

SEX AND VIOLENCE

CLOSE UP TELEVISION SCREEN - NIGHT

A courthouse with well-dressed people entering and leaving. Two men standing on the steps - REPORTER, plainly dressed, microphone in hand, NICK PORTER in conservative suit and tie, waiting. The day is sunny but we hear heavy rainfall.

REPORTER

Today marks the fifth day of what some say signals the end of the largest crime syndicate in Northern California. On trial for charges of drug dealing, racketeering, money laundering, and nine other counts of felony, is Julius Westman, president and CEO of Westman Technologies, a high tech manufacturing company alleged to be a front for these activities. Next to me is Nicolas Porter, district attorney. Mr. Porter, what can you tell me about the progress of the case?

NICK PORTER

I can only say that the office of the district attorney is certain that Mr. Westman is guilty on all charges and that we have strong evidence to support that finding.

REPORTER

Mr. Porter, many have noted that the case presented by the D.A. these past few days has so far been circumstantial and not a hundred percent convincing.

NICK

The first few days in a case like this are always intended to clarify the charges for the

jury. Our office has conclusive evidence that we intend to bring forward shortly.

REPORTER

Can you tell us what kind of evidence this is.

NICK

I'm not at liberty to say at this time.

CAMERA pulls back to show...

INTERIOR CONVENIENCE STORE

Bright, artificial light. Outside is dead black darkness. The outside drizzle can be heard clearly as if it were inside. SAM SHANDIR, a thin, white-haired man in his late sixties, sits behind the cash register watching the television, only half paying attention. Bells jangle harshly. Two kids in their late teens enter. JOSE, muscular, rugged, wears torn jeans, a black leather biker jacket over a white heavy metal T-shirt, and fingerless black leather gloves. "ROPE" is skinny and looks younger. He wears torn jeans and a studded jeans jacket over a black heavy metal T-shirt. His hair is cut close and mean. They are loud and jostle each other, swearing.

Rope stays near the front of the store, nervously glancing at the door. Jose pulls two beers from the display and tosses one down the aisle to Rope. Sam clears his throat; he watches them. Jose steps to the cash register.

JOSE

(with a snicker)

Lemme see one a those dirty magazines back there.

Sam turns around. Jose looks at Rope who nods nervously. When Sam turns again to Jose, Jose pulls out a gun and levels it between Sam's eyes, inches from his face. Sam freezes, his eyes wide.

JOSE

Gimme the money from the register, man, before I blow your head off.

Jose looks back, smiles, clenches his fist in an "alright" sign. Rope keeps an eye on the door and the parking lot. Sam slowly opens the drawer and takes out the money which Jose grabs. Jose backs his way to the door, keeping a tight grip on the money and his eyes, the gun directly on Sam.

ROPE

(nervously)

Come on, man, let's blow.

JOSE

(in a mocking high-pitched voice)

Good-bye old man.

Jose pulls the trigger. Sam is hit in the forehead with a thin stream of water. Jose begins laughing hysterically. He and Rope knock over the magazine rack and run out the door.

EXTERIOR SMALL STREET IN A BIG CITY

The drizzling has stopped but the streets are still moist. A tall, thin figure in a dark trench coat leans against a wall by a dark alley. Waiting.

Jose and Rope come walking down the street, cursing and jostling, swearing and counting their money. They slow as they see the tall figure. They stop several feet from it and are suddenly quiet. The figure's head turns - the light of a nearby street lamp highlights a jet black pony tail tied in a red scarf, finely cut cheeks, smooth red lips.

After a beat, Jose approaches her, cautiously, occasionally looking back at Rope.

JOSE

Hey, babe.

No reply.

JOSE

What's a nice chick like you
doin' in a place like this?

Jose looks back at Rope. They chuckle together.

JOSE

We got some money. Fact, we
gonna paint the town red. Can
get some good shit to go up that
pretty nose or into those sexy
veins for ya. Wherever you want
it we can give it to ya.

He turns again to Rope and laughs. Rope chuckles
nervously.

MYSTERY WOMAN

(coolly, slowly, in a
deep sexy voice)

Get lost, punk.

Jose's grin fades, his face turns red. He looks at
her a beat.

JOSE

You tellin' me to get lost? You
whore. You fuckin' whore! You
callin' me a punk? No shit-
fucking whore calls me a punk.

Quickly, he pulls a knife from under his jacket, jams
it up against the underside of her chin. The MYSTERY
WOMAN'S eyes narrow. Her face shows no expression.

ROPE

Forget it, Jose. Let's go.

JOSE

I'll just cut her a little.
(to her)

Bitch!

ROPE

It's not worth it, man.

Jose turns to reply. In one smooth motion, the woman
brings her right arm up and smashes her palm against

his forearm. The knife flies against the wall. She grabs his arm, spins him around, and twists it up behind his back. He screams. She slams him into the concrete wall. His forehead hits... a crack... the scream cuts off. After a beat Jose slides to the ground. A glistening trail of bright red blood left behind.

Rope watches. She turns to him. His eyes swell and his mouth opens. He turns to run. In a flash, she pulls a knife from seemingly nowhere, flings it precisely to its mark - the back of Rope's neck. As it enters his flesh, he arches and, with a last gurgling breath, falls to the sidewalk.

A dark black limousine pulls to the curb. The mystery woman's head snaps in the car's direction, her muscles tensed. After a beat she relaxes, walks calmly to Rope and carefully extracts the knife. With a clean white handkerchief she wipes off the blood and replaces the knife inside her coat. The rear door of the limo opens and she enters.

INTERIOR LIMOSINE

Inside is velvet black. She sits down next to a large MAN - only his pudgy, white hands are discernable. He presents a thick envelope to her.

BIG MAN

Fifty thousand now, fifty thousand after.

MYSTERY WOMAN

You're getting off cheap, you know.

BIG MAN

I know. And I know all about your relationship with this man.

(beat)

You're certain that your feelings won't affect this job.