

MY ASSASSIN

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL CARIBBEAN ISLAND, VILLAGE CENTER - DAY

A gentleman's black fedora is centered through the cross-hairs of a rifle-scope, the image blurred frequently by passers-by.

The focus seems a little too intimate as the cross-hairs move down, first to the brilliant smile of COLLIER BLAYLOCK, 42, then to lovingly trace the lines of his body.

Collier is a classic heart-throb in a debonair suit that escaped from somewhere in the nineteen-forties. But, under the old-fashioned charm, he's a man in his masculine prime, with muscles pumping smoothly under skin and clothes.

A yellow school bus pulls up behind him, and he turns to look. A sign on the bus says: "BLAYLOCK ORPHANAGE"

The cross-hairs move down to focus on RICARDO, 13, an island native, as he wraps his arms around Collier's waist, followed quickly by many other happy children pouring out of the bus.

The cross-hairs suddenly snap straight up and off the boy.

EXT. SMALL CARIBBEAN ISLAND, VILLAGE CENTER - DAY

NAZIRAH, 28, jerks her rifle upward and fades back into the brush where she's hiding.

NAZIRAH

Shit!

Nazirah is half American, but her spell-binding green eyes were born in Afghanistan. Her lithe beauty is coated in a dark, skin-tight outfit, and she wears a black fedora, very much like Collier's own.

Her rifle is custom-made, with an ornate cane grip hiding the trigger and small single-round chamber.

Nazirah pulls the scope off, with practiced ease, and removes the objective end. She twists it onto a cane tip and twists both onto the barrel. Then she snaps the trigger backward, transforming the rifle into a cane, with a dazzling gold sun worked into the handle.

She slides the eyepiece back into her binoculars, where it becomes the second ocular. Then she looks through the binoculars back toward Collier and smiles.

EXT. SMALL CARIBBEAN ISLAND, VILLAGE CENTER - DAY

The children surround Collier, laughing and picking his pockets for the many treats he has hidden there. He laughs with them, scruffing a boy's head, now and then, and leaning down to accept kisses and flowers from the girls.

Behind them, CARLO, THE BUS DRIVER, 27, comes out of the bus.

EXT. SMALL CARIBBEAN ISLAND, VILLAGE CENTER - DAY

Nazirah's still smiling at Collier. She takes the binoculars away from her eyes and shakes her head, confused.

FLASHBACK: INT. LUXURIOUS VILLA IN MEXICO CITY, MEXICO - DAY

ELADIO REYES CRUZ, 52, wears an overly expensive bathrobe and entirely too much jewelry for a rough and ugly man.

He rinses his face in a gilded bathroom sink and dries it with a monogrammed towel. Then he dons a particularly large gold medallion pendant and startles at the mirror.

Nazirah stands behind him. Reyes starts to turn, but Nazirah presses a blade to his throat, so he looks at her in the steamy mirror and speaks in an Americanized Mexican accent.

REYES

How did you get past my men?

NAZIRAH

You asked for a meeting.

REYES

Did you get the file?

NAZIRAH

The file doesn't say why you want this man dead.

REYES

You should shiv your own mother for what I'm paying you.

The blade sinks in a fraction, drawing blood. Reyes gasps.

NAZIRAH

You will not speak of my mother. Now I'll ask again. Why do you want this man dead?

Reyes looks at her cold expression in the mirror then tries and fails to swallow under the blade.

REYES

Danny was my best General -- my friend -- and he betrayed me.

NAZIRAH

You filth are always betraying each other; keeps me employed. Why is this one worth a million dollars?

REYES

He stole two-hundred million from me -- that's half my fucking fortune -- then he killed most of my men and ran off with my girl. That's enough reason; but then the transfer got me convicted of tax fraud too.

NAZIRAH

Here in Mexico, where you bought your freedom in less than a year.

He looks earnest, appealing to Nazirah's eyes in the mirror.

REYES

If I let him live, then I'm weak, and the sharks will pull the flesh from my bones. One million dollars shows them my resolve.

Nazirah rams Reyes' face down on the edge of the sink and leaves him staring at her retreating image in a water glass.

NAZIRAH (O.S.)

The terms are acceptable.

Reyes waits a moment then stands up and looks around, breathing a sigh of relief that she's gone.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. SMALL CARIBBEAN ISLAND, VILLAGE CENTER - DAY

Nazirah shrugs and lets the binoculars hang from the strap around her neck. Then she takes an ornate comb from under her hat and lets her long hair flow down her back.

She pulls the end off, and the comb transforms into a small curved blade, which she fits into the palm of her hand.

Nazirah walks out of the brush into a busy marketplace, with vendors of island goods and produce to either side. There are only a few tourists.

Like most Caribbean islands, there are very few cars. The street is full of pedestrians, bicycles, and mopeds.

Collier is some distance away, watching the children board the bus again.

Nazirah heads straight for him, walking fluidly and putting no weight on the cane.

EXT./INT. SMALL CARIBBEAN ISLAND, VILLAGE CENTER/BUS - DAY

Collier stands beside a box, watching as the children finish boarding the bus. Ricardo takes up the rear but Collier takes him out of line.

COLLIER

Rickey, I've got another job for you.

Behind them, Carlo takes three suitcases near Collier and stows them in the luggage compartment next to several other suitcases. Then he proceeds to inspect the bus.

Collier takes a Mickey-Mouse-eared hat out of the box and puts it on Ricardo's head. The boy squeals gleefully.

COLLIER (CONT'D)

Now, take this box and give everyone some ears.

RICARDO

Yes, Mr. Blaylock!

Nazirah stands about ten feet away, grinning openly at Collier through the crowd -- her eyes momentarily softened with sweetness.

Ricardo races up the bus steps with the box.

Collier suddenly looks up and locks eyes with Nazirah, catching her in a candid moment and startling the grin off her face. They're both entranced for a long moment while the children in the bus cry out happily, donning the Micky-ears.

FRANK SINATRA CROONS from the cellphone in Collier's pocket, snapping him out of the moment. He answers it.

COLLIER

Miss me already, Frank?

FRANK (V.O.)

Not a chance. You left me the keys
to the Duesy, remember?

Collier smiles at Nazirah and boards the bus.

Nazirah walks closer.

On the bus, Collier locates Nazirah through the window, and they resume staring at each other. He walks down the aisle, looking through the windows while the children play.

FRANK (V.O.)

Jimmy called; says Reyes took a
million dollar contract out on you,
Sir -- and he hired the Afghani.

Collier looks surprised at the phone then sharply out the window again. He looks down at Nazirah's ornate cane, at the glint of metal in her other hand, and back up at her eyes.

Nazirah nods at him, realizing she's been made, but she maintains eye contact.

COLLIER

Those eyes... like a leopard on the
hunt.

FRANK (V.O.)

Who, Sir?

COLLIER

Do we have a description?

FRANK (V.O.)

No-one's ever risked betraying him.
All we know is he's a master
assassin, and he rarely uses the
same kill method twice in a row.

Carlo opens and shuts the back door, checking the latch.

COLLIER

I thought the Afghani only did arms
dealers and bottom feeders.

FRANK (V.O.)

Yeah? Who fits both those
descriptions?

COLLIER

I love you too, pal.

FRANK (V.O.)

No, seriously, you should get an Oscar for Danny Stack.

COLLIER

And you're not a bad henchman, yourself... but if I was so good, why is she trying to kill Collier Blaylock?

FRANK (V.O.)

She, Sir?

COLLIER

The Afghani.

FRANK (V.O.)

She, Sir?

Collier smiles dreamily at Nazirah.

COLLIER

Apparently, my assassin is a beautiful woman... with the brightest of emeralds for eyes.

FRANK (V.O.)

Are you going to recite bad love poetry, Sir, or tell me where you are?

Carlo comes in and sits behind the wheel.

COLLIER

But I'm under a spell. Besides, I like love poetry.

FRANK (V.O.)

I'll pimp your ride if you don't tell me where you are, Col.

COLLIER

You wouldn't.

FRANK (V.O.)

I've got the keys and a can of purple paint.

Collier looks horrified at the phone as Carlo STARTS THE ENGINE.

COLLIER

You're fired. We just got on the bus at the market....

He pauses, watching as Nazirah looks pointedly at the children and then inquiringly back at him. He nods at her.

COLLIER (CONT'D)

... Apparently, she also has a heart. I don't think she wants to kill me in front of the kids.

Collier heads back to the door and turns to address the kids.

COLLIER (CONT'D)

Listen up, guys.... I'll meet you at the airstrip; I gotta take care of something before we go.

CARLO

I'll keep them on the bus until you get there, Sir.

COLLIER

Thanks, Carlo.

He walks off the bus, looking straight at Nazirah, and speaks into the phone again.

COLLIER (CONT'D)

I'll try to lead her away from the crowd. No-one will be at the ruins this time of day.

He hangs up and gestures with his head, indicating a deserted road leading out of town. Nazirah nods, caps her comb-blade, and puts it back in her hair, under the hat.

They both look around while keeping an eye on each other. There are no cars in sight, only mopeds and bicycles.

Collier takes his wallet out and walks over to a fruit stand, pointing at a rickety old bike, which has a basket in front. He gives three hundred-dollar bills to the lovely and irrepressible LYDIA, 82, who stands behind the counter.

COLLIER (CONT'D)

Lydia, my love, will you take this for your bike? I really need it.

Nazirah smirks at the bike and takes a huge wad of bills out. A YOUNG MAN, 22, comes ROARING through on a souped-up motorcycle. She flags him down and offers him the whole wad.

Lydia puts the money back into Colliers hand.

LYDIA
No money, Señor Blaylock; the
bike's yours.

YOUNG MAN
(to Nazirah)
No, not for sale.

The motorcycle ROARS off, and Nazirah watches as Collier
tries and fails to put the money back into Lydia's hand.

COLLIER
Please take the money, darling.
And I thought we agreed you'd call
me "Collier," or people will think
I'm robbing the cradle.

LYDIA
(batting her eyes)
You are an angel -- Collier. Just
take the bike.

COLLIER
A hundred then?

LYDIA
No, no.

Collier looks helplessly at Nazirah, who shakes her head,
looks up and down the street, and shrugs. Collier grins and
points to a moped rental stand.

Nazirah frowns but then crosses the road to rent a moped.

Lydia smiles knowingly at Nazirah then winks at Collier.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
So you need the bike, hmm?

COLLIER
(winking back)
Yes, I need it right now.

He tries to hand her the money again.

Lydia comes around the counter, rolls the bike to Collier,
and puts his hands on the handle bars -- ignoring the money.

LYDIA
You take it. Make a picnic with
the pretty girl.

Then she fills the basket with fruit.

COLLIER
 (kissing her cheek)
 I'll make it up to you, beautiful,
 that's a promise.

LYDIA
 Silly boy. Go, enjoy your ride.

She gestures at Nazirah, who is trying to fend off THE MOPED RENTAL MAN, 63, as he tries to put a helmet in her hands.

Collier gets on the bike and peddles quickly down the road.

Nazirah sees this, tosses the helmet back to the man, and gets on the moped. Then she adjusts her hat and "races" down the road after Collier.

EXT. SMALL CARIBBEAN ISLAND, ROAD/MAYAN BALL COURT - DAY

Collier peddles at an impressive speed but Nazirah is gaining on him, so he starts throwing fruit at her.

Nazirah dodges the sweet missiles, catching a kiwi. She looks confounded at it then back toward Collier. She shakes her head in disbelief and drops the fruit. But then a mango hits her front wheel, and she skids to a stop.

Collier laughs and keeps going but Nazirah recovers quickly and races after him again -- all business.

Collier looks behind him and sees Nazirah catching up. He comes to a steep hill, smacks his hat on tighter, and flies down it, gaining a lot of speed. Then he takes a sharp right, careening almost out of control.

The road suddenly ends in the ruins of a Mayan ball court.

Collier draws his pistol and jumps off the bike. He rolls into a ready stance, snapping the gun down expertly to aim back the way he came.

The bike CRASHES behind him, broken in the dust and leaving an expectant silence -- no sound of a moped -- no sign of Nazirah -- only a soft breeze RUSTLING the leaves of overgrowth that fills the other end of the ball court.

Collier looks around at the silent stone walls lining the ball court. Then he holds his gun in the air by the barrel and sets it slowly on the ground.

COLLIER
 I know you've got the bead on me; I
 can feel it.

Nazirah's lip curls as she looks through her rifle scope. She stands up from where she's lying, on top of one of the low walls. Her aim doesn't waver as she speaks in a nearly perfect American accent.

NAZIRAH

Why did you bring me here?

COLLIER

It seemed appropriate.

He gestures around him at the ruins then takes his jacket and tie off as he speaks.

COLLIER (CONT'D)

The Maya built these courts for a kind of warfare -- a ball game played with the skull of a God. Some say it was the winners who got sacrificed.

Nazirah looks around intrigued.

NAZIRAH

And the losers?

COLLIER

You'll have to tell me that.

He folds the jacket and tie neatly and sets them on a stone that has fallen from the wall.

NAZIRAH

(laughing)

What do you propose?

COLLIER

Hand-to-hand, no rules.

He rolls up his shirt sleeves and unbuttons the top two buttons.

Nazirah jumps down and disarms as she approaches. She drops the rifle-cane, comb-blade, and binoculars.

She pulls a long stiletto, a blow pipe, darts, and throwing stars out of special pockets in her clothes and scatters them behind her as she walks.

As she stops in front of Collier, she pulls the belt from around her waist and unfurls it into a whip. Collier's eyes widen as she snaps it in the air, inches from his face, then throws it down before him.

He whistles at the long trail of weapons then looks suspiciously at her clothes.

COLLIER (CONT'D)
Sure you didn't forget anything?

NAZIRAH
(drolly)
Airport security.

She looks down at Collier's off-the-shelf thirty-eight.

NAZIRAH (CONT'D)
And you?

COLLIER
That's all I carry.

NAZIRAH
For an arms dealer, you're not very well armed.

COLLIER
(raising his fists)
And you're not ugly enough to be a Bond villain. Shall we?

NAZIRAH
I'll make one rule...

She looks him up and down appreciatively.

NAZIRAH (CONT'D)
... I'll have you before I kill you.

Collier looks startled and vastly amused as they begin circling each other.

COLLIER
Do you "have" all of your targets before you kill them?

NAZIRAH
(momentarily offended)
Don't be obscene.

Collier has trouble keeping a straight face as her hips sway from side to side while she positions herself.

COLLIER
Wouldn't you like to have dinner first? Perhaps take in a show?

NAZIRAH

I don't date criminals. Anyway, I
have a flight to catch.

COLLIER

So do I.

He stumbles backward, just in time to avoid a lightning fast and perfectly executed roundhouse kick, but she anticipates his stumble and connects with a punch to the rib-cage.

Collier delivers an uppercut to the air where she'd been only a second before. He follows it quickly with a jab to the guts that sends her flying -- but unphased.

Nazirah slides to a stop near the trail of weapons. She picks up the whip and snaps it across Collier's ass, then she drops it where she found it, and runs to the other corner.

COLLIER (CONT'D)

(rubbing his ass)

Hey! That's cheating!

NAZIRAH

You said "no rules."

Collier runs and rolls, grabs the whip, and snaps it at Nazirah's ass. She avoids it easily. Collier also leaves the whip where he found it.

NAZIRAH (CONT'D)

You need lessons.

COLLIER

You're welcome to teach me one,
Sweet-pea.

She raises an eyebrow at the challenge then they engage in a clinch, each trying unsuccessfully to trip the other and blocking every blow. This goes on for much too long, neither gaining the upper-hand.

They finally separate and back away to catch their breath. Collier leans on his knees, much more exhausted than Nazirah.

COLLIER (CONT'D)

Your accent... you sound American.

NAZIRAH

My mother is. We moved to the
states when I was twelve.

COLLIER

Divorce?

NAZIRAH

I wished my father a good day at work -- then his car exploded.

COLLIER

(hesitant)
The Taliban?

NAZIRAH

(nodding)
He was harboring Christians....

She suddenly flips end over end, like an acrobat, and slams an elbow into his side. Both their hats go flying, and Collier sinks to one knee.

NAZIRAH (CONT'D)

(with acid in her voice)
... The bomb was traced to an illegal arms dealer.

Collier rises quickly but painfully, holding his side. He limps out of her reach and shakes it off.

COLLIER

That explains much.

NAZIRAH

Why did you really bring me here?

COLLIER

Same reason you came: to protect the children.

NAZIRAH

Most of your kind would have stayed on the bus, Danny.

Collier picks up one of the hats and tosses it into Nazirah's hands. She looks down at it -- surprised.

NAZIRAH (CONT'D)

Why did you do that?

COLLIER

Don't you need to cover your hair?

NAZIRAH

Afghanistan was Buddhist long before it was Muslim, and my family never converted.

COLLIER

You're a Buddhist?!

NAZIRAH

So?

COLLIER

You kill people for a living.

NAZIRAH

(shrugging)

So I'm not a very good one.

She puts the hat on. It's obviously too big.

NAZIRAH (CONT'D)

This one's yours.

She suddenly runs and jumps, banking off the wall to leap gracefully up into the air and straight at Collier. She throws the hat in his face and pirouettes one dainty boot upside his head.

Collier is knocked nearly senseless to his knees then he falls slowly, to sit on his heels.

Nazirah retrieves Colliers hat and puts it back on again.

Collier mumbles something, beginning to come to his senses.

Nazirah walks casually over to the whip, picks it up, and snaps it on the ground near Collier. As he starts, she ties his hands tightly behind his back with the whip then pulls his head back sharply by the hair.

Collier comes fully alert, looking entranced into her eyes.

NAZIRAH (CONT'D)

What did you say?

COLLIER

It looks better on you.

Nazirah presses her lips hungrily to Collier's. He parts his lips to let her tongue in. Then she wraps her thighs around his waist and sits in his lap.

She finally releases his hair, giving him control of his head. He uses it to kiss her as greedily as she kissed him.

Then she throws him over and straddles his hips, ripping his shirt open as she pulls it frantically out of his pants.

Nazirah runs her hands down Collier's well-defined pecs and washboard abs.

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