

STRINGS

By

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INT. HERALD'S APARTMENT-DAY

A Pied-A-Terre Studio, One Bathroom that's fully furnished with a view overlooking the coast 30 stories high in Long Beach, California. HERALD BISHOP, a near bald fellow answers the door as it rings.

FRANKIE 'STRINGS' SANTOS, a Handsome Filipino Gentleman standing at 5 foot 4, several inches shorter than Herald, goes right on in with his slightly dirty coveralls lugging in plumbing tools.

HERALD

It's about time you showed up! The toilet has been backed up since last night!

FRANKIE

Sorry, the guy who usually works the neighborhood called in sick. Had to haul my ass over from Burbank-

HERALD

Alright! Alright! The restroom is on the last door to the left. Hurry up, dude! I got to take a shit!

Frankie goes through the hall as Herald steps out to the edge of his balcony for some air as he endures a stomach ache.

Frankie reaches into his toolbox, and takes out a Bowling Ball with two Low E Guitar Strings weaved through the holes of the ball and tied with a noose knot.

As Herald pukes off the edge, Frank sneaks up on him unnoticed. He puts the noose around Herald's neck and the weight instantly throws him off the rails sending him straight to the ground. Dead.

Frankie gets his phone to call 911.

FRANKIE

Yes, hi. A customer of mine just committed suicide. I was working on fixing his plumbing and jumped off the balcony. Looks like he tied a Bowling Ball around him and went for it.

Frank stops and listens to the dispatcher.

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FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I'm in at his Apartment in Long Beach.  
Come right away. Thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT. HERALD'S APARTMENT-DAY

Sunny day, clear skies, palm trees in front of the Tall Complex swaying with the slight wind, and Herald's Corpse on the grass with his head splattered at the same spot where his puke had landed. Police go in and out of the building as a Coroner arrives to cover up his body and take it away. DETECTIVE NIVEN stands next to Frank by the Entrance.

FRANKIE

I was about to get started on fixing his toilet when I saw him take out a Bowling Ball and went to the patio not knowing what he was going to do with it.

Detective Niven gets his notebook and pen out to start writing.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I was already in the Bathroom when I asked if he didn't mind the weather being so windy. When I didn't hear any response, I went back out to the Living Room and he was gone. Then I thought about what he was doing, and that's when I rushed to the front for the inevitable. There you have it.

Niven continues to scribble quietly.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Excuse me are you even paying attention?

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Sorry! I use a notebook to take notes because typing on a phone seems to offend people. I've got everything. You're free to go. Sorry for keeping you!

Frankie walks off, checks both sides for traffic, then jay-walks to the Roto-Rooter Van, gets inside, and drives away.

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CUT TO:

EXT. ROTO ROOTER STOREFRONT. HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA-DAY

Frankie pulls up on the Multi-Garage Unit and parks the Van on a long single-row lot filled with other Company Cars.

RANDALL steps out of the store to check the Vehicle when Frankie puts the brakes on, turns off the engine then exits.

RANDALL

So, how'd it go?

FRANKIE

Cops thought it was a Suicide. Left no trace as usual.

RANDALL

Aah. Another day on the job. You know, you're the only person I know who works for The Mob that walks around the scene of their crime in broad daylight and still gets away with it.

Frankie puts on his Wayfarer Sunglasses.

FRANKIE

That's how I roll.

Frankie strips off the Coveralls revealing his White Buttoned Shirt, Black Tie, and Sharkskin Grey Slacks that he's been wearing underneath.

He hands the uniform to Randall.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

You'll need this back.

Frankie enters his Cherry Red 1976 Corvette Stingray nearby, turns on that roaring engine, and rides off to the LA Sunset.

RANDALL

That kid is unbelievably smooth. Every time.

Randall walks back inside his office.

FRANKIE (V.O)

I know what you're thinking. It must be cool to be a Hitman and go around killing people. But the truth is, I

(MORE)

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FRANKIE (V.O) (CONT'D)  
fucking hate this job and not like any other workplace, I was forced into a life of crime ever since my Uncle Drew adopted me at the age of 12 from the streets of London. I never really knew any other life, other than a Life of Crime.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD ROSE NIGHTCLUB-NIGHT

Frankie pulls up at the Valet of the Venue similar to the Fillmore in San Francisco but in Los Angeles.

FRANKIE (V.O)  
But this is where things begin to change.

JIMMY opens the car door to help Frank get up and out of his Low Rider Vehicle.

JIMMY  
Hey, Frankie. The Boss is expecting you.

FRANKIE  
I know. Thanks, Jimmy.

Frankie yanks his Gray Suit Jacket from the Passenger Seat and puts it on as he goes in.

He hands the car keys to Jimmy.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
No joyrides. Just park it.

JIMMY  
Frankie, you know I only go on joyrides in Jay Leno's cars. I took his Shelby Cobra for a spin when he was here last week. Did about 155 on the Highway and ruptured the fuel line when I parked it back. Didn't notice a thing!

FRANKIE  
Ha! Later!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

Later, Frank!

Frankie walks through the Red Carpet that directs his way to the entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROSE-NIGHT

An Old School Theater-like Lobby with Dark Velvet floors along with Red Carpets that point the way to all the different rooms, an endless array of framed pictures of Famous Rock Bands and Celebrities that have visited and/or played at the Venue fill the walls, and a Bar right next to the Auditorium Doors.

LEROY, A 6 foot 8 Bouncer who's built like a Linebacker stands on guard near the entrance.

Frankie passes by to greet Leroy.

LEROY

Yo, Frankie. Your Uncle Drew is looking for you. Says it's urgent.

FRANKIE

Oh. Well, alright. Thanks, Leroy.

UNCLE DREW, a middle-aged Italian Fellow with Silver Grey Hair and those big Square Glasses wearing a Varsity Leather Jacket, Grey Slacks, and Checker Colored Suede Shoes rushes from the Auditorium Doors to get to Frankie.

UNCLE DREW

(Panting)

Frankie! Was hoping you'd show up!

FRANKIE

Everything alright, Uncle Drew?

UNCLE DREW

I need a big favor, Kiddo. The Guitarist for the band tonight just called in sick.

FRANKIE

Really?

UNCLE DREW

2nd Day on the Job and he decides to  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)  
commit career suicide by having  
diarrhea. Listen, I need you to fill  
in for him!

Frankie looks slightly surprised.

FRANKIE  
Are you serious?

UNCLE DREW  
It's a big crowd and I need to get the  
music going. I need you to rock this  
place to the ground!

FRANKIE  
Sure thing, Uncle Drew!

UNCLE DREW  
Thanks, Kiddo. I owe you big time!

Uncle Drew stops Frankie as he's about to head backstage.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)  
Did you get the job done?

FRANKIE  
Looked like he committed actual  
suicide.

UNCLE DREW  
You're the best, Kid. Now get going!

Frankie goes down the hall and takes the staff entrance to  
the backstage.

FRANKIE (V.O)  
I cannot believe that my Uncle Drew  
wanted me to play guitar that night.  
This was the first time he'd asked me  
to do this. Aside from my job, I only  
have one hobby. I play guitar and I  
sometimes jam with other bands in my  
spare time.

Leroy leans over to talk Uncle Drew's Ear to avoid shouting  
over the music playing.

LEROY  
Did you just ask Frankie to play  
Guitar tonight?

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UNCLE DREW  
Yeah! He plays in his own time and  
jams with some bands.

LEROY  
Man, he better be good!

UNCLE DREW  
Are you kidding me, Leroy? Frankie is  
the best!

Uncle Drew follows Frankie as he heads backstage.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROSE STAGE

The lights shine bright at The Bass and Guitar Amplifier  
Stacks with the Drum Set nestled in between and 3 microphones  
front on the left, and right sides with the main mic on the  
center.

The talkative crowd converses on though their banter grows  
more silent as the Stage remains unoccupied. Meanwhile at the  
Backstage, Band Members ZIGGY and DUSTY peeping behind the  
curtains while JOHNNY paces around very anxiously.

Frankie accompanied by Uncle Drew approaches The Band all  
dressed in the Typical LA Rockstar Look.

UNCLE DREW  
Yo, Guys!

The Trio goes to line up in front of Uncle Drew.

ZIGGY  
Who's this?

UNCLE DREW  
This is Frankie Strings. He's your  
replacement Guitar Player for tonight.

JOHNNY  
What does he play? Michael Buble or  
some Rat Pack type of shit? Man! We  
play Heavy Metal, dude! We don't need  
Fucking Beatlemania over here!

Uncle Drew grabs Johnny by the collar of his Leather Jacket  
and lifts him off the ground.

(CONTINUED)



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UNCLE DREW

Listen, dude! You got no choice but to play with him! And it just so happens that he's 10. No, A Hundred Times better than your Lousy Full of Shit Guitarist who can't make it tonight! Now, if don't want to lose your fucking job then he's filling in for Billy tonight while he's at home fucking shitting himself! Ya got that?

Ziggy with his jaw dropped in total fear nods his head in approval.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Now, do your covers, play 'Highway Star', and have Frankie play both the Keyboard and Guitar Solo just like the song goes. Your allotted time is running so just end the set with 'You Really Got Me'. [To Ziggy and Dusty:] Start with Eruption as usual. Frankie Strings here will do the rest. Ya got that?

ZIGGY

Yes, sir.

DUSTY

Shouldn't be a problem.

Uncle Drew faces Johnny who's still in his grip.

JOHNNY

Yes! Yes, sir!

Drops him. The rest of the band then get ready to head to the stage.

UNCLE DREW

Yo, Frankie! Man, you're going to rock the house tonight!

FRANKIE

You bet. Thanks, Uncle Drew!

UNCLE DREW

Frankie Strings on the Guitar! Woo hoo! Yeah! Go get 'em, kid!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frankie and The Band head to the Stage and the audience goes wild.

ZIGGY

[To Dusty:] Yo! Is that Lauren Haze in the front row?

Dusty looks in in that direction.

DUSTY

No shit. That is her! What's she doing here anyway? She's a Pop Singer. She's not a rocker! Why the fuck should we care?

Ziggy sits on the Drum Throne Chair while Dusty picks up his Bass and plugs it onto the Amp. Frankie opposite side of Dusty does the same thing and turns up the volume on the Stack.

JOHNNY

Good Evening! We're Lovebite! And we play Heavy Metal! Hit it!

Ziggy taps his Drumsticks together 4 times to start the first song.

Deep Purple's Highway Star begins its Glorious Intro.

Johnny gets ready for the Iconic Scream before the First Verse but starts coughing just when he starts to sing.

Frankie immediately gets on the Mic in front of him.

FRANKIE

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Ziggy and Dusty's faces light up in amazement as they look at Frankie while he's still playing. Johnny, on the other hand, gives him a deathly stare.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Nobody gonna take my Car, I'm gonna race it to the Ground! Nobody gonna take my Car, I'm gonna break the Speed of Sound!

Uncle Drew at the VIP Balcony raises his hands and starts headbanging.

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CONTINUED:

UNCLE DREW

Woo hoo! Yeah! That's my Boy!

Frankie continues his groove as he plays his Axe and sings his heart away.

FRANKIE

Ooh! It's a Killer Machine. It's got everything! Like a Driving Power and Everything!

The Crowd sings along on top of rocking out and going wild with the tune.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I love it and I need it! I bleed it!  
Yeah, it's a Wild Hurricane. Alright,  
hold tight-

Frankie makes eye contact with LAUREN HAZE in the crowd and smiles.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

-I'm a Highway Star!

Frankie begins to play the tune's Keyboard Solo on his Guitar.

PAUL leans to Lauren next to him.

LAUREN

(Yelling on Paul's Ear)

I can't believe he's playing the  
Keyboard Solo on Guitar! I've never  
seen anyone do that before! That's so  
insane!

PAUL

It sounds so much better than on a  
Keyboard!

LAUREN

That's who I need to for that new  
sound I'm looking for!

PAUL

Lauren, are you really going to switch  
to playing Rock Music?

LAUREN

I told you I want to play Rock n'  
(MORE)

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LAUREN (CONT'D)

Roll. The Record Company will just  
have to go with the changes!

Frankie nails all the notes especially the transition onto  
the Third Verse. Johnny in grave disappointment walks off the  
stage.

CUT TO:

20 MINUTES LATER

Fast forward to Frankie playing the Grand Finale of Van  
Halen's Eruption The Crowd continues to enjoy Frankie's  
Shredding as if they could not get enough.

Frankie finishes the Solo and gets the Band started on 'You  
Really Got Me'

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD ROSE-NIGHT

Frankie takes in the fresh air as the Club closes up shop.  
The Last Few Members of the Audience compliment him and his  
performance before they leave.

Lauren then makes her move to talk to Frankie.

LAUREN

Hi!

FRANKIE

Hi! Wait. You're, Lauren Haze!

LAUREN

Yeah, hi! Um. I saw you on Stage and  
I've honestly never seen any Guitarist  
play like that and I've heard plenty  
of Greats!

FRANKIE

Thank you so much!

Frankie laughs and begins to blush.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Uh. That's quite the compliment from  
you especially.

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LAUREN

Hey, I noticed you're wearing something entirely different from the rest of the Band. I take it, you're not with these guys?

FRANKIE

Just filling in for tonight. Not in a band at all actually.

LAUREN

Ah. Well, if you're down to jam at my Studio sometime or just hangout-

Lauren takes her phone out.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Can I get your number?

FRANKIE

Um. Uh, yeah!

Lauren hands over the phone to have Frankie type his digits with his name included.

Hands it back to her and reads the screen.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

The name is Frankie, by the way.  
Frankie Strings.

Franks extends his hand. Lauren goes for the handshake.

LAUREN

Lauren. Lauren Haze. Great meeting you tonight, Frankie!

The two hold hands a little longer than usual before Lauren walks off.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I'll text you soon. Bye, Frankie!

FRANKIE

Bye!

Lauren heads to the SUV across parked on the Lot.

FRANKIE (V.O)

Could you believe, Lauren Haze, that super famous pop singer wants me to  
(MORE)

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FRANKIE (V.O) (CONT'D)  
jam with her? I couldn't help but think that she is into this kind of music because of her songs that I hear on the radio. I also couldn't help but think how incredibly stunning she is in person.

She heads to the backseat while Paul drives her home. Jimmy pulls Frankie's Corvette up right beside him.

Gets out of the car to hand the keys over.

JIMMY  
Yo, Frankie. I heard you play, man. You're insane! Dude, I sooo want to take Guitar Lessons from you!

FRANKIE  
Thanks, Jimmy. If I make the time then, sure! Hey, did Uncle Drew head home yet?

JIMMY  
Nah, I just saw him in his office a few minutes ago.

FRANKIE  
Cool. He asked me to give him a ride unless he bummed someone else for one.

Uncle Drew steps out of the Entrance locking the door on the way to the Parking Lot.

UNCLE DREW  
Yo, Jimmy! Need help pulling down the gate. Come on!

JIMMY  
I got to go. Later, Frank!

Jimmy runs to the opposite side of where Uncle Drew stands and seals up the Front.

Uncle Drew looks through the Glass Door to see the Alarm on the wall turn from red to green.

Frankie pulls his Car to the sidewalk close to Uncle Drew.

UNCLE DREW  
We're good. Night, Jimmy.

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Uncle Drew enters opens the Passenger Door and gets in the Vehicle.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)  
Yo, Frankie! I can't thank you enough  
for tonight.

FRANKIE  
No problem, Uncle Drew. Take you home?

UNCLE DREW  
You bet, Kiddo. Petal to the Metal.  
I'm a Highway Star!

Frankie rev-matches the Corvette into gear and off it goes.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNCLE DREW'S HOUSE-NIGHT

A Cul-De-Sac with a Brick Staircase, a Flowerpot stacked on each side of the steps leading up to the porch on top, and rotting grass in the front yard. The Little Red Corvette arrives and stops in front of the driveway.

UNCLE DREW  
Hey thanks again, Frankie.

FRANKIE  
Not a problem.

UNCLE DREW  
Oh, hey before I go.

Uncle Drew takes out a packed envelope and gives it to Frankie.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)  
For the job today.

Frankie checks and starts counting the cash inside while Uncle Drew takes out the money clip from his back pocket.

He sifts through the Benjamins one by one.

Frankie looks around to inspect the road.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)  
Ah, fuck it.

Uncle Drew takes all the bills out of the clip and hands it

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to Frankie.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Here you go, Frankie. For filling on  
Guitar tonight, and for being my Uber  
ride home.

Frankie takes the wad, looks at Uncle Drew, and smiles.

FRANKIE

Thank you, Uncle Drew. Might be a bit  
much.

UNCLE DREW

Ah, you know me. I always give you  
extra. Not just for saving my ass  
every almost every time I need it.  
Because you're my Son, my very own!  
Ah, you know that!

FRANKIE

Thank you, Uncle Drew. Now, go home  
and get to bed.

UNCLE DREW

You got it, Saint Franklin!

Frankie drives away.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Patron Saint of The Six String... And  
saving my ass! Ha ha ha!

Uncle Drew walks up the Brick Stairs.

FRANKIE (V.O)

To be honest, the money is good  
working as a hitman. I mean, really  
good! But I had a gut feeling I might  
get a chance to leave this all behind.  
But even that seems impossible or at  
least quitting this job without the  
cost of my own life. Either way, I  
sensed a change was coming.

CUT TO:

INT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

TONY TAGLIA, a Dark Haired Mid 50s Alpha Personality wearing  
a Royal Navy Blue 3-Piece Suit with a Red Tie sits in his Big

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CONTINUED:

Desk in a hallway-sized Office that looks almost like the one from Scarface.

A few knocks suddenly come on the door.

TONY

Come in.

Uncle Drew opens up and enters the room.

TONY (CONT'D)

Drew!

UNCLE DREW

How ya doin', Tony?

TONY

Good! Take a seat I got some business I need help with. Was wondering if you could take it on.

Uncle Drew sits on the right chair facing Tony.

UNCLE DREW

Lay it on me, Tone. What's up?

Tony puts a Cigar from the side of the table into his mouth and quickly lights it up with a match.

Takes a moment to have a few puffs.

TONY

I just got word of some Rooskies doing business on our turf.

UNCLE DREW

Shit. They're not supposed to be here!

TONY

Yeah! No shit, Drew!

UNCLE DREW

What do you plan on doing about them?

TONY

Simple. Go in, kill all of them, and leave without a trace especially before the Cops show up.

Uncle Drew pauses to continue listening.

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Tony gets his phone and shows Uncle Drew the pictures of The Russian Mob-owned building scrolling through photos of the exterior and some of what's inside.

TONY (CONT'D)

They're running a Rub n' Tug. The place isn't very big and it doesn't look like it has that many of those fucks in there.

Tony still sliding away at his phone screen directed at Uncle Drew.

Photos of some Women working in the Brothel pass on by.

UNCLE DREW

Damn. Not, uh. Very good for business at all.

TONY

Yeah, no shit! They're a bunch of Fucking Rats and they got to go before more show up and start a plague. We got to show them we mean business and scare off these Motherfuckers!

UNCLE DREW

Well, alright then! What do you need me to do?

TONY

Was hoping you could send your boy. The one who makes his hits look like an Accident or made him look like they did it. That Classy Smart Kid you have. Uh, what's his face? Um, Frankie!

UNCLE DREW

He could do it. Do you just need him?

Tony gets off his seat to stand outside the window behind the chair and then turns around.

TONY

Yeah, I want 'em! He seems to be the best Hitman we have!

UNCLE DREW

Yeah, I don't doubt that. The kid is just shy of his 30s and already he has

(MORE)

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UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)  
a massive body count. Gets away with  
no trace every time. I don't know how  
he does it sometimes!

Tony takes a few drags off his cigar.

TONY  
He's got talent. Brains too. Give him  
the job.

UNCLE DREW  
Ya got it, Tone.

TONY  
It'll get a message clear to The  
Russian Mob. Other Families know we  
are not to be fucked with.

UNCLE DREW  
I'll get on it. Anything else?

TONY  
Oh and send some flowers to Herald's  
Funeral. That Florist near the Club.  
Uh, what's her name?

UNCLE DREW  
Doris. Yeah, I'll take care of that.

Uncle Drew stands up and exits Tony's Office while Tony sits  
down on his Desk Chair and puts out his Cigar on the ashtray.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)  
Later, Tone.

TONY  
Oh and Drew.

Uncle Drew stops for a moment.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Once Frankie finishes the job. I'll  
swear him in as a Capo.

Uncle Drew with a sudden look of dread resumes walking.

CUT TO:

EXT. SWEET DREAMS MASSAGE & SPA-DAY

A Store Front with Graphic Decals covering their windows in this Rundown Strip Mall somewhere in North Hollywood.

Frankie arrives on a Public Transit Bus as it makes a stop a block away from the place.

Frank hops over the nearby fence that leads to the Rub n' Tug's back lot.

While approaching the two Russian Mobsters having a smoke, Frank puts on a Black N95 Face Mask from his leather jacket pocket over his face to wear with his Black Baseball Cap.

Frank walks straight ahead to the goon who's further out from the back entrance while throwing a Carving Knife at the head of the one closer to the building.

Frank immediately gets his Garote Wire with 6 strings of an Electric Guitar weaved together to put around the Last Henchman outside's head and snaps the neck thoroughly.

CUT TO:

INT. SWEET DREAMS MASSAGE & SPA

Frankie sneaks in with his footsteps concealed by the Velvet Shag Carpet as he moves through the Hallway with Doors of Women moaning echoing through.

PROSTITUTE #1 at the end of the hall exits the Massage Room with CUSTOMER #1 leading to the lobby with CUSTOMER #1.

She turns her head to see a Masked-Up Frankie.

PROSTITUTE #1

Ahhhhhhh!

CUSTOMER #

Oh, shit!

Both run for their lives.

A Henchman comes around from the Lobby area to investigate.

Frankie takes out his short Short Barrel 1911 handgun and opens fire.

The Russian Goon gets a bullet to the head. All the Sex Workers in the Waiting Room Couches all scream in fear.

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More Customers with their Masseuses rush out of the rooms.

More come charging from the door with the "Office" sign nailed to it and Frankie quick to the draw kills all 3 around.

A Russian Gangster peeks out and instantly shuts the door as Frankie approaches and puts a few bullets through the door.

Frankie kicks it down.

Finds The Mobster with a .45 slug to his neck and another through his chest.

With no hesitation, Frankie shoots him in the head before he reaches for his piece from the safe he unlocked. Dead.

He gets all the stacks of bills inside and distributes them to all the Women very quickly.

FRANKIE

Now, get out of here! Go! Get out!

All of the Prostitutes rush out the front entrance with cash in their hands.

Frankie gets the Vodka from the Office, spills some of the alcohol on the CCTV Surveillance, and takes out a match to light it up.

He then runs to the Maintenance Room to get Cleaning Chemicals to spill all over the floor and walls on the way out of the back exit.

He gets another match out of his back pocket and sets it ablaze.

CUT TO:

EXT. SWEET DREAMS MASSAGE & SPA-DAY

Frankie takes his jacket, hat, and mask off as he casually walks onto the street opposite direction from the entrance.

He calmly keeps on walking.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET-DAY (FEW BLOCKS AWAY FROM THE BROTHEL)

Frankie catches the next Bus that arrives at the fairly busy

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Avenue just as he makes his way to the stop.

Fire Truck sirens go off but at a far distance.

The Transit drives away.

Frankie lays and rests his head on the window as it gets moving into traffic.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT DAY (MORNING AFTER)

Frankie is asleep in the Master Bedroom with posters of Rock Bands from AC/DC to ZZ Top on the walls with an Electric Guitar and a Full Stack Tube Amplifier next to his bed.

His phone on the nightstand next to him emits the Question Box Bump Sound from Super Mario.

Frankie tosses to the other side. Continues to snooze.

The ringtone goes off again.

Frankie finally opens his eyes. Grabs his phone to check on it.

FRANKIE (V.O)

Lauren had texted me the morning after  
I burnt down that Russian rub and tug.

LAUREN

(Text Message)  
Morning, Frankie!

Frankie scrolls down to read the second text she just sent.

FRANKIE (V.O)

She asked if I could come to her  
studio today and have a jam session.

LAUREN

(Text Message)  
Are you free to come by the studio and  
hang out today, by any chance?

Frankie smiles and types a reply.

FRANKIE (V.O)

Ha. Good thing I was off that day.

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FRANKIE

(Text Message)

Yeah, sure. I'm off today. Good timing.

LAUREN

(Text Message)

Great!

Incoming Message Bubble pops up. Keeping anticipation.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

(Text Message)

1880 Loma Vista Drive Beverly Hills,  
CA 90210. Can you be here at noon?

FRANKIE

(Text Message)

Perfect. See you then.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAUREN'S HOUSE AND STUDIO-DAY

Frankie and his Corvette arrive at the Massive One Story Hideaway Mansion up in the Iconic Laurel Canyon Hills.

He goes through the gate that leads to the front door.

Lauren opens as soon as she sees Frankie through the entrance window.

LAUREN

Frankie!

CUT TO:

INT. LAUREN'S HOUSE AND STUDIO-DAY

LAUREN

Come on in!

Frankie enters this Incredibly spacious Living Room with Framed Posters.

Gold Records, Guitars, and Basses on the walls with a Grand Piano by the Staircase.

FRANKIE

This place is amazing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREN

Thank you! Bought the place 2 years ago with what I earned from my 1st Album.

Frankie in awe looks at a Vintage Gibson Les Paul encased in a Glass Display.

FRANKIE

That's. Oh my God. Jimmy Page's Les Paul!

LAUREN

Yep! Led Zeppelin is my Favorite Band.

FRANKIE

No way! Me too! I must've seen The Song Remains The Same probably a billion times.

LAUREN

Holy shit! You're probably the only person my age I have come across to have seen that movie.

FRANKIE

You know? I'd probably say the same. Then again, I usually hang out with people who don't like seeing the light of day let alone do anything fun.

Lauren chuckles.

LAUREN

You need new friends.

FRANKIE

Yeah. Definitely!

Paul emerges from a sliding door with a Studio Mixer and a Soundproof Recording Room beyond it.

PAUL

Hey, Lauren. I was able to add your Vocals with that New Track that- [To Frankie:] Oh hey, what's up dude.

FRANKIE

Hi!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LAUREN

I invited him to check out the Studio.  
[To Frankie:] Hey, I have a Track that needs a quick Guitar Solo. Think you can help out real quick? If you have time, of course!

FRANKIE

Well, I did say I'm off today but a Solo Track wouldn't take that long to put together.

LAUREN

Great! Well, I have plenty of Guitars, Amps, and equipment. Is there anything you need? Like a particular sound?

FRANKIE

Just give me a Guitar.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION RECORDING STUDIO-DAY

A Soundproof Area with Acoustic Wood Panels with Foam Padding on several parts of the walls along with a Sound Mixing, Vocal Box, and Recording Room with Drums, Guitars, Bass Guitars, and Microphones on the Amplifier Speakers.

Frankie picks up a PRS Santana Signature Electric Six String and plugs it onto the Marshall JCM 800 100 Watt Tube Amp Half Stack.

Lauren and Luke in the Mixing Room next door with Frankie beyond the Window passed the Mixer.

Frankie puts on headphones and grabs a Guitar Pick from his back pocket.

LAUREN

(Intercom)

So, I'll play the song. I'll let you know when you should start playing. We can more do takes if needed especially if you'd like to add anything more or until you're satisfied with your Solo. Ready, Frankie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE

(Speaking to the Mic hanging in  
front of him)

What key is the Solo?

LAUREN

(Intercom)

E Minor, I believe.

FRANKIE

Cool. Okay, roll it!

Luke pushes play. The song comes on and picks up from the 2nd Verse.

The Pre-Chorus comes in then the Chorus itself.

Before the Bridge Part comes on, Lauren counts to four with her fingers to signal Frankie to start shredding.

Frankie whales away improvising every note.

He masterfully puts the Theory of Music onto the Strings and sounds as if he had rehearsed before recording the take.

Frankie continues to hack away and adds some Van Halen Finger Tapping paired with some Malmsteen Arpeggios as he cascades through the fretboard.

Lauren stares at Frankie incredibly mesmerized.

Luke is in the same state with his jaw slowly dropping.

Frankie works his way up to the 22nd Fret and finishes his Solo with the very last note on the High E String letting the Top Pitch of that Note echo as the song comes back to the Chorus.

Luke stops the recording and the track.

Frankie looks at Lauren and Luke in the Mixing Room staring at him with those shocked looks on their faces.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Was. That. Okay?

Luke snaps out of the Post Axe Shredding Trance and looks at Lauren.

LUKE

Good?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lauren comes off from the shock.

LAUREN

Uh. Fuck that's perfect! Yeah, we're good!

FRANKIE

Great!

Luke turns off the In-Ear Intercom.

LUKE

Do you really want him as our Guitarist?

LAUREN

Do you mean, my Guitarist? He's perfect, especially for the new sound I want to go for on my next album.

LUKE

Don't you think he might be overqualified?

LAUREN

We've had a lot of people audition for the part already. I haven't even asked if he wants to be my Guitarist for the Tour and on the New Album.

Frankie unplugs the Guitar and puts it on the Stand.

Looks at Lauren staring back at him through the Soundproof Window smiling at each other.

He enters the Mixing Room with his eyes briefly on his phone.

FRANKIE

Hey, I got to go.

LAUREN

Oh. No worries! Let me walk you out!

CUT TO:

INT. LAUREN'S HOUSE AND STUDIO-DAY

Lauren opens the Front Door for Frankie to exit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREN

So, um. I wanted to ask you a question.

FRANKIE

Yeah?

LAUREN

Well, since you're not in a Band right now, my Guitarist just had a baby and had to quit so I need a new one. Both in the Studio and on Tour.

FRANKIE

Oh.

Frankie suddenly gets petrified.

LAUREN

I understand it's a lot to think about so I don't expect an answer right now. But I like you... And I would love for you to be my Guitarist.

FRANKIE

Thank you. I like you too.

A brief silence as Lauren blushes.

LAUREN

Well, I'll see you later then.

FRANKIE

Yeah. Definitely!

Lauren blushes even more.

FRANKIE (V.O)

Are you kidding? In an event like this, I would say yes in a heartbeat. But what looked like a moment of hesitation was actually a realization that I had just been given the very thing I had wished for my whole life.

Frankie heads out but then briefly turns around.

FRANKIE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lauren looking slightly surprised.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

It's been a lifelong Dream to be a rock star, going on tour, and making albums. Yes, I'll be your Guitarist!

LAUREN

Yes! Holy shit! Thank you! You have no idea how grateful I am! I'll let the label know and they'll work out the details. Probably get you to sign a thing or two. Maybe. I guess that's how it works if I remember correctly.

FRANKIE

Great! Oh my God! Yes!

LAUREN

Woo! Ha ha!

Frankie exits and gets in his car.

He slowly backs up to the road.

FRANKIE

Yeah!

Lauren waves at Frankie.

He rolls down his window.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Frankie Strings, Lead Guitarist for Lauren Haze! A Rockstar! Woooooo!

Frankie pedals to the metal taking his rush of adrenaline out on the road.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROSE-DAY

Frankie is at the back of the Auditorium staring into the empty Stage.

Uncle Drew finds him as he walks by conducting his own business.

UNCLE DREW

Oh, hey Frankie! Surprised to see you  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

here!

FRANKIE

I know. I thought I'd come here for a bit and reminisce, you know?

Uncle Drew walks over to Frankie.

UNCLE DREW

Yeah, I know. It's your day off though, Kiddo. You normally would be miles away from here with or without a guitar on your days off. What's on your mind, Frankie?

FRANKIE

I, uh. Have news.

UNCLE DREW

I'm listening.

FRANKIE

So, I was at Lauren Haze's Studio today. She invited me.

UNCLE DREW

The Pop Singer that was here the other night? You, uh. Are you two dating?

FRANKIE

Ha. I. Had an audition.

Uncle Drew looks at him with a straight face.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Then she asked if I could be in her band since she needed a Session and Touring Guitarist.

Uncle Drew keeps the same emotion.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I didn't hesitate. I said-

Uncle Drew slaps him in the face then grabs him by the collar and pins him to the Bar Table.

UNCLE DREW

I can't let you do that, Kid. Remember that you're a part of this Family.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

There's no leaving the Family. If you do, you will die! Ya got that?

Uncle Drew tightens his grip.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Ya got that, Frankie?

Frankie already having difficulty keeping himself together gets more upset.

Uncle Drew's grows rageful.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Yo, Frankie! Do you hear me?

Frankie very reluctantly lets himself and his guard down.

Tears start coming down his eyes as he looks at the floor directing his waterworks to the carpet.

FRANKIE

Yes, Uncle Drew. I understand.

UNCLE DREW

Good.

Uncle Drew puts him down.

Walks away hiding his face from Frankie.

Both distance from each other in grave devastation.

Uncle Drew begins crying as he makes it into his Office.

Frankie, silent, in tears, and face petrified taking the horror makes his way out of the Auditorium quietly.

Uncle Drew, on the other hand, cries boisterously seated at his desk chair.

FRANKIE (V.O)

I knew he wouldn't take it very well.  
There really is no such thing as  
leaving this life. My heart was broken  
and I couldn't help but harness hatred  
in my soul. Not just for the family.  
But for the man, I think of as a  
father. My Uncle Drew. If he had loved  
me, he would've given his life to have

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE (V.O) (CONT'D)  
 me pursue my dream. Even he knows that  
 I should be a rockstar and not a cold-  
 blooded murderer. Oh well, I'm nothing  
 a foot soldier to him after all. I  
 can't help but feel that I have been  
 used by him my entire life.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH-NIGHT

A Catholic Cathedral with Long Pews in a row on the sides  
 with a walkway in the Center, Religious Stained Artwork on  
 the Glass Windows, and a Massive Crucifix at the Tabernacle  
 where Tony dips Frankie's Forehead on a Bowl of Holy Water.

Uncle Drew, SILVIO SALVATORE, ANTHONY TOSCANO, ANTHONY TAGLIA  
 III, LOUIS MANGIONE, PAUL SEVERINO, and other Esteemed Family  
 Members are gathered around as well in this Private Ceremony.

TONY  
 I now baptize our Brother, Franklin  
 Santos, and officially welcome him to  
 our Family. Heavenly Father-

Frankie is on his knees kneeling on the steps of the Stage.

TONY (CONT'D)  
 We are thankful to you for bringing  
 Brother Franklin into our lives. He  
 has been a Humble Servant to our  
 Family. His exceptional work and  
 sacrifices have shown that he is more  
 than trustworthy.

Uncle Drew looks at Frankie with dread.

TONY (CONT'D)  
 And more so, he is welcome to the  
 House of God when the time comes and,  
 most of all, we welcome him to The  
 Taglia Family. In Jesus's Name. Amen.

Everyone repeats the last word of every Prayer.

All make the Sign of the Cross.

A Soulless Frankie stands up as Tony hugs and kisses him on  
 both cheeks.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TONY (CONT'D)

Welcome to the Family, Frankie. You're officially a Capo.

Everyone applauds and shakes hands with Frankie one by one.

FRANKIE (V.O)

One of the most dreadful days of my life. I never liked this job and now I get a promotion? What the fuck?

CUT TO:

INT. SEVENTH VEIL-NIGHT

Frankie, Tony Silvio, and Paul are sitting in front of the Stage inside the Famous Club where the Dancers performing on the poles stripping their clothing one by one until they're wearing nothing but their heels.

Everyone else is having a good time but Frankie is spaced out flushed into his depression which he is doing his best to hide. A Stripper sits right next to Frankie but his attention is still out there.

Tony snaps his fingers in front of his face getting Frankie out of his miserable trance.

He looks at Tony and smiles.

TONY

Hey, Frankie. Cherry here is asking for a dance. Come on, you can have as many as you want.

Frankie nods at Tony and CHERRY escorts him to a Private VIP Room.

CUT TO:

INT. VIP BOOTH IN THE SEVENTH VEIL

Frankie sits and lays back in a Confessional Looking Boxed Room with Cherry on top dancing away on his lap.

Cherry rubs her body on Frankie's crotch.

CHERRY

You seem far away, baby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE

There's. A lot in my mind.

CHERRY

I can get you off your head if you'd like.

Cherry puts her face between Frankie's legs.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

Do you want me to suck your cock?

Frankie looks at Cherry and nods his head in approval. Frankie takes his pants off.

Cherry puts a condom on him and gives him a blowjob. He continues to stare away in front of him while Cherry is between his legs below.

A Vision with corpses on the floor flashes before him. As the oral intercourse intensifies, the daydream becomes more vivid and with more feeling.

FRANKIE (V.O)

I should be very turned off at this moment. But a vision that I had in my mind turned me on.

Frankie still looking to the distance goes further into his hallucination.

FRANKIE (V.O) (CONT'D)

As Cherry was blowing me, this vision spawned in my mind out from pure hatred. The fact that my family not being a family came to mind.

He sees a trail of blood from the bodies trickling onward where the streaks flow onto a pair of Suede Shoes.

FRANKIE (V.O) (CONT'D)

My hatred for all of the Taglia Family had grown. The love I had especially for Uncle Drew grew twisted as my soul as it turned black. I began to harness pure evil and I had never felt so powerful in my entire life. It felt good.

The blurry sight of the dead bodies becomes more clear and it's Tony, Uncle Drew, and the rest of his Family lifeless

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

and on the ground.

Frankie's heart rate goes up and gets closer to the edge of an orgasm.

Frankie then slowly looks upward in the dream and sees himself sitting on a throne, gun in hand, guitar in shoulder, blood dripping from his hands and onto his black suede shoes.

FRANKIE (V.O) (CONT'D)

Then suddenly the vision became clear to me, there was only one way to get out of this life of crime. And that is to have The Taglia Family killed. Every. Single. One of them!

Then he snaps out of his trance as soon as he comes onto the condom.

Cherry overwhelmed by the load produced by Frankie, takes her mouth out of his cock.

CHERRY

Wow. Uh. I guess we're done here.

FRANKIE

I forgot to warn you. I'm sorry.

CHERRY

That's okay. Uh. Huh. Well, at least you enjoyed yourself!

Frankie and Cherry walk out of the VIP Room and back to the lounge.

He looks around to find the Family who aren't present.

The BOUNCER on the podium table next to the VIP Entrance leans near his ear.

BOUNCER

Your folks went home. They told me you could still stick around if you want.

Frankie exits.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT-DAY

Frankie opens up his closet and pushes his hanged clothes to

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

the right side, puts a nail on the wall, and hammers it halfway in.

FRANKIE (V.O)

My mind started racing away at how I was going to pull this off.

Then he attaches a White Board.

He grabs a Green Marker and writes 'Taglia Family' on the center top. Nods of disapproval and erases it.

He takes a moment to think about what to write.

FRANKIE (V.O) (CONT'D)

Taking on the whole family, myself is simply impossible. They'd know all my moves. So I had to think harder. Suddenly I remembered that I had just hit that Russian Mob joint.

Then he goes back to the Drawing Board and scribbles, 'Russian Mob' in all capital letters with a Red Marker.

FRANKIE (V.O) (CONT'D)

That was supposed to be a one-time deal and something that the Russian mob wouldn't go to war over. And them going to war is exactly what I want!

Draws three different lines and a circle that all categories are connected to.

He steps back and waits a moment.

FRANKIE (V.O) (CONT'D)

What if I kept going with attacking more Russian Mob operations and set a story of the Taglia Family hitting heavily on the Russians on purpose to wage a war? Then I laid out all the biggest schemes they have in this town.

Then he writes, 'SEX' on the left circle, 'DRUGS' in the middle, then stops himself as he is about to finish writing, 'ROCK N' ROLL' on the right.

Erases it and then etches the words 'HEAVY METAL' and draws a gun with a bullet shooting out of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frankie then starts a section on the left side and writes, 'Brothels' hence branching out a subcategory.

FRANKIE (V.O) (CONT'D)

The plans have been set. Let's Rock N'  
Roll! 1, 2, 3, 4!

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHEL-NIGHT

Frankie wearing a Royal Navy Blue Suit and his Black Face Mask busts through the front entrance by tackling down the Bodyguard guarding the door sending him right on in the Strip Club Esque Area guns blazing and shooting at the Army of Mobsters inside.

The Bouncer already has a bullet in his head so he's not getting up.

The Sex Workers all rush out the exits in a panic while Frankie shoots his way onward and picks off every single gangster firing back.

He checks if the coast is clear but then leaps over the bar getting into cover as more Russian Tracksuit Goons show up trying to gun him down.

As the bottles of alcoholic beverages get shot to pieces, Frankie crouches down to hide.

He finds a SPAS-12 Shotgun next to him hooked under the table.

He waits for the Mob to stop shooting and close in on him then he cocks his newly acquired weapon to shoot them all down in groups of 2 or 3 letting the buck shots spread onto Frankie's victims.

Some Mobsters run away from him as he walks through the different lounge settings leaving the spacious area filled with corpses on the ground.

One mobster hiding in a corner ambushes him with a knife as soon Frankie gets in striking distance but he intercepts the blade and dodges while shooting the dude in his stomach the shotgun shell bursts on through and bust open his solar plexus causing his intestines to gush out.

Frankie gets a match and throws it at the bar to have the spilled alcohol set ablaze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

More Mobsters show up and Frankie immediately runs to take cover behind the nearest wall making haste to avoid the crossfire barrage.

Checks the shotgun's loading chamber.

Out of ammo.

FRANKIE

(Whispers)

Shit!

Frankie throws out the Shotgun to the center of the room as a distraction for the Russians to open fire in the wrong direction while he grabs his 1911 from his holster.

DIMITRI, one of the remaining Mobsters quietly tells two of his men to go around the bar.

DIMITRI

It's over, pal! We got you surrounded!

Frankie looks at the burning mirror on the bar to see how many people remain.

The two Henchmen close in on Frankie.

DIMITRI (CONT'D)

The place is burning down. You're about to go down with it!

FRANKIE

Man! Kiss my ass!

Frankie catches the goon sneaking up on the left and shoots him without hesitation.

He flips to the other side of the bar shooting the guy on the right side to successfully evade the ambush.

The company of 5 has reduced to 3. Then Frankie guns down 2 more.

Dimitri being the last, retreats and makes a run for the exit.

Frankie puts a bullet in his leg.

DIMITRI

Ahhh!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He limps toward the exit.

Frankie stomps on his bullet wound.

DIMITRI (CONT'D)  
Ahhhhh! Fuck you!

Frankie pulls the trigger to put a bullet between Dimitri's eyes. Dead.

The place is already burning down so Frankie makes a run for it and escapes out the back.

CUT TO:

FRANKIE'S APARTMENT-DAY

Frankie in his closet continues to draw away on his White Board and moves on to the 'DRUGS' section.

He starts another subcategory and labels another place Russian Mob-owned place in town.

CUT TO:

INT. FLORIST SHOP, SOMEWHERE IN WEST HOLLYWOOD-NIGHT

A Small Flower Store with bouquets of various arrays of plants for sale fills the store along with the Cashier Counter which has different sheets of paper next to a cutter mat table ready to make wraps.

Two Russian Gangsters in Dark Red Suits put together a Bouquet and put a 'Get Well Soon' Card to hide a bag full of heroin inside.

He then hands it to another HENCHMAN wearing a Tracksuit and heads out the door.

He comes back in with a Molotov Cocktail that Frankie, waiting outside, gives him with the towel on the top of the bottle already on fire.

HENCHMAN.  
Uh. Uh. Ahhh! Nyet!

He instantly drops it onto the floor and the place quickly catches on fire.

Everyone panics as they see Frankie wearing a face mask out front and put a crowbar to seal the front door to trap them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

By the time they try to break the display window, everyone is set ablaze.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLORIST SHOP, SOMEWHERE IN WEST HOLLYWOOD-NIGHT

Frankie walks further onto the merely empty street not looking back at the storefront's massive explosion.

One person from inside the store finally smashes his way out but drops dead on the street cement.

He gets in his car on the nearest block on the right and drives away as Fire Trucks rush into the scene.

CUT TO:

FRANKIE'S APARTMENT-DAY

Next up, is the 'HEAVY METAL' section.

Off the top of his head, he picks a Russian Mob Owned Firearms Store in Reseda to hit next.

He takes a moment to think about the decision.

He then writes, 'Storefront too small for Supplier'.

Then he writes, 'Van Nuys'.

Takes a moment to think.

Writes, "Yeah. That's the one."

CUT TO:

INT. FIREARMS STORE DOWNTOWN-DAY

A Supermarket Setting but with aisles stacked with Guns, Ammunition, and accessories.

Similar to that Gun Shop in, 'The Terminator' but the Guns are behind Protective Glass Cases.

Frankie walks inside with a Sharkskin Gray 3-Piece Suit and wearing a Black Face Mask.

The SHOP OWNER at the Counter turns and looks at Frankie who's the only customer.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SHOP OWNER  
Hello. Welcome!

Frankie proceeds to act like he's browsing around.

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)  
Let me know if you have any questions.

Frankie looks around and goes to the Sub Machine Gun Section.  
He then glimpses at a Uzi chambered in 9mm.

FRANKIE  
Excuse me.

The Owner walks over to where he is.

SHOP OWNER  
How may I help you?

FRANKIE  
I'd like to buy the 9mm Uzi.

SHOP OWNER  
Ah. Chops anyone down while surgically  
putting 50 bullets in them in one go.  
Or can kill 5 or 6 of the  
motherfuckers in the same room. I like  
your style!

FRANKIE  
Yes, it's the gun I wanted to go for.

SHOP OWNER  
You know, we can modify these suckers  
and re-chamber the gun with a .45  
Barrel. More power in a Small Machine  
Gun than you could think. Like God  
holding his dick! Haha!

Frankie awkwardly smirks behind his mask.

FRANKIE  
I think I'll take you up on that  
offer.

SHOP OWNER  
Great! I'll go get that started for  
you. My tools are at the Counter.

Frankie follows the Owner to the front.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE

I'm going to need some ammunition.

SHOP OWNER

Got it! It's on the Counter. I'll fetch those for you. I take it, you'll need extra ammo clips as well?

FRANKIE

Sounds good. Frankie stops and leans on the countertop.

The Shop Owner goes through and puts the Uzi on the workbench.

SHOP OWNER

You know, you came to the right place to buy Firearms.

FRANKIE

Oh, I know. It's great to find someone who's sick of California's Gun Control.

SHOP OWNER

Haha hell yeah! You read my mind pal!

The Shop Owner disassembles the SMG, reaches for the .45 Long Barrel, and takes it out of the box.

He looks at the Computer Screen with CCTV Footage monitoring the store and keeping an eye on Frankie.

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)

So, where are you from?

FRANKIE

(Distant Voice)  
Long Beach.

SHOP OWNER

Ah! Long drive!

FRANKIE

Sure was.

SHOP OWNER

Well, I'm sure that'll be well worth your time.

He continues to keep an eye on Surveillance while

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

simultaneously reworking the Uzi.

Wipes one piece at a time as he goes along.

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)

So. Uh. You work for Ms. Ivanova,  
right? Ha. I tell ya she's the best  
customer I've ever had.

Finishes tinkering with the Uzi and finalizes its assembly.

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)

You know, if I do recall this week's  
shipment order doesn't get picked up  
until the end of the week, right?  
Right?

No response.

The Owner looks up at the CCTV Monitor.

Frankie is gone.

He reaches for concealed carry and turns to Frankie behind  
him.

FRANKIE

Wrong.

Shoots The Owner in the head with his 1911 .45.

He finds where the monitor is connected to.

He discovers the Desktop on the ground beneath the Workbench  
and stomps on it repeatedly.

Grabs the stack of Frag Grenades on the Shelf with the  
Ammunition by the Counter and grabs the stack.

Then he carefully places the explosives by the Clothing  
Apparel towards the exit. He gets 2 for himself before  
releasing the pin on one of them to throw on the others as he  
runs out the door.

Frankie continues to sprint across the empty Parking Lot as  
the Firearms Store explodes.

The whole Industrial block of Industrial Buildings goes up in  
flames one by one.

Frankie gets inside his Corvette parked on the Lot across the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

street and drives away into the LA Sunset.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE, DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES-DAY

A Spacious Throwback Space with the Glass Brick Walls, Turquoise Shag Carpet with the Window Doors, and on the Wooden Desk sits PAULA IVANOVA wearing Red Office Attire.

A Male Secretary enters to whisper in her ear and she slams her hand on the desk.

PAULA  
(In Russian)  
Nooo!

She picks up the phone next to her and makes a call.

PAULA (CONT'D)  
How in the fuck did our biggest  
Suppliers get hit? I thought you had  
tight Security on our Operations!

Takes a moment to listen to the other line.

PAULA (CONT'D)  
The fuck do you mean, we're too  
underfunded? You let all our Main  
Business Ventures get blown all to  
Hell!

Hears them out.

PAULA (CONT'D)  
I don't give a flying fuck about  
discussing shop on the phone! We're  
Fucking Russian! Those who eavesdrop  
on us get in trouble! Not the other  
way around!

Pauses.

PAULA (CONT'D)  
We have competition trying to take  
over. Wait. Are you sure it's them?

CUT TO:

INT. LAPD OFFICE-DAY

White Plastered Walls with Detective Niven's Framed Picture with an American Flag behind him hangs next the his desk. Niven leaning on his desk with Ivanova on his Landline's Speaker.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

I mean, Tony Taglia has been your main competitor for years. Sure, you have others but based on how your Businesses got pinched screamed Classic Tony Taglia.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE, DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES-DAY

DETECTIVE NIVEN (V.O)

So, how are you going to go about it?

Paula sits still. Not one peep.

DETECTIVE NIVEN (V.O) (CONT'D)

Look, I hope you don't start a War.

Niven's sigh echoes through her line.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Alright, I'll talk to Tony. Smooth things out. At least, he does listen to me. Alright?

Ivanova maintains silence.

DETECTIVE NIVEN (CONT'D)

Paula? Are you listening? I'll talk to him.

Paul gets the Vodka from her desk drawer as well as the glass cup and pours herself a drink.

Then put the phone back on her ear.

PAULA

You better warn him. And you'd better tell him what's going to happen if he attacks us again!

DETECTIVE NIVEN (V.O)

You got it. Just don't start any  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE NIVEN (V.O) (CONT'D)  
bloodshed of your own.

PAULA  
Yeah, fuck you, Jerry!

Hangs up.

PAULA (CONT'D)  
[Murmuring to herself in Russian:] Son  
of a Bitch.

Takes a swig of her Vodka.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION RECORDING STUDIO-DAY

Lauren, Frankie, and the rest of the band consisting of a Bassist and a Drummer played the last note to wrap up rehearsal.

FRANKIE (V.O)  
I personally think when a woman is  
really into you, she'd ask you out  
first.

LAUREN  
Thanks, you guys! Sounds good! Hey,  
Frankie! Got a minute?

FRANKIE  
Yeah! What's up?

LAUREN  
Ah, nothing much. Listen, are you free  
tomorrow at noon?

FRANKIE  
Yeah, I should be.

LAUREN  
Great! I wanted to ask if you would  
like to go to Lunch with me. As in a  
date.

FRANKIE (V.O)  
And that's exactly what happened with  
Lauren and I.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE

Sure! I'd love to!

LAUREN

Sweet! Roscoe's in Long Beach tomorrow  
at 1 o'clock? Ish?

FRANKIE

I think I'm free then! Let me check.

Frankie briefly looks at his phone to check the picture on his whiteboard.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Oh, perfect! It's a date!

LAUREN

Awesome! I'll see you then!

FRANKIE

Sounds good. Later!

Frankie looks at his phone on the way out.

FRANKIE (V.O)

And you know something? I was  
beginning to like her too.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT-DAY

He pulls up the White Board picture and zooms in on the  
'DRUGS' Section.

A subcategory labeled, 'Red Room Nightclub at 8 pm tonight'  
comes to focus.

FRANKIE (V.O)

Anyway, back to the salt mines.

CUT TO:

INT. RED ROOM NIGHT CLUB-NIGHT

A Dark Neon Red-lit Crowded Ballroom with House Music being  
played loud throughout the place.

Frankie wearing a Royal Navy Blue 2-Piece Suit with a  
matching Tie and Face Mask enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He slowly walks through the dance floor sliding passed each person one by one as they continue to dance.

A glimpse of people in Business Suits talking to a group wearing Red Tracksuits at the lounge on the other side of the room.

GIRL #1 stops Frankie on the way to the lounge.

GIRL #1  
Hey! I love what you're wearing!

FRANKIE  
Thanks.

GIRL #1  
Ooh! You're British! I was going to say you look just like James Bond!

FRANKIE  
I might just be him. Excuse me.

Frankie moves passed the Girl and heads to the Lounge.

A BOUNCER stops Frankie from getting passed the hallway where the Business and Tracksuit guys had vanished.

BOUNCER  
Sorry, pal. You can't go in there.

Frankie stomps the Bouncer's leg to break it, then takes his 1911 Handgun and shoots the dude in the head to get through the hallway.

The Russians through the hallway hear the gunshot over the Music startling them.

Frankie throws a Frag Grenade at them.

Almost all die in the explosion.

Frankie shoots down the rest that are standing.

He finds BUSINESS SUIT RUSSIAN #1 alive on the ground and burnt from the explosion.

Points his 1911 at him.

FRANKIE  
Where do you stash the drugs?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Frankie waits a moment for a response but doesn't get it.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Where!

The guy points at a room in the hallway to the left.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

And the CCTV?

BUSINESS SUIT RUSSIAN #1

Same. Room.

Frankie pulls the trigger to end his suffering and heads to the room pointing to the left.

He kicks down the door and finds a Massive Bag of Heroin exposed from the Open Crates with Russian writing.

He makes sure the room is empty then heads to the Surveillance Monitors also in the room.

He notices reinforcements are making their way through the dance floor.

He shoots down the Desktop and modems.

Then he takes the pin off another grenade and throws it at the drugs as he rushes out the door.

A massive explosion erupts as the cargo gives it a much bigger effect.

Frankie takes off his mask and heads to the Men's Bathroom across the hall.

The Bodyguards roll in and witness the blaze stinking up the whole place.

Frankie sneaks out back to the dance floor unnoticed.

He follows the crowd as everyone runs out the door to evacuate the Club.

CUT TO:

EXT. RED ROOM NIGHTCLUB-NIGHT

The Streets grow crowded as everyone escapes the blaze from the Club.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frankie walks passed the Girl he talked to in the Club.

She gets the coat from the guy who offered to keep her warm.

CUT TO:

INT. ROSCOE'S CHICKEN AND WAFFLES-DAY

A Mom and Pop Restaurant Setting with Poster Ads of Upcoming Shows from Local Musicians.

Lauren and Frankie sitting across from each other at a table with multiple plates of food.

LAUREN

Gosh, I hope we can eat all this!

FRANKIE

Oh, we will! I'm starved and Fried Chicken is my all-time Favorite Comfort Food!

LAUREN

No way! Me too!

FRANKIE

No way!

LAUREN

My Mom was Creole French and her Fried Chicken was a thing to look forward to as a kid every time she cooked it.

FRANKIE

Well, my Uncle Drew had this Chef who mastered The Art of Frying Chicken.

Lauren laughs.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

This was when I was 7 and he'd always up his game with his cooking overall and especially frying chicken!

LAUREN

Awesome! Well, where is he now?

FRANKIE

Uh, in Prison!

Lauren was slightly shocked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREN

Oh.

Frankie waits for a moment.

FRANKIE

Nah, I'm just kidding. He retired!  
Moved back to the South of France  
where he grew up.

LAUREN

Oh! Haha, you got me there!

FRANKIE

Yeah, normally that joke doesn't fly  
but that Chef was quite the Jailbird!

LAUREN

Haha, stop it!

FRANKIE

Haha yeah, let's eat!

The two dig in.

A Couple randomly takes a picture of Lauren with their phone.

LAUREN

Uh, yeah!

FRANKIE

Hope you don't mind the paparazzi.

Frankie points the stalkers out.

LAUREN

Don't mind them. I'm used to it.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Detective Niven arrives at Tony's Backyard which looks  
similar to the Hearst Castle Lawn with a Swimming Pool that  
engulfs the whole space.

Tony sits on the Patio near the pool having a glass of  
Lemonade.

TONY

Detective Niven! What a surprise!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Hey, ya, Tony!

TONY

Take a seat, pal! Lemonade?

Niven sits on the chair next to Tony.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

No thanks. I won't be here long

TONY

Well, alright. how can I help you?

DETECTIVE NIVEN

So I'm sure you've heard about Paula's Operations being hit?

TONY

You mean, the Rub n' Tug that was on our turf? Paula even knows she deserved that!

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Yeah, but you didn't have to hit all of her Main Ops!

TONY

Wait. What are you talking about?

Tony puts his glass down on the table.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Cut the crap, Tony. You sabotaged her primary places of Business! The Strip Club, The Flower Shop, that Firearms Store that set the whole block on fire and now the Nightclub you just burnt down!

TONY

Jerry, I don't know what in the fuck you're talking about.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

I know you resort to arson when you want to start a War and blowing up those places screams Classic Tony Taglia!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY

How dare you come to my house and lay these accusations on me! Now, I don't understand where this is coming from or who is pointing the finger at me for Mother Russia's fuck ups but I don't have anything to do with that Bitch!

Tony stands up.

TONY (CONT'D)

You and I both know the last conversation I had with her was a few years ago when she needed a favor from me and swore to leave us alone.

Tony picks up his Lemonade Glass.

TONY (CONT'D)

You and I know that she is respectful enough to even know that if she made the mistake such as doing business on our turf she'd pay for it by having her goons burn for her wrongdoing. That was all we did and we both know it's only just fucking business!

Tony gets a cigar and immediately lights it up.

Niven gets off his seat.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Well, whatever it is, you better leave her and her business alone. You hear me?

TONY

Go fuck yourself, Jerry.

Tony takes a few long drags.

Detective Niven leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL-NIGHT

Detective Niven stands next to a Gun Shop Owner lying on a Hospital Bed with Life Support and IVs attached and his skin burnt out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's a Metal Plate with a bullet dent on the Owner's head that is partially exposed.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Tony Taglia isn't letting up with the truth. But I do believe he is the one behind this and it's a good thing you survived.

The Shop Owner stares at him.

His mouth is cast shut so he cannot talk.

DETECTIVE NIVEN (CONT'D)

Look, I haven't had any luck finding evidence since Taglia's Thugs are trained to wipe out any surveillance. This may be a long shot, but is there any chance at all that you have proof that Tony or any of his men did it?

The Shop Owner with all his might lifts his arm to point at the duffle bag on the table at the other side of the room.

His finger drops as his body ceases to function.

His heart gives out and the Monitor next to him flat lines emitting the alerting tone.

Niven looks in the direction of getting the hint, heads on over to search the bag, and finds an External Hard Drive.

Nurses rush on in to tend to The Gun Shop Owner and begin to perform CPR.

Niven continues staring at the Hard Drive.

NURSE #1 grabs the Detective's shoulder.

NURSE #1

Sir, we need to leave the room.

Niven follows the nurse out the door as the other doctors tend to the Patient.

As he walks in the hallway still gawking at the drive, a smirk slowly turns into a smile.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Got you, you-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. LAPD OFFICE-NIGHT

Niven is in his office with the drive already in his Laptop reviewing the footage inside. It shows Frankie inside the store shooting him on the head plate and setting it on fire.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

-You Son of a Bitch!

Niven gets his phone out to make a phone call.

DETECTIVE NIVEN (CONT'D)

Paula. There's something I have to let you in on.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE, DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES-NIGHT

Paula and Detective Niven review the same tape at her desk.

Paula with her Vodka Glass sipping away as she deals with the stress of watching Frankie burn down her Weapons Supplier's Shop.

PAULA

(Russian:)

Son of a Bitch!

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Tony won't let up and tell the truth. That's one of his Men doing his job. Believe it or not, I have met that guy before. I didn't think he'd be one of Tony's boys.

Niven takes a beat to wrap his head around this.

DETECTIVE NIVEN (CONT'D)

Herald's Suicide was an Accidental Kill. Huh, never thought that'd slip passed me!

Niven pauses the video at the end.

DETECTIVE NIVEN (CONT'D)

Up to you what you want to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAULA

We have no choice.

Paula picks up her landline dials and clicks a speed dial button.

PAULA (CONT'D)

[To Detective Niven:] This means War!

[To the Person In Line in Russian:]

Comrade. We're going to hit Tony Taglia and his Family. We're going to kill them all!

Paula dials more numbers but holds Niven's hand to stop him as he leaves.

PAULA (CONT'D)

The little shit that burnt down the Store. I want him. Bring him his head.

Let him go to sip her Vodka and tend to who she's calling.

PAULA (CONT'D)

(Russian:)

We're going to war with Tony Taglia. Son of a Bitch wants one so we'll give it to him!

FRANKIE (V.O)

The plan so far had been working and tension was beginning to rapidly rise between Tony Taglia and the Russian Mob.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCADE-NIGHT

A Place lit up by all the Games as well as making all the noise on top of the people inside playing.

FRANKIE (V.O)

Meanwhile, I've been spending more time going on more dates with Lauren. When i had no love at all from my family, nor for anyone, well, I was beginning to fall in love with her.

Frankie and Lauren are on both sides of a Time Crisis Machine shooting their way at the virtual bad guys popping up on the screen.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LAUREN

Oh my God! Reinforcements!

FRANKIE

We're outnumbered!

CUT TO:

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT-NIGHT

The Place is surrounded by Russian Henchmen shooting down the place.

Anthony The III and Paul Severino are holding down the fort and taking cover behind a table flipped over.

They're pinned down by the gunfire chipping away at their hiding spot.

PAUL SEVERINO

We're outnumbered!

CUT TO:

INT. ARCADE-NIGHT

The Couple encounters a Boss Level with a Guy wearing Sunglasses with a Grenade Launcher.

LAUREN

Oh, no! I think we're doomed!

CUT TO:

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT-NIGHT

A guy comes in the front door wearing a trench coat with a Grenade Launcher in his hand. He makes way for his men to evacuate. Tony Jr and Paul peek out to try and shoot back.

TONY JR

Oh shit.

PAUL SEVERINO

We're fucked.

The explosives launch blowing the place up as each bomb lands sending Tony Jr and Paul along with the restaurant into the blazing hellfire.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER-NIGHT

Frankie and Lauren stroll onto the Boardwalk passing the rides on the end of Route 66.

Lauren with a heap of Cotton Candy in her hand lays her head on Frankie's Shoulder as they walk on through the place holding hands.

LAUREN

You never told me about your Parents.  
What were they like?

Frankie takes a deep breath and readies himself to tell the tale.

FRANKIE

I never knew my Parents.

LAUREN

Oh.

FRANKIE

Spent most of my childhood as an orphan in London. My Uncle Drew adopted me when I was 12.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROSE-NIGHT

Uncle Drew with the Stage Manager at the Orchestra Level when Leroy rushes in with a bullet wound rupturing his stomach.

LEROY

Yo, Drew! We got company!

A Barrage of Russians march in guns blazing their bullets tearing down the the stage.

Drew makes a run for it as the lights fall causing the place to burn.

He sprints to the backstage exit and busts the door open.

Leroy lays down suppressing fire at the Rival Mobsters.

They cut through despite Leroy's efforts.

Leroy then drops dead when enough bullets finally land on his body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER-NIGHT

LAUREN

That explains the British Accent!

FRANKIE

Ah, who would've guessed!

LAUREN

Haha!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD ROSE NIGHTCLUB-NIGHT

The Mob follows him goes to the Valet booth and grabs one of the keys. He finds Jimmy dead on the floor.

UNCLE DREW

Oh, no! Jimmy!

Uncle Drew heads to the designated car. A goon shoots him in the leg.

Drew takes his beretta concealed near his back pocket and shoots that Russian dead. He hides in the back of the car hoping the key he retrieved matches.

More Rival Henchmen come out to the Valet Lot. He presses the button the key.

The car he's hiding behind doesn't react.

Takes a look at the Cobra logo on the key and then takes a look at the vehicle.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Damn. Fucking Mustang!

Takes a peek and finds the Shelby GT350 on the other side of the lot.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Ah, fuck!

Peeks over again seeing the number of Russians standing in the way of his designated getaway car.

Uncle Drew hides again. Closes his eyes and calms himself

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

down.

He holds his gun up high with his left hand and makes the sign of the cross with his right.

He gets up and starts shooting the Russians as he makes a run around the lot to the Shelby Mustang.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Ahhhhh!

The Russians shoot in his running direction but the bullets don't seem to hit Uncle Drew.

2 Tracksuit Goons get killed in ongoing crossfire as he makes it to the vehicle.

Drew clicks the button on the key opens the door and shoots down a couple more gang members as he heads on in.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER-NIGHT

The Couple is on the beachfront sitting on the sand.

FRANKIE

You probably know what my Uncle Drew does for a living.

CUT TO:

EXT.HOLLYWOOD ROSE-NIGHT

Drew presses the ignition button on the car.

UNCLE DREW

Highway Star, Motherfuckers!

Runs over the last shooter standing and grazes him right under the wheels.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Yeah! Woo hoo!

Drives away.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER-NIGHT

LAUREN

I am aware of what your Uncle does.  
But I don't judge.

Frankie becomes petrified.

FRANKIE

Well, just like him, I learned to  
survive the streets. And-

Lauren suddenly senses suspicion.

Immediately gets her her head off Frankie's shoulder.

LAUREN

Wait. You.

Frankie breathes a heavy sigh.

FRANKIE

Yeah, I thought you wouldn't judge.

Lauren becomes increasingly scared and pulls her hand out  
form Frankie's arm.

LAUREN

No. Not you!

FRANKIE

Lauren, please. Let me explain!

LAUREN

No need to explain. You're a criminal!  
You kill people!

Frankie's tears well up.

FRANKIE

Lauren, it's not what you think!

LAUREN

Oh, bullshit! You and me. We're over!  
Fucking Criminal! Fuck you!

Lauren walks away with no chance of looking back though she  
loudly sobs.

Frankie gets on his knees as if someone him in the heart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Not holding back on his tears.

FRANKIE (V.O)

This was the night I was going to tell her that I love her. I was a fool into thinking that she would love me back. Then again, how can you love someone who's filled with hatred. I guess there's no love if there is hate.

As Lauren makes her way out, someone grabs her under the Pier knocking her out with a chemical laced on the napkin placed in front of her mouth.

Frankie stares into the ocean feeling paralyzed.

A Group of Russian mobsters accompanied by Detective Niven make their way to sneak up on Frankie.

Niven shows up behind him first.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Thinking of drowning yourself?

Knocks Frankie unconscious just as he turns around to face him.

FRANKIE (V.O)

Niven. You motherfucker.

CUT TO:

INT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

All Capos at the office that were present in Frankie's Ceremony minus Tony Jr and Paul Severino are with Tony including Uncle Drew.

ANTHONY TOSCANO

They're attacking us, Tony!

UNCLE DREW

They even hit the Club! The Russian Mob wants to take our turf!

LOUIS MANGIONE

There's no reason to have them take us all down! What did you do, Tony? What did you do to piss them off?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY

Alright! Alright! Shut up! I didn't do anything at all! Niven even showed up at my home complaining about this shit!

LOUIS MANGIONE

You know how Paula is!

TONY

Shut up! Shut the fuck up!

Tony takes a moment to light up a cigar and have a few puffs before he takes a seat at his desk chair.

Drew notices Frankie not being present in the room and feels slightly off about it but immediately disregards the thought.

You know what? If Mother Russia wants a War. We'll give it to her!

Tony stands up and slams his fist on the table.

TONY (CONT'D)

Let's show Mother Russia that those Ruskies ain't got a prayer against The Taglias!

LOUIS MANGIONE

Yeah!

ANTHONY TOSCANO

Oh no.

UNCLE DREW

You're crazy, Tony. You know we don't stand a chance against Mother Russia.

TONY

I don't care if the board here ain't unanimous. This is my decision. Let's go to War with Mother Russia!

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCHER'S FREEZER-NIGHT

A Warehouse-Sized Meat Locker.

Frankie slowly regains consciousness waking up to see Lauren in front of her both tied to a chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREN

Frankie! Frankie, wake up! Frankie!  
Wake up!

Detective Niven in front of him notices him becoming wide awake.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Ah, there he is! I didn't hit you too hard, did I?

FRANKIE

Fuck you, man!

Niven left hooks him on his face.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Watch your language, kid!

FRANKIE

Go fuck yourself.

Niven punches him again but adds a combination of right hook and left uppercut to follow the left hook he originally threw.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Prick.

BORIS, A Russian Henchman wearing a Red Tracksuit enters the room with a Chainsaw.

BORIS

Hurry up and finish your conversation.  
Mother wants have to him cut to pieces already.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Paula will get her chopped Asian-Brit in a moment. I'm sure she can wait.

BORIS

You know how impatient she is.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

She can wait!

DETECTIVE NIVEN (CONT'D)

So you're dating, Lauren Haze, huh? I thought you Mobsters were supposed to be inconspicuous.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

FRANKIE

We broke up.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Yeah no shit! She doesn't deserve to be with a fucking low life like you!

LAUREN

Fuck you, asshole!

Niven slaps her with his backhand.

FRANKIE

Hey! It's me you want! Not her!

DETECTIVE NIVEN

I know! Look, I'll probably go down for this anyway. Might as well experience hurting a Celebrity while at it.

FRANKIE

You are a one sick Motherf-

Niven punches him again.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Piece of shit.

Another hit.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Fucking Scumbag.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

(Screaming at the top of his lungs)  
Shut the fuck up!

Frankie feels his zip tie bonds loosening up.

DETECTIVE NIVEN (CONT'D)

Now, before we chop you and your Ex-Girlfriend up into fish bait, Mother Russia, no. I would like to know why your Boss, Tony Taglia wants to start a War he cannot win.

Niven snaps his fingers signaling Boris to hand the Chainsaw.

Niven waits a moment to give Frankie a chance to speak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE

He didn't.

Niven surprised.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

You see, Lauren gave me the opportunity of a lifetime to become a Rockstar. Being her Guitarist, touring the World and making Albums featuring my Riffs and my Solos.

Lauren looks at Frankie as her grin begins to grow.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I knew I couldn't leave my Family alive and I refuse to live the rest of my life as a slave murdering people for my Family's Personal Gain.

Lauren begins to cry.

Niven paces around slowly but still listens.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Lauren, I can never thank you enough for giving me the very thing I have always wanted my entire life.

Niven puts gas on the Chainsaw.

Frankie stares away at Lauren.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

You set me free. Now, I get to become like my Heroes. Eddie Van Halen, Jimi Hendrix, even Randy Fucking Rhoads.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Yeah, Randy Rhoads was the Greatest! Saw him play with Ozzy at Day on the Green. He sure was something.

Frankie begins to feel the bonds lose grip.

FRANKIE

Lauren, honey all this might be hard to believe. But whatever happens and whatever you're thinking. I just want to say that I love you, thank you for setting me free and I'm going to make  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Detective Nut Job go off the rails on  
a Fucking Crazy Train!

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Huh?

Frankie snaps off the zip tie and knocks Niven out with a  
left haymaker.

He grabs the Chainsaw as Boris charges in for the attack.

Boris runs into the blade, bald head first sawing him in  
half.

Frankie rushes to free Lauren from her bonds with the saw but  
is turned off.

Lauren immediately hugs Frankie.

Then she slaps him in the face.

LAUREN

I'm still mad at you. No, I'm fucking  
furious!

Then she kisses him on the lips.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

But I love you too, Frankie.

Frankie grabs Boris' Desert Eagle Handgun.

FRANKIE

Let's get the fuck out of here!

Niven wakes up and silently runs away.

LAUREN

He's getting away!

Both chase him down the corridor where more Russians await in  
the Cargo Area where the hall leads.

CUT TO:

INT. LOADING DOCK-DAY

Niven makes it to the dock where a dozen Russian Mobsters are  
shifting boxes and crates in the work massive Working Hard  
Hat Area.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE NIVEN  
Motherfuckers broke free! Shoot em!  
Shoot em!

The Mob gets their guns out as Niven runs away.

Frankie already guns down 4 of them. Niven continues to make a run for it.

Lauren and Frankie take cover behind a crate as the Mob shoots back.

Frankie peeks out and fires another around that opens fire at a guy's and the bullet seeps and nails the dude behind him having them both decapitated.

Frankie looks at his Gun.

FRANKIE  
Woah!

LAUREN  
Frankie! Watch out!

Lauren stays in cover while Frankie leaps onto cover behind the forklift across from where Lauren stands.

Frankie looks at the lift. Then he hops in it and turns it on.

Frankie shoots more goons as Lauren gets into the vehicle.

He eliminates another baddie with a bullet. He charges at top speed at the two remaining henchmen.

One tries to run as the other gets beheaded at the fork.

The other gets mauled under the wheels.

Frankie hops out of the lift and helps Lauren get down.

Frankie looks at the beheaded corpse.

FRANKIE  
Fork on the road. Still couldn't  
decide where to go.

Lauren gets angry and punches his shoulder.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Sorry, Darling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. BUTCHER'S FREEZER-DAY

An Empty Industrial Parking Lot. Niven makes a run to his Ford Crown Victoria parked next to a Cargo Van.

Lauren and Frankie finally make it outside.

The Bullet from Frankie's Desert Eagle shoots off both back passenger windows of Niven's Vehicle with the pull of a trigger.

Niven turns around.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Ah!

Niven trembles and struggles to find the right key to get in his car.

Frankie walks up to Niven and smacks him with a left hook to his face.

Frankie lays another punch.

FRANKIE

You Motherfucking-

Another hit.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Piece of shit, dirty-

Punches him again.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

-Fucking Cop, scumbag, fucking shit eating-

Frankie with another fist slamming Niven's face.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Human Government Fucking Centipede!

Frankie points his gun at Niven.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

You wouldn't shoot a cop, would you?

Lauren holds Frankie's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREN  
Frankie, no!

Frankie turns to Lauren.

FRANKIE  
I can't anyway.

Frankie pulls the trigger.

DETECTIVE NIVEN  
Ah!

The gun is empty.

FRANKIE  
Out of bullets.

Niven tries to enter his vehicle but Frankie stomps him with his foot to hold him still.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Listen, Detective. I don't care who you tell, both gangs will go to War anyway and the Taglias won't stand a chance. Every single one of them will die. So you'll just let it happen. Do you understand?

DETECTIVE NIVEN  
Yes, sir. I will!

Frankie lets him go.

Niven gets in his car and drives off.

LAUREN  
So that's it? You're going to your let Family die?

Frankie breathes a heavy sigh.

FRANKIE  
I don't have a choice.

Frankie puts his hand on Lauren's shoulder.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
It's a price I have to pay for freedom. I'll at least say goodbye to Uncle Drew.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE (V.O)

I still had no idea how I was going to break the news to Uncle Drew. Hell, I was already prepared for the worst-case scenario and I have to kill him. By that time, there was no turning back. It's whether I stay a slave in this life of crime or become a rockstar. And you bet your ass I choose to become a rockstar!

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE

A Dark setting with Warehouse Lights shining on the Army of Russian Mobsters with Paula standing on top of a bunch of crates front and center.

PAULA

Comrades! It has come to our attention that that Italian Scumbag, Tony Taglia wants to wage war!

The Soldiers quietly listen.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Destroying our turf and having the audacity to try and undermine us? Well, he's got another thing coming!

Everyone cheers her on.

PAULA (CONT'D)

He killed some of our comrades showed them no remorse and gave no mercy.

The crowd mourns in silence.

PAULA (CONT'D)

What we had built for ourselves with our blood, sweat, and tears, and uniting together as one to have a better means of living. Well, we won't have anybody tarnish what we have earned!

The Russians cheer on.

PAULA (CONT'D)

We'll show those rats what we are made  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAULA (CONT'D)  
of! Death to the Taglia Family!

Raucous applause is followed by vodka bottles being distributed for all to consume.

Paula gets her glass to complete the toast.

CUT TO:

INT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

An Entrance Facade with a Roman Empire-esque Esque Fountain by the massive staircase.

Tony's Foot Soldiers board up the front door fortifying the place while keeping a look out on the windows.

All the bodyguards were armed to the teeth with Sub Machine Guns kept cover behind every corner of the place.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

All personnel in the front yard putting C4 Mines in the Front Yard while the main gate closes down.

Everyone present in the yard finds their designated spots to hide from gunfire and out of sight.

The Gardener arms the detonator for the claymores planted on the grass.

CUT TO:

INT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Tony is on top and center of the double-sided staircase holding an Uzi nestled in his right arm.

TONY  
Arm the door with some charges. We don't anybody coming in without getting blown to bits.

His soldiers get C4 Bombs to glue onto the front door.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Cut some holes in the ground and put some mines in there too. We need to  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TONY (CONT'D)  
set as many traps as we can!

Uncle Drew standing next to Tony checks his phone to check his text messages.

UNCLE DREW  
(Text)  
Yo, Frankie! Where are you?

He scrolls down.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)  
(Text)  
Shit has gone to hell at The Boss' House. We need you now, kiddo! [To Tony:] Be right back. Got to take a leak.

Uncle Drew rushes into the restroom nearby.

He calls Frankie up.

He taps his foot as he waits for him to pick up.

FRANKIE  
(Automated Message)  
Yo. Leave a message after the beep.  
Beep!

UNCLE DREW  
Hey, kid! Been trying to reach you!  
It's an emergency please pick up the damn phone!

Uncle Drew hangs up and tries calling again.

The phone rang but then went to voicemail.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)  
Damn it, Frankie!

CUT TO:

EXT. LAUREN'S HOUSE AND STUDIO-DAY

Frankie and Lauren pull up on the driveway in a Ford Crown Victoria.

FRANKIE  
Here we are. Your place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREN

I hope you know what you're doing.

FRANKIE

Don't worry. I won't be involved much.  
I just want to see everyone go down.

Lauren takes a breath and hugs Frankie tight.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I hope you understand why I had to do  
this. I'm done killing people. This is  
the only way I can stop. This is the  
only way I can set myself free and  
finally live the life I want to live.

LAUREN

I understand.

Lauren kisses Frankie.

Then opens the car door to exit the vehicle.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Frankie?

FRANKIE

Yeah?

LAUREN

We have Rehearsals next week. Come  
back alive.

FRANKIE

Yes, sir.

Lauren smiles and closes the car door.

Frankie pulls out of the driveway and heads out the road.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE

The Russians pack up their cars with their Armed personnel.

A few put crates with Stinger Missile Launchers onto their  
vehicles as they head out in Assembly Line order.

A Troupe of Garbage Trucks head-on with the Armada as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Paula gets in her limousine and is the last car to head out.

CUT TO:

INT. LAPD OFFICE-DAY

Detective Niven rushes in butting into every person on his way through the cubicle maze.

CHIEF ROBINSON in her desk in her own space behind windows distracted by the commotion Niven is causing hence her looking over OFFICER TAYLOR's shoulder.

OFFICER TAYLOR

I deserve a raise, Chief. As written in my report, I didn't give away these tickets because I was looking for an excuse to get promoted or seek higher pay.

Niven who tackled a Mailroom Delivery Clerk still runs toward the Chief's direction having her still not paying attention to the person in front of her.

OFFICER TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Chief? Chief are you paying attention?

Niven finally barges in panting heavily.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Get the fuck out, Taylor!

Officer Taylor puts on his Uniform Hat and leaves.

CHIEF ROBINSON

What's the meaning of this?

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Chief! The Russian Mob is at war with the Taglia Family.

CHIEF ROBINSON

Yeah? They hate each other. Not much of an update on the case, is it?

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Look, there's going to be a shootout! Paula's Men are on their way to gun down Tony Taglia in his Mansion and I take it he and his gang are going to give them a showdown!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chief Robinson stares at him suspiciously and in silence.

DETECTIVE NIVEN (CONT'D)  
 Goddamnit! We got to stop them!  
 Dispatch everyone we've got! Now!

CUT TO:

EXT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Frankie finally arrives. Parks a block away from the House Gate.

He goes around the block opposite side from the boarded Front Yard and goes in a Secret Tunnel Entrance to the Mansion across the street.

CUT TO:

INT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Frankie goes through the Butler Locker Room and changes into a Black Suit with a Black Tie.

He heads upstairs to meet up with Tony, Uncle Drew, and the rest of who is left in the Family in the Kitchen where the Tunnel leads.

TONY  
 Hey, Frankie! Grateful for you to join us!

FRANKIE  
 Hey, Tony. Fellas.

Waves at the rest of him while Uncle Drew hugs Frankie.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
 Hey, Uncle Drew.

UNCLE DREW  
 Hey ya, Kiddo.

TONY  
 Fellas. Let's gather around. Say a prayer. Dear God in Heaven-

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD-DAY

Mother Russia and her Army of Black SUVs drive on in like a Presidential Parade.

TONY (V.O)

We gather here today to make a stand  
against the Forces of Evil that plan  
to take our land that is not  
rightfully theirs.

CUT TO:

INT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Uncle Drew, in guilt, looks at Frankie who has his eyes closed in prayer.

TONY

We ask you to be on our side and to  
give us your unwavering strength to  
drive these Communists straight down  
to Hell! In Jesus' Name!

The Congregation all together ends the prayer in unison.

TONY (CONT'D)

(With everyone)

Amen!

CUT TO:

EXT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

The Horde of Communists arrive blasting the National Anthem of the Soviet Union on loudspeakers.

Paula sticks out from the Sun Roof with a sticker on her shoulder.

PAULA

Fuck you, Tony Taglia!

Fires a Missile onto the front door.

The Front Entrance interior explodes.

The Boss and Capos in the Kitchen disperse.

TONY

Shit, they're here!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Paula's Troops take evasive maneuvers and spread out their cars as they park in a Fortified Line.

Both sides open fire.

Taglia's Party are already suffering casualties as their numbers start to get killed off.

Snipers on the Roof shoot at the Russians upon arrival but they notice their cars are bulletproof.

They shoot off the tires sending some cars flipping over.

More Russians with Stingers shoot Marksmen easily blowing the roof off.

CUT TO:

INT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Frankie and Uncle Drew take cover right by the kitchen pinned down by all the firepower directed at them.

UNCLE DREW

Jesus Christ! What do they think this is? World War 3?

FRANKIE

That's a fuck ton of Firepower!

UNCLE DREW

Yeah! No shit!

Tony hiding in the Living Room with the rest of the Capos.

ANTHONY TOSCANO

What do we do now, Tony?

TONY

Why aren't we shooting back at these motherfuckers?

CUT TO:

EXT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Russians start to gain casualties as the numbers close in on

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

the Mansion on foot as their SUVs maul down the front gate.

Several Vehicles drive through the Front Yard and get blown up by the mines one by one.

A Hummer blown sky-high lands and completely demolishes the Front Entrance.

Both parties continue to rack up dead bodies.

The Russians move in gunning down Taglia's Men one by one.

Frankie and Uncle Drew run out of the kitchen to go to the Living Room.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAGLIA'S MANSION-DAY

Police Squad Cars and the SWAT Team finally arrive and arrest the Russians out front.

Detective Niven arrives.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Fuck, we're too late!

Chief Robinson alongside Niven looks at the dead bodies around.

CHIEF ROBINSON

Dear, God. What a mess!

CUT TO:

INT. TAGLIA'S MANSION-DAY

Tony retreats to his Billiard Room as the Russian Mob closes in on the interior.

TONY

What's going on out there?

Frankie and Uncle Drew get in and close the door.

UNCLE DREW

They powered through most of our defenses, Tony. It doesn't look good for us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY

That's how they want to play, huh?

ANTHONY TOSCANO

We can still make a run for it, Tony.  
Let's go, Tony! Come on!

TONY

Nah, fuck no! I'm Tony Taglia! I don't  
retreat!

Tony flips the Pool Table over to use as a cover.

Uncle Drew looks at Frankie and gives a big look of  
reluctance.

TONY (CONT'D)

We're going to show these Commie Fucks  
what we're made of! Come on, motherf-

Uncle Drew shoots Anthony in the head.

Tony turns around and looks at Anthony dropping to the  
ground. Dead.

Tony, with blood splattered on his face and suit, looks at  
Drew.

TONY (CONT'D)

You.

Tony slowly picks up his Uzi.

TONY (CONT'D)

You son of a!

Uncle Drew puts a bullet between Tony's eyes.

Frankie surprised stands still.

Uncle Drew takes off his glasses.

Both stand in utter silence.

UNCLE DREW

I had an idea out of intuition you  
were pulling our strings, kid. You  
made us go to War with Mother Russia.  
I got the hint when you weren't  
present on the meeting that Tony  
decided to ready up for War.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Frankie holding his handgun tight ready to shoot.

Drew looks at Frankie and begins to cry.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)  
This life was never for you.

Frankie is even more in shock as his hands shake and tears flow down his eyes.

Uncle Drew holsters his gun and goes to Frankie to hug him.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)  
My dear boy. How can you forgive me  
for forcing this ugly life upon you? I  
was meant to give you a good life.  
Better than the one I got you out of!

Drew cries even harder.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)  
You were better than all of us! God  
had a much better plan for you and I  
was so selfish to get in the way.

Frankie drops his pistol to the ground and puts his arms around him.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)  
Ever since I adopted you from the  
Streets of London.

CUT TO:

INT. ORPHANAGE IN LONDON-DAY (FLASHBACK)

A Hospital setting with kids running amuck as a Younger Uncle Drew following a Young Nun around the halls in this Charter School-looking place.

UNCLE DREW (V.O)  
I was meant to give you a better life.  
I remember that day in the Orphanage  
where I picked you up. How I  
discovered you.

Another Boy laying punches while Little Frankie while on top of him at the Courtyard.

Other Children circle as they cheer on Kid beating up Frankie on the asphalt grounds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Nun attempts to rush in to stop the fight but Drew stops her for a moment.

UNCLE DREW (V.O) (CONT'D)  
 You remember? I saw you get beat up by  
 that kid.

CUT TO:

INT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Frankie tearfully smirks.

FRANKIE  
 Yeah.

UNCLE DREW  
 But I saw the unthinkable happen.

CUT TO:

INT. ORPHANAGE IN LONDON-DAY (FLASHBACK)

UNCLE DREW  
 But instead, I threw you in another  
 shithole. Though I had no choice, that  
 was not my intention. Kid, I'm really  
 Sorry.

Little Frankie intercepts the Rival Kid's left jab and  
 replies with a right hook toppling him over.

UNCLE DREW (V.O)  
 As I recall, you made that epic  
 comeback and the next thing know. You  
 were on top laying all your anger at  
 that kid.

Frankie lays the beatdown and lets out all his anger one  
 powerful haymaker at a time.

The Bully defenseless takes the hits one by one.

The Nun then comes in to break up the fight.

UNCLE DREW (V.O) (CONT'D)  
 What did I see that day? Was a kid,  
 who couldn't get accepted for just  
 being himself. Treated like foreigners  
 who got beaten up for being amongst  
 them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Nun pulls Frankie away to end the fight.

Other Sisters swarm in to separate the children.

UNCLE DREW (V.O) (CONT'D)  
 Right then and there, I had made up my  
 mind on who I'd want to raise as my  
 own.

Frankie in the infirmary with an ice pack on his bruised eye  
 eavesdrops at Drew and the Nun conversing next door.

UNCLE DREW (V.O) (CONT'D)  
 Next thing you know, I signed those  
 adoption papers.

The Nun introduces Frankie to Drew.

Not long after, Frankie and Drew head out the door.

UNCLE DREW (V.O) (CONT'D)  
 Before you know it, we went right out  
 the door and onto your new life.

CUT TO:

INT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Frankie tries to say but remains choked up.

UNCLE DREW  
 You're not a Killer, Frankie. Ever  
 since I gave you your first Guitar  
 that Christmas not long after I  
 brought you to the States-

CUT TO:

INT. UNCLE DREW'S HOUSE DAY (CHRISTMAS MORNING 15 YEARS AGO)

Frankie by the Christmas Tree by the fireplace in Uncle  
 Drew's Living Room with a Couch, a La-Z Boy in which Drew is  
 sitting as Frankie with an Electric Guitar on his shoulders  
 looking as happy as any kid can be.

Young Frankie strums away at his first chord.

Uncle Drew hugs Young Frankie.

Frankie gets a pair of sunglasses to wear as he continues to  
 play in front of the Christmas Tree.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Uncle Drew breaks the hug and puts his hands on Frankie's shoulders.

UNCLE DREW

You're meant to be on a stage. Not end up killing people for The Mob. You're supposed to be making Hit songs, not become a Hitman!

Frankie takes a breath and calms down to talk.

FRANKIE

I'm sorry I had to get out of this life in this way.

UNCLE DREW

Well, you didn't have much of a choice, did you?

FRANKIE

Hahaha!

UNCLE DREW

Hahaha! Oh well. You know those Rockstars do leave a big mess everywhere they go!

Uncle Drew puts his glasses on and takes a look around.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Now what are you waiting for, Kid? Get out of here!

FRANKIE

Where are you going to go?

UNCLE DREW

I'll be okay, kid. This ain't my fight anyway but I'll take the heat.

Frankie hugs Uncle Drew as if it might be the last time.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

I love you so much, Frankie. I'm a Highway Star!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE

Haha!

Frankie makes his way out to the door leading to the kitchen.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Oh! Uncle Drew?

UNCLE DREW

Yeah, kid?

FRANKIE

Detective Niven knows I framed the Family. Can you do me a favor and-

UNCLE DREW

Deny that you set us up and tell them this was Tony's idea? You got it, Kiddo!

FRANKIE

Thanks, Uncle Drew!

Frankie goes through the door that leads to the kitchen and heads out through the Secret Tunnel.

The Russian Mob arrives and Uncle Drew gets on his knees with his hands up.

Paula arrives in the room.

UNCLE DREW

You're too late, Mother Russia. Tony offed himself.

PAULA

Nyet! Tony Taglia was mine! Fucking Coward!

Detective Niven arrives and runs toward the Billiard Room.

Uncle Drew draws his gun shoots the Russians in the room and puts a bullet in Paula's head before the Cops officially make it to the scene.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Put the gun down! Put the gun down!

Drew throws down his weapon for Niven to go in and put him in handcuffs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE (V.O)

Holy shit. I didn't think I'd hear that from Uncle Drew. Shame on me for harboring hatred towards him. But in the end, I am like a son to him and Uncle Drew is my father. Gotta love the old man.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAGLIA MANSION-NIGHT

Frankie takes his tie off and his jacket and throws it in the Locker Room along with grabbing car keys to the White Maserati parked in the Servant's Garage then heads out.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAUREN'S HOUSE AND STUDIO-NIGHT

Frankie arrives and Lauren rushes to open her front door.

Lauren immediately hugs Frankie as soon as he makes it to her front door.

FRANKIE (V.O)

I learned a valuable lesson from all this. Either you find reasons to love, especially when things get rough, or you find reasons to hate. Because you'll find reasons for both anyway. I did all this out of love for myself, but succumbing into hatred came at a horrible price that even put the ones I love at risk. If it weren't for the people that actually love me, my hatred would've got them killed.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FORUM-NIGHT

A Sold Out Show. Lauren comes back to the stage along with Frankie and the rest of the Band.

The Rhythm Guitarist plays the beginning of Lynyrd Skynyrd's 'Freebird'.

Frankie queues up and plays the Iconic Lead Guitar intro.

Lauren, front and center looks at Frankie on her left and

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

smiles at him as she begins to sing.

LAUREN

If I leave here tomorrow? Will you  
still remember me?

The crowd gets their flashlights out from their phones to  
wave around.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

'Cause I must be traveling on now.  
There are too many places I got to  
see.

Frankie slides away at the Fretboard.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

If I stay here with you, girl.

Frankie hits the proper minor note with the slider.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Things just couldn't be the same.

Lauren looks at Frankie.

Then they look at each other and smile.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

'Cause I'm as free as a bird now. And  
this bird you cannot change! Ohhh!

Frankie turns the volume knob up on his Guitar to give more  
distortion to his sound.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

And this bird you cannot change!

Frankie strums harder as the band picks up the tempo.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Lord knows I can't change!

He readies his fingers for the upcoming solo.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Lord help me. I can't chaaange!

Everyone goes for the upbeat tempo leading up to the outro.

Lauren points at Frankie to signal him to start whaling on

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

his Guitar.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Lord knows. I can't change. Won't you  
fly high, Frankie! Yeah!

Frankie begins hacking away at the fretboard.

His fingers begin to fly back and forth on the Guitar's neck.

The Crowd goes ballistic.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE-DAY

The song keeps going as Uncle Drew, wearing an Orange Prison outfit, appears in Court with a Jury on the sidelines and JUDGE THOMPSON in her High Table Chair out front.

He takes a seat at the Defendant's table by himself.

JUDGE THOMPSON

Mister Andrew Taglia. Do you have anything to add to say on behalf of your involvement in your brother, Anthony Taglia's Murder and Arson Case?

UNCLE DREW

Uh, no your honor. My brother was out of his mind thinking he could cause mayhem without getting us all in trouble.

JUDGE THOMPSON

Owen Czerny, the Owner of the Gun Shop that Tony had hit who was also a witness claims one of your Capos on your watch, Mister Franklin Santos was selected to kill Mr. Czerny and rig his Store for Explosion. Is this true?

UNCLE DREW

No Ma'am. We have this new thing of technology called, Deep Faking and we encourage our men to use it. The guy Tony hired that day is known for Deep Faking his face. He used his phone to intercept CCTV and whenever his face is present it's automatically covered

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)  
with some other face he gets off the  
internet. It's really neat, actually!

JUDGE THOMPSON  
Thank you for clearing that up, Mr.  
Taglia.

Uncle Drew turns to the left and makes funny faces at  
Detective Niven.

DETECTIVE NIVEN  
You son of a bitch!

Niven attempts to lunge at Drew but the Plaintiff stops him.

Judge Thompson hammers away at her table.

JUDGE THOMPSON  
Order on the court! Order! Order!

Uncle Drew smirks away and turns back to the face of the  
Judge.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FORUM-NIGHT

Frankie still going strong on the Freebird solo and ready to  
stretch onto overtime as the song intends for.

Lauren continues to rile the crowd.

She even mimics Frankie playing Air Guitar.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FORUM VIP MEET AND GREET AREA-NIGHT

The Encore Performance still playing in the background while  
Lauren, Frankie, and the Band are in front of a sponsored  
Backdrop and standing on a Red Carpet pose to take pictures  
for fans in line on the group at a time.

A FAN gets in to get his picture taken.

FAN  
Hey, Frankie. You and I used to work  
at the Hollywood Rose Club! You made  
it, dude! You're famous now! I'm so  
proud of you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frankie hails a bodyguard to rush him out as soon as they're done taking the photo.

Lauren, Frankie, and the rest of the band walk out to wrap up taking pictures.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FORUM-NIGHT

Frankie at the finale of Freebird's Guitar Solo and still shredding on.

He gets through it, note after note, and fits in some of his improvised set of licks onto the fretboard.

He continues to blow people away as he keeps on going for the remainder of the lengthy 5-and-a-half-minute Solo Outro.

The band begins to wrap it all up as the drummer bangs away at all toms and hats while pedaling away at the Double Bass.

The Bassist plays his final set of Melodies while dribbling his fingers at the Song's Last Note.

The Keyboardist plays a fitting finale that sounds like the ending of Prince's 'Purple Rain'.

And, of course, Frankie still shredding and keeps going until all hit the Song's Last 16 bars. Fireworks go off and the crowd goes wild.

LAUREN

Thank you!

The Entire band makes it front and center to join hands with Lauren as they all bow.

The band holds hands to stare at the screen with them given the audience.

CUT TO:

INT. LAUREN'S HOUSE AND STUDIO-NIGHT

Lauren and Frankie step inside as they arrive home.

LAUREN

Haha wow! That tour went by so fast!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE

Really? I thought it wouldn't end! I guess I enjoyed every moment of it.

LAUREN

Hey, Frankie?

FRANKIE

Yes, darling?

Lauren kisses him and holds him tight.

LAUREN

Happy Birthday.

Frankie takes a moment to take it all in.

FRANKIE

Thank you, dear. I love you.

LAUREN

Love you too.

Lauren gets an envelope from her purse.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I have a present for you.

FRANKIE

No way! You didn't need to!

LAUREN

I think I do.

Frankie carefully opens the envelope.

FRANKIE

Oh no. Divorce papers!

Lauren laughs and punches Frankie's shoulder.

LAUREN

We're not married, silly!

Pages of paper with dossiers of two people followed with information about them unravel.

Frankie reads it.

He immediately gets surprised.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE

Oh. Oh my God!

Frankie turns to Lauren.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Are they?

Lauren nods her head in approval.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

My. Parents?

LAUREN

Yeah! I did some research after you told me about the Orphanage where your Uncle Drew adopted you.

FRANKIE

I. I.

Frankie takes a moment to breathe.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Best Birthday Present ever. Thank you!

Lauren hugs and kisses Frankie.

LAUREN

You're welcome, baby. I love you!

FRANKIE

Love you too!

Frankie reads the profile of his mother.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Magdalena Ramirez.

Turns the page.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Born June 1st, 1962. Manila, Philippines.

LAUREN

Uh-huh! Wow, you're Filipino. Shocking!

FRANKIE

Haha!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then reads on to see his Father.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Jonathan Santos. Born October 10th,  
1962. Cebu.

Frankie reads on.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Both moved to Middlesex, England in  
1986. Got married in 1991.

Frankie reads on.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL-DAY

MAGDALENA in a Hospital Bed while holding Baby Frankie for the first time. She then gets JONATHAN to hold his Son in his arms.

CUT TO:

INT. LAUREN'S HOUSE AND STUDIO-NIGHT

Frankie looks at the profile on himself. Reads, 'FRANKLIN JOSEPH SANTOS. Born May 25th, 1995 in London, England.

Then finds his Parent's Obituaries in the last two pages.

Reads that 'Both died in a Car Accident' in December 1995.

Then Lauren gets 2 Plane Tickets from her purse next to her.

LAUREN  
We have some time off. I was thinking of going to London first. Then, head over to the Philippines. We can pack tomorrow morning and head out tomorrow night!

Frankie approves and nods. Then head off to bed.

FRANKIE (V.O)  
No matter what, always choose love. I did and as you can see, it set me free. I'm Frankie Strings, Famous Rock Guitarist and this is my story.

THE END