

LADY'S PURSE

written by

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action, thriller, comedy
black and white movie

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"Curiouser and curiouser..."
Alice in Wonderland.

THE PICTURE ON THE SCREEN:

The white screen displays an illustration of a lady's purse with a revolver next to it. The upbeat music plays off-screen. Titles. The movie title appears: "LADY'S PURSE."

EXT. HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS. POOL - DAY

It's the late 1940s. A bright sunny day. The upbeat music keeps on playing. We see the backyard of a fancy house in Beverly Hills. A slim lady in a bikini lounges on a sunbed, wearing a wide-brimmed hat that hides her face. The lady is reading a book, with a huge pool behind her. The frame darkens...

INT. AMY AND FRANK'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Now we're in a humble but neat apartment in NYC. AMY, 27, a beautiful brunette, and FRANK, 40, a handsome brunet, sit on the couch, each holding a newspaper.

FRANK

(reads)

"A famous philanthropist and philanderer, Mario Lee Jones, was found dead in his house, in a bathtub. According to the police report, his death resulted from accidental drowning." Can you imagine that? He drowned in his own bathtub.

AMY

Mover required... driver required... mechanic required... but I can't repair, nor drive, and I'm not good at moving things either.

FRANK

Don't worry, honey, we'll find something for sure.

AMY

I'm just not good for anything.

FRANK

Oh, please? Here, look - notary required. Paperwork, that's what we need.

AMY

Frank, I'm a lawyer, not a notary. That's an entirely different job with different types of documents.

FRANK

Don't tell me. All paperwork is the same. I work in a company, and I know what I'm talking about.

Amy smiles.

FRANK

How about becoming a real estate agent?

AMY

Again?

FRANK

Well, yeah.

AMY

I've been a real estate agent before, and I got fired, as you remember. You need to be able to sell, promote, and engage people, and I can't do all of those things. They told me, 'Mrs. Lipshitz, you're not fit for this job. You lack character.'

FRANK

No way?! Did they really say that?

AMY

Yes. Probably, they're right.

FRANK

Nonsense! They have no idea who you really are. Do you remember our honeymoon in Mexico? You bought me a sombrero for fifteen pesos, even though the seller amigo wanted twenty from you? Gee, you haggled with that poor guy until he gave up. That was the moment when I realized that I chose the right woman.

AMY
(laughs)
Thank you for your choice!

FRANK
You're welcome. And don't stop believing in yourself, Amy. Don't listen to what people say.

Amy smiles humbly and looks at the newspaper:

AMY
Somebody needs a nanny for a three-year-old baby... Frank, when will we have a baby?

FRANK
Honey, we will. I promise. It's not a good time now. I'll get a promotion, then we'll move to a new apartment, and then we'll start taking care of it.

AMY
What's wrong with this apartment?

FRANK
It's pretty good, but two rooms are much better than one, isn't it? Personally, I'm not going to save money over my girl.

Amy smiles and leans her head on Frank's shoulder.

AMY
Your girl can't find a job for three months so far.

FRANK
Maybe it's not that bad?

AMY
(annoyed)
Frank, you're going again...

FRANK
Just think about it. Why should you work if I can support us both? I've told you a thousand times that the best job in the world is a housewife.

AMY

And I've told you a thousand times
I want to make my own money,
without relying on my beloved
husband's support. How can't you
understand that, dummy?

FRANK

Well, make an ad - 'One fantastic
lawyer will solve all your
problems. Phone number.'

AMY

I'm not a 'fantastic' lawyer. I'm
just a lawyer, first. And second -
I'm scared.

FRANK

Scared? Of what?

AMY

I don't know, what if I make things
worse and just waste people's time.

FRANK

I can't understand you. Do you want
to be a lawyer or not?

AMY

Frank, it's complicated. I want
to... and I'm scared.

FRANK

Oh, girl, you should definitely
believe in yourself. You'll never
know until you try.

AMY

I know.

FRANK

You can't hide from difficulties
all the time. Just do it.

AMY

Advice from a fantastic broker.

FRANK

Exactly. Well, there's another
offer, look...

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

(reads)

"The farm needs a pig farmer.
Decent salary"... hmm, I've never
heard of New York City farms. What
do you think about that? Do you
want to raise pigs?

AMY

I think a city girl won't be great
at it.

FRANK

Who's talking? You already have one
pig, and you manage it pretty well.
(oinks)

AMY

(laughs)
You fool!

Frank kisses Amy on her lips.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

The golf ball rests on the grass as the club strikes it,
making the ball disappear...

Frank, dressed in a white jersey and trousers, watches the
ball's flight. TOM, 65, stands next to him.

TOM

Nice shot, Frank.

FRANK

Yep, much better this time.

TOM

I wish I had your luck or your
lucky club.

Tom places the ball on the grass and aligns it with his club.
Frank looks at him and smiles.

FRANK

It's all about the killer instinct,
Tom. The club is just a tool.

EXT. NEAR THE GOLF COURSE - DAY

Amy, dressed in a light white dress, sits at a table under
the awning.

SARAH, 25, a sultry brunette, sits across from her, smoking a cigarette.

SARAH

So, how's your family life going?
Haven't you been disappointed yet?

AMY

I have nothing to complain about.
Frank is the best thing that ever
happened in my life.

SARAH

Even better than a Harvard degree?

AMY

A thousand times. I have no idea
how I earned such a gift. I love
him more and more every day.
(looks aside)

ASIDE - Frank and Tom are talking to each other.

SARAH

I guess it's hard to match a man
like Frank.

AMY

It is, sometimes.

SARAH

You really love him; I can see it
in your eyes. But if I were in your
shoes, I wouldn't let him get too
far from me.

AMY

I will never believe that Sarah
could be jealous of men.

SARAH

You're always boasting about your
Frank, so I envy you.

AMY

(smiles)
Ah, please.

SARAH

When will I find my Frank? Or maybe
I should steal yours?

AMY
 (laughs)
 Try it!

SARAH
 Relax. I've had enough of my
 marriage. I'd better be single. No
 drama and comedy.

AMY
 Why are you talking like that?
 You'll find your man.

SARAH
 No, all men are the same. They can
 talk beautifully about devotion and
 love until death, but actually,
 they only want your body. In my
 case, it was about money too. But
 when they get bored, they find
 another pair of graceful legs, and
 no marriage will ever hold them
 with you. So the next day, you're
 sitting alone at home with a broken
 heart, ego, and a noisy kid.

AMY
 It's not my Frank.

SARAH
 Just be tougher on him. Don't spoil
 him too much.

AMY
 I don't.

SARAH
 Well, well.

Sarah smiles as she puffs on her cigarette.

AMY
 You're mean.

Amy looks at Frank...

ASIDE - Frank notices Amy's gaze and winks at her.

INT. AMY AND FRANK'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Frank carries Amy in his arms, waltzing with her. He sings
 softly. Amy holds her head:

AMY
 (laughs)
 Be careful!

Frank brings Amy to the door and sets her on her feet.

FRANK
 Home, sweet home.

Frank puts his hand in his pocket, searching for the keys.
 Amy leans against the wall. A beat.

AMY
 Sarah likes you.

FRANK
 Oh God, am I in serious trouble?

AMY
 (laughs)
 Oh, come on! It's actually a
 compliment. Sarah is a beautiful
 woman with education. She doesn't
 fall for just anyone.

FRANK
 You are a beautiful woman with
 education too.

Frank finally finds the right key and inserts it into the
 lock.

AMY
 Yes, but tell me, if Sarah showed
 attraction to you, how would you
 react? Honestly.

FRANK
 I would leave the state.

AMY
 You're impossible. But seriously...

FRANK
 Seriously? You are my wife, and I'm
 your husband! I have no idea why
 you've started this conversation.

AMY
 I'm sorry, I won't do this anymore.
 (leans on Frank)

FRANK
 Now that's my girl!

AMY

I love you.

FRANK

I love you too. Would you mind if we go inside already? It's getting cold out here.

Amy laughs. Frank opens the door.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

A panoramic view of New York City in the morning.

EXT. AMY AND FRANK'S APARTMENT. OPEN WINDOW - MORNING

It's a sunny and warm morning. Frank stands at the open window, drinking coffee and enjoying life. Two lady's arms wrap around him - it's Amy.

FRANK

Good morning, honey.

AMY

Good morning, honey.

They kiss.

AMY

Want some breakfast?

FRANK

No, I'll wait for lunch.
(yells down to the street)
Good morning, Mrs. Larkin! Have a nice day!

OUTDOORS - on the street - a chubby woman, MRS. LARKIN, stands at the bakery door:

MRS. LARKIN

(yells back)
Good morning, Mr. Lipshitz! Have a nice day too!

AT THE WINDOW - Amy hugs Frank from behind.

FRANK

Gee, what buns this woman bakes.

AMY

Stop it, Frank. I'm jealous of you.

Amy turns Frank to face her.

FRANK
Amy, you are my number one woman.

AMY
It's so sweet to hear that.

She kisses him on the lips.

FRANK
Alright, I gotta go.

AMY
I won't let you go.
(hugs Frank)

FRANK
Amy, I'm late. See you tonight.

Frank breaks out of Amy's embrace.

FRANK
I love you.

AMY
I love you too, honey.

Frank leaves.

AT THE WINDOW - Amy watches him.

OUTDOORS - Frank walks to his car, turns around to Amy, and tips his hat slightly.

AT THE WINDOW - Amy waves to him.

OUTDOORS - Frank adjusts his hat and gets into his car.

AT THE WINDOW - Amy stretches sweetly in the morning sun's rays.

IN THE LIVING ROOM - Amy walks to the table with a stack of newspapers, sits down, and picks one up.

INT. AMY AND FRANK'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room is dimly lit. Amy sleeps on the couch. Suddenly, the door slams shut. She awakens.

AMY
Frank?

A moment of silence, then Amy rises from the couch.

Frank enters, removing his coat at the door. He appears exhausted.

FRANK
Couldn't sleep?

AMY
I was waiting for you. You're really late tonight.

FRANK
Yeah, had a lot of work.

He hangs his coat on a hanger

AMY
I made some dinner. I'll warm it up.

FRANK
No thanks, I'm not hungry. I had a snack recently. You better go to bed; I'll be there soon.

Frank takes off his hat and heads to the bathroom.

AMY
Alright.

While Frank is in the bathroom, Amy notices something on the floor...

A tiny note lies under Frank's coat near the hanger.

Amy picks up the note and unfolds it...

IN THE BATHROOM - Frank washes his face.

We see Amy's hands holding a note with sophisticated handwriting, which reads: "Tomorrow at 9:30 am. Same place. Don't be late, honey."

Amy furrows her brow...

IN THE BATHROOM - Frank gazes at himself in the mirror.

FRANK
Guess what, my boss wants to give me a raise. I'm curious why ol Frank deserves that...

Amy places the note back in the same spot.

Frank exits the bathroom, drying his hands with a towel.

FRANK (CONT.)
I've never even played golf with
him.

AMY
He seems to like you.

FRANK
Yeah, sure. Like a wolf likes a
sheep.

He leans in to kiss Amy, but she dodges it.

AMY
I'll make you some tea.

FRANK
Love it.

INT. AMY AND FRANK'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Amy flips through the newspaper. Frank, dressed in a coat and hat and holding a black briefcase, enters.

FRANK
See you, honey.

AMY
Goodbye, and don't be late.

FRANK
I'll do my best.

He leaves.

Amy glances at the clock...

The wall clock reads 9:15 am.

Amy ponders for a moment, then sets the newspaper down.

She walks over to the big window...

AMY'S POV - Frank gets into his car and starts the engine.
The car departs.

EXT. STREET / IN TAXI - MORNING

Amy rushes to the street and waves her hand. A taxi stops next to her.

IN THE TAXI - Amy gets into the car.

TAXI DRIVER #1
Where to?

AMY
Follow that car, please.
(points with her finger)

TAXI DRIVER #1
Hm, a chase?

EXT. ROADWAY / IN TAXI / AT THE HOTEL - MORNING

Frank's car moves along the roadway.

IN THE TAXI - Amy watches the car from behind the taxi driver's shoulder.

Frank's car passes the crossroads and turns to the left.

IN THE TAXI - Amy looks intense.

AMY
Yes, follow him.

TAXI DRIVER #1
I got it. I do.

Frank's car stops at the Ritz hotel.

IN THE TAXI - Amy shouts:

AMY
Stop!

The taxi comes to a halt. Amy hands money to the taxi driver.

TAXI DRIVER #1
(taking the money)
You're strange.

AT THE HOTEL - Frank exits the car and stands on the sidewalk next to the hotel gates.

Amy hides behind the corner of the building, watching him.

Frank is waiting for someone. Suddenly, a young woman approaches him! He greets her with a wide smile, gently hugs her, as if they're old friends, then kisses her on the lips! They both enter the hotel.

Amy can't believe her eyes. (Yes, Frank is cheating on her.)

INT. AMY AND FRANK'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Amy and Frank are having dinner.

FRANK

So, how was your day?

AMY

Same as always. I was reading ads.

FRANK

And? Did you find anything interesting?

AMY

I don't know. I still have hope of finding a job that suits me.

FRANK

That's good. Never lose hope.

A beat.

AMY

Frank, I'd like to talk to you. Seriously.

FRANK

Yes?

AMY

Do you... do you...

Frank looks at her with a sweet smile.

AMY

Do you mind buying me more newspapers? I've already checked them all.

FRANK

Of course, darling. No problem.

Amy looks down as Frank takes a sip of his coffee.

INT. AMY AND FRANK'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amy and Frank are in bed.

FRANK

Good night. Love you.

AMY

Me too.

Frank falls asleep with a smile on his face.

Then, Amy's face shows tears glistening in her big eyes.

INT. AMY AND FRANK'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amy reads a newspaper at the table, tears filling her eyes.

We see the unfolded newspaper with tear drops falling on it. The doorbell rings.

Amy sniffs and rises from the table...

She opens the door and finds...

A tall gentleman in a black suit - SPARKS, in his late 50s, with a beautiful, stern face.

SPARKS

Are you Amy Lipshitz?

AMY

Yes.

SPARKS

I need to talk with you. Can I come in?

AMY

Who are you?

SPARKS

I have a serious matter to discuss. May I continue inside your apartment, please?

Amy steps aside. Sparks enters and surveys the room. Amy gazes at him shyly. A long pause. Then, Sparks locks eyes with Amy:

SPARKS

My name is Robert Sparks. I'm the husband of your husband's mistress.

AMY

What?

SPARKS

My wife, Susan, is having an affair with your husband, Frank. Here's the proof...

He takes out an envelope and hands it to Amy.

We see Amy's hands retrieving several photos from the envelope. In the photos, Frank is seen with the young woman Amy saw at the hotel yesterday. The couple is spotted in various places.

SPARKS

I apologize for being so intrusive. Under different circumstances, it would be impertinent to interfere in your family life this way. But as you can see, we're both in the same boat.

Amy drops the photos, her legs giving way.

SPARKS

Are you alright? Please, have a seat.

Amy sits in a chair and rubs her forehead. Sparks takes a seat opposite her.

SPARKS

Amy... may I call you Amy? So, Amy, I'm not here to fight with you. I have a proposition for you. I believe you can assist me. You see, I'm a businessman, and my company is quite substantial, with substantial assets. I would prefer not to lose it all. In the divorce settlement, Susan will likely receive a significant portion of my wealth. However, due to her infidelity, I believe the judge will rule in my favor. These photos should be sufficient to leave my unfaithful wife with nothing. But her lawyer may point out that these photos were obtained through illegal surveillance on Susan, which would complicate the divorce proceedings and tarnish my reputation. I'd rather not appear as a dirty spy before our society, if you understand what I mean. By the way, are you feeling better?

Amy looks up at Sparks.

AMY

What do you want from me?

SPARKS

An excellent question. I want you, exact you, to bust my wife in cheating, not me. I mean, you should bust your husband. I need a scandal. I want to see the name Susan Sparks in every newspaper! In other words, I want to know about my wife's cheating from New York Times, do you understand?

AMY

What?

SPARKS

Don't worry, I will reward you handsomely. It would've been so rude of me to not reward you. Here, take it. Is this enough?

Sparks hands her a check. She studies at the check, and almost faints again!

SPARKS

This money is already yours. You'll get twice as much after the deed. You're unemployed, as I know. So I think this money will be in handy.

AMY

How dare you? You have no right...

Amy bursts in tears.

SPARKS

Amy, I have sympathy for you. I'd like you to have sympathy for me as well. Just a little. I assume, deep in your heart, you're thankful to me for reveling the truth. We shouldn't let them get away with that. All I ask is to help me. You don't want to do it for money? Well, do it for your self-esteem. I absolutely don't care about other people secrets, you can forgive your husband or follow my lead and file for divorce.

(MORE)

SPARKS (CONT'D)
Anyway you're getting good money.
So what do you think, Amy? Deal?

A beat.

AMY
I... I agreed.

SPARKS
Perfect! They're both in the Ritz
hotel now. Let's go, we don't have
to waste the time!

He jumps up off the chair!

AMY
What? Right now?

SPARKS
Yes, right now. I want to finish
this as fast as possible.

AMY
But I'm not ready...

SPARKS
I assume you have the most perfect
condition for this. Let's go!

Sparks dashes through the door! Amy hangs her purse at her
shoulder and puts the check in it.

INT. IN THE MOVING CAR - DAY

Amy and Sparks sit in the back seat of a luxury car. Sparks
gazes out the window, while Amy looks down humbly.

SPARKS
All you have to do is enter room
441; they always choose the same
room, and create a scene with your
husband. That's it. My reporters
will handle the rest.

AMY
How long have they been dating?

SPARKS
About a six months. You never
suspected him?

Amy remains silent.

EXT. AT THE HOTEL / IN THE CAR - DAY

The luxury car comes to a halt at the Ritz hotel.

IN THE CAR - Amy and Sparks. A moment of silence.

SPARKS

Good luck.

Amy exits the car. Sparks glances out of the window.

SPARKS

Amy!

She turns around...

SPARKS

I believe in you.

Amy walks towards the hotel gates, and the luxury car drives away.

INT. RITZ HOTEL LOBBY / HALLWAY - DAY

Amy walks through the elegant hotel lobby, bustling with people. She tries not to draw attention to herself. She approaches the elevator, pushes the button.

HALLWAY - Ding! The elevator door opens. Amy and an elderly man step out of it. She strolls along the lobby, glancing at room numbers. She encounters a couple of janitors.

Amy stops in front of a door marked "441."

AMY

God, what am I doing?

She listens at the door (it's quiet inside).

AMY

(to herself)

Don't be a coward. Just do it.

She takes a deep breath, exhales, and opens the door...

INT. ROOM 441 - DAY

Amy bursts into the room, her gaze downward, and immediately finds two gun barrels aimed at her face! She startles in fear...

In the room, there are five gangsters, Frank, SUSAN, and an extremely overweight Mafioso nicknamed "FATMAN."

Frank looks at Amy with a mixture of fear and surprise in his eyes:

FRANK

Amy?

FATMAN

What the hell?!

Gangster #1 shoves Amy to the back and slams the door shut.

FRANK

Don't shoot! It's my wife!

Amy collapses into Frank's arms.

FATMAN

Your wife? What is she doing here?

AMY

What does it mean?

FRANK

I'll tell you.

FATMAN

How did she get in here? Why isn't the door locked?

GANGSTER #4

Enrico entered last.

GANGSTER #3

I locked the door. It's Lance who was still running for donuts after me.

GANGSTER #1

Shut up! Boss, he's lying. Not for donuts, but for green tea. You know I'm on a diet.

FATMAN

Shat up y'all, morons!

(to Amy)

Hey you! Did you followed him?

AMY

I... I... No, I mean, yes, I...

SUSAN
Frank, you said you took care of
it.

FRANK
It's alright. She's harmless.

FATMAN
Bring her to me.

A hulking Gangster #2 takes Amy from Frank.

AMY
(yelling)
No! No!

Frank attempts to follow her, but Gangster #3 intercepts him.

FRANK
Please, don't harm her!

FATMAN
We'll just talk.

Gangster #2 escorts Amy to Fatman, who uses the bed as a
chair.

FATMAN
What's your name, sweetheart?

AMY
Amy.

FATMAN
Did the police send you here?

AMY
No, I came here alone! I mean...
(looks aside)

Susan smirks arrogantly at her...

AMY
Yes, I came here alone. I thought
Frank was cheating on me.

SUSAN
(laughs)
Frankie, your wife caught you!

FRANK
Amy, I'm so sorry, but it's not
what you think. I...

FATMAN

Shut up! Both of you messed up. You promised there wouldn't be any problems, and now what? Your wife shows up! Damn it! Frank, listen carefully - you, yes, you, go there and follow our plan. Susan will go with you, of course. And don't come back until it's done! Clear?

FRANK

Yes, sir.

FATMAN

Your lovely wife stays here, in our pleasant company, just in case you decide to inform the police. So, Frank, you do it right, and you'll get your wife back, with all her limbs attached. Understood?

FRANK

Yes, sir.

FATMAN

You better take care of her. See how much she loves you?

The gangsters laugh.

AMY

(screaming)

Frank!

FATMAN

Gag her!

Gangster #4 silences Amy with a gag.

FRANK

I'll be back, Amy.

FATMAN

Of course, you will. There's no other way. Now, get out of here! Both of you, out!

SUSAN

Come on, Frank. It seems we're the only ones who can handle this.

Susan exits the room.

Gangster #2 and Gangster #4 seat Amy in a chair and secure her hands behind her back.

Frank's forehead glistens with cold sweat. He locks eyes with Amy:

FRANK
I'll be back.

Amy gazes at Frank with wide eyes. Her mouth is muffled with a white rag.

FATMAN
Get out!

Frank exits.

INT. ROOM 441 - NIGHT

Gangster #2 and Gangster #5 are playing cards.

Fatman wipes sweat off his bald head.

Amy sits in a chair with her mouth stuffed, looking exhausted.

GANGSTER #5
They should've been here, boss.
Something's wrong.

FATMAN
They are pros. They'll make it.

There's a knock on the door. Gangster #1 jumps to the door, holding his gun!

MALE VOICE BEHIND THE DOOR
This is housekeeping. Can I come
in?

GANGSTER #1
(in a weird high-pitched
voice)
Come later, please. I'm not
dressed.

MALE VOICE BEHIND THE DOOR
I apologize, sir, but it's
important. We received a claim that
there are rats in our hotel. We
must perform disinfection. We
deeply apologize for the
inconvenience.

Gangster #1 looks at Fatman.

Fatman gestures to "hide the girl."

GANGSTER #1
 (in a weird high-pitched
 voice)
 One minute, please.

Gangster #2 grabs Amy and hides her in the closet.

The other gangsters take their previous positions.

Gangster #1 opens the door, revealing a janitor, SAM, 30, a tall, skinny guy with tiny mustaches. He holds a pushcart covered with a white fabric.

SAM
 (smiling)
 Thank you, sir. Please accept our
 apologies once again.

Sam enters the room with his pushcart. He notices the gangsters:

SAM
 Good evening, gentlemen.

The gangsters pay no attention to him. Sam looks around the room with a smart expression. A moment of silence.

SAM
 By the way, have you had any
 problems with hot water lately?

A loud shot rings out from the pushcart! Sam grabs a gun from his uniform jacket and shoots Gangster #1!

A MAN jumps out of the pushcart and shoots Gangster #3, then he shoots Gangster #5!

Sam shoots Gangster #2, then Gangster #4!

Amy watches the bloody scene through the closet door.

All the gangsters are dead. The man who emerged from the pushcart is JONES, 35, handsome and athletically built. He steps towards Fatman:

JONES
 Good job, Sam.

Fatman sits on the bed without any signs of life. There's a red spot on his chest.

A group of police officers storm into the room.

INT. ROOM 441 - NIGHT

Jones and Sam examine the lifeless bodies.

A policeman stands by the open closet where Amy is unconscious.

POLICEMAN
Sir, here's the hostage.

Jones rushes up to the closet:

JONES
Careful!

Jones gently takes Amy and places her on the bed, removing the white rag from her mouth.

JONES
Interesting, who is she? Nobody told me they had a hostage.

Amy opens her eyes.

JONES
(smiles)
Hi. How are you? You're safe now.

Amy looks at the cops.

AMY
What's going on here?

JONES
We took care of those criminals; don't worry, miss...

AMY
Lipshitz. Amy Lipshitz. I'm Mrs.

JONES
Sorry. My name is Danny Jones. And that guy is Sam Knowles.

ASIDE - Sam pops a gum bubble and nods at her.

JONES
So tell me, Mrs. Lipshitz, how did you get in here?

AMY

Gosh, I've been asked this question twice already. I don't know; I just looked for my husband and ended up here.

JONES

Husband? Is one of these gangsters your husband?

AMY

Oh no, he's not here. They sent him somewhere with that woman, Susan, I think.

JONES

Susan? Susan Sparks?

AMY

Yes, do you know her?

JONES

Yes, I do. You're saying Susan Sparks was in this room, right?

AMY

Yes, she and Frank went somewhere... to handle some business or something.

JONES

(thinks heavily)
Hm, interesting...

AMY

Please, find my husband. He's in serious trouble.

JONES

Sure. Once again, what's his name?

AMY

Frank Lipshitz.

JONES

Frank. Hmm, I haven't heard anything about him before. Hey Sam, did you hear something about Frank Lipshitz?

SAM

Nope.

JONES

Well, Amy, we will find your husband. Don't worry. Do you have his photo?

AMY

Yes, but not with me. At home.

JONES

Good, I'll bring you home, ma'am. You need some rest.

AMY

Yeah, I think so.

JONES

By the way, do you know any of these bastards?

He nods at the dead gangsters.

AMY

No, I don't know them. I saw them for the first time today.

JONES

Yeah, alright. Now let me take you home?

EXT. AT THE HOTEL - NIGHT

Amy and Jones step up to the car. Jones opens the door for Amy, and she gets in.

JONES

Susan is our contact. She informed us about the meeting at the Ritz, but she didn't mention anything about Frank. Susan is a brave woman; if your husband is with her, he's safe.

AMY

Oh god, what has he gotten into?

JONES

So are you.

He closes the door.

AMY

(to herself)
So am I.

INT. AMY AND FRANK'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amy and Jones are at the table, drinking coffee. Jones holds the photo.

JONES

You say they must return to the hotel?

AMY

Yes, Frank said he'd come back for me.

We see the picture of Frank in Jones' hand.

JONES

The police are all around there, so when they come back, the cops will let me know. Don't worry.

AMY

(smiles)

Thanks for your help.

JONES

Thanks for the coffee.

(sips)

You need to sleep. You look tired.

AMY

I won't fall asleep.

JONES

Not good. If you're worried that somebody is going to disturb you, then be calm. I'll send my guys to protect your sleep.

AMY

You're so sweet, Detective Jones.

JONES

Just Danny.

She smiles. A beat.

AMY

What do you know about Susan's husband?

JONES

Not much. He's a big shot in politics or business. Why are you asking?

AMY

No, I just thought that he, too,
probably worries about his wife
now.

JONES

We'll talk to him for sure. But for
now, thanks for the coffee again. I
think I gotta go. Duty calls.

He gets up from the table and walks to the door. Amy follows
him.

JONES

Sweet dreams, Amy. I'll send my
guys.

AMY

Thank you, Detective... Danny.

Jones smiles.

JONES

Goodbye.

AMY

Bye.

He leaves. Amy closes the door and exhales deeply.

INT. AMY AND FRANK'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amy sleeps peacefully in bed. The sound of a closing door
breaks the silence.

FIRST PERSON'S POV - the camera slowly approaches sleeping
Amy. A trembling hand reaches out to her...

The hand touches Amy's shoulder, and she awakens suddenly.
The hand quickly covers her mouth.

FRANK

(whispering loudly)
Shh... Amy, it's me, Frank.

Amy stares at him with wide eyes.

FRANK

(whispering loudly)
It's me. Please don't scream.

Frank removes his hand from Amy's mouth.

AMY
Honey, you're back! Oh my God,
Frank!

She throws her arms around him, and they share a passionate kiss.

AMY
How are you?

Frank steps toward the window and peers through the curtains, a large bag hanging from his shoulder.

FRANK
I'm fine. Listen, we have to leave.
They'll come after us soon.

AMY
Who? Is someone chasing you?

Frank rushes to the wardrobe, hastily pulling out clothes.

FRANK
Pack. We don't have much time.

AMY
Frank, what's going on? What have
you gotten into?

FRANK
(frantically)
Honey, I'll explain everything
later. Please, pack your things. We
need to go.

AMY
You don't need to run away. Go to
the police and tell them
everything.

FRANK
The police?!
(nervous laughter)
The police is with them! You have
no idea how far their reach
extends!

Frank looks out the window again.

AMY
What? I don't understand.

Frank suddenly jumps toward Amy.

FRANK

Honey, that hotel is filled with people in police uniforms, but they're not real cops. The people who rescued you from the gangsters aren't real cops either. Trust no one but me.

AMY

Jesus, Frank, you're scaring me.

FRANK

Those detectives, did they ask you anything? Did you tell them anything?

AMY

(confused)

Um, well, yes, I... I gave them your photo...

FRANK

What?! You gave them my photo?

AMY

I was so worried about you. I wanted them to find you as quickly as possible.

FRANK

Damn it! What have you done? Do you want them to find me? Great, now they will!

AMY

Frank, I'm sorry. I didn't know. But can you tell what the hell is happening?

The car's brakes screech outside, and doors slam shut. Frank places his hand over Amy's mouth again. There's muffled conversation outside the window.

FRANK

(whispering)

They're here. We need to get out of here.

Amy nods with Frank's hand still on her mouth.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Frank opens the door quietly and steps into the stairway. He peeks down the stairs.

FRANK'S POV - two cops stand below in the building lobby.

Frank signals to Amy...

Amy emerges from the apartment wearing pajamas.

Frank and Amy silently ascend the stairway...

At the stairwell window, Frank opens it and slips outside. Amy follows, but before she leaves, she spots...

AMY'S POV - two cops approach their apartment door, speaking quietly.

She glances back at Frank, who offers his hand...

Amy exits through the window onto the metal staircase.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BUILDING. METAL STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Frank and Amy cautiously descend the staircase...

A cop leans out of a window!

Frank pushes Amy against the wall, freezing in place...

The cop glances down, then retreats inside...

Frank and Amy exchange relieved glances, taking a deep breath.

Frank jumps down from the ladder and signals to Amy:

FRANK

Jump!

Amy hesitates.

FRANK

Come on!
(looking around)

She leaps, and Frank catches her.

FRANK

Well done.

They quickly get into the car and drive away.

INT. MOVING CAR - NIGHT

Frank drives while Amy sits beside him.

AMY
Now can you tell me what's going
on?

FRANK
Just hold on a little longer, and
it'll all be over.

Frank glances at the rearview mirror while steering.

AMY
Where are we headed?

FRANK
A safe place. They won't find us
there.

AMY
Who are 'they', damn it?

FRANK
(nods towards the back
seat)
Check the bag.

Amy reaches for the bag on the back seat and opens it.
Inside, it's filled with bundles of cash.

AMY
What is this?

FRANK
Five hundred thousand. But it's not
my money. I'm buying my freedom.
Our freedom.

AMY
Where did you get this? Jesus.

FRANK
(looking in the rearview
mirror)
Everything will be alright, honey.
I'm just returning what's owed.

AMY
What have you been involved in,
Frank? All this time, you've been
mixed up in something.

FRANK
Honey, it's all in the past. I
promise, tonight it'll all be over.
Trust me.

AMY
What about the girl you went with?

FRANK
She's dead.

AMY
What?

FRANK
She's dead, Amy. She's dead.

AMY
Oh gosh...

She cries. Frank glances at the rearview mirror while steering.

FRANK
We'll make it, honey. We'll leave
the country. Mexico, huh? You
always liked Mexico, didn't you?

AMY
I can't believe you're saying this.

FRANK
We'll make it. We'll forget it all
like a bad dream.

EXT. OLD MANSION. YARD - NIGHT

The eerie gothic landscape reveals an ancient, dark mansion.
Frank's car pulls into the mansion's yard.

Frank and Amy exit the car. Frank slings the bag over his
shoulder and approaches the mansion's doors. He knocks four
times.

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE
Who's there?

FRANK
It's "five," granny!

A beat.

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE
Password.

FRANK
"Grasshopper."

Amy looks at Frank with confusion.

A heavy door creaks open, casting a bright light on Frank's face. A senile humpy old woman, GRANNY, appears in the doorway.

GRANNY
Come in.

Frank nods at Amy, and they both enter the mansion.

INT. OLD MANSION. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A grand hall, spacious, clean, and opulent. Frank and Amy follow Granny.

GRANNY
Make yourselves comfortable. The Master will greet you shortly.

FRANK
(to Amy)
We'll be greeted.

AMY
(whispers)
Who the hell is going to greet us?

A MIDGET in a tuxedo appears suddenly.

MIDGET
We were expecting you tomorrow.

FRANK
It's fine. I have the money.

He shows his bag to the Midget.

MIDGET
Would you like a drink?

FRANK
No, thank you.

The Midget bows and starts to leave but then stops near the door:

MIDGET

Please, take a seat.

Frank sits in a large fur-covered chair. Amy joins him, sitting opposite.

AMY

(whispering)

Where are we, Frank?

FRANK

This is my boss's mansion. We'll meet him soon. Amy, I need you to play along. Act as if you're my partner. Remember, you're "three," understood?

AMY

What? "Three"?

FRANK

Honey, please. Our lives depend on it.

AMY

I understand. I'm "three." Frank, I'm not sure I can do this.

FRANK

Just listen. I'll do the talking. Remember, we were involved in a robbery.

AMY

A robbery?!

FRANK

Amy, I...

Somewhere deep in the mansion, an organ starts playing. It interrupts Frank as he stares past Amy's shoulder at the doors.

The doors open, and the music grows louder. Amy turns to look...

People dressed in black attire and black masks emerge, moving slowly to the center of the hall.

AMY

Who are they?

FRANK

It's alright, don't worry.

A MAN IN BLACK approaches Amy and Frank. Frank stands, and Amy follows suit.

The Man in Black makes a circle with his index finger in the air.

Amy looks at Frank.

FRANK

It's alright. Do as he asks.

Frank and Amy turn away from the Man in Black...

Hands in black gloves blindfold Frank...

Hands in black gloves blindfold Amy...

Two other figures guide Frank and Amy toward the doors through which the mysterious group entered.

AMY

(whispers)

Frank, I'm scared.

FRANK

I'm with you, Amy. Everything will be alright. Trust me.

INT. OLD MANSION. HALL / LOUNGE - NIGHT

The procession enters the big hall, illuminated by candles.

A grand stage is adorned with hell's fire decorations, adjacent to the lounge. Numerous half-naked, doped women populate the area.

Frank and Amy halt in the center of the hall, hesitant to move. The men in black leave them. The organ music abruptly ceases, followed by a tense pause.

MASTER (O.S.)

Greetings. I'm pleased to welcome you to my abode.

FRANK

Master, I've followed your command. I've brought what you requested. It's right here.

He presents the bag.

MASTER (O.S.)

Good job, "Five."

MASTER'S POV - The man in black takes the bag from Frank's shoulder and hands it to the Master. The Master's gloved hand takes the bag.

Amy trembles with fear.

MASTER'S POV - He opens the bag to reveal money inside.

MASTER (O.S.)
 Good. Now it's my turn to fulfill
 my end of the bargain. But first,
 I'd like this young lady to remove
 her patch.

The Master points at Amy.

Frank grows anxious.

MASTER'S POV - Amy appears bewildered.

MASTER (O.S.)
 Please, take it off.

Amy shakily removes her patch, wincing slightly, then looks at the Master, who stands before her. She turns away in horror.

AMY
 Oh, dear Lord!

MASTER (O.S.)
 I apologize; I didn't mean to
 frighten you.

The Master's hand gently lifts Amy's chin and turns her face toward him.

MASTER (O.S.)
 I have no illusions about my face,
 but please, don't hide your eyes
 from me. I'd like to see them more
 clearly. And "Five," you are free
 to leave.

The men in black seize Frank...

FRANK
 Wait, what about "Three"?

MASTER (O.S.)
 Farewell, "Five."

FRANK
 But! But! Wait... I...

The men in black escort Frank out of the hall, and the heavy door slams shut behind them.

AMY
(cries)
Oh, gosh...

Master's hand gently takes Amy's hand.

MASTER (O.S.)
Don't cry. He will be alright.

MASTER'S POV - he leads her.

MASTER (O.S.)
I have a few questions for you.
Tell me, you are not "Three",
right?

Amy, frightened, looks at Master.

MASTER (O.S.)
You are not "Three". I've solved
this simple riddle. You're not one
of my players. So, who are you?

Master and Amy sit down on the peculiar-looking fur couch in the lounge.

AMY
I... I... I don't know what to say.
Sorry.
(cries)

MASTER (O.S.)
What's your name?

A brief pause.

AMY
Amy.

MASTER (O.S.)
Nice to meet you, Amy. I'm Master.
Tell me, Amy, who is Frank to you?

Amy looks at Master in fear (he knows his real name!)

MASTER (O.S.)
Come on, I'm waiting for an answer.

AMY
Frank is my husband.

MASTER (O.S.)
Do you know who Frank really is?

AMY
A thief?

The quiet laughter of people in the hall.

MASTER (O.S.)
No, Amy, he's a hitman. A true,
professional hitman. He killed
several people tonight.

AMY
Oh, God!

MASTER (O.S.)
Believe me, I'm telling you the
truth. Do you love Frank?

AMY
Yes.

MASTER (O.S.)
Even after what I told you?

Amy sobs.

MASTER (O.S.)
Drink some water, please.

A man in black appears near Amy and hands her a glass of
water.

MASTER (O.S.)
Drink it.

She takes the glass and drinks.

MASTER (O.S.)
Listen, Amy, you are a brave woman.
Would you like to work for me?

AMY
I just want to go home. Please, let
us go. We won't tell anybody...

The quiet laughter in the hall again.

MASTER (O.S.)
I know you won't tell anybody, but
you haven't answered my question.
Do you want to work for me? You'll
get everything you desire.

AMY
Thanks, but no. Sorry, I...
(cries)

MASTER (O.S.)
Drink some more.

She drinks.

MASTER (O.S.)
Well, I've heard you. Don't worry,
I can accept "no" for an answer.
You'll return home and continue
your previous life. But before
that, I want to ask you one thing.

AMY
Yes?

MASTER (O.S.)
I want you to put this costume on
and dance on the stage.

A man in black appears near Amy and shows her a carnival costume with a crown.

AMY
What?

MASTER (O.S.)
Please, we won't ever meet again. I
just want to remember you forever.

AMY
If I do this, will you let us go?

MASTER (O.S.)
I give you the word of the Master.

AMY
I will.

MASTER (O.S.)
(suddenly yells)
Change her!

The men in black seize Amy and drag her off the couch. They surround her, blocking her from our view, then step aside...

We see Amy with a bare belly, bare shoulders, barefoot, wearing a shell bra. A skirt made of golden threads covers her naked legs. A crown twinkles on her head. Amy bashfully covers herself.

MASTER (O.S.)
Amazing. You look gorgeous. Now, go
to the stage.

INT. OLD MANSION. STAGE - NIGHT

As the curtain rises, a jazz orchestra comes into view...

Amy stands at the center of the stage, glancing back at the musicians...

A profound silence blankets the room as the musicians await a command.

MASTER (O.S.)
Music!

Amy twitches! The orchestra begins to play something Arabic.
She turns back to face the hall.

MASTER (O.S.)
Dance!

Amy starts to move slowly to the music...

The half-naked women on the floor observe her from head to toe, swaying slightly...

The men in black follow Amy's movements, slowly dancing to the Arabic music...

Amy becomes more confident with every passing second. She becomes completely immersed in the music. Her half-naked body undulates like a snake to the sounds of a soloing oboe. She emits soft moans...

The doped women on the floor sensually caress each other.

She reclines on the stage floor and tenderly caresses her body. Master approaches her...

MASTER (O.S.)
You're tired, Amy. You need some
rest.

She continues to caress her shoulders with closed eyes.

MASTER (O.S.)
You need some rest.

Amy opens her eyes and gazes at Master with a sweet smile...

We catch a glimpse of Master's mouth, disfigured by a terrible burn:

MASTER
You need some rest.

Amy closes her eyes and falls into a deep sleep. The music fades away, and the frame darkens.

EXT. SHORE - DAY

Under the sunny sky and the soothing sound of the sea, someone lies on the shore, draped in a baggy robe.

It's Amy. She opens her eyes, sits up slightly, scans her surroundings, and struggles to recall something. Then she rises to her feet.

Amy strolls along the shore, her legs unsteady.

EXT. DUSTY ROAD - DAY

The landscape exudes a tropical vibe with palm trees lining the country road. A horse is hitched to a tent wagon as it proceeds down the road.

A black MAN sits atop the wagon, dressed as a jester, holding the reins.

Inside the tent wagon, there's a black WOMAN, a young black KID, and an elderly black WOMAN. They are all dressed as jesters except for the old woman. The kid naps, the woman gazes into the distance, and the elderly woman sews a costume.

The man steers the horse, but suddenly, he notices something in the distance...

FAR AWAY - Amy walks along the road.

The man urges the horse forward, increasing its speed...

The wagon overtakes Amy.

MAN
Ma'am, are you alright?

She continues walking.

MAN
Are you headed to town?

She shrugs.

MAN
I can give you a ride.

She continues walking.

MAN
What's your name, ma'am?

Amy weakens and collapses to the ground.

MAN
Jesus!

The man halts the horse, leaps off the wagon, and rushes to Amy.

The kid peeks out of the tent:

KID
What's that?

The man supports Amy, who is barely conscious.

MAN
Come on, help me. We need to get her to the hospital.

The kid gets off the wagon, and they place Amy in the tent wagon.

Inside the tent wagon, the woman gazes at Amy, alarmed.

WOMAN
Oh my, what's happened to her?

MAN
I believe she's overheated in the sun.

The woman brings a flask to Amy's lips. She drinks greedily, then gazes around the tent wagon:

AMY
Where am I?

MAN
Feeling better?

AMY
Who are you?

WOMAN

We are traveling performers.

KID

Troubadours. We're heading to town.
We have a show tonight.

AMY

Show?

MAN

I think you need to get to the
hospital, ma'am. We're en route.

WOMAN

You look tired.

The elderly woman pays no heed to Amy, continuing to sew.

The man returns to his seat and urges the horse forward.

MAN

Onward!

The tent wagon begins to move.

EXT. INSIDE THE TENT WAGON - MORNING

Amy sits in the wagon, hugging her knees and resting her head
on them.

The woman gives her a curious look...

The kid lies in the wagon, napping. The elderly woman
continues sewing...

The man controls the horse.

MAN

So, what's your name, ma'am?

Amy raises her head and furrows her brow.

AMY

I don't know.

MAN

You don't know your name?

AMY

No.

The woman looks at her again.

MAN

Do you remember how you ended up on the road?

AMY

I woke up on the shore and just started walking. I can't remember anything else.

MAN

You don't remember who you are?

AMY

No. I don't. I can't recall.

MAN

It's really bad not knowing who you are. We're definitely taking you to the hospital.

AMY

Thank you.

WOMAN

You need some rest, ma'am.

Amy gazes at the woman with vacant eyes, then rests her head on her knees.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

Amy lies on the bed. A male DOCTOR, 70, is across from her, jotting something down on his notepad.

Jones rushes into the ward!

JONES

Where is she?
(spots her)
Oh, God!

He approaches her.

JONES

I've been searching for you everywhere.
(takes her hand)

DOCTOR

Excuse me, sir. Who are you?

JONES
I'm Detective Jones from the New
York City police.
(shows his badge)

Amy looks at him shyly.

DOCTOR
(surprised)
You're from New York?

JONES
Yes. How is she?

DOCTOR
She's suffering from memory loss,
possibly due to some drug. There's
an injection mark on her left arm.

JONES
Is it serious? Does she remember
anything?

DOCTOR
No, absolutely nothing. Not her
name, home address, family, or
friends.

JONES
How long could this last?

DOCTOR
I don't know, sir. It could be a
day, a week, or even years. We
don't know what she might have been
injected with.

JONES
Bastards!

DOCTOR
By the way, now that you're here,
could you tell us her name?

JONES
Oh sure. Her name's Karen. She's my
wife.

Amy furrows her brow, looking at Jones.

DOCTOR
So, you're her husband, young man?

JONES

Yes. It's our honeymoon, doc. And she was kidnapped.

DOCTOR

Oh, that's terrible. With your presence, it might be easier for her to remember. Thank you for providing her name, officer.

JONES

No problem. Doctor, could you please leave us alone for a couple of minutes?

DOCTOR

Of course.

The doctor leaves. A moment passes.

JONES

Karen, my love, I've been so worried about you. You don't remember me at all?

He kisses Amy's hand. She shakes her head in denial.

JONES

Listen, do you recognize this man?

He takes out a picture and shows it to Amy. It's a photo of Frank that Amy gave to Jones.

AMY

No.

JONES

Amy Lipshitz! Try to remember, who is Amy Lipshitz?

AMY

(cries)

I don't know. I can't remember anything...

JONES

Don't cry, dear. Everything will be alright.

(kisses her hand)

I'm happy we're together again, just like before.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

The expansive hospital lobby bustles with people. A doctor converses with a nurse. Jones and Amy walk past them. The doctor notices them:

DOCTOR

Wait, where are you going? She should stay in bed!

JONES

Sorry, doc. I'm taking my wife. She'll recover better at home.

DOCTOR

But she's still weak...

JONES

She'll be alright, don't worry.

DOCTOR

But Detective...

Jones and Amy exit the hospital.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD. IN THE MOVING CAR - DAY

Under the brilliant sun, a picturesque Riviera landscape unfolds before them as a white convertible glides along the road.

Amy and Jones occupy the convertible.

JONES

(smiles at Amy)

Things will be better now.

Amy seems lost in thought as her hair dances in the wind.

Jones checks the rearview mirror through the windshield...

IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR - a black car emerges!

Jones accelerates...

IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR - the black car persists in pursuit.

Jones glances in the mirror with growing intensity.

The white convertible hurtles along the mountain road, and the black car follows closely.

JONES
(nervously)
Damn, we've got a tail!

Amy gazes at Jones in fear.

The white convertible reaches a straight stretch of road. The black car overtakes it and pulls up alongside on the right.

Frank appears in the window of the black car!

FRANK
(yells to Amy)
Amy, it's me! Don't believe him!
I'm alive!

Amy looks at Frank but can't seem to recognize him.

Jones abruptly swerves the wheel to the right!

The white convertible collides with the black car! Amy screams! The black car scrapes against a stone ledge!

The white convertible breaks free...

AMY
Who is he?!

JONES
He's a dangerous man. He's found
you.

The black car tails the white convertible.

Jones glances back...

The black car overtakes the convertible and rear-ends it! Amy screams!

JONES
Dammit!

AMY
What does he want?

The black car once again pulls up alongside the convertible on the right.

FRANK
(yells to Amy)
Amy, I'll save you!

Jones retrieves a small revolver from his belt and fires in Frank's direction! The shot narrowly misses Amy's nose!

She screams and covers her head.

Frank ducks, but his car loses speed...

AMY

Oh, God!

Amy lowers her head to her knees. Jones fires another shot at Frank's car...

Jones steers the wheel, holding the revolver in his hand...

The white convertible overtakes a truck and veers into oncoming traffic...

JONES' POV - a van hurtles toward them!

JONES

Damn!

He swerves the wheel to the right...

The white convertible narrowly avoids the van, skidding to the roadside and executing a 180-degree turn, enveloping the scene in a cloud of dust...

Jones shifts gears with a roar!

The black car races toward the camera...

The black car collides with the white convertible! Amy and Jones recoil from the impact! The black car presses the convertible against the stone ledge, blocking its doors.

EXT. AT THE EDGE - DAY

Frank exits the black car and rushes toward Jones, clearly disoriented. Amy clutches her head, frozen in place. Frank grabs Jones and forcefully pulls him out of the convertible.

FRANK

What did you want to do to my wife,
you bastard?!

Frank punches to Jones, and he tumbles to the ground.

Frank approaches Jones, but Jones pushes him away with a swift kick.

Jones quickly regains his footing.

Frank gets up and approaches Jones.

Jones assumes a boxer's stance and greets Frank with a couple of jabs to his face.

Frank shakes his head (he didn't expect that).

Jones delivers another strong jab.

FRANK'S POV - Jones blurs and doubles.

Frank throws a punch, but it misses. Jones lands a couple more punches straight to Frank's face, causing Frank to fall.

Jones quickly approaches Frank, takes a seat on the ground, and clamps his hips around Frank's neck...

Frank gasps for breath, his eyes bulging...

Jones grins, choking Frank. Suddenly, a gunshot rings out!

Jones releases his grip on Frank and turns his gaze toward the shot...

Frank catches his breath...

ASIDE - Amy stands amid the wreckage with a revolver in her hand, pointing it at Frank and Jones.

AMY

What's happening here? Who are both of you?

Jones rises and steps away from Frank.

JONES

Darling, be cautious with that.

FRANK

Just kill him, Amy.

AMY

Why are you calling me Amy?

FRANK

What? Amy is your name, honey. I'm your husband, Frank. Don't you recognize me?

Amy gazes at Frank, her brow furrowing.

FRANK

Good Lord, what have they done to you?

JONES

Karen, don't listen to him. He's going to kill you.

FRANK

Shut up!

(to her)

Amy, I'll prove that I'm your husband...

Frank reaches into his coat, retrieves a picture, and shows it to Amy:

FRANK

Look, it's from our wedding. You in the white dress, and me... See? It's us.

Amy attempts to scrutinize the photo...

But suddenly, Jones grabs Frank's arm and strikes his stomach with his knee! Frank drops the photo. Jones throws a punch, but this time Frank ducks and counters with a punch, followed by a kick.

Jones recoils from Frank and falls to the ground but quickly gets back up.

ASIDE - Amy takes aim at someone and... fires! A moment of silence...

Jones clutches his stomach as a red stain spreads beneath his hand on his white shirt. He looks up at Amy in disbelief and steps back toward the fence.

Frank gazes at Amy...

Amy still has her target in her sights...

Jones staggers near the fence.

JONES

No...

Two more shots! Bullets strike Jones, causing him to tumble over the fence and fall off the edge.

Amy collapses to the ground, exhausted.

FRANK

Amy!

He rushes over to her and embraces her:

FRANK

Amy, it's over! It's all over now,
my dear.

(kisses her head)

Look at me. Don't you recognize me
at all?

Frank cups her face. She gazes at Frank but remains silent,
her eyes filled with tears.

FRANK

Oh, Lord, what have they done to
you?

He presses her head against his chest.

FRANK

(cries)

It's all my fault! Mine! I
shouldn't have involved you in
this.

Amy notices something on the ground...

There's the photo lying in the dust. She picks it up...

We see the photo - Amy and Frank cutting the wedding cake.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A panaramic view of New York City.

INT. AMY AND FRANK'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amy and Frank enter their NYC apartment.

FRANK

So, here we are. It's our home.

Amy looks around, then approaches a wall adorned with several
photos, some featuring Amy.

FRANK

Everything is just as it was. I
haven't changed a thing.

Amy spots something...

It's her purse. Amy's hands reach for it.

FRANK

It's your purse. You used to love
it.

Frank embraces Amy from behind. She gazes at the purse,
trying to remember.

INT. AMY AND FRANK'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Amy and Frank sit at the table, flipping through a photo
album.

In the album, there are numerous photos of Amy and Frank
together and with others. Frank points to a picture of a
woman.

FRANK

This is your aunt Binnie. You used
to joke about her grumbling
stomach.

Frank looks at the photo and smiles. Amy attempts a smile.

FRANK

And this is your cousin. His name
is Frank, like mine.
(turns the page)
And this is Mary, your niece. She's
graduating this year.

AMY

I have a big family.

FRANK

Yes, indeed. Look, it's us in
Mexico during our honeymoon.

We see a picture of a joyful Amy and Frank on a beach by the
ocean.

FRANK

I sprained my ankle and spent the
whole day in our room. But you
never let me get bored!
(winks)

AMY

I'm sorry, Frank, but I don't
remember any of this... It's so
strange.

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

I know how many days are in a year, the current month, and the day of the week, but I can't remember anything about my past. It's like, they in purpose erased all traces of my private life.

Frank takes her hand.

FRANK

Don't worry, honey. We'll figure it out. Everything will be alright.

She tries to smile.

INT. AMY AND FRANK'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amy lies in bed, covering herself with a blanket up to her chin.

Frank approaches the bed, intending to get under the blanket but hesitates.

FRANK

I can sleep on the couch if you like.

AMY

No, stay with me, please.

He gets under the blanket, and Amy leans on his right shoulder.

AMY

I'm scared to be alone.

FRANK

I understand.

A pause.

AMY

How long was I gone?

FRANK

It's been a few days.

AMY

Was I kidnapped?

FRANK

Honey, I don't want to talk about it.

AMY

Please, Frank. I want to know what happened.

FRANK

Well, we were vacationing in Miami. We had rented a presidential hotel room. We only spent a few days in it before you were kidnapped.

AMY

But why?

FRANK

They followed us from the airport. They wanted money.

AMY

How much?

FRANK

Amy, let's get some rest, dear?

AMY

Tell me, how much?

FRANK

Fifty thousand.

AMY

Oh God, did you pay them?

FRANK

Yes.

AMY

But where did you get that money?

FRANK

I'm a broker. I'm a wealthy man.

He kisses her hand. A pause as she thinks.

AMY

(thoughtfully)

You're a broker... And who was I?
What was my job?

FRANK

You were a secretary in a big company. A terribly boring job.

AMY

A secretary?

FRANK

Yep, let's call it a night. Sweet dreams.

He turns off the bedside lamp.

AMY

Sweet dreams.

Amy rests on Frank's shoulder. He gazes at the ceiling with a furrowed brow.

INT. AMY AND FRANK'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Amy wakes up in the sunlight...

Frank stands by the window, dressed in a suit, sipping coffee. There is a black briefcase near him.

FRANK

(smiling)

Good morning, honey.

AMY

Morning. Where are you going?

FRANK

Work.

AMY

Am I staying alone?

FRANK

I'll be back at five. By the way, there's a little bakery shop nearby. Mrs. Larkin bakes amazing buns. You used to love them so much. You should try some; maybe it will jog your memory.

Frank puts on a black glove. Amy watches his hand suspiciously...

The tight black glove fits snugly onto Frank's hand.

AMY
I'll miss you.

FRANK
The time will pass quickly, honey.
(looking at his watch)
Well, I gotta go.

He takes his briefcase, approaches her, and kisses her on the lips. Then he heads to the door with his briefcase but turns back to her.

FRANK
I love you, sweetheart.

He leaves the bedroom.

Amy leans on the pillow, lost in thought.

OUTSIDE - Frank exits the building, adjusts his necktie and hat.

IN THE BEDROOM - Amy determinedly jumps out of bed!

EXT. STREET / IN TAXI - MORNING

Frank gets into the car.

ASIDE - Amy appears behind the entrance door and watches Frank.

AMY'S POV - Frank is in the car. He checks some papers, then places them in his briefcase, starts the engine, and drives away.

Amy rushes to the street and hails a taxi.

IN THE TAXI - Amy gets into the back seat.

TAXI DRIVER #2
Where are we going, ma'am?

AMY
Follow that car, please.

TAXI DRIVER #2
Sure thing.

He accelerates the taxi.

EXT. AT THE CENTRAL PARK - MORNING

Frank's car comes to a stop at the Central Park gates.

AFAR FROM HIM - the taxi also comes to a halt.

IN THE TAXI - Amy hands money to taxi driver #2.

AMY

Here, keep the change.

She exits the taxi.

Meanwhile, Frank remains in his car, waiting for someone.

Amy crosses the road and takes cover behind a nearby building corner.

A luxurious car pulls up next to Frank's vehicle. Frank steps out of his car, and approaches the luxury car's back door. The backdoor window is partially rolls down...

Amy observes Frank closely...

Frank engages in a conversation with the passenger. He nods as if receiving instructions.

Amy frowns...

A hand in a black leather glove protrudes from the window's gap and fixes Frank's hat. Then the hand retreats, and a flat oblong box appears in place of the hand in the window's gap. Frank takes this strange box.

Amy continues to watch, peeking out from the corner.

The black glove reappears, shaking its threatening finger at Frank. He nods in acknowledgment. The hand retreats again, and the window is raised.

Frank places this box into his briefcase, then gets back into his car and drives away.

She watches as Frank's car departs.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Amy steps away from the corner and takes a couple of steps but suddenly stops. She looks around...

AMY'S POV - a noisy and bustling roadway.

Amy furrows her brow, attempting to recall something.

AMY'S POV - a crowded and noisy street.

She looks around in fear (she's lost!)

EXT. CENTRAL PARK. ZOO - DAY

A roaring tiger appears on the screen...

Then, we see the Central Park alley teeming with people...

Amy walks slowly amidst the crowd, lost in thought. A mime with white makeup suddenly appears beside her. Amy stops and gazes at him.

The mime gives Amy a peculiar smile.

Amy frowns and continues walking. The mime then contorts his face into a strangely sad expression.

She approaches a bench occupied by an old man who's engrossed in reading a newspaper. He notices Amy and makes room for her. She sits down on the bench.

A yawning fox appears on the screen...

Amy sits on the bench, looking down, clearly frustrated. The old man gets up and leaves.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Amy!

Amy looks towards the voice.

ASIDE - Sarah stands near the tiger cage with a little boy, BOBBY, 5, and warmly waves at Amy.

She waves back, appearing confused.

ASIDE - Sarah takes Bobby's hand, and they walk over to her.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK. ZOO - DAY

Sarah and Bobby approach Amy. Sarah takes a seat.

SARAH

Hi. Long time no see. How are you?

AMY

I'm fine.

SARAH

Bobby, say hello to Amy.

BOBBY

Hello.

SARAH

Are you here alone or with Frank?

AMY

Alone. Frank's at work.

SARAH

I wasn't expecting to see you here.
As for me, I'm just taking Bobby
for a walk. Introducing him to the
wonders of nature.

Bobby's face appears on the screen, and he makes an angry
face and roars!

Amy frowns, observing him.

SARAH

Shh, don't roar! Behave yourself.
By the way, you might hate me. I've
met someone. I know what you're
probably thinking. Last time I told
you a lot of stupid things about
men, you can laugh at me now, but I
hope this time it's different. His
name is Clark, and he's an amazing
man.

(to Bobby)

Hey, do you like mommy's friend
Clark?

BOBBY

(angrily)
Yeah!

SARAH

(smiling)
You're such a goofball.

Amy massages her forehead and closes her eyes.

SARAH

Is something wrong?

AMY

Just feeling a bit dizzy. This city
is so loud.

SARAH

I can take you back to your place.

AMY
Yes, please, if you don't mind.

SARAH
Of course, I don't.

Amy and Sarah walk down the alley, while Bobby lags behind.

SARAH
Bobby, stay close!

The exotic bird's head appears on the screen.

EXT. AT THE RESIDENTIAL BUILDING - DAY

Sarah's expensive convertible comes to a stop in front of the building where Amy and Frank's apartment is located.

Amy exits the car. Bobby remains in the back seat, clutching a toy. Sarah is behind the wheel.

SARAH
Maybe we can all hang out someday?
Just you, Frank, me, and Clark?
What do you think?

AMY
Sure.

SARAH
Great. I'll hold you to that.

The convertible drives away.

Amy looks around, recalling this place - she once chased after Frank from here.

INT. AMY AND FRANK'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Frank opens the door and enters.

FRANK
(smiling)
Honey, I'm home!

He removes his hat and places the briefcase on the small table.

Amy is washing dishes. Frank approaches her from behind and kisses her neck.

FRANK
Did you miss me?

AMY
I didn't have time to.

FRANK
Good. I have great news for you.
Put your dishes down for a moment.

He turns Amy to face him.

FRANK
Look at what I found in our
mailbox!

He takes an envelope from his jacket.

AMY
What is this?

FRANK
It's a letter from Mr. Sparks. He's
thrilled that you're fine and wants
you to come to his office. Sorry, I
couldn't resist reading it.

AMY
From whom?

She removes the letter from the envelope and reads it to
herself.

FRANK
Mister Sparks. Your boss. You're
his secretary at the company. He's
a big shot.

AMY
I don't remember him.

FRANK
Gee, I envy you, Amy. I wish I
could forget my boss.

AMY
He wants to see me?

FRANK
Yes. It seems he genuinely regrets
what happened to his employee.
Maybe he wants to offer you your
job back?

AMY
That's very kind of him.

FRANK
Indeed. So, we'll visit Mr. Sparks tomorrow.

AMY
Tomorrow?

FRANK
Yep.
(kisses her nose)

Then he sits down on the couch and picks up a newspaper. On the front page is a photo of Fatman, and a headline reads "TONY ABAZIA DEAD. WHO'S NEXT?"

FRANK
By the way, did you go to the bakery?
(yawns)

AMY
Sorry, I didn't.

She looks at his briefcase.

The black briefcase rests on a small table.

FLASHBACK - Frank puts the flat oblong box into his briefcase at the Central Park.

AMY keeps on washing the dishes.

Frank reads the newspaper yawning:

FRANK
Damn, I would kill for a good bun.

INT. AMY AND FRANK APARTMENT. BEDROOM / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

IN THE BEDROOM - Amy and Frank are in bed. Frank is asleep. Amy quietly sits up and gazes at him.

We see Frank's peaceful sleeping face.

Amy carefully climbs out of bed and tiptoes out of the bedroom.

IN THE LIVING ROOM - Amy tiptoes over to the briefcase. She gently undoes its latches.

We observe Amy's hands as she opens the briefcase, revealing some files and that strange box.

Amy glances toward the bedroom door...

IN THE BEDROOM - Frank continues to sleep peacefully.

IN THE LIVING ROOM - Amy removes the flat oblong box from the briefcase and lifts the cover...

Inside the box, we see two dynamites connected by a complex mechanism with a timer!

AMY

Oh, no.

IN THE BEDROOM - Frank's eyes open, and he notices Amy's absence. He gets out of bed.

IN THE LIVING ROOM - Amy places the box back into the briefcase.

Frank appears:

FRANK

Amy?

She stands in the middle of the living room with a glass in her hand.

AMY

Yes?

FRANK

What are you doing here? Are you sleepwalking?

AMY

No. I have a headache. I wanted to get some water.

Frank approaches Amy and takes hold of her shoulders.

FRANK

That's not good. Wait, I know what might help you.

He walks over to the briefcase.

AMY

I actually feel better now.

Frank retrieves some pills from his briefcase.

FRANK
I don't want my girl to suffer.

He returns to Amy and offers her a pill.

FRANK
Take it.

Amy looks at Frank's hand with apprehension...

We see Frank's palm with the white pill on it.

She takes the tablet, places it in her mouth, and drinks water.

FRANK
(smiles)
Good. Now go to bed. Tomorrow is a big day.

He guides Amy by the hand.

IN THE BEDROOM - Amy slips under the blanket.

Frank sits on the bed, watching her with suspicion.

She turns to her side, and Frank's arm wraps around her tightly.

FRANK
Sweet dreams.

She is filled with fear.

INT. AMY AND FRANK'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM - DAY

Amy awakens, furrowing her brows. She tries to recall where she is, then proceeds to get out of bed.

Frank sits on the window sill, dressed in his usual suit, sipping coffee. Next to him is that flat oblong box, now wrapped as a gift.

FRANK
Hello there, sleeping beauty! I thought you'd be sleeping all day.

AMY
Oh. What time is it?

FRANK
It's a great time, Amy. By the way, how's your head?

AMY
It's... a bit dizzy.
(notices the "gift")
What is it?

The flat box, wrapped as a gift, rests on the table.

FRANK
Huh? Oh, while you were sleeping, I
went out to buy a gift for Mr.
Sparks. We can't show up empty-
handed to your boss, can we?

AMY
No, I guess.

Frank rises from the sill, goes over to Amy, and kisses her
on the shoulder.

FRANK
It's time. We need to go.

Amy can't seem to take her eyes off the "gift."

INT. IN THE MOVING CAR - DAY

Amy and Frank are in the car. Amy appears intense. Frank
glances at Amy while driving.

FRANK
Nervous about meeting your boss?

AMY
A little. I don't remember him.

FRANK
That's not a problem. He remembers
you.

EXT. AT THE SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Frank's car comes to a stop near the skyscraper. Amy and
Frank exit the car. Frank holds his briefcase, while Amy
carries her purse.

FRANK
Here we are. This is where you
work.

Amy gazes up at the skyscraper. Frank opens his briefcase and
takes out the "gift."

FRANK
Hold onto this. My briefcase is
full of crap.

He places the "gift" into Amy's purse.

FRANK
Give it to Mr. Sparks when you meet
him.

Frank takes hold of Amy's elbow and guides her toward the
entrance of the skyscraper.

INT. SKYSCRAPER LOBBY - DAY

Frank and Amy walk through the spacious lobby and stop at the
reception desk, where a GIRL is stationed.

FRANK
(smiling)
We're Amy and Frank Lipshitz. We
have a meeting with Robert Sparks
today.

GIRL
(checks her list)
Yes, you're on the list. Fifty-
third floor.

FRANK
Thank you.

Amy glances at Frank, her expression a mix of fear and
determination. She tries to maintain a poker face.

Frank continues to lead Amy away, holding onto her elbow.

INT. SKYSCRAPER ELEVATOR AREA - DAY

Frank and Amy arrive at the elevator doors. Frank doesn't
release her elbow for a moment.

INT. 53RD FLOOR / RESTROOM - DAY

The elevator doors open, and Amy and Frank step out. They
walk through the lobby and enter the waiting room, where
several well-dressed people, both men and women, are seated.

A door with a plaque that reads "Robert E. Sparks."

There's a table next to the door, and a SECRETARY, 20, is seated there.

Frank and Amy make their way to a couch.

FRANK

Take a seat. They'll call us.

Amy sits on the couch and places her purse on her lap. Frank stands beside her, holding his briefcase, and checks his watch.

Amy appears tense, uncertain about what to do.

SECRETARY

Mr. and Mrs. Lipshitz!

FRANK

Yes, we're here.

SECRETARY

Come over here and sign in for your visit.

Frank approaches the secretary's table casually and takes the fountain pen. Amy follows him.

FRANK

Don't worry, honey. I'll sign for both of us.

AMY

(pleading)

Please, let me sign my name myself.

FRANK

(considers)

Alright.

Frank offers her the fountain pen, but she kind of 'accidentally' jerks it out of his hand, causing the pen to squirt ink onto Frank's white shirt and jacket.

AMY

Oh, I'm so sorry!

The secretary smirks and hands Amy a napkin.

Amy quickly uses the napkin to blot out the ink spots on Frank's shirt.

FRANK

(annoyed)

I'm fine. I'm fine. That's enough!

SECRETARY
Restroom is down the hall.

Frank walks away, and Amy follows him.

AMY
I'm sorry for being so clumsy.

FRANK
No, it's not a big deal. Don't
worry about it.

AT THE RESTROOM DOOR - Frank hands his briefcase to Amy and enters.

Amy swiftly opens the briefcase, removes the files, then opens her purse, retrieves the "gift," and places it inside the briefcase. She stows Frank's files in her purse, hangs the purse on her shoulder, and holds the briefcase as she did before.

IN THE RESTROOM - Frank stands in front of a large mirror. He wipes away the ink spots and checks his watch before leaving.

AT THE RESTROOM DOOR - Frank exits. Amy returns his briefcase.

FRANK
Honey, I completely forgot, I have
an important meeting today. It just
came back to me. I'm sorry, but I
have to leave.

AMY
Is it because of the pen?

FRANK
Oh, no. I got my schedule mixed up.
I thought I'd spend the day with
you, but... well, please give my
regards to Mr. Sparks, will you?

AMY
Of course.

Frank kisses Amy on the cheek.

FRANK
I love you, sweetheart.
(winks)

He departs with his briefcase, leaving Amy watching after him.

EXT. AT THE SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Frank exits the entrance doors and enters the car.

IN THE CAR - He places his briefcase on the passenger seat, crinkling it slightly. He retrieves a photo from his jacket.

The photo shows Frank and Amy in wedding dress, cutting a cake.

Frank kisses two fingers and touches them to the photo, then tucks the photo back into his jacket.

INT. 53RD FLOOR. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Meanwhile, Sparks emerges from his office and approaches the secretary's desk.

SPARKS

Is there anyone here to see me?

Amy gazes at Sparks.

SECRETARY

Yes, Amy Lipshitz, sir.

SPARKS

Who?

(looks at Amy)

SECRETARY

Amy Lipshitz. She and her husband came to meet you, but Mr. Lipshitz left unexpectedly.

Sparks shifts his expression, appearing startled, as if he's seen a ghost.

Amy stares at him in bewilderment.

SPARKS

(nervous)

I don't know her! I'm busy! I have a lunch break!

He rushes back into his office and slams the door shut.

The secretary shrugs.

Amy is left confused.

INT. IN THE CAR / LOBBY - DAY

IN THE CAR - Frank checks his watch, then gazes up at the skyscraper through the windshield, wincing.

IN THE LOBBY - Amy exits the elevator...

IN THE CAR - Frank looks up again at the skyscraper through the windshield.

INSIDE THE "GIFT" BOX - We see the ticking timer. The second hand creeps up to 12...

IN THE CAR - Frank winces slyly, awaiting the explosion...

BOOM! Frank's car explodes! Furious flames engulf the cabin without mercy!

IN THE LOBBY - Amy watches the burning car, the fire reflecting in her eyes. People scream!

A firefighting truck arrives promptly, dousing the flames with water as onlookers stare at the blazing car.

Amy exits the entrance doors, gazes at the fire briefly, and walks away as if nothing happened, adjusting her purse. She continues down the street.

As she passes by an alleyway, suddenly, a large man in a hat and coat grabs her from behind, covering her mouth, and forcefully drags her into the alleyway...

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

The alley is quiet and dimly lit. The large man pulls Amy toward a parked van. She struggles to break free. Another man, dressed as his accomplice, opens the side door of the van. The first man pushes Amy into the van, and gets inside himself; and his partner swiftly closes the side door after them, taking the driver's seat. The van speeds away.

EXT. ON THE ROAD - DAY

The van cruises along the road.

Through the windshield, we catch a glimpse of two rugged men.

INT. VAN - DAY

Inside the van, Amy sits with a bag over her head, her hands bound behind her back.

She struggles to free herself, and her purse lies nearby.

As the van continues its journey, the surroundings gradually transition into a rural area.

EXT. OLD MANSION - EVENING

The van arrives at the familiar scene of the Master's mansion.

EXT. OLD MANSION. YARD - EVENING

The van comes to a halt at the metal gates, which slowly swing open, allowing the van to enter the yard.

INT. OLD MANSION. BIG HALL / LOUNGE - NIGHT

The black screen. The spotlight snaps on!

A man forcefully shoves Amy into the spotlight, her head still covered by the bag. She removes the bag, squinting from the intense light. She cautiously surveys her surroundings, shielding her eyes with her hand. A heavy silence hangs in the air, but suddenly...

MASTER (O.S.)

Greetings, Amy. I'm delighted to find you in my residence.

AMY

Who are you? Where am I?

MASTER (O.S.)

I prefer to be addressed as "Master." You are in my abode.

AMY

What do you want from me?

MASTER (O.S.)

Firstly, I'd like to apologize for the trouble that my associates have caused you. Unfortunately, it was necessary. Secondly, you are here because I wanted to meet you. I simply wish to express my admiration for you.

AMY

What are you talking about?

MASTER (O.S.)

You see, you eliminated one of my finest operatives. Not only did you eliminate him, but you also outwitted him. That deserves recognition. Do you realize that you should have met your demise today?

AMY

Yes.

MASTER (O.S.)

Frank underestimated you. Tell me, do you feel even a twinge of sadness for him?

AMY

No. I don't know him. I don't believe he was my husband, or that I've ever been married! Now I see, you staged all of this!

Master chuckles.

MASTER (O.S.)

Marvellous! I like you, Amy. I want to make you an offer - would you like to work for me?

AMY

Go to hell!

Master laughs.

MASTER (O.S.)

Amazing! Absolutely wonderful! Well, I won't pressure you. I can accept no as an answer. I'll release you, Amy. You can return to your former life and forget everything. But before that, I'd like to ask you about one thing. Please, participate in our contest.

AMY

I won't play your games!

MASTER (O.S.)

Oh, please? We'll never cross paths again. Besides, I'm afraid you have no other choice.

(yells)

Showtime!

The room suddenly bursts into light!

We find ourselves in a familiar hall bustling with people, all donning a wide array of attire, from elegant tuxedos to quirky carnival costumes. The swing music fills the air.

Amy stands confidently on the very same stage we've seen before. Behind her, women adorned with feathers elegantly dance.

Men dressed as devils spin naked women on a fake grill...

Amy looks around, utterly bewildered. Suddenly, two mimes materialize beside her and seize her by the arms.

AMY
(scared)
No! Let me...

Two statuesque women, dressed in elaborate carnival costumes, step forward and shield Amy and the mimes with their feathers.

The crowd in the hall erupts into wild excitement, clearly enthralled by the spectacle.

The fireworks erupted on the stage, captivating the audience. As the statuesque women gracefully shed their feathers, a striking figure emerged - Amy, dressed in a swimsuit adorned with the number "23."

A diminutive figure stepped onto the stage, dressed in a tuxedo, and held a microphone.

MIDGET
(into the mic)
Ladies and gentlemen, please
welcome the contestant - Amy Lynn
Lipshitz, twenty-seven years old,
standing at five feet four inches
tall and weighing in at one hundred
ten pounds. She hails from
Cincinnati, Ohio, and graduated
from Harvard with a law degree.
Currently - a housewife... Ahem
correction - a housewidow!

Two men in coats, the same individuals who had kidnapped her, seized Amy and forcibly dragged her off the stage and into the crowded hall. She struggled and cried out.

AMY
No! No!

INT. OLD MANSION. BIG HALL / LOUNGE - NIGHT

The two men in coats guide Amy through the frenzied crowd, their confident strides leading her forward.

People cheer for her, showering her with money as she passes.

Now, we spot Granny, elegantly dressed in a fancy gown, seated in a wheelchair with an oxygen mask on her face. An O2 tank stands nearby. She watches Amy intently as she makes her way past.

The two men continue guiding Amy, skillfully navigating the bustling crowd.

In the distance, a massive round inflatable pool comes into view, brimming with jam. Spectators encircle it, their eyes fixated on the unusual spectacle. Standing in the pool is a woman wearing the same swimsuit as Amy, adorned with the number "4." Her ankles are submerged in the sticky jam.

"4" raises her hands triumphantly and grins fiercely.

The two men escort Amy towards the pool.

AMY

What is this?

Suddenly, a man in a BEAR costume emerges next to Amy, cradling a midget in his arms. A spotlight illuminates them:

MIDGET

Tell us, Amy. Do you have a sweet tooth?

He places his microphone in front of Amy's face.

AMY

What?

MIDGET

If you do, then tonight you'll lose it, honey! Take her to the ring! It's time to determine the Queen of the Jam!

With a sudden push, the two men plunge Amy into the pool, and she lands flat in the jam!

The crowd erupts with excitement! A man in a tuxedo bends down to the pool and scoops up some jam with a dessert spoon, then puts it into his mouth.

INT. OLD MANSION. INFLATABLE POOL FILLED WITH JAM - NIGHT

Amy lies in the pool, her face smeared with jam, and slowly rises to her feet. Her gaze locks onto "4," who smiles viciously while sauntering around the pool's edge.

Amy surveys her surroundings as the crowd roars with anticipation, whistling in excitement.

Suddenly, "4" dashes toward the camera (Amy). She grabs Amy and hurls her over herself, sending Amy tumbling into the jam, creating a chaotic splash.

The crowd erupts with cheers.

Amy lies in the jam, trying to make sense of what just happened.

"4" sneaks up from behind, gripping Amy's neck and strangling her with a malicious grin.

Amy gasps, her eyes widening. Then, Amy manages to grab "4's" hair and pulls it with all her might. "4" screams!

Amy and "4" slowly rise to their feet, both holding each other's hair, struggling. However, "4" eventually overpowers Amy, throwing her to the side by her hair. Amy falls flat into the jam once more.

"Bear" grabs his head in shock.

Amy lies on her stomach, barely keeping her head above the jam.

"4" rushes towards Amy, perches on her back, and plunges Amy's head into the jam, causing her to choke and thrash her hands in desperation.

"4" grins triumphantly, pulling Amy's hair and lifting her head out of the jam. Amy breathes heavily before "4" thrusts her head back in again.

People discuss the fight animatedly. (Harpo Marx's cameo.)

Amy continues to hit the jam with her arms, splattering it everywhere.

"4" raises Amy's head once more, and Amy gasps for breath. "4" scans the cheering crowd confidently, believing victory is hers.

ON THE LOGGIA - a man in black stands with a crossbow loaded with a suction-cup dart. He aims and fires...

The dart strikes "4" directly in the eye! She jumps off Amy and clutches her injured eye.

Amy struggles to her feet.

"4" removes the dart from her eye and charges angrily toward the camera (Amy).

"4" spears Amy in the stomach, and they both tumble into the jam, intensifying the excitement of the onlookers.

The crowd goes wild! A man with a small monkey on his shoulder, clapping with excitement.

"4" positions herself on top of Amy, attempting to strangle her. Amy fights back, trying to pry "4's" strong grip loose, but "4" proves too powerful.

"4" grins ferociously, sensing her impending victory.

Amy rolls her eyes and sticks out her tongue in defiance.

But Amy jams her thumbs into "4's" eyes, applying pressure. "4" screams in agony and retaliates by grabbing Amy's hands. They wrestle, and Amy manages to stand up on her feet, getting "4" onto her back and pressing her eyes.

Amy releases her thumbs from "4's" eyes and unleashes a series of punches to "4's" face – right, left, right, left!

The crowd roars in excitement!

"4" attempts to break free from Amy's hold, successfully turning her back, but Amy seizes "4" by the head and plunges her face back into the jam.

Amy dominates "4," straddling her and keeping her head submerged in the jam. "4" hits the jam with her hands, creating a messy spectacle. Amy pushes "4's" head down even harder, not giving her any respite.

"4" stops struggling, her arms go limp.

Amy relinquishes her grip and turns "4" onto her back.

"4's" face is smeared with jam. She's lifeless.

AMY
(exhales)
Damn.

A spotlight shines on Amy's face!

MIDGET (O.S.)
And now, introducing our winner -
Amy Lipshitz!

The crowd's reaction is mixed, with some people whistling in approval and others booing.

Amy rises from beside the defeated "4."

A young man in a tuxedo with rolled-up pants rushes over to Amy, his bare feet splashing in the jam. He grabs Amy's hand and proudly raises it in the air. The audience's whistles and boos grow louder.

In the center of the hall, with people gathered around, money rains down into the pool.

The young man departs, and the "bear" with the midget in his arms appears beside Amy.

MIDGET
So, how does it feel to be the
winner?

He holds his microphone up to Amy's face.

AMY
Is she dead?

MIDGET
I suppose so.

The crowd bursts into laughter.

AMY
(glancing at "4")
Good.

The audience erupts in cheers, with whistles now dominating the sound.

MIDGET
(laughing)
What a sweet lady! I adore her.
Let's hear it for Cincinnati,
ladies and gentlemen!

Two men in coats suddenly appear and grasp Amy's arms, pulling her out of the pool.

They guide Amy through the jubilant crowd, leading her back to the stage.

INT. OLD MANSION. STAGE - NIGHT

The two men escort Amy onto the stage, and the spotlights illuminate her. They exit. A midget's voice emanates from the speakers:

MIDGET (O.S.)
I believe you need a shower,
sweetie.

Water suddenly showers down on Amy from above, causing her to flinch in surprise.

AMY
(startled)
Gosh!

MIDGET (O.S.)
Well, it's time for the second
challenge.

AMY
What?

MIDGET (O.S.)
Bring in the toy!

ASIDE - two tall women in carnival costumes roll in a massive 'wedding cake'. They position it beside Amy and pull the threads, revealing an electric chair hidden inside. The audience roars with excitement!

AMY
Oh, no.

The same two men in coats seize Amy and lead her towards the electric chair.

AMY
(resisting)
No! No!

The "Bear" with the midget in his arms makes his way to the stage.

MIDGET
Don't worry, Amy. For you, there's
nothing too challenging about this
task. You can relax.

Amy reluctantly takes a seat in the electric chair. Two men in black fasten straps around her ankles, wrists, and secure her head.

AMY
 (screaming)
 God, no! What the hell?!

The "Bear" and the midget approach Amy.

MIDGET
 It might tickle a little.

The audience bursts into laughter.

AMY
 Bastards! Let me go!

MIDGET
 I'm afraid that's not up to us, but
 rather our next contestant. Bring
 him in!

The two men shove a skinny man LORENZO, 45, dressed in boxers and an undershirt with the number "16" printed on it. He wears a black eye patch, which elicits laughter from the crowd.

MIDGET
 (announcing)
 Ladies and gentlemen, please
 welcome - Lorenzo!

The audience roars with excitement as Lorenzo anxiously navigates the space.

MIDGET
 Lorenzo, you can remove the patch
 now.

More laughter ensues as Lorenzo takes off the eye patch and surveys his surroundings with a mixture of fear and confusion.

Amy attempts to break free, her voice trembling:

AMY
 What are you going to do?

MIDGET
 (not using his mic)
 You'll see.

INT. OLD MANSION. STAGE - NIGHT

Lorenzo stands on the stage. A peculiar microphone stand rolls up to him.

The "Bear," accompanied by the midget, sits atop a large fake beetle, both illuminated by the spotlight.

MIDGET

Let's not waste any time. Here's the deal, Lorenzo. You must answer three questions within thirty seconds, and your answers must be correct. If you answer incorrectly or the time runs out, a lady named Amy, who is currently seated in an electric chair, will face dire consequences. As you can see, she's eagerly awaiting your wisdom.

The crowd responds with a mixture of excitement and anticipation. Granny breathes through her oxygen mask.

MIDGET

So, when you know the answer, hit the button to respond correctly and save Amy. Do you understand the rules?

LORENZO

Si.

Amy continues to struggle, trying to break free from her restraints, but the straps are securely tightened.

MIDGET

Great! Now, pay close attention! Here's the first question.

The hall falls into complete silence.

MIDGET

While working on his painting, the artisan instructed his student to draw two angels, which the student completed. After seeing the result, the artisan abandoned his brush forever, acknowledging that his student had surpassed him. Time starts now!

A ticking timer sound fills the room. Lorenzo contemplates the question with furrowed brows.

LORENZO

(confidently)

Da Vinci. "The Baptism of Christ."

MIDGET
Correct! Bravo, Lorenzo!

Lorenzo raises his arms triumphantly as fanfares sound and the audience roars with applause and whistles.

Meanwhile, Amy continues her futile attempts to break free.

MIDGET
Now, onto the second question.
Listen closely!

The hall quiets down once more.

MIDGET
Before being moved to the Palazzo dei Conservatori, she stood alone for a long time in the Lateran Palace. In the late fifteenth century, she finally acquired her adopted children. Your time starts now!

The timer ticks away, and Lorenzo scratches his head, deep in thought.

LORENZO
(hesitating)
Uh... Capitoline Wolf?

MIDGET
That's correct again!

Fanfares and cheers fill the air, and Lorenzo joyfully gives Amy a thumbs-up.

Amy watches the events unfold with growing fear.

MIDGET
You're doing great, Lorenzo. Now, brace yourself for the final question!

A hush falls over the hall, and Lorenzo slaps his cheeks to stay focused.

MIDGET
So, what's the name of your daughter? Your time starts now!

The timer ticks, and Lorenzo's face contorts with concentration as he gazes into space, struggling to recall.

MIDGET

Hurry up, Lorenzo, time is running out.

Lorenzo audibly gulps and appears distressed, tears welling up.

MIDGET

Well?

AT THE WALL - the man in black stands next to a switch, his hand poised on it.

Amy desperately attempts to free her hands.

AMY

(desperate)
Oh, God, no...

MIDGET

Lorenzo, what's the name of your daughter?

LORENZO

I don't know... I can't remember...
I... I...

MIDGET

You don't remember your own daughter's name? Oh, modern-day fathers...

The crowd erupts into laughter.

LORENZO

(tearful)
I... I...
(to Amy)
I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry...

AMY

Oh no, damn it! What the hell?

The timer stops with a disappointed jingle, and the crowd boos.

MIDGET

Time's up.

LORENZO

(crying)
I don't remember... I don't remember...

MIDGET

What a shame, Lorenzo. You lose.

(To Amy)

I'm sorry for you too, Amy, but those are the rules.

AMY

Don't do this! No! No!

MIDGET

Roast her!

The audience begins chanting: "Roast! Roast! Roast!"

Amy makes one last desperate attempt to free her hands.

AT THE WALL - the man in black gracefully flips the switch!

AMY

(screams)

No!

The electric chair starts to smoke and hum. Amy screams in agony. BOOM! Confetti and streamers burst out of the chair. Another round of confetti and fanfares follow!

MIDGET

Showtime!

The crowd goes wild!

Lorenzo stares at the electric chair in shock.

The smoke dissipates, revealing Amy, now unconscious. Two men in black approach and begin to untie the straps on her hands. Suddenly, Amy awakens, frantically looking around. The crowd roars and whistles.

MIDGET

Did you really think we'd let you die, Amy? You're so naive. We like you. The Master likes you. By the way, he wants to see you.

Meanwhile, two men in coats step up behind Lorenzo. One places a black bag over his head, while the other secures his hands. They then lead Lorenzo off the stage.

The men in black escort the exhausted Amy by her arms.

MIDGET (O.S.)

Our show goes on, ladies and gentlemen! Stay right where you are.

INT. OLD MANSION. STAGE - NIGHT

Energetic music fills the air as tall, slender girls rush onto the stage, captivating the audience with their cancan dance.

Suddenly, a man in a tailcoat, top hat, and holding a walking stick bursts forth from behind the dancers. His face is entirely covered in thick hair (hypertrichosis). He gracefully glides across the stage, performing moves reminiscent of Fred Astaire.

The camera now reveals the face of this HAIRY DANCER. He sports a broad, charismatic smile and playfully winks at the delighted crowd, prompting cheers and applause.

INT. OLD MANSION. BIG HALL / LOUNGE - NIGHT

Amy is led to a couch in the lounge area by the men in black. Seated on the couch is the Master, and next to him is a WOMAN wearing a crown made of fruits. We can only see the back of the Master's head, which is severely burned. The men in black gently place Amy at the Master's feet.

MASTER (O.S.)

You handled yourself exceptionally well, Amy. I admire your resilience. I won't tire of saying it.

Amy looks at the Master, her body trembling with stress.

The woman sitting next to the Master casually smokes a cigarette while observing Amy.

MASTER (O.S.)

I assume you'd like a drink? Please, take a sip of water.

Amy slowly rises to her feet.

MASTER (O.S.)

Our contest has surely exhausted you. You need some rest, and I intend to provide it.

One of the men in black offers a glass of water to Amy. She takes it but hesitates, glancing at the Master, then averting her gaze.

AMY'S POV - a small table with four syringes laid out.

MASTER (O.S.)
Go on, take a drink.

Amy gradually lifts the glass to her lips. Suddenly, there's a loud BOOM from somewhere in the hall!

ASIDE - The doors explode, and in the smoke, Sam appears with a gun!

SAM
(shouting)
Police! Nobody move!

The gangster on the balcony fires his Tommy gun...

Sam quickly dodges as more cops rushing into the hall behind him.

The crowd erupts in screams and panic!

AT THE LOUNGE - The gangsters open fire on the approaching cops!

MASTER (O.S.)
(yells)
What's going on?!

MASTER'S POV - Amy splashes water onto the camera (Master's face)

She grabs one of the syringes and leaps onto Master's lap. She forcefully plunges the syringe into his neck...

We see Amy's hand, her thumb pushing the plunger down...

The mutilated and burned mouth of the Master screams in agony:

MASTER
Nooooo!

She remains seated on Master's lap, holding the syringe against his neck as he writhes in a violent seizure.

INT. OLD MANSION. HALL - NIGHT

MEANWHILE, a scared midget maneuvers through the bustling legs.

MIDGET
No! No!

Suddenly, he falls to the ground.

MIDGET
(desperate)

No!

MIDGET'S POV - a dozen feet trample over him, leading to his demise...

The midget's lifeless hand falls to the floor, the tiny fist slowly unclenching to reveal a small, sparkling diamond beetle.

MEANWHILE, Sam makes his way through the chaotic crowd, firing shots to his sides, then upwards!

A gangster atop the loggia succumbs to the gunfire, falling to the ground.

The "bear" seizes Sam from behind, but Sam swiftly breaks free, turning the tables by grabbing the "bear" by his shoulders. After a brief struggle, Sam pushes the "bear" away and fires a shot.

The "bear" lies lifeless amidst the panicked crowd.

Sam continues to sprint through the mayhem.

MEANWHILE, the man in black standing on the loggia shoots downward with a Tommy gun. However, he soon runs out of ammunition and discards the weapon.

COP (O.S.)

Freeze!

The man in black momentarily hesitates but then swiftly retrieves a handgun from his belt and shoots at the cop. To everyone's surprise, a bouquet of flowers bursts from the gun's barrel instead of a bullet. The man in black, perplexed, drops the gun and attempts to flee, but the cop shots two times, fatally striking the man in black.

INT. OLD MANSION. STAGE - NIGHT

A cop grapples with the man in black, but the cop eventually yields and falls to the floor.

The man in black tightens his grip, choking the cop. Suddenly, a foot strikes his black-masked face, and it's Sam! The man in black swiftly releases the cop.

Sam rushes toward the man in black, grabs hold of his dark attire, and prepares to strike him. However...

It's just the empty black clothes; the man himself has vanished!

Sam looks bewildered at the vacant attire, wondering, "What kind of stupid trick is this?" But then, a dagger narrowly misses his nose...

The dagger impales the microphone stand!

Sam turns his gaze toward the direction from which the dagger came.

ASIDE - A hairy dancer glares defiantly at Sam, clutching another dagger. He deftly hurls it toward Sam.

Sam agilely evades the flying dagger.

The hairy dancer retrieves two Turkish sabers from his tailcoat and adeptly begins to duel with them, approaching Sam.

Sam draws his gun and fires twice at the dancer.

The hairy dancer skillfully deflects the bullets with his sabers!

Sam pulls the trigger once more, but the gun misfires, having run out of ammo.

SAM

Damn it!

(drops the gun)

We see the malicious grin on the hairy dancer's face.

Sam cautiously retreats, keeping a vigilant eye on the dancer, anticipating an attack at any moment.

The hairy dancer advances toward Sam, fencing with his sabers. Suddenly, he strikes with one saber, but Sam evades it. The dancer swiftly follows up with the other saber, and Sam narrowly dodges again. The dancer then kicks Sam in the stomach, sending him sprawling to the floor.

The dancer lets out a ferocious scream and swings both sabers toward the camera (Sam).

Sam quickly reaches for the Tommy gun lying nearby, and the two sabers clatter onto it. Sam pushes the hairy dancer away with his feet and springs to his feet.

The furious hairy dancer yells and charges at Sam, wielding his sabers.

The dancer slashes, and Sam dodges, but this time he ends up pinned against the wall...

With a furious scream, the hairy dancer swings a saber toward the camera, aiming at Sam.

Sam manages to dodge at the last moment, exposing an electric switch behind him. The saber strikes it, causing a SHOCK!

The hairy man convulses violently from the electric shock, screaming wildly as sparks fly in all directions!

Sam watches from the floor as he witnesses "the last dance" of the hairy dancer.

We see the frenzied, hairy face of the dancer, his eyes wide open, amidst a shower of sparks. His furry head ignites like a torch!

EXT. OLD MANSION. YARD - NIGHT

The eerie landscape of the old mansion with lights flickering in the windows.

EXT. OLD MANSION'S FACADE - NIGHT

The doors swing open, and a multitude of people dressed in various costumes pour out. Police cars surround the mansion's yard.

INT. OLD MANSION. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Amy sits on the floor, clutching her knees, trembling from the cold. Master lies unconscious on the couch.

Sam walks past Amy and notices her.

SAM

Amy? Is that you?

She looks up at Sam.

SAM

Good Lord, what are you doing here?

Sam sits beside her and gently takes her hands.

SAM

It's all over now. You're safe.

He helps her to her feet and then glances at Master.

SAM

That's Master. We've been pursuing
him for a long time.

The entire hall comes into view, with a few lifeless bodies
sprawled on the floor and debris scattered everywhere. The
police are inspecting the area, bringing order to the chaos.
The situation is under control as the officers take charge of
the scene.

EXT. OLD MANSION. YARD - MORNING

Amy sits on the marble staircase, draped in a white towel,
cradling a steaming cup of coffee.

Sam approaches, holding her purse.

SAM

I believe this is yours.

He places the purse beside Amy.

AMY

Thank you.

A beat.

SAM

Lost in the wrong place again, huh?
How did you end up here?

AMY

I was kidnapped, again.

SAM

You seem to have a knack for
attracting gangsters.

AMY

They have a strange fondness for
me. Can you believe it? For the
last twenty four hours, they wanted
to blow me up, drown me in jam, and
electrocute me. Am I truly that
fortunate?

SAM

You've got a sense of humor. That's
a good sign.

AMY

Oh, sure.

SAM

You've been through a lot, but it's all over now. You're completely safe.

AMY

I've heard that before, somewhere.

A beat.

SAM

Have you seen Danny?

AMY

Danny?

SAM

My partner, Detective Jones. The guy who escorted you home that night. He went looking for you when you were kidnapped from your apartment that same night, and I haven't heard from him in days.

Amy furrows her brow, trying to remember... something rings a bell for her.

AMY

No, sorry.

Sam shakes his head.

COP (O.S.)

Hey, Sam! We need your help!

SAM

Alright, Amy. We'll be looking for him. And as for you... head home now, get some rest, try to forget all of this. And stay away from gangsters. Don't make our job too easy.

(winks)

He departs.

Amy sets her coffee cup down and opens her purse.

MASTER (O.S.)

What? Who are you? What's happening?

Amy turns towards the familiar voice.

ASIDE - Sam and two cops stand near a police van, handcuffing Master. Sam seizes Master by the collar of his tuxedo.

SAM

Where are the diamonds, you freak?!

MASTER

Diamonds? What diamonds? I can't recall a damn thing!

SAM

Oh really? You'll remember in jail. Get him in the car!

The cops escort Master into the van.

MASTER

No! Wait! No!

Amy retrieves Frank's files from her purse, quickly scans them, but then notices something else. She reaches deeper into her purse, revealing a piece of paper, and unfolds it...

Amy's hand holds a \$200,000 check from Mr. Sparks, complete with his signature.

She gazes at the check in astonishment and carefully places it back in her purse. The frame becomes watery-blurry, and...

EXT. HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS. POOL - DAY

The scene opens to a bright and sunny day. Amy relaxes beneath a sunbed by the pool, engrossed in a book. She sports a large, white wide-brimmed hat. Behind her, a tall and young athletic BLOND man, clad only in swimming trunks, steps out of the house while holding a cocktail. He approaches Amy.

BLONDE

Ma'am?

He places the cocktail on the table next to Amy.

AMY

(continues reading)

Thanks, honey.

The blond moves aside. Amy gazes at him briefly...

The tall blond gracefully dives into the pool...

Amy smiles and returns her attention to her book...

The blond swims over to her, resting his arms on the pool's edge, where a glass with an umbrella already awaits.

BLOND

What are you reading?

AMY

Tolstoy. The Kreutzer Sonata. A husband killed his wife.

BLOND

I don't like scary stories.

AMY

Me neither.

She takes a sip of her cocktail through a straw.

BLOND

By the way, speaking of murdered wives... I still can't forget how you cornered that bastard in court. The fear in his eyes as he looked at you, man... I even felt a momentary pang of pity for him. I didn't know they taught such tricks at Harvard.

AMY

Harvard has nothing to do with it. It's all about the killer instinct.

BLOND

I'll drink to that.

He raises his glass, complete with an umbrella, and takes a sip.

Amy also takes a sip, then looks directly at the camera, breaking the fourth wall:

AMY

That's the story.
(winks and smiles)

The upbeat music fades in from off-screen. Then...

We see a white screen featuring an illustration of a contented affluent woman strolling down the street, laden with numerous bags after a triumphant shopping spree. In the background, a car is ablaze, with a skeleton at the wheel.
"THE END"

Titles.