

FRACTION

Written by

Mahyar Rasi

FADE IN:

A quotation against a black screen:

"It is not in the stars to hold our
destiny but in ourselves."

- William Shakespeare

EXT. BAR & GRILL - DAY

SUPER: THE NEAR FUTURE

Two young ADULTS in their 20's, let's call them goon #1 and goon #2, discreetly conduct a quick weapons and ammo check outside the bar.

Across the street, witnessing the impending robbery from the black leather interior of his classic American muscle car, is FRANK HOLLISTER.

The quintessential alpha male. He is tall. He is handsome. Basking in success and confidence at the young age of only 32.

The goons conceal their guns, enter the bar. Frank follows them.

INT. BAR & GRILL

Clean and well-maintained. Poorly lit during the day.

A TV mounted over the bar.

From the looks of it, it's safe to assume the menu hasn't changed for years.

The greasy, buttery food is a culinary nightmare that makes this location the place to be for clogged-up arteries and those aspiring to them.

The OWNER, a skinny, middle-aged male called JAVIER FREGOSO slaves away at the grill.

Frank enters. Spots the goons.

One seated by the bar, the other browsing the menu in a booth. Frank grabs a stool. Javier faces him.

JAVIER
Morning, Frank. The usual?

FRANK

Please.

Frank looks to goon #1 seated two stools away, tapping his foot.

An alcoholic beverage at his fingertips.

Frank peeks over his shoulder at goon #2 in the booth, studying his behavior.

Javier serves Frank the most delicious-looking eggs and bacon you have ever seen along with a ketchup squeeze bottle.

JAVIER

Just the way you like it.

FRANK

Thanks.

Javier washes his hands, starts drying them when suddenly he freezes. Pales with fear at the sight of Frank drowning his eggs in ketchup.

Frank won't stop, keeps squeezing until the entire plate is covered in red. Javier swallows.

One look into Frank's eyes confirms his worst fear.

Javier flips the door sign from 'OPEN' to 'CLOSED.'

Disappears into the back room.

Frank sets down the ketchup, approaches goon #1 who has tapped his last foot.

Frank pulls a concealed HANDGUN from the goon's pant line.

Uses him as a human shield to absorb the bullet FIRED by goon #2.

Frank retaliates with a single KILL-SHOT resulting in two dead bodies within seconds.

FRANK (V.O.)

You only get one shot at life and these punks decided to blow it by robbing my friend's bar.

Frank whistles. Javier returns from the back room.

JAVIER

You okay, Frank? Jesus Christ.

Frank rids himself of the murder weapon by wiping it clean with a napkin and placing it in the dead guy's hand.

Takes a moment to ponder over the two low-lives he just whacked.

FRANK (V.O.)

Could prior knowledge of their deaths have saved them? Would they have changed their plans knowing what was going to unfold here today?

He rises, faces Javier.

FRANK

They got into an argument, then turned on each other. Make the call.

Javier complies. Frank starts counting his money.

FRANK (V.O.)

You've heard the phrase "Time is money." That is my reality. My bread and butter in every sense of the word.

Frank leaves a stack of cash on the counter and walks out.

EXT. BAR & GRILL

Frank exits.

FRANK (V.O.)

My name is Frank Hollister. I sell the future. Literally.

He boards his car and blasts off.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

A thirteen million dollar, contemporary bachelor pad with breathtaking ocean and city skyline view. Frank has sex with a PROSTITUTE.

FRANK (V.O.)

It all started when the greatest mind in the world, yours truly, designed the greatest invention of all time.

Frank climaxes, gets dressed. Pays the hooker and she takes off. Frank pops a couple of pills from a bottle. The warning label is entitled: DOPAMINE.

FRANK (V.O.)

A marvel of engineering that I turned it into a huge money making machine equal to none. A unique business...

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE

A Ferrari pulls up to the front gate.

FRANK (V.O.)

... With a unique clientele.

The MUSCLY HUNK behind the wheel reaches for the intercom to announce his arrival.

The hunk's face flushes with anger when a BMW appears in his rearview mirror. He steps out of the Ferrari, buttons his expensive designer suit.

NAOMI GRIMES, 30's, pant-suit, shadows him from her car across the street. She will be important later.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE

Frank watches the surveillance monitor that shows muscly hunk brawling with the OWNER of the BMW outside the front gate.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE

The gate opens and out comes Frank, stepping in to restore the peace between the rich suits.

FRANK

Hey!

The clash of egos cools off. All eyes on Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You two have an appointment?

MUSCLY HUNK

Yeah.

FRANK

Then get inside or get off my driveway.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE

Frank takes them inside.

FRANK

Which one of you is my 2pm?

BMW OWNER

That's me.

MUSCLY HUNK

I should go first, considering my near-death experience on the way here.

BMW OWNER

You swerved into my lane and didn't signal.

MUSCLY HUNK

I was trying to avoid getting hit by the car behind me.

FRANK

Are you done?

(to BMW owner)

You. Come with me.

(to muscly hunk)

You. Wait your turn.

UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR

Frank walks the customer through.

The room emanates an aura of mystery. The top security measures and shining floors and walls were designed with one purpose in mind:

To build up the suspense and fill visitors with growing anticipation of the enigma concealed behind the stainless steel doors.

FRANK (V.O.)

My customers call me a psychic. That's a fallacy. I'm an entrepreneur. The service that I provide has helped my clients create a better future for themselves and their families. It's a gift that keeps on giving.

Sensing his presence, the door's security system drapes Frank in a beam of LIGHT, scanning his entire anatomy from brain mass to ankle nerves.

Upon clearance the doors split open. Frank and his client stride into

THE TEMPLE

Slick, glossy interior. Tile flooring. Simplistic.

Flawless. Cold.

The perfect place to house an artificial intelligence that conveys a sense of inhospitality.

Two pedestals rise out of the floor. Engraved on top of each pedestal is the outline of a human hand.

FRANK (V.O.)

The Greeks referred to it as the Oracle. The Romans called it Sybil, a team of female priestesses who could predict the future for the ancient cultures of the Mediterranean, stretching from Greece to North Africa.

And then, as if the portal to another dimension has suddenly opened up, a massive SPARK ignites fierce holographic imagery.

Luminous. Cobalt blue. Poetic. Divine. Violent volcanic clouds followed by dancing SMOKE and FLAMES dazzle the eye and shower the senses with high-tech sorcery and eventually birth a human face. Female.

FRANK (V.O.)

I call it Shai.

Shai towers over the client who stands in awe of this human-engineered goddess. Mesmerized by her mystical allure.

SHAI

How may I serve you?

FRANK

(leaves room)

I'll give you some privacy.

The client places a hand on each pedestal whose power source visibly FLARES UP from inside. Shai dissolves in a haze of smoke and mist.

In her place the client now recognizes images of his own palms. Every single fate line is traced and analyzed with ridiculous precision. What follows is a vivid montage of the future.

FRANK (V.O.)

My clients come to me for a piece of the future that can be as much as five years and as little as five hours. My fee: Two-and-a-half million dollars per visit. Small price to pay for a sneak peek into the world of tomorrow because... Let's face it. What better way to plan the next five years of your life knowing what's in the cards.

MOMENTS LATER

Frank walks back into the room. Shai has long powered off. The client sits by the wall with a blank stare and teary eyes.

FRANK (V.O.)

I've seen this look before. Sometimes the visions aren't as pleasant as you want them to be.

Frank kneels before him.

FRANK

Listen, no offense, but I'm fully booked for today so... Could you please take yourself off the premises--

BMW OWNER

I want my money back.

FRANK

You know my policy. No refunds.

The client pulls a concealed weapon, rests it on his lap. Frank is scared.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Look, whatever it is that you saw you can stop it. It's in your hands. Either way I'm not returning your money. Your call.

A few moments of silence leave Frank seemingly horrified about his own possible demise.

FRANK (V.O.)

Predictions are flawed and never completely accurate during the first and second visit. The trick is to pay for multiple sessions in order to squeeze the most out of each prophecy. More visits means more money in my pocket and a happy clientele.

The BMW guy holsters the gun and vacates the room. Frank exhales with relief.

FRANK (V.O.)

This guy paid ten million dollars and four visits to find the answers that he wanted. Fate did not play along.

MOMENTS LATER

Frank returns to the lobby where muscly hunk is waiting.

FRANK

Next.

FRANK'S LIFESTYLE MONTAGE:

--More and more rich suits arrive at Frank's doorstep.

--Clients are received by Shai, watching images of their future.

--Thick wads of cash are handed to Frank who stores them in his safe stuffed with stacks of green.

--Frank consumes tons of alcohol and his daily dose of dopamine, bangs one prostitute after another.

--Frank rides his motorcycle along the beach, surfs giant waves.

--More clients, more money, drugs, sex and alcohol from sunrise to sunset. Frank's never-ending orgy of vanity stretches on for days, weeks, months...

END MONTAGE

EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - DAY

Frank greets a SECURITY GUARD who waves him through the gates of an expensive condo complex.

As the gate slowly slides open Frank's attention is briefly drawn to a very loud HUMMING shaking up the road outside the complex.

It's a TOW TRUCK. Except this one looks like a fighter jet on steroids and built like a tank. Bulky and heavy.

Powerful side thrusters propel it in every direction.

Behind the elongated cockpit windshield sits a single PILOT operating two control sticks. He targets a vehicle.

Creeps up behind it. Announces his presence by releasing the aforementioned HUMMING. And then out come the steely tentacles from inside the hull.

Heaves the target and stacks it on top of the other cars in a large container in the back.

And then the truck flies off with its cargo.

Frank proceeds past the gate and through the complex.

Past the tropical landscaping, the white-collar WORKERS earning six figures a year, RETIREES and middle-class FAMILIES barbecuing by the poolside or playing tennis.

Frank parks in the area designated for use by visitors.

INT. CONDO HALLWAY

Frank knocks on a door. ALEXANDRA MADIGAN answers. A pretty face of 15 who would be extremely hot if she didn't have so much junk in the trunk.

The few extra pounds combined with her geeky looks are guaranteed to keep guys at bay.

ALEXANDRA

Frank. Didn't know you were coming.

She quickly wipes the red sauce from the corner of her mouth when Frank sees it and barges in.

INT. CONDO

Frank inspects the room. Proceeds into

THE KITCHEN

Where he finds a bag of junk food. Alexandra lacks the guts to face his look of disapproval. Plunks her fat ass down, covers her face in pain and shame.

Unable to watch him ransack the fridge and cabinets and cleanse them of fatty food and salty snacks. Bags them and tosses them into a dumpster behind the building.

ALEXANDRA

Now what?

INT. BAR & GRILL - MOMENTS LATER

Frank and Alexandra sit at a booth with a salad dish between them. Frank watches silently while waiting for her to make a move.

She forces herself to eat, chews with obvious discomfort.

Prejudicially removes the peas to the edge of the plate.

Frank re-includes them only to see Alexandra casts them aside again. They resume their little dispute until Alexandra capitulates.

She consumes the peas one at a time. The look on her face implies sarcasm, as if to say "Are you happy?".

ALEXANDRA

You can't stop butting in, can you?
I want my kitchen back.

FRANK

My kitchen. My name on the lease.
My apartment.

ALEXANDRA

Did he tell you to do that?

FRANK

He has a name.

ALEXANDRA

Well, everybody's got their demons,
right, Frank?

FRANK

Not that it's any of your business, but what I do is slightly different. I'll make you an offer. I'll quit, if you start eating better. Finish your salad.

(leans in, talks while she eats)

I apologize for invading your privacy like that, but we're not here because of your dietary needs. A certain someone tried to call you, but you didn't pick up your phone. He was worried, so he sent me to check up on you.

She loses her appetite, confronts him.

ALEXANDRA

He didn't send you to look after me. This is a message. He wants me to know that he's watching me. He wants to control me like he controls you. I can't shake him off, never will, which makes me wonder: Why can't you? You don't need this relationship. Why can't you just leave? What does he have on you? I'll make you a counter offer. I'll start eating better, if you tell me what's keeping you from telling your friend to f-- off.

(rises)

Thanks for the salad.

FRANK

Alex, wait. Let me take you home.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER (DRIVING)

They arrive outside the condo complex.

ALEXANDRA

Thanks. I'll see you.

FRANK

Alex. Did you know that when I was a teenager I was afraid of driving?

ALEXANDRA

No, I did not know that.

FRANK

It's true. I had some sort of phobia. I was so terrified I wished that some day I could buy a car that drove itself. Watch this.
(speaks to car)
Drive, five mph.

The car moves along the curb at the requested speed.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(speaks to car)
Brake.

The car stops.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(speaks to car)
Reverse. Slowly.

The car backs up as ordered.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(speaks to car)
Brake.

The car stops.

ALEXANDRA

Nice.

FRANK

You gotta make sure the doors are completely closed before you do that though. I don't use it myself very often now that I beat my phobia. Alex. You can beat this. You can beat anything you put your mind to. And I'm gonna help you. I'm here for you.

She exits.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank screws a HOOKER. Neither of them is enjoying themselves, obviously. Frank seems preoccupied, as if something is weighing heavily on his mind.

He keeps thrusting and thrusting obsessively. Sweats and slaves towards a forced orgasm that just isn't happening. The hooker finally loses patience, starts resisting.

HOOKER
Stop. Stop.

Frank ignores her plea, keeps thrusting.

HOOKER (CONT'D)
I said stop. Get off me!

She pushes him away. Frank looks not only exhausted but miserable. He sweats and pants, watches in agony as the hooker puts her clothes on.

FRANK
What happened? What's wrong?

HOOKER
I gotta go.

FRANK
Can you stay? I'll pay you more money.

HOOKER
It's not the money.

FRANK
What's the problem?

HOOKER
I told you. I gotta go.

FRANK
Please. I need it.

She stalls her departure, waiting to get paid. Frank drops his head and ponies up.

As soon as she is gone he frantically goes for his pills and shoves them down his throat. The door bell RINGS.

FRONT DOOR

With a firm grasp on his gun tucked into his pants behind him, Frank answers.

The man at the door is HANNIBAL ABROMOWITZ, 40's, stocky, well dressed.

HANNIBAL
Frank.

FRANK

Hannibal. To what do I owe the pleasure?

HANNIBAL

Boss wants to see you.

EXT. BALLET SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

A two-story building surrounded by palm trees.

A VALET greets shady-looking CHARACTERS arriving with their DAUGHTERS in posh rides and fancy suits. Frank and Hannibal pull up next in line.

Hannibal opens the car door for Frank and they walk into the building together.

INT. BALLET SCHOOL

The waiting room lounge. Chic and classy decor.

Smoke free and buzzing with activity. A bar.

A coat check service. WAITERS serve food and drinks to PARENTS dropping off their spawn or picking them up from class.

Or dancing to the tunes of European pop and rock classics.

It's cool. It's hip. It's the ultimate club experience.

Frank follows Hannibal to the glass wall at the end of the room besieged by a small number of LEGAL GUARDIANS glancing out over a sea of OFFSPRING.

The ballet teacher prances around in his tights.

Meet GINO SALVATORE MORRICONE. The wolf of the underworld.

A rarity of a man who carries himself with flamboyant confidence and true grit.

A man who spends his nights in front of the fireplace, listening to Beethoven's seventh symphony over a glass of expensive French wine.

And yet he exists in a world where criminal conduct and high culture seldom go hand in hand.

His delicate features, wavy hair and flexible physique make him perfect for the job of ballet teacher, despite his 45 years of age.

He commands the class room with vigorous discipline and the infusion of humor that delights his giggling trainees.

Gino dismisses the class with a mass self-applause.

All students then disperse to the locker room.

Gino signals to Hannibal from afar, orders him to escort Frank towards an invisible door in the class room wall.

GINO'S OFFICE

A large bathroom and walk-in closet. Private bar. Multi-screen surveillance monitor. Every piece of furniture, art work - every detailing speaks for Gino's impeccable taste.

Frank and Hannibal enter as the housekeeper disinfects and wipes down the room. CARMEN DOMINGUEZ, 40's.

Half her face is scarred by acid burn.

It comes to Frank's attention as she closes the door on her way out.

Gino comes out of the closet, now wearing a perfectly tailored suit. A tie slung over his shoulder.

GINO

Frankie, my dear. Welcome.

Gino snaps a finger at Hannibal and points to the bar. Hannibal fills two glasses for both Gino and Frank.

GINO (CONT'D)

You like what I've done with the place?

FRANK

It's alright I guess.

Hannibal serves both drinks. Frank takes a sip while Gino ties his tie.

GINO

Took me forever to find the right man for the job. True talent is hard to come by these days.

(MORE)

GINO (CONT'D)
Finding a genius is near to impossible. No doubt as to what category you fall under, my dear.

FRANK
What can I do for you, Gino?

Gino gulps down his drink.

HANNIBAL
(to Gino)
Class starts in forty-five minutes.

GINO
Yes, yes. We'll be back in no time.

FRANK
Back from where?

INT./EXT. GINO'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER (DRIVING)

Frank rides in the back seat with Gino.

GINO
Tell me something, Frankie. Where do you see yourself three years from now?

FRANK
I don't know.

GINO
You mean you haven't looked?

FRANK
Nope.

GINO
The entire world at your feet and you deny yourself the privilege of laughing destiny in the face, knowing that you call the shots. No more surprises. Always one step ahead of the game. Why, Frankie?

FRANK
Maybe I like the thrill of not knowing what's gonna happen to me. Makes me feel like I'm in control.

GINO

My life changed the first time you walked into my office. Fresh out of university, wanting a piece of the American dream. After listening to your proposal I thought you had lost your mind. Until I saw its potential with my own eyes. What do you call it?

FRANK

Shai.

GINO

Yes, of course. Shai. The Egyptian god of destiny. Every start-up needs an investor, am I right? I put up the money and never looked back. And it turned out pretty well. You pay your bills, I provide the clients. Clients that I know will keep their mouths shut because they know what happens if they don't. Which is precisely why you're joining us tonight. We have a leak.

EXT. EVERGLADES - MOMENTS LATER

Gino's car reaches rendezvous point at the banks of a river.

They are about to join five of Gino's MEN guarding a restrained CAPTIVE on his knees.

Frank, Gino and Hannibal step out of the car to meet the prisoner.

Frank recognizes him immediately. It's muscly hunk. And he looks like he is about to shit himself.

GINO

Frankie. Do you know this man?

FRANK

Yes. He's a client.

Gino kneels to face muscly hunk.

GINO

What we value in this business more than anything is discretion.

(MORE)

GINO (CONT'D)

The rules are very clear and we trust all of our clients not to dishonor them. A new beach home, car, expensive trips to Europe, all because of an unusually lucky hand in Vegas. It's almost as if our magic helper tipped you off. You know our company policy, don't you, my dear? What is our policy? Hm?

The hunk chokes up, tries not to cry, struggles to enunciate.

GINO (CONT'D)

Go on. I'm listening. Tell me the rules.

MUSCLY HUNK

Clients...

GINO

Yes?

MUSCLY HUNK

Clients are... Strictly prohibited... From using services... rendered by... By the company... For... Monetary... and/or... Political... Gain... And harmful acts... In any... Shape... Or form...

GINO

And the worst part is you disclosed the nature of our business to your wife. You knew what would happen to the both of you if she found out. You've seen the future. Then why did you do it? I'll tell you why. You got greedy. Greed is the worst fate a man can suffer. It's so destructive it destroys everything.

Gino rises. Hannibal flashes his piece, intimidates the hunk to tears.

GINO (CONT'D)

I'm sure this will come as no surprise to you when I ask you to remove your clothes.

(after the hunk gets
naked)

Now turn around and walk into the water.

(MORE)

GINO (CONT'D)
 (to Hannibal)
 If he tries to get out, shoot him.

With FLASHLIGHTS and Hannibal's gun pointing to his head the hunk slowly descends into the murky river, scared shitless.

Visibility is almost zero, despite the flashlights that can only reveal so much.

The silence is eerie.

The uncertainty as to what exactly might reach out and drag him to the depths is beyond horrifying.

Sudden RIPPLES in the water make him jumpy.

He meets the eyes of the mob -- A subtle plea for mercy.

GINO (CONT'D)
 Keep going.

The further he goes the deeper he sinks. The water now covers his entire torso.

GINO (CONT'D)
 Put your head under water for ten seconds. And keep your eyes open.
 (to Frank)
 Would you do me the honor, Frankie.
 (to muscly hunk)
 Go on.

Frank starts his watch as the hunk submerges for the allotted time and re-emerges again.

GINO (CONT'D)
 Well done, my dear. Now return to shore and get dressed.

Gino draws a look of confusion from Frank. The hunk scrambles out of the water, freezing his ass off.

He is given a bath towel to drape himself with. His clothes shoved into his hands. And then he is chauffeured away.

FRANK
 (to Gino)
 What's gonna happen to him?

GINO
 He's going home. And so are we.
 Come.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Gino's car pulls into Frank's driveway. Frank is out of the vehicle and heading inside when Gino rolls down the window.

GINO

Frankie. I'm sorry for including you in tonight's excursion, darling. In matters of business I prefer close interaction with my associates. Far be it from me to disturb a genius who's tending to my beloved.

FRANK

I'm glad I could help.

GINO

Good night, dear.

Gino shuts the window and drives off.

EXT. WOODS - LATER AT NIGHT

Three of Gino's THUGS, Hannibal included, drive out into the night together.

Their vehicle comes to a stop among the trees with the HEADLIGHTS on. Hannibal steps out to smoke.

The other two guys pull the tied-up body of a woman out of the trunk. The body belongs to Carmen, Gino's cleaning lady.

She is hauled to her feet. Slapped over the head. Shoved and hustled down to her knees in front of Hannibal.

HANNIBAL

Mr. Morricone asked me to talk to you before we terminate your contract.

CARMEN

(in Spanish)

I don't speak English.

HANNIBAL

I know you don't. But you understand it. We know you've been talking to the patient since she was released from the institution. We know she's been living with you at your house. And now she's gone. Where is she?

(MORE)

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
(waits for reply)
Talk to me, Carmen. Where is she?
(waits for reply)
Answer my question.

She refuses, maintains a blank stare throughout. It's the look of a woman who has accepted her fate.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
Fine.

Hannibal gives a nod to his associate who pushes a weapon to the back of her head.

The HEADLIGHTS of an oncoming TRUCK dragging along a wood chipper flood the scene and blind everyone.

The execution halts. The truck stops. The driver, shrouded in darkness, exits the truck. Approaches.

THUG #1
(to driver)
Don't take another step. Stay
where you are.

His commands are met with a face-load of acid SPLASHED in his ugly mug. He SCREAMS with agony, falls. A GUNSHOT to the face ends his miserable existence.

Thug #2 immediately steps in with a couple of MISFIRES.

A quick reprisal SHOT by the driver neutralizes him.

Carmen, though shackled, knocks Hannibal senseless with a tree limb before he can open fire at the driver.

MOMENTS LATER

Hannibal regains consciousness and finds himself trapped in the mouth of the wood chipper from the waist down.

Glancing around he locks eyes with his captors.

Carmen, untied, acts merely as a bystander.

The driver turns out to be female as well and she stands right next to him with a finger on the trigger.

Her name is ROXY WHITE.

A closer look at 39 year-old Roxy makes you stop and wonder, "What has the world done to you?".

She is 160 pounds of rugged physique, head shaved, someone who was never meant to hold a gun in her hand.

One might say she is the female equivalent of Frankenstein's monster searching for her creator. Destined to walk the earth as an archangel of death at war with mankind.

ROXY

Congrats, H. You found me. Still munching those cheap cigars, huh?

HANNIBAL

You crazy bitch. Gino should've dumped your ass in the river when he had the chance.

ROXY

I'm not insane, never was and I told the truth. I came back to get what's mine. But first I need to find Gino's business associate and you're gonna tell where he is.

HANNIBAL

I don't know what the hell you're talking about?

ROXY

The brain behind Gino's operation, they call him the psychic. I know he exists, where can I find him?

A defiant silence is all she gets from him. Without wasting another syllable Roxy presses the power button on the control panel.

The wood chipper roars to life and starts pulling Hannibal into its bone-crushing jaws of steel.

He screams like he has never screamed before as his feet are slowly devoured with a force of 1200 horsepower.

Roxy shuts the machine down. Hannibal toughs it out, pushes himself not to make another sound. His face tightens from the agonizing pain.

Roxy bends over him, looks him straight in the eyes.

ROXY (CONT'D)

How about this: You tell me where Gino keeps my daughter and we can forget about the psychic. Come on, talk to me.

(MORE)

ROXY (CONT'D)

You can still be half a man and do something good for once in your life. Where's my girl?

Though literally a broken man Hannibal's lips remain sealed. His eyes follow the path of Roxy's hand reaching for the power button.

HANNIBAL

Wait! Wait! I don't know where he keeps your daughter. The psychic might know. There's this bar he goes to every morning. 700 Brickell Avenue, downtown. His real name's Frank. Frank Hollister.

Roxy hits the button, walks. The chipper mangles what is left of Hannibal. His disturbing CRIES grind to a stop following his death. He is gone.

Consumed and spit back out through a chute in little chunks of meat. Roxy and Carmen peel off in Hannibal's luxury sedan.

INT. BAR & GRILL - DOWNTOWN MIAMI - DAY

Roxy enters, meets Javier at the bar.

ROXY

Frank Hollister.

Javier points her in the right direction. She slides into the empty seat of Frank's booth, interrupts his meal.

FRANK

There's plenty of seats available, why don't you move on--

ROXY

Are you the psychic?

FRANK

Who wants to know?

ROXY

I'm a friend of Gino's. He and I go way back.

FRANK

First, I'm not a psychic. Second, as a friend of Gino's I would expect you to know that my service is by appointment only and never discussed in public. And third, I'm having breakfast. Call Gino, make an appointment like everybody else--

She slams a duffel bag on the table. Its content: Two-and-a-half million dollars.

ROXY

Do you have an opening for right now?

Frank slowly moves the money across the table towards himself, takes a moment to consider her proposal. Then slides the money back to her.

FRANK

No. Please leave.

She dumps another two-hundred grand in front of him.

ROXY

How about now? 2.7 million, my final offer.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - LATER

His car glides past the gate and onto the property. Roxy is in the back seat.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE

Roxy follows him inside.

THROUGH THE SECURITY DOOR BELOW GROUND

INTO THE TEMPLE

The pedestals rise. Shai resurrects in all her mystical glory.

SHAI

How may I serve you?

Roxy gravitates to it, fascinated by it like a religious zealot who has discovered the holy lord himself. She sees the hand sign on the pedestals and no further explanation is needed.

Moves her palms over the outlined area when Frank interrupts.

FRANK

If you need me I'm in the lobby.

He exits. The palm reading commences.

LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Frank is on the phone, oblivious to Roxy sneaking up behind him and flashing her gun with deadly intent.

Then suddenly Frank opens the front door and sailing into the lobby is a four-year-old GIRL.

Her tiny feet, blonde curls and cute dress ignite a glint of humanity in Roxy's eyes. She quickly conceals her weapon.

Remains fixated on the girl, disarmed by forty inches of innocence and purity sashaying around the room.

Frank chats with the toddler's MOTHER at the door.

GIRL'S MOTHER

Thank you so much for doing this, I couldn't find a baby sitter on such short notice. I'll be back in a jiffy, I promise.

FRANK

Don't mention it, that's what neighbors are for. Drive safe.

The mother takes off, leaves the girl in Frank's care. Frank shuts the door. Faces Roxy.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Find everything okay?

ROXY

Yes.

(walks to door)

Thank you for your time.

FRANK

Can I call you a cab?

She ignores his offer, hastens out of the house.

BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank is asleep. He rolls around in his sheets. Punches and adjusts his pillow.

Then instinctively opens his eyes to see four GUYS in dark outfits hovering over his bed, staring him down. They put a bag over his head and the screen goes dark.

INT. BALLET SCHOOL - LATER

Manacled and with a bag over his head Frank is muscled into the waiting lounge by his four captors.

They rip the bag off his head and make him see the shocking aftermath of a massacre.

More than a dozen MURDER VICTIMS lie scattered all over the floor in pools of blood. Among the dead are Gino's EMPLOYEES, GUARDS, STUDENTS and their PARENTS.

Everyone of them mauled by hails of bullets. The room itself has been severely scarred by the attack.

A mop-up CREW is disposing of the debris and human cadavers.

Frank has seen enough. His captors whisk him away and into

GINO'S OFFICE

Frank is hauled before Gino who lies sprawled out on a sofa. Disabled by a gunshot to the knee, both arms, thighs and one of his hands.

A SURGEON extracts the bullets from his body. A handful of his SOLDIERS stand guard. Frank brims with fear. Gino couldn't be more pissed.

FRANK

Gino. I'm so sorry.

GINO

How much did she pay you?

FRANK

What? Who?

Frank receives a severe blow to his face by the gunman beside him, goes down with a bleeding nose.

Then hears the COCKING of a gun planted on the side of his head.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hold it!

GINO

Your client! This morning she was seen entering your house! How much did she pay you!

FRANK

2.7 million.

GINO

And Hannibal? What did you do with him?

FRANK

Hannibal's gone?

GINO

My best man has fallen off the earth, Frankie, what did you do with him?!

FRANK

Nothing! Gino, you gotta believe me, I had nothing to do with this. I don't know what happened to Hannibal, I swear.

Frank can't help staring at the blood-covered sheet cloaking a DEAD BODY on the floor.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Is this her? My client?

With a single nod Gino commands one of his guys to unveil the body.

Frank watches closely, knowing beyond the shadow of a doubt the identity of the departed who is about to be revealed.

The sheet gets pulled back, the face unmasked.

It's Carmen. Killed by a bullet to the forehead.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Who's this?

GINO

A disgruntled employee who came to collect an unpaid bill. You remember her.

FRANK

Yeah. It's coming back to me. So the housekeeper did it. What's this got to do with my client?

GINO

(to his men)
Play the video.

His instruction is honored. Frank is about to see a re-play of the attack on the surveillance monitor.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: SURVEILLANCE VIDEO

MATCH CUT TO:

BALLET SCHOOL WAITING LOUNGE - EARLIER

Carmen strides in. Pulls her long coat aside to reveal a military-grade machine gun and turns it loose on every soul in the room.

Without the slightest show of emotion she ruthlessly sprays the lounge full of bullets.

Mows down everyone in her sight.

Cuts her way through bone and flesh. Young and old.

The only GUARDS on duty fight back and die quickly. Carmen reloads.

Unleashes hell. Blankets the floor with more and more victims. Burning through hundreds of shells and pieces of shrapnel.

The nightmare finally ends when she runs out of ammunition, leaving the room pacified. Devoid of life. A dust cloud hovers in the air.

When the dust begins to settle Roxy appears. Surveys the carnage with a whooper of a shotgun.

CARMEN

(in Spanish)
Office.

Carmen starts leading her to Gino's office.

Roxy stops half-way across the lounge to dedicate a moment of her time to a young VICTIM, a girl, who is still alive.

Gasping. Slowly dying. Roxy kneels and gently brushes aside a strand of her hair.

The victim takes her last breath, her eyes freeze and she passes away. Roxy, shaken by the experience, closes the girl's eyes.

ROXY

I'm sorry.

CARMEN

(in Spanish)

Let's go.

Roxy looks up. Her eyes burn with contempt.

GINO'S OFFICE

The door swings open. Carmen barges in. Unprepared.

Unaware. Amateurishly. BANG! Her head EXPLODES.

She hits the floor.

Next thing we see is the smoking barrel of a powerful, large caliber Smith & Wesson revolver in Gino's hand.

He holds it like it's part of his anatomy.

Stands his ground with his chest out like a Matador.

His hand never shakes.

His eyes never blink.

His sight forms a perfect line with his aim.

His wardrobe as classy as ever.

In vain he anticipates the second shooter walking into his line of fire. The waiting is nerve-wracking.

After a tense moment nothing happens.

He looks behind him at the surveillance monitor and then back at the door. Roxy is standing there.

Shotgun leveled. K-BOOM! She BLASTS his knee. The revolver flies out of his hand and gravity takes care of the rest.

Roxy enters, gunning for his face. Itching to make a kill-shot.

Her eyes lusting after his blood. This is the moment she's been waiting for.

We PULL BACK, exit the frame through the surveillance monitor we entered earlier and return to...

GINO'S OFFICE - PRESENT TIME

The video stops.

GINO

Does this answer your question? I called for backup before she could finish the job.

FRANK

She had all the time in the world to finish you off. What happened? The two of you spent the next fifteen minutes talking about the good old days? I'd say she's either fuck nuts or she wants something so badly that she pumped enough bullets in you to make you squeal. Then backup came and she took off.

GINO

Is that right?

FRANK

I think you know who she is.

GINO

(to his men)
Cabernet.

He refers to the red wine at the bar. They fill up a glass and feed it to him since he can't move his arms.

GINO (CONT'D)

We all have our regrets, darling.
(nods to screen)
She's mine. You want my advice? Stay single. Hannibal was right. I was too soft on her. Tonight I learned my lesson. And so will you.

Frank stands frozen in shock.

GINO (CONT'D)

Is it coming back to you now?

Frank approaches the monitor. Seeing Roxy on the footage jogs his memory.

GINO (CONT'D)

She was right under your nose this whole time and you gave her the key to the vault. She figured you wouldn't remember. Dangled that money in front of you for bait. I warned you about greed, Frankie.

FRANK

I must have seen hundreds of faces in the past ten years, how the hell was I supposed to remember who she was?

GINO

My men picked up her trail. If I don't get a confirmed 'dead' within the next ten minutes, you know what to do.

FRANK

No. Forget it. This is between you and her. I got better things to do than putting my business and my life on the line so you can settle a personal score.

Gino's face blushes from rage emboldening him to get off the sofa by himself.

His guards realize what he is doing and provide immediate assistance and bring him closer to Frank.

GINO

My business. Not yours. It's all I got left thanks to you. Without me Shai would not even exist. I got half-a-dozen dead bodies in my school that I have to close down because for once you let a woman into your house who does not blow you for money. Clock's ticking, Frankie. Start your watch.

Gino's henchmen edge closer to Frank. The lock and load SOUND of their weapons intimidate him into compliance.

He looks down at his watch, initiates a ten minute countdown.

GINO (CONT'D)

That's my boy.

INT./EXT. ROXY'S CAR - SAME TIME (DRIVING)

It rains. Roxy cruises along a busy part of downtown.

Checks the rear-view mirror.

She's got a tail. A black SEDAN.

She changes lanes twice.

Each time the sedan follows.

INT./EXT. BLACK SEDAN (DRIVING)

A hit squad of four MEN wearing ski masks and black suits.

Weapons checked and ready to bring the noise.

INT./EXT. ROXY'S CAR (DRIVING)

She lures the sedan into an alley.

A sharp turn looms at the end of the road.

She can easily make it. Instead she slams on the brakes and remains parked for a few moments without shutting off the engine.

Never takes her eyes off the sedan in the mirror.

INT./EXT. BLACK SEDAN (DRIVING)

The squad driver is baffled.

SQUAD DRIVER
What the hell's she up to?

INT./EXT. ROXY'S CAR

She keeps looking in the mirror.

Shifts into reverse. Waits for the right moment.

Finally when the sedan gets close enough Roxy pounces on the gas pedal and shoots off backwards towards the other car.

INT./EXT. BLACK SEDAN (DRIVING)

The squad is completely taken by surprise and panics.

SQUAD LEADER #1
Shit! Go back, go back, go back!

The sedan explodes into reverse, starts backing out of the alley to avert collision.

The squad team opens FIRE on Roxy through the window, shattering her bumper, lights and windshield.

Roxy speeds up. The squad is forced to accelerate closer to the mouth of the alley and rocket into traffic.

STREET

The sedan sits across two lanes. Two vehicles crash into it.

One in the front, one in the rear, knocking it into a back and forth spin.

Traffic comes to a standstill.

CROWDS gather. The sedan wrecked beyond repair.

The hit squad deprived of its driver.

Two of its surviving members, bloodied and half-dead, have barely climbed out of the wreckage when Roxy FIRES multiple SHOTS into them.

PEDESTRIANS scream and run for safety.

Roxy is on the verge of victory.

Only one man left to kill and he is trapped in the sedan.

Mortally wounded. Slumped over the backseat window.

Roxy is coming for him. Gun cocked and leveled.

She squeezes the trigger and all she hears is CLICK.

She tucks the gun away. Scoops up a piece of pointy glass from the swath of debris and jams it hard into the dude's face.

She keeps pushing and twisting it until it's firmly lodged in the skull. The crowd recoils in shock and disgust.

Roxy couldn't care less. She strolls away from the scene and drives off.

INT. GINO'S OFFICE - BALLET SCHOOL

Frank stares at his watch counting down to zero. Anxiously awaits the call that never comes.

GINO
You have two days.

Frank hurries to the door.

GINO (CONT'D)
Frankie.

Frank stops to listen.

GINO (CONT'D)
When you step into the lobby take a good look. I want you to remember the faces of the children that will never set foot in a school again. Their parents and their families are all looking for you now. Kill the client for me and I promise I will protect you. Screw this up and I will turn you in. Or kill you myself.

Frank runs.

EXT. BALLET SCHOOL

Frank steals a cab.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE

The cab drops him off and he hauls ass into the house.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - TEMPLE

He enters. Shai rises.

SHAI
How may I serve you?

Frank has no time to lose, quickly positions his palms for analysis.

FRANK (V.O.)
Rule of thumb: The shorter the prophecies, the more accurate they are.

(MORE)

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Still, despite being manmade, Shai has a mind of her own. She likes to have secrets. In a situation like this, two days can be full of surprises.

And the future starts flashing before his eyes.

ON SCREEN: A MONTAGE OF FRANK'S FUTURE

--Frank drives into the day, bumps into Alexandra and the two viciously share a difference of opinion.

--Frank and Alexandra threatened at gunpoint by an unknown ASSAILANT.

--Frank fights for his life during a mass shooting inside a public place packed with PEOPLE. Teller windows and cubicles indicate it's a financial institution of sorts.

--Frank faces Gino in a wheelchair.

--More mayhem, death, destruction and blazing guns.

--Frank kneels inside a dark room with lots of windows. Alexandra, also kneeling, dies by a bullet to the back of her head. Roxy is the executioner.

END MONTAGE

Shai powers off. Frank is left staring into a void, looking horrified.

GARAGE

A collection of expensive cars. Frank picks one, takes his dopamine and tears out of the garage.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE

... Out of the gate and hits the road.

INT. HOTEL - LATER AT NIGHT

A taste of Old Cuba. Underfunded, deprived, desperate.

The wallpaper peels off.

Light bulbs FLICKER. Floor CREAKS.

Roxy is soaked in rain as she enters. The front desk CLERK has passed out at his post. Unresponsive and drooling.

Roxy helps herself to her room key and leaves.

HOTEL ROOM

Roxy hits the LAMPLIGHT. Removes her wet clothes until she stands completely naked in front of the mirror.

With anguish and self-disgust she moves her fingertips across her amputated breasts.

A flat chest and ugly scars are all that remain of her long lost womanhood.

She looks at a picture of her younger self that she keeps in her wallet. Though the young woman in the photograph is nothing like the killer we have come to know.

She looks healthy and happy. Chubbier.

Her hair elegant and shiny. Her smile heartwarming and so radiant it outshines the sun.

Roxy holds on to the picture a little longer, as if grieving the loss of a loved one, reminiscing on better days.

Then she stares back into the mirror and into the eyes of the monster she has become.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - DAY

Alexandra rides her mountain bike, stops at a red light. Frank screeches to a halt next to her and she jumps.

FRANK

Alex, get in the car.

ALEXANDRA

Frank?

FRANK

Get in. Now.

ALEXANDRA

My god. Twice in a week, can't I have a moment to myself.

FRANK

Get your ass in the seat right now.

ALEXANDRA

No. Don't need a chauffeur, thank you.

FRANK

Get in the goddamn car, Alex.

ALEXANDRA

No.

FRANK

Alex!

ALEXANDRA

Screw you, you don't own me!

He threatens her at gunpoint. She freezes.

FRANK

I said get in the car.

ALEXANDRA

You're crazy.

She turns off the engine, hops on board next to him. Frank holsters the gun, drives.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR (DRIVING)

FRANK

Seatbelt.

She removes her helmet, buckles up.

ALEXANDRA

You got a serious problem.

FRANK

You have no idea.

ALEXANDRA

How did you find me?

FRANK

Here's a tip. You wanna stay invisible, turn off your phone.

ALEXANDRA

GPS. Great. So what possessed you to kidnap me at gunpoint in the middle of the day? What's going on?

FRANK

I'm dropping you off at my friend's house and then coming back and getting you in two days, three days, tops.

ALEXANDRA

Why?

FRANK

Because that's what I've decided.

ALEXANDRA

Three days? Where will you be?

FRANK

On the road, taking care of some business.

ALEXANDRA

Why do you need me? Why can't you let me go back to my own apartment? Why am I even here?

(waits for reply)

Is your boss making you do this?

(waits for reply)

He is, isn't he?

FRANK

Enough with the questions. Just do as I say.

She opens the door to jump out in mid-drive, puts into Frank the scare of his life.

In the nick of time he grabs on to her and does not let go.

Eyes on the road. One hand on the steering wheel.

Dozens of lives hanging in the balance.

Frank struggles to maintain control over the car to avert disaster. Swerves. Dodges other vehicles.

Plunges the road into chaos. Moments of sheer terror that seem like an eternity.

Alexandra hovers inches away from certain death, dangles so closely over the pavement she can almost smell the traffic paint.

Frank whips the car into a vicious U-turn.

Veers away from Alexandra's side of the road, causing her to gravitate towards him and he pulls her inside to her salvation. Parks. Gasps. Relieved. Mad.

ALEXANDRA

You take me away from my home, my school, my life. Tell me to spend three days with a complete stranger while you go on a business trip and refuse to tell me why? You can't treat me like this, Frank. I'm a person. Your friend. If you want my help the least you can do is talk. Something went down at the school, am I right?

FRANK

What do you know about it?

ALEXANDRA

I know enough. He told me.

FRANK

You spoke with him?

ALEXANDRA

Voice mail. I knew he'd call again, but this time was different. I could tell he was in pain. Will he be alright?

FRANK

I thought you didn't care.

ALEXANDRA

I guess I'm asking because, well, I'm human.

FRANK

Someone's coming after Gino. What happened last night was personal and the sicko who did this won't stop until they get what they want and it's my job to make sure that doesn't happen. I'm gonna find them first and stop them, but I can't do that unless I know you're safe.

ALEXANDRA

What do they want from Gino?

FRANK

The less you know, the better,
trust me. Point is that anyone
close to Gino is a potential
target. I'm responsible for your
safety now and I need you to
cooperate, alright? Work with me.
Can you do that?

She nods. One of Frank's past clients, the BMW owner, plants
himself in the backseat. Armed, lethal, uncompromising.

BMW OWNER

Step on it. Go. Now.

Frank motions to Alexandra to stay calm. The client is
impatient, pushes the cold steel against Alexandra's neck.

BMW OWNER (CONT'D)

Drive!

FRANK

Where exactly?

BMW OWNER

You'll know soon enough. Go.

And off he goes.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - MOMENTS LATER

Frank fills a parking space.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR

BMW OWNER

Shut the car down.

Frank obeys, the car dies. The client fishes a hand-sized,
UFO shaped device out of his pocket. Arms it, then gives it
to Alexandra.

BMW OWNER (CONT'D)

Put this under your seat.

She complies. The client turns his attention to Frank.

BMW OWNER (CONT'D)

Do you know who I am?

FRANK

Alright, listen. Before you do anything rash I want you to know that I'm deeply, deeply sorry for your loss. Believe me I know exactly what you're going through. You're angry and you feel like someone jammed a knife in your heart and tore it out of your ribcage. You want people to pay for what they did to you and I can understand that. What I'm trying to say is this: I did not kill your child.

The client is dumbfounded.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You got the wrong man, alright. Whatever they told you about me is wrong because I'm innocent. Killing me will gain you nothing.

BMW OWNER

That's not the word on the street. I don't give a rat's ass about those kids you got whacked at the school.

FRANK

I didn't whack anyon--

BMW OWNER

I want my money.

FRANK

What?

BMW OWNER

You heard me. I wanna refund. Six months ago I came in for a reading, the most devastating day of my life - when I was led to believe I had an incurable disease, was gonna die.

FRANK

I'd like to discuss this in private if you don't mind. Alex, give us a moment.

BMW OWNER

She stays. I thought my life was over.

(MORE)

BMW OWNER (CONT'D)

I couldn't sleep, I couldn't eat, I couldn't get out of bed. But the symptoms never came, so I decided to do some digging. I talk to my doctor and he tells me I'm fine. Tells me I'm not sick, never was. I will live.

FRANK

That's wonderful news.

BMW OWNER

Shut up. You screwed me over ten million dollars. You wouldn't refund me the first time and I didn't push it because I was waiting for death. In the past six months my life was hell. You did this to me. And now you're gonna pay.

FRANK

If you read the release form that you signed you'd know that there are no guarantees. The terms clearly state that every vision is subject to personal interpretation and should not be taken literally, especially in a time period of six months. What you see is not always what you get, it's not an exact science. Maybe what you think you saw stands for something else, something other than death.

BMW OWNER

I want my money. Ten million. Cash. Now.

FRANK

I can't come up with that kind of cash right now, it's all in the bank.

BMW OWNER

Not a problem. Look.

The client directs his gaze to a large bank across the street.

BMW OWNER (CONT'D)

We go in together, we come out with my money. The girl stays here.

(MORE)

BMW OWNER (CONT'D)

You don't try anything and do as I say or I will remotely detonate the motion-sensor bomb under her seat. If I don't have my money within fifteen minutes, the car blows. If she tries to escape and puts the car into motion, it blows in ten seconds. She gets out of her seat, the bomb goes off immediately.

FRANK

I can't do tis.

BMW DRIVER

Sure you can.

FRANK

Half the people in that bank sent their kids to Gino's school. If they find out who I am, they will shoot me on sight and you can kiss your money good-bye.

BMW OWNER

What do you think I'm gonna do to you?

INT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Typical bank environment. Frank walks in with the client.

A GREETER with a clipboard receives them.

GREETER

Good afternoon. How can we help you two gentlemen today?

FRANK

I'd like to make a quick withdrawal please. I'm a little under the gun.

GREETER

And your name is?

FRANK

Jack. Jack Abbott.

The greeter jots down the name, points them to the lobby.

GREETER

Please have a seat, one of our personal bankers will be with you momentarily.

They enter the lobby and face long lines. With his client breathing down his neck Frank walks with a heightened sense of alarm and anxiety.

Catches fleeting glances of firearms peeking out of PEOPLE'S clothes.

All kinds of handguns such as revolvers, tiny pistols, single shot, semi-automatic, fully automatic.

Clips and magazines. Shotguns, grenades, knives, even machine guns, etc.

The only PERSONAL BANKER on duty occupies a cubicle.

Frank turns away to avoid being seen by him.

BMW OWNER

Where do you think you're going?

FRANK

We got a problem.

BMW OWNER

What problem?

FRANK

Behind me. You see that guy in the cubicle? He's a professional suck-up and in charge of my account. Every time he sees me he has this habit of yelling my name and sitting me down for coffee. I let him see me, the game's up. Listen. I need more time. Give me two days, I'll give you the money.

BMW OWNER

Your girlfriend doesn't have two days. I'm blowing her sky high in ten minutes. I'm not leaving until I get my money. I don't care how you do it, just get it. Today.

The line closest to him keeps getting shorter. He looks at his watch.

FRANK

Wire transfer. It's quick. Walk with me to the window, get your money.

The client chews on it for a moment, then motions to Frank to get in line.

The service window is almost within reach, only two people ahead of them. Frank checks his watch.

Risks a look at his personal banker just as he gets called away from his cubicle. Frank turns his face away, averts detection.

A sweet, elderly WOMAN half his size ogles Frank from the neighboring line.

Rewards his good looks with an affectionate smile through a fake set of bleached teeth.

Frank is next in line, steps forward.

The TELLER puts out a 'NEXT WINDOW' sign, shuts down service.

Frank is so screwed. Under the watchful eyes of his client he paces around the room, looking for a way to save his ass.

All the other tellers are busy assisting legions of customers.

Frank's personal banker returns, spots him, yells his name from across the room.

PERSONAL BANKER

Frank Hollister!

FUCK! Is probably what Frank is thinking right now as he stands frozen in fear.

The room quiets down to complete silence.

The eyes of everyone on the floor converge on Frank.

His banker grabs his hand and shakes it so hard and with such enthusiasm you would think they are soulmates.

Frank keeps a nice attitude and plays along.

PERSONAL BANKER (CONT'D)

Frank. My favorite client, good to see you, my friend.

FRANK
Thank you, likewise.

PERSONAL BANKER
Care for some coffee? We got donuts.

FRANK
Actually, I'm on a tight schedule.

PERSONAL BANKER
Of course, of course, I understand. Well, grab a seat, relax and let's get started. Are you sure I can't get you anything?

FRANK
Positive.

Frank is pulled away by the BMW guy, his collar seized.

BMW OWNER
Five minutes, asshole. You got five minutes. Where's my money?

The elderly woman who was undressing Frank with her eyes earlier interrupts them.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Frank Hollister.

FRANK
Yes?

She approaches, never quits that cute, innocent smile of hers. Looks up at Frank with affection. Reaches into her purse.

When the hand comes out Frank finds himself staring directly into the muzzle of a gun.

ELDERLY WOMAN
This is for my grand-daughter.

Frank darts out of the firing line a split second before she thunders a SHOT and hits the man behind him.

The BMW guy.

He keels over with his face cracked open.

His fate is sealed.

Impenetrable steel plates slam down over all teller windows.

All exits are sealed. Frank is locked-up with the rest of the customers and organized crime scum with itchy trigger fingers.

The silence persists.

The ominous vibe in the room is palpable.

The constant staring Frank is subjected to is a thirst for blood.

His blood. The crowd draws its arsenal. Frank dives for cover and the floor explodes into an avalanche of GUNFIRE.

The elderly woman and Frank's personal banker are caught in the middle and shredded to pieces.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR

Alexandra gets a jolt when she hears the sudden discharge of weaponry from inside the bank.

INT. BANK

Frank is cornered inside a cubicle. Endures the never-ending onslaught causing mass devastation.

Debris. Dust. Collateral damage like dead SECURITY GUARDS and average CITIZENS. Very few customers survive, duck and cover. The shooting stops.

Frank carefully peeks past the cubicle wall to spy on his enemies. Watches them replenish ammo. Listens to their cries.

CROWD

You're a dead man, Hollister! Baby
killer!

A GUARD lies murdered between Frank and the army of mobsters.

His dead hand still clutching his machine gun.

While the mob preps for a fresh assault Frank comes flying out of the cubicle to get his hands on the automatic weapon.

He's got it. Holds it into the ranks of gangsters and...

RA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA--

Rapid-fires away. Hacks them up in a massive sweep.

Captures more ammunition, more guns from the people he kills to keep up his offensive.

He comes under heavy fire from the second floor.

Frank responds in kind.

Misses. Retreats. Hides.

Loses the upper hand. The mob moves in on his position, raining down a fire-storm upon him.

Frank is pinned down. Outnumbered. Outgunned.

The situation is hopeless. The end is near.

He takes out his phone.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR

Alexandra answers her cell.

ALEXANDRA

(into phone)

Hello? Frank? Are you alright?
What the hell's going on in there?
Are you hurt?

INT. BANK

The bullets shoot just over his head.

FRANK

(into phone)

I'm in a world of hurt. I need
your help.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR

ALEXANDRA

(into phone)

You want me to do what? Are you
out of your mind? And how do you
suggest I pull this off with a bomb
under my ass, I'm tied to my seat?
What?

(long pause)

Alright, alright, I'll do it.

INT. BANK

Frank hangs up. Armed only with a handgun, he makes a last stand to the final bullet.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR

Alexandra mentally prepares for her stunt. And then--

ALEXANDRA
(to car)
Engage.

Voice command starts the engine.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
(to car)
Drive. Left.

The car pulls away from the curb.

The bomb's TIMER under her seat starts a TEN SECOND COUNTDOWN.

The car is now angled directly at the bank.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
(to car)
Brake.

It stops across both lanes, facing the bank.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
(to car)
Drive. Full speed.

And then it powers towards the bank.

The bomb's timer races to zero.

5, 4, 3, 2, 1...

Just before reaching point of impact Alexandra opens the door, springs into safety. Runs.

Knocked down to the pavement by the MASSIVE SHOCKWAVE following the EXPLOSION.

The blast is so violently powerful it tears down the entire facade from door to ceiling, gutting the front of the building wide open.

INT. BANK

Scores lie perished in the rubble and toxic fumes.
 Frank covers his mouth, coughs, stumbles, falls.
 Steals a dead guy's car key, scampers out.

EXT. BANK

He reunites with Alexandra.

FRANK
 You okay?

ALEXANDRA
 Yeah.

FRANK
 Let's go.

Frank keeps pressing the alarm button on the key to locate the car. Finds it.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Get in.

Seatbelts are fastened. Frank starts the car.

ALEXANDRA
 What kind of a bank is this?

FRANK
 Mob bank.

Frank steps on it, takes off.

INT./EXT. CAR (DRIVING)

Frank is on the phone again.

ALEXANDRA
 Who are you calling?

FRANK
 Half the city wants me dead, angry clients coming after my money, my blood and the only thing they manage to kill is my precious time. Gotta save what's left of it.
 (into phone)
 Javier. It's Frank.
 (MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Slight change of plans. We can't come to you, you gotta come to us. Meet me at the club in half-an-hour.

EXT. RESORT - MOMENTS LATER

A quiet, reclusive oasis built to lure the rich. Frank parks the car, walks in with Alexandra.

INT. RESORT LOBBY

Upon entry they are showered with the soothing surround SOUND of ambient MUSIC echoing throughout the half Greek, half modern decor.

A well-groomed, professionally attired Asian RECEPTIONIST with a southern accent greets them.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Hollister. How nice of you to join us. Welcome back. I see you brought a friend. So young.

FRANK

She's been begging me to give her a tour of your fine establishment. What's on the program today?

RECEPTIONIST

Same as every Friday. The party's in full swing, so you and your friend can jump right in.

Frank pays with credit card.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Thank you kindly.

The credit card is charged and returned to Frank.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

And as always, your pleasure is our command.

A very attractive, female STAFF MEMBER escorts them towards an elevator.

ALEXANDRA

What's he talking about?

FRANK
Just keep walking.

HALLWAY

They exit the elevator, go through an automatic door down the hall.

THE GROTTO

An exotic, indoor paradise. Wild orgies and heavy drug consumption occur in plain sight.

Chicks, dicks, and tits as far as the eye can see.

The MUSIC, playing over the SCREAMS and GROANS of orgasmic crescendos, is so loud that if a gunshot was fired nobody would hear it.

BEHIND A SECOND AUTOMATIC DOOR

Frank and Alexandra are led past a large aquarium. It's filled with dozens of human-sized cocoons drifting above the aquarium floor.

Illuminated from behind every few seconds. In the blink of an eye the naked bodies of COUPLES mating inside the cocoons are brought to light.

WALKING THROUGH A THIRD DOOR

Leads Frank and Alexandra to a second hallway where the locker rooms are located.

The escort dismisses herself with a friendly nod after dropping them off.

INSIDE LOCKER ROOM

Frank, Alexandra enter. Search.

FRANK
Javier!

ALEXANDRA
You told your friend to meet us here? What did you do that for?

FRANK

Javier introduced me to the club years ago. Very few people know it exists. It's very exclusive.

ALEXANDRA

I can see why. You're a sick man, Frank Hollister.

FRANK

Javier!

No sign of Javier. Frank tries to reach his phone and hears it RINGING from the hallway.

HALLWAY

They come out to meet Javier standing unresponsive and paralyzed at the end of the corridor. Frank runs to talk to him.

FRANK

Javier.

After staying perfectly invisible behind Javier, Roxy steps into view, holding Javier at gunpoint. Frank guards Alexandra, weapon drawn.

ROXY

Look who it is, Javier. Must be fate.

FRANK

That man is a good friend of mine. Let him go. This doesn't concern him.

ROXY

I see you brought your date. Javier is mine. I saw his face in a vision and I knew we were meant to be. Everything happens for a reason, right, Frank?

JAVIER

I'm so sorry, Frank.

FRANK

It's alright, Javier. It's not your fault.

ROXY

Looks like I'm the only one who saw this coming. How come you didn't see it, Frank? What was it, glitch in the system?

FRANK

Let him go.

ROXY

Tell me something, Frank. Did you see this one coming?

She SHOOTS Javier in the head.

FRANK

No!

Roxy immediately raises her guard, targets Frank.

ROXY

His fate was sealed, couldn't use him anymore.

FRANK

Alex. Leave us. Wait for me in the car. Go!

She runs, leaves Frank and Roxy facing-off with their guns aimed at each other.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You just killed an innocent man. He did nothing to you.

ROXY

He was your friend, you got him involved.

FRANK

So. You got away empty-handed.

ROXY

At least I got away.

FRANK

How did you find me? Was it Hannibal? Did he tell you about my favorite hangout?

ROXY

Something like that.

FRANK

You set us up. You made Hannibal squeal, killed him and then used me to plan your escape. You knew you would walk out of that building scot-free before you set foot in the door. Nice.

ROXY

When you know the future nothing can stop you.

FRANK

Gino didn't play ball, huh? All the bullets in the world couldn't make give up what's most precious to him.

ROXY

His day will come. Now it's time for plan B: Making you squeal.

FRANK

Do I look like a squealer to you?

ROXY

I'm gonna get what I need from one of you two. Gino's well protected, which makes you my go-to guy. I saw your friend Javier in the prophecy. I went back to the bar just in time to catch him coming to see you. And now that I'm here I'm giving you the chance to make this right. Return what's mine and I promise to postpone your funeral.

FRANK

You wanna piece of me, get in line. My name is on every hit list in town thanks to you, so the way I see it you got two options. Option one: You kill me, you get nothing. Option two: I bring you in, dead or alive, I get off the list, I get my life back. I'm going with option two.

Frank prepares to shoot. A swinger COUPLE returns from the orgy to head into the locker room.

Frank instinctively reacts to the couple entering the hallway.

Briefly breaks eye-contact with Roxy.

A reckless move that Roxy exploits.

Frank quickly drops out of sight when Roxy takes her SHOT and widows one of the swingers by accident.

Then she flees, outruns Frank's bullets punching holes into the wall right after she turns the corner.

Frank starts immediate pursuit. Chases her down towards the automatic door.

Roxy returns FIRE in haste, misses. The door splits open and she is through. Frank follows.

IN THE NEXT ROOM

Roxy charges past the aquarium.

Frank gains on her, attempts another SHOT.

Roxy destroys the aquarium glass to slow his advance.

Frank escapes the giant wall of water before it EXPLODES out of the tank and floods the room.

The cocoons spill out, liquify and melt away, exposing the couples inside them.

THE GROTTA

Roxy crashes the party, stomps through a sea of swingers screwing each other's brains out.

Frank dogs her. The manhunt turns heads and draws looks.

Roxy eyes the exit, hustles towards it.

Pushes every obstruction out of the way, gunning down innocent bystanders.

Sparks mass panic. Exits the grotto.

CORRIDOR

Roxy dashes off to the elevator.

Behind her Frank comes busting through the door.

He hurries to beat the elevator doors before they close.

Sends off a barrage of bullets and hopes that at least one of them hits the target.

It's not meant to be. The elevator seals and she is gone.

Frank must take the stairs.

LOBBY

Roxy sprints out of the lift, past the receptionist.

She can see the street and the fleet of cars parked outside.

Frank finally shows up, hurtles towards the exit.

FRANK
(to receptionist)
Lock the door! Lock the door now!

The receptionist heeds his call.

Roxy puts a bullet in the door, SMASHES through the glass and into freedom.

Frank watches her scoot away in her car.

Takes aim at it as the car shrinks into the distance along with his hope of landing a shot.

The gun comes down and he walks away.

Returns to Alexandra who waits for him in the car.

ALEXANDRA
Are you alright? Who was that?

He drives.

INT./EXT. ROXY'S CAR (DRIVING)

Two SUVs cut into her lane and block off her escape from both sides.

She is trapped, surrounded by a CREW of mobsters armed to the teeth. Roxy exits to talk to the head of the gang.

CHIEF MOBSTER
You're making a lot of noise for a woman. Who do you work for?

ROXY
I work alone. Why do you care?

CHIEF MOBSTER

Because you're taking business away from us. Ten million dollars. That's the price on his head, and we don't like competition. Frank Hollister is ours.

ROXY

You can have him. And the money.

CHIEF MOBSTER

Who do you represent? Which family?

ROXY

I told you I work alone. But I'm willing to make an exception, just for tonight. We can help each other. I can get you Frank if you get me what I want.

CHIEF MOBSTER

Why should I help you? Why not just kill your ass right now and find him myself?

The mob crew forms a firing squad around Roxy.

ROXY

Because I know exactly where he will be tonight.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR (DRIVING)

ALEXANDRA

You wanna tell me who that woman was? Is she the one who's coming after Gino?

FRANK

Yes.

ALEXANDRA

Who is she?

FRANK

Remember what I said. The less you know, the better.

ALEXANDRA

So what's the plan?

FRANK

We gotta find you a safe place to stay now that Javier is gone.

ALEXANDRA

You wouldn't have trusted him with my life unless you were close friends. I'm sorry.

She looks weak, shakes and sweats.

FRANK

What's wrong?

ALEXANDRA

I get dizzy when I'm hungry. Can we stop for some food? I think I'm starting to fade.

INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Frank, Alexandra share a booth. A WAITRESS takes their orders.

FRANK

Cheeseburger, no onions.

ALEXANDRA

Same.

FRANK

She's having the salad.

ALEXANDRA

(to Frank)

SHE is having a cheeseburger.

(to waitress)

Don't skimp on the onions.

FRANK

(to waitress)

Salad.

ALEXANDRA

I'm hypoglycemic, I need real food. Do you want me to pass out?

FRANK

(to waitress)

Salad and a large milk shake for the young lady. Thank you.

Frank returns the menu to the waitress and she walks away.

ALEXANDRA

So what's the deal with that chick?
And what's all that talk about
visions and interpretations?

FRANK

You gotta know everything, don't
you?

ALEXANDRA

She tried to kill you, Frank.
Don't you think I deserve to know
why?

She stops talking when the waitress serves them drinks and then leaves.

Frank's attention keeps shifting between Alexandra and Naomi Grimes. She is the woman who was watching his house from across the street the other day.

She sips from a large pint at the bar, wears casual attire, yet the occasional glances she throws Frank leave no doubt that she is shadowing him.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

Have you always been like this?

FRANK

Like what?

ALEXANDRA

Closed off.

FRANK

Maybe I like being that way, not
having to talk all the time.

ALEXANDRA

How did your girlfriend feel about
that? Isn't that why she dumped
you? Now you have to pay women to
sleep with you.

FRANK

Watch your mouth.

ALEXANDRA

All I'm saying is she had every
right to leave you. You can only
have so many secrets before people
start asking questions.

(MORE)

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

You can either talk to them or give them the silent treatment. She couldn't put up with the silence.

The waitress brings the meal they ordered. Frank rises.

FRANK

Eat your food. I'll be right back.

ALEXANDRA

Where you off to?

FRANK

I'll be right back.

Frank sits next to Naomi, drinks her glass half-empty.

FRANK (CONT'D)

When you pretend to get a man interested in you, the least you can do is buy him a drink.

NAOMI

Slow your roll, stallion. You're misreading the situation.

FRANK

Drop the act, you're busted. I'm tired of you people chasing me. I got enough problems as it is. Who are you? A client? Angry widow? Do I owe you money? You tell me right now or I'm gonna shoot you in front of all these people.

NAOMI

You don't wanna threaten me, pal, leaves a bad after-taste.

FRANK

Oh yeah? Why?

She opens her wallet to show him her badge that reads in big, fat letters: FBI.

NAOMI

How's the fortune-telling business going, Frank?

FRANK

I think you've had too much to drink.

NAOMI

Drop the act, you're busted. Wanna see something interesting, Frank?

She plays a video on her phone.

What Frank sees on screen is Shai working her magic while being secretly filmed by a client inside the temple.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

You wonder how I got this? I'm glad you asked.

She loads an image of Frank's client, muscly hunk, lying dead on a slab with blood oozing out of his eyes and nostrils.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

We found the body at his house. His wife had been chopped into little pieces and stuffed in the freezer. We know he was your client and that your boss killed him, probably because he found out he was giving information to the bureau, but we're not sure yet.

FRANK

How did he die?

NAOMI

According to the autopsy report he suffered a bacterial infection. An extremely rare form of flesh-eating disease commonly found in warm lakes and rivers.

(FLASHBACK) EXT. EVERGLADES - NIGHT

Frank, Gino and his goons watch muscly hunk walk into the river naked.

BACK TO THE DINER

NAOMI

So unless someone pushed him into the swamp, we can't think of another way it could've gotten into his system and slowly eaten his brain and limbs.

FRANK

What do you want from me?

NAOMI

Gino Morricone is of great interest to the bureau. We've been watching him for years, trying to build a case, and you're gonna help us bring him in.

EXT. DINER

Roxy sits in the SUV with the head of the mob crew she met earlier, stalking Frank and Alexandra.

A tow truck is busy clearing the opposite side of the road.

CHIEF MOBSTER

(to his crew)

We'll grab them both as soon as they come out. I don't wanna see a single scratch on the girl, but shoot him if you have to.

ROXY

No. You cannot shoot him, not until I get the information I need.

CHIEF MOBSTER

What if he doesn't talk?

ROXY

Just stick to the plan. Use the girl and he will sing.

INT. DINER

Alexandra watches Frank and Naomi talk.

FRANK

I'm not a rat.

NAOMI

Just so we're clear. I'm not asking for a favor. You're gonna testify in court whether you like it or not. We'll put you in the witness protection program with guaranteed immunity from prosecution. But if you don't play ball, we can always tell your clients that you run a scam operation out of your house to collect their information and make it available to us.

(MORE)

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Imagine what they would do to you if they realize that you've been bilking them out of millions of dollars over the years.

FRANK

It's not a scam.

NAOMI

Does it matter? Your ass is owned either way. You either die or get locked up as Morricone's accomplice. We got enough evidence to secure a conviction. I'm your only hope, kid. Without me you wouldn't last a second on the street.

He takes a moment to consider.

FRANK

I don't need protection. She does.

He draws her attention to Alexandra.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Take her with you. If you can guarantee her safety, I'll testify.

NAOMI

I'm not your baby sitter, Frank.

FRANK

And I'm not a rat, but that's the deal. You got a number?

NAOMI

Why?

FRANK

If I'm not dead in two days, I'll give you a call and you can have your star witness.

NAOMI

Two days? How about now?

FRANK

No can do. I'm going after someone.

NAOMI

Who?

FRANK

A client. She screwed me. Now I'm hunting her ass down.

NAOMI

You wouldn't try to run, would you, Frank?

FRANK

I'm giving you the girl for collateral. Satisfied? Good. Drink up. I'll meet you outside.

Frank returns to his booth. Alexandra has eaten his cheeseburger and left him the salad.

ALEXANDRA

Don't look so shocked. I made a deal with you. I'll change my eating habits, if you stop keeping secrets from me.

EXT. DINER

Frank, Alexandra exit the diner.

ALEXANDRA

So what's the plan? What do we do?

FRANK

You're going away.

ALEXANDRA

Where?

FRANK

Some place safe.
(points to Naomi)
You see that lady over there?
She'll take you.

ALEXANDRA

You mean the FBI?

Frank stops, faces her.

FRANK

How do you--

ALEXANDRA

How do I know that? Check your left pocket.

He finds her cell phone in the pocket of his jacket.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

Play it.

He does. Listens to a recording of his conversation with Naomi, then returns Alexandra's phone.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

I slipped you my phone at the club.
What have you gotten yourself into?
Talk to me, Frank. What are you
hiding from me?

The mob crew surrounds them at gunpoint.

CHIEF MOBSTER

Let's go, Frank. There are people
who pay good money for your
company. Drop your gun and slowly
step over to the car. Somebody
wants to talk to you while you're
still breathing. And then your ass
is mine.

Naomi puts her gun to the gang leader's head.

NAOMI

Actually, it's mine. Nobody move.
Sorry, boys. First come, first
served.

(to Frank, Alexandra)

You two, get in the car.

INT./EXT. NAOMI'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER (DRIVING)

Alexandra runs her mouth from the backseat, quotes Naomi.

ALEXANDRA

"How's the fortune-telling business
going, Frank?" Isn't that what she
said? What did she mean by that?

FRANK

(to Naomi)

Please take me to jail. Lock me up
and throw away the key. I can't
listen to this anymore.

ALEXANDRA

I wouldn't have to talk so much if you opened your mouth once in a while! You have no respect for me whatsoever!

FRANK

I'm trying to save you!

ALEXANDRA

And who's going to save you, the star witness?!

FRANK

Why didn't you eat your salad?!

ALEXANDRA

You start treating me like a grown up and I will eat so much salad that I will start farting lettuce!

FRANK

Shut up!

NAOMI

Shut up! Both of you! We're in serious trouble.

The mob crew is back. The SUVs approach at high speed, zigzagging across lanes.

FRANK

Step on it!

Naomi slams on the gas, honks at other cars to clear the road. Frank fastens his seatbelt, turns to Alexandra.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Buckle up.

She complies. Naomi fails to shake off the SUVs. They flank her at either side, box her in.

INT./EXT. SUV #1 (DRIVING)

CHIEF MOBSTER

We need them alive!

Three SHOOTERS with shoulder-mounted cannons emerge from the doors of each SUV.

FIRE OFF explosives that clamp on the skin of Naomi's car.

The BLAST rips away the doors, windows, roof, hood, even Naomi herself into the flow of traffic.

Dismantles the car to its structural skeleton without crippling it.

INT./EXT. NAOMI'S CAR (DRIVING)

Frank switches to the driver seat.

FRANK

That's why we wear seatbelts.

Frank accelerates away from the mob. Out of reach.

Out of sight. Tortures the steering wheel.

Whizzing through tight traffic like a maniac.

It's jaw-dropping. Heart-pounding. Alexandra holds on to her life. Horrified. Frank stops at a red light. Waits impatiently.

Waves at PEDESTRIANS crossing the street and giving him funny looks due to the condition of his car - it appears as though it has been stolen right off the assembly line.

FRANK (CONT'D)

How's it going? Beautiful day.

In the mirror Alexandra can see the mob speeding towards them like hell on wheels.

ALEXANDRA

Frank. They're coming.

Frank is aware. Stares at the light. The engine roars.

More pedestrians pass by.

Frank tightens his grip on the wheel. Aggravated.

FRANK

Come on, come on.

The SUVs get closer by the second. Closer. Closer. The light turns green.

Frank is set to take off when the last two pedestrians, an elderly COUPLE, attempts to jaywalk across street.

ALEXANDRA

Frank, watch out!

He brakes, averts a near fatal accident. Alexandra gasps.

The elderly couple acts as if nothing has happened without even signalling an apology to Frank.

The couple starts walking.

Frank watches them trudge across.

His face glows with disbelief, as though saying:

"What the fuck?".

As soon the couple clears the crosswalk Frank cannonballs away. Tires screeching, smoking.

The SUVs emerge out of his blind spot, left and right.

They steer as close as possible to his lane and then open their doors to dispatch their SOLDIERS.

Frank and Alexandra realize they are about to be boarded.

The mob crew descends on them one man at a time.

Frank SHOTS them down in mid-jump. More mobsters spill out of the SUVs.

Frank is overwhelmed, can't spare enough bullets until the inevitable happens and the car is boarded.

FRANK
Take the wheel!

ALEXANDRA
What?!

FRANK
Take the wheel!

Frank climbs to the backseat and clobbers the crap out of the mob gang.

Knocks them into traffic. Alexandra is a nervous wreck.

Struggles not to lose control despite Frank wrestling bad guys behind her back.

She bullets the car safely past construction zones, opposing traffic, bicyclists, large class-D vehicles, sharp turns.

And then whooshes into a tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL

Frank smacks the last wiseguy off the car. The SUVs fall behind for a while. Frank cocks his gun to take out the drivers.

Suddenly a powerful force flips both SUVs over onto their side, raises them off the road and smashes them together in mid-air.

BOOM! The collision incinerates them into oblivion. Frank shields his face against the enormous heat and fiery blast.

And then, slicing through the ball of fire, comes the all too familiar tow truck and its loud humming.

Sitting safely behind the cockpit windshield and staring down at Frank is Roxy.

After exchanging glares of enmity Frank levels his gun at Roxy.

She unleashes the truck's mighty tentacles to knock him down. His gun lands on the passenger seat next to Alexandra.

Frank sits up. Eye to eye with the tentacles.

They spare him. Snake past his head to grab Alexandra who swiftly changes lanes to escape them.

Causes a wild scene on the road with the tentacles lunging at her from left and right.

She gains speed, outdistances Roxy, who struggles to keep the truck in a straight angle.

The truck's enormous size, weight and sloppy handling cause severe turbulence.

It scrapes the ceiling, drifts from one side of the wall to the other.

Crushes legions of cars under its belly.

Roxy decouples the back of the truck from its cab to boost speed, dumping hundreds of tons cargo onto the road.

Takes innocent lives in the process and engulfs the tunnel in fire.

With less weight to carry around Roxy soars ahead.

Thrusts the tentacles forward and finally gets hold of Alexandra and starts lifting her out of her seat.

Frank gets his gun back, shoots at Roxy.

She remains unharmed behind the bulletproof glass. Frank moves closer to the glass, shoots at it.

Unable to break it even at point blank range.

He scales the truck to the top. Cracks open a panel. Tears out the wires within. Disables two of the tentacles and frees Alexandra.

Frank stands on shaky feet, tries to keep his balance.

Dodges, dips, dives, ducks while the tentacles viciously whirl around and snap at him.

Roxy activates the auto-pilot. Retracts the tentacles. Pops open the windshield. Climbs out to capture Alexandra.

Frank runs to her rescue. Hops off the truck. Hunts Roxy down before she can lay a hand on Alexandra.

FRANK

Hey!

He cocks his gun. Roxy hears it and turns to face him.

Takes away his gun and pummels his face with it.

Strikes him down on his back and slams his head against the trunk. Frank grabs her throat.

Chokes her. Rises. Roxy kicks him in his crotch.

Releases herself from his hold. Frank is on his knees. Suffers through the pain.

As Roxy takes another swing at him Frank counters it and hits back. A fist fight ensues. Alexandra guns the car out of the tunnel...

EXT. STREET

... And onto a path towards a very large multi-story garage.

Frank communicates his intentions to Alexandra while brawling with Roxy.

FRANK

Stay on this road!

ALEXANDRA

And crash the car, are you insane?!

His face and lips tighten from the painful beating when he cries out his final instruction.

FRANK

Do it!

Alexandra aims for the garage. Roxy jumps off the car, saves herself.

INT. GARAGE

The garage ATTENDANT stares wide-eyed at the looming catastrophe.

Frank, Alexandra come screaming through the entrance. The unmanned truck following them, too large to fit through, crashes and detonates behind them upon impact.

Sending a tsunami of fire across the room. Alexandra stops the car. Frank throws himself into the backseat.

FRANK

Get down!

They keep their heads down as the flames wash over the car.

When the fire dies Frank and Alexandra exit the car and look around the room littered with smoking debris.

ALEXANDRA

Is she gone? What do we do now?

FRANK

We wait.

ALEXANDRA

For what?

Police SIRENS holler in the distance.

FRANK

Let's go say hi.

They exit the garage and present themselves to arriving law enforcement UNITS.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE PRECINCT - LATER

Frank sits at a table. A DETECTIVE enters, confronts him with incriminating PICTURES taken by security cameras at the swinger club, the road tunnel and the bank.

DETECTIVE

Possession of an illegal firearm, operating an unsafe vehicle by a minor without a valid license, reckless driving, running red lights, exceeding posted speed limits, destruction of public property resulting in multiple fatalities.

FRANK

I don't know why you're trying to pin this on me, I wasn't driving the car.

DETECTIVE

I would take this very seriously if I were you.

FRANK

Cheer up and look on the bright side. That girl is a hero. Most people in her situation would've totalled the car and caused a fatal accident. She didn't.

DETECTIVE

Yes, we're all very impressed.

FRANK

She had a good teacher.

DETECTIVE

We ran her name through the computer. Madigan is not her real name, is it? She had it legally changed. Why?

FRANK

I don't know. Why don't you ask her.

The detective points to Roxy in the picture.

DETECTIVE

Who's baldy and why were you two not getting along?

FRANK

That's between me and baldy, but let's talk about the real reason I'm here.

DETECTIVE

We know why you're here, we just went over that.

FRANK

I'm here because I need access to the traffic control centre.

DETECTIVE

Why?

FRANK

It's a matter of urgency. I need to get out of here. So please, detective, uncuff me and take me to the control centre.

DETECTIVE

The only place you'll be taken is in front of the judge on Monday. Until then you and your accomplice remain in custody.

The detective collects the pictures and Frank's arrest records and starts to leave.

FRANK

Alright, alright. I didn't wanna say anything, but my hands are tied, so... I've got powerful friends that half the people at this precinct owe favors to. If you don't release me now... Well, you know how it goes.

DETECTIVE

Are you threatening me?

FRANK

Not me, but someone else might.

DETECTIVE

Oh yeah? Who's that?

FRANK

Gino Morricone.

TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTRE - MOMENTS LATER

A giant wall made of surveillance monitors streaming live videos from all over the city.

Every street corner, every intersection, every living soul captured on high resolution cameras.

Frank and the detective watch a replay of Roxy battling Frank in the tunnel.

The image is frozen.

Roxy's face zoomed in.

Her face identified.

Fed into the system and it begins search-filtering current and past footages for her location.

Her face pops up on two different screens.

Two different images taken outside her hotel from separate vantage points.

One is angled down towards the side walk by the front door, the other is a wide shot cater-cornered from the hotel.

Frank reads the glaring NEON SIGN. And now he knows the name.

FRANK
(to detective)
I need a ride.

EXT. ROXY'S HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Frank parks right outside the entrance, faces Alexandra.

FRANK
Lock the doors. Anyone comes near
the car...

He takes a gun out of the glove compartment, hands it to her.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Shoot them.

He exits the car.

INT. HOTEL

Frank enters. The receptionist is on the phone, signals at him to wait. Frank grabs the phone out of his hands, hangs up.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

FRANK

I'm looking for a female resident who's been staying here for a while. Caucasian, skinny, about 5'8', head shaved.

RECEPTIONIST

Are you a cop?

FRANK

What floor is she on?

RECEPTIONIST

I need to see some ID.

FRANK

You wanna see my ID? Here's my ID.

Frank slams his gun on the desk with the barrel pointing at the clerk. The clerk shrinks away.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Floor and room number, now.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Frank locates the room, wiggles the door knob to see if it's open. It's not. He kicks the door open, weapon drawn.

HOTEL ROOM

He bolts in, searches the room at gun point.

BATHROOM

He pulls back the shower curtain. No trace of Roxy.

EXT. HOTEL

Alexandra watches Frank exit the hotel, run across the street, disappear into another hotel for a few moments. And then he returns to the car.

INT. HOTEL ROOM ACROSS THE STREET

Frank, Alexandra enter. Frank opens the blinds to get a good look at the street situation.

The window is situated directly across Roxy's hotel.

ALEXANDRA

For how long?

FRANK

Till she gets back.

ALEXANDRA

You're gonna kill her, aren't you?

FRANK

Try to get some sleep. By the time you wake up, it's all over.

ALEXANDRA

How can you stay so calm after today? I almost died on the road, got arrested. I'm just supposed to close my eyes while you're staking out a woman you're about to kill? My hands won't stop shaking. Thanks a lot, Gino.

She lies on the bed with her back to Frank. Her tense and troubled appearance draws Frank's compassion.

HOURS LATER

Frank sits staring out of the window with his gun, waiting for Roxy to step through the doors of her hotel. He glances over to Alexandra. She is asleep.

BATHROOM - LATER AT NIGHT

Frank sits on the edge of the tub, plays the recorded message of a woman on his phone.

A gentle, soothing VOICE that is nothing short of sad.

It tells us so much about her history and brief existence on Earth - something that has produced more disappointments than a human being can take.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

I'm recording this April 19th,
2075.

(MORE)

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

My doctor tells me it's only a
matter of time before my illness
sends me into cardiac arrest.
You'll be living with your aunt
Carolyn after I'm gone. I'm sorry
I can't be there for you, Franklin.

Frank chokes up, on the verge of tears.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

I've made many bad decisions in my
life, took a wrong turn after
another and the last thing I want
is that you end up like me.
Remember, Franklin. Life is all
about the choices we make. Every
bad decision can hurt you in the
long run. Make the right choice,
however, and you can change the
world.

Frank can't stop the tears anymore.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

With that being said, my dying wish
would be this. As you go out into
the world and pursue your dreams,
once in a while, I want you to look
up at the sky and say hi to your
mom. Good luck to you, son. Mommy
will miss you dearly. Good-bye.

The message ends. Frank wipes the tears from his eyes.

Jams more pills into his mouth. Then sits quietly with
nothing but his thoughts and the pill tube.

He clutches it so firmly as if his entire life depended on
it. Alexandra enters. Kneels before him, holds his hands.

ALEXANDRA

Remember what you said to me about
that time you overcame your fear of
driving? You said that I could
beat anything I put my mind to and
that you were gonna help me.

She tries to take away his pills. Frank refuses to let them
go.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

Let it go, Frank. Don't do this to
yourself.

(MORE)

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

All the drugs in the world couldn't help you fill the void in your life. You're stronger than this. The strongest man I know. Let go.

He surrenders the pills and she flushes them down the toilet. Holds his hands.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

Promise me you'll get help. We will get through this and then you're gonna clean yourself up. I will support you. We support each other. Can I count on your support?

Frank rubs his eyes, takes a deep breath and pulls himself together.

FRANK

Yeah.

He freezes. His face darkens. With a heightened sense of alert he studies the room as if detecting a threat.

ALEXANDRA

What is it, Frank? Frank.

FRANK

I've seen this before.

ALEXANDRA

What do you mean?

FRANK

You, me, this room, and...

He stares out into the next room shortly before the door is ramrodded open and FEDERAL AGENTS raid the room at gun point.

AGENTS

FBI! FBI! Freeze!

The agents move in fast. Yank them out of the bathroom, slam them face-first against the wall, search and cuff them. Alexandra is about to cry.

ALEXANDRA

Frank.

FRANK

(to agents)

You're making a big mistake!

AGENT
Save it for the judge.

FRANK
You can't do this, we have a deal!

AGENT
Shut up!

FRANK
I can prove it! It's on my phone!
Reach into my left pocket, grab my
phone, play the audio! The agent's
name was... was... uhm...

Frank is spun around to meet the eyes of--

NAOMI
Special agent Naomi Grimes. How's
business, Frank? Feeling fortunate
today? Who? Me? How do I feel?
I got blown out of a fast moving
vehicle, suffered a couple of
bruises here and there, other than
that I'm fine, thanks for asking.

FRANK
You didn't wear a seatbelt. What
kind of a cop are you? Look, I
know you're mad, but you and I have
a deal. I still have a day left to
find my client or I'm dead meat.
One day. That's all I'm asking.
Give me one day and I will be your
star witness. I will testify in
court. I will tell you everything
you need to know. One day.
Please.

NAOMI
What good is your testimony if
you're dead? Sorry, Frank, that's
a risk I'm not willing to take.
I'm changing the deal. You're
coming with us. Your ass is mine.

The agents walk out with their prisoners.

EXT. HOTEL

Frank, Alexandra are escorted out of the hotel and into the
FBI motorcade.

EXT. FREEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A heavily congested, six-lane freeway. Three lanes assigned to regular-size cars while the other three are packed with slow-moving semi-trucks as far as the eye can see.

INT./EXT. FBI CHEVY SUBURBAN

Naomi rides in the front. Frank, Alexandra sit across from each other in the back, wedged between SPECIAL AGENTS.

Naomi BARKS at the DRIVER after he pulls into the wrong lane behind the semi-trucks.

NAOMI

Wait. Stop! Stop!

Lane change is impossible now. The entire motorcade is surrounded by semis. Trapped.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Damn it. Nice work. We're stuck.

The electromagnetic SOUNDS unleashed by a fast-moving OBJECT turns heads among the agents. Built like a hoverboard the object floats inches above the road.

Whooshes from one semi to the next to inspect its cargo by scanning the underside of its shipping trailer.

Naomi and her squad have eyes on the road, but the object moves too fast to be seen.

One of the hoverboards scans every vehicle in the FBI motorcade.

It immediately detects a concealed carry on each federal agent on board and transmits a silent ALARM.

MEMBERS of the Miami PD swarm the motorcade and reach for their guns that remain holstered. For now.

Naomi rolls down the window as the OFFICER IN CHARGE approaches.

OFFICER IN CHARGE

We're conducting a safety inspection on all motor vehicles. We've discovered a large quantity of firearms aboard this vehicle and the rest of your party. I'm gonna have to ask you to step out of the car and surrender all weapons.

Naomi shows him her badge. The officer signals to his troopers to stand down and returns Naomi's badge.

OFFICER IN CHARGE (CONT'D)

Please accept my sincere apologies,
and enjoy the rest of your day.

Miami PD retreats. Frank hatches out an escape plan and relays it to Alexandra via eye contact.

He directs her gaze to the open sun roof large enough for both of them to fit through, leaving no doubt as to what his intentions are.

Alexandra doesn't like that one bit. She shakes her head, mouthing words and using facial expressions to communicate her unwillingness to cooperate.

Frank nods yes, remains adamant, determined to impose his will.

Their non-verbal altercation goes completely unnoticed.

The battle of wills escalates when Frank counts down five seconds one finger at a time.

Each finger brings Alexandra closer to a full-blown panic attack.

Frank is winning. It is going to happen despite her silent screaming begging him to stop.

5, 4, 3, 2, 1... Alexandra jumps out of her seat.

Frank gives her a boost. She slips through the roof, and just like that, SHE. IS. GONE.

Her captors leap into action, fail to capture her.

AGENT

Get her back!

The agents are forced to abandon the vehicle and pursue her on foot.

In their haste they leave the door open, so Frank just simply hops out of the car without resistance.

NAOMI

Shit. Frank!

OUT ON THE FREEWAY

Frank hits the ground running. Naomi chases him down the narrow foot space between the towering semis.

NAOMI

Frank!

She can't stop him. Brandishes her gun as a last resort.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Stop or I'll shoot!

He finally turns. Stone-faced. No fear. Not a worry in the world. Only a mutual understanding.

Naomi needs her star witness alive and they both know it.

She can't bring herself to pull the trigger. Frank sprints away.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Damn it.

She keeps chasing him.

ALEXANDRA

Is knocked off her feet while running from the law.

She falls, lands safely on another hoverboard.

Sensing human tissue on its surface the board goes blind.

Plunges into a frenzy and takes its stowaway for a ride.

Alexandra holds on by her fingertips. Keeps her head down and eyes closed. Too scared to watch herself rapidly swoosh underneath the semis one quick-stop at a time.

She is gone. Yet again.

The feds quit the chase, turn their attention to...

Frank. He comes running towards them.

AGENT

Don't move!

Frank meets a dead end. He has nowhere to go.

He is trapped in the middle between Naomi and her male colleagues.

Naomi gives the *go* signal and then she and her team move in to make the arrest.

The noose is tightening, the guns are approaching.

It's only a matter of seconds before Frank is recaptured.

Frank looks at Naomi, the same fearless, confident look he gave her before. He is up to something.

Naomi can see it in his eyes.

Frank lets himself fall backwards towards the ground and onto a hoverboard which comes darting along and carries him away in a flash.

ALEXANDRA

Opens her eyes when her hoverboard suddenly stops.

Floating in suspended motion beneath a semi trailer.

Alexandra hears a distant SHRIEKING, HUMMING.

It grows louder and closer with each second. She can see it now. It's Frank riding his hoverboard, closing in on her position.

Their boards collide. Alexandra flies off her back and into Frank's arms.

Lying side by side they continue floating towards freedom. A malfunction cripples the hoverboard to a halt.

ALEXANDRA

Well. We'll just have to get out
and push.

More and more hoverboards, transporting Naomi and her squad, are coming for them.

FRANK

You gotta be kidding me.

They collide with an agent. Frank's board is slammed from under him. Alexandra falls off the board.

Frank is flung next to the agent.

They exchange a series of blows as they hover away together.

Alexandra is left behind to fend off the next agent who is on his way, breezing up the road.

Alexandra kicks him off his board, rolls onto it and jets away.

FRANK

Zips along. Wrestles, fist fights the federal agent lying beside him.

Frank headbutts him away into the street and resumes his ride solo.

With the end of the freeway approaching Frank removes himself from the hoverboard. Clings to the belly of a semi trailer parked two rows behind a security checkpoint set up by the police.

Beyond the checkpoint lies a bridge stretching across the harbor. The sight of heavily-armed cops stationed at the checkpoint intimidates Alexandra.

ALEXANDRA

Unless you've got another ace up your sleeve I say we're pretty much screwed.

FRANK

I'm sure an opportunity will present itself.

The trailer overhead rumbles into motion. The semi starts towards the checkpoint.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And here we go. Move.

They dash off and head for the cockpit.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Get in!

INT./EXT. SEMI-TRUCK

Frank climbs aboard, scares the shit out of the DRIVER with his gun.

FRANK

Drive.

The fear-struck driver pulls past the checkpoint and powers onto the bridge. Alexandra heaves a sigh of relief and so does Frank.

NAOMI

Screams towards the checkpoint, determined not to let them slip away.

NAOMI
Raise the bridge! Raise the
bridge!

Mistaking Naomi for a threat the police brace for a deadly encounter.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
FBI! Raise the bridge!

Upon recognition Naomi is allowed past the checkpoint and the bridge starts to rise. The officers join Naomi in her pursuit.

INT./EXT. SEMI-TRUCK

The driver slams on the brakes as the bridge starts to go up in front of him.

FRANK
Alex, go!

She follows Frank out of the truck.

They scale the rising bridge on foot and flee.

Naomi frowns at the daring escape.

She makes a split-second decision to use one of the police patrol cars and gun it over the nearly vertical ramp.

An insane stunt that makes Frank want to stop and watch.

ACROSS THE RAMP

Naomi makes a hard landing, then loses control over the car. It spins towards the edge.

Naomi lunges out of her seat to save herself. The car flies down into the harbor while Naomi struggles with gravity dragging her to certain death.

She is slipping away, desperately tries to hold on to something.

She is over the edge, dropping out of sight.

Frank belly-flops on the pavement.
Slides across, holds out his cuffed hands.
Naomi grabs on to them. Saved.

FRANK

I got you.

Alexandra pulls Frank away from the edge, helps returning Naomi to the surface.

Frank steals Naomi's gun, ammo, as well as the key to uncuff both himself and Alexandra. He faces Naomi.

FRANK (CONT'D)

One day.

And then he runs off across the bridge with Alexandra.

INT. BUS - MOMENTS LATER (MOVING)

Frank looks out of the window as the world whizzes past. Alexandra can barely keep her eyes open.

She drops her head on Frank's shoulder and dozes off.

EXT. BUS STOP - MOMENTS LATER

They step off the bus and walk through Frank's neighborhood.

Multi-million-dollar mansions. Exotic front lawns. Spiked walls and vicious dogs.

ALEXANDRA

You didn't tell me where we were going.

FRANK

The safest place I know. No more hotels, stakeouts and suicidal ideas.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Frank opens the gate via finger scanner.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE

They enter. Alexandra tours the house, impressed by what she sees. Frank is at her side.

ALEXANDRA

You live here all by yourself?
It's a big house for one person.

She looks at a picture of Frank's MOTHER above the fireplace, a sweet-looking brunette, age 40.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

Do you still think about your mom?

FRANK

Every single day. I was ten when she passed.

ALEXANDRA

At least you know who your mom was.

FRANK

You're not the first person to grow up with a single parent. No one said life was fair.

ALEXANDRA

Wherever she is, I hope she rots in the sewer. That's what I call fair.

FRANK

So you can't remember anything?
Not even her name?

ALEXANDRA

She gave birth to me and then she left me, I don't care what her name is. What kind of person abandons their own child? You're the closest thing to a family I ever had and you didn't disappoint. Unlike some people.

(gazes around)

Listen, I appreciate you bringing me here, but how is this any safer than a hotel? Do you have a panic room where I can lock myself in?

FRANK

Something like that.

TEMPLE

They enter. Shai powers up in her usual attention-grabbing splendor.

SHAI

How may I serve you?

ALEXANDRA

What's this?

FRANK

Alex, I give you Shai, the woman who made my success possible.

ALEXANDRA

What does it do exactly?

FRANK

Do you ever wish you could go back in time and change past mistakes? Obviously, you can't change the past, but what if you could change the future, avoid those mistakes, so the thought of going back in time would never occur in the first place? Shai was built for that purpose, a highly advanced palm reader. Whatever life throws at you next, you can see the preview right here for a certain price.

ALEXANDRA

That's it? That's your day job? You're a fortune teller?

FRANK

No. Fortune telling is for crooks. I'm talking about real science.

ALEXANDRA

Yeah, right.

(reads his face)

Come on, tell me the truth. Frank, I'm fifteen, not five. Maybe your customers fall for that kind of scam, but not m--

FRANK

It's not a scam. It's real.

ALEXANDRA

How real?

FRANK

So real that people stake their mortgage on it and die for it.

ALEXANDRA

How come I didn't know anything about this? You could've told me years ago. You could've told me this morning, dropped me off at the house and gone on your way, it would've been so much easier. For god's sake, until today I didn't even know what your zip code was, why can't you be honest with me?

FRANK

Honesty is a luxury I can't afford. Disclosing this location has severe consequences, people could get hurt. My clients know all the rules, they know what happens, if they break them. Nobody cries over a couple of dead clients. With you it's a whole different story.

He looks at Shai, disappointed in the legacy of his creation.

FRANK (CONT'D)

When we became partners Gino and I had a deal. No harm would come to anyone we were trying to help. That's all I ever wanted, to stop bad things from happening to good people. I was a green-behind-the-ears college dropout who had no idea he was getting himself on the wrong side of the law. After ten years and millions of dollars, what's been accomplished? We've made a positive impact on the lives of people who least deserve it.

ALEXANDRA

But you're not one of them, Frank. Your mom didn't raise you like that. Is she the reason why you're doing this? You lost someone you deeply cared about and that's when you decided to build some sort of advance warning system to help your customer's cheat death? To stop bad things from happening before they actually happen?

FRANK

Every time I walk into this room I'm reminded of her. Twenty years ago if I had been in the position that I'm in today, I could've saved her. She died to become an inspiration. And look what she's inspired.

Alexandra comes closer to have her palms read. Frank holds out his hand to block her attempt.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Alex. What are you doing?

ALEXANDRA

I wanna go for it. I wanna give it a shot.

FRANK

I don't think so.

ALEXANDRA

Why?

FRANK

What do you mean, "why?"

ALEXANDRA

You let criminals use it, but not your best friend?

FRANK

Those are clients.

ALEXANDRA

I'm the daughter of a client.

FRANK

That's not the same.

ALEXANDRA

What if the both of us were meant to die tonight, but thanks to you we will never know?

FRANK

Nothing will happen to you as long as you stay in this room! You're not even supposed to be here, Alex. I blew a big secret to keep you safe! Gino would freaking kill me if he walked in on us right now, do you understand that?!

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Gino freaking owns me! You got your entire life to look forward to, but if I don't hand over that client very soon, I can kiss all of this good-bye, so do both of us a favor and don't be such a pain in the ass and follow the rules, I don't need you to be another nail in my coffin!

The situation calms. Alexandra timidly submits to his authority.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Truth is, I had a palm reading today. I know what goes down tonight and where.

ALEXANDRA

What did you see?

FRANK

Don't ask. Just don't. The point is, you got nothing to worry about as long as you stay in this room. No matter what happens, you stay here. And you do not, ever, step over the line.

ALEXANDRA

Line?

He walks her behind a dotted line that divides them from Shai who then powers off.

FRANK

I'll see you in a few hours.

Frank exits the room.

GARAGE

Frank is on the phone as he enters, remotely starts his car.

FRANK

It's me. Frank. I'm changing the deal. Tell Gino to contact all thirty-nine families and tell them I had nothing to do with the massacre. Get them off my back, clear my name. I get my life back, he gets the client. I know where she will be tonight.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

If he wants to make the deal, let's
have some face time and do it.

He hangs up and drives out of the garage.

EXT. MIAMI NIGHTLIFE SCENE - NIGHT

Frank drives along a crowded street. His face bathed in the NEON LIGHTS of bars, night clubs, strip joints, and gambling houses lining the sidewalks.

A modern day Sodom and Gomorrah where PARTYGOERS, FREAKS and ADDICTS converge to satisfy their basic instincts.

INT. PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENT LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Two GUARDS, who are in fact Gino's thugs, stand posted at the door.

Frank approaches and they escort him into the room.

Then they release him to the big boss.

Gino sits alone in a wheelchair by the railing. His arms and legs encased to heal the gunshot wounds.

He watches a series of moving IMAGES playing on the streams of an artificial waterfall.

He is wired to a computer that controls the waterfall. As he turns his attention to Frank, the images on the waterfall freeze.

GINO

You're alive.

FRANK

And you're not the man you once
were. Did you do what I asked?

GINO

Where's the client?

FRANK

I asked you first. Did you tell
them I'm innocent?

GINO

You're in no position to make
demands, darling.

FRANK
Did you clear my name?

GINO
Client first. Now excuse me, I'd
like to watch this.

Gino gazes at the waterfall and the images start to move again.

FRANK
What are you watching?

GINO
A message. She left it in my
office after the attack. Something
she wants me to see. Something
personal.

FRANK
What are you talking about?

GINO
Her memories.

ON THE WATERFALL:

Rosy IMAGES of a joyous couple.

--Gino and Roxy, both ten years younger, in the prime of their lives, basking in each other's love.

--They kiss. They dance. Take romantic walks on the beach.

--Tear each other's clothes off, followed by a night of passion.

--Gino and Roxy, dressed in wedding outfits, stand on the steps of a church, cheered on by a CROWD.

--Roxy shows off her baby bump and takes selfies with her loving husband Gino.

--Roxy celebrates BABY ALEXANDRA'S first birthday.

--Alexandra, now five years old, watches the disintegration of her parent's marriage. The fighting. The screaming. The anger. The rage. Gino storms out of the house.

--Roxy arrives at the airport with five-year-old Alexandra. The POLICE ambush her and take her away in handcuffs.

--Roxy is committed to an insane asylum.

--Roxy is attacked by a mental PATIENT who slices off her breasts with a concealed knife, then chops off her hair. Only the intervention of the GUARDS saves her from bleeding to death.

The montage stops and so does the waterfall. The computer ejects the memory chip.

GINO (CONT'D)
Will you do me the honor?

Frank takes the chip.

GINO (CONT'D)
Destroy it. Please.

Frank breaks the chip under his foot.

GINO (CONT'D)
So. Where's the client?

FRANK
She belongs in a jail cell, not the morgue.

GINO
You just give her to me. I will deal with her in my fashion, which is what I should've done ten years ago.

FRANK
What you should've done was dissolve the relationship, settle this like adults instead of getting her knifed at the nuthouse. You were meant to see this, she knows you ordered the hit.

GINO
She knew too much. She knew about us. About Shai. She discussed it with a third party.

FRANK
And she got institutionalized for it, what more do you want?

GINO
What I asked for. It's you or the client. The ball's in your court.

FRANK

Listen to yourself. "The client."
She wants her daughter back.

GINO

No time to lose, darling. Where is
she?

FRANK

She's close.

GINO

How close?

A PROSTITUTE with a wig, Roxy in disguise, pretends to be drunk and stumbles into the room behind Gino's guards.

The guards, unaware of the threat, make a half-assed attempt to eject the intruder from the room.

Roxy drops the act, quickly punches a bullet in their heads.

She rips off the wig, squares off with Frank in an armed standoff.

FRANK

Here she is.

GINO

You knew she would be here tonight
and didn't tell me.

FRANK

Yes.

ROXY

(to Frank)

This is between me and him.
Whatever he promised you, he can't
protect you from the entire mob.
You're a dead man, anyway.

GINO

(to Roxy)

No, darling. You are.
Congratulations, Frank. You've
delivered the client. You will be
pleased to know that you're getting
your life back. I've personally
informed my clients that you had
nothing to do with the savage
attack on the school. You're no
longer on the hit list.

(MORE)

GINO (CONT'D)

The bounty has been rescinded. Now do both of us a favor and finish this.

Frank prolongs the standoff for a few moments and then lowers his gun.

GINO (CONT'D)

Frank. What are you doing? Shoot her.

FRANK

There's been enough shooting today.

GINO

What are you saying?

FRANK

I'm saying I quit. I don't wanna do this anymore.

GINO

I gave you your life back.

FRANK

It wasn't yours to begin with.

Frank walks away.

GINO

Frank! Frank!

Frank leaves the room. Roxy tucks away her gun, approaches defenseless Gino. Gino is an island of stability while Roxy succumbs to her emotions.

ROXY

You took away my own flesh and blood and ten years of my life.

She covers his mouth shut with one hand while using the other to tear open his shirt to expose his torso. Then pulls a knife.

ROXY (CONT'D)

You wanna know what the future looks like? Let me give you a picture.

She drives the knife hard into his chest.

Gino screams in agony, shakes and rattles in his seat, but no one can hear him.

Roxy keeps his mouth tightly sealed.

She twists the blade.

Carves a nasty incision criss-cross his chestline, takes a chunk out of it. Inflicts on him the same injury that she suffered in the nuthouse.

Gino spends the last moments of his life looking into the eyes of his killer.

Then he dies. Soaked in his own blood. The wolf of the underworld howls no more.

Roxy drops the knife, exits the room.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER (MOVING)

Frank drives along when suddenly his car makes ominous, mechanical noises and breaks down.

He pulls over, opens the hood to discover that several wires have been cut. Then his phone RINGS. The caller ID shows Gino's name. Frank answers.

ROXY (V.O.)

(from phone)

Getting off to a slow start? I'm clearing the road, Frank. Get on board or end up just like Gino.

FRANK

I gave him to you and I spared your life, remember that. It could've gone differently.

INT./EXT. ROXY'S CAR (MOVING)

The phone is in the passenger seat with the speaker on.

ROXY

You wanna know what I remember? A single mom losing custody of her child because her crooked husband told the judge that she was insane, unfit to be a mother.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ROXY AND FRANK

FRANK

My diagnosis as well.

ROXY

I was desperate, so I played my last card. I disclosed Gino's secret business to the court. The judge didn't buy it, told me to see a shrink. Gino's attorney worked very hard to have me committed.

FRANK

Just how the hell did you find out about Shai?

ROXY

Gino. He trusted me. No lies. No secrets. Gino could never follow his own rules. And then paradise fell apart. I took my daughter and made a run for it. Gino got wind of it and sent the cops after me. I got arrested and charged with kidnapping.

FRANK

Don't forget about robbery. 2.7 million dollars.

ROXY

The money that I gave you was mine. Your boss opened a safety deposit box for me years ago. Emergency cash that only I had access to. All these years the money had been sitting there, but no one ever touched it. Now it's gone. Gino's gone. The only thing standing between me and my daughter is you. Give her to me and maybe I'll let you live.

FRANK

Then you better kill me because I don't make deals with mass murderers.

ROXY

Carmen was acting on her own, I had no intention of hurting those children.

FRANK

You could've stopped it.

ROXY

You're the psychic, you should've warned me. I paid over two million dollars for the most expensive palm reading in history. The only problem is the palm reader does not tell you everything you wanna know. Except for tonight. You know how this is gonna go down. Give me my daughter or your friend dies.

FRANK

My friend is safe.

ROXY

I know she's at your house, Frank. I don't have to be a psychic to see the obvious. A secret underground chamber with cutting edge security, bulletproof doors. Sounds to me like the perfect place to hide someone.

FRANK

Last thing you wanna do is take a hostage because I won't be the one paying the price for it.

ROXY

Life is cheap. What's she worth to you?

FRANK

Listen to me. Don't go to the house, let's talk this out. Don't do anything you're gonna regret.

ROXY

I guess we'll find out. Too bad you can't make it.

FRANK

Wait! There's something you don't know!

Roxy hangs up. Frank puts himself in the path of an approaching vehicle. Removes the DRIVER at gunpoint.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Get out of the car!

The driver groans in pain when he is thrown on the pavement. He pumps his fist in anger as Frank shoots off in his car.

DRIVER
Asshole!

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - TEMPLE

Alexandra sits quietly in the corner.

She glances across the room, beyond the dotted lines, where she is forbidden to go.

Clearly Shai is on her mind. A couple of glances later she walks to the dotted line. Freezes. Tempted to cross over. Lifts a foot.

Dangles it over the line.

Puts her foot down behind the line. Freezes.

Stares at the line.

A few moments go by.

And then she steps over the line. Shai is triggered.

The room LIGHTS UP in her presence.

SHAI
How may I serve you?

Alexandra places down her palms to start the reading.

The prophecy shows a CAR speeding towards Frank's house, smashing through the gate.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Roxy steers her car onto a collision course with the house, knocks down the gate.

BACK INSIDE THE TEMPLE

Alexandra is closely following the prophecy.

She watches her future self walk out of the house, get captured by Roxy and stuffed in the trunk.

Then the prophecy FLASHES forward to a dark room with glass walls. The night sky is clearly visible through the glass.

Alexandra moves closer to get a better look at the two PEOPLE in the vision:

Her future self. Kneeling.

Gun to the head.

The gunman: Roxy.

A thought-provoking image that prompts Alexandra to leave the safety of the temple to see what is going on outside the house, never seeing the prophecy in its entirety ending with:

HER OWN EXECUTION.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE

Alexandra opens the front door and guess who is waiting in the driveway? Roxy.

LATER

Frank returns home to find the security gate off its hinges and the front door open. He storms into the house wielding his gun.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - TEMPLE

Frank enters. Shai, now rising, shines LIGHT on the empty room. No Alexandra.

SHAI

How may I serve you?

Frank gets a phone call. He answers.

ROXY (V.O.)

(from phone)

Destiny is calling.

FRANK

Drop the bull. Where is sh--

ROXY (V.O.)

(from phone)

Don't talk, just listen. If I hear another word, she's dead. Get back in the car, start driving, get me my daughter. We'll make a trade. Call me when you're ready, I'll let you know where to find me.

She hangs up.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - NIGHT

Frank cruises into the heart of the financial district.
Trees and highrise buildings line either side of the road.

INT. HIGHRISE - OFFICE SPACE

Dark. Empty. Large square footage.

Glass walls. Pillars.

Frank sneaks in. Gun in hand.

Against the MOONLIT glass wall across the room is Roxy's dark silhouette. Frank sees it. SHOOTs at it. BANG! Misses.

The glass breaks.

Frank takes cover behind a pillar.

ROXY

Lose the gun, Frank, or I promise
it won't be the only thing you'll
be losing tonight.

FRANK

Where's Alex?

ALEXANDRA

Frank.

He looks in the direction of her voice. What used to be one silhouette is now two. Frank steps forward from behind the pillar.

Closer. Closer. Yes, it's Alexandra. On her knees.
Weeping under the gun. Roxy has taken her hostage. As prophesied.

ROXY

Put the gun down, Frank.

He complies.

ROXY (CONT'D)

Kick it away.

He complies.

ROXY (CONT'D)

Now go down on your knees and put
your hands on top of your head
where I can see them.

He complies.

ROXY (CONT'D)

Where's my daughter, Frank? You were supposed to bring my daughter. Where is she?

FRANK

You want your daughter, you gotta do something for me first. Let Alex go. You don't need a hostage. You have me.

Roxy cocks her gun, pushes it harder to Alexandra's head.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Wait, wait, wait! Listen to me--

ROXY

You know I'm not bluffing. Poor, poor Javier. You got five seconds to tell me where my daughter is.

FRANK

I can tell you what you wanna know, but not while she's listening. She can't be in the room with us, for personal reasons, do you understand?

ROXY

Starting now.

FRANK

Please. She's just a teenager.

ROXY

Five.

FRANK

Alex. Look at me. Look at me.

Alexandra lifts her teary eyes to see him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

There's something you should know about your mom.

ROXY

Four.

FRANK

She didn't leave you. She loved you more than anything else in the world.

ROXY

Three.

FRANK

If you wanna blame someone, blame your dad for splitting the both of you apart.

(to Roxy)

Are you listening to what I'm saying?!

ROXY

Two.

FRANK

Give her a chance, goddammit!

Bang! Roxy executes the hostage. A shock wave rips across Frank's face.

He cringes in pain from the devastating loss.

Grits his teeth. Eyes squeezed shut and dripping with tears.

Alexandra falls face-first on the floor.

A blood pool forms underneath her shattered skull. Frank lifts her into his arms and rests his eyes on her blood-soaked face. Rubs it clean.

ROXY

You knew I wasn't bluffing. This is on you. You don't have to die, Frank. For the last time, where's my daughter?

She turns her weapon to his temple.

FRANK

You just shot your daughter. Alexandra Morricone. She forced Gino to legally change her name to Madigan because she didn't wanna be associated with his line of work. Then she broke off all contact with him, never talked to him again. I promised Gino I would take care of his daughter, protect her. I was the only family she had.

Roxy lowers her gun, looks sad. She walks to the broken glass wall, takes a few moments to herself.

Then she steps off the edge and falls twenty-five floors. To her death.

EXT. HIGHRISE - MOMENTS LATER

Frank carries Alexandra out of the building and places her in the backseat of his car.

A few feet away a small gathering of PEDESTRIANS hovers over Roxy's cadaver lying on the sidewalk. Frank leaves the scene.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - LATER

Frank parks the car, exits.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - TEMPLE

Frank enters, unleashes Shai.

SHAI
How may I serve you?

Frank is mad. Worn out. An emotional wreck. He opens FIRE on both pedestals.

SPARKS and FLAMES ignite. The pedestals crumble to pieces.

Shai shuts down. Forever.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE

Frank walks out. His driveway is choked with Miami PD patrol cars.

Guns cocked and leveled at his head. An OFFICER approaches him, cuffs him.

OFFICER
Frank Hollister. You're under arrest. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford--

NAOMI
I'll take it from here.

Naomi emerges from the crowd of law enforcement. Takes possession of Frank, boards a patrol car with him.

INT./EXT. PATROL CAR

Frank and Naomi sit in the backseat.

NAOMI
We found the girl's body. In your car.

FRANK
I didn't do it.

NAOMI
I know you didn't. You didn't kill Gino either. That's not who you are. I'm sorry about your friend. We still need you to testify. With your help we can bring Gino's clients and business associates behind bars. We'll give you full protection. New identity. New life.

FRANK
Let's get this over with.

NAOMI
(uncuffs him)
Don't worry. We'll take good care of you. After all you saved a federal agent's life.

She smiles at him. Frank has officially made peace with the law and vice versa.

Naomi reaches out of the car window to tap the roof.

The driver pulls out of the gate, hits the road.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - DAY

SUPER: Culebra, Puerto Rico, six months later

Wearing shorts and a tank top Frank takes a stroll through the streets of the Island town of Culebra.

It's exotic. Humble. Quaint.

With colorful architecture. Old cars. Sunny skies.

Frank sticks out like a sore thumb as the only white male making his way through a sea of brown-faced locals.

HOOKERS line the doorsteps of the nearby brothel.

Frank comes along and they try to lure him inside, tempt him, wow him by flaunting what god has given them.

Frank resists. Walks away.

EXT. FLAMENCO BEACH - CULEBRA

Heaven on earth: Long stretches of white sand. Crystal-clear water. Perfect blue sky.

Palm trees dance in the breeze. Frank stands on the beach, waits for the tide to come in and wash over his feet. He looks skyward.

FRANK

Hi, mom.

He gazes out over the deep blue sea.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Wish you were here.

He tucks his hands into his pockets and takes a long walk.

FADE OUT.