

RED NOTE  
by  
Michael Richey

Michael Richey  
<mrichey1875@comcast.net>  
850 933 0848

(C) 2014, Michael Richey

FADE IN:

INT. AN AUTOMOBILE - NIGHT

CHILD'S POV

The scene is black and silent for only a moment.

Suddenly there is an extremely loud, steel-on-steel CRASH accompanied by a momentary blinding flash of light revealing the interior of a car as it is thrown sharply into a continuous tumble.

Everything is seen from the point-of-view of a child who is also being tossed about in the wreckage.

In the initial flash of light, he sees his parents try to protect him before all three are thrown into the roof of the car.

Each flash of light, which alternates with darkness, reveals his parents being thrown about as the car tumbles. School books and supplies, a backpack, a toy helicopter, a woman's purse, shoes and other articles fly helter-skelter as blood splatters everywhere.

Metal GROANS and BANGS as the car turns over and over.

When the car comes to rest, the scene once again goes black.

A high pitched and painful tinnitus-like RINGING grows out of the darkness and steadily becomes louder as it continues into the next scene.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

CHILD'S POINT-OF-VIEW

The RINGING sound continues to build in darkness. The child opens his eyes. A medical emergency technician aims a pin light in his eyes, which shut, then flutter as the technician forces them open.

He sees another technician administer intravenous therapy to someone lying beside him.

He sees a technician speaking directly to him, ostensibly words of encouragement, but no words are heard. The RINGING sound suddenly becomes louder. He looks to his side and sees his Mother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is a flash of light. The scene goes black.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANKS ALFRED'S ATLANTA APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

The RINGING sound transitions to the sound of an alarm clock, which injects its BUZZ into the roar of WHITE NOISE that fills the room.

BANKS ALFRED, a small but fit fellow of twenty-five without an ounce of body fat, sleeps in boxer shorts. He rolls over and turns off the alarm.

On his bedside table are a white noise machine, a toy helicopter and a photo. He stares intently at the photo for a moment.

INSERT - PHOTO

Banks at age twelve pictured with his parents.

BACK TO SCENE

Banks speaks to himself barely audible as he recollects:

BANKS

Rise'an shine Banks ma'boy.

He buries his face in his pillow, then he's up in a flash.

INT. BANKS'S ATLANTA APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Banks is working feverishly at his computer, drinking coffee and eating a bagel, still in his boxers.

WHITE NOISE machines blast away; he doesn't wear the headphones.

A USB cable connects a laser pointer to his computer.

"Physics of Sound" is on his desk. He reaches for it and thrashes through it until he finds what he's looking for. When he does, he reads at lightning speed, then tosses the book aside.

He gets up, walks around his chair once, then exclaims:

BANKS

Eureka!

He turns the clock on the bedside table so he can see the time. He mutters to himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANKS (CONT'D)  
I'm gunna be late. But, I gotta do  
this.

He rushes to his keyboard.

CLOSE UP

Banks' fingers fly on his keyboard. He stops. Then hits the enter key.

BACK TO SCENE

He reluctantly points the red light of the laser at himself.

Banks strikes one key on the keyboard.

CLOSE UP - BANKS

His eyes open wide, and he exits the frame.

BANKS (O.S.)  
Oh. My. God.

EXT. BANKS' ATLANTA APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A little later. Banks exits his apartment adjusting wireless headphones over his ears; he is casually dressed and wears a back pack.

He hops on his bike and he's off.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Banks rides a bicycle to work. He ignores the cars HONKING at him as he darts through traffic, checking his watch frequently.

As we see Banks ride, we hear the blare of ROAD NOISES, etc. Banks stops at an intersection where he waits for traffic to clear.

BANKS' POV

WHITE NOISE is heard as he begins to ride; he sees a garbage truck emptying cans on the cross street near the intersection he's approaching.

(Whenever the world is viewed through Banks' POV and when he wears his headphones, we hear what he hears: white noise and the muted sounds of the world; whenever we see Banks, we hear normally.)

BACK TO SCENE

We see Banks ride close to the rear of the garbage truck just as we hear the WARNING SIGNAL that the truck is backing up.

BANKS' POV

We hear WHITE NOISE again for a second as Banks sees the truck backing into him. Through Banks' POV we see the collision and experience his fall.

Banks' headphones are knocked off; therefore, in Banks' POV we are shocked as he is by the blast of sounds which had been muted, including the sound of the TRUCK'S MOTOR and BRAKES and SANITATION WORKERS yelling:

SANITATION WORKERS

Stop!

BACK TO SCENE

Banks tries to get up. He falls back again and notices his bloody hand and elbow.

The SOUNDS OF THE CITY overwhelm him; he covers his ears and tries not to cry out.

A sanitation worker picks up the headphones. Another sanitation guy attempts to help him up. Banks shakes himself free, cringes in agony and moves about erratically as though he is being burned.

Banks grabs the headphones and replaces them on his head.

BANKS' POV

The Sanitation Workers stare at him, confused. One of the men is yelling at the driver, who pleads his case.

Banks watches the circus in the comfort of his WHITE NOISE.

An emergency medical vehicle arrives.

BACK TO SCENE

Hopping on this bike:

BANKS

I'm OK, I'm OK!

Banks rides again and is almost hit by a car as he flees.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

A little later. Banks enters the office building where he works; he takes his bike.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, 16TH FLOOR RECEPTION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

We see Banks walk his bike past a reception desk.

SILVIA, who works at reception, is slightly more than full figured, wearing a top that is slightly more than tight; she wears slightly too much make-up and gives the impression that she's more than a little in need of male attention.

She does not realize that Banks can hear her, just barely.

SILVIA  
(with a southern drawl)  
Hi'ya Banks!

She watches him pass without noticing her.

SILVIA (CONT'D)  
Ass hole.

Banks stops outside the office where he works. A sign on the door reads, Analytic Sound Systems, Inc.

He takes a deep breath and opens the door. He dreads this.

INT. ANALYTIC SOUND SYSTEMS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

This is a large area with multiple rows of small computer stations.

Banks parks his bike near the entrance and seats himself at his work station.

Almost immediately a note printed in large black letters appears on his computer keyboard.

INSERT - NOTE

The note reads "Late AGAIN!"

BACK TO SCENE

Banks turns to see LYMAN STANLEY staring at him over reading glasses.

BANKS  
Had an accident.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STANLEY

I'm, I'm . . . I'm . . .

BANKS

Yes, Mr. Stanley?

STANLEY

I'm not giving you the hour unless  
you . . . make it up --

He realizes Banks may not understand, so he shouts.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

I'm not . . . giving you. . .

He mutters under his breath, as he moves on in a huff.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Oh, never mind.

BANKS

(under his breath)

Oh, Mr. Stanley your breath is  
rank.

A wadded ball of paper flips over the station divider from the work station opposite Banks'. Banks ignores it; he boots up and inserts a CD from the top of a stack of CD's beside his computer.

Another ball of paper is tossed.

Banks stands abruptly and faces MITCHELL, whose work station is opposite his.

MITCHELL

You're late -- where were you,  
graduation?

BANKS

That was last week.

Mitchell is a good looking fellow in his late twenties. The rhythmic bobbing of his head suggests his wireless headphones are playing music.

MITCHELL

So it's Dr. Alfred now?

Mitchell laughs. Banks throws the paper wads on Mitchell's station. Mitchell looks to Mr. Stanley, who turns just in time to notice this and mouths "Is this guy crazy?"

INT. MR. STANLEY'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Stanley enters his office. He answers the RINGING phone and watches Banks through a large observation window.

MR. STANLEY  
Hello? Yes, Sir. Not yet, but --  
but . . . I will.

Mr. Stanley paces, clearly afraid of doing what he's been asked to do.

INT. ELHAM AL BANNA'S OFFICE IN DUBAI.

We see only the back of Al BANNA as he speaks on a cell phone.

He stands on a rug looking through a clear glass wall of his high-rise office at the Burj Khalifa at sunset. We see nothing else in the office.

ELHAM AL BANNA  
Why hesitate? I want Banks Alfred  
hungry for a job before his  
dissertation is published.

INT. MR. STANLEY'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

MR. STANLEY  
Yes, as -- uh, as I was saying, I  
plan to fire him today. Today. I --  
I -- I promise.

INT. ANALYTIC SOUND SYSTEMS - DAY.

Later the same day. It's hot. Banks is tired.

Mr. Stanley walks to Banks' work space, but cannot bring himself to complete his task. He walks away and then repeats the action. Again he can't do it.

BANKS' POV

At his computer, he studies graphics depicting sounds. He types quickly, hits enter and "AKS-74U" appears on the screen along with a graphic of the Russian military rifle.

WHITE NOISE in Banks' headphones starts to break up.

He scrolls to the next sound wave graphic. Again he types quickly and enters, and "AS Val" appears on the screen along with an image of the weapon.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

The WHITE NOISE in Banks' headphones stops, there's a crackle and then the sounds of the office become defined and louder, barely muted by the headphones.

BACK TO SCENE

Banks opens a drawer in his work station to get a battery. He sees empty battery packaging, but the battery he expected to find is missing.

Banks stands and again faces Mitchell.

BANKS

You took the battery?

Mitchell lifts an earpiece from one ear revealing his preference for RAP.

MITCHELL

I didn't think you were coming in -- sorry. I'll replace it.

BANKS

I need it now.

MITCHELL

I said, I'll replace it. First thing tomorrow, OK?

Banks reaches over the partition, yanks Mitchell's headphones from his head, and takes the battery.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Careful, those are Sennheisers!

Banks must remove his own set completely in order to replace the failing battery.

The SOUNDS OF THE OFFICE become magnified, painful. Banks' movements become desperate.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

My headphones, Banks!

Banks replaces his headphones on his head and takes a deep calming breath. Then he twists Mitchell's headphones and throws them back at him.

Banks sits again and gets back to work.

Mitchell, throws a wad of paper over the partition, hitting him in the face. Banks stares at it, then casually brushes it off his station to the floor. He thinks for a moment, then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Banks hurriedly takes a flash drive and USB cable with a laser pointer attached from his backpack. He places the flash drive in a port on his computer and inserts a USB cable in another port.

Banks strikes commands on his keyboard, and slowly rises; he points it at Mitchell.

Banks STRIKES A KEY on his keyboard. A laser beam hits Mitchell, its color alters slightly for an instant and a FART is heard.

Banks smiles and waves goodbye to Mitchell.

Mitchell immediately runs out of the workroom with his hands grasping the seat of his pants.

Mr. Stanley approaches Banks.

MR. STANLEY  
Banks Alfred . . .

BANKS  
Yes, Mr. Stanley?

MR. STANLEY  
Mr. Alfred . . . Can you hear me?

BANKS  
Yes, Sir?  
(pause)  
Just spit it out, Sir.

MR. STANLEY  
You are . . .

BANKS  
Yes?

MR. STANLEY  
You are . . .

BANKS  
Are you firing me Mr. Stanley?

Mr. Stanley nods his head "yes," and rushes into his office. Banks begins to pack his things.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, 16th FLOOR RECEPTION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Banks walks his bike from Analytic Sound Systems to the elevator. He passes reception.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SYLVIA

Have a nice day, ass hole.

BANKS

Same to you, Sylvia.

CLOSE UP - SYLVIA'S REACTION.

INT. ATLANTA BOTANICAL GARDENS - SPECIAL EXHIBIT - DAY

AVERY INLENDER is a tiny, smartly dressed woman well beyond retirement years and a psychiatrist.

She stands with a crowd of on-lookers, including media -- most are drinking wine. Many are also wearing masks, including the chamber orchestra which plays Vivaldi's The Four Seasons. A *Amorphophallus titanum* has bloomed.

Banks works his way through the crowd until he finds Avery. She does not take her eye off the massive plant, nor does she remove the handkerchief she holds over her nose.

AVERY

Can you hear me?

He adjusts the volume on his headphones.

BANKS

Yeah, if you speak up. My God, that smells like--

AVERY

-- You experimented on a co-worker?

Banks looks about to be sure he isn't overheard.

BANKS

I knew what would happen.

There's a pause. Banks smiles. Avery does not.

BANKS'S POV

How did you know?

AVERY

I had a call from Lyman Stanley.

BANKS

Oh.

(pause)

So, why are we meeting here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She points to the *Amorphophallus titanum*.

EVERY

That's why. The Corpse Flower.  
I've waited more than ten years to  
see it bloom.

She looks at Banks.

EVERY (CONT'D)

Symbolic, don't you think?

He holds his nose.

BANKS

I hope not!

Avery walks away motioning for him to follow.

EXT. ATLANTA BOTANICAL GARDENS - SPECIAL EXHIBIT - DAY -  
CONTINUOUS

Banks and Avery exit the exhibit.

BANKS

Where's your car?

EVERY

Somewhere over there. Lyman  
actually fired you? I'm surprised  
he had the courage. Oh, Banks . . .

They walk down in the direction of the parking lots.

BANKS

It was crap work anyway.

EVERY

I pulled strings to get you that  
crap work, because you'd be with  
other people, developing social  
skills, making friends . . .  
which you didn't.

BANKS

You set me up to work for one of  
your patients -- a paranoid  
schizoid to be exact --

EVERY

You are not supposed to know that,  
smart ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Banks laughs.

BANKS

I listen to all your session tapes.

Avery ignores this and keeps walking.

BANKS (CONT'D)

He'd been looking for reasons to fire me.

EVERY

I find that hard to believe. I had Lyman read your paper on sound tracking.

BANKS

You might have asked me first.

EVERY

He was very impressed and agreed you have great potential. It's why he hired you.

BANKS

That makes no sense -- the work they do there requires no potential.

She spots a bench.

EVERY

Let's sit for a minute.

BANKS

Do we have to?

They sit. There's a pause. She studies him. He is depressed.

EVERY

Speaking of your dissertation . . .  
You did submit it for publication?

BANKS

Yes, Ma'am. Weeks ago. No word yet.

EVERY

I'm sure a job worthy of you will eventually turn up. But you have to be able to keep it.

Banks hangs his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AVERY (CONT'D)

Come here.

BANKS

No, not out here.

AVERY

Humor me.

He sits next to her, rests his head on her. She cuddles and pets him.

BANKS

Are you getting smaller?

AVERY

Probably.

They laugh as she snuggles him.

BANKS

OK, that's enough -- looks like I'm making out with my grandmother.

AVERY

Hush. When your sweet Mama lay dying, I promised her I'd take care of you, and I have done my best, but darling boy, I can't live forever, not even for you . . .

BANKS

Don't say that--

AVERY

--let me finish -- and, you have very little money left in your trust fund. You have to find work even if it's crap work until something better --

He withdraws.

BANKS

-- I know, Avery. I am aware of my situation.

AVERY

Are you? You promised me over a year ago you'd start decreasing your dependency on white noise by ten percent a month, and you --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BANKS

Can't! I can't, Avery -- I tried,  
but I can't!

EVERY

You could go back on the meds.

BANKS

That's not going to happen.

Avery is frustrated.

EVERY

Do you have any friends, Banks?

BANKS

You're my friend.

EVERY

Oh, boy.

She pauses then taps him on the end of his nose which forces  
direct eye contact.

EVERY (CONT'D)

You have got to start living your  
life in the world . . . You're  
missing out on so much!

He gets up.

BANKS

I need to go get my bike.

EVERY

You can get it after you walk me  
to my car. We're talking about  
courage, Banks. You conquer fear by  
facing it --

She extends a hand. He helps her and they continue to walk.

BANKS

-- I don't want the courage lecture  
again, please.

Almost jokingly.

EVERY

'Tis better to have loved and  
lost--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BANKS

Oh, God I hate that quote!

They laugh. Then, tenderly:

AVERY

I should never have home-schooled you -- what was I thinking!? I should have my license revoked.

BANKS

I couldn't have done it, otherwise.

AVERY

That's bull shit, Honey Boy -- people do what they have to do! And you have to get on with your life and you have to pay off your college loans -- that's reality, Banks!

She stops near her car, and thinks for a moment. She doesn't want to say this:

AVERY (CONT'D)

You can move back in with me. I'll move my sewing things out of your old room.

Banks hangs his head. She gets in her car.

BANKS

(under his breath)  
I'd rather eat dirt.

He turns the WHITE NOISE volume up on his earphones, and watches as Avery drives away.

EXT. ATLANTA - PIDEMONT PARK - NIGHT

Very late the same day. Banks, back in his running shorts, isn't just running, he's running away.

He stops near a large oak tree and begins to assault it; he hits the tree hard several times with his fists. His knuckles bleed.

He sits on the ground and contemplates his situation. On impulse he takes the headphones off, and listens. It's pretty quiet.

He takes a few tentative steps, then begins to run.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

The CICADAS SINGING in the oaks above grow louder. He stops. Then he commits himself to run again.

A POLICE SIREN stabs the air; he shudders to a quick stop.

As the SIREN draws close, he tries with all his will to keep the headphones from his head.

When he gives up, he's shaking so badly he can hardly replace them.

A long, anguished howl explodes from his gut.

INT. ATLANTA - NAN THAI FINE DINING - NIGHT

ALEX RIDGEWAY is seated, drinking wine, mulling over the menu and speaking on his cell phone.

He is in his late forties, beautifully dressed and quaffed.

A couple with a baby take their seats at a table close by. The baby CRIES loudly.

ALEX

Yes, Sir. Payment will be delivered tonight.

A Thai WAITRESS, who struggles a bit with English, approaches as he ends the call.

WAITRESS

You ready order, Sir?

Alex flashes a killing look to the couple with the baby and speaks with acidic precision:

ALEX

Yes, I am.

(pointing)

I'll have that baby, deep fried.

The parents look at Alex as though he is the devil. The waitress is confused.

WAITRESS

I do not understand.

ALEX

I want that baby deep fried!

There's a hush in the restaurant. The waitress is at a loss. Finally she responds:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAITRESS

You cannot have that here.

The parents leave with the CRYING baby. Alex, quite pleased, continues:

ALEX

Well, in that case, I'll try the  
Lamb Hung Lay -- that sounds sexy.

INT. BANKS' ATLANTA APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Later. Banks enters through the front door with mail in his still bleeding hands.

He tosses keys on a table and sorts through the mail.

Most of the mail is of no consequence, but he pauses when he gets to a manila envelope from The European Biophysics Journal.

INSERT - ENVELOPE'S RETURN ADDRESS

"The European Biophysics Journal"

BACK TO SCENE

Banks tosses off the headphones. He opens the envelope.

His cell phone rings. Banks looks at the caller identification.

BANKS

Hello? Yes, this is Banks Alfred.  
I didn't catch your name.

EXT. LYMAN STANLEY'S HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Alex Ridgeway appears at the front door; puts his cell phone away and rings the doorbell.

Lyman Stanley opens the door.

MR. STANLEY

Yes?

ALEX

I have your payment.

MR. STANLEY

Oh --oh. Yes, of course. Please  
. . . Uh, come in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. Stanley admits Alex.

INT. LYMAN STANLEY'S HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Stanley leads Alex into the kitchen.

MR. STANLEY

It's, it's, uh, in cash, right?

ALEX

Not exactly.

Alex, who wears gloves, draws a gun equipped with a silencer and presses the barrel just under Stanley's chin.

Mr. Stanley screams like a girl. Alex fires, sending a blast of blood from Stanley's head to the ceiling.

Mr. Stanley flops about like a chicken with a broken neck.

Alex immediately rushes several feet away to avoid the splatter.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(entertained)

Jesus, a flopper.

He then removes the silencer, and he presses the pistol into Mr. Stanley's left hand.

INT. GEORGIA TECH - ENGINEERING SCHOOL - DR. EDELSTRIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Edelstrin sorts through papers; Banks looks through a brochure.

DR. EDELSTRIN

Is that brochure helpful?

BANKS

It's an amazing facility.

DR. EDELSTRIN

Yes. I was there three years ago. That's when I met the Partner's Group Operations Chief.

BANKS

You think I should apply for a job there?

DAVID CARA stands in the doorway to Dr. Edlestrin's office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

David is a man in his early fifties who exudes an easy confidence and air of authority.

He wears shorts, sandals and a Hawaiian shirt.

DAVID

He thinks you should accept a job there.

DR. EDELSTRIN

Oh, there you are. Dr. Banks Alfred, meet David Cara, Partners Group Chief of Operations. David, come in.

DAVID

Thanks Aaron. So you're the guy?

David offers Banks a powerful handshake.

BANKS

I don't understand.

DR. EDELSTRIN

He's the guy. Sorry banks, I was about to tell you David is in town and has asked to meet you. Apparently your dissertation has caused quite a stir in the weapons community.

BANKS

Oh.

DR. EDELSTRIN

Well, gentlemen, I am off to class. The office is yours as long as you need it.

He shakes Banks' hand. On his way out:

DR. EDELSTRIN (CONT'D)

Banks, it was an honor being your major professor -- thank you for making me look so damned good.

He pats David on the back.

DR. EDELSTRIN (CONT'D)

Good luck, David.

Dr. Edlestrin is gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID

I see you have our brochure.

David awaits a reply. Gets none.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Several of our staff have read your theory of sound tracking.

Again David awaits some kind of response. Nothing.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Short'an sweet: We'll pay you to make your theory a reality. You'd have access to all our resources. Which are, well . . . pretty much unlimited.

Banks is non-responsive. David grows impatient.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You have any questions about what we do at the Partner's Group?

BANKS

You make weapons.

DAVID

For the protection of your Country.

BANKS

I'd prefer to work on domestic applications.

DAVID

A lot of us want to move in that directon, but for the time being we have to earn that privilege by finding new and efficient ways to locate and kill the bad guys. We get a lot of funding from DARPA.

BANKS

(indicating the brochure)  
Yeah, The Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency. I saw that.

DAVID

You've had other offers?

BANKS

Yes, Sir.  
(pause)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BANKS (CONT'D)

I have a sort of hearing disability.

DAVID

Professor Edelstrin briefed me on that. We'll work around it. In fact, you can work remotely at home so long as you're within a half-hour of our US labs.

Banks stares blankly at David. After a moment.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And, we will pay off your college loans, and give you a bonus if you deliver a working prototype within three months. If you don't deliver within twelve months, we cut you loose.

BANKS

Why the rush?

DAVID

Do you read the papers? We have three hundred eleven voice targets now and more coming in every day in anticipation of what you'll do for us.

BANKS

That's presumptuous.

DAVID

Yeah. It is.

David gives Banks his card.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You have three days. Call me. Your first year's salary in written on the back of the card.

David shakes Banks' hand and exits. Banks flips the card over.

BANKS

Jiminy cricket.

INT. AVERY INLENDER'S ATLANTA HOME OFFICE - DAY

Weeks later. Banks is atop a library ladder, rearranging books on a high shelf. Avery hands books to Banks. She hands him a large red one.

EVERY

Careful that's a heavy one.

BANKS

Christ.

EVERY

Told you -- Carl Jung's Red Book is the heaviest book in my library.

BANKS

And you've read every word.

EVERY

Of course, but never again -- so its the top shelf for Carl baby. Do you want me to stop by with the car to move some of your things this week?

BANKS

No, Ma'am.

Suddenly the rickety ladder shifts and Banks almost falls.

BANKS (CONT'D)

I think you need a new ladder.

EVERY

I wouldn't know, I never use it.

BANKS

Glad to know that.

EVERY

Don't you have to be out of your apartment by the first of May?

BANKS

Yep.

He smiles broadly.

BANKS (CONT'D)

My sound tracking theory was published. In two journals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AVERY

What?! . . . Congratulations! When did you find out?

BANKS

It's been a few weeks. I put copies on your desk.

She stares at Banks, she knows there's more.

AVERY

And . . .

BANKS

I've been head-hunted.

AVERY

Oh my. Are you getting attractive offers?

BANKS

Several. Two offers are beyond attractive. One is from a company I never heard of, and I couldn't find anything about them.

AVERY

What about the other one?

BANKS

The Partners Group.

Coming off the ladder.

BANKS (CONT'D)

They're the Big Boys, Avery.

EXT. AVERY'S BACK YARD GARDEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A well kept garden featuring a small brick patio lined with Azaleas. Banks moves restlessly; he wears his headphones.

Avery exits the house with two coke floats. She sits.

AVERY

You said you've spoken with the Partners Group?

He nods yes.

AVERY (CONT'D)

And you've talked with the other company?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BANKS

Just to say "no thanks." Four times. Some guy called me before my paper even appeared in print.

AVERY

That's very odd.

BANKS

He said his name was Alex, that he represents a wealthy man who has a personal interest in my theory.

AVERY

Who?

BANKS

He wouldn't tell me, and then insisted I fly to Pakistan for an interview -- and get this, he'd pay me a hundred thousand for showing up.

AVERY

That's sounds fishy.

BANKS

You think? It all worries me -- I mean . . . Everything! I don't like the attention I'm getting. Emails, phone calls -- I'm losing sleep over it. This shouldn't be happening to me. . .

AVERY

Why?

(no response)

You feel you don't deserve it.

Banks hangs his head.

AVERY (CONT'D)

Banks, survivor's guilt can permeate every aspect of your life --

BANKS

-- I know that, but I just can't get past it. If I remembered what happened, maybe --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVERY

You may never remember what  
happened that night, but --

BANKS

-- I'm sorry I brought it up!

There is a pause. Avery knows it is time to back off.

BANKS (CONT'D)

Avery, I have to leave Atlanta.

EVERY

You've accepted this job?

BANKS

Yes, Ma'am.

EVERY

Where are they located?

BANKS

Manhattan.

EVERY

Kansas?

BANKS

New York.

EVERY

Oh Boy.

EXT. OUTSIDE AVERY'S HOME - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

A few minutes later. Avery says goodbye to Banks. Banks  
mounts his bicycle and peddles away.

He passes a parked car, but does not notice Alex Ridgeway  
seated behind the wheel.

Alex watches Banks in his rear view, then looks toward  
Avery's house.

INT. A YELLOW CAB - MORNING

Two weeks later. Avery holds onto Banks' arm tightly as they  
ride to the Atlanta International Airport.

He hides the fact that he's never been more frightened in his  
life than at this moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Avery hands him a large manila envelope; she is a rattling mess.

EVERY

OK, Honey Boy, don't lose this. It has everything you need in it --

BANKS

-- I know, Avery.

EVERY

It's Friday, so you'll have the weekend to get settled in before you have to report for work on Monday -- can you hear me?

As their dialogue continues, a black stretch limo slowly passes the cab on the driver's side.

As it passes, Alex, BILL and MR. KING stare into the cab.

Mr. King is a small man of Asian descent with an accent, and Bill looks like a former NFL line backer.

BANKS

Monday -- report for work.

EVERY

But are you listening?

She examines his headphones. He shakes his head away from her busy hands.

EVERY (CONT'D)

What level is it set on? It should be at 50% now --

BANKS

Yes! Painful fifty -- that's where it is.

She speaks near his ear, quietly.

EVERY

The apartment's furnished, but if you need something --

BANKS

-- I'll deal with it. You don't have to go over all this again.

INT. LIMO - MORNING

ALEX

Bill, did you get a good look at our subject?

BILL

Just his head.

ALEX

His head or his face?

BILL

Can I smoke?

ALEX

No. Did you see his face or not?

BILL

Sort'a.

To Mr. King:

ALEX

Where did you find him?

A sudden impulse, to bother men:

ALEX (CONT'D)

Let me see your hands.

Mr. King presents his hands, palms to Alex; Bill does the opposite.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Palms to me, Bill.

When Alex is satisfied that both men have removed fingerprints completely:

ALEX (CONT'D)

OK, put your lovely hands down out of my face. Thank you.

Mr. King shows Bill the photo he made of Banks with his cell phone.

MR. KING

Got his picture! Cute boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

Mr. King, you are to watch him, not  
fuck him. Understood?

MR. KING

Yes, Boss.

Alex rolls his eyes and looks out a window and sighs. A new  
impulse:

INT. YELLOW CAB - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Avery sits quietly for a moment, but cannot be quiet.

AVERY

The super should have installed  
AC units in both rooms and they  
should be running when you arrive.

Banks stares out his passenger window as if to say "will this  
ever end?" Avery's banter continues.

AVERY (CONT'D)

There was so much to do in only two  
weeks -- I'm sure I've forgotten  
something -- there's a check list  
in that envelope, make sure  
everything is there when the crates  
arrive this afternoon.

EXT. THE ATLANTA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

The cab parks at Delta departing. The CABBIE, opens the  
trunk, Banks and Avery get out.

She is quiet for a moment, but will burst if she doesn't get  
it all out.

AVERY

There are prescriptions for all  
your meds in the envelope, too.

BANKS

I'm not taking that crap anymore.

As Avery opens her purse to pay the cabbie:

AVERY

I know, I know. You'd rather have  
erections.

CABBIE

Thanks, Ma'am--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANKS  
--ejaculations!

CABBIE  
Ya'll have a nice day--

AVERY  
-- Oh, whatever.

Banks takes his luggage and walks away. She follows.

INT. DELTA CHECK IN - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Moments later. They make their way to check in. Banks places two bags on the scale and hands his boarding pass to the DELTA REP.

DELTA REP  
And your I.D., please, Mr. Alfred.

AVERY  
Ok, what else?

DELTA REP  
Excuse me?

Banks fishes an ID out of his wallet and hands it to the Delta Rep.

Avery produces a list from her purse.

AVERY  
Keys!

Banks nearly jumps out of his skin, as does the Delta Rep.

DELTA REP  
Checking two bags? To LaGuardia?

Banks nods yes to the Delta Rep.

BANKS  
(angry)  
Prepaid!

AVERY  
Oh, Honey Boy, I'm sorry.

BANKS  
Just Stop!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DELTA REP  
 (after a moment)  
 You're all set Mr. Alfred. Drop  
 your bags right over there, Sir.

Avery speaks soothingly close to his ear as he moves toward the baggage drop.

AVERY  
 I have your keys here.

She gives him two sets of keys. She has begun to cry. He holds her gently as she trembles. She manages:

AVERY (CONT'D)  
 Two sets. The big one gets you  
 into the building, the --

BANKS  
 -- Avery, I've got it.

He kisses her.

BANKS (CONT'D)  
 Thank you. You've been so  
 wonderful to plan everything, but I  
 can do this. I promise you, I can  
 do this.

Banks enters the security cue. Avery follows on the outside of the demarcation.

Under his breath:

BANKS (CONT'D)  
 I think.

In the background Alex speaks to Bill and Mr. King. They leave Alex and enter the security cue far behind Banks.

AVERY  
 You'll e-mail tonight?

BANKS  
 Yes, Ma'am.

She starts to speak again, but Banks places a forefinger to his lips requesting that she not.

He continues into security.

Banks looks back to see this tiny woman standing alone looking lost and frightened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He looks back a second time and suddenly bolts, panicked, fighting through the crowd behind him in the security cue until he makes his way to Avery.

He holds her tightly. After a long moment, she whispers:

AVERY  
Courage, Banks.

He slowly releases her and re-enters the security cue. As he turns away, he just loses it. He regains his composure. He has to do this; it has to work out.

INT. CASTING DIRECTOR'S STUDIO -- NYC - DAY

Same day, Friday. Kit Novak is a tall, large and masculine woman. Her hair is very short and spiky.

She wears a wife beater, jeans, and boots -- no bra. She sports a leather wristband with spikes on her right wrist and a large man's watch on her left.

A snake tattoo crawls up from between her breasts, curves around her neck and glides down her back.

Her behavior is truly ominous.

CLOSE UP

KIT  
I know why you're in this hamster  
cage, sweetie, and you get no  
points here for sucking cock.  
Me? I sewed my ex's snatch  
closed with heavy gauge thread and  
an upholstery needle before I  
strangled her cheatin' little ass!

Pause. The camera pulls back from the close-up to reveal sides in Kit's hands, a camera, a CASTING DIRECTOR and her assistant.

KIT (CONT'D)  
So remember that, you fat twat,  
before you ever tell me what I can  
and cannot do. To you.

CASTING DIRECTOR  
Thank you Kit, that'll do it.

In contrast to the character she's just read, Kit becomes very sweet.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

KIT  
Really? Oh. Thank you.

Kit does not leave.

CASTING DIRECTOR  
I think that's all we need right now.

Kit moves to the door of the studio.

KIT  
OK. OK. Thanks again. I really appreciate the opportunity. Thank you.

Not forgetting to stroke the assistant.

KIT (CONT'D)  
Oh, and thank you, too -- you made it so pleasant.

INT. CASTING OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kit speaks to herself as she walks to the elevator while speed dialing her agent.

KIT  
Jesus, why didn't you just kiss their asses, Kit? Lorna! It went great. Yeah. No, they didn't ask for an adjustment what does that mean is that a bad sign do you think?

She enters the elevator.

A conservatively dressed man blocks the closing doors of the elevator and enters.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kit continues talking with her agent.

KIT  
God, I'd sew my own snatch shut with an upholstery needle for that job!

She addresses the man who observes her with some trepidation.

KIT (CONT'D)  
That was rhetorical.

INT. CASTING OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Elevator doors open, and the conservatively dressed man flees.

Kit exits casually and continues to speak with her agent as she approaches the revolving doors to exit the building.

KIT

It's what?! Recurring?! Did you tell me that?! Shit!

EXT. 8TH AVENUE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Still talking with her agent as she exits via a revolving door.

KIT

Lorna, look, I'll be in my fight class until five, but I'll -- yeah. I'll . . . yeah, and then I'll -- hello? Lorna!? My agent just hung up on me what does that mean I wonder?

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE BANKS' APARTMENT - DAY

Same day, Friday, mid-afternoon. Banks drags large boxes into the hall to break them down.

Behind him, between his apartment and the elevator and stairs, a door opens and HELEN enters the hall with her little dog on a leash.

Helen is a toothless little stick of a woman with short, straight blonde hair. She wears huge glasses, and speaks with a whisky voice.

HELEN

A'right, you dumb mutha'fucka. Happy now?

Her dog poops in the hallway. Under her breath as he poops:

HELEN (CONT'D)

Hurry up.

EXT. 5001 BROADWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kit approaches the entrance to the building; she waves to two older women resting against the building leaning on their wheeled walkers. She addresses one of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIT

Faye, honey, you look hot today!

FAYE

You say that to all the girls!

Mr. King, exits the building; he opens the door for Kit.

KIT

Thanks.

INT. THE LOBBY OF 5001 BROADWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kit enters. There's a hand written sign on the elevator door

INSERT

"out of service, repair man coming"

BACK TO SCENE

KIT

Fuck.

She climbs the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE BANKS' APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Banks struggles with the boxes which now block the hallway, and Helen's little dog is finished with his business.

Helen re-enters her apartment, just as Kit enters the hallway from the stairs. Kit steps in the dog poop.

KIT

No!!!

Banks wears his headphones, but hears this and turns just in time to see Kit banging on Helen's door.

Helen opens her door.

Kit extends the shoe to Helen as if offering a gift.

KIT (CONT'D)

Here!

HELEN

I don't want that!

KIT

Clean it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HELEN

I will not.

Banks turns his headphones down in order to hear clearly.

KIT

How can you let your fucking dog  
shit in the hall, Helen?

HELEN

I didn't let him -- he had an  
accident. I was just comin'ta  
clean it up.

KIT

Accident!? It happens all  
the time! Clean my Goddamned shoe!

HELEN

I don't like your attitude!

Helen SLAMS her door shut. With her nasty shoe in her hand,  
Kit moves towards Banks.

Her apartment is also a corner apartment, just across the  
hall from his.

The boxes block her way.

KIT

Unless you want to share this  
with me, you'll move the boxes  
yesterday!

She is loud, and Banks winces. He turns up the volume on his  
headphones, and begins to clear a path.

A slightly rude apology:

BANKS

Sorry.

Kit, unsure of this guy, stares at him for a moment. She  
places the dirty shoe in the hall just outside her door.  
Then, as she enters her apartment:

KIT

Recycle's in the basement.

Banks locks his door and drags the stack of flattened boxes  
toward the stairs, avoiding the remaining poop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BANKS  
 (to himself)  
 Courage, Banks.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE BANKS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kit, in a robe with a towel on her head, opens her door and finds no shoe. She yells.

KIT  
 Who took my fucking shoe?! Who took  
 my Goddmaned fucking--

Banks' door open.

BANKS  
 Do you ever speak in a normal  
 voice?

KIT  
 (more quietly)  
 Someone took my fucking shoe.

Pause.

BANKS  
 Do you ever speak without  
 expletives?

KIT  
 Someone took my shoe.

BANKS  
 I took your shoe.

KIT  
 You have a foot fetish, or what?

BANKS  
 You mean a shoe fetish, don't you?

KIT  
 I want my Goddamned shoe!

Banks is pained by this. He has the shoe behind his back. He presents a sparkling clean shoe to Kit.

BANKS  
 Here! Take your shoe.

She takes it and carefully examines it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIT  
(suspiciously)  
Thanks.

Kit slowly and quietly goes back into her apartment. Banks, under his breath as he re-enters his apartment:

BANKS  
You're welcome.

INT. BANKS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Still Friday, but late. The apartment has two windows in the kitchen, and one in each outside wall of the bedroom -- four in all. Banks has only one kitchen window left to fit with insulation.

The AC'S in both rooms are noisy and provide a lot of WHITE NOISE, but he has already unpacked his four white noise machines. All BLAST AWAY.

The place is a wreck; open crates and furniture take up most of the space in the tiny kitchen/living room.

LATIN MUSIC begins to play in the apartment below. Banks grabs his headphones, turns up the volume, and then continues to trim the remaining sound insulation panel for the kitchen window.

There's a knock at his door. He opens it to find Kit; she holds two glasses and an open bottle of wine.

KIT  
Sorry about before. Shitty situation. I am here to welcome you to hell. Who would have believed hell was located at 5001 Broadway in New York City?

Kit awaits a response, and after getting none, she continues:

KIT (CONT'D)  
Are you going to invite me in or must this monologue continue?

BANKS  
Those are the only choices?

KIT  
Yes.

BANKS  
Come on in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Banks is befuddled, unused to social situations and still confused by his unorganized environment, and quite unsure of Kit.

He clears a space on the sofa. Kit has moved to the kitchen table.

KIT

I'll pour the wine first if you don't mind. Can you hear me?

BANKS

What?

KIT

Didn't think so.

She points toward her ear, indicating his headphones, pours wine, and places her cell on the table. She speaks loudly.

KIT (CONT'D)

I don't mean to be rude keeping my phone handy, but, my agent may call.

Banks turns the volume down on the headphones.

Kit carefully moves the sound insulation from the kitchen table to the floor.

KIT (CONT'D)

What is this?

BANKS

Insulation. Sound Insulation--

KIT

Ah! Great idea. So you can hear me now?

BANKS

You look different than you did --

KIT

I was in costume. I'm an actor. Had an audition.

BANKS

The tattoo?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KIT

Painted on. Ha! I went to my fight class dressed like that! Nobody wanted to spar with me.

MUSIC from below gets louder.

KIT (CONT'D)

Jesus, that Dominican kid below you needs to be put down.

She hands him a glass of wine. He looks at the wine for a moment, then takes it as he speaks.

BANKS

Or, his music just needs to be turned down.

KIT

Believe me, there are people in this world who need to be put down. So are those headphones nailed to your head?

Banks is still considering her previous remark. She allows it, then moves on:

KIT (CONT'D)

You need insulation for this hundred year old floor, too, babe! Hell, you can hear a mouse fart in the basement.

Banks reluctantly removes the headphones. Kit takes them and listens to see what music he's playing. She settles on sofa with her wine. There's a long awkward silence.

BANKS

Do you call everyone "babe?"

KIT

No.

(pause)

So, white noise machines, and white noise in your headphones. You fond of white noise much? Can you dance to it?

Banks is charmed by her. A big smile takes over his face as she speaks.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

KIT (CONT'D)

And . . . sound insulation . . .  
you intrigue me -- what's your  
name?

BANKS

Banks.

KIT

That's weird. Do you ever sit  
down?

He pulls up a chair from the table and sits. She hops up and  
walks to the hall.

INT. BANKS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

She sees additional white noise machines, and the windows  
covered with insulation.

INT. BANKS' NYC APARTMENT - HALL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

She looks into the bathroom.

KIT'S POV

The window there is covered as well.

INT. BANKS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT -  
CONTINUOUS

KIT

You allergic to all sounds or is  
it just Latin music?

She stomps twice hard on the floor, and pauses to see if the  
stamping has had an effect.

KIT (CONT'D)

Nope. The gal who lived here  
before you moved on account of the  
noise. She got him to turn the  
volume down by stomping on the  
floor.

Kit waits for a response. Banks just looks at her.

KIT (CONT'D)

Can You still hear me?

Banks nods, "yes."

EXT. 5001 BROADWAY - FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Bill climbs up the fire escape with a cheap Home Spy Super Ear Sound Enhancer.

The fire escape is old and rusty. A step gives way under Bill's weight; when he almost falls, he scrapes his shin.

BILL

Shit!

As Bill approaches the second floor, LATIN MUSIC all but overwhelms him. He struggles to turn the sound down on his spy ware. He finally just removes his headphones and in doing so, SLAMS them against the railing.

The Dominican kid who lives below Banks, opens his curtains to see what's there.

Bill hides with his back against the wall.

When it is safe, Bill continues up to Banks' windows.

The window near the escape has been plugged with insulation; therefore, Bill leans out precariously in order to point the device toward the remaining uninsulated window.

INT. BANKS APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

KIT

There's an opera singer wannabe-but-never-will in the building across the alley!

EXT. 5001 BROADWAY - FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Bill hangs out dangerously from the fire escape as he listens.

KIT (O.S.)

And Helen down the hall leaves her windows open year round just like the ass hole under you and when she plays her 70's disco crap and the mezzo and the little shit below all crank up at the same time, it is -- like I said -- Hell.

Bill slips and almost falls.

INT. BANKS'S APRTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT -  
CONTINUOUS

KIT

Heck, I'm across the hall and I get  
it all, too! Especially the opera  
bitch.

She downs her wine, offers her glass to Banks, who eventually  
figures out that he should refill it, which he does.

EXT. ISHAM PARK - NIGHT

Late Friday. Mr. King stands on the high bluff directly  
across Broadway from 5001.

LATIN MUSIC and CAR HORNS liven the night on the streets  
below.

Mr. King speaks on his cell.

MR. KING

Yeah, we got good view both exits.  
So when you come up, Boss? Oh?  
OK.

INT. PEACHTREE PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Alex speaks on his cell while eating oysters on the half  
shell and listening to a CHOPIN NOCTURNE.

He wears a white bathrobe.

ALEX

. . . and stay out of his place for  
now. We do nothing overt until  
we're certain the kid's really on  
to something. Hold on.

Alex eats an oyster slowly and licks the empty shell.

ALEX (CONT'D)

So, just keep an eye on him for now  
and call me if you see anything  
interesting. Meanwhile, I'll  
continue to phone the little prick.

EXT. ISHAM PARK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

MR. KING

A'right boss.

He disconnects call.

INT. BANKS' APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The wine bottle is almost empty. Banks has relaxed considerably.

KIT

So, are you fucked up in some way?  
Do you talk?

Banks enjoys her candor and humor; he laughs quietly.

BANKS

Yes, I talk, and yes, I am fucked  
up in some way.

KIT

And you're so happy about it.

BANKS

I'm not . . . I just, well, I'm  
not used to talking about it  
with . . .

She tries to help him finish the sentence.

KIT

. . . with . . . not used to  
talking about it with . . .  
strangers? Big people? No, don't  
tell me -- actors?!

Banks is a little tipsy; he giggles. Kit loves that she can make him laugh.

KIT (CONT'D)

Girls? Dikes!

Banks laughs. Finally considers an answer.

BANKS

All of the above.

KIT

So, is ours the first conversation  
you've ever had?

BANKS

No. Just one of the few.

KIT

You're serious. So, I'm like  
poppin' your social development  
cherry?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANKS

I think you may be.

KIT

I'll be gentle.

Banks is really tickled.

KIT (CONT'D)

And you like me, don't you?

BANKS

I think I do. Yes.

KIT

You are so cute! If you had tits  
I'd be all over you.

Banks giggles as Kit attempts to tweak his nipple. Banks' and Kit's fun is interrupted by the sound of the #1 TRAIN PASSING; Banks cringes and shivers. He reaches for the headphones, no longer laughing.

BANKS

I need this. I'll keep the volume  
low, so I can hear you. Ya'mind?

KIT

If you gotta have it, babe. You  
don't like trains?

BANKS

No.

KIT

Yeah? Why is that?

Banks doesn't want to talk about it.

KIT (CONT'D)

And you move into a place so close  
to elevated tracks?!

EXT. 5001 BROADWAY - FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Bill slips again, this time dropping his sound gun, and when he grabs for it, he falls narrowly saving himself by catching the escape one floor below.

Again the Dominican kid throws his curtains back to discover the source of the strange sounds, but he cannot see Bill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bill, still hanging, looks down to see Mr. King, who motions for him to come down. He tries to right himself but falls. Mr. King narrowly escapes being hit.

MR. KING

You be careful where you fall,  
Bill!

INT. BANKS' APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT -  
CONTINUOUS

Banks' CELL PHONE BUZZES.

KIT

Is that your phone?

Banks looks at his cell.

INSERT

"unknown caller" displayed on cell phone.

BACK TO SCENE

BANKS

It's him again.

KIT

Him?

BANKS

A guy who offered me a job. I said  
no thanks but he won't give up.

Kit answers the phone, and speaks with a breathy, low voice.

KIT

Good evening, this is Sophie. Yes.  
Oh, he's . . . occupied. Mmm-hmmm,  
Banks, oh, Banks, baby, I love  
that. Who is this? Yes, I know you  
want Banks -- who doesn't. I want  
to know who's calling, and . . .  
what you're wearing.

Banks takes the phone and disconnects the call. The phone BUZZES again. Banks turns the phone off.

There is a moment of silence, then laughter which continues into the following montage:

INT. SERIES OF SHOTS

Friday late until Saturday, nine a.m. The following action is sped up.

It's a silent movie of sorts. Locations move from Banks' apartment, to the hallway outside his apartment, to Kit's apartment.

Kit and Banks talk to each other and drink throughout the following which should be quite animated.

They finish the wine.

Kit leaves and returns with chips and more wine.

He explains about his hearing; her reactions are dramatic.

She performs an entertaining monologue. Banks finds it hysterical.

She cries and talks about lost love.

He pees leaving the door open so he can hear her.

She pees leaving the door open so he can hear her.

They both jump up and down on the floor, then yell out the window to the floor below.

Kit makes Banks try to hit her, and she demonstrates defensive moves. She takes him down repeatedly.

They are drunk and laugh because they are laughing.

They go into Banks' bedroom, and he shows her his underwear and socks. She puts his underwear on her head.

She looks at his framed degrees in Mechanical and Sound Engineering.

She picks up the photo of him and his parents.

He sits on the bed and explains that they are dead.

She sits on the bed and cuddles him.

They lie back on the bed, laughing, his headset falls off. She tickles him; he laughs uncontrollably.

He has to pee again, she peeks at his dick over his shoulder; he cannot stop laughing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She pees again but standing up this time, and demands he stay in bathroom; he hides his eyes.

She runs to her apartment for Tequila, dragging him with her. His headphones are left behind.

They drink shots in her kitchen and eat Hostess Cupcakes.

Banks passes out at the table; Kit carries him to her bed and there they sleep.

A clock on a bedside table spins its hands from 4 to 8:45 and at the stroke of 8:45 a.m., time stops flying.

INT. KIT'S APARTMENT - MORNING

It's 8:45 the following morning. Suddenly near silence is broken by a huge, awful, OPERATIC SOPRANO VOICE.

Banks, still half drunk, covers his ears and looks about for his headphones.

Kit shuts her window with a BANG. Banks jerks, quivers, and holds his ears.

KIT

That bitch! It's not even nine am!  
And it's Saturday! Or Sunday. My  
God, what is it? Saturday or  
Sunday?

Banks rushes out to find his headphones.

KIT (CONT'D)

I can't remember what day it is  
what does that mean I wonder?

INT. BANKS' APARTMENT - DAY

A little later. He and Kit drink coffee. He wears his headphones. They make eye contact and smile, remembering the previous night.

The OPERA SINGER continues, but is not a dominant sound. Otherwise it is relatively quiet.

Banks begins to laugh.

KIT

What's so funny?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BANKS

You gunna wear my drawers on you  
head all day?

She has forgotten she has them on her head. With a straight  
face:

KIT

Yes.

After a moment she removes them.

KIT (CONT'D)

Drawers. That's very Southern.  
Where are you from?

BANKS

Georgia. You?

KIT

All over. Army brat. But I have  
Southern roots. I was born in Itta  
Bena, Mississippi.

BANKS

Is that really a place?

KIT

Almost! You know, babe, after you  
got a little drunk, you didn't need  
the white noise gizmo.

She indicates the headphones.

BANKS

I should tell Avery about that.

Suddenly 70's Disco MUSIC is heard.

KIT

Fucking Helen. So early, and  
it's -- what is it, Saturday or  
Sunday?

BANKS

I moved in on Friday and I think  
that was yesterday.

The LATIN MUSIC starts again, and it is loud.

KIT

I think he's pissed about us  
jumping up and down last night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BANKS

I'm not sure I can live here.

KIT

Don't start that, my new best friend. I'll keep you drunk!

She kisses him on the cheek, then with a devilish grin, she jumps up and down!

KIT (CONT'D)

Come on -- we're gettin' out'a here.

EXT. INWOOD HILLS PARK ENTRANCE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Moments later. Banks and Kit walk into the park with their coffee.

They are followed by Bill who limps to a bench and pretends to read the Times; he carries his listening device in a back pack.

Mingled in with a few other people, Mr. King trails behind; he carries two cups of coffee.

EXT. INWOOD HILLS PARK - AN OFF-TRAIL CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

A few minutes later. Banks and Kit settle into an open area high in the park. They rest.

Kit checks her cell. She's disappointed.

BANKS

Would you get a call-back over the weekend?

KIT

Has happened, but usually if you audition on a Friday, you don't slash your wrists until Tuesday.

BANKS

Do you get acting jobs often?

KIT

I wish.

BANKS

Do you have a job-job?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIT

A survival job? No. I have my  
Daddy's life insurance.

BANKS

Oh. I'm sorry.

KIT

I'm not.

They are silent for a moment.

KIT (CONT'D)

So . . . you start your job-job  
tomorrow?

BANKS

I just have to check in.

KIT

You are a mechanical engineer and  
a sound engineer. . . ? Wow. And  
so young. A bona fide genius with  
a cute pecker.

Banks hides his face in embarrassment.

KIT (CONT'D)

Let's see, if a sober mind can  
recall what a drunk one learned  
last night, you have an interesting  
condition. Hyper-a --

BANKS

cusis.

KIT

Hyperacusis. That sounds terminal,  
babe. So sound actually hurts you?

BANKS

Loud ones, especially. Not to be  
confused with Misophonia.

KIT

What the fuck is that?

BANKS

Certain sounds make me angry. When  
I was a kid I had no control. Once,  
I threw a guy's boom box into the  
street under a truck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KIT

Of course you did.

BANKS

When he yelled in my face,  
I knocked him out. He was a big  
guy. I was only fourteen.

KIT

You're serious?

He nods, yes.

KIT (CONT'D)

And you never had this shit before  
your parents died?

EXT. INWOOD HILLS PARK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Bill climbs a tree, an activity for which he has no innate  
ability; he struggles with branches while holding his coffee.  
His back pack is slung over his shoulder.

As he climbs, he looks down to Mr. King who points up.

MR.KING

Higher Bill. Watch out -- you  
spill you coffee.

Bill stops and looks down at Mr. King with disdain.

EXT. INWOOD HILLS PARK - AN OFF-TRAIL CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Kit lies back on a rock.

KIT

So . . . You can make a missile  
chase down a sound?

BANKS

Theoretically, yes, a missile or a  
another type of unmanned aerial  
vehicle.

KIT

Wow, that sounds so sexy-  
scientific.

BANKS

UAV for short. Why? You want me  
to take out the opera bitch?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIT  
Yes!

BANKS  
Ouch!

KIT  
Sorry.

He is amused at her feigned fear.

EXT. INWOOD HILLS PARK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Bill is now very high in the tree.

MR.KING  
Can you see them?

BILL  
No, Mr. King, I cannot. Too many trees.

MR. KING  
You climb higher.

BILL  
Wait. OK, now I see'um.

Bill slips and scrapes his arm. Hurts like a son-of-bitch.

MR. KING  
Careful, Bill. OK, see can you hear them now.

BILL  
They left.

MR. KING  
What you mean they left?

BILL  
I mean they left! They're not there anymore!

MR. KING  
Then what you do in tree?!

EXT. INWOOD HILLS PARK - A TRAIL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kit and Banks are walking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANKS

Actually, I want to develop domestic applications.

KIT

Like . . .

BANKS

Like . . . locating lost children.

KIT

Oh . . . but, if you were to "take out" the opera bitch . . .

BANKS

I'd have to record her singing --

KIT

That would be easy --

BANKS

Then program a little computer in a missile or something to listen for her, track her down, and then --

KIT

Bye-bye opera bitch. You can really do that?

BANKS

I know how to, I think -- I've never tested it. But, my new job's promised me anything I need.

KIT

Cool. So let's take her out.

BANKS

You want to blow her up?

KIT

What other options do we have?

EXT. INWOOD HILLS PARK - TRAIL LEADING TO AN EXIT - DAY -  
CONTINUOUS

Banks and Kit walk out of the woods and onto a path leading out of the park.

Far Behind them Mr. King appears, waving frantically at Bill to catch up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

During the following dialogue, Bill follows limping, then thrusts the listening device on Mr. King, throws his coffee down and sits on a bench.

BANKS

Ever heard of Brown Note?

KIT

South Park!?

BANKS

What?

KIT

You don't know South Park?

(sympathetically)

Oh, babe . . . . What about Brown Note?

BANKS

Urban Legend -- a frequency that would make people lose control of their, you know . . .

KIT

Bowels, yes, I know.

BANKS

Well . . . I figured it out.

KIT

What do you mean?

BANKS

I mean, I can make a Brown Note happen.

KIT

Really? Wow. You want to Brown Note the opera bitch?!

She holds his head and kisses him. He's uncomfortable with the affection, but allows it.

BANKS

Are we allowed up on the roof?

KIT

No, but I've been up there.

She winks.

INT. MTA SUBWAY STATION AT ISHAM AND BROADWAY - DAY

It's Monday morning. Banks carries a backpack and wears a tie, sports jacket, and dress slacks.

He approaches a turnstyle and slides his pass, turning the card several times before getting it right.

He enters and starts down the stairs to the platform. As he does so, a TRAIN enters.

He freezes, turns, and runs up the stairs past Mr. King and exits. Mr. King follows, placing a cell phone call.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Banks checks his watch and begins to run, hard. He flips a map out of his backpack as he runs.

EXT. THE PARTNERS - DAY

A half hour later. What looks like an apartment house on Riverdale is the US Lab of The Partners Group.

Banks is a sweaty, panting mess. He checks his watch. He's late.

He tries the door, but it is locked. He reaches for the doorbell, but before he can push it a voice is heard. It is LILY SPEARS.

LILY (O.S.)  
Well, Banks Alfred, you finally  
made it.

There is a series of LOUD CLICKS as the door unlocks.

LILY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Can you hear me?

Several people pass on the sidewalk, one of them is Mr. King, who talks on his cell.

BANKS  
Yes. I'm sorry I'm--

LILY (O.S.)  
Come on in.

Banks opens the door and enters. The door which is six inches thick, closes behind him with a jarring THUD. LOCKS CLICK.



INT. THE PARTNERS BUILDING - LOBBY AND RECEPTION - DAY -  
CONTINUOUS

Banks is met by Lily, a small very pretty woman in her early forties with the straightest back in NYC. She wears shorts, a tank top, sandals, and a gun in a hip holster.

LILY  
You walked?

BANKS  
Ran.

LILY  
You might want to wear your  
running clothes next time.

Banks lifts an earpiece to test the sound of the place; he removes the headphones.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Right. You won't need that. The  
whole building's on noise alert for  
the next couple of hours.

Lily shakes Banks' hand.

LILY (CONT'D)  
I'm Lily Spears, security and  
reception.

Referring to David Cara, who approaches, also in shorts and wearing a different Hawaiian shirt.

LILY (CONT'D)  
And, you've met the boss.

David offers Banks a powerful handshake.

DAVID  
Welcome, Banks. We've got a lot of  
ground to cover. Lily -- if you  
call in, she's your contact. OK?  
Talk to her like she's your  
girlfriend or sister. Seriously.  
Security protocol. Never refer to  
anything we're working on over the  
phone, texts included. If you call  
in for me, it's "hey Sis, is Dad  
home?" Never use names over the  
phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY

Put him in the closet, Dad.

DAVID

First thing whenever you come here,  
you go into the closet. That's  
what we call it, and we all do it.

David ushers Banks into the "closet."

DAVID (CONT'D)

You stay a few seconds and it strip  
searches you -- if you're  
contaminated or carrying a weapon,  
it locks you in and Lily has to  
kill'ya.

Banks starts to remove his backpack.

DAVID (CONT'D)

No, your stuff goes in there, too.

BANKS

Strip search?

DAVID

You won't feel a thing.

Banks enters the closet. David closes the door.

INT. PARTNER'S BUILDING - THE CLOSET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Banks peers through a small window into the lobby. As the  
light turns deep blue, Banks says to himself:

BANKS

Jiminy Cricket, am I ready for  
this?

INT: PARTNERS BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

As Banks exits the closet.

DAVID

We sure hope you are.

BANKS

Wha--?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

Ready. For this. Forgot to tell ya' that anything you say in there can be heard out here and will be used against'ya.

LILY

Jiminy Cricket?

DAVID

OK, this floor is administration. The second, third and fourth floors are all one open space for UAV development. We'll head up there now.

Lily moves to behind the security desk. She opens a refrigerator to get some water for herself.

BANKS

Can I get some water?

LILY

Catch!

Lily tosses a bottle to him. David catches it just before it hits Banks in the face. She gets herself another bottle.

David walks Banks to an elevator.

DAVID

She's deadly accurate. And, she's the only person in the building who's armed at all times.

Elevator doors open.

DAVID (CONT'D)

OK, let's head upstairs.

INT. THE PARTNERS BUILDING - DRONE ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Some twenty men and women, all casually dressed work "quietly" assembling UAV's; some work at computer stations, etc.

Drones of various designs fly overhead.

DAVID

We call this the Drone Room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANKS

Abe Karem never wanted to see  
drones used for anything but recon.

DAVID

That's right. When he invented the  
first drone in his garage, he had  
no idea the can of worms he'd  
opened.

Four small drones fly overhead in formation, Banks indicates  
them.

BANKS

I'll need some of those.

DAVID

Be specific.

BANKS

Five?

David speaks into a recorder.

DAVID

For Banks, five quad LLG's. What  
else?

David puts the recorder near Banks for his response.

BANKS

Uhm, mini mics and lasers, micro  
computers and chips. . . uhm, a  
dozen each.

David into his recorder:

DAVID

You heard that. By the way, don't  
save anything on your computer.  
Put it all on a flash drive and  
wear it around your neck 24/7.

There is a LOUD EXPLOSION. Banks holds his head and staggers.

The SOUND happens again. ELMO launches switchblades at  
practice targets.

Banks struggles to get his headphones on and operational.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hey! Elmo! Hold that 'til he's  
out'a here!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Elmo rushes over; he's a chubby guy with long hair. He wears ripped jeans, a t-shirt and flip-flops.

He and David pick Banks up and steady him. Banks slams Elmo against the wall. Elmo whispers:

ELMO

Oh, fuck man, I am so sorry. David,  
I swear I read the memo, but I just  
forgot.

Banks unhands Elmo.

DAVID

Banks, meet Elmo. If you need any  
information about switchblades or  
lasers, or anything, he's your man.

BANKS

(still angry)  
That's good to know.

Elmo shakes Banks' hand aggressively, whispers again.

ELMO

So fuckin' sorry, man.

Banks manages a civil reply.

BANKS

No problem. Nice to meet you,  
Elmo.

Elmo returns to his station unsure he's been forgiven.

DAVID

Anything else?

BANKS

A bicycle? I didn't move mine.

DAVID

Bicycle. You gunna track sound  
on a bike?

BANKS

Never mind.

David records, a bit impatiently.

DAVID

One bicycle. You should have  
supplies tomorrow via courier.

INT. PARTNERS BUILDING - RECEPTION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

DAVID

When you come in again, you'll go from the closet straight to the basement, where your flash drive'll be copied into our internal system. Let's see, what else . . .?

LILY

Cops.

DAVID

Oh yeah. What would be police matters are handled internally. And its legal. You have a problem, you come to me. Got that?

BANKS

(unsure)

Sure.

DAVID

Welcome aboard. Now get to work.

EXT. 5001 BROADWAY - THE ROOF - DAY

Early morning a few days later. Thursday.

Banks sits on a towel working on a drone about the size of a toilet seat.

A boom box twelve feet away plays a recorded speech by John Boehner.

The roof top door opens; it's Kit. She carries two cups of coffee.

KIT

Can I talk now?

BANKS

In a few. OK, now go see Johnny Boy and make him cry!

He puts the drone on a box, issues a command on his laptop, the drone rises, flips over and falls.

BANKS (CONT'D)

Dang. What the . . .? This was supposed to be the easy part. I just have two left.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIT

You've been at it for only three days, Babe -- cut yourself some slack. Coffee's on.

She gives him his coffee, he rises and stretches.

KIT (CONT'D)

Am I too big to cuddle?

She tries to be small and snuggles to Banks.

BANKS

You didn't get it, huh?

KIT

My agent called last night. Said I might have scared them. They gave the part to a straight girl.

EXT. AN ADJACENT BUILDING - THE ROOF - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mr. King watches the previous action through a telescope, using a roof-top bush for cover.

EXT. AN ADJACENT BUILDING - THE ROOF - DAY

It's a RAINY Monday. THUNDER CLAPS. Bill watches the following action through a telescope, using a roof-top bush for cover.

He is drenched and miserable. His cigarette is so wet it falls apart leaving a filter in his mouth.

EXT. 5001 BRAODWAY - THE ROOF - DAY - CONTINUOUS

It's RAINING. Banks huddles under a large umbrella with his laptop and a drone. The boom box plays "Rainy Days and Mondays" under a small umbrella. Banks has become anxious and impatient.

BANKS

OK you little quadcrapper, fly to the GD boom box!

He places the drone on the box in the rain and executes commands on the laptop.

The drone flies upward a few feet and slowly turns. Then as the drone heads right for him. Banks shouts:

BANKS (CONT'D)

Why?! Dang it to hell!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He dodges the drone and it crashes onto the roof.

Kit opens the door to the roof slightly; when she observes Banks' situation, she rushes to pick up the umbrella. She holds it over herself and Banks.

KIT

My poor genius, why not take  
a break until the rain stops?

The drone suddenly rises, and begins to dart about.

KIT (CONT'D)

What's it doing?!

The drone goes straight at her. She tosses the umbrella aside and runs about the roof screaming and laughing with the drone in pursuit.

Banks runs after the drone but is unable to catch it. He is laughing as well.

Banks finally catches the drone out of the air.

Kit cannot stop laughing. She hurries to the door.

KIT (CONT'D)

I peed in my pants!

Kit exits. The fun is over for Banks, his frustration returns.

BANKS

Dang. Damn!

Banks' cell rings; he cannot find it. When he does locate it, he recognizes the "caller" description. He answers.

BANKS (CONT'D)

Don't call me anymore!

INT. ATLANTA - A SPA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Alex is on a massage table. His female therapist works on his glutes under a towel. Alex disconnects the call.

ALEX

Little fucker.

(to therapist)

Don't be shy down there honey-lamb.

Something amazing happens.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 Why darlin', you make me blush.

INT. BANKS' APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Later that same day, Monday, around midnight. Banks sits at his kitchen table repairing a drone.

His Laptop is beside him. Also on the table is an open pizza delivery box; one slice remains.

He does not wear his headphones. AC's and WHITE NOISE machines roar, but he hears the VOCAL SOUNDS OF FEMALES MAKING LOVE. Someone is a screamer.

It's hard for him to concentrate. But, he focuses and types a command and the drone lifts off and hovers.

He gives it another command and it flies around the room, slowly, listening.

BANKS  
 OK. Come to Banks. I'm the voice  
 you seek.

The quadcopter stops, hovers and turns. The copter moves to Banks. It stops a couple of feet from his face.

BANKS (CONT'D)  
 That's it, little drone. I'm right  
 here. Right in front of you.

The drone releases a red laser beam, which strikes Banks on the mouth. He reaches for the drone, and it backs away from him.

He grabs at it from the right and it fakes left, but all the while the laser tracks to his mouth.

BANKS (CONT'D)  
 (quietly)  
 Eureka.

The copter again moves towards his face. He types in another command, and the copter's laser turns off and the drone comes to rest again on the table.

Banks calls up his work log on the computer.

CLOSE UP

The computer screen. "Log. Monday,  
 May 18, voice tracking  
 accomplished. Hallefrickinlujah!"

BACK TO SCENE

Banks turns the drone off at the keyboard, saves data to his flash, and places it around his neck.

Exhausted but ecstatic, he dons his headphones and rushes to share the news with Kit.

EXT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE BANKS' APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Banks leaves his apartment, crosses the hall to Kit's door.

Banks hears music and some traffic sounds, but also he hears a female voice within Kit's apartment joyously screaming with sexual pleasure.

Banks slips an ear phone away from one ear and rests his head against the door. He closes his eyes and smiles. After a moment, he goes back to his apartment.

INT. BANKS' APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Banks enters, closes the door behind him, and locks it. He claps then says:

BANKS

Porn!

His laptop immediately flashes, and porn appears on his screen.

He loses the earphones, takes the last slice of pizza, opens the refrigerator and grabs a beer. He sits, takes a deep breath and a swig of beer.

Fade out, as we give the guy some privacy.

EXT. 5001 BROADWAY - THE ROOF - DAY

The next day. It's Tuesday. Kit is in her night shirt. Banks is in his running shorts and a tank top.

They both have coffee mugs. They are tense with expectation.

BANKS

She's singing now? You sure?

KIT

Yes, babe. She was singing scales when I came up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Banks places the quadcopter on a box some ten feet away and then issues commands on his lap top.

The copter rises, turns 180 degrees and then settles back on the box.

Banks makes a few adjustments, then commands the drone to move ten feet away from the building.

KIT (CONT'D)

She's so graceful. She seems alive.

BANKS

OK. When I activate the listening function, she should be able to pick up our songbird.

KIT

I can't hear her at all up here.

BANKS

The copter can.

Banks types commands. The drone shifts a bit as if listening, then moves stealthily down the side of the building.

Banks and Kit watch on the laptop screen as the camera onboard the copter records its journey.

EXT. AN ADJACENT BUILDING - THE ROOF - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Bill continues to watch the roof of 5001 Broadway through a telescope.

Mr. King follows the flight of the drone with binoculars. He speaks on his cell phone.

EXT. 5001 BROADWAY - OUTSIDE OF BUILDING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

As we see the drone move toward the lower floors and round a corner, we hear the opera bitch.

The copter moves much faster now, towards the target.

Someone in another apartment is listening to Joan Sutherland singing Lucia di Lammermoor.

The copter gets confused and moves away from the target.

EXT. 5001 BROADWAY - THE ROOF - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Banks and Kit continue to monitor the drone's flight on the laptop screen.

They also hear what the drone hears through the computer's speakers.

BANKS

Oh, crap.

EXT. AN ADJACENT BUILDING - THE ROOF - DAY - CONTINUOUS

MR. KING

Uh-oh, big fuck-up.

EXT. 5001 BROADWAY - OUTSIDE OF BUILDING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The copter hovers and listens to Sutherland before it moves on to its intended destination.

EXT. AN ADJACENT BUILDING - THE ROOF - DAY - CONTINUOUS

MR. KING

Take that back. No big fuck-up!

EXT. 5001 BROADWAY - THE ROOF - DAY - CONTINUOUS

KIT

It can actually distinguish Joan Sutherland from the opera bitch!

BANKS

Every sound has a distinct and unique signature.

OK, now if it does what's it's supposed to do, it'll confirm and then release a laser to maintain confirmation even if she stops singing.

EXT. OPERA BITCH'S BUILDING - OPEN WINDOW - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Through the window we see the singer singing with her eyes closed.

Her hair is in rollers and she's still in her nightie.

The drone enters through the window.

INT. OPERA BITCH'S APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Her mouth is wide open and a laser beam enters it and hits the back of her throat.

EXT. 5001 BROADWAY - ROOF - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kit's exuberance is almost out of control. She contorts and makes a variety of happy sounds. Banks cannot help but enjoy her antics.

KIT

You are a genius, you are! Give me the mic!

BANKS

Try to keep your panties dry --  
And, Kit, you can't talk about this with anybody. I mean it -- no Facebook. You can't even tell your girlfriend.

INT. OPERA BITCH'S APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

OPERA BITCH'S POV

She now sees the drone hovering just inside the apartment. The laser intensifies, alters color, its job done in a silent second, silent except for a very feminine FART.

EXT. 5001 BROADWAY - ROOF - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Banks whispers; Kit imitates a robot.

BANKS

Now.

INT. OPERA BITCH'S APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

KIT (V.O.)

In the future, you are to sing only after ten am. Understood?

EXT. 5001 BROADWAY - ROOF - DAY - CONTINUOUS

They continue to watch the following on the laptop monitor:

The drone camera pans down the singer's frame and we see that the Brown Note has had the desired effect.

The camera pans again to her face.

She is in shock. She begins to shake and cry.

EXT. AN ADJACENT BUILDING - THE ROOF - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Both Bill and Mr. King now have the opera bitch's apartment in their sites.

MR. KING

Holy shit.

BILL

I'll second that.

EXT. 5001 BROADWAY - THE ROOF - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kit and Banks watch the woman's reaction on the laptop screen.

They are not prepared for what they see. The woman is no longer a concept, she's real. Kit covers the mic with her hand.

KIT

Jesus, Banks.

He slumps into a folding chair.

KIT (CONT'D)

What do I do?

Banks takes the mic and addresses the woman.

INT. OPERA BITCH'S APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

OPERA BITCH'S POV

Banks imitates a robot.

BANKS (V.O.)

This was an ill conceived prank.  
We offer you our sincerest  
apologies.

She watches the drone back out of her window.

EXT. 5001 BROADWAY - ROOF - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kit shares the mic.

KIT

Honey, if you want to sing, you do  
it. I am so sorry.

They watch the screen as the drone returns home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Banks and Kit are miserable.

The drone lands. Banks switches off the drone at the laptop with a few quick strokes. Silence and then:

KIT (CONT'D)

How did you know about my girl friend?

BANKS

I'm not deaf.

(pause)

That poor woman.

They look at each other, still miserable about what they have done. They try hard not to, but they cannot help laughing. The laughter builds. They die laughing.

BANKS (CONT'D)

Kit, it worked! It worked!

EXT. AN ADJACENT BUILDING - THE ROOF - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Bill stands next to the telescope. Mr. King speaks on his cell.

INT: AVERY INLENDER'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Later that day. Avery speaks with Banks on the phone in her office.

AVERY

Oh, I'm so pleased for you, so proud of you!

INT. BANKS' NYC APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Banks and Kit drink champagne. Banks enters data on his work log with one hand and speaks with Avery over the phone with the other; Kit snuggles close to hear.

BANKS

Avery, everything is going so well. Yes, the job is fine -- I'm happy there. And -- yes, ma'am, I am making friends. At least one.

KIT

Hiya Avery!

BANKS

That's kit! You'll love her, Avery.

INT. AVERY INLENDER'S ATLANTA HOME OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

AVERY  
I'm sure I will.

PEGGY  
Dr. Inlender Mr. Rogers is here.

Avery motions for him to be brought in.

AVERY  
I'm so proud of you, Honey Boy.  
Love you, too.

Avery disconnects the call and places the phone on her desk.  
She turns to see Alex standing in the doorway.

ALEX  
Dr. Inlender, thank you for seeing  
me on short notice.

AVERY  
Your call sounded urgent -- I'm  
glad I had a space open, Mr.  
Rogers. Please, have a seat.

Alex picks up a framed photo of Avery and Banks from the  
desk.

ALEX  
You have a handsome son.

Avery pours tea at a sideboard.

AVERY  
He's not my son, but thanks. I'm  
having tea -- will you join me?

ALEX  
Sure. Is he your nephew?

AVERY  
Great Nephew. Sugar, milk?

ALEX  
No.

AVERY  
I typically record first sessions,  
Mr. Rogers -- I find it useful to  
revisit them.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ALEX

I prefer you didn't.

He deletes and then switches off the recording device.

AVERY

Mr. Rogers, if you'd care to take a seat we can get started. Without recording of course if you prefer.

She places his tea on a side table, then takes the photo from Alex and replaces it on the desk.

She switches the recorder on again unnoticed.

AVERY (CONT'D)

Who are you?

ALEX

You know who I am --

AVERY

-- I do not know who you are. I Google all new patients and you are not Mack Rogers of Gainesville -- he's dead. Frequently patients want to use an alias, but you are not here as a patient, are you?

ALEX

No.

AVERY

What do you want?

ALEX

I want Banks Alfred's file.

AVERY

You had better leave.

She picks up the phone; Alex takes it from her. He goes to her file cabinet but cannot open it.

ALEX

The key.

AVERY

Why risk exposing yourself? Why not just break in here after dark and steal what you want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Alex points to a Jung's Red Book on the top shelf high above the library ladder.

ALEX

Get that book for me and I'll tell you.

Avery starts for the door. Alex stops her, picks her up and thrusts her up on the ladder. She nearly falls before securing a rung.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Climb!

Avery slowly climbs, shaking badly.

AVERY

I can't possibly hand you that book.

Alex smacks her on the butt.

ALEX

You'll try. All the way up.

Avery fearfully grips the ladder with all her strength.

AVERY

I'm not going any further.

Alex reaches up under her skirt. She quickly ascends another rung.

ALEX

Good girl. Now, hand me that red book.

AVERY

It's too high.

Alex jabs up under her skirt. She flinches and cries out, then pulls up another rung.

AVERY (CONT'D)

Courage Banks.

She cries; he enjoys watching her shed all vestiges of dignity and authority.

ALEX

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

As Avery reaches for the book, Alex shakes the ladder causing her to fall CRACKING her head on the corner of her desk. The book falls to the floor.

ALEX (CONT'D)

That worked out rather well.

He rifles through her desk, and finds keys.

EXT. AVERY'S BACK YARD PATIO - DAY

Several days later. Banks, wearing the headphones, stands in the center of her brick patio holding an urn. Kit stands on the steps leading to the house, her travel bag next to her. They both are dressed in black.

After a long pause.

KIT

Babe, you've been standing there for over an hour.

She moves to him and kisses him on the cheek.

KIT (CONT'D)

I have to make my flight. Cab's waiting.

He does not respond.

KIT (CONT'D)

I'll see you back in New York. Tomorrow afternoon?

(pause)

I have that audition so I won't be home 'til late.

A HONK is heard from the street.

KIT (CONT'D)

I'll call you later. Please turn you phone on.

She picks up her bag and hurries through the gate to the driveway.

Banks is in such deep grief, he cannot cry. After a moment, he removes his headphones and places them on a table; then he opens the urn and begins to pour Avery's ashes along the base of the azaleas.

INT. AVERY INLENDER'S ATLANTA HOME OFFICE - DAY

Later. Still in his mourning clothes, Banks sits at Avery's desk studying the photo of them.

He moves to the ladder and looks up trying to figure out what she may have wanted badly enough to climb. He sees a space where Jung's Red Book had been on the top shelf. He remembers the conversation about the book, which is now on Avery's desk. He goes to the door and calls to Avery's housekeeper, PEGGY.

BANKS  
Peggy?! You still here?

Peggy enters with a wreath of flowers.

PEGGY  
Yes?

BANKS  
When you found Avery, where was this book?

PEGGY  
On the floor. Right there.

He begins to move about distractedly.

PEGGY (CONT'D)  
Such a terrible accident. It was a lovely memorial. She was greatly loved. Banks, about the flowers --

BANKS  
Do whatever you want with them!

Peggy leaves closing the door.

Banks continues to move about, trying to imagine why she would have attempted the impossible. He rushes to the door again.

BANKS (CONT'D)  
Peggy!!

She returns carrying her coat and purse.

BANKS (CONT'D)  
Did Avery have any patients that day?

Peggy is shaken by his outburst -- she attempts to recall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANKS (CONT'D)

Well?! Was anyone here with her  
before you found her?!

PEGGY

Yes.

BANKS

Who?

PEGGY

A new patient. A man. But he  
didn't stay long. I was cleaning in  
the front room. I saw him park and  
then a little later I saw him  
leave. Why?

BANKS

(quietly)

Thank you, Peggy.

Peggy goes. Banks moves slowly and expectantly back to the  
desk. He presses play on Avery's recording device.

EXT. OUTSIDE AVERY'S HOME - STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A plaintive scream is heard coming from the house.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE BANKS' APARTMENT - DAY

Later that day. Kit walks from the elevator toward her  
apartment, stepping over a fresh pile of dog poop. She still  
wears her mourning clothes and carries her bag.

She notices that Bank's apartment door is ajar. She looks  
into his aptment.

Banks's apartment has been ransacked.

KIT

Oh, fuck.

EXT. AVERY'S BACK YARD GARDEN - NIGHT

That night. Banks sits very still. He looks at his phone.

BANKS

Courage, Banks.

He turns the phone on.

INT. KIT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Later. Kit is in her robe studying sides. She sits on the sofa near her girlfriend, Laurie, who sleeps. Kit strokes Laurie's hair.

Kit's phone rings. As she speaks, Laurie stirs and kisses Kit's hand.

KIT

Banks, I've been trying to call you for hours. Are you OK? I'm afraid I have more bad news, Babe, your apartment's been trashed. I mean completely turned inside-out. This is scary.

EXT. AVERY'S BACK YARD GARDEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Banks on his phone:

BANKS

No cops -- they're pissed at me at work already -- I have to go in tomorrow. I dread it. Kit . . .  
Kit . . .

(pause)

I'll tell you when I see you.

INT. THE PARTNERS BUILDING - DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

Late afternoon the following day. Wednesday. David wears boxing gloves and works a heavy punching bag which hangs from his office ceiling.

In contrast to the punching bag, the rest of David's office is quite elegant, featuring an exquisite Old World Oak desk, plush sofa, full bar and a wide-screen television.

Banks wears his headphones, gym shorts and a tank top. His flash hangs from his neck. He is still out of breath from the bike ride to the Partner's Group.

BANKS

Sorry I'm late. My flight was delayed.

David punches the bag.

BANKS (CONT'D)

The flowers from Dad and Sis . . .  
They were from you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Banks waits for a response. Gets none.

BANKS (CONT'D)  
Thanks --

DAVID  
Lily sent'um.

BANKS  
I didn't see Lily --

DAVID  
-- She has the afternoon off. Extra  
gloves are on my desk.

BANKS  
No thank you.

David gives Banks a warning look and throws a couple of frustrated punches into the bag.

BANKS (CONT'D)  
How'd you know?

David prepares to spar.

DAVID  
After three days, we had to put  
eyes on you -- for all we knew  
you'd been taken, or worse.

BANKS  
I . . . I need to talk with you  
about my future here.

David pops his gloves together.

DAVID  
The gloves.

Banks hesitates.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Put'em on!

Banks complies.

BANKS  
Are we going to fight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID

You could use some sense knocked  
into you.

BANKS

I'm sorry, I . . . didn't think--

DAVID

-- think!? No, you didn't!

(pause)

Why didn't you tell me about this  
Alex character before?

BANKS

I didn't --

DAVID

--Son, what you're capable of doing  
makes you a matter of national  
security.

BANKS

(passionately)

And if what I'm capable of doing  
gets the people I love killed, then  
I quit!

David pops him in the shoulder.

DAVID

Ya'can't quit. You could walk away  
from us, but these creeps would  
still be after you.

David begins to spar with Banks, who doesn't know how to  
respond.

BANKS

I don't want to do this.

DAVID

I do.

BANKS

I'm going back to Atlanta.

David hits Banks in the face. Banks cannot believe David  
just hit him in the face.

DAVID

You're under contract to me for a  
year.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

Banks, frustrated and angry, turns and throws a couple of punches, easily deflected.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Pathetic. Get your gloves up.

David throws a more than "light" punch into Banks' gloves.

BANKS  
She recorded everything. I heard  
him kill her!

Banks almost cries, but stops himself.

BANKS (CONT'D)  
It's on my flash drive. I'll leave  
it with you, but I'm done -- it's  
not worth it!

Banks throws a more respectable punch, easily blocked by David.

DAVID  
You call the cops about the break-  
in at your apartment?

David lands a harder punch in Banks' face.

BANKS  
No, Sir! That really hurt.

David knocks Banks down.

DAVID  
How about that one?

Banks gets up and starts to walk away.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Until this is resolved. You'll be  
safer here.

Banks turns again to face David. David drives Banks back with a series of quick jabs.

BANKS  
You sure about that!?

Banks copies David's jabs and drives him back.

BANKS (CONT'D)  
You put eyes on my apartment, too?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DAVID  
That's better.

They continue to spar; Banks seems to be getting the hang of it, releasing his anger with each punch.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
They get anything from your apartment?

David knocks a headphone away from Banks' ear.

BANKS  
Ate some of my food!

Banks delivers a blistering blow which is deflected off David's glove and grazes David's face.

DAVID  
This guy . . . You want to find'im?!

BANKS  
That's a stupid question.

DAVID  
(derisively)  
Thought you wanted to go back to Georgia.

David punches hard now, knocking Banks down again.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
You'll find'im alright -- and you won't have to look hard. He'll find you!

Banks again attempts to get up, only to be knocked down again.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
This asshole would cut your head off for that flash drive.

Banks tries to get up a third time, but David knocks him down again.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
And you'd let'im, wouldn't you!  
You'd let'im use your technology against your own Country!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Banks has begun to cry. He gets up. David knocks Banks' headphones off. Banks covers his ears with his gloves. David punches Banks' gloves away from his head.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
You'd let'im kill Avery Inlender  
and eat your food!

Banks breaks down completely, sobbing and swinging wildly. He drives David against a wall and wails on him. David permits it. David's nose and lips bleed.

Banks becomes exhausted. He collapses into David's arms weeping.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
It's alright, son. We'll get that  
mother fucker.

INT. PARTNERS BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

David and Banks enter the hall. They have shed their gloves. David wears a bloody towel over his shoulders. He rests a reassuring hand on Banks' shoulder.

Lighting is movement activated, and seems to follow them as the move to the men's room. One entire wall of the hallway is an aquarium.

An underwater drone glides down the length of the hall followed a several sun fish and a diver holding what looks like a joystick game control.

They pass Elmo, two other men and a woman who carry a large drone into an elevator.

Elmo shushes the others when he sees Banks.

DAVID  
You should never have published  
your theory. The whole world knows  
who you are and what you're on the  
brink of doing.

Banks waits until the elevator doors are closed.

BANKS  
Not on the brink anymore.

DAVID  
What?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANKS

Sound tracking works.

DAVID

When were you going to tell me that? Christ! Well, that's excellent. I'll schedule a demonstration first thing tomorrow.

David continues to the door of the men's room. He notices that Banks has stopped several steps back.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What?

Banks is hesitant to admit this:

BANKS

I didn't put everything I've been working on in the thesis.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MUSE HOTEL - WEST 46TH STREET - DAY

Alex exits the Muse; he bypasses a cue of guests waiting for cabs and enters a cab by snatching it from another guest.

INT. WEST 46th - YELLOW CAB - DAY - CONTINUOUS

ALEX

5001 Broadway.  
(no reaction)  
Upper West Side.  
(no response)

The Japanese driver doesn't seem to hear him; he just fools around with a GPS.

Alex exits the cab.

EXT. WEST 46th - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Alex goes to the next unoccupied cab and addresses the driver through the driver's window.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Do you speak English? Arabic?  
French? German?!

The cab driver nods yes to each question.

ALEX (CONT'D)

The hell you do!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUAN, the driver of the next cab in the cue gets out of his cab and yells:

JUAN  
Get in! I speak English!

As he walks to Juan's cab:

ALEX  
Broadway, above 212. Got it?

JUAN  
Got it, Boss!

INT. JUAN'S CAB - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Alex and Juan slam their doors at the same moment.

ALEX  
New York City -- it's like the  
Tower of fucking Babel!

INT. PARTNER'S BUILDING - MEN'S ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

David is almost finished peeing. Above each urinal is a monitor. David's urinal monitor displays urine test results.

DAVID  
What did you leave out?

BANKS  
It's not something I was hired to  
do.

DAVID  
What is it?

David washes his hands. Banks is a loss for words.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
What? We gunna play Twenty  
Questions?

Banks exits into the hall. David Follows.

INT. PARTNERS BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

DAVID  
Why'd you bring it up?

David heads toward the break room. He is at the door before Banks finally decides to follow through.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANKS  
Sonic weapons.

This stops David.

DAVID  
Hold up.

David opens the door to the break room. Several men and women are there having a good time; something is very funny until they see David. Many have beers in their hands.

Others are climbing a rock wall; still others are driving bumper cars on a track surrounding a putting green.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Everybody out! Time to go home!  
This is Banks, if you haven't met  
him. Happy Birthday, Fred.

They begin to file out, several stopping to introduce themselves. Others AD LIB as they go.

INT. PARTNER'S BUILDING - BREAK ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

David ushers Banks into the break room and closes the door.

They move into the kitchen, which looks like somebody's mother's kitchen, 1960, right down to the magnets on the refrigerator.

DAVID  
Sonic weapons?

BANKS  
Silent, subsonic sound delivered  
through a laser beam.

DAVID  
Whoa. Let me wrap my mind around  
that --

BANKS  
-- it's like a sound bullet, only  
the bullet is very different.

DAVID  
How so?

David opens the refrigerator. It is full of cold beer.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Jesus! You want a beer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANKS

OK.

David gets beers from the refrigerator. He opens a bag of chips. He throws a bag of chips to Banks.

DAVID

OK. Explain this subsonic bullet.

BANKS

The bullet is compressed sound waves, which decompress inside the target.

David holds his hand up, requesting time to digest this, then he points to Banks when he's ready to move on.

BANKS (CONT'D)

I've tested it at Brown Note level. It's all digital, which is pretty amazing--

DAVID

--Brown Note? Hmmm. You're shittin' me -- no pun intended. Tested?

Banks confirms with a nod.

DAVID (CONT'D)

On whom?

BANKS

Uhm . . . I'd rather not say.

David rises and paces a bit, trying to process this new information. He eats a chip and thinks. Then:

DAVID

So . . . what kind of weapon is this? We make the enemy shit himself to death? What? We attack while they wipe their asses? I mean, creating a real Brown Note is amazing, kudos to ya', but DARPA would laugh us right out of the industry.

BANKS

Theoretically, I've created Red Note. With a few adjustments to  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BANKS (CONT'D)

Brown Note settings, Red Note  
would kill.

After a pause.

DAVID

I never heard of a Red Note.

BANKS

I named it. Red Note decompression  
would force blood out of the  
body.

DAVID

Fuck me. It's all on the flash?

BANKS

No. A lot of it is up here.

Banks indicates his head.

DAVID

Why is this the first time I'm  
hearing about this?

BANKS

I'm wasn't sure you should hear  
about it. I wasn't sure anyone  
should ever know about it.

DAVID

Why's that?

BANKS

I didn't believe there was ever a  
good enough reason to destroy  
another human being.

DAVID

And now?

BANKS

I'm not so sure anymore.

David guzzles his beer.

DAVID

Anyone else know about this?

Banks doesn't want to answer this.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Banks?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

BANKS

My neighbor, Kit Novak, she assisted with a Brown Note experiment.

DAVID

Fuck.

BANKS

I never mentioned Red Note but --

DAVID

Damn! Where was this experiment carried out?

BANKS

The roof of my apartment building. I don't think anyone could see us there --

DAVID

--You are naïve! You want to get everyone you know killed?

A moment of tense silence.

BANKS

I need to check on my neighbor.

DAVID

You're staying right here.

Banks leaves his beer and exits; David follows.

INT. PARTNERS BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

David addresses Banks as he walks the long hall to reception.

DAVID

Banks, I'm ordering you to stay here. We'll check on your neighbor.

BANKS

Ground me, Dad!

DAVID

Did you have your flash copied when you came in?

BANKS

Came straight to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID  
That's not protocol!

Banks takes the flash drive from around his neck and tosses it to David, and continues into the lobby.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I can have an escort for you here  
in five minutes!

Banks stops.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
For GOD's sake don't make another  
stupid mistake!

Banks leans against "The Closet" door and bangs his fists against it.

BANKS  
OK!

David tosses the flash drive into the air and catches it.

DAVID  
I'll run this down stairs and page  
your escort. Be right back.

David speed dials as he goes. Banks dials Kit on his cell.

BANKS  
Damn, Kit! Where are you?

He paces a bit, and then bolts out of the building.

INT. KIT'S APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Late afternoon that same day, Wednesday. Laurie is cooking. The table is beautifully set; there's a flower centerpiece.

Laurie hears a knock. She speaks as she goes to the door.

LAURIE  
Oh, how'd it go, you knock'um dead?

She opens door to find Alex Ridgeway.

LAURIE (CONT'D)  
Oops. Can I help you?

Alex looks down the hall to see if he is being observed. He then pushes Laurie back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He closes the door, draws a handgun equipped with a silencer, and SHOTS Laurie in the head.

Her involuntary movements tell Alex that she isn't dead. He smiles.

EXT. THE PARTNER'S BUILDING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Late afternoon, Banks has just left David.

Banks walks around the building to the car park where he left his bike. He's leaving a message for Kit.

BANKS

. . . so call me when you're home,  
and don't open the door for anyone.

He pockets his phone. As he unlocks his bike's chain lock, Bill drives into the lot. He stops the car, and the trunk opens. Bill steps out of the car, tosses his cigarette onto the pavement.

BILL

In the trunk, Mr. Alfred.

Banks freezes for a moment with the bike's chain lock in his hand.

Bill opens his jacket to show Banks that he has a weapon.

Banks starts to park the bike, but suddenly throws the chain lock in Bill's face and takes off on the bike.

EXT. RIVERDALE AVENUE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Banks heads North on Riverdale. It's still rush hour. TRAFFIC is heavy.

Banks heads into the worst of the traffic, but gains speed on the right shoulder bike lane.

Bill chases him in his car, causing havoc on Riverdale.

INT. BILL'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Bill speaks on his phone as he drives.

EXT. RIVERDALE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Bill is driving along the shoulder and bike lane fast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Banks attempts to use his phone, but a sudden near collision causes Banks to drop his phone. He quickly gets off the bike and runs back to get the phone.

Bill BREAKS fast and jumps out of his car. Banks has to abandon getting his phone and runs back to his bike. Bill is very close to reaching Banks when he takes off.

The bike lane ends; the shoulder is rough. Banks attempts to leave the right shoulder and cut through to the left shoulder. This causes a PILE-UP.

Bill, back in his car, races along the left shoulder now.

INT. KIT'S APARTMENT - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

Light has begun to fade. Kit has just entered her apartment, cell phone in hand.

She immediately sees that her place has been ransacked and that there's blood on the floor. She tosses her bag and the phone in a chair and heads to the bedroom.

KIT

Laurie!?

As Kit enters the bedroom Alex strikes her on the head from behind with the butt of his pistol. She is stunned and in great pain. She turns to see him.

KIT (CONT'D)

Holy fuck!

She rushes into the bathroom.

INT. KIT'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kit locks the door. She holds her head -- it's killing her.

KIT

Jesus Christ!

Kit spots Laurie's body. Alex has placed Laurie in a kneeling position with her head in the toilet and her dress pulled up and her panties pulled down.

Kit is stunned. She can do nothing for a moment.

She goes to Laurie and lays her on the floor. Laurie is dead. Kit cuddles Laurie's body trying to fully realize what has transpired.

Alex playfully TAPS on the bathroom door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX (O.S.)

Sophie? I so appreciate the little  
treat you left for me . . . she was  
delicious.

Kit becomes enraged; she paces in the bathroom and starts to  
open the door, but changes her mind, then makes a snap  
decision.

She throws the bathroom door open to find Alex casually  
propped against the door frame smiling, his gun visible in  
its holster.

ALEX (CONT'D)

So, Sophie, do you like what I'm  
wearing?

Before Alex can bat an eye, Kit knocks him back with a  
powerful blow. Then with complete conviction:

KIT

I'm going to kill you.

Alex is taken off guard by her assault. She hits him across  
the face again and kicks him hard in the balls.

He falls, groaning and she continues to kick him with each  
word.

KIT (CONT'D)

I! Will! Kill! You!

EXT. 181ST STREET AT FT. WASHINGTON - DUSK

A little later; light has faded.

Banks peddles fast up 181st Street and turns left onto Ft.  
Washington.

A car turns in front of him, and a collision is impossible to  
avoid.

Banks rolls as the bike is CRUSHED by the vehicle.

The driver, an older WOMAN, gets out of her car.

WOMAN

What? Are you drunk? You could  
have given me a heart attack!

Banks is now running North on Ft. Washington.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 You come back here! Look what you  
 did to my car!

At this point Bill rounds the corner in his car, which by now shows signs of multiple collisions.

He SMASHES into the woman's car.

The irate woman approaches Bill and yells at him, as he attempts to back away from the entanglement.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 No!! I don't believe it!

His car is inoperable. She dials her cell.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 I am calling the cops!

Bill gets out quickly, takes the woman's phone throws it down and steps on it as he gives chase on foot.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 Well I never!

As he runs, he makes another call.

BILL  
 I think he's headed to Ft. Tryon  
 Park! He's fast -- permission to  
 shoot'im. In the leg, dofus! Yeah,  
 I can do that!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BANKS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Helen pokes her head out of her apartment. The sounds of the fight at the end of the hall in Kit's apartment have piqued her interest.

She starts toward Kit's apartment, but steps in something. She looks down to see that she's stepped in her own pet's poop.

HELEN  
 For cryin'out loud.

CLOSE UP

Helen's foot in a flip-flop pressed into a soft pile of dog poop. Her toenails are bright pink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Helen eases her foot out of the flip-flop that's stuck in the poop.

BACK TO SCENE

Helen speaks to her dog as she reenters her apartment.

HELEN

Happy now, you dumb mutha'fucka?

INT. KIT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A little time has passed. Alex appears to be unconscious on Kit's bedroom floor.

She sits at the foot of her bed, crying. She has been trying to phone Banks.

KIT

Banks, where the hell are you!?  
I don't know what to do.

She is so upset she can't think clearly.

KIT (CONT'D)

Fuck David's rules -- I'm calling  
the cops!

She dials 911.

KIT (CONT'D)

Answer, come on 911 -- No one's  
working tonight what does that mean  
I wonder?! Yeah? Hello! Yes  
this is an emergency, my  
girlfriend's been --

Suddenly Alex turns over with a gun in his hand. Kit throws her phone at him and runs into the kitchen.

Alex quickly follows, and as he enters the kitchen, Kit nails him with an iron skillet. Red sauce and meatballs fly everywhere. Alex drops his pistol.

Kit advances with the skillet, but Alex lands a hard punch to her face. She drops the skillet and turns away holding her mouth.

Alex advances; he delivers a hard punch to her kidney. Kit turns and delivers a solid blow to his face.

He again throws a punch, but she defends and drives his face hard into the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The fight continues and reaches epic proportions.

Finally, they begin to choke each other. They fall and roll, each trying to get on top of the other for leverage.

EXT. FT. TRYON PARK - NIGHT

Banks runs into the round-a-bout at the park entrance. A car is driving through. Banks stops it. He rushes to the driver's window.

BANKS

Hey, man, I need to use your phone.

At that moment, the driver takes a bullet to the head.

Banks turns to see Bill approaching. Banks runs again.

BILL

Hold up or I'm gunna shoot ya!

Banks turns to look at Bill, but continues to run.

BILL (CONT'D)

Well . . . shit.

Bill shoots Banks in the leg. Banks falters, but continues into the park. Bill mutters:

BILL (CONT'D)

Ahh, come on. Give it up,  
Einstein.

The park is very open just inside the entrance. Banks runs to the left, falls and rolls under a bush.

Banks finds that he's landed in an area covered with gravel. He forces a rock into his wound to stop the bleeding.

Bill enters the park, looks about and lights a cigarette.

BILL (CONT'D)

Banks, nobody wants to hurt you.  
We just need to talk with you.  
Come on, good buddy, you're losing  
blood. We'll take care of your  
leg.

Bill mutters again, under his breath.

BILL (CONT'D)

Where are you, you freakin' genius  
shit head?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Bill moves past where Banks is hiding.

Banks carefully rolls out from under the bush and heads quietly back to the entrance.

Once there he turns to see that Bill hasn't followed, and he backs into Mr. King.

Mr. King zaps Banks with a taser.

Bill approaches. He's winded, the cigarette still in his mouth.

MR. KING

Take him to subway tunnel. After he see trains, Alex say he talk.

BANKS

Alex?

Mr. King takes Banks' headphones.

MR. KING

He not need this.

Banks grabs for the headphones. Bill swats him with an open palm. Banks, fights back. Mr. King tasers him again.

BILL

Behave! Afterwards, where do I take him?

MR. KING

I text you.

EXT. THE PARTNERS BUILDING - NIGHT

David exits the building. It's dark, but security lights reveal Banks' bike chain lock in the driveway and tire marks left by Bill's car. He uses his cell.

DAVID

Hey, darlin', looks like you'll have to come back home. Yeah, the baby's sick and the dog got out.

EXT. STEPS LEADING TO THE 190 A TRAIN STOP - NIGHT

Bill pushes Banks along, holding the collar of Banks' shirt in one hand and holding a gun with the other.

They pass a HOMELESS GUY sitting on the steps drinking Wild Turkey from a bottle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Banks passes the homeless guy, he takes the bottle.

HOMESLESS GUY  
Hey! That's mine!

Bill points the gun at the homeless guy.

BILL  
Shut up.

Bill claps Banks on the back of the head with the pistol.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Give me that.

Banks manages a couple of swigs before Bill takes the bottle.

Bill drinks and then returns the nearly empty bottle to the homeless guy.

BANKS  
What's your name?

BILL  
Bill.

BANKS  
Fuck you, Bill.

Bill shoves Banks roughly. The homeless guy speaks as they move away.

HOMELESS GUY  
Thank you, have a blessed evening.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BANKS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Helen again appears, this time with Lysol spray, a roll of paper towels and a plastic bag from C-Town Grocery.

She kneels to clean her flip-flop.

HELEN  
Ick! Too much tuna fish!

Helen hears the sound of a door at the end of the hall; she looks up to see Alex and Kit. They both have swollen and bloody faces, and their clothes are stained with red sauce.

Alex has tied Kit's hands behind her back and slipped a coat over her shoulders. He holds a gun on her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As they pass, Helen avoids eye contact. They stop briefly. Alex stands over her. Helen continues to clean.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
You kids have fun.

Alex and Kit proceed to the stairs. Helen mutters under her breath:

HELEN (CONT'D)  
That's some kinky bitch.

Alex and Kit are gone.

INT. TUNNELL NEAR THE 190 A TRAIN STOP - NIGHT

Bill pushes Banks further into the tunnel.

BANKS  
I need my headphones, Bill.

BILL  
I don't have 'um.

BANKS  
You're gunna wish you did.

BILL  
What d'ya mean by that?

BANKS  
They didn't tell you?

BILL  
This is good. Stop. Didn't tell me what?

BANKS  
Never mind.

BILL  
I know you're afraid of trains.

BANKS  
You don't know enough.

INT. A DESERTED DELI - NIGHT

There's no electrical service in this abandoned deli. The only light is provided by street lights shining through holes in the paper covering the windows.

Alex opens a walk-in refrigerator.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

Step in and make yourself at home.

KIT

Why haven't you killed me?

ALEX

Oh, I will when I'm sure I won't need you. Or, if I don't come back you'll suffocate, ain't that sexy?

He attempts to close the steel door of the refrigerator, but Kit throws her weight against it. There's a shoving match.

Alex sticks the barrel of his pistol around the edge of the steel door and fires a shot.

The door slams on his wrist, and then Kit lunges powerfully against it.

With great determination Alex finally succeeds in shutting Kit in. He nurses his wounded wrist.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You are a major cunt!

INT. LOBBY AT THE PARTNERS BUILDING - NIGHT

David and Lily review security cam footage of the parking area.

DAVID

Whoa. There!

Lily stops the fast forward and they watch the attempted abduction.

LILY

You know that guy?

DAVID

No. What time was that?

LILY

Five-forty . . . more than two hours ago.

DAVID

You tried his cell?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY

Several times. I have a new 9 mm  
with a sweet silencer back here.  
She's a virgin.

She gets the gun from behind the reception desk. She also  
gives him a chest holster and extra rounds.

DAVID

Sorry about night duty again, Lily.

LILY

I'll be here if he comes back or  
calls.

INT. TUNNELL NEAR THE 190 A TRAIN STOP - NIGHT

An uptown A train approaches. The headlight becomes visible,  
the air begins to move and noise begins to build.

Banks runs, but Bill physically stops him. Banks breaks away  
again and when Bill attempts to stop him again, Banks hits  
him, and runs.

The train HORN blasts.

BILL

Don't make me shoot you again!

The train is close and the sound deafening. Banks stops and  
convulses in pain.

He tries desperately to control himself, but cannot. As the  
train reaches them, Banks goes into spasms.

FLASHBACK - INT - BANKS' DAD'S CAR - NIGHT

Banks is twelve years old. He rides in the back seat of his  
DAD's car; his Dad drives, and his MOM sits in the front  
passenger seat.

His parents are arguing.

MOM

I feel if you really cared about me  
and Banks --

DAD

-- if I didn't care, I wouldn't be  
here! Goddammit! Karen --

MOM

You're selfish, Mike!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His Dad stops the car abruptly.

DAD

We're not going anywhere until we  
get this settled! --

BANKS

Dad --

DAD

Don't interrupt, Banks!

Twelve year old Banks looks out his window and sees tracks  
and a train approaching from the left.

BANKS

You're too close to the tracks.

His Dad throws the car into reverse.

FLASHBACK - EXT - DARK ROAD IN RURAL GEORGIA - NIGHT -  
CONTINUOUS IN THE FLASHBACK

We see the Alfred family car back away from the first set of  
double tracks, and young Banks peering out his window.

BACK TO SCENE

The train has passed. Still in spasms, Banks holds his ears.  
He mumbles to himself.

BANKS

I remembered . . .

BILL

What?

BANKS

I remembered.

Bill walks away a few feet and rests against the wall of the  
tunnel, and lights a cigarette.

BILL

Loony tunes. A few more a'those,  
you'll beg to tell us all about  
whatever-the-fuck-it-is --

Banks suddenly rushes Bill, knocking him onto the tracks. A  
downtown A train approaches. The men fight on the tracks.  
Banks employs the jabbing attack he learned from David.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bill strikes Banks' head with the butt of the revolver, sending him back toward the wall of the tunnel, and holds the revolver to Banks' head.

The train blows its HORN as it draws closer. Banks begins to tremble.

FLASHBACK - INT - BANKS' DAD'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUING IN THE FLASHBACK

DAD

If you supported me you'd move there with me --

MOM

Support you!? I do support you!

The train is close.

BANKS

DAD! The train --!

DAD

We are clear of the tracks, Banks!

(to his wife)

You tolerate what I'm trying to do -- that's not support! If you believed in me --

The train passes, and as the caboose clears, Banks's Dad floors the accelerator and car lunges forward, just as another train on the second set of tracks comes from the opposite direction. It SMASHES into the family car.

Both Banks' parents try to shield him, their arms outstretched toward him in the back seat.

There is a white flash, and we see only Banks' face with his parent's hands cradling it.

Banks' child's face transitions to his adult face as the hands of his parents dissolve.

BACK TO SCENE

Banks snaps into full consciousness of his situation. The train is very close. The men yell over the NOISE.

BANKS

Bill, was that your phone?

BILL

No, I didn't hear it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANKS

I hear better than most people.

Bill reaches for his phone.

BILL

Is there reception down here?

The train is almost on them. When Bill looks at his phone, Banks knocks it out of his hand and pushes him hard simultaneously.

Bill falls on the tracks, this time in the path of the A train. The train BRAKES hard; the sound is horrible.

Banks holds his ears. He picks up the phone and manages to run through the tunnel.

INT. THE 181 A TRAIN BOARDING AREA - NIGHT

Later. Banks emerges from the tunnel near 184th Street and climbs up on the platform. A swarm of emergency medical personnel and MTA employees stream past him.

EXT. THE CORNER OF 184 AND BENNET AVENUE - NIGHT -  
CONTINUOUS

Banks is not sure where he is. He begins a difficult up-hill climb along Bennett Avenue toward 181st Street.

Banks hears street sounds and music, but he hears it without great discomfort.

He realizes he is able to function without the headphones.

He hears the world, and the world is sweet.

This is an overwhelming moment of release; not only can he bear the sounds of the world, he is released from guilt about his parents' deaths.

He weeps as he limps up the hill to 181, pressing against his wound.

EXT. CORNER OF 181 AND FT. WASHINGTON - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Bank walks up 181, and as he approaches Ft. Washington, he sees emergency vehicles and a wrecker hauling away the car that had hit his bike earlier.

He knows where he is now.

The phone in his hand BUZZES. He reads a text:



INSERT - PHONE

Text message: "Bring to home base"

BACK TO SCENE

Banks thinks.

INSERT - Phone

Banks texts "I forget the address"

Text message: "123 Academy, 6 K."

BACK TO SCENE

Banks hails a green cab. He shouts the address before entering the cab.

BANKS  
5001 Broadway.

INT. GREEN CAB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Banks places a call.

BANKS  
Kit, where the hell are you? Kit?  
When you get this call me right  
back.  
(to cabbie)  
Nix that. Head over to Riverdale!

Banks places another call.

BANKS (CONT'D)  
Hey, Sis. I'm glad you're still up.  
I'm droppin'in, OK? You have band  
aids? Good! Listen, there's a  
really bad stench coming from 123  
Academy, Apt. 6K. Someone really  
needs to clean that place up! See  
ya'soon.

He disconnects and dials Kit.

BANKS (CONT'D)  
Pick up Kit, pick up.

INT. 5001 BROADWAY - OUTER LOBBY - NIGHT

David rings Kit's apartment. Then he rings several others.  
Someone BUZZES the door open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he enters the lobby, David's phone RINGS; he answers it.

DAVID

Yo' Little Sister -- wassup?  
Repeat? OK, I'll deal with that  
stench, but I got one stop I have  
ta' make first.

David see s the out-of order sign on the elevator.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Fuck.

David climbs the stairs.

INT. MUSE HOTEL - TOP FLOOR TERRACE SUITE - NIGHT

Alex gets out of the shower. He has bad bruises and abrasions on his face, right shoulder inner thighs and fists.

He treats the cuts and scrapes with ointment.

His cell RINGS.

ALEX

Yes? The information should be available very soon. Well, Sir, the last I checked, very soon means very soon. No, I won't take him to Pakistan -- we never discussed that. Sir, in Pakistan a man must keep one hand on his wallet and the other on his fly. I regret you find that offensive. Yes! I shall contact you "very soon."

He disconnects the call. Under his breath:

ALEX (CONT'D)

Fucking asshole, he'll never know the shit I've had to deal with.

At house phone:

ALEX (CONT'D)

Room service.

INT. 123 ACADEMY - APARTMENT 6K - NIGHT

Mr. King eats Chinese takeout, drinks a root beer and watches reruns of Gilligan's Island. There's a knock at his door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. KING  
Yeah? Who is it?

DAVID  
It's me.

Mr. King opens the door.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Surprise!

David shoots Mr. King in the shoulder.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Where is Banks Alfred's neighbor?

MR. KING  
I dunno. I swear.

David shoots an ear off. Mr. King holds his ear and runs toward the bathroom, crying out.

David shoots him in the ass, and Mr. King falls in the bathroom doorway.

DAVID  
Where is Kit Novak?

MR. KING  
I don't know! I don't know! He was  
gunna put her someplace.

DAVID  
Who was gunna put her someplace?

MR. KING  
(substituting R or L)  
He, uh -- Alex, my boss.

DAVID  
Arex?

MR. KING  
(again substituting)  
Yes, Alex!

DAVID  
Alex!?

MR. KING  
Yes! That what I say!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID  
Alex, who?

MR. KING  
I don't know.

David shoots Mr. King in the foot.

MR. KING (CONT'D)  
AHHHHHH! I still don't know -- he  
never said!

DAVID  
OK.

David shoots Mr. King in the head.

INT. DELI - WALK-IN REFRIGERATOR - NIGHT

It's pitch black.

We hear Kit BREATHING, and the SOUNDS of her stepping on  
trash and kicking it out of the way, and banging on the door.

KIT  
Focus. You are going to . . .  
(she cries)  
. . . rehearse every monologue  
you ever learned! Start with the  
pretty, girly ones you were totally  
wrong for. . .  
(she cries again)  
Juliet! I wake in the tomb -- I  
don't have to imagine that!

Kit begins to cry, but manages to begin the speech.

KIT (CONT'D)  
"What's here? a cup, closed in my  
true love's hand? Poison, I see,  
hath been his timeless end . . .

INT. THE PARTNERS BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT

Lily gives first aid to Banks. The wound on his leg is  
bandaged. David exits the "Closet."

DAVID  
Is he gunna need blood?

LILY  
Nope. He stuck a rock in the wound.  
I need to get the bullet out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID  
Response teams standing by?

LILY  
Roger that, Dad.

BANKS  
We gotta find Kit. If that  
bastard's hurt her . . .

DAVID  
What happened to your earphones?

BANKS  
I'm trying to manage without them.

David and Lily exchange a glance.

DAVID  
How quickly can you prep a Red  
Note?

BANKS  
It's never been tried.

DAVID  
So?

Banks thinks for a long moment.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
This guy killed Avery, he killed  
Kit's friend and he may have killed  
Kit, too. If we don't stop him --

BANKS  
-- I won't risk it if they're  
together. If not, I can't think of  
a better way to test it.

DAVID  
Then let's track Kit and send this  
fucker a damned Red Note!

LILY  
And what's a Red Note?

BANKS  
Is Elmo in the building?

Lily spots Elmo on a security screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LILY  
Asleep on six. And what's a Red  
Note?

BANKS  
I'll meet him in the drone room.

Banks rushes out yelling:

BANKS (CONT'D)  
David, I need my flash drive!

DAVID  
(as he rushes to his  
office)  
Lily, get Elmo down there.

INT. PARTNERS BUILDING - LOUNGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

LILY (V.O.)  
Elmo! Rise and shine. On two  
ASAP!

Elmo jumps up from an over-stuffed leather sofa, quite disoriented, runs into a wall, bounces off, then runs out the door.

INT. THE PARTNERS BUILDING - DRONE ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Banks works feverishly at a computer; Elmo preps a large drone.

ELMO  
You done?

BANKS  
Almost.

ELMO  
Ready here!

Banks covers his ears. David assists Elmo; they transfer the drone to a freight elevator.

LILY  
And, what's a Red Note?

EXT. THE PARTNER'S BUILDING - ROOF - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The drone is ready for launch. David talks to Banks via an intercom:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

All set up here, Banks.

BANKS (V.O.)

Stand clear. Wait. Elmo, take the lens cover off the camera.

Elmo removes the lens cover.

ELMO

Clear.

The drone lifts off and quickly flies out of sight.

INT. DELI - WALK-IN REFRIGERATOR - NIGHT

Again, it is totally dark. After a long wait, we finally hear slow LABORED BREATHING.

After several BREATHS, there's no sound.

INT. THE PARTNERS BUILDING - DRONE ROOM - NIGHT

Banks is at the computer controls.

BANKS

O.K. She'll circle using 5001 Broadway as an axis. The radius will increase a hundred yards per revolution.

LILY

You were able to get a good enough sample from her voice mail message?

BANKS

Sure hope so. You have to be alive, Kit. You have to be! Now, talk to me! Talk to me, Kit! Come on Kit, speak!

EXT. THE SKIES ABOVE NW NYC - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

It is a beautiful sight -- NYC from a quarter mile up, Mid-Town in the distance, the Harlem and Hudson Rivers in view.

INT. DELI - WALK-IN REFRIGERATOR - NIGHT

Silence. Finally, Kit speaks again, but in a Southern accent. Her phrases are separated by long difficult BREATHS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIT

. . . " As God is my witness, I'll never be hungry agay-un." Kit, ole girl, you are running out of air. Banks, you better be looking for my ass! I'll try to keep talking, babe, and you better hear me!

She bangs on the door. Stops, very winded.

KIT (CONT'D)

This is serious, Banks!

She pauses to gather herself.

KIT (CONT'D)

Now, Italian. "As God is my witness, I'll never be hungry . . . again."

Silence.

KIT (CONT'D)

Uh . . . Norwegian? Uh . . . no, I can't remember Norwegian what does that mean I wonder . . . ? Oh God, I don't know . . . Banks!

Kit breaks into tears. She is panicking.

KIT (CONT'D)

Oh . . . God -- oh God! I can't --

INT. THE PARTNERS BUILDING - DRONE ROOM - NIGHT

David and Elmo have joined Banks and Lily, as have several other Partner's employees.

BANKS

Please Kit, say something! When the hell were you ever quiet!? I can't lose you, too!

Banks begins to lose it. He bangs on the console; David stops him.

BANKS (CONT'D)

David! David! It's not worth it! It's not! Please, Kit! Oh, God. Please! Please!



EXT. SKY ABOVE NW NYC - NIGHT

The drone continues to move above the city. It slows and eventually hovers.

INT. DELI - WALK-IN REFRIGERATOR - NIGHT

Black. We hear pounding, then the struggle for breath. Finally:

KIT

Goddammit, would somebody please  
get . . . me the fuck out of here! -  
-

INT. THE PARTNERS BUILDING - DRONE ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

There's a loud beep. Kit's muffled LAST WORDS come from the monitor's speakers; they are barely distinguishable as Kit's words, as the sound waves are dissipating.

ELMO

There! She's there! She's alive --  
She's talking -- the drone picked  
her up!

By now, the viewing area is packed with Partner's employees who have come to observe. All gather around a large wall mounted monitor showing the drone's cam view.

The drone's laser beam points through a hole in the paper covering the windows of the deli. It's beam pulsates.

ELMO (CONT'D)

Uh, that's near 163 and Amsterdam!

David speaks to the rescue team's LEADER via intercom.

DAVID

Search team, 163 and Amsterdam!

BANKS

She must be locked in something --  
The beam can't maintain  
confirmation.

DAVID

Incredible.

LEADER (V.O.)

Check.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELMO

Three structures down 163 from  
Amsterdam!

DAVID

Three structures--

LEADER (V.O.)

-- Got that! We can see the beam.

Banks can no longer sit still. He moves nervously about, but never taking his eyes off the monitor.

They all brace themselves, hardly breathing, and view the rescue team enter the Deli.

INT. ABANDONED DELI - WALK-IN REFRIGERATOR - NIGHT -  
CONTINUOUS

She's running out of oxygen and STRUGGLES FOR AIR.

KIT

. . . I'll never be hungry . . .  
again." Kit . . . you never could  
do . . . Scottish worth a . . .

Silence. After a long moment the door of the refrigerator flies open. Flashlights spill into the refrigerator revealing Kit, slumped but sucking air immediately.

INT. THE PARTNERS BUILDING - UAV DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT -  
CONTINUOUS

LEADER (V.O.)

We've got her! Alive.

BANKS

Is she alone?

LEADER (V.O.)

Affirmative.

Banks is emotional but focused, and immediately delivers commands to the drone on his keyboard at lightning speed.

Everyone else in the room is jubilant, pretty much in awe of the efficiency of the sound tracking rescue.

Gradually all attention goes to Banks, and the room grows silent.

EXT. 163 AND AMSTERDAM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The drone quickly flies out and gains altitude.

INT. THE PARTNERS BUILDING - DRONE ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

BANKS

OK, she's on the move now in search  
of her Red Note target.

LEADER (V.O.)

Where do we take the subject?

BANKS

Does she need emergency medical --

KIT (V.O.)

No! Banks, where are you?

BANKS

Can they bring her here? Please?

DAVID

(at intercom)

Bring her in.

EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT

We see the drone flying over Mid-Town.

EXT. MUSE HOTEL, TOP FLOOR TERRACE SUITE - NIGHT

Alex is seated on the outside terrace, still in a robe  
drinking wine, but ignoring a beautiful meal.

He leaves the table and dials. There is no answer. He's  
losing his cool. He leaves a message.

ALEX

Mr. King, I've called twice and  
twice I have had to leave messages.  
This can't happen, you squint-eyed  
little prick sucker! I expect to  
hear from you now!

He ends the call and throws his cell phone. It breaks a  
vase.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Oh, well . . .

INT. THE PARTNERS BUILDING - DRONE ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Banks, David and Elmo are glued to the screen, waiting for the drone to make contact.

The doors to the Drone Room open and Lily escorts Kit in.

Banks and Kit rush to each other and hug like crazy.

EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The drone glides over mid-town. It slows, changes direction and then begins to speed up.

EXT. MUSE HOTEL - TERRACE SUITE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Alex, still wearing a white robe, paces and speaks on his cell.

ALEX

Bill, I've tried King three times  
and no answer. I have that bitch  
friend of the kid's in the stash,  
and he doesn't even know it!  
So what use is that, huh!? You butt-  
plugs are paid to be on call, which  
means you answer when I fucking  
call you! Now put your Goddamned  
cigarette out, and get back to me!

Alex puts down his phone. He takes a deep breath, sits, then takes a long sip of wine.

Alex senses something and turns to see the drone quietly hovering no more than ten feet from him.

KIT (V.O.)

Hello, Alex. Sophie here.

ALEX

What the . . . ?

A red beam locks on to him with his first word,

KIT (V.O.)

I don't like what you're wearing,  
but you won't be wearing it for  
long. I hope this sends you  
straight to hell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The beam intensifies, changes color, and it's done. Alex screams, swells, then shrinks as blood literally boils out of all orifices and through his skin as well turning his white robe crimson.

INT. THE PARTNERS BUILDING - DRONE ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The room is very quiet. Banks, Kit, David, Lily, Elmo and the others have witnessed the first Red Note in history. After a long silence:

DAVID

Lily, send the clean up boys to the Muse. Have 'um retrieve his phone.

EXT. 5001 BROADWAY, THE ROOF - DAY

A few weeks later. Banks and Kit have transformed the roof into a rooftop patio of sorts.

Banks reads; Kit suns on a lounge. Banks wears no headphones.

KIT

You sure you won't go back to work?

BANKS

Why should I? I gave them a new way to kill people. They don't need me anymore.

KIT

It's all good babe, some people just need to be put down. I think I told you that the night we met.

BANKS

And you were right. But, I don't want to do it.

After a moment, Banks shuts his book with a snap.

BANKS (CONT'D)

Why is it that the best of human intelligence has always been used to kill people? The Atomic Bomb, for God's sake. Those scientists never wanted it used for anything but leverage. They wanted peace. Instead, they got Hiroshima, the cold war, the arms race and just look at the world now . . .

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID (V.O.)

There you are!

Banks and Kit look off to their right and hovering in the air is a small drone, its red beam locked on to Banks.

KIT

Hi David!

DAVID (V.O.)

Hi Kit. You get moved to your new digs?

KIT

Right next door to my favorite genius.

BANKS

Who is not talking to you.

DAVID (V.O.)

Tell Greta Garbo we've been approved for an entire domestic sound tracking division. Fully funded. We need our Division Director to come to work.

Banks rises slowly and walks to within a foot of the drone which has tracked to meet him.

BANKS

You're serious?

DAVID (V.O.)

Never more. This is what you wanted, Banks. You earned it. It's here for you. Come and get it.

Kit screams. Banks hoots and laughs and tosses his book.

BANKS

I'll see you tomorrow, Dad. Thanks.

DAVID (VO)

Here's a little celebration music your Sister picked out for you.

LILY (O.S.)

Hope you like it!

BANKS

Hey there, Sis!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Old time big band swing music blasts from the drone. Banks points to his ears, and the volume is reduced a bit. Banks and Kit try to dance.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. ELHAM AL BANNA'S OFFICE IN DUBAI.

As before we see Al BANNA'S back. He speaks on a cell phone as he looks through a clear glass wall at the Burj Khalifa at sunset.

AL BANNA

Mr. Ridgeway, Elham Al Banna calling. Again. This is the last time I will attempt to reach you by phone. You have disappointed me Mr. Ridgeway.

A drone appears outside from the top of the windowed wall and hovers. It radiates a laser which locks on to Al Banna. The screen goes red.

THE END