

There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

- Shakespeare, *Hamlet* -

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - US CAPITOL BUILDING STEPS - DAY

See-your-breath cold. Bleak. A day to hide under warm covers.

Though she appears tiny and frail amidst a forest of tall Secret Service Agents, the PRESIDENT (60s) glows with power and confidence. No doubt she's the boss -- The Prez.

A good man, not as hearty, the FIRST GENTLEMAN (60s) stomps his feet and rubs his arms in futile attempts to gain warmth.

LEAD SECRET SERVICE AGENT CHARY (30s) communicates via sleeve mike. Like an animal on a scent, she takes a deep draw of air in her nostrils. Something feels off. It troubles her.

Not only her guardian but a friend, Chary counsels POTUS.

CHARY

Madam President, we, I, strongly
urge you travel via the First Car.

POTUS already decided. Her questioning glance at FGOTUS is courtesy. They're long married and comfortable with each other. He shrugs, smiles. It's her day... and the country's.

PRESIDENT

Care to take a little walk with me?

He crooks his arm for her to take and plants a sweet kiss.

Shit! Chary twirls 'saddle up,' talks to her sleeve.

CHARY

Phoenix on the move. On foot.

Agents flank the First Couple. They step to destiny on --

PENNSYLVANIA AVE

A sea of raised smartphones capture American pomp on this red, white and blue Inauguration Day.

Hail to the Chief floats on the frosty air.

THE FIRST COUPLE

flashes toothy grins. They wave big. She's a Rock Star. Happy Constituents wave back and swoosh small American flags.

SMARTPHONE VIDEO

Agents hawk-eye the crowd when the President moves to press the flesh. People push. Hopeful hands extend to touch hers.

CRACK. CRACK.

Two bullets wallop the President. Head and shoulder.

Startled Agents surge, draw weapons and comb the crowd.

Blood gushes from the head wound. The First Gentleman cradles his already dead wife, and lays her on the frigid ground. He looses a mournful, pained HOWL that chills the soul.

Forget bedlam. Sheer, high voltage panic. Spectators SCREAM, scatter or freeze like Does in headlights.

Wild, chaotic footage -- running with a recording smartphone.

SCREAMS.

A volley of SMALL ARMS FIRE.

INT. BILLI'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

In Lotus position, HELENE "BILLI" KNUTSON (20s) meditates.

With an ordinary exterior, most pass her without a glance. Their loss. Billi is truly one of a kind. A genuine doll you can't help but love to pieces.

Eyes closed, PSYCHE (3), a Maine Coon, purrs at her side.

A bit shocky and pale, Billi glides in for a rough landing back on planet Earth. She gulps air.

Psyche's MEW grounds Billi. She scratches the cat's ears.

BILLI

Whatever that was, it was intense.

Psyche paws her. She scoops up the cat for a comforting hug.

BILLI

Lots of negative energy. Let's smudge.

Billi lights a bundle of sage. She waves it around herself and an altar of goddess statutes, Buddhas, spiritual icons.

Stuck to a statue of bow-wielding Diane, Goddess of the Hunt, one of those VOTING PLACE STICKERS: "I Voted"

MARTE KNUTSON (60s), Billi's mother, beckons.

MARTE (O.S.)

French toast, please.

Sage smolders in an ornate smudge bowl.

KITCHEN

Psyche pushes through a pet door to her outdoor cat kingdom.

Marte's on an express train to Hereafter. Her lips curl in pain. She fights to gulp too damn many pills -- one at time.

Still wobbly from the chilling vision, Billi warmly kisses her mother's forehead.

MARTE

That sage stinks. It gives me the
heebie-jeebies.

Billi plucks a Lutheran Cross from among cutlery. A touch annoyed at the obvious message, she lays it on the table.

BILLI

Lose this, Mom?

MARTE

You never lose God. You're baptized
Helene, not that ridiculous name.

BILLI

Billi is my spiritual name. In
Viking times, I'd be a shaman.

MARTE

They became civilized and accepted
the one true God.

Egg-battered bread sizzles in a pan. Reluctantly:

BILLI

I had a vision of the President's
assassination on Inauguration Day.
It frightened me.

MARTE

Hoodoo voodoo. It's all in your
imagination. If your father was
here he'd talk some sense into you.

Billi knew that was coming. Nonetheless, she deflates.

Marte clutches her chest, winces in terrible pain.

MARTE

Herregud!

LIVING ROOM

A museum of Viking mayhem: model long boats, helmet, axe, shield and other Nordic paraphernalia.

Two flags on free-standing flagpoles: Norwegian and US. Scores of pictures of the family, Marte, Billi and her departed father, ERIK.

Billi limps Marte to the couch.

MARTE
Herregud! Herregud!

BILLI
Doctor?

The stubborn head shake of a tough old bird. Real tough, not a pretense for sympathy. Marte sucks it up.

MARTE
Enough with doctors. French Toast
and that Thor movie cheers me up.

Marte punches the TV remote.

MARTE
Helene, please. The drops.

Billi squeezes cannabis tincture drops on Marte's tongue.

EXT. SUNNY ALBUQUERQUE STRIP MALL - DAY

Billi maneuvers a beat-to-shit, 10 year old car into a spot.

She bounces into *Willie's Island* sandwiched between *Nailed It!* nail salon and *Number One Chinese*.

INT. WILLIE'S ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

For the patently obsessed, everything *Gilligan's Island*. DVDs, costumes, and believe it or not, the actual prop SHIP NAME PLATE: "SS MINNOW"

Way cooler than she looks right now, TWEAKIE (don't ask) (20s), wears formal wear and pearls like Mrs. Howell on the sitcom. She royal waves to Billi.

TWEAKIE
Okay, Miss Psychic.
(fingers to temples)
What am I thinking?

BILLI
Taylor Swift breakup lyrics.

The affectionate hug of friends since kinneygarden.

TWEAKIE
Always right. Josh's dogging a
chica at Mickey's drive-up. Nook
and free fries!

BILLI
I thought you were Mary Ann today?

TWEAKIE
The shorts ride up my crack.
Besides, guy customers, few as they
are, think short-shorts are an open
invitation to pinch my ass.

BILLI
I wonder when news about hashtag me
too will reach here.

TWEAKIE
Me too.

A quick snicker turns serious.

TWEAKIE
How's Moms?

Billi's head shake and downcast eyes pretty much say it.
Tweake takes Billi's arm, sympathizes in a sincere nod.

Never call him Mel. He's THE SKIPPER (50s), the store owner.
He dresses as the sitcom's Skipper -- captain's hat and all.
Looks like him too. If you squint.

THE SKIPPER
Hello, Little Buddies.

Tweake rolls her eyes. She cashes The Skipper's paychecks,
but *Gilligan's Island*! Really?

Billi throws The Skipper a kiss.

With childlike excitement, The Skipper brandishes a DVD.

THE SKIPPER
Gilligan's Island in Lithuanian.
They think it's about planning a
revolt to overthrow a plutocracy,
oligarcrcacy. Some crazy political
stuff.

(MORE)

THE SKIPPER (CONT'D)

(shines)

Gilligan is a folk hero there.

Tweakie mentally fits The Skipper for a strait-jacket. She raises a Black Panther salute.

TWEAKIE

Power to the people!

The Skipper dismisses the mock with a wave of his hat.

BILLI

I had a scary vision about the President being shot.

THE SKIPPER

Wouldn't surprise me. Know guys down the V-F-W who'd love to get her in the crosshairs.

BILLI

Won't that cause chaos and fear?

THE SKIPPER

Exactly. Billi, you need to live on planet Earth. Can't live with your head in the clouds.

BILLI

Then an assassination is possible?

THE SKIPPER

As many people hate her as love her. Slim margin in the election.

BILLI

Maybe I should tell somebody. Secret Service?

THE SKIPPER

I wouldn't screw with them. No sense of humor.

Billi checks the CLOCK: *"Always Time For Gilligan"*

BILLI

Late.

She beats it out the door.

INT. NO-TELL MOTEL - HOURLY RATE ROOM - DAY

The view is a little gauzy, blurry -- as if looking through Saran Wrap. It's a sad middle-age man infidelity scenario.

A Businessman, aka MISTER WOLFIE (50s) in boxers chases his comely, lingeried Executive Assistant, aka MS. LINGERIE (20s), who sees who-knows-what in his hairy, fat ass.

MISTER WOLFIE

Owwwwwooooo. Mister Wolfie is going to eat you all up. Owwwwwooo.

MS. LINGERIE

No, Mister Wolfie. Don't eat me up.

BILLI (V.O.)

I see discord in your house.

He curls his hands... paws.

MISTER WOLFIE

Rooooowrrrrr. Owwwwwoooo. Ow. Owww.

He leaps at her, misses and crashes to the hideous carpet.

INT. THE DOOR TO BEYOND BOOKSTORE - DAY

You can almost smell the incense. The usual New Age yada yada -- self-help books, crystals, statues, singing bowls.

BACK CORNER -- PRIVATE AREA

A FREE STANDING BLACKBOARD SIGN: "Psychometry Readings by Billi Rhannon Lightbeing - The Future Now 30 minutes \$30"

Billi fingers a obscenely expensive watch. It belongs to dour and fidgety ELISE (30s) who fumes across the table.

A small metal statue of Frigg, Odin's wife and Norse Goddess of divination, holds court at Billi's elbow.

Billi concentrates with eyes closed.

BILLI

A feminine presence surrounds him.

ELISE

Duh. He's never home and his Fruit of the Looms reek of cheap perfume.

BILLI
I am merely a conduit for messages
from the Universe.

ELISE
Can the Universe recommend a good
divorce attorney to serve his fat
white ass papers?

BILLI
The Universe is about choice. It
does not circumvent free will.

Elise has heard enough. She plunks down two twenties.

BILLI
Thank you.

She refuses the ten dollar change Billi offers.

BILLI
Namaste.

ELISE
Whatever-ste.

Pissed, Elise tromps off, thinks for a tick and returns.

ELISE
Look, I'm sorry. You really did
help. Thank you. It's just...

A truly gifted psychic, Billi understands how she touches
people. She presses palms together and bows with respect.

Elise gets it. She bows low. Equal respect.

Each reading takes a tiny piece of Billi. A bit drained by
the negativity, she lights a sage bundle and smudges herself.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - PENNSYLVANIA AVE - DAY

Hail to the Chief wafts on the air.

Billi GASPS. She wears plaid jammie bottoms, "Albuquerque"
sweat shirt and fuzzy socks. Unseen, she shivers in the cold.

THE FIRST COUPLE

flashes toothy grins, and wave.

The sea of smartphones.

The President moves to the line to press the flesh.

CRACK. CRACK.

Billi jumps.

BILLI

I don't like this. I don't want to
see it. What do you expect of me?

The President takes two hits.

Billi cranes her neck to locate the assassin.

Panicked People bolt.

SCREAMS. A volley of SMALL WEAPONS FIRE.

INT. BILLI'S HOME - HER BEDROOM - MORNING

Billi untangles from Lotus. She shakes with not only cold but
fear. She rubs her arms to warm herself.

Psyche paws her, agitated MEOWS.

TWEAKIE (O.S.)

Who expects something?

BILLI

How long have you been here?

TWEAKIE

Just. Stopped by to see Moms.

Billi hugs a dressed-as-Gilligan Tweakie.

TWEAKIE

You're ice cold!

Tweakie swipes a blanket from the bed, wraps Billi in it.

BILLI

January in Washington.

TWEAKIE

Bee, there's been a lot of weirdo
stuff...

Tweakie balks at a streak of white in Billi's hair.

TWEAKIE

When did you streak your hair!?

Billi gulps in the mirror. A minor freak out ensues.

BILLI

Oh my God!

She paces.

BILLI

I was there. Right there. I saw the President get shot right in front of me.

TWEAKIE

Another vision? What?

BILLI

Out of body. Astral projection. I smelled the gunpowder. It's real. I've never projected before. Is my gift growing?

TWEAKIE

What! Best de-stress, girlfriend.

Tweakie holds Billi to stop the near hysterical pacing.

It's too much. Billi sobs.

BILLI

Am I losing my mind?

TWEAKIE

Do crazy people get streaks without a hair dresser or bottles of bleach and dye?

Tweakie manipulates the white streak.

BILLI

I'm really scared. The Universe is telling me something. What!?

TWEAKIE

You're scaring me. If it's true you have to tell the Secret Service.

BILLI

I know what to do.

Billi shivers but gets her shit wired a bit tighter.

INT. MADAME ESTERA'S PSYCHIC PARLOR - DAY

Dark and a little spooky. What one expects at a psychic's place: small table and chairs, esoteric images, icons and --

MADAME ESTERA (50s), pleasantly plump, mild demeanor with piercing blue eyes that see right through you.

Not accustomed to this side of a reading, Billi squirms.

BILLI
(nervous laugh)
Psychics need psychics.

MADAME ESTERA
Yes. What can the cards tell you?

BILLI
I don't know. Everything. Anything.
The visions certainly scare me.

MADAME ESTERA
The Universe is kind. It never
allows more than someone can bear.

BILLI
I'm a nobody. Why me?

MADAME ESTERA
The Universe is...

BILLI
...free will. I tell my clients
that all the time.

MADAME ESTERA
If a murder you can stop takes
place it is your Karmic debt with
lifetimes to overcome.
(shuffles Tarot)
You are a good American?

BILLI
We immigrated from Norway when I
was one. It's the only country I
know. I love it here.

Estera lays the Tarot down and indicates Billi should cut.
Billi does: cut deep and weep.

Estera flips the top cards: DEATH, THE TOWER and JUDGEMENT.
She trances to listen for the card's messages.

MADAME ESTERA

You knew. You knew what he planned and encouraged him. There is Karma from it, and a Karmic debt has been carried through several lifetimes.

BILLI

What do you see? What does it mean?

MADAME ESTERA

Unclear. Many years ago. A meeting. A man seeks your blessing to kill someone of importance. You believe him to be a fool.

BILLI

Do I know him now? Who was I?

MADAME ESTERA

This is all the Universe tells me.

BILLI

Is there anything else? Guidance?

MADAME ESTERA

Sacrifice is your salvation. A perilous journey lies ahead. One you must make, and make alone. Keep yourself open to signs. Center and stay grounded.

Estera bows and rushes from the room. Billi is baffled.

INT. BILLI'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marte clutches her chest and wheezes. Battling for air.

Billi does her best to comfort her. Sweet but not helpful.

MARTE

To the Devil with this suffering.
Really bad today. Take me in.

Marte grabs Billi's arm. A desperate plea:

MARTE

Promise me you'll give me a proper
Viking funeral in a burning boat.

Billi points to sand and scrub stretching to the horizon.

BILLI

That's not the coast of Norway.

MARTE
Promise me!

BILLI
You won't be going to Valhalla any
time soon.

With Billi's gentle help, Marte struggles to her feet.

INT. HOSPITAL - DOCTOR HERNANDEZ' OFFICE - DAY

DR. FELICIA HERNANDEZ (40s) skims paperwork. Billi agonizes.

DR. HERNANDEZ
We were hopeful after she went into
remission, but the cancer returned
very aggressively and is spreading.
She's Stage Three.

BILLI
What do I ask here? How long? What
can I do? Treatments?

The Doctor hates this awful part of being a physician.

DR. HERNANDEZ
I'm sorry. At best, she has six
months. There's nothing to do but
make her comfortable. I recommend
palliative care.

BILLI
Money...

The Doc slides a clipboard with a form to Billi.

DR. HERNANDEZ
I'll look into a few programs.

Billi flinches when she touches the Doctor's pen.

BILLI'S VISION - DR. HERNANDEZ' GRANDMOTHER

INT. ADOBE HOME - VILLAGE - SONORA, MEXICO - NIGHT

The gauzy, indistinct look.

An impoverished, raw dwelling lit by candles.

FELICIA (Dr. Hernandez age 12) cares for her grandmother
MARIA (70s) who, like Marte, clutches her chest in pain.

IN SPANISH, SUBTITLED

MARIA
Corazón, the pain.

FELICIA
I know, Grandmother.

MARIA
Please make it go away.

FELICIA
I don't know how, Grandmother. I'm
sorry.

MARIA
Then learn, Corazón.

Felicia wipes wet, stringy hair from Maria's eyes. She kisses
Maria's forehead and weeps.

END VISION

Billi gazes at the Doctor. Indecisive. Tell her or not?

DR. HERNANDEZ
Ms. Knutson?

BILLI
I have a message for you from
Maria. May I give it to you?

DR. HERNANDEZ
Maria? My grandmother? What is it?

BILLI
She loves you very much and thanks
you for caring for her at the end.

The Doc chokes on words. In her eyes: "How do you know this?"

BILLI
Your pen. Your vibes. Your story.

Billi returns the pen, takes the paperwork.

At the doorway:

BILLI
She is so very, very proud of you,
Corazón.

A burden lifts from the Doctor. She weeps tears of joy.

INT./EXT. CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

A tumbleweed gets sucked up in the vortex of a speeding car as it zooms down a dry and dusty two lane.

ROAD SIGN: "ALBUQUERQUE 5"

A worried look on his face, FREDDIE (20s) pilots the vehicle. He pokes his head out the window, scans a flawless blue sky.

Freddie crosses the yellow, swerves back when a semi BLARES.

ON A WALKIE-TALKIE

FREDDIE
Defiance? Got me, Defiance?

Static.

FREDDIE
Fuck, shit.

Back out the window, Freddie scans anew.

INT. BILLI'S HOME - KITCHEN - SAME

Billi pours Aunt Jemima on french toast. She serves Marte who looks worse as life slowly ebbs from her frail body.

MARTE
Bless you, Helene.

Billi kisses her forehead.

MARTE
God, end my suffering.

A loud CRASH on the roof. Skylight Plexiglas rains down.

MARTE
Herregud! Herregud! He has come.

Staggered, Marte drops to her knees and mumbles a prayer.

BILLI
What the hell?

The kitchen darkens with a red cast, now white then blue. Fabric billows shade the windows.

She lifts Marte to a chair. Marte rocks on it.

Billi looks out.

BILLI
Not God, Mom.

Beyond rational thought, Marte mumbles prayers.

EXT. BILLI'S HOME - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Billi scooches under balloon fabric.

JOHN (O.S.)
Hello. Anyone home?

Psyche sniffs the fabric, paws at it. Billi walks out a bit.

On the gondola, the BALLOON'S NAME: "DEFIANCE"

JOHN KENNEDY (20s) peeks from under the red, white and blue fabric. Handsome and athletic, he wears a sheepish look that appears out of place on his otherwise confident face.

JOHN
I'm John. Really sorry.

BILLI
Helene. Call me Billi. Uh, nice of you to drop in?

A polite laugh for a bad joke. John drops from the low roof.

JOHN
Sorry. I lost altitude too fast.

BILLI
It's okay. Just a broken skylight.

JOHN
If the wind was southwesterly...

BILLI
No coincidences. Everything happens for a reason.

Freddie's car screams up the driveway. He leaps out.

FREDDIE
John! You okay, man?

John: "Thumbs Up."

JOHN
Piece of shit valve stuck open.
(points)
Helene, Freddie, my ground crew.

A cursory shake. Freddie's attention lies elsewhere.

BILLI
Billi Knutson.

FREDDIE
Ladder?

Billi indicates behind the adobe style home.

JOHN
John. Kennedy.

She double takes.

JOHN
I never forgave my father.

MARTE (O.S.)
Helene! Where are you? It's dark.

BILLI
My mom. She's ill.

JOHN
That's too bad.

John jots on a small pad, hands her a sheet.

JOHN
I'll pay for the damage. Call me
when you have an estimate.

Freddie arrives with the ladder and positions it.

BILLI
I've never ridden in a balloon.

John decodes the beat around the bush as a request he doesn't want to fulfill. Freddie shakes his head: "Don't go for it."

FREDDIE
Don't know how long it'll take to
get Defiance in the air again.

JOHN
There's that.

Freddie climbs the ladder.

JOHN
We'll be out of your hair shortly.

John follows Freddie up the ladder to the --

ROOF

FREDDIE

Lays it on a little thick.

JOHN

Give her a thrill. Maybe head off a lawsuit.

He looks to the errant balloon, back to Billi. She waves.

INT. ALBUQUERQUE SECRET SERVICE HQ - RECEPTION - DAY

Tweakie fiddles with her phone as she waits with Billi.

TWEAKIE

Frodo's trying to Friend me.

Tweakie decisively hits the screen.

TWEAKIE

Climb back under the bridge, troll.

Billi looks way off, lost in something unseen.

TWEAKIE

Hello? Where are you?

BILLI

Don't know. The answer's out there.

TWEAKIE

Worry less about the cosmos and keep your feet on terra here-a.

BILLI

And what? Post pictures of avocado toast? Live and die on whether I'm Friende'd? Or chase the unrealistic life sold in commercials for phones and cars?

TWEAKIE

Give it a rest, girlfriend. You can't deny where the world's at.

BILLI

There's magic and wonder all around us, Tweak.

(sweeps hand)

This is all nonsense. What's truly important can't be seen.

Tweakie waggles the phone.

TWEAKIE

There's magic here too, Bee. You
should dip your little toe in.

The RECEPTIONIST (30S) interrupts.

RECEPTIONIST

Ms. Knutson? Special Agent Fine is
ready to speak to you.

She points a bony finger to --

AGENT FINE'S OFFICE

AGENT FINE (30s) was born without humor or empathy bones. She
notes on a yellow legal pad.

FINE

How long have you had a grudge
against the president?

BILLI

No. I told you. I had a vision.

FINE

Are you the assassin?

BILLI

No!

FINE

Who is?

BILLI

I don't know. A man in the crowd.

FINE

Are you protecting someone?

BILLI

Of course not. Who would come in to
announce they're going to kill the
President?

FINE

We've lost count.

A polite yet condescending nod. Fine writes on the pad.

BILLI

You protect the President, right?

FINE

Uh-huh. Do you have any radical political affiliations?

Billi sighs: "This is going nowhere."

BILLI

Democrat. I'm a good American.

FINE

I have no doubt.

BILLI

We're all spiritual beings having a physical experience.

Fine drops the pen. She already filed Billi under 'Nutbar.'

FINE

Ms. Knutson, thank you. I'll take this up with the Special Agent in Charge.

BILLI

And?

FINE

If we need more information, we'll be in touch.

BILLI

You have to believe me.

FINE

We take threats to the President seriously.

Billi extends a hand. Fine wouldn't shake it on a bet.

At the door, Billi turns to say something. She resolves it's futile and departs in silent defeat.

Fine dials an extension.

RECEPTION AREA

Tweakie pops up and shrugs: "So?"

BILLI

They'll be in touch.

TWEAKIE

Awesome! Right?

Billi leads them out. Tweakie waves to the Receptionist. She scowls and doesn't wave back.

Just after the Duo is out of sight, Secret Service Agent John Kennedy leaves his office to walk the corridor.

INT. ALBUQUERQUE TV STATION - NEWSROOM - DAY

The bustle of prepping an entertaining news show.

All youthful ambition and idealism, an ASSISTANT PRODUCER (20s) leans over the PRODUCER (30s).

ASSISTANT PRODUCER
Could be a good kicker. Exclusive.

Not sold, the Producer winds out rope for the AP to hang.

PRODUCER
Where'd you get this?

ASSISTANT PRODUCER
Over drinks with an Agent friend.
Laughed his ass off about her.

PRODUCER
They know you're in news? Spoke on
the record?

The Assistant Producer nods: "Better believe it."

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Squalid. In desperate need of a feminine touch.

In dark silhouette, THE ASSASSIN (40s) cleans a pistol.

ON THE TV - BILLI'S INTERVIEW

BILLI
Secret Service doesn't believe me.

REPORTER
Have you seen the assassin in the
vision? Can you identify them?

BILLI
No, not yet. I checked pictures of
buildings on Pennsylvania Ave and
know about where they're standing.

REPORTER

"Not yet?" Do you plan on having more visions?

BILLI

The Universe has the plan. Visions come to me. I don't control them.

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

Clean enough to eat off, The Assassin reassembles the pistol.

INT./EXT. BALLOON ALOFT - DAY

A glorious sunset vista of desert and mountains.

John pilots. Billi's eyes sparkle.

JOHN

Not afraid?

Billi shakes: "No way. This is a ball."

BILLI

How do you fly her?

John demonstrates the burner controls.

INT. ALBUQUERQUE SECRET SERVICE HQ - OPERATIONS OFFICE - DAY

Crammed with Agents, the meeting runs under AGENT LEARY (40S). Agent Fine is a pussycat in comparison. Leary is diamond tough. Disciplined to rapier point. Devoted to duty.

LEARY

D-C sent me to ascertain whether there's a credible threat to the President Elect.

She hands folders to a front row Agent who distributes them.

LEARY

An assassination by a Kook from this district will not occur on my watch. We're investigating every nook and cranny of the Kook's life.

She indicates off screen Agents.

LEARY

This is top priority. The Director assigned agents from the F-C-T-F to this investigation.

(nods)

Some of the bad guy's funny money might slip through until we have this nailed down.

Agents pass the files. They reach the --

FINANCIAL CRIME TASK FORCE AGENTS

John... and Freddie.

LEARY (O.S.)

Let's start interviewing everyone remotely acquainted with the Kook.

John opens the file. Freddie's eyes bug out. They trade shocked laughs.

FREDDIE

Holy shit! What a coincidence.

LEARY (O.S.)

We split into teams. Reports on my desk, 0 eight hundred next Friday.

DISMAYED AGENT (O.S.)

The day after Thanksgiving?!

LEARY (O.S.)

If that's next Thursday.

FREDDIE

We have to tell her.

Leary dislikes disruption.

LEARY

Problem, Agents?

FREDDIE

No.

Leary crosses her arms.

LEARY

(scans)

Questions?

The Agents know better than to ask. No one utters a syllable.

LEARY
Move with purpose and laser focus.

The SHUFFLE of chairs and LOW TALK as the Agents disperse --
all except Freddie and John.

Leary holds up impatient hands: "What do you two want?"

INT. VFW HALL - BAR - NIGHT

The Skipper does what sailors do best: drink and spin tall
tales of mermaids and Davy Jones. The eyes around him glaze.

Perched on the next stool, The Assassin hoists a whiskey.

ON TV, SOUND OFF - THE PRESIDENT ELECT'S NEWS CONFERENCE

A chorus of BOOS rises in the testosterone-filled bar.

The Skipper raises his glass in a toast.

THE SKIPPER
To the new Commander In Chief.

BOOS.

THE ASSASSIN
Fuck that traitorous bitch.

THE SKIPPER
Haven't seen you here before. I'm a
Swabbie.
(extends a hand)
Skipper.

The Assassin ignores the friendly gesture.

THE ASSASSIN
Visiting my nephew. Marine.

THE SKIPPER
Don't like the new President?

The Assassin's silent answer: "Are you fucking insane?"

THE SKIPPER
The people spoke. Democracy in
action. What we fought for.

THE ASSASSIN
The sheeple! The fuck they know?
Got their heads up their asses.
She's poison for this country.
(MORE)

THE ASSASSIN (CONT'D)

Sooner the bitch is gone the better.

THE SKIPPER

Could be soon. Know a psychic who says she saw her assassination.

THE ASSASSIN

You know her? The one on T-V?

THE SKIPPER

A friend of an employee. Good kid. Scuttlebutt is she's real accurate. Secret Service talked to her.

THE ASSASSIN

That's a coincidence. I'd like to talk to her.

THE SKIPPER

About what?

The Assassin returns the stare of a shark before they bite.

THE ASSASSIN

Fucking with what's gotta be.

The Skipper served in combat. This guy scares him.

EXT. BILLI'S HOME - NIGHT

A government issue Ford idles across the street.

A few Print and TV Journalists mill about waiting for a peek.

INT. BILLI'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Zonked on drugs, Marte's head rests on Billi's lap. She pets her mother's hair.

Psyche snoozes on the sofa.

ON TV - NIGHTLY NEWS

A TRUSTED ANCHOR (50s) reports the good and bad du jour.

TRUSTED ANCHOR

The President-Elect has scheduled a stop in Dallas on Tuesday to thank her many supporters in the state.

BILLI

jolts up.

INT. TWEAKIE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - SAME

Tweakie answers her phone.

TWEAKIE

Hey, Bee.

She listens, shrugs in disbelief.

INT. DALLAS CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

An enthusiastic Crowd CHEERS and APPLAUDS the end of the President Elect's speech.

The President Elect leaves the dais to grip and grin.

Two Agents right on her, Billi forcefully pushes forward.

Sporting a politician's smile, the President Elect shakes hands, and high fives on demand. She stops for selfies.

She nears Billi's position in the Crowd. Over the din:

BILLI

Madam President Elect. Madam
President Elect. Your life is in
danger. You will be assassinated on
Inauguration Day. Madam President
Elect!

The President Elect makes passing eye contact with Billi. In the brief transaction, the President Elect registers pity.

The Two Agents tackle Billi and drag her away.

Agent Chary rushes the President Elect from the Crowd.

INT. SECRET SERVICE DALLAS HQ - INTERROGATION - NIGHT

After hours of questioning, Billi is beat and overwhelmed. She lays her head on the metal table.

Agent Chary SLAMS the table. Billi lifts up.

CHARY

Why do you want to kill the
President Elect?

BILLI
I've told you and told you. I don't
want to kill her, I want to save
her.

Chary reads a file.

CHARY
Your father had security clearance.

BILLI
He worked at Los Alamos. He was let
go for complaining about the lack
of safety. He died from cancer.

A KNOCK interrupts.

Chary holds a whispered conversation at the door.

CHARY
You're released into the custody of
another Agent.

Billi doesn't know which end is up.

Chary hands Billi over to Agent Leary.

LEARY
Busy little bee, Ms. Knutson. Long
way from home.

BILLI
Why can't I convince you?

LEARY
We're thoroughly convinced. There's
someone in Albuquerque waiting to
speak to you at length.

BILLI
Finally.

Leary motions Billi to her feet and cuffs her.

INT. BERNALILLO COUNTY PSYCH HOSPITAL - OFFICE - DAY

Barred windows. That depressing green color. Diplomas.

DR. WESTFIELD (40s), smarmy head shrink, browses papers as an
Attendant ushers Billi in and pushes her down opposite him.

Modest Billi pulls down the hospital gown to cover herself.

DR. WESTFIELD

Ms. Knutson. Do you know why you're here?

BILLI

You think I'm crazy and dangerous, but you're the short-sighted ones.

DR. WESTFIELD

How so?

BILLI

There are worlds far beyond what we see. Beyond science and those fancy degrees. Universal truths.

DR. WESTFIELD

That's where your visions come from? Another world?

BILLI

My mother is dying. She can't be alone. I have to take care of her.

DR. WESTFIELD

Let's worry about you for now.

BILLI

Yeah. Let's.

DR. WESTFIELD

About the vision?

BILLI

How long will I be here?

DR. WESTFIELD

A judge signed an involuntary commitment order. You're being assessed. At minimum a few days. Maximum, indefinite.

BILLI

And you decide?

A little too pleased with himself, he shrugs. Westfield mentally books Billi into a rubber room at Casa del Wacko.

DR. WESTFIELD

(leans back)

Is there a ritual? How do they appear to you? For how long?

BILLI

When I meditate. I was always a sensitive. My insights took off at puberty.

Westfield references her file.

DR. WESTFIELD

About when you lost your father.

BILLI

About.

DR. WESTFIELD

What do you mean by sensitive?

BILLI

Have you ever seen a psychic?

The Doc smirks: "Absolutely not!"

BILLI

Do you have something that is only yours? A piece of jewelry only you've worn?

He twists a fancy college, class ring in response.

BILLI

May I hold it and read you?

He slips off the ring.

DR. WESTFIELD

What are you going to do?

BILLI

Psychometry; impressions from objects. Sometimes from contact with people. It's access to the Akashic Records.

DR. WESTFIELD

Akashic Records?

BILLI

Thoughts, words, deeds, feelings... everything. Past, present and future. The records are kept in the Etheric Plane.

His face: "Cuckoo, but oh what a story to tell at parties."

Billi fits the ring on her thumb, closes her eyes.

BILLI'S VISION - LAURA'S FUNERALEXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The view is gauzy.

The bright sun day plays counterpoint to a gray funeral.

A handful of Mourners surround a coffin ready to descend.

Despondent, DR. WESTFIELD (20S) sobs over the casket.

BILLI (V.O.)

You loved her very much. Laura. She was fragile, damaged. The hard work to get a degree. Failed efforts to reach her. You just couldn't help.

The coffin lowers. Westfield wants to climb into the hole.

BILLI (V.O.)

A day doesn't go by you don't think about her.

Mourners have to drag him away.

BILLI (V.O.)

She loved you more than anyone. All she was able. She wants you to know it wasn't your fault. She begs forgiveness for cutting her wrists.

The coffin vanishes below ground.

END VISION

The Doc is crimson, blathers like he swallowed his tongue.

DR. WESTFIELD

You... you researched her death.
You're trying to fool me.

BILLI

Now who's crazy? How could I know I would be brought to this place and meet you?

DR. WESTFIELD

I don't know. I don't know. It's a trick. A cheap parlor trick.

Billi closes her eyes.

BILLI

She called you "Cigar Man" after
Freud's, "Sometimes a cigar is just
a cigar."

(hesitates)

She was pregnant. Your daughter.

When Billi opens her eyes, she sees a tormented Westfield.

DR. WESTFIELD

(whispers)

Nobody knew that. Not a soul.

She tosses the ring back to Westfield. In a daze, it bounces
off his chest and lands on the floor with a CLINK.

BILLI

More than anything, she wants you
to let go of the guilt over her.

Westfield's mouth moves but no sound escapes.

BILLI

Convinced I'm the real deal?

The slightest nod of acknowledgment from the devastated Doc.

Billi prays:

BILLI

Universe, I am sorry for using my
gift to personal advantage. Forgive
me. I didn't know what else to do.

Westfield is too thunderstruck to even cry.

INT. BILLI'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Trashed. Furniture upended. Cushions sliced.

Upset, Tweakie greets Billi.

TWEAKIE

Buncha roughnecks busted in with a
search warrant.

She hands it to the speechless Billi.

TWEAKIE

I am so outta here. What the hell
are you doing?

Tweakie storms out.

BILLI
What am I doing?

She surveys the ruins, lifts a flung Viking longboat model.

KITCHEN

Cupboards and drawers are open and tossed.

Ears down, Psyche slinks through the pet door, steps around broken glass and plates.

The CRUNCH of glass as Billi moves to pick up Psyche.

The cat nuzzles Billi's face, MEWS. Billi holds Psyche close.

MARTE (O.S.)
Helene?

She puts Psyche down with care, scurries to --

MARTE'S BEDROOM

where Marte lies on a soiled bed stripped of sheets.

Narcotic pills litter the floor. Billi avoids them to hug her shaking mother.

BILLI
I'm so sorry, Mom.

MARTE
Your father doesn't like mess.

Marte struggles to roll over to look at the floor.

MARTE
They spilled. Tweakie was so upset.

Billi assists Marte in downing a pill.

MARTE
We have to hurry and straighten up
before Erik gets home.

BILLI
Let's wash first and get you in
clean clothes.

MARTE
Men said you were going to kill the
president. Why would they say that?

BILLI
I told them about my vision.

MARTE
I warned you about hoodoo voodoo.

BILLI
The Universe is benevolent and
kind, Mom.

MARTE
Then we suffer to test faith.

Billi kisses Marte's forehead and lifts her for a bath.

INT. WILLIE'S ISLAND - DAY

Near closing.

SECRET SERVICE AGENTS VINCENT (30s) and JULIUS (30s) sweep
through the door.

THE SKIPPER
Hello, Little Buddies.

Vincent flashes a Secret Service badge. The Skipper pores
over it to make sure it's authentic.

VINCENT
You know Helene Knutson?

THE SKIPPER
Billi? Sure.

Julius admires the SS MINNOW ship name plate prop.

JULIUS
Is this actually from the show?

THE SKIPPER
Yes, sir. Cost me a fortune.

VINCENT
Has she ever made a threat against
the President?

THE SKIPPER
Of course not. She wouldn't hurt a
hornet if it flew up her nose.

JULIUS
How much?

Vincent throws Julius a vexed look: "Quit fucking around."

Julius raises his arms: "What?"

THE SKIPPER

I did meet a Marine at the V-F-W.
Scary guy. Seemed real serious
about wanting the President dead.
He's who you should talk to.

VINCENT

When did you last see him?

THE SKIPPER

A week ago. Haven't seen him since.

VINCENT

If we bring in a artist, could you
describe him.

THE SKIPPER

Never forget a face, Little Buddy.

VINCENT

We'll be in touch. Thank you.

On the way out, the fascinated Julius closely examines the SS MINNOW name plate. Vincent smacks his arm to drive him out.

INT. TWEAKIE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

TWEAKIE

at the door with Vincent and Julius. They flash badges.

INT. ALBUQUERQUE SECRET SERVICE HQ - OPERATIONS OFFICE - DAY

Leary again leads a team meeting with a handful of Agents.

LEARY

Kook's father, Erik Knutson, fired
from Los Alamos for cause. Multiple
violations of safety protocols. The
Kook may have a hard-on for the
government.

FINE

Still digging.

LEARY

Dig faster and deeper. I want
ironclad so a charge will stick.
(MORE)

LEARY (CONT'D)

The stunt in Dallas is a start.
(to John/Freddie)
Financials?

JOHN

Clean. Mother has a pension. House
is clear. No red flags. So far.

LEARY

More sunset balloon rides planned?

JOHN

No fucking way.

Leary checks a file.

LEARY

"Not a threat to herself or
others," doctor said. The next day,
he packs his office and vanishes.
(taps file)
What do you make of that, Kennedy?

JOHN

Bullshit. She has a screw loose.
Re: the doctor? Can't say.

LEARY

We're trying to run him to ground
so I can ask.

She rotates to look out the window.

LEARY

Believe in fate, Kennedy?

JOHN

In what sense?

HOWARD

In the career sense.

She swings back.

HOWARD

I'm looking an opportunity in the
face.

John tilts his head: "What the fuck are you talking about?"

EXT. SUNNY ALBUQUERQUE MALL - DOOR TO BEYOND BOOKSTORE - DAY

A government Ford parks nearby. Inside, Two Agents enjoy --

THE FRICKIN CIRCUS

Reporters and a crowd of People descend like hungry locusts on lush crops when Billi tries to enter.

GREEDY PERSON

When will I win the lottery?

ANGRY GUN GUY

We're two peas in a pod. Kill that queen bitch President. Use my rifle.

BIBLE THUMPER

Leviticus said, "A man or a woman who is a medium or necromancer shall surely be put to death."

UNSURE FIANCÉE

Should I marry Tony?

CRUSTY NEWSPAPER REPORTER

Billi, why do you want to kill the President?

The store owner, MANDY (40s), unlocks the door for Billi then locks it to stem the flood of People who want in.

INT. DOOR TO BEYOND BOOKSTORE - CONTINUOUS

Desperate People pound on the windows for Billi's attention.

Billi is a little freaked out. Mandy is jubilant.

BILLI

I'm sorry, Mandy.

MANDY

Are you kidding? You're booked solid. I had to turn them away. Store sales are up 60 percent!

BILLI

What do they want?

MANDY

They're fans. You're a star now.

Billi's wide-eyed gaze turns to People clambering for her.

BACK CORNER -- PRIVATE AREA

A SQUIRELLY LOOKING GUY (40s) fidgets across from the bowing Billi. He bows back.

BILLI
Namaste. I'm Billi. Do you have
something only you have worn or
used? A piece of jewelry? A watch?

He opens a bloody cloth with a molar inside. She cloaks
disgust on sight of the unsterile tooth. She waves it off.

Ill at ease, Billi shifts in the seat.

BILLI
That will not work.

He points to a gap in his mouth where a molar is missing.

SQUIRELLY GUY
I pulled it this morning.

BILLI
Something of you but not you.

SQUIRELLY GUY
Fuckin' mumbo jumbo. I did it for
you!

He explodes with rage, leaps up and overturns the table. The
Frigg statue flies to the ground.

SQUIRELLY GUY
Fuckin' bitch. You're all the same.

He HOWLS like a banshee, shoves past Customers and overturns
a self help book display before disappearing outside.

Mandy rushes over.

MANDY
Oh my God. You okay?

Billi bows to the Frigg statue.

BILLI
Thank you for your protection.

A wan smile barely masks the trouble in her soul.

INT. BILLI'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Psyche curls up on dozing Marte's chest. Psyche's ears twitch
and turn like twin feline radar dishes. She raises her head.

Psyche trots to the --

KITCHEN

and blows out the cat door.

Outside, a Dark Shape passes the kitchen window.

INT. WILLIE'S ISLAND - NIGHT

Empty store, a few minutes to closing time.

Tweakie in long gown à la the voluptuous Ginger on the show.

TWEAKIE

I'm off.

THE SKIPPER

Online customers love the pictures
of you in costume. Especially Mary
Ann. Sales are blowing up.

TWEAKIE

I've seen the comments, "Nice
tits." "They could be bigger."

The slips Tweakie an envelope.

THE SKIPPER

Maybe this will make it up to you.
Figured you could use a little
extra cash for Christmas shopping.

TWEAKIE

A bonus?

The Skipper nods: "You deserve it."

TWEAKIE

Thanks, you big goof.

Tweakie pecks his cheek.

THE SKIPPER

See ya, Little Buddy.

With a smile and wave, Tweakie is gone.

EXT. WILLIE'S ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Tweakie gown-slinks to her car.

THE ASSASSIN (O.S.)
Hey, Ginger! Looking hot.

Her scan of the area does not locate the source.

TWEAKIE
Come into the light, asshole, so I
can say 'fuck off' to your face.

THE ASSASSIN (O.S.)
Watch that attitude, Ginger. Could
get you hurt.

Accustomed to creeps dogging her, Tweakie worries his tone is
more dangerous. She gown-slunks to her car. Fast

INT. WILLIE'S ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

The Skipper does the closing thing -- lights, cash out.

In a dark hoodie, The Assassin slips in.

THE SKIPPER
Hey, Little Buddy. We're closed.

The Assassin fingers the SS MINNOW name plate.

THE SKIPPER
Careful with that.

THE ASSASSIN
How much?

THE SKIPPER
Not for sale. It's the centerpiece
of my collection... and the store.

The Assassin picks it up.

THE SKIPPER
Hey! Put it down.

The Skipper squints beyond the hoodie. The Assassin's face is
barely discernible.

THE SKIPPER
I know you. The V-F-W.
(snaps finger)
Marine. Drink Jameson. Straight.
Hate the President.

THE ASSASSIN

Friend told me you were jawing at
the Hall about the Secret Service.

The Assassin swings the name plate. It splinters into wooden
shards when it contacts the side of The Skipper's head.

The out-of-shape Skipper drops. He bleeds from the ear.

The Assassin power stands over him.

THE ASSASSIN

You're not getting off the island.

The sun of realization dawns in The Skipper's face.

THE SKIPPER

Billi's right. You're going to kill
the President. It's you.

The Assassin fingers a shard with a stake-like point.

THE ASSASSIN

Sic semper tyrannis.

THE SKIPPER

What?!

THE ASSASSIN

"Death to tyrants." Virginia state
motto, and what Booth said after he
offed Honest Abe.

The Assassin plunges the shard into The Skipper's chest.

INT. BILLI'S HOME - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Sobbing, Tweakie hugs a shocked Billi.

TWEAKIE

I'm upset A-F. There was never more
than fifty in the till.

BILLI

I liked The Skipper. I'm sorry.

TWEAKIE

I heard him. I heard the asshole.
Why didn't I call the cops?

BILLI

It was The Skipper's Karma.

Looking for someone to blame, Tweakie's inconsolable grief morphs to anger. She stops sniffling.

TWEAKIE

What?! That's cold. Stabbed for a few bucks Karma? Fuck Karma.

BILLI

Everything happens for a reason.
I see with different eyes.

A hurricane brews between Tweakie and Billi.

TWEAKIE

I got the Feds up my ass.

Billi signals: "Take it easy."

TWEAKIE

Ever since you had your...
(air quotes)
'vision,' things have been fucked.

BILLI

I didn't ask for it. Don't want it.

JULIE

The kids made fun of you behind
your back. I missed out on so much
because I was your friend.
(cries)
I defended you because I thought
you were sincere and special.

BILLI

Do you know how alone I was? What
it's like for people to look at you
like you're a Martian? A freak?

MARTE (O.S.)

Helene. Helene.

Tweakie pushes Billi.

TWEAKIE

You're all sage and wonder and
plugged into the... the Universe...
universal love. You hurt people,
Billi. How is that spiritual?

She flings open the door.

BILLI

Tweakie... Julie.

Tweakie's SLAM adds a final insult.

MARTE (O.S.)

Helene.

Billi shuffles to --

MARTE'S BEDROOM

and strokes her mother's head.

MARTE

Get me a pill, Helene. A white one.

Billi feeds Marte a narcotic.

BILLI

Have you seen Psyche, Mom?

MARTE

Is your father home? I thought I heard him.

(mimics)

Maaarrttteee. Maaarrttteee. Got Chinese for eats. From Wong's.

Billi buries her head on Marte's chest.

MARTE

He so loves his little princess.

BILLI

Princess in a kingdom of the lost.

MARTE

Pray with me?

BILLI

I'll listen.

MARTE

Lord Jesus Christ, you know all our pain and sorrow and bore them for us on the cross. In the pain which we experience allow us to know your presence, strengthen our faith when we despair and give us assurance of your eternal love. Amen.

BILLI

Amen.

MARTE

Is the longboat ready?

BILLI
A bonnie vessel for a Viking queen.

Billi turns away from Marte who smiles with relief.

BILLI
Sails at the ready.

A tear tracks down Billi's cheek.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - PENNSYLVANIA AVE - DAY

Hail to the Chief on the air.

THE FIRST COUPLE

flashes toothy grins, and wave.

The sea of smartphones.

The President moves to the line to press the flesh.

BILLI
Where are you?

Billi sights The Assassin. She catches a fleeting glimpse before he raises a dark hood -- like an executioner.

He raises the pistol.

CRACK. CRACK.

Even though she knows it's coming, Billi jumps.

The President takes two hits.

Panicked People bolt.

SCREAMS. A volley of SMALL WEAPONS FIRE.

INT. BILLI'S HOME - HER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Billi drifts from meditation, the swath of white hair expanded. She shivers.

Psyche cleans herself on the bed. Billi leaps under the covers to stave off the cold. She asks for help:

BILLI
Now what? Send me guidance. A sign.

Psyche stretches and yawns.

INT. DOOR TO BEYOND BOOKSTORE - BILLI'S CORNER - DAY

Just finishing a reading, Billi performs her customary bow. Customers rush up to take selfies with self-conscious Billi. John interrupts.

JOHN
Remember me?

BILLI
Of course. Namaste, John.

JOHN
Ever take a break?

She blinks in consideration of the question's meaning.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A parked Mexican Food Truck.
Billi and John share a nearby table.

JOHN
Like what you did with your hair.

He's a bad liar.

BILLI
Yeah, it's, uh... Yeah. Thank you.

JOHN
Something you said stuck with me.
"No coincidences. Everything
happens for a reason."

BILLI
Universal laws are as real as the
laws of man.

JOHN
If you say so. How's it work?

BILLI
Major life lessons are arranged
ahead of our time on Earth. We come
here with a plan. Certain things
may be destined to happen.

JOHN
The balloon?

BILLI

They aren't always huge lessons. It was a test of my understanding. It could have been a big hassle if you landed somewhere else. Lawsuits?

JOHN

What did I learn?

BILLI

I don't know. What did you learn?

John looks like he wants to say something but moves on.

JOHN

The President's assassination?

(an aside)

Saw you on T-V.

BILLI

I'm paying off Karma from the past. Still trying to figure it out.

JOHN

Do you know the assassin?

BILLI

I got a glimpse but don't know them. Out of body is new to me.

JOHN

So it's not a ruse to hide a plot?

That goes down the wrong pipe. Billi furrows her brow.

BILLI

What is it you want?

JOHN

Just this. Curious. To talk to you.

BILLI

I have clients waiting.

She picks up what remains of the meal.

BILLI

Thank you for the taco.

Kinesthetic Billi lightly touches John's hand and cringes as if burned. She immediately pulls her hand back.

JOHN

What's wrong?

BILLI
You're hiding something. There's
deception all around you.

She half-runs off.

JOHN
Fuck you, witch!

He chucks the rest of the meal in the garbage.

INT. BILLI'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A KNOCK on the back door.

Puzzled, Billi listens at the door.

BILLI
I'm not speaking to reporters.

THE ASSASSIN (O.S.)
Hello. Are you missing a cat?

Billi swings open the door.

The Assassin hefts a car carrier holding Psyche. MEEOOWWW.

BILLI
Psyche!
(motions)
Come in. Where did you find her?

THE ASSASSIN
Live down the street. Found her
getting into my garbage.

BILLI
That's funny. She doesn't do that.
(points)
Would you let her out?

THE ASSASSIN
Is there anyone here beside your
mother?

BILLI
Why does that matter?

The Assassin lays the carrier on the counter.

Within seconds, he overpowers Billi and covers her mouth.

QUICK FLASH - THE ASSASSIN

EXT. WASHINGTON - PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - DAY

The Assassin looks directly at Billi. He raises his hood.

END QUICK FLASH

Billi's eyes widen: "It's him! In my house."

Adrenaline kicks in.

She strikes him in the knee with her heel.

He winces and places her in a chokehold.

Billi struggles. He's too strong.

The chokehold weaves its dark magic. Billi goes limp.

The Assassin drops her to the ground. He rubs his knee.

THE ASSASSIN
Fuckin' Y-W-C-A self defense
bullshit.

He kicks her in the ribs. A few times.

INT. CAR TRUNK- TRAVELING - NIGHT

BILLI

hands bound, gagged and bathed in taillight red.

Her eyelids flutter as she comes to: "Where the hell am I?"
It doesn't take long to figure it out.

MEOW. Psyche in the cat carrier.

The sounds, driver/passenger conversations are OFF SCREEN.

Billi strains to hear through the back seat.

MALE CO-CONSPIRATOR
How much farther?

THE ASSASSIN
Just ahead. Middle of nowhere.

MALE CO-CONSPIRATOR
You kill her.

THE ASSASSIN
You're weak. I wasted my time
grooming you after my brother died?

Billi eyes brighten. A Trunk Release Latch.

THE ASSASSIN

You got a good education and job.
Be boosting Mustangs for pennies on
the dollar if not for me.

MALE CO-CONSPIRATOR

Throttle down. You did it for you.

Billi grimaces with rib pain as she wriggles to the Latch.

She maneuvers to yank it. The connecting cable is snapped.
Billi drops the useless handle and sighs heavily.

MEOW.

THE ASSASSIN

Then you're in the thing? A solid
gold chance to change the course of
history... for the better.

Nothing but the WHINE of rubber on asphalt.

THE ASSASSIN

You were sayin'?

The HOWL of a police siren behind and closing fast.

MALE CO-CONSPIRATOR

Fuck! Statie.

Salvation glimmers in Billi's eyes. Hoping to pop the lid,
she pushes with all the might in her legs. No joy.

THE ASSASSIN

Hear me back there? Bang on the
trunk.

Billi rolls to the back of the trunk.

THE ASSASSIN

Troopers have lots of kids to prove
they ain't shooting blanks.

Billi frowns: "What does that mean?" MEOW.

THE ASSASSIN

All the Troopers in dress uniform
salutin' a departed brother. Wife
a' weepin'. *Amazing Grace* playin'.
Breaks the heart.

The car pulls over. The CRUNCH of gravel under tires.

THE ASSASSIN

Bang on trunk if you read me.

Now she knows. Billi kicks the trunk hood.

MEOW.

BILLI

(under gag)

Quiet, Psyche.

THE ASSASSIN

Outstanding. Shut the fuck up.

The window rolls down.

The Cruiser's door opens and closes.

Billi follows the CLOP of boots on asphalt.

THE ASSASSIN

Evenin', Trooper.

TROOPER

Evenin', sir. Goin' a might fast.
Seventy in a fifty-five.

Billi poises her feet to bang on the hood.

THE ASSASSIN

I do apologize. I was jawin' with
my nephew here and lost sight of
the speed-o-meter.

TROOPER

License. This your vehicle?

THE ASSASSIN

No, sir. Banks.

(chuckle)

Here you go. All in order.

MALE CO-CONSPIRATOR

Trooper, I hate to ask, but would
you extend a professional courtesy?

TROOPER

Let's take a look-see at that.

Billi rests her legs.

TROOPER

You boys do good work. Be happy to oblige. Do me a courtesy: take the speed down to Warp One.

THE ASSASSIN

Absitively, Trooper. Have a safe night. Never know what's crawlin' on its belly toward ya.

MALE CO-CONSPIRATOR

Appreciate it, Trooper.

Billi hyperventilates. She follows CLOPS back to the Cruiser.

THE ASSASSIN

Cracker fuck.

Open car door, close car door. The Cruiser accelerates off.

MALE CO-CONSPIRATOR

Let's get the thing done.

THE ASSASSIN

Our names in the history books?

MALE CO-CONSPIRATOR

Sic semper tyrannis.

The sound of FLYING GRAVEL as the vehicle peels out.

MEOW. Billi shimmies to the carrier and unlatches it. Psyche bounds out and rubs against Billi.

BILLI

(under gag)

I want you to run, Psych.

Psyche paws Billi's face.

The vehicle turns on to a washboard road. Billi bounces. Psyche digs claws in the trunk carpet to hold on.

A big dip. Billi bangs her head on the hood.

Billi flips onto her stomach. She positions the best she can with her head pointed toward the vehicle's rear.

The vehicle stops. The driver-side door opens and SLAMS shut.

The BANG of a pistol grip on the trunk hood.

THE ASSASSIN
 Wakey-wakey, eggs and bakey. Guess
 you didn't foresee this.
 (laughs)
 Gottta get that trunk latch fixed.

Billi tenses. Determination on her face. She's dead anyway.
 The near-distant REV of small engines.

THE TRUNK

pops open.

Psyche beats it.

Startled, The Assassin avoids a whiz of flying fur. Just the distraction Billi needs.

EXT. DESERT - CAR - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

BILLI

coils and thrusts head first at The Assassin.

She hits him square in the chest.

With an OOF, he falls backward on his astonished ass. The weapon flies from his hand.

Billi picks herself up. She runs into --

THE DARK DESERT

like the Devil is on her tail. He just might be.

THE ASSASSIN

recovers, scans for his weapon.

MALE CO-CONSPIRATOR (O.S.)
 What happened?

The Assassin finds the weapon, shoots twice in the blind.

THE ASSASSIN
 C'mon! She's loose.

Exerted, Billi pulls air hard. She scales a --

SAND DUNE

and rolls down the other side.

A plume of sand. An ATV swerves to avoid hitting her. It circles around. Billi reels in the ATV's headlight.

A MALE ATVER (15) idles the machine, rises in the seat.

TEEN ATVER

Is that some kinky sex thing?

Billi shakes: "NO!" She indicates: "Take the damn gag off."

TOP OF THE DUNE

The Assassin lies low, reconnoiters. He calculates: whack seven to get Billi? It doesn't add up. He skulks away.

Six ATVs converge on Billi.

MOM ATVER (30s) urgently leaps off her machine.

TEEN ATVER

Is that a kinky sex thing, Mom?

MOM ATVER

For chrissakes. Smarten up!

She unties Billi's gag. Free, Billi takes a deep breath.

BILLI

We're all in danger. We have to get out of here. Now!

Psyche crests the dune. She scampers to Billi and weaves between her legs.

INT. COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Psyche laps water from a plastic cup.

Billi massages her sore ribs.

BILLI

I guarantee you, the President is going to die.

Across the table, Agent Leary's stare is cold: "Gotcha!"

LEARY

Ms. Knutson, you are charged under
United States Code title 18,
Section 871;
(MORE)

LEARY (CONT'D)
making a knowing or willful threat
to take the life of, to kidnap, or
inflict bodily harm upon the
President of the United States.

BILLI
I'm not the threat. You are.

Leary could care less about what comes from Billi's mouth.

Billi raises her T-shirt to show massive black and blue.

BILLI
The real assassin did this. How did
I end up in the desert? Tied up.

LEARY
Do not care. We are complete with
your games.

BILLI
Don't you have an artist who can
draw a picture? I can describe him.

A patient person, Leary loses what's left in her tank.

LEARY
We're transporting you to
Albuquerque. A skosh of advice:
quit yanking our chain or it'll be
a long time before you breathe free
air again.

BILLI
How about the Trooper that pulled
the car over? They showed something
that got them out of a ticket.

LEARY
We'll look into it.

BILLI
Will you? I thought the Secret
Service was supposed to be smart.

Psyche pads to Leary. Raises a paw to her. MEOW.

BILLI
Is my cat under arrest?

Leary looks like she's considering it.

EXT. BERNALILLO COUNTY JAIL - DAY

Dozens of Print and TV Reporters crowd the entrance.

A government Ford pulls up. Ravenous Press surrounds the vehicle to capture Billi's perp walk to the jail.

Head down, Billi silently plows through amid Press questions.

PRESS

"Why do you want to kill the President?" Do you support violent overthrow of the government?" Etc.

County Corrections Officers wait at the top of the steps.

INT. BERNALILLO COUNTY JAIL - PROCESSING - CONTINUOUS

Just finished with fingerprints, a Corrections Officer pushes a landline phone to Billi. He holds up one finger to indicate the number of allowed calls.

She dials.

INT. COUNTY JAIL - CELL - NIGHT

In orange jumpsuit, Billi picks at paint peels on the wall.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER (O.S.)

Knutson!

The remotely controlled cell door slides open. CLANG.

PRISONER DISCHARGE

Dr. Hernandez waits for a dazed Billi. They hug.

The door CLANGS behind them.

BILLI

Is my mother okay?

DR. HERNANDEZ

Last I checked, she's sleeping.

BILLI

Thank you so much. I...

The Doc shushes Billi with a finger to her lips.

Billi spins around to reorient with being free.

DR. WESTFIELD (O.S.)
I have your back for half the bail.

Doc Westfield opens his arms to hug Billi.

BILLI
Doctor Westfield? The last person I
ever thought...

DR WESTFIELD
It's nothing. Really. Nothing.

She allows his tentative hug. He's not a touchy-feely guy.

DR. WESTFIELD
How are you holding up?

Billi shrugs: "Okay, considering."

The two Docs shake hands.

DR. HERNANDEZ
Felicia Hernandez. Thank you.

DR. WESTFIELD
Al Westfield. Welcome.

Dr. Westfield wags a finger between Dr. Hernandez and Billi.

DR. WESTFIELD
Did she...

Dr. Hernandez smiles. A nod: "Yes."

DR. WESTFIELD
I'll be damned.

BILLI
Thank you both.

DR. HERNANDEZ
Ready?

Billi's tired yet enthusiastic nod: "You bet your ass."

DR. WESTFIELD
The press is in a feeding frenzy.
"The Fortune-Telling Assassin."
Media bullshit.

DR. HERNANDEZ
The world knows your face, Billi.

DR. WESTFIELD

What's worse is a lot of friends
are waiting. You single-handedly
stirred up a national hornet's
nest.

Clueless, Billi is about to learn what Westfield means.

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - CONTINUOUS

Photo flashes and video lights hit Billi and the Doc. The
undecipherable BUZZ of a hundred questions shouted at once.

TV satellite trucks from every major network and a few minor
ones clog the street in front of the jail.

Beyond the Press, BOOS and CHEERS waft over the crazy scene.

Cops struggle to keep order.

Billi and the Doc rush to a car.

EXT. BILLI'S HOME - NIGHT

An assembly of hundreds of People and more Press.

Protestors hoist SIGNS: "Kill that bitch President" "We're
behind you" "I see your future - a noose" "A firing squad is
too [sic] good 4 U" "Use my gun" "Go back to where you
belong" and other sentiments direct the spleen.

Two Protestors - a White Supremacist and a Soccer Mom - beat
each other with signs. Cops intervene to end the melee.

At the front door, calm Psyche drinks it all in.

BOOS and CHEERS, video lights, photo flashes and commotion
when Billi hightails from Dr. Hernandez' car to the house.

BILLI

Psyche! You're home. Maybe there is
more than a stone in Leary's chest.

She cradles the appreciative feline, POUNDS the chained door.

BILLI

It's me, Billi. I live here.

The door cracks open. MELANIE (40s), a Nurse, peeks out and
unchains the door.

INT. BILLI'S HOME - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

With Billi and Psyche in, Melanie locks and chains the door.

The landline phone RINGS and RINGS.

CRASH. A rock sails through the window.

A GUNSHOT outside. Police SIRENS blare. SCREAMS.

MELANIE

Oh, my God. I am outta here. If you need something call, but I have to leave. My number's on the table.

Numbly:

BILLI

Thank you.

NURSE

Your mother is fast asleep. How during this clusterfuck...

(in passing)

Doctor Hernandez arranged Oxygen.

Melanie gathers her things, unlocks and unchains. Runs.

Billi secures the door after her.

RING. RING.

KITCHEN

Billi yanks the phone cord from the wall jack.

INSERT - ANCIENT ANSWERING MACHINE

The CALLS DISPLAY: "70"

Billi presses 'Play'.

ANGRY MALE (V.O.)

You're dead, motherfucker.

BEEP.

PRODUCER (V.O.)

This is Martin from C-B-S. We'd like to arrange an interview with Gayle King on *C-B-S This Morning*...

Billi unplugs the machine. She plops on a kitchen chair. Head in hands, she weeps.

EXT. THE DOOR TO BEYOND BOOKSTORE - DAY

Dogged by Reporters, pro and anti Protestors, Billi waits.

Opening time, nine AM. Mandy unlocks the door.

BILLI
'Morning, Mandy.

She blocks Billi's passage.

MANDY
Uh, Billi. Good morning.

Mandy turns over Billi's sign and personal effects.

MANDY
I'm sorry.

She locks the door. Billi BANGS on it.

BILLI
I made a ton of money for you.
I need income!

Inside, Mandy shakes her head: "No."

Billi kicks the door.

INT. BILLI'S HOME - MARTE'S BEDROOM - DAY

A half-hearted effort in a few hanging Christmas decorations.

Dr. Hernandez checks Marte's blood pressure as Billi watches.

DR. HERNANDEZ
How are you doing, Marte?

MARTE
I want to go home.

The Doc points Billi to the --

LIVING ROOM

Billi and the Doc share coffee.

DR. HERNANDEZ
I don't dare up the opioid dose any
higher. Continue the tincture.

BILLI

I was hoping for palliative care.
There are a dozen pages raising
money but I haven't seen a dime.

Billi fans out checks.

BILLI

I get these from radical groups who
think I'm a hero. I send them back.
These are from kind people without
an agenda who believe.

DR. HERNANDEZ

You're staying afloat then?

Billi flashes a wan smile.

BILLI

I made arrangements to transfer the
bail to me. Your homes are safe.

The Doc nods: "Thanks." She points outside.

DR. HERNANDEZ

At least it's a lot quieter.

BILLI

The news cycle is on to something
new and shiny. My attorney has the
government at bay. For now.

DR. HERNANDEZ

Al sends his best.

BILLI

Dr. Westfield?

DR. HERNANDEZ

He's quite funny.

BILLI

You're kidding?

DR. HERNANDEZ

We're dating and headed to an 'us.'
Free to love again. Thanks to you.

It should make Billi happy... but:

DR. HERNANDEZ

I upset you.

BILLI

Always a bridesmaid never a bride.
Why can't I help myself? My Karma
is screwed unless I find out what I
have to do in this lifetime to pay
my debt.

DR. HERNANDEZ

I'm a good Catholic. I understand a
life on Earth then life everlasting
in Heaven.

BILLI

Not so different, except many
lifetimes to perfect for "Heaven."

DR. HERNANDEZ

I admire your courage. It's a heavy
burden. A cross. Like Jesus.

They hug. Billi shrinks away.

BILLI

You feel... cold.

The Doc shoots Billi a look: "What the hell are you saying."

BILLI

Could I hold your watch? It's only
been yours, right?

Hernandez nods: "Yes." She gives Billi her watch.

Billi closes her eyes and concentrates. And harder. Shocked,
she returns the watch.

BILLI

I lost my gift. Cut off.

The Doc looks concerned. Not nearly as much as Billi.

INT. BILLI'S HOME - HER BEDROOM - NIGHT

In Lotus, Billi prays with Psyche by her side. Always.

BILLI

Universe, help me see a better way
to deal with this situation. Help
me recall my power, worthiness and
divinity to fortify me and help the
collective.

Billi quiets into a meditation.

The statue of bow-wielding Diane, Goddess of the Hunt, spontaneously falls from Billi's altar. It shatters.

Startled out of the meditation, Billi picks up what's left.

She looks up, thrusts Diane's broken torso skyward.

BILLI

This is the answer?!

Billi throws the torso at the altar shattering other icons. A piece ricochets and hits her forehead. She smarts. The small wound bleeds.

BILLI

Okay then! On my own.

She scoops up Psyche and holds her close. A little comfort.

MARTE'S BEDROOM - LATER

On the bed, Billi holds a cold compress on the wound. Even with the Oxygen, Marte's speech and breath are labored.

MARTE

(re: wound)

What is that?

BILLI

A message. If you don't listen, the Universe uses a bigger mallet.

Marte returns a blank look. She removes the O2 mask.

BILLI

Mom, I have to be in Washington for the Inauguration. The 20th. I'll get nurses to take care of you.

MARTE

No more nurses. No more pills. I want to go home, Helene.

Marte holds out her hand in the dark and quiet room.

MARTE

Yes, Erik. Soon.

BILLI

You see Dad? Maybe the apple didn't fall far from the tree.

MARTE

You're the only thing that keeps me
here. Let me go home, Helene.

Marte shakes the narcotic pill bottle. About half full.

BILLI

No!

MARTE

Make me a nice bowl of soup.

Marte clutches her chest. Her face tortured by pain.

Billi drops her head to the bed.

BILLI

I'm so alone without my connection
to the Universe.

MARTE

God is forever with us.

Marte pets Billi's head.

MARTE

Chicken.

Billi nods: "Okay."

MARTE

Do you remember the lullaby your
father sang to you?

BILLI

Vi har ei tulle med øyne blå/ Med
silkehår og med ører små/Og midt i
fjeset en liten nese/ Så stor som
så.

KITCHEN

Billi stirs a pot of chicken soup.

BILLI

Så bløt som fløyel er hennes kinn/
Og hun er deilig og tykk og trinn/
Med dukkehender og to små tenner I
munnen sin.

MARTE'S BEDROOM

Ready to spoon-feed her mother, Marte grabs Billi's arm.

Billi notes the empty narcotic pill bottle.

MARTE
I'm ready to board the boat.

BILLI
Viking funeral. I promise.

Delighted, Marte lets go.

MARTE
Thank you, Billi. I love you.

BILLI
I love you, Mom.

She takes Marte's pulse.

BILLI
Mom?

A beautiful, peaceful smile on her face, Marte passed over...
en route a reunion with Erik in Valhalla.

BILLI
You were the only thing keeping me
here. There's nothing left. Maybe
anywhere.

Billi holds Marte like a frightened child who jumps into
their parent's bed during a thunderstorm.

EXT. 24 HOUR GAS STATION - NIGHT

Billi tops off a two gallon gas can.

INT. BILLI'S HOME - MARTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Billi shrouded Marte in the Norwegian flag. She brushes
Marte's thinned hair, smooths her dress. She places a pretty
desert bloom from her garden in Marte's folded hands.

A kiss to Marte's forehead then Billi soaks her in gas.

Billi drenches the --

LIVING ROOM

where she empties the can and tosses it in a corner.

Billi hefts a backpack, takes a last aching look around.

One last thing.

MARTE'S BEDROOM

Billi places the Viking longboat model on her mother's chest. She steps back, strikes a match and ignites the gas.

FRONT DOOR

Billi tosses a match. The room explodes in a WHOOOMFF.

EXT. BILLI'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Scared, Psyche scurries back and forth. MEOWS.

Billi reaches for her. Psyche growls.

BILLI

If you come it's in the backpack.
No complaining, you have to behave.

Psyche slinks to Billi. She shoves Psyche in the backpack. The cat's head rises from the open top.

Billi drives off. Her beat car smokes.

The house, an inferno. A low BOOM: Oxygen tank explosion.

EXT. BACK ROAD - DAY

Billi's car lurches and moans a mechanical DEATH RATTLE.

BILLI

Dammit!

She coasts to a stop near a SIGN: "Up and Away Balloon Rides
Daily Sunrise, Sunset flights Weather Permitting 1/2 mile"

EXT. UP AND AWAY BALLOON RIDES - DAY

Red sky in morning, sailor take warning. The sun just peeps over an angry horizon.

A large balloon ready to soar. The wind sock flutters in a light westerly breeze. Perfect flight weather for going east.

Billi flashes a big smile and waves friendly to a HAPPY COUPLE (20s) with champagne and flutes at the ready.

HAPPY WOMAN

He surprised me. So romantic.

BILLI
Where's the pilot?

The Happy Man points to a small trailer/office.

BILLI
Mind if I tag along?

The Couple trades looks: "Billi is certainly not welcome."

The Man takes Billi aside, displays a ring box.

HAPPY MAN
(whispers)
We'd kinda like to go alone. I'm
popping the question.

BILLI
Congrats. I'll be your witness.

HAPPY MAN
That's for weddings.

The PILOT (30s) exits the trailer.

HAPPY WOMAN
What does she want?

In a heartbeat, Billi decides. She scrambles aboard and releases the tether.

The Pilot dashes to the balloon.

PILOT
Whattya doing? Descend!

Too late. The balloon ascends and drifts east.

HAPPY MAN
Do we get our money back?

The Pilot shoots him an incredulous look, dials his phone.

The Happy Woman punches the Happy Man in the arm. He smiles, gets on a knee and holds out the ring. She SQUEALS.

The Pilot shakes his head.

EXT. BILLI'S HOME - DAY

The levelled ruins smolder. Firefighters drown hot spots.

An ARSON INVESTIGATOR (50s) shows Leary a burned gas can.

ARSON INVESTIGATOR
Arson. No doubt.

LEARY
I smell the gas. I-D on the body?

The Investigator bags the can as evidence.

ARSON INVESTIGATOR
The coroner doesn't investigate fires. I return the favor with bodies.

LEARY
The suspect's mother. I'll wager.

Leary SNAPS a finger for Agent's attention. They join her.

LEARY
Please tell me the interstate, airports, bus terminal, train station and car rental facilities are covered.

FINE
Done and done. We have teams scrubbing through video.

Julius passes a video frame printout to Leary.

INSERT - PRINTOUT

A grainy frame from the gas station. Billi fills the can.

JULIUS
Zero three-fifteen.

Leary scrutinizes the printout.

LEARY
Who would burn their mother alive?

VINCENT
Same scumbag who kills presidents.

A glance at her watch.

LEARY
She has a six hour lead. Headed east. Straight manhunt now. I want coordination between every agency, cop, trooper, sheriff and crossing guard between here and D-C.
(dials phone)
(MORE)

LEARY (CONT'D)

Get her picture and plates on a nationwide A-P-B. Considered dangerous. Right fucking now!

The Agents don't need to be told twice. They scatter.

LEARY

(phone)

Director, Leary in Albuquerque. We have a problem.

The Coroner's Men lug a body bag from the ruins.

INT./EXT. BALLOON - ALOFT OVER I-40 NEAR NEWKIRK, NM - DAY

Billi yanks the parachute valve. The balloon descends about a mile north of the one-stoplight town.

She descends too fast.

The gondola crashes to the ground and tips over. Billi keeps strain on the valve.

Wind drags the balloon a hundred yards.

The envelope flutters and deflates.

She jumps to the --

DESERT FLOOR

Jolted, Psyche pokes her head from the backpack, MEOWS. She wriggles from the backpack and digs in the sand.

EXT. I-40 - NEWKIRK, NEW MEXICO ON RAMP - DAY

Billi holds out a thumb. An eastbound Semi stops.

INT. ALBUQUERQUE SECRET SERVICE HQ - OPERATIONS - DAY

Pissed at Billi giving them the slip, Leary peruses a map.

Agent Fine bursts in:

FINE

We have a fix. Ready for this?

LEARY

Thrill me.

FINE

A woman hijacked a hot air balloon.
Description fits, and the suspect's
car was abandoned nearby.

LEARY

Where is it?

FINE

Down near Newkirk, New Mexico.

LEARY

Her instructor did a good job.

FINE

Kennedy?

She refers to a wall map.

LEARY

Nothing in Newkirk but a gas
station and trucks passing through
west... and east. She's on foot.

Leary traces a path on the map.

LEARY

Wake up every Statie between
Newkirk and, say, Nashville to
sweep I-40 truck stops.

Fine jumps to it.

EXT. TRUCK STOP NEAR AMARILLO, TEXAS - DAY

Billi walks among parked behemoths with a SIGN: "EAST"

All curiosity, Psyche snoops from the backpack.

A friendly Trucker, FRANKLIN (50s), stops to pet Psyche.

FRANKLIN

You're a pretty kitty. What's your
name?

Psyche MEWS.

BILLI

Psyche.
(shows sign)
Going east?

Franklin strokes his beard.

FRANKLIN
I shouldn't have riders.

BILLI
Please. I have to be in Washington
on the twentieth.

FRANKLIN
The Inauguration? It's grand party.
Makes you proud to be American.

Franklin mounts the truck.

FRANKLIN
What's your name?

BILLI
Billi.

A friendly beckon to board.

FRANKLIN
Well, come on then, Billi. You too,
Psyche. Miles are money.

BILLI
Thanks...

FRANKLIN
Franklin.

She steps up into the cab.

INT./EXT. SEMI - TRAVELING - DAY

The dry, featureless Texas expanse whizzes by.
Psyche snoozes atop the dashboard.

FRANKLIN
Drop this in Memphis. Overnight
there. Dead head to St. Louis for a
load to Baltimore then back west.

BILLI
Baltimore's great.

FRANKLIN
Should be there late on the 17th.

Billi nods: "It's a perfect arrangement."

Franklin suggests the sleeper.

FRANKLIN

Take a nap if you're so inclined.
Got satellite TV.

Billi parts the curtains to --

THE SLEEPER

A mess. Fast food containers and beer bottles. Porno mags.

BILLI

Looks cozy. I'm not tired. Thanks.

Outside the window, Texas never seems to end.

EXT. MEMPHIS - WAREHOUSE LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

The trailer delivered, Franklin waves to the Dock Manager.

Billi stretches her legs.

FRANKLIN

Time for a brew and some shut eye.

BILLI

Is there a cheap hotel near here?

FRANKLIN

I use the sleeper. There's one at
the truck stop where I park.

BILLI

That'll do.

FRANKLIN

Meet for breakfast at 6:30 if you
like. I'm off at 7:00 with or
without ya.

They climb aboard.

INT. TRACTOR - SLEEPER - NIGHT

Franklin gnaws on a fried chicken leg, hoists a brew.

ON TV - CABLE NEWS

A picture of Billi with SUPER: "Helene "Billi" Knutson"

ANCHOR (V.O.)

Federal authorities are seeking this woman, Helene Knutson, a-k-a Billi, in connection with a threat to the President Elect. She may be traveling with a cat, and should be considered dangerous.

FRANKLIN

drops the leg mid bite.

INT. TRUCK STOP - HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Billi dries her hair.

Psyche devours canned tuna on a paper plate.

ON THE TV - CABLE NEWS

Billi's picture.

BILLI

My high school yearbook picture?

INTERCUT - SLEEPER AND BILLI'S ROOM

Franklin concentrates on the news.

ON TV - CABLE NEWS

A REPORTER (30s) interviews Tweakie, live.

REPORTER

How long have you known Helene?

TWEAKIE

Billi. Like forever. She's my best friend. You're crazy if you think she would hurt the President. She's honest and real patriotic.

BILLI

bends down in front of the flat screen.

ON TV

Tweakie grabs the Reporter's handheld mike.

TWEAKIE

I'm sorry, Billi. I believe in you
and the vision. Save the President.
I love you.

Billi kisses two fingers on her right hand and places them on
Tweakie's face on the screen.

BILLI

I will. Love you, Tweak.

Billi kills the TV.

SLEEPER

Franklin kills the TV.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - HOTEL - NIGHT

Heavily armed, six SWAT Officers ready at the door to Billi's
room. The SWAT Lieutenant signals 'Go!'

A SWAT Officer swings a battering ram. The flimsy door comes
of its hinges.

A blur of black as SWAT pours into --

INT. TRUCK STOP - HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

No one home.

An empty tuna can on the bed.

INT. ALBUQUERQUE SECRET SERVICE HQ - OPERATIONS OFFICE - DAY

A hastily called meeting of all the agents.

FINE

T-V.

LEARY

Obviously.

VINCENT

Agent Leary, she has knowledge her
plan is busted, and every cop is
looking for her. Plus D-C will be
locked down.

LEARY

The point?

VINCENT

Why continue? Who takes a cat to an assassination? Doesn't make sense.

LEARY

Determined to kill the President.

VINCENT

Maybe she's right.

LEARY

Let's get someone in to read tea leaves while we're at it. C'mon.

FINE

I suggest we look into the Trooper angle. Couldn't hurt.

Exasperated, Leary sighs.

LEARY

Contact New Mexico State Police.
I guarantee it's a dead end.

She traces a path on the map.

LEARY

About 900 miles Memphis to D-C.
Cover the major routes... luck of
the Irish we'll nab the Kook.

She addresses her troops.

LEARY

I'm heading to Washington to
coordinate there. Some of you
requested a temporary reassign to
the President's detail. You're more
valuable here. Thank you.

GRUMBLES among the gathered Agents.

LEARY

The F-C-T-F agents are released
back to that detail.
(notices)
Where's Kennedy?

FREDDIE

Called in sick. Flu.

LEARY

I expect your best at this end.
She's smart but we're smarter.

She dismisses them with a wave of her hand.

EXT. MEMPHIS, TN - BIG BOX SUPERCENTER - DAY

Billi wears a blonde wig, glasses and a hooded winter coat.

She tinkers with a burner smartphone, scans the manual and heads from the parking lot onto Elvis Presley Boulevard.

INT. MEMPHIS, TN - GREYHOUND BUS TERMINAL - DAY

Memphis Cops circulate throughout the station. They check a picture on their phones against all female faces.

Billi slides cash into a self service KIOSK: "One Way, Roanoke, Virginia"

Wanting out, Psyche paws and MEOWS inside the backpack.

BILLI
(whispers)
Quiet, Psych. Behave.

The ticket dispenses.

A twenty-something ROOKIE MEMPHIS COP who looks like he graduated from the Academy last week approaches Billi.

ROOKIE
Where you headed, Miss?

He looks between the phone pix and Billi's face.

BILLI
Roanoke. Virginia. To visit a sick aunt.

ROOKIE
Your ticket, please?

She complies.

He ping pongs between the phone and Billi's face.

STATION ANNOUCER
(on PA)
Greyhound 15-10, service to Washington, now boarding.

BILLI
That's me.

ROOKIE
Do you have I-D, Miss?

BILLI
You don't want me on the road.
(phony laugh)
No license. That's why I'm taking
the bus.

ROOKIE
I'll need to see some proof of
identity, Miss.

MEOOWWRR.

The Cop draws his weapon.

ROOKIE
On the ground, face down. NOW!

Billi bolts.

ROOKIE
STOP!

He draws a bead on Billi. Frightened Passengers SCREAM and
block his field of fire. The Rookie doesn't know what to do.

Billi runs to --

EXT. MEMPHIS, TN - GREYHOUND BUS TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

A bus readies to depart. The luggage storage door is open.

Desperate, Billi looks left and right. She spots the open
door, dives in and buries under luggage.

The MEMPHIS DRIVER (30s) leaves the terminal and secures the
open baggage compartment door.

Cops swarm from inside the terminal and fan out.

Gun drawn, the Rookie pushes past the Memphis Driver to --

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

He walks the aisle checking for Billi.

Not finding her, he throws open the bathroom door.

The Memphis Driver waits at the front of the bus.

The Rookie sprints down the bus steps.

PERPLEXED SENIOR CITIZEN
What's going on?

MEMPHIS DRIVER
Dunno. Some desperado on the loose.

He takes the drivers seat, uses the PA mike.

MEMPHIS DRIVER
Now that the excitement is over,
This is 15-08 to Music City,
Nashville. Make sure the gee-tar is
tuned and you're on the right bus.

SNICKERS from a few passengers.

MEMPHIS DRIVER
Don't laugh. It happens.

With a hydraulic WHOOSH, the door closes.

EXT. KIRTLAND AIR FORCE BASE - TARMAC - DAY

Phone to ear, Leary broods at the bottom of steps leading to a government jet spun up for flight.

LEARY
We lost her twice in a 24 hour
period? Goddamit! Light a fire
under M-P-D to dragnet the city.
Get F-B-I and Service field offices
involved. Track every bus from
Memphis.

She punches the phone to end the call.

LEARY
(mutters)
Where in the holy hell did she
learn how to evade?

Leary bounds up the steps.

INT. BUS - BAGGAGE STORAGE COMPARTMENT - TRAVELING - SAME

Billi turns on her phone. She reads the manual. MEOW.

BILLI
Okay, Psych.

She opens the backpack. Psyche crawls out.

BILLI
This thing has a flashlight.

Billi finds the App. The compartment lights up.

BILLI
Welcome to the Secret Service.

Psyche nuzzles her.

BILLI
We'll be lucky not to die from
Carbon Monoxide poisoning.
(pets the cat)
I wasn't thinking. You should be
back home chasing lizards.

Billi holds Psyche tight.

BILLI
I'm sorry.

She weeps. About a lot of things.

INT./EXT. BUS - STORAGE - DAY

Light crashes into the storage area.

Billi shields her eyes and rolls out nearly bowling over the Memphis Driver.

MEMPHIS DRIVER
Hey! You!

Billi hotfoots it away.

Torn between unloading the bags and alerting authorities, the Memphis Driver chooses the former for the impatient Riders.

INT. NASHVILLE, TN BUS STATION - LADIES ROOM - DAY

Billi ditches coat, glasses and blonde wig. She dons a redhead wig, University of Memphis hoodie and sunglasses.

Psyche laps water from a running faucet.

She pulls the hoodie over her head, packs up Psyche who GROWLS and fits before dipping in the backpack.

INT. NASHVILLE, TN BUS STATION - TICKET COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

Billi slides cash over the counter. Not much left over.

The dull and disinterested AGENT (40s) who'd rather be anywhere but here slides back a ticket.

COULD CARE LESS AGENT
One way, Springfield, Virginia.
Leaves at 1:30 A-M from Gate C.
Transfer in Charlottesville.

BILLI
When does the bus arrive?

The Agent CLACKS her keyboard.

COULD CARE LESS AGENT
8:00 P-M local. Tomorrow. If lucky.

Flanked by two of Nashville's Finest, the Memphis Driver surveys the waiting area.

Carrying the backpack, Billi gathers herself and walks right past them. Not a glimmer of recognition.

She takes a spot in a far corner of the waiting area and busies on the smartphone.

INT./EXT. BUS - TRAVELING - DAY

Billi pets the backpacked Psyche. She feeds the cat a piece of cold fast-food hamburger. Psyche gobbles like cats do.

A haze of smoke wafts through the bus. A LOUD GRIND. The bus lurches. Smoke drifts from the rear.

Passenger heads rise, curious. Whispers of conversation.

The NASHVILLE DRIVER (50s) pulls over, hits flashers. He keys the PA mike.

Cars and semis whiz by.

NASHVILLE DRIVER
Looks like we have a small problem.
For your safety, please remain on
the bus.

WHOOSH. The hydraulic door opens.

The Nashville Driver checks the smoking engine. Kaput.

He mounts the bus to advise the passengers. On the PA:

NASHVILLE DRIVER
This bus is out of service. Good
news is we're near Charlottesville.
A replacement should be here quick.
Bad news: those going to Washington
will miss the connection.

Billi packs up, makes her way to the front.

BILLI
How far to Charlottesville?

NASHVILLE DRIVER
'Bout ten, twelve miles. Take your
seat. We'll get you there.

BILLI
When does the connecting bus leave?

He checks his watch.

NASHVILLE DRIVER
4:50. 'Bout 80 minutes.

BILLI
I'd like to get off.

NASHVILLE DRIVER
Can't. You're my responsibility.

BILLI
Open the door, please.

NASHVILLE DRIVER
It's too dangerous to walk, and
hitching is illegal.

BILLI
My responsibility.
(indicates door)
Please.

WHOOSH.

Billi is on --

EXT. VIRGINIA - INTERSTATE 64 - SHOULDER - CONTINUOUS

with thumb out.

A car packed with Frat Boys and Sorority Girls pulls over.
Billi jogs to the car.

PRETTY FRAT BOY
Hey, U of M. Where ya goin'?

Billi forgot she's in a University of Memphis hoodie. She looks down to remind herself.

BILLI
Bus station.

PRETTY FRAT BOY
That's right near U-V-A. Hop in.
(opens door)
Hey! What's the U of M's mascot?

Billi hasn't the slightest frickin' clue.

BILLI
Uh, ferret. The U of M ferrets.

PRETTY FRAT BOY
That mascot blows the big one.
(yells)
GO CAVALIERS!!!

ALL
CAVALIERS!!!

Billi climbs in to join the boisterous crowd.

The car screeches off.

A Virginia State Trooper pulls up behind the bus.

The Nashville Driver meets him at the front of the bus. He points at the accelerating UVA student's car.

INT. CHARLOTTESVILLE BUS STATION - BOARDING AREA - DAY

Billi hands her ticket to the CHARLOTTESVILLE DRIVER (30s).

CHARLOTTESVILLE DRIVER
You from that broke down bus?

BILLI
Yeah. I called some friends. They gave me a ride here.

CHARLOTTESVILLE DRIVER
 Gotta check if the ticket is valid.
 I'm gonna board the rest and check
 with the supervisor.
 (motions)
 Step aside and let 'em board.

Nothing else to do. Billi steps aside while he boards others.

The Virginia State Trooper enters, reads the crowd.

The Charlottesville Driver meanders to the ticket counter.

Billi considers options. She moves slightly toward the exit.

The Trooper is on her.

VIRGINIA TROOPER
 Miss, did you exit the bus on I-64?

BILLI
 Yes, sir.

VIRGINIA TROOPER
 You seem in a hellfire hurry.

BILLI
 My mom is dying. I'm trying to get
 to her before she passes.

VIRGINIA TROOPER
 Hitchhiking is illegal in Virginia.

The Charlottesville Driver returns.

CHARLOTTESVILLE DRIVER
 Trooper.
 (shows ticket)
 Ticket's good. Gonna board?

VIRGINIA TROOPER
 I should bust you. Dangerous stunt.

BILLI
 I apologize, sir. I won't do it
 again.

All three stand silent while the Trooper decides whether to
 let it slide. It's close, then:

VIRGINIA TROOPER
 If I catch you again...
 (waves hand)
 (MORE)

VIRGINIA TROOPER (CONT'D)
Go ahead. Stay on this bus no
matter what.

BILLI
Thank you, sir.

CHARLOTTESVILLE DRIVER
That's yer lesson fer today, Missy.
(to Trooper)
I'll see to it.

The Trooper nods: "You better."

EXT. SPRINGFIELD, VA BUS STATION - NIGHT

Billi exits the bus. She shivers in the cold.

BILLI
Shouldn't have thrown out that
coat, Psych.

She drums her smartphone.

INT. BIG BOX STORE - WOMEN'S CLOTHES - NIGHT

Billi in a warm winter coat. She cuts off the security tag
with scissors from housewares then ditches them.

GROCERY

Billi swipes a can of cat food and slips it in the pocket of
the stolen winter coat.

In view of security cameras, Billi leaves the store.

LOSS PREVENTION OFFICE

A Loss Prevention Specialist dumps a video frame of Billi to
a printer. She dials the police.

INT. COFFEE AND DOUGHNUT CHAIN STORE - NIGHT

On her smartphone, Billi nurses a coffee. Psyche sleeps in
the open backpack, a little cat food left for breakfast.

A bored Local Cop enters. She orders a coffee and doughnut.
As she waits, the Cop shoots Billi an intimidating stare that
would make even an innocent person wriggle.

Billi hides the coat rip with her hand.

The COUNTERPERSON (20s) fills the Cop's order. Before she's off, the Cop looks at Billi. The Cop knows Billi is the coat thief. She's Cop cat who wants to play with dead Billi mouse.

COUNTERPERSON
(points to clock)
Closing in five minutes. Ten P-M.

Exhausted, Billi picks up.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

The Cop parked. She watches the front door. Bites doughnut. Watches. Slug of coffee. Rinse and repeat.

The Counterperson does a lousy job wiping the display cases.

BILLI
Coffee is going right through me.
(indicates ladies)
Mind?

The Counterperson lifts her chin: "Don't care."

She takes her time en route. The Counterperson turns away.

Billi sprints through the swinging door to the --

KITCHEN

Deserted. Not yet time to make the doughnuts.

She doesn't waste time leaving through the back door.

CUSTOMER AREA

The Counterperson knocks on the ladies room door. Looks in. She kills the lights and locks the front door.

The Cop taps their nightstick on the door.

The Counterperson shrugs: "Whattya want? Closed."

EXT. BEHIND THE STRIP MALL - NIGHT

Looking for her prey in the alleyway, the Local Cop swings the Prowler's light from side to side.

Billi is history. Long gone.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD, VA STREETS - NIGHT

Billi ducks as another slow-moving Prowler passes. Searching.
She dodges and slips behind a --

CAR DEALERSHIP

New and used at low, low prices. Derelicts ready for scrap.

The Cop's Prowler enters the lot. Its searchlight illuminates shadowy corners.

Billi dives under a pickup. Searchlight flares across cars.

BILLI

Psych, I'm exhausted. Maybe I
should turn myself in. Try to
convince them.

She lies in the light snow for a bit, deciding what to do.

MEOOWWR.

BILLI

Okay. Let's find somewhere warm.

The Prowler heads out.

Billi stays low. Way back in the lot --

A CAMPER SHELL

upright on the ground.

Billi looks for it. She's surprised by lantern light inside when she yanks open the rusted door.

CROSS-EYED MARY (60s) startles. She's well kept, neat and in clean clothes. Funnily enough, her eyes are normal.

Despite the dankness, the camper is homey: tossed to the curb furniture, paintings and a broken vase with plastic flowers.

Heavy black paper covers the windows.

A small propane heater burns blue.

Mary's conversation punctuates with deep, raucous coughs that produce green phlegm. It's serious. Pneumonia.

A box of facial tissue for the phlegm rests at her elbow.

CROSS-EYED MARY
Who the hell are you!?

BILLI
Cops are looking for me. Could I
hide in here for a few minutes
until it's clear? Please.

CROSS-EYED MARY
Fuck the fuzz.
(waves wildly)
Get the fuck in. Close that door.

Billi climbs in, pulls the door. It doesn't lock.

CROSS-EYED MARY
Slam the fucker.
(pushes past)
I'll show ya.

Mary SLAMS the door. It locks.

CROSS-EYED MARY
Add that to my fixit list.

She goes around Billi, sits in a rusty lawn chair.

CROSS-EYED MARY
Got smokes? Pot?

Billi shakes: "No and No."

CROSS-EYED MARY
Cross-Eyed Mary.

BILLI
Billi.

CROSS-EYED MARY
What kind of name is that?

BILLI
Sort of a nickname. I'm Helene.

CROSS-EYED MARY
Helene. I like it better. Helene,
pass the foie gras, s'il te plait.
(laughs)
I give wicked stares when I'm
cross. Makes me look cross-eyed.

BILLI
Mind if I let my cat Psyche out?
She's well behaved.

CROSS-EYED MARY
 (chuckles)
 Let the cat out of the bag, huh?

Billi opens the backpack. Psyche sniffs and climbs out.

CROSS-EYED MARY
 Hello, pretty kitty Psyche. Bet
 you'd like some tuna.

She rifles through a box of canned goods, checks a can.

CROSS-EYED MARY
 Expired but good enough for a cat.

Mary opens it and serves Psyche who does the cat gobble.

Billi warms her hands in the miniscule flame from the heater.

CROSS-EYED MARY
 Let the other cat outta the bag.
 Why the fuzz after ya?

BILLI
 I was cold. I stole this coat.

Mary feels the coat material.

CROSS-EYED MARY
 Insulated. Good score.

She lifts the lantern to light Billi's face.

CROSS-EYED MARY
 Ya got the look of someone with a
 lot bigger headache, Helene.

Billi's sheepish look: "What makes you say that?"

CROSS-EYED MARY
 Worked for the D-O-D under rootin'
 tootin' Ronnie Reagan. Got paid a
 bunch for my opinion. Comes natural
 to me. Got intuition.

Psyche rubs against Mary's legs. Mary pets her.

Mary opens a bottle of cheap whiskey, takes a big slug. Billi
 accepts when Mary offers the bottle to her. She slugs.

Billi considers the camper: "What happened to you?"

CROSS-EYED MARY
How does a D-O-D Analyst come to
live like a hobo?

Mary rips the bottle from Billi's hand.

CROSS-EYED MARY
Don't fuck with me. Ain't easy for
women. If ya gotta know... shot my
mouth off too many times about
Ronnie's fucked foreign policy.
Blackballed from the government.
(raises bottle)
You look smart. Fill in the blanks
'tween then and now.

Mary looks off as if seeing something a million miles away.

CROSS-EYED MARY
I was goddamn good. World be a
better place if they listened.

BILLI
Was it worth it?

CROSS-EYED MARY
Fuckin' A it was. Right is right.
There's a higher calling than
shoveling bullshit to make assholes
feel important.

Mary pats her lap. Tentative, Psyche puts her paws up, and
sensing it's safe, leaps onto Mary's lap. She pets the cat.

CROSS-EYED MARY
Good kitty. Like Mary's lap?

BILLI
Will you help me?

Mary passes the bottle to Billi who slugs.

CROSS-EYED MARY
All ears, Helene.

Psyche purrs.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVE - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS - SECURING THE PARADE ROUTE

> Postal Employees cart off mailboxes.

- > Maintenance Workers erect sturdy barricades.
- > Soldiers lead bomb sniffing dogs along the route.
- > Secret Service assures manhole covers are welded shut.
- > Agent Leary walks the street looking for the extraordinary.

INT. CAMPER SHELL - NIGHT

Rapt, Mary leans back. Psyche snoozes.

CROSS-EYED MARY
Cocksuckers. Because she's a woman!

BILLI
You believe me then?

CROSS-EYED MARY
I've seen a lot of strange stuff.
Can't say I believe all the new-
agey stuff, but I do believe in a
run at the President.
(mutters)
Secret Service dipshits.

Mary rubs her chin. She sobers. A momentary return to former glory as a brilliant DOD Analyst.

CROSS-EYED MARY
Taking the Blue from Springfield-
Franconia, right?

Billi nods: "Yes. That's the plan."

CROSS-EYED MARY
Good. Transfer to the Yellow at the
Pentagon. Off at L'Enfant, north to
Independence. Cross the Mall near
Seventh to Pennsylvania.

Billi checks the DC Metro map on the smartphone.

CROSS-EYED MARY
Don't call attention to yourself.
Just another square to rah-rah the
President. Blend in with the crowd.

Mary takes Billi's arm.

CROSS-EYED MARY
You see the motherfucker, raise a
ruckus.

(MORE)

CROSS-EYED MARY (CONT'D)
Wave your arms, scream "Gun." There
will be undercover in the crowd.
(tightens grip)
Don't be a hero. 'Kay?

BILLI
I'm the farthest thing from a hero.

Mary releases her.

Billi lifts Psyche from Mary's lap, holds her close. Psyche
MEOWRRS, annoyed at being awakened.

BILLI
I can't take her. I was going to
leave her at the no-kill shelter.
(pets her)
Would you watch her until I get
back?

CROSS-EYED MARY
Could use the company... and help
with mice.

BILLI
I love you, Psych. You behave for
Mary. She'll take good care of you.
I'll be back soon.

Billi cries softly. Psyche paws Billi's face.

INT./EXT. CAMPER SHELL - DEALERSHIP LOT - DAY

Inauguration Day. Gray and frickin' cold.

Billi exits the camper.

CROSS-EYED MARY

salutes with two pounds of her fist on the chest.

CROSS-EYED MARY
May not think you're a hero, but
you are a goddamn warrior, Helene.
Godspeed.

Psyche wriggles to go with Billi. Mary holds her fast.

CROSS-EYED MARY
Don't forget to slam. Gotta fix
that.

Billi waves sad and small. She SLAMS the door. Psyche MEOWS and MEOWS inside. It tears Billi apart.

INT. FRANCONIA-SPRINGFIELD METRO STATION - DAY

Foot traffic is light. Federal holiday.

Billi reads instructions on a ticket machine. She counts money, a single and some change. She's short.

She looks to make sure no one watches, jumps the turnstile.

A SELF RIGHTEOUS PRICK (40s) catches her in the act.

SELF RIGHTEOUS PRICK
You. Farebeater.

Billi hustles to the --

LOWER LEVEL PLATFORM

Two heavily armed SOLDIERS (20s), a Private and a Corporal, patrol the platform with folded pictures in top pockets.

Billi heads in the opposite direction of their patrol -- to the other end of the platform.

Self Righteous runs down the stairs direct to the Soldiers.

SELF RIGHTEOUS PRICK
That woman jumped the turnstile.

The Soldiers glance, casual like.

CORPORAL
Whattya want us to do, Chief?

PRIVATE
Call in a air strike. BOOM!

They laugh.

SELF RIGHTEOUS PRICK
Very funny. What are you two clown's names?

PRIVATE
I'm Key
(points thumb)
that's Peele.

CORPORAL
No, I'm Key.

Self Righteous blusters.

CORPORAL
Step off, Chief. Tell the cops.

PRIVATE
They give a shit.

SELF RIGHTEOUS PRICK
Idiots.

The train enters the station.

INT. METRO BLUE LINE TRAIN - DAY

The CLACKETY-CLACK of wheels. The train sways on the tracks.

Self Righteous walks through the train to Billi's car. He spies her and watches from a distance.

INT. METRO - PENTAGON CITY STOP - DAY

Followed by Self Righteous, Billi exits to a crowded station. A hubbub of People with small American flags.

A squad of heavily armed Soldiers maneuver through the Crowd. They check female faces against a picture of Billi.

Self Righteous stays with Billi, scans for Metro Train Cops. Billi covers her head with the coat's hood.

The Yellow Line train barrels in.

The Crowd files in to pack like sardines. Self Righteous stands a few People away from Billi.

INT. METRO - L'ENFANT PLAZA STOP - DAY

The train dumps a rush of Passengers into a packed station.

Armed Soldiers funnel the Crowd to escalators where they check Billi's photo against faces.

As the Crowd moves to the escalators, Righteous is on Billi. He looks over heads to find a Metro Cop.

The trains rumbles on to its next stop.

The Crowd thins as it exits via escalator.

Righteous sights a JADE METRO COP (30s) who has Billi's pix.

SELF RIGHTEOUS PRICK
Officer! That woman beat the fare
in Springfield. I witnessed it.

JADED METRO COP
Sir, we're a bit busy today. It's
been decriminalized anyway.

SELF RIGHTEOUS PRICK
She broke a law you're charged with
enforcing. Write a ticket then.

The Metro Cop sighs: "This guy ain't going away."

SELF RIGHTEOUS PRICK
There! You. Miss. I saw you evade
the fare.

Billi turns her head slightly to Righteous then away.

SELF RIGHTEOUS PRICK
You! In the coat.

JADED METRO COP
All right, sir. Calm down.

Righteous at his elbow, the Metro Cop pushes through the
thinning Crowd toward Billi.

JADED METRO COP
Miss, a word with you.

Others crane their necks and move away from Billi.

No way out. The line to the escalator is long.

Billi makes a crazy, desperate decision. She's too close now.

SIGN: EMERGENCY EXIT

She leaps to the tracks and onto the --

EMERGENCY WALKWAY

She skitters along.

STATION PLATFORM

The next train pulls in.

The Metro Cop calls in on the two-way.

JADED METRO COP
17 at L'Enfant. Female fare evading
suspect traveling north on the
emergency walk. Requesting Officer
intercept at the emergency exit.

SELF RIGHTEOUS PRICK
I told you. I told you.

The Metro Cop waves his hand: "Okay. Shut the fuck up now."

Self Righteous catches a glimpse of Billi's picture.

SELF RIGHTEOUS PRICK
That's her. That's HER!

BILLI

walks as fast as possible on the narrow walkway.

THE TRAIN

leaves the station.

Billi flattens against the wall. Light from the passing train
windows strobes Billi's petrified face.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - METRO EMERGENCY EXIT - DAY

Billi rises from the exit, closes the hatch and beats it. She
merges with a Crowd waving small American flags.

Two Metro Cops reach the exit. One opens the door, descends.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - NATIONAL MALL NEAR 7TH - DAY

The mood is electric. Red, white and blue everywhere. Excited
and upbeat People snake to Pennsylvania.

Armed Soldiers, DC Cops, Capitol Police. Thick as flies on
tasty guano. They're all looking for B-I-L-L-I.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - METRO EMERGENCY EXIT - DAY

The Cop climbs out of the exit. She calls in on two way.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - SEVENTH AND CONSTITUTION - DAY

Billi manages to get her bearings on a smartphone map.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - US CAPITOL BUILDING STEPS - DAY

Ringed by Soldiers, Agent Leary confers with Chary.

Leary answers a call.

LEARY
 (phone)
 Leary.
 (listens)
 They're absolutely positive?
 (stricken)
 Good work.

She hangs up.

LEARY
 Motherlovin'...

About to use her sleeve mike, a Metro Cop Commander whispers to Leary. He points in the direction of the emergency exit.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - 7TH AND PENNSYLVANIA - DAY

Billi elbows her way forward. People elbow back and protest. Her hood gets pushed down.

Near Pennsylvania now, Billi references landmarks.

This is it! She climbs building steps to see over the crowd. She eyes The Assassin against the barricade.

It's packed tight. She can't push through.

Arms grab her from behind.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - US CAPITOL BUILDING STEPS - DAY

Agent Leary counsels POTUS.

LEARY
 Madame President, we strongly
 recommend travel in the First Car.
 There is a highly credible threat.

PRESIDENT
 I received more threats than any
 presidential candidate. If I duck
 every time I'm threatened, I'll
 lead from under a desk.

POTUS looks to FGOTUS.

PRESIDENT

Care to take a little walk with me?

He crooks his arm for her to take and plants a sweet kiss.

LEARY

Double the detail around her.

Chary nods: "You bet your ass I will." She twirls 'saddle up,' talks to her sleeve.

CHARY

Phoenix on the move. Foot.

(off mike)

Goddamit!

They step into history.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - 7TH AND PENNSYLVANIA - DAY

To the casual observer it appears a Man hugs his significant other from behind.

Billi wriggles. John holds her tight. He whispers:

JOHN

Don't test me. I will kill you.

Billi catches John's face in the corner of her eye.

BILLI

It was you in the car.

JOHN

No shit.

BILLI

You swore allegiance to this country.

JOHN

This traitorous woman cannot lead our country. My uncle and I are going into the history books as patriots that changed history.

BILLI

You're the traitor. You'll live in infamy, like...

(thinks)

...like Oswald.

JOHN

My father's hero. Why do you think
a Kennedy named his son John?

He locks Billi in a chokehold. Still looks like affection.
John pushes a gun into Billi's back.

JOHN

Shut the fuck up. The die is cast.

Hail to the Chief plays. The Crowd who goes wild in high-
spirited HOOTS, HOLLERS and APPLAUSE.

Smartphones lift to capture the event.

BILLI

Gun! Gu...

John slaps his hand over her mouth.

Billi closes her eyes. The scene becomes gauzy. Indistinct.

BILLI AND JOHN'S SHARED VISION - THE ASSASSINATION PLOT

INT. CLEVELAND MEETING HALL - MAY 6, 1901 - NIGHT

A meeting of government-hating Anarchists.

Fiery Anarchist EMMA GOLDMAN (30s) preaches to a choir of
acolytes. BILLI IS GOLDMAN.

GOLDMAN

We merely desire complete
individual liberty, and this can
never be obtained as long as there
is an existing government.

Polite APPLAUSE. Wild-eyed LEON CZOLGOSZ (20s) APPLAUDS
louder than the rest. On August 31, 1901, he successfully
assassinates President McKinley. JOHN IS LEON.

PODIUM - LATER

The mousy Leon edges to Goldman. Captivated though shaking
with fear to address her.

CZOLGOSZ

You are a great speaker.

She shakes his hand.

GOLDMAN

Thank you, Mister...

CZOLGOSZ

Leon F. Czolgosz. Your words speak truth to me.

(taps heart)

I hear them here.

GOLDMAN

Thank you, kind sir. I would enjoy speaking further but I must be off for a train awaits.

CZOLGOSZ

Pardon my bold. Can I accompany you to the station?

Goldman smiles sourly: "I'd rather not."

EXT. CLEVELAND - SUPERIOR STREET - NIGHT

A loyal puppy dog, Czolgosz trails Goldman.

CZOLGOSZ

President McKinley is the enemy of good people. Working people. He does not deserve to live.

GOLDMAN

I do not advocate violence as the Anarchist's tool. Though the sound of a tossed bomb reaches many ears.

Czolgosz stops. He grips Goldman's hand with his two. He pumps excitedly.

CZOLGOSZ

I have my answer. I take leave to do my duty.

GOLDMAN

Strike a blow against tyranny, Mr. Czolgosz.

CZOLGOSZ

Thank you. Thank you.

Walking on air, Czolgosz rushes off.

GOLDMAN

Poor misguided fellow... batty.

With a dismissive shake of her head, Goldman moves on.

INT. BUFFALO, NY - TEMPLE OF MUSIC - DAY

The Pan-American Exposition. President McKinley is at the end of a receiving line.

Handkerchief-covered revolver in hand, patient Czolgosz awaits his turn at the front of the line.

McKinley extends a friendly grip. Czolgosz slaps it away, lifts the revolver.

CRACK. CRACK.

McKinley falls.

Czolgosz is quickly wrestled to the ground.

END VISION

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - 7TH AND PENNSYLVANIA - DAY

John's eyes are wide -- he's in a limp stupor. He lowers the weapon to his side.

Shocked, Billi easily pulls his hand from her mouth.

JOHN

Wha... what was that?

BILLI

My God! You saw that?! We shared the vision?

JOHN

You put the whammy on me, witch.

BILLI

You saw it. We were responsible for McKinley's death. No coincidences, John. This is why we met.

(takes his arm)

We can stop this. Help me.

THE PRESIDENT

nears the barricade.

JOHN

shakes his head over and over: "This can't be. It's a trick."

Billi gathers strength and plows through to The Assassin.

The Assassin's weapon is prepared, at his thigh.

The President a mere five yards away.

Leary just ahead of the Prez. Laser focus on the Crowd.

Billi punches and beats her way forward.

Leary makes contact with Billi. She trains her weapon.

LEARY
KNUTSON!

Secret Service smothers the President and First Gentleman.
They physically pick them up and toss them in the First Car.

Billi points at the Assassin.

BILLI
GUN! GUN! GUN!

Pandefuckingmonium. People SCREAM. Scatter.

Single minded, Leary stays on Billi.

LEARY
KNUTSON!

The Assassin turns to Billi.

THE ASSASSIN
You fucker. Do you know what you've
done?

BILLI
Yes.

CRACK. CRACK.

Billi falls.

Bedlam Squared. SCREAMS. People rush in every direction.

The Assassin stands alone. Exposed.

A volley of SMALL ARMS FIRE. Hasta la vista Assassin.

Leary and other Agents leap the barricade. They confiscate
The Assassin's weapon and make sure he's neutralized. He is.

Gun in hand, John zombie-walks toward Billi, trains on her.

Leary trains on him.

LEARY

We know you're a conspirator,
Kennedy! Put the gun on the ground
and lie face down, hands on head.

He moves to drop the weapon, swings it up quick and shoots himself in the temple.

Leary holsters and kneels next to Billi.

LEARY

Ms. Knutson? Billi?
(to Agents)
E-M-T. NOW!

BILLI

She okay?

Leary nods: "Yes. Thanks to you."

LEARY

I'm so sorry. Hang in there.
(desperate)
E-M-T! Fucking NOW!

She holds Billi's hand. Billi flinches.

BILLI

May I tell you something.

LEARY

What is it?

BILLI

Your father died when you were so young. He loves and misses you so much. You'll always be his little, laughing Kookaburra. He wants you to know that.

Beyond boggled, Leary stares at her. She weeps.

LEARY

E-M-T! Goddamn IT!

BILLI

I got my gift back. Maybe Karma ain't a bitch.

EMTs swarm all over Billi.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD, VA - CAR DEALERSHIP - BACK LOT - DAY

A CRANKY SALES MANAGER (50s) sniffs the air. A GREEN SALESMAN (20s) wrinkles his nose at something putrid in the air.

CRANKY SALES MANAGER
What the hell is that? Dead animal?

GREEN SALESMAN
Customers been complaining about
the smell. Lost a sale yesterday.

CRANKY SALE MANAGER
Maybe you stink as a car salesman.

They track the smell to the Camper Shell.

CRANKY SALES MANAGER
Something musta climbed in and
died.

He opens the door. Psyche flies out.

GREEN SALESMAN
What the hell was that?

CRANKY SALES MANAGER
Cat. Ain't ya ever seen a cat?

They hold their noses. The Sales Manager peers in.

CRANKY SALES MANAGER
Jesus H Christ on a cracker! Dead
woman in there.

He gingerly pushes the door closed. It locks.

Psyche bullets through the lot, narrowly escapes being hit.

EXT. BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS NEAR ASHEVILLE, NC - DAY

Summer knocks on the door of late spring.

Her fur matted and dirty, a skeletal Psyche hobbles on a hurt
back paw through light woods. In the clearing up ahead --

A MODEST CABIN

Lonely and remote.

Psyche leaps up onto a window sill. She scratches the window.

INT. MODEST CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Her hair completely white, Billi turns from a book to the SCRATCHING. She struggles to rise and takes up a cane.

Psyche MEOWS.

With a partially paralyzed left side, her movement is slow and deliberate.

On the wall, a display showcasing the Presidential Medal of Freedom, and a picture of the President bestowing it on her.

Psyche lifts on haunches, puts her front paws on the window.

Billi beams -- overjoyed at their reunion.

THE END