

JIMMY JAZZ

Written by

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*"The cigarettes you light,  
one after another,  
won't help you forget her."*

**- Frank Sinatra**

INT. JUPITER LOUNGE STAGE - NIGHT

It's black.

Stage lights come up on a JAZZ ENSEMBLE. They skillfully play an opening instrumental of "Jimmy Jazz" by the Clash.

The audience hoots & hollers. Clearly, this place has its liquor license.

The decor is that of a 20s jazz club with some near-future tech sprinkled about here & there - tablets to order drinks on, charging stations, exit signs - that sort of thing.

Looking on from just off-stage is JIMMY JAZZ - 30, big hair, bigger personality, with his expensive suit thinly veiling his unkept look. He's shrouded in darkness & smoking a cigarette. Puts it out on a crystal ash tray at his cue.

The music flourishes. Jimmy slides across, to the microphone.

Applause.

Jimmy is in his element.

JIMMY

Ladies & Gentleman from all walks  
of life... welcome. Welcome to the  
most glamorous...

The band plays a glamorous lick.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

...Most soulful...

A soulful lick.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

...most SPECTACULAR night of your  
life. In other words, welcome to  
the Jupiter Lounge - Neo Chicago's  
premier destination for the  
rhythmic blues. For jazz tunes that  
will melt your very soul like  
butter on a cooker. & For cocktails  
well worth their price. Looking  
around, I can see many of you  
already agree with me on that last  
one.

Chuckles from the audience.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
That's right folks, no open bar  
tonight.

The audience audibly laments this tragedy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
That is, except for the beautiful  
woman seated in the front row. I'm  
talking to you, doll.

Jimmy winks at an old lady in the front. She blushes.  
Whistles & laughs from the audience.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I am Jimmy Jazz, your spiritual  
guide through the rhythmic odyssey  
you're about to experience tonight.  
You already know what's in store if  
you're a regular 'round these  
parts. Looking around, I'm seeing  
many friendly & familiar faces.  
Hey, thank you for your patronage!  
And, to our new guests, where have  
you been?

Light laughter.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Kidding... kind of. No - all are  
welcome here. In fact, tell all  
your friends! If they make their  
reservations now, they can get  
seats this time next year!

Laughter.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Ladies & gentlemen, it's a very  
special night. Tonight is my 7 year  
anniversary with the Jupiter  
Lounge. 7 years, I've been singing  
for this fine establishment. 7  
years of this sweet, sweet routine.

Applause.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Thank you kindly, but I can't take  
all the credit. The Jupiter Lounge  
has been a tremendous support all  
these years. And who could forget  
the lounge's very own Jupiter Band?  
Those cats always have my back.

The band shows off.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Now, I've yapped on enough. You're not here for my eloquent speaking. No, you're here for the music. So let's start this evening right with "My Funny Valentine" composed by Richard Rogers over a century ago with lyrics by Mister Lorenz Hart

Jimmy sings "My Funny Valentine". His voice is golden & he throws his full heart into the melancholy performance.

MONTAGE - JIMMY'S WHISKEY ORDER

The music continues, accompanied by quick cuts of the entire single malt scotch-making process.

- The barley fields.
- Production & distillation.
- Delivery to an old-fashioned bar.

INT. OLD FASHIONED BAR - NIGHT

The SCOTCH is poured into a glass by a BARTENDER.

Light chatter. Aesthetic is prohibition. The clientele looks like they were alive for that time period - except Jimmy.

It's not exactly bumpin'.

The Bartender serves a contemplative Jimmy, smoking a cig.

BARTENDER

(HEAVY Chicago accent)

Here ya go, Boss. A glass of our most expensive scotch.

Jimmy nods. The bartender walks into the back.

JIMMY

(to the whiskey)

Been craving a taste of you since breakfast.

He closes his eyes & raises the glass to his lips. He smells the whiskey, relishing it. He's about to drink when...

Sniff sniff. The moment is ruined is ruined by the scent of a familiarly pungent perfume.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
(not looking)  
Josie?

JOSIE  
(with disgust)  
Jimmy Jazz.

Jimmy sighs. He puts down his glass.

JIMMY  
I thought I smelled regret.

JOSIE - 20s, Northshore, always unexpected - scoffs. She sits down next to Jimmy. Drinking a martini.

JOSIE  
Is that any way to greet a past lover?

JIMMY  
Oh good god. Please... *please* never utter those words ever again. Why're you even here, Josie?

JOSIE  
It's the weekend, silly. I'm out on the town!

JIMMY  
"Out on the town". Right. Quite the scene you've chosen.

He looks around at the elderly clientele.

JOSIE  
(being funny)  
Who says I'm not looking for a sugar daddy?

JIMMY  
I do. I'm sure *biological* daddy already pays the bills.

Josie drains her martini.

JOSIE  
Fine, Jim, you got me. I'm here because... I knew you'd be here.

She touches Jimmy's arm.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
I've missed you.

Jimmy takes a moment. He looks down at his overpriced liquor.

JIMMY  
Doll, you see this right here?

He raises it to eye-level.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
This is a 1998 Scottish Highlands  
Single Malt. Aged 50 years.

JOSIE  
Maybe I'll get me one. With  
*biological daddy's* money.

Jimmy places it back down as Josie signals the bartender.

JIMMY  
(ignoring her)  
It'll take me, at most, 20 minutes  
to drink this bad boy. 20 minutes.  
Down the hatch. Just like that. And  
they started making this tiny drop  
of liquid 20 years before I was  
even conceived.

A different bartender, VINNIE - 20s, tubby, pained eyes.

Josie points at Jimmy's glass. Vinnie nods.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
(still ignoring her)  
FIFTY years for a drink. Can you  
imagine?

VINNIE pours Josie a scotch from the same bottle.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
So, Josie... after all that work  
was put into the making of this  
fine liquor, & after having spent  
so much of my own hard-earned  
capital on it, it'd just feel like  
such a waste if you were to sully  
this experience for me.

Josie tosses Jimmy's prized scotch at his face. He doesn't  
even flinch.

JOSIE  
I hope you choke on it, Jimmy Jazz!

Josie slaps Jimmy & storms out. He rubs his cheek. Ouch.

JIMMY  
(to himself)  
Papa always told me not to mess  
with gals like that. Why don't I  
listen?

Jimmy notices Josie left behind her scotch. He drinks it.

A sudden, high pitched ringing before...

CUT TO BLACK.

DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. JIMMY'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

A MAN walks in drinking a Jack & Coke. All first-person perspective - we can't see his face. The walls are covered in Jimmy Jazz promotional posters. A humongous VANITY MIRROR sits opposite a couch-coffee table combo.

A TRUMPET BLARES. BANG! QUICK FLASH TO A REVOLVER GOING OFF.

The man slumps down on the couch. He's ready to pass out.

TRUMPET. QUICK CUT TO BLOOD ON THE PAVEMENT.

He sees an envelope on the coffee table with "James" scribbled on it. He opens it.

TRUMPET. SMASH! QUICK CUT. MOBSTER FALLING THROUGH A WINDOW.

The envelope contains a letter.

MONICA (O.S.)  
James.

Quick cut to an image of MONICA DAGGARD - early 20s, beautiful, poised, intelligent.

MONICA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I just couldn't bare to face you.

TRUMPET. QUICK CUT TO POLICE SIRENS.

Cut to Jimmy & Monica sitting & talking - his arm around her.

Cut to a recording from the perspective of an audience member of Jimmy & Monica on stage. She plays double bass & he's singing. They catch eachother's eyes & share a smile.

MONICA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I can't tell you where I'm going.



Cut to Monica, dressed in black, walking away, in the rain, holding a black umbrella.

MONICA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

She continues to walk away. The rain provides the only sound.

STRESSED JAZZ INSTRUMENTAL. RAPID CUTS OF ALL KINDS OF ULTRAVIOLENCE SHENANIGANS.

The man gets up & looks in the vanity mirror. He's a younger, cleaner cut Jimmy Jazz. Early 20s. He's been crying.

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy - 30 - jolts awake. He's in a cold sweat. He looks at his digital alarm clock. It's 5:14. He rubs his head. Still in bed, he rummages through his drawer & finds Advil. He takes one & drinks some water. Sitting on the side of his bed, he looks out at neon skyline of Neo Chicago.

JIMMY  
(melancholic)  
Monica... where did you go?

Outside his window, in the far distance, we focus on a billboard for *Jack's Of All Traits Enhancement Chips*.

ANIMATED BILLBOARD AD - DAY

LITTLE JACK - a cute little cartoon man dressed like a mechanic - is on the digital billboard. There's a pile of lemons next to him. Catchy music comes in.

LITTLE JACK  
(singing)  
*When your life gives you lemons &  
you don't know how to cook, just  
pop in a chip, no need to read a  
book!*

He puts a chip behind his ear & does a little jump. That means it's working. He picks up a lemon & squeezes it into a jug. He pulls a lever & sugar pours down from above. He drinks the lemonade & gives a thumbs up.

SPOKESPERSON (O.S.)  
Jack's Of All Traits Enhancement  
Chips! Bring out your inner talent!

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN SPACE - NIGHT

Zoom out. The same billboard is next to a dark warehouse.  
*Aerodynamic* by Daft Punk plays.

THIS NEXT SEQUENCE IS ONLY SEEN IN SILHOUETTE THROUGH THE  
WAREHOUSE WINDOWS. ACTIONS ARE LINED UP TO THE SONG.

On the top floor, a DRUG LORD counts cash.

DAGGER - age unknown, personality unknown, everything unknown  
- walks up behind the lord & chokes him out.

From the next window over, a goon is approaching. He enters &  
pulls his gun on Dagger. He's unable to fire a shot before...

SHINK! Dagger tosses a throwing knife through his neck. The  
goon lets out a gargled scream.

Aw Shit.

Sirens go off.

Dagger unsheathes a red, glowing katana. Jumps out of sight.

4 goons enter with guns. They investigate & call for backup.  
Leaving the room, they turn the light out behind them.

In the darkness, they notice the katana's emanating red glow.

Dagger's been had.

Dagger jumps down on BOB THE GOON, knocking him over.

GREG THE GOON draws a pistol.

SHLINK! Dagger slices off Greg's hand.

Bob tries to get up.

Swift & brutal - Dagger drives his katana down through Bob's  
spine & into the floor board.

Dagger tries to pull the sword back up but BANG, BANG, BANG!  
MIKE THE GOON, behind Dagger's back, starts shooting.

Dagger leaps out of the way.

Mike shoots Greg by mistake. Dead.

Dagger kicks the gun out of Mike's hand.

CRASH! Out the window it goes. Red light peaks through the  
cracked glass.

DON THE GOON throws a punch that whistles past Dagger's ear.

Dagger uses Don's momentum against him to push him into Mike.

Dagger pulls the katana from Bob's corpse & kebabs Don & Mike before pulling the blade out & running.

Down on the first floor, 2 ELEVATOR GOONS call the elevator & get in.

We follow them, slowly, up to the 3rd floor.

As the doors open, Dagger is running towards them.

They shoot & PING!... PING!... Dagger deflects the bullets back.

Dagger runs off-screen into the elevator.

SLIT! The goons yelp.

Dagger strolls back out from the elevator, fidgeting with a timed explosive. Dagger tosses it into the elevator.

Down on the first floor, REENFORCEMENTS have arrived. They have assault rifles trained on the elevator. They wait as...

DING! DING! DING! The elevator descends slowly.

DONG! The doors open & the reenforcements open fire.

BOOM! The bomb goes off, killing them all.

Dagger emerges from a door to the stairs.

BRRRR! CHAINSAW GOON comes in from off-screen straight at Dagger.

Dagger backs up, slicing up the chainsaw lightning fast until it's in tiny pieces.

Chainsaw Goon throws down his destroyed weapon & surrenders.

After consideration, Dagger signals Chainsaw Goon to leave.

The goon runs out the door, towards the camera, petrified.

Dagger - wearing a ninja mask that covers the face & a cloak that covers the torso - strolls out. Taps on smartwatch.

SMARTWATCH

(cheery)

Contract fulfilled! Please allow 48  
hours for all funds to transfer!

SKRRT! A car pulls up off-screen. On-screen, the blinders are in Dagger's face.

The sound of a handful of guns reloading.

Dagger raises the red katana to a defensive position.

ALIEN CITY BUS STOP - NIGHT

An OLD LADY sits on a bench.

Dagger walks from off-screen, covered in blood & guts. The old lady looks mortified. Dagger sits on the bench. The old lady picks up her purse & power-wobbles away.

SMARTWATCH

New. Contract. Received. Jazz,  
Jimmy J. Location: Neo Chicago,  
Earth, Milkyway Galaxy.

Dagger is jumpy. Starts rapidly clicking on the watch.

SMARTWATCH (CONT'D)

First class tickets booked for Neo  
Chicago. 2 Connections.

Dagger stands. Impatient. Looks around for the bus. No dice.

Dagger starts running towards the old lady. She screams - but then stops when Dagger runs right past her.

INT. JIMMY'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy kisses TALIA EVERGREEN - a gorgeous heiress in her early 20s - up against his vanity mirror.

*Just a Gigolo* by Louis Prima plays.

They part for a breath.

TALIA

How d'you always smell so...  
dashing, Jimmy?

Jimmy whips out a bottle of fancy COLOGNE. It says "L'eau de Jimmy". He sprays a little into the air.

JIMMY

I have my own line.

They resume kissing. Jimmy blindly puts the cologne down.

They part again.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I got you a little something.

TALIA  
Oh! I love little somethings!

Jimmy smoothly reaches into a drawer behind Talia & pulls out a fancy-looking jewelry box. He gives it to Talia. She opens it & there's an expensive-looking necklace inside.

TALIA (CONT'D)  
Oh Jimmy! It's beautiful!

JIMMY  
I saw it & I just thought to myself: this is so you!

TALIA  
Omigosh, I feel so special! But this line sold out months ago! Some mysterious buyer came in & bought all the stock!

JIMMY  
I don't know what to tell you, doll - being a renowned jazz socialite has it's perks.

The drawer Jimmy got the jewelry box from is open. Full of identical jewelry boxes. He reaches behind Talia & closes it.

TALIA  
I want to put it on right now.

JIMMY  
Please. Allow me.

Talia turns towards the mirror.

TALIA  
This is really so sweet of you.

JIMMY  
For you, anything.

He puts on the necklace. She admires it in the mirror.

Jimmy blinks & it's Monica before him, not Talia.

MONICA  
How do I look?

Jimmy's rattled. He's seeing things.

JIMMY  
(under his breath)  
Again with this?

TALIA (O.S.)  
Sorry?

Talia looks normal again.

JIMMY  
Huh?

TALIA  
Is everything okay, Jimmy?

He regains composure.

JIMMY  
Yeah, it's just, I've been wanting  
to ask you something. I know we've  
only known each other a short time  
but, I must admit, I've grown  
rather fond of you-

TALIA  
Yes.

JIMMY  
I'm sorry?

TALIA  
Just kiss me, you fool.

Talia tugs on Jimmy's tie & they passionately kiss. Like, old-school Hollywood passion. Think *Casablanca*.

They part & Talia feels the spot behind his right ear.

TALIA (CONT'D)  
What's this on your neck?

Jimmy doesn't hear her before there's a knock on the door.

JIMMY  
(shouting)  
Come back later!

STAGEHAND (O.S.)  
(through the door)  
Mr. Jazz? You're on in 5!

TALIA

(to Jimmy)

We can stay a bit longer, right? I mean, it's not like there's a show without you, Jimmy Jazz.

JIMMY

(to the stagehand)

Be there in a flash!

(to Talia)

Jimmy Jazz never keep his audience waiting, doll.

Talia's disappointed but understanding. They stand looking passionately into each other's eyes for a moment.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

So... don't forget to close the door on your way out.

TALIA

(taken aback)

Oh! Um, sure! Of course! I'll catch up with you after the show?

JIMMY

Same place, doll. I look forward to it.

Talia leaves, giving a little fluttering wave on her way out.

Jimmy sprays two squirts of cologne on himself & places it back in his breast pocket.

He gets serious. Sits at his vanity mirror & fixes his hair so as to achieve the ultimate stylishly messy do. He stares at himself intensely.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I. AM. JIMMY JAZZ.

INT. JUPITER LOUNGE BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Jimmy strolls in. The band are talking amongst themselves. Jimmy's eye is caught by Dagger, standing with a massive double bass in the corner, still wearing the cyber-ninja mask, but with a tux over it.

Jimmy goes over to Crosby - a sax player.

JIMMY

Hey, Crosby, who's the new... *face*?

CROSBY

Oh, haven't you heard? Billie called in sick. Weird sudden case of food poisoning. Replacement bassist tonight.

JIMMY

What's his name?

CROSBY

Dunno. Haven't talked to him.

JIMMY

Well that's not very welcoming, is it? You can't make real jazz without full synergy.

CROSBY

Alright, Jimmy, you go right ahead & synergize. Dude gives me the creeps.

Jimmy walks over to Dagger. They're face to mask.

JIMMY

(enthusiastically)

Hi, I'm Jimmy Jazz. Thanks for filling in for Billie. It wouldn't be the same without a good double-bass riff so I'm excited to see what you've got!

Jimmy offers out his hand.

Dagger hesitates, but reluctantly shakes.

Jimmy bites his lip in pain.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Hell of a grip.

Jimmy stretches out his hand to return blood flow.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(undeterred)

So! You've been filled in on our setlist for the night, right-

Dagger turns & walks past Jimmy, towards the stage.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Okay...



INT. JUPITER LOUNGE STAGE - NIGHT

The curtains open. The band does the *same* instrumental intro as the night before. Jimmy comes out in the *same* way. He repeats the *same* monologue. All the *same*.

In the audience, a WOMAN IN A GOWN turns to her friend.

WOMAN IN GOWN

(whispering)

Doesn't he ever get tired of this routine?

Dagger tunes out Jimmy's monologue, searching the audience for fellow bounty hunters. Dagger's mask interface points out the identities of a whole bunch. Dagger's attention is drawn to BULLOCK - a cyborg cowboy bounty hunter - on the balcony. Bullock is trying to be sly about setting up his sniper.

The music starts. *Pistol Packin' Mama* by Bing Crosby. Dagger was too preoccupied to notice but quickly joins in, playing the bass exquisitely. Jimmy takes notice.

JIMMY

(singing)

Oh, drinking beer in a cabaret, was  
I having fun! Until one night, she  
caught me right, now I'm on the  
run!

Bullock lines up his shot.

Dagger turns to Jimmy.

Unsheathes the laser katana from the neck of the double bass.

Jimmy is bewildered & then terrified. He tries to run from Dagger but Dagger is faster.

Bullock shoots.

Jimmy closes his eyes, covers his head, and crouches, all the while producing a high pitches squeal comparable a dolphin's.

Everything is black.

Silence - Except a faint electrical hum.

JIMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Am I dead?

Jimmy opens his eyes.

The silence turns into screams.

Visuals return. Blurry at first... and then clear.

Dagger blocks Jimmy, sword raised in defense.

A smushed bullet lays at Dagger's feet.

Dagger just stopped that bullet.

Dagger just saved Jimmy Jazz's life.

In a quick motion, Dagger tosses 2 throwing knives at Bullock. They hit Bullock's 2 robot eyes. His eyes dim.

Bullock tries to flee & runs into the wall behind him.

Half the audience flees in fear.

Only half.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What-

Dagger tackles Jimmy behind the piano.

The remaining audience - various bounty hunters - pull out guns & open fire.

Jimmy & Dagger are leaned up against the piano. Bullets are flying. Jimmy is frenzied. Dagger is in the zone.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(panicked)

Who are they shooting at?!

Dagger points at Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What?! Why?! What'd I do?!

Dagger shrugs.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Are you mute or something?!

Dagger touches a device behind the ear.

Jimmy notices it's a combat chip.

Dagger's tux fazes off. Back in the full-on combat suit.

Dagger points at Jimmy, then at the stage door.

Jimmy understands.

Dagger counts down with fingers 3, 2, 1...

Jimmy books it.

Dagger draws fire off of him, jumping on the piano, surfing it downstage, & leaping off, sword first, into the hordes of bounty hunters.

*Pistol Packin' Mama* resumes playing.

SPLIK! Dagger lands, skewering 3 bounty hunters with the katana. It remains mounted atop the body pileup.

GUN HUNTER points his gun point-blank at Dagger's head.

Dagger uses Gun Hunter as a kick-stand - knocking him over - & helicopter swings around the body-pile-mounted katana, face-kicking a circle of bounty hunters in one swift motion.

Gun Hunter clambers to grab his gun.

Dagger uses the velocity of the swing to dive kick directly onto Gun Hunter.

EXT. JUPITER LOUNGE ALLEY - NIGHT

Neon graffiti lines the walls & lights the alley. Jimmy holds his phone up to his ear. He's shaken.

AUTOMATED VOICE

(enthusiastically)

You've dialed 9-1-1. We'll get you  
to our first available operator  
after a quick word from our  
sponsor!

JIMMY

No! I don't have time for this!  
There's been a shoot-out-

LITTLE JACK

(singing)

When your life gives you lemons &  
you don't know how to cook-

JIMMY

(yelling)

I don't need an enhancement chip I  
need help you greedy-!

Jimmy whips his head back, just barely dodging a throwing knife. It lodges in the brick wall.

BULLOCK (O.S.)  
(southern accent)  
Did I hitcha?

Bullock's vision is still offline.

He's on the roof with his sniper in one hand. He uses the other to pull a knife out from his eye.

Jimmy cries but attempts to do so quietly.

He fails.

Bullock turns toward him.

Bullock does a flip off the roof. He hits his head on a dumpster because he can't see shit.

INT. JUPITER LOUNGE - NIGHT

Frequent shifts between slow-motion & regular time.

TING! Dagger's katana simultaneously blocks attacks from 2 sword-wielding bounty hunters.

Dagger pushes them back & fends them off until directly in-between them.

Dagger dodges one's blade & it lodges directly into the other's shoulder.

Dagger kicks off the swordsman still standing to do a flip & SPLIK! During the flip, Dagger slices him up the face.

WHOOSH! WHOOSH! WHOOSH! a hunter wielding nunchucks appears.

Dagger reverses the attack on him & chokes him out with his own 'chucks.

SMASH! A heavy-set bounty hunter, MINIGUN HUNTER, kicks in the door. He's holding a minigun.

BRAPARAPARAPA! He shoots it rapid fire at Dagger.

Dagger holds up the laser katana & deflects every single shot, redirecting them towards the remaining handful of bounty hunters.

Minigun Hunter runs out of ammo.

His gun projects a miniature hologram of Little Jack.

LITTLE JACK

Whoops! Looks like you're out of ammo. If you click the fire button now, you can sign up for Jack's Monthly Bullet Box, a subscription service...

Dagger hurls the katana at Minigun's head.

EXT. JUPITER LOUNGE ALLEY - NIGHT

Dagger comes out the stage exit & sees Jimmy & Bullock.

Bullock shoots at Jimmy with a handgun. Jimmy dodges the bullets & cries.

BULLOCK

(frustrated)

How are you not dead?

JIMMY

(also frustrated)

I don't know!

Bullock holsters his gun.

He swings a punch at Jimmy, who dodges gracefully & sucker punches Bullock in beautiful slow motion.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I don't know what just-  
are you okay, sir?

When Bullock raises his head, his eyes are lit again.

BULLOCK

Hey! I can see!

Dagger grabs him from behind & pins him against a wall. Jimmy sits up against the opposite wall, catching his breath.

Oh. Dagger has a woman's voice.

DAGGER

You can walk away from this  
otherwise scoff free - you have my  
word. Who sent you?

Jimmy goes pale when he hears HER voice.

BULLOCK

I just got word of the hit, ma'am.

JIMMY  
(under his breath)  
Ma'am.

BULLOCK  
A 20 million credit bounty is tough  
to pass up, even if it means  
killin' a damned Neo Chicago icon.

DAGGER  
So you're a local. What could a  
performer have done to get 20  
million chalked up on his head?

BULLOCK  
How 'bout killin' all 13 o' the  
heads of the Neo Underground?

What?!

DAGGER

What?!

JIMMY

DAGGER  
Where did you hear that?

BULLOCK  
Through the grapevine. That's  
really all I know.

Bullock pales. His accent becomes thicker.

BULLOCK (CONT'D)  
Wait! I know you. You're Mona  
Dagger. Dear god, please, 'ave  
mercy. You'll ne'er see me again,  
I'll say I saw nuttin'. Jus' Please-

Dagger drops him. He braces for death.

DAGGER  
Go.

BULLOCK  
Wha-? Thank ya kindly, ma'am!

Bullock runs off. Dagger turns to see Jimmy staring at her  
like he's seen a ghost. She ignores it, points towards the  
street, & starts walking. Jimmy's not having it. He stands.

JIMMY  
(frustrated)  
No!... No, no, no. Don't act like  
you're mute again. I heard you. I  
HEARD you!... Monica.

*As Time Goes By* from *Casablanca* plays.

Dagger sighs. She turns & starts to remove her helmet.

We see Jimmy's reaction. He's shocked, confused, & hurt all at the same time.

Monica - late 20s, just as beautiful, now more hardened - stands before him.

MONICA

James.

INT. NEO CTA TRAIN - NIGHT

It's packed.

Jimmy & Monica sit awkwardly. A fat man stands in front of Jimmy. His belly peaks out from his shirt an inch from Jimmy's face.

Silence. Monica breaks it.

MONICA

James.

JIMMY

No.

MONICA

What?

JIMMY

You can't call me that.

MONICA

We can't waste time squabbling over the past.

Monica sighs.

MONICA (CONT'D)

(escalating)

This is why I just wanted to save you & leave.

JIMMY

Yeah, you're pretty stand-out at that second part.

MONICA

(irritated)

James.

JIMMY  
(raised voice)  
Monica.

The fat man is uncomfortable. He turns. Now Jimmy's looking at his ass.

MONICA  
Sorry. Force of habit.

Awkward pause.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
I didn't leave because of you,  
okay?

Jimmy turns to her.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
You thrive on routine, Jimmy, you  
really, really thrive. I guess... I  
just didn't. My life was boring!

Jimmy is hurt.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Not you. You couldn't be boring if  
you tried. It's just...

She hesitates

MONICA (CONT'D)  
(under her breath)  
I hate this talking about your  
feelings bullshit.

She sighs.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
I played the SAME songs on the SAME  
bass every. Damn. Night. I got sick  
of it! I needed to leave. & I knew  
you never would...

JIMMY  
So you took the next logical step &  
became a ninja.

MONICA  
I guess that's what ended up  
happening, yeah. I took a blind  
leap. Shot off to space. I'd saved  
up money. And it lasted a while,  
until it didn't.



## MONTAGE - MONICA'S JOURNEY

The art style is that of Japanese ink art.

- SIDE STREET - Monica is homeless, sleeping on a stoop.

MONICA (V.O.)  
Work is hard to come by in space  
when you've only ever lived *here*.

- Monica wakes up to a pair of reptilian aliens dressed like monks stand over her. One offers out a hand.

MONICA (V.O.)  
Don't ask me how, but they saw my  
potential. I was desperate for food  
& shelter. And bit of exercise  
couldn't hurt, either.

- DOJO - Monica trains with a wooden martial arts dummy.

MONICA (V.O.)  
So they trained me.

- DOJO - Monica fights a reptile monk. She falls on her ass.

MONICA (V.O.)  
But soon my body reached it's  
limits.

- SURGERY ROOM - Monica is on an operating table.

MONICA (V.O.)  
And then body modifications were no  
big deal.

- A masked doctor installs a combat chip into her neck. She screams in pain.

- POLITICAL RALLY - A diplomat is centered in a scope. He's delivering a speech in front of a massive crowd.

MONICA (V.O.)  
And then employment came with it.

- Monica shoots him. The audience screams. A cop sees Monica on the roof & yells into his walkie talkie. She takes off.

MONICA (V.O.)  
And I started to like it.

- Cops rip open the diplomat's jacket to discover a suicide bomb vest.

- UNSPECIFIC LOCATION - Monica suits up, mask & all.

MONICA (V.O.)  
When the infamy came, I had to  
conceal my identity. Now I'm known  
to most in the bounty hunting  
community as Mona Dagger-

JIMMY (V.O.)  
(stifling laughter)  
I'm sorry... Mona Dagger?

END OF MONTAGE.

INT. NEO CTA TRAIN - NIGHT

Jimmy cracks up. Monica goes a little red.

MONICA  
What? That's a badass name for a  
bounty hunter!

JIMMY  
(still laughing)  
Maybe in space.

MONICA  
Says the guy who changed his name  
to Jimmy Jazz from James M-

Jimmy covers her mouth.

JIMMY  
(now dead serious)  
Don't you dare finish that  
sentence.

They stare into eachother's eyes for a second & then they  
both start laughing. The ice is broken.

MONICA  
Still overusing that cologne. Some  
things never change.

Jimmy pulls out the cologne from his breast pocket.

JIMMY  
You can't overuse L'eau de Jimmy.  
Any use is scientifically too  
little.

Monica laughs.

Pause.

MONICA  
Jimmy, what happened last night?

JIMMY  
I don't know.

MONICA  
You don't know?

JIMMY  
I drank too much. Blacked out.

MONICA  
That's more than plausible.

Monica thinks.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
D'you know anyone who might have it  
out for you?

JIMMY  
You think someone set me up?

MONICA  
I think you didn't kill 13 mobsters  
for no particular reason. Well? Any  
grudges?

Jimmy scoffs.

JIMMY  
I'm Jimmy Jazz! The people love me.

MONICA  
Alright. I could do with about 85%  
less ego right now.

JIMMY  
I don't have enemies.

MONICA  
(not convinced)  
Right.

Pause.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Well, clearly we have to get you  
out of here. I booked us tickets on  
a shuttle from Midway.  
(MORE)

MONICA (CONT'D)

We have to transfer to the Orange line at Roosevelt, which I think might be-

JIMMY

Wait, what? Slow your roll. I'm not leaving Neo Chicago.

MONICA

Jimmy, you barely survived the scuffle at Jupiter Lounge. It's just not safe for you to stay here.

JIMMY

This'll all blow over.

MONICA

Even you're not stupid enough to actually think that's true.

JIMMY

So, what, you're gonna witness protect me off to some desolate who-knows-where galaxy? No thanks, doll.

MONICA

You're being stubborn.

JIMMY

I'm BEING rational. Can't you see that I'm nothing without this town? Jimmy Jazz IS Neo Chicago.

MONICA

And what'll you do if I just leave you here to your own devices?

JIMMY

I'll call your bluff.

They have a stare down.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'm not running away, Monica. Not like you did.

MONICA

Don't play that card.

JIMMY

Say whatever you want. I live a happy life here & I don't want a new one.

MONICA  
(doubting)  
Happy?

JIMMY  
What's that supposed to mean?

Monica's expression softens. She slouches into her seat.

MONICA  
Fine. You win, Jim. Guess we've  
gotta get to the bottom of this,  
huh?

JIMMY  
Jimmy Jazz & Monica Daggard. Back  
on another adventure.

There's a bump in the train. The fat man falls on Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
(muffled)  
Adventure.

EXT. NEO CHICAGO RIVER - NIGHT

A boathouse sits next to a narrow lagoon. On it are the now-dilapidated words "LINCOLN PARK BOAT HOUSE" with "NEO" spray-painted in red before them. It's abandoned & vandalized.

A cop passes, shining a flashlight. When he's gone, Monica & Jimmy pop out of a bush.

Monica picks a leaf from Jimmy's do.

They sneak up to the boathouse.

MONICA  
Can we at least shave your head?

JIMMY  
Only if you shave yours.

MONICA  
Sure.

JIMMY  
Are you being serious? I can't tell  
if you're being serious.

MONICA  
You stick out like a sore thumb  
with that mop!

JIMMY  
This "mop" is a Neo Chicago  
landmark.

MONICA  
Snip, snip.

JIMMY  
I can wear a hat!

MONICA  
(sarcastic)  
Too bad we don't have a hat.

JIMMY  
Hats are not a rare commodity. We  
can find a hat.

MONICA  
Okay. I hear you, but also, where's  
the fun in that?

They get to the front door.

JIMMY  
Oh wait, I kinda remember this  
place, actually. Used to always see  
it driving past on Lake Shore. What  
happened?

Monica uncovers a keypad. Types in a code.

MONICA  
Too much polution in the lake.  
Wasn't safe to row on anymore. Now-

Monica clicks enter.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
It's used for other purposes.

The foreclosure tape retracts like a seatbelt & the door  
smoothly slides open.

Jimmy's impressed.

Inside is a staircase down to a hideout filled with all kinds  
of fancy futuretech & weaponry.

INT. LINCOLN PARK BOAT CLUB - NIGHT

Jimmy is in awe.

JIMMY  
You own this place?

Monica walks over to a giant moniter & types away. Jimmy picks up a GADGET from the non-lethal section.

MONICA  
It's a loan from a friend.

Jimmy pushes a button on the gadget. Doesn't seem to do anything. He pushes is again. Nothing. He turns around.

He's face-to-face with HIMSELF. Well, not himself-himself - an inanimate clone of himself. He jumps, drops the gadget.

It makes an obnoxiously loud noise.

Monica doesn't flinch.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
(aggravated)  
You break it, you buy it.

Jimmy presses the gadget again and the clone retracts. He puts it back and joins Monica.

Looks at the moniter.

JIMMY  
(sarcasm)  
Fun crowd.

Pictures of 13 middle-aged mobsters are displayed

MONICA  
Yeah, well, you brutally murdered them all last night.

JIMMY  
I've never seen these men in my life.

Monica pulls up a police file. Various pictures and videos from security cameras show Jimmy firing a revolver, punching mobsters out windows, etc.

Monica turns to Jimmy. She looks in his eyes, investigating.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
You're not seriously doubting me, are you?

MONICA

Jimmy, I've seen you struggle to tie your shoelaces *but...*

She turns to the monitor.

MONICA (CONT'D)

This *is* pretty damning.

JIMMY

That just means that we have work to do.

Monica looks Jimmy up & down.

MONICA

Jimmy, d'you have any combat training?

He shakes his head.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Martial arts? Boxing?

JIMMY

I have trouble enough motivating myself to jog.

MONICA

So, what was all that in the alley?

Monica walks towards a table.

JIMMY

Maybe fight or flight? I saw this video where a mother lifted a car to-

Monica raises a pair of punching mitts.

MONICA

Punch me.

JIMMY

What?

MONICA

I just need to test my hypothesis. Bear with me.

Jimmy reluctantly raises his fists.



MONICA (CONT'D)  
You'll want to keep your wrist as  
straight as possible-

Jimmy throws a perfect punch. Like a pro boxer.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
(genuinely impressed)  
That was... perfect. Okay. Try a  
few.

Jimmy throws a flurry of perfect punches. Monica turns away.  
Takes one of her hands out to stretch it. That hurt a little.

Odd.

She turns swings at him. He limbo's under with grace.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
How are you..?

JIMMY  
(excited)  
I don't know!

Monica has a moment.

She attempts to heel kick Jimmy from above.

Jimmy grabs Monica's heel and, using momentum, tosses her  
over his shoulder. Jimmy can't help but laugh a little.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
(stifling laughter)  
I'm sorry, are you okay?

MONICA  
Jimmy, come here.

Monica grabs his head. Jimmy thinks she's going for a kiss.  
She's not. She lifts the hair behind his ear to reveal a tiny  
square electrical chip.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Combat chip.

JIMMY  
What?! Like a Jack's?

She looks closer.

MONICA  
A pretty recent one, too. Not a  
Jack's - looks black market.  
(MORE)

MONICA (CONT'D)

You really are one of a kind,  
Jimmy. Anyone else would've noticed  
a flashdrive sticking out of their  
neck.

Jimmy feels for it.

Monica swats his hand.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Don't mess with it. I've never seen  
one this advanced...

JIMMY

Well, what does that mean?

MONICA

It means it could be dangerous.

JIMMY

Dangerous? This gives us an  
advantage! Right?

MONICA

You're not the slightest bit  
concerned that you don't know where  
this came from?

JIMMY

It's not the strangest thing to  
happen tonight.

MONICA

Jimmy, that's expensive tech. Hard  
to come by. There's gotta be  
strings attached.

Pause.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Get some sleep. I know a place we  
can bring it tomorrow.

JIMMY

(cheekily)

Where are we sleeping?

MONICA

Slow your roll, cowboy. We're not  
sleeping anywhere.

She points to a dusty mattress in the corner.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
That's my bed. You get the couch.

JIMMY  
The couch?

MONICA  
It's a lot comfier than the morgue.

Jimmy doesn't argue. He tests out the couch.

JIMMY  
It's actually not bad. If dust and  
cobwebs are your thing.

Monica starts getting ready for bed.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
(half asleep)  
Hey Monica?

MONICA  
Yes Jimmy?

JIMMY  
Last time I fell asleep, a lot of  
bad stuff went down. What if it  
happens again?

Monica looks over at him. His eyelids are closed.

MONICA  
Then that'll be my problem, James.  
Get some rest.

She looks at him for a beat before switching off the light.

EXT. BILL'S DRIVE-IN - DAY

A cab pulls up in front of a dingy hotdog shack.

JIMMY (O.S.)  
Why are we not just waiting at that  
super-safe hideout until this all  
blows over.

MONICA  
Because this isn't going to all  
blow over, Jimmy.

Jimmy and Monica get out. Jimmy's now wearing a Chicago Cubs  
baseball cap and a trench.

JIMMY  
(excited)  
Now we're talking! I'm famished.

INT. BILL'S DRIVE-IN - DAY

This place doesn't look like it passed it's health code inspection. RUTH - a gentle elderly woman - is on duty.

RUTH  
First customers of the day! Free  
hot dog!

MONICA  
Oh, we're not here for-

Jimmy covers Monica's mouth. She is NOT having it.

JIMMY  
Hiya, doll, what's your name?

RUTH  
Ruth!

JIMMY  
Of course it is. Well, Ruth, I'll  
have a...

Jimmy peruses the menu.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
(reading off the menu)  
"The Chet Steadman Unbelievable"?  
*That's* an obscure reference.

Monica swats his hand away.

MONICA  
(whispering to Jimmy)  
Next time I use my laser sword.

They share a look. Jimmy continues perusing.

JIMMY  
No. The Al Capone Special. Please &  
thank you.

Ruth winks at him assuredly. What a nice lady!

RUTH  
(to Monica)  
And for you, sweetie?

MONICA

A hot dog... with ketchup.

Jimmy is appalled.

JIMMY

Space changed you.

Monica & Ruth maintain eye contact. Monica nods. Ruth nods.  
They do a special handshake.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What.

Ruth laughs.

RUTH

(shouting)

Priscilla! You have a visitor!

JIMMY

Priscilla?

Footsteps getting closer. A hissing sound of a sealed door being opened. PRISCILLA - Ruth's daughter, learned, pretty - emerges from around the corner behind Ruth. She sees Jimmy & grins mischievously.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Priscilla.

PRISCILLA

*Jimmy Jazz*. What've you got yourself roped into, partner?

JIMMY

Hey, 'Cilla.

Monica flashes jealousy.

MONICA

'Cilla. You two..?

JIMMY

We're acquainted.

PRISCILLA

Is that what we're calling it nowadays?

There's tension.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Come with me.

Jimmy & Monica hop the counter. They go around the corner to see the secret floor hatch Priscilla had emerged from.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Down here.

Priscilla descends.

JIMMY

(to Monica)

Nothing sketchy about this...

Monica ignores him & descends. Jimmy looks at Ruth.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Does this mean I'm not getting a hot dog?

Ruth gives him a sympathetic shrug.

INT. BILL'S UNDERGROUND HALLWAY - DAY

A dimly lit hallway stretches from the staircase to a bright room at the end. Looks prohibition-era.

Jimmy catches up to Monica. Priscilla walks ahead.

MONICA

You were busy.

JIMMY

I don't get it. Are you jealous?

MONICA

No, Jam-

Monica catches herself

MONICA (CONT'D)

Jimmy. Why would I be jealous?

Monica speeds up her pace, leaving Jimmy in the dust. Jimmy's confused, among other emotions.

JIMMY

Exactly! Why would you be!

A door they pass catches his eye.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Wait. Does that say helipad?

He catches up.

INT. BILL'S SURGERY - DAY

A big light shines down on a surgery table. The surgery equipment at least looks sanitary.

Jimmy stares at the sharp blades uneasily.

JIMMY

No.

MONICA

It's gotta come off.

JIMMY

There has to be a simpler way.

MONICA

There's not.

JIMMY

Shouldn't the more pricey ones be more user-friendly?

MONICA

Yeah. They should be. Get on the table.

JIMMY

Give me a second to build up the courage.

PRISCILLA

I didn't take you for a pussy, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Jesus, Priscilla! You kiss Ruth with that mouth?

Jimmy looks at Monica & not wanting to look weak decides...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Yeah. Okay. Let's do this.

He takes off his shirt & hops up on the table.

Priscilla puts on her surgical mask. She examines Jimmy's chip. Puts a cream on her hand and applies it to Jimmy's neck.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Ouch!

PRISCILLA  
That was the sterilizer.

JIMMY  
Oh.

She takes out a knife & moves it towards Jimmy's neck. He flinches. She reconsiders. Jimmy takes a breath.

Priscilla grabs an even bigger knife & brings THAT knife to Jimmy's neck. She starts cutting with precision around the wound.

It's gruesome.

Lots and **lots** of blood.

Jimmy tries with all his might to hold it together.

Priscilla puts the knife down and removes her mask.

MONICA  
Well?

PRISCILLA  
I can't remove it.

JIMMY  
Thank Sinatra.

PRISCILLA  
Not without killing him.

JIMMY  
That, I don't like the sound of.

MONICA  
Can you do anything?

Priscilla looks at it again & shakes her head.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Is he in danger?

Priscilla shrugs sympathetically.

INT. BILL'S DRIVE-IN - DAY

Jimmy & Monica emerge from the floor hatch.

MONICA  
You're being too trivial about this.



JIMMY

What's the worst that could happen?

ROBBER (O.S.)

Keep 'em raised, grannie!

Jimmy & Monica peek around the corner & see the hot dog stand is being held up by a ROBBER - armed, schlubby, probably on *something*. Ruth is complying.

JIMMY

That's convenient timing. Let me show you.

Jimmy & Monica's eyes meet.

MONICA

Don't you dare.

"V Neck Sweater" by the Greyboy Allstars plays.

Jimmy jumps out of cover & leaps over the counter.

JIMMY

(to robber)

Hey there. I'm Jimmy Jazz.

The robber turns his gun at Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

'Atta boy.

Jimmy winks reassuringly at Ruth.

ROBBER

I recognize you from da news.

JIMMY

Typical. You perform ten years at Neo-Chicago's premier destination for the rhythmic blues & you're still only recognized for killing a few mobsters.

ROBBERS

This shit's loaded! I ain't fuckin' around Mr. Jimmy!

JIMMY

No, I'm sure you're not. & I'm sure you also wouldn't mind using your inside voice. And maybe brushing your teeth once in a while-

The robber shoots at Jimmy.

In slow motion, Jimmy's combat chip flashes & he dodges the bullet. *Matrix* style.

Jimmy checks if he was shot. Not a scratch!

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
(to Monica)  
See Mon? I told you! To our  
advantage!

Monica jumps on the counter. She's impressed.

MONICA  
Not like we have another choice.  
Take your time, Jimmy. This is good  
practice.

She & Ruth snack on fries as they watch.

JIMMY  
(to robber)  
Go again... What's your name again?

ROBBER  
I didn't... I'm not telling ya my  
name-

JIMMY  
Robert.

ROBBER  
How did you-!

JIMMY  
Oh wow, that's actually you're  
name? How crazy is that Ruth?

RUTH (O.S.)  
Pretty crazy!

JIMMY  
We love Ruth. But, honestly, I was  
just going for Robert the Robber,  
y'know? Has a good flow to it.

RUTH (O.S.)  
I like the sound of that!

JIMMY  
Alright, Ruth, oversharing a little  
now.

Robert the robber empties his clip on Jimmy.

Jimmy jumps, grabs on to a beam, & flip-kicks Robert in the face. He nails the dismount, snatches the gun out of the air, & disassembles it.

Monica & Ruth clap. Monica looks at Jimmy in a way she hasn't in 2 years.

RUTH

Thanks for your help, Jimmy Jazz.  
Pretty noble for a wanted serial  
murderer. You ever need a favor...

She offers out her CARD.

Jimmy takes it.

RUTH (CONT'D)

And I do more than make hotdogs.

Ruth offers Jimmy an Al Capone Special.

JIMMY

You should be canonized Saint Ruth,  
you know that?

RUTH

I should tell you I alerted the  
police before your little show. So  
if you want to not have a run-in  
with Neo-Chicago's boys in blue,  
I'd say now's about time you high  
tail.

He takes the hotdog.

JIMMY

We've had our ups & downs, Ruth,  
but it's been a pleasure.

Monica grabs Jimmy's hand.

MONICA

Let's go.

She pulls Jimmy out the door.

JIMMY (O.S.)

I'll never forget you, Ruth!

Ruth stands guard over the robber, pan in hand.

EXT. BILL'S ALLEY - DAY

Monica & Jimmy hide in a door frame that enters into an abandoned building. They're pressed up against one another.

Sirens wail in the distance. Jimmy looks around nervously & tries to eat his hot dog very quietly.

The catch eyes.

There's a moment.

Monica grabs his hand to ease his nerves.

MONICA

James.

Monica strokes Jimmy's cheek & they passionately - & somewhat aggressively - kiss.

Let's just say there's a lot of built up tension.

They separate. Both laugh a little. Jimmy wipes the hot dog mustard off of Monica's face.

JIMMY

Monica.

MONICA

You know, we should probably lay low for a couple hours. That is...

Pause.

MONICA (CONT'D)

If you think you can last that long.

INT. LINCOLN PARK BOAT CLUB - DAY

Monica & Jimmy cuddle up on a dusty old mattress post-sex. They both look very satisfied.

JIMMY

So... the combat chip works for that, too.

MONICA

Not that we ever needed it.

JIMMY

You sound like me.

Pause.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
(teasingly)  
I hate it.

MONICA  
Welcome to my world.

Pause.

JIMMY  
That was..

MONICA  
... Unexpected.

JIMMY  
I know.

MONICA  
Worth the wait.

JIMMY  
I know.

Pause.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
How long of a wait?

MONICA  
Not that long.

JIMMY  
So you..?

MONICA  
There was Dimitri.

JIMMY  
Dimitri?

MONICA  
(fondly)  
The bounty hunter community called  
him the Soviet Stallion. Gun  
specialist. Great with his hands.

That wipes the smug look off Jimmy's face.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
You know, you could be too, now.

JIMMY

Hey! I was always great with my-!

MONICA

No, James. A bounty hunter.

JIMMY

I'm a jazz singer-

MONICA

And I was a jazz bassist. Stranger things have already happened.

JIMMY

It can't be that simple.

MONICA

With that thing in your neck, it really can be. Combat chips are as rare as winning the lottery.

Their eyes meet.

MONICA (CONT'D)

You've been handed a gift on a silver platter. I know you're not thick enough to turn it away.

Monica lays against Jimmy. He smirks. She doesn't notice.

JIMMY

(sarcastic)

Jimmy Jazz: Galactic Bounty Hunter.

Monica doesn't detect the sarcasm.

MONICA

It's got a nice ring to it.

Monica's watch buzzes on the bedside table. She checks it & looks up at Jimmy.

MONICA (CONT'D)

This is it.

JIMMY

This is what?

Monica slips on a shirt & sits in front of the monitor.

On the screen, security camera footage of VINNIE CARINI - 20s, tubby, pained eyes - getting into a limo.

The 2nd bartender who served Josie whiskey way back when...

MONICA

Bingo.

Jimmy comes up from behind, pulling up his slacks.

JIMMY

What's "bingo"? Clue me in here.

Monica pulls up Vinnie's bio.

MONICA

Vincent "Vinnie-boy" Carini.

JIMMY

He looks really familiar.

MONICA

The news, probably. He's Neo-Chicago's youngest boss with a capital B. One of only 2 not confirmed dead after your murderous rampage.

JIMMY

Please.

MONICA

Sorry - your *alleged* murderous rampage that there's video evidence of you doing.

JIMMY

Better.

Monica types on the computer.

MONICA

He's at the Pepper Diamond Hotel.

JIMMY

They make a lovely old-fashioned.

MONICA

Well, you can order one tonight.

Monica pulls up info on a party happening at the hotel.

MONICA (CONT'D)

The Annual Pepper Diamond Ball.  
That's why Vinnie-boy's there.

JIMMY

Why would he go out the night after  
all his colleagues were taken out.

MONICA

Well, for starters, there's an open bar & he's a functioning alcoholic disguised as a social drinker.

JIMMY

Sounds familiar.

MONICA

Oh, honey, this guy makes you look like an alter boy. At least you have class. Vinnie-Boy's a walking cry for help. Only, a very powerful one. Makes dealing with his security a nightmare.

JIMMY

You've had experience with this guy.

MONICA

Yeah. We've met.

Monica turns around

MONICA (CONT'D)

You're coming with me.

JIMMY

Good one.

MONICA

I'm not joking

JIMMY

You should be. I'm not trained for this.

Monica gets up. She raises her fists.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Oh no, not this again-

Monica throws a left jab at Jimmy. He blocks effortlessly.

MONICA

You don't have to be.

She throws a right straight. Again - perfect block.

MONICA (CONT'D)

You were great today.

She kicks. He limbos.



JIMMY  
That was a crackhead, not a trained  
killer.

Monica continues sparring Jimmy.

MONICA  
You dodged bullets. Point-blank.

JIMMY  
Don't do crack, kids!

Monica gets Jimmy in a headlock. He goes limp.

MONICA  
Stop holding back. I know you can  
get out of this.

JIMMY  
No. I can't. I surrender.

MONICA  
James...

Jimmy sighs. He overpowers Monica & knocks her back.

She lands on her feet.

JIMMY  
It's a bit high-profile for a  
wanted man.

MONICA  
That's the beauty of it...

Monica walks over to the computer & pulls up an invite.

In big letters: MASQUERADE BALL.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
The theme is masquerade.

Jimmy sighs. Perfect.

JIMMY  
Guess I'll have to find something  
to wear.

INT. PEPPER DIAMOND LOBBY - MONTAGE - NIGHT

- A Doorman's hand reaches for a bejeweled, gold handle.
- The door swings open.

- Heels & dress shoes click-clack across the room.
- Party guests drink & socialize.
- Monica's finger hits the call-elevator button.
- Above the elevator, the numbers descend with Dings.
- DONG. The elevator opens. Oxfords & Stilettos enter & turn. The Oxford taps nervously. It closes.

MONICA (V.O.)  
 Alright, James. Here's the mission.

INT. GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

The party's in full swing. A black-tie event.

There's dancing, drinking, drugs, & devious decision-making. The male guests are an older crowd. The female ones are... not.

MONICA (V.O.)  
 The Pepper Diamond Masquerade Ball.  
 Where Neo-Chicago's Underworld goes  
 once a year to blow off their  
 billion-dollar steam.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
 Aren't these suits at war with  
 eachother - all the time? Why put  
 them all in one room?

At the craps table, a PENCIL-THIN BLONDE blows on the dice of a GREASY OLD GUY. They're both wearing MASKS.

MONICA (V.O.)  
 Keyword: Masquerade. You have to be  
 looking to see who's underneath &  
 they all agree just not to. And  
 tonight, everyone's been promoted,  
 thanks to you. There's reason to  
 celebrate, now more than ever.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
 So where's Vinnie-Boy?

Vinnie-Boy sits at a booth by the bar. He's holding a bottle of Vodka. The party-goers in the next booth over are clearly pissing him off just by having a good time.

MONICA (V.O.)  
At the bar. He's been here half an  
hour. Well on his way, I'm sure.

He is. Half the bottle is empty.

Above the elevator, the lights indicate it's ascending.

MONICA (V.O.)  
So here's the plan.

The elevator opens onto the party. Jimmy - wearing a midnight blue tuxedo with black trim & a white domino mask - faces front & center. Monica - wearing a sultry black evening gown & the same mask - casually leans on the elevator wall.

MONICA (V.O.)  
Make your way over to the bar.

They walk out in slow motion & split up

MONICA (V.O.)  
Don't attract any unwanted  
attention.

Jimmy sees Josie, from the bar. She doesn't see him.

Distracted, he bumps into a server. The server's tray of wienies goes flying.

Jimmy grabs the tray & uses it to catch all the wienies in mid-air. He returns it to the server & bolts.

JIMMY  
(speed walking away)  
Sorry!

Josie turns & furrows her brow.

At the bar, Monica approaches Vinnie-Boy. Jimmy sits a couple of meters away. He orders his old-fashioned.

MONICA (V.O.)  
My job is to lure Vinnie-Boy to a  
secluded spot.

Jimmy gets his drink & takes a sip.

MONICA (V.O.)  
Your job's to follow us...

Monica acts plastered & ditsy.

MONICA  
(to Vinnie)  
You seem like the man to be talking  
to around here.

Jimmy spits out his drink. He grabs a handful of napkins & wipes up the mess quickly.

MONICA (V.O.)  
... Inconspicuously.

Vinnie looks at Monica. He takes a swig from his handle before flashing her a weirdly-forced, dirty-toothed smile.

Monica sits at the booth with him.

MONICA  
I feel like I've seen you here  
before, cutie. Have I seen you here  
before?

VINNIE  
I'm kind of a big deal around here.

JIMMY  
(mumbling to himself)  
Narcissist.

Jimmy takes a drink.

MONICA  
You are, are you?

She touches Vinnie's thigh. He jumps a little.

VINNIE  
I am.

MONICA  
Are you a dangerous man?

VINNIE  
Dangerous? No! I'm your teddy bear,  
toots.

MONICA  
Oh.

Monica looks visibly disappointed. She withdraws her hand.

VINNIE  
D-Did I say teddy bear? I'm drunk.  
I meant a grizzly bear!

MONICA  
(acting thrilled)  
Oh!

She places her hand further up his thigh.

VINNIE  
(cringily)  
Rawr!

MONICA  
(more cringily)  
Rawr!

Jimmy drains his drink.

JIMMY  
(to the bartender)  
Can I get another please?

Vinnie reaches for his bottle. Monica knocks it off the table "accidentally" with her elbow. It shatters.

MONICA  
Oh no, I'm such a klutzy drunk!

Vinnie's pained eyes look especially pained. That bottle was like a son to him.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Let's go somewhere where there's  
not broken glass. Somewhere more  
*secluded*.

Monica leads him, by hand, to the elevator.

Monica & Vinnie get into the elevator. Monica makes eye contact with Jimmy just as the doors close.

JIMMY  
(to himself)  
Now, which floor are you landing  
on...

Jimmy sniffs a familiar & pungent scent.

His ears start to ring ever so slightly.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
That smell...

JOSIE (O.S.)  
Jimmy?

Josie stands behind Jimmy. Just perfect.

JIMMY  
(whispering to himself)  
*Ah man.*

Jimmy acts like he didn't hear her. He watches the elevator lights tick down. It continues to descend until-

JOSIE  
Jimbo!

Josie puts her hand on Jimmy's shoulder. He doesn't want to turn around until he can see what floor Monica's on.

Too late. Josie turns him around & gives him a big hug.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
Oh Jimmy! I saw the news. I thought  
you were dead!

Jimmy struggles to break free from Josie's hug. He can't. Why can't he??

The ringing gets louder.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
Or in prison! Or being tortured by  
some mafia goons!

She finally lets go of him. He whips around. The numbers are ascending. He missed it. He turns back around.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
Nothing good, anyway! Which is why  
I'm so *thrilled* to see you alive!

Louder. Jimmy is uncomfortable.

JIMMY  
Hell of a hug there, Josie.

JOSIE  
I'm a practiced *hugger*.

JIMMY  
Why're you here?

Josie laughs.

JOSIE  
You're kidding!

Jimmy doesn't.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
You're not kidding.

JIMMY  
It's not safe for you to be here.

Josie laughs boastfully. Ringing gets LOUDER.

JOSIE  
(being drowned out)  
I promise you, I'm perfectly safe.

JIMMY  
That's some strong perfume you have on.

JOSIE  
Oh, yeah. It drives some men crazy.

LOUDER. Jimmy gets really red. He's suffocating.

Concerned, Josie grabs his shoulder.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
What's wrong? Are you okay?

It's deafening. Jimmy clutches his ears in panic.

He screams - but it's drowned out by that horrible ringing.

DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. JIMMY'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy relives the same memory as before. His dressing room, the Jack & Coke, the letter - all the same.

Only now, the ULTRAVIOLENCE **quick cuts** are in a hallway of the Pepperdiameter with Vinnie's guards.

TRUMPET - QUICK CUT TO JIMMY CHOPPING HANDGUN GUARD IN THE THROAT, DISARMING HIM, & SHOOTING HIM IN THE HEART & HEAD.

DREAM JIMMY slumps down on his couch. Ready to pass out.

TRUMPET - QUICK CUT. BLOOD SPLATTERS ON FANCY WALLPAPER.

He sees Monica's letter. Grabs it

TRUMPET - QUICK CUT. JIMMY WRESTLES SHOTGUN GUARD FOR HIS SHOTGUN & SHOTS HIM IN THE JOHNSON.

He reads the letter.

MONICA (V.O.)

James.

TRUMPET - QUICK CUT. JIMMY KICKS DOWN A DOOR INTO A DELUXE SUITE. HE UNLOADS THE SHOTGUN ON SEVERAL GUARDS.

Dream Jimmy looks at his vanity mirror.

He sits in front of it, still holding the letter.

He's confused but can't take his eyes away.

MONICA (V.O.)

I just couldn't bare to face you.

TRUMPET - QUICK CUT - JIMMY RUNS OUT OF SHOTGUN AMMO. HE DODGES BULLETS & FIGHTS 3 GUARDS ON THE STAIRS.

Dream Jimmy is entranced.

MONICA (V.O.)

I can't tell you where I'm going.

TRUMPET - QUICK CUT - JIMMY KICKS THE GUN OUT OF ONE STAIR GUARD'S HAND.

CATCHES IT.

UNLOADS 3 BULLETS. ONE FOR EACH GUARD.

Dream Jimmy becomes more and more entranced. Eyelids flutter.

MONICA (V.O.)

I'm sorry.

TRUMPET - QUICK CUT - JIMMY GETS TO THE TOP OF THE STAIRS.

Dream Jimmy jolts back as if he just had an epiphany.

DREAM JIMMY

(muttering to himself)

Something's wrong here.

INT. - PEPPERDIAMOND SUITE - NIGHT

Jimmy kicks down the door.

His expression is cold. His eyes, lifeless.

Monica has Vinnie pinned to a wall. She's questioning him. One hand on his throat, the other squeezing his crotch.



She turns & sees Jimmy. Vinnie's eyes widen at the carnage outside the door.

MONICA  
(to Jimmy)  
What're you doing here?

VINNIE  
Not him, not him. Fuck me, not him.

Monica tightens her grip on Vinnie's crotch. He squeaks.

MONICA  
Why not, Vincent?

VINNIE  
I promise I'll cooperate just  
protect me from that... THING &  
I'll cooperate.

Quick cut: Dream Jimmy looks down at the letter.

Jimmy aims the gun at Vinnie.

MONICA  
James!

VINNIE  
Oh good god, don't shoot! I loved  
her, okay?! I did it all out of  
love-

MONICA  
Loved who, Vinnie?! Who did you  
love?!

Vinnie takes a breath.

VINNING  
It was all Killer Jo-

Jimmy shoots Vinnie in the face.

Dead.

Jimmy is out of his mind. His eyes, expressionless. He's practically drooling. Monica notices.

MONICA  
What the f-

Jimmy shoots at her. She jumps back.

She hurls a lamp at Jimmy's hand, disarming him.

He runs up & karate kicks. WHOOSH! Monica limbos under. She has the opportunity to counterattack but doesn't take it.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Jimmy, snap out of it.

She rolls across the bed & throws the comforter at Jimmy. Moving it occupies him momentarily.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
You've been drugged.

Jimmy continues to fight her.

WHIP! He swings a punch.

She dodges.

He attempts to grab her.

She pushes him off.

It's like a dance, except with more ill will on Jimmy's end.

Monica gets the upper-hand. She jabs his ribcage & takes his momentary pain as an opportunity to get him in a chokehold from behind.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Goddamnit! WAKE UP!

Life returns to his eyes.

JIMMY  
(at a whisper)  
I'm trying.

MONICA  
What..?

Crazy eyes returns.

Jimmy elbows Monica.

Turns around.

Sparta kicks her out the window.

CRASH!

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Thankfully, there's a balcony. Monica hangs from it over the glass ceiling of the grand ballroom. The ball is down there.

Jimmy walks out on the balcony to investigate.

He looks over the edge. She's gone.

A crack of electricity & a faint hum.

Laser Katana blade pops up & cuts a hole beneath Jimmy.

Jimmy falls.

He's caught by the collar. Monica, hanging underneath the balcony. Her Dagger mask is on with heat sensors.

Jimmy's still a whole lot crazy.

MONICA

NO!

He strikes Monica.

She drops him.

INT. GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

The Masquerade Ball goes on, unaware of the fight above.

CRASH!!!

Jimmy falls into the fountain. Everyone turns. Gasps.

Monica, still masked, drops next to the fountain. Lands on her feet.

MONICA

(to herself)

Please be okay please be okay  
please be okay-

Jimmy pops up from the water. Monica holds out her katana.

Jimmy puts up his hands. He's been cured

JIMMY

What happened?

MONICA

How do I know you're not still  
brainwashed?

JIMMY  
I was brainwashed?

Jimmy stands up. He sees the state of his tux. Blood-soaked.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Ugh. This'll never come out.

MONICA  
Okay. You're back.

Monica sheaths her blade, helps Jimmy.

They remember where they are. Everyone's looking at them.

JIMMY  
This is bad.

No, it's not. Guests are drunk. They return to their vices.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Oh.

MONICA  
Security won't be as lax.

She touches her combat suit & phases back into her gown.

Jimmy takes a peacock coat off the back of a chair & slips it on. It's a little small.

They walk towards the elevator, trying to look inconspicuous.

There are guards posted at it. Others search the crowd.

JIMMY  
Well, what now?

MONICA  
Okay, here's the plan-

JOSIE (O.S.)  
Please! Help!

Jimmy & Monica turn.

Josie runs up to the guards & says something to them. They run towards the bar.

Josie looks at Jimmy & smiles. She gestures subtly with her head towards the elevator & runs off with the guards.

Jimmy & Monica wait for the elevator.

MONICA  
You know her?

Jimmy's subtly impressed.

JIMMY  
Let's call her *my* Russian Stallion.

MONICA  
*Soviet* Stallion.

DONG. Elevator opens.

JIMMY  
(clarifying)  
Yeah, whatever. She's from Glencoe.

The doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

They have a second to breath.

JIMMY  
Vinnie?

MONICA  
You killed him.

JIMMY  
I what?

MONICA  
It was brutal. Shot him right in  
the face.

Jimmy laments.

JIMMY  
I promise you I don't know what  
happened or why it happened-

She comforts him.

MONICA  
It's okay. I know.

JIMMY  
So we got nothing?

MONICA  
We got everything.

JIMMY  
I'm sorry?

EXT. LINCOLN PARK BOAT CLUB - NIGHT

Jimmy & Monica walk through the dark parkway.

MONICA  
Obviously, an outright confession  
would really be everything. But a  
name? Next best thing.

JIMMY  
And the name is "Killer Joe"?

MONICA  
Killer Joe. With a period. Not a  
question mark.

She expects a reaction. She doesn't get one.

JIMMY  
Who's that?

MONICA  
Joe Valentino.

JIMMY  
Who's that?

MONICA  
Jimmy, it's the same person. Killer  
Joe is Joe Valentino's nickname.

JIMMY  
Still have no idea.

MONICA  
The Neo Al Capone?

JIMMY  
Like Ruth's hot dog?

MONICA  
Oh my god.

They near the boathouse.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
He literally owns the underworld.  
You've never heard of Killer Joe..?

Jimmy shrugs. Monica scoffs.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
And *you're Neo Chicago*.

At the door, Monica opens up the keypad. About to type.

JIMMY  
I don't keep up with the politics.  
Anyway, what kind of a a stupid  
name is Killer-

Monica covers his mouth & pulls him out of the way.

The door opens. Two suits, MICHAEL - a brick wall - & MURPH - stubby - walk out.

MURPH  
I'm tellin' ya. Someone was gettin'  
busy in there.

They don't notice anything off.

MICHAEL  
It's just an old building. You were  
smelling mold.

MURPH  
It smelled sweaty.

MICHAEL  
It used to be a gym!

MURPH  
That was a sexy smell.

MICHAEL  
That building was dilapidated. Who  
in their right mind would have sex  
in a dilapidated building?

MURPH  
I would.

MICHAEL  
Yeah but you ain't in your right  
mind.

MURPH  
I've had sex in weirder places.

MICHAEL  
Do I wanna know where?

MURPH

Well, your mother's room, for starters...

WHUMP!

From behind, Jimmy & Monica simultaneously knock them out.

Monica searches them. She finds their wallets.

MONICA

Shit.

They have badges. Cops.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Must be on Joe's payroll.

JIMMY

I thought this place was secure.

MONICA

So did I.

She hands Jimmy the wallets, goes to check out the hideout.

Jimmy rifles through them.

JIMMY

(reading cards)

Historical Chicago Turf War  
Reenactment Society? Frank Sinatra  
Fan Club? Classic Car Club of  
Chicago? These guys are history  
nerds.

So is Jimmy. He subtly pockets the cards as Monica returns.

MONICA

We've been properly raided. Down to  
the high-tech weaponry on our  
backs.

JIMMY

Is there a backup, secret-er secret  
hideout?

MONICA

Well, I wasn't expecting the most  
powerful man in the city would be  
after us so no, I thought just the  
one secret hideout should suffice.

Monica uses her wrist hologram.



JIMMY

And I'm assuming my place isn't an option.

MONICA

That'd be a correct assumption.

Jimmy thinks. He pulls out Ruth's card.

JIMMY

Ruth's? I've still got her card.

Monica doesn't even look up.

MONICA

Ruth & Priscilla do surgeries for mobsters on a daily basis.

JIMMY

(appalled)

Ruth would never sell us out!

MONICA

That's not what I'm saying.

Monica's stumped. She lowers her wrist.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Your weird kinship with an elderly hot dog vendor won't save you from Joe. Nothing will. Neo Chicago just isn't safe if he's after us.

Jimmy has a lightbulb moment. He starts rooting through Michael's pockets.

MONICA (CONT'D)

What're you doing now?

He finds car keys.

MONICA (CONT'D)

What, you're gonna steal a cop car?

JIMMY

By the time they wake up, we'll be long gone.

He looks at the keys with excitement.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

And this is no cop car.

Jimmy walks off.

MONICA

Jimmy!

She follows. Jimmy clicks the keys & listens.

JIMMY

What if I knew a place outside the city?

MONICA

Ew. Don't say the suburbs.

JIMMY

Don't be ridiculous. I'm sure Joe owns them too. The bastard probably even has Evanston.

MONICA

The only good one.

JIMMY

This place is way worse. Aaand...

They find the car. A 1962 Dual Ghia. Black. Sinatra's car.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Older cars are harder to track.

MONICA

It's not like I've got a better idea. You drive. I'm taking a nap.

They get in the car. Jimmy is pleased as punch. He revs the engine & takes off.

EXT. ABANDONED WHEAT FIELDS - DAY

It's dawn.

Whatever fertility there was here is all long gone now. Jimmy drives on the road like Gatsby through the Valley of Ashes.

Monica wakes up & sees the farmland ruins.

MONICA

You weren't kidding. This is *not* Neo Chicago.

JIMMY

Yeah, it's more of a Midwest vibe.

MONICA

Where are we going?

JIMMY

Here.

They pass a mailbox that says "Matarazzo".

EXT. MATARAZZO RESIDENCE - NIGHT

He pulls up to a raggedy old house. At one point, it could be called totally unimpressive. Now, it might at least be possibly haunted. Jimmy's a little taken aback.

MONICA

Where's "here"?

JIMMY

Middle-of-Nowhere, Illinois.

Jimmy gets out of the car. He looks around the exterior. Monica follows.

MONICA

I'm lost.

JIMMY

(trying to joke)

Well, it *is* the boonies.

The snark seems forced to Monica.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I own this place. Off the books -  
so no one would find us here.

MONICA

Okay! That's something!

He tries the door handle, fully knowing it's going to be locked. He tries to force it down but struggles.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Are you positive you own this place  
& we're not breaking into some  
family's home?

JIMMY

Yes, I just don't have the key on  
hand so I'm gonna have to use just  
a little force.

He continues unsuccessfully trying to break down the door.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
(frustrated)  
Why isn't my ninja chip working??

MONICA  
You're not in any danger right now.

She lets him try a couple more times before-

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Just let me.

Monica does it instantly & effortlessly.

JIMMY  
(genuinely)  
Thanks.

INT. MATARAZZO LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jimmy goes inside & takes a deep breath. He looks at a framed picture sitting on a dresser. He flicks it down. He crosses to a dusty old couch & crashes on it. Exhausted.

MONICA  
So why exactly d'you own this place?

JIMMY  
I used to live here.

MONICA  
(surprised)  
Here?

Jimmy starts to nod off.

JIMMY  
Yeah.

He's asleep.

Monica throws a blanket over him. She looks around.

It's a regular family home that hasn't seen a family in a long, long time. The decor is old-fashioned, but endearing. Grandfather clock next to the couch. Table-cloth on the table. That sort of thing.

She overturns the framed picture. It's Jimmy as a child in his Sunday best.

Monica looks over at Jimmy.

INT. JIMMY'S OLD ROOM - DAY

A door with a poster of "London's Calling" by the Clash.

Monica enters through it. Sunlight peeks into the room. On the walls & around the room are Chicago-themed posters & decor. A poster of the skyline, A Ferris Bueller's Day Off Poster. Bobbleheads. A Cubs hat. This kid loved Chicago.

There's a RECORD PLAYER in the corner. Monica tries to turn it on. Power's out. She gets a POCKET-SIZED POWER DEVICE from her belt & plugs it in.

The record player starts up with "Chicago" by Frank Sinatra.

Monica picks up an old baseball & starts tossing it as she wanders the room. Her eyes say it. Jimmy Jazz IS Chicago.

Monica lays on his childhood bed & thinks.

INT. MATARAZZO LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The grandfather clock chimes.

Jimmy wakes up. There's a fire in the fireplace & some fresh clothes on the coffee table.

Monica sits next to him with a hot cup of coffee. She offers it out to him.

JIMMY

Thanks.

He accepts it, takes a sip, & then makes a disgusted face.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Oh god. Where did you get this?

MONICA

The kitchen.

JIMMY

It's probably like ten years old, then.

He puts it on the coffee table.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Monica, I've gotta tell you about this place-

MONICA

I know, James. You've been out for 12 hours.

JIMMY

Oh man, really?

MONICA

Yeah. You were tired. I let you sleep.

Pause.

MONICA (CONT'D)

How come you never told me about this place?

Jimmy gets up & changes into the fresh clothes.

JIMMY

I left it all behind years ago. Never seemed worth mentioning.

Monica understands.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

We should probably figure out some sort of a plan.

MONICA

Taking down Killer Joe's not gonna be an easy feat.

JIMMY

Which is why we're not going to try to.

MONICA

What?

JIMMY

I think I can let Neo Chicago go now.

This surprises Monica.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I mean, I don't really have much of a choice, right? Killer Joe's won. I wasn't facing reality before but now I am. I can't go back to my old life.

He sits next to Monica. Takes her hands.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

And that's okay. Because I'll take  
you over the city any day, doll.  
You're what's important to me.

Monica stands. Kind-of rejects Jimmy.

MONICA

No.

JIMMY

(trying to recover)

Oh, yeah, totally. I didn't mean to  
come on too strong-

MONICA

No, James, it's not that, really.  
Killer Joe doesn't deserve to win.  
And we're not gonna let him.

JIMMY

What are we gonna do? March up to  
his house & tell him to turn  
himself in?

MONICA

Kind of. Actually, yeah, pretty  
much.

Monica lights up her katana.

MONICA (CONT'D)

We've been on the defense this  
whole time. I think it's time for a  
Hail Mary.

Jimmy's not convinced.

JIMMY

It's too dangerous. There's no  
winning this. Let's just run.

MONICA

That's not the Jimmy Jazz I know!

JIMMY

I lost you once. I don't want to do  
that again.

MONICA

James. Don't worry about me. Ask  
yourself.

She puts her hand on his shoulder.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
What would Frank do?

Jimmy considers. He grins.

JIMMY  
Okay. I'll grab my grandpa's guns.

He goes over to the fireplace.

MONICA  
I don't get it.

JIMMY  
Don't get what?

He peers into the wood-collection basket.

MONICA  
Is that some jazz song reference I  
don't understand?

He pulls out his grandpa's vintage revolver.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Oh. You were being literal.

JIMMY  
I think there's another one around  
here somewhere...

MONICA  
You find it. I'll grab the keys.

Monica walks toward the kitchen.

INT. MATARAZZO KITCHEN - NIGHT

She rounds the corner.

Michael, the dirty cop from earlier, is sneaking in.

Eye contact.

His expression turns to rage. Monica's is focused.

MICHAEL  
There better not be a *scratch* on my  
car, bitch.

Monica reaches for her combat chip as Michael draws his gun.

**BANG.**



IN **SLOW MOTION**: the bullet exits the gun towards Monica as her suit phases on, slowly, from the chip.

It's a race against time.

Monica doesn't flinch. Remains calm & still.

Michael's a marksman. The bullet hurtles towards her head.

Closer... closer... closer... until-

VEWP. The tiniest bit of armor cushions the blow.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jimmy figures out how to cock the revolver.

Monica is knocked through the kitchen doorway.

Jimmy's combat chip lights up before he can even turn.

She's on the floor.

Mask on.

Not moving.

BOOM.

The front door's kicked in.

It's Murph, Micheal's partner.

Jimmy aims his gun.

CLICK.

Jimmy looks down at the gun hopelessly.

He drops it.

Jumps behind the couch just before Murph draws.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Jimmy's safe. Next to the grandfather clock.

Michael comes out of the kitchen.

Jimmy doesn't know what to do.

Keeps his mouth shut.

Murph trains his gun on the couch.

MURPH  
You good, Mikey?

On the floor, Monica subtly reaches for the temporary cloning device on her belt.

MICHAEL  
Yeah-

VEWP.

BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. click. click.

Michael aims at Monica.

Gun steaming.

Monica's mask is shattered.

There's blood spray on the wall.

Michael lowers his gun slowly.

MURPH  
(nodding at Jimmy)  
Jeez, Mikey. Wanna save some for  
this schmuck?

MICHAEL  
You heard what this chick can do? I  
don't want Michael Jr growin' up  
without no father.

He does a check to make sure she's really dead. She passes.

Easily.

Her face looks like swiss cheese.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
She's dead dead.

Jimmy chokes on his own spit.

He turns his head to cough.

Notices a revolver tucked behind the grandfather clock.

MURPH (O.S.)  
Hey, that's a promotion for you  
right there, huh Mikey?

Jimmy grabs his grandfather's second revolver.

Checks the bullets - learned his lesson.

There's one in the chamber.

MURPH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Michael Jr's gonna have some more  
pocket money.

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
(not biting)  
No. He won't. Focus.

Murph is dejected. Michael notices the revolver on the floor.

He examines it fondly.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Jazz boy, you good?

MURPH  
(whisper yelling)  
I thought you said focused??

JIMMY  
Wanna not call me jazz boy after  
you killed my lover-

MURPH  
Sorry. I forgot- wait... Did you  
just say lover?

JIMMY  
Yes... yeah, I did. Regretted it  
instantly.

Pause.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Accomplice is better. Partner in  
crime.

MICHAEL  
Mr. Jazz. It's an honor. I'm  
actually a regular at the Jupiter  
Lounge. Big fan.

Jimmy peers around the couch's corner to see Monica's body  
for himself. Still out of sight.

He sees her & immediately wishes he hadn't.

He's pissed.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Your drinks are priced at giganteum  
but I gotta say you sing pretty  
nice, Mr. Jazz. I'd prefer not  
cause you harm, if at all possible.

Jimmy doesn't respond. Truth be told, he wasn't listening.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

She had to go. Our boss gave us  
expressed orders. "Kill the girl".  
I'm sure that makes it no better  
but, for you, that's not the case-

JIMMY

Doubt that. I've heard of Killer  
Joe.

Jimmy's not so subtly proud of that.

Murph & Michael look at eachother and stifle laughter.

MICHAEL

Right. *Killer Joe*.

Pause. Michael turns back towards Jimmy.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Joe feels you've served your  
sentence aptly, Mr. Jazz. I've got  
your firearm here. Very stylish, I  
might add. I'd expect no less from  
Jupiter Lounge's Finest-

MURPH

*Ahem.*

Murph gives him a look.

MICHEAL

This is no place for a man of your  
esteemed caliber, Mr. Jazz. You're  
a jazz singer, not a bounty hunter-

JIMMY

Who says?

Jimmy pops up, gun drawn on Murph.

Michael points the revolver at Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
 You realize I can dodge bullets,  
 right?

MICHAEL  
 You realize we're cops, right? The  
 NCPD trains us for whatever you've  
 installed into your body. What I'm  
 saying: this isn't going to go how  
 you want it to. Lower your gun.

Monica decloaks behind Murph. Her "body" disappears. Cloning.

JIMMY  
 You ruined the one good thing I  
 still had going for me. You're  
 probably right. I *probably* can't  
 win. But I can return the favor.

Jimmy turns his aim to Michael.

SMACK. Monica(!), from behind Murph, uses the hilt of her  
 katana on his skull. It's Super effective. Murph hits the  
 floor with a THUD.

Jimmy & Michael fire simultaneously.

Two clicks.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
 Monica???

MONICA  
 (explaining)  
 Cloning.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
 (realizing)  
 Cloning.

Michael desperately clicks his gun. He's fully empty.

He drops his gun.

MICHAEL  
 Look, you can kill me, yeah, but  
 how're you gonna manage to kill the  
 16 gunmen outside.

MONICA  
 I'll do just fine.

MICHAEL  
 You will. We've all heard of what  
 you can do. But you really think  
 this Q-tip can hold his own? He's  
 untrained. *I* can see that.

Jimmy touches up his hair. "Q-tip"?

MONICA  
I call your bluff.

Michael laughs nervously(?).

MICHAEL  
You really think they'd send only  
two men to kill the infamous  
Dagger? That's a rookie move.  
*Killer Joe* is no rookie, ma'am.

Monica & Jimmy's eyes meet. He winks.

JIMMY  
I'll take my chances.

Jimmy aims at Michael's leg.

MICHAEL  
Okay, okay-

BANG.

Michael falls.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
(in immense pain)  
OH GOD YOU HIT ME RIGHT IN THE  
KNEECAP!

MONICA  
Jimmy!

JIMMY  
(panicked)  
I didn't mean to! There was one in  
the chamber! I just wanted to scare  
him!

MONICA  
It was *loaded*!

JIMMY  
One in six chance, Monica! One in  
six!

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
I'LL NEVER WALK AGAIN!

MONICA  
Whatever. Get ready.

Monica & Jimmy stand by the door.

JIMMY

Hey, I'm really glad you're alive,  
by the way.

MONICA

Thanks babe.

Monica puts her hand on the handle.

MICHAEL

Oh good god! I was lying! I was  
lying. There's no one. Just get me  
medical attention. Please!

Monica checks. It's empty outside.

Jimmy's very pleased he was right.

EXT. MATARAZZO LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Dual Ghia speeds off, leaving dust.

Michael & Murph are left on the porch, tied up. There's a  
hefty bandage around Michael's knee.

EXT. ABANDONED WHEAT FIELDS - NIGHT

Jimmy & Monica speed up the flat, straight roads.

MONICA

Well... good thinking not killing a  
cop.

JIMMY

Are we not meant to kill cops?

MONICA

You can't be serious.

JIMMY

Monica, I've seen you dice up  
dozens in the, what, 36 hours we've  
been together?

MONICA

They're not cops.

JIMMY

They *could* be.

MONICA

And you think I haven't thought that? Sure. They could be, but all I care about is if they have it coming. And they all did. So I've got no interest in checking for a badge.

JIMMY

But-

MONICA

It's about intention. Self-Defense vs. First-degree. Even with cops, you can only prevent one of them from weighing down your conscience. Kill or be killed.

JIMMY

Okay, but - & I mean this in the best way - is it really kill or be killed when you can't be killed?

MONICA

I can be killed.

JIMMY

From what I've gathered, it's really, really hard to.

Monica thinks on this.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

If I'm overstepping, I can reign it way back-

MONICA

No... No. I can defend my principles. It's a good conversation to have. Especially if you want to be a part of this life.

(pause)

It's could vs. should. I *could* be non-lethal but that would just put myself in more danger.

JIMMY

And your life's more important?

Pause.

MONICA

You ever heard of utilitarianism?



JIMMY

Is that a band?

MONICA

No, it's the betterment of the majority at the expense of the minority. Killing one person so one hundred can live.

JIMMY

I don't see a problem there.

MONICA

That's the point. On paper, you wouldn't. But put yourself in there. What if that one is you & those one hundred are on Killer Joe's payroll?

JIMMY

See, I *do* see a problem *there*.

MONICA

Exactly. You can never really understand a stranger's true intentions but you always know your own. You *should* always know your own. It's you or them, ultimately, & there's no time to stew it over.

JIMMY

It was a lot easier when you just had to strum some strings on rhythm.

MONICA

Easier, yeah, but less fulfilling. Bounty hunting's not for the faint of heart. You have to trust your gut & live by your choices.

JIMMY

D'you you always sleep at night with those choices on you?

MONICA

Like a baby.

Pause.

MONICA (CONT'D)

So, why didn't you aim for that cop's leg, then?

JIMMY

Umm.

MONICA

His kid?

JIMMY

... yes. That.

MONICA

It's because he said he's a fan,  
isn't it?

JIMMY

Yep.

They pass a sign that says "Chicago: 30 miles".

MONICA (O.S.)

We should probably ditch this car  
soon.

EXT. NEO CTA STATION - NIGHT

The Dual Ghia is double parked.

Monica & Jimmy enter the station as a train pulls up.

INT. NEO CTA TRAIN - NIGHT

Monica & Jimmy sit. Jimmy has a newspaper to cover his face &  
remain incognito - which has the opposite effect because  
print it's the future & print is dead.

Monica notices the paper. She snatches it out of his hand &  
tears it up. She forces the Cubs cap onto a protesting Jimmy.

INT. BILL'S DRIVE-IN - DAY

Ruth cleans the counter while drinking a malt.

The door chimes.

RUTH

What'll it be.

She looks up & grins.

EXT. BILL'S DRIVE-IN - NIGHT

Monica & Jimmy walk out with big duffel bags.

Jimmy's got a to-go one too.

INT. NEO CTA TRAIN - DAY

Jimmy & Monica feast on Chicago dogs & chocolate malts. They share a large fries.

Monica dips a fry in her malt & eats it. Jimmy sees.

JIMMY

Ew.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Monica's decked out in gear. She looks through her thermal binoculars at the penthouse apartment of the Sears Tower.

JIMMY (O.S.)

How do I look?

Monica turns.

Jimmy's in a combat suit - Black with midnight blue detailing and, stylistically, in the vein of a tuxedo.

MONICA

(sarcastically)

I could swoon.

She's non-sarcastically impressed.

JIMMY

What's the rundown?

Monica hands Jimmy the thermal binoculars. He peers through.

MONICA

Penthouse.

Jimmy directs his attention to the top of the tower.

Zoom in. There's a mess of guards on the top 3 floors.

JIMMY

I'm guessing those aren't tourists  
basking in the view.

MONICA

What was the giveaway? The military-grade weaponry?

JIMMY

Military-grade?

MONICA

They're expecting us. And *they* are definitely not cops.

JIMMY

Darn. No ethics lecture.

Jimmy lowers the binoculars.

Monica futzes with her wrist

MONICA

The guards are carrying Bebop MG's.

From it, a hologram of an MG spins slowly.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Viscous little assholes. They have 2 primary settings. Automatic.

The holographic gun starts firing rapid fire.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Which is faster than any combat chip could dodge. But - sacrifices power for speed. *Your* new threads - the worst it'll do is give you a nasty sting. Then there's the armor-piercing mode.

The holographic gun changes settings. It shoots with power.

MONICA (CONT'D)

That's what you really have to worry about. Easily dodged but one hit & you're a goner. Even if you survive the initial blow, the technovirus'll finish you off within the hour.

JIMMY

So it's a stealth operation.

MONICA

Very good. Maybe you have learned something. I'm gonna lapel up the building & get the jump on them.

JIMMY  
It's that easy to get in?

MONICA  
Well, no. There's automated sentries on the outside. That's gonna be your job.

Monica hands him a tiny mainframe disrupter.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Activate this & the power will go.

JIMMY  
But they have to have back-up generators.

MONICA  
Again. I'm impressed. Yes, but the perimeter protections are solar powered. And they don't have the latest update so even a power zap will fry them.

JIMMY  
So I'm gonna sneak in? That's fun.

MONICA  
No. You're going to turn yourself in.

JIMMY  
I think I misheard you.

INT. SEARS TOWER LOBBY - NIGHT

It's a BIG lobby. A tourist destination that's eerily empty after hours.

BJORN - Swedish, probably - sits at the desk & WESLEY - hungry & sleep-deprived - stands near the VIP elevator.

BJORN pulls out a sandwich.

WESLEY  
Hey.

Bjorn is about to take a bite.

WESLEY (CONT'D)  
(louder)  
HEY.

Bjorn pauses before his bite. Side-eyes Wesley.

BJORN

What.

WESLEY

Where'd you get that sandwich.

BJORN

I brought this sandwich.

WESLEY

You brought it.

(to no one)

He brought it.

(to Bjorn)

What kind of sandwich is it?

BJORN

Baloney and Mustard.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Baloney and Mustard...  
motherfucker!

BJORN

Who.

WESLEY

You! That's my sandwich give it  
back.

BJORN

This not your sandwich.

WESLEY

That's my sandwich. It's  
supposed to be in the fridge  
upstairs. It was in the  
fuckin' fridge. I had it  
labeled in the fuckin'  
fridge.

BJORN (CONT'D)

This not your sandwich. No  
name on sandwich.

Wesley really loses his temper. He crosses towards Bjorn.  
Bjorn licks the sandwich. Wesley is now face-to-face.

WESLEY

You give me my goddamn sandwich.

BJORN

My spit on sandwich. My sandwich.

WESLEY

I ain't no germaphobe it's fine.

BJORN

I have the clap.

He claps.

WESLEY  
Which ones that again?

Knock knock.

Jimmy stands outside the glass door. He does a finger gun.

Wesley chirps & nervously clambers for his gun.

WESELY  
C-call for back-up!

Jimmy puts his hands up calmly.

Bjorn picks up the phone. He sits there.

WESLEY  
C'mon c'mon!

BJORN  
Phone is ringing.

Waiting... waiting... waiting...

BJORN (CONT'D)  
Hello?

Pause.

BJORN (CONT'D)  
Yes, I can hold.

WESLEY  
No! No no we can't hold! D'you know  
who that is!?

BJORN  
It's Jimmy Jazz.

WESLEY (CONT'D)  
It's Jimmy Jazz!

BJORN  
Yes.

WESLEY  
Does that mean anything to you?

Bjorn stares blankly.

BJORN  
Would you like me to take picture?

WESLEY

No I wouldn't like you to take my picture. You could fill up the lake with all the money this guys worth. He killed the Chicago mob in a night.

Bjorn's stare is blank. He points at Jimmy.

BJORN

He sing jazz songs.

WESLEY

D'you really not-

BJORN (CONT'D)

(on phone)  
Hello?

WESLEY

(to himself)  
Ah, forget it.

BJORN

Hello. Yes. Hello sir. There is jazz singer down here.

Pause. Bjorn takes a bite out of the sandwich.

BJORN (CONT'D)

(mouth full)  
Yeph. Jimmy Jash. Correcth.

Pause.

BJORN (CONT'D)

Yes.

He hangs up the phone. He continues eating the sandwich.

Wesley waits.

WESLEY

Well?

Bjorn swallows.

BJORN

They said bring him up.

WESLEY

What?

BJORN

(same tone)  
They said bring him up.



WESLEY

No back-up?

BJORN

His hands in the air. They see on security camera.

Wesley looks out at Jimmy.

WESLEY

Fuck. Me.

INT. KILLER JOE'S PENHOUSE - NIGHT

The elevator door opens. Jimmy has his hands behind his head as Wesley escorts him at gunpoint.

All the guards stand backs to the wall, avoiding eyes contact. It's weird.

But it's a nice-ass penthouse suite. Beautiful glass views on all sides. All the essentials - Kitchen, living room - & oddities - pool table, hot tub - with a loft above. It's furnished like a 25 year-old's pad - not the suite of a feared mob boss.

A guard whispers in Wesley's ear.

WESLEY

You're crazy.

The guard whispers again.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Oh.

JIMMY

You do know what they say about secrets.

WESLEY

Shut the fuck up. I don't care.

The disrupter's in Jimmy's hair. He's waiting for the right chance to hit it.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Boss wants to speak with you.

Jimmy stands still. Wesley gestures him on.

JIMMY

I don't know where I'm going. I've never been here.

WESLEY

Up the loft! Go!

Jimmy complies - weirded out by the room's vibes.

He climbs the loft.

There's a single door on a white wall.

Jimmy stands in front of it.

JIMMY

This one?

He's waiting for Wesley to lower his gun. Doesn't happen.

WESLEY

That one. Open it.

Jimmy opens the door.

He smells the boss before he sees them.

Shock.

JIMMY

No. It's you.

(angrily)

You-

A loud ringing in his ears.

Black.

EXT. SEARS TOWER - NIGHT

Monica is perched on a lower ledge.

She uses her thermal binoculars.

She sees the sentries deactivate.

MONICA

Nice work, James.

She climbs.

She peers through the window into the penthouse.

INT. KILLER JOE'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Coast's clear.

Monica cuts a hole in the glass. She climbs through it.

She's in the kitchen.

No one is there.

She sneaks towards the living room.

No one is there.

Monica is **suspicious**.

MONICA

James, where did you go?

She climbs the loft cautiously, expecting gunfire any second.

There's not. On the loft, there's one door.

Joe's office.

She pulls out her laser katana & ignites it.

An electric hum.

She takes a breath.

CRASH.

Kicks in the door.

INT. KILLER JOE'S OFFICE - NIGHT/DAY

The sun's coming up.

The view is breathtaking.

3 walls of pure glass looking out from the highest point in Neo Chicago.

Just breathtaking.

Monica can't admire the view.

Joe's chair is turned away from her.

MONICA

Joe Valentino.

No response. She approaches

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Where's Jimmy Jazz?

Monica's in the room's center.

The chair whips around.

Jimmy's in it, brainwashed. Josie's cuddled up on his lap.

She's wearing a dainty sundress. Harmless looking.

Wait.

Hold up.

Josie???

JOSIE  
Heya!

She has a joyful & excited demeanor.

Monica takes a step.

Jimmy puts his dual revolvers to his temples.

He cocks them.

Fingers on the triggers.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
Nuh-uh-uh, *Monica Daggard*.

Monica retreats.

MONICA  
You've been expecting me.

JOSIE  
Oh, you were anything but expected.  
Threw a wrench into my plans. The  
whole tool box, actually.

MONICA  
It's the job - nothing personal.

JOSIE  
But *I* decided to make it. Did a  
little digging. I've heard lover  
boy here yap on about you.

She nods towards Jimmy. He's drooling.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
But never did I expect his precious  
Monica Daggard had become the  
bounty huntin' messiah, Dagger.

MONICA  
We come from all walks.

JOSIE  
You got that right, babe.

MONICA  
What's your name again?

JOSIE  
Oh, we haven't formally met, have  
we? Valentino.

Josie stands.

MONICA  
Josie Valentino

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
Josie Valentino.

Monica smirks.

MONICA  
Joe Valentino's daughter.

JOSIE  
The one & only! That's him on the  
wall behind you.

Monica turns. Killer Joe's head & shoulders mounted on the  
wall like a stuffed moose. Yikes.

She turns back & Josie's right in front of her.

She's quick.

Monica raises her blade defensively.

Josie doesn't care. She looks Monica over.

Strokes Monica's cheek.

Fiddles with Monica's hair.

Monica looks over at Jimmy. He hasn't moved an inch.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
I spent so many nights trying to  
figure out what you had that I  
didn't.

She lightly kisses Monica. Just because she can.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
I see it.

She touches under Monica under the chin.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
Hell, if it weren't for past  
history, I'd hit that.

Josie looks down at Monica's blade.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
Give me your lightsaber.

MONICA  
No-

JOSIE  
(to Jimmy)  
Hey Jimmy-?

MONICA  
No.

Jimmy raises her palm.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Fine.

Monica deignites it & hands it to Josie. Josie gets a feel  
for the hilt, flipping it before ignition.

She steps back & does some sword tricks.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
You're proficient.

JOSIE  
Don't insult me. I was in combat-  
training before potty-training,  
even.

She loses interest in the blade.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
These things are so unexciting.  
Your little combat chips, too. It's  
cheating. Why ruin the fun?

SMASH. Josie throws Monica's sword out the window.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
The most valuable weapon of them  
all, really, is reputation-

MONICA  
What-

JOSIE  
(angry)  
**Bitch.** Can you not interrupt me?

She composes herself. Fixes her hair, flashes a sweet smile.  
She walks around the room. Around Monica.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
Sorry. It's been a busy couple days  
and sometimes my temper... Just  
don't interrupt my villain  
monologue, okay? I killed my father  
& caused an uprising in the biggest  
mob in this solar system. I've  
earned my villain monologue. Where  
was I?

Jimmy is drooling.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
I'm just gonna start over.

Pause.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
(fast recap)  
The most valuable weapon of them  
all is a good reputation - I  
practiced this next part.

Italian dude impression.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
"Oh Josie wouldn't hurt a fly. She  
can't run this mob empire because  
she's just an innocent woman born  
with a silver spoon in her mouth".

Back to normal.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
I hated that. I was capable of so  
much more. But then I realized that  
was to my advantage. The less they  
knew, the better. I could take them  
all out right under their noses.

MONICA

But why involve Jimmy?

Josie turns to Jimmy.

Monica tries to take a step.

Jimmy gives her a look.

Monica retreats.

JOSIE

Look. Mon. I feel bad, okay? I'm where I am today because you & Jimmy did my dirty work. *Not without a little poking & prodding*, but all the same. My dad & his drinking buddies & Vinnie-boy.

MONICA

You wanted Vinnie-boy dead.

JOSIE

Yeah. He was in love with me, he betrayed his brethren, yada yada yada. You really love the sound of your own voice, don't you, Mon?

MONICA

I-

JOSIE

Shhh... I want to offer you a deal.

MONICA

You lost me.

JOSIE

Did you not notice that I literally let you walk in here? You would be dead right now if it weren't for my good graces. All my security are relieved. Jimmy's brain-dead. It's just you & me, toots.

Monica's speechless. What's even going on anymore?

JOSIE (CONT'D)

(whining)

I want to offer you a deeaall.

MONICA

*That's* why you helped us escape the Masquerade Ball.



JOSIE

You can connect the dots later. Can you please just ask me what my deal is?

MONICA

What's your deal?

JOSIE

Leave.

Josie waits for a reaction. She doesn't get one.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Sure! I'll elaborate! Leave Neo-Chicago right now. Take Jimmy with you. Just get out of my hair.

Monica considers.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Take your time-

MONICA

Okay.

JOSIE

Okay?

MONICA

Okay.

JOSIE

Just like that. Okay? No more questions from Nosey Nancy?

MONICA

If you let me & Jimmy go that's fine.

JOSIE

Okay! Glad we could get this sorted!

Josie offers out her hand. Monica shakes.

Josie turns around to Jimmy. She signals him to leave.

Jimmy, still brainwashed, gets up & starts to walk out.

Monica walks alongside him.

JOSIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Might want to get that nose of his  
checked out.

Monica stops walking.

MONICA  
Bingo.

Smirks. Her dagger mask VEWPs on.

Monica disarms one of Jimmy's revolvers.

They draw on eachother.

JOSIE  
(disappointed)  
Mon! We shook on it!

MONICA  
Your problem is you can't keep your  
mouth shut, Josie. The perfume's  
how you did it.

JOSIE  
Shit.

MONICA  
That's what causes him to go nuts.  
I smelled it the minute I walked  
in. You probably slipped something  
up his nose when you put the chip  
in his neck.

JOSIE  
**Goddamn**it Monica. You really do  
ruin everything, you actual **whore**.

MONICA  
And that was all after drugging  
him? What could he have possibly  
done to deserve that much malice?

JOSIE  
He never called.

MONICA  
He what?

JOSIE  
He never called.

MONICA  
And?

JOSIE  
No, that's it.

MONICA  
That's it?

JOSIE  
Yeah.

MONICA  
That's all?

JOSIE  
Pretty much.

MONICA  
You ruined his life & tried to kill  
him because he stood you up?

JOSIE  
(smiling)  
Uh huh!

MONICA  
You're a silver-spooned nut job.

JOSIE  
Kill her, Jimmy-

Jimmy aims at Monica's head.

Monica raises her hands

MONICA  
James.

There's a flicker of life in his eyes.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
James, I know you're in there.  
Fight this. Don't let her win.

He's confused. A tear rolls down his cheek.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
There you go. I believe in you.

JOSIE  
Jimmy!! Shoot her in her stupid  
face!!!

Jimmy loses the flicker.

MONICA

I'm sorry about this, James.

Monica aims for Jimmy's heart. Jimmy's gun is to her head.

Two simultaneous **BANGS**.

Monica hits the ground. Her mask took the blunt of the trauma but it's shattered on the right side. And there's a gaping, bloody hole where her right eye was. She's hurt. Bad.

Jimmy sniffs. He regains control.

Still turned away from Josie, he looks down at where Monica shot him. His left breast pocket is soaked. His cologne.

JIMMY

L'eau de Jimmy...

Josie peers over the desk. She still thinks he's crazy-Jimmy.

JOSIE

Finish her off.

Jimmy leans down & takes her pistol.

MONICA

(weakly)

Jimmy... Don't let her take anything else from you... I've seen it... You are Neo Chicago.

He whispers something into her ear.

JOSIE

What are you waiting for? I told you to kill her.

JIMMY

I'm sorry, I'm bad at directions.

He stands up & points both pistols at Josie.

He walks away from Monica.

Josie sniffs. She smells the pungent cologne.

JOSIE

I thought I smelled regret.

JIMMY

Available now at most department stores.

JOSIE  
You're not going to kill me.

JIMMY  
What makes you think that?

Jimmy shoots. Josie dodges.

Josie leaps over the desk. They're only a few feet away now.

JOSIE  
I didn't say you wouldn't.

JIMMY  
Combat chip?

JOSIE  
No, Jimmy, I'm just *good*.

JIMMY  
Since before you were potty-  
trained, right?

JOSIE  
You were listening. That's new.

JIMMY  
You gave me enough practice, doll.

BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG.

Josie dodges & goes at Jimmy.

She kicks, he dodges.

He steps back.

He swings at her with his gun.

SMACK.

She punches him across the face. HARD.

He takes a step back.

Rubs his face.

Ouch.

She does a sweep.

He leaps backwards.

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG.

Shooting off his guns in mid-air.

He's desperate.

She dodges.

He lands on his ass.

His guns steaming.

JOSIE

You're out.

Jimmy looks down at his revolvers

He opens them up.

Empty.

JIMMY

Fair point.

Tosses the guns aside.

Leads with a punch.

Josie sidesteps & hits a pressure point on Jimmy's neck.

He yelps & tries for a gut punch.

She's ready & elbows him to his knees.

Jimmy's exhausted & beaten up.

He raises his pointer finger.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Give me a minute.

Man is he out of breath!

JOSIE

I gave you every chance, Jimmy.

JIMMY

You blackmailed me!

JOSIE

Well you never called!

She kicks him across the room.

Hits the desk.

Blood runs from his nose.

His face all scratched up.

Clothes torn - that one hurts him the most.

JIMMY  
(to himself)  
She has a temper.

That gives him an idea.

Josie stretches.

Gets limber.

Jimmy looks over at Monica.

Monica's turned away.

Josie follows his gaze.

JOSIE  
She's not looking so good, ay pal?

Jimmy gets his second wind.

He charges her.

She charges him.

Jimmy waits for Josie to strike.

She kicks over.

He sweeps under in retaliation.

She falls but does a summersault recovery.

JIMMY  
Damn. You're good.

JOSIE  
And to think you could've had *all*  
of this.

JIMMY  
I didn't want it.

She swings a punch.

He ducks & lands a gut blow.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
You were never anything to me.

She jabs.

He blocks.

Shoulder slams her.

She tries to grab him.

He counters.

RKO out of nowhere!!

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Just a distraction.

She punches.

He dodges.

Punches her in the face.

She stumbles.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Always second best.

She attacks.

He counters.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I'm sure your father saw the same.

She attacks.

He counters.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
That's why you killed him.  
Insecurities.

She attacks.

He counters.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Josie Valentino. Never desired by  
anyone.

JOSIE  
Shut! Up!



Josie's temper gets the best of her.

She attacks.

He counters.

She attacks.

He counters.

Attack.

Counter.

Attack.

Counter

Back & forth.

Over & over.

In all different ways.

Jimmy's calm & deliberate, only attacking in retaliation.

Josie's taking a beating. She gets more and more desperate.

It's brutal.

She loses her confidence.

Swings a punch.

AND MISSES.

Jimmy karate kicks her straight in the chest.

She flies backwards.

Hits the wall.

Her head slops.

Jimmy walks over & kneels next to her.

He lifts her head.

Eyes closed.

JIMMY

Nothing charming about a hot head,  
Josie.

CRACK. Glass.

Josie's bloodied lips forms a smile.

JOSIE  
(weakly)  
And you talk too much, Jimbo.

SHATTER. Glass breaking.

She opens her eyes & stares into Jimmy's very soul.

Sniff. Sniff.

A ringing starts.

In Jimmy's ears.

He grabs his head.

JIMMY  
No!

Josie starts to laugh. Her mouth is full of blood.

She coughs it all over Jimmy.

She raises her hand.

It's bloodied & holding a shattered perfume bottle.

JOSIE  
You've got me under your skin,  
Jimmy Jazz. Whether you like it or  
not.

The ringing intensifies.

Jimmy yells in frustration.

JIMMY  
AHHHHHHHHH!!

He grabs Josie's face & headbutts her as hard as he possibly  
can. With his nose.

He draws his head back.

His nose is busted & broken beyond belief.

Josie is out.

The ringing fades away slowly.

Broken nose.

Jimmy can't smell.

Can't be mind-controlled.

He gets up.

A rush of pain & tiredness hits him.

That's gonna leave a mark.

He wobbles over to Monica.

She's out.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Monica...

He clicks her combat chip. Her mask retracts.

He props up her head. Checks for breath.

She's lost a lot of blood.

Jimmy tears up.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Monica.

Hopeless.

Guards flood in. Guns trained. Shocker. Josie was lying.

One picks up Josie & carries her out. The others have their  
Bebop MGS trained on Jimmy.

LEAD GUARD

No way out, Jimmy Jazz.

JIMMY

Come lookin' for Jimmy Jazz?

He laughs a little

JIMMY (CONT'D)

He ain't here, but he sure went  
past.

LEAD GUARD

I know you're Jimmy Jazz.

JIMMY

I know.  
(quieter)  
It's from a song.

LEAD GUARD

What?

JIMMY

Nothing! Nevermind! If you're going  
to shoot me just-

CHAKK-CHACKK-CHAK-CHAK.

A Helicopter!

It's side my side with the building.

There's a turret on the side trained on the guards.

The turret is manned by Priscilla which means the pilot is-

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Ruth! I love you!

RUTH

Get down dumbass!

Jimmy covers Monica.

GATAGATAGATAGATAGATA!

The guards turn towards the copter but it's too late.

The bulletstorm tears through them.

Amidst the chaos & bloodshed, Jimmy notices Monica's hand.

In it, she has the card Ruth gave Jimmy.

Her wrist says "Current Location Sent".

Jimmy smiles & kisses Monica's forehead.

Priscilla stops firing.

Jimmy picks up Monica, bridal-style, & walks towards the  
blinding light.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT?

Monica wakes up in a hospital bed. She's in a hospital gown &  
there's a gauze wrapped around her head and right eye.

The curtains in the window are drawn.  
Jimmy's sleeping on the chair next to her.  
Monica smiles warmly.

MONICA  
(weakly)  
James.

Jimmy still looks down.

JIMMY  
So, there's good news and bad news.  
Good news is, I guess, with modern  
medicine, a headshot's not  
necessarily lethal.

MONICA  
You're a really old man in a less-  
old man's body.

JIMMY  
But the bad news is one of your  
eyes is-

MONICA  
Gone. Yeah, I can tell. Popped like  
a gusher.

Jimmy's head looks up.

Ew.

Oh god.

His nose is *fucked up*

That's gross.

That's *really* gross.

Monica can't help but look grossed out.

JIMMY  
That's a vintage ref. I haven't had  
a gusher since I was-

MONICA  
What happened?

Jimmy stands by her bedside.

JIMMY

Huh? Oh, it was awe-inspiring.  
After you passed out, I had this  
really intense fight with Josie & I  
learned to keep my cool and-

MONICA

No, no, that can wait - what  
happened to your nose?

JIMMY

I broke it.

MONICA

I'll say you did.

JIMMY

I smashed it into Josie's head so  
hard, I knocked her out.

MONICA

You headbutted her?

JIMMY

Yeah!

MONICA

With your nose?

JIMMY

Pretty smart, huh?

MONICA

You know you're supposed to hit  
your forehead into *her* nose.

JIMMY

Yeah, obviously. She was going to  
mind control me with her weird  
perfume so I broke my nose.

Pause.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(bragging)

Intentionally.

MONICA

You wouldn't think to just use a  
clothespin? Or pinch it with your  
fingers?

Jimmy's about to banter back. But - he realizes she's right.

He's speechless. Feels his misshapen nose. Sits in disbelief.

JIMMY

Oh... man.

Monica laughs. She grabs his hand. Jimmy plays with hers.

MONICA

I guess I have no choice but to stick around for a while.

JIMMY

Huh?

MONICA

In Neo Chicago. I know you're still conflicted on if you want to stay or go and... I'll respect that. But I want to make *this* work. That is, if you want there to be a *this*?

Jimmy smiles. He squeezes her hand reassuringly.

JIMMY

I do.

MONICA

If you want to stay in Neo Chicago, we could do long distance.

Jimmy chuckles.

MONICA (CONT'D)

(playfully)

I'm serious!

He lets her hand go, stands, & walks over to the curtains.

"Fly Me To The Moon (In Other Words)" by Frank Sinatra & Count Basie begins to play.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I could go back & forth - between Neo Chicago and, I guess...

Jimmy whips open the curtains in time with the piano riff.

They're in...

MONICA (CONT'D)

Space...

The stars sail by. It's beautiful.

Jimmy sits by Monica again.

JIMMY  
I already told you. I've made my  
choice, Monica... I choose you.

Monica pulls him close.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Singing was getting old, anyway.  
And those overpriced drinks tasted  
like-

Monica puts her finger over his mouth.

MONICA  
James, for once, stop talking.

She pulls him in.

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

The music continues.

From outside, we see Jimmy & Monica kiss.

SLOW ZOOM OUT reveals a gigantic hospital ship leaving earth.

Continues to zoom out.

Faster & faster.

There are hundreds of different ships.

Hundreds of planets.

Of galaxies.

An infinite cosmos to explore.

FADE TO BLACK.