THE MIAMI YACHT CLUB

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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 look 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)
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 overseas? 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)
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 past 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 TUMBLERS, 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 rifile, 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

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)
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

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 you 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 decease.

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 surrounded by 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?

CHUCK
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 database, the name was Myles Williams.

THOMAS
Yes, it’s 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)
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 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 GUARDS #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.
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 choose 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.
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 Chuck’s 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.

Bruces 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 SHOOTS 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 pesterin’.

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 mouthwash, 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: