

SNAPSHOT

Written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Behind the wheel of a BRAND NEW BLACK MAYBACH EXELERO, Logan (late 30s, sharp, capable, with an air of mystery) drives fast and confident. He fiddles with the radio until a crystal clear bass line emerges. The song is *Under Pressure* by Queen featuring David Bowie and Logan is stoked. He turns it up, and starts drumming on the steering wheel and singing along. As he reaches the duet portion, where Freddie Mercury enters, Logan points at the rear view mirror--

LOGAN

Here's your part!

ANGLE ON: The reflection in the rear view mirror of a stiff dead body in the backseat. His lifeless eyes stare back at Logan. He does not sing along.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Not feeling it? Okay. I'll do both parts.

Logan pulls double duty on the track for a moment and then notices an address out the window.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

It's showtime.

With the car still in motion, Logan jumps into the back seat. He throws the body into the drivers' seat, and forces the dead man's foot onto the gas pedal.

EXT. CAR

Logan, dressed completely in black, rolls out of the speeding car. He effortlessly clears the fence of a nearby house, and silently positions himself in the shadows near the front porch.

CRASH! The car violently collides with a neighbor's tree.

CLOSE ON: Logan's hand presses the button of a small remote detonator causing a BURST OF FLAME from the hood of the car.

EXT. STREET

One by one, the lights start to come on inside the various homes of the neighborhood. People step out on their porches to see what's going on.

SIRENS blare as multiple police cars, a fire truck, and an ambulance arrive.

EXT. PORCH

The door next to Logan opens and a polished older gentleman in a robe walks out. Logan silently slides in the doorway behind him, unnoticed. The man moves toward the street and convenes with a few neighbors. An OFFICER approaches them.

OFFICER

You can all head inside. We've got this under control.

NEIGHBOR

What happened?

OFFICER

Not totally clear, yet, but it looks like someone passed out behind the wheel of their car, crashed it, and a spark hit the fuel line.

NEIGHBOR 2

I hope they're okay.

Everyone stares at this person.

OFFICER

They're not.

GENTLEMAN

Well, thank you officer. Let us know if there's anything we can do to help.

OFFICER

Sure will.

Everyone returns to their homes. We follow the gentleman in the robe as he enters--

INT. GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE - FOYER

He gets in, shuts the door, and activates the home security system by punching in his code. He turns off the light in the foyer leaving himself in darkness and walks into the--

INT. LIVING ROOM

As the gentleman moves through the darkened living room, a light CLICKS on above one of the reading chairs.

We REVEAL: Logan, sitting with a pistol, silencer attached, aimed at the gentleman. The gentleman remains calm.

GENTLEMAN

Get it over with.

LOGAN

Really? You're not gonna try to negotiate or beg or anything?

GENTLEMAN

For what? I'd have more luck negotiating with my fucking dog. You don't make your own decisions. You're an errand boy.

LOGAN

(hurt)  
I decide stuff.

GENTLEMAN

Like what?

LOGAN

Like...  
(quiet)  
What radio station I play in the car.

GENTLEMAN

Just pull the trigger.

CLOSE ON: The gun barrel, as Logan pulls the trigger and FIRES.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. CAR

A very tired-looking Logan drives a shitty, rust-colored 1998 Suzuki Swift into the parking lot of a Sears Department Store.

EXT. SEARS PARKING LOT - MORNING

Logan gets out of his car, while he hurriedly buttons up his blue shirt, and gets slightly tangled in the Lanyard ID employees are forced to wear around their necks. He hits a light jog as he approaches the automatic doors.

INT. SEARS - EMPLOYEE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Logan heads for the employee door behind the counter, but is intercepted by his manager, COLIN (40s, passive-aggressive, loves his job, sees himself as a leader). Colin is holding something behind his back.

COLIN

Got ya something...

Colin reveals he's been holding a clock behind his back. Logan gives a resigned nod.

COLIN (CONT'D)

You can't really keep it, I have to put it back in electronics, but I think my point is made.

LOGAN

I'm really sorry I'm late. I had some car trouble.

COLIN

Logan, I'm torn. I really am. Because you're a damn good portrait photographer. Maybe the best we've had.

LOGAN

Thank you, Colin.

COLIN

But you're taking that natural, god-given talent and you are throwing it away. Flushing it down the bowl hole. It's hard for me to watch.

LOGAN

I know you're upset, but I'm only five minutes late, and there are no portraits scheduled until noon.

COLIN

What about walk-ins!?

LOGAN

We've never had a walk-in.

COLIN

Over in the Camden store, not an hour away, they had two walk-ins last month!

LOGAN

I hadn't heard about that.

COLIN

Because you didn't ask. This is what I'm talking about, Logan.

LOGAN

You're saying you want me to ask you about the Camden Sears?

COLIN

It'd be a heck of a start.

Colin puts his arm around Logan and gets in close.

COLIN (CONT'D)

No B.S., you could be great here at Sears. I'm the head of your damn fan club, brother. But I've also gotta be your manager. What would you do, if you were me?

LOGAN

I'd kill myself.

COLIN

(not getting it)

Well, we're not going that far. But I do have to take away your employee discount until you show me you deserve it.

LOGAN

I hope I earn your trust back, sir.

COLIN

So do I.

As Colin walks away, Logan pulls a PISTOL out from the back of his waistband, surgically pops the clip out, empties the chamber shell, and fires the now empty gun at the back of Colin's head several times. Colin stops and turns just as Logan hides the gun again.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Oh, and Logan?

LOGAN

Yes sir?

COLIN

(teasing)

Might wanna straighten your lanyard out. It helps when the part people read is on the front.

INT. VANITY VAULT HAIR SALON - DAY

Jessica (30s, intelligent, talkative hipster) cuts hair and holds court in front of her CLIENT and her co-worker, SUMMER (20s, mopey and dry).

JESSICA

I'm telling you, most people are not who they say they are! Not that they're necessarily aliens, though let's be real, some are. But, just for example, you ever have someone you know straight-up disappear?

SUMMER

Umm, not really?

JESSICA

Oh, so it's just me?

(to client)

Is it just me that happens to?

CLIENT

I guess not...

JESSICA

Exactly. It's not just me. That shit happens sometimes and we don't know why. But someone knows why. And they work for some government program whose name is a bunch of initials that stand for like the... "Divisional Eradication Branch" or some shit--

SUMMER

Okay, so, last week you told me that half of all fish were government robots releasing chemicals into the water supply. And now you're telling me the feds are gonna snatch up my plumber tomorrow and like "activate" him?

JESSICA

(condescending)

Yes, they do more than one secret thing, Summer.

(to client)

Separate departments, right?

CLIENT

Sure. Could you do my eyebrows?

JESSICA

You know I can!

INT. SEARS - PHOTO PRINTING AREA - LATER

Logan prints out photographs for a SULLEN TEENAGE GIRL and her MOTHER.

TEEN'S MOTHER

You didn't capture her personality at all.

LOGAN

Sorry. The, uh, camera doesn't always cooperate.

TEEN'S MOTHER

Don't blame the equipment. My daughter is a natural beauty. Any decent photographer would have gotten that. I want a refund.

CLOSE ON: The daughter's face, frowning.

CLOSE ON: The mother's face, frowning.

CLOSE ON: The portrait. All three faces are identical.

LOGAN

Just go to the front desk and tell them to take it out of my paycheck or something.

The mother and daughter head out as Colin and TERRY (50s, very odd guy) approach.

COLIN  
You'll never guess what we have  
here. A walk-in!

Terry extends his limp hand. Logan shakes it.

INT. SEARS - PHOTOGRAPHY AREA

Logan takes pics of Terry who poses awkwardly. Colin looks on, satisfied.

TERRY  
Thanks for doing this.

LOGAN  
No problem. It's my job.

TERRY  
Hey, can I ask you something? I'm  
hoping to use these to kind of  
spice up my dating profile. A lot  
of guys have pics on there of them  
goofing with their buddies...

LOGAN  
You want to make second appointment  
for you and your buddies?

TERRY  
Well... nooo...

COLIN  
Hop in there, Logan. Goose him, hit  
him with some bunny ears, all the  
classics. I'll take the pics.

Logan glares at Colin, but finally gets in the frame.

EXT. SEARS - PARKING LOT

Logan climbs into his car with a sad brown bag lunch. His phone rings. It's an incoming FaceTime call from his handler, TESS (40ish, severe, professional, easily flustered).

LOGAN  
(pouty)  
Hey.

TESS

Is the target neutralized?

LOGAN

I shot him to death, if that's what you mean.

TESS

We don't say it that way. Someone's in a mood.

LOGAN

I am in a mood. Five years of driving this fucked-up car to this fucked-up job so I can keep this shitty fucking cover story alive has put me "in a mood." And, not that you care, but I find my fake name embarrassing.

TESS

Hey, the name is good. I picked out the name.

LOGAN

Logan Xavier!? People think I'm some weird X-Men superfan!

TESS

No one thinks that. It's a very subtle nod.

LOGAN

I want out.

TESS

That's not the deal you made. We keep you out of jail, and you play by our rules.

LOGAN

I want a new deal. One with an exit plan. I'm sick of this. You guys tell me what to eat, when to sleep, I'm not even allowed to get a haircut where I want to.

TESS

It's for your own protection. Your hair looks fine.

LOGAN

It doesn't. It looks bad. I have very difficult hair.

(MORE)

LOGAN (CONT'D)

It sort of flares out on the sides,  
and very few stylists can handle  
it.

TESS

Fine, give me some time, I'll see  
what I can do. Meanwhile... notice  
anything? Remember you were making  
fun of my office because it was so  
"cold and impersonal," and you said  
that's what I'm like.

Tess pans the FaceTime camera around her office to show off a  
new POSTER. It's the album cover for *DARK SIDE OF THE MOON*.

LOGAN

Cool poster. Very warm and homey.

TESS

Right? You listen to these guys?  
I'm just getting into them.

LOGAN

You're just getting into Pink  
Floyd? You're like forty.

TESS

I'm thirty-eight.

LOGAN

Thirty-eight is like forty-- just  
give me the new target.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT

Jessica enters her home, collects the mail, and begins  
bustling around the house and tidying up as we hear:

TESS (V.O.)

The target is female, thirty-three,  
approximately 5'7". She lives  
alone, her address is written on a  
slip of paper in your glove  
compartment. Memorize it, and  
destroy it. We want this done  
tonight.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SEARS - EMPLOYEE AREA - EVENING

Logan snaps a pic of the address he's supposed to memorize and tears up the paper.

CLOSE ON: Logan breaks down the camera and tri-pod expertly

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON:

Logan sets up a sniper rifle with the same efficiency. He sits camouflaged in a tree, looking through the scope.

A light goes on in the window. A figure appears. Logan trains the sight on the person's head. He goes rigid and pulls his eye away from the scope. He shakes his head in disbelief.

He rapidly folds the rifle stand, and shimmies down the tree.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - ENTRY

Jessica answers a knock at the door. She reveals Logan, holding his rifle.

LOGAN

You're in danger!

Jessica screams and SLAMS the door in his face. With her back to the door, she catches her breath.

JESSICA

Wait. Evan? Is that you?

LOGAN

Yes. I mean, no, my name's not Evan anymore. Let me in. I'll explain.

Jessica opens the door.

JESSICA

That's a terrible haircut.

LOGAN

I know. They don't do it right.

JESSICA  
Come on, I'll fix you up.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Logan sits in a chair, as Jessica gives him a haircut.

JESSICA  
I wondered why you stopped coming  
into the salon.

LOGAN  
It's because I became a button man  
for a government shadow  
organization against my will.

JESSICA  
Makes total sense. Go on...

LOGAN  
After high school, I enrolled in  
the army.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE:

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE

We see young Logan going through basic training. He tears through the obstacle course.

INT. ARMY OFFICE

Logan sits at a desk across from a commanding officer.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
I showed certain aptitudes and I  
was selected for a special unit.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Two MIDDLE-AGED MEN meet in secret and exchange BRIEFCASES.

CLOSE ON: A GUN BARREL peeks out from the brush behind them.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
We took out high-ranking targets,  
as part of unofficial military  
operations.

The gun FIRES, instantly taking out one of the men. The other man starts running into the jungle, but Logan emerges in his path, knocks him to the ground, and shoots him.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
When the job was over, we  
disappeared. Moved on like we were  
never there.

INT. SPARSE ROOM

Logan is kicked back on a COT in a basically empty room, a SOLDIER enters and hands him a FOLDER. Logan looks inside and back up at the soldier, confused.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
After a few years, somebody asked  
one too many questions, and they  
shut the unit down. We went home.

EXT. ALLEYWAY

Logan is hunched over, a blanket wrapped around him. He looks paranoid.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Some of us adjusted better than  
others. My one friend adjusted  
really well. He founded this  
startup that's, like, crushing.

CLOSE ON: Television screen playing infomercial footage for  
"The Cold Cup"

LOGAN  
It's called a Cold Cup and it cools  
hot drinks in minutes without  
watering them down. I'm not totally  
clear on the technology, but--

BACK TO JESSICA'S APARTMENT:

JESSICA  
Is this a big part of the story?

LOGAN  
No, sorry. I just find it  
interesting. Anyway...

BACK TO FLASHBACK MONTAGE:

INT. BAR- BACK OFFICE

Logan accepts a roll of cash from a SCARY-LOOKING GANGSTER.

LOGAN

I found work where I could. Got mixed up with some people I shouldn't have.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - ROOF

A well-dressed man walks toward his car. He clicks unlock on his remote and the lights flash. He looks around, nervously.

LOGAN (V.O.)

There weren't too many things I was good at.

As the man opens his door, a hand shoots out from beneath his car, yanks his feet from under him, and he falls hard to the cement. Logan crawls out and puts a BLADE to the man's chin.

LOGAN

I made a mistake. More than one, but one I got caught for.

CLOSE ON: Logan's face. He jerks his arm and blood spatter appears on his collar.

WIDER ANGLE: A SPOTLIGHT hits Logan and he's instantly surrounded by agents. He raises his arms and lets the blade fall to the ground.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Feds were following him for something else. Guess I did them a favor.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Logan sits across from a FEDERAL AGENT in a black suit.

LOGAN

In light of my prior "service," and the fact that I could be useful to them, they offered me a deal. I took it and I got erased. New job, new name, new life.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

Jessica, somewhat in shock, still cuts Logan's hair.

JESSICA

Wow. Heavy.

(beat, then)

So what should I call you now?

LOGAN

(suddenly sheepish)

Logan Xavier- I know, I know. I didn't pick it and I actually do kinda like The X-Men, even that Apocalypse movie had some moments for me, but I obviously wouldn't have wanted to be named after two of the main characters.

JESSICA

I don't know what you're talking about. Those names have no association for me.

LOGAN

Really? Doesn't make you think of Wolverine or anything?

JESSICA

No. I get nothing.

LOGAN

I guess it is kinda subtle...

JESSICA

Wait, someone sent you to kill me?

LOGAN

Yes. Right. They did. Which makes no sense. I usually take out sleeper cells or drug lords. What did you do?

JESSICA

Nothing, really.

(beat, then)

Could it be my blog?

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - COMPUTER AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica sits at her desk. Logan (now with COOL HAIR) watches over her shoulder as she scrolls.

JESSICA  
(sheepish)  
It's just a stupid conspiracy blog.

Logan leans in and scans the screen, wide-eyed.

LOGAN  
All of this is right.

JESSICA  
I fucking knew it! The stuff with  
the water supply, too, right?

LOGAN  
Oh totally. They look like real  
fish.

Logan points at the screen.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
What's this?

JESSICA  
(covering)  
Ummm, that's just a thing I did,  
once, where I maybe sort of--  
(under her breath)  
Hacked the director of the FBI's  
personal email account and posted  
an excerpt from an encrypted  
document.

LOGAN  
What!? How!?

JESSICA  
I'm good with computers. I'm into  
puzzles and coding, and I was  
messing around and... admittedly, I  
probably crossed a line.

LOGAN  
Probably!? Jessica, they think  
you're a cyber terrorist.

JESSICA  
Tell them I'm not! Tell them I was  
really bored, and I made a mistake,  
but I'm cool now. Lesson learned.

LOGAN  
I can't. They contact me. I'd have  
to find my handler somehow, and I  
don't even have her name.

JESSICA

What do you know about her?

LOGAN

Ummm, she's 38. She wears pantsuits. She's just getting into Pink Floyd?

JESSICA

At 38? How do you know that?

LOGAN

She bought a poster last week--

INT. LOGAN'S CAR - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Logan drives as Jessica works on her laptop.

JESSICA

There were four online purchases of Pink Floyd memorabilia with delivery in the metro area this month. Two of them females.

LOGAN

(cool)

Set the controls for the heart of the sun.

JESSICA

Is that a Pink Floyd reference?

LOGAN

Yeah, it's one of their songs.

JESSICA

I don't know it.

LOGAN

(annoyed)

Well, it's pretty famous.

JESSICA

I know "Wish You Were Here."

LOGAN

Yeah, everyone knows Wish You-- just gimme the address.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. FANCY HOUSE - NIGHT

Logan's car pulls up to the curb in an affluent neighborhood.

INT. LOGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Logan turns to Jessica, who is still typing and reading her screen.

JESSICA

One of the credit card transactions traces back to that house on the corner.

LOGAN

Looks like Uncle Sam's paying someone pretty well.

JESSICA

I should be able to get onto their wifi.

(half a beat)

I'm on.

LOGAN

Really?

JESSICA

They've got sensors on the windows, but I can mimic their username and disable the security system.

LOGAN

Man, you would've made my life so much easier last night. I blew up a car. I should've just brought you.

JESSICA

Why did you blow up a car?

LOGAN

As a distraction. I put an unidentified body from the morgue in the driver's seat first.

JESSICA

Gross.

(still typing)

Okay, it's down.

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
We should have at least a few  
minutes. Need me to do anything?

LOGAN  
Actually, yeah.

INT. FANCY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A woman (40ish) who is not Logan's handler washes dishes when the doorbell RINGS. She walks to answer the front door.

INT. FANCY HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The woman answers the door to find Jessica wearing a vest and holding a clipboard.

JESSICA  
Do you have a few minutes to  
discuss the environment, more  
specifically the disappearance of  
the mighty honeybee?

WOMAN  
This stuff is coming to my house  
now. I thought this was just an on-  
the-street thing.

JESSICA  
Unfortunately, if we wait much  
longer, the impact of the dying  
bees will come to all of our  
doorsteps.

EXT. FANCY HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Logan creeps through the yard with a toolbag. He drops it near a window, pops the screen out, silently slices a circle of glass and reaches his hand in to unlock the frame.

He slides the window up, draws a gun, and climbs in.

INT. FANCY HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Jessica still talks to the woman.

WOMAN  
So how does this even work? Like  
what's the best case scenario for  
you? I don't get it.

Jessica sees Logan creep into the foyer behind the woman.

JESSICA

Well, our hope is that by raising  
bee awareness we can--

LOGAN

(intense)

Don't make a sound. Turn around,  
and show me your hands.

The woman stiffens and silently turns around. She is  
terrified. Logan's composure changes when he sees her.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

It's not her.

(to woman)

You're not her. Really sorry. This  
must look so confusing. Sorry.

The woman's eyes are still fixed on the gun Logan has pointed  
at her. She is hyper-ventilating, completely freaking out.  
Jess and Logan are totally casual.

JESSICA

Guess it's the other place. Whoops.

Logan grabs some cash out of his pocket and drops it on an  
end table.

LOGAN

This is for the window, sorry  
again. I fucked up your window.  
Thought you were someone else.

WOMAN

Who are you? Am I in trouble?

LOGAN

No, no. We just-- it's a long story  
but we were looking for someone who  
bought a Pink Floyd poster.

JESSICA

You did order one, right?

WOMAN

(bursting into tears)

Yes, for my son. Has he done  
something wrong? Why do you have a  
gun?!

LOGAN

Let me ask you something. Your son is what, like, fourteen? Fifteen?

WOMAN

He's fifteen.

JESSICA

Perfect. That's when you should get into Floyd. If ever.

Logan starts toward the window he came in, and stops himself.

LOGAN

(chuckling)

I almost went back out the window.

WOMAN

You can use the door.

LOGAN

Yeah, that's easier. Sorry again.

JESSICA

Thanks for talking to us. I'm gonna jam your cell phone signal for a few minutes, just so you don't call the cops until we're gone.

WOMAN

Thanks for telling me?

JESSICA

Sure. And you know your son smokes pot, right? Like, if he just asked you for that poster he's probably getting high.

LOGAN

She's right. Not a huge deal or anything, but you should know that.

WOMAN

(wiping her tears)

Please just leave.

JESSICA

You got it.

LOGAN

Will do.

Logan and Jessica exit.

INT. LOGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Logan drives while Jessica works on the computer again.

LOGAN

All in all, she was pretty cool  
about it.

JESSICA

Can I just say something? I'm  
loving this. Way more fun than my  
normal life.

EXT. RUN-DOWN STREET

Logan's car turns onto a road of small, shabby-looking  
buildings.

INT. LOGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Logan and Jessica are still driving.

LOGAN

Is this the place?

JESSICA

(pointing)  
Yep, she lives there.

LOGAN

This makes me feel better. Because  
my place isn't nice either, but I'd  
hate to be crazy jealous of my  
handler, ya know?

JESSICA

I totally get it. Do you have a  
plan to get in?

Logan squints at the house.

LOGAN

It looks like the door is open.

EXT. TESS'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH

The screen is closed, but the door is indeed ajar. Logan and  
Jessica step onto the porch. The song "Money" by Pink Floyd  
is blaring from a back room inside the house.

Logan walks up and pulls the screen open. It makes a loud CREAK and he freezes.

TESS (O.S.)  
Come on in! I'll be there in a second.

INT. TESS'S HOUSE

Tess walks down the hall in her robe toward the living room.

TESS  
Mmmm, scrummy nummy Thai food.  
Just had to grab some cash for the tip--

Tess freezes when she discovers Logan and Jessica waiting for her in the living room.

TESS (CONT'D)  
Logan. What are you doing here?

LOGAN  
We need to talk.

TESS  
Okay, but... I'm expecting delivery. Can we not get into a whole heavy thing, yet?

LOGAN  
Sure.

CUT TO:

INT. TESS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Tess pours several takeout containers onto a plate. Logan and Jessica sit at the table across from her.

TESS  
(shy)  
I would've gotten more if I knew you were coming.

JESSICA  
It's fine.

Tess starts to scarf. She speaks with a mouthful of food.

TESS  
Your hair looks cool.

LOGAN

Thanks. That's part of what I wanted to talk about. This woman was the target you assigned.

TESS

Shouldn't she be dead?

LOGAN

No. Because she's my former stylist and she's not a threat to anyone.

JESSICA

It's a misunderstanding.

TESS

Well, I'm sorry. Once someone is identified as a threat to national security they have to be neutralized. We can't just take your word for it that you're safe, because this guy likes your haircuts.

JESSICA

You'd rather see an innocent person get killed!?

TESS

Neutralized.

LOGAN

(under his breath)  
You're like in love with that word.

TESS

Something to add, Logan?

LOGAN

We found you. We are in your house. I don't know why you still think you're calling the shots.

TESS

You're not gonna kill me.

LOGAN

(bratty)  
Well, I could.

TESS

(matching his tone)  
I could kill you, too.

(MORE)

TESS (CONT'D)

Or I could send someone just like you to kill you. We have like a dozen "you"s.

LOGAN

Well, I'm basically an expert on not getting killed, so you'd better hope the other "me"s are pretty fuckin' good.

TESS

(sighs)

They're okay. What do you want?

LOGAN

I want out.

TESS

I can't just snap my fingers and make that happen. You're an asset. We depend on you.

LOGAN

What if I told you I saved a photo of every address you've ever given me in a folder labeled "government sanctioned assassinations," and it's currently held by a third party who's prepared to release it unless you compromise?

TESS

You did!? I specifically asked you not to do that!

Logan shrugs.

TESS (CONT'D)

(thinking)

Okay... how about... fifty more kills?

Logan is clearly willing to accept, but Jessica cuts in and takes over the negotiation.

JESSICA

Fifty!? No way! How about ten?

TESS

Thirty.

JESSICA

Eleven.

TESS

You're not going up enough! That's not fair. You only came up by one. I'll do twenty-five.

JESSICA

Twelve.

TESS

Stop doing that. You did it again.  
(then)  
Okay fine. Twenty. Final offer.

Logan, thrilled, reaches his hand out to shake on it, but Jessica slaps his hand away and locks eyes with Tess.

JESSICA

Nineteen...

Tess and Jessica stare at each other for a beat as Logan just looks on. Finally Tess cracks.

TESS

Fine. Nineteen more hits and he's out.

LOGAN

Thank you. That's like nothing. I mean, I'm sure it sounds like a lot of people to kill, but I really think it'll fly by.

JESSICA

(to Tess)

And my name comes off the list when we finish. I'm out, too.

LOGAN

When we finish? No, Jessica, I don't want you roped into this.

JESSICA

I can't just go back to cutting hair. I wanna help. I'll be your computer girl. Like Chloe on 24.

TESS

That's not a real thing. We don't assign people their own personal hackers.

LOGAN

It is a cool idea, though. And it would be really helpful.

TESS

Just do it, then. Who cares? I  
honestly just wanna finish my Thai  
food.

They all do an awkward three-way handshake on the terms.

JESSICA

And name-wise, are we sticking with  
Jessica for me or should I be like  
(searching)  
... Chaos... Reaper..?

LOGAN

Please keep your normal name.

JESSICA

Perfect. Normal name for now, and  
if something better comes up  
naturally, we'll change it.

TESS

Welcome to the Domestic Elimination  
Bureau. close the door behind you.

JESSICA

Ooo, I had the initials right.

Jessica and Logan start to leave. Logan stops.

LOGAN

One more thing... I want a new car.

EXT. SEARS PARKING LOT - NEXT DAY

Series of GLAMOROUS CLOSE UPS:

Spinning tires, shiny steering wheel, gas pedal being pressed  
as the engine REVS loudly.

WIDEN TO REVEAL:

Logan parking a BRAND NEW 2017 SUZUKI SWIFT. It's only about  
five percent cooler than the car he had.

LOGAN

I should've been more specific.

END ACT THREE

TAG

EXT. FANCY OFFICE BUILDING - ESTABLISHING

The camera pans up an impressive building.

INT. FANCY PENTHOUSE OFFICE

Terry, the weird walk-in guy from Sears, enters the office of a very IMPOSING MAN, who sits at his desk.

Terry holds a FOLDER that he drops on the desk of the Imposing Man, who opens it.

CLOSE ON: One of the pictures of Logan doing bunny ears behind Terry.

IMPOSING MAN

It's him. You found him.

(beat)

Who's taking this picture? Is it on, like, a timer?

TERRY

No, that was his boss. He offered to take it.

IMPOSING MAN

Oh okay. Thought maybe they had like a timer function or something.

TERRY

They may.

Beat, then.

IMPOSING MAN

Anyway... it's him.

END SHOW