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Serena and the Ratts

By Kevin James Barry

MAN:

I know how you feel.
Really, I do,
but this is very important.
She needs to get
back to work.
I know she isn't very strong,
but she can still kill a man
with her bare hands.
Don't you forget
who taught her that.

[sighs]

[sighs]

[object scrapes]

[sighs]

[clicks]

I'm here today
with Professor Houlden,
and he has something
very exciting
to share with us all.
It is a momentous day for
science and humankind alike.

Isn't that right,

Dr. Houlden?

Yes, that's correct.

Could you tell us why?

Well, my team

of scientists have
discovered a way to create
wormholes here on Earth.

Could you tell us
a little more about
these wormholes?

Yes, wormholes allow
matter to travel
from one point
in space to another
quicker than light
can travel the same path.

And this could be used
to foster time travel?

Well, theoretically yes,

but that would require
the manipulation and control
of the space-time continuum,
and right now,
we're not at that point.
That would take a lot more
research and controlling for--

[music playing]

[gunshots]

[boy on TV laughs]

Good morning.

[sighs]

How'd you sleep?

Pretty damn well.

Training will
do that to you.

I didn't
work you too hard
last night, did I?

You never do.

So, you must
be ready, then?

I'm always ready.

Come get
some breakfast.

[eerie music playing]

Hi. Can I help you?

I'm here to see
Professor Houlden.

Are you
the research assistant?

Yeah. There was
an ad in the paper.
Take any one of those
elevators behind you
to the 12th floor,
room 63,
and I'll call
the professor
and let him know
you're on your way up.

All right. Thanks.

Are you going
to the 12th floor?

Yeah, I am.
You're not here
to see Professor
Houlden, are you?
I am, actually.
Are you coming?
[elevator doors squeak]
It's simple.
All you have to do
is ride the elevator
for a few minutes.
It's painless.
When you're done,
just come
right back here.
[air hissing]
[knock on door]
Good evening.
My name is Bill Nixon,
and I've come to spread
the good news.
[speaking Slavic language]
Have you considered
surrendering your
will to God?
Romek Tarlowski--
born in Warsaw,
moved to East London
at the age of five,
spent time
in Petersburg
as a thief.
I know
you speak English.
[British accent]
What do you want?
I have a job for you.
I'm on vacation.
Take a look
at this figure
and reconsider.
You'll be getting
a phone call
within 24 hours.

Bill!
Don't call me.
[punk rock playing]
Cunt.
Hey, hey
We're gonna bring
the spirit of punk rock
Buy a compact disc
without sticker shock
Come on out to shows
and dance
Let's unleash the lion,
take a stance
Can't we get along
without the fights...
[telephone rings]
[ring]
[beeps]
We are the voice
of the future...
Yeah.
Yeah, I feel fine.
We are the voice
of the future...
I'll feel better
when I'm dead.
Hey, hey...
Well, I've been living
on cigarettes and booze
and ramen
fucking noodles.
[chuckles]
That's funny coming
from you, Snowman.
We gonna bring
the spirit of punk rock
Buy a compact disc...
Yeah, I'll be here.
[beep]
Come on out to shows
and dance
Let's unleash the lion...
[song continues muffled]
Whoa oh

Whoa oh
Whoa oh
Whoa oh
We are the voice
of the future...
Where have you been?
Had a meeting
with the Boss.
Come on.
Hey, hey, hey
[fading]
Hey, hey, hey
Don't touch that.
Why not?
Because I'm cleaning it.
[sighs] So how'd it go
with the Boss-man?
Yeah, about that,
he wants us to do
another job for him.
That's too bad.
Yeah.
How's Serena doing?
She's doing good.
Uh, she's hanging
in there, you know?
Yeah,
she's a tough girl.
Has she been training?
No, no.
Not for a while, now.
You know, I haven't seen
you kids in some time.
Yeah, to be honest, Boss,
she's been better off.
Really?
You know, I seem
to remember the two
of you being, well,
you know, lost
when I first met you.
I didn't mean that she was--
You didn't mean?
You didn't mean what?

Look, Leonard,
I know how you feel,
really, I do,
but this is
very important.
I still need her.
She owes me this much.
You do, too.
She needs
to get back to work.
She needs to get
back to work,
and you need
to help her.
I know she
isn't very strong,
but she
can still kill a man
with her bare hands.
Don't you forget
who taught her that.
I never will.
The job is a group
of scientists,
physics experts,
et cetera.
We'll be calling 'em
The Black Coats.
Why The Black Coats?
Because they
have an affinity
for black peacoats,
and it's simple.
Just get started.
I'll call you
when I need you.
You don't
want to do this,
you don't have to.
No, let's just do it.
Why?
I need the money.
I owe him anyway.
You don't owe him

anything.
[rock music plays]
It's hard to believe
that there ain't any more
You're ash to ash
You're dust to dust
[clatters]
You want to know why
I live like
there's no future?
Wake up one day,
it'll all be gone
It's all gone
I live life
Like there's no future
Live like
there's no future
Tonight
Live life
Like there's no future
Live like
there's no future
Tonight
[clatters]
[cans clatter]
[water running]
[water stops]
[telephone rings]
[ring]
[beeps]
What?
[sighs]
You gotta be kidding me.
[sighs]
"The RATTs"?
What the hell
does that mean?
Renegades Against
Time Travel.
Yeah, since when
do we need help?
Uh-huh.
When do we start?
Right. Let's get

down to business.
Right.
Here's the plan.
We're going to
send you back,
um, in time.
Right, time travel.
Here's how it works.
You open up a wormhole--
I'm not interested
in your faggoty mathematics!
I just want to know
if it's going to work.
And if it does work,
am I going to die?
And if I don't die,
how am I going
to make it back?
I can assure you
that it works.
We have tested
the process
several times.
You will not be hurt.
When you're done,
it will be
your responsibility
to open up
another wormhole
and proceed
through it
back here.
What insurance do I have
that I will make it back?
We are very serious
about our work.
We will pay you
half now...
and half
when you return.
So what's to stop me
from killing you right now
and taking all your money?
Mr. Tarlowski...

we control time.
There is nothing
you can do to me
that my associates
could not undo
and then do to you.
So who's the target?

MAN:

to be shitting me.
I shit you not.
Where did you
get this?
I swiped it
from Houlden's office.
This is unbelievable.
The Black Coats
want to go back in time
and assassinate him?
Do you have any idea
what might happen
if they get away
with this?
The scary thing is
I really don't.
No one does.
Where are you going?
Boss said I got
a meeting with a group,
call themselves
the RATTS.
Oh, uh,
did he tell you
what the job was?
Bunch of scientists.
Radio name?
The Black Coats.
Oh.
I'll be back later.
Wait.
Take this.
So you're telling me
we have to kill
Adolf Hitler?

No. We have to stop the man
that's gonna kill him.
How do we even know
that's possible?
Boss says it is,
and I don't think
it even matters.
A mark is a mark.
Let's say he could
travel back in time.
How would he possibly
get past the S.S.?
[sighs]
Get to him before
there were any.
[Leonard sighs]
I told you we
didn't have to do this.
I told you that you
didn't owe Boss anything.
[sniffing]
I know your grandfather
was in the war,
but we can't let
these guys do this.
Serena,
if things didn't go
exactly the way
they did, this could
be a far worse world
than we're living in
right now.
If Hitler
never happened,
then somebody else
would have done
the same thing...
somebody
more successful.
If we don't
go down there--
Give me my gun back.
We're going
on recon tomorrow.

Boss said The Black Coats
are having a meeting
at a warehouse
outside of town.

[Leonard coughs]

Is that all?

For shit's sake,
don't you knock?

[clears throat]

What happened
to all the grenades?

We used them.

Wow.

What do we need
grenades for, anyway?

I thought
this was recon.

It is recon,
but you never know
what could happen.

I know what's
gonna happen.

We're gonna sit
in a car all day,
or we're gonna sit
in a dumpster all day,
or we're gonna sit
on a fucking toilet
all day,
and we're not gonna...
reconnaisize anything.

[scoffs]

"Reconnaisize"?

Shut up.

I'll take the M4.

You take the vest.

No, you take the vest.

It doesn't fit me,
anyway.

No way.

Why not?

'Cause I'm not taking
the rifle and the vest.

It's unfair.

Besides, you're a girl.
You take the vest.
I don't want it.
[engine stops]
Who's this guy?
That's the triggerman
Houlden hired.
He doesn't look so tough.
I've got a clear shot.
I'll wait 30 seconds.
I'll pull the car around.

HOULDEN:

take the shot
in half a minute.
Sounds exciting.
Don't worry.
I'm sure this will work.
Do I sound worried to you?
Do you think I'm
going to Wallace
all over
my brand-new shiny shoes?
No, not at all,
actually.
Listen, you've got
20 seconds.
15, 14, 13,
12, 11, 10,
9, 8, 7,
6, 5, 4...
3...
2...

HOULDEN:

[gun fires]
Fucking hell,
you were right.
Of course.
How else would I have known
they were going to shoot you
at exactly that second?
Last time, you got shot.
We couldn't let that

happen again.
[cocks gun]
[explosion]
[explosions]
Can't believe it.
I had him. He dropped
right as I pulled the trigger.
I had him.
He knew everything
we were going to do.
How?
I don't know.
I mean, even if they
knew where we were...
he dropped
right as I pulled
the trigger.
That's impossible.
Unless...
Unless what?
Unless we
already shot him.
Already shot him? What?
Maybe...
we already killed him.
What are you
talking about?
You missed.
I didn't miss
the first time.
You can't be serious.
I shot him.
They undid it.
They undid it?
Yeah, they figured out
where we were, when we shot...
everything.
They went back in time.
Then they made sure
we failed.
But this isn't the past.
It's the present.
Only to us.
If that's what happened,

how are we
going to stop them
if they undo
every attack we make?
We have to call the RATTTS.

MAN ON TV:

It came at a bad time.
Only his behavior
after this murder
gave him away.
[dramatic music playing]
[motorcycle revving]
Ah, come on.
This is crap.
Are you serious?
This movie's
awesome.
The shootouts
are amazing.
Uh, no.
This is so unrealistic.
Come on. Who takes out
50 guys by himself
without breaking
a fucking fingernail?
[spits]
I do.
Yeah, right.
You'd go crying home
to your mommy.
Yeah, would I?
[chuckles]
"Mommy, Mommy,
I got a hangnail,
and I can't kill
the bad men."
[laughs]
Cut it out.
[laughs]
[movie soundtrack,
gunfire continue]
What's the matter
with you?

I'm tired.
I'm tired
of hearing that.
Really,
what's up?
I don't know.
I guess I'm still
kinda freaked out
by all this
time-travel stuff.
Yeah?
I mean...
what if all this
has already happened?
What if it's
always happening?
What if it keeps happening
over and over again?
How do you mean?
You know vinyl, records?
Like L.P.s?
Yeah.
What if time is
like a record?
If life just plays out,
like a needle
passes over it...
it seems like it's
going somewhere, but...
it actually all exists
at the same time...
the past, the present,
the future.
It's just the needle
that changes.
What if it's
the same thing
being played
over and over again...
the same songs...
they never change?
[sighs]
Why does that
bother you?

Just don't like the idea
of living the same life
over and over again.
Not this one, anyway.
[sighs]
I think I know
what you mean.
Remind yourself of what
this is all about.
These bastards
may destroy the world
as we know it
if they pull off
time travel.
It may not seem like
a bad idea to them,
but we don't know what
kind of repercussions
that could have.
We have to silence
everyone with knowledge
about this
time-travel project.
Boss has Serena and
Leonard coordinating
their attack
at the same time
as ours.
Any questions?
Cyrus?
Who's
the first target?
Michael Roberts,
physics expert.
He started the project
with Houlden about
six years ago.
Where is he?
He's about five feet
from the right
of this van.
Close it!
I've got some bad news.
What's that?

The RATTS
took out Roberts.
Yeah, yeah, I know.
So you know, do you?
Yes, they are
going to take out
the whole team
today.
Haven't we
got to stop 'em?
No. Uh,
we're gonna let them
go ahead with it
up until a point,
that is.
What point would that be?
When they get to me.
So we're just going
to let those boy scouts go?
Yes. It's all part
of the plan.
Eddie!
Boss.
Tarlowski, heel.
So this is Tarlowski?
You recommended him.
Yeah, but I never
met the guy.
I only heard
the stories,
Polack with
the fake accent.
Oi, I grew up
in London.
You wouldn't shoot
a fellow Polack,
would you?
You said
he was the best.
Yeah, how's that
holding up?
We'll see soon enough.
How's the attack coming?
Oh, that's right,

the RATTS.

I got them and Serena
and Leonard going after
your scientist friends,
The Black Coats.

They're not my friends.

No, I suppose
it isn't very friendly
to order
their assassination.

I trust you told them
to hit me last, correct?

Hey, where's
the time machine?

It's over there.

[chuckles]

Golly.

That's a piece
of work.

Impressive,
isn't it?

It sure is.

What the hell is Boss
doing with our target?

I don't know,
but we weren't
supposed to see it.

How do you know?

We were supposed to wait
until the attack today.

What do you think?

I think this was a setup.

I don't like the guy,
but I don't think
he would set us up.

You don't know
what he's capable of.

Hey, kid.

What is this?

It looks like a .45.

What were you doing
at the warehouse?

What's the matter?

Can't I talk to some

old friends?
They're your marks.
No, they're your marks.
They're my friends.
What is this all about?
What do you think
it's about?
Maybe it's a cover,
maybe you have to keep
your enemies close...
or maybe it's a setup.
Is that what you think?
That I sent you
on a suicide mission?
Just decided to get rid
of you after five years?
Or maybe I just wanted
to get rid of your friend
Leonard there,
filling your head
with bullshit and drugs,
turning you into
a fucking invalid!
Fuck you, Boss.
You ruined my life,
not him.
Yeah, you used
to be a warrior.
I was a little girl!
Are you gonna kill me?
I'm getting bored.
This is over.
Call the RATTs.
Call off the attack.
Well...
I would, kid, but...
I don't think
they're gonna answer.
They're already dead.
You're lying.
Just tying up some
loose ends for a friend,
figured I would tie up
a few of my own--

The Black Coats,
the RATTs, Leonard--
all in one day.
I suppose it was a little
too ambitious to expect it
to go so smoothly.
[train horn blowing]
So you gonna
shoot me or not?
No.
I can't.
I didn't think so.
Leonard can.
Serena.
[plane zooms overhead]
[gunshots]
[Serena panting]
[groaning]
[engine starts]
[tires skid]
Leonard.
[nearby chatter]
Serena, I'm so sorry.
Don't worry about it.
It was my fault.
I should have known better.
Who hit me?
The triggerman,
Tarlowski.
I'll take care
of him. I promise.
Boss, too.
Boss?
Yeah, he got away.
Leonard, no.
I will
take care of this.
No.
You'll wait for me.
Don't do anything
without me.
You don't know
how he works.
Is it true

about the RATTTS?
Yeah, they're all dead.
So it's just us
against them.
Seems that way.
Don't worry.
I won't leave
until you do.
Thank you.
Turner.
Mommy, it's snowing.
Snowing? Really?
Come inside, dear.
[air-raid sirens blaring]
What is it?
It's snowing.
That's not snow, boy.
That's ash.
[blaring continues]
[distant explosions]
[speaking German]
[distant blaring,
explosions continue]
How long are you
gonna keep us here?
[bomb whistles]
[explosion]
Well...
the Allied forces
are closing on
the Motherland,
and Hitler's
commanding officers
are desperate,
so I would say
you can expect to be
taken out of here
within 24 hours...
to be executed.
Have you ever
executed a man?
No.
Have you ever seen
a man executed?

No.
What were they thinking?
They could just
send you over here
so that you could...
[hisses]
take the Fhrer's head?
[chuckles]
Well, good luck to you.
Both of you.
But I have to say...
[ascending stairs]
[gunfire, explosions
continue]
[coughing]
[gagging]
Sarge, they're gassing us.
Those goddamn Krauts
are gassing us.
Stay calm.
Put that on,
and breathe.
Jesus Christ, Sarge,
stay calm?
You know what
this stuff does to you?
It's only smoke,
soldier.
[coughing]
Sarge, we gotta
get out of here.
[gunfire,
explosions continue]
What's your name,
soldier?
Say again.
Your name?
what's your name,
soldier?
McCoy, Private McCoy.
[coughs]
James Donovan.
Don't worry, McCoy.
We'll get out of here.

[coughs] How's that?
You got a plan?
You know that Kraut
that threw me in here?
I broke three
of his fingers while
he was searching me.
What good does that
do for us now?
[hacking cough]
He stopped searching me
after that.
They didn't
find Serena.
Who's Serena?
This is Serena.
[explosion]
[siren passing]
[metal scrapes, rattling]
[coins jingling]
[sighs]
Make it quick.
They make 'em young
nowadays, don't they?
What are you
waiting for?
[grunts]
I can't just let you go
so you can pop up
in my car tomorrow.
Are you some kind
of amateur?
[chuckles]
I get it.
You're not even
a little triggergirl,
are you?
Wow, you had me going
there for a minute.
[sighs]
I'll tell you what.
I need to make
a phone call.
You probably took that

while you were
robbing me of
my worldly possessions.
I'll let you
keep the phone
and anything else
you took,
but I need to make
a phone call, okay?
Dial Mr. Hollister.
Tell him--Heh.
Tell him
there's no coffee
left in the pot.
Tell him Boss said so.
There's no coffee
left in the pot.
Boss said so.
I don't have a name.
No name, huh?
What about Serena?
Isn't that you?
If you want.
People call me Boss,
'cause I'm so pushy.
Nice to meet you.
Can I go now?
Yeah, I'll let you go.
Just one thing
before you run off
to your squat.
Do you want a job,
Serena?
I'm too young
to get a job.
But you're not
too young to starve,
you're not too young
to get put away
for larceny,
and I don't think
you're too young
for my line of work.
I'm not a whore.

[laughs]

Of course not.

[laughs]

Do I look

like a pimp to you?

Oh, no, that's not

my line of work.

What do you do?

Come with me.

I'll show you.

Why me?

I just hate to see

a young girl like you

waste away

on the streets.

You don't want

to live like that.

I mean,

look at those people.

You deserve better.

I gotta drop

something off

at a friend's.

Come with me.

If I do anything

you don't like,

you can shoot me.

Okay?

What do I get out of it?

50 bucks.

Make it 100.

[chuckles]

Okay, 100 bucks.

Sound fair?

All right, I'll go.

But I swear,

if you do anything creepy,

I'll shoot you

in the face.

Deal.

[chuckles]

So, you know how

to break into a car,

but have you ever

stolen one?
All right,
you see the case
in the back there?
Yeah.
Grab it.
What's in it?
Don't open it,
for shit's sake.
Okay.
Just take it up
to the doorstep,
set it down,
and ring the bell.
[chuckles]
Do you want me to
light it on fire first?
Heh. The fire'll
come later.
Just go now before
the neighbors
get suspicious.
Okay.
Doorbell.
[engine starts]
That was easy.
Yeah, for you, it was.
[explosion]
[laughing]
Was that a bomb
in the briefcase?
Yes, it was.
[laughs]
Ouch, eh?
That's gotta sting.
Who opened it?
Uh, nobody important.
Did he have a family?
Oh, no. No.
I wouldn't risk
a child's life.
A woman, maybe,
if she deserved it,
but generally not.

Just miserable bastards.
We have a saying
in my profession.
"No women, no children,
except the son with a gun
and the wife with a knife."
Boss.
Yeah?
Next time,
tell me when there's
something in the case.
Sure.
Well, here's
your 100 bucks.
A deal's a deal.
Where do you live?
I'll drop you off.
I don't have a home.
I thought I was joking before
about that squat thing.
You don't have
any friend's place
you could stay at
or anything?
No.
All right, you'll stay
at my place, then.
I can't have
my new apprentice
end up dead
on the streets.
All right, but that
shooting-you-in-the-face-
for-being-creepy thing
still applies.
Same to you.
Hmm. That should
be enough, right?
Yeah, it's fine.
You know,
you're a tough girl.
I bet
this beats sleeping
in an alleyway, right?

Right.

Yeah.

And don't bother trying
to sneak into my room
to molest me,
'cause I keep
the door locked.

Same to you.

I sleep
with my eyes open.
Now, that's creepy.

Yeah, I know.

[chuckles]

All right, good night.

I'll be at the end
of the hall if you
need anything.

[automatic gunfire]

Serena, pineapple.

[gunfire continues]

[pin clinks]

[explosion]

[gunfire stops]

[engine revving]

They're tailing us.

I told you to grab the case.

I had the case
in the car.

Yeah, well,
that was last night.

Well, why did
you move it?

Because we can't leave
a case of explosives
in the car overnight.
why not?

Because of people like you
who steal shit out of cars.

Never mind.

Start shooting.

[gunfire continues]

You see?

Keep one in the chamber.

That way when you

reload, you don't need
to rack the slide,
so you can keep shooting
if you need to.
I'm gonna kill you,
motherfucker!
Like I said,
it's not easy
to fire someone
in this business.

SERENA:

a lot of time to think.
I've made up my mind,
and if you don't agree,
I'll leave.
I've made it on my own before,
and I can do it now.
Anyways, look,
I'm tired of tagging along
and carrying
your bullets around.
I want to do a job.
The only way I can do that
is with your help.
I want the training
that you had.
Absolutely not!
You couldn't handle it,
not for a minute.
Boss.
Do you even
realize what you're
asking of me?
Yes, and I want you
to do it for me.
No, I can't.
Then I'm leaving.
Look, Serena,
maybe I can get somebody
else to help you out.
No. No,
I want it from you.
All right.

But you're
not gonna like it.

MAN ON TV:

You're not fooling anybody.
Okay, I'm heading out.
When I get back,
we'll get started.
Help yourself
to the fridge,
but leave the TV off

between 12:

Why?
I'm recording a show.
What show?
Stories.
What stories?
It's a prison term--
soap operas.
When were you
in prison?
Ah, years ago.
What for?
Concealed weapon.
How long?
A year. They couldn't
trace it to anything,
'cause I
hadn't used it yet.
It was my first gun.
Does this
explain how you
got into your...
business?
Sort of.
See, when I got out
of the military,
I married a girl
named Lisa.
Her family
was in the Irish mob
based out of Boston.
Uh-huh.

[sighs]

So after I got married,
they expected me to do
certain things for 'em,
run drugs

and crap like that.

I wouldn't do it.

Why not?

Because I hate drugs.

They're the AIDS
of society.

Besides, I just
got out of a war,
and I wanted
some peace and quiet.

Anyway,
they didn't appreciate
my not cooperating.

I divorced my wife,
and the Micks put
a hit out on me.

Hey, I'm Irish.

Well, good for you.

You want to hear this
or not?

Yes.

So I got a gun
to protect myself.

It's not like I didn't
know how to use one.

I was used to having
a gun by then.

I just wasn't used
to carrying around
a permit for one.

So after I got out,
they were still
after me.

I had to kill
a few of 'em.

I found it a lot easier
than I expected,
killing citizens.

An enemy's an enemy,

no matter where
they're from.
So it just sorta stuck.
I started killing people
who needed killing.
You mean
you kill people that
needed to be killed.
No. I killed
people who needed
killing done.
You know,
jealous husbands,
maniac wives.
They would come to me
saying they wanted
their spouse dead.
I'd tell the spouse,
make 'em disappear
for a little while,
convince the client
the job was done,
collect my money
and then kill
the client,
then collect
from the spouse.
You killed
the people
that hired you?
Provided the spouse
would pay me more.
You'd be amazed
at how vengeful someone
gets when they learn
their dearly beloved
wants them dead.
And I leave
the situation
with a clear conscience,
knowing
the victim started
the whole problem
and got

what they deserved.
I mean, honestly,
how can you
marry someone
and then hire a thug
like me to shoot 'em
in the back
just 'cause
you're unhappy?
Oh, they deserve
what they got.
That's amazing.
Yep.
After all this time,
I had no idea.
You still watch
soap operas.

MAN ON TV:

Question people
from the meeting...
You asshole.

BOSS:

to killing people is...
there is no secret.
People kill each other
all the time.
They're just no good
at getting away with it.
You know how to kill someone
in any given situation.
It's human instinct.
You will react to any situation
without hesitation.
You will shut out
all of your emotions.
You will push yourself
to your breaking point,
and then
you will push further.
[soft rock music plays]
[no audible
dialogue]

Isolation, advice,
desperation
And it's nice
to meet you both
The name is homeless
Alone
And my fuse
Has been lit
I'll take the moon
to the sun
The less I see,
the more I feel
'Cause it's me,
I suddenly materialize
And we've yet
To find
I got little to offer
And even less to give...

BOSS:

let's go.
[grunting]
Come on.
One.
What's the matter
with you? Like
the taste of mud?
Come on. Push.
That was no good.
One.
Keep your back
straight.
That was
no good. This isn't
high school, honey.
There's
no girl push-ups here.
Look, I've got all day.
We're gonna stay here
until I get tired
of push-ups.
Today is like yesterday
And the mood is
make or break

To keep those demons
At bay
You see, I'm not
Getting any younger
And I feel that...
[song ends]
Yeah, yeah. Yeah.
Look, babe,
I'm sorry I'm late.
I mean, sue me.
But I get caught up
at work.
Because I've gotta tell
these incompetent idiots
what to do every minute.
I-I'm breaking up.
Can you hear me?
Can you hear me, babe?
Can you hear me now?
Can you--
What the fuck?
[choking]
[gasps]
Mommy.
Yes, hon?
[breathes deeply]
What is God?
God is everywhere.
He created life.
He loves everyone.
What about sinners?
What do you know
about sinners?
I'm a sinner.
You're a sinner.
Everyone's a sinner.
Not everyone's
a sinner, honey.
Then...
who isn't a sinner?
Anyone who's sorry
for the things
they've done wrong.
What if they're not sorry?

[sighs]
Well, then,
you go to hell.
What would you tell Him
if you were a sinner?
You know
what I'd tell him?
What?
I'd tell him the truth,
I've never done
anything good
or anything right,
just to get in
to their party.
[hiccups]
[acoustic guitar
music playing]
You watch as life
goes rambling on
[coughing]
You keep on walking
But you'll never know
[hacking cough]
Where
your shooting star is
You wake up
in the night...
[hacking cough]
If getting into heaven
was that simple
Well, then you'd wouldn't
have to knock so hard
If getting
into heaven...
[coughs]
Was that simple
Well, then you'd wouldn't
have to knock so hard
Getting into heaven
I ain't getting
into heaven
[knock on door]

SERENA:

WOMAN:

to talk to you.

[sighs] Hold on.

Right now, Serena.

[knocks]

All right. God.

Serena, this is for you.

What is it?

It's your grandfather's.

I mean, it was

your grandfather's,

and now it's yours.

He would have wanted you
to have it.

He insisted that you
were named after it.

What's it for?

I can't keep you here,
Serena.

You have to go.

Go?

This should get you a couple
of bucks at the pawnshop.

Go and stay

with a friend for a while

until you find

another place.

I'll make it up

to you someday,

I promise,

but for now,

you have to go.

What friend?

[crying]

Hon, can you give Jake
a bath? I'm going out.

Yeah, all right.

Where you going?

Going to the mall

with Linda.

Okay, have fun.

Don't forget.

Your father

called here again.
So what? Now he's not
allowed to call me?
He wasn't calling for you.
He wanted to talk to me.
What did he want?
Oh, you know what he wants.
So why don't you
just do it?
I wouldn't kill you
to help him out
a little bit.
I don't want to help him out,
and I don't want him
calling here for me anymore.
What are you
so afraid of?
You're not gonna get
in any trouble.
Nobody gets caught
with that shit.
I'm afraid
of the United States
penal system.
I'm afraid
of Jake growing up
without a father,
spiders.
I'll tell you
what I'm not afraid of,
your fucking
Guido-Mick father
trying to strong-arm me
into being his bitch.
[sighs]
I wasn't anybody's
bitch in prison.
I'll be damned
if I'm gonna be
anybody's bitch
out in the suburbs.
Fuck you!
Fuck your family.
Look, I paid you

to do a job, so do it
as I asked you.
All right, lady.
We already discussed
the terms, okay?
Just get out
of my way.
I'll get out
of your fucking way
when you start
to fucking listen.
No blood on my bed.
Got it?
Let me work.
I'll sort it out.
And God damn it,
stop talking.
He's gonna hear us.
[gunshot]
[screams, gasps]
[screams]
[groans]
No, no, no, no, no!
[screams]
Oh, no!
[grunting]
[screaming]
[doors close]
That's what I thought.
That's what I thought.
All right, then.
Goodbye.
What the fuck
was that?!
What are you,
some kind of special?
Who did I tell you
not to shoot?
Boss.
Never mind the girl.
She's a threat.
She has to be treated
as such.
We had a deal, Ed.

Yeah, I--I know
we had a deal
until she
became a problem.
I think you'd be
hard-pressed to say
she's not a problem
after she pulled
that gun to your head.
If you can't keep
your eyes on the target,
I'll tear 'em out
of your fucking head!
Bob, calm down.
Have a smoke.
Wipe that blood
off your face.
And as for you,
think it's time
we move on to our
primary objective.
[gasps]
[people chattering]
[chatter continues]
[radio chatter]
[radio chatter continues]
[keys clatter]
[door creaking]
[water dripping]
[crying]
[dripping continues]
[fly buzzing]
[lighter clicks]
Fucking wuss.
Goddamn amateur.
What the fuck is
your problem, anyway?
What is the matter with you?
I'll just do it alone
if you can't handle it.
I'll do it by myself.
I'll go alone.
Karl?
I thought

you were dead.
[sighs]
Pretty close.
What happened?
It's hard to say,
really.
We were
about three marks in,
and on the fourth,
the shit
just hit the fan.
My guys were inside
the house when all
the lights went out.
They went for their
flashlights, but--
It's okay. I know.
Oh, shit.
You look like shit.
Long day at the office.
Do you have any
.45 A.C.P. around here?
Yeah, in the closet there.
Have you spoken
with Boss yet?
I--I can't seem
to get ahold of him.
Karl.
We should
probably tell him
the mission has failed,
several dead.
Karl.
It was a setup.
A setup?
Boss set us up.
Suicide mission.
Oh.
He and Houlden
are working together.
The real targets
were you, the RATTs,
me and Leonard...
and The Black Coats,

minus Houlden, of course.
This is unbelievable.
It's a bit out of tune.
Yeah, a bit.
[groans]
Okay.
Got some painkillers
if you need any.
No.
How did you get
so bloody?
Kinda had to jump out
of a second-story window.
Jesus.
Well, I'm no miracle worker,
just lucky.
It's probably
not safe here.
It's definitely
not safe here.
[sighs]
We should bail.
What do you
want to do?
I'm gonna get
as much ammo as I can
and hop the next train
right out of here.
Do you want
to go with me?
Okay.
I'll meet you
at the station.
[sighs]
Why don't we go now?
I have a couple things
I need to do first.
Are you sure?
Do you need any help?
No, I'm all set.
[bottle cap clinks]
Suit yourself.
Oh, but, Serena...
Yeah?

wherever you're going...
maybe you
should wear this.
Doesn't fit.
It's adjustable.
That's not so bad,
right?
[tires screech]
[tires screech]

WOMAN:

[women screaming]
[shotgun clicks]
[gunshot]
[cocks]
Serena.
Serena,
are you there?
Here. Have a smoke.
Settle
the fuck down.
Got a light, big guy?
I'll light it
if you come over
and calm down.
[scoffs]
[sighs]
Come on, darling.
Just tell me
you're sorry,
and we'll forget
all about this,
and I'll just walk away.
You're not walking away
from this one.
Look at us,
couple of bloody subhumans
with guns,
as if we were
made this way
by some necessity
for balance in a world
that would suffocate
without evil.

We're the tar
in their lungs, Serena,
so breathe it in.
Do you feel
special yet, doll?
God save the Queen.

MAN:

God save the Queen.
God save the Queen.
[stomping foot]
God save the Queen!
God save
the fucking Queen!
[bell tolling]
[tolling continues]
[tolling stops]
[shotgun clicks]
[casing clinks]
[casing clinks]
[gunshots]
[gunshot]
[gunshot]
[gunshot]
[gunshots]
[gunshots]
[winces]
[panting]
Where's the machine?
[clicks]
What machine?
Don't make me
come over there.
Oh, that's right.
The time machine.
What you're
looking for
is in the room,
second door down
on the left.
But I'm warning you.
You don't want to go
in there.
Why the hell not?

Some doors, once opened,
cannot be closed.

You don't want to see
what's behind that door.

[gasping]

[grunting]

[sobbing]

[grunts]

[gasps]

[sobs]

I suppose you
were expecting some sort
of time-travel device.

Well...

no such thing
exists.

Of course,
we scientists
have our theories.

Theories?

I'd side with
the wormhole theorists,
but we haven't gotten
very far with that.

Others believe
that time,
all of time,
exists at once.

Physically it's like
a videocassette.

It exists all at once,
but when you watch,
you move

from moment to moment,
from beginning to end.

Really,
the mental theories are
the most fascinating.

They hold
that all of reality
is--is bound together
by individual thought.

[moans]

They believe

that with
the right amount
of concentration,
one can bring themselves
so deeply into a memory
that the present,
as they know it,
disappears.

Whether or not
they can do anything
differently
than what they did
in the past,
I have no idea.
They're all construed
with paradox, but...

what isn't?

Well, I really
ought to be going.

Perhaps I'll leave you
with a little quote
from Silesius.

"Time is
of your own making.

"Its clock
ticks in your head.

"The moment
you stop thought,
time, too, stops dead."

BOSS:

[crying]

Serena?

Boss, don't kill me.

Why not?

I can't--[sobs]

I can't--

You can't?

You can't what?

You know what I think?

I think

I should kill you,

you treacherous bitch.

[sobbing]

Boss, why?
Why what?
Why did you have
to kill Leonard?
Why?!
[exhales]
You fucking
beat-up old man!
Tell me!
It's because
he took me from
you, isn't it?
Your beloved Leonard.
Good old Leonard!
Let me
tell you something
about Leonard,
my poor naive Serena.
Leonard
wanted you dead.
Bullshit.
Oh, of course.
You can't believe me.
What do I know?
I think you're
forgetting something.
I think you've
forgotten how I work
after that
little vacation there
with Leonard.
Shall I refresh
your drug-swamped mind?
Now, I think it should
come back pretty quickly,
because I've
told you this before.
I kill people
that need killing.
Leonard wanted
some killing of you.
Unfortunate for him,
he didn't know my operation,
so I thought...

let's do something nice
for Serena.
Let's spare her the grief
[sobbing]
of feeling like nobody
could ever really love her.
Let's invent an enemy
and have Leonard die
in the line of duty,
all valiant and brave.
Therefore, everyone's happy.
Leonard at least
gets to die with dignity,
Mr. Muffins
and his time travel
doesn't have a pesky
radical group after him
or wacko scientists
trying to fuck with
the space-time continuum.
You...
you don't develop
some kind
of everybody-in-my-life-
abandons-me complex.
The world's happy,
because it's short
one cowardly
little bastard
who didn't have
the guts to kill
somebody himself.
And I'm happy...
because, in the end,
you'd be safe.
He cared about me.
Did you care about him?
Did you take
the time to notice?
Do you think all
those husbands who hired me
went home and
acted like they wanted
their wives dead? No!

They'd snuggle up
next to them in bed...
kiss them good night
and dream sweet dreams
of a life without them.
This got so fucked up!
[sighs]
Boss.
Yeah?
Next time...
[clicks]
tell me when
there's something
in the case.
Heh.
[gagging]
[sighs]
That is creepy.
[acoustic guitar
music plays]
Well, hindsight
does no good
It's always late to arrive
Well, I should-a, I could-a
But what's the point?
You're already in my life
Even with the chance
to reverse the clocks
Turning back time
would do no good
'Cause it wouldn't change,
you don't change
It'd be the same
This union
Is beyond repair
Is that the first thing
I said that isn't fair?
You should know by now
How I can be
So for now, let's agree
To disagree
And just walk away
Walk away
I put my trust

In a well-dressed scam
Who was as honest
and forthright
As the first week's
SoundScans
And the sand that was
meant for my eyes
Is drained to the bottom
of an hourglass
I got one eye
fixed on the ceiling
One deep in the past
This union
Is beyond repair
Is that the first thing
I said that isn't fair?
[cellphone ringing]
You should know by now
How I can be...
Boss here.

MAN:

you been doing?
I've been trying
to get ahold of you
for hours.
You know,
business as usual.
About that,
I was talking to
our mutual friend.
Said there's
a lot of static
about someone trying
to take you out.
It may be someone
on the inside,
maybe not.
I can't be sure.
He didn't tell me
much.
I just thought
you should
watch yourself.

I guess there's
no escaping fate,
is there?
Oh, boy. [laughs]
Are you
in one of your moods?
Fate isn't about
what's gonna happen,
what you're gonna do.
It's about
what already happened,
what you've
already done.
There's
no changing that.
What you can do
is decide what
happens next.
We've all got options,
Boss.
Give me a call
from the other line
if you find
anything out.
Take care.
Oh, this union
Is beyond repair
Is that the first thing
I've said that isn't fair?
You should know by now
How I can be
So for now
Let's agree to disagree
And just walk away
Walk away
Walk away
Ay-ay, yeah-ah
Walk away
Just walk away
Ay-ay, yeah-ah
Walk, walk away
Ay-ay, yeah-ah
Walk away
Ay-ay, yeah-ah

[classical score playing]

[dramatic music playing]

Hey. I just called

to tell you...

I wanted to leave you

a message...

but I don't think

you're gonna be able

to get back to me.

[chuckles]

I just want you

to know that...

you're my best friend...

the best friend

that I could ask for...

and I love you.

And if you love somebody...

don't ever forget that...

they were

always there for you...

and that you love them.

All right.

I'm gonna go now.

I hope you stay safe.

I hope you stay well.

Good night.

Good luck.

Stay safe, darling.

Bye, hon.