RIGHT ON.

Written by

Cameron Moquin

Cameron.Moquin@gmail.com
401-316-1574

EXT. DOWNTOWN PROVIDENCE - NIGHT

ALEX COLE is a resourceful city dweller in his late 20s. He's as comfortable in his skin as he is in his old Chuck Taylors.

He rides a fixed gear bike down a steep hill and effortlessly shreds using his legs for breaks. No helmet, but vigilant.

ALEX
Hey!

A car runs a red and cuts him off. His tires- **SCREECH**- the bike slides sideways, he bounces off the car.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Fuck. No, no it's cool. I'm ok.

The car speeds away and he shakes it off. Quick bike check, chain's loose. Loosen the nut- pull the rear wheel- retighten the nut, and he's back on two wheels.

His shaggy hair rides the wind with the same casual savoir faire he lives and rides with.

A young swanky couple in a nice black 66 Chevelle drive by as he's climbing the hill.

BRETT
Buy a car you idiot!

The driver's BRETT He's in his early 30s, and rich, entitled, arrogant son of a bitch.

He throws his half full soda cup at Alex and it hits his leg.

INT. BRETT'S CHEVELLE - NIGHT

IMOGEN
You're such a shit head.

IMOGEN's married to Brett and a little younger than he is, late 20s. She's dressed to kill and can get almost anything she wants with her innocent yet seductive gaze.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PROVIDENCE - NIGHT

Alex shakes his leg and rides on.

INT. KIMI'S BAR - NIGHT

Kimi’s Bar is a cool neighborhood bar on the outskirts of downtown.

PETE slides a hazy beer across an empty bar. He’s in his 30s, a put-together hipster wearing a bandana over his face like a bandit. A sign reads, “Please wear a mask when ordering”.

Alex’s hand attaches to the beer glass like a magnet.

PETE
Can’t pay you this week Alex. You’ve been my only customer, which means I haven’t had a paying customer.

ALEX
It’s fine, I’ll manage.

He tips back his beer.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A sommelier pours wine.

BRETT
Take your time, please.

IMOGEN
It’s fine, Brett.

SOMMELIER
Of course, may I recommend the prime rib, it’s served with--

BRETT
Yeah, that’s fine.

Imogen looks away.

SOMMELIER
Right away.

EXT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - DAY

Alex turns a corner with messenger bag on his back showing a bunch of carrots poking out the top.

He skids to a stop. The bike slams against a sign post. The U-lock drops around the frame and the post. He twists it locked. Now he keys the front door unlocked.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is simple but well appointed. A turntable sits where most would have a TV.

CHLOE
How much cash is left?

He tosses a couple dollars next to the groceries.

ALEX
That's all of it.

CHLOE
Cool so what are we going to eat next week?

ALEX
I don't know, we'll figure something out.

CHLOE
Whatever.

She looks to her phone and clicks away. CHLOE's an attractive hipster but she's wicked shallow and not at all invested in her relationship with Alex.

A heavy hand knocks at their door. It's STEPHANY and her ambulance partner. She's a take-no-bullshit firefighter/EMT who is a professional but isn't afraid to take some liberties.

ALEX
Hello?

STEPHANY (O.S.)
Providence Fire Department.

Alex and Chloe look at each other

ALEX
I didn't call, did you?

CHLOE
Nope.

Alex opens the door. Two EMTs, Stephany and her partner, stand at the entry in PPE gowns, mask, goggles.

One holds a temporal thermometer. The other is holding a scrap of paper. They step in.

STEPHANY
Which one of you is the patient?

Alex shakes his head.

Footsteps are heard in the hallway. An older man scurries through the door behind the EMTs.

It's CIPRIANO, the landlord. Cipriano is a wannabe mafia man, although stylistically he's barely pulling it off and the only boss he works for is his wife. He has a very thick Italian accent and it's hard to understand some of what he's saying.

CIPRIANO
It's him. He looks very sick.

Points to Alex.

STEPHANY
(to Alex)
Have you tested positive? What's your name and birthday?

She moves to write down his answer.

CHLOE
What the fuck Cipriano!

ALEX
We didn't call 911.

Stephany seems surprised, her partner puts his medical bag down.

CIPRIANO
No, I called. You're sick, you're both sick and you can't stay here. You'll expose all of us.

EMT #1 reaches over to take Alex's temperature.

ALEX
What's it say?

EMT #1
97 degrees.

Stephany writes it down on her scrap of paper.

ALEX
(to Cipriano)
Why aren’t you wearing a mask?

CIPRIANO
Fuck that shit. I’m not wearing no face diaper.

EMT #1
You don’t have any symptoms?

ALEX
No.

CIPRIANO
Look at him! He’s sick! He has to go to the hospital, both of them.

ALEX
I feel pretty good actually, aside from hung over, but that’s normal.

EMT #1
So you have no complaints?

ALEX
Just about my landlord.

STEPHANY
Yeah, he’s being extra, it’s sickening. Alright, we’re leaving.

EXT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Ambulance turns off it’s lights and pulls away.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - DAY

Alex, Chloe and Cipriano stand in a circle.

CHLOE
(to Cipriano)
You can’t fucking do that, and you know it.

ALEX
You can’t.

CIPRIANO
Maybe that didn’t work but it doesn’t matter, you have to get out of here. You’re evicted.
(MORE)

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)
I'm getting a lot of heat from my wife. We need rent money and you got none, so you got to go.

CHLOE
You can't evict anyone, it's a pandemic, asshole.

CIPRIANO
It's phase 2. The pandemic is over and you're out. You got a week before I come back with the police.

EXT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cipriano's phone rings.

CIPRIANO
Bacchus? Hey you sending me that thing or what?

Beat.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)
Oh no, you know I can't do that.

Beat.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)
Ok, fair enough. I got an idea.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - DAY

Alex, unfazed, takes a visual inventory of his apartment, Chloe just stares at him.

CHLOE
And where the fuck are we going to go? You don't have any job prospects, do you? Have you even looked for a job?

ALEX
That's what I'm going to do now.

CHLOE
You needed a job 2 weeks ago, Now were fucked. You can't get a job, a paycheck and put a down payment on a place in a week. You're going to be homeless.

ALEX
We're not going to be homeless.

CHLOE
You're right, we're not. You are, not me. I'm out of here.

ALEX
Seriously? It's just another challenge to overcome. It'll be an adventure.

CHLOE
I can't think of anyone but you who would consider potential homelessness to be an adventure.

ALEX
Something will come up. Stuff usually works itself out.

CHLOE
Well good luck to you Alex, really. You're going to need it, but I'm not following you this time.

ALEX
So, what? You're just going to dump me and hook up with someone with an apartment?

CHLOE
I don't need to tell you anything, deadbeat. I have a safety net. But, yeah, I'm dumping you and that's all you need to know.

ALEX
I'm not a deadbeat. I'm just.. I get things figured out when I need to.

CHLOE
You're a little late to figure this one out aren't you? Aren't you? I can't believe you're not a stoner. What does a person who doesn't even watch TV do all day if he doesn't have a job?

ALEX
I mean, I feel like I do a lot. It's just hard to quantify. I make beer.

Alex points to a couple of brew buckets with bubbling airlocks. Chloe is not impressed.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I ride the bike a lot, try to keep up with my chess partner.

CHLOE
I know what the fuck you do, shut up and figure your shit out.

Knock-knock-knock. Alex opens the door. Cipriano looks like he's greeting a friend now

CIPRIANO
Hey Alex, maybe I got a way for you to stay and we both make a lot of money. You're a bike messenger right?

ALEX
Yeah.

CIPRIANO
This is a little farther than a bike will take you. But you can take train instead of a bike, right?

ALEX
Sure. What's this about?

CIPRIANO
I got a job for you. You get this thing, I'll split it, 50/50. You could buy the place.

The Cipriano's accent seems extra thick and hard to understand.

ALEX
What is it?

CHLOE
Smells like bull shit.

CIPRIANO
It's the lost Monkey Paw.

CHLOE
Oh here we go.

ALEX
This does seem suspiciously like a ploy to get us out of here.

CIPRIANO
What? No look.

Cipriano shows Alex his phone. A text message from a person named BACCHUS: “Pick up Monkey’s Paw this week, I’m leaving town soon”.

ALEX
Hmm.

CHLOE
The fuck, we’re vegan, you piece of shit. We’re not-

CIPRIANO
No, no it’s a *reel*, Monkey’s Paw. In a case. It’s a *reel*, and it’s priceless.
(read as an intentional miscommunication of reel/real)

CHLOE
I told you we’re vegan. We’re not fucking getting you a *real* Monkey’s Paw. Can you believe this guy?

CIPRIANO
What is vegan? What does that have to do with anything?

ALEX
Wait, I’m kind of into this. There really aren’t many paying gigs right now.

CIPRIANO
Great, because this is the real McCoy.

ALEX
Is it even legal to have a real monkey’s paw?

CIPRIANO
Why? Sure, it’s legal. It’s very rare though and it’s in the private collection of a guy I used to work with, I lost it to him in a poker game with a bunch of fucking cocaine.

ALEX
I didn't take you for such a party animal.

CIPRIANO
Oh I was into some bad stuff in those days, with the high rollers. You know John Marscapone?

ALEX
The mafia Don?

Cipriano nods.

CIPRIANO
Bacchus used to cook his books. I used to run with the big boys, you see? I still play cards with some of them.

ALEX
So you want me to go get this Monkey's Paw from a gangster, and you're going to pay us to do it?

CHLOE
Fuck. No.

CIPRIANO
Yeah, well, you get it, bring it back, we sell it. Then split the profit. Think about it, ok? I'll be back next week.

INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

In the sitting room with music playing softly in the background, elder residents play an aggressive game of Bingo. Two people in the back corner of the room play chess.

At the chess table, the dark, wrinkled hand of DELILAH reaches for a bishop on the chess board. She's stoic, focused and wise. The bishop moves to corner a King.

DELILAH
Check.

Alex watches as he loses, and downs his coffee.

ALEX
I didn't sign up for this.

Delilah's daughter Stephany storms into the room, she's still in firefighter station uniform.

ALEX (CONT'D)
You're never going to let me win, are you? I haven't been here in months. It's really the least you could do.

DELILAH
Now, why in heaven would I do that to you?

STEPHANY (O.S.)
Ok, who fell down today, who called 9-1-1?

DELILAH
Would you pipe down Stephany?! You'll get them all excited.

Alex eats the rest of his coffee cake.

STEPHANY
Oh shit, It's you.

ALEX
Yeah, busy day?

DELILAH
You know my daughter?

EXT. BRETT'S MANSION - DAY

Brett's house is too nice. There's a work truck with a logo for "Marscapone Excavation Services", a black '66 Chevelle and a Hummer in the driveway. A cleaning lady storms out of the house.

INT. BRETT'S MANSION, BEDROOM - DAY

Imogen's perfect naked body is being jerked violently by Brett's muscular body as she stares blankly at the ceiling.

She grabs the remote control and plays Nasferatu on the TV while Brett continues.

IMOGEN
Why do you always have to be so mean to the cleaning lady?

BRETT
What? I was just having fun, she's a nobody, why don't you talk dirty or something before you ruin the mood.

IMOGEN
Oh Brett, I need your dirty little worm deep inside me.

Brett stops.

BRETT
What the fuck Imogen.

Brett shoves her off the bed.

BRETT (CONT'D)
You don't complain when you're spending my money.

IMOGEN
How'd you get that money Brett?

BRETT
Shut the fuck up.

Brett raises his arm and hits her across the jaw with the back of his hand.

Imogen looks beaten. She shrinks, then pulls herself together.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Get me a fucking drink before I bury you.

Imogen gets up, eyes burning with rage, and she leaves the room.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - DAY

Alex puts a record on, all traces of Chloe are gone, the apartment is bare. Cipriano knocks and opens the door.

ALEX
Hello?

CIPRIANO
Alex. Ok, are you in or out?

ALEX
What happens if I'm not?

CIPRIANO
Then you're evicted.

ALEX
You know I could just squat here for months before you can legally do anything about it.

CIPRIANO
You got other job offers on the table?

ALEX
Ok. I'll do it. 50/50?

CIPRIANO
Great, yeah. I got you two tickets for you and Chloe, is she here? You guys already packed up?

ALEX
Yeah.

CIPRIANO
Looks good, ok. Now listen, you got to get to this address and ask for Bacchus. He's expecting me but just tell him I sent you.

EXT. BRETT'S POOL - LATER

Imogen, pacing, talking to herself. Holding a 'domestic violence' pamphlet.

IMOGEN
How many times am I going to let this happen? These things don't get better, Imogen. They get worse. Today he backhands you, next week you get punched. Next thing I'll be dead.

She sits crunched up in a ball and looks up.

IMOGEN (CONT'D)
Well then, what the fuck am I supposed to do?

INT. KIMI'S BAR - NIGHT

Pete's bartending.

PETE
You finally dumped Chloe?

ALEX
Technically she dumped me after the eviction... but I was--

PETE
Dude, thank God. She was the worst. Remember when Ben dated her and she got hammered and wouldn't stop hitting on his uncle?

ALEX
Oh man, yeah, his uncle. I forgot about that.

Pete cracks his and Alex's beers and takes a sip.

PETE
You know you can stay at my place for a while. Within reason.

ALEX
That is cool, but for now, I've got a mission.

He whips out 2 train tickets.

ALEX (CONT'D)
11:15 train to Chicago on Friday, with a stop in New York. You want to come?

PETE
I can't leave the bar on a weekend, otherwise I totally would. Why'd he give you two tickets?

ALEX
Cipriano thought I was taking Chloe.

PETE
Maybe you can scalp it.

INT. BRETT'S MANSION - MORNING

Imogen looks though the window to see Brett outside talking to his 'enforcers'.

She has her belongings laid out on the bed. Phone, backpack, air pods. Underwear. Socks. Toothbrush/toothpaste. Make-up. Band aids. Hoodie. Sunglasses.

Through the window, Brett gets in his Hummer, and the enforcers get in Anthony's Chevy Bolt. The cars take off.

She hails an Uber the second they turn the corner.

EXT. BRETT'S MANSION - MORNING

An Uber pulls up.

The door slams. She's inside.

I/E. TRAIN STATION - MORNING

Imogen skulks in, looking around. Her hoodie is on with the hood up and sunglasses on.

At the ticket counter.

IMOGEN
Can I get a ticket on the next train?

Behind her, Alex enters the train station wearing his messenger bag and heads straight to the café.

CLERK
That's a negative, sold out for the day.

IMOGEN
How? No one is going anywhere right now.

CLERK
Most of the seats are blocked off to prevent infection.

IMOGEN
Ok, what else can I get.

CLERK
If you can go online and make a reservation you might be able to catch something out tomorrow or the next day.

IMOGEN
Tomorrow? Fuck, FUCK! No, I need to leave today, as close to now as fucking possible. Do you understand?

The Amtrak police take notice. Alex meanders over with his coffee.

CLERK
Ma'am. I'm going to have to ask you to remain calm.

IMOGEN
Don't tell me to be fucking calm you have no idea what I'm up against. Anyway I am fucking calm. You don't have anything else leaving today?

CLERK
I'm afraid not.

IMOGEN
Thanks for nothing.

She turns away, flops down on a bench, puts in her air pods, pulls up her hood, adjusts her sunglasses and tries to disappear.

Brett's two enforcers walk into the train station.

Alex watches them move toward Imogen, then burns his mouth on his coffee.

The enforcers are ANTHONY and VICTOR. Anthony looks like he came out of the military but his face is aged beyond his years from a life of crime. Victor is a younger apprentice to Anthony. He's wiry and wears and hat pulled down low over his eyes. They're keeping a low profile to avoid the attention of the Amtrak police.

VICTOR
Let's go, Imogen. Brett's waiting in the car.

IMOGEN
I'm not going with you.

ANTHONY
We can do this the right way, or you can make us do this the wrong way. It's your choice sweet heart.

VICTOR
I'll get the cops out.

IMOGEN
No, wait.

ANTHONY
That's a good girl.

Alex walks behind Anthony and purposely steps on his own shoelace. He tumbles forward dumping his coffee all over Anthony's ass.

As he falls, he slips something into Imogen's hand on his way down and bumps into Victor knocking him back with the weight of his backpack.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Son of a putanna Mother fuck!

Victor's on the defense, a bulge in his suit jacket aims at Alex.

The police shuffle over to the scene with hands hovering over their holsters.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
You mother fuck, You know who the fuck I am?

ALEX
No...

AMTRAK POLICE #1
Do we have a problem over here?

Victor tries using a handkerchief to dry Anthony's coffee covered ass. Imogen slips away.

ANTHONY
We was just leaving. You'll be hearing from my lawyer, kid.

He winks at Alex with a menacing smile.

The enforcers walk out.

A train pulls in to the station.

I/E. BRETT'S HUMMER - MORNING

Brett's in the drivers seat. Victor and Anthony are outside.

BRETT
Get her the fuck back home.

ANTHONY
We will boss. Don’t worry about a thing.

BRETT
I am fucking worried. I am very fucking worried. How the fuck did your dumb finger fucking asses fuck this up?

VICTOR
It was just a random thing boss, the police came so we had to split.

BRETT
You should have just thrown her under the Goddamn train if you were planning on fucking it up. You know she can rat every mother fucking one of us out if she wants to.

ANTHONY
I want to assure you there is no reason to worry boss. We got this. We’ve got her on GPS.

BRETT
Handle it.

ANTHONY
We will.

BRETT
Why don’t you change your fucking pants, you’re a God damned disgrace.

INT. TRAIN STATION, WOMEN’S BATHROOM - MORNING

Imogen collapses against the wall of a toilet stall, catching her breath. She looks down at her hand to look at what Alex had slipped her. A ticket, the time stamp nearly matches the time on her phone.

Someone else enters the bathroom. She quickly straightens herself out, puts her mask on and leaves the bathroom.

I/E. TRAIN CAR - MORNING

Imogen is waved on board by a conductor.

Walking down the aisle in the train, most of the seats are blocked off, she sees Alex. Pausing a beat, she nods at him.

He nods back. She sits a few rows up.

INT. CHEVY BOLT - DAY

Anthony smokes a cigar while he drives.

The speedometer shows they're traveling 90mph.

ANTHONY
How we doing on time?

VICTOR
We'll beat the train there, easy.

I/E. GRAND CENTRAL/PARK AVE - DAY

Alex steps off the train. There's a sparse distribution of travelers. Most are wearing masks.

Imogen jumps off and heads to a snack vender.

Anthony and Victor spot Imogen. Anthony makes a call.

Alex keeps a low profile and tries to get closer without being noticed.

The enforcers walk around Imogen, she doesn't see them. She takes a yogurt cup from the stand and walks toward the door.

Imogen heads out of the station.

Vic and Anthony are right behind her.

An elbow gut checks Imogen and it knocks the wind out of her.

Imogen steps back into Victor, he's got her by the backpack.

VICTOR
Hi, Genny.

IMOGEN
(catching breath)

ANTHONY
Let's go kid. Time to go home.

Alex, close behind them, keeps a low profile and dashes along side of them to cross the busy street.

The enforcers shove her toward Anthony's Bolt. Across the street, Alex mounts a bikeshare bicycle.

VICTOR
Let's go Genny, get in the car.

IMOGEN
That's not my fucking name.

ANTHONY
Be polite kid. We're being nice.

VICTOR
Get in the car.

Victor pushes her head into the back seat. Vic gets in with her. Anthony gets up front.

The Bolt takes off, and Alex with the junky bikeshare struggles to keep up.

INT. ANTHONY'S CHEVY BOLT - DAY

Vic zip-ties Imogen's wrists and feet.

IMOGEN
You don't need to do this.

Anthony turns on the radio.

EXT. TRAFFIC - SAME TIME

Alex weaves through traffic behind the Buick.

A parade of BLM protesters block an intersection up ahead.

Anthony looks back at Victor and points to the trunk. Victor gets the hint and pulls her to the side, drops the seat forward.

IMOGEN
What? No! Why?

He stuffs her into the trunk.

IMOGEN (CONT'D)
I'm going to tell Brett everything you're doing.

Victor closes the seat back.

ANTHONY
Brett knows what we're doing, kid.

Imogen squirms around in the trunk.

IMOGEN
Fuck!

EXT. TRAFFIC - DAY

Anthony and Victor wait for the protesters to march by and Alex catches up to them.

Alex rides by the Bolt and looks inside, he doesn't see Imogen, but Victor sees Alex.

VICTOR
Oh shit, that's the kid who burnt your ass with coffee!

Alex pedals hard.

ANTHONY
Who is this idiot? Imogen! You got another boyfriend or something?

Anthony pushes through the crowd with his car.

VICTOR
Not for long.

Protesters slap the windows and cover the windshield with signs. Someone jumps on the roof.

ANTHONY
This motherfucker.

He swerves the car to knock the protester off.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
I don't think Brett would be very happy about your new sidepiece. And now I'm not very happy. I'm a good guy when I'm happy.

VICTOR
Real good guy. The best.

ANTHONY
But I'm not fucking happy.

IMOGEN (O.S.)
The fuck are you talking about?!

Protesters swarm the car and try to flip it. Victor pulls out his Beretta and fires a shot through the roof. Screams suddenly broadcast from the crowd as it begins to panic.

ANTHONY
Jesus mother fuck! Put the fucking silencer on!

VICTOR
Yeah boss.

A skater runs up and smashes the Bolt's windshield with his skate board.

Victor twists a silencer onto his gun. He shoots the skater in the knee. He falls in agony.

EXT. TRAFFIC - DAY

Alex rides directly into a swarm of bicycle riders on the other side of the protest, the bikes crash into a tangle. He jumps off his slow bike share and picks up a nice fast fixed gear bike while the owner recovers from falling.

Alex hits a high sprint and looks back toward the bike's owner.

ALEX
Sorry dude.

The Bolt gets around the pile of fallen bikes and takes a left on 5th street. There's traffic, the so it jumps the curb and hits a vender. Falafel splatters the broken windshield.

Alex turns a corner and finds a jackknifed tractor trailer blocking the road.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Oh God damnit.

Alex skids the tires and drops the bike into a drift, perched on the side of the bike as it slides, the steel frame grinding and sparking against pavement.

He ducks and transits beneath the trailer. The tires collide with the curb on the other side and the bike pops up. He's back in the saddle and riding without skipping a beat.

TRUCK DRIVER
Watch where you're fucking going!

ALEX
Holy fucking shit.

The tractor trailer pulls out and Victor hits the accelerator.

INT. ANTHONY'S CHEVY BOLT - DAY

VICTOR
Anthony you think this guy's worth it?

Anthony rips across the intersection.

ANTHONY
This mother fucker disrespects me, and then he fucks us out of getting Imogen. Yes it's fucking worth it!

INT. CHEVY BOLT, TRUNK - DAY

Imogen braces herself as she's knocked around the trunk.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Alex turns down a narrow alley. Wrong turn. The Bolt is on him and the alley is cut off by a dumpster and a tall fence.

The car stops. Victor gets out. Alex throws the bike onto the dumpster and climbs up.

Victor fires 3 shots at Alex, and one grazes his arm. CLICK. He's out of bullets.

Alex drops the bike over the fence. BANG. It's a big drop. Anthony fires out the window. Alex jumps and lands pretty hard.

Anthony unloads the last few shots in his magazine.

Alex uses the dumpster as cover. No more bullets, for now, he forces himself back onto the bike and rides out the other side of the ally. He emerges on the other end and out of view of enforcers.

I/E. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Alex rides past a coffee shop, skids and hops off. He drops the bike outside the door. His arm drips some blood off his elbow.

SHOPGIRL
Oh my god, you're bleeding all over the floor! Can you get out?

The Bolt drives by. He grabs up a bunch of napkins and waits a beat. Then he walks out holding pressure on his wound.

Alex mounts up, shoulder still bleeding, he tails the Bolt but at a much greater distance.

I/E. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Alex peaks his head around the corner and ducks back to stay out of sight.

The Bolt rolls to a stop in front of an unoccupied brick building with no windows.

Anthony steps out of the car with his phone to his ear. He looks for potential witnesses, no one. He nods to Victor.

Victor pops the trunk.

Imogen, still incapacitated by zip ties, struggles and dodges Victor's attempt to pick her up out of there.

ANTHONY
(on phone)
We got to stop over here... yeah the car is fucked up bad, I need to get a -- no we got her. Yeah, right here.

Imogen kicks at Victor.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Drove through a riot, and things got out of hand.

Victor pulls out his gun.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Ha, yeah, Victor got one. Yeah just send a car over here.

VICTOR
Need a hand, boss.

Anthony struts over to help Victor extract Imogen from the trunk.

IMOGEN
What are you going to do to me?
I'll do anything. You want money?
Just let me go, I--

Victor pistol-whips her forehead. She drops, cold.

VICTOR
You're lucky I'm out of bullets.

Anthony checks the door. It's locked.

The enforcers drag her up a pile of old pallets beneath a warehouse window and drop her in. It's about a 6 foot drop and she lands like a sack of potatoes.

Victor drops into the abandoned building, there's a mattress in the corner of a floor covered in hypodermic needles and beer cans. He unlocks the door for Anthony.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Smells like a rotten fucking corpse
in here.

ANTHONY
I'm getting too old for this shit.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Alex takes a real look at his wound for the first time. He takes a bandana out of his back pocket and wraps it around the wound above his bicep then uses his teeth to help tie it off.

A firetruck drives by. Then he looks at the Bolt. He unties the bandana and rips it in half.

EXT. ANTHONY'S BUICK - DAY

Alex walks toward where the gas tank should be but there is none. He sees a stack of paper trash and flicks his lighter.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Victor looks around using his cellphone as a flashlight.

ANTHONY
Now it smells like burning plastic.

VICTOR
Maybe you're having a stroke.

ANTHONY
Fuck you Vic.

VICTOR
Got a dead junky over here. We should just do her here and go.

Victor looks up and sees smoke and fire outside. Anthony follows Victor's gaze.

ANTHONY
I am going to kill this piece of shit on the principal of it.

VICTOR
I'll get him.

Victor stands at the door ready to open it. Sirens blare and a large loud diesel vehicle pulls up.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Firefighters douse the car with fire foam. 2 police cars arrive almost simultaneously. The Bolt is smoking.

Police officers with guns drawn greet Victor at the door.

POLICE OFFICER #1
POLICE! Get on the ground. Hands where I can see them!

Victor drops his gun, puts his hands behind his head. Anthony does the same.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Alex with his wound now wrapped in a frayed bandana slips in and unties Imogen who is banged up but much more lively.

ALEX
Can you walk?

IMOGEN
Yeah.

ALEX
Lets go, we have a train to catch.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

An unmarked black car pulls up. A woman who looks tough and professional in a dark suit picks up the phone. She's FBI AGENT O'MALLEY.

AGENT O'MALLEY
We got her.

Behind her, AGENT JASTRAM, her partner.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Alex looks out the window. All the action is up front, out of view. He jumps down.

ALEX
I got you.

He's got his arms up ready to catch.

Imogen jumps to the side of him, sticks the landing like a pro and starts running.

IMOGEN
Alright, lets go.

I/E. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Agents O'Malley and Jastram, guns drawn scan the scene.

POLICE OFFICER #2
We got a body here ma'am!

AGENT O'MALLEY
Fuck.

AGENT JASTRAM
It's not the girl.

O'Malley walks over and sees the body, she agrees.

AGENT O'MALLEY
Call the M.E. I'm out of here. The scene belongs to the PD.

POLICE WOMAN
What about these two?

AGENT O'MALLEY
Book them.

EXT. METRO - DAY

Imogen and Alex run down the stairs, Alex looks around. They're alone.

IMOGEN
How much time do we have?

ALEX
I don't know, like 5 minutes?

They jump the gate.

INT. PENNSYLVANIA STATION, NY

LOUD SPEAKER
Now boarding at 12 eastern, all points West to Chicago...

Alex and Imogen board the train.

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

Alex slides into his seat and Imogen sits down right next to him and drops her bag.

IMOGEN
That was really dumb.

ALEX
What?

IMOGEN
I don't even know you.

ALEX
So?

IMOGEN
So why are you trying to save me? I don't need saving.

ALEX
Oh no, definitely not.

IMOGEN
Don't patronize me. Asshole.

She starts picking up her bag to find another seat.

ALEX
Why are those guys trying to kill you?

She sits back down.

IMOGEN
Don’t worry about me. What’s your deal? What makes you think you’re so great you can just drop everything to chase me around New York?

ALEX
I’m on a bounty hunt.

IMOGEN
You’re a bounty hunter? Ugh. I should have figured. Who hired you?

ALEX
No, no, no, not for you. I’m getting an antique for this guy.

IMOGEN
An antique? You could have gotten killed just now. Stick to antiques.

ALEX
What do those guys want with you? Are they loan sharks or something?

IMOGEN
No, they work for my husband.

ALEX
Ah.

She rubs off some makeup from her chin and exposes a nasty bruise.

IMOGEN
He’s a wicked good guy.

ALEX
I figured, you know, based on his employees.

Imogen opens her compact and sees the mark on her forehead from being pistol whipped. She covers it up with concealer.

INT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

Typing an email at her desk Agent O'Malley is interrupted by Jastram.

AGENT JASTRAM
They're here.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Cuffed, shackled Victor sits coolly at a steel interrogation table, cell phone in front of him.

AGENT JASTRAM
Where is she?

VICTOR
(silence)

AGENT O'MALLEY
You have about 45 minutes to decide to help us.

AGENT JASTRAM
Right now we have surveillance footage of you and your partner abducting a missing person, cell phone video of you shooting a skate boarder and we have you on the scene of an arson, with an as yet unidentified dead body.

AGENT O'MALLEY
It's not good for you.

AGENT JASTRAM
Either way in 45, we're going to lunch and you're going to lock up.

AGENT O'MALLEY
It's just a matter of how long you're in there.

VICTOR
(silence)

Agent Jastram grabs Victor's cell phone off the table.

AGENT JASTRAM
They make it so hard for us to crack these things.

He walks behind Victor, crouches in close and whispers in his ear. He touches the phone fingerprint scanner to Victor's thumb.

AGENT JASTRAM (CONT'D)
Thanks.

The phone is unlocked.

VICTOR
Alright. I'll talk.

AGENT O'MALLEY
Oh, you just missed that boat.

The phone has a blinking dot on a map.

AGENT JASTRAM
Agent O'Malley, who do you think this GPS mark is?

Victor is pissed.

AGENT O'MALLEY
Let's get the other one in here.

INT. TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

Imogen falls asleep. Alex quietly drinks a beer. Her head drops onto his shoulder. He shakes his head and takes another sip.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

It's Anthony's turn being shackled at the table. He's got a Styrofoam coffee cup in front of him.

ANTHONY
Mind unlocking these so I can enjoy this fine coffee?

O'Malley nods. Jastram unlocks his wrist cuffs.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
And I'm going to need my lawyer.

He takes a sip.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
It's not very good actually.

AGENT O'MALLEY
I'll be sure to get you a complaint slip.

She looks at the camera

AGENT O'MALLEY (CONT'D)
Let him in.

A tall man with glasses, perfect hair and a bespoke suit walks in. It's Mafia attorney DAVID PALUMBO.

DAVID PALUMBO
We're all done here, you can release my clients now.

He hands a document to Agent Jastram. Jastram hands it to O'Malley. She crumples it up.

AGENT O'MALLEY
You got a judge to sign this? That's a bullshit technicality.

DAVID PALUMBO
Tell your people to do better.

ANTHONY
I'll tell you one thing.

DAVID PALUMBO
Don't tell them anything.

ANTHONY
No, there's another guy. Some fucking punk kid. One of those bicycle guys. He's got her. He's the one you want. Not us.

DAVID PALUMBO
Let's go Tony.

I/E. CHICAGO UNION STATION - DAY

The train pulls into the station. Imogen wakes.

ALEX
We're in Chicago.

IMOGEN
Ok, well what do we do now?

ALEX
I was going to get a room somewhere.

IMOGEN
Great, we're friends now and I'm staying with you. I have cash.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL - NIGHT

Alex and Imogen walk up to front desk. The hotel appears empty.

ALEX
Any two beds available tonight?

FRONT DESK
Sorry, just a single Queen.

ALEX
Seriously? There's no one here.

FRONT DESK
I'm the only one working tonight, and the only clean room is that queen. You want it?

ALEX
Yeah ok.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Alex looks around the Room, Imogen flops right down on the bed.

IMOGEN
You should probably sleep in the bed. I owe you. I'll take the couch.

ALEX
I'm good with the couch, it's all yours.

IMOGEN
Okay. So what's the plan tomorrow?

ALEX
I have to go to this guy's house to get his monkey's paw which is supposedly pretty valuable.

IMOGEN
What's that? Like the movie?

ALEX
No, He said it was a real Monkey's paw.

IMOGEN
You know Pet Cemetery is based on the original Monkey's Paw.

Alex looks confused.

ALEX
Yeah?

IMOGEN
We can watch it tomorrow.

ALEX
Rad.

Alex kicks off his shoes and takes off his shirt. Despite his unhealthy drinking habit and dad-bod he looks strong. Imogen avoids looking directly at him.

IMOGEN
How bad is that cut?

ALEX
Should be fine.

She gets up to take a closer look. She starts unwrapping the bandage.

IMOGEN
Can I?

ALEX
Sure.

Imogen carefully unwraps the bandage.

IMOGEN
This needs to be cleaned.

She throws the bandana into the sink comes back with soap and a wet face cloth. She dabs the wound with the facecloth. As it turns pink with blood, Alex winces.

ALEX
Ooo.

IMOGEN
Yeah, we need to get this under running water. It’s all chunky. Come on.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

The shower’s on, steaming. Imogen checks the temp. She guides Alex’s shoulder into the water, and she starts to soap it down.

IMOGEN
That’s better.

ALEX
Doesn’t even hurt.

He winces.

IMOGEN
All set.

Imogen’s eyes make sustained contact with Alex’s. Comfortable silence. Only the sound of the shower running fills the room.

ALEX
Thanks.

He steps out and she throws a towel at him.

INT. BRETT'S MANSION

Attorney Dave Palumbo arrives with Victor and Anthony in his sedan. Brett waits for them, sucking on an oversized vape unit.

BRETT
Dave you got any toilet paper in there?

Anthony and Victor get out of the car. Dave goes to the trunk and pops it open.

DAVID PALUMBO
Ultra strong or ultra soft?

BRETT
Soft.

Palumbo produces an oversized pack of toilet paper and tosses it to Brett.

DAVID PALUMBO
I have to charge you for that. I got to go. Keep these two out of trouble.

BRETT
Imogen took off.

DAVID PALUMBO
Fuck. Is she going to talk?

BRETT
Not if I can help it.

DAVID PALUMBO
Take care of that.

Palumbo closes his car door and the sedan is gone. Brett vapes heavily and looks over at Anthony and Victor.

INT. AIRPLANE - EVENING

Anthony and Victor sit inside a plane as it taxis to the terminal. Anthony sips a liquor drink.

EXT. LUMBERJACK BAR - EVENING

The chalkboard menu says, “Welcome back, Masks required when ordering. Now Hiring.” Anthony shows a picture of Imogen to the bartender.

ANTHONY
You seen this girl? She may be under duress with a dangerous man.

BARTENDER #2
No, not tonight.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAWN

Alex lowers the coffee from his lips. He has another cup for Imogen. He hits the elevator button and steps back. Just then, He sees fucking Victor coming into the hotel. He’s got two suitcases while Anthony smokes a cigar outside the entrance.

Alex is the only person there, so he ducks into the staircase before Victor turns around.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

Alex bursts into the room.

ALEX
We got to go.

IMOGEN
Now? Why?

ALEX
Your friends are here.

IMOGEN
Here? In this hotel?

ALEX
Yeah.

IMOGEN
Do they know we're here?

ALEX
I don't know.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

Imogen and Alex drop off a low balcony into a maintenance path and run out of sight.

EXT. CHICAGO - DAWN

Alex and Imogen jump into a taxi.

EXT. BACCHUS'S MANSION - DAY

Standing at the security gate. Alex and Imogen ring the buzzer.

SECURITY
Can I help you?

ALEX
Mr. Bacchus should be expecting me,
I'm here for the Monkey's Paw?

SECURITY
You'll have to be more specific.

ALEX
Cipriano Scuducci sent me.

SECURITY
Oh. I’m sorry you were supposed to be here last week. Mr. B is away.

Alex slaps his forehead.

ALEX
What the hell Cipriano.

IMOGEN
Where did he go?

SECURITY
Morocco.

ALEX
You can’t just give me the thing?

SECURITY
Normally, yes, but it was among the items he had sent to the dock.

ALEX
When does he get back?

SECURITY
He’s gone a few months usually.

IMOGEN
How far is the airport?

EXT. CHICAGO O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY

An uber pulls up to departures.

ALEX
It’s probably worth mentioning that I don’t have any actual money.

IMOGEN
You don’t look like you do.

She looks around the car. It’s not the cleanest Uber, there’s a crumpled dress shirt stuffed in the seat pocket.

IMOGEN (CONT’D)
Can I have this?

I/E. AIRPORT - DAY

Imogen walks up to a UPS truck and starts flirting with the driver. Alex hangs back in his newly acquired shirt.

UPS DRIVER
Can I help you?

IMOGEN
Hi.

She blushes. The UPS driver leans into his hand truck.

UPS DRIVER
Are you lost?

IMOGEN
I'm actually an adult film star.

She twirls her hair. The UPS driver tries to stay cool.

IMOGEN (CONT'D)
I don't see a ring on that finger. You want to make some money?

UPS DRIVER
You want to, yeah. Let's go, where?

IMOGEN
Back of the truck, sexy. What's your name?

UPS DRIVER
Terrance.

Imogen puts her arm around him and puts his lanyard around her neck so they are lassoed together. She pulls him onto the truck.

IMOGEN
Terrance, I love that. My camera girl is just grabbing coffee. Why don't you move some around boxes and set up. I'll be back, lickity-split.

She unsnaps her bra and throws it at Terrance. She bites her lip and smiles at him, then walks off the truck wearing his lanyard.

INT. AIRPORT UPS HANGER

Imogen and Alex walk into the hanger. There's a man at the desk. Pallets of boxes are being loaded and unloaded in the B.G.

UPS AIRPORT GUY
What can I do you for?

IMOGEN
When’s the next delivery to Morocco?

The guy starts typing.

UPS AIRPORT GUY
Oh there’s actually one loading now. Next one is in five days.

IMOGEN
That’s convenient.

UPS AIRPORT GUY
Let me just scan that badge.

Beep.

UPS AIRPORT GUY (CONT’D)
All set.

INT. CARGO HOLD OF PLANE - NIGHT

There are a few jump seats along the wall in the cargo plane with a view of palates stacked with brown boxes.

ALEX.
This is cool.

He sets up like a hobo and leans against a pallet. Imogen plops down next to him.

The pilot polishes his badge as he walks to the back.

PILOT
Sweet employee discount eh?

IMOGEN
Oh yeah, it’s awesome.

PILOT
Anyway, I’ll be your pilot. If you need to eat I hope you packed something, there’s no flight attendant on this aircraft.

ALEX
We’ll be good.

IMOGEN
Yeah.

PILOT
Great, we should be off the runway shortly, looks to be a fairly smooth ride.

INT. CARGO HOLD OF PLANE - LATER

Turbulence gets the plane shaking pretty bad. Alex and Imogen knock heads. Then Imogen is knocked over onto Alex, body to body, face to face.

The sexual tension is broken by another jolt of rough air. It sends them in a scramble to their seats and they strap in.

PILOT (O.S.)
Some turbulence. Should pass soon, you guys strapped in?

ALEX
Yup.

IMOGEN
Yeah thanks.

EXT. ESSAOUIRA AIRPORT - DAY

Alex and Imogen deplane.

INT. ESSAOUIRA AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

They walk toward the customs desk.

IMOGEN
Oh my God, do you have a passport?

She looks him up and down.

IMOGEN (CONT'D)
You wouldn't, would you?

ALEX
Why? What's that supposed to mean?

He puts his hand into his bag and pulls out an organizer and flashes the passport.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Not even expired.

IMOGEN
Oh, good.

ALEX
Should we have a code word?

IMOGEN
Why?

ALEX
In case things get sketchy?

IMOGEN
Sketchy?

ALEX
Yeah, you know, things already went sideways in New York, and almost in Chicago. Why not have a panic plan?

IMOGEN
Ok. What word?

Alex looks around and sees someone selling flowers.

ALEX
How about, flowers?

IMOGEN
Ok, good, flowers it is. What happens if you say ‘flowers’?

ALEX
It means it’s time to leave.

INT. ESSAOUIRA AIRPORT, CUSTOMS - DAY

A uniformed man puts his hand out for a passport. Imogen hands hers over. He flips it open to a random page, doesn’t even look at the picture.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
American?

IMOGEN
Yes.

Stamp.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Business or pleasure?

ALEX
Business.

The customs officer looks at him and laughs. He hands Imogen her passport back. And holds his hand out again. Alex hands his over.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Do you know Arabic?

ALEX
No.

He flips to another page of the passport.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
You should learn it, and make sure you visit the royal palace while you're here, it is magnificent.

ALEX
I'll be sure to do that.

He flips another page.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
You always dress this bad when you travel?

Nervous laugh. One more page turn.

ALEX
No.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
How long are you staying?

ALEX
1 week.

Beat.

Stamp.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Marhaban, enjoy your stay!

EXT. ESSAOUIRA AIRPORT - DAY

They walk toward the taxis.

ALEX
I thought he was going to detain me.

IMOGEN
You were fine. I would have used the code word if I thought it was going that way.

EXT. ESSAOUIRA AIRPORT - DAY

Lining the road, taxis await their next fare. Alex and Imogen get into the first one in line.

INT. TAXI - DAY

TAXI DRIVER
صباح الخير Sbah alkhyr.

ALEX
Can you take us to, uh...

Imogen looks up from her phone.

IMOGEN
The Medina?

Imogen looks out from the taxi.

TAXI DRIVER
الرجاء al-rajaa.

IMOGEN
What?

TAXI DRIVER
al-rajaa is please.

The driver takes off fast. He weaves through traffic as if in a police chase and constantly blasts his horn as he casually chats with our passengers.

ALEX
Al-rajaa.

TAXI DRIVER
Shakran, American?

ALEX
Yes sir.

TAXI DRIVER
I will bring you to the main drag.

INT. CHICAGO HOTEL - NIGHT

Victor looks at his new phone. He needs a few seconds to figure out what he's seeing.

VICTOR
When's the last time you looked at the GPS?

Anthony looks at his phone.

ANTHONY
I don't have it. That's what you're for.

VICTOR
This says she's in Africa.

ANTHONY
What the fuck do you mean, Africa? They were just fucking here.

He comes around to look at the GPS.

VICTOR
Do we have to fucking go to Africa?

ANTHONY
No, we're not going to fucking Africa.

He sees the GPS mark blinking in Morocco. Anthony throws the phone.

EXT. ESSAOUIRA BEACH - AFTERNOON

Surfers catch waves and hang on the beach in djellabas. Beautiful Moroccans and tourists line the sand.

ALEX
We're looking for a yacht with an American flag.

Imogen looks up.

IMOGEN
Like that one?

A 20-something Moroccan in western clothes jumps off the yacht bridge and bumps into Imogen, his name is TARIQ and he's low key but comes off as cool.

TARIQ
Sorry.

IMOGEN
It’s ok.

TARIQ
You guys need some help? You look lost.

ALEX
I think we found the boat we’re looking for? You know the owner?

TARIQ
I’m not supposed to talk about it.

ALEX
Sorry, do you know a good spot to eat though?

TARIQ
Ok, yeah, I know a good spot, come on.

EXT. ESSAOUIRA ALLY - DAY

They follow Tariq through a throng of street venders selling Moroccan clothes, an old man sells colorful spices beautifully displayed, heaping in baskets. Moroccan lamps in another. All yelling in Arabic.

LAMP DEALER
(in English)
Buy your lady this lamp, handmade right here.

A man in the back of his tent hammers away at a sheet of copper.

Imogen pauses to view a lamp, but they keep walking and she catches up.

EXT. ESSAOUIRA TEA SHOP - DAY

They enter a terrace with a few high end shops.

TARIQ
Want tea?

ALEX
What?

TARIQ
Tea, do you want it?

IMOGEN
Yes! Thank you.

Tariq walks up to the man at the window.

TARIQ
Ahlan wa sahlan, Sbah herr!

VENDER
Sbah herr, Ahlan!

TARIQ
kayfa haalak?

VENDER
Ana bekhair, shakran!

Alex sits down next to Imogen at a nearby table.

EXT. ESSAOUIRA TEA SHOP - DAY

Tariq sits with Alex and Imogen at a table in the terrace. Tariq pours the tea with a high pour. They have flat bread, hummus and olives.

3PM strikes and there's a call to prayer from a nearby Mosque.

IMOGEN
I'm Imogen.

Tariq opens his wallet and shows his Licensed Tour Guide ID.

TARIQ
Tariq. How long have you been in Morocco?

ALEX
About 40 minutes.

A little kid chasing a feral kitten across the terrace trips and scrapes his knee.

LITTLE MOROCCAN KID
(whimpers)

Imogen jumps to her feet, seeing no parents she scoops the kid and up and sits him in a chair.

IMOGEN
You're ok, just a scrape. It's ok.
(to Alex)
Can you grab the Band-Aids from my bag?

He grabs the box and hands it over.

IMOGEN (CONT'D)
There. All better.

The boy's parents walk up briskly as she puts the band aid on his knee.

KIDS FATHER
Shakran, Wa-Alaykum Salam.

The kid's mother picks him up over her shoulder and they walk away. He waves to Imogen and Alex.

The three start down another winding alley.

INT. BRETT'S MANSION - EVENING

Brett's furious. Victor and Anthony are a united front.

VICTOR
It's our professional opinion that as long as they are over there, they can't do any damage to the organization.

BRETT
Is that right?

ANTHONY
Yes, sir.

BRETT
It's your professional opinion? In your professional opinion did they forget how to use a fucking phone? E-Mail? Instagram?

VICTOR
Uh.

BRETT
You're going to fucking Africa.

I/E. ESSAOUIRA HOSTEL - DAY

SHARICE sits at the front desk. She's confident, British and Tariq's partner. Tariq walks in with Alex and Imogen.

TARIQ
Sharice! I found some feral Americans on the street.

IMOGEN
Hello.

SHARICE
Hi, there!

ALEX
Hey.

GEORGE enters the room carrying a tagine and places it down on a table. He's not particularly friendly, has piercing eyes and a cut jawline. He looks up at the new guests.

He removes the top from the tagine and starts eating.

GEORGE
Marhaban. Are you backpackers?

ALEX
Huh? Uh, yeah?

TARIQ
Oh did you order the camel meat for Mr. B?

SHARICE
Yeah babe, all set.

ALEX
Is Mr B American?

TARIQ
Yeah, why?

ALEX
I'm looking for a Mr. Bacchus from America, and he owns a yacht.

TARIQ
I don't know a Bacchus.

IMOGEN
Can we meet him?

TARIQ
Who are you working for?

ALEX
I’m just a messenger. Here to pick up a package.

IMOGEN
He’s expecting Alex.

ALEX
He’s expecting a Cipriano Scuducci.

TARIQ
I don’t know who you’re talking about.

ALEX
How about, the next time you talk to Mr B, you tell him we’re here for the ‘monkey paw’ for Scuducci and see what he says.

SHARICE
Shady, and a little bit of a pickle too, isn’t it?

ALEX
Why, what’s the pickle?

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Bacchus rides his camel with Bedouin guides across a sand dune.

SHARICE
(V.O.)
He’ll be in the desert on a camel tour for week at least.

INT. ESSAOUIRA HOSTEL - DAY

TARIQ
Sharice!

SHARICE
Why don’t you stay here, you guys got some cash, right?

TARIQ
What?

SHARICE
They look like real ones. Unlike that one.

Points to George.

EXT. AIRPORT ESSAOUIRA - DAY

Agents O'Malley and Jastram deboard a plane and walk across the tarmac.

INT. ESSAOUIRA HOSTEL KITCHEN - DAY

Alex writes Pete's address on a post card "424 Atwells Ave 2L, Providence, RI 02909". The note says, "Didn't pay my phone bill. Now I'm in Morocco, whoops. I'm fine though. Back soon."

He leaves the postcard on the counter when Tariq walks in with a sack of potatoes.

TARIQ
This should cover your stay for tonight.

INT. US EMBASSY MOROCCO - DAY

Jastram and O'Malley duck into the room. LT ESTRELLA goes over a dossier. He's an intelligence officer for the CIA, serious and self righteous.

LT. ESTRELLA
Listen, I read the brief, and I'm not happy you're here. Your mission puts my operation in jeopardy.

AGENT JASTRAM
Our objective has no impact on your operation.

LT. ESTRELLA
I'll be the judge of that.

AGENT JASTRAM
If you don't mind me asking, what do you have on your target?

LT. ESTRELLA
I do mind. But I'll tell you he is effectively the offshore bank account for nearly every major crime syndicate and cartel that we know about.

AGENT JASTRAM
Seems like a big deal.

LT. ESTRELLA
Yeah it's a big deal. It's a big fucking deal.

EXT. ESSAOUIRA BEACH, WATER.

Tariq, Sharice and Alex float on surfboards in the water, waiting for a swell. A big one approaches.

TARIQ
Your wave Alex.

Alex looks intently at the swell, he paddles hard.

Imogen cheers from the sand.

He pops up and wipes out instantly.

SHARICE
Almost as good as you T!

EXT. ESSAOUIRA BEACH - DAY

3 weeks Later. Imogen's on the sand, much more tan. Alex is now ripped and tan. He surfs with Sharice and Tariq.

Behind them on the boardwalk, George parks his Vespa.

Alex Catches a good swell and takes it in. Imogen has it on camera. There's a chill, happy vibe in the atmosphere.

INT. ESSAOUIRA HOSTEL, ROOM 8 - DAY

Alex enters his and Imogen's room. She checks out her healing bruises.

ALEX
You look really good with no make-up.

IMOGEN
What? No.

ALEX
You don’t think so?

IMOGEN
No I don’t think so.

ALEX
Well, whatever, you’re a beautiful person and no one can deny that. Not even you.

IMOGEN
You don’t know anything about me actually.

ALEX
I can just see it in your eyes.

IMOGEN
Have you been drinking, Alex?

ALEX
Not really, anyway, you really don’t need that. Go natural. For sure.

The sexual tension is thick. She closes her nearly empty compact.

IMOGEN
I’m running out anyway.

INT. ESSAOUIRA HOSTEL - DAY

Sharice sachets through the door. Imogen and Sharice paint their hands with henna.

SHARICE
Guess who’s back and wants a camel burger?

IMOGEN
Not the slippery pickle himself?

SHARICE
None other.

George walks through and nods to the girls and leaves through the back, he bumps Alex as their paths cross.

SHARICE (CONT'D)
Weirdo.

ALEX
Him?

George, comes back with a backpack and leaves.

SHARICE
Like, where's he always off too? Always coming and going. It's weird, right? And I don't know if you noticed but he's kind of a dick.

INT. BACCHUS' YACHT - DAY

Bacchus is on the phone, in a robe, puffing on a cigar.

BACCHUS
No, no... look, Bernie Sanders can't just take your money.

Beat.

BACCHUS (CONT'D)
No, it doesn't work like that. Don't worry, you're all set, I got you.

Beat.

BACCHUS (CONT'D)
Hey listen I got to go.

He ends the call and looks up. Alex and Imogen walk onto the dock.

George heads down the gang plank on his way out.

BACCHUS (CONT'D)
You that kid who wants the Monkey's Paw?

ALEX
Yeah.

BACCHUS
My security guy told me you showed up. And you came all the way out here to get it?

ALEX
Yup.

BACCHUS
Almost sold it to Nicolas Cage the other day, but he flaked.

The Vespa takes off.

ALEX
You still have it then?

BACCHUS
I do.

ALEX
And you'll give me the thing?

BACCHUS
I'm a man of my word.

IMOGEN
You said you almost sold it.

BACCHUS
That isn't what you planned to do with it?

ALEX
Yeah, but you-

BACCHUS
I was going to give you the cash? Yes. Don't you think someone in my line of work would have an easier time lining up a buyer for something this rare and unique?

ALEX
Yeah, Ok, can I see it?

BACCHUS
Straight to business huh? It's nice working with Americans, Europeans are always blah, blah, blah, making small talk for an hour, anyway yeah, it's in the wine cage.

INT. BACCHUS' YACHT, WINE CAGE - MAGIC HOUR

He opens a door with a key and they enter. Bacchus pulls open a drawer. Inside is a flat round metal case.

On the case written on an archive label. “1933 Production of The Monkey’s Paw -DANGER Nitrate- Flammable.”

ALEX
It’s not a Monkey Paw?

IMOGEN
That’s a reel.

ALEX
Oh that’s what he was trying to say. I thought--

BACCHUS
Wait. What? Hold the phone, you come all this way and you didn’t even know what it was?

Imogen is in awe.

IMOGEN
That might be the only copy left on earth.

BACCHUS
Yeah, I’m told it was the scariest movie ever made. I never actually watched it though because the nitrate.

ALEX
What about the nitrate?

IMOGEN
It’s a highly unstable material, like solid gasoline.

INT. BACCHUS' YACHT - MAGIC HOUR

Bacchus picks up the phone.

BACCHUS
You guys staying for dinner?
(on phone)
Hey George, Can you get me 3 tagines in the next hour? Thanks, Yeah Chicken’s good.

INT. ESSAOUIRA AIRPORT - MAGIC HOUR

Anthony and Victor collect their luggage at the carrousel. They look very unhappy.

ANTHONY
I put this off as long as I could.

VICTOR
Yeah, boss. So, how do you want to do them?

ANTHONY
Old school.

VICTOR
We just have to get a picture of them dead, we can’t bring a finger on the plane.

ANTHONY
I know that you idiot.

EXT. BRETT'S POOL - MORNING

Brett’s at the pool getting head from a stripper dressed in a maid uniform.

BRETT
I’d have been nicer to the other maids if they blew me.

MAID
What baby?

BRETT
Nothing.

INT. ESSAOUIRA HOSTEL KITCHEN - MAGIC HOUR

George packs up three tagines on the back of his vespa. Lt Estrella pulls up in a small dirty van.

LT. ESTRELLA
We need to lock this down before we’re compromised.

George gets on the seat of his Vespa and gives Lt Estrella a nod. He hits the gas.

INT. NURSING HOME - MORNING

Stephany marches up to Delilah in the community room.

STEPHANY
Hey mama, where’s your chess buddy?

DELILAH
Oh, I haven't seen him in weeks.

STEPHANY
Think he's alright?

DELILAH
Sure, why? You got a thing for him?

STEPHANY
What? Me? I don't know, but the department is hiring. I thought he might want to know.

INT. BACCHUS' YACHT - MAGIC HOUR

George cleans plates from the table.

GEORGE
More wine?

BACCHUS
Yes, yes always.

ALEX
I never knew wine could be so good.

IMOGEN
It helps when its more than $15 a bottle

She and Bacchus have a laugh.

ALEX
This is amazingly good though.

Alex notices George acting shady in the gally.

IMOGEN
What's amazing is that Caymus is the cheapest wine on board.

ALEX
So how did you get so rich?

IMOGEN
Woah, Alex, that's incredibly rude to ask.

ALEX
It is not. Is it?

BACCHUS
My friends, it's fine. I must admit, I have a bit of a checkered past. I used to work for the infamous John Marscapone as his CPA.

She's stricken with fear.

ALEX
The mafia guy.

BACCHUS
What mafia?

He laughs

IMOGEN
That's Brett's piece of shit father.

Imogen doesn't laugh, she's pale as a ghost with fear.

ALEX
Oh, shit.

BACCHUS
Don't worry kid. I've been out of that game for years. We have no ties. How do you know Brett?

IMOGEN
We're married.

BACCHUS
Jesus Christ! Does he know where you are?

IMOGEN
No.

BACCHUS
Good. Let's keep it that way, shall we?

ALEX
Wait, your connected with my landlord Cipriano? Does that mean my he's in the mob too? You were gambling together right?

BACCHUS
Your landlord!? HA! That's rich. Oh man, you just never know. That loser. No he was a hang-a-round, Big John always thought he was too stupid. Figured he'd get us all caught. He's not connected at all.

IMOGEN
I think Cipriano just plays poker with some of the boys.

BACCHUS
His one talent. He plays a mean game.

George walks through the room with a bottle of wine. He sideways glances at Alex and leaves the area.

ALEX
Hey, and sorry to change the subject but, do you think there's something off about that kid George?

BACCHUS
Hm? Georgie? Nah, he's always around. Doesn't ask for much and works really hard.

ALEX
Too hard?

IMOGEN
Kind of paranoid Alex?

ALEX
I'm not paranoid, that kid is weird and I don't trust him.

IMOGEN
Is this just because how he was earlier?

BACCHUS
How WAS he earlier?

ALEX
Yeah I don't know, something about him just doesn't sit well with me.

IMOGEN
I just think it's weird you noticed George and not the two feds that have been following us since Probably NY.

ALEX
Really?

BACCHUS
You were followed here?

IMOGEN
Presumably. But they want me, not you, don't worry.

BACCHUS
That's still not great. But, I'm not yachting dirty, so I'll let it slide.

ALEX
George is still here right? What's he doing?

BACCHUS
I don't know, changing the light bulbs or something. Well, I'm going to bed, You can take the master, I like to sleep by the bar. (yells) George are you still here?

GEORGE
(O.S.)
Yes sir, just leaving.

Bacchus unceremoniously leaves the room, pulls out his iPhone.

BACCHUS
Sorry about this bed, it was a gift from a Russian Oligarch.

Alex and Imogen are arm in arm, then face to face --serious sexual tension.

BACCHUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Yeah, Don, can you look into this kid George?... Yeah.

INT. YACHT MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The tension finally breaks and their lips lock. They're thirsty and can't get their clothes off fast enough.

Alex and Imogen jump onto the king bed. There's an elaborate headboard and great big velvet curtains surrounding a taxidermy head of a tiger.

IMOGEN
This bed is so excessive.

She breaths heavy.

Alex reaches for a night stand drawer and miraculously withdraws a condom.

Imogen motions to wait a sec and pushes his head down. He goes for it.

Imogen's face is flushed. Alex's head pops up. They kiss deep, slow and sweaty.

IMOGEN (CONT'D)
(windy)
I've wanted to do this since he
train station.

She's mounted, and they melt into a rhythm.

ALEX
I thought you hated me.

IMOGEN
(windy)
I definitely don't hate you.

EXT. YACHT - NIGHT

AGENT O'MALLEY
Hm. Look who it is.

Agent Jastram looks up. George rides by on his Vespa, and there on the street are Anthony and Victor, in suits, black gloves, with guns barely concealed.

VICTOR
I fucking hate this place Anthony

ANTHONY
I know you do Victor, we kill the
girl, kill the other kid and get
out. You got the scopolamine?

VICTOR
Right here.

He pats his jacket pocket.

ANTHONY
Ok, show time.

They twist on silencers and casually approach the boat.

Just then George comes back with a young woman on the back of his bike.

Victor and Anthony duck behind some colorful rowboats and fishing net.

VICTOR
Damn, somebody likes them young.

ANTHONY
You are 100% sure they're on this boat?

Victor shows the GPS signal blinking right next to them.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Alright.

INT. YACHT BRIDGE - NIGHT

Bacchus taps the keyboard on his laptop and looks up to see the underage prostitute in front of him. She starts remove clothes just showing the shoulder.

BACCHUS
No, no. That's not necessary. Do you speak English?

PROSTITUTE
A little.

BACCHUS
Who hired you?

PROSTITUTE
I don't know him, a man. Spanish.

BACCHUS
How old are you?

PROSTITUTE
Five and ten

BACCHUS
Fifteen?

PROSTITUTE
Yes. Five ten.

Bacchus puts a blanket over her shoulder.

BACCHUS
Go take a nap. You're safe here.

PROSTITUTE
Shakran.

Bacchus dials his phone.

BACCHUS
(into the phone)
I got another one. No she's 15. Yeah, I think she's fresh. I'm going to call back the crew, it's getting hot over here.

INT. US EMBASSY - NIGHT

Lt Estrella chews on his hat. He pulls his hair. Victor and Anthony snoop around the boat.

LT. ESTRELLA
Who the fuck are these assholes?
(texting George)OFFICE.
NOW.

EXT. YACHT - NIGHT

George speeds off.

Anthony and Victor nod and they slink along the gangway to the boat.

The prostitute walks down from the bridge and sees them. She freezes at the sight of the gun.

Victor puts his finger to his mouth. She looks around and sees no one who can help.

Victor takes her into a head lock and puts a handkerchief to her face. She loses consciousness.

ANTHONY
(whisper)
You better have enough of that.

He nods.

INT. YACHT MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Imogen and Alex lay side by side, both naked. Alex's eyes widen.

ALEX
Did you hear that?

IMOGEN
It's probably Bacchus.

ALEX
No, it was different. Get up, come on.

IMOGEN
Really? Now?

Alex pulls himself up to view the deck through a narrow window.

Victor and Anthony slide the unconscious girl out of the way of the stairs.

ALEX
(whispering) It's Brett's guys, they just killed someone.

IMOGEN
Oh, fuck.

EXT. YACHT - NIGHT

Anthony's ears perk. He points below deck where he heard Imogen.

I/E. YACHT MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alex reaches up to a side window and slides it open.

Imogen grabs her backpack and throws clothes into it. She put's Alex's sleeveless T-shirt and her boy-shorts on. Alex boosts her up and she slides out the window. She reaches down to help Alex up as he scrambles to put boxers on.

ALEX
Where's the reel?

IMOGEN
It’s in one of the bags.

ALEX
Ok, yeah here it is.

His bag.

IMOGEN
Come on.

EXT. YACHT LEDGE - NIGHT

They both lean up against the side of the yacht on a ledge over the water within steep jumping distance to the dock.

ALEX
(low whisper)
Let’s go.

EXT. ESSAOUIRA DOCKS - NIGHT

Alex and Imogen jump from the boat to the dock. Imogen lands close to him.

Imogen looks for a direction to run, Alex points toward a dimly lit ally.

INT. YACHT MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anthony and Victor walk into the room slowly and silently.

EXT. ESSAOUIRA DOCKS - NIGHT

Imogen and Alex dash toward the alley.

INT. YACHT MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anthony and Victor, whipping their guns around they find only the tousled bed linens. Anthony grabs the comforter and a tosses it back down. A cell phone loosed from the bed hits the floor.

I/E. YACHT - NIGHT

Jastram and O’Malley watch the nearly naked Alex and Imogen escape the boat. They get low and run toward the yacht with guns drawn.

Anthony picks up the phone from the floor.

Victor looks out the window.

VICTOR
Nothing.

ANTHONY
Let’s go, they can’t be far.

VICTOR
Maybe they went for a walk. Come on. We’ll wait for--them to

BACCHUS (O.S.)
Hold it right there.

Bacchus cocks his sawn off shot gun and fires warning shot. He cocks the gun.

Anthony ducks.

VICTOR (CONT’D)
Oh, no, are you fucking kidding me right now? Jesus, Mary and Joseph! This can’t be real! Bacchus?

Anthony’s gun perks up.

ANTHONY
Small world, eh?

VICTOR
There’s a price on your head. A big one.

BACCHUS
It’s more of a stipend really. I still have more friends than enemies, unlike yourself.

Victor aims his gun and walks in a little closer to Bacchus. Bacchus aims at him.

ANTHONY
You’re no good at math. We both got guns.

Anthony has his gun trained on him now.

BACCHUS
I’ve seen you shoot.

AGENT O'MALLEY
(megaphone)
Drop your weapons we have you surrounded.

Jastram and O'Malley run in and flank the three in a stand off. Bacchus notes the guns aimed at Victor and Anthony and stands firm with his gun.

ANTHONY
Shit.

AGENT O'MALLEY
Now!

AGENT JASTRAM
You too!

Bacchus lowers his gun and slides it onto the deck.

Victor suddenly charges and fires at Jastram.

Anthony fires at random and they both run.

Agent Jastram is hit and knocked down. No blood. The bullet caught by his Vest.

Bacchus is hit in the knee.

Agent O'Malley runs after Victor and Anthony.

Victor and Anthony send a volley of bullets.

O'Malley takes cover behind a drydocked boat and fires back. She shouts into her watch while Anthony and Victor jump into a small off-label van.

AGENT O'MALLEY
Send an asset to the yacht, there's an unconscious minor on Board. Looks like sex trafficking. And notify the local PD, we've got active shooters, two older Americans in a van, armed and dangerous.

Jastram catches up to her.

AGENT O'MALLEY (CONT'D)
Make sure Imogen gets back to the hostel. If we don't have her we've got nothing on Brett.

EXT. ESSAOUIRA RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Alex points to a loaded clothes line strung from a nearby building and he runs toward it. She follows close.

IMOGEN
Ok.

Imogen wears a caftan. Alex throws on a djellaba.

EXT. ESSAOUIRA DOCKS - NIGHT

The van creeps along, Anthony in the passenger seat shines a spot light down each narrow road as they pass.

ANTHONY
There.

The couple in a djellaba and a caftan race around a corner into another alley.

VICTOR
That’s got to be them.

The van speeds toward them.

EXT. ESSAOUIRA ALLEY - NIGHT

Alex sees a couple of decent bicycles leaning up against a building.

ALEX
Here.

He leans a bike toward her.

The van turns into the alley and fits tightly, hitting baskets and wooden carts as they squeeze through.

Alex and Imogen take off by bike down an alley and make headway.

The van struggles to fit through, screeching and scraping the mudbrick walls of the alley until finally they pop out and pick up speed.

Alex and Imogen turn down an street lined with venders.

Anthony and Victor nearly catch up.

Alex jumps off the bike.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Imogen!

Alex pushes a spice cart into the middle of the alley while the elderly vender is making tea.

Imogen stops. The spice vender struggles to keep his cart in place.

Imogen drops the bike and helps push the spice cart.

Alex and Imogen liberate the cart and send it into the center of the road, they jump on their bikes and take off.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Faster!

Alex and Imogen take a corner in to some very narrow passages, passing people and donkey and the occasional camel.

The spice vender throws his hands in the air.

Anthony and Victor plow though it explosively sending spice into the air.

The van's windshield wipers smudge the spice around making it harder to see.

Victor jumps out and uses his suit jacket to quickly wipe down the window and he jumps back in.

A Berber leads a group of pack mules and crosses the street at an intersection behind them.

Moroccan police car blocks the exit ahead of Alex and Imogen.

Victor and Anthony, stopped by the pack mules, get out and start shooting.

Alex shoulders through a door to a mudbrick building -- they run through a house -- surprised Moroccans smoke Hookah, little kids in the room cheer.

The Berber and his mules push through.

Victor and Anthony take a right down the alley and get intercepted by another Moroccan police car.

They turn around to see two foot patrolmen behind them. They're caught.

Imogen and Alex jump through an open window into a goat pen and book it down the alley.

INT. ESSAOUIRA HOSTEL - NIGHT

Tariq and Sharice play mancala, peacefully drinking tea.

Alex an Imogen burst into the room.

TARIQ
Hey Obi-wan!

SHARICE
Really absorbing the culture here, yeah?

Pointing to the clothes

SHARICE (CONT'D)
Why you so sweaty?

ALEX
We need to hide.

IMOGEN
Now.

SHARICE
What?

TARIQ
You followed?

Alex and Imogen run up to their room.

ALEX
No. I don't think so.

Imogen yells down.

IMOGEN
If anyone comes in looking for us, call up to the rooms and say something about "flowers."

EXT. YACHT - NIGHT

The Yacht's engines are on. Two men loosely dressed in yacht crew clothes untether the boat from the dock and jump on board.

Bacchus is behind the helm with his knee bandaged and bloody.

The boat leaves port, fast.

INT. ESSAOUIRA HOSTEL ROOM 8 - DAY

Imogen and Alex catch their breath. Alex chugs some water.

IMOGEN
FUCK!

ALEX
What?

IMOGEN
We're going to fucking die here.

ALEX
Not if I can help it.

IMOGEN
ALEX! Think about it. Well what the hell am I supposed to do? What are you going to do? Brett will kill you himself if he ever finds you.

ALEX
We'll think of something Imogen. Things usually have a way of working out.

IMOGEN
No Alex, not everything works out. Sometimes good people die because bad people do bad things to good people. And you don't even know me. You wouldn't like me if you knew me. I have seen and done things that would make you sick, SICK Alex.

ALEX
You probably did whatever you did, because you had to, right?

IMOGEN
That's not the point Alex. If you stay anywhere near me you're going to end up dead and I'm not going to be able to live with myself. You can do so much with your life. You're the most irrationally positive person I've ever met and you have so much potential that you barely even use. Get the fuck away from me before its too late Alex.

ALEX
I'm not going to leave you alone with these guys chasing you Imogen. That's--

IMOGEN
You don't get it, do you? Get the fuck away from me Alex! I'm leaving tomorrow. Don't follow me. And don't look for me.

ALEX
But.

IMOGEN
DON'T. I'll sleep on the couch and I'll be out in the morning.

I/E. US EMBASSY - NIGHT

Anthony and Victor slink through the door with zip tied wrists. Agents Jastram and O'Malley march behind them.

INT. ESSAOUIRA HOSTEL, ROOM 8 - MORNING

Imogen grabs her backpack silently while Alex sleeps.

The door closes behind her, the sound wakes Alex. He quickly realizes she's left.

INT. TAXI - MORNING

IMOGEN
Take me to the US Embassy.

Alex runs out behind her, but the car pulls away. A tear rolls down her cheek.

ALEX
Imogen! Wait!

It's too late. She doesn't hear him.

George pulls up on his motorbike.

GEORGE
Going somewhere?

ALEX
Uh. Yeah can you give me a ride?

Behind Alex a large darkly dressed person puts a bag over his head and throws him into the back of a small car.

ALEX (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this? Hey!

The driver of the car says nothing as he drives. George leads the driver on his Vespa.

INT. US EMBASSY. FBI OFFICE - MORNING

Imogen walks in. Jastram nearly spills his coffee in surprise.

IMOGEN
I'm ready to talk.

AGENT JASTRAM
Ok.

IMOGEN
But I need some assurances.

INT. US EMBASSY, CIA OFFICE, INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Alex is tied to a chair with his head still in a bag. Lt Estrella pulls on leather gloves.

ALEX
Who is that?

LT. ESTRELLA
You don't know me. But I know you. I've read you're file.

ALEX
There's nothing to read.

LT. ESTRELLA
Exactly. That's why were here. You have no family, no job and no assets.

Lt Estrella punches Alex in the gut with a right hook.

Alex struggles to breath.

ALEX
Why are you doing this? Is this about Imogen?

LT. ESTRELLA
Nope.

Estrella's fist lands hard on the side of Alex's head.

LT. ESTRELLA (CONT'D)
Sometimes you just got to let off a little steam. Right, kid?

ALEX
You aren't going to let me see you're face? You're a coward.

THWACK.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Ugh!

LT. ESTRELLA
6 years we've been working to take down Bacchus and you managed to fuck it up in one night.

A volley of punches land on Alex's faces like it was a speed bag. One final punch to the side of his head knocks him unconscious.

Lt Estrella knocks the chair over.

Alex's face lands sideways. The fall could have broken his neck. A few teeth come out. He looks dead.

LT. ESTRELLA (CONT'D)
Get rid of him.

George pulls him out of the room. A trail of blood scrapes across the floor in his path.

EXT. INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE MISSION TENT - DAY

The yacht is docked in an unknown location. Bacchus walks the now-conscious young girl on board to the dock where International Justice Mission (IJM) workers greet the girl warmly and hand her a towel and fresh clothing.

A person in a suit with a IJM lanyard walks over to Bacchus.

JUSTICE MISSION SUIT
Thank you again. I was wondering if you could help me with something else?

EXT. ESSAOUIRIA BEACH - MORNING

Alex is left for dead at the waters edge, the tide laps over his head.

INT. US MILITARY CARGO PLANE - DAY

Imogen sleeps on the plane. Agents Jastram and O'Malley sit near to her.

AGENT O'MALLEY
She hasn't given us anything useful yet.

AGENT JASTRAM
She will.

In the back of the plane, in a locked cargo bay, Victor and Anthony remain zip tied.

Imogen wakes.

IMOGEN
Do they know I'm with you?

AGENT O'MALLEY
No, no. No idea.

EXT. RI TF GREENE AIRPORT - DAY

Victor and Anthony in shackles are pushed into the back of a paddy wagon. The doors slam shut.

Imogen, flanked by Jastram and O'Malley, walk out of the airport toward a waiting government car.

Jastram's phone rings.

AGENT JASTRAM
Yeah?

Beat.

AGENT JASTRAM (CONT'D)
Oh, that's unfortunate, how?

Beat.

AGENT JASTRAM (CONT'D)
I see, thank you.

He hangs up the phone.

AGENT JASTRAM (CONT'D)
I'm afraid I've got some bad news. Alex was apparently found dead on the beach from a surfing accident this morning.

Imogen's eyes well up.

AGENT JASTRAM (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

IMOGEN
Fuck!

EXT. BRETT'S MANSION - MORNING

A taxi pulls up. Imogen steps out. She rings the doorbell. Brett opens the door. She looks like she's been crying.

INT. BRETT'S MANSION - DAY

Imogen gives Brett a massage.

IMOGEN
Thank you for taking me back babe.

BRETT
I need you to tell me what the fuck you were doing with that dirtbag.

IMOGEN
I, I needed a break you know? Just some time to think.

BRETT
Yeah?

Brett pushes her off him.

IMOGEN
So I'm at the train station, I didn't really have a destination in mind. But then, you know, Alex, he saw Anthony roughing me up and so he fucks with him. Kind of funny, right?

BRETT
I'm not laughing.

IMOGEN
Then he hands me this extra ticket. Next thing I know I’m in a burning warehouse in New York escaping the police with Alex.

BRETT
You never talked to the police or the Feds?

IMOGEN
No, oh, hell no.

BRETT
And you got to Morocco how?

IMOGEN
Well, I was out of money by then, and I was afraid, so I thought the only way to survive was to stick with Alex, and he was just going there to surf.

BRETT
And what made you come back?

IMOGEN
He died, Alex died, in a surfing accident, actually. So I stole a tourist’s wallet and got a plane ticket. I had no other choice.

INT. KIMI'S BAR, 5 MONTHS LATER - NIGHT

Pete’s pouring beer, it’s much busier now. He’s backed up with empties on the bar and patrons waiting for beer.

INT. BRETT'S MANSION - DAY

Imogen hands Brett a beer.

IMOGEN
I feel bad about Vic and Tony. You know? Just rotting in jail.

BRETT
Yeah, right.

IMOGEN
You think they’ll talk? They’ve been in for a while. They must be feeling the pressure.

BRETT
Those fuck-ups, if they ever talk, I got people in every prison. You know what I mean?

IMOGEN
But if they do talk, even if you had them taken care of after, you're still fucked.

EXT. PROVIDENCE DOWNTOWN - DAY

Imogen walks through the Bus station all dolled up like a Guido girl.

A homeless man bumps into her. It's Agent Jastram.

IMOGEN
Ew.

AGENT JASTRAM
Are you safe? You need anything?

IMOGEN
I'm fine.

AGENT JASTRAM
They're getting impatient at the office and to be honest I'm getting tired of this assignment.

Imogen sits down. Agent Jastram sits opposite her.

IMOGEN
I asked you for some assurances.

AGENT JASTRAM
And you got them.

She stands and drops some change behind her. There's a paper football amongst the change.

Agent Jastram scurries to pick up the dropped change including the paper football.

INT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

In O'Malley's hand, the paper football is unfolded, there's a torn map of a section of Providence with an X marking a Bridge and the words "check the concrete, more later."

INT. BRETT'S MANSION - DAY

Imogen lays in bed watching Pet Sematary, morose. She flips though pictures and videos of her and Alex on her iPhone.

In the kitchen she takes a beer out of the fridge and hands it to Brett.

He squeezes her ass cheek, she acts fine with it.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Victor sits in front of Agents O'Malley and Jastram, he's in a jumpsuit and shackles.

AGENT O'MALLEY
Victor "the Hat". How long have you been sitting at intake? Months?

VICTOR
I'm not talking to you.

AGENT O'MALLEY
Oh, no?

AGENT JASTRAM
We found a body. In concrete. Don't you work for a concrete company?

Victor is silent.

AGENT O'MALLEY
Your buddy there had a lot to say about it.

Victors face twitches.

AGENT JASTRAM
We've got him all set up with witness protection.

AGENT O'MALLEY
You've got one more chance. You tell us who told you to do the job, and you'll get full immunity.

A buzzer goes off and Palumbo enters the room with a signed and sealed document.

I/E. FBI BUILDING - DAY

David Palumbo directs Victor and Anthony into a waiting sedan.

DAVID PALUMBO
What did you say?

VICTOR
Nada.

ANTHONY
Nothing.

DAVID PALUMBO
Alright.

INT. PROVIDENCE COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Imogen grabs a cappuccino from the bar and sees Palumbo, Victor and Anthony walking in from the street and runs to the corner of the shop.

DAVID PALUMBO
Sit down, want anything?

VICTOR
Doppio.

Anthony shakes his head.

They sit in corner, Imogen is obscured by a potted plant. Victor makes sure no one is in earshot but he doesn't see Imogen.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
What did you say?

ANTHONY
I didn't say nothing, you fuck, have some goddamn respect.

VICTOR
That Fed told me you already talked. Not only that, but said he had a body. How'd he find it? What did you tell them? What did you tell them Anthony?

ANTHONY
He's lying, it's the oldest trick in the fucking book you idiot.

VICTOR
Alright.

Palumbo comes back with the coffee.

INT. BRETT'S MANSION - AFTERNOON

Brett polishes a golf club, Imogen walks in.

IMOGEN
I got some juicy gossip.

BRETT
Do tell.

IMOGEN
Anthony’s a rat.

BRETT
Excuse me?

IMOGEN
I was at the café when David came in with them. I overheard Anthony and Vic talking. Vic knows he said something. You should call him.

EXT. ESSAOUIRA BEACH, 5 MONTHS EARLIER - MORNING

The little Moroccan kid that Imogen helped when they first arrived in Morocco runs to his parents. He tugs at their hand and points.

Tariq and Sharice enter the beach with surfboards and see the kid’s parents dragging a body out of the water. It looks like Alex. They drop their boards and run over to him.

TARIQ
Alex? What happened?

Tap-tap-tap on his chest, no response.

The boy and his family scurry away.

SHARICE
Shakran!

Sharice without a hesitation gives him a rescue breath.

Tariq begins chest compressions.

Suddenly Alex sits up and vomits into the water. He continues to vomit and cough for a few moments.

TARIQ
Come on, lets go.

They help him to his feet and he limps forth.

INT. ESSAOUIRA HOSTEL - MORNING

Alex is propped up on a chaise with ice on his face and bandages around his ribs.

SHARICE
Who did this to you?

ALEX
George and some Spanish guy.

TARIQ
You look like shit.

SHARICE
Yeah.

Alex adjusts his position to drink tea and winces.

He taps glasses with Tarig and Sharice.

INT. ESSAOUIRA HOSTEL, 5 MONTHS LATER - DAY

Alex walks into the hostel with a surfboard. Sharice hands Alex a stack of cash.

SHARICE
That’s pay for this week. Sorry it’s a little low today.

Alex flips through it.

ALEX
Nah, it’s fine. I think I finally have enough for plane fare.

TARIQ
You really going to leave man? You just got good at surfing.

ALEX
Yeah, I’ve got to get back. I have a transaction to complete.

INT. ESSAOUIRA AIRPORT - NIGHT

Alex pumps change into a payphone and dials a number.

Beat.

ALEX
Hey man! I'm coming home. What's going on?

INT. KIMI'S BAR - DAY

PETE
Holy shit Alex?! I figured you were dead when your phone stopped working. Did you go to rehab? How are you?

ALEX
(o.s.)
Ha, no, well kind of actually, but not really. I've been here and there. I'm good though.

PETE
That's great news man, you coming back? I need a bar-back.

ALEX
(o.s.)
Awesome, yeah. I'll stop in after I get back.

EXT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Alex stands at his bike, still locked to the signpost, robbed of it's seat and wheels. He moves to unlock the door, but his key doesn't work.

After inspecting the key, he pulls a cheap burner phone still in its packaging from his backpack. He sits against the building. He dials in the code from the $20 minute card, then he dials a number.

ALEX
Hey, Cipriano, it's Alex. I'm back.

CIPRIANO(O.S.)
Alex. You're back in Providence?

ALEX
Yeah, and my key isn't working.

CIPRIANO
Oh, uh, no hard feelings but uh, I had to rent the place out. Sorry kid. Did you get that Monkey Paw?

ALEX
What about the deal we had Cipriano? What about that?

CIPRIANO
It wasn't meant to last what, 6 months?

ALEX
I was almost killed in Morocco trying to get this thing for you.

CIPRIANO(O.S.)
Oh shit, sorry kid. Why did you go to Monaco? Look, let's meet up, I'll take a look at the thing and we'll talk.

ALEX
Ok. I'll see you at Kimi's, tonight.

CIPRIANO(O.S.)
What, why there? That place is a dump.

Alex ends the call.

INT. POKER TABLE - EVENING

Anthony puffs on a cigar dealing poker. Cipriano checks his cards. The other players are random wise-guys.

CIPRIANO
So he tells me, he just got back from Monaco and that's why it took so long.

Anthony leans back and blows a long stream of cigar smoke in Cipriano's direction.

ANTHONY
Monaco? Didn't you say that kid was poor?

CIPRIANO
Yeah, one of those hipsters, no job, no car. Total loser.

ANTHONY
Monaco is kind of fancy, isn't it? You sure the kid didn't say Morocco?

POKER PLAYER #3
Fold.

CIPRIANO
Huh? Yeah, no, that's what I said, Mo-nacco. Anyway, I'm going right after I win this game to meet him and take the reel. Raise you fifty.

POKER PLAYER #4
Call.

ANTHONY
You don't say? I'll see you and raise 100.

POKER PLAYER #4
Fold.

CIPRIANO
Alright lets see them.

Anthony lays his full house which beats Cipriano's three of Aces.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)
Shit.

ANTHONY
How much did you day that thing was worth?

EXT. DOWNTOWN PROVIDENCE - NIGHT

Alex walks with his messenger bag on his back, it looks worn but Alex looks healthy and strong.

EXT. KENNEDY PLAZA - NIGHT

Alex walks through the bus station, Rescue 5 drives by and pulls over.

STEPHANY
Alex? Alex! Where've you been?

ALEX
Africa?

ALEX (CONT'D)
How's Delilah?

STEPHANY
She's good! Need a ride?

ALEX
Yeah, actually.

STEPHANY
Alright, just don't tell anyone. Jump in back.

Alex climbs in, there's a homeless drunk sleeping on the bench.

STEPHANY (CONT'D)
Don't worry about him.

Door shuts and the rescue takes off.

STEPHANY (CONT'D)
Where you headed?

ALEX
Kimi's bar.

EXT. KIMI'S BAR - NIGHT

Alex jumps out of the rescue.

ALEX
Thanks Steph.

STEPHANY
I'll be back after I drop off this guy.

ALEX
Cool, see ya in a few.

INT. KIMI'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

Alex walks in. Pete stops the music with his iPhone.

PETE
Holy shit, it's the long lost Alex Cole! Let's give him a big Kimi's Welcome back to Providence! Get back here man! Round of shots on me!

The patrons cheer.

Alex drops his bag and get behind the beer. Pete gives Alex a big hug.

ALEX
Good to see you Pete.

EXT. KIMI'S BAR - SAME TIME

Cipriano pulls up to the bar, Anthony is outside already. Cipriano rolls down his window.

ANTHONY
So you think this kid's actually going to hand it over?

CIPRIANO
Yeah, why not?

Anthony pulls a gun out of his pocket and clicks the safety.

ANTHONY
What, a cool million for that thing?

CIPRIANO
Yeah.

ANTHONY
Ok, we'll steal that thing first, and then I'll kill him.

CIPRIANO
Why? You really need to do that?

ANTHONY
You want my help or not?

CIPRIANO
It is a lot of money.

ANTHONY
Good. You go and in and check it out. If I go in there he'll run.

INT. KIMI'S BAR - NIGHT

Cipriano walks in.

EXT. KIMI'S BAR - NIGHT

Stephany pulls up in the ambulance. EMT #1 hangs in the truck. Stephany gets out.

INT. KIMI'S BAR - NIGHT

Cipriano greets Alex as if he's an old friend. Alex is less welcoming.

ALEX
What happened to our deal?

CIPRIANO
Listen, I couldn't wait forever for you to come back, but the deal is still on, 50/50.

ALEX
As I see it, you've already broken your end of the agreement and I have 100% of the reel, so I think this is settled.

Stephany walks in and runs up to Alex.

STEPHANY
Hey Alex!

CIPRIANO
Excuse me miss we're talking.

STEPHANY
Excuse me sir, fuck yourself, thank you very much. Alex, the fire department is hiring.

ALEX
Woah, yeah, you think I could do that?

Cipriano is visibly frustrated.

STEPHANY
You'll pass the agility test no problem. Just put my name in as a reference.

CIPRIANO
Listen kid we got some unfinished business, you better respect your elders.

ALEX
Show me what you've done to earn my respect and I'll give it to you.

STEPHANY
Ooh no.

CIPRIANO
Be careful how you talk to me, I'm connected.

STEPHANY
Get your old Guido ass out of here.

ALEX
You heard her.

CIPRIANO
Son of a bitch. I'll be back.

PETE
You got a problem here?

Gunshots ring out BANG, BANG. The bar is struck with panic. Pete's got a wound to his abdomen.

STEPHANY
Put pressure on it!

Steph's EMT partner runs in and gets to work without skipping a beat.

STEPHANY (CONT'D)
(On radio) Rescue 5 to dispatch, we need police at Kimi's bar on Washington street, we have a man down, gun shot wound to the abdomen.

EXT. KIMI'S BAR

Cipriano and Anthony speed off in Cipriano's car.

CIPRIANO
Why'd you do that?

ANTHONY
Sometimes you just got to move things along.

INT. NURSING HOME - NEXT DAY

Delilah and Alex sit by the chess table. Stephany's in plain clothes. Alex's backpack is by his feet.

ALEX
I'm staying at Pete's for now.

DELILAH
What about the reel?

STEPHANY
Yeah, can we watch it?

ALEX
I don't think so, it's basically a roll of nitroglycerin.

STEPHANY
And it's in this nursing home? Right now? In that back pack?

DELILAH
Why don't we hide that in the walk-in freezer for now, Alex.

ALEX
Sure.

INT. NURSING HOME, WALK-IN FREEZER - DAY

The door closes with Stephany and Alex inside. Alex slides his backpack with the reel up out of reach.

He jumps down to where Stephany was spotting him. She doesn't step back and he catches himself on her, his arm around her waist.

She pulls him in. Their faces pressed together, the steam from their hot breath lifts off them, their lips touch. First just a brush then their lips lock for a heart pounding moment.

Ka-chunk the freezer door opens. A kitchen worker with a hairnet bursts in to get more food. Steph and Alex separate. The worker leaves.

STEPHANY
You going out tonight?

ALEX
Working at Kimi's actually.

INT. BRETT'S MANSION - DAY

Imogen watches the Star Wars scene of Jaba the Hut holding Leia by a leash. She flips the channel to Toxic Avenger. Her phone rings. The caller ID says “Bacchus.”

IMOGEN
Bacchus?

BACCHUS (O.S.)
Imogen, how are you, where are you?

IMOGEN
Could be better. I’m in Providence, what’s up?

INT. BACCHUS’S MANSION - MORNING

BACCHUS
Nick Cage called back and he wants to buy the reel. Do you have it?

IMOGEN (O.S.)
Alex had it but he’s dead.

BACCHUS
What? Dead? In Morocco?

IMOGEN (O.S.)
Yeah.

Bacchus hangs up and speed dials Tariq.

EXT. MOROCCAN SOCCER FIELD - NIGHT

TARIQ
What’s up?

EXT. BRETT'S MANSION - DAY

Anthony and Cipriano pull up to Brett and Victor outside the door.

ANTHONY
Hey boss, we got something that might interest you.

BRETT
Oh?

ANTHONY
That kid who Genny ran away with, he's back and he's got something worth a lot of cash.

BRETT
I thought he was dead. How much?

CIPRIANO
Nah. 1.5 million, easy.

BRETT
Shut the fuck up, and what exactly is this treasure?

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - A WEEK LATER - DAY

Alex helps Pete through the door.

PETE
You're ok running the bar for a few days?

ALEX
I don't know. You got a safe there, right?

PETE
You're more worried about that reel?

ALEX
Yeah.

EXT. KENNEDY PLAZA - DAY

Jastram in his homeless getup stumbles to the bus stop. Crossing the street behind him Imogen walks toward him and sits, she gives him a dollar and a nip of fireball.

AGENT JASTRAM
O'Malley said we need something else. Their lawyer got them out on another technicality.

IMOGEN
He's about to take care of Anthony.

AGENT JASTRAM
Brett is going to kill Anthony?

IMOGEN
Yeah.

AGENT JASTRAM
Where, when?

IMOGEN
One of the active concrete sites, soon. Don't know which yet, but I will. I'll send you a text when it goes down.

I/E. BRETT'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Brett, David Palumbo, Cipriano, Anthony and Victor exit the house.

CIPRIANO
Ok, see you at the thing.

They go their separate ways.

BRETT
Where you coming from?

IMOGEN
Book store. What's up, what's going on?

BRETT
Come on.

He puts his arm around her as they step inside.

BRETT (CONT'D)
You were busy over there in Morocco, why didn't you tell me about this priceless reel?

Imogen is taken completely off guard.

IMOGEN
Huh? What?

BRETT
The movie reel… I know all about you and that dirtbag. And look, I should by all rights kill you AND the kid. He made my life a living hell with you gone.

IMOGEN
What? No, he's dead, he did have the reel, but its gone now.

He leans in.

BRETT
No, Imogen, he's not dead.

IMOGEN
What?

BRETT
Where were you this afternoon?

IMOGEN
The bookstore. What do you mean he's not dead?

He smells her and backs off.

BRETT
Ok. Did you have a thing for him? Be honest. More important than that, does he have a thing for you?

IMOGEN
You know I only have eyes for you babe. But he did, yeah, I think.

BRETT
Good. We need you to get that reel.

IMOGEN
Oh I don't think I—

BRETT
I didn't ask you to think. You're going to get him to give you that reel. And then, you are going to give that reel to me. And when you do, you can consider yourself back in my good graces.

IMOGEN
What if I don't?

BRETT
You don't want to know.

IMOGEN
Yeah, ok.

BRETT
Great. It’s happening tonight. There’s a dress in the bedroom. And put some fucking make-up on. You look like trash.

INT. BRETT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Imogen throws the door closed.

INT. PETE’S APARTMENT - DAY

Pete hobbles out of the bathroom leaning on Alex.

ALEX
Want a sando?

PETE
Ah no man, the pain pills are messing with my appetite.

ALEX
Alright. Do you mind if I use your bike? And some clothes?

INT. BRETT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Imogen looks at the scant tight fitting Italian designer black dress and stilettos.

EXT. PROVIDENCE DOWNTOWN - DAY

Alex shreds down a hill on Pete’s fixed gear. He’s cut, tan and well dressed.

INT. AGENT O'MALLEY'S CAR - DAY

Agent Jastram gets a text from Imogen.

IMOGEN
(texting)
Keep the change ya filthy animal.

AGENT JASTRAM
I think we’ve got something. Where’s that dollar?

Agent O’Malley pulls the dollar out of a evidence folder.

AGENT O'MALLEY
"Keep the change."

AGENT JASTRAM
It's happening tonight.

Agent O'Malley gets on the phone.

AGENT O'MALLEY(ON PHONE)
Put a drone in the sky, we need eyes on the target.

Beat.

AGENT O'MALLEY (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
Yes! Now!

INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

Alex makes a chess move.

DELILAH
Son of a…

ALEX
That's a draw.

DELILAH
Looks that way.

EXT. SKY OVER BRETT'S MANSION - EVENING

A drone hovers high, unnoticed.

INT. FBI BUILDING - EVENING

A video screen shows drone footage of Brett with Imogen who is so hot she's practically dripping sex. They get in the Chevelle.

I/E. PETE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Tariq and Sharice review the address Alex had written on a postcard that was never mailed: "424 Atwells Ave apt 2L", they look at the number on the door. "424".

The upstairs tenant passes them in the hallway and acts as if they aren't there.

SHARICE
Rude.

Pete cracks the door. Tariq shows him the postcard and he opens the door fully.

I/E. KIMI'S BAR - EVENING

Alex skids to a stop. He has his messenger bag. Bike lock drops locked around the bike frame and signpost.

He drops chairs. Wipes tables. Switches on neon signs. He flips on the sound system.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - EVENING

Brett cuts into a prime rib. Imogen moves lettuce around her plate. A table over, Anthony, Victor and Cipriano eat together. Cipriano, clams casino, Victor eats veal and Anthony has lobster and steak.

ANTHONY
This is too much boss, really, you didn't have to. Why not wait until the job is done to celebrate, eh?

BRETT
Anthony, my father would want me to take care of you for this opportunity.

VICTOR
That's right Anthony. Don't look a gift horse in the mouth.

CIPRIANO
Hey Mr. Marscapone, uh what about me then? It was my tip, you know?

BRETT
Shut the fuck up Cipriano.

CIPRIANO
Ok. I'm sorry.

Imogen fights back tears.

BRETT
Go powder your nose, you've got to look pretty for your boy so I can rip him off.

She grabs a flower off the table and walks away.

INT. KIMI’S BAR - NIGHT

Alex tends the bar and it’s jamming in there. Stephany has a cocktail flying solo.

INT. AGENT O'MALLEY'S CAR - NIGHT

The car is staked out by the Italian restaurant. Agent O’Malley’s on the phone, Jastram looks out toward the door.

Brett steps out, Imogen behind him, the three thugs one by one behind them. Cipriano conspicuously carries a gun.

Their cars pull away. Jastram keeps distance.

AGENT O’MALLEY
What did you find for concrete sites?

AGENT JASTRAM
We got three.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PROVIDENCE - NIGHT

The cars drive slow toward Kimi’s bar and stop.

Imogen steps out, she has the flower in her hair. Brett steps out.

BRETT
Don’t turn off the blue tooth. I’m listening to everything you say.

IMOGEN
It’s really unnecessary babe. You know I got this.

BRETT
I’m not fucking around. Go in.

Imogen stalling, stops and turns to Brett then pulls him in for a kiss.

INT. KIMI’S BAR - NIGHT

Alex leans against the bar facing Stephany.

ALEX
I have to find a way to sell it, that’s the thing.

Tariq and Sharice walk through the door.

ALEX (CONT'D)
What the--

STEPHANY
What's wrong?

Alex runs over to Tariq and Sharice.

ALEX
What are you doing here?! How did you find me?

SHARICE
Bacchus sent us.

Tariq holds up the unsent postcard.

TARIQ
His boat was seized, but he found a buyer for the reel, so we're here to help "facilitate that transaction."

SHARICE
Have you caught up with Imogen?

ALEX
Nah, I haven't seen her.

STEPHANY
Imogen's the girl you chased to Morocco and almost got you killed, right?

SHARICE
Oh yeah, those two were in love.

ALEX
Yeah that was, I mean it's not a thing now, either way.

Alex looks toward the door.

Imogen walks in.

ALEX (CONT'D)
What is this, some kind of joke? Did you guys want to fill me in on what's going on here?

SHARICE
Alex, Bacchus has a buyer. For the reel.

ALEX
No, not that. Tariq, who is that?

He points toward the door.

TARIQ
I don’t know anyone here, wait.

SHARICE
Oh marbles.

TARIQ
Holy shit.

ALEX
What the fuck. Sharice do you mind getting behind the bar? For a minute?

SHARICE
Of course, love. What a sexpot. You both clean up.

SHARICE (CONT’D)
Hey girl!

Imogen does not respond.

SHARICE (CONT’D)
Weird.

ALEX
Everything is eleven bucks.

SHARICE
Eleven quid for a beer?

Imogen walks straight to where Alex is, making direct eye contact. Alex walks to her in a trance.

IMOGEN
Alex! I’m so sorry. I never should have left. Then I found out you were dead. I mean, I thought you were.

They embrace.

ALEX
I was, technically for a minute probably. Why are you dressed like that?

She pulls the flower from her hair and hands it to him. With her eyes, she directs his eyes to the flower and gives a sideways glance.

B.G. Stephany starts to march over to them. She's getting a bit worked up. Tariq intercepts.

IMOGEN
Oh, this? It's just something I had laying around.

Imogen glances toward the door.

She pulls him close, rubs her chest against him and seductively puts her lips against his ear.

IMOGEN (CONT'D)
I need you to get the reel babe. Do you have it here?

She grinds herself against him.

B.G. Brett looks at his watch and looks over at them.

IMOGEN (CONT'D)
I need it bad, you need to get it for me ok baby? I'll do anything.

Her overtly sexy behavior is betrayed by the look of terror on her face.

ALEX
Uh. Ok. Ok. Yeah.

EXT. KIMI'S BAR - NIGHT

Anthony, Victor and Cipriano lean against the wall near the door.

CIPRIANO
Should we go in now?

VICTOR
No, Brett said to wait for the signal.

Anthony nods.

INT. KIMI’S BAR - NIGHT

Stephany stands between Alex and Imogen to break up the canoodling. She clears her throat.

STEPHANY
Would you care to introduce me?

ALEX
Steph, meet Imogen-- Now, can you give me a hand?

STEPHANY
Excuse me?

ALEX
With the safe.

INT. KIMI'S BAR - STOCK ROOM - NIGHT

Alex pulls the reel from the safe and sticks it into Steph’s sequin shoulder bag.

INT. KIMI'S BAR - NIGHT

Alex and Stephany join Sharice behind the bar. In the B.G. Imogen chats with Tariq.

SHARICE
What’s going on? Why’s she being so weird?

ALEX
That dude in the corner came to kill me. Can you pull the fire alarm?

SHARICE
Oh, that’s all?

He cranks the music.

SHARICE (CONT’D)
It’s time to party PROVIDENCE, yeah?!

Sharice turns out the lights and hits the FIRE ALARM. The alarm strobes FLASH.

Imogen, obscured from Brett’s view by chaos and darkness throws her Air pods to the floor and pulls Tariq behind the bar.

EXT. KIMI'S BAR - REAR ALLY - NIGHT

O’Malley and Jastram lean against the car.

AGENT JASTRAM
I’m going around front.

AGENT O’MALLEY
I got your six.

Jastram and O’Malley run, Jastram peeks around the corner.

I/E. KIMI’S BAR - NIGHT

Brett bangs 3 times on the glass entry door.

The thugs file in with guns blazing. Cipriano fires to the ceiling. Screams come from the crowd as it descends into a chaotic evacuation.

Agent Jastram charges through the front and BANG, shoots Cipriano down. O’Malley enters behind him.

Alex seizes the gun from under the counter and hands it to Tariq. Sharice takes it from him.

SHARICE
I got it.

Sharice cocks it.

Tariq rips a beer tap lever off the bar.

ALEX
Steph, stay low and get this thing out of here. They don’t know you. We’ll cover you. Try not to bang it around too much.

She nods.

Tariq hands Alex the tap handle.

Imogen ducks and pulls Tariq into the stockroom as Anthony moves toward the bar. Anthony shoots bottles behind the bar.

Stephany ducks. She can’t get by. Sharice shoots back and makes a break for it. Stephany’s trapped in a corner avoiding the volley of bullets. Sharice slides in beside Stephany.

Alex has the beer tap lever and deftly slides to Anthony from behind. THWACK.

Anthony’s kneecap buckles- he falls --he raises his gun to shoot again just as Alex swings at his trigger hand.

ANTHONY
You mother fuck!

The gun hits the floor, fires and strikes a hysterical patron. He struggles to pick it back up.

SHARICE
Let’s go.

Sharice runs toward the front among a group of hysterical bar patrons while the shooting continues.

Jastram knocks over a table for cover and exchanges fire with Victor. O’Malley sets up back to back with Jastram.

AGENT O’MALLEY
We need to get out front!

Sharice shoots to cover herself, Steph and Alex as the crowd empties out onto the street-side patio.

Brett sucks on his vape, and calmly walks toward the bar looking for Imogen.

EXT. KIMI'S BAR - STOCKROOM - NIGHT

Imogen pulls out her phone.

TARIQ
These are the people who were chasing you?

IMOGEN
Yeah, hold the door for a sec!

IMOGEN (CONT’D)
(texting and speaking)
Wants Alex dead, then execute Anthony, dumping both at concrete site @ Route 6 overpass. Send police.

Sent. Deleted.

TARIQ
OK, let’s get out of here.

INT. KIMI'S BAR - NIGHT

Imogen and Tariq turn back out behind the bar.

Brett jumps over the bar and turns toward the stock room. The safe is open and there's nothing in it. Imogen runs to Brett's side.

Tariq books it toward Sharice and they both exit.

BRETT
Where is he?

IMOGEN
I don't know.

Brett hugs Imogen, and turns her around with a gun to her head.

Jastram sees the message from Imogen on his watch.

AGENT JASTRAM
(into earpiece)
Where's the PD?

Brett grabs a bottle of grain alcohol and smashes it on the bar. He sparks a lighter. WHOOSH. He makes exit with Imogen still at gunpoint.

Anthony limps hard to the door shooting at random behind him.

Jastram shoots at Victor who shoots at Alex as he gets away. O'Malley shoots at Brett but then sees Imogen so she aims at Anthony and can't get a clear shot.

Victor sprays bullets toward Jastram and O'Malley then chases after Alex.

Alex steps over Cipriano and leaps out the front entrance behind Stephany.

Anthony limps out, pops off a couple shots toward Alex and Stephany.

Alex dives in between Anthony and Stephany and takes a hit to his torso as it passes through to Stephany's leg.

Jastram and O'Malley EXPLODE out the front door with smoke billowing out behind them.

Victor, behind Anthony, hits Jastram in the thigh which stops him long enough to get away.

O'Malley shoots back to provide cover while Jastram packs the wound.

Alex kneels for sec by Stephany.

ALEX
Are you ok?

STEPHANY
I'm fine. GO!

Brett and Imogen duck and run, behind Anthony and Victor as they rush toward the cars.

The U-Lock drops. Alex takes off on bike.

EXT. KIMI'S BAR - NIGHT

Anthony and Victor take off in Brett's hummer.

Brett and Imogen shut the doors to his Chevelle and the tires screech as they pull away.

Jastram and O'Malley run to their car.

Stephany puts pressure on her wound.

STEPHANY
Fuck. God. Damn. Mother. Fucker.
Ow.

The police roll up with 6 cars.

STEPHANY (CONT'D)
Great timing.

A SWAT medic runs up to Stephany to treat her wound. She swats him away, takes the gauze and continues to keep pressure on her wound.

Tariq and Sharice run to Stephany, Rescue 5 pulls up.

RESCUE GUY #1
Steph? Are you ok?

STEPHANY
No. I am not.

SHARICE
You know where the route 6
construction site is?

STEPHANY
Yeah.

TARIQ
If they catch Alex, that's where they're going.

STEPHANY
Ok. Everybody get in the back.

RESCUE GUY #1
Steph you've got to go to the hospital.

STEPHANY
Not now. Let's go.

Stephany climbs into the rescue.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PROVIDENCE - NIGHT

Alex turns his head to see Victor driving extremely fast in his direction. He darts down an alley.

ANTHONY
Go around to Orange street.

Victor turns fast, almost hits some bros on the sidewalk.

Alex and his bike burst out the alley onto Orange street but Anthony is ready for him, already shooting. TING - a bullet ricochets off his bike. He sprints in front of a bus, which swerves to avoid him.

Victor drives over the sidewalk to get around the bus. The hummer rides up a short stone wall on the passenger side and pulls out cutting off the bus.

Alex pushes himself to the limit. At the Point St bridge, a tractor trailer is stopped, jackknifed from a car accident, blocking the end of the bridge. No way around, no way under.

Alex takes a deep breath.

INT. BRETT'S CHEVELLE - NIGHT

Anthony's on speaker phone.

ANTHONY (O.S.)
We got him he's cornered.

EXT. POINT ST BRIDGE - NIGHT

A tug boat passes beneath the bridge. The pedestrian safety barrier, separating the road from the sidewalk, forms a ramp at the edge of the bridge.

Anthony and Victor get too close, there's no where to go.

Alex hits the ramp and takes the bike off the side of the bridge.

Victor leans out and takes a few good shots while Alex is mid air. A spray of blood hits his face. He hits the water hard and winces. The bike is chopped up by tugboat propellers.

Anthony gets out and shoots.

Victor runs down the embankment and jumps in.

VICTOR
Stop fucking shooting I got him.

Anthony puts the phone to his mouth.

INT. BRETT'S CHEVELLE - NIGHT

ANTHONY
We got him. He's hit. Victor's pulling him out of the water.

Imogen is not ok.

BRETT
Ok. Bring him to the site. Make sure you're not followed.

EXT. AGENT O'MALLEY'S CAR - NIGHT

Jastram and O'Malley book it to the construction site.

EXT. POINT ST BRIDGE - NIGHT

Victor drags Alex's wet bleeding body by his shirt collar up the hill.

ANTHONY
Don't get all his blood everywhere.

VICTOR
Don't worry Anthony.

Victor drops Alex into the trunk.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Hey Anthony come look at this.

Anthony walks around to the trunk.

ANTHONY
Looks good and—

POP-POP. Anthony collapses on top of Alex's body. Victor pushes him in the rest of the way and slams the trunk.

Victor gets on Anthony's phone.

VICTOR
It's done.

INT. BRETT'S CHEVELLE - NIGHT

Imogen appears stunned, pale, eyes welling with tears.

BRETT
Man, Seriously? You really liked him huh?

IMOGEN
Yes, I did.

BRETT
We'll you already thought he was dead, now he's really dead. Let's go get that reel now Ok?

IMOGEN
Ok.

I/E. RT 6 CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

The cops line every shadow. The rescue rolls up with no lights on. The cops wave at them to get out of the area.

STEPHANY
Something's off. We should be the last ones to this party, right?

TARIQ
Is there another spot they could have gone?

SHARICE
Where else is there a big construction site near here?

RESCUE GUY #1
Point St. They're putting in that Trader Joe's

STEPHANY
Let's go there.

The rescue hits the lights and sirens and screws out of there.

INT. BRETT'S CHEVELLE - NIGHT

BRETT
Where'd he hide that reel Imogen? It was not in the safe. Did he have it?

She wipes tears.

IMOGEN
I didn't see him leave.

BRETT
Hm.

IMOGEN
If it was still in the bar, it wouldn't survive the fire.

BRETT
Fuck.

EXT. POINT ST CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Victor rolls two bodies off the top of a parking garage into a freshly poured concrete piling.

The rescue's lights reflect onto Victor. He sees the truck but disregards it.

He gets back in the hummer and drives off.

I/E. RESCUE 5 - NIGHT

Steph in the passenger seat, Sharice in the center console and EMT #1 driving, see the bodies drop off the garage.

STEPHANY
Yo, did you see that?

SHARICE
That's not good.

TARIQ
What?

STEPHANY
Go up there.

EMT #1 pumps the diesel.

EXT. ROUTE 6 CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

AGENT JASTRAM
They must have changed plans.

AGENT O'MALLEY
God damnit. (in earpiece) Get me PD at all active concrete sites within 10 miles of the city.

EXT. WET CONCRETE - NIGHT

Alex grabs his chest as he lands and sinks in. The more he fights the faster he sinks.

INT. WET CONCRETE - NIGHT

Blackness. His heart beats fast, then faster and faster.

Suddenly the beat is punctuated by a long pause

Then another.

Then nothing

INT. BRETT'S CHEVELLE - NIGHT

Driving through the city.

IMOGEN
He must have had it with him.

BRETT
Whatever. I got rid of two assholes tonight. I'll cut my losses.

IMOGEN
Brett, I need to see him.

BRETT
Will you shut the fuck up if I do?

IMOGEN
Yeah.

EXT. POINT ST CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Tariq can see the floating side profile of a body covered in wet cement.

Rescue 5 is perched on the garage with lights turned off.

TARIQ
I think that's him!

SHARICE
Is he breathing?!

TARIQ
I don't know.

Stephany grabs the life ring and rope from the side compartment of the truck and ties it off to the truck.

TARIQ (CONT'D)
Got it.

Sharice keeps an eye out. Police cars roll by but keep going.

SHARICE
What do the cops here actually do?

EMT #1
(into radio) Rescue 5 to dispatch, send police and a fire company to the Point St construction site, we've got multiple casualties.

RADIO
Roger that Rescue 5.

Tariq jumps in.

EMT #1
(into radio)
Tell them to step it up.

EXT. POINT ST CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Tariq wipes Alex’s face.

Alex is within the floatation ring, Tariq gives a thumbs up.

Above, the rescue reverses, pulling the rope with Tariq holding the rope above Alex and a lifeless Alex attached by floatation ring.

EXT. POINT ST CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Brett’s Chevelle pulls up to the garage at street level.

EXT. AGENT O'MALLEY'S CAR - NIGHT

Jastram listens to his earpiece.

AGENT JASTRAM
Action at Point St. Let’s go.

O’Malley turns hard right.

EXT. POINT ST GARAGE - NIGHT

Steph has oxygen on Alex with a manual bag valve mask. EMT #1 does CPR compressions, EMT #2 draws up medicine.

SHARICE
We got company!

Brett drives the Chevelle right up to the rescue.

Imogen jumps out of the car and runs to Alex’s side.

STEPHANY
No pulse.

EMT #2
Are those bubbles?

EMT #2 wipes off his chest exposes a sucking chest wound.

STEPHANY
I think his lung collapsed. Hold on.

EMT #1 slaps a chest seal on him. Steph manipulates the valve. GASP, Alex takes a deep breath. Steph put’s her finger on his neck.

STEPHANY (CONT'D)
It's agonal breathing. Still no pulse.

BRETT
(whistles)
You hate to see it. Hate to see it.

Imogen leans into Sharice for a hug, then slides the gun out of her hand. She turns to Brett with eyes ablaze.

IMOGEN
Piece of shit!

Brett laughs.

IMOGEN (CONT'D)
Burn in hell asshole!

POP! POP! POP! All three hit Brett square in the chest. He topples over the edge of the garage and lands in the concrete.

Agent Jastram appears behind them. Jastram quickly disarms Imogen and wipes the gun with a lens cloth then tosses the gun into the wet concrete with Brett.

Agent O'Malley arrives with gun drawn.

EMT #1
Everybody clear!

The defibrillator shocks Alex. His body heaves.

Tariq jumps in to continue CPR.

A fire engine and 6 police cruisers roll up to the garage.

STEPHANY
We got a heart rhythm! Load him up!

EMTs and firefighters hoist him onto the stretcher. The stretcher slides into the back of the rescue.

IMOGEN
Why didn't he wake up?

EMT #2
He's in a coma. He's been without oxygen too long.

IMOGEN
Oh, no.

AGENT JASTRAM
Where's Anthony and Victor?

Imogen pulls it together to tell the story.

IMOGEN
Victor told Brett that he killed Alex, then he killed Anthony. I heard the whole thing.

She points to the concrete form.

IMOGEN (CONT'D)
He dumped them down there, then Victor shot Brett and took off.

6 police officers flank the group.

AGENT JASTRAM
FBI!

Jastram and O'Malley back to back, hold their badges out, guns drawn.

AGENT O'MALLEY
We have one male shooter, Victor the Hat who's fled the scene, he's armed and dangerous.

AGENT JASTRAM
We've got 3 victims. One's going to Rhode Island Hospital in critical condition. The others are presumed dead.

Stephany leans out the rescue door.

STEPHANY
We're going now! Imogen, get in.

She looks for permission from the cops, then jumps in.

EXT. PLAYGROUND CONSTRUCTION SITE - ONE YEAR LATER

Imogen, dressed in a suit, looks over plans for a new playground with a foreman.

IMOGEN
That's good, but I think it's better if the first aid station is below that tree.

FOREMAN
Ok, We can make that happen. No problem.

IMOGEN
Great, call me if you need anything.

She closes the door to Brett's work truck, now labeled "Imogen Finn Contracting, (formally Marscapone Excavation and Concrete)"

EXT. FIRE ACADEMY DRILL YARD - DAY

Training instructors, one of whom is Stephany, drop brand new firefighter gear in front of the lined up trainees. Alex is in the first line.

STEPHANY
Congratulations, today is the day you are issued your turnout gear. You will don your gear by group, and proceed to run one mile. It's 95 degrees out. The first one who passes out, washes out.

TRAINING OFFICER
Alpha Group. NOW!

TRAINEE GROUP A
Sir, yes sir!

Alex dons his fresh turnouts.

Running in the heat, he reaches for his chest. Another training officer runs along side.

TRAINING OFFICER
You're not about to wash out are you Mr. Cole?

ALEX
No.

TRAINING OFFICER
Excuse me?

ALEX
No Captain, Sir.

TRAINING OFFICER
Good!

EXT. FIRE ACADEMY BUILDING - DAY

Imogen leans against her truck. Alex unlocks a new bike flanked by a crowd of other trainees.

IMOGEN
Hey!

He rolls up to Imogen. She grabs him by the collar and they kiss FERVIDLY.

IMOGEN (CONT'D)
How was your day?

ALEX
It was alright.

INT. KIMI'S BAR - EVENING

Stephany, Alex, Imogen, Tariq, Sharice and Pete sit at the bar. Bacchus stands behind it and pours a glass of house wine. He smells it and dumps it out.

BACCHUS
Alright, it's great to see you all. I have some news about that reel.

IMOGEN
Oh good!

BACCHUS
Once Nick Cage got his hands on the reel he attempted to digitize it. I'm sorry to say it immediately combusted.

IMOGEN
Are you fucking serious!?

ALEX
No...man...

SHARICE
Picnic short of a sandwich that one.

STEPHANY
That's too much.

BACCHUS
It's sad news for the film, but at least we got paid, right?

ALEX
That actually hurts. But that can't be why you came.

BACCHUS
You're right Alex. We all know that since my yacht was seized for its dubious ties to Russia… I've been forced to recalibrate.

TARIQ
Ok.

BACCHUS
What's not as obvious is that I've done some work to fight human trafficking.

TARIQ
No shit?!

BACCHUS
A former client is one of the most notorious human traffickers in the modern era, and I want to stop him.

PETE
That sounds dangerous.

SHARICE
Sounds amazing.

IMOGEN
But why us?

BACCHUS
Experience.

ALEX
Right on.

END