

MISSION 3, "You're Invited!"

by

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Glass rains down over the dance floor as a stretch limousine comes crashing through the window. The PROTAGONIST, PIERCE, and SHAUNDI watch it with awe as it comes to a halt in the center of the room.

PIERCE

Damn.

The side door opens and Maude steps out with a red boa around her neck and a minigun in her hands.

MAUDE

I was afraid you wouldn't show.
I'm pleased to see you have some manners.

PROTAGONIST

So what, no memorial service?

MAUDE

Not today. My people, my *family* did not give their lives to become fresh meat for the media piranha.

PIERCE

Okay, I'll bite. What'd they do it for, then?

She lets out a sharp whistle.

MAUDE

They wanted to be the first to greet you in hell.

Every door on the limo is thrown open at once, massive brute nurses and armed elders file out into the room. Intense music starts playing from the ballroom speakers.

PROTAGONIST

If you were smart you would've just given your speech and gone home.

MAUDE

I'm allowed a fit of passion.

MAUDE snaps her fingers. Her people raise their weapons. The Saints raise theirs.

SHAUNDI

It's your funeral.

MAUDE

I don't intend to die alone.

One of the brutes starts running, then another, a cherry bomb skitters toward their ankles. The fight breaks out, Saints versus the Golden Cross. Noise fills the room until slowly it becomes quiet. Bodies litter the floor. Only the Saints are left standing. The PROTAGONIST looms over MAUDE, weapon trained on her forehead.

PROTAGONIST

It's over.

MAUDE

No. Not while you still breathe.

MAUDE sits in the wreckage, flames sweeping through the hall. She stares up at the PROTAGONIST through cracked glasses.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

I came to this city with *nothing* but my son. I worked-- endlessly, I worked. Fought for respect in this vicious place. And Phillipe, my sweet boy-- he fought by my side! He--!

PROTAGONIST

I'm trying to show you some mercy, old lady.

MAUDE

There is no mercy!

With trembling arms she hoists her gun, taking careful aim at the Protagonist.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

Only death!

She attempts to pull the trigger on her gun again and again. *Click click click*. MAUDE hangs her head, catching her breath a moment before looking up at the PROTAGONIST.

PROTAGONIST

You done?

A beat.

She lets the gun fall to the floor.

MAUDE

I...suppose I am.