

K.I.S.S.

by

Gareth Michael Turpie

scriptwriter@post.com

07950 534305

INT. OFFICE. NIGHT

Cold anonymity ghost lit by a full moon. The only contrast is the erotic blaze of an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN'S lip gloss as she smiles to TANGO ONE; the man pointing his gun at her heart.

TANGO ONE

Medusa. It had to be you...

MEDUSA

Of all the assassins? In all the world?

TANGO ONE

I thought they'd send B -

MEDUSA

He's unavailable. Permanently.

TANGO ONE

We thought he was indestructible.

She revels in his awe - even though she's bound to the chair.

MEDUSA

How did you kn -

TANGO ONE

Same way they uncovered me.

MEDUSA

Can't trust anyone. These days.

She smiles a tad too knowingly. He cocks the gun.

MEDUSA

A kiss before dying?

TANGO ONE

Wasn't that a rather bad movie?

MEDUSA

I found it quite the inspiration. Come on. What girl doesn't desire a special kiss on Valentines night?

Closing in, he backs off as she betrays a hint of victory.

TANGO ONE

Shoes. Kick them off. (SHE OBEYS)
Rosa Klebb never looked this glamorous. Or as deadly.

MEDUSA

They're stiletto *heels*. Not blades.

Wary of the open window, he ducks to pull her close.

TANGO ONE

Sorry. Paranoia. Job requirement.

MEDUSA

Just my long kiss good night then?

She's irresistible: They savour a kiss of tender passion
singed with heart felt regret.

TANGO ONE

Such a... waste. (AIMS GUN, COLD)

He gags, fumbling his burning lips, surprised by death. Her
malevolent Superior, CONTROL, bursts in, spins her round.

MEDUSA

Control! Tango one is -

CONTROL

Tango zero, zero.

She motions her binds. He frowns his sly double cross.

CONTROL

Scorned love? Blackmail? Plod will
have a field day. Leading nowhere.

MEDUSA

Touché. Well played. Farewell kiss?

He's aghast at the suggestion. Readies *his* gun.

MEDUSA

Forensics: I'm too near the desk.

Smirking, he moves her back, cautious for any subterfuge.

MEDUSA

A quick head shot would be nice.

Her eyes dart, for a second, to the open window. The moment
he inadvertently turns her Sniper strikes.

She slips her ties. Shaking, injects her antidote in time.

MEDUSA (INTO EARPIECE)

Tango One and Tango Two confirmed
kiss: Killed in secret service. By
each other. (ARRANGES BODIES)
Apparently. You've booked the most
expensive table? Good. Your treat.
Excellent. (BEAT) Don't be absurd.
Course I'll remember to change it -

She re-applies the exact same lipstick. Smiles into camera.

MEDUSA

You can trust me. Darling...