

THE MIAMI YACHT CLUB

Written by

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FADE IN:

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Various SCENES OF VIOLENT HATE CRIMES are displayed, the crimes are committed by a pugnacious CULT.

There are at least 10 members in this cult. They wear an all-black one piece suit with eerie white MASKS, the masks are expressionless.

They are BEATING, BURNING, SHOOTING, and etc. The majority of their victims are impoverished Cuban immigrants.

The victims CRY and SCREAM in agony.

The cult members leave anonymous green cards at the crime scenes.

EXT. CONGRESS HALL - DAY

RICHARD BANKS, 45, a stern, conservative, and villainous man walks towards the podium at Congress Hall. There is a CROWD before him anticipating his speech on this sunny and glorious day.

RICHARD  
My fellow citizens of Miami....

INT. TORTURE ROOM - NIGHT

The room is completely dark and dank. Someone pulls on a SWITCH, the light bulb flashes with LIGHT. The light bulb dangles from a wire, we see dust floating adrift from the light.

Beneath the light bulb is an IMMIGRANT MAN, 35, tied up in a rugged chair. He's unconscious, his ankles are tied to the chair's spokes and his arms are tangled behind him in a durable knot.

The masked CULT surrounds him in a circle.

A CULT MEMBER walks towards the victim carrying a CAN of gasoline. He takes the cap off the tip and pours gas on the immigrant, creating SPLASHES on the cement ground.

The victim wakes up suddenly and GASPS for air.

CULT MEMBER  
Rise and shine scum!

EXT. CONGRESS HALL - DAY

Back to Richard, who is still at the podium speaking.

RICHARD

I've have been in this state's congress for the past ten years now. I have the experience and dedication it takes to be your governor. I care about the well being of this state and will do whatever it takes to protect it...

INT. TORTURE ROOM - NIGHT

The immigrant is awake now, soaked in gasoline. He's shivers and quivers in fear as he notices the masked cult surrounding him. His Cuban accent is strong.

IMMIGRANT MAN

Who the fuck are you people!?

He notices the CULT LEADER stepping towards him into the light, he's masked as well, holding a manifesto, reading from it...

CULT LEADER

(demanding)

It is my duty as a member of "The American Cleanse" to punish those who are not in favor of America's vision.

The rest of the cult repeats after him.

CULT

It is my duty as a member of "The American Cleanse" to punish those who are not in favor of America's vision.

The immigrant begins to YELL.

IMMIGRANT MAN

Help! Somebody Help!

EXT. CONGRESS HALL - DAY

Back to Richard at the podium.

RICHARD

This state is in dire need of a revolution, crime rates are at an all time high, the drug trade is taking over southern Florida!

The crowd CHEERS.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

We need someone who is going act on this evident issue.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - NIGHT

The cult continues to surround their victim. The cult leader continues to read from his manifesto.

CULT LEADER

It is my duty to cleanse America of the immigrants and any other lower class citizen who threatens America's beauty.

The cult repeats after him.

CULT

It is my duty to cleanse America of the immigrants and any other lower class citizens who threatens America's beauty.

EXT. CONGRESS HALL - DAY

Back to Richard at the podium.

RICHARD

Not only is crime rates at an all time high but the illegal immigrants are down here in Florida taking the jobs of those citizens who are legal. When are we going to have a governor in office who is going to take a stand on this!?

The crowd begins to CHEER again.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - NIGHT

Back to the victim tied up in the chair. He quivers even more now, in sheer terror.

CULT LEADER

All hail to America for we are the  
chosen ones to fulfill her vision!

CULT

All hail to America for we are the  
chosen ones to fulfill her vision!

A member from the cult LIGHTS a match. The immigrant trembles  
in fear.

IMMIGRANT MAN

(Spanish accent)

Please! Don't do this! I only came  
here to make better life for my  
wife and kids! Please let me go!

CULT MEMBER

Speak correct English spic!

EXT. CONGRESS HALL - HALL

Richard feels prideful now because of the crowd's response.

RICHARD

(yelling)

Vote for me and I'll take Florida  
back!

The crowd CHEERS and CLAPS. Richard smiles in triumph and  
walks away from the podium. He receives a standing ovation.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - NIGHT

The immigrant's face is soaked. It's difficult to tell if it  
is from the gasoline or tears at this point.

A cult member throws a lighted match at him in SLOW MOTION.

The match hits the victim in his face, his entire body  
immediately catches on FIRE. The fire brightens up the  
dungeon, revealing all of the other members who were hiding  
in the shadows.

The man SCREAMS in agony. The cult CHEERS in triumph.

CULT

Burn scum, burn! Burn scum, burn!

The cult leader stares as the man burn, still masked. He  
slowly takes off his mask, revealing Richard Banks. The  
flames are reflecting on his pale skin and eyes.

He gives a sinister smirk, watching the man burn to ashes, resembling Satan in the flesh.

A cult member throws a green card on the floor.

MUSIC UP: "CHANNEL 4 NEWS" MUSIC PLAYS

TITLE SCREEN: CHANNEL 4 NEWS

INT. NEWS STATION - DAY

Two ANCHORS are stationed in front of cameras.

NEWS ANCHOR

In latest news, beware Miami. There has been a series of murders here in town. Within the last three weeks there has been a total of five known murders and now someone has been kidnapped. The target seem to be impoverished Cuban immigrants. The killer leaves an anonymous green card at the crime scene. We have Charles Regan at the location of the latest crime with more information.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLUMS/CRIME SCENE - DAY

CHARLES REAGAN, 37, is talking to a camera, through his microphone.

CHARLES

I'm here at the location of the latest crime, someone has been abducted by a mysterious man with a white mask. Could this be the work of the "The Green Card Killer"? I interviewed the wife of the abducted for more information.

CUT TO INTERVIEW:

ELISA DIAZ, 34, Cuban, stands up looking miserable and distraught, her Cuban accent is strong as well.

ELISA

Someone came in our house and took him away from us. The man was wearing all black and had on a white mask.

(MORE)

ELISA (CONT'D)

He burst in my house and took my Cordaro away. I called the police and they had no idea where that crazy man went!

CHARLES

And what happened to your house?

ELISA

That crazy man lit my house on fire. Trying to kill me and my babies! Everything I own is gone now! I'm back at home living with my mother now!

CHARLES

I am so sorry to hear that.

Elisa CRIES on camera.

ELISA

Just cut cameras off please.

INT. NEWS STATION - DAY

Back to the reporters.

NEWS ANCHOR

What a sad and tragic situation. Miami please stay safe. Lock your doors, be home before night, but most importantly say your prayers to keep you and your family safe.

NEWS ANCHOR #2

And when we come back, could your fossette water be a trigger to getting cancer? We have more details on this subject after these messages.

INT. COOPERATE BANKS HEADQUARTERS/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

GREGORY YIN, 47, Japanese, educated, and prestigious is at the head of his conference table, surrounded by his subordinate COWORKERS.

GREGORY

For the past five years; Cooperate Banks has been one of the most trusted banks across Florida but now it's time to expand.

Gregory pulls out his briefcase and OPENS it, it reveals copies of blueprints. He passes the models to his coworkers.

The coworkers scrutinizes the models. One of the coworkers, JOHN FRANCO, 34, is in disbelief.

JOHN

You want to build another base in Japan?

GREGORY

Yes, I'm building headquarters in Tokyo. The blueprints have been sent to the Obayashi Corporation in Tokyo. The construction will start next year in April.

JOHN

How much is that going to cost the company?

GREGORY

That is none of your concern.

JOHN

This company is already trying to make up profits from the headquarters in Paris.

GREGORY

This is what it takes to make Cooperate Banks go global. This has always been in the plan since I built this company from the bottom up.

JOHN

But we're still in debt to Paris, may I remind you over 25 million dollars. Cooperate Banks may be a success in Florida but the company only makes 15 million a year we can't afford this, we're not even national yet.

GREGORY

Well, I guess we're just going to have to work hard to meet the demands of the debt.

JOHN

You mean we.



John refers to the others workers at the table, clearly excluding Gregory.

GREGORY  
Are you not happy with your job?

JOHN  
I'm just always over worked, I don't have anytime for my wife and kids anymore!

GREGORY  
(sarcastically)  
Awww.

The other coworkers LAUGH.

JOHN  
And it's all because of you and your delusional ideas. You're about to make this company, your company, bankrupt!

GREGORY  
This company will not go bankrupt I can assure you of that.

A beat.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
But I'm not too sure about you.

JOHN  
What do you mean?

GREGORY  
You're fired.

JOHN  
(furiously)  
You can't do that!

GREGORY  
Yes I can, I am the CEO. Goodbye. Have a nice life and good luck finding a cooperation that actually cares about your personal problems.

John is clearly upset but keeps his cool. He quietly rises from his chair and walks towards the door.

He pauses to make sure Gregory hears him clearly.

COWORKER

You're a fucking psychopath.

John OPENS the conference room door and SLAMS it shut.  
Gregory smiles at his "good" workers.

GREGORY

Back to our blueprints shall we?

INT. MIAMI COURTHOUSE/ COURT ROOM - DAY

There is a WITNESS at the stand giving a confessional story.

WITNESS

And there I saw him covered in  
blood....

The witness points at the accused defendant, TRAVIS FAULTER,  
19.

Travis is positioned next to his lawyer THOMAS HILTON, 34,  
young face, handsome, and suave.

He's usually confident but losing it at this point, he  
believes this case is clearly over.

The prosecutor, ATTORNEY HILL, 40, is satisfied and takes his  
seat.

ATTORNEY HILL

I rest my case your honor.

The witness leaves the stand. JUDGE WALTERS, 54, stern, looks  
at Thomas.

JUDGE WALTERS

Any last words before I make my  
final decision?

Thomas hesitates for a moment but stands up.

THOMAS

Actually yes.

Thomas walks to the stand and takes a deep breath before  
speaking. Attorney Hill is in disbelief.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

The accused here, Travis Faulter,  
has no past history of committing  
violence towards another person in  
the past.

(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Let's try to look at what might have caused his erratic behavior.

JUDGE WALTERS

There is no reason to commit a murder Attorney Hilton.

THOMAS

Our defendant here has a long history of self mutilation. You can see it on his records before you; he suffered from depression, anxiety, mania...

JUDGE WALTERS

Where are you getting at?

THOMAS

The psychiatrists couldn't really pinpoint Travis's conditions. He went to several; Dr. Robins said he was bipolar, Dr. Rivers said he was schizophrenic, Dr. Long said he was mildly autistic. Poor Travis here was prescribed medication after medication. Lithium, Prozac, Risperidone, and etc. Travis here is the true victim here.

Attorney Hill is angry at the accusations and stands up in fury.

ATTORNEY HILL

I object you honor!

Judge Walters BANGS his gavel.

JUDGE WALTERS

Order in the court!

Attorney Hill takes a seat.

JUDGE WALTERS (CONT'D)

Back to your story Hilton.

THOMAS

It's clear to see that Travis here has an issue but due to our greedy pharmaceutical industry, he never got the true help he needed. In fact his "help" made everything worse in my eyes.

Thomas walks towards his stand and grabs a PLASTIC BAG of evidence. In the bag are medication bottles. Thomas grabs one and reads the label to the judge.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Prozac side effects include;  
anxiety, depression, mood and  
behavior changes...

Thomas pulls out another bottle.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Lithium; confusion, poor memory,  
lack of awareness...

Thomas pulls out the final bottle.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Risperidone; anxiety, difficulty  
concentrating, and oh look  
aggressive behavior...

Judge Walters takes this in.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
It's evident that the defendant  
here is a victim as well. It's  
clear to see that he has a chemical  
imbalance but taking all of these  
pharmaceutical drugs to "fix" him  
only made his behavior erratic and  
is the sole reason behind this  
crime. Travis is not the guilty  
one, his psychiatrists are.

A beat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
I'm finished your honor.

Thomas walks away and takes a seat at his stand next to Travis. A beat.

JUDGE WALTERS  
We will take a quick recess before  
the final hearing.

Judge Walters BANGS his gavel. The court exits for recess.

INT. COURT/BATHROOM - DAY

Thomas washes his hands at the bathroom sink. Attorney Hill walks in the bathroom vehemently.

ATTORNEY HILL

That is some lame crap you're trying to pull!

THOMAS

Defending the accused? That's my job.

ATTORNEY HILL

Pulling the insanity plea ? You know that boy is a stone cold killer, it has nothing to do with meds! He probably doesn't even take them. He has an IQ above 150, the reason why the psychiatrists keep misdiagnosing him is because he likes playing mind games with them, everything is big joke to him he's a pure sociopath, he needs to be in prison and you know it!

THOMAS

You should be telling that to the judge.

ATTORNEY HILL

I already did.

A beat.

ATTORNEY HILL (CONT'D)

And you know he's sane don't you?

Thomas is silent.

ATTORNEY HILL (CONT'D)

So, you're just going to let an innocent life go in vain, just for a win?

Thomas walks towards the paper towel dispenser, pulls a few out, dries his hands, throws the paper towels in the trash, and walks towards the bathroom door.

THOMAS

See you at the court house.

Thomas walks out of the bathroom and CLOSES the door. Attorney Hill is livid.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Judge Walters is back at his stand. The court is back from recess, waiting to hear the verdict.

JUDGE WALTERS  
I pronounce the defendant...

The witness, Attorney Hill, Thomas, Travis, and the jury all await the verdict with silent anticipation.

JUDGE WALTERS (CONT'D)  
Innocent...

Thomas is still but clearly proud about his latest win.

JUDGE WALTERS (CONT'D)  
...by reason of insanity. Travis  
Faulter will be sentenced to the  
Miami Behavioral Health Center for  
ten years to seek the proper  
psychotherapy and medications he  
needs. Court dismissed.

Judge Walter BANGS his gavel. Attorney Hill is pissed. The jury dismiss.

Judge Walters walks away from his stand. Thomas is happy and Travis has a smile on his face.

TRAVIS  
Thanks.

THOMAS  
No problem.

TRAVIS'S PARENTS walk towards Thomas.

TRAVIS'S FATHER  
Thank you so much Attorney Hilton!

TRAVIS'S MOTHER  
I knew our baby didn't belong in  
prison. Now he can get the proper  
help he needs.

THOMAS  
No need to thank me, I'm just doing  
my job which is exposing the truth.

Thomas's wife, CHRISTINA HILTON, 32, happily walks towards him.

CHRISTINA

Oh Attorney Hilton, you sexy  
unstoppable stud.

Christina gives Thomas a kiss.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Take me out for some drinks  
tonight, would you? It's time to  
celebrate!

THOMAS

Of course babe.

INT. MIAMI NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The club is crowded, full of people. It's an upscale club,  
neon lights, jazzy MUSIC, people are dressed sophisticatedly.

Thomas is there with his wife Christina. There's another  
couple there; MARC and BETH VACARRO, mid 30's, Hispanic.

MARC

Another victory for Attorney  
Hilton!

Marc and Thomas CLINK their shots of tequila together and  
take their shots simultaneously.

The women CHEER. Marc and Thomas chases the tequila down with  
a slice of lime. Marc speaks while still having the taste of  
tequila stuck in his mouth.

MARC (CONT'D)

Thomas, I need to learn from you,  
you're unstoppable man.

THOMAS

You're still new, don't be too hard  
on yourself.

MARC

I lost two of my cases back to  
back, my clientele is going down  
because of it!

BETH

It's okay babe, you'll get there.

THOMAS

When I first started do you think I  
was great?

(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I lost like five cases my first year but you learn from your failures, that's how you become a champ.

Thomas's cellphone BUZZES he looks at his cellphone, he has a text.

It reads: "ARE WE STILL ON FOR TONIGHT?"

Thomas texts back: "OF COURSE".

Thomas's attention goes back to the group.

CHRISTINA

Who was that?

THOMAS

Sorry to cut this night short but I have to go.

CHRISTINA

But why?

THOMAS

Sorry, but I warned you about this earlier. I have another client I'm meeting with.

CHRISTINA

This time of night?

THOMAS

He has a busy schedule it's the only time he is available to meet.

Thomas gives Christina a slight kiss on the forehead. Thomas gears his attention to Marc and Beth.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

See you all later.

MARC AND BETH

See you.

Thomas rushes out of the club almost knocking SOMEONE over.

THOMAS

Excuse me.

Thomas runs out of the club.



CHRISTINA

I swear every week he has a client  
he sees past twelve.

BETH

That sounds very suspicious, I hope  
he's not...

MARC

Oh please, Thomas is a good guy,  
he'll never do that.

BETH

I'm just saying, something is  
suspicious.

Beth looks at Christina, Christina looks apprehensive.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

It's a full moon and a clear night, we see a silhouette of  
man.

The mysterious man wears all black, his leather gloves  
reflects in the moonlight.

He opens up an elongated BLACK CASE, revealing a dismembered  
AR-15 rifle. The enigmatic man puts his weapon together.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT/ABOUT AN HOUR LATER

The sniper rifle is put together now. It's stationed on a  
stand against the northeastern corner of the building. The  
mysterious man sits quietly, discreetly waiting, watching  
like a hawk.

The man receives a text: "HE SHOULD BE ARRIVING NOW."

The man takes a peak from the corner of the building. He's  
looking down at the city, he sees a VAN with HEADLIGHTS  
beaming, driving to its destination. The van parks at a  
residence.

The mysterious man on the rooftop grabs his AR-15 sniper  
rifle, preparing it, and looking through it's peephole. It is  
revealed now that Thomas is the "mysterious man".

THROUGH PEEPHOLE:

The VICTIM walks out of the van and head towards the front  
door, Thomas focuses on the victim - ZIP!

The man slowly falls to the ground, Thomas looks away from the peephole. He grabs his phone and texts: "JOB DONE".

MOMENTS LATER:

Thomas departs his rifle, picks up the case, and head towards the street.

Thomas is near the dead body now carrying a camera. He looks around, making sure the coast is clear, the area is deserted to his advantage.

Thomas SNAPS several photos of the corpse.

INT. THOMAS'S YACHT/ OFFICE ROOM - NIGHT

Thomas types away on his laptop. His camera is connected to the laptop, he is uploading the photos from the night.

Thomas sends an e-mail titled: "BEN VOMER'S CORPSE".

MOMENTS LATER:

Thomas receives an e-mail saying "Thank you, the money will be in by tomorrow.

Thomas smiles in satisfaction.

INT. THOMAS'S YACHT - NIGHT

Thomas puts away the AR-15 rifle case in a storage area. In this storage area there are other weapons at his disposal. Pistols, rifles, bombs, wires, and etc. Thomas takes a moment to appreciate his weaponry. Moments later, Thomas walks away.

EXT. MIAMI YACHT CLUB/THOMAS'S YACHT - NIGHT

Thomas walks away from his yacht and enters the night.

FADE OUT

EXT. MIAMI STREETS - DAY

Thomas walks down the streets and spots an ATM machine. He walks towards the ATM machine, pulls out his debit card, slides it in the ATM, puts in the pin number, and presses a few more buttons.

We finally get to his bank account, the amount on the screen is: \$417,854.23

Thomas is satisfied, closes out his account, retrieves his debit card and walks away.

INT. YIN'S DRUG HOUSE - NIGHT

WORKERS are furiously packing cocaine into silicone bags; most of them are Cuban immigrants.

INT. YIN'S DRUG HOUSE/ MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Gregory sits at his office desk, counting stacks of cash. He hear KNOCKS at the door.

GREGORY

Adelante.

Gregory's assistant JOSE RIVERA, a runaway, 24, enters the office. He speaks in Spanish.

SUBTITLES:

JOSE

We have about 100 pounds of cocaine ready for shipment to Cuba.

GREGORY

Excellent, everything is according to plan.

JOSE

Not to question you sir but...

GREGORY

But?

JOSE

How are we going to make the shipment oversees? Especially with the DEA patrollers all over the docks?

GREGORY

Oh Jose, you know I always have a plan.

A beat.

JOSE

And why are you packing the cocaine in silicone bags?

GREGORY

I just hired five immigrant women  
for a very special assignment.

JOSE

What are your plans for them?

Gregory smiles.

GREGORY

You will see my dear boy. For now,  
just make sure everyone is properly  
packaging my supplies.

Jose walks out of the office. Gregory smiles.

INT. MIAMI HOSPITAL/SURGERY ROOM - DAY

BRUCE VULTURE, 32, pale, ice blue cold eyes has his scrubs  
and surgical mask on.

Bruce concentrates hard on his biopsy procedure. The skull of  
his patient MARTHA PATTERSON, 52, is wide open; we are  
exposed to the raw and bloody cranium.

Bruce cuts a tumor off the brain with his utensils. Blood  
SQUIRTS on his face; it doesn't bother him, he is used to it.

INT. MIAMI HOSPITAL/HALLWAY - DAY

Bruce talks to the patient's FAMILY. Bruce has his surgical  
mask off, we can see his defined jawline. There is something  
cold about his expression. He speaks softly, almost a  
whisper.

BRUCE

Well, the surgery was a success.  
There were no complications or  
issues with the biopsy.

FAMILY MEMBER

That is great to hear, we were  
worried sick.

BRUCE

No need to, everything was a  
success. Mrs. Patterson still needs  
to stay in the hospital for a few  
more days. I would say at least  
three.

(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Our nurses, physical and occupational therapists will be taking great care of her and running tests to make sure the procedure was a true success.

FAMILY MEMBER #2

Thank you so much for saving Martha. You are truly God sent.

Bruce smiles at this comment.

BRUCE

Thank you, you are too kind.

EXT. MIAMI PARK - DAY

It's a warm and sunny day. PEOPLE are all over the park; TALKING, LAUGHING, PLAYING.

All except Bruce; he is by himself, sitting on a picnic blanket, in the middle of the grass field. He stares at everyone interact with each other; baffled and entertained by them.

He devours something from a container, it resembles a human brain. He digs his fork inside of it, tears a piece of it, and devours it. He slowly smiles as he chews.

Bruce's cellphone RINGS. He looks at the caller I.D. It says: "UNKNOWN CALLER".

Bruce hesitates for a moment but presses the "ANSWER" button.

BRUCE

Hello?

EXT. MIAMI YACHT CLUB/GREGORY'S YACHT - DAY

Gregory has his cellphone to his ear. His yacht sails away, he's enjoying the weather and breeze. He sits back on a chair, drinking whisky.

He has an IMMIGRANT steering the yacht for him.

INTERCUTS:

GREGORY

Yes, is this Dr. Bruce Vulture?

BRUCE

This is he.

GREGORY

Hey, nice to meet you this is Gregory Yin, CEO of Cooperate Banks.

BRUCE

Nice to meet you. Would you like to set up an appointment with me?

GREGORY

Yes, but not the kind of appointment you think. I'm not a patient.

BRUCE

So, there is no reason why you should be disturbing my lunch.

GREGORY

Sorry if this is your lunch break but I think you're going to like what I'm going to offer.

BRUCE

Continue...

GREGORY

I've been doing research on the best surgeons around Miami and your name keeps popping up. You're the best at surgery, I'm the best at business. I think we should team up for a project.

BRUCE

Okay?

GREGORY

Meet me at my yacht. Are you familiar where the Miami Yacht Club is located?

BRUCE

Yes, very familiar.

GREGORY

So, what do you say? Let's meet up at the entrance hall, I'll lead you to my yacht and we can talk business.

BRUCE

Sure.

GREGORY  
What day works for you?

BRUCE  
Saturday at noon.

GREGORY  
Works for me too. See you then.

Gregory HANGS UP the phone. Bruce does the same, expressionless.

EXT. MIAMI YACHT CLUB - AFTERNOON

A view of the Miami Yacht Club. All the YACHTS are lined up perfectly, the sun shines brightly, the sky is blue, palm trees sway from the wind. It's typical Miami weather.

Gregory and Bruce walks along the dock together. Gregory reaches his yacht.

GREGORY  
This is mine.

Gregory suggests to his yacht. It's definitely one of the nicer ones.

BRUCE  
Nice.

GREGORY  
Nice? That's all you have to say?

BRUCE  
Can we just talk business please?

GREGORY  
You're right let's get to business shall we?

Gregory walks towards his yacht and Bruce follows.

INT. GREGORY'S YACHT - AFTERNOON

The inside of the yacht is elaborate in structure. It's clear to see that Gregory likes the finer things in life.

Gregory pours himself a glass of whiskey on the rocks. Gregory turns to Bruce, Bruce sits on a luxurious couch not far away from him.

GREGORY  
(to Bruce)  
Whiskey?

BRUCE  
No, I'm more of a wine guy; Merlot,  
Pinot Grigio, Chardonnay.

Gregory walks towards Bruce, carrying his glass of whiskey.

GREGORY  
So, you're a pussy?

Bruce is taken aback. Gregory LAUGHS to himself. Gregory takes a seat in front of Bruce, takes a sip of his whiskey, and gets comfortable.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
I'm just fucking with you kid.

BRUCE  
Why do you want me here? Because so far you've only been wasting my time.

GREGORY  
Like you have anywhere else to go.

Bruce is annoyed.

BRUCE  
What do you want?

GREGORY  
I'm here to offer you a deal of a lifetime.

BRUCE  
Okay?

GREGORY  
Not only do I own one of the most trusted banks in the state of Florida but I also own the top cocaine trades here in Miami. Number 3 I might add.

BRUCE  
Congratulations.

GREGORY  
And I need your surgical expertise for my latest trade in Cuba.



BRUCE  
I'm listening.

GREGORY  
We need a way to transport my latest supply to Cuba. I have a distributor there who is willing to sell my drugs in Havana. The problem is getting passed the DEA around the Miami Bay docks. That's where you come in.

A beat.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
Are you familiar with performing breast augmentations?

BRUCE  
I'm a neurosurgeon not a plastic surgeon.

Gregory looks disappointed. A beat.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
But I definitely know about augmentations. We learned a variety of surgical techniques at medical school.

Gregory smiles.

GREGORY  
That's why I want you out of the other plastic surgeons because you have brains. I know you do I can tell.

Bruce smiles.

BRUCE  
So to speak.

GREGORY  
And don't worry about making it pretty, just make sure the implants are secured.

BRUCE  
What do you mean?

GREGORY

I have five women working for me willing to implant my drugs in their breast, until they reach Havana.

BRUCE

That is ludicrous.

GREGORY

Once they are in Havana, a surgeon will take the drugs out of them and send it to my distributor. They are getting fifty thousand dollars each, a little something to help get them started in America. It's the only thing I can think of to get passed the DEA. I would offer my yacht to transport the drugs but we need it.

Gregory points to some closed CASES near by.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

If it's a big hit in Cuba we need to be prepared for bigger supply. My lab is making more cargo as we speak. The implants is just a sample for Havana for now. So what do you say?

Bruce contemplates over the plan.

BRUCE

My mind needs to muse over this.

GREGORY

Maybe this will help clear your mind; I'm willing to offer you 250,000 to do the transplants, 50,000 for each woman.

Bruce appears apprehensive. Gregory smiles.

INT. RICHARD'S YACHT - NIGHT

Richard stands in front of his CULT MEMBERS, it is their weekly meeting. The 10 members are in their seats; very attentive to Richard, their God.

RICHARD

The American Cleanse, thank you for coming to this meeting today.

ALL THE MEMBERS

It is our duty.

RICHARD

I called this meeting because I want you all to be aware, have you been watching the news? The media is on to us.

MEMBER

Ooh no!

RICHARD

The good news is, they only suspect us of being a serial killer on the loose. They are calling us the "The Green Card Killer".

The cult members LAUGH.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(seriously)

But we have to be careful to not slip. Now our white masks will be known across Miami!

The members notices how serious Richard is now, shocked at the sudden change.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(Richard is irate)

John, your abduction was sloppy. How could you let the spic's wife see you!? She's on the news talking about us!

JOHN

I'm sorry Richard, I didn't know she was home at the time but as soon I saw her, I began burning the house down.

RICHARD

You should have killed her! And her children! To assure their death. Now the media is on to us. It's only a matter of time until the police is too!

JOHN

I'm sorry Richard, seriously I'm so sorry!

RICHARD

I can't afford anymore fuck ups.

Richard pulls out his PISTOL and SHOOTS John in his head. The other members jump at the sound, in shock.

There's a gaping hole in John's head, it's steaming, blood seeps down his face as well.

Richard looks at the other members.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Anyone else wants to fuck up?!

The members are quiet.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

This meeting is over, any final remarks?

WILLIAM STARKS, 42, raises his hand.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Yes, William?

WILLIAM

Ah, yes Richard. I would like to share something.

RICHARD

And what is that?

WILLIAM

Well, you know I work for the Miami Police Department.

RICHARD

Yes.

WILLIAM

There is good news, the department is a bit distracted, the MPD have better things to worry than immigrants dying. There are rumors about a suspicious 1985 Isuzu Fargo van distributing drugs in our community. Some dirty kingpin is using scummy immigrants for his dirty work. We're not sure where his headquarters is.

RICHARD

Okay.

WILLIAM

The MPD plans on going undercover near the Miami Bay dock searching for this van on the 4th but I figured we could get to the van sooner.

RICHARD

Why would we go after it when the police is already on the case?

WILLIAM

To show the spics whose really in charge of Miami, you know the police is only going to be soft on them.

ALL THE MEMBERS

Yeah!

RICHARD

We can't afford the risk of being caught, we're already on radar around this town. Thanks to him.

Richard suggests to John's corpse.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I suppose we have to think of other alternatives to get this job done. In the meantime, William get as much information on this drug trade as possible, let me know the details, and I'll arrange something to stop it.

WILLIAM

I'm on it.

A beat.

RICHARD

(to John's corpse)

And somebody wrap up his body and dump it in the ocean already. Make sure to use gloves.

INT. DRUG HOUSE/ ROOM - NIGHT

Bruce performs breast augmentation surgery on a FEMALE PATIENT. The patient's breasts has a gaping incision at the bottom.

Bruce grabs one of the cocaine filled implants, stares at it momentarily, mesmerized by it. He then implants it inside the incision, it's bloody.

He stitches the breast back together using surgical suture and a needle.

EXT. MIAMI HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A white 1985 Isuzu Fargo van ZOOMS down the Miami streets. Traffic is not so bad.

INT. ISUZU FARGO VAN - NIGHT

Inside the van we see five female IMMIGRANTS, they are jaded, dirty, bums wearing rags. Their breasts are not proportionate to their bodies; too big.

There are TWO GUARDS in the van as well carrying rifles, in case something goes wrong.

EXT. MIAMI HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The white van continues to ZOOM down the highway.

EXT. MIAMI WOODS - NIGHT

The Isuzu Fargo van drives in the woods, passing through a dirt road, creating clouds of dust and dirt. The woods are completely quiet and isolated. All of a sudden - THUD!

The bottom right tire BURSTS.

The passengers in the van are stunned and caught off guard. The women SCREAM.

The car TUMBLES, on it's right side, it VEERS off the dirt path creating a dust plume, the van CRASHES in a tree in the woods.

EXT. MIAMI WOODS - NIGHT/MOMENTS LATER

The van is still positioned in front of the tree, damaged from the crash, the engine steaming...

INT. ISUZU FARGO VAN - NIGHT

The passengers rise from the fall, some are bruised and bleeding.

The back doors to the van BURSTS open.

Thomas walks in carrying his infamous AR-15 rifle, he sees the women on the ground and immediately SHOOTs one and kills her.

He SHOOTs another woman in her breasts. The woman begins SHAKING furiously and FOAMS at the mouth. She eventually decease.

Thomas points his AR-15 at another woman, she flinches and YELPS, positioning herself in fetal position. Thomas is about to pull the trigger but -

Quickly, a guard sneaks up on Thomas and grabs the rifle. There is a tug of war match for the gun.

Thomas FIRES the rifle trying to kill the guard but the guard is quick and dodges it.

The guard still has his grip on the rifle and uses it to puncture Thomas in his stomach. Thomas GRUNTS and crouches down; he DROPS the rifle. The guard kicks the gun away from Thomas's reach.

The guard headlocks Thomas; Thomas tries to fight back, making GRUNTS, but the guard is much stronger.

The guard pulls out a syringe with his other hand, he sticks the needle in Thomas's neck and presses down on it. Thomas calms down, dazed now, slowly going unconscious.

Thomas passes out.

The guard grabs a PISTOL from his side, CLACKS it, and points it at Thomas's unconscious body.

GUARD

What are you doing?

GUARD #2

Killing this bastard.

GUARD

Don't.

GUARD #2

And why not? He sure was in here trying to kill us.

GUARD

Because this is not our supplies,  
we're not in charge here. Just do  
your job and nothing extra. If you  
kill him that could screw up your  
good graces with Yin. Just save  
this clown for Yin, it's what he  
would want, he'll take care of him.

The guard takes this in and puts the pistol back in his pocket.

INT. YIN'S DRUG HOUSE/BASEMENT - NIGHT

Thomas is in a chair tied up, his wrists are behind him, and his ankles are tied at the bottom of the chair.

One of the guards PUNCHES Thomas, Thomas GRUNTS in pain, blood SPLATTERS on the ground.

The guard HITS Thomas again but this time in the opposite direction causing more blood SPLATS on the ground.

GREGORY (O.S.)

That's enough, Yates.

The guard stops and walks away from Thomas. Gregory walks towards Thomas.

He scoots closer to Thomas, scrutinizing his face. Thomas continues to MOAN and GROAN.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Awww, did that hurt?

Thomas SPITS blood in Gregory's face. Gregory calmly takes this in, then Gregory finally elbows Thomas in the face with a CRACK. Thomas SCREAMS, his nose gushes blood.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Don't try that shit again!

A beat. Gregory is calm now and wipes his face.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Back to business now, who sent you?

Thomas is silent.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Who sent you!?

Thomas is still silent.



THOMAS  
Suck my dick.

GREGORY  
Thanks for the offer but I'm not a  
faggot like you.

Gregory pulls out his PISTOL and CLACKS it.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
Now, you only have one more time to  
answer me.

THOMAS  
Okay!

Gregory puts his pistol down, satisfied.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
It was Banks, Richard Banks. He was  
going to pay me about 25,000 to  
stop your drug trade.

GREGORY  
Hmmm, Richard Banks eh? I never  
heard of him.

Gregory ponders on the name.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
Wait a minute, Richard Banks? That  
goon running for governor?

THOMAS  
Yes.

GREGORY  
Why would he hire a hitman to stop  
my drug trade? How did he even know  
about it? I was going to kill you  
but if he's on to me and if you're  
working for him, that wouldn't be a  
very wise thing to do would it?  
I need to know more about this  
character and how he knows about my  
drug trade. Are you acquainted with  
this guy?

THOMAS  
No, I'm just doing this assignment  
for him. I'm a just a hitman.  
Listen, I can give you all the  
information you need.

(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Richard Banks is running for governor, he also has a secret organization the "American Cleanse". Their target is immigrants and refugees. The cult leave green cards after they murder their victims. They want to rid Florida of the immigrants. That's why he hired me to kill your workers.

GREGORY

Wait a minute? Green cards? That's what the "Green Card Killer" does.

A beat.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. Is this "Green Card Killer" actually Richard's cult?

Gregory takes this in. Thomas is silent, but his silence gives everything away.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Oh, this is just too good and how did he know about the drug trade?

THOMAS

I don't know.

GREGORY

Tell me!

THOMAS

I promise you I don't know!

A beat.

GREGORY

I need you to "join" their cult.

THOMAS

What!?

GREGORY

I'll offer you 25,000 per member.

THOMAS

What are you talking about!?

GREGORY

I need you to help me take them out  
one by one you retard! How else am  
I going to get revenge on him!?

A beat.

THOMAS

If I join their cult and they start  
dying off one by one, you don't  
think that's going to look  
suspicious?

GREGORY

I DON'T CARE!

Gregory's voice echoes in the basement. A beat.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

That's your problem, there is also  
option B.

Gregory points at his pistol. He then puts it back in pocket  
and kneels down to Thomas.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Listen, you're working for me now  
whether you like it or not. And  
please don't try anything cute like  
trying to snipe me behind my back.  
My guards will have your head.

Thomas is furious.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

(to his guards)  
Let him go.

The two guards untangle the rope from Thomas's chair to  
release him.

THOMAS

Richard is going to need proof that  
this mission was a success. Don't  
you want me in his good graces?

Gregory is thinking.

GREGORY

I have an idea.

EXT. MIAMI WOODS - NIGHT

The damaged Isuzu Fargo van is against a tree trunk again.  
The crash looks fresh.

INT. ISUZU FARGO VAN - NIGHT

Thomas, Gregory, the two guards, and the three remaining  
immigrants are in the van.

The two dead immigrants are lying in the van as well.

GREGORY  
(in Spanish)  
You lie right there.

One of the immigrants lie down.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
(in Spanish)  
You lie right beneath her but  
position your body in a semi-  
circle, it's more natural.

The second immigrant does as she is told.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
(to the guards)  
You two lie near the dead ones.

The two guards look at each other in disgust.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
Somebody's got to do it, look I'll  
raise both of you, we just have to  
get this done.

The two guards lie down next to the corpses.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
(to the last immigrant in  
Spanish)  
Okay, you right there, look nice  
and dead for me.

The last immigrant lies down and plays dead.

Gregory picks up a bucket near by and OPENS it, he pours fake  
blood all over the van and his workers.

Gregory finally empties the bucket.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
Everyone, Thomas is going to take  
your picture. Now everyone say  
"dead"!

THE TWO GUARDS  
Dead!

The guards reposition themselves to look dead.

THOMAS  
(to Gregory)  
Are you sure this is going to work?

Gregory shrugs his shoulder.

GREGORY  
I don't know but what other choice  
do you have?

A beat.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
Phew! I need to get out of here.

Gregory covers his nose.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
The stench is getting to me. Call  
me if you need anything.

Gregory OPENS the van's back door and CLOSES it. Thomas takes  
out his digital camera and SNAPS his first photo of the  
scene.

EXT. MIAMI STREETS - DUSK

Thomas drives his black 2016 Buick Avista down the driveway.

The blood on his face is dried now. He looks tired, drained,  
and beat; contemplating the night's events.

INT. THOMAS'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - DUSK

Thomas sneaks inside his bedroom door. He looks directly  
towards his bed. Luckily, Christina is still asleep. He  
sneaks into the bathroom connected to the bedroom.

INT. THOMAS'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - DUSK

Thomas takes his shower; scrubbing hard with a wash cloth, producing suds, the water from the shower head mixes with his blood as it leaks down the drain.

MOMENTS LATER:

Thomas is out the shower now, looking at himself in the mirror. His face is clean now but his nose and eye are still clearly bruised. He looks disappointed.

INT. THOMAS HOUSE/BEDROOM - DUSK

Thomas enters the bed now, slowly getting comfortable, being careful not to wake Christina.

CHRISTINA  
Where were you last night!?

Thomas SIGHS.

THOMAS  
Fuck!

Christina sits up, reaches for the lamp next to her bed stand, CUTS IT ON, and turns to Thomas.

CHRISTINA  
Where were you last night!?

She GASPS.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
And what happened to you face!?

THOMAS  
Listen babe, it's nothing really.

CHRISTINA  
A bruise on your eye and nose is nothing really?!

She scoots closer; examining his face.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
Oh my God, it might be broken.

She presses on the bridge of his nose.

THOMAS  
Ouch, stop it!

CHRISTINA  
Yeah it's pretty bad. We have to  
get you to a doctor!

THOMAS  
I'm fine just calm down.

CHRISTINA  
Fine? You call that fine! What  
happened!?

THOMAS  
Nothing!

Christina scorns at him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Fine.

Thomas takes a DEEP BREATH.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
I was at a bar and tried breaking  
up a fight between two men okay,  
things were getting ugly and the  
police didn't arrive on time.

Christina takes this in.

CHRISTINA  
Why were you at a bar?

THOMAS  
Sorry hun, I just wanted some  
space.

CHRISTINA  
Space? Why do you want space? Do  
you want space from me?

THOMAS  
No, it has nothing to do with you.

CHRISTINA  
So, it's Jordan then?

THOMAS  
No, not him either. Listen, can you  
just calm down. I can't deal with  
this right now. I had a very, very,  
rough night and I need to sleep.  
Okay?

They hear TODDLER CRIES through the wall.

CHRISTINA

Oh, great now he's up.

Christina walks out of the bed and puts her slippers on.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

(to Thomas)

I'm not done with you.

Christina storms to the bedroom door and SLAMS it shut.  
Thomas SIGHS and flops his body on the bed.

INT. RICHARD'S YACHT/ OFFICE ROOM - NIGHT

Thomas talks to Richard, holding a manila folder. They are sitting down on couches. Thomas wears a bandage for his nose.

Richard has some FRANK SINATRA MUSIC in the background.

RICHARD

Thanks for meeting me here at such late notice. It's been a busy day with conference meetings. Running for governor is a job.

THOMAS

It's okay, I know you have a very busy schedule.

RICHARD

So, did you get those dealers?

THOMAS

Yes.

RICHARD

Thank you, but I can't pay you without any proof.

Thomas points to his bandaged nose.

THOMAS

Is this not enough?

Richard scorns at Thomas.

RICHARD

You could have gotten in a bar fight.

Thomas SIGHS.



RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Nice bandage though.

THOMAS  
Thank, my wife made me get it.

Richard SNICKERS.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Well, here you go.

Thomas opens the manila folder he's been carrying, he lays out PHOTOS of the crime scene.

PHOTOS of: The crashed truck, the dead immigrant women, the dead guards, it's a bloody and gruesome scene.

Richard examines it closely, Thomas is nervous and tense. Richard continues to study the photos. A beat.

He smiles all of a sudden and LAUGHS.

RICHARD  
Well done my boy. Here you go.

Richard reveals a brief case, opens it, and 25,000 in cash is in there. Richard closes the briefcase.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
It's all yours my boy.

Thomas grabs the brief case.

THOMAS  
Thank you.

RICHARD  
It was nice doing business with you.

THOMAS  
Same to you.

Thomas takes a DEEP BREATH. A beat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
I just want to let you know that I completely agree with you and your political views.

RICHARD  
Thank you.

THOMAS

I also appreciate what you and your cult do for this state. Those immigrants are over populating this city, it needs to be stopped.

RICHARD

Thank you, just trying to project Florida.

A beat.

THOMAS

I would like to join the "American Cleanse" if you don't mind.

Richard is dumbfounded.

RICHARD

Oh really?

THOMAS

Yes, it was such a release killing the scum of this city.

RICHARD

Well, we're laying low for awhile; we're under radar. Which is why we hired you for the drug trade assignment. We couldn't kill them ourselves, it was too risky.

THOMAS

I see.

RICHARD

But if you're serious about it, I'll contact you when we have our next meeting. We'll love to have you on board.

Thomas smiles.

THOMAS

Thanks.

RICHARD

I'll introduce you to everyone next meeting.

Thomas walks away from Richard. Richard stops him.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Hey Thomas.

Thomas turns around.

THOMAS  
Yes?

RICHARD  
Thanks again bud.

Thomas smiles back at Richard.

THOMAS  
My pleasure.

Thomas walks away.

INT. RICHARD'S YACHT - NIGHT

Richard stands at the pulpit while the rest of the cult sit down in chairs, Thomas is sitting down too, keeping his composure even though he feels uncomfortable.

RICHARD  
Gentlemen, I called this meeting because I want you all to be introduced to someone. We have another who believes in the true beauty of America. Brandon, would you please come to the front?

Thomas walks to the podium standing next to Richard. The rest of the cult congratulates him and gives him a round of APPLAUSE. The applause eventually decesses.

Richard looks at Thomas directly in his eyes.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Are you sure this is what you want to do?

THOMAS  
One hundred percent sure.

Richard grabs his manifesto, lying on the podium stand. He opens the booklet, searching for particular page.

RICHARD  
Okay, raise your right hand and repeat after me.

Thomas raises his right hand.

A beat.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I and state your first and last name...

THOMAS

I...Brandon Summers...

RICHARD

Promise to do my duty as a member of "The American Cleanse" to punish those who are not in favor of America's vision.

THOMAS

Promise to do my duty as a member of "The American Cleanse" to punish those who are not in favor of America's vision.

RICHARD

It is my duty to cleanse America of the immigrants and any other lower class citizen who threatens America's beauty.

THOMAS

It is my duty to cleanse America of the immigrants and any other lower class citizen who threatens America's beauty.

RICHARD

All hail to America for we are the chosen ones to fulfill her vision!

EVERYONE

All hail to America for we are the chosen ones to fulfill her vision.

Everyone in the yacht CLAP and CHEER in triumph. Thomas looks apprehensive.

EXT. RICHARD'S YACHT - NIGHT

The yacht sails away in the night.

INT. RICHARD'S YACHT/ MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Richard, Thomas, and the rest of the cult are celebrating Thomas's acceptance. They all have drinks in their hands, scotch on the rocks. JAZZ MUSIC plays.

Thomas is surround but the members as they smile, laugh, and pat Thomas on his back, welcoming him. Thomas accepts it awkwardly.

WILLIAM

Welcome to the team Brandon!

THOMAS

Thank you.

ROBERT

It's a pleasure to have you on board with us on this journey.

CHUCK

It's a real treat having a new member believing in our vision.

RICHARD

Brandon, I'll like you to meet William Starks he's an officer at the MPD.

WILLIAM

They call me "The Drug Buster" at the station. It's a pleasure to meet you.

Thomas and William shake hands.

THOMAS

It's a pleasure to meet you too.

Richard suggests to ROBERT GLYDE, 51, and CHUCK NATER, 60.

RICHARD

And this here is Robert Glyde and Chuck Nater.

Thomas shakes hands with both men. Thomas glares at them, studying their every move.

THOMAS

What do you do Robert?

ROBERT

I am a truck driver for CCC Transportation. You?

THOMAS

I'm a engineer.

ROBERT

You're an educated fellow huh?

Thomas smiles.

THOMAS

Stop it.

ROBERT

It's about time we added some  
brains to "The American Cleanse".

Thomas sheepishly smiles again. Richard notices Chuck's tan and is curious.

RICHARD

Got a new tan Chuck?

CHCUK

Of course, it's bikini season.

WILLIAM

But you're sixty, no one wants you.

Everyone LAUGHS in the yacht, even Thomas cracks a smile. Richard turns to Thomas.

RICHARD

Brandon, I want to show you  
something. Follow me.

Richard walks away and Thomas decides to follow.

INT. RICHARD'S YACHT/ OFFICE ROOM - NIGHT

Richard and Thomas enter an office space. It's spacious in the room and neat, almost like it hasn't been used.

In the office there is a modern computer desk, set up with a printer. Richard walks to the printer and presses a button on it, the printer makes a LOADING sound and spits a green card out momentarily.

Richard picks it and shows it to Thomas, it's an anonymous green card.

RICHARD

After every kill we leave one of  
these at the scene.

A beat.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
It's a completely anonymous card,  
it's just a friendly reminder to  
show the spics who's in charge of  
Miami.

Richard opens a drawer beneath the printer and pulls out at  
stack of anonymous green cards binded by a rubber band. He  
and adds the latest card to the collection, puts the stack  
back in the drawer, and CLOSES the drawer shut.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
I have a question Brandon.

THOMAS  
Yes?

RICHARD  
Your name is Brandon Summers?

THOMAS  
Yes.

RICHARD  
When I searched for you in the  
datasbase, the name was Myles  
Williams.

THOMAS  
Yes, its just an alias to protect  
my identity.

A beat.

RICHARD  
Let's get back to the party.

EXT. MIAMI YACHT CLUB/RICHARD'S YACHT - NIGHT

The gentlemen all say good-bye to each other after their fun  
night.

Thomas exits the group in a stealthy manner, heading up the  
dock.

EXT. MIAMI YACHT CLUB/ THOMAS'S YACHT - NIGHT

Thomas reaches his yacht looking behind him to ensure that  
the coast is clear, he is isolated, he's satisfied, and  
enters the yacht.

INT. THOMAS'S YACHT/ OFFICE ROOM - NIGHT

Thomas is in the yacht with a laptop typing away. He is doing research on William Starks. Finding information about his career and where to find him.

Thomas prints the information and places it in a manila folder.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - NIGHT

Bruce implants more drugs into a female IMMIGRANT. Bruce looks a bit annoyed this time.

INT. DRUG HOUSE/MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Gregory is at his front desk, still counting cash. He hears a KNOCK on his door.

GREGORY

Adelante.

Bruce OPENS the door.

BRUCE

I'm all finished with the implants.

GREGORY

Great news sir, hopefully everything will go according to plan this time.

BRUCE

Yeah, hopefully.

GREGORY

I have to make sure, these drugs get to Havana.

BRUCE

I understand.

GREGORY

This time there will be no fuck ups!

Bruce stares at Gregory. A beat.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Yes?

BRUCE

The two hundred and fifty grand?



GREGORY

I told you, that comes after the shipment has been successful. Now has the shipment been successful yet?

BRUCE

No.

GREGORY

Okay, what is the problem then?

BRUCE

It's just I've done my part, twice now.

GREGORY

So?

A wave of rage flares in Bruce's eyes.

BRUCE

It'll just be nice if I could get the money now. I need it.

GREGORY

No, you want it. You're a rich, white, Harvard grad. You're a greedy yuppie that's all. I'll have your money once those immigrants are safely at Cuba making me mula. Good day.

Bruce has a blank stare in his eyes, zoning out, seeing something we can't.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Hello, still there?

Bruce snaps out of it and smiles slightly.

BRUCE

Yes, good night.

EXT. MIAMI STREETS - NIGHT

A VICTIM walks down a vacant street in solitude. A MASKED MAN, wearing a ski mask, rapidly runs up to the victim and before the victim could make a sound, the masked man CRACKS the neck of the victim in the streets. The victim passes out.

EXT. THE MIAMI YACHT CLUB - NIGHT

The masked man drags something elongated on the deck. It's wrapped up in black garbage bags.

He carries his luggage all the way down to a very isolated yacht, barely noticeable.

The masked man reaches the yacht and loads his wrapped luggage on board.

INT. THE MIAMI YACHT/BRUCE'S YACHT - NIGHT

The victim wakes up, the bright LIGHT above blinds him, he turns his head rapidly in defense - CRACK.

VICTIM

Oww!

The victim MOANS in pain. He notices that he is tied down to a hospital bed. He looks at his surroundings, it's hard to tell where he is; everything is translucent around him, he's enclosed in a plastic tent. The bright LIGHT beaming on him doesn't help any.

VICTIM (CONT'D)

Somebody help!

Bruce walks through an opening in the plastic tent, he's wearing goggles, a plastic apron, and surgery gloves. He smiles menacingly at his latest victim. He's hiding something behind his back.

VICTIM (CONT'D)

Who the fuck are you!?

BRUCE

I want my money.

VICTIM

What!? What money!?

BRUCE

I want my money!

VICTIM

Okay, take whatever you want out of my bank account! I'll give you all of it! Even my kid's college fund!

BRUCE

I want my fucking money!!!

Bruce SCREAMS and raises an axe up in the air.

VICTIM

Oh fuck please no! No, don't do it!

Bruce continues to SCREAM in rage. He STRIKES the victim in the stomach with the axe creating a fountain of BLOOD, it's all over Bruce. He continues to STRIKE the victim again, again, and again...

Bruce SCREAMS becomes louder, louder, and louder...

Blood, blood, and more blood...

Bruce finally stops, covered in blood, taking deep breaths, he wore himself out.

He's calm now, still breathing, staring at his dismembered victim. He licks some blood off his lips.

EXT. BRUCE'S YACT - NIGHT

The moon glistens brightly, its reflecting off the water. Bruce drives his yacht out to sea, his hair blowing against the speeds of the winds.

EXT. BRUCE'S YACHT - NIGHT/MOMENTS LATER

Bruce dumps two full garbage bags out at sea; creating SPLASHES.

Bruce runs back to the steering wheel and DRIVES away back to deck.

INT. BRUCE'S YACHT/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Bruce is at the dining room table. Listening to CLASSICAL MUSIC in the background.

He wears gloves and cuts open the head of his latest victim with his surgical utensils, a large silver plate is underneath the head. He pops open the top of the cranium.

The brain of the victim is exposed, he digs his hands in the skull pulling apart the brain and cutting any excess tissue connected to the skull with operating scissors.

He places the brain in a glass container next to him filled with preserving fluid. Bruce slightly smiles and closes the lid of the container.

INT. BRUCE'S YACHT/KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT

Bruce walks towards the refrigerator and OPENS it. We see about six other glass containers filled with fluid and brains.

Bruce adds the latest item to his collection in the refrigerator and CLOSES it.

INT. YIN'S DRUG HOUSE - NIGHT

Thomas walks inside the office of Gregory Yin and SLAMS a manila folder in front of his desks.

Gregory jumps in surprise.

GREGORY

Could you at least knock first?

THOMAS

I have the first victim, his name is William Sparks, 42, get this he works for the MPD.

Gregory opens up the files and glances over it, intrigued.

GREGORY

MPD huh? This bastard must have snooped in on my trade. Son of a bitch.

THOMAS

He's been working there for over twenty years now. Known as "The Drug Buster" by his colleagues.

A beat.

GREGORY

Squash him.

INT. WILLIAM STARKS HOUSE - NIGHT

William walks outside of his house. He's heading to his police car, ready for his shift.

William OPENS the car door, enters the car, and CLOSES the door. He takes out his keys and CRANKS up the car.

All of a sudden Thomas, dressed in all-black, savagely wraps Williams's neck with fishing wire. William fails at defending himself against the pressure, he GAGS relentlessly.

The fish wire is being pulled tighter now. William's neck bleeds. His life is fading away, his eyes roll to the back of his head...

He is dead now.

EXT. WILLIAM STARKS HOUSE - NIGHT

WILLIAM'S WIFE, 40, walks out of the house, getting ready to go to work. She head towards her car but notices that William's police car is still in the yard, she walks towards it.

WILLIAM'S WIFE  
William, what are you still doing here?

She reaches the car and KNOCKS on the front door, no answer, she notices that her husband is in the seat, stiff.

She KNOCKS again.

WILLIAM'S WIFE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing in there? Stop being silly, you're late for work!

He's still motionless, William's wife is upset and she OPENS the police door.

WILLIAM'S WIFE (CONT'D)  
William you need to -

She SCREAMS at the top of her lungs.

She sees her husband still, cold faced, and dead. He has fish wire around his neck with dry blood around it.

On his lap is an anonymous green card.

William's wife continues to SCREAM.

INT. NEWS STATION - DAY

The two REPORTERS are stationed.

REPORTER  
Breaking news! The "Green Card Killer" has unfortunately struck again but this time a different demographic. Local police man William Stark was found dead this morning in his police car, with a green card left behind the scene.  
(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)

He was 42 years old. Has the "Green Card Killer" changed victims? Is he afraid the police is getting closer to finding him and lashing out? Is there any method to this madness? We don't know but please stay safe Miami.

INT. RICHARD'S YACHT - NIGHT

Richard is in front of his cult. They are silently in grief. Richard finally speaks.

RICHARD

He was a good man. One of my best devotees. I'm enraged, it's clear to see someone is on to us now. Leaving a green card at the scene, that mother fucker!

He BANGS his fist on the pulpit.

MEMBER

What if one of the spics are on to us?

RICHARD

I don't think they're that clever.

MEMBER #2

Maybe they are fed up now and striking back! We have to take charge!

All the members CHEER.

RICHARD

Calm down!

Everyone is quiet.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Let's just regroup okay? We still have to lay low, the media is still on to us and this just added to their curiosity.

A beat.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

There was absolutely no evidence. The attacker must have been wearing gloves.

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

No fingerprints, no strings of hair, nothing. God damn this person is good, he must be trained in assassination.

MEMBER #3

How did the killer get a hold of one of our cards anyway?

MEMBER #3 (CONT'D)

Maybe William left one visible for the killer to see.

Richard is thoughtful.

INT. RICHARD'S YACHT - NIGHT

FLASHBACK:

Richard gears his attention to Thomas.

RICHARD

Brandon, I want to show you something.

INT. RICHARD'S YACHT - DAY

BACK TO THE PRESENT:

Richard continues to stare off in space, shell shocked.

MEMBER #3

You okay Richard?

A beat.

RICHARD

Yes, I'm fine.

Richard is back in the present moment, looking around for someone in particular.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Meeting dismissed.

EXT. MIAMI BAY - NIGHT

Gregory's GUARDS and IMMIGRANTS walks towards the docks with cargo boats tied to them.

At the docks there are two DEA GUARDS with rifles.

The DEA pads the immigrants down. The DEA guards are surprised to spot no drugs.

DEA GUARD  
What are they here for?

GREGORY'S GUARD  
They're being transported back to Cuba, their green cards are fake.

DEA GURADS #2  
Under whose authority?

GREGORY'S GUARD #2  
The ICE.

Both of Gregory's guards flashes their fake ICE Badges. The DEA guards examine the badges.

DEA GUARD  
Okay you're free to go.

GREGORY'S GUARD  
(to the immigrants)  
Vamanos.

The immigrants walk towards the dock, Gregory's guards follows behind.

INT. COOPERATE BANKS/MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Gregory is at his office, on his computer. The profits chart laid out on his desk are being ignored, instead he's watching pornography on his computer.

His cellphone RINGS. He answers it turning down the SOUND from the pornography.

GREGORY  
Hello?

INT. CUBAN DRUG HOUSE/MAIN OFFICE - DAY

HOMERO FERNANDEZ, 40, is at this headquarters. His office is filled with piles of cocaine bags. He is gleeful while he talks to Gregory. He speaks in Spanish.

SUBTITLES:

HOMERO  
Hey, Gregory my man. How are you?



GREGORY  
I'm doing well, how are you?

HOMERO  
Great thanks to you! Your supplies man, it's a huge seller down here! The streets are demanding for more.

GREGORY  
I knew that would happen. Yes! How much are you willing to pay me?

HOMERO  
500,000 to get the heavenly powder down here.

GREGORY  
It's a deal. I'll ship the rest of the cargo out as soon as I can. Probably in the next week. Two weeks at the most.

HOMERO  
I wish it could be sooner but I'll take it.

GREGORY  
Awesome and thank you.

HOMERO  
No, thank you.

Homero HANGS UP and Gregory does the same.

GREGORY  
Yes!

INT. DRUG HOUSE/ MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Bruce is in front of Gregory's desk waiting.

GREGORY  
I called you in here because guess what?

BRUCE  
What?

GREGORY  
The trade was a success.

BRUCE  
Great.

GREGORY  
So, here you go.

Gregory throws a bag of cash at Bruce. Bruce catches it quickly.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
Now you can stop your bitching.

BRUCE  
Thanks.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

GREGORY  
Come in.

Thomas walks in the door, with files in his hands. He opens the files on Gregory's desk so he can see what's inside.

THOMAS  
I researched more information on another member. His name is Robert Glyde, 45, he lives on 2736 Westwood Lake Dr. He works as a truck driver for CCC Transportation. He'll be next.

Bruce stares at Thomas puzzled. A beat.

GREGORY  
Thank you sir. It's time I pay you as well.

Gregory gives bag of cash to Thomas.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
A ten thousand dollar bonus.

THOMAS  
Not that I'm complaining but what is it for?

GREGORY  
Hell, I'm feeling good. My latest drug trade in Havana is sky rocketing.

THOMAS  
Congratulations.

Bruce continues to stare at Thomas. Thomas finally notices; feeling alarmed.

GREGORY

Oh, sorry for being so rude. Kevin Riddle this is Bruce Vulture. Bruce Vulture, Kevin Riddle.

BRUCE

(clumsily)

Hi.

THOMAS

(questioningly)

Hey.

GREGORY

You two are co-workers, I'm glad you two finally met.

BRUCE

I have to go.

Bruce walks out of the office awkwardly.

GREGORY

Wait Bruce, I might need you for another assignment. I'll give you a call if you do.

Bruce is silent as he walks out of the office and CLOSES the door.

THOMAS

What's his deal?

GREGORY

I guess a little social phobic?

THOMAS

What does he do?

GREGORY

He's a surgeon. He safely inserted the cocaine in my immigrants.

THOMAS

Wow.

GREGORY

Yes, he's a brilliant surgeon but so got damn strange.

A beat.

THOMAS

Anything else you want me for?

GREGORY  
No, thank you for your service.

A beat.

THOMAS  
I'm not sure how long I can keep  
this up.

GREGORY  
What are talking about?

THOMAS  
Listen, I'm already a lawyer, a  
hitman, a husband, a father...

GREGORY  
So?

THOMAS  
I can't do this anymore!

GREGORY  
Quit one of your other jobs.

THOMAS  
You mean my career I've worked  
eights years for?

GREGORY  
Well, you should of thought about  
that before you shot my girls, my  
van, my supplies, and my money.  
Anymore questions, comments, or  
concerns? Because you're wasting  
my time.

THOMAS  
(angrily)  
No.

GREGORY  
Well, have a good night. Tell  
Richard I said hi for me.

Thomas bites his lip but exits the office door and SLAMS the door. Gregory smiles and LAUGHS to himself.

INT. MIAMI LAW FIRM/THOMAS'S OFFICE - DAY

Thomas is in front of his office, he attends to a potential client. Thomas looks exhausted.

CLIENT

I need someone willing to defend me against this lawsuit. It's complete bullshit. She's suing me for not paying child support! I have all the evidence right here.

The client pulls out a folder; in the folder are receipts of transactions.

CLIENT (CONT'D)

And all of these payments are deposited to her name. It says it right there; Angela Frank.

The client points to the name on the receipts. Thomas slowly nods his head, falling asleep.

CLIENT (CONT'D)

See!?

Thomas pops up.

THOMAS

Oh yeah, I see it yeah, that's totally unfortunate.

CLIENT

Tell me about it. You want to know something, she's using the money I give her for her shopping addiction, I know she is but I just need proof of it, can you help with that?

Thomas's head begins slipping again, falling asleep.

CLIENT (CONT'D)

Hello!?

Thomas wakes up again.

THOMAS

Yeah, I can help with that.

CLIENT

What kind of fucking lawyer are you!?

The client gathers his belongings and STORMS near the office door.

CLIENT (CONT'D)

I'm going to Attorney Howard, like I intended to do before I came here. You're wasting my time!

THOMAS

Look, I'm sorry I have a toddler at home that never sleeps. Just please sit down and let's talk business.

The client SLAMS the door closed. Thomas SIGHS.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Shit.

INT. THOMAS'S HOUSE - EVENING

Thomas enter his house, he looks disappointed.

INT. THOMAS'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - EVENING

Thomas walks in the kitchen. Christina is making rotisserie chicken at the stove, mixing mashed potatoes, cutting green beans. She's so focused on preparing dinner when she notices Thomas she jumps.

CHRISTINA

Oh my! You scared me honey.

THOMAS

I'm sorry. How was your day?

They give each other a quick kiss.

CHRISTINA

Great and yours?

Thomas is silent.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Aww, what's wrong?

THOMAS

Nothing, nothing at all.

Jordan STROLLS in with his walker.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

There's my little champ!

Thomas picks up his son Jordan and gives him a huge kiss on his forehead. Jordan GIGGLES.

CHRISTINA

I know something is up, you have to tell me what happened.

THOMAS

I will later, just let me rest first.

CHRISTINA

I swear you don't want to tell me anything, you're always so secretive with me.

THOMAS

I promise I'll tell you later on can I please have some time with my son? I need a little uplift right now.

CHRISTINA

Fine, go, and play daddy.

Thomas walks away carrying Jordan. Christina SIGHS.

INT. THOMAS'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Christina lies in bed, getting ready for sleep. Thomas joins her.

THOMAS

Jordan is finally asleep.

CHRISTINA

That's going to last for about 30 minutes.

A beat.

THOMAS

Good night.

Thomas gives Christina a quick kiss on the cheek.

CHRISTINA

You still didn't tell me what happened today.

Thomas SIGHS.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

You promised.

THOMAS  
Okay fine.

A beat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
I lost a potential client today  
okay?

CHRISTINA  
Aww man, what happened? Why didn't  
he want you as his attorney?

Thomas SIGHS.

THOMAS  
I kept falling asleep at our  
meeting.

CHRISTINA  
What!?

THOMAS  
I know, it's getting bad. He's the  
third potential client I've lost in  
the past two weeks.

CHRISTINA  
I didn't know that! You need to  
tell me these things!

THOMAS  
I know, I'm sorry.

CHRISTINA  
So, why are you falling asleep at  
your meetings? Is it Jordan?

THOMAS  
Partially.

A beat.

CHRISTINA  
You know, it could be those late  
night meetings too.

Thomas SIGHS.

THOMAS  
Let's not go through this again.



CHRISTINA  
I really doubt you're really seeing  
clients that late.

A beat.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
Tell me something Thomas, honestly  
I won't get angry.

THOMAS  
What is it?

Christina takes a DEEP BREATH.

CHRISTINA  
Are you cheating on me?

THOMAS  
What!?

CHRISTINA  
Tell the truth!

THOMAS  
No, I'm not I can assure you of  
that.

CHRISTINA  
Then what are those late night  
meetings every week really about?

THOMAS  
I told you, meetings!

CHRISTINA  
I'm not stupid Thomas! I want to  
know the real truth.  
(jokingly)  
You're not some psycho serial  
killer are you?

Thomas glares at Christina, not smiling; very solemn.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
Oh my God, you're not are you?

THOMAS  
No, I'm not...

CHRISTINA  
Then what was that look about? It  
was almost as if I offended you.

Thomas takes a DEEP BREATH.

THOMAS

Listen, I'm not cheating on you and  
I'm not a psycho serial killer.

CHRISTINA

Then what is the reason for the  
late night meetings?

THOMAS

Okay fine!

A beat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You want to know the truth?

CHRISTINA

Yes, that's all I want, I am your  
wife. I deserve that right.

Thomas SIGHS.

THOMAS

I'm a hitman okay!

Christina is speechless. A beat.

CHRISTINA

Excuse me?

THOMAS

I wanted to make extra money for  
us; you, me, and Jordan.

CHRISTINA

So, let me get this straight,  
people hire you to hunt someone  
down and kill them?

Thomas sheepishly nods his head.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

So, you are a psycho killer!?

THOMAS

No, I'm not some psycho killing  
people for sport.

CHRISTINA

Yeah, you're just some psycho  
killer killing for money!

Thomas is offended. Christina CRIES.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
How long has this been going on?

THOMAS  
About two years now.

CHRISTINA  
What made you decide to do that?

THOMAS  
Well, you know my dad was a cop. Ever since I was twelve he would take me to the shooting range. Well, that habit grew into my adulthood. I was addicted to the shooting ranges twenty years later. You remember how much time I've spent there. So, I decided to take my practice into good use.

CHRISTINA  
Good use?

THOMAS  
It's making more money for us. I'm trying to support our family here.

CHRISTINA  
But you're a lawyer, you make plenty of money.

A beat.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
What if your secret is out to the public? Or something worse, what if you die doing this? It was bad enough seeing you with a black eye and broken nose!

Thomas looks guilty. Christina continues to CRY.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
Who is this man I married?

Thomas leans in.

THOMAS  
I'm still the same man babe.

Thomas tries to kiss her but Christina SLAPS him in the face.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Fuck!

A beat.

CHRISTINA

How can you take people's lives!?

THOMAS

Babe, most of the people are criminals. I'm helping protect other people too!

CHRISTINA

Only most?

Thomas looks guilty, a beat.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

I can't sleep in the same room as you! I'm sleeping in the living room.

Christina STORMS out of the bed, heading towards the door.

THOMAS

Babe, wait!

Christina SLAMS the door. Thomas is defeated.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Shit!

INT. THOMAS'S HOUSE - MORNING

Thomas wakes up, he's disheveled and YAWNING.

INT. THOMAS'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Thomas reaches the living room looking for Christina; she's no where to be found. He looks around the place baffled.

THOMAS

Christina!?

INT. THOMAS'S HOUSE/JORDAN'S ROOM - MORNING

Thomas looks furiously around the room for his son but does not see him.

THOMAS

Jordan!?

INT. THOMAS'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - MORNING

Thomas is on his cellphone as the dial RINGS.

INT. HOTEL - MORNING

Christina's phone RINGS. She sees "THOMAS CALLING". She decides to answer it.

CHRISTINA

Hello?

INTERCUTS:

THOMAS

Where the fuck are you!?

CHRISTINA

I'm away Thomas.

THOMAS

Where are you?

CHRISTINA

The point of me leaving was for you not to find me.

THOMAS

Why did you leave in the first place?

CHRISTINA

Use your head Thomas, I have to protect Jordan and I.

THOMAS

You really think I would harm you two!?

CHRISTINA

I'm just really scared Thomas!

THOMAS

Come home Christina!

CHRISTINA

No!

THOMAS  
Where are you!?

CHRISTINA  
Bye Thomas.

Christina HANGS UP the phone. Thomas hears the DIAL TONE.  
Thomas YELLS in frustration.

INT. ROBERT GLYDE'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Robert drives his big truck down the hallway. There is some COUNTRY MUSIC playing in the background, he SINGS along with it, he's really into it.

Robert notices a green card in the his truck.

ROBERT  
What the - ?

All of a sudden BOOM! The engine of the truck EXPLODES.  
Robert SCREAMS and his truck SWERVES and CURVES on the highway. He CRASHES in a nearby tree.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Richard watches the news with his wife MAGGIE BANKS, 45, they are cuddling together.

NEWS ANCHOR  
Breaking news there has been a massive truck crash on Highway 74. The body was barely identifiable after the crash but the paramedics finally identified the man as Robert Glyde.

A PHOTO of Robert appears. Maggie GASPS, Richard is outraged.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)  
He was driving his CCC Transportation truck and all of a sudden his engine exploded. Investigators are looking for reasons how this could've happen. What makes this even more eerie is a green card was found on his lap. So the "Green Card Killer" has struck again be safe Miami -

Richard cuts the television OFF. He looks vehement as he stares at the blank television set. Maggie notices his face.

MAGGIE

I'm so sorry Richard, I know you  
two were friends.

Richard is silent.

RICHARD

Just leave me alone Maggie.

Maggie picks up her hot cup of tea from the table and walks  
away silently.

Richard continues to stare at the blank television screen.

INT. MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

LIEUTENANT MILLER, 48, tall, black, a commanding personality.

He talks to the rest of the MPD. They are surrounded by a  
series of PHOTOS that are displayed on a bulletin board. The  
photos are the crime scenes left by the "Green Card Killer."

Lieutenant Miller scrutinizes the photos, he's perplexed by  
them.

LIEUTENANT MILLER

This "Green Card Killer" doesn't  
make any sense. First his target is  
Cuban immigrants, now it's middle  
class white men?

MPD DETECTIVE

Maybe he's getting bored of killing  
immigrants?

DETECTIVE WONG

Or maybe it's not the original  
"Green Card Killer" maybe there's  
some vigilante seeking revenge.

Everyone looks at DETECTIVE WONG, 29, Japanese, geeky.

MPD DETECTIVE #2

What are you talking about?

DETECTIVE WONG

Think about it, why else would  
there be such a sudden change in  
victims?

MPD MEMBER #3

So, you're saying some immigrant vigilante is seeking revenge on the white population imitating the "Green Card Killer"? So, the original "Green Card Killer" is Caucasian?

DETECTIVE WONG

Possibly, most serial killers are white males in their early twenties to late thirties. Maybe the vigilante isn't an immigrant but someone is definitely seeking revenge on these guys for a reason.

LIEUTENANT MILLER

You might have a point there, the sudden change in victims is peculiar and your theory makes sense but we need to find further evidence.

DETECTIVE WONG

Where are we going to find that?

LIEUTENANT MILLER

Well, one of our own; William Starks has been murdered by this killer. Someone needs to schedule an appointment with his wife. If your theory is correct, we need to discover any information about his whereabouts and why this killer would want to victimize him.

DETECTIVE WONG

I'll do it.

INT. RICHARD'S YACHT - NIGHT

Richard gives a speech to his gang.

RICHARD

We're not safe anymore guys someone is definitely on to us. We have to lay low. Please keep yourself safe. Our meetings are depleted for now until further notice, someone might be lurking on us now.



CULT MEMBER

But the "American Cleanse" has such a positive impact on Florida. We can't give up.

RICHARD

We're not giving up, we are just keeping low. Do you want to be next?

The cult member looks guilty.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

The meetings are dismissed until further notice and gang?

The gang is attentive to RICHARD.

Richard takes a deep breath.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I hate to say this and also hate to believe this but you should be warned.

MEMBER

What is it Rich?

RICHARD

I showed that son of a bitch nothing but hospitality and this is how he repays me!

MEMBER #2

What are you talking about boss?

RICHARD

Brandon Summers! He's been missing haven't you all noticed!?

A beat.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

He joined our cult, got our information, and now were dying off one by one!

MEMBER #3

That traitor!

CHUCK

How do you know it's him?

RICHARD

Because I showed him where we keep our cards, our custom made cards and now those cards are showing up on the news! He's trying to destroy our legacy! And mocking us publicly as he does it!

The cult is outraged.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I can't allow that, if you see him around, bring him to me!

The cult CHEERS.

EXT. WILLIAM STARKS HOUSE - DAY

Detective Wong KNOCKS on the front door.

William's Wife, BETH STARKS, 40, answers the door, she looks dispirited.

Detective Wong clumsily shows her his MPD badge.

DETECTIVE WONG

Detective Wong from the MPD.

BETH

Hi, nice to meet you.

DETECTIVE WONG

If you don't mind I have a series of questions to ask you about William Starks, our department is trying to figure out why the "Green Card Killer" would victimize him.

BETH

Sure come in.

DETECTIVE WONG

Oh and you also...

(smiling)

Have the right to remain silent, as anything you say to the police will be used against you in court and you also have the right to an attorney.

Beth stares at him.

BETH

Okay.

Detective Wong continues to smile.

DETECTIVE WONG

It felt really good saying that.

Detective Wong walks inside the house and Beth CLOSES the door behind him.

INT. WILLIAMS STARKS HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Detective Wong sits down as Beth walks towards a couch across from him, carrying a pot of tea and tea cups on a tin tray, she places the items on her glass table.

BETH

Tea?

DETECTIVE WONG

Sure.

Beth POURS the tea inside of the tiny cups; steam arises from the cups. They both take their cups and sip the tea.

DETECTIVE WONG (CONT'D)

Ouch.

He spills a little on his shirt.

DETECTIVE WONG (CONT'D)

It's hotter than it looks.

Beth smiles.

BETH

So, you had some questions for me?

DETECTIVE WONG

Yes, about William.

Beth's face sadden.

DETECTIVE WONG (CONT'D)

Not to bring back bad memories but we need to do this to try and discover why the "Green Card Killer" would target him.

BETH

I understand but that's information  
I can't provide because I don't  
have the slightest idea.

DETECTIVE WONG

Can you give us anything about  
Officer Stark? Did he have any  
whereabouts we should know about?  
Ever came back home late for any  
particular reason?

BETH

A couple of times yes.

DETECTIVE WONG

Do you know where he went?

Beth takes a sip of her tea.

DETECTIVE WONG (CONT'D)

Honestly I don't know, he just said  
hanging out with some friends.

A beat.

BETH

But, honestly I think he was  
cheating.

DETECTIVE WONG

Who were his friends did he ever  
reveal them to you?

BETH

Well, he was very proud to be  
friends with Richard Banks.

DETECTIVE WONG

The guy running for governor?

BETH

Yes, he's been friends with him for  
a very long time now. My husband  
was always into politics and loved  
Richard's views on it.

Detective Wong writes this down on his note pad.

BETH (CONT'D)

And oh yeah.

Beth begins to CRY a little.

BETH (CONT'D)

He was also friends with Robert Glyde. It's such a tragedy what happened to him.

DETECTIVE WONG

Excuse me?

BETH

Yeah, William was friends with Robert Glyde too. William, Robert, and Richard were all good friends.

DETECTIVE WONG

You do know Robert Glyde's death was a crime created by the "Green Card Killer" right?

BETH

Yes, it was on the news.

DETECTIVE WONG

What a coincidence right?

Detective Wong gets excited.

DETECTIVE WONG (CONT'D)

Thank you for your help, I have to get going now!

Detective Wong excitedly gets up from the chair and walks towards the front door.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Christina walks to her apartment door. She's struggles with both groceries and Jordan in her hands.

She finally reaches the door and struggles with the keys now.

CHRISTINA

Jordan, mommy has to put you down for a second.

Christina places Jordan on his feet and she continues to struggle to open the door.

Bruce strolls by her and notices her struggling with groceries and keys.

BRUCE

Need help?

CHRISTINA

Yeah sure.

Bruce walks towards her, grabs the keys from her hand, and opens the door for her.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Thank you so much.

BRUCE

I'll help carry some of the groceries in the house as well.

Bruce grabs some groceries from Christina.

CHRISTINA

I really appreciate it.

Christina walks in the apartment, Jordan follows her, and so does Bruce.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX/KITCHEN - DAY

Christina walks into the kitchen and places all of the bags on the kitchen counter, Bruce follows behind her.

CHRISTINA

You can place the bags right over there.

Christina points to a counter across from her. Bruce places the bags at their destination.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Thanks again.

BRUCE

My pleasure.

A beat.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I'm Bruce by the way.

CHRISTINA

I'm Christina.

BRUCE

So nice to meet you. You just moved in?

CHRISTINA

Yeah about a week now.

BRUCE

Oh, I never noticed you. Why did you chose this complex?

Christina LAUGHS and Bruce joins her.

CHRISTINA

I had to think of something quick, my move was a bit of a rush.

BRUCE

Why was it a rush?

CHRISTINA

It's a long story. How about you? How long have you been here?

BRUCE

About five years.

CHRISTINA

What made you stay that long?

BRUCE

Cheap bills, I like to save money.

CHRISTINA

What do you do for a living?

BRUCE

I'm a neurosurgeon.

CHRISTINA

Then you definitely shouldn't be over here.

BRUCE

Like I said, I like to save money. How about you?

CHRISTINA

I am a manager at The Standard Spa Miami.

BRUCE

You could afford a better place too.

CHRISTINA

I guess I'm trying to save money like you, until I can afford a better place. I'm going through a break-up.

BRUCE  
I'm sorry to hear that.

A beat.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
I should get going now, I have to,  
run some errands.

CHRISTINA  
It was so nice to meet you.

BRUCE  
Likewise, just knock on my door if  
you need anything. I live in B7.

Bruce walks towards the door, looks back at Christina for a millisecond, and continues to walk.

INT. MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT/MILLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Lieutenant Miller is at his desk doing some paperwork. He HEARS knocks on his door.

LIEUTENANT MILLER  
Come in.

Detective Wong enters his office with excitement.

DETECTIVE WONG  
Lieutenant Miller, I have some  
great news for you.

LIEUTENANT MILLER  
What, what did you find out?

DETECTIVE WONG  
I found out that William Starks was  
acquainted with Richard Banks and  
also, guess who else?

LIEUTENANT MILLER  
Who?

DETECTIVE WONG  
Get this, Robert Glyde.

LIEUTENANT MILLER  
Excuse me?

DETECTIVE WONG  
You heard me right.



LIEUTENANT MILLER  
That's insane.

DETECTIVE WONG  
Tell me about it.

LIEUTENANT MILLER  
So, why would the killer want to  
kill the both of them? Is there a  
connection?

DETECTIVE WONG  
Beats me, that's what I'm trying to  
figure out.

LIEUTENANT MILLER  
And if William Stark and Robert  
Glyde is dead then Richard Banks  
could possibly be next. Someone has  
to inform him. Our department needs  
to have him under surveillance  
immediately.

DETECTIVE WONG  
I'll be on it.

Detective Wong walks out of the office and then takes a pause  
and turns around.

DETECTIVE WONG (CONT'D)  
But how is that going to sound? Hey  
I'm calling to let you know that  
since your friends are dead, you  
will be next.

LIEUTENANT MILLER  
Just go already!

Detective Wong leaves the office and CLOSES the door.

INT. DETECTIVE WONG'S OFFICE - DAY

Detective Wong is on his phone dialing a number; the phone  
RINGS.

INT. MIAMI CONGRESS/RICHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Richard is at his desk looking over some bills. Richard hears  
his phone RING, he answers it.

RICHARD  
Hello?

INTERCUTS:

DETECTIVE WONG  
Yes hello, Richard Banks?

RICHARD  
Yes, this is he.

DETECTIVE WONG  
Hello, this is Detective Wong from  
the Miami Police Department.

Richard looks a bit nervous.

RICHARD  
Hi, what's your reason for calling?

DETECTIVE WONG  
So, we've been tracing the victims  
of this "Green Card Killer".

RICHARD  
Yes?

DETECTIVE WONG  
His latest victims were William  
Starks and Robert Glyde, I'm sure  
you're aware of that.

RICHARD  
Yes, I am.

DETECTIVE WONG  
The MPD is afraid that you might be  
next.

RICHARD  
I fear for my life as well.

DETECTIVE WONG  
But don't worry we can have you  
under surveillance with our  
undercover unit at your residence  
to assure your safety.

RICHARD  
Thanks, I appreciate it.

DETECTIVE WONG  
Is there anyone else we should know  
about who might need protection  
against this killer?

Richard takes a moment before answering.

RICHARD  
No, not that I know of.

EXT. MIAMI STREET - DAY

Chuck happily walks down the streets of Miami, whistling to himself.

We see Thomas walking behind him several feet away.

Chuck gets suspicious and turns around. Thomas hides behind a nearby tree.

Chuck sees no one behind him and continues to walk.

INT. TANNING BED SALON - DAY

Chuck enters the tanning bed salon. He walks up to the front booth.

CHUCK  
I would like to rent a tanning bed please.

CASHIER  
Yes, for how long?

CHUCK  
2 hours.

CASHIER  
Okay, you can have tanning bed number six. Here are the keys.

The cashier hands Chuck the keys.

CHUCK  
Thanks.

CASHIER  
You'll pay once you're finished.

CHUCK  
See you in 2 hours.

A beat.

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
Still looking young hey?

CASHIER  
I guess.

Chuck walks away smiling to himself as he enters the back.

INT. TANNING BED SALON/ ROOM 6 - DAY

Chuck cuts on the tanning bed, the lights BEAM in the bed.

Chuck walks to the thermostat and sets it to 73.

INT. TANNING BED SALON - DAY

Thomas walks in the salon wearing all black.

CASHIER

Can I help you?

Thomas pulls out a PISTOL and SHOOTS the cashier. A dart sticks the cashier's neck and he slowly passes out.

INT. TANNING BED SALON/ROOM 6 - DAY

Thomas enters the room, the tanning bed is closed, he walks towards it, and opens it no one is in there.

BAM!

Thomas is hit in the head with a metal stool, he falls to the ground. Thomas looks up and sees Chuck standing up holding the stool over his head.

Thomas touches the back of his head and looks at his hand, he is bleeding. His vision is fuzzy.

CHUCK

Richard told us to beware of you  
Brandon. We all know you are a  
traitor, you son of a bitch! Your  
rain of terror is over!

Chuck charges for Thomas, Thomas quickly focuses and kicks Chuck, puncturing his stomach. Chuck drops the stool. Chuck continues to hold his stomach, Thomas quickly picks up the stool and swings it across Chucks face. Chuck slowly passes out.

INT. TANNING BED SALON/ ROOM 6 - DAY

Chuck wakes up in a tanning bed, sweating.

CHUCK

How did I get in here?

Chuck realizes the temperature in the tanning bed is uncomfortably hot.

He sweat more now and PANTS. Chuck tries to open the tanning bed but he realizes it is closed in with durable knots.

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
What the - !?

Chuck tries push it open with more force but his hands SIZZLES and STEAMS.

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
OW! SOMEBODY HELP!

Chuck SCREAMS.

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
SOMEBODY HELP! I'M DYING IN HERE!

Chuck's skin is turning red from burn marks. Chuck SCREAMS in pain. His whole body steams.

We are back to Chuck; his skin begins to boil creating mumps.

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
AHHHHH! BRANDON YOU FUCKERRRR!

The glass in the tanning bed SHATTERS and Chuck's body falls in the bed; creating an ELECTRICAL SURGE and the tanning bed catches on FIRE.

Meanwhile Thomas is on the outside taking photos. He leaves a green card and walks out of the room.

INT. DRUG HOUSE/ MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Thomas SLAMS the folder on the Gregory's desk. Gregory opens the folder and looks through the photos.

The photos show Chuck knocked out, the burning tanning bed, Chuck's burnt face and body through the cracks of the tanning bed, and etc...

Gregory looks pleased and smiles.

GREGORY  
You are the man Thomas! Here you go!

Gregory throws a bag of cash to Thomas. Thomas catches it; he seems despondent, Gregory notices it.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
Awww, what's wrong?

THOMAS  
Nothing nothing at all.

A beat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
I don't have any information on the next victim yet, I'll be on that as soon as I can but for now I have to get ready for work for an actual client for my career.

A beat.

GREGORY  
You're drained aren't you Kevin.

Thomas takes a deep breath.

THOMAS  
Just a little bit but I'm fine don't worry about me.

GREGORY  
Kevin you've done your job and I'm proud of you.

A beat.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
I'll let you go, Kevin.

THOMAS  
Really?

GREGORY  
Yes, you've done your part, I'm willing to let you go and plus your payments are getting expensive.

A beat.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
But before I let you go for good. I have one more assignment for you.

Gregory smiles villainously.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
But unfortunately he is under surveillance.

THOMAS

Who?

GREGORY

Don't you watch the news? Read the newspaper? Banks you dope! They are afraid that he might be the "Green Card Killer's" next victim. At least they can figure that out.

A beat.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

I want you to take down Richard Banks and after that I will let you go for good.

Another beat.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Until then, I will try to come up with a plan to get him out of surveillance.

INT. CHRISTINA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Christina hears the DOORBELL ring. She gets up from the couch and answers it. Bruce is at the door, Christina is perplexed.

CHRISTINA

Bruce!? What are you doing here?

BRUCE

I'm sorry, am I bothering you?

CHRISTINA

No, of course not. Is something wrong?

BRUCE

No, nothing at all? I just have a question.

CHRISTINA

Yes, what is it?

Bruce looks nervous; he begins to shake slightly. Christina looks concerned.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Is everything okay?

BRUCE

Yes, I'm fine. I'm just not used to doing this.

CHRISTINA

Doing what?

A beat.

BRUCE

Would you like to go on a date with me?

Christina is flattered.

CHRISTINA

Aww, Bruce. That's so sweet of you but I don't know.

BRUCE

I know you're just getting over a break up. It's probably a horrible time to ask, just forget I asked.

A beat.

CHRISTINA

I would love to.

Christina smiles and Bruce smiles back.

INT. CHRISTINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Christina's cellphone RINGS, it says "THOMAS CALLING". Christina looks annoyed but decides to answer the phone.

CHRISTINA

What Thomas!? What do you want!?

THOMAS

Babe, listen to me.

A beat.

CHRISTINA

I'm listening.

THOMAS

I'm going to quit being a hitman okay?

CHRISTINA

Really?



THOMAS

Yes really, I want you and Jordan back in my life. I need you both.

This pierces Christina in the heart.

CHRISTINA

But you're still a liar! You expect me to take you back just like that?

THOMAS

Can you blame me for trying, I miss you.

CHRISTINA

I miss you too but I have to protect Jordan and I.

Thomas SIGHS.

THOMAS

How many times do I have to say, I will never harm you two! And plus you can't keep my son away from me forever!

Christina ponders on this.

CHRISTINA

You know what, you're right. It's not fair for me to keep Jordan away from you. If you want to, I'll let you keep him for the week.

THOMAS

Really? You'll do that.

CHRISTINA

Of course. Pick him up around 6:30 on Friday okay?

THOMAS

Where do you live?

CHRISTINA

565 Newport Blvd room C 18.

Thomas smiles.

THOMAS

Okay, see you Friday night.

CHRISTINA

Okay, see you then.

Christina HANGS UP the phone.

EXT. CHRISTINA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Thomas KNOCKS on the apartment door. Christina answers it wearing a little black dress. Thomas notices.

THOMAS  
Hey.

CHRISTINA  
Hey.

THOMAS  
You look beautiful.

CHRISTINA  
Thank you.

THOMAS  
I haven't seen you dressed like  
that in so long. What's the  
occasion?

CHRISTINA  
That's none of your concern, come  
in.

Thomas walks through the front door. Thomas sees Jordan walking towards him.

THOMAS  
Hey little man.

Thomas picks up Jordan and Jordan LAUGHS. Christina walks towards the bathroom.

INT. CHRISTINA'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Christina is in the mirror curling her hair with a curling iron, the bathroom's door is open.

Thomas walks by with Jordan in his arms, he enters the bathroom.

THOMAS  
Where are you going?

CHRISTINA  
I already told, it's none of your  
concern.

THOMAS

None of my concern? You are my wife.

CHRISTINA

We're not together anymore.

THOMAS

We're still married.

Christina applies her lipstick. The doorbell RINGS. Christina walks towards the door.

CHRISTINA

Excuse me.

Thomas scoots out of her way.

INT. CHRISTINA'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Christina OPENS the front door and Bruce is standing there with a bouquet of flowers. Bruce smiles and hand them to her.

BRUCE

These are for you.

CHRISTINA

Thank you.

BRUCE

You look beautiful.

CHRISTINA

And you look stunning.

Thomas walks in the living room still holding Jordan. He sees Bruce and is stunned.

THOMAS

Bruce!? What the fuck!?

BRUCE

Oh, hello there.

CHRISTINA

You two know each other?

THOMAS

What the fuck are you doing here!?

BRUCE

I'm just getting something to eat with Christina.

THOMAS

That's my wife you know!

Bruce looks guilty, Christina looks at Bruce.

CHRISTINA

Like I told you before, we're separated.

THOMAS

But technically still married!

CHRISTINA

Oh, hush Thomas.

BRUCE

Thomas? Eh? I thought you were Kevin.

CHRISTINA

You told him your name is Kevin? Why? How do you two know each other? Someone needs to answer questions here.

THOMAS

We used to go to college together, I said my name was Kevin Riddle as a stupid joke just to throw people off.

CHRISTINA

(to Bruce)

Is it true? You two went to college together?

A beat.

BRUCE

Precisely.

CHRISTINA

(to Thomas)

Well, I'm sorry you had nothing better to do with your time.

Christina walks toward the front door and grabs her jacket from the coat rack.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

When you leave please lock the door.

THOMAS

So, that's why you wanted me to  
pick up Jordan to go on a date!?

Christina walks out the front door; Bruce looks at Thomas.

BRUCE

You have a great night.

Bruce SHUTS the door. Thomas stands, still staring at the  
door in disbelief.

FADE OUT

INT. CHRISTINA'S APARTMENT - DAY

The doorbell RINGS. Christina heads towards the front door  
and OPENS it.

Thomas is there holding Jordan and his bags. Christina  
smiles; grabbing for Jordan.

CHRISTINA

There's my baby.

Thomas hands Jordan to Christina.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Were you a good boy for daddy?

THOMAS

Yes, he was.

A beat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

How was your date last week?

CHRISTINA

Good.

THOMAS

Where did you go?

CHRISTINA

To eat.

THOMAS

Where?

CHRISTINA

At a restaurant.

A beat.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
I'm going out again with him  
tonight at 8.

THOMAS  
What?

CHRISTINA  
You heard me.

THOMAS  
What is wrong with you Christina?

CHRISTINA  
And you don't have to worry about  
watching Jordan, I found a baby  
sitter for him.

THOMAS  
Are you playing some sick twisted  
game with me because I'm fed up  
with it by now!

CHRISTINA  
You're the one who's been keeping  
secrets this whole time, this is  
your fault. I'm just trying to have  
fun! Sounds like you need some fun  
as well. Go get laid or something!

THOMAS  
Like how you are.

Christina look guilty.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
If you want a divorce, just tell me  
already!

Christina begins to CRY.

CHRISTINA  
I don't know what I want okay!? But  
I know I want to be able to trust  
you again.

THOMAS  
You can!

CHRISTINA  
No, I can't Thomas! If that's even  
your name.

THOMAS

So, this is your revenge on me;  
using me as a baby sitter to fuck  
some other guy!?

Christina look guilty again.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Well, fuck you Christina!

Thomas runs away from her.

CHRISTINA

Thomas wait!

Thomas continues to run, enters his car, SLAMS the door, and drives away.

EXT. CHRISTINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Thomas sits in his car, staring at Christina's apartment from afar.

He sees Bruce at the front door ringing the doorbell. Christina answers the door, gives him a hug, and a quick kiss on the lips. This disgusts Thomas.

Bruce and Christina walk together to Bruce's red convertible. Bruce opens the passenger's door for Christina, Christina enters the car and Bruce enters the driver's seat.

Bruce backs out of the drive way and heads down the street.

Thomas CRANKS up his car, load his pistol, and follows the car.

INT. THOMAS'S CAR - NIGHT

Thomas is in his car driving, following the red convertible from afar.

The red convertible makes a turn and Thomas decides to follow the car.

EXT. MIAMI YACHT CLUB/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The red convertible car continues to drive down the road heading towards the Miami Yacht Club.

The car parks in the parking lot and Thomas parks far away. Thomas sees Bruce and Christina getting out of the car and walking towards the deck.

Thomas gives them time to walk and then gets out of the car, dressed in all black.

EXT. MIAMI YACHT CLUB/DECK - NIGHT

Christina and Bruce are walking on the deck together, smiling and talking together.

Thomas quietly follows behind.

Bruce and Christina reaches the yacht, Bruce OPENS the door for her and Christina enters it. Bruce enters the yacht behind her, looking behind himself, and then CLOSES the door.

Moments later, Thomas stealthy sneaks in on the deck of the yacht.

INT. BRUCE'S YACHT/DINING AREA - NIGHT

Bruce and Christina sit at the dining room table. Bruce is pouring Christina a glass of Merlot, smiling as he does it. Christina smiles back.

Thomas stares through a nearby window.

Bruce takes a seat across from Christina.

BRUCE

I'm so glad I met you Christina.

CHRISTINA

Likewise.

BRUCE

I want us to eat first and then, I will take you sailing.

Christina smiles again and looks at the plate in front of her, she has mashed potatoes, green beans, and a peculiar looking meat that resembles brains.

CHRISTINA

What did you prepare?

BRUCE

Beef Sirloin.



CHRISTINA

It looks delicious. I've never had this before.

BRUCE

Oh yeah, it's to die for.

Bruce smirks.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Go ahead and take a bite.

Christina digs her fork in the beef and slowly begins to eat it. She is satisfied.

CHRISTINA

Mmmm, it's great the beef is so tender.

BRUCE

That's how I like it.

Christina continues to devour the beef. Bruce watching villainously, eating his "beef" as well. Thomas is still peaking through the window.

Eventually, Christina begins to wipe her forehead.

CHRISTINA

Phew, did you put any type of spices in here? It's getting hot.

BRUCE

Just pepper and a little bit of rosemary.

CHRISTINA

I feel so hot.

Christina begins to sweat and her heart BEATS fast.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Oh my God. I'm not feeling too good.

BRUCE

What's the matter?

Christina's heart continues to BEAT faster and faster. Christina feels dizzy now.

She tries standing up but she's losing her sense of space and awareness.

CHRISTINA  
Can I please get a drink of water?

BRUCE  
What's wrong Christina?

CHRISTINA  
I just think I need some water.

All of a sudden Christina faints and creates a THUD on the floor.

Thomas looks at the commotion and SCREAMS.

THOMAS  
CHRISTINA!

Bruce looks up at the window and sees Thomas there, STOMPING his feet against the glass several times, trying to break it.

Bruce is alarmed and quickly runs away, hiding into another room.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
I'm going to get you fucker!

Thomas continues to STOMP his feet unto the glass repeatedly. Eventually the glass SHATTERS.

Thomas kicks the remainder of glass, clearing all the glass from the window sill.

Thomas enters the yacht and runs immediately to Christina. Thomas CRIES, holding Christina, holding her lifeless body.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Baby wake up, wake up please.

Thomas puts her body down and performs CPR on her, there are no effective results.

Thomas holds Christina again CRYING.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
(to Bruce)  
I'm going to get you fucker! Where are you hiding!? Show yourself!

Thomas sees a reflection of Bruce holding an axe through a glass window. Thomas is alarmed, stands up, and gets in defense mode.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What the fuck is the matter with you? Why would you do that!?

BRUCE

Get the fuck off my yacht!

THOMAS

Did you kill Christina?

BRUCE

I said get out intruder!

THOMAS

Is my wife alive or dead!?

BRUCE

Dead!

This pierces Thomas and he tears up again. Bruce digs in his pocket and pulls out a tiny glass tube, displaying it for Thomas.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Cyanide.

Bruce puts it back in his pocket.

THOMAS

You fucker, I'm going to kill you!

BRUCE

Be careful, I'm the one with the axe.

Bruce charges towards Thomas and swings at Thomas. Thomas dodges the axe strike.

He punctures Bruce in the stomach with a kick. Bruce kneels down. Thomas kicks Bruce in the hand and knocks the axe out of Bruce's hand.

Both Bruce and Thomas charge for the axe and grabs it at the same time.

They struggle with the axe, a tug of war, GRUNTING.

Eventually BRUCE head butts Thomas and Thomas falls to the ground.

Bruce has the axe, heading towards Thomas; about to strike him.

Thomas digs in his pocket, pulls out his pistol and SHOTS Bruce in the forehead; creating a gushing hole in his head.

Bruce DROPS the axe, falls to his knees, and FALLS to the ground face first.

Thomas breathes heavily; relieved but yet still distraught about Christina. He begins CRYING again.

Several seconds later...

GREGORY (O.S)  
What the fuck!?

Thomas turns towards the voice and sees Gregory there, dumbfounded.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck did you do to my surgeon?

THOMAS  
What are you doing here!?

GREGORY  
I could ask you the same thing. Bruce and I were suppose to talk business after his little date or what not. He was going to insert more implants for my up and coming Mexico trade.

Gregory looks over to Bruce's dead body.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
Well, so long for that.

A beat.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here? Stalking him?

THOMAS  
My wife was here with him.

GREGORY  
So, he was fucking your wife!? Man that's steep.

THOMAS  
Please don't joke around like that.

Gregory looks over to the body of a dead woman.

GREGORY  
Is that her?

Thomas CRIES again.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
Oh, now I see why you killed him.  
That sucks. I always knew there was  
something strange about him.

Gregory looks at the dining room table and sees a bottle of wine.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
Well, at least there is free wine.  
I wonder if there is more in the  
refrigerator.

Gregory walks towards the refrigerator and OPENS it.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
Holy shit!

Gregory sees the containers with brains in them.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
This guy is Dahmer junior!

THOMAS  
What?

GREGORY  
Look!

Gregory opens the refrigerator door wider. Thomas gets up from the ground and looks inside it.

THOMAS  
Holy shit.

GREGORY  
Listen, we need to get out of here.  
He might have some freak show twin  
brother or something.

A beat.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
Wait a minute. This is perfect  
actually.

THOMAS  
What the fuck are you talking  
about?

GREGORY

The MPD is looking for the "Green Card Killer" right?

THOMAS

You're not thinking...

GREGORY

It's perfect. You can't kill Richard yet and why is that?

THOMAS

Because he is under surveillance.

GREGORY

Now, let's say that we set it up to make it look like that Bruce is the "Green Card Killer". What is that going to do?

THOMAS

Get Richard out of surveillance.

GREGORY

And?

THOMAS

I can finally take down Richard and have my life back.

GREGORY

This is genius.

A beat.

GREGORY

You need to place your gun in his hand. To make it look like suicide. You wore gloves, so there shouldn't be any fingerprints but wipe it off anyway.

THOMAS

I'm sure I know how to cover my tracks by now.

Thomas wipes the gun off with cloth from the table and places the gun in Bruce's dead hands. He rises up and kicks Bruce's body repeatedly; CRYING.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Mother fucker!

GREGORY

That's right, get all your anger  
out cupcake.

Thomas continues to kick Bruce's corpse repeatedly, the  
little container of cyanide falls out of Bruce's pocket.

Thomas GASPS for air and sweating as he picks up the little  
container and stares at the fluid.

THOMAS

It's fucked up what a harmless  
looking liquid like this can do.

Thomas places the cyanide in his own pocket. Still GASPING  
for air.

Gregory stares at him like he's stupid.

GREGORY

Are you done now?

Thomas nods his head.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Okay, back to business. I'll call  
the police as an anonymous caller,  
to tell them to check out this  
yacht.

A beat.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Do you have anymore of those green  
cards?

THOMAS

Yes.

GREGORY

Get them, come back, and leave them  
here. Call me to let me know when  
you're finished and I'll the call  
the police afterwards.

Thomas nods his head.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Come on, let's get out of here.

THOMAS

But Christina.

GREGORY

I hate to say it but it's best if she is left here. It looks more a crime scene.

Gregory heads out of the yacht. Thomas stares at Christina's dead body.

THOMAS

I love you.

Thomas follows behind Gregory.

INT. BRUCE'S YACHT - NIGHT

The MPD raids Bruce's yacht. The INVESTIGATORS take photos of Bruce's dead body and Christina.

The investigators raid the refrigerator as well; taking out the containers filled with brains.

Investigators find more cyanide poison as well.

Lieutenant Miller stares at the commotion. Detective Wong walks to Miller, holding a stack of green cards in his hand.

DETECTIVE WONG

We'll it's definitely him.

Detective Wong hands the green cards to Lieutenant Miller.

DETECTIVE WONG (CONT'D)

I found them in one of the kitchen cabinets.

LIEUTENANT MILLER

Well, I'll be damned.

DETECTIVE WONG

I wonder what made him decide to kill himself.

LIEUTENANT MILLER

Maybe he didn't want to deal with the consequences of being caught.

A beat.



LIEUTENANT MILLER (CONT'D)

Just make sure to wrap up the bodies, preserve the brains for the labs, and get his real name from the Miami Yacht Club's office tomorrow morning.

DETECTIVE WONG

Okay, will do.

Detective Wong walks away.

THE CHANNEL 4 NEW TITLE SCREEN APPEARS

Two news anchors appear on screen.

NEWS ANCHOR

Fear no more Miami, the "Green Card Killer" has been found. The MPD raided and found the "Green Card Killer" dead at his yacht at the Miami Yacht Club. The investigators identify him as Bruce Vulture a local neurosurgeon working at the Miami Hospital. The yacht contained the corpse of a young lady Christina Hilton and also seven containers containing seven brains. No other bodies were found at the scene. Investigators are assuming that he dumped the bodies out at sea. The investigators note that they are happy that this case is over but sad by the many lives lost due to the "Green Card Killer", back to you Charles.

The television set CUTS OFF.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Richard sits with his wife Maggie. Richard is perplexed by what he just saw.

MAGGIE

Well, at least we're safe now.

Richard is silent, still looking perplexed.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Hello? Richard?

Richard snaps out of his daze.

RICHARD  
 Oh, yeah, you're right. Thank God  
 because being under surveillance  
 was pestering.

Maggie smirks.

MAGGIE  
 I agree.

Richard gives Maggie a kiss on the lips.

RICHARD  
 I'm heading to bed.

MAGGIE  
 I'm right behind you.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Richard brushes his teeth staring at himself in the mirror.

He rinses his mouth with some mouth wash, cuts the light off,  
 and walks out of the bathroom.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie lies on the bed, reading a book, with her lamp on.  
 Richard walks towards her; he begins to fan himself.

RICHARD  
 Is it hot in here to you?

MAGGIE  
 No, it's actually cold I think.

RICHARD  
 What are you talking about? It's  
 burning!

Richard feels dizzy, he kneels down holding his stomach.  
 Maggie immediately gets out of bed and rushes towards  
 Richard; caressing him.

MAGGIE  
 Richard, are you okay?

RICHARD  
 It's my stomach.

Richard's face is red and perfusing sweat. He suddenly begins  
 to VOMIT.

MAGGIE

Oh my goodness, I'm going to call  
the hospital!

Maggie runs towards the phone and dials 911.

Richard continues to VOMIT.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Yes 911, my husband is...

Richard's heart begins to BEAT, faster, and faster.

SLOW MOTION: Richard falls to the ground. Maggie runs to Richard and caresses him, realizing he's dead. She holds him, CRYING.

Thomas peaks through the bedroom door, he puts the little container of cyanide in his pocket and walks away.

EXT. MIAMI YACHT CLUB/THOMAS'S YACHT - DAY

Thomas is on his yacht with his sunglasses, holding his son Jordan, as he steers the yacht.

His cellphone RINGS. Thomas answers it.

THOMAS

Hello?

INT. GREGORY'S OFFICE - DAY

Gregory sits back in his chair with his feet on his desk. He's reading the newspaper.

The headline title says: CONGRESSMAN RICHARD BANKS FOUND DEAD AT HOME.

GREGORY

Kevin, my main man.

INTERCUTS:

Thomas smiles.

THOMAS

Hey Greg.

GREGORY

I'm reading the newspaper.

THOMAS  
I'm guessing you're liking what  
you're reading.

GREGORY  
Yes, I am.

A beat.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
You should be happy too, you're a  
free man now.

THOMAS  
I'll be more happy if my wife was  
here with me.

GREGORY  
Well, I'm sorry to hear that son.

A beat.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
I put the money, in your account  
this morning. Smile, you're 50  
grand richer.

THOMAS  
Thanks Greg.

GREGORY  
What do you plan on doing with all  
the money?

A beat.

THOMAS  
Just moving far, far, away.

Thomas looks over to his luggage in his yacht.

GREGORY  
Well, I wish you well Kevin.

THOMAS  
Thanks.

A beat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
But my name is Thomas.

GREGORY  
What?

THOMAS

My real name is Thomas, Kevin was an alias.

GREGORY

Thanks for trying to fool me but I know you're Thomas Hilton.

THOMAS

How?

GREGORY

I just put money in your bank account dope! I was just playing along.

Gregory and Thomas LAUGH.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

I don't say this often but you were my favorite employee.

Thomas smirks.

THOMAS

That's all I was to you, just an employee.

Gregory LAUGHS.

GREGORY

You know that's the extinct of my relations.

A beat.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Well, it was nice meeting you. Take care.

THOMAS

It was nice to meet you too. So long.

GREGORY

So long.

Thomas HANGS UP the phone.

EXT. MIAMI YACHT CLUB/THOMAS'S YACHT - DAY

Thomas smiles as he put his phone in his pocket. He looks at Jordan and gives him a kiss on the cheek.

THOMAS

It's time to start our new life  
buddy.

Thomas continues to sail, his hair blowing in the wind as he  
sails to his new life, into the sunset.

THE END

FADE OUT: