

GREAT WHITE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Fancy schmancy place. Art on the walls. Plush carpet.

The corridor is empty, but for two GUARDS in dark suits who stand outside one of the hotel room doors.

The door opens.

Two more GUARDS in dark suits step out. Beefy. Short cropped hair. Hard faces. Sunglasses. Special forces rejects...

They are followed by JANKEL "THE ASSHOLE" COHEN (50). Sharp suit. Polished designer shoes. Expensive watch. He carries a midsize security case.

They head down the corridor. Jankel leads the way. Troubled face, but still oozes Confidence.

The guards, in his tow. Their black leather shoes hit the carpet in unison. Military training still with them.

They move down the corridor in silence. An aura of danger lingers in their wake. No one, fucks with these guys!

They reach the elevator bay.

Jankel stops. Guard #1 pushes the down button. They wait. No one says a word.

DING!

The elevator doors slide open. They step inside.

A woman's voice is heard. Annoying. Nasal. Hideous Pittsburgh accent. She cackles like a hyena. She chatters on a phone. Mindless chatter to boot.

Her name is GREAT WHITE (30), spiked jet black hair. Tight clothes. Feminine assets push against stretch fabric.

She hurries on spiked heeled shoes towards the elevator.

The doors are a few inches from shut. She jabs her foot in the door. Obediently, the doors slide back open.

The guards block her way. She smiles. A sexy smile. This is a movie after all...

The guards share a glance behind those black shades, decide she's harmless. They move back a step. Let her in.

GREAT WHITE
 (mouthes)
 Thanks.

Along with an appreciative wink.

She continues on her phone as the doors slide shut.

ELEVATOR

Horrendous muzak wafts from the speakers. Grinds on everyone's nerves.

Great White continues her mindless yak on the phone. She's loud. Almost makes the muzak seem soothing.

She pushes the number three button on the elevator panel. She pushes it repeatedly. Like code. Three short pushes followed by one long, then three long and one short, two long and one short.

Jankel discretely rolls his eyes. Great White notices.

GREAT WHITE
 What? I got OCD. I have to push the
 buttons in a certain way.

Annoyed, Jankel and his goons avert their eyes. Act like she doesn't exist.

The elevator stops.

Everyone checks the number above the door. Level four.

Nothing happens. The door stays shut.

Guard #1 reaches over, pushes the lobby button. Nothing. He pushes again. Harder this time. Still nothing.

Great White stabs the number three button, but the elevator stays put.

GREAT WHITE
 (into phone)
 Awww god! Can you believe it? I'm
 stuck in the fucking elevator!

Guard #1 hits the alarm bell button.

GREAT WHITE
 No, I'm not alone.

She listens to her phone, checks out the guards. She nods.

GREAT WHITE
I see some possibilities.

Her eyes drift over to Jankel. Her face sours.

GREAT WHITE
On second thought, I take that
back.

The three men ignore her. Great White starts to laugh! Loud!

The two guards show no emotion. Jankel shows signs of
irritation.

GREAT WHITE
Oh my fucking god! Are you serious?

Another volley of laughter.

Jankel takes a deep breath. Tries to calm himself.

GREAT WHITE
I know! I told her big bush is
back. Yeah! Like seventies style,
but I didn't tell her to use
fucking fertilizer!

More laughter.

JANKEL
(Sotto voce)
Tell her to put her fucking phone
away.

Guard #2 turns to Great White. Follows orders like a good
little soldier. He's very polite...

GUARD #2
Ma'am, would you please put your
fucking phone away.

Great White is taken aback. She stares at the guard.

GREAT WHITE
What?

GUARD #2
Would you please put your fucking
phone away?

GREAT WHITE
(into phone)
No, I can hear you fine.
(MORE)

GREAT WHITE (CONT'D)

There's some asshole in this elevator who wants me to put my phone away!

JANKEL

Tell her, if she doesn't shut up, I'll take her fucking phone and shove it down her throat.

Guard #2 turns to Great White. Still very polite.

GUARD #2

Ma'am, he says --

Great White stares at him. Are you for real?

GREAT WHITE

Are you stupid? I can hear him. He's standing three fucking feet away from me!

She glowers at Jankel. He gives her the evil eye.

JANKEL

You know what you are? A loudmouth. A public nuisance. I bet your IQ hovers near ninety, if not lower. You're also ugly. A loser. You look like a cheap whore. The type that will give you a disease if you get anywhere closer than three feet.

He looks at the floor, then takes a step further away.

Great White is pissed! She keeps her fiery eyes on Jankel while she speaks into her phone.

GREAT WHITE

I'll call you right back, Doris. I have an asshole I gotta deal with right now.

She pushes the end call button on her phone. Eyes still on Jankel. She puts her phone in her handbag. Keeps her hand there. The two guards watch her.

GREAT WHITE

(to Jankel)

Are you happy now?

Jankel scoffs. Stares straight ahead.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

The two guards drop to the floor. Each one with a bullet to the chest and one in the forehead.

Jankel stares in horror at his bodyguards, then turns to Great White.

JANKEL
What the fuck!

She pulls her hand out of her handbag. A big hole in the bag. In her hand, she holds a Springfield XDM. She points it at Jankel, gestures for him to open the security case.

He seems confused.

Great White now speaks with a low cool non distinct accent. Her demeanor is that of a smart professional...assassin.

GREAT WHITE
Open the case.

He's still confused.

JANKEL
This is a robbery?

GREAT WHITE
It wasn't my plan, but it's a nice bonus.

She smiles at him.

GREAT WHITE
For me, at least.

She aims the gun at his knee.

GREAT WHITE
Open it.

JANKEL
You're gonna be sorry about this, you know that, right?

GREAT WHITE
Depends on what you've got in there...Open it.

Jankel sighs, reluctantly gives in. He enters the combination for the locks, opens the case.

He moves the case so she can see the inside.

A golden glow reflects on her face. She smiles, then gestures for him to hand her the case.

He shuts it, puts it on the floor, pushes it towards her with his foot.

Great White points to his expensive watch.

GREAT WHITE

Your watch, give me that too.

He stares at her with hatred.

JANKEL

This was a gift from my wife for our twentieth anniversary...

GREAT WHITE

She must be a very forgiving wife...or maybe her IQ is only hovering around ninety or so.

Great White gestures with the gun at the watch. Jankel takes off his watch, slaps it down into her reached out hand.

She picks up the case, then backs up to the elevator panel. The gun stays trained on Jankel, but she takes a quick look at the panel, then pushes another code into the number three button.

The elevator whirs to life. It moves to level three. The doors slide open.

Great White takes a step out. The doors starts to slide shut. She sticks her foot in the gap. The doors open.

GREAT WHITE

Almost forgot.

She aims the gun at Jankel's head.

Jankel gets nervous.

JANKEL

What? You need my shoes too? You already got everything of value I had with me.

Great White is as cool as can be.

GREAT WHITE

I told you, the robbery was a nice bonus. My real job was to kill you Jankel "The Asshole" Cohen...

Panic grows across his face.

GREAT WHITE
Who are you?

GREAT WHITE
Name's Great White.

She gestures at the two guards with the gun.

GREAT WHITE
Unlike these clowns, I'm a
professionally trained assassin.

JANKEL
What? Wait! Wait! No! Please!

Great White squeezes the trigger.

BANG!

Great White ends his sorry life with a bullet to his forehead.

INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY

The doors to the elevator slide shut.

Great White strolls to the emergency stairwell.

INT. HOTEL - STAIRWELL - DAY

Great White whistles a snappy tune as she descends the stairs. She stops at the first landing.

A paper bag sits in the corner. She opens it up.

She reaches inside her bra, pulls out a lot of stuffing. Puts it in the bag. Next, she hikes up her skirt, pulls down underwear that are stuffed with butt enhancing fillings. She drops them into the bag.

Great White pulls a fancy suit jacket out of the bag, puts it on. Amazingly, she now looks like a serious business woman.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Great White strolls out of the hotel through the front doors. She's got the paper bag in her hand. She casually drops it into a garbage can on her way to the curb where a blacked out SUV waits.

On her way, she grabs the top of her head, pulls the black haired wig off. Long platinum hair spill out.

She reaches into her handbag, takes out a pair of dark shades, puts them on. She looks hot! A woman in charge.

She gets into the SUV.

INT. SUV - DAY

Great White sits in the back seat. She pushes buttons on her phone.

GREAT WHITE
(into phone)
One down. Five to go.

UNKNOWN MAN
(on phone)
Great work...Did he suffer?

GREAT WHITE
No. I'm not into torture.

UNKNOWN MAN
That's fine. Just a bonus.

Great White caresses the security case.

GREAT WHITE
I'll keep it in mind for the next one.

FADE OUT: