

TO LOVE AND DIE IN L.A.

by

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W/O

FADE IN ON:

A BMW 5 series pulls into a gas station.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

HILDY YOUNG, late 20's, sits in the passenger seat. She's pretty, in a guileless girl-next-door kind of way, dressed up in a skirt and sweater. The driver, ROBERT, 30's, and cute, weaves his fingers through hers as they flirt playfully.

ROBERT

This could've gone the other way, you know... date three is do or die.

HILDY

(giggles)

If that's your way of telling me you want me dead, I want to go quickly- no pain or heartbreak.

ROBERT

You really think I'd let you out of this that easily? No way.

And he kisses her. Hildy kisses him back, leaning in and letting herself go. Robert sits back and smiles at her adoringly. Hildy smiles back.

ROBERT

(opens the car door)

Don't go anywhere.

HILDY

Not even the restroom?

ROBERT

Nope.

HILDY

What if it's an emergency?

ROBERT

Do you have any idea how hard it is to find a nice girl in L.A?

(with another kiss)

I always say, when you find what you're looking for, hold tight and don't let go.

A flash of panic crosses Hildy's face. She masks it with a smile as Robert closes the door.

OUTSIDE-- Robert turns his attention to the gas pump. He puts in his credit card, picks an octane level, and places the nozzle into the gas tank. He turns back to the car.

ROBERT  
(pulls open the car door)  
You want to go get coffee or just--

He stops-- Hildy's not in her seat.

ROBERT  
Very funny...

Robert peers over the back seat. No Hildy. He chuckles as he looks under seats where Hildy couldn't possibly fit.

ROBERT  
Okay, you're hilarious--

He folds the back seat down and looks in the trunk. Hildy is not in the car.

ROBERT  
You're gonna be in big trouble when I  
find you... good trouble.

He peers under the car. Nothing.

ROBERT  
Okay come out now. You're starting  
to freak me out.

No response. Robert looks around, concerned. He spots a sign on the gas station-- RESTROOM. He breathes a sigh of relief and heads toward it.

A very masculine woman walks out of the women's room.

ROBERT  
Is there anyone else..?

The man/woman shakes her head. Robert pulls open the door and peers in. IT'S EMPTY. Robert lets the door close. He looks around, panicked now.

ROBERT  
HILDY?!

CUT TO:

A SEMI TRUCK-- pulls out of the gas station and rounds the corner, Hildy, in her cute sweater and skirt, runs right behind it. She leaps onto the back and hangs on for dear life as it speeds off down the road.

CUT TO:

HILDY (V.O.)  
I guess I panicked.

INT. HILDY'S THERAPIST'S OFFICE- DAY

Hildy sits on a couch facing her UNSEEN MALE THERAPIST. In jeans, with her hair pulled up, she looks a bit embarrassed.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

So you thought it was safer to hitch a ride on the back of a semi than to stay in the car with a potentially healthy relationship?

HILDY

When you say it like that, it sounds really bad.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

You realize you could have been hurt?

HILDY

That's why I did it.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

To hurt yourself?

HILDY

No. To avoid the pain. Look, Robert's a great guy, he's cute, and smart, and nice... and available... and my fingers were getting all tingly when he touched them, and the kissing was... Am I allowed to talk about kissing?

THERAPIST (O.S.)

You can talk about anything here.

HILDY

It was hot. Which made me like him even more... Which made me start to worry that one day I'd be waiting for him and he just wouldn't show up. Or worse, what if I fell out of love with him? Then what? Then I'd end up married to a person I didn't love and completely miserable for the rest of my life. It was like lightning went off in my head.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

I think the term is light bulb.

HILDY

Maybe for some people-- but this was lightning-- and it was warning me that the storm was coming.

(MORE)

HILDY (cont'd)  
It was yelling run... run away,  
before you get struck down.

THERAPIST (O.S.)  
Struck down by... intimacy?

Hildy thinks about this for a second.

HILDY  
I'm not coming twice a week.

THERAPIST (O.S.)  
Commitment is challenging, Hildy.  
Your mother's relationship history  
doesn't make it easier.

HILDY  
I'm not sure I'd call most of her  
marriages relationships.

THERAPIST (O.S.)  
And yet your sister Nancy made it  
past date three and into a lasting  
marriage.

HILDY  
Only because after mom's fifth  
divorce we made a blood oath to never  
get divorced no matter what-- By the  
way, at least Robert wasn't insane or  
a criminal. I am making progress.

THERAPIST (O.S.)  
But the fact remains, if you want to  
break your family legacy, and form  
healthy lasting relationships, at  
some point you're going to have to  
step outside your comfort zone.

HILDY  
Outside? My comfort zone is barely  
big enough to fit in.

The therapist is silent. Hildy lets out a sigh--

HILDY  
You mean my father.

THERAPIST (O.S.)  
Finding out who he is, why he's never  
been in your life, could be the first  
step to moving forward.

Hildy picks her fingernails, thinking about it.

THERAPIST (O.S.)  
Do you really want a whole life that  
ends at date three?

Hildy looks at him, no way.

CUT TO:

INT. JANET'S HOUSE - EVENING

A perfectly decorated old Pasadena manse. Hildy stands with her half-sister, NANCY, 30's, and pretty, but with a disappointed edge.

HILDY  
I've decided to find my father.

Nancy's mouth drops open and she grabs Hildy in a awkward hug.

NANCY  
I'm so excited for you. It's about  
time.

HILDY  
Thanks, Nance, I haven't told Mom  
yet.

NANCY  
You should tell her in front of  
everyone so she has to act like she's  
okay with it.

Pullback to reveal a small cocktail party going on around them. Holding court, at the trophy filled mantel, is their mother JANET, late 50's and beautiful. She's clearly had some work done but it just makes her all the more perfect looking.

JANET  
...Olympic trials in archery...  
(selling her)  
She would have made gymnastics too,  
if she hadn't developed those  
luscious breasts.

HILDY  
Is she talking about my breasts?  
(off Nancy's confirmation)  
Can I borrow your ponytail holder?

Nancy takes her ponytail down and hands it over.

BACK WITH JANET--

JANET

It just breaks my heart to see her  
alone in the world.

Hildy loads an M&M into the ponytail holder and pulls back.

NANCY

You have no shot.

Hildy smiles assuredly and lets the M&M fly. IT WHIZZES mere centimeters past a man's belly, through the crook of a woman's arm, and between two guests straight into JANET'S ASS.

Janet startles and looks at Hildy, this has clearly happened before. Hildy waves sweetly, like everything is totally normal. Nancy tries not to giggle. Janet swipes subtly at her ass and smiles back at her guests.

Gretchen, 9, and Susie, 7, rush up and hand Hildy her cell phone.

SUSIE

It sounds pretty now.

HILDY

Thanks, Suze.

GRETCHEN

Grammy said we could put on  
some of her lip gloss.

SUSIE

(to Nancy)  
Please, Mom, please.

NANCY

Only if you remember you look just as  
pretty without it, no matter what  
Grammy says.

GRETCHEN

Grammy said we should get some for  
you and Aunt Hildy too.

HILDY

I'm sure she did.

Hildy's cell phone rings "BAD TO THE BONE".

HILDY

That makes my phone sound prettier?

The girls giggle and run away. Hildy looks at the caller ID.

NANCY

Lawyer you left at the movies?

HILDY

Accountant I left at the gas station.  
I don't know how to turn it off  
without answering.

NANCY

Just be glad you got away now--  
before you got scared no one else  
would ever come along and ended up  
married to a man who wears an apron.

She looks disgustedly across the room at HER HUSBAND, PAT, 30's, HANDSOME IN A COMPLETELY ASEXUAL WAY. Over his very expensive clothes he wears-- yup, an apron. He smiles lovingly at his wife.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. JANET'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Dinner is on the table. Janet sits between Pat and her husband HAL, 70's and overweight. Pat eyes his plate.

PAT

Is this the new Limoges?

JANET

Limited edition.  
(slaps Hal's hand)  
Bread and butter are not for diets.

Hal looks very disappointed as Janet takes his roll away.

ACROSS THE TABLE, Hildy sits next to Nancy, trying to MUFFLE THE SOUND OF HER CELL PHONE.

NANCY

You could answer and work on getting  
over your fear of confrontation.

HILDY

You're one to talk. Who moved the  
place cards so she wouldn't have to  
sit next to her own husband.

Gretchen, pretending to be a dog, chases Susie the cat from under the table.

NANCY

Do you think he could be her  
illegitimate son?

They look at Pat (Nancy's husband), and Janet (their mother), whispering like best friends. There is a resemblance.



NANCY

I could keep our blood oath to never divorce and have the marriage annulled if it turned out I married my brother.

HILDY

I think you're out of luck. You didn't marry your brother, you married our mother.

It's clearly the case as Janet and Pat head into the kitchen. The OLDER COUPLE on Hildy's other side turns to her.

OLDER MAN

Your mother tells me you work in banking.

OLDER WOMAN

She said baking. Not banking.

OLDER MAN

I don't have Alzheimers.

HILDY

Actually you're both right. I was in banking... and baking... I write science textbooks now.

OLDER WOMAN

That sounds fascinating.

HILDY

Not really.

JANET

(walking by with a cake)  
I wish she could stop all this job craziness and find someone to love.

Pat laughs behind her. Hildy looks ill. Janet lights the single candle on the cake and starts to sing.

JANET

Happy anniversary to you...

HILDY

(whispers to Nancy)  
Shouldn't there be seven candles? It is her seventh first anniversary.

NANCY

Watch her mouth when she tries to say his name.

EVERYONE	JANET
Happy anniversary dear Janet and Hal...	Happy anniversary dear me and Mi...Ke...Lew...Na...Hal...

Hildy and Nancy crack up, as Janet and Hal cut the cake. Hal tries to lick the frosting, but Janet slides the cake away.

CUT TO:

INT. JANET'S HOUSE, FOYER -- LATER

Hildy stands with Janet at the door-- the last ones left.

JANET  
Goodnight, darling.  
(off Hildy's not moving)  
Do you need to use the restroom?

HILDY  
No, I was... I mean, I wondered...

JANET  
You're mumbling, dear. I can't help,  
if I can't hear.

HILDY  
(bravely blurts)  
I want to know about my dad.

Janet stares at her, her face steady.

HILDY  
My real one. And I don't mean Steve  
McQueen.

JANET  
Steve was devastatingly in love with  
me, he just couldn't bring himself to  
leave his dying wife. It was  
admirable really...

HILDY  
Mom, please, I want the truth. I  
want to find him.

JANET  
Honey, you said the same thing when  
you were six and the feeling passed.  
Bond with your stepfather. Or better  
yet, stop running away from your  
boyfriends and get married, that'll  
take care of your father issues once  
and for all.

HILDY  
Even a picture, or a letter..

JANET  
No dumping old dirt on new carpets.  
Those mementos are locked up tight  
for after I'm dead.

HILDY  
Locked up... here?

JANET  
(with a cheek kiss)  
Goodnight, darling. It's my  
anniversary and I need to make sure  
Hal's not in one of his sexy moods.

Janet eases Hildy out and closes the door behind her.

OUTSIDE-- Hildy looks at the lights in the window and sighs.

TIME CUT TO:

OUTSIDE-- The house is dark. Hildy is gone.

INT. JANET'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Moving past THE BURGLAR ALARM WHERE CUT WIRES HANG LOOSELY to--

THE KITCHEN-- Hildy silently takes Ziploc baggies out of a drawer. She just closes it when-- LIGHT POURS THROUGH THE KITCHEN DOOR. Someone's in the dining room. Hildy panics. She opens the cupboard, but can't fit inside. She moves to the pantry-- it's padlocked closed.

THE SHUFFLE OF FOOTSTEPS IS GETTING CLOSER. With nowhere to go, Hildy scrambles onto the counter just as HAL turns on the kitchen light. He walks by the counter-- Hildy's gone.

Hal keeps moving, straight to the refrigerator. He pulls open the door and looks inside.

ABOVE HIM, PERCHED PRECARIOUSLY IN THE TINY SPACE ON TOP OF THE REFRIGERATOR, with a coffee maker in one hand and a rice cooker in another, trying not to breathe-- IS HILDY.

CUT TO:

THE EMPTY CAKE PLATE IN THE SINK.

Hildy walks past the mantle with all her trophies; ARCHERY, GYMNASTICS, FENCING, SHOW JUMPING, PHOTOGRAPHY...

Hildy keeps moving, silently up the stairs and down the hall. She tries the handles on the doors as she passes-- one turns, the next turns, she tries the third-- LOCKED. A small smile slips onto her face as she stops in front of the locked door.

Like it's second nature, HILDY PULLS THE BARRETTE OUT OF HER HAIR AND SLIPS IT INTO THE LOCK. She jiggles it lightly and voila. Hildy replaces her barrette and pushes open the door.

SHE STOPS DEAD AT THE SIGHT-- inside the room is a love seat, a small correspondence desk, and a wall to wall bookshelf filled with LINEN COVERED SHOEBOXES.

Hildy stares in awe as she moves toward the shoeboxes. Each of them is labeled with dates and initials. She opens a box in the first row. Inside is a glass jar with a long dead worm and an old photo of five year olds kissing. She closes the box and moves down a couple of rows.

She pulls out a box with a star on it-- This one has a wedding ring and a veil on top. She puts the box back and keep moving down the rows, calculating to herself...

HILDY  
February 11th minus nine months...

There it is: JW DECEMBER 16 1977 - MAY 30, 1978. Hildy takes a deep breath and lifts the box into her hands.

She carries it carefully to the couch, sits down and, oh-so-gently, opens it up. A 30 YEAR OLD PHOTO OF JANET AND A TALL HANDSOME MAN IN HIS 20'S STARES BACK AT HER-- HER FATHER.

END ACT I

ACT II

INT. PAINTBALL AREA, LOCKER ROOM - DAY

HILDY

His name is J. White.

Pullback to see Hildy is all geared up in fatigues, goggles, and a big silver gun. A pink cardigan tops off the outfit.

HILDY

Obviously not Steve McQueen.

Beside her, Nancy and her daughters are all geared up with goggles and guns too. They put their clothes in a locker.

NANCY

She's such a liar. I can't believe she's had all that stuff this whole time. I'm surprised you didn't find dead bodies.

(locks her locker)

I wonder what she has from my dad. Maybe she lied about that too and he's still alive. How'd you get in the room?

Hildy shrugs innocently as they walk toward the door.

NANCY

I wish I had your skills.

HILDY

Yeah, 'cause breaking and entering really come in handy in my everyday life.

THE GIRLS STEP ONTO THE PAINTBALL FIELD: Men in fatigues and kids in dayglow duck behind trees and dart behind barricades. Teams run around shooting each other with brightly colored paintballs. It's a messy battle.

HILDY

Maybe I should just watch.

GRETCHEN

It's our girls' day. We need four to make a team.

SUSIE

Girls day, girls day, every day is girl's day.

Nancy gives Hildy a look, she has to play. Hildy takes off her sweater and hands it to the paintball ref.

HILDY

Can you hold this for me so it doesn't get all painty?

The ref looks amused as the girls run out onto the field.

TIME CUT TO:

HILDY AND NANCY SIT BEHIND A BRICK BARRICADE-- Hildy is still perfectly clean, while Nancy looks like a Jackson Pollack.

HILDY

It's finally like he really exists.  
(shoots a paintballer)  
His handwriting even kind of looks  
like mine in the break-up letter.

NANCY

He broke up with her? I thought no  
one ever broke up with her.

HILDY

He did.  
(reciting from memory)  
Dear Janet...

A huge guy in army gear races toward them, Hildy lifts her gun and splatters his belly with pink paint. The guy's pissed. Hildy's oblivious, still reciting the letter.

HILDY

...while I value our friendship...

NANCY

Can I have a copy. I need a copy.

HILDY

(shoots more paintballers)  
She also kept his T-shirt that still  
smells of old English Leather.

NANCY

Wow. Do you think she actually loved  
him?

HILDY

I don't know, she also had a worm  
from some five year old she kissed.

Gretchen and Susie, covered in blue paint, rush up.

GRETCHEN

Aunt Hildy, Aunt Hildy... you have to  
go fight.

NANCY

You're supposed to say, excuse me,  
before you interrupt.



Hildy nails a player in a tree, another behind a wall, then dives behind a man who gets splattered with Blue's paintball.

Pink and blue paint blobs fly, players fall, and Hildy and Blue shoot and duck, run and gun, having a blast.

The entire arena has been cleared. Only Blue is visible hiding behind a tree, watching... waiting... when--

HILDY (O.S.)  
I warned you.

Blue turns to see Hildy with her gun pointed right at him.

HILDY  
Sorry.

Before Blue can press his trigger, A BIG SPLAY OF PINK PAINT LANDS DIRECTLY ON HIS CHEST. He's out.

THE BUZZER RINGS. Hildy's the winner. She jumps around ecstatically. Nancy and the girls run to hug her excitedly.

GRETCHEN  
Pink rules! Pink rules!

HILDY  
Did you see how cute he was..? I'm going to go shake his hand.

She turns back to Blue, but he's already walking away.

HILDY  
(calls after him)  
Bye... Good game.

He nods, all the flirty fun gone, as he joins his friends.

HILDY  
He probably just doesn't want to talk to me with paint all over him. Maybe we should follow him home? That way when he realizes he forgot to get my number I can give it to him.

NANCY  
No way. The last guy you made me follow with you was that con artist you thought was "the one".

HILDY  
Yeah... he was a mistake.  
(sees Blue get in his car)  
But this guy seems really sweet.



NANCY

Bulletin-- men who are sweet you  
don't want to follow-- Those are the  
guys you want to kill with  
paintballs.

Hildy finally pulls her eyes from Blue and turns to Nancy.

HILDY

You have to admit it would be easier  
than dealing with them.

CUT TO:

INT. TEXTBOOK OFFICES - DAY

Lots and lots of cubicles. Hildy sits in hers, staring at her  
computer: The results of her Google search stare back at her,  
"RESULTS 1-10 of about 125,000,000 for J. WHITE."

Hildy lets out a sigh and picks up her Ziploc baggie  
containing all the evidence of her father. She eyes the  
contents-- the t-shirt, the letter, THE PHOTO...

CUT TO:

INT. TEXTBOOK OFFICES, MR. THOMAS'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Hildy stands in front of her boss, MR. THOMAS, 50's. He looks  
like he has a science textbook company. Bland. Hildy holds  
THE OLD PHOTO OF HER PARENTS in front of him.

HILDY

Just imagine if we could see what  
these people would look like thirty  
years from when this photo was taken.  
It would give 8th graders a way to  
relate to cellular breakdown through  
real human experience.

MR. THOMAS

Miss Young, we've been through this  
before, with your "poisons in the  
periodic table" idea. Textbooks need  
to stick to the facts.

HILDY

But this would make the facts more  
interesting.

MR. THOMAS

Facts are quite interesting on their  
own.

HILDY

(gives up and turns to go)  
I'm sorry, you're right. I should never have bothered you. I just hate that Scholastic always gets credit for doing everything first.

MR. THOMAS

Scholastic is doing this?

HILDY

Shoot, I wasn't supposed to say anything... my friend who works there swore me to secrecy.

MR. THOMAS

Ms. Young, friendship is nothing compared to scientific breakthrough. Get to work on this immediately.

Hildy hides her grin as she leaves the office and stops dead--

ROBERT, her ditched date, is sitting on her desk. Hildy quickly ducks behind a cubicle where a co-worker is asleep.

Hildy takes a breath then peeks toward her desk again. Robert's looking the other way. Hildy darts to the window and looks out, IT'S A LONG LONG WAY DOWN.

She rushes back to the cubicle and looks around for another way out, any way out, when--

MR. THOMAS

(peering out his door)  
Ms. Young... What are you doing?

HILDY

Sorry, sir, I dropped the-- you know.

MR. THOMAS

Well pick it up and get to work.

HILDY

Yes, sir.

She has no choice but to stand up. She takes a few hesitant steps forward when ROBERT SPOTS HER. Hildy forces a smile and keeps moving toward him. She lifts her hand in optimistic greeting-- completely distracting anyone who might be looking from HER OTHER HAND, which uses A CLASSIC FENCING THRUST TO STAB HER PEN STRAIGHT INTO THE FIRE ALARM.

ALARMS SOUND. SIRENS WHIR. CUBICLES EMPTY. IT'S CHAOS. Employees surge toward the stairs, blocking Hildy from sight.

She slips into an empty cubicle and watches, relieved, as Robert's swept into the stairwell with the rest of the crowd.

As quickly as the chaos began, it's over, and the floor is empty. Hildy walks to the elevator and presses "down".

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

THE OLD PHOTO OF HILDY'S PARENTS sits in front of OFFICER FREEMAN, 50's. He presses print on his computer and takes a brownie from the plate next to him.

Across from him, Hildy holds the AGE ENHANCED photo of Janet-- SHE LOOKS MUCH OLDER THAN SHE DOES IN REAL LIFE.

HILDY

It's so amazing that you can use these to help find missing people.

OFFICER FREEMAN

Yup, this is my first textbook.

HILDY

My mom would pay a lot to have this destroyed.

OFFICER FREEMAN

(with a wink)

Want me to make you another copy?

Hildy giggles sweetly as Officer Freeman hands her the next photo and takes another brownie.

OFFICER FREEMAN

I swear these are the best dang brownies I ever tasted.

HILDY

I can give you the reci...

Her voice trails off as she looks at the photo in her hand, a handsome man in his 50's-- HER FATHER. Hildy swallows hard.

OFFICER FREEMAN

You alright?

HILDY

(sweet eyes welling)

Would you mind if I ask you one more question?

CUT TO:

A LIST OF "J WHITES" WITH PHONE NUMBERS AND ADDRESSES.

Pulling back to see Hildy is--

EXT. ROW HOUSE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

She looks down at the first name on the list, takes a breath and rings the doorbell. An INDIAN MAN opens the door.

HILDY

Hello, I'm wondering if Mr. J. White  
is at--

SLAM- in her face. Hildy looks at the photo of her dad and crosses the first J. WHITE off her list-- four more to go.

CUT TO:

QUICK SNIPPETS of Hildy checking out the other J. WHITES.

HILDY IS NOW ACCOMPANIED BY NANCY'S DAUGHTERS IN THEIR GIRL SCOUT UNIFORMS HOLDING COOKIES.

They stand outside a BIG BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE as A MAN WITH A BULBOUS NOSE slams the door on all of them. Susie bursts into tears. Hildy looks at her father's photo-- no match.

CUT TO:

HILDY-- dressed in black, HIDES IN THE BUSHES OF A UPPER MIDDLE CLASS SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD. She peers in the window at a woman watching TV and knitting.

HILDY

(into her cell phone)

He has a minivan, a pretty wife, and  
a pint of chunky monkey next to the  
couch. Do you think it's possible I  
could be half normal?

Mr. J. White enters the room. We pan up over his loafers, his khakis, his striped shirt, to his face-- he's a very handsome, perfectly normal, African American man-- NOPE.

END MONTAGE

EXT. JAMES WHITE CONTRACTING, THIRD STREET - EVENING

A small storefront set amidst restaurants, shops, and small industry, on an up-and-coming street. Hildy, with full face make up, paces the sidewalk while talking on her cell phone.

HILDY

Instead of taking me to lunch, Mom took me for a make-over and then to take my picture for some matchmaker.

(wandering down the alley)

How am I supposed to spy on a place that only has one window?

NANCY

You can't use my kids again. I had to buy a hundred boxes of girl scout cookies after last time.

INTERCUT WITH NANCY-- in her kitchen eating the cookies.

NANCY

Do you think Pat would leave if I got really fat? The oath is just for us not to initiate the divorce, right?

HILDY

Yeah, but you'd probably be huge by the time you got him to go.

NANCY

That's okay.

(eating more cookies)

There's no way Mom would be able to handle having a fat daughter. I bet she'd send me and the kids to a spa for at least a couple of months.

HILDY

Nice to know you're planning ahead.

NANCY

(glances at Pat playing Barbies with the girls)

Although he is good with the kids.

Hildy heads back to the sidewalk and stops short-- walking toward her is none other than BLUE, the cute guy from paintball. Hildy ducks back into the alley.

HILDY

(whispers urgently)

I have to go, paintball guy's here.

She tries to wipe off some make-up, then casually steps onto the sidewalk. Blue's past now. Hildy runs a couple of steps to catch up, and "accidentally" bumps him with her purse.

Blue startles, his hand instantly disappears into his jacket, as he turns to face his attacker. He calms down when he sees Hildy's no threat. He's about to walk away, when--

BLUE  
 (turns back, remembering)  
 ...Pink paintball girl, right?

HILDY  
 (tries to act surprised)  
 Wow, what a coincidence.

BLUE  
 Yeah.

They smile awkwardly, the chemistry is palpable.

HILDY  
 Do you, uh... live around here?

BLUE  
 (shakes his head)  
 Work. You?

HILDY  
 Me?

BLUE  
 Yeah, what are you doing around here?

HILDY  
 Oh... I'm looking for someone.  
 (realizing)  
 Not you, if that what you're  
 thinking, I wasn't following you  
 around or anything.

BLUE  
 I didn't think you were. I'd know if  
 someone were following me.

HILDY  
 Of course you would, and I wasn't.

BLUE  
 I know.

Hildy giggles uncomfortably. Blue smiles. They both stand there with nothing to say, but not ready to move on either.

HILDY  
 Did that paint come out okay? It  
 didn't turn all your clothes pink,  
 did it? I'd feel really bad if I  
 wrecked your stuff. Although pink  
 probably looks good on you.

BLUE  
 I don't wear pink.

HILDY

Oh.

Another awkward silence-- then--

BLUE

Maybe we should get together?

HILDY

Really? That would be great.

BLUE

Have a rematch.

HILDY

(disappointed)

Oh. Right, of course. Sure.

BLUE

I won't just let you win this time though.

HILDY

You didn't let me win.

BLUE

Yeah I did. You were so cute, I didn't have the heart to splatter you with paint.

HILDY

You tried to splatter me, you just miss- You thought I was cute?

BLUE

See you Sunday.

He walks away with a wry smile. Hildy waves after him.

HILDY

See you Sunday.

Hildy grins as Blue glances back at her. They both look away and continue in their opposite directions, when Hildy stops--

The door to James White Contracting is open in front of her. A woman steps out, EDDIE, 20's, and edgily sexy. She's followed by a wiry old man, GRANDFATHER, 70's. The door starts close behind them. Hildy sighs, disappointed, when--

The door eases back open and out walks, JAMES WHITE, 50's, tall, handsome, and the spitting image of Hildy's photo- Hildy stares at HER FATHER.

END ACT II

ACT III

HILDY (V.O.)  
He's nothing like I expected.

INT. HILDY'S THERAPIST'S OFFICE- DAY

Hildy is back on the couch facing her unseen therapist.

THERAPIST (O.S.)  
Which was what exactly?

HILDY  
I don't know...

AS HILDY SPEAKS WE FLASH ON a series of photos of James-- A veritable SURVEILLANCE SLIDE SHOW:

HILDY (O.S.)  
He's a contractor, although he doesn't really look like he'd wear a tool belt.

James walking out of James White Contracting.

HILDY (V.O.)  
He's totally handsome... but not in that creepy too handsome kind of way.

James walking into his Hillside home with A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

HILDY (V.O.)  
He dates a lot of really hot women.  
A lot.

James having dinner with A DIFFERENT BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

HILDY (V.O.)  
He seems pretty nice...

James smiling and shaking hands with someone on the sidewalk.

HILDY (V.O.)  
And he's a really really good driver.

James in the driver's seat of his black Porsche. THE SLIDE SHOW ENDS AS WE SEE-- HILDY in her blue bug, driving behind James. His car disappears into traffic.

THERAPIST (O.S.)  
You've been stalking him, haven't you?

BACK IN THE THERAPIST'S OFFICE:



HILDY

It's not stalking, it's following.  
I'm just trying to find the right  
moment to talk to him.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

It's understandable that this is  
frightening for you. After all, he  
was the first man you ever lost.

HILDY

I know, I told you he was a good  
driver.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

I was referring to the loss of your  
primary parental relationship.  
Remember--? The reason it's been so  
difficult to attach to men... and  
jobs...

HILDY

Oh. Right. Robert's still calling,  
by the way. I think maybe I should  
change my number.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Do you find it easier to talk about  
avoiding your dates than avoiding  
your father?

HILDY

I'm not avoiding him. I found him.

Silence from the therapist.

HILDY

Please don't look at me like that. I  
hate when you look at me like that.

More silence.

HILDY

If you feel that strongly about it,  
why don't you just tell me to stop  
following him around and go talk to  
him?

(off his look)

Is that a smile?

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES WHITE CONTRACTING - DAY

Hildy stands in the small storefront office. It's sparsely decorated; two chairs, a couple of architectural models, a counter with a bell, and a door to the back room.

Hildy has her hand over the bell. She closes her eyes and lets her hand drop. BING. She immediately tries to stop the sound, but it's too late, the door to the back is opening, and EDDIE, dressed like she's ready to go party, steps out.

EDDIE

Can I help you?

Hildy opens her mouth but no sound comes out.

EDDIE

Okay then, we're booked through the end of the year.

She starts to leave when Hildy finally blurts--

HILDY

I'm here to see James White.

Eddie looks her over, evaluating.

EDDIE

Let me guess-- temp.

HILDY

What..?

(chickening out)

I'm sorry. This is a mistake. I should have come sooner or later or-

EDDIE

Breathe, okay? You're freaking me out. This happens all the time.

HILDY

It does?

EDDIE

Sure. They send the wrong temp to the wrong job on the wrong day. But hey, no worries. You're here now and this job is about as chill as they get, which from the pit stains spreading under your arms, seems like exactly what you need.

HILDY  
 (pulls her shirt from her  
 armpits)  
 Thanks.

EDDIE  
 All you have to do is answer the  
 phone. Tell anyone who calls, or  
 stops in, we're booked through the  
 end of the year. Any questions,  
 knock on this door.

With that, Eddie returns to the back room. Hildy stares  
 dumbfounded at the closed door.

INT. JAMES WHITE CONTRACTING, BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An entirely different experience than the front. Warm light  
 casts a homey glow on the architectural space. High ceilings  
 and natural wood highlight expensive art and furniture.

Eddie moves past GRANDFATHER, who stares at a big screen TV.

EDDIE  
 I got a hundred bucks on the temp  
 losing it before lunch. Want in?

Grandfather ignores her, yelling at the TV.

GRANDFATHER  
 Just kill him already. Why are you  
 letting him speak? Talking only  
 leads to trouble.

JAMES  
 (steps out of his office)  
 We have a job.

Grandfather turns off the TV and follows Eddie into James's  
 lush office. Already on the couch is none other than, BLUE.

EDDIE  
 You guys want in on my temp break  
 down pool?

JAMES  
 I'd need more information.  
 (hands out file folders)  
 For now let's focus on--

He flicks a switch, casting the room in darkness.

JAMES  
 Julius LaRocca.

The painting behind his desk becomes a blank screen. A picture of a BALD MAN, 50's, JULIUS LARocca, appears.

BLUE  
The mob boss?

EDDIE  
Didn't you date his daughter?

BLUE  
I thought you dated his daughter.

EDDIE  
Oh right. She was trying to piss off her daddy.

JAMES  
Well, he's pissed off everyone now. Which is obviously why we've been called in. His family no longer cares to have him around.

BLUE  
Why aren't they handling it themselves?

JAMES  
Dynamics are complicated. We'll make sure things stay about business and everyone else's hands stay clean.

EDDIE  
Sounds totally passive aggressive.

JAMES  
Therapists don't take care of their own family problems. Why should the mob? Needless to say it has to look like an accident.

GRANDFATHER  
I hate accidents. What happened to good old fashioned hits, where people just paid us to shoot other people in the head?

CUT TO:

RECEPTION AREA-- SAME TIME

Hildy paces uncomfortably. She picks up a JAMES WHITE business card, and re-inspired, moves to the back door and tries the handle. It's locked. She reaches into her hair, but she has no barrette. She puts her ear to the door, trying to hear something. It's silent.

She turns and sees what she's looking for. She steps behind the counter and puts her ear to the HEATING VENT. There's sound. NO WORDS, but the low drone of human voices is there.

BACK TO:

JAMES'S OFFICE-- A slide show of LaRocca fills the screen.

BLUE  
I can handle him.

JAMES  
With the violent nature of the clients we'll all need to work together on this one.

Blue nods, hiding his disappointment.

JAMES  
We'll need to use a public area...

EDDIE  
Restroom mishap?

BLUE  
Construction site accident?

JAMES  
Onlookers need be able to verify there's been no foul play. Think restaurants... theaters...

A CELL PHONE ringing, "BAD TO THE BONE", stops the conversation. Blue looks at Eddie.

BLUE  
Subtle.

EDDIE  
It's not mine. I assumed it was yours.

JAMES  
Shhhh.

The ring sounds again. James pulls a gun from his desk and aims it right at the ceiling.

CUT TO:

IN THE VENTILATION SYSTEM-- Hildy's stuck in the tight space, unable to see anything as she squirms to try to reach the cell phone in her pocket.

BACK TO:

James, Blue, and Grandfather aim their guns at the ceiling.

JAMES  
(barely a whisper)  
Blue, back door... Grandfather,  
vents... Eddie...

EDDIE  
No no. I just make the weapons,  
remember. I don't use them.

She sits down as the men leap to action. Well, Grandfather goes his usual rate, but Blue and James move swiftly.

CUT TO:

RECEPTION AREA-- James comes through the door, hand in his pocket, on high alert, but not panicked. He takes in the room-- everything in place. He looks behind the counter--

THERE'S HILDY, exactly where she's supposed to be, with THE VENT CLOSED behind her. Her cell phone's right next to the vent ringing, "Bad to the Bone".

James takes his hand out of his jacket and smiles at the phone, then turns his charming smile right on Hildy.

JAMES  
That's a very distinct ring.

HILDY  
Could you hear it? I'm so sorry. My  
nieces thought it was funny.

JAMES  
Ah.  
(extends his hand)  
I don't think we've been properly  
introduced. I'm James White.

Hildy practically hyperventilates as he takes her hand.

JAMES  
And you are?

HILDY  
Oh sorry. Hildy... Hildy... Young.  
Yes, Young... At least since I was  
little.

James keeps a hold of her hand as she swallows nervously, gathering her courage.

HILDY  
Although, I think... I mean...

A FLY BUZZES BY, mercifully interrupting. Hildy and James both instantly reach out to grab it. The buzzing stops.

James moves to the trash can and opens his hand to throw the fly away--HIS PALM IS EMPTY. He looks at Hildy. Hildy steps up beside him and opens her hand, THERE'S THE FLY. She drops it into the trash.

James stares at her for a moment, assessing... finally his face breaks into an appreciative grin. Hildy smiles shyly back at him. Her cell phone begins to ring again.

JAMES

Well, Hildy Young, it seems someone is trying to reach you.

Hildy looks at James, her mouth is open, but she just can't go there.

HILDY

Sorry again for interrupting.

JAMES

Just knock if you need anything.

With that he disappears into the back room. Hildy watches him go, then practically collapses on the floor.

INT. JAMES WHITE CONTRACTING, BACK AREA - CONTINUOUS

JAMES

All clear.

Blue and Grandfather lower their weapons.

JAMES

It was the temp's cell phone.

He heads back into his office. Everyone follows.

EDDIE

That girl does not seem "Bad to the Bone".

JAMES

I completely agree. I'll put a hundred on her lasting the week.

BACK TO:

THE RECEPTION AREA-- Hildy whispers into the phone, using a raspy "sick" voice.

HILDY

I'm sorry, Mr. Thomas, the doctor said I can't come in all week... Yes, I'll be sure to finish the anatomy chapter... and stick to the facts.

BACK TO:

JAMES'S OFFICE-- the group is back to discussing LaRocca.

EDDIE

I'm working on a Bluetooth earpiece that sends an electronic shock into the brain.

JAMES

He's a technophobe, and a boring one. He eats, he golfs, he cheats on his wife, he has people maimed, he hides his money and he relaxes.

BLUE

Beverly Hot Springs, every Sunday.

EDDIE

I can rig a hot tub light to electrocute him. Tired, but effective.

JAMES

They're group tubs.

BLUE

How about his massage?

EDDIE

Poison oil, warmed up to absorb quickly through the pores, nothing eases tension like the sweet smell of cyanide.

JAMES

Nice, we'd need a female masseuse.

The men all look at Eddie.

EDDIE

Why are you even looking at me? You know I don't do field work.

GRANDFATHER

I could shoot him in a hunting accident.



JAMES

Let's keep it simple. Poison.

BLUE

He eats at one of the same three restaurants for lunch every day.

GRANDFATHER

I am so sick of poison.

JAMES

If we do it right, it'll look like a heart attack, in public, with witnesses. We just need a delivery system that won't risk harming anyone else.

BLUE

All the restaurants have steak au poivre as a specialty.

JAMES

A piece of meat?

EDDIE

How about the pepper?

James smiles, he likes that idea.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILDY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A cute duplex on a residential street. Robert sits on the front doorstep.

PANNING OVER TO THE BUSHES beside the apartment-- Hildy crouches behind them, whispering into her phone.

HILDY

I can't 'just deal with him'. What am I supposed to say, I don't want to go out with you?

NANCY

That sounds good.

INTERCUT WITH Nancy in Janet's kitchen with Pat and Janet.

HILDY

Maybe you should just tell Mom I can't make it.

NANCY  
 (to Janet)  
 Hildy might not be able to--

JANET  
 She's coming.

PAT  
 Without family we have nothing.

Nancy looks at Pat, disgusted. Janet grabs the phone.

JANET  
 Darling, I'm not some prom date you  
 can just steal a limo and ditch out  
 on. I expect you by seven, love you.

She hangs up and hands the phone back to Nancy.

END INTERCUT. Hildy peeks at Robert. He's going nowhere.  
 Hildy darts out of the bush, down her driveway, and around to  
 the back of the duplex. She looks up at the second floor.

She tosses her purse onto the ground, kicks off her shoes, and  
 pulls herself up onto the only tree in the backyard.

She climbs to the top, takes a hold of an outer branch and  
 lets her body drop. LIKE SHE'S WORKING THE UNEVEN BARS, she  
 swings back and forth a few times, until she gets just enough  
 torque to PROPEL HERSELF ONTO HER TERRACE.

CUT TO:

EXT. JANET'S HOUSE - EVENING

The grounds are amazing; pool, tennis courts, putting green,  
 and archery range, where Hildy teaches Susie how to shoot.  
 Nancy sits beside them, eating a tray of spinach puffs.

HILDY  
 I talked to my father today.

NANCY  
 What? I tell you everything. This  
 is like the biggest thing in your  
 whole life and you say nothing?

HILDY  
 I couldn't, I was at his office.  
 (pulls back Susie's bow)  
 There you go, Suze, take a breath and  
 release.

The arrow goes straight into the BULLS-EYE.

NANCY

His office? Is it nice? What did he say when you told him who you were? Did he remember Mom? Does he hate her..? Does he love you?

HILDY

We didn't actually get that far. Do you think he would... love me, I mean? He seems really nice. And smart, and... kind of dad-like.

NANCY

Dad-like... really?

Hildy nods, meaning it. Nancy squeezes her hand.

NANCY

Of course he'll love you. So what exactly did you say to him?

HILDY

Sorry for interrupting.

NANCY

(frustrated)

You are not still stalking him?

HILDY

Why does everyone think I'm a stalker. I'm not a stalker, I'm a follower. And I'm not following him, I'm working for him.

NANCY

Without him knowing who you are? Hill, you can't do this. You can avoid your dates for the rest of your life, but this is your Dad. You've got to tell him the truth.

SUSIE

My fingers hurt.

Susie hands the bow to Hildy who mindlessly loads arrows.

NANCY

Hildy, you can't start this relationship based on lies.

HILDY

Why do you say that like you know better?

BULLS-EYE-- splits the arrow before it.

NANCY

I'm trying to save you from having a miserable life like I do.

JANET

(steps outside, calling)  
Dinner!

SUSIE

Grandma says Aunt Hildy's the miserable one 'cause she has no one to love.

HILDY PULLS BACK AND WHIZZES AN ARROW RIGHT BY JANET'S HEAD.

JANET

(nonplussed)  
Very funny, Hildy.

BACK WITH HILDY- Nancy gently takes the bow out of her hand.

NANCY

I know you're scared, but this is your chance to finally have a real life, with a real dad.

Hildy meets her sister's eye, terrified.

HILDY

What if he doesn't want a real life with me?

NANCY

Then he's an ass. But the only way you're going to find that out, is to tell him you're his daughter.

Hildy looks at Nancy, hearing her.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES WHITE CONTRACTING, RECEPTION AREA- DAY

Hildy's hand knocks on the back door. Eddie pulls it open.

EDDIE

Hey.

HILDY

Hi... I was wondering if I could talk to James.

EDDIE

He's out right now. Do you want me to give him a message?

HILDY

Oh... uh... it's kind of personal.

EDDIE

Look, James is old school, he likes to do the asking. My advice is keep on wearing those cute little skirts and he'll notice you soon.

(starts to go, then stops)

But don't think relationship. He goes through women faster than we go through temps. I've heard he's totally worth it though.

HILDY

What? Oh God... I don't want to... Gross.

EDDIE

Gross, huh? I've never met a straight woman who wasn't into James.

HILDY

Well, I'm not... into him.

EDDIE

Excellent.

She runs a hand through her hair, moving into seduction mode.

EDDIE

Want to see the secret back room?

Hildy lights up at the thought. Eddie holds open the door with a very enticing smile. Hildy walks through it.

IN THE BACK-- Hildy's jaw drops at the difference. She wanders around, taking it all in. Eddie's right behind her.

HILDY

James built all this?

EDDIE

So to speak. I'm Eddie by the way.

HILDY

Hildy.

EDDIE

So, what's with the temp thing? You're not on top of it enough to want to be a secretary. And you're obviously not a starving artist.

HILDY  
 (moves to James's office)  
 Why not?

EDDIE  
 You're not nearly hip enough.

Hildy's oblivious to the insult as she runs her fingers over the imprint of James in his chair.

EDDIE  
 Plus you're too sweet.  
 (perches sexily on the arm  
 of the couch)  
 Art school geeks are bitches... look  
 at me. Although I never really fit  
 in there. I hated all that art for  
 arts sake bullshit, you know. I was  
 into more.... functional pieces.  
 When James and Grandfather saw my  
 stuff, they hired me on the spot.

HILDY  
 Grandfather? Your grandfather?

EDDIE  
 No. I don't think he's anyone's  
 grandfather, maybe James's, but it's  
 hard to tell with those guys.

Hildy looks at the desk, at the notes and papers-- a message from a restaurant-- CAMPANILE lpm.

EDDIE  
 You have great hair.

HILDY  
 (picks up the message)  
 Thanks.

Her cell phone rings. She glances at text message--"I FOUND THE ROOM, DID U TELL HIM YET?"

EDDIE  
 Is that your girlfriend? Do you  
 think she'd be jealous if she knew  
 you were hanging out with me?

Hildy finally realizes Eddie's been coming on to her. Hildy looks at the CAMPANILE message and smiles at Eddie impishly.

HILDY  
 Not nearly as jealous as I'd be if my  
 boss went to Campanile for lunch  
 without me.

EDDIE

I'm not the jealous type. Plus, work lunches with those guys can get pretty brutal. You want to go grab something with me?

HILDY

Rats, I'd love to but...  
(pockets the CAMPANILE message and starts to go)  
I have to go meet my sister.

EDDIE

Rats? Who says rats?

CUT TO:

INT. JANET'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS - SAME TIME

Nancy pockets her blackberry and turns to the locked door of the shoebox room. She pulls out a bobby pin and tries to pick the lock. She jiggles and- the door stays locked.

JANET (O.S.)

Nancy..?

NANCY

Coming.

She just turns away from the door as Janet arrives.

JANET

What are you doing up here?

NANCY

Nothing. Going to the bathroom.

JANET

How many times I have asked you not to call it that?

NANCY

Sorry, the restroom.

JANET

We need to get a move on if we're going to make lunch with the matchmaker.

NANCY

I thought you loved Pat.

JANET

This is for your sister. If she's too scared of commitment to take action, then it's our responsibility to do it for her.

NANCY

I'm not sure that's a good idea, Mom. I thought we were going shopping for the girls.

JANET

Would you go shopping while your daughters suffered?

(Nancy looks appalled)

Then go put some lipstick on and let's go help your sister.

Nancy has no choice but to go. As soon as she's gone, Janet steps to the door and touches the handle protectively.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPANILE RESTAURANT - DAY

Hildy walks through the parking lot past the VALETS. One of them turns to look at her as she passes, IT'S BLUE.

Hildy's oblivious to him as he watches her open the door to the restaurant and walk in.

INT. CAMPANILE RESTAURANT- CONTINUOUS

Expensive and faux relaxed. Hildy walks up to the maitre'd.

HILDY

Hi, I'm supposed to be meeting James White.

MAITRE'D

(checks the book)

I have no reservation in that name.

HILDY

Oh no... I hope I didn't mix up the restaurant... Or maybe he's under a different name? Would it be a huge bother if I took a quick peek?

(already on her way)

Thank you so much.

She waves sweetly and moves to the FRONT DINING AREA.



IN THE BACK DINING AREA-- a waiter steps out of the kitchen with a tray of salads and a GIANT PEPPER MILL, moving from the pepper mill to the waiter's face-- IT'S JAMES.

IN THE FRONT DINING AREA-- Hildy looks at faces, and smiles at diners, as she methodically checks each table.

BEHIND HER-- the restaurant door opens. Blue steps in. The maitre'd scurries over to block him from going any further.

MAITRE'D  
(closing the door on Blue)  
Valets use the restrooms outside.

IN THE BACK-- James serves his salads, placing the last one in front of JULIUS LARocca, who we recognize from his photo.

JAMES  
Pepper?

LaRocca nods. James lifts his pepper mill and is just about to grind when--

HILDY (O.S.)  
There you are.

JAMES  
(completely smooth)  
I'll be right with you, ma'am.

He's about to return to grinding, but Hildy steps closer.

HILDY  
I'm really sorry to bother you, but if I wait, I'll chicken out all over again. In fact I'm already getting kind of queasy thinking about it, so I better just--  
(realizing)  
You're a waiter?

The conversation's drawn LaRocca's attention.

JAMES  
(to Hildy)  
I'm sorry you're upset with your service, ma'am, but if you'll just give me one moment.

HILDY  
I don't get it, you have such nice offices. And you're busy. Eddie said you were booked through the end of the year with contr--

The word's almost out of her mouth when a hand grabs her arm.

BLUE  
Here you are--

HILDY  
Wow. Hey. Hi.  
(fixing her hair with her  
free hand)  
What are you doing here?

Blue starts to lead her away.

HILDY  
Look, I'm sorry about missing Sunday  
and I really do want to talk to you,  
but I'm kind of in the middle of  
something important right now.

BLUE  
(back to the table)  
I apologize for any inconvenience.

HILDY  
(calls back louder)  
Don't go anywhere, okay? Seriously,  
I'll be right back.

LaRocca stares at James... hard. James gives him a small bow  
and returns to the kitchen, pepper mill in hand. LaRocca  
picks up the shaker from the table and peppers his own salad.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPANILE RESTAURANT, BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Blue pulls Hildy out the door and slams her against the wall.

BLUE  
What the hell are you doing here?

HILDY  
Look, I know you're following me, and  
I think it's really romantic, but  
this isn't exactly the best time to,  
you know, make your intentions known.  
I really need to talk to James White.

BLUE  
About what?

HILDY  
I'm sorry but I don't think that's  
any of your business. We're not even  
going out yet...

Blue pushes her harder against the wall

HILDY  
Excuse me, I don't like it quite that rough.

BLUE  
Answer my question.

HILDY  
I'm not dating him if that's what you're worried about. Seriously, I would have been at paintball but my mom dragged me to this charity social thing, which sucked, and she wouldn't let me leave.

BLUE  
(keeping his grip)  
I waited for you.

HILDY  
That's so sweet.

James walks out the back door behind them.

JAMES  
Bring her back to the office.

James vanishes in his car. Blue tries to pull Hildy to hers.

HILDY  
Who's office? His or yours?

Blue just picks her up, throws her over his shoulder, and carries her to her car.

HILDY  
Seriously, you're being a little too aggressive.

BLUE  
(opens Hildy's trunk)  
You should really lock your car.

LAROCCA'S GUY (O.S.)  
Hey, you mind if we talk to you for a second?

Two of the men from Larocca's table move through the parking lot toward them, guns slowly emerging from their jackets.

Blue dumps Hildy in the trunk.

HILDY

No way are you--

He slams it shut and jumps into the drivers seat-- getting the hell out of there.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES WHITE CONTRACTING BASEMENT - LATER

Blue finishes tying Hildy to a chair in the middle of the an empty room with wood paneled walls.

HILDY

Why is this huge part of me just not surprised by this?

(Blue walks away)

Where are you going?

(panicked)

You're leaving me here alone? I'm not usually this needy, I swear, but seriously, what if I have to pee or something? I really might have to.

Blue is already walking away down the hall. He puts his head into EDDIE'S OFFICE; part techno workshop, part science lab, part art studio. Eddie sits on her lip shaped couch.

BLUE

Keep an eye on her, will you?

EDDIE

My pleasure.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES WHITE CONTRACTING, JAMES'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

James and Grandfather work the computers as Blue walks in.

JAMES

LaRocca's men didn't get a plate number did they?

BLUE

She doesn't have plates on her car. Something about the cameras taking her picture through yellow lights, but I'm not buying it. She's a pro.

GRANDFATHER

No one at Interpol, KGB, or CIA, has ever heard of her.

BLUE  
Other contracting companies?

JAMES  
No new hires we could find.  
(prompts his computer)  
All I have on her are matters of  
public record.  
(reading from his screen)  
Hildy Young...

BLUE  
If that's her name.

James points at a picture of Hildy as a teenager holding up a  
gymnastics trophy. No question it's her.

JAMES  
Winning the high school state  
gymnastics title.  
(another picture)  
Qualifying for the Olympic trials in  
archery.  
(another picture)  
And winning the college saber fencing  
championship.

GRANDFATHER  
I never liked sporty girls.

JAMES  
She also has a rather schizophrenic  
job history, everything from Fed Ex  
driver to brownie baker... The only  
place it seems she hasn't worked, is  
the temp agency.

BLUE  
What do you think she wants?

JAMES  
She's either the dumbest human being  
I've ever encountered, or the best  
assassin I've ever met. Either way,  
she's dangerous.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES WHITE CONTRACTING BASEMENT - SAME TIME

Eddie sits across from Hildy now.

MO  
EDDIE  
I finally thought I was attracted to  
a nice girl.

HILDY

Sorry... I'm not really a lesbian.

EDDIE

Neither am I. I just don't see any reason to limit myself to either/or. But you'd think with a hundred percent of the population to choose from, I could pick a good one once in a while. I don't know what my attraction is to the dark side. Maybe it's the job?

HILDY

I don't think so, I have the same problem.

EDDIE

You know why? 'Cause bad guys rock. Like when Blue tied you up, that was sexy, right?

HILDY

I don't know, maybe under different circumstances...

(off Eddie's disbelief)

Okay, a little. But I swore I was done with messed up relationships. I really want to meet a nice guy.

(thoughtfully)

Blue seems pretty nice though, I mean, under that tough exterior.

EDDIE

He's a killer.

HILDY

(disappointed)

Of course he is.

EDDIE

But that's okay for you. You're a killer too. You're supposed to like other killers.

HILDY

Me, a killer? Right. I can't even call a guy on the phone. I mean, I guess I had a kind of slutty phase in college but I'd never say I was a killer. He just loves 'em and leaves 'em, huh?

OUTSIDE THE BASEMENT DOOR-- James has his hand on the handle when Blue taps him on the shoulder, embarrassed.

BLUE

She may have been following me for longer that we thought.

James looks at him, curious.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES WHITE CONTRACTING BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

James, Blue, and Grandfather walk into the room. James looks at Eddie. Eddie turns to Hildy, truly sorry.

EDDIE

It was nice knowing you.

Hildy looks worried as Grandfather takes a knife from his pocket and starts to sharpen it. Blue sits down beside him.

JAMES

So, Miss Young, we know you're not a temp, and we know you've been following Blue for at least two weeks. We'd like to know why?

HILDY

I haven't been following him.

BLUE

Oh come on, paintball--

HILDY

If I was following you then why would I make myself seen by beating you?

GRANDFATHER

She beat you?

He laughs hysterically. Blue stares daggers at Hildy.

HILDY

(to James)

I had no idea he worked here.

JAMES

So you expect me to believe the lurking outside our office, the eavesdropping in our ventilation system, and the botching of the LaRocca hit, are all coincidence.

HILDY  
Hit..? Really..? Wow.

She looks at James, the reality of what he does finally hits her. Hildy takes a breath, her face silently processing this information as her reaction takes shape. Finally--

HILDY  
Well, I didn't botch it.

BLUE  
I can make her talk.

Hildy shoots him a look and turns her attention to James. As she speaks we see her confidence build, she's more invested and alive than we've ever seen her.

HILDY  
The hit-- was wrong from the start.  
I mean, at least the restaurant was.

BLUE  
It was right until you showed up.

HILDY  
(to James)  
I assume you were using poison since you were dressed up as a waiter. It was in the pepper mill, right?  
(James gives her nothing)  
Or I guess you could've put it on a salad, but then you'd risk handing him the wrong one. You don't just kill random people do you?

JAMES  
I'm not a murderer.

HILDY  
Thank God. Anyway, the only poisons tasteless enough to eat would start by causing stomach pain. Then they take about twenty minutes to finish the job, even longer in LaRocca's case with his weight and all that bread he was eating.

BLUE  
We know all this. All it proves is that she's been hired by our competition to take us down.

HILDY  
All it proves is I wrote science textbooks.  
(MORE)



HILDY (cont'd)

(back to James)

There's a hospital less than a mile from Campanile, which gives LaRocca plenty of time to get there, get his stomach pumped and get a blood panel that shows he was poisoned. Which, just a guess, would get you guys in a lot of trouble.

BLUE

You think I was valet parking for fun? I had delays in place.

(to James)

The only reason things didn't go as planned, is because she didn't want them to. She's told us nothing.

All eyes are on Hildy-- Hildy opens her mouth, but she looks at her father standing above her and all her courage and bravado slip away.

JAMES

I'm a reasonable man, but I see no reasonable explanation for your behavior. Our sources tell us you're not with the government or any reputable organization. So I have to assume you're working for someone who wants us eliminated. Either a disgruntled client or our competition.

HILDY

Competition? I didn't even know you had competition which, by the way, sounds really scary. And I'm not working for them.

JAMES

Then what are you doing here?

HILDY

(nervous)

I just... wanted to talk to you.

JAMES

I'm listening.

Hildy looks at him, freezing up as panic fills her face.

GRANDFATHER

I'll call the anatomy lab and tell them we have a body coming in.

HILDY

A body. My body?

GRANDFATHER

You'll make some medical student very happy.

HILDY

Please don't do this... I thought you said you weren't a murderer.

JAMES

You're clearly not an innocent. I make it a rule never to eliminate women, but you've infiltrated my business. You know names and details that could destroy all of us. I can't allow that. Blue.

BLUE PRESSES A BUTTON and THE WOOD PANELS FLIPS AROUND TO REVEAL WEAPONS; Guns, grenades, bows and arrows, missile launchers, knives, and more. Hildy is surrounded and scared.

BLUE

How do you want me to do it?

JAMES

Quietly.

Blue pulls out a syringe and fills it with clear liquid. Hildy is terrified now.

HILDY

Seriously this is not what you think it is...

Blue moves toward Hildy with the needle. It's very tense.

HILDY

Okay, I was spying on you, but not to do bad stuff. I mean, maybe it would make you unhappy, but not bad in a 'destroy you' kind of way...

(Blue arrives next to her)

I thought you liked me.

BLUE

This is business.

Hildy looks sick.

JAMES

Come get me when it's finished.

He opens the door to go, Blue has the needle next to Hildy's arm, about to puncture the skin when--

HILDY  
Okay, I'll tell you.

James turns around and nods at Blue who takes a tiny step back, but keeps the poison at the ready.

GRANDFATHER  
(grabs a gun)  
Five... Four...

HILDY  
This is hard... okay?

GRANDFATHER  
Three...

HILDY  
I had this horrible date a couple of weeks ago, actually it wasn't horrible at all, it was kind of good, but I messed it up...

GRANDFATHER  
Two...

HILDY  
My therapist said, if I ever wanted to have a healthy relationship, I needed to find the primary attachment and try to--

GRANDFATHER  
(cocks the gun)  
One...

HILDY  
You're my father.

Silence. The only sound Hildy can hear is her own heartbeat. Grandfather puts the gun on the table. James steps forward and Hildy shyly lifts her face to meet her father's eye.

END ACT III

ACT IV

INT. JAMES WHITE CONTRACTING BASEMENT, LATER- DAY

Blue hands the Ziploc baggie of "evidence" to James.

BLUE

There was some guy waiting for her on her doorstep, could be an accomplice.

HILDY

He's not an accomplice. I just haven't quite broken up with him yet.

BLUE

(to James)

I got his plate numbers.. you want me to run his info?

James looks up from inspecting the evidence.

JAMES

She's telling the truth.

HILDY

(to Blue)

You can apologize for trying to kill me now.

Blue just walks out. James sits down amongst the weapons.

HILDY

Sorry.

JAMES

For what?

HILDY

I don't know. Not telling you I guess... Or maybe telling you. You don't look very happy about it.

James ignores her as he focuses on the birth certificate.

HILDY

If you don't want anything to do with me, it's okay. I have a bunch of step dads who don't have anything to do with me either. I completely understand, really...

Still nothing from James as he dispassionately looks at the break-up letter he wrote to Janet.

HILDY

This was obviously a huge mistake.

Hildy tries to keep her face steady and hold back her tears.

HILDY

I should probably go.

She tries to stand up before she realizes she's still tied to the chair. James finally looks back at her.

JAMES

You mother never informed me of this situation.

CUT TO:

INT. JANET'S HOUSE, SHOEBOX ROOM - DAY

Janet looks disheveled and distraught surrounded by her shoeboxes. She holds James's empty one in her hand.

JAMES (V.O.)

I can only assume she had her reasons.

BACK TO:

INT. JAMES WHITE CONTRACTING, UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

EDDIE

Is that emotion I hear in his voice?

Eddie and Grandfather huddle around a receiver, listening to Hildy and James's conversation. Blue feigns disinterest.

GRANDFATHER

It's static.

FOLLOWING THE RECEIVER TO A TINY MICROPHONE POKING THROUGH A VENT INTO THE BASEMENT-- James fingers knives thoughtfully.

JAMES

This is clearly a complicated situation.

HILDY

I have a habit of finding myself in those.

JAMES

I never intended to have children. Especially not daughters.

HILDY

Sorry.

JAMES

Please stop apologizing.

HILDY

I'm kind of a tomboy.

James looks at her with disbelief.

HILDY

Okay, not really, but I'm good at sports.

James starts to pace, fingering the weapons as he moves.

JAMES

You have far too much information about me for me to let you return to your life as normal.

HILDY

That's okay, my life as normal kind of sucks anyway.

JAMES

And I obviously can't kill you.

Hildy lets out an audible sigh of relief.

JAMES

It's important to understand my business is my business. I don't eliminate innocent people and I certainly won't start doing it simply because they complicate my life.

HILDY

It would be nice if you could though, wouldn't it? I mean, instead of having to deal with them all the time.

James looks her over and, for the first time, almost smiles.

JAMES

I may have a temporary solution.

BACK UPSTAIRS-- Blue, his mouth agape in disbelief, now stands with Eddie and Grandfather.

EDDIE

(punches the air)

Yes.

BLUE  
No way. Over my dead body.

GRANDFATHER  
That can be arranged.

BACK IN THE BASEMENT-- Hildy wears a huge grin.

JAMES  
Just as the receptionist... no eavesdropping on meetings, or getting involved in jobs.

HILDY  
Are you sure, because I might be really good at--

JAMES  
I'm aware of some of your skills...

BACK UPSTAIRS--

BLUE  
He's making a huge mistake. They haven't even done a DNA test.

EDDIE  
Oh God, this is so great already. Things will finally get interesting around here. And I can make girl weapons... poison perfume and lipstick and--

BLUE  
Did you not hear him? She's the receptionist.

EDDIE  
Blue and Hildy sitting in the tree...  
K.I.L.L.I.N.G

Grandfather shakes his head, not happy.

BACK IN THE BASEMENT--

JAMES  
So, we're clear.

HILDY  
Yes, thank you. You won't be sorry.

James gives her a nod and heads for the door.

HILDY

Can I ask you one more thing before  
you go?

James turns back to her.

HILDY

Would you mind untying me?

CUT TO:

INT. HILDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hildy walks in carrying a BLOCKBUSTER bag when--

JANET (O.S. SWEETLY)

I thought you got off work at six?

Hildy startles to see Janet sitting on her couch. She's back  
to her perfect self, smile in place, NO HINT OF ANY UPSET.

HILDY

Sorry Mom, but you wouldn't have to  
wait if you called, like normal  
people do, before you just show up at  
my apartment?

JANET

I did. Your mailbox is full and you  
didn't call me back all day. I got  
scared.

HILDY

I'm fine. I was just tied up.

She moves into her little kitchen, dumps the movies on the  
counter, and pulls open the refrigerator-- It's filled with  
DIET RED BULL. Hildy looks at her mom accusingly.

JANET

So sue me for wanting to help you  
look your best.

HILDY

What did you do with my food?

JANET

There are some low cal protein bars  
in the cupboard. And I brought you  
some new bras too. Keep those  
breasts of yours looking perky.

HILDY

Great.



JANET  
 (smooths Hildy's hair)  
 It's the least I can do with you here  
 all alone with just your movies to  
 keep you--

She silences as she sees the titles-- MR. AND MRS. SMITH, LA  
 FEMME NIKITA, ASSASSINS, KILL BILL, GROSSE POINTE BLANK...

JANET  
 Oh, honey... would a romantic comedy  
 once in a while really be so bad?

HILDY  
 (grabs them up)  
 I'm excited for these.

JANET  
 I'm worried about you. I think you  
 should get a dog. Cats are death for  
 dating, but a dog would keep you  
 company and help protect you.  
 (drops the bomb)  
 You know we had a break-in.

HILDY  
 You did? When did this happen?

JANET  
 I'm not exactly sure. I was hoping  
 maybe you saw something.

HILDY  
 Me?

JANET  
 Yes... considering what was taken.

Hildy realizes where her mother's going and plays along.

HILDY  
 Did you call the insurance company?

JANET  
 That's the problem-- The things they  
 took have absolutely no value.  
 I can't imagine what the robber was  
 thinking.

HILDY  
 Obviously they must have some value  
 if you're this upset about it.

Janet looks her daughter in the eye, she will not be beaten.

JANET

Or maybe it wasn't a robbery at all,  
and this is just a big mix-up.  
I'll bet that's it. I'll bet when I  
check Monday morning, everything will  
be back in it's place.

(sweetly pointed)

In fact, I'm so sure about it, we  
don't even need to discuss it any  
further.

(moves to the couch)

Now, come on and let's have some fun.  
I brought the matchmaker paperwork.  
She already has someone fantastic in  
mind for you. Do you think you can  
pass for twenty four?

Hildy grabs a protein bar, forces a smile, and joins her mom.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES WHITE CONTRACTING - DAY

Hildy, in a dress, puts little flower filled vases on desks.  
Blue purposely ignores her as she places one in front of him.  
She moves on to Grandfather's desk, where he yells at his TV.

GRANDFATHER

You're two feet away, how can you hit  
him in the shoulder?

HILDY

I put some homemade brownies in the  
snack area if you want one.

GRANDFATHER

Snack area?

HILDY

You know where you put birthday cakes  
and homemade treats people bring in.

GRANDFATHER

You're freaking me out.

Hildy gives a small giggle and keeps doing what she's doing.  
Eddie walks by Blue's desk with a brownie in hand.

EDDIE

These brownies are orgasmic. You  
really need one.

Blue is not amused. James walks in the back door.

JAMES

Everyone in my office. Now.  
(holds up a dead bird)  
LaRocca's people are not happy.

HILDY

Is that a bluebird?

Everyone ignores her as they walk into James's office.

HILDY

It's really early in the season for  
bluebirds. They must have killed it  
somewhere else and brought it in

She starts to follow the group into the office. James takes  
one look at her and closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES WHITE CONTRACTING, JAMES'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

James, Eddie, Blue, and Grandfather sit with LaRocca's info.

JAMES

This needs to be taken care of  
quickly. The fact he's seen us  
obviously makes it more challenging,  
but we still need to make it look  
like an accident... with witnesses.

BLUE

He brings his wife flowers every  
Friday.

EDDIE

Oooh, poison gas in a evaporating  
stamen... I love it.

JAMES

Sometimes his driver picks them up.  
We can't risk taking an innocent  
man's life, because we're pressed for  
time.

EDDIE

I'm working on an electric toothbrush-  
- hollow bristles deposit poison into  
the gums while circular brushes  
massage it in.

JAMES

From the man's breath, I don't think  
he cares much for dental hygiene.

BLUE  
Poison cholesterol pill?

JAMES  
If we make more than one they could be traced, and if we only make one, it's anybody's guess how long we'd have to wait for him to take it.

GRANDFATHER  
He loves his strippers, how about a deadly lapdance?

The men look at Eddie-- no way.

HILDY (O.S.)  
How about a bee?

Everyone looks up at the ceiling where Hildy's eyes are visible through the heating duct.

BLUE  
What the hell?

IN THE VENT-- Hildy's squished with LaRocca's dossier.

HILDY  
His medical records say he's allergic, which means he dies if he gets stung.

BLUE  
Where'd she get LaRocca's medical records?

EDDIE  
Why are you looking at me?

HILDY (THROUGH THE VENT)  
I worked in science, I know how to do research. Obviously a real bee would be too hard to control, but--

JAMES  
This is not in your receptionist job description.

HILDY (THROUGH THE VENT)  
I know, I'm sorry, but just think about it for a sec...

James pulls open the ceiling vent and Hildy awkwardly falls through onto the floor. She looks up at James, unfazed.

HILDY

A remote control bee with a poison stinger is the perfect solution.

CUT TO:

THE RECEPTION AREA-- THE VENT IS BOLTED SHUT WITH METAL BARS.

Moving through the back office, past other BOLTED AND BARRED VENTS, to Blue, steaming, as he bolts another one shut.

BEHIND HIM-- GRANDFATHER WALKS INTO JAMES'S OFFICE.

James doesn't look up from his paperwork.

GRANDFATHER

You have to get rid of her.

JAMES

You know I can't do that. She's an innocent.

GRANDFATHER

Look around-- you see anyone else in this business on the moral high ground?

James stops what he's doing and turns to face him.

JAMES

When I took over we agreed we'd do things my way.

GRANDFATHER

I don't say a word about your only killing bad guys bullshit. But this is wrong.

JAMES

Come on, she's harmless.

GRANDFATHER

I'm not talking about her, I'm talking about you. You're breaking rule number one. You're caring.

JAMES

I have the situation under control.

GRANDFATHER

I've known you your whole life. You're a good killer but you suck at lying.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES WHITE CONTRACTING, EDDIE'S WORKSHOP- SAME TIME

Hildy blows darts through a "pen" into a target. Behind her, Eddie glues tiny foam hairs on a perfectly formed fake bee.

HILDY  
These things fly.

EDDIE  
Did you try the umbrella crossbow?

Hildy picks it up from a shelf of Eddie's deadly gadgets. She pulls back the handle and... bullseye.

HILDY  
Excellent.

A loud bang startles Hildy into taking aim at the door.

EDDIE  
Sub basement-- pistol range.  
Probably Blue. Pretending it's you.

Hildy can't help a small smile at that. Eddie presses a Blackberry like remote to put the bee in flight. It crashes.

CUT TO:

INT. HILDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hildy walks in and turns on the light. This time it's Blue sitting on her couch.

HILDY  
You could run into my mom this way.

BLUE  
We need to talk.

HILDY  
I accept.

BLUE  
Accept what?

HILDY  
Your apology. I really think if it came to it, you wouldn't have killed me anyway.

BLUE  
I'm not here to apologize. It was James who saved your life, not me.

HILDY  
You want something to drink?  
(opens the fridge)  
I have Diet Red Bull and Diet Red  
Bull.

BLUE  
That stuff'll kill you.

HILDY  
(smiles knowingly at him)  
So you do care if I live or die.

Blue is not amused. He steps up really close to her.

BLUE  
What do you want?

HILDY  
I should probably be the one asking  
you that. Since you're the one who  
broke into my house.

BLUE  
(steps closer)  
I want you to leave James White  
Contracting. You don't belong there.

Hildy inches back, intimidated or attracted it's hard to say.

HILDY  
Are you saying that because you don't  
want to get emotionally involved with  
someone you work with, or because you  
think I might be better than you at  
the job.

Blue steps even closer to her.

BLUE  
I'm saying it as a warning. You  
might have James and Eddie fooled,  
but I'm not buying your nice girl  
act.

HILDY  
It's not an act. I am a nice girl.

She inches back further and bumps into the wall. Blue has her  
cornered now.

BLUE  
Nice girls don't work for contracting  
companies.

HILDY

How do you know what nice girls do?

He stares at her, she stares right back, their lips mere inches apart. Both of them almost leaning in when--

BLUE

(steps back)

This job is my life. It's all I have  
and I won't let you destroy it.

He walks to the door. Hildy calls after him.

HILDY

Seems to me you could have called  
just to tell me that.

Blue walks out. Hildy waits a beat, then grabs her coat and rushes out after him.

CUT TO:

EXT. KOREATOWN, MINIMALL - NIGHT

Blue drives into the parking lot.

ABOUT HALF A BLOCK BEHIND HIM, Hildy's blue Bug pulls over.

Blue gets out of his car, opens the trunk, and takes out a silver suitcase. He carries it to A TINY STOREFRONT WITH KOREAN LETTERING.

Hildy watches the whole thing from her car, very suspicious.

INT. KOREAN STOREFRONT - MOMENTS LATER

Blue walks up to the counter and SPEAKS IN KOREAN WITHOUT SUBTITLES. The owner hands him a key.

Blue carries his suitcase down a hallway, unlocks a room and walks in. It's tiny, with just a mirrored wall, a chair and a boombox. He sits down, opens his suitcase and pulls out, TAP SHOES.

He slips them on and puts a CD in the player, U2's DESIRE booms into the room.

Blue starts to tap-- his pent up fury, passion, and emotions pouring out as he taps dances his heart out along to the song.

CUT TO:



IN HILDY'S CAR-- the clock reads 12:00, Hildy is fast asleep. Blue drives out of the parking lot, without noticing her.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES WHITE CONTRACTING - DAY

Blue seems refreshed and much calmer as he walks by an exhausted Hildy, who's organizing files.

BLUE  
Morning.

HILDY  
(pissy)  
Did you have a nice night?

BLUE  
Yup, I did. You?

HILDY  
Brilliant.

Eddie cracks up at the snack area.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES WHITE CONTRACTING, JAMES'S OFFICE - DAY

James, Blue, and Grandfather sit around the table. James flies the electric bee around the room while they talk.

BLUE  
LaRocca spends most of his time in his car, going from his strip clubs to his waste management companies to his construction sites.

GRANDFATHER  
I could get a lap dance.

JAMES  
We can't risk our bee getting in the wrong bonnet.

BLUE  
(whispers)  
Best places to get him, are either his own backyard...

GRANDFATHER  
Did I go deaf?

BLUE  
I don't want to be overheard.

JAMES  
(ignores his concern)  
Is the backyard our only choice?

Blue glances at the ceiling and continues reluctantly.

BLUE  
Or the private club where he plays  
golf. It's half an hour from a  
hospital in traffic.

JAMES  
Let's get his tee times.

James pulls the door open for Blue and Grandfather to leave. He closes the door after them, then walks directly to his couch. He flips it forward-- THERE'S HILDY, LAYING ON THE FLOOR BEHIND IT.

END ACT IV

ACT V

INT. MUSSO AND FRANK RESTAURANT - DAY

Hildy sits with James. A waitress, KATHY, 40's, stands in front of them smiling at James.

KATHY  
(eying Hildy unhappily)  
Let me know if you don't have  
everything you need.

HILDY  
Could I please get some water?

Kathy ignores her and keeps walking away. James and Hildy both rearrange their forks so they're in the proper order.

JAMES  
Now, where were we?

HILDY  
Talking about the weather, but I  
think you were going to yell at me  
about the couch.

JAMES  
I don't yell.

Another woman walks by and gives James a shy wave.

HILDY  
I don't mean to be rude, but are you  
dating everyone in here?

JAMES  
I like women and they seem to like  
me. It works well for everyone.

HILDY  
Does that mean you have a lot of  
other illegitimate children running  
around?

JAMES  
Absolutely not.

HILDY  
How can you be so sure?

JAMES  
I take precautions and pay attention  
to detail. Your mother and I had  
a... special... kind of situation.

HILDY  
Special... like, retarded?

JAMES  
We were together for close to six months.

HILDY  
Wow-- that's past my limit too.

James smiles appreciatively at Hildy. Another woman winks at him as she passes.

HILDY  
I'm going to be in therapy forever, aren't I?

JAMES  
It must be nice to have someone to talk to.

Their eyes meet, both understanding the other's aloneness in the world. James, uncomfortable, looks back at his food.

JAMES  
You're fired.

HILDY  
What?

JAMES  
You're a disruption.

HILDY  
I know it was wrong of me to hide behind the couch... and in the vent. But I swear I won't do it again. I'll just stay in front and answer phones from now on, I promise.

JAMES  
I'm sorry Hildy, it won't work. I hope I have your word you'll keep the details of my work between us.

HILDY  
Of course, but--

James lifts his hand, silencing her.

JAMES  
I've learned the hard way, killing and caring simply don't mix.

He returns to his food. Hildy stares at him, touched.

HILDY  
Are you saying you care about me?

JAMES  
(not going there)  
We can have lunch once a month, like  
normal fathers and daughters.

Hildy stabs her lettuce with her fork.

HILDY  
No offense, but I don't think there's  
anything normal about either one of  
us.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hildy walks sulkily toward her apartment-- there's Robert  
sitting on her doorstep.

Hildy's too beaten down to even duck. She just walks right  
down the driveway and around to her back yard. She drops her  
purse, takes off her shoes, and starts to climb the tree. She  
gets about halfway up and stops.

EXT. HILDY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Hildy, still barefoot, emerges from the back yard.

HILDY  
Hey.

Robert looks shocked to see her. She plops down beside him.

HILDY  
Before you say anything... I'm sorry.  
I shouldn't have ditched out on our  
date.

Robert tries to say something, but Hildy keeps talking.

HILDY  
And I'm sorry I didn't answer your  
calls, and deleted all your messages,  
and set off the fire alarm, and all  
the other stuff you don't even know  
about that I did to avoid you--

ROBERT  
I just--

HILDY

--Sorry, but if I don't finish I'll lose my nerve, which never leads anywhere good. I completely understand if you don't want to accept my apology, but please know I didn't do it to be mean. I just didn't want to hurt your feelings. I mean, you're a great guy... smart, and nice, and cute-- The problem is me. I'm just not ready to--

ROBERT

I don't want to get back together.

HILDY

(mortified)

Oh.

ROBERT

You have my Treo.

HILDY

Your--

ROBERT

The bar.

HILDY

(it all comes back)

Oh God...

ROBERT

Every name and number and e-mail...

HILDY

(digs through her purse)

I'm so sorry, I totally forgot. I thought you--

ROBERT

The last thing I'm going to spend my time chasing down, is a crazy bitch.

HILDY

(hands him the Treo,  
totally embarrassed)

Sorry.

ROBERT

I hope you're getting help.

He walks away. Hildy watches him go.

MO

CUT TO:

INT. HILDY'S THERAPIST'S OFFICE- DAY

HILDY

Now I can't stop thinking about him. Maybe I made a mistake, running away. Of course, he'd probably never go out with me again. And then there's the whole situation with the guy at my dad's office, Blue, who I think might be involved with a Korean prostitute.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Let's go back to your father for a second.

HILDY

He fired me, what more is there to say?

THERAPIST (O.S.)

How do you feel about it?

HILDY

Oh.  
(takes a beat)  
Bad.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Can you elaborate on that?

HILDY

On bad? It seems pretty self explanatory.

Silence from the therapist.

HILDY

Okay, I feel bad because this was my chance to get to know my Dad. And even though he's not "Mr. Emotionally Available", we were kind of getting closer... And I liked working there. It was the first job I ever had where I felt like I fit in. I don't know why I never thought of it before, but all the stuff contractors do, is exactly the stuff I'm really good at. I mean, it's physical...

AS HILDY SPEAKS WE FLASHBACK TO A SURVEILLANCE TYPE SLIDE SHOW OF HER-- climbing the tree to her apartment.

HILDY (V.O.)

And creative...

Hildy breaking into the room at her mom's.

HILDY (V.O.)  
It's all about precision...

Hildy shooting bulls-eyes.

HILDY (V.O.)  
And it's not some boring desk job.

Hildy escaping on the back of the semi truck.

THERAPIST (O.S.)  
So maybe you should look into working  
for another contractor?

BACK IN THERAPY--

HILDY  
Oh no, they're not the same... at  
least I hope they're not the same,  
that would be really scary.

Silence from the therapist.

HILDY  
I guess I want to work for my dad.

THERAPIST (O.S.)  
Then this seems like a perfect  
opportunity to express your feelings  
and invest in something you care  
about.

Hildy thinks for a moment, not quite getting it.

HILDY  
This is a make it past date three  
moment, isn't it?

CUT TO:

EXT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE, BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

Hildy walks out of the building and starts down the block.  
BEHIND HER-- a black Escalade with tinted windows starts to  
follow. Hildy stops. The Escalade stops. Sensing trouble,  
Hildy turns to look at the car when-- Janet's head pops out.

JANET  
What a coincidence.

Hildy heaves a frustrated sigh and heads over.



HILDY  
I can't believe you're stalking me.

JANET  
It's not stalking. I happened to know where you would be, so I decided to stop by. Get in.

HILDY  
(climbs in the car)  
Mom, seriously, I do not have time for the make-over mafia right now. I have to go try to get my job back.

JANET  
You lost your job again? Oh honey, do you want me to make a phone call?

HILDY  
No thanks, Mom. I'll see you at dinner tomorrow.

JANET  
Make sure to look nice, your blind date's going to be there. And-- I want you to bring back the things you took.

Hildy stops and looks at her mother.

JANET  
I mean it, Hildy, I want you to put them back where they belong.

HILDY  
And why should I?

JANET  
What has gotten into you lately with all this fighting back and going against my wishes? You're usually so easy to deal with.

HILDY  
Mom-- you lied to me my whole life I have the right to know the truth.

JANET  
I lied to protect you.  
(sadly avoids Hildy's eye)  
Your father never wanted any part of us.

HILDY  
 (realizing)  
 You really loved him, didn't you?

Janet tries to hold her face steady-- she's not going there.

JANET  
 I'm warning you, Hildy, return the things to the box and forget about him. Even if by some miracle you found him, all he'd do is break your heart.

HILDY  
 Then I guess that's a chance I'll have to take.

She gets out of the car, leaving Janet unhappily surprised.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES WHITE CONTRACTING, RECEPTION AREA- DAY

Grandfather holds the door open just a crack.

GRANDFATHER  
 James isn't here.

He starts to close the door. Hildy sticks her foot in.

HILDY  
 When do you think he'll be back?

GRANDFATHER  
 Days.

HILDY  
 You don't like me, do you?

GRANDFATHER  
 I don't like anybody.

He pulls the door all the way back and gives it a hard slam. Hildy pulls her foot out just in time to watch the door to James White Contracting close on her. She sighs and walks--

OUTSIDE-- She's barely taken a step when--

EDDIE  
 Hey.

She gestures Hildy over to the alley next to the shop.

HILDY  
 I guess you heard, huh?

EDDIE

It sucks. Things were finally getting interesting around here.

HILDY

How'd the bee turn out?

EDDIE

Great... but not as great as this.

She pulls a silver mascara cannister from her pocket.

HILDY

Is that the new Lancome lengthening?

EDDIE

Better.

HILDY

Seriously? Because I have the thinnest lashes... I don't know if you noticed.

Eddie pulls the wand out of the cannister and hands it to Hildy. Hildy looks down at it-- it's a TINY GOLD BOW.

HILDY

No way.

EDDIE

I was so excited to make girly weapons I started already. Look in the bottom.

Hildy unscrews it and pulls out 6 perfect miniature arrows.

EDDIE

Don't touch the tips... I used the non-stick mascara technology to keep them bathed in a poison solution so they're always ready.

Hildy slips the tiny arrow into the bow and takes aim.

EDDIE

Careful, it's a super polymer blend-- it'll fly.

HILDY

(putting the arrow away)  
This is awesome.

Hildy tries to hand the cannister back, but Eddie refuses it.

EDDIE

It's a gift.

Hildy's touched. She awkwardly throws her arms around Eddie for a weird microsecond hug.

HILDY

I better go.

EDDIE

Don't you want to say bye to Blue?

HILDY

Please, he's probably having a party to celebrate that I'm gone.

EDDIE

A huge kegger, but I'm sure he'd still want you to say goodbye.  
(trying for innocent)  
Only problem is he's with James.

HILDY

(getting it)  
And you wouldn't happen to know exactly where they are? Would you?

Eddie can't help a huge shit eating grin.

END ACT V

ACT VI

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS COUNTRY CLUB, GOLF COURSE- DAY

Julius LaRocca hits a golf ball into the trees.

LAROCCA  
Damn it. Who talked?

He looks accusingly at his THREE GOLF PARTNERS. They shrug.

LAROCCA  
I'll take it again, and not a God  
damned word out of any of you.

LaRocca puts another ball down as we-- PAN BACK ACROSS THE  
GOLF COURSE to a BEE, buzzing slowly toward LaRocca's group.

CUT TO:

THE NEXT HOLE--

James and Blue are disguised as preppy golfers. Blue swings,  
while James has his eyes on the Blackberry-like remote.

JAMES  
I'm almost in position. As soon as  
LaRocca tees up for the next hole,  
we'll go for the sting.

Blue hits a ball into the sand trap 5 feet in front of him.

BLUE  
This game sucks.

JAMES  
I've always found it a useful way to  
help keep optimism at bay.

BACK TO:

THE BEE-- Hovers behind LaRocca's group. LaRocca places his  
tee in the rough and starts to warm up his swing. The bee  
starts to moves into position above his shoulder, when--  
LaRocca steps away, something's caught his eye--

DRIVING PAST ON THE CART PATH, ON HER CELL PHONE, IS HILDY.

HILDY (INTO PHONE)  
Of course I'll babysit, tell Susie we  
can make jewelry...  
(stops the cart)  
I have to go, I'm here.

She climbs out and walks straight up to James and Blue.

BLUE  
Get the hell out of here.

HILDY  
I'm not here to talk to you, I'm here  
to talk to my father.

BLUE  
(to James)  
LaRocca's guys are probably killing  
the bee right now, if we don't finish  
this job, we're going to be next.

JAMES  
(to Hildy)  
We'll talk later.

HILDY  
No.  
(steps closer)  
Sorry if that sounded harsh, but I'm  
trying to be more forthright with my  
emotions.

BLUE  
(to James)  
You want me to knock her out?

HILDY  
(to Blue)  
You want me to scream for help?

James looks at LaRocca's group moving ahead to the next hole.  
He turns to Blue.

JAMES  
Play through and keep your eye on  
LaRocca. I'll catch up.

Blue doesn't budge.

JAMES  
Do you have a problem with what I  
asked you to do?

Blue unhappily grabs his clubs and walks to the next hole.

JAMES  
What is it you need, Hildy?

Hildy opens her mouth, then closes it again-

JAMES  
Five... four... three...

HILDY  
I want to come back to work for you.

CUT TO:

AT THE NEXT HOLE-- Blue swings his club frustrated as he watches LaRocca's group. He stops, something is amiss--

There are ONLY THREE PLAYERS IN LARocca'S GROUP. Blue looks around, panicked. He finally spots Larocca, heading into the woods, unzipping. Blue breathes a sigh of relief and returns to his swing.

BACK TO:

HILDY AND JAMES--

JAMES  
The answer is no.

HILDY  
But why?

JAMES  
You were clearly not satisfied being a receptionist. The only other job available is professional assassin, and you're not qualified.

HILDY  
Do you know how hard it is to live your whole life feeling like you don't fit?

JAMES  
Working for me won't help that.

HILDY  
But, don't you see, it will. After all my jobs and all my dads, and all my weird skills and interests-- things finally make sense... I belong in your world.

JAMES  
I'm sorry, Hildy, you're not a contractor.

HILDY  
How do you know? I am half you.

JAMES  
Not the sweet half that apologizes too much-- though I don't recall your mother having those qualities either.

HILDY  
 (sweet eyes begging)  
 Please... just give me a chance.

JAMES  
 There are no chances here. Once  
 you're in, that's it. And I won't  
 let me daughter live this life.

James looks at her with love in his eyes, he means it.

JAMES  
 Now get the hell out of here... or  
 I'll kill you myself.

Hildy reluctantly walks to her cart. She looks back, but  
 James keeps walking. She presses the gas and drives away.

BACK TO:

LARocca'S GROUP, STILL A THREESOME.

BEHIND THEM, Blue nonchalantly wanders into the trees where  
 LaRocca went to relieve himself.

Blue looks around-- LaRocca is nowhere in sight. BLUE TAKES  
 OFF RUNNING THROUGH THE TREES.

CUT TO:

A GUN-- pressed to James's back by Julius LaRocca.

LARocca  
 I want to know who hired you.

JAMES  
 Sir, I'm just trying to play a game  
 of golf.

LARocca  
 Was it my kid? My wife?

JAMES  
 If you want to search me, you'll see  
 I'm completely unarmed.

LARocca  
 I don't need to search you to know  
 you're trying to kill me. You can  
 either tell me who hired you, or I  
 can blow your bloody body all over  
 this golf course so whoever it was,  
 knows not to try anything that stupid  
 again.



JAMES

Perhaps you have me confused with  
someone else.

LARocca

Then that's too bad for you.

James takes a calm even breath. LaRocca PUTS HIS FINGER ON THE TRIGGER AND STARTS TO SQUEEZE when-- His knees buckle underneath him and he goes down.

James steps away from the body, relieved, as Blue runs toward him from the trees.

BLUE

Good, you got him.

JAMES

I thought it was you.

Blue shakes his head. James turns in the direction where Hildy drove away-- There she is, standing next to her cart on the top of the hill, replacing her little bow into her mascara cannister. She looks up and meets James's eye.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE- MINUTES LATER

Hildy joins Blue and James next to LaRocca's body.

HILDY

If I can do that with mascara, just  
think what I could do with lipstick,  
or a killer high heel.

Without a thought, she pulls the tiny arrow from LaRocca's neck and takes the gun from his hand. She puts the gun into her purse and replaces the arrow in the mascara case. Blue and James just stare at her, speechless.

HILDY

Do you guys want to call for help, or  
do you want me to do it?

JAMES

Please... be my guest.

Hildy starts to scream at the top of her lungs.

HILDY

HELP! PLEASE SOMEONE, HELP HIM!

Golfers start to drive in from all directions. James can't help a resigned smile. Blue does not look pleased.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS COUNTRY CLUB, GOLF COURSE - LATER

LaRocca's dead body is loaded into an ambulance. Hildy talks to a POLICE OFFICER, HARVE, while Blue, James, and LaRocca's golf partners stand around.

HILDY

One second he was standing there  
swatting at a bee and the next thing  
I knew he was on ground.

HARVE

He had on a medic alert. But no  
warning's enough if he doesn't carry  
his adrenaline.

HILDY

It's so sad.

Blue tries to stop himself from rolling his eyes. Harve steps closer to Hildy.

HARVE

Listen, sometimes this kind of thing  
really hits you later, if you want  
someone to talk to...  
(hands her a card)  
Here's my home number.

Blue fidgets uncomfortably.

HILDY

Thank you so much.

HARVE

We could have a drink or dinner...  
(glancing at Blue)  
Unless you're already involved.

BLUE

She's not involved.

HILDY

(smiles at the officer)  
No, I'm not involved at all.

HARVE

Great, then. I can't tell you how  
hard it is to meet a nice girl in  
L.A.

Hildy giggles shyly. Blue's had enough.

BLUE  
Are we through here?

HARVE  
Oh sure, you're all free to go.

He gives Hildy a wink. Hildy moves to join James in the golf cart. Blue cuts her off and hops into the front seat first.

HILDY  
(climbing on the back)  
That was really mature.

Blue ignores her, smiling to himself. James exchanges a satisfied nod with LaRocca's golf buddy, then pulls away.

JAMES  
Let's get back to the office.

HILDY  
All of us?

JAMES  
Much as I hate to admit it, some things clearly run in the family.

Hildy lets out a loud ecstatic WOOP.

HILDY  
(gloatingly to Blue)  
And that's not as a receptionist.

BLUE  
(to James)  
You can't be serious.

James doesn't have a chance to respond before--

HILDY  
Why shouldn't he be? I'm the one who saved his life.

The golf cart disappears across the course, leaving just the fading sounds of Blue and Hildy arguing.

BLUE (O.S.)  
I had him covered.

HILDY (O.S.)  
You can try to prove that next time.

BLUE (O.S.)  
 There won't be a next time unless you  
 keep screwing up our jobs.

CUT TO:

INT. JANET'S HOUSE, SHOEBOX ROOM - EVENING

Hildy carefully replaces James's stuff and puts the box back in place. She leaves the room and locks the door behind her.

INT. JANET'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hildy, Janet, and Nancy peek out of the kitchen at the living room-- where Hal, Pat, and GEORGE, an unattractive man in his 50's, talk to Susie and Gretchen

HILDY  
 That's who you invited as my date?

JANET  
 Don't be shallow. He's very available.

HILDY  
 He's old and angry.

NANCY  
 He looked better in his picture.

HILDY  
 You helped pick him?

NANCY  
 At least he'll be dead soon. It's more than I can say for Pat.

JANET  
 Your husband is a saint.  
 (hands Hildy appetizers)  
 Now take these and go make nice.

Hildy's about to go when Susie comes into the kitchen crying.

SUSIE  
 The smelly man stole my nose.

JANET  
 Don't lie, Susie, or your nose will get very big and you'll have to have it fixed like your mommy did.

Susie falls into her mother's arms, really sobbing now.

NANCY

Thanks, Mom.

HILDY

It can't be worse out there than it  
is in here, right?

She walks into the LIVING ROOM and places the appetizers in  
front of GEORGE.

HILDY

Hi.

GEORGE

You must be Hildy. The matchmaker  
told me a lot about you. I really  
want to start having kids myself.

He pats the chair next to him. Hildy forces a smile and sits  
down just as her PHONE RINGS

HILDY

Excuse me just one second.  
(answers the phone)  
Hello.

INTERCUT with Eddie at the office.

EDDIE

Job meeting in fifteen minutes.  
James wants you here.

HILDY

He said that?

EDDIE

Yup.

Hildy lets out a little squeal of delight as she hangs up.

HILDY

I'm so sorry, George, I have to go to  
work.

She shakes his hand and heads for the door. Janet who's  
obviously been spying on everything from the kitchen steps out  
to the foyer after her. Nancy's right behind her.

JANET

Hildy darling... where are you going?

HILDY

Work.

JANET

On a Friday night? Oh no. This is family dinner and you have a date.

NANCY

Maybe I should get a job.

Hildy walks out the door.

JANET

Hildy... come back here right now.

HILDY

(turns back with her  
MASCARA TUBE in hand)

I have to go.

The women stare at each other. It's a show down. Hildy clutches the mascara menacingly-- but no weapon is scarier than her mother's glare. Hildy finally whips open the mascara and pulls out-- a wand. She flicks it on her lashes.

HILDY

Fine, I'll be back by desert.

JANET

That's my girl. Don't be late.

Hildy gives her mother a wave. She climbs in her car, a sweet grin spreading across her face, as she puts the car in gear and speeds off.

THE END