

# THE POWER OF FEW

by

Leone Marucci

Property of

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Registered WGAw

NOTE - This entire screenplay takes place on one day  
between 2:00 PM and 2:29 PM.

BLACK SCREEN

O.S. A BABY CRIES.

FADE IN

EXT. MOTHER'S HOUSE (2:00 PM) - DAY

FEW (13), a plump Black girl, bag of candy in hand, walks the sidewalk along a row of dumpy homes in her urban neighborhood.

She stops and locates the SOUND of THE CRYING BABY. Peering at an old house, she notices a beat-up old green bicycle in the yard. She shakes her head in disgust, ripping open a candy bar and continuing down the street.

INT. CORY'S BEDROOM - DAY

O.S. the BABY continues to CRY.

CORY (15), a pale and lanky teenager lies in bed. He wakes to the WAILING BABY. Eyes wide, Cory sits up. He has wet the bed.

Dragging himself to the crib, he finds his Baby Brother squirming in a dirty diaper. He comforts his brother then exits to the bathroom.

INT. MOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

This is the home of a broken down, middle-aged woman and her two helpless sons. Shelves, dusty. Carpet, stained. Paint, peeling.

In another room MOTHER (32) is sprawled out on the couch, moaning each breath from her exhausted body.

On TV, a NEWS REPORTER informs of a late-breaking story.

INT. ON TELEVISION - NEWS SET #1 - DAY

NEWS REPORTER #1

...and preliminary reports from Rome indicate the Vatican is reporting a possible theft of one of it's most coveted possessions. Early speculation is that the shroud of Turin, that of the prophet Jesus has been taken from it's safekeeping.

If this is the case, this will be the second time in three years that an attempt has been made to steal the relic...

On the television, a montage of photos rolls by displaying an INCONSPICUOUS WOMAN (70's), dressed in a variety of outfits. She is unrecognizable. The REPORTER elaborates.

NEWS REPORTER #1 (CONT'D)  
 ...most experts are already pointing to Giovanna Nocera, one of the worlds most elusive super spies. Others are calling this a smoke screen set by the church itself in light of the recent criticism...

INT. MOTHER'S KITCHEN - DAY

Cory, in jeans and a black T-shirt, enters the kitchen and searches the cupboards.

An empty pizza box sits on a dirty table.

Cory's MOTHER HOLLERS.

MOTHER (O.S.)  
 (from living room)  
 You heard the baby crying didn't you?

CORY  
 I thought that was you. Maybe cause you starving him. Where's his Yorbetal?

Mother slithers into the kitchen. Cory is cornered.

MOTHER  
 My What?!

CORY  
 The baby's Yor-Bi-Tal! His medicine.

MOTHER  
 We're out. And don't think you gonna stay out 'til the wee hours with them punks then come in my house and eat all my food...

CORY

All what food?

MOTHER

...You wanna use my roof, you start pullin' your weight. And stop slamming my cupboards boy. I can't hear my TV.

CORY

What are you feeding my baby brother, this?

Cory grabs the pizza box and shakes it.

MOTHER

Stop that, don't let that piece hit the floor. Can't feed the baby no dirty slice.

CORY

Clean your floor! You can't feed the baby pizza. Where's his Yorbetal?

Cory digs in the fridge.

MOTHER

I told you. We're out.

Cory pulls a small pill bottle from the fridge. Reads the label.

CORY

Xanax?

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Don't touch that bottle.

CORY

What's it doing in the fridge?

MOTHER

None of your concern. Now put that back.

In the instant his mother looks away distracted, Cory stuffs the bottle in his pocket.

MOTHER

And don't be thinking about touching my meds?

CORY

Stop worry'n about your pills.  
 He's in there he's shittin like a  
 goose. We gotta get him his  
 Yorbetal ma.

O.S. BABY begins to CRY.

MOTHER

We gotta get? We gotta get! Every  
 day you sound more and more like  
 your old man. What you gotta get  
 is a job.

CORY

Who needs the job?

MOTHER

I'm on bed rest. Damn you. Get  
 out of my house and don't come  
 back without his medicine or food  
 you lazy cupboard mouse. Why I  
 ever squeezed you into this world?

EXT. MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Cory leaves his Mother yelling at the door. He grabs his  
 beat-up old green bike and peddles to the end of the  
 block.

EXT. BACK STREETS "A" BETWEEN GANG HOUSE & MOTHER'S - DAY

Cory wheels through the streets of his neighborhood. He  
 glances at the houses around him, all similar to his own.

Occasionally he jumps a curb, lifting his front tire high  
 in the air. He stops near a trash can on the side of the  
 road and tosses in his mother's bottle of pills.

Stopped, he notices Few, who walks down the sidewalk in  
 the opposite direction. She holds her face in obvious  
 pain.

EXT. GANG HOUSE - DAY

Cory rides by a big house on the corner. The front porch  
 is decorated with Thugs and Punks. EDDIE, LEVON and  
 Darnell (20's) are present.

Eddie throws a beer bottle at Cory who skids to a halt as  
 it smashes on the pavement in front of him.

Avoiding trouble, Cory heads to the far side of the  
 street. Suddenly, an out-of-control Black Dodge Charger  
 flies around the corner, nearly running him over.

The car pulls into the gang's driveway. Out jump two young thugs SHAMU and JUNKSHOW (20's).

Their skin, face included, is covered with gothic tattoos. Shamu, a big black dude moseys into the front yard while Junkshow, a wiry hot head races into the house.

JUNKSHOW

Biotch! Out my way!

SHAMU

Grab the big steel!

LEVON

What up?

Cory ignores them and rides on.

A few blocks away, he reaches his destination.

EXT. FATHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Much like his FATHER (40), this run-down house can barely stand up. On the porch, Father rests his bones on a crooked old chair. He leans too far back, loses his balance and crashes to the wood.

He puts himself back in his chair as Cory rides up.

Cory sits on the porch stoop.

In the street, a Pewter Lincoln Town Car pulls up and parks on the curb. A middle aged man, CLYDE, climbs out. He appears to be tucking in his shirt as he spots Cory and his dad.

FATHER

What's this yahoo want?

CORY

Nothing from you.

CLYDE offers a nod and a half smile then paces off down the street. Father finds this peculiar.

FATHER

This neighborhood is going down the tubes.

CORY

What's wrong with that guy? He ain't botherin nobody.

FATHER

Yeah.

CORY

So Mom kicked me to the curb, said not to come back without the baby's medicine.

FATHER

What's it... Yorbetal?

CORY

It's nuts. She's feeding the baby pizza. He's shitting like a grown man. Now I think she's on the Xanax again.

FATHER

Feel sorry for the Xanax.

CORY

Can you talk to her?

FATHER

I'd rather swallow a box of tacks.

CORY

Can you lend me some scratch?

FATHER

Your lazy ass mom's got half my pay. Go ask her. Anyway, I lost half my wages on that fixed Knicks game last night. They stunk out loud.

CORY

You're gambling again?

FATHER

Just a few games. But this psat weekend, I couldn't pick my nose let alone pick a winner. So I doubled down last night trying to win it back. Now papas gotta pay the bookie.

CORY

A bottle of that baby medicine runs twenty bucks, any ideas?

FATHER

If I buck up, that's twenty I'm short. And if I'm twenty short,

then Mr. Bookie won't take my bet tonight.

CORY

Course not.

FATHER

You bustin my chops boy? You better not be bustin my chops. Now make yourself useful and hand your dad that bottle.

Cory walks the bottle of whiskey to his father then starts to pace around.

CORY

All I'm saying is I gotta get that medicine, that's all.

FATHER

It'll pass. He'll be okay. Listen up boy. There's a message at the bottom of this bottle, the key all our problems. Thing is, when I get down there, I'm usually to drunk to remember it.

CORY

I need your toilet.

Cory hurries inside. Father sits, staring down the street, swigging his whiskey.

INT. FATHER'S BATHROOM - DAY

Cory cuts through the mess and enters the bathroom. He relieves himself while noticing the disaster his father calls home.

A dirty toothbrush, a crusty bar of soap and a big black comb rest on the old sink. Faded religious art hang crooked on the wall.

Cory's eyes wander beneath the sink where a small black box sits.

Cory flushes the toilet then squats down and opens the box.

Inside, he finds a small 9mm hand gun. He cautiously looks over his shoulder then back to the gun.



He picks it up and turns it in his hands. He clicks a release button and a clip of bullets falls from the handle.

He quickly reinserts the clip then stands up.

He catches his reflection in the cracked mirror. He stops and stares. First at himself, then down at the gun. He steps back and aims it at the mirror. Then a thought.

After another moment, he stuffs the gun under his belt and exits to the porch.

EXT. FATHERS HOUSE - DAY

CORY

All right Pops...

FATHER

Where you think you're going?

CORY

To the corner.

FATHER

Come back at the end of the week,  
I'll get you some cash, I gotta  
have a few winners tonight.

Cory picks up his bike and rides away. Father watches with pride.

EXT. BACK STREETS "B" (2:15 PM) - DAY

Cory peddles along, jumping the curbs.

High in the air, he lands hard. The gun drops out of his pants and slides across the street. He skids to a stop. He walks his bike back to the curb and sets it down.

He quickly glances around for watchful eyes. Feeling safe, he grabs the gun and tucks it into the back of his pants, picks up his bike and rides on.

EXT. INTERSECTION NEAR THE SPACE BAR - DAY

Local eateries, crusty electronics stores, empty hair salons and other random store fronts set a sidewalk's width from the curb create this urban center. Once a bustling corner, it's now only a modest plaza, serving a paltry level of convenience to the locals.

Cory peddles through the intersection. He stops outside a corner store, The Space Bar.

Cory rests his bike against the wall, setting it up for his return.

Before entering, he surveys the intersection. Glancing around, he sees DOM standing outside the pizzeria looking around.

Near Dom, atop a small scaffolding, FRED and BOB argue with each other as they try to hang a sign.

OFFICER MCCAIN (28) a big goofy cop, paces off in the opposite direction.

Two homeless men, DOKE and BROWN, stand on the near side of the street. Doke is very animated as he appears to be preaching to Brown, a little person wearing a red hat.

INT. THE SPACE BAR - DAY

DOORBELLS RATTLE as Cory enters.

The Space Bar is a unique mix of internet cafe and health store.

As shown in big colorful cardboard cut out ads around the room, they sell all types of new medicines and remedies that can solve all your bodily issues. A section of the room is dedicated to the internet.

In one corner a round table is divided into six computer terminals where patrons sit and surf the web. A RESERVED WOMAN occupies one terminal.

WOMAN'S MONITOR

Displays a headline that reads: "Pope Releases Statement On Shroud."

SHANE and MALA (30's), a simple couple who live daily through their store sit behind the counter. Mala is pregnant.

Shane, calm and quiet, works out his differences with Mala, a fast talker as Cory browses around. Hesitant and nervous, he takes his time.

MALA

We can't afford it right now.

SHANE

Of course not. So this is it?  
We're having a baby so I give up  
my art?

MALA

I haven't said a word about giving  
up anything. Money's tight. The  
timing is bad. You know I support  
your art.

SHANE

Once upon a time.

MALA

We're understaffed now. In my  
condition I can only do so much  
and the store needs double our  
attention. I just don't see how  
you can even think of performing  
at a time like this?

SHANE

You know the theatre only puts on  
three shows a year. This is the  
last one and they've offered me  
the role. How can I say no?

MALA

Does it pay?

SHANE

Yes... Half rate.

MALA

Half rate?

SHANE

The rest deferred, based on ticket  
sales.

MALA

(sighing)  
And the role?

SHANE

It's perfect. It's the musical  
"Planting Seeds in Cement?" You  
remember... it's "Little Shop of  
Horrors" meets "Slingblade?" The  
role of the botanist who discovers  
that plants have voices.

MALA

Maybe... but singing plants? Sounds silly.

Shane struggles to elaborate.

MALA (CONT'D)

Oh no. Don't tell me.

Shane is speechless.

MALA (CONT'D)

Why in every role does your character have to die?

SHANE

But it's the biggest moment in the piece.

MALA

Of course it is. Anytime a character dies on stage it's big.

SHANE

I don't know, I don't write the plays.

MALA

Can you once try for a role that has some growth? A character that learns something, that lives happily ever after, that doesn't fall over, kill himself or get shot?

(beat)

How does this guy go? Wait let me guess. He ends up poisoned by the plants.

SHANE

Well, not exactly...

MALA

How early?

SHANE

The third act!

MALA

The third act? Well that's a step up.

SHANE

It's good. It's going to be huge.  
I think this is the role that will  
launch me.

MALA  
Well as long as I'm carrying, I'm  
not coming out to watch you die.

SHANE  
It's not me, it's my character.

MALA  
Whatever.

SHANE  
It's a skill. I'm good at it.

MALA  
Good at dying? You're sick.

Shane takes a deep breath and rubs his face, frustrated  
with Mala's reaction.

Shane glances underneath the counter at a folded brown  
paper bag. He uses his leg to block it from Mala's view.

O.S. A HORN alerts Shane to his delivery truck's arrival.

SHANE  
Stay here. I'll get that.

Shane grabs the brown paper bag and walks toward the back  
room. Mala notices the bag.

MALA  
...what's in the bag?

SHANE  
What bag?

MALA  
The bag attached to your hand.

SHANE  
It's nothing.

Mala shakes her head at her husband's peculiar behavior.

EXT. SPACE BAR BACK LOT (2:20 PM) - DAY

Shane sets the bag on a shelf and exits through the back  
door. He meets the delivery truck that pulls up.

SHANE'S POV

At the opposite end of the lot, Shane sees Officer McCain walking away. He turns and finds a small man climbing out from inside a dumpster. He shakes his head, baffled.

INT. THE SPACE BAR - DAY

At the computer terminal, the Reserved Woman gathers her things and exits.

Cory hesitantly approaches the counter with a basket filled with some random items off the shelves. He looks around nervously, glancing to the back room where Shane exited.

MALA

Will that be all?

CORY

No.

MALA

What else can I get for you?

CORY

I need a bottle of Yorbetal.  
Infant Yorbetal. Make it two.

Cory motions to the case behind the counter. Mala acknowledges and turns for a bottle.

Cory slowly reaches back to pull the gun from his pants.

MALA

Anything else?

Just as he is about to draw, SOUNDS of the RATTLING DOOR freeze him.

Mala looks up and smiles as Cory turns to find Officer McCain entering. He quickly pulls his hand away from his back.

McCain takes his place in line.

CORY

No. That's it.

A bead of sweat forms on Cory's forehead. Having no money, he's stuck. Mala totals the bill.

MALA

Okay, that'll be forty-four  
seventeen. Let me get a bag.

Mala searches for a bag.

Attempting to buy time, Cory checks his pockets for money. He struggles to swallow as he reaches deep. He pulls out a nickel, a penny and some lint. He drops the change on the counter, turns to McCain and smiles.

CORY  
Not in that pocket.

Cory carefully checks his back pockets. Nothing.

Mala returns with a bag in hand. She notices the change on the counter and looks up at Cory.

CORY (CONT'D)  
I've got it.

McCain shifts his weight. Mala and McCain look down at Cory's pocket as his hand searches frantically. His hand stops, he smiles, McCain smiles, Mala smiles.

Cory slowly slides his hand from his pocket.

Just as his hand becomes visible... (2:23 PM)

O.S. The rapid SOUND of GUNFIRE erupts outside.

Everyone shifts, then freezes.

O.S. The SOUNDS of SCREECHING TIRES is followed by a terrible COLLISION. The SOUND ROARS through the room.

Mala gasps, Cory stiffens. They turn to McCain, who dashes for the door.

McCain exits and Cory makes his move. He pulls the gun from his pants but holds it at his side.

Noticeably shook from the sounds outside, Mala doesn't see the gun.

CORY (CONT'D)  
I need this medicine.

Mala opens the cash register.

MALA  
What?

Cory notices the stacks of cash in the register and Mala finally notices Cory's gun.

Mala shrieks loudly. She clutches her stomach then her chest and starts hyperventilating, never taking her eyes off the gun.

Cory is uncertain what is happening. He reaches toward the register as Mala struggles to maintain her balance.

She gasps for air.

Keeping one eye on her, Cory grabs a wad of cash and shoves it in the bag. He hesitates briefly as Mala stumbles to the ground.

INT. BACK ROOM OF THE SPACE BAR - DAY

Through the cracked door, Shane catches a glimpse of Cory with his hands in the register. He grabs the brown bag from the shelf and pulls a gun from it. He examines the gun and nervously creeps toward the main room.

From the back room, we watch as Shane suddenly rushes into the main room aiming his gun towards Cory.

Mala remains on the ground behind the counter gasping for air, in shock, as gunfire erupts.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Cory remains unseen as bullets fly. Shane catches a bullet and drops to the ground next to Mala. He summons energy and bounces up, firing wildly.

INT. THE SPACE BAR - DAY

We creep into the main room as Shane again falls to the floor. Debris from the shoot-out settles around him.

Past Shane, across the room, we now see Cory has also been shot down. Cory twitches around for his gun as Shane points his gun and fires a final shot.

Cory's head drops as Shane fights through his final breathes in dramatic fashion.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. BACK STREETS "A" (2:02 PM) - DAY

Few walks the sidewalk, not far from the Gang House.

She's already into a new chocolate bar and completely focused on the tasty pleasure. Her chewing motion is distinct.



She suddenly winces in pain. The chewing stops. The walking stops.

Her eyes water as she reaches for her cheek. She's in pain. She stretches her arms and angrily throws her shoulders. She stretches her jaw and rubs her cheek.

She's so mad at herself that she decides to turn and walk back the way she came. She hangs her head as she starts back.

In the distant BG, the black Charger pulls into the Gang House driveway.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT./INT. PEWTER TOWN CAR (MOVING - 2:00 PM) - DAY

An everyday couple in their forties rolls down the freeway. CLYDE, dressed casually, drives while MARTI, in workout gear, fiddles around inside the gymbag on her lap.

Marti suddenly shifts. She reaches for her ear then turns toward Clyde.

MARTI

What?

Clyde guides the car down the exit ramp, seemingly ignoring her.

MARTI (CONT'D)

Again?

(beat)

Please repeat.

Clyde does not respond. He rolls to a stop at the end of the off ramp.

MARTI (CONT'D)

Got it.

Reveal earpiece mic device in Marti's right ear through which she receives instructions from a Superior Officer.

Marti and Clyde are undercover SPECIAL AGENTS (SA-X).

MARTI (CONT'D)

Three thousand block. Harper Avenue.

Marti enters a code into the car's onboard computer.

ONBOARD COMPUTER

A map appears on the screen.

Clyde studies it as he drives. He presses a button on the computer pad.

Marti notices and shoots Clyde a glance. He rolls his eyes at her.

A distorted VOICE ROARS through the car.

SUPERIOR (O.S.)  
Open Com enabled.

Clyde quickly lowers the volume. To identify themselves, they recite secret code.

MARTI  
Sixteen liver squid two.

CLYDE  
Seven big toe twelve.

SUPERIOR (O.S.)  
Confirmed.

CLYDE  
Check. Is mark established?

SUPERIOR (O.S.)  
Negative.

MARTI  
Is ball in play?

SUPERIOR (O.S.)  
Cannot confirm.

Frustrated, Clyde shuts off the Open Com.

CLYDE  
Another ghost?

MARTI  
Don't be disappointed.

CLYDE  
If the day ends clean, ghosts  
never disappoint me.

MARTI  
Okay, I'll be the disappointed  
one. Fuck!

Clyde guides the car through the rough back streets of this urban neighborhood.

He pulls over and parks.

INT. TOWN CAR - BACK STREETS "C" (PARKED) - DAY

CLYDE

Listen Marti, if there's a mark to bring in, we do it. Bitchin that the mark may not exist is a little twisted.

MARTI

Unless Intel just can't locate it.

CLYDE

Well, sure...

MARTI

I want to bring one down. I need to bring one down. Send a message straight to the top.

CLYDE

All within the law.

MARTI

Who's law? They're not out there playing by our rules.

CLYDE

You're thick. We enforce the law, within the law. If we don't play by our rules, then we're the same as them.

MARTI

Ease off the nobility juice.

CLYDE

I gotta be honest, your angle is way off.

MARTI

Then write it up cub scout. And don't forget to cash your check after innocent kids die.

CLYDE

What's that?

MARTI

I don't know, maybe the fact that you see this as just another day on the job. You want to talk about noble ground, but you'll sell nobility for your weeks wage at any given moment.

CLYDE  
Well, we are employees.

MARTI  
You're about as sharp as a bowling ball Clyde. When the company is sinking, 'employees' need to get creative.

CLYDE  
This company isn't sinking.

MARTI  
Well, it's in dangerous waters.

ONBOARD COMPUTER

Their attention is pulled to a new image appearing on the computer screen.

Clyde presses a button.

SUPERIOR (O.S.)  
(from computer)  
Mark located.

Intensity builds. Marti works the keypad. Clyde hits the gas.

EXT./INT. PEWTER TOWN CAR (MOVING) - DAY

MARTI  
Confirming. Info received.

SUPERIOR (O.S.)  
Advance. Apprehend mark. Await further instruction.

MARTI  
Six seventy four Harper Avenue.  
On the move.

ONBOARD COMPUTER

A middle eastern man's mug shot (Sahel) appears on the computer screen. A section of the screen is quickly filled with personal data.

Clyde studies the map while simultaneously weaving through the back streets.

CLYDE  
Marti, don't make me worry about you. No cowboy shit. Stick to procedure.

Marti only responds with a glance. She removes a Glock 22 from her bag.

Clyde is unsettled by her response, but he continues forward.

MARTI  
Here's Harper.

They turn onto Harper Avenue and roll by a few small houses.

CLYDE  
There it is, seven six four.

EXT. SAHEL'S HOUSE - DAY

CLYDE & MARTI'S MOVING POV

A man (SAHEL) quickly disappears through the front door of the house.

EXT./INT. PEWTER TOWN CAR (MOVING) - DAY

MARTI  
Potential mark spotted entering house, seven six four Harper.

SUPERIOR (O.S.)  
Hold!

Marti drops her head with a frustrated sigh.

SUPERIOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Second mark confirmed in vicinity.  
Awaiting further details.

Clyde and Marti share a look of concern. Clyde brakes as Marti stashes her gun and climbs from the car.

CLYDE  
I'll take the rear.

MARTI  
Switch to mobile.

EXT. SAHEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Clyde drives away as Marti walks up the street. Gym bag in tow, her workout garb conceals her occupation. Without missing a step, she quickly blends into this everyday backdrop.

EXT. FATHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Clyde quickly parks the car on the curb and climbs from the car. He stuffs his gun into his pants then looks up to find Cory and his Father on their front porch.

The two parties stare at each other. Clyde offers a nod and a half smile then sets out on foot.

SUPERIOR (O.S.)  
(heard through earpiece)  
Mark has been positively  
identified as a transporter. He  
is a link in a chain responsible  
for the movement of red-letter  
contraband. Locate and gather all  
suspicious material.

EXT. SAHEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Marti walks slowly across the front of the rundown house. She peers across the yard into the windows, finding it empty. Clyde speaks to her through her earpiece.

CLYDE (O.S.)  
(heard through  
earpiece)  
In position?

MARTI  
Check.

CLYDE (O.S.)  
(heard through  
earpiece)  
No movement inside.

MARTI  
Confirm. Mark is solo. When  
you're in position, I'll take the  
front door.

EXT. REAR OF SAHEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Clyde positions himself near the back door.

CLYDE

I'm in position.

MARTI (O.S.)  
(heard through  
earpiece)  
Check that.

INT. SAHEL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

SAHEL, a sunken middle eastern man (45) sits on his couch watching a national news report on his television.

INT. ON TELEVISION - NEWS SET #2 - DAY

NEWS REPORTER 2  
Authorities are reluctant to call  
this an act of terrorism, as a few  
non-violent groups have made  
attempts for this relic in the  
past.

INT. SAHEL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The DOORBELL RINGS. Sahel cautiously climbs from a seat.

At the front door he looks through the glass to find Marti standing with a smile.

He reaches to unlock the chain, but suddenly stops. He glances again at Marti's face then to her ear where he spots her device. He remains as calm as possible.

SAHEL  
One moment please.

He turns and walks into his kitchen. He mumbles to himself.

INT. SAHEL'S KITCHEN - DAY

Out of Marti's view, he quickly moves for the back door at the other end of the kitchen. He's nervous and stumbles.

Hoping to escape, he swings open the back door.

CLYDE  
Going somewhere?

Clyde stands with his gun pointing squarely into Sahel's forehead.

Sahel sees Clyde's finger fixed on the trigger. He throws his hands up to surrender, mumbling through it all.

SAHEL (CONTD)  
Don't shoot. Don't shoot.

CLYDE  
On your knees!

Sahel drops.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Hands behind your head.

Clyde zip ties Sahel's wrists and feet then drags him back into the house.

INT. SAHEL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

He throws him to the floor in the main room then unlocks the front door. Marti enters.

SAHEL  
I'm innocent. I've done nothing.

MARTI  
Innocent men don't run.

SAHEL  
Innocent men looking like me  
sometimes must run.

CLYDE  
(into mic)  
We've taken the mark, in the nest.

Clyde quickly searches the room, overturning and cutting open furniture.

Marti rips Sahel's shirt open and aggressively pats him down. She emerges with his wallet, revealing much cash.

MARTI  
That's a lot of cash for a man, an  
innocent man, living in this  
neighborhood.

SAHEL  
I earn that money. Hard work.

MARTI  
Right, hard work. Get back on  
your belly.



Marti turns to assist Clyde.

SAHEL

I know my rights. Where's your warrant?

This infuriates Marti, who turns back and slams Sahel against the wall.

She presses her forearm into his neck forcing him upright and with her free hand slams her hand into his crotch. She gets a hold of his testicles and squeezes with everything she's got.

Sahel gasps in pain as she whispers into his ear.

MARTI

You feel that? That's nothing compared to how it'll feel when we strap the snake to your tongue.

Clyde notices his partner and shakes his head in disapproval.

CLYDE

Check the back rooms, I'll deal with him.

Marti holds tight.

SUPERIOR (O.S.)

(heard through earpieces)  
Second mark is on the board.  
Stand-by for confirmation.

CLYDE

Copy. No materials located on mark one.

SUPERIOR (O.S.)

(heard through  
earpiece)  
Is search complete?

CLYDE

Negative.  
(to Marti)  
Take the back rooms.

She holds. Sahel wrestles in pain. Marti is too strong. She finally releases and he crumbles to the floor.

Marti turns to Clyde.

MARTI

We don't have time for this. We  
need to call in "The Bag".

Clyde reaches his limit with Marti. He grabs her by the  
arm and takes her into the back room.

INT. SAHEL'S BACK ROOM - DAY

Clyde's tone quickly reaches a rare intensity.

CLYDE

You are completely out of line.  
You jumped him out of the gate.

MARTI

We, don't, have, time.

CLYDE

Until this goes code zero, we've  
got nothing but time. We're not  
calling in "The Bag". I've never  
had to call in "The Bag" and I'm  
not starting today.

MARTI

I'm not going to be the one to let  
these aliens set off a bomb on my  
soil?

CLYDE

No one has confirmed this is a  
bomb. We're not even at code  
zero, it remains standard  
procedure.

MARTI

Wake up! Look around. This thing  
will be code zero in a matter of  
minutes and if we've made no  
progress, we're bringing in "The  
Bag".

CLYDE

Until then our job is to clear the  
nest, and extract any info we can  
from the mark. So start clearing  
the fucking nest.

Marti turns and begins her search.

Clyde cracks his neck as he walks back to Sahel.

INT. SAHEL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sahel has slithered across the floor towards the door.

CLYDE

Going somewhere?

Clyde grabs a chair, then pulls Sahel off the floor and sets him in it. He calmly sits down next to him.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Listen to me. I'm not going to touch you. She's not going to touch you, again. You just may be innocent. And contrary to what's already happened, we're not here to judge you either way.

Sahel slowly gives Clyde his attention.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

We have received information that says you are a link in a chain that transports illegal materials.

SAHEL

I don't do this.

CLYDE

You can save your defense for the judge that you probably won't ever get in front of.

SAHEL

But I don't.

CLYDE

I don't expect you to know whether you do or do not.

SAHEL

I don't.

CLYDE

You listen carefully to these words and we'll see what you know.

Clyde leans in close, peering deep into Sahel's eyes.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Razor, Fire, Cloud.

Sahel shifts slightly.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Master, Wreck, Master.

Sahel drops his head.

Clyde leans in and whispers into Sahel's ear.

Sahel lifts his head. He seems drugged.

SAHEL

You fuckin pig. You have no soul.

CLYDE

Is that right? What else?

SAHEL

Your life will die.

CLYDE

Yes, eventually.

SAHEL

Worse.

CLYDE

How's that?

SAHEL

Your way of life. Everything you stand for, work for, believe. It all will crumble, it will die.

CLYDE

How will this happen?

SAHEL

Look around, it's happening.

Clyde confidently looks around.

CLYDE

Not much is happening here.

SAHEL

It will.

CLYDE

When will this happen?

SAHEL

It already has. We're just cleaning up now.

CLYDE

What are you cleaning?

Marti enters the room, quietly keeping her distance.

SAHEL  
Your blood. Cleaning your blood  
from our world.

CLYDE  
What are you using to clean?

SAHEL  
A simple item.

CLYDE  
An item?

SAHEL  
A bo...

Sahel catches his weary head.

MARTI  
A bomb?!

Sahel looks up quickly, snapping out of his haze. Clyde  
drops his head in defeat.

SAHEL  
What? Bomb? What?

MARTI  
You've put a bomb into play on our  
soil. You dirty camel jockey!

SAHEL  
What does she say?

Clyde stands up slowly. He walks to Marti.

CLYDE  
I've got one chance at that. What  
would possess you to interrupt?

MARTI  
It's a bomb.

CLYDE  
You know I won't confirm that.

MARTI  
He said it.

SAHEL  
What did I say?

MARTI

You said you're going to clean up  
our blood with a bomb.

CLYDE  
He never said bomb. I won't  
confirm it.

(beat)  
Anything in the back?

MARTI  
Nothing. And quit acting so damn  
patient.

Clyde is blank.

CLYDE  
(to Superior)  
First sweep. Nest is empty. Mark  
offered hints, nothing solid.

Marti shifts.

SUPERIOR (O.S.)  
(heard through  
earpieces)  
Copy. Hold.

Clyde and Marti are caught in a stare down.

SUPERIOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(heard through  
earpieces)  
Mark two within perimeter.  
Awaiting exact location.  
(beat)  
Bag in route.

CLYDE  
(to Marti)  
You didn't?

O.S. the DOORBELL RINGS.

MARTI  
I did.

Clyde breaths deep, attempting to remain calm.

Marti opens the front door. In steps, THE BAG, an  
incredibly obese and sloppy white woman with make-up  
caked on. She sets down a duffel and removes her trench  
coat while finishing off a stick of beef jerky. She's in  
a long Spandex one piece and military boots.

Sahel's eyes widen.

THE BAG  
Where's the criminal?

Marti stands over Sahel, smiling.

MARTI  
Right here Hun.

The Bag sloths past Clyde, who refuses to look at her.

THE BAG  
Long time no see, Clyde.

Clyde half respectfully nods his head.

She squats down over Sahel, who looks up in dreadful fear.

THE BAG (CONT'D)  
So you're the little sand turd  
that won't tell these fine people  
what they want to know?  
(to Marti)  
Should I do this here?

CLYDE  
The back room.

THE BAG  
What, you don't want to see the  
real action?

CLYDE  
(at Marti)  
Tick? Tock?

MARTI  
C'mon back here.

Marti grabs Sahel by the ankle zip tie and drags him through the house. The Bag pulls a wire harness from her duffel and follows.

THE BAG  
Yeah, yeah. Bring me in when  
there's no time for any fun. Last  
to the party and the one who  
causes it to end. It's a sad way  
to live.

They disappear into the back room. Marti quickly reappears in the main room.

Clyde hasn't moved.

MARTI

Won't be long now.

(beat)

Had to be done.

(beat)

It's the only way.

CLYDE

Situation was under control.

MARTI

When she confirms the bomb and you  
drop your little boy scout  
routine...

CLYDE

IF she confirms. Goddamn you're  
like a girl scout on her first  
period.

MARTI

Relax, and don't be stealing my  
lines.

CLYDE

You don't know.

MARTI

What?

CLYDE

You just, don't, know.

From the back room, an AWFUL SOUND EMERGES. It only  
resembles that of a man crying out in pain, but it's  
deeper, more primal.

The HEAVING and MOANING is coupled with LOUD THUMPING.  
Transfixed, Marti and Clyde stare down the hall.

Marti slowly steps into and down the hall.

Clyde grabs her.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Agent, do not go there.

Marti jerks her arm free from his grasp and continues to  
gravitate toward the door.

Clyde throws his arms up in frustration and turns away.



His anger level rises. All the while, the SOUNDS from the back room BECOME MORE DESPERATE.

INT. SAHEL'S HALLWAY - DAY

Marti approaches the halfway point of the hallway, marked by an entrance into the kitchen area.

She creeps along, fascinated by the EMANATING NOISE. She suddenly freezes.

In the kitchen entranceway, Clyde stands with his gun drawn and pointed at her head.

They stare into each others eyes.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Agent, it is not your duty to  
intrude on her work.

MARTI  
You're not curious?

CLYDE  
That's neither here nor there.

MARTI  
Holster that peacemaker. Have a  
glance.

CLYDE  
I will do no such thing. Neither  
will you.

MARTI  
Is that right?

CLYDE  
Take another step towards that  
door. Do it.

Marti considers the threat. She doesn't really believe it and starts toward the door.

CU Clyde squeezes the trigger.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Do not test me.

She creeps along. Then the NOISE STOPS. A deafening silence fills the house.

Clyde drops his gun and curiously steps into the hall beside Marti.

They stare as the door knob slowly turns and the door opens. They look up simultaneously to find The Bag adjusting back into her spandex outfit as she exits the room.

She walks a little funny as she steps right up to the agents with their information.

THE BAG

About a half hour ago, your friend passed off a brown box to a messenger service, paid cash, sent it across town.

Clyde scowls at Marti upon learning it was a box.

THE BAG (CONT'D)

The box arrived to him earlier in the day. He doesn't know the destination or what was inside the box.

Marti scowls back. It might still be a bomb.

THE BAG (CONT'D)

He's just one cog in the network that's moving it. As far as he knows, it's now moving to another.

CLYDE

(to Marti)

The second mark?

THE BAG

Which way is the toilet?

MARTI

(to Clyde)

Let's call it in.

THE BAG

The toilet?

MARTI

Right there.

Clyde communicates with the Superior. Marti checks on Sahel.

CLYDE

(to Superior)

Minimal information obtained from first mark.

SUPERIOR (O.S.)  
 (heard through  
 earpiece)  
 Continue.

CLYDE  
 Mark had possession of brown  
 nondescript box for a few hours.

Pacing around, Clyde walks past the bathroom where The  
 Bag is standing scrubbing her butt. He shakes his head.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
 (to Superior)  
 Hired unknown messenger service to  
 deliver to unknown location.  
 Possibly to second mark.

SUPERIOR (O.S.)  
 (heard through  
 earpiece)  
 Hold.

INT. SAHEL'S BACK ROOM - DAY

Listening to the conversation, Marti walks into the back  
 room where Sahel withers on the ground in a puddle of a  
 gross mix of bodily fluids. She covers her mouth and  
 nose as she steps back from the smell and watches the  
 tied man struggle. He gasps for air.

Clyde appears.

CLYDE  
 (whispering to  
 Marti)  
 You called her in, you handle  
 this.

SUPERIOR (O.S.)  
 (heard through  
 earpiece)  
 Second mark within five hundred  
 meters of present location.

MARTI  
 Requesting instructions for first  
 mark?

SUPERIOR (O.S.)  
 (heard through  
 earpiece)  
 Remove mark from premises.  
 Transport mark to home base.

Clyde raises an eyebrow to Marti who takes a deep breath and steps toward Sahel.

THE BAG  
Until we meet again!

Clyde waves to The Bag who exits through the front door. He follows her out.

EXT. SAHEL'S HOUSE - DAY

CLYDE  
(to Superior)  
Moving to vehicle.  
(to Marti)  
Move first mark to back yard.  
Meet in back alley.

SUPERIOR (O.S.)  
(heard through  
earpiece)  
Find additional info on second  
mark in system.

The Bag heads down the street while Clyde walks up to the corner to find his vehicle.

EXT./INT. TOWN CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Clyde's frustration builds as he simultaneously starts the car, pulls the new info up on the onboard computer and drives back to the house.

EXT. REAR OF SAHEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Clyde pulls down the back alley where he spots Marti pushing Sahel down the steps. She kicks him in the gut as she drags him from the house. Clyde does not approve.

CLYDE  
Fuck! Mad woman.

Marti shoves Sahel into the back seat and climbs in the front.

INT. PEWTER TOWN CAR - DAY

A wretched smell fills the car.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Marti. Cool it!

In the back, Sahel continues to gasp for air, squeezing in mumbled threats along the way.

She ignores him and works the computer.

EXT./INT. PEWTER TOWN CAR (MOVING) - DAY

He drives away.

MARTI

Here it is.

(beat)

Oh shit!

(beat)

It's her.

Clyde subdues his anger for a moment and glances at the monitor.

CLYDE

Marti, stop the nonsense.

MARTI

Or what?

CLYDE

Fuck you or what! You've routinely put us in danger and I'm done with it.

MARTI

Done with it? You had your chance back at the ranch. This is our day. We've got one in the net and the kingfish on the hook. Time to drop the handbook boyscout!

CLYDE

God damn it, keep your cape in the trunk you stubborn bitch.

MARTI

(pleased)

That's it. Whoa! Feel that fire! Live it. Burn these bitches!

She reaches into the back seat and cracks Sahel's head with the butt of her gun.

MARTI (CONT'D)

That's right, I'm talking about you.

Clyde is infuriated. He jumps on the gas. The car tears up the street.

Clyde tightens his grip around the wheel. White knuckles. He is hot. His eyes nearly cross.

MARTI (CONT'D)

Are you looking at this map?

Clyde turns onto Main Street at top speed, nearly wiping out into oncoming traffic. Marti grabs the dash to brace herself as Sahel crashes against the far door.

They race up the road, nearing The Intersection.

Clyde has lost his concentration and awareness of his surroundings. He tears up the street at top speed, grinding his teeth in anger.

Marti sees The Intersection.

MARTI (CONT'D)

Slow it down partner!

He's not slowing for anything.

MARTI (CONT'D)

Clyde!!

It's too late.

EXT. THE INTERSECTION - DAY

Out of nowhere, a black Charger appears in The Intersection. The Town Car smashes into it. Glass, metal and bodies fly in all directions as the cars crumple from the sudden and furious impact.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. BACK STREETS NEAR GANG HOUSE (2:02 PM) - DAY

Few walks the sidewalk, not far from the Gang House.

She's already into a new chocolate bar and completely focused on the tasty pleasure. Her chewing motion is distinct.

She suddenly winces in pain. The chewing stops. The walking stops.

Her eyes water as she reaches for her cheek. She's in pain. She stretches her arms and angrily throws her shoulders. She stretches her jaw and rubs her cheek.

She's so mad at herself that she decides to turn and walk back the way she came. She hangs her head as she starts back.

In the distant BG, the black Charger pulls into the Gang House driveway.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. GRAVEL ALLEY OFF MAIN STREET (2:00 PM) - DAY

Off Main Street, at the far end of a seemingly empty alley, we drop down to the pavement and search through specs of dirt and bits of gravel where we find Doke, a homeless man, dressed in three layers of dirty old clothes standing beside a large trash dumpster holding a cup.

He is a torn and tattered soul who goes unnoticed by society while dwelling in its center.

Inside the dumpster Brown rummages around, pitching trash into the alley. He remains unseen.

BROWN (O.S.)

What time is it?

DOKE

It's now the top of the hour and you're tuned in to the evening news.

Doke proudly believes he's the anchorman of a local television news station.

BROWN (O.S.)

I'm hungry!

DOKE

Keep digging, you're bound to find something.

BROWN (O.S.)

I'm digging. What time you say it was?

DOKE

It's two o'clock Tom, now back to you.

BROWN (O.S.)

Already two?

DOKE

Already two. And yes Tom,  
according to the polls, once again  
it's two o'clock and you're  
hungry.

BROWN (O.S.)  
My name is Brown.

DOKE  
This town named a lot of streets  
after you...

BROWN (O.S.)  
What?

DOKE  
One Way! Don't you find it a bit  
strange whenever I tell you the  
time, your reaction is, I'm  
hungry, I'm hungry.

BROWN (O.S.)  
Cut the shit, I'm Hungarian!

DOKE  
We, here at the station, feel it's  
the public's right to be informed  
of this clock-determines-hunger  
conspiracy.

Doke looks to one end of the alley. Pedestrians walk by.

DOKE (CONT'D)  
Reporting from the street I see  
them, well behaved, clock-watching  
citizens, the true machinery of  
the city. It brings back sad  
memories, now back to Tom.

BROWN (O.S.)  
We haven't ate since the butt-  
crack of dawn. Quit talking like  
some idiot. Call it what you  
want, I call it old fashioned, gut  
wrenching hunger. And what's all  
this about memories?

DOKE  
Back in the day, the salad days,  
before that fateful call...Oh,  
that fateful call.

BROWN (O.S.)  
That call you missed?



DOKE

Missed? No, I definitely got the call. It's impossible to miss THE call. In some cases, you don't even need a phone. I don't think a man can get through life without getting THE...

BROWN (O.S.)

I never got any call.

DOKE

Consider yourself lucky. But it's not just getting the call, it's answering the call that's important.

BROWN (O.S.)

Damn it!

DOKE

We're now sending you to Brown on the inside with more on these recent events.

Brown, a homeless little person, climbs from the dumpster.

BROWN

There ain't nothing to eat in there and I'm feeling faint.

While Brown looks to Doke for camaraderie, Doke's thoughts are elsewhere.

Together, they exit Gravel alley to Main Street.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

BROWN

I could eat the ass off a low flying duck.

DOKE

Oh we'll eat, don't get carried away. We're gonna get back in the game Brown, back in the game.

Extending his cup and his faith, Brown does his best to peddle change from the more sympathetic. A Middle-aged Man passes.

BROWN

Help is on the way!

Nothing.

OFFICER MCCAIN

Hey!

Brown turns to find Officer McCain, a large and eager man, approaching with his resonating voice.

OFFICER MCCAIN (CONT'D)

You two can't be standing out here loitering and harassing these good people.

BROWN

Don't be calling me no loiterer.  
I pick up and throw away any trash  
I see.

Doke attempts to confuse McCain.

DOKE

According to local authorities,  
the harmless survey was reported  
as harassment.

OFFICER MCCAIN

Survey?

BROWN

Yeah a survey!

OFFICER MCCAIN

What kind of survey are the two of  
you conducting?

BROWN

(to Doke)  
Yeah, what kind of survey?

DOKE

That story and more will be coming  
up after this short break.

His cup extended, Brown approaches a Woman walking the sidewalk.

BROWN

Do you need some change? Would  
you like to borrow some money?

With a chuckle, she gives Brown a handful of change and walks on.

BROWN (CONT'D)

God bless.

OFFICER MCCAIN  
What kind of horsepucky is that?!

McCain lowers his sunglasses and studies Doke.

OFFICER MCCAIN (CONT'D)  
...well I'll be damned. You're,  
you're what's his name?

Doke reacts to McCain's realization and turns to Brown.

DOKE  
The best way to deal with  
absurdity is to recognize it.

OFFICER MCCAIN  
I used to watch you every night.

DOKE  
And?

OFFICER MCCAIN  
And what happened? How in great  
goodness does it come to this?

DOKE  
It wasn't just one thing.

OFFICER MCCAIN  
Half of me wants to ask for your  
autograph the other half wants to  
lock you up.

Just as Doke is about to fill McCain with his philosophy,  
Brown interjects. Doke stands stunned.

BROWN  
He missed his call.

DOKE  
I told you, I did not MISS the  
call.

BROWN  
Don't be upset, I didn't even get  
a call.

DOKE  
It has something to do with the  
science of cloning.

Officer McCain slowly steps back with a look of dismay.

OFFICER MCCAIN

The science of cloning? Sweet  
lordy be.

Doke pulls apart the layers of his shirts to expose a  
bottom shirt which reads (in black marker): CLONE JESUS

DOKE

They're gonna clone the big guy.

Officer McCain stands frozen.

DOKE (CONT'D)

I know how you feel. I been  
there. But now I'm back in the  
game.

Officer McCain stands and scratches his head in deep  
thought as Doke and Brown wander off down the sidewalk.

EXT. MAIN STREET NEAR PETE ZAPPAIS - DAY

They walk toward THE INTERSECTION where a young couple on  
a Vespa scooter, DOM and ALEXA, park and enter the pizza  
shop.

DOKE

We got enough in there for pizza?

BROWN

Hold on.

DOKE

And I didn't MISS my call.

BROWN

What was wrong with that cop?

DOKE

What?

BROWN

Why was he acting so strange, like  
he knew you or something?

DOKE

Oh, sometimes people mistake me  
for someone else. That'll be  
happening more, now that I'm back  
in the game.

BROWN

He said something about TV, and how he used to watch you. What's your story dude?

DOKE

Brown, I'll tell ya, you gotta start listening to what people don't say. It's the best way to stay focused.

BROWN

All I can focus on is my hunger.

Brown peeks into a trash can. His eyes light up as he spots a red hat. Brown grabs the hat and places it atop his head.

DOKE

Now that's style.

A Man passes, staring at Doke, perhaps recognizing him.

Noticing, Brown extends his cup.

BROWN

Help is on the way?

Nothing. They stroll along.

DOKE

(to Brown)

Did you say something?

BROWN

That was my stomach. I said it earlier, I'm Hungarian!

DOKE

We are now sending you live to the street where Tom has more.

Doke holds an imaginary microphone to Brown's mouth.

DOKE (CONT'D)

We apologize for our audio difficulty, but by the way things feel out here today, I believe we'll get a reminder.

BROWN

Reminder that I'm STARVING?

DOKE

Into the microphone Tom.

BROWN

I will not talk into your fake microphone until you address me by my name!

DOKE

(giving in)

Okay Brown. The reminder I'm referring to Mr. Brown can be as simple as a sneeze, just that something to remind people that they're still alive.

BROWN

Listen, I don't know what you're talking about, or why you talk the way you do. What I do know is that guy, that cop, and a couple others have looked at you like they know you from some place. Then you throw out the science of cloning. Who are you dude?

DOKE

(aside)

Now under investigation he explains...

(to Brown)

I'm just like you Brown, a man looking to fill his empty insides with food, or maybe something else.

BROWN

C'mon man who are you, you probably have money?

DOKE

I'm not keen to why these people look at me like they do. But I do know you are one observant little fella who's STOPPED to do a little thinking. My advice for that is don't forget to START UP again.

BROWN

Well what are we gonna do with this?

Brown discreetly reveals a pistol. Doke's eyes light up.

DOKE

Now where did you get that?

BROWN

When you so cleverly had that big dumb cop distracted, I took advantage of my position and kindly removed it from his holster.

DOKE

You dog! You dirty dog!

BROWN

Well, what can we do with it?

Doke takes the gun from Brown.

DOKE

We're going to use it to end your suffering.

BROWN

Whoa?!

Doke stashes the gun in his jacket.

DOKE

Wake up Brown, Wake up! In the words of the great Howard Jones, 'Ours is the age which is proud of machines that think and suspicious of men who try to.' So for Christ sakes man, let's make em suspicious.

EXT. MAIN STREET NEAR PETE ZAPPAIS - DAY

A black Charger pulls to the curb near Doke and Brown. Two thugs, Shamu and Junkshow sit in the car.

JUNKSHOW

Hey, yo, hey, yo!

DOKE

Hey yo hey yo what?

JUNKSHOW

Step up.

Doke motions for Junkshow to wait, then turns to Brown.

DOKE

Do you trust these clowns?

BROWN

Not by the looks of them.

DOKE

Me neither. They must want something. Be cautious with what you say, this is part of the game.

JUNKSHOW

Where'd ya get that lid?

BROWN

You mean my hat? Oh they were having a sale at Macy's.

Junkshow raises his right arm to make visible the gun he's holding. Doke slowly reaches toward his inside pocket where he has his own gun stashed.

JUNKSHOW

Not the answer I was looking for big man.

BROWN

Okay, chill out homey, I just picked it up out of that trash can there, see?

JUNKSHOW

That can? Good enough.

The black Charger pulls away. Doke looks into the car's back window finding a completely empty seat.

EXT. PETE ZAPPAIS - DAY

They stand near THE INTERSECTION where Bob and Fred are hanging the new sign above the pizza shop.

BROWN

One full slice is all I need. I'm good two straight days. Whata ya say we put that gun to use?

FLASH CUT TO

INT. PETE ZAPPAIS (DREAM SEQUENCE) - DAY

Doke and Brown are on a rampage. Brown waves the gun around while Doke drags a Waitress and two pizzas out the door.

DOKE (V.O.)

That's right buddy. "Witnesses claim the two entered the pizza joint where the little one pulled out the gun and held everyone up



while his counterpart grabbed a waitress and two pizzas, one plain, one pepperoni."

CUT BACK TO

EXT. PETE ZAPPAIS - DAY

BROWN

Then we'd be out of the game, and I hate pepperoni.

DOKE

That's why I got you the plain man.

Doke sees a nearby bank and a better plan.

FLASH CUT TO

INT. FIRST UNION BANK (DREAM SEQUENCE) - DAY

Again, Doke and Brown hold people still with their gun as they observe the mass of police cars that have gathered outside.

DOKE (V.O.)

"We're live outside of First Union bank where inside, two vagrants are holding ten people hostage with a hand gun. Outside, thirty squad cars and ten helicopters await their hopeless getaway."

CUT BACK TO

EXT. PETE ZAPPAIS - DAY

BROWN

Even worse. How about we sell it to a gang?

DOKE

Gangs don't need guns, they're gangs cause they already have guns. I've got it!

INT. THE SPACE BAR - DAY

Shane stands behind the counter on the phone. Mala is in the back room.

SHANE

(into phone)

Well that's fantastic. Of course I'm in. Yes, she's my wife, but it's my art and I don't need to check with her about my acting career. I'm looking forward to it. I'll see you then.

Shane is ecstatic as he hangs up the phone. His attention quickly turns to the front entrance where Doke and Brown appear.

They enter and walk to the counter. Shane recognizes the two, but isn't so happy to see them.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Your dog can come in, but you two have to wait outside.

Brown shakes his cup to the SOUND of COIN. The Reserved Woman works the computer in BG.

DOKE

Good one Shane. How's business?

SHANE

Oh, it's okay, like the weather, day to day. Looking forward to this stomach virus that's moving our way.

DOKE

Just checking up on our local proprietors, seeing how things are, that's all.

BROWN

Just seeing how things are, that's all.

SHANE

You two are acting different today, and what's with the hat?

DOKE

Where's Mala?

SHANE

In the back, why?

DOKE

Well, as a member of the same community as you, my business associate here and I were just a little worried, what with all the

problems out on the street, we just wanted to make sure you were feeling safe, secure?

BROWN

Out of harms way?

SHANE

No trouble here. If so, what can you two do about it?

BROWN

Well, we're glad to hear you've steered clear of danger, so far. But we all know what happened to ol' Harold last month.

SHANE

Yes, we've all heard the news.

DOKE

Well, we just wanted to make sure you had yourself some protection?

SHANE

Protection?

Doke discretely pulls the bag from his coat, placing it on the counter.

DOKE

A little steel, to put you at ease.

BROWN

Take a peek.

Shane looks toward the back room then down at the bag. He open the bag, revealing the gun. His eyes light up.

DOKE

You may already own one?

SHANE

No, I don't, it's Mala, she doesn't want one in the store.

DOKE

It's rare a husband and wife share the same wants?

SHANE

No, It'd be the smart thing, especially with the way things are

heading out there. Where'd you  
two get a gun?

BROWN  
Let's just say we're back in the  
game.

DOKE  
What do you think?

SHANE  
I don't know...

DOKE  
Listen, ten clams and it's yours.

SHANE  
Ten huh?

Just as Shane is about to accept, Mala enters from the  
back room. Shane tenses up, pushing the bag across the  
counter at Doke.

Mala half-smiles at the two men as she crosses behind  
Shane. Not noticing the bag, she continues about her  
business.

Simultaneously, the front doors open and Officer McCain  
enters. Doke and Brown's eyes light up. They turn back  
to Shane.

Doke pushes the bag back toward Shane with a petrified  
look. Shane looks at Mala who walks from behind the  
counter to the aisles. He looks at Doke and Brown who  
stand stiff as the policeman approaches.

At the last instant, Shane stashes the bag under the  
counter.

The three men stare at each other in silence for a long  
moment, each unsure of their next move.

DOKE  
Uh.

BROWN  
Yeah.

SHANE  
Sure.

Eavesdropping, Mala reacts.

MALA

What the hell are you three doing?

Shane's face changes from scared to happy to confused.

Doke and Brown turn.

MCCAIN

I seem to have misplaced my  
firearm.

Shane realizes the situation, but doesn't care to see  
these two taken away. He covers.

SHANE

Misplaced?

MCCAIN

I know that sounds strange, but I  
had it earlier and now it's gone.

DOKE

Well friend, sounds like you need  
to be more astute.

SHANE

Well that's not a good thing. If  
I see anything, I'll report it to  
ya.

MCCAIN

I guess that's all I can ask.

Doke and Brown quietly exit the scene.

EXT. INTERSECTION NEAR THE SPACE BAR - DAY

Doke and Brown emerge from The Space Bar. They move down  
the street considering their next move.

BROWN

So we go back in an hour and  
collect? Ten bucks,

DOKE

As long as he doesn't give it back  
to that numbskull.

BROWN

That's five each. Nicely done  
Doke. If that's your name?

DOKE

What?

BROWN

You can try and maneuver around it with your fuzzy logic, I saw it in there, I've seen it out here.

DOKE

Seen what?

BROWN

Plus, I've noticed, you start talking kind of funny, like your talking to somebody who's not here. Somebody I can't see.

DOKE

Have you ever watched television?

BROWN

What?

DOKE

Listen, if you'll answer, I'll explain. Have you ever watched television?

BROWN

I've seen a television, watched a little, through the glass, down in Syd's display.

In the BG, McCain exits The Space Bar and walks across the street.

Outside the Pizza Shop, Alexa climbs on the Vespa scooter and drives away.

DOKE

Well, not long ago, I served as an anchorman for the local news.

BROWN

Anchorman?

DOKE

I was the host of the show, I reported the news, or tried to. It was my face on the tube, delivering the stories of the day, yep, "John Simchek, Channel Seven at six and eleven."

BROWN

You were a celebrity?

DOKE

I wouldn't say that, but I was definitely in the game. And that's why some people stop and stare. They still notice this old face.

BROWN

How'd you end up on the curb?

DOKE

It started with that fateful call.

BROWN

The call you missed?

DOKE

The call I got, it changed my life.

Brown is listening, but needs a better explanation.

DOKE (CONT'D)

It was my fourth year at the station. A Tuesday night like any other, when that phone rang. I didn't recognize the voice, how could I? It was a soft and peaceful voice, but it brought an oh so powerful message. I knew I could trust the voice right away, for no other reason except that it knew one of my most personal secrets, something I had never shared with anyone.

BROWN

What could someone know that could convince you?

DOKE

She knew I got my hair cut every three thousand miles.

BROWN

Whataya mean?

DOKE

Every time I got my car's oil changed, every three thousand miles, I'd get my hair cut.

BROWN

Weird.

DOKE

What's really weird is I'd never use the same garage. Or the same barber. Regardless, she let me know she knew this and more about me and that was enough to get my ear. I knew something was up, so, I listened.

In BG, Cory arrives at THE INTERSECTION on his bike.

Dom walks from Pete Zapais pizzeria where Bob and Fred are hanging the sign.

DOKE (CONT'D)

It was explained to me that an underground movement had been in motion and was about ready to reach the mainstream. I guess I'd been profiled as I was told I was chosen as the one to deliver the news to the world, hell, I already had the attention of quite a few people, being the news anchorman and all. The movement was called 'Waking the Prophets'. A team composed of the top scientific and theological minds, obviously well educated and extremely well financed whose first plan was to clone the prophet Jesus. Now, I've heard of cloning sheep, maybe even humans, but Jesus? I was completely sucked in. I guess they are gonna take DNA from the blood off the shroud of Turin, that's the cloth that they wrapped around his body when they buried him. It raises all kinds of questions, he's supposed to 'come again'. Why not through cloning? Who knows, maybe he's already here, remember, this was years ago. By my calculations, he'd just be a young boy, raised in this sick society. But that's irrelevant, she didn't let me ask questions. She only mentioned the topic and then gave specific instructions on where and when to meet. Hell, she even had me sync my watch. And on the day of the scheduled meeting, I tried, believe me, I followed the



instructions. I tried to be there on time, but everything that could possibly get in my way did. It's funny how nothing gets in your way when you not in a hurry. That's no excuse. A few minutes, just a god-damn few minutes late. Who knows what I missed? Maybe all the information and proof I'd need, maybe even the shroud itself. Everything that I would need to bring to the world one of the most significant stories of all time, the greatest reproduction, the cloning of Jesus. But the plot didn't end there, they have plans to bring them all back, Mohammed, Siddhartha, Lao-Tse. Smash the line between science and religion, so people can figure out that science is a religion. Evolution, ha! The Jews! The Christians! The Muslims! The Hindus! The Buddhists! The Taoists! All slaves to time! People waiting, biding their time, yearning for a real experience, a true moment, free of this sunset routine we're locked into. Something's on its way to straighten out this damn mess. But I missed my chance then. Couldn't get there! And that's pretty much the beginning of the end for me. But for that I'm a better human, a wiser man.

BROWN

Wow, you were on television!

DOKE

Yep, I was on television, and now I'm here with you.

Brown doesn't have much to say about the topic either.

Instead, he turns to find a Heavy Set Woman approaching. Her walk requires her to move every part of her body. Brown propositions her.

BROWN

Hey honey, can I get some fries with that shake?

Her reaction is of disgust. They find it humorous.

DOKE

She ignored you like you were the  
heel on a loaf of bread.

EXT. MAIN STREET NEAR THE SPACE BAR - DAY

Across THE INTERSECTION next to an empty bench, Officer McCain has been watching and decides he has seen enough. He gives chase.

DOKE

Oh shit, the cheese, quick, get  
outta here.

Doke and Brown quickly walk away, in opposite directions.

Brown trips over the curb and falls, spilling his change. McCain closes in fast. Brown shovels his money into his cup.

Turning to find McCain still on his trail, Brown cuts into the back lot behind The Space Bar.

McCain figures he has Brown cornered. He turns into the back lot.

EXT. ALLEY NEAR THE SPACE BAR - DAY

Nothing.

A few boxes and a dumpster occupy the alley, nothing more.

A delivery truck HONKS as it backs into the lot.

Before giving up his search, McCain considers the dumpster. He looks inside to find it filled with smelly clumps of trash.

Repulsed, his search ends and he walks back the way he came. In the BG, Shane has emerged from his store and watches as McCain walks away. McCain exits to First Avenue and towards The Space Bar.

A moment...

Brown appears from within the dumpster. Shane notices, but turns to assist with the delivery. Brown brushes off the trash, gathers himself and creeps to First Avenue in search of Doke.

EXT. ALLEY ENTRANCE NEAR THE SPACE BAR - DAY

Brown pokes his head from the alley and spots Doke, who walks towards him.

In BG, the black Charger pulls beside Alexa and Dom atop the Vespa scooter at THE INTERSECTION.

DOKE

That was close.

BROWN

I almost got carried away.

DOKE

We've got to be more careful.

BROWN

I'm with that.

They walk towards the nearby cross-walk.

DOKE

According to sources nearby, I thought you were in for it.

O.S. RAT-AT-AT-AT!!! The SOUNDS of GUNFIRE fill the air.

Doke and Brown turn toward THE INTERSECTION to see the thugs in the black Charger gunning down Dom and Alexa.

Doke and Brown stand shocked.

The black Charger's tires spin making their get away. The SCREECH of SKIDDING TIRES on the pavement echoes through the air.

The Town Car slams into the Charger.

Metal and glass fly in all directions.

Doke and Brown wince at the sight of the accident. Behind them, Officer McCain bursts from The Space Bar, rushing toward the wrecked cars.

From the collision, a quarter rolls toward Doke and Brown. They chase after it as the quarter bounces off the curb.

DOKE (CONT'D)

Holy shamoly! We're back in the game!

O.S. The SOUNDS of CHAOS ring out.

DOKE (CONT'D)

From here it looks like they've got it all under control, reporting for channel seven news, I'm John Simchek. Now back to the studio.

O.S. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

SHOTS RING OUT from inside The Space Bar.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. BACK STREETS NEAR GANG HOUSE (2:02 PM) - DAY

Few walks the sidewalk, not far from the GANG HOUSE.

She's already into a new chocolate bar and completely focused on the tasty pleasure. Her chewing motion is distinct.

She suddenly winces in pain. The chewing stops. The walking stops.

Her eyes water as she reaches for her cheek. She's in pain. She stretches her arms and angrily throws her shoulders. She stretches her jaw and rubs her cheek.

She's so mad at herself that she decides to turn and walk back the way she came. She hangs her head as she starts back.

In the distant BG, the black Charger pulls into the Gang House driveway.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. STORE FRONT (2:00 PM) - DAY

A pink Vespa scooter sits parked on the curb. ALEXA, a young gal with unique features to match her style exits the store carrying a large envelope toward her scooter.

She places the envelope in a side pouch, fiddles with her iPod, checks her watch, then zooms off.

EXT. CITY STREETS ON THE VESPA (MOVING) - DAY

Alexa's scarf wrestles in the wind as she zips in and out of traffic. Sensing a heavy traffic jam ahead, she turns onto a back street.

EXT. BACK STREETS "D" ON THE VESPA (MOVING) - DAY

Alexa rides like the wind, her music guiding her along. She's a diligent young soul, a rare bird, a local parcel courier.

Stopped at a back street intersection, she double checks her GPS device, then the time.

A few turns later her head goes on a swivel, seeking her next appointment.

The sparkle in her eye shimmers with her smile as she locates the address.

EXT. HOUSE NEXT STORE TO FATHER'S - DAY

Sahel paces nervously on the sidewalk in front of a gated yard.

Next door to this house, Cory's father swigs whiskey on the porch.

Sahel stomps his half cooked cigarette into the pavement as he lights another. He senses Alexa's arrival and stops. He studies her as she parks on the curb.

SAHEL  
Academy Messenger?

ALEXA  
That's me. Did you schedule a  
delivery?

SAHEL  
Stay there.

Alexa notices his uneasy demeanor as he grabs a package from the bed of a nearby pickup truck and approaches her.

He studies her scooter as she examines the package. Shoe box sized, wrapped in brown paper and tied with string.

SAHEL (CONT'D)  
Do you have room?

ALEXA  
Of course I do.

She goes to take it and Sahel recoils.

SAHEL  
Package very delicate.

ALEXA

Worry not my friend. I guarantee  
its safe arrival.

Sahel reluctantly hands it over.

She fastens it to the back rack. Sahel is only half  
satisfied.

ALEXA (CONT'D)  
This one's COD, right?

SAHEL  
Cash. How much?

Alexa double checks the address with her GPS device.

ALEXA  
Across town...

SAHEL  
Rush.

ALEXA  
How rushed?

SAHEL  
You should know. There's only one  
'rush'.

Alexa calculates.

ALEXA  
Consider it done. But that kind  
of rush puts you at the top of the  
list and will run twenty five  
dollars.

Sahel takes her hand and opens it. He stares into her  
eyes intensely. He puts a one hundred dollar bill in her  
hand. She's impressed.

SAHEL  
Rush.

Alexa doesn't say another word. She starts her scooter  
and races off.

Sahel watches her disappear, then turns and hurries off.

EXT. BACK STREET "E" INTERSECTION - DAY

Alexa sits at another back street intersection. She  
takes a moment to program the music in her Ipod. She's  
distracted and doesn't see him coming...

DOM, a frantic young man with a red hat races out from between two houses - apparently on the run.

He runs up and tries to remove Alexa from her scooter. He fails. She pushes back, knocking him down. She laughs. He's shocked and scared.

DOM

They're gonna fuckin kill me!

He's frightened. She's drawn in by his sharp features and concerned stare.

ALEXA

What?

He gathers himself and runs off.

Alexa watches as he disappears between two houses. Her attention is pulled to the SOUNDS of SCREECHING TIRES. She looks right finding a black Charger skidding around the corner a block away. She observes as two creepy thugs in the car pursue a fleeing Dom.

The gangsters drive from sight, Alexa pulls ahead and spots Dom sneaking from backyard to backyard. She waves at him. He hurries to her and climbs on the back of her scooter.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

I will have to charge you for this.

DOM

What?

ALEXA

This is my business. I don't do this kind of thing for free.

DOM

Fine, whatever, just go!

ALEXA

First, lose the hat.

EXT. BACK STREETS "F" ON THE VESPA (MOVING) - DAY

Dom stuffs his hat in his jeans and they ride on.

Alexa is feeling good about herself. She's done well.

Dom keeps his head on a swivel, reacting suddenly to a turn she takes.

DOM (CONTD)  
No! Not this way!

ALEXA  
Why?

DOM  
Shit!

Dom's eyes say it all. Up ahead, it's the black Charger, coming back their way.

Alexa acts quickly, skidding up to the curb.

EXT. ELDERLY WOMEN'S HOUSE - DAY

ALEXA  
Get off!

DOM  
Thanks for nothing.

The black Charger nears.

ALEXA  
Trust me, quick.

Dom reluctantly climbs off. He fails to find a place to hide.

ALEXA (CONT'D)  
Come back here.

She turns her body toward Dom, leaving her back to the street.

The gangsters are closer.

Dom steps toward Alexa.

ALEXA (CONT'D)  
Kiss me.

Dom buries his face into Alexa's. They kiss for a moment.

She runs her hands through his hair. There's an unexpected spark between them.

The black Charger is upon them. The gangsters, Shamu and Junkshow, slow to a roll.

She clutches his hair and forces his head down into her breast, throwing her head back with noticeable pleasure.



Dom's face is buried in her bosom. She throws her arms around her head further blocking any view.

The gangsters move on. Their black Charger turns a corner.

Alexa has let go, but Dom keeps his head in place, enjoying the moment. Alexa rolls her eyes.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

You can stop now.

DOM

Do I have to?

ALEXA

Your friends are gone. And I think they would appreciate it.

Dom looks up to find two Elderly Women sitting on a nearby porch.

Dom turns back to Alexa who gets back into driving position.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

I'm Alexa.

Dom is completely lost.

DOM

You saved my ass. I was dust.

ALEXA

Never know for sure, will we?

DOM

I'm Dom. Can you get me out of here? Let me buy you a drink, or lunch, or something.

ALEXA

'Or something' sounds good. C'mon, get on.

Dom climbs on. The scooter engine sputters on start up but quickly turns and off they ride.

EXT. MAIN STREET ON THE VESPA (MOVING) - DAY

Alexa leads Dom out of the hood onto Main Street.

They pass two homeless men, Doke and Brown who talk with Officer McCain on the sidewalk.

Alexa pulls to the curb. She points to a trash can.

ALEXA

Dump the hat.

Dom tosses his red hat into the can.

Alexa pulls ahead. They near The Intersection where the light is red.

DOM

There.

ALEXA

Where?

DOM

(pointing at Pete  
Zapais)

For a drink and "something". You  
have time?

ALEXA

Ah, I do have this one package  
that's a rush delivery.

DOM

How rushed?

Alexa checks her watch as the light turns green.

EXT. PETE ZAPPAIS - DAY

Alexa rolls through The Intersection and guides her  
scooter to the curb.

ALEXA

But I have some time.

She and Dom climb from the scooter. Alexa takes the  
package with her as they walk toward Pete Zapais.

Their conversation is interrupted by the SOUNDS of Bob  
and Fred HOISTING THE SIGN up the scaffolding in front of  
Pete's.

FRED

My God man, did you shower today?

BOB

Of course.

FRED

Did you use soap?

BOB  
Shut up and pull!

FRED  
You smell like aquarium rocks.

INT. PETE ZAPPAIS (2:09 PM) - DAY

DOM  
Hungry?

ALEXA  
Nah.

DOM  
No? How about a drink?

ALEXA  
Okay. A soda.

Dom steps up to the counter where CARMINE waits at the register. His brother SAL works the ovens behind him.

He looks Alexa up and down. Impressed.

CARMINE  
What can I get you's?

DOM  
Just gimme two cokes.

CARMINE  
What else.

DOM  
That's it.

CARMINE  
Whataya mean that's it. Nobody comes in here for two cokes. What, are you on a diet?

At the oven, Sal laughs.

DOM  
Easy. Just two cokes.

ALEXA  
You said you were hungry?

CARMINE  
Alright.  
(loudly)  
Just two cokes! A comin up!

Dom's look suggests he would otherwise turn this into a shouting match. For Alexa, he's keeping his cool.

ALEXA

Sure you won't eat something?

DOM

I'm not gonna sit here like some chooch and eat a meal while you sip a coke.

Alexa finds this sweet.

CARMINE

Two cokes!

Dom takes the drinks, then nods to Sal, who stops his work and walks toward the far end of the counter.

Alexa takes her drink from Dom and follows. He leads her behind the counter where they converge with Sal.

Sal offers a friendly nod to Alexa. Noticing the package in her hand, he leads them into a back room.

DOM

What's with your brother?

SAL

Don't pay no attention to that guy.

DOM

Alexa, Sal. Sal, Alexa.

SAL

Nice to meet-cha.

ALEXA

Likewise.

DOM

Those jokers out there hanging your new sign. You better keep an eye on 'em.

SAL

I know it. That's a nice sign, - huh?

Sal unlocks a side door leading into a back stairwell where an elevator waits. He holds the door open as Dom leads Alexa through.

SAL (CONTD) (CONT'D)  
You's have a nice day.

DOM  
Thanks Sal.

ALEXA  
Where are we going?

Dom steps into the elevator.

DOM  
I promised ya 'something', c'mon.  
She reluctantly follows.

INT. PETE ZAPPAIS' ELEVATOR - DAY

Ascending, Dom and Alexa finally get a good chance to look at each other.

DOM  
That's a cool jacket.

ALEXA  
Thanks.

DOM  
Where do you get a jacket like that?

ALEXA  
A jacket like this? You make it.

DOM  
Get outta here. Really?

ALEXA  
Really. Thrift store, scissors, needle.

DOM  
And the patches?

ALEXA  
Pick up along the way, from special places.

The elevator stops. The doors open revealing the rooftop.

EXT. PETE ZAPPAIS' ROOFTOP - DAY

They step off the elevator. They are five stories up.  
The tallest building in town.

Alexa turns in circles, taking in the view. Dom walks to the buildings' edge. Alexa catches up and joins him, staring down at the people below. They share a moment of silence, the way people do when seeing something new.

DOM

I like the view from up here.

ALEXA

Much different than being down there.

DOM

Doesn't seem so crazy from here.

ALEXA

Perspective changes everything.  
Thank you.

Alexa sets the package on the ledge.

DOM

You don't need to thank me for anything. I should be out there dead and bleeding.

ALEXA

Why are they after you?

DOM

Stupid reasons. Street gangs. Mistaken identity. Probably thought I was dealin.

ALEXA

Were you?

Beat.

DOM

No.

ALEXA

Then I'm glad I helped.

DOM

Yeah, but you didn't know that when you did. Round here, people aren't like that. They don't do that sort of thing.

ALEXA

Yeah, kind of foolish, huh?

DOM

You could have been helping the wrong guy.

Alexa motions toward the package.

ALEXA

Who's to judge? Doing what I do, I could be helping the wrong guy every day.

DOM

I guess.

ALEXA

You tell me. Did I help the wrong guy today?

DOM

If the wrong guy is a guy trying to climb out a hole.

ALEXA

And if by hole you mean this town, then I know that feeling and you're not the wrong guy.

Dom's situation begins to sink in.

DOM

(sighing)

Now I've got a target on my back. I shouldn't have climbed on with you.

ALEXA

I can always take you back. You can try running again?

DOM

No, it's that I got you involved.

ALEXA

Don't worry about it. I'm a multi-tasker.

Alexa climbs up on the narrow edge, balancing herself.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

It's my way. I'm a child of technology. I guess I like to see

how much I can handle at once.  
You seem to fit. Watch.

She puts on one headphone, pulls out her mobile phone and plugs an earpiece into her other ear.

ALEXA (CONT'D)  
I can be listening to my music,  
calling a friend, watching a video  
on my phone, balancing myself on a  
ledge of a five story building,  
and dancing...

Alexa's eyes open wider as her friend answers.

ALEXA (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
...Oh, hi Gwennie, I'm just  
calling to say hi. No, I'm still  
in town, got slowed down, hold  
on...

She continues. Dom's in awe.

ALEXA (CONT'D)  
...drinking a coke and making a  
new friend while taking a video of  
the whole thing. Bye Gwennie!

Alexa finishes and bows. Dom applauds.

DOM  
It's what you do.

Alexa slowly walks close to Dom.

ALEXA  
Or what you do, to me.

They share a quiet stare into each others eyes. She puts her arms around him, getting closer.

ALEXA (CONT'D)  
Time changes every second and so  
do we. Evolution right before  
your very eyes. Now you see, I'm  
not the type to just drive past an  
opportunity like you. You live  
life. I like that. I kinda need  
that.

DOM  
Is that right?



ALEXA

All safety ever brings is boredom  
and fear. Anyway, they had their  
shot at me. They passed it up.

Dom's studies her.

DOM

You have amazing eyes.

ALEXA

I do?

DOM

That's right.

They gravitate into each other, embracing in a passionate  
kiss. Then Alexa lets go. She turns and walks away.

Dom watches her walk to the edge and looks over. She  
picks up the package.

DOM (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

ALEXA

This was nice. I have to finish my  
day.

DOM

No. You told Gwennie, you said  
you hadn't left town yet.

ALEXA

Oh, that. Perceptive.

She studies Dom. He waits. She looks at her coat.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

Off to find a new patch.

Dom nods with an understanding.

DOM

Got it. Leaving soon?

ALEXA

(considers)

I was leaving today.

DOM

Was?

ALEXA

Tonight. After my last run.  
(beat)  
I've been saying that for weeks  
now.

DOM  
What keeps you?

ALEXA  
Every day I find a reason to stay.

DOM  
Is this a round trip?

ALEXA  
Not this time.

DOM  
Which way are you headed?

ALEXA  
There's only one way for me.

DOM  
West?

ALEXA  
How'd you know?

DOM  
Sounds like you're planning an  
adventure. All great adventures  
head west. The open road! Chasing  
sunsets?

ALEXA  
I don't know about all that,  
cowboy? But just getting out.  
Finding that thing.

DOM  
The sounds of a true adventure.

Her cell phone RINGS.

ALEXA  
The sound of a true adventure  
stopped.

She stares at her phone.

ALEXA (CONT'D)  
Like I said, every day, a reason  
to stay finds me.

DOM

And if your reason to stay wanted  
to leave with you?

A smile creeps onto Alexa's face as she realizes what  
he's saying.

She draws back her arm and tosses her RINGING PHONE over  
the edge.

Dom smiles.

ALEXA

Whataya saying? You want to join  
my parade?

DOM

You think I need more of this  
place? Hell yeah I'd join your  
parade.

ALEXA

Yeah?

DOM

I've got some cash saved, I'll be  
no burden to ya.

ALEXA

Can you leave tonight?

DOM

How about now?

ALEXA

Now? We could really do this?  
Together?

DOM

I'm done dodging bullets. If you  
want to go. I'm with you. I've  
got people out there. We'd be  
cool.

Alexa looks to the package, thinking.

ALEXA

Let me do this first. Meet back  
here in an hour?

She kisses Dom with a sudden excitement then steps back  
and looks into his eyes.

Dom studies her as she turns and walks to the elevator. With her back to him, she looks over the package in her hands. Her face transforms into a look of concern.

The elevator doors open and she steps in.

He notices that she doesn't look up as the doors close between them.

INT. PETE ZAPPAIS' ELEVATOR - DAY

Alexa reaches for the button to the "Ground Level". Her hand wanders to the "Door Open" button. She considers going back but her finger chooses the other. She descends.

INT. PETE ZAPPAIS - DAY

Sal notices as Alexa emerges from the back door and cuts through the restaurant toward the main entrance.

She looks his way with a departing smile. He waves.

EXT. PETE ZAPPAIS' ROOFTOP (SAME TIME) - DAY

Dom stands alone, staring out across the city.

A lonely realization sets in and Dom's eyes widen. He races to the elevator. He presses the button, calling for the lift.

Impatiently, he rushes to the nearby stairwell and races down.

INT. PETE ZAPPAIS - DAY

Dom barges through the restaurant and out the front door.

EXT. PETE ZAPPAIS - DAY

Dom exits Pete Zapais. He searches frantically, but Alexa is nowhere to be found. He looks around for her scooter. Gone.

Sensing she is gone for good, he drops his shoulders with a heavy sigh.

Nearby Bob and Fred work on hanging the sign.

BOB

Well I wouldn't have tried it if  
you didn't open your big mouth.

FRED

I didn't say to hang it by the wires.

BOB

What? Two minutes ago, you said 'hey big shot, why not hang it by the wires'.

FRED

No I didn't.

Dom sees Cory set his bike against the wall and enter The Space Bar. Across the street, Doke is preaching at Brown.

His head sunk between his shoulders, he walks off down the sidewalk.

EXT. FIRST STREET - DAY

Dom forces himself along as he battles to figure what went wrong.

A sadness overcomes him as his emotions swirl.

He walks by a small parking lot, not noticing the gangsters, Shamu and Junkshow, in their black Charger.

He wanders to the next intersection and turns left onto South Street.

EXT. SOUTH STREET - DAY

To his surprise, Alexa suddenly appears on her Vespa scooter. He stops, noticing she still has the package, his mood shifts.

ALEXA

I thought you were gonna wait for me?

DOM

I was, I am, I will. All that talk about things changing every second. Letting you go felt like that was it. I got a feeling you weren't coming back.

ALEXA

Yeah?

They struggle for words.

DOM

Now what?

ALEXA

This is crazy. I don't know you.  
This can't work...

Dom's face drops. He appears to agree.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

...let's find out why not.

He realizes what she's saying and a smile creeps onto his face.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

C'mon, let's get.

Dom doesn't hesitate. He straddles the seat and holds on to her.

DOM

West?

ALEXA

First the delivery.

She revs the bike up to the corner.

Just then, from the nearby alley, the black Charger appears. The gangsters, Shamu and Junkshow, stare coldly. They spot Dom.

EXT. FIRST AVE ON THE VESPA (MOVING) - DAY

The Vespa swerves back and forth as Alexa pulls onto First Avenue.

They fail to notice the black Charger following them.

The black Charger stalks them patiently. Two gangsters, Shamu and his companion Junkshow stare coldly at Dom.

Alexa glances around, but doesn't notice the black Charger.

Junkshow and Shamu wear cold and serious expressions that don't budge.

The Vespa moves toward THE INTERSECTION. The black Charger stays close.

Dom surveys his surroundings, noticing two men on the side of the street, Doke and Brown.

On his left, he catches a glimpse of the black Charger pulling along side of him just as Alexa captures his attention with a soft smile over her shoulder. He's captivated.

EXT. THE INTERSECTION ON THE VESPA - DAY

Before they can make it through THE INTERSECTION, red light.

Stopped, Pete Zapais on the right, The Space Bar on the left. Dom looks to his left.

No distractions this time. He spots Shamu and Junkshow in their black Charger.

All sounds transform into a whisper as his unsettling reality surfaces. His senses hit slow-motion.

Trapped, he can barely breath.

The light turns green. He braces.

RAT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT! Junkshow fires. Blood splatters everywhere as Dom is riddled with bullets. His lifeless body rolls to the pavement.

Alexa catches a bullet and screams with pain and fear.

ALEXA

No! Whaaa-ugh!

She falls from the Vespa.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. THE INTERSECTION MOMENTS LATER - DAY

ALEXA'S POV

From the ground, Alexa sees Dom's blood everywhere, she goes into shock. She clutches the cold pavement as her scooter slams down on her legs.

Behind her, the black Charger races away, just as the speeding Town Car appears.

SMASH!

O.S. The SOUNDS of the VIOLENT COLLISION ring out.

Alexa's gasps fade softly. Then silence.

THE PACKAGE lies still between Dom and Alexa's lifeless bodies.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. BACK STREETS NEAR THE GANG HOUSE - DAY

Few walks the sidewalk, not far from the Gang House.

She's already into a new chocolate bar and completely focused on the tasty pleasure. Her chewing motion is distinct.

CU

Her jaw, chewing in slow motion. A sense of wonder. No pain. No eyes watering. No stopping.

She continues walking in the direction of the Gang House. She enjoys the candy, but her eyes focus on the house up ahead.

EXT. GANG HOUSE - DAY

Few cautiously approaches the rundown house. Beer drinking, pot smoking bodies decorate the scene.

EXT. GANG HOUSE FRONT PORCH - DAY

EDDIE, LEVON, and Darnell (20's) are present. TONI (20's), a fine young woman exits the house and starts cleaning up the mess on the porch.

Eddie finishes his beer and spots Cory riding his bike up the street. He throws the empty bottle at Cory and laughs as it smashes in the street inches from his stopped bike.

LEVON

Now why you go and do that?

EDDIE

What?

LEVON

You junkyard fool, go clean that shit up.

EDDIE

It's Tuesday, your ol' man will be by with his garbage truck in the morning.

Levon punches Eddie in the arm. Eddie winces in pain.



EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Put your hand on me again and  
it'll be the last thing you ever  
do.

Levon punches Eddie again, Eddie starts to react, when...

O.S. The SOUND of SCREECHING TIRES diverts their  
attention.

Whipping around the corner, the black Charger nearly  
knocks Cory off his bike as it pulls into the yard.  
Shamu and Junkshow jump from the car and race to the  
porch.

JUNKSHOW  
Sonofa Bitch! Out my way!

SHAMU  
Git the big steel!

LEVON  
The big steel?

Junkshow ignores all as he enters the house.

EDDIE  
Ahh man, what now? Shammy, what's  
the deal?

SHAMU  
Homeslice mutha fuckin brass  
monkey nuts is walking down the  
wrong street on the wrong day.

LEVON  
Back up?

SHAMU  
I'm talking about the dumb ass Wop  
who's gonna testify against Reggie  
and put him the pen.

LEVON  
Get outta here?

EDDIE  
Nobody's that stupid.

SHAMU  
Bastard's walking round like he  
owns this monster.

EDDIE

Only one thing for that.

SHAMU

Now you hearing me.

In the BG, Few nears Shamu's car.

Junkshow exits the house carrying a shotgun in one hand and an Uzi machine gun in the other.

Toni follows Junkshow from the house.

TONI

Don't go doin this!

JUNKSHOW

Shamu, get her out my way.

TONI

It ain't worth it. What did Reggie say? He said end this shit. It ain't worth it. He'll be cleared. If you two care to see him again, don't do this.

Toni stares back and forth at Shamu and Junkshow, while they look at each other.

EDDIE

Fuckin brother Reggie.

TONI

Eddie, shut your mouth. I'll cut your balls off while you sleep.

JUNKSHOW

Shamu?

SHAMU

(beat)

Git in.

Shamu and Junkshow move towards the car.

Toni stares in disbelief. Instead of following, she walks back into the house.

INT. BLACK CHARGER - DAY

Shamu starts the car and turns to back out. He doesn't see Few in the back seat.

EXT. GANG HOUSE - DAY

The black Charger drives away. On the porch, Eddie and Levon consider the outcome.

LEVON

I say they don't go through.

EDDIE

You been smoking crack?

LEVON

Why? You want some?

Eddie shakes his head in disgust.

CUT TO

EXT. BLACK CHARGER ON BACK STREET "E" - DAY

The black Charger moves down the street, a panther on the prowl. People stop and stare at the site of these two thugs, Shamu and Junkshow, passing by.

EXT./INT. BLACK CHARGER ON BACK STREET "F" (MOVING) - DAY

It turns left onto another street, where Dom walks the sidewalk, wearing a red hat.

JUNKSHOW

There's the dead man.

Shamu sees Dom walking the sidewalk ahead. Junkshow grips the Uzi and rolls his window down.

JUNKSHOW POV

Dom looks over his shoulder and senses the car slowing behind him. His eyes widen, he reacts quick.

JUNKSHOW (CONT'D)

This is for Reggie!

Junkshow squeezes the trigger, but the gun jams.

JUNKSHOW (CONT'D)

Cock sucker! Turn this thing round.

EXT. BACK STREET "G" - DAY

Dom cuts back and runs off behind the Charger.

He heads up the street then turns in between two houses.

INT. CHARGER ON BACK STREET "G" (MOVING) - DAY

Junkshow twists and turns to watch where Dom runs to as Shamu turns the car around.

JUNKSHOW  
I see him. Fool ain't gettin  
away.

EXT. BACK STREET "G" - DAY

The black Charger skids around a corner and slows down. They near an intersection where Alexa sits on her Vespa.

EXT./INT. CHARGER ON BACK STREET "E" (MOVING) - DAY

Junkshow keeps his head on a swivel.

SHAMU  
Check this.

Junkshow notices and both stare out at Alexa who stares back as they cross in front of her.

SHAMU (CONT'D)  
Tap that?

JUNKSHOW  
Whataya think?

They continue on the search. It seems Dom has eluded them.

JUNKSHOW (CONT'D)  
This busted gun stuck on me.  
Fuck!

SHAMU  
Homeboy ain't gettin too far on  
foot. Keep your roll.

The search continues. They drive along slowly, patiently. Again, people stop and stare as this sleek machine rolls by.

Junkshow is nearly foaming from his mouth.

JUNKSHOW  
This guy is the dumbest, luckiest  
pig. You believe this shit?

They turn a corner.

JUNKSHOW (CONT'D)  
I mean god damn!

SHAMU  
Chill, we'll find him. What's  
this?

EXT./INT. CHARGER NEAR ELDERLY WOMEN'S HOUSE (MOVING) -  
DAY

Ahead, on the side of the road, they see Alexa sitting  
sideways on her scooter kissing a guy. She throws back  
her head with pleasure as the guy buries his face in her  
bosom.

Her long hair falls slowly. The thugs are distracted.

JUNKSHOW  
The bird's a ho.

SHAMU  
Ho's need lovin too.

JUNKSHOW  
Ho's need money.

They drive on. Turning at a stop sign.

FEW (O.S.)  
What are them guns for?

JUNKSHOW  
Ahhhhhhh!!!

SHAMU  
Faaaaaaak!

They react wildly to Few's presence. Junkshow aims his  
gun at her.

The car skids to a stop.

FEW (CONTD)  
Shit!

She ducks for cover.

JUNKSHOW  
Git up outta there.

FEW  
Don't shoot my ass.

JUNKSHOW  
Watcha doin back there?

Few climbs back up onto the seat.

FEW

Don't shoot!

Junkshow turns to Shamu.

JUNKSHOW

Who the fuck's this little big sister. When'd you pick her up?

SHAMU

Didn't pick nobody up fool. Aw shit Few, how'd you get back there?

FEW

Needed a ride.

JUNKSHOW

Needed a ride? They got taxis for that shit.

FEW

My feet are sore.

JUNKSHOW

Them swollen feet almost got you capped. Now git out the car!

FEW

Shamu, what are you doing with those guns?

Shamu gives Junkshow a look of concern.

FEW (CONT'D)

You're not gonna shoot me are you?

SHAMU

We ain't shooting you Few.

FEW

Promise?

JUNKSHOW

Shit. Shamu, we need to loose this.

SHAMU

I hear ya. Few, how bout you get out here, you go home and keep your trap shut, k?

FEW

About what?

Junkshow becomes more impatient.

JUNKSHOW  
Just git out the car.

Few winces and holds her stomach.

FEW  
Just need a ride down to the  
corner?

JUNKSHOW  
Ahh man, we can't be carting her  
pork ass all over town.

Shamu starts to pull away.

SHAMU  
We can drop her at the corner.  
Then you go home and say nothing  
about this, ok?

FEW  
Say nothing about what?

Abrupt stop.

FEW (CONT'D)  
All right.

EXT./INT. CHARGER ON MAIN STREET (MOVING) - DAY

The black Charger turns onto Main Street.

FEW  
Who are you looking for?

SHAMU  
Damn Few?!

FEW  
Who are you looking for?

JUNKSHOW  
A white devil, a little punk ass  
snitch wearing a red lid.

FEW  
Lid?

JUNKSHOW  
Damn nigga, a red hat!

Few peers out the window and spots Brown on the sidewalk with Doke wearing his recently acquired red hat.

FEW

Like the one on that Munchkin?

JUNKSHOW

Yeah, like the one on that Munchkin.

Shamu skids to a stop, then backs up to the curb.

EXT. BLACK CHARGER ON MAIN STREET - DAY

Junkshow calls for Brown.

JUNKSHOW

Hey, yo, hey.

DOKE

Hey yo hey what?

JUNKSHOW

Step up.

Doke turns Brown around and whispers in his ear. Junkshow turns to Shamu.

JUNKSHOW (CONT'D)

That's the hat.

SHAMU

Find out where he got it.

Brown laughs as he turns back to Junkshow.

JUNKSHOW

Were did you get that lid?

BROWN

You mean my hat? Oh they were having a sale at Macy's.

Raising his right arm, Junkshow reveals his shotgun.

JUNKSHOW

That's not the answer I was looking for little man.

BROWN

Okay, chill out homey, I just picked it up out of that trash can there, see?



JUNKSHOW

That can? Good enough.

The black Charger pulls away.

Few sits up and looks out the window at Doke who is looking back in.

DOKE'S POV

They make eye contact.

Few smiles.

INT. CHARGER ON MAIN STREET (MOVING) - DAY

Few sits back, reaches into her bag, pulls out and starts another candy bar. Junkshow grabs the bag from her hand and pulls out five empty candy bar wrappers.

JUNKSHOW

You eat all these?

SHAMU

How's your stomach handle that?

FEW

I love candy bars.

JUNKSHOW

Drop her here.

FEW

No, don't drop me here. Gimmie a few minutes. My feet are still sore.

JUNKSHOW

Nothing good is gonna come from a few more minutes.

Shamu drives ahead.

EXT./INT. CHARGER IN PARKING LOT - DAY

The black Charger turns down Second Ave and pulls into a parking lot.

JUNKSHOW

Park this thing and let's set this sister straight.

The black Charger circles around this small parking lot.

FEW

Okay, start by telling me who's Reggie?

Junkshow turns to Few.

JUNKSHOW

What?

FEW

I heard you shout "this is for Reggie." Who's Reggie?

JUNKSHOW

Shit, how long you been livin in the hood? You don't know Reggie?

SHAMU

Reggie bout to get a life sentence.

JUNKSHOW

Why the fuck we spillin this.

FEW

What he do?

JUNKSHOW

Nothin! He did nothing. And this cracker's plannin to ID Reggie in court.

FEW

Why's Reggie in court?

SHAMU

Oprah, chill with the interrogation.

FEW

So much for setting me straight?

JUNKSHOW

Yeah, but you don't need Reggie's story. You need to learn that in this world, your people stand up for their own.

FEW

Was Reggie guilty?

SHAMU

Does it matter?

FEW

So he was. And this guy your chasin, he's a witness? Saw Reggie do it and now Reggie's facing time.

JUNKSHOW

And that sonofabitch snitch is out walking Reggie's neighborhood with a shit-eatin' grin on his face. Good as dead.

FEW

Well how'd this guy supposed to know where Reggie lives?

JUNKSHOW

Dumb fucker better find out if he's gonna help put a man behind bars.

Few stares out the back window, attempting to make sense of it all.

FEW

You ever bit the inside of your cheek?

SHAMU

What the hell are you talking about?

FEW

Have you?

JUNKSHOW

Ever bit the inside of my cheek?

FEW

Not just bit, but accidentally chomped down on it, real hard. Have you?

JUNKSHOW

Or course. That shit hurts the worst.

FEW

(to Shamu)

And you?

SHAMU

Yeah. What's this about?

FEW

Then you know that feeling, right after you do it? That slow motion wishful feeling that it didn't just happen.

JUNKSHOW

Yeah?

FEW

And before you can blink an eye the pain sets in? You know what I'm talking about. Then comes the real shit, that life swelling, eye watering pain and there is absolutely nothing you can do about it, there's no going back and reliving that moment and maybe just changing things a wee bit. Just slowing down the chewing or something.

SHAMU

Right.

FEW

You think the bite might be all the pain of the experience, but no chance, and the pain grows and spreads, and you squirm around. Oh you wish to God it didn't happen, but it did and now you have to live with the pain.

JUNKSHOW

Where's this coming from?

FEW

But what really sucks is that this never happens on the last bite of your meal. It hits while you still have more to eat. So now the meal is ruined cause your mouth is pulsing in pain? And that sudden jolt of reality runs through your mind. This life will never allow you to go back and remove the pain. It's all there. We gotta learn from it. We gotta learn to move on with the pain.

JUNKSHOW

That shit's whack.

FEW

We're all pushed ahead at the speed of pain. All of us. You, me, you, that guy you're after. No one alive can avoid it. I know you're pissed about Reggie. But don't deal with the pain by inflicting more pain. Please brothers, cause no more pain?

JUNKSHOW

(swallowing hard)

That's all insightful and shit, but some things just need to be finished.

FEW

Well thanks for setting me straight. Now I got myself a stomach ache.

SHAMU

From eating all that garbage.

FEW

Yeah, but I ain't gonna go shoot the guy who sold it to me. You know why?

JUNKSHOW

Here she goes.

FEW

Cause I stole them candy bars. Stole em, and now I'm paying for it, they call that Karma.

JUNKSHOW

What do you know about Karma?

FEW

Not much, but I'm learning. I do know one thing.

SHAMU

What's that?

FEW

I can't be eating all that candy, it's making me fat and unhealthy.

Shamu and Junkshow chuckle.

She climbs from the car, holding her aching stomach.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Few walks back down Second Avenue toward Main Street.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Few stands on the sidewalk, not far from THE INTERSECTION.

In the distance, Doke and Brown emerge from The Space Bar.

Few crosses the street and walks to another corner of THE INTERSECTION.

EXT. ANOTHER CORNER OF THE INTERSECTION - DAY

Few finds a seat on an empty bench. Again, she holds her stomach in pain.

Behind her, Alexa climbs onto her scooter and drives away from the pizza shop, where Bob and Fred are hanging the sign.

FEW'S POV

Few watches the following events:

McCain walks from The Space Bar.

Across the street, Doke preaches at Brown.

Few sees Cory enter the store but her eyes follow McCain who walks towards her.

Dom exits Pete Zapais pizza shop looking around for Alexa.

Few is completely enthralled with these occurrences, but can't ignore her aching stomach.

EXT./INT. CHARGER IN PARKING LOT - DAY

Junkshow and Shamu sit contemplating their next move. On the radio a DJ speaks of the days events.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

(on the radio)

I don't know how much of this story you've heard, or whether this is all speculation, but apparently officials are reporting the first attempts to clone a human being are well under way.

Shamu and Junkshow pay little attention to the radio as they wait impatiently.

SHAMU

What gives?

JUNKSHOW

It'd be real easy to take him out.  
Ya hear me? End the pain for  
Reggie.

SHAMU

End nothing. We'd just be keepin  
it going.

FEW (V.O.)

Please brothers, cause no more  
pain.

At the sound of her voice they turn quickly to the back seat.

She's not there. They look to each other and shake their heads with wonder.

Their attention is pulled to the nearby sidewalk where Dom walks by on foot.

JUNKSHOW

That's him. What ya say?

Shamu says nothing. He simply turns the key, starting the car as Junkshow loads and locks his gun.

EXT./INT. BLACK CHARGER (MOVING) - DAY

Shamu drives the car down Second Avenue to where it meets South Street.

Shamu and Junkshow stare coldly at Dom climbing onto Alexa's scooter. They follow.

EXT./INT. CHARGER ON SOUTH STREET (MOVING) - DAY

Shamu is careful to keep his distance. Turning onto First Avenue.

Shamu and Junkshow stare intently at Dom.

SHAMU

That him?

JUNKSHOW

That's him. Next light?

EXT./INT. CHARGER ON FIRST AVENUE (MOVING) - DAY

The car accelerates. The scooter is just ahead of the black Charger. They pull alongside the scooter.

JUNKSHOW'S POV,

We see Dom start to turn and look, but quickly turns back.

Junkshow squeezes his gun.

JUNKSHOW

Ready?

Shamu hesitates, then concurs.

SHAMU

Yeah. I'm, ready.

EXT. THE INTERSECTION - DAY

They both stop at a red light.

Doke and Brown stand on one side of the road. They turn toward the street.

From inside Pete Zapais, the window is filled with curious faces that look out to THE INTERSECTION.

Bob and Fred stop hanging their sign and stare down at the street. The light stays red for an eternity.

Passers-by stop their forward motion and turn toward the street.

The world around THE INTERSECTION is suddenly frozen.

EXT. BLACK CHARGER AT THE INTERSECTION - DAY

Staring out with cold eyes, Junkshow slowly raises his gun and lines up his aim. Shamu looks at Junkshow then at Dom, then Shamu takes and releases a deep breath. He glances around and spots her... Few.

About to enter The Space Bar she stops and turns toward THE INTERSECTION, making eye contact with Shamu.

Dom turns and spots the gangsters in their black Charger.

All SOUNDS TRANSFORM INTO A WHISPER as his unsettling reality surfaces. His senses hit slow-motion.

Trapped, he can barely breath.



INT. BLACK CHARGER AT THE INTERSECTION - DAY

Junkshow and Shamu breath slowly, remaining as calm as possible.

Shamu is sweating. Few's words race through his head. He loses concentration.

The tension rises, the pressure builds, Shamu breaks.

SHAMU  
Don't do it brother.

Junkshow starts to pull the trigger then hesitates.

Junkshow aims his gun, but doesn't shoot.

SHAMU (CONT'D)  
Just a scare. Let him know that we know.

JUNKSHOW'S POV

Dom turns to find himself in the cross-hairs of Junkshow's gun. Dom goes pale.

EXT. BLACK CHARGER AT THE INTERSECTION - DAY

DOM'S POV

Junkshow lifts his head and mouths to Dom.

JUNKSHOW  
(mouthing - no  
sound)  
For Reggie.

Dom half smiles and nods, frightfully. Junkshow returns the nod. Alexa realizes the gravity of the situation.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

EXT. THE INTERSECTION - DAY

OVERHEAD SHOT

Reveals THE INTERSECTION.

The black Charger remains still. Alexa turns and drives off camera just as the Lincoln Town Car enters from the right, racing at top speed through THE INTERSECTION.

A disastrous collision is avoided, as the Charger sits, letting the Town Car pass by, through THE INTERSECTION.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

INT. THE SPACE BAR - MOMENTS EARLIER - DAY

Officer McCain shifts his weight.

Mala and Officer McCain look down at Cory's pocket as his hand searches frantically. His hand stops, he smiles, Officer McCain smiles, Mala smiles.

Slowly, Cory slides his hand from his pocket. Just as his hand becomes visible, the DOOR BELLS RATTLE as the front door opens. They turn to find Few standing in the doorway.

Officer McCain becomes impatient with Cory. Cory continues the search for money, but his hand comes up with nothing. Cory closes his eyes and swallows hard.

MALA

Excuse me? I can't give you this  
if you can't pay for it.

Cory considers his situation. He can use the gun, but decides not to. He turns to Officer McCain, then to Few, who takes interest in his dilemma. Cory drops his head and walks toward the door.

EXT. THE SPACE BAR - DAY

Cory exits The Space Bar. He stops at a trash can. Glancing around, he pulls the gun from his jeans and quickly tosses it into the trash, just in time as Agents Marti and Clyde climb from their car parked on the nearby curb.

CLYDE

(to Superior)

In position to take second mark.

SUPERIOR (V.O.)

Mark may be armed. Take all  
precautions.

Cory steps out of their way as they hurry toward The Space Bar. He notices Sahel in the back seat of their car.

He looks back to see Clyde and Marti drawing their firearms.

INT. THE SPACE BAR - DAY

Marti and Clyde burst through the doors, freezing at the sight of Few. A stare down. Few clenches the bag in her hand.

Mala and McCain interrupt their chat at the counter and watch.

Marti and Clyde scan the room, looking for someone else. Few watches as they rush toward the computer terminals.

They find all computer terminals empty. The monitor where the Reserved Woman sat is turned on, but she is gone.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The Reserved Woman, dressed differently, climbs from her car and walks toward an ominous building.

EXT. VESPA ON CITY STREET (MOVING) - DAY

Dom holds on to Alexa as they cut through traffic.

Alexa is determined to deliver the package on time.

They stop at a red light.

DOM

Where is this last one going?

Alexa hits a button on her GPS device. The address appears.

ALEXA

Not far.

They share a smile. Then ride off.

INT. THE SPACE BAR (SAME TIME) - DAY

Clyde stands near the computer terminal, examining the area.

CLYDE

(to Superior)

Second mark not present.

Marti questions Mala and Shane at the counter.

MARTI

(to Mala)

You're saying she worked at that terminal for most of the day.

MALA

That's right. I didn't even see her leave.

Clyde's eyes widen as his attention is captivated by a glowing monitor.

He studies the screen intensely.

EXT. OMINOUS BUILDING (SAME TIME) - DAY

The Reserved Woman walks the sidewalk toward the entrance of the building.

She stops and waits at the door.

At her feet, a Homeless Man lies on the pavement among his pile of belongings. A radio talk show voice echoes from his old transistor radio.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

(from the radio)

...there is now speculation that the relic may be here in America...experts say a ring of espionage of this nature may include people not aware they're even involved...I can't believe that, no, what I think is we're just getting started, Armageddon is upon us!

EXT. VESPA ON CITY STREET (MOVING) - DAY

Alexa and Dom turn a corner and drive toward their destination.

EXT. OMINOUS BUILDING (2:27 PM) - DAY

Alexa pulls up to the building, confirming the address.

She parks on the curb and climbs off. She unstraps the package from the back of the scooter and carries it toward the main entrance, where the Reserved Woman waits. Dom watches patiently.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

...well, we've cloned sheep, I guess it's time to clone the

shepherd. I'm sure the powers  
that be are doing everything they  
can to ensure something like this  
doesn't happen.

Alexa looks around the entrance. The Reserved Woman  
watches her for a moment.

RESERVED WOMAN  
(to Alexa)  
Are you looking for Giovanna?

Alexa looks at the label on the box and confirms.

ALEXA  
I am. Is that you?

RESERVED WOMAN  
It is.

ALEXA  
Then this is for you.

RESERVED WOMAN  
Thank you dear. Right on time.

They share a smile then depart.

Alexa walks toward Dom. Her last delivery. Her work is  
done. A sense of freedom overcomes her. She looks at  
Dom where one possible future awaits.

They embrace and kiss.

On the sidewalk behind them, a Woman quickly passes  
through frame. She is wearing black glasses and is  
dressed in all black with the PACKAGE at her side. She  
holds a phone to her ear.

RESERVED WOMAN  
(into phone)  
I have the package.

The excitement of the unknown awaits them. Alexa climbs  
back on and drives away.

EXT. SIDEWALK NEAR OMINOUS BUILDING - DAY

Alexa and Dom disappear into traffic as the CAMERA FLOATS  
across sidewalk passing the homeless man and his radio.  
CAMERA finds a pile of clothes and STOPS. It's the  
clothes of the Reserved Woman. CAMERA quickly pans around  
to find the Woman in black walking away, down the  
sidewalk.

A BLACK CAR with TINTED WINDOWS appears at the next cross street and waits.

The Woman approaches the car, opens the door and climbs in with the PACKAGE at her side. The BLACK CAR drives away.

INT. THE SPACE BAR (SAME TIME) - DAY

Clyde is studying the computer screen where an Internet news article is open. A close look into the monitor and it's evident the spy on the screen is the Reserved Woman who sat at this terminal.

Photos of the suspected spy fill half the screen. The headline reads: "Illegal Cloning of Prophet Feared."

CLYDE  
(to himself)  
It's not a bomb.

At the counter, Marti's frustration builds as she's not getting the answers she wants from Mala or McCain.

EXT. THE SPACE BAR (2:29 PM) - DAY

Cory stands silently at his bike looking curiously at Sahel in the Town Car.

He turns to find Few, with a bag in her hand.

She stares at his beat-up green bike. Few looks at the bike, recalling the sound of the crying baby, then at Cory.

FEW  
Is this your bike?

CORY  
Yeah, this is my bike, why?

Again, Few looks at the bike then back at Cory.

FEW  
You should have this.

Few pulls the bottle of Yorbetal from the bag and hands it to Cory. She walks away.

Climbing on his bike and riding away, Cory notices Bob and Fred have finished hanging their sign.

THE END