

THE CLASSASSIN

PILOT EPISODE

"Hell Week"

Written by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. MAN CAVE COMMAND CENTER

June 2013. A wall of monitors powers on one at a time. Each carries breaking news, overpowered by the next...

CBS ANNOUNCER (ON TV)
...Edward Snowden has just taken
responsibility for one of the
biggest Government leaks in US
history...

ABC/GEORGE STEPHANOPOULOS (ON TV)
...we learned that the government
has the capacity to track virtually
every American phone call and scoop
up impossibly vast quantities of
data across the internet...

Blam. Blood splatters the monitor. We become aware of
struggling and grappling NOISES. The monitors are JOLTED and
JARRED from time to time as a result of this off screen
struggle.

FOX NEWS/JUDGE NAPOLITANO (ON TV)
...I would describe this man as an
American hero as a person who
risked life and limb and liberty in
order to expose to the American
people one of the most
extraordinary violations of
American principals value
judgements and the constitution
itself in all of our history...

The remaining TWO SILHOUETTED FIGURES slug it out in front of
the monitors in a battle of epic Jason Bourne proportions.

All of the separate monitors switch over to a single CNN
feed...

CNN ANNOUNCER (ON TV)
...some breaking news at CNN,
Edward Snowden may finally have
some options on where to go next...
Venezuela is offering asylum to
Snowden...

Blam. One SHADOW MAN remains. Winded, he takes a beat, mutes
the screens and phones out...

SHADOW MAN (INTO PHONE)
 Is that the best you got, Grayson?
 (beat)
 I am moving my timetable forward!
 (beat)
 No, you listen! Every day they dig
 through those NSA files is one step
 closer they get to unearthing your
 bastard Classassin Program... I
don't care if she's not ready! She
 is Active! As of now!
 (beat)
 Oh, we'll be ready for you.

He SLAMS the phone on the table. Slams it again and again, as
 it SPLINTERS he wrenches it in half and throws it, spidering
 a crack in Edward Snowden's on-screen jaw.

FADE OUT.

TITLE SEQUENCE

END OF TEASE

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Inky Black Night.

Thunderheads RUMBLE in the distance.

A figure lounges on a chaise by the pool. She's beat to shit. Barely conscious. A crumpled cig trembles in her swollen lip. A pile of cig butts on the ground below her.

She's been here a minute.

One hand keeps steady pressure on a bullet wound in her left side. Blood's gotten on her suit and tie. The other hand holds a HECKLER AND KOCH MK23. Blood runs down her hand and drips off the silencer. Puddles below.

Her sunglasses mask an unblinking gaze. This is GENEVIEVE KRIMSON, 22. Gen, to her friends - of which she has 4 on the planet. One of whom floats in the pool in front of her in a long, red scarf. Dead.

Poor CASSIE, 23.

The pool light casts an eerie glow about. It silhouettes Cassie and a very tactical-looking ASSASSIN who floats face-up nearby. Strange to see an Assassin with a big Wyatt Earp mustache, but there he is.

Gen's phone VIBRATES. It's the first movement from her we've seen. She SWIPES it open with a bloodied finger.

Deep breath--

GEN (INTO PHONE)
(chipper as hell)
Hey baby. W-what's goin on...?

CHRIS (ON PHONE)
(whispering)
Gen, where are you? The teacher is
collecting our take-home exams.

INT. CULPEPPER UNIVERSITY - MATH CLASS - SAME TIME

CHRIS CHRISTOPHER, 22, at his desk in the back of the room. He speaks in a WHISPER as LADY PROFESSOR walks down the rows collecting papers.

Chris ducks his head under the desk to be less conspicuous.

CHRIS (INTO PHONE)
Tell me you didn't flake out again!

INTERCUT WITH GEN AND CHRIS.

GEN (INTO PHONE)
Oh mon dieu! I totally lost track
of time, ChrisChris.

Although she says it more like CreesCrees.

CHRIS (INTO PHONE)
Unbelievable.

GEN (INTO PHONE)
Je suis desolé, but Cassie and I
went on Netflix. It was just gonna
be one episode of "Vampire Diaries"
but --

CHRIS (INTO PHONE)
Cassie? I should of known. Come on
Gen. That girl is gonna end up in
jail or dead. I'm pretty sure she's
an alcoholic.

Gen's facade is slipping.

GEN (INTO PHONE)
(off Cassie's lifeless
body)
Yeah --

Chris looks over as Lady Professor walks up to his hiding
place.

LADY PROFESSOR
Ahem. Mr. Christopher.

CHRIS (INTO PHONE)
Look, I gotta go, get here quick as
you can. Bye-eeee.

He hangs up and smiles his golden smile at Lady Professor and
hands over his papers.

CHRIS
Campus Emergency. No big deal. All
square.

She walks away, unconvinced.

POOLSIDE

Gen struggles to her feet. She tosses the gun into her bug-out bag. Almost passes out when she lifts it.

She triggers her phone...

GEN (INTO PHONE)
Call Amber.

The phone dials while Gen continues past the bodies and flicks her cigarette into the water which flames out with a HSSSSS.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

One of the many extravagant homes over-looking the valley. Immaculate landscaping. Lit like a Museum artifice.

Christmas lights adorn the outer trim. An ornate Tree sparkles in the floor to ceiling windows.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A record player fills the space with JAZZY CHRISTMAS TUNES of the Frank Sinatra caliber.

Cooking supplies litter the counter. A thin layer of flour covers everything. Someone's been hard at work. That someone is FRIEDRICH THE "IRON CHEF", 33, who looms large over the counter. Sleeves rolled up, tie tucked safely into his shirt.

The pink, bling'd out phone RINGS and he wipes his hands on a towel over his shoulder and picks it up. Doesn't answer it. Just looks.

It reads: "Genevieve"

IRON CHEF
Well, that is most interesting.

He sets it back down beside 5 other phones on the counter. He triggers his SILYNX Ear Comm.

IRON CHEF (INTO COMM)
Kymber, this is Iron Chef. Alpha
Target is still in play. Switch to
Delta. Do you read? Priority Delta.

He opens a stick of butter and drops that into a mixing bowl.

EXT LAX AIRPORT - PARKING DECKS - SAME TIME

You'd have to look close to spot the Asian CIA Op in the shadows. Callsign: KYMBER, 30s, she's head to toe in black tactical gear.

She packs away her binocs, steps over the legs of a DEAD SECURITY GUARD and mounts a DUCATI.

KYMBER (INTO COMM)
Roger that, Iron Chef. Priority
Delta confirmed. On my way.

She FIRES up the bike and PEELS OFF.

INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gen picks her way in the darkness through the rubble. Tables and chairs are overturned. Some bodies lie scattered around. She makes her way to the liquor cabinet, unscrews a bottle of Chivas.

From the Cabinet she pulls 3 shot glasses and lays them out. Whiskey splashes all over the counter as each shot is overfilled.

She lifts the first one up in a toast. Is that a slight smile. A warm memory?

GEN
To Cassie.

She drains the glass. Snaps it onto the counter.

GEN
To Vance.

Snap. Two down. She raises the third glass and pauses. It's clear there are holocausts raging behind those green eyes.

GEN
Grayson.

She throws it back. Snaps the glass down.

AT THE STOVE

She cranks a burner. Bends down, lights another cigarette. Draws on it deeply. She dials the flame off, then turns the burner back to open position. Gas HISSES out.

Gen walks to the living room and pours whiskey all over the counters and floors, splashing all the way to the front door. She screws on the cap, and sets the bottle aside.

In the mail holder she sees a Michael Kors catalog untouched. She picks it up and flips through it.

IN THE KITCHEN

Gas leaking leaking... leaking.

BY THE FRONT DOOR

She continues to flip through the magazine and drag on the cigarette.

GEN
(musing aloud)
How cute is that jumper?

A HONK outside.

Gen peeks through the blinds at the CAB rolling to a stop two doors down. She places the catalog back in the rack and tosses the cigarette to the floor.

The ashes contact the whiskey and leap into a flame and then catch the trail.

EXT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - SAME TIME

Gen closes the door behind herself and cuts across the lawn to the cab. A split second later the house EXPLODES behind her.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. TAXICAB - MOVING

RAJEESH "ROGER" SHEK, 34, drives with one eye on the road, one eye on the Calculus exam he's taking, pressed against the steering wheel. As he rounds a corner he catches the open text book on the dash as it slides across.

He checks his half naked fare in the back seat who GASPS painfully.

RAJ

Genevieve you should let me take a look at that!

GEN

Eyes on the road, Perv!

She smiles through gritted teeth as she peels off her white, bloodied, button up shirt. She pulls some gauze and tape from her bag and begins to doctor herself.

RAJ

Perv? I am respected Doctor back in Chennai. Ha! Land of opportunity. Opportunity to help you cheat at University! Opportunity to watch you bleed to death in the back of my cab.

Gen sucks wind at the final touches to her bandages.

GEN

Roger, I know that stuff forwards and... SSSSSS... backwards. I just didn't have time... OWWW... to write it all -- Could you possibly hit any more pot holes?!

Yelling back...

RAJ

(off the homework)

Your sines and cosines are fine,
but your one-sided limits are all
wrong! Number 12 looks like it was done by a third grader--

Gen struggles to pull a black turtleneck over her head and almost passes out again.

GEN
Ahhhhhhhhkkkkkk...!

RAJ
The function is approaching a value of -2 as x moves in towards 1 from the right. Remember that the limit does NOT care about what the function is actually doing at the point--

GEN
-- it only cares about what the function is doing around the point.

RAJ
-- it only cares about what the function is doing around the point.

Raj is impressed.

RAJ
Very good. Looks like you have learned your limits after all.

Off the building ahead--

GEN
Ha. Up here is fine, Rog.

EXT. CULPEPPER UNIVERSITY - TAXICAB - NIGHT

The cab glides over to the curb. Gen exits, gingerly, and Raj passes her math text and homework through the window.

GEN
Sorry about the backseat. Put it on my tab.

RAJ
And who's going to pay your tab if you're dead, Genevieve? Who!

She holds the math book up.

GEN
We better get an "A", Roger! If that even is your name.

RAJ
It's not! Not even close! You give Rajeesh whatever name you want to give him! Spoiled American brat!

He gives her the stink eye. But somehow it reads as genuine concern. Gen smiles, slaps the door and exits.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Iron Chef CRASHES and BANGS through a cabinet and finally --

IRON CHEF

Eureka!!

-- he holds a Bundt pan high in triumph. He wipes it down with the towel and sets it beside the mixing bowl. Consulting the recipe again, he sprays the pan liberally with some Pam Olive Oil.

He lifts the mixing bowl and slowly pours out the golden delicious batter into liquidy circles around and around the spindle.

A different phone RINGS in the pack of phones. Iron Chef glances up but continues his precise pour.

INT. CULPEPPER UNIVERSITY - MATH BUILDING - NIGHT

Gen shuts the phone off, deeply troubled by the lack of response. She turns in to the math class, hands off her (Raj's!) exam and walks back out.

Chris runs after her.

CHRIS

Wai- wai- wait!

He grabs her side and we know this hurts like hell, but she doesn't give it away. He pulls her close.

GEN

Hey! See? Made it!

She leans up and kisses him. He talks right through it.

CHRIS

I'm sorry, okay? Look. I was just worried about your grades--

GEN

Kiss me!

CHRIS

-- I was just worried about your grades and being classic overprotective boyfriend -- I'm so completely edged this week, is it even gonna end?

GEN
"Boyfriend," huh?

Chris blushes a little. Shrugs.

GEN
That's why they call it hell week,
right?

CHRIS
I've gotta check in at the Campus
Security office make sure Erik's
cool and all's quiet, but you wanna
grab a bite to eat after?

He rubs his hand up and down her side. So sweet. So loving.
So about to make her pass out. She pulls back.

GEN
Ahk... okay first, I've got to find
Amber and Stephen. Have you -- you
haven't heard from them, have you?

Chris glances at his phone.

CHRIS
No. Hey, here's Donovan, ask him!

Donovan approaches.

DONOVAN
Don't shoot officer, I'm unarmed.

CHRIS
Never gets old. What's up?

DONOVAN
Yo man, when are you gonna take Gen
and I out to the range with you so
we can blow off a little exam week
steam! Pew Pew Pew!

Gen glares sideways at Donovan.

CHRIS
Are you kidding? Gen hates guns.
Loud noises just freak her freak,
bro. It's adorable.

Chris hugs her close. Donovan notes her discomfort and taps
her playfully on the ribs...

DONOVAN
Mm-hm. Kardashians, amiright?

Gen grits her teeth, smiling. She's gonna kill him. As usual, Chris misreads all of it.

CHRIS

I didn't say it, baby! I -- barely even know what it means. Haha!

She pats his chest.

GEN

Why don't you go on ahead so you're not late for work and I'll call you about a food later.

Off his watch...

CHRIS

Ooh! Yes. Gotta go. Bye-eeee!

He kisses her head and runs off. Donovan turns around and Gen glares at him. They are wholly different people with Chris gone.

DONOVAN

You're supposed to be safely away on a plane right now.

GEN

I changed my mind.

DONOVAN

Whatever, it's your life. All 90 minutes left of it. Oh, and here's your new "homework."

He hands her a sealed envelope.

GEN

How are we still getting assignments? Cassie is dead. Have you even heard from Amber and Stephen?

DONOVAN

Hey! Our orders stand until we hear otherwise. Business as usual.

GEN

My. Best. Friend. Is. Dead. As well as --

DONOVAN

Business. As. Usual!

They lock eyes. Then, he backs away, all smiles again.

DONOVAN

But what do I know? I'm just the
"tech" nerd, right? If it helps,
I'll go put out an Amber alert. Get
it? Ha!

(a beat)

Gabriella! Wait up, gurl!

Donovan races off, leaving Gen very alone.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - NIGHT

Gen RIPS the top off the mailer with her teeth. She pulls out a headshot. Two notable things: the name Vivienne Drake. And the word "DELETE" stamped across her pretty, All-American face.

She stares at the 2-page document a beat and then drops it into the water where it sizzles and dissolves into vapor.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Iron Chef gently maneuvers the Bundt pan into the oven and shuts the door. He sets a timer. 55 minutes. He moves over to the sink and places the mixing bowl under the faucet.

IRON CHEF

Genevieve better hurry or she will
miss the party.

He picks at some crusty batter on the counter, wiping it all toward the sink. He turns on the disposal which GRINDS LOUDLY, rattling everything before it finally clears.

INT. CULPEPPER UNIVERSITY - THEATER - NIGHT

Gen walks into the Lobby and a SUPERTALL THEATER SNOB accosts her.

SUPERTALL

God of Carnage.

She reaches back, her hand on the butt of her conceal carry.

GEN

Excuse me?

He puts his hands on his thighs, leaning forward and oozes condescension.

SUPERTALL

You're here for the auditions,
right? God of Carnage, right? Well,
you will find those auditions
backstage.

He points that direction. Gen throws a smile of relief--

GEN

Aw, Merci!

-- and skips away...

SUPERTALL

God bless America these
International Students get dumber
every year!

BACKSTAGE

She rounds a corner where there are about 8 people sitting around the room. She walks up to the THEATER PRODUCTION ASSISTANT at the desk who pushes a clipboard across the table at her.

She scans the list and there at the top: Vivienne Drake. She pretends to sign the bottom and pushes it back across. The Theater P.A. doesn't even look up from her Physics book.

THEATER P.A.

We'll call you.

GEN

Merci.

Gen scans the crowd again. Everyone is engrossed in their own Script Sides. Studying. Memorizing. She turns around and sees Vivienne running lines off by herself down the hall.

She sets down her bug-out bag and takes a special pen out of the side pocket. Walking away up the dim hallway she checks over her shoulder once more before flicking the cap off the pen revealing a needle.

She passes Vivienne and in one swift move, swings around, cups a hand over her mouth, jams a needle into her and pulls her off into the shadow of the wings.

It's over *that* quickly.

THEATER P.A.

Vivienne Drake?

Gen is back. Grabbing her bag.

THEATER P.A.

Vivienne?

Nobody is answering. Gen waves a hand, shyly.

GEN

Sorry, that's, uh, that's me.

The P.A. eyes her suspiciously but then...

THEATER P.A.

Come on back.

Gen follows, nabbing script sides from the desk.

INT. THEATER - STAGE - NIGHT

A DIRECTOR, a PRODUCER and a couple of ASSISTANTS sit on one side of the stage. Gen sits in a chair on the other side.

DIRECTOR

Vivienne, is it? Have you had a chance to look over the sides?

Gen looks at the paper from the PA's desk and nods.

DIRECTOR

Very well. Whenever you're ready.

Gen looks over the page. More than just scanning it she's *absorbing* it. For several long beats until the Director and Producer start to shift uncomfortably.

DIRECTOR

So. Whenever you're --

GEN

Okay.

She drops the paper to the floor. Looks up. She's no longer Gen or even Vivienne. In this moment, she is Annette from "God of Carnage"...

GEN

"Well, if you ask me everyone's feeling fine. If you ask me everyone's feeling better.

(BEAT)

...Everyone's much calmer, don't you think?... Men are so wedded to their gadgets... It belittles them... It takes away all their authority...

A man needs to keep his hands free... If you ask me. Even an attaché case is enough to put me off. There was a man, once, I found really attractive, then I saw him with a square shoulder-bag, but that was it. There's nothing worse than a shoulder-bag. Although there's also nothing worse than a cell phone. A man out to give the impression that he's not alone... If you ask me. I mean, that he's capable of being alive...!"

She's taking this a very different direction with this last bit. Very intense. Tears are starting to flow.

GEN

"I also have a John Wayne-ish idea of virility. And what was it he had? A colt 45. A device for creating a vacuum... A man who can't give the impression that he's a loner has no texture..."

And scene. She bows her head. Wiping away a few rogue tears. Whatever has happened here was very therapeutic for her. And her audience is stunned.

DIRECTOR

Vivienne! That... that... wow! Everyone's gravitated to straight comedy underpinnings for the emotional core of the scene but you... wow! Mindblown. Haha.

Gen's phone RINGS. She picks up her bag and exits.

GEN

Excuse me. That's probably Spielberg now!

DIRECTOR

Haha! Vivienne, I promise you we will be in touch!

IN THE WINGS

Gen makes sure that she's out of earshot when she answers.

GEN (INTO PHONE)

Amber! Where have you--

IRON CHEF (ON PHONE)
Genevieve.

GEN (INTO PHONE)
Who is this? Where's Amber?

IRON CHEF (ON PHONE)
Safe. For now. I mean, that's why
we call it a safe house right?

Gen notices a foot sticking out of a recycle bin. She shoves
it down and secures the lid.

GEN (INTO PHONE)
Who are you?

IRON CHEF (ON PHONE)
I am a man with a schedule. And you
continue to complicate my schedule.
I cannot wait further. Come home
now and we will discuss everything.

GEN (INTO PHONE)
Is Amber alive?

IRON CHEF (ON PHONE)
Come home, Genevieve.

BEEP. Gone.

Gen stares at her phone. She casts about for a minute. A
thousand and one options and variables play out in her mind
in a single second. She settles on this one.

Speed dialing her phone--

GEN (INTO PHONE)
Donovan.

INT. DONOVAN'S LOFT - SAME TIME

Donovan steps away from his king-sized love nest where a hot
little grad student perches on the edge. They're just getting
started.

DONOVAN
Gen! I do not have time for you
right now. What.

INTERCUT GEN AND DONOVAN.

GEN

In 7 minutes I will be outside the
Drescher Parking Deck. You will
meet me there with Maggie --

DONOVAN

Maggie? Oh, hell no --

GEN

-- You will meet me there with
Maggie or I will cut your dick off
and feed it to the squirrels. You
have 7 minutes.

IN THE BEDROOM

DONOVAN

You do not -- RRRRRRR!

He realizes she hung up. He goes quickly to the back of the
closet and brings out a case that looks like an electric
guitar case with various band stickers on it.

DONOVAN

I am so sorry, bae. I have to --

The student stands. It's not a student. It's Kymber. She
buttons her shirt back up.

KYMBER

Was that Genevieve?

DONOVAN

No, no, no don't undo all my hard
work, we can -- wait, how do you
know Gen?

Kymber smiles.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. DRESCHER PARKING DECK - PRESENT**

Gen hangs back in the alley. She checks under her shirt and the bandages are soaked through, again. She straightens up when she hears a NOISE behind her.

A shadow carrying the Maggie road-case rounds the corner, headed her way.

GEN
Donovan, you --

The form steps into the light. It's Kymber, lifting a BARETTA aimed right at Gen.

KYMBER
Donovan... didn't make it.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DONOVAN'S LOFT - FLASHBACK

Same room, torn to bits. An epic struggle has taken place here since we saw it last. Bodies roll around on the bed. Kymber has Donovan choked out in a figure four leg scissor.

He thrashes and tries to counter, but she's got him locked up tight. In these last seconds, his expression turns from anger to fear as he slowly... loses... consciousness...

She rolls once more flipping Donovan and SNAPPING his neck at the same time.

EXT. DRESCHER PARKING DECK - PRESENT

10 feet away. Kymber stops and sets the case on the hood of a vehicle and pops the latch. Gen scans the area. Pays special attention to the shadows.

Kymber whistles with appreciation.

KYMBER
A Remington 700P in 338 Lapua
Magnum. Nice rifle.
(off the muzzle)
"Maggie" - that is so cute. That's
a big girl gun, Genevieve.

GEN
Who are you?

Kymber closes the case again and moves closer to Gen.

KYMBER
Good news, bad news. Bad news is -
as you may have figured out by now -
they've shut down the Classassin
program.

GEN
And the good news?

KYMBER
No. That's it.

Kymber Sparta-kicks Gen before she can react. Gen flies back into another car. Shielding her bullet wound, she stays on her feet. Barely.

Kymber holds her ground, patiently circling her prey.

GEN
700 Campuses across the United
States -- that's...

KYMBER
A lot of bodies piling up, I know.
My wetworks team is exhausted.

GEN
Why.

KYMBER
700 Campuses? 2 to 3 Classassin
Agents per Campus, it adds up!

Gen stumbles a little. Kymber signals her shirt.

KYMBER
Let's see.

Gen lifts her shirt and the bandages are much worse.

GEN
Why -- why are they shutting the
program down?

KYMBER
You don't look so hot, Genevieve.
I'm actually surprised you survived
Dante. He was an O-5.

Her leg moves in a flash, again. Kicking Gen in the face. She reels into the wall, but stays on her feet.

The assassin smiles, and holsters her pistol. But then reaches behind her jacket and pulls out an ugly looking knife. She flips it easily into a lethal reverse grip.

KYMBER

It's too bad. I heard a lot about you, I was looking forward to sharing a moment with one of the Classassin program's "best and brightest."

She takes another step toward Gen. A WHINING ELECTRIC NOISE at the head of the alley grabs both their attentions when suddenly Chris rounds a corner on a Campus Police Segway.

CHRIS

Gen. There you --

Kymber reacts, flips the knife and chucks it towards Chris.

Gen reacts faster and puts a bullet through the knife, knocking it clear and another one in Kymber's forehead. Chris almost wrecks his Segway, pulling up short.

Kymber falls straight back to the ground. Dead.

CHRIS

What -- the flip...!?

GEN

You ruined it, she was telling me everything -- get over here, help me. Quickly!

CHRIS

What!?

Gen tucks the gun back into the concealed holster. Chris is still hyperventilating.

GEN

Now! Get over here.

He stumbles over --

GEN

Into the dumpster.

And together they lift the body up and over into the dumpster. The lid CLANGS shut.

Gen nurses her side as she surveys the top of the parking deck structure. It's about 5 stories tall.

It'll do.

GEN

C'mon.

She walks away. Chris remains. Staring at the dumpster. Gen comes up gently beside him.

GEN

Chris. You and I are going to talk about everything you just saw. Everything you are about to see. But right now, I need you to help me because Amber and Stephen will die if you don't. Do you understand?

Chris nods. Clearly he doesn't.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN

Iron Chef pulls the finished pound cake from the oven.

IRON CHEF

No, no, no. No!

He looks it over carefully.

IRON CHEF

It hasn't set up properly! Why has my pound cake flopped? I did everything you told me!

He sets the cake gently down on the counter and yanks off his Oven mitts. He walks from the kitchen to the living room where, for the first time, we see two dead bodies sprawled on the floor, and AMBER and STEPHEN, naked, duct-taped back to back in chairs.

They look pretty run over. Stephen is unconscious. Iron Chef stomps over to Amber and yanks the tape from her mouth. Ow!

IRON CHEF

I did everything you told me!

She flinches. She is crying. Totally shaken.

IRON CHEF

Why did my cake flop?

AMBER

It could be the b-beaters... you have to use the flat beaters, not wire beaters...

IRON CHEF

What--??

AMBER

O-or it could b-be the sugar and the flour, it has to be name brand. Pillsbury All-Purpose -- i-it's a very f-finicky cake, I promise.

IRON CHEF

Are you kidding me?!? The wrong beaters?

AMBER

One out of every 7 of those cakes flops. I-it's a very --

He slaps the tape back on. She gasps for air through her nose.

IRON CHEF

--finicky Cake. I got it.

He walks away.

INT. PARKING DECK - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The elevator moves upwards at a glacial pace. Chris holds the Maggie Road-case. Gen stands weakly beside him. An ELEVATOR MUSIC VERSION of "Blurred Lines" or some such plays in the background.

Gen slowly falls toward Chris. He grabs her and holds her back up.

CHRIS

Hey, Gen! Are you okay?

GEN

Lost so much... so much blood. Lost so... everything.

CHRIS

Just take it easy. I've got you.

He holds her in one arm, Maggie in the other.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN

Iron Chef takes out a butterfly knife and whips it open. Cutting through the top crust he pulls out a few morsels that are still good. He tastes one.

IRON CHEF

Oh, but the crust is amazing!

He scoops another wedge out and brings it over to her, ripping off the tape. Ow!

IRON CHEF

I mean, you gotta taste this...

She is reluctant, but takes the bite in her mouth, still sobbing.

IRON CHEF

Well...?

AMBER

V-very good. It's d-delicious.

IRON CHEF

Right? So close. Just -- so close.

He walks back to the kitchen, kicks the garbage lid open and scoops the whole cake and pan inside.

IRON CHEF

Well, that was disappointing.

He begins rolling down his sleeves, and pulls on a pair of black gloves. He rolls open a Chef's Knife Sheath.

IRON CHEF

So very close. How does it know I didn't use Pillsbury Flour? Details!

He takes a pen out of the sheath, writes on the Recipe on the counter a special "Pillsbury ONLY" note and circles it.

Checking his watch, he sighs.

IRON CHEF

Well, so much for Genevieve. My Granny Curlee cake flops, my wetworks job has all kinds of loose ends. Thank God it's Friday!

(to Amber)

Have you ever been to the South of France?

He pulls an especially nasty looking knife from the sheath.

EXT. CULPEPPER UNIVERSITY - PARKING DECK ROOF - NIGHT

Gen lays flat on her belly, which is impossible to do comfortably because of her gunshot. She adds a few clicks to the scope on the kick\$\$\$ sniper rifle in her hands.

A name is printed on the barrel in white letters: *Maggie*.

Chris lay beside her, spotting through special binocs of his own.

CHRIS

I don't think I can...

GEN

Chris! You told Donovan and I all about your trips to the range for Safety School. You do this all the time, that's why I brought you up here with me. Now do your job.

CHRIS

No, this is crazy. This shot is almost a mile away. This is --

GEN

We don't get perfect shots, Chris. We get opportunities. Besides, we need two perfect shots, not one. Now what does the Dope sheet say?

CHRIS

"A scope that adjusts in Minutes, it will normally have 1/4 Minute adjustments."

She grabs the Sniper Cheat sheet from him and flips it over to the other side and hands it back.

GEN

Scope adjustments are calculated at 100 yards normally. A scope adjustment of 1 Minute of Angle will be approximately 1 inch at 100 yards. It will be 2 Inches at 200 yards, did I mention I hate math?!

CHRIS

Oh, crap! He's moving toward them with the knife.

Gen checks again through her scope and he is correct.

GEN
Stay with me, Christopher. What
does the range finder say? How far
out are we?

Chris can barely handle the pressure, he wipes his brow and looks back through the scope.

CHRIS
Um, one thousand, eight hundred and
uhhhh, seventy three yards--

GEN
Okay, 18-73... just 18-73.

She grabs her phone and dials. Then sets the phone down beside her. She sees through her scope that Iron Chef stops and moves toward the pile of cell phones on the counter.

Iron Chef answers with a SIGH.

IRON CHEF (ON SPEAKER)
Little girl, you insist on making
things so much more difficult than
they need to be.

GEN
Hey, I can't help it if you're a
piece of shit baker.

She watches as he sets down the knife and draws a pistol. He switches the kitchen light off as he walks closer to the wall of windows facing the campus.

CHRIS
(whispering)
18-79.

Gen reaches up and makes another adjustment to her scope.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Iron Chef absently wipes a smudge off the window, and then surveys the yard perimeter.

IRON CHEF
Piece of --
(humored)
You know, Grayson wanted you all
out of the way first. Not me.

I like to save the best for the
last. To savor the hunt and to --

POP. Bullet proof glass splinters in front of his face, but holds.

IRON CHEF
Hahaha! It's Bullet Proof, darling!
You'd actually have to --

A SECOND POP. It shatters. Blood splatters. Amber catches a jet spray of blood across her stunned face.

Iron Chef falls back to the floor in SLOW MOTION like a giant Oak tree. Very dead.

Amber sobs uncontrollably. A much relieved sobbing, but sobbing, none-the-less.

EXT. CULPEPPER UNIVERSITY - PARKING DECK ROOF

Gen exhales slowly.

CHRIS
Holy crap!

GEN
Right?

She caps the sites and rolls over closer to Chris.

GEN
Ow, ow, OW!

Chris lets her roll into him. He's not sure where to put his arm that won't make things worse for her. They're practically spooning.

CHRIS
Now will you tell me what's going on?

GEN
Silly. If I told you, I'd have to kill you.

Chris takes a long look over at Maggie.

CHRIS
Just... I gotta know. Are you a good guy or a bad guy?

Gen reaches up and touches his face, making him flinch.

GEN

Christopher, just -- just lay here
and let me bleed on you.

She smiles. Chris watches her rest.

CHRIS

D-do I even know you?

Gen looks up at the clouds, stars beginning to peek through.
SIGHS real big.

GEN

Look, ChrisChris, I'm just a girl
you met at a Chi Omega party. A
girl with the cutest most obnoxious
Persian Cat that hates most humans
but especially men. A girl who's
got a killer English Exam in the
morning--

He begins to relax.

GEN

--A girl that has to dispose of 7
dead bodies tonight.

CHRIS

Seven...

GEN

Shhhh shhh sh.

She pulls her phone up to hammer out a quick text.

GEN

Hey, did I tell you I auditioned
for a part in the big play they're
doing.

CHRIS

Who are you texting?

GEN

I'm sending Roger up to the
SafeHouse.

CHRIS

Who is Roger?

GEN

Rajeesh!

She puts her phone down.

GEN
Are you even listening to me? I
auditioned for "God of Carnage."

CHRIS
Okay.
(a beat)
How'd you do?

She smiles.

GEN
I killed.

Too soon? Chris laughs. He has to! It's so bad! Gen laughs,
relieved. Their laughter echoes through the parking
structure.

GEN
Ow, ow owwww. That hurts.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG**INT. MAN CAVE COMMAND CENTER**

June 2013. The Shadow Man throws his phone against the bank of monitors with the Edward Snowden face plastered all over them.

It splinters the screen.

Upstairs, the DOOR BELL CHIMES. And then AGAIN. And AGAIN.

Shadow Man powers off the entire Man Cave with a single remote as he steps over the bodies and exits through the elevator Portal.

He is whisked up and away.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

A door opens and Shadow Man emerges. We're still not seeing his face. Two bookshelves slide together to hide the Portal.

MUSIC CUE: "Ma Benz" - Brigitte

We follow behind Shadow Man through the home we clearly recognize as the Safe House. It is in pristine condition and there are no Christmas decorations as it is Summer time.

Doorbell continues to RING.

INT. FRONT LOBBY - SAME TIME

The Shadow Man opens the front door and two pretty, pig-tailed girls stand there. The one with the Maggie road-case on her back and a large, Michael Kors suitcase turns around.

She is bespectacled and fresh-faced in the most adorable little Prep-School ensemble, but there's no mistaking who it is: Genevieve Krimson, 21.

She's holding a fluffy little animal. It could honestly be a Persian Cat or a Dog. Hard to say for the fluff.

GEN

Bonjour, Papa!

We see the man's face for the first time, VANCE KRIMSON, 52. Proud Papa. He himself looks like he stepped out of Vogue Magazine. Well, except for that huge Wyatt Earp Mustache.

VANCE
Genevieve. You're early!

GEN
Ouais, Ouais! Et je suis frikkin
starving! You remember Cassie?

Cassie waves with the end of her long, red scarf.

CASSIE
Hi, Mr. K! Totes digging your batch
pad for reals. Hashtag Mount
Olympus. Hashtag which room is
mine?

GEN
Right?

There's no hugs. No kisses. No handshakes. Gen pushes past
Vance off-loading the kitten-dog into his arms as she goes.

GEN (O.S.)
This is Edgar! Edgar, Papa!

Cassie follows, noting his ripped suit sleeve.

CASSIE
Rough morning, Mr. K?

VANCE
Make yourself at home, ladies.

GEN (O.S.)
Oh! Can you pay the creepy cab
guy?! Merci!

Vance looks down at the squirmy cat(?) then up to see the cab
driver lugging a massive suitcase up the stairs.

It's Raj!

RAJ
[SOMETHING IN HINDI THAT IS CLEARLY
NOT NICE -- AND VERY SARCASTIC]

Raj finally summits the porch, panting heavily. Vance hands
him two folded up hundreds.

VANCE
(prompting)
Thank you, --

RAJ
Rajeesh.

VANCE

Thank you for your trouble,
Rajeesh.

RAJ

Okay.

Raj turns back for the last load, a monstrous designer trunk strapped atop the car.

Vance looks up at a small SECURITY CAM, points to his eyes and then to Rajeesh.

And then SNEEZES.

VANCE

ACHOO!

(off the fluff)

Huh. It's a damn Cat.

He shakes his head. Repositioning the kitten, he picks up the suitcase and enters the Safe house.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW