Ashley jogs across the parking lot to the road. She stops.

Logan strolls toward her, a takeaway coffee cup in each hand.

Before he can say anything, Ashley runs to him and grabs his arm. Coffee sloshes out of the cup.

LOGAN

Hey, what --

ASHLEY

Shut up.

Her eyes dart around the whole area, searching for someone following Logan or paying them any attention.

LOGAN

AA --

ASHLEY

Goddamn it, Logan. This is not a fucking game.

She hauls him back toward the motel.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The door opens and Ashley drags Logan inside. She slams the door, then turns on him.

ASHLEY

What the fuck were you thinking?

LOGAN

I'm sick of being in this room! I'm sick of you treating me like a child!

ASHLEY

Then stop acting like one!

Logan throws the coffee in the trash.

LOGAN

I was just trying to do something nice!

ASHLEY

Yeah, and what about the other times you left? What were you doing then?

LOGAN

Just going for a walk. I made sure no one was following me.

ASHLEY

Do you have any idea what will happen if they find you? Do you?

Logan stares at her defiantly. Tears in his eyes.

LOGAN

Yeah. Yeah, I do. They'll kill me. Just like they killed Dad and Grandma!

His voice breaks and the tears fall. He rushes into the bathroom and slams the door.

Ashley slumps on the bed. Puts her head in her hands.

The motel room door opens and Ethan comes in.

ETHAN

He okay?

ASHLEY

He's in the bathroom. He's fine.

ETHAN

What about you?

ASHLEY

This is why I didn't have kids. I'd be a terrible mother. I screamed at him. Just like my mother used to scream at me. Fuck.

Ethan sits on the bed next to her.

ETHAN

You're just worried about him. He knows that.

ASHLEY

I was so fucking terrified when I saw he was gone. I've never been scared like that in my life.

The door to the bathroom opens.

LOGAN

I'm sorry, AA. I didn't mean to scare
(MORE)

LOGAN (CONT'D)

you.

ASHLEY

I'm sorry, too. I shouldn't yell at you like that.

Logan sits on Ashley's other side.

LOGAN

Are you going to send me away?

ASHLEY

No.

Ashley waits for him to meet her eyes.

ASHLEY

I killed one of them last night. This is for real, now. They'll be looking for us.

Logan gulps. Tries to process the emotions.

ASHLEY

If you want to go, tell me now. We can still disappear. But if we go any further, we go all the way. Take them out before they take us out.

LOGAN

You killed scumbag number one?

ASHLEY

Yeah.

LOGAN

So scumbag number two is next?

Ashley nods. Logan looks at Ashley, then Ethan.

LOGAN

Good. I don't wanna go until they're all dead. Our family was kind of shitty, but they were still our family.

ASHLEY

Then you have to do what I say. If I tell you to stay here, you fucking stay here. Promise?

LOGAN
Okay. I promise.

EXT. HARBOR PARK - DAY

A beautiful day by the beach. Navy ships dot the background, seagulls squawking around their masts.

Ashley and Ethan sit on a bench under a tree and watch Logan lean over the sea wall.

Ethan sits facing the opposite direction as Ashley, his keen eyes constantly scanning the area.

Ashley dials a number on her cell phone. The call gets rerouted several times through a vast encryption system.

Finally, the line opens.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Number?

ASHLEY
91-20335.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Please wait while I validate.

A beat.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Where would you like me to route your call?

ASHLEY
Williams, Darryl.

The line CLICKS. A pause.

WILLIAMS (V.O.)
Williams.

ASHLEY
Darryl.

WILLIAMS (V.O.)
Ashley? Holy shit. I haven't heard from you in what, two years?

ASHLEY
Three.

WILLIAMS (V.O.)
Jesus. System says you're inactive.

ASHLEY
Yeah. I need a favor. Can you swing it?

WILLIAMS (V.O.)
Yep. You're still cleared.

ASHLEY
I need a track on a cell number.

WILLIAMS (V.O.)
Okay. Go ahead.

ASHLEY
619-555-1029. Keith Rex. Somewhere in San Diego.

WILLIAMS (V.O.)
Gotcha. Give me a few to run the tracking and then install on your phone. This number?

ASHLEY
Yeah. Thanks.

WILLIAMS (V.O.)
Sure thing. Let me know how it goes.

ASHLEY
How does it always go?

A laugh on the other line.

WILLIAMS (V.O.)
Badly.

Ashley laughs and ends the call.

A few moments, then her phone pings.

ON THE SCREEN:

A text from UNKNOWN with a link.

Ashley clicks the link. It opens an APP called DARK ARTS ASTROLOGY.

Ashley enters a username and password, then her fingerprint.

The app opens to show HOROSCOPES AND TAROT. She clicks TAROT.

A list of TAROT CARDS.

Ashley clicks on the QUEEN OF SWORDS. A CARD with a woman dressed in blue robes holding a sword pops up.

The card turns and reveals a MAP. A DOT blinks in the center of the map.

ASHLEY

Got him.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective O'Neill sits in his cubicle, eating a dripping burrito. He just takes a big bite --

AGENT STUART (O.S.)

Detective O'Neill?

O'Neill looks up to see AGENT STUART -- 50s, a severe woman in a immaculate pantsuit -- standing in his doorway.

O'Neill wipes his face with a napkin.

O'NEILL

Yeah. Who are you?

AGENT STUART

It appears that you're the one making inquiries about Ashley King?

O'NEILL

How did you get in here?

He picks up his phone. Agent Stuart holds out an ID with CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY and her name.

AGENT STUART

I've already spoken with your captain. You will find nothing, so I suggest you discontinue your search. Do you understand?

O'NEILL

No wait a goddamn minute. I'm a law enforcement officer --

AGENT STUART

Stop looking, Detective. For your own
(MORE)

AGENT STUART (CONT'D)
good. You don't want to see me again.

Agent Stuart leaves as silently as she appeared. O'Neill sits there, dumbfounded, his burrito in one hand and the phone in the other.

O'NEILL
What the fuck was that?

EXT. LUMBER YARD - NIGHT

A huge lumber distribution yard close to the docks. Stacks of wood and metal shipping containers.

An office shack occupies one corner of the yard. Lights blaze around the office and illuminate the activity going on.

Several men unload crates off of two trucks. Keith Rex and his skinheads supervise the work.

EXT. LUMBER YARD - ABOVE - NIGHT

Perched on a tall stack of lumber, Ashley and Ethan watch down below. They wear all black and stay low.

The men finish unloading the crates. The trucks start up and leave the yard. Soon after, most of the crew leave in cars and trucks.

Keith and four other skinheads stay behind. They enter the office shack. The yard lights go out.

ETHAN
Wonder what's in those crates.

ASHLEY
Do you?

ETHAN
Yeah. Could be drugs. Guns. Or maybe it's just, you know, wood.

ASHLEY
Yeah, right.

The lights in the office stay on. No one comes back out.

ETHAN
What do you think?

Ashley peers through a set of binoculars.

Through the BINOCs: Inside the shack, Keith sits at a desk and the others sit in chairs.

ASHLEY

Looks like they're not going anywhere for a while.

ETHAN

There's five of them.

ASHLEY

I can count.

She sweeps the surrounding area with the binoculars.

ASHLEY

No visible security cameras.

ETHAN

Don't want their illicit activities caught on tape.

ASHLEY

I'm going in.

They move like clock work.

Ethan reaches for a long case while Ashley checks her weapons.

He opens the case to reveal a rifle.

He picks it up and attaches a tripod, then a suppressor. Flicks the cap off the scope and peers through it.

Ashley pulls two pistols out of a bag.

Stuffs extra magazines into her pocket.

Slides three ten-inch long throwing blades into a special sheath under her arm.

ETHAN

How you goin' in?

ASHLEY

Right through the front door.

She puts one pistol in a holster strapped to her thigh.

Screws a suppressor onto the other one.

ASHLEY

If I'm not back in ten, light this fuckin' place up.

ETHAN

If you're not back in ten, I'm comin' in after you.

Ashley leans over and kisses him. Hard.

ASHLEY

See you in ten.

She disappears off the side of the lumber like a ninja.

Ethan sets his rifle up and zeroes in on the office.

EXT. LUMBER YARD - NIGHT

Ashley slips in between the lumber and containers. Silent.

She makes her way through the yard.

One last stretch of open ground to the office.

She sprints across it. Makes it to the corner of the shack.

There's a window in between her and the door.

She ducks underneath it. Stands back up next to the door.

Ashley closes her eyes --

FLASHBACK

To see the layout of the office and where each man is positioned when she comes through the door.

BACK TO SCENE

She takes a deep breath --

INT. LUMBER YARD OFFICE - NIGHT

And she's through the door like a wraith.

Before anyone can react --

POP. POP. One skinhead sitting right across from the door

takes two shots to the head.

POP. POP. To the right, one more skinhead gets two to the face. Blood splatters on the wall behind him.

Three left.

One of them, a burly guy the size of a linebacker, tackles Ashley from the side.

He hurls her into the wall. The thin drywall cracks. She drops to the floor.

Keith holds a shotgun and a walkie talkie. He speaks into the walkie talkie.

KEITH

She's here! She's here!

The linebacker skinhead approaches Ashley.

KEITH

Don't --

POP. POP. Two bullets hit the big guy in the chest. They barely slow him down.

He slaps the pistol out of her hand and grabs her. Slams her into the wall again.

Ashley elbows him in the side of the head. He grins at her. He's tweaking on something.

He throws her again.

She crashes into a table.

The linebacker staggers toward her.

Ashley picks herself up and braces as he lunges at her.

He grabs her around the throat. Lifts her off the ground. Her feet dangle.

One of her arms wraps around the guy's meaty forearms.

With her other hand, she reaches for a throwing KNIFE. Pulls it out and STABS him in the gut.

He grunts but doesn't let go.

Ashley STABS over and over again. The blade makes wet SWISHES with every thrust.

Finally, he drops her.

She nearly falls to her knees but forces herself to stay on her feet.

Keith points the shotgun at her and FIRES. BOOM. Again. BOOM.

Ashley grabs the linebacker and pulls him in front of her. The shotgun blasts rips into the linebacker.

But she wasn't quite fast enough. Several pellets graze the side of her body.

She drops to the floor. The linebacker falls next to her, his dead eyes staring.

Keith and the other skinhead duck behind the desk.

EXT. LUMBER YARD - ABOVE - NIGHT

From above, Ethan peers through the scope.

The sound of an engine makes him look toward the gate.

A black SUV pulls up the office and stops.

Five more skinheads get out. They have assault rifles and are otherwise heavily armed.

Smoothly, Ethan takes aim and fires.

BANG. A skinhead falls to the ground with a hole in his head.

The others scatter. Some duck behind the SUV. Some run behind stacks of pallets and crates.

ETHAN

(into his mike)

We got more.

INT. LUMBER YARD OFFICE - NIGHT

Ashley pulls her other pistol out. She hunkers behind a filing cabinet.

KEITH

We've been waiting for you, bitch!

He laughs, a crazy pitch to his voice.

GUNMAN (V.O.)
(over Keith's radio)
There's a fucking sniper out here!
We're pinned down!

Ashley smiles.

Another muffled rifle shot comes from outside.

The other skinhead sticks his head around the side of the desk and takes a shot at Ashley.

The round hits the wall above her.

Ashley waits.

He sticks his head out again --

POP. Right between the eyes.

KEITH
Goddamn it! You fucking cunt! I'm
gonna cut your fuckin' head off!

Ashley darts across the office.

Keith stands up and blasts with the shotgun in the direction she was in. The wrong direction.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. CLICK.

The shotgun's empty.

Ashley throws a knife. It hits his arm with a wet THWACK.

He stares at it for a second. Confused.

THWACK. Another knife hits him in the chest.

Ashley runs and jumps on top of the desk --

Kicks Keith in the head.

He stumbles back. Bounces off the wall to reach out and hook her leg out from underneath her.

Ashley crashes down on the desk.

Keith rears up over her, a knife in his hand.

He plunges it down toward her --

She rolls out of the way, barely. The knife THUDS into the top of the desk.

She rolls off the desk and onto her feet.

Keith comes at her with the knife.

POP. POP. She puts two rounds into his chest.

He keeps coming.

POP. A perfect hole appears in his forehead.

He drops like a stone.

EXT. LUMBER YARD - ABOVE - NIGHT

Ethan scans the yard through his scope. Three more gunmen remain, two behind the SUV and one behind a pallet to the side of the office.

He sees movement. Behind the pallet with the gunman.

He searches. Suddenly, Logan appears, running towards the gunman. He holds a pistol.

ETHAN

You gotta be fuckin' kidding me.

The gunman sees the movement, too. He turns and opens fire with the assault rifle.

Logan ducks behind a stack of lumber.

The two gunmen behind the SUV also start shooting in Logan's direction. Ethan searches for a shot, but he's got nothing.

He drops the rifle and pulls an UZI out of the gun bag. He climbs down the lumber stack and sprints toward the office.

EXT. LUMBER YARD - BEHIND SUV - NIGHT

The two skinheads crouch in between the SUV and the office. They face toward the other gunmen --

So they don't see Ethan emerge like the goddamn boogeyman behind them.

He opens up with the Uzi, spraying the two skinheads with

bullets. Their bodies twitch and dance like puppets.

He moves past them calmly.

He walks toward the pallet. Fires from the hip. Bullets rip into the pallet of wood crates, splinters flying everywhere.

The last gunman spins around to see Ethan coming toward him.

But it's too late. Rounds chip into the skinhead, spin him around until he falls in a heap.

Ethan breaks into a run. He heads for Logan.

ETHAN

Ash, time to fucking go.

EXT. LUMBER YARD - OFFICE - NIGHT

Ashley exits the office to see Ethan carrying Logan over his shoulder in a fireman carry.

ASHLEY

What the fuck? Ethan, what the fuck?

ETHAN

I don't know. He just fucking showed up. He's hit.

Ashley runs to him. Ethan carries the kid to the SUV.

ETHAN

Get the door.

Ashley opens the back door of the SUV. Ethan places Logan on the seat.

ETHAN

We've got to get him to a hospital.

LOGAN

I'm sorry AA. I'm sorry.

ASHLEY

Shhh. It's all right. You're all right.

She gets into the back seat with him. Ethan closes the door and gets in the driver's seat.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Tears stream down Ashley's face. She doesn't seem to notice.

Ethan guns it and they speed out of the yard.

Ashley presses her hand to the bullet wound in Logan's side. Blood seeps between her fingers.

She unstraps her gear and throws it on the seat.

Pulls her shirt over head and uses it as a pad.

She takes out her cell with her other hand and dials a number.

ASHLEY

(into the phone)

91-20335. I need to talk to the Empress.

(a beat)

It's an emergency.

(beat)

Yeah. Okay. Yes.

Ashley hangs up. Opens the DARK ARTS ASTROLOGY app on her phone. Clicks on TAROT.

The card list appears. She clicks on the EMPRESS: a serene woman on a throne, the world at her feet. She clicks on it.

The phone goes black.

A pause.

The phone rings. UNKNOWN.

Ashley answers.

AGENT STUART (V.O.)

My errant queen of swords.

ASHLEY

Margaret. I need help. My nephew's been shot.

AGENT STUART (V.O.)

Are you back? If you're back, I can help you. If not...

ASHLEY

I'll do whatever you want if you help him.

AGENT STUART (V.O.)

I'm routing you the location.

The line goes dead.

ETHAN

Where am I going?

Ashley checks her phone.

ASHLEY

North.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A state of the art hospital room. Cool blue light shimmers over the bed, where Logan sleeps peacefully. A machine beeps softly in time to his heartbeat.

Ashley and Ethan sit next to the bed.

The door to the room opens and Agent Stuart enters.

She glances at Logan before settling her unnerving gaze on Ashley and Ethan.

AGENT STUART

He'll be fine?

ASHLEY

Yeah. He lost a lot of blood but nothing vital was hit.

AGENT STUART

And you?

Ashley looks down at her bare arms. Bandages cover where the buckshot grazed her.

ASHLEY

It's nothing.

AGENT STUART

It's a good thing you brought him here. His mother filed a missing child report.

ASHLEY

That bitch hasn't seen him in years.
She doesn't give two shits about him.

ETHAN

Aryan fuckheads probably paid her off.
Figured it'll make our lives more
difficult.

ASHLEY

Can he stay here for the time being?

Stuart nods and leans back against the doorjamb.

ASHLEY

Yeah, I know. You want to talk about
our agreement.

The other woman shrugs.

AGENT STUART

I'm not in any hurry. As long as I
know you **are** coming back.

ASHLEY

Bullshit. You're always in a hurry.

AGENT STUART

There's always work to be done in our
line of business.

Stuart turns to Ethan.

AGENT STUART

And what about you, Major? Can I
interest you in a job?

ETHAN

Not Major anymore.

AGENT STUART

Of course.

ETHAN

I'll think about it.

AGENT STUART

I've been waiting a long time for a
king of swords.

ASHLEY

I have to finish this, first. Can you keep the cops off my back?

AGENT STUART

We can't sanction a domestic target.

ETHAN

These guys are fuckin' terrorists and arms dealers.

ASHLEY

I'm not asking for a sanction. I'm asking for a clean up. I know you can do that.

AGENT STUART

I'll take care of it.

(pause)

I **am** sorry about your family. I don't think I was ever able to say that after your father.

The older woman leaves.

Ethan looks at Ashley.

ETHAN

That's why you left?

ASHLEY

Yeah. My dad died. My mom wasn't doing well. And I was sick of never seeing Logan. They needed me. He needed me. And this is where I got him.

ETHAN

Ash, it's not your fault. It's one hundred percent those Nazi motherfuckers' fault.

(beat)

And your brother is the one who got involved with them. He's not blameless, either.

ASHLEY

I know. But this kid...

She touches Logan's still hand.

ASHLEY

This kid is all I have left. If I have to kill every last one of those bastards to keep him safe, I will.

ETHAN

Scorched earth.

ASHLEY

Scorched earth.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A dark room that looks like a high-end hotel. Ethan sleeps on a king-size bed. Ashley lies next to him, not sleeping.

She stares at the ceiling. Tears run down her cheeks to fall on the pillowcase.

Finally, she gets out of bed. Wipes her face.

She slips out the door.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Ashley pads into Logan's room. She sinks into the chair by the bedside. Puts her head in her hands.

LOGAN

AA? What's wrong?

Ashley looks up at him. Smiles.

ASHLEY

Nothing. How're you doing?

LOGAN

Tired.

ASHLEY

Go back to sleep.

LOGAN

Can I have some water?

Ashley stands up and pours a cup of water from a little pitcher on the side table. Hands it to him.

LOGAN

I'm sorry, AA. I thought I could help...I'm so stupid.

ASHLEY

You're not stupid.

(pause)

Well, maybe a little. What were you thinking? I'd smack you if you weren't an invalid.

LOGAN

I just wanted to...I don't know. Those guys killed my family, too. I wanted to...

ASHLEY

Get even?

Logan nods weakly.

ASHLEY

Revenge is a nasty endeavor.

Logan cracks a smile.

LOGAN

Dad used to always say, "do as I say, not as I do."

ASHLEY

He was right, for once.

LOGAN

Where's Ethan?

ASHLEY

Sleeping.

LOGAN

He saved me.

ASHLEY

I know.

LOGAN

Where are we?

ASHLEY

Somewhere safe. You don't have to worry. They've got the best doctors here. You just worry about getting better.

Logan rests his head back on the pillow.

LOGAN

Did you get them all?

ASHLEY

Not yet. There's one more.

(pause)

And even then, that won't be the end of it. We're going to have to move. Change identities.

LOGAN

Cool. Where are we going to go? Can we move to like, Hawaii? Can Ethan come? Can you train me to be a badass?

ASHLEY

For fuck's sake, Logan.

LOGAN

What?

ASHLEY

I guess you take after me more than I thought. I'm not sure how I feel about that.

LOGAN

I know how I feel about it.

ASHLEY

Oh yeah?

LOGAN

Yeah.

He smiles at her. He can barely keep his eyes open.

ASHLEY

Get some sleep, kiddo. I might not be here when you wake up, but I'll be back soon.

LOGAN

'Kay.

Ashley gets up to leave.

LOGAN

AA?

Ashley stops at the door. Turns around.

ASHLEY

Yeah?

LOGAN

Get 'em all. Get 'em good.

UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - WEAPONS ROOM - DAY

This room is loaded with weapons. Pistols, knives, machine guns, grenade launchers, body armor, night-vision goggles.

Ashley and Ethan strap body armor on.

Various weapons fill two black duffel bags at their feet.

More weapons fill every available holder on their bodies.

Ashley slides her throwing blades into their sheath.

Ethan picks up an RPG.

ETHAN

Now this is getting fun. If I can blow shit up, Stuart can count me in to be her king of pain.

ASHLEY

King of swords. She's got a thing for tarot cards.

ETHAN

Yeah, whatever. King of pain sounds better. Hot damn, I missed this shit.

ASHLEY

Why'd you even retire? You're not *that* old.

Ethan sets the RPG on his shoulder.

ETHAN

I had to come find you. Duh.

Ashley meets his eyes. A moment of understanding.

ETHAN

You ready, oh queen of pain?

ASHLEY

Yeah. But you can't bring that.

EXT. MOTORHEAD RESTORATION - GARAGE - NIGHT

At the back of the building are loading bays with metal roll-up doors big enough for trucks to pass in and out.

One of the bays is open, light spilling out. Two skinhead sentries stand on the brick walkway in front, smoking. Assault rifles hang from straps on their shoulders.

POP. POP. POP. POP.

The sentries drop without getting a shot off, blood pouring from the holes in their heads.

Ashley strides toward the bay door, suppressed pistol out before her.

A high-caliber round whizzes by her and takes out a third guard coming through the bay --

EXT. ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Ethan lies on the roof of a building across the street, peering through the scope of his rifle.

Next to him lies the body of a skinhead sniper, his throat slit open like a gutted fish.

INT. MOTORHEAD RESTORATION - GARAGE - NIGHT

Ashley slips into the bay along the side of a lifted DODGE RAM -- the same one from the first scene.

The other two bays hold trucks as well. The one on the end is up on a hydraulic lift.

Automatic rifle fire erupts from beyond the trucks, the bullets PINGING all around.

INT. MOTORHEAD RESTORATION - SHOP FLOOR - NIGHT

In the center of the garage, skinheads scramble.

Derek and several others head for the stairs up to the second floor.

The remaining skinheads set up behind stacks of crates and tools on the shop floor.

GARAGE

Ashley crouches down and shoots out the overhead lights. The shop goes mostly dark.

She runs out of the bay.

Bullets fly in all directions. She heads toward the cluster of motorcycles at the end of the shop floor.

A lucky round hits her in the chest, spins her around. She drops, crawls the rest of the way into the motorcycles.

From this vantage point, she has a clear view of the rest of the shop floor.

Two skinheads with AR-15s kneel behind a tall commercial tool box. Facing the bays.

Ashley takes takes them out with two shots to the head each.

Automatic fire immediately rips across the garage.

EXT. ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Ethan scans through his scope: the upper floor office of the warehouse. Through the windows, it's dark but for flashes of muzzle fire from the automatic rifles.

He switches his scope to night-vision. Nothing moves.

ETHAN

Come on, Ash.

He checks his watch.

INT. MOTORHEAD RESTORATION - GARAGE - NIGHT

Ashley ducks through the motorcycles.

A skinhead moves in the shadows beside her. She turns, fires.

He doesn't even see her before the shots hit him.

She ejects her spent clip, grabs another and slides it in.

Closer to the center of the shop now. She heads for the stairs at the far end.

She keeps to the wall. She's along the front side of the building now.

A window in front of her explodes with bullets. Glass shards rain over her.

She ducks and is hit with another round in the back. She drops to the floor.

A skinhead approaches her --

Ashley kicks his knee in. He stumbles, screams.

She puts two rounds in his throat. Blood spurts out of his neck as he falls to the floor.

The remaining four skinheads converge on her location.

She gasps for breath, the bullets that her body armor buffers still taking a toll.

The four skinheads are on her now...

And she moves like liquid mercury in the dark.

She gets to her feet.

Takes them out, one by one.

POP. POP. One down.

The second one goes down, his throat cut from behind.

The others shoot, spin in circles like dogs chasing their own tails. They can't see, or hear her.

The third gets two shots to the back of the head.

His remaining buddy fires at him. Number three's body twitches as the bullets rip into him.

Ashley shoots the last one in the gut. He SCREAMS. Falls.

She appears over him. The last thing he sees is the muzzle of her pistol firing --

INT. SECOND FLOOR OFFICE

Upstairs, Derek and six skinheads wait in the dark office.

The gunfire from downstairs stops. It's eerily quiet.

DEREK

Go see what's happening.

Three of them leave the room.

INT. GARAGE

Ashley gets to the bottom of the stairs. Takes them two at a time, her footsteps light.

At the top, there's a hall that runs for a short distance, then corners to the office.

She rounds the corner to come face to face with the three skinheads.

The four of them in a small corridor. One side a wall, the other a rusted out railing looking over the shop.

It quickly turns into a brutal melee:

Shots fired before Ashley is disarmed. One skinhead hit, but not killed.

Ashley pulls out a blade and starts slicing and dicing.

Blood flies.

It's hand to hand now, and Ashley has the upper hand.

By the time she's through, the wall is splattered with blood.

The three skinheads lie dead across the hall.

Ashley has taken a beating, but she's a machine.

EXT. ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Ethan checks his watch. He starts to get up --

A convoy of three SUVs and pickup trucks round the corner in front of the garage and screech to a stop.

Ethan talks into his microphone:

ETHAN

Shit. We got company.

He doesn't have a clear shot from this side of the building.

ETHAN

I'm comin' down. You all right?

He grabs his bag and hustles out.

INT. GARAGE - SECOND FLOOR

Ashley leans against the wall outside the office.

ASHLEY

I'm great. Fuckin' fantastic.

ETHAN (V.O.)

(over the comms)

You get Shit Stain yet?

ASHLEY

I'm working on it.

ETHAN (V.O.)

(over the comms)

Tick tock.

ASHLEY

Yeah, yeah.

Ashley pushes off the wall and takes another pistol out of a holster on her thigh.

ASHLEY

(whispers)

Knock, knock, Derek.

She kicks in the door to the office.

A .357 BOOMS. Three rounds hit her midsection, knock her backwards into the railing. The rail wobbles, starts to separate from the floorboards.

She staggers but doesn't go down.

A tall, wiry TOOTHLESS SKINHEAD comes out the door, pistol in hand. He's missing several front teeth.

Ashley front kicks him in the chest, then elbows the gun out of his hand.

He grins at her.

Toothless takes a swing and gets her in the jaw. He's a brawler. Has a good jab.

Derek and the other two skinheads dart out the office door and make a run for it.

Ashley tries to duck around Toothless but he grabs her. She

screams in frustration.

Toothless lifts her and slams her down on the floor.

The distinctive sound of Ethan's UZI from outside. More automatic rifle fire answers.

Ashley slides a switchblade out and SLASHES Toothless's Achilles tendon. He HOWLS in pain.

She rolls to her feet.

TOOTHLESS
You fuckin' bitch!

He rushes her. They crash into the railing. It finally breaks away under their weight.

They fall to the shop floor below.

Ashley and Toothless land with a THUD.

Stunned, they lie motionless for a moment.

Ashley still has the switchblade in a death grip.

She rolls over and STABS Toothless in the side of his neck. STAB STAB STAB. She hacks at him.

Finally, she falls on her back. Stares at the ceiling.

Her breath wheezes out of her. Ribs probably broken.

She rips at her body armor, unable to breathe. Gets it open.

Takes a deep breath. Winces in pain.

Sits up. Tries to stand.

Dizziness overwhelms her. She gets to her hands and knees.

Crawls toward the truck bay.

TRUCK BAY

A short time later, Ashley reaches the Dodge Ram. She reaches up to the door handle and drags herself to her feet.

Opens the truck door. Waits a moment. Pulls herself into the driver's seat.

Leans back and closes her eyes. This is the moment we started from: the blood trickles over her eye.

SKINHEAD (O.S.)

Just who the fuck do you think you
are?

Ashley's eye opens.

EXT. MOTORHEAD RESTORATION - GARAGE - NIGHT

The RAM bursts out of the truck bay. Ashley takes the corner wide, nearly hitting a street light.

She tears around to the front of the building.

EXT. MOTORHEAD RESTORATION - NIGHT

At the front of the building, Derek and the other skinheads have gotten into the waiting vehicles.

Ethan fires at the convoy from behind the bus stop.

The three vehicles speed off into the night.

ETHAN

Ash! Ash, where are you?

The RAM roars around the corner and stops in the middle of the street.

Ethan sees Ashley at the wheel and sprints out from behind the bus stop.

He opens the door as Ashley passes out, slumping against the steering wheel.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - OPERATIONS - NIGHT

A high tech operations center. Computers, large wall screens, all sorts of communications devices and monitoring.

Several technicians man the computers.

In the back of the room, Ashley, Ethan and Stuart stand in front of a large monitor.

Ashley looks like shit -- but she's been patched up.

On the screen in front of them: a tracking map like the one we saw before on Ashley's cell.

A blinking dot with a name over it: SHIT STAIN

AGENT STUART

He's on the move. East.

ASHLEY

Where the hell's he going?

AGENT STUART

Our satellites show a small airstrip about 40 miles out. Close to the border. That would be my guess.

ETHAN

Shit, is he tryin' to make this easy for us?

Ashley gives him a look -- who's this been easy for?

ASHLEY

He's trying to get the hell out of Dodge. He's smarter than he looks.

ETHAN

That ain't saying much.

ASHLEY

Looks like I'm going to the desert.

AGENT STUART

I've got a helicopter ready.

Ashley is surprised.

ASHLEY

I thought you couldn't sanction this?

AGENT STUART

I'm not. You were never here, and I was never involved.

ASHLEY

Thank you.

AGENT STUART

Don't make me regret it.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Dawn is only an hour away. The sky begins to lighten over the mountains in the east.

A helicopter flies low over the ridges --

Crests a ridge into a valley.

Below, the airstrip comes into view: A hangar flanked by outbuildings with a long strip of asphalt for a runway. A pair of small planes sit on the tarmac.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - NIGHT

Derek and several other skinheads load bundles of plastic-wrapped drugs into a small two engine plane.

They hear the helicopter fly overhead.

DEREK

What the fuck?

Derek and a PILOT look at each other.

The pilot dashes for the cockpit and jumps inside.

Derek runs into the...

INT. HANGAR

Where more drugs and wooden CRATES sit waiting to be loaded.

Derek breaks open one of the crates to reveal a cache of weapons: more military style assault rifles.

He takes one out, turns to a big skinhead.

DEREK

Where's the ammo?

BIG SKINHEAD

I think we loaded it already.

DEREK

Fuck!

He starts breaking open more crates, desperate.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - OUTBUILDING

The helicopter takes off, having dropped Ashley and Ethan behind one of the outbuildings.

They wear body armor. Ethan carries a bag.

Gunshots from small arms pepper the air after the helicopter.

ASHLEY

Not a very subtle entrance.

Ashley checks her pistol. Meanwhile...

Ethan hefts the RPG over his shoulder.

ETHAN

Fuck subtle.

He fires the RPG.

The plane explodes in a ball of flame.

The skinheads who weren't blown up run into the hangar.

ETHAN

That's my kind of entrance.

ASHLEY

It was very impressive.

ETHAN

I could just blow up that whole hangar...

He looks hopeful.

ASHLEY

I want to kill that rat fuck myself.

ETHAN

Oh, all right. If you insist.

ASHLEY

I insist.

Ethan sets the RPG down and picks up a machine gun.

They start heading for the hangar.

Where the plane used to be, a burning hunk of metal.

A few skinheads stumble around, bloody, burned, in shock.

Ethan and Ashley come through the huge clouds of black smoke.

Ethan shoots the surviving skinheads with his machine gun.

They continue on past the remains of the plane.

Ashley takes a knife out and, as they pass the trucks and SUVs, stabs the tires. Ethan shoots out the rest of them.

INT. HANGAR

Inside, Derek finally finds a box of ammunition. He can hear the RAP RAP RAP of Ethan's machine gun outside.

His face pales. He furiously loads bullets in a clip.

BIG SKINHEAD
They're coming!

DEREK
How many?

BIG SKINHEAD
Two!

DEREK
What? There's only two of them?

BIG SKINHEAD
That I can see.

Derek slaps the clip into one of the rifles and throws it to the big skinhead.

DEREK
Well take them the fuck out!

He continues loading clips.

The big skinhead leans out the hangar door and starts firing. Almost instantly, he falls back, a bullet in his head.

EXT. HANGAR

Ethan sprays the shit out of the hangar. Bullets shred the aluminum siding.

Ashley reaches the hangar, pistol ready.

Ethan slaps in a new magazine. Kneels at the corner of the hangar door, ready to lay down cover.

Ashley glances at Ethan. He nods.

She moves into the hangar. Steady, pistol held in both hands.

The hangar is small, essentially an oversized garage. It's filled with tools and equipment.

Derek and the last two skinheads emerge from behind a cluster of tools and boxes. They run toward a tiny radio room in the back corner of the hangar.

One of the skinheads fires toward the front as they run.

Ethan returns fire.

BAM BAM BAM!

The skinhead falls to the ground.

Ashley keeps advancing toward the back of the hangar.

The other skinhead fires with a pistol, his shots wild.

Ashley takes him out with two shots.

Derek makes a mad dash for the radio room. He slams the door.

Ashley follows.

INT. HANGAR RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

The radio room is a box. A window looks out into the hangar. A small metal desk holds the radio equipment.

Derek looks for a lock on the door. There isn't one.

He shoves the metal desk in front of the door.

He holds a stainless Colt 1911 in his shaking hands. He backs into the corner.

The door knob turns.

Derek fires all seven rounds into the door. The report is deafening in the enclosed space.

The flimsy door disintegrates.

A beat...

Silence.

The metal desk SCRAPES across the floor. The door breaks into pieces as Ashley shoves her way into the room.

DEREK
You fuckin' bitch!

He throws the empty gun at her --

Slides a wicked looking Bowie knife out of a leather sheath at his side.

Ashley kicks the desk out of the way.

DEREK
Come on, you cunt!

Ashley gives him a nasty smile. She tucks her pistol back in its holster.

From her pocket, she pulls brass knuckles. Slides them on her hand. Holds her fists in front of her.

DEREK
All right, bitch! You want to fucking play?

ASHLEY
Oh, shit stain. You killed my whole family. You think I'm playing?

He swings the knife at her. She leans back, avoids the swipe.

ASHLEY
What would you do, shit stain, if someone came along and murdered your family? Huh?

She moves in. He stabs at her. She ducks to the side.

THUD! Her fist connects with his ribs. He howls.

ASHLEY
You'd have a tea party with them?

She strikes again. THUD! He doubles over.

ASHLEY
Or would you hunt them down, one by one?

Drawing on every last ounce of spite in his heart, Derek straightens. Grips his knife.

DEREK

Your brother was a fuckin' snitch!
That's what happens to snitches.

ASHLEY

And this is what happens to murdering
Nazis, you fucking tool.

He makes another slash at her. She elbows his knife hand and punches him in the gut with the brass knuckles.

He gets his knife up in between them. Drives it toward her throat. She grabs his wrist in both hands.

Straining, he pushes.

She twists his arm and throws him to his back. He crashes to the floor.

Yanks the knife from his hand and drives it straight through his heart with all her body weight.

She stands up.

ASHLEY

You fucked with the wrong family.

The life drains from his eyes. Ashley stares down at him.

Finally, she turns away.

INT. HANGAR

The smoke from the burning plane fills the hangar. Ashley walks through the clouds of smoke toward the doorway.

Ethan sees her and stands.

ETHAN

It's done?

ASHLEY

It's done.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Ashley and Logan walk through rows of gravestones and memorial plaques set into the ground.

They reach a trio of plaques: DAVID KING (1949-2018), PAULA KING (1950-2021) and CHRISTOPHER KING (1980-2021)

Logan cries silently. Ashley hugs him. Tears fall from behind her sunglasses.

ASHLEY

I'm sorry, kiddo. Sorry we have to leave them. Sorry for everything.

LOGAN

It's okay. I think I'm ready to start over. But we can still come see them sometimes, can't we?

ASHLEY

Yeah. We won't forget them.

LOGAN

Okay.

He snuffles. Wipes his eyes.

LOGAN

Goodbye, Dad. Grandma. Grandpa. We'll see you later.

Ashley hugs him to her side.

ASHLEY

You ready?

He nods.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Ashley and Logan walk back to the road. Ethan waits for them beside his Toyota.

They all get in the truck.

INT. 4 RUNNER

Logan buckles his seat belt in the back seat.

ETHAN

Where to?

Ashley looks at him, then back at Logan.

ASHLEY

How about we take a trip? How does Hawaii sound?

LOGAN

Really?

ASHLEY

Yeah, really.

LOGAN

Yeah! Wait, are we gonna live there?

ASHLEY

No, just a week or so. We have to get back to work. And you need to go back to school.

LOGAN

Okay.

He looks down at his hands in his lap.

LOGAN

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

Ashley turns around and waits for him to meet her eyes.

ASHLEY

Never, Logan. You're mine. I keep what's mine.

She settles her gaze on Ethan.

ASHLEY

That goes for you, too, king pain in the ass.

ETHAN

Hey, I resemble that remark.

Ethan starts up the Toyota. "Drive" by Incubus plays.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

The 4 Runner drives through the cemetery toward the road.

FADE OUT.