

SCRIPT TITLE

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EXT. STREET-DAY

A MAN with short, dark hair occupies a bench alongside and holds the hand of A BLONDE-HAIRED WOMAN. A YOUNG MAN passes the couple.

YOUNG MAN
Awesome script Marek.

MAREK, 42, offers the thumbs up sign and surrenders to his knees.

MAREK
Please Brigitte.

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN approaches Marek.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
Loved it.

The Middle-Aged Woman extracts a book titled: "PRETTY GOOD FOR SOMEONE WITHOUT A REAL JOB: TWENTY SHORT STORIES" BY MAREK H. ENTERIC and pen from her purse. Marek releases his clutches on BRIGITTE, 38, snares the pen and signs the book.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN (CONT'D)
Thanks.

The Middle-Aged Woman scurries off. Marek grasps Brigitte's wrists.

MAREK
Well, at least move to New York.

BRIGITTE
What about all those times I asked you to move to Montreal?

MAREK
Let's not revisit that...You know I had no...

BRIGITTE
Told you. Never cared about money.

Brigitte breaks Marek's grip.

MAREK
Most partners at Stikeman Elliot don't need...

BRIGITTE
Enough. After nine years, I'm done.
Good luck.

Brigitte vaults up and storms off without glancing back at Marek. Marek reaches into his pocket; yanks out and launches a small, black jewelry box into a backpack positioned on the ground.

MAREK

Damn you Brig.

INT. SHED-NIGHT

A DARK-HAIRED WOMAN with long, brown hair and olive skin tears open a cabinet drawer. The wall over the desk is filled with photos of Marek. The desk is topped by numerous copies of newspaper articles titled: "ENTERIC WINS OSCAR."

WOMAN

My next lover.

The Woman kisses the photo of Marek and pulls out a folder labeled: "MAREK." Inside the drawer are folders decorated by red-inked drawings of a woman stabbing a man in the heart titled: "HENRIK" and "EDWARD."

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Ooh. Didn't know that.

The Woman studies a newspaper article, snares an open notebook and scribbles: "Also part Romanian," next to the phrases: "Season tixx to Rangers" and "Favorite bar: Bitter Lemon on East Seventy-Seventh."

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Sprawled out atop a sofa, Marek clutches a beer bottle. A table near the couch is cluttered with empty beer bottles, half-eaten containers of Chinese food, two cans of smokeless tobacco and several photos of Brigitte.

MAREK

Look Jim. I appreciate...

JIM, 39, tall with brown hair emerges.

JIM

No. We're going out tonight Bud.

MAREK

But...

JIM

Period. Stop.

Marek leans up, chugs the beer and chucks the bottle onto the floor. Jim bends down, retrieves the bottle, places it and the other empty bottles into a plastic bag.

JIM (CONT'D)

No speeches words man. Only thing I want to hear's damn that booze's strong.

Jim picks up a tobacco container.

JIM (CONT'D)

Doing this shit again?

Jim tosses the container onto a chair.

JIM (CONT'D)

Get up....Or I spend the rest of the night researching oral cancer. Then, I'll rattle off stats.

Marek inches up, pops on a New York Rangers cap and drags himself toward the front door.

MAREK

Better move. Otherwise you'll need to start pushing.

Jim races toward the door, slaps Marek's shoulders and offers a playful shove.

JIM

Time to sample something other than French-Canadian bud.

MAREK

Don't care where it's from my friend. Just pray I get another taste.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

The previously seen, Dark-Haired, Olive-Skinned Woman drops onto a bed's corner. Several prescription bottles and a land-line phone top the comforter.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Athena? Still there?

ATHENA

Yes.

ATHENA, 33, uncaps two prescription bottles. One is labeled ATIVAN. The other RISPERDAL. Athena dumps two capsules from each container into her palm, shuffles to a dresser, snares a water bottle and downs the pills.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Return to Tirana immediately.

Athena slams a pillow against the headboard.

ATHENA
No.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Broke your promise. Dr. Feldstein said you skipped your last appointment.

Athena stomps to a dresser, wrenches open a drawer, dumps its contents and slashes several articles of clothing to pieces with a pair of scissors.

ATHENA
You're gonna force me.

Athena flings a night stand drawer open, yanks out a small knife and places the weapon to her throat.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
I'm serious this time.

Athena presses the knife against her skin.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
On the jugular and about to draw blood.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
All right. All right...Another month. But if any further problems arise in between, I'm bringing you home myself young lady.

ATHENA
Fine Papa.

INT. HALLWAY-NIGHT

Athena steps outside her apartment and locks the door. Several doors down, A YOUNG MAN exits his unit. Athena prances toward the elevators.

ATHENA

Hey Tim. How ya been?

TIM, 26, makes a hasty retreat into his apartment and bangs the door shut.

INT. BAR-NIGHT

Marek and Jim slide through the entrance and mill through a CROWD. A large sign above the entrance reads: THE BITTER LEMON. A BLONDE-HAIRED, FEMALE HOSTESS greets Marek and Jim.

HOSTESS

Usual table?

The Hostess escorts Marek and Jim to a two-seated table near a window. Marek glances at his watch. The time is nine-thirty.

MAREK

Can leave by eleven? Right?

A FEMALE SERVER presents Marek a drink in a glass and Jim a draft beer. Jim faces the stool section. Perched atop a stool, Athena ogles Marek. Jim nudges Marek's back and points at Athena.

JIM

Damn. She's here again.

SERVER

How 'bout every night for the past four weeks. Scans the crowd for a while, then usually leaves...Alone.

JIM

She's locked in on ya Bud.

MAREK

Who?

Marek glimpses up. Athena turns away. Marek places his head down. Athena studies Marek again.

JIM

Only Her Royal Highness Athena,
Crown Princess of Albania.

Jim grips and pulls Marek's wrist forward. Marek crashes onto the floor.

MAREK

Hey. Writers are only as good as their wrists.

Jim tugs harder. Marek frees himself from Jim's clutches and withdraws to his seat.

JIM

Speak to her.

MAREK

Ya know titled women strike me as pretentious bitches.

JIM

Yes, but this one's admitted to New York Mag that she likes to fuck Bud.

Jim sets his phone atop the table.

JIM (CONT'D)

Could not only research, but go from table to table educating.

MAREK

Okay. Arm twisted. Just stop playing Mike Damone already.

Marek slogs toward Athena. Athena elbows and knocks A MAN seated next to her off his stool. Marek summonses A MALE BARTENDER.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Let me guess? White wine.

The Bartender snares and loads a glass with ice.

ATHENA

White's fine, but make it a Russian.

MAREK

And I'll go with...

BARTENDER

Gin-n-tonic. Shot-and-a-half of Beefeater's, heavy ice and two lemons.

MAREK

First confession. Like my senile uncle Aaron, I'm shy and repetitive.

Marek extends a hand.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Pleasure Your Highness. My friend's told me more about you than the tabloids. I'm...

ATHENA

2016 Best Original Screenplay Oscar Winner Marek H. Enteric.

Athena corrals and caresses Marek's hand. The Bartender serves Athena first and Marek second.

MAREK

Thanks.

Marek sips his drink. Athena guzzles her beverage and beckons the Bartender.

MAREK (CONT'D)

I thank you as well.

ATHENA

For?

MAREK

The reminder. Didn't think anyone outside the Kodak Theatre knew...Or cared.

The Bartender slides Athena a refill. Athena belts the drink down, thwacks her glass on the counter and hops off the stool.

ATHENA

Let's jet. Hate this place.

MAREK

Okay. Just want to tell my buddy we're leav...

Athena squeezes Marek's arm and gestures at Jim. Jim boogies with TWO THIN, BLONDE-HAIRED WOMEN.

ATHENA

Think we already did in his mind.

Marek and Athena navigate through the Mob.

MAREK

Let me hail cab.

ATHENA

Don't need one. Happened to bring my Beamer with me.

MAREK

K. Then, let's head to...

ATHENA

Your little duplex at Sixteen Central Park West.

Athena throws her hands in the air.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Guilty...I'm not above the gossip rags either.

INT. MOVING SPORTS CAR-NIGHT

Athena executes a sharp right turn and weaves from lane to lane. Marek grips the dashboard.

MAREK

So you're why I don't drive in Manhattan. Mind slowing down a mach level or two please?

Athena presses the accelerator and swerves right.

ATHENA

Didn't think writers were conservative.

MAREK

In elections, not typically, but when a passenger in a runaway taxi, more so than Mark Levin.

Athena performs an abrupt left.

ATHENA

What fun's that?

MAREK

Hockey and history books are enough fun for me.

ATHENA

Come on. Everyone likes speed.

The vehicle almost crashes into a truck.

MAREK

Fuck.

Athena floors the gas and tilts her head toward Marek.

ATHENA

Hoping that's the plan.

Athena slams on the brakes, skids into reverse and parallel parks. Marek flings open the passenger-side door and stumbles onto the pavement.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Marek loads two shot glasses and hands Athena one. Marek and Athena raise, clink and chug. Marek settles down beside and collects Athena's hand.

MAREK

I...I'm not a dud. Love speed, but most often when my foot's on the throttle.

ATHENA

A shared philosophy. Great way to forge a relationship.

Athena repositions herself in Marek's lap and inches a hand over his crotch. Marek rubs Athena's shoulders.

MAREK

Shit. Didn't think anyone'd be tenser than I am.

ATHENA

Not tense. Just disturbed.

MAREK

About?

ATHENA

Oh, the difficulties of being a spoiled, pampered princess.

Marek strokes Athena's hair.

MAREK

Be glad to help you ease those tensions.

Marek and Athena rip each other's clothing off, fall to the floor and kiss. Athena soars up, bends over and slaps her hands on the bed.

MAREK (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

ATHENA

Like to start back end first.

MAREK

Then face down, ass up it is.

Marek penetrates Athena's rear.

ATHENA

I love you. I love you.

Marek pulls out and frolics back.

MAREK

Unlike me, isn't that statement a bit premature?

ATHENA

Not when said to someone who can push that hard.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK-DAY

Marek and Athena occupy a blanket. Marek removes a champagne bottle from a picnic basket. A TALL, BLACK-HAIRED MAN storms by, doubles back, lurches forward and presents his middle fingers to Athena. Marek confronts the Man.

MAREK

Fuck was that for?

ATHENA

Forgive Konstantine. Only Albanian stereotype he fits's weird.

KONSTANTINE, 35, slinks toward Athena. Marek guards Athena and propels Konstantine back.

KONSTANTINE

Not looking for Athens versus Sparta filo...So long as she's with somebody not sharing the name next to my driver's license pic.

MAREK

Then, please leave and let us enjoy lunch.

A HORDE gathers. TWO MALE, N.Y.P.D. OFFICERS close in. Konstantine frolics back.

KONSTANTINE

No disorderly conduct here
officers.

Konstantine offers a military salute to the Cops and skedaddles. The Crowd and Police disperse. Marek and Athena slide back onto the blanket.

MAREK

Guessing he'd be a good subject for
a short story.

ATHENA

More like a tragic poem. Couldn't
accept breaking up. Sure you know
the type.

MAREK

Unfortunately, I do.

Athena glances at her watch and bounces up.

ATHENA

Shit.

MAREK

What?

ATHENA

Need to run. Still coming to
tomorrow's shoot?

MAREK

If you want me to.

INT. STUDIO-DAY

Marek approaches Athena. A MALE PHOTOGRAPHER, 35, breezes past Marek.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Visitors can't be on set. Please
step out of the camera's view.

Marek backtracks toward and settles onto a wooden stool. The Photographer snaps several photos of Athena.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Give me sexy.

Athena sticks out her tongue and creeps a hand over her groin. The Photographer captures several more images.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Nice. Now I want angry.

Athena scowls, lifts her thumb up, extends an index finger, lowers her thumb and blows a kiss. The camera shudders numerous times.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Superb.

The Photographer places his camera atop a stand.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Take fifteen.

The Photographer slips out of the studio. Athena struts toward Marek.

ATHENA

Impressions?

MAREK

Have much more respect for a model's father.

Athena retires to the ground; reaches into a bag, snares, uncaps and gulps from a water bottle. Marek rests down beside Athena.

ATHENA

Busy, so talk...Speed date style.

TWO, FEMALE SHOOT ASSISTANTS enter carrying several outfits.

MAREK

O...kay. Is modeling your full-time...

SHOOT ASSISTANT

Get ready for makeup. Fifteen dwindled to ten.

A Shoot Assistant forges between Marek and Athena.

MAREK

Gig?

ATHENA

Yep. I'm blessed to be beautiful and doing what the stunning and glamorous should do.

Athena snaps up, shuffles to a makeup table and plops into a chair.

A MALE MAKEUP ARTIST applies rouge to Athena's cheeks and mascara to her eyelashes. A Shoot Assistant brushes by Marek and places an outfit across the back of Athena's chair.

MAREK

How 'bout the King and Queen? Do they only reside in Alb...

ATHENA

Shit. Gucci party's Saturday. Better go buy a dress.

Athena tosses her phone on a table. Marek taps Athena's shoulder.

MAREK

Always found speed dating a bit impersonal.

Athena does not flinch. Marek huffs out.

EXT. TENNIS COURT-DAY

Marek minces toward the near court service line. Jim crouches far court. Marek lobs a ball and serves. The ball sails out of bounds.

MAREK

Think the lunch wrecker was more sage than nut?

Marek re-serves. Jim's return lands in bounds. Marek and Jim exchange several volleys until Jim's backhand glides into the net.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Socialite, model and a self-absorbed, conceited wench. Not to mention the lust's fading faster than the Mets in August.

JIM

Then please allow me to take the field.

Marek's serve drifts long.

JIM (CONT'D)

Working stiff's fantasies aside, she called since?

MAREK

Umpteen times.

Jim yanks a ball from his pocket and spikes it onto Marek's court.

JIM

Could go back to whacking it to pics of Brig. Or, try accepting a Goddess's minor defects and continue to bleed oil from the derrick.

Marek chucks the ball at Jim, storms to a bench, shoves his racket into its covering, ransacks a duffel bag and snares his phone.

JIM (CONT'D)

Sorry. Shouldn't have.

MAREK

You'll really be if you ever refer to Brigitte in such filthy terms again.

Marek glances at his phone's screen. A graphic reading: "TWELVE NEW MESSAGES" hovers over two lower visuals stating: "FIFTEEN MISSED CALLS" and "TEN NEW VOICE MAILS." Marek dumps the phone into the bag and tromps off.

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Marek lifts a land line phone. A skipping dial tone projects through the receiver. Marek dials.

COMPUTER-GENERATED VOICE

Please enter your password.

Marek enters four-three-seven-nine into the keypad.

COMPUTER-GENERATED VOICE (CONT'D)

You have twenty-seven new messages.
To hear your messages, press one.

A digital wall clock displays a time of seven-thirteen. Marek hits one on the phone's keypad.

COMPUTER-GENERATED VOICE (CONT'D)

Received today at nine-thirty seven
a.m. from two-one-two-five-seven-
four-eight-eight-three-six.

ATHENA (V.O.)

Seeing your cell's not effective,
trying home.

Marek pounds the three key.

COMPUTER-GENERATED VOICE
 Message erased. Received today at
 nine forty-five a.m. From two-one-
 two-five-seven...

Marek depresses the three key.

COMPUTER-GENERATED VOICE (CONT'D)
 Message erased. Received today at
 nine-fifty nine from...

Marek nails three ten times.

COMPUTER-GENERATED VOICE (CONT'D)
 Received today at one-fourteen p.m.
 from two-one-two-five...

Marek thumps one.

ATHENA (V.O.)
 You huffed out...Asshole. Don't
 pretend I'm the bitch.

Marek strikes three.

COMPUTER-GENERATED VOICE
 Received today at three forty-
 eight...

Marek taps the one key.

ATHENA (V.O.)
 Some battles are fought better with
 knives than...

Marek nails three.

COMPUTER-GENERATED VOICE
 Received today at six-twenty-one
 p.m. from...

Marek thumbs the one key.

ATHENA (V.O.)
 My clit's wet. Real wet. If you...

Marek clobbers three, ends the call, hurls the phone onto a chair, barrels toward the cabinet, yanks out a bottle, fills a glass to the brim and gulps its contents.

INT. OFFICE-DAY

Inside a corner suite, Marek fingers thump the keys of a desktop computer's keyboard. A land line phone chimes. Marek hits the phone's speaker button.

MAREK

Who wants a few quotes from the words man now?

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

There's this crazy bitch demanding to see you...And she looks like Princess Athena.

MAREK

Glad one member of my staff doesn't listen to Mike and Michelle's gossip update.

A several second pause ensues.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

No. Mean...You and...

MAREK

Just direct her to my office please.

Marek ends the call, inches out of his seat and slogs toward a window. Athena blitzes toward the suite and pummels the door. Marek flings the door open. Athena plows by Marek.

ATHENA

Understand something Summer's Eve, I ain't one of your script groupies.

Marek leaves the door ajar. STAFFERS sneak toward the suite and attempt to rubberneck.

MAREK

First of all, lower your voice. Second of all, sit down.

ATHENA

No. Think I'd rather gyrate and be loud.

Athena lifts a picture of Brigitte off the desk and plonks it into a trash receptacle. Marek retrieves and re-positions the photo.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Reason for your silence is?

MAREK
Been busy with work.

Athena stomps to a table, snares a vase and smashes it to the ground.

ATHENA
Goat fucking skata.

Marek's entire staff huddles outside the door gawking at the confrontation. Marek stumbles to his desk, nabs, uncaps and swigs from a whiskey bottle.

MAREK
Fine. Since you don't want to hear
the lie, I'm not compatible with
women possessing faulty brain
receptors.

Athena drops her jeans and panties, exposing her bare ass to Marek. Marek rams shut and locks the door. Athena slants forward, positions her hands on the desk and wiggles her rear end.

ATHENA
Reach that conclusion before or
after you stuck your one-eyed eel
into the finest shit dumpster it'll
ever penetrate?

Chuckles follow Athena's remark. Marek snatches Athena's wrist and forces her to the door. Athena grabs Marek's neck, bites his lip, propels him back, grabs her crotch and moans.

MAREK
I'm friends with every member of
the security staff and, believe me,
they will drag you out.

Athena rips her shirt open and fondles her breasts. Marek grabs a jacket off a coat rack and forces it across Athena's shoulders.

MAREK (CONT'D)
Anymore might necessitate tasers
and nightsticks.

Athena slinks up, zips her jeans, flings open the door and struts out. The Crowd remains silent and watches. Athena reaches the Crowd's middle and whirls around.

ATHENA

This princess's never happy til her latest desires are satisfied.

Athena pokes through the Mob and parades out. The Gathering faces Marek in unison.

MAREK

Okay. You all got On Demand a little early today. Now back to ensuring my characters' lives are that exciting.

Staffers disperse. Marek kicks his suite door shut.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET-DAY

Marek skips down a sidewalk. A phone chimes. Marek snares his phone and examines the screen. The caller is identified as: GARRETT DAMIANI.

MAREK

Haven't heard from you in a while.

A MAN approaches Marek and points.

MAN

My wife always suspected you were gay.

MAREK

Want to win the hundy in my wallet?

MAN

Sure. How?

Marek cocks an arm back.

MAREK

Remain standing after I punch your face.

The Man rambles off. Marek stops and leans back against a building.

GARRETT (O.C.)

M. You there?

MAREK

Gonna gather I was first on everyone's mind at five past six.

Several seconds of quiet follow.

GARRETT (O.C.)
Shit. Mean ya don't know about the
article?

MAREK
Article?

GARRETT (O.C.)
Page Six. Her Highness said...

MAREK
Call ya back.

Marek races to a newsstand, purchases a copy of *The New York Post* and flips to the Page Six entertainment section. A headline reading: "OSCAR WINNER LIMP, LOVERS QUESTION HIS SEXUALITY" tops the page.

MAREK (CONT'D)
Fuck.

The article's first paragraph reads: "Recent Academy Award winner Marek H. Enteric may be a skilled writer, but according to several women he has bedded, could hardly be called OSCAR in the sack." Marek slams the paper down.

MAREK (CONT'D)
Lying whore.

Several pedestrians stop, glare at Marek and increase their pace. Marek recaptures the paper. The article continues: "Enteric's current bed mate, Princess Athena of Albania says it takes him several attempts to 'lift his trophy.'" "

MAREK (CONT'D)
Oh, now she suddenly lost the taste
for eel?

Marek skims a paragraph which begins: "Several other women, including Jill Stevens, Ruth Thomas and Wendy Goldstein have all had similar disappointing trysts."

MAREK (CONT'D)
Wendy. Oh Wendy. Think I'll drop in
on you.

Marek sprints down a sidewalk. Across the street, Athena, dressed in a white suit, sunglasses and a large, black hat views Marek through binocular lenses.

EXT. FRONT PORCH OF MANSION-DAY

Marek pounds on a door and rings a bell several times.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Who is it?

MAREK

Stiff dick.

A THIN, DARK-HAIRED WOMAN eases the door open.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Hello Wendy.

WENDY, 37, hops onto the porch and closes the door.

WENDY

Can anything persuade you to drop
the lawsuit?

MAREK

Make your words echo like
Shakespeare.

Wendy and Marek surrender to a swinging porch bench.

WENDY

I'll retract to the Post tomorrow.
Could even go on Harold Stein if
you want?

MAREK

How could you...

WENDY

Cause you don't know her...Yet. I
beg you. Please try and end...

MAREK

Did. And it wasn't an Oprah moment.

Wendy snares a butt from an open pack of cigarettes situated
atop a small table.

WENDY

Then you'd best tune to Jerry
Springer.

Wendy flips the butt into her mouth, ignites using a
disposable Bic, puffs and flicks ashes onto the table. From a
distance, Athena observes. Wendy and Marek embrace. Marek
gaits off the property.

ATHENA

Finished bitch.

Athena yanks a paper and pen from her pocket and scribbles: "SORRY I GOT MAD. TELL ME MORE ABOUT HER. PARKING LOT ON 411 EAST 76TH. MIDNITE." Athena sneaks toward Wendy's house and slides the note under the front door.

EXT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT-NIGHT

Wendy exits a pickup truck and approaches the only other vehicle present. A loud bang forces Wendy to frolic back.

WENDY

Marek?

Athena, dressed in all black clothing, springs up from under the car.

ATHENA

Nope...Though I do have his juices flowing through my bloodstream.

Wendy inches a car starter from her pocket and clicks.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

In Albania, traitors are often punished by death.

The truck's rear lights flash. Wendy dashes toward the truck.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

But I'm only gonna beat the fuck out of ya.

Athena chases, jumps and pummels Wendy's head, abdomen, ribs and legs with numerous kicks.

WENDY

I refuse to lie. He's my friend.

Athena boots Wendy's face until it is bloodied.

ATHENA

Good. Hope he visits you in intensive care.

Athena drops to the ground and hovers over Wendy.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Squeal to anyone and it's an all-inclusive, three-day trip to the morgue and an eternal stay in the cemetery of your family's choosing.

Athena vaults up, kicks Wendy one last time, removes a pair of boots, opens the car's rear, driver-side door; snares and places the footwear in a backpack, pops the trunk, tucks the backpack inside and closes the compartment.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Ain't gonna find any DNA on my
brakes.

Athena skips into the driver's seat and lowers the driver's-side window.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Brought your cell I hope? Cause, in
case you're wondering, no one saw
our little spat. Think the City
should consider investing in
cameras.

Athena revs the engine and speeds away.

INT. DELI-DAY

Marek waits in line holding a paper cup. A MALE CASHIER scoops up a remote and raises the volume of a television perched on a wall. The television is tuned to NY1. A FEMALE ANCHOR appears on screen.

NY1 ANCHOR

We begin this morning's news with a
savage beating that took place on
the Upper East Side.

Marek hands the Cashier money. The Cashier tenders Marek's change.

NY1 ANCHOR (CONT'D)

The victim is thirty-seven-year-old
Socialite Wendy Goldstein.

Marek drops his cup. A pool of coffee collects on the floor. Marek fixates on the television.

NY1 ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Though serious, Goldstein's
injuries aren't considered life-
threatening and she's said to be
resting comfortably at Lenox Hill
Hospital.

The Cashier raps on Marek's arm.

CASHIER

Sir? Sir?

Marek turns around.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

All right?

MAREK

Not really. That woman's a friend
of mine.

Marek races out.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM-DAY

Marek slogs inside. Wendy lies in traction, with taped ribs
and bandages covering her face.

MAREK

Should've known I'd be under
surveillance.

WENDY

Relax. She's no rookie.

MAREK

Then why hasn't anyone pressed
char...

WENDY

I mean with other men.

Marek shuffles toward a stand near the bed, snares a glass of
water and tilts the glass to Wendy's lips. Wendy sips.

MAREK

She's a criminal. We can't let
her...

WENDY

No, you can't. I plan on marching
down the synagogue's aisle in a
bridal gown next year, not wheeled
down it in a permanently supine
position.

Wendy struggles to move. Marek assists Wendy up.

MAREK

Does no rookie mean solid player,
or superstar?

WENDY

How 'bout the LeBron James of the Fatal Attraction Hall of Fame...And before she broke up with these men.

MAREK

Know this sounds course, but ya think we could trade places?

WENDY

She's an electrical fire. Traditional extinguishing methods will only make the inferno spread.

Wendy enters a coughing fit. Marek re-positions several pillows behind Wendy's back.

WENDY (CONT'D)

The life you knew before her's over. And the only way to get it back's to establish a brigade with her other victims.

MAREK

Don't think those guys will ever turn up in the establishments I frequent.

WENDY

Hand me paper and pen please.

Marek shuffles to the night stand, snares a note pad and pen, and hands the writing implements to Wendy. Wendy scribbles the names: HENRIK and EDWARD. Marek swipes and scans the paper.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Your deputies. Do some research.

MAREK

Thanks. I'll let you rest.

Marek rushes toward the door.

WENDY

One other thing.

Marek halts.

WENDY (CONT'D)

She likes games.

MAREK

Meaning?

WENDY

Try not to let her entice you into
playing because she
will...Guaranteed.

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Marek extracts a beer can from the fridge. The doorbell chimes. Marek glances through the peep hole, sees Athena and tiptoes away from the door.

MAREK

Shit.

Athena pounds on the door.

ATHENA (O.C.)

Want you're Board of Managers to be
receiving countless noise
complaints?

Marek casts the door open. Athena bursts inside, slides her shoes off, sidles to a sofa, lies on her stomach, stretches her arms and yawns.

MAREK

Would saying I'm not interested in
Albanian make it permeate faster?

Athena raises her arms and yawns again.

ATHENA

Tired. Those new kicking exercises
are real protein burners.

MAREK

How you could be so arrogant about
that?

Marek nabs a fist full of projectiles off a dartboard, tromps backward several steps, points a dart in Athena's direction and hurls it at the board.

ATHENA

Not shaking. Unless, of course,
they're poisoned tipped.

Marek flings a dart at the wall, chucks the remaining projectiles onto the floor and blitzes toward Athena.

MAREK

Listen, you spoiled, Upper East
Side...

ATHENA

Stand corrected. Other skills need more improvement than darts.

Athena pulls an emery board out of her pocket and files her nails. Marek snares, breaks and chucks the nail file's shattered pieces skyward. Athena inches up, moseys into the foyer and slips her shoes on.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

You may be harder, but I'm the best nutcracker in Manhattan.

Athena eases the door open, swaggers into the hall, and slithers her tongue in and out. Marek thrashes the door in Athena's face.

INT. ARENA-NIGHT

Marek and A SLIM, SHORT, BLONDE-HAIRED WOMAN watch a New York Rangers contest several rows behind glass separating spectators from the ice. Athena occupies a lower bowl seat a few sections over and observes Marek through binoculars.

MAREK

So Emma. It's Sam Rosen time.

EMMA, 37, sips beer from a large cup. The horn sounds, ending the period.

EMMA

Hank's playing great, but Stepan and Krieder need to finish.

Athena snares her phone and types. Marek's phone buzzes. Athena's correspondence reads: "Cute little cunt. Not me, but who is?" Marek jams the phone into his pocket.

MAREK

Gotta learn to put this thing on silent.

Emma holds up her cup.

EMMA

I making it a double?

Marek studies the Crowd. Athena waves. SEVERAL SPECTATORS shuffle by Marek and Emma.

MAREK

I'm good. Rather spend the third watching, not pissing.

Emma exits the arena.

INT. ARENA CONCESSION AREA-NIGHT

Athena sips bottled beer and tracks Emma to a bar. Emma purchases a drink. Athena confronts Emma.

ATHENA
Let's swap dating tips.

Emma attempts to step away. Athena grabs Emma's shoulder with one hand and pulls Emma's head forward with the other.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Princess may be my title, but I'm
the Queen of Cat Fights.

EMMA
Okay.

Emma and Athena plod towards a table and retire to seats.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Could have any bright star? Why go
for one who's purposefully dim?

Athena bleeds the bottle dry and thwacks it on the table.

ATHENA
Cause I want him...And the truth's,
he...

EMMA
Must be slow. Didn't detect such
hints.

ATHENA
Guess he didn't disclose last
night's call.

Athena points at herself.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Standby. Just in case he lost
interest. Sorry hon. You may be a
ten, but I'm a face card. Sure
you've played poker.

Emma quaffs her drink, whacks down and shatters her glass. Athena yanks out her wallet, slides out and plants two hundred dollar bills in Emma's palm.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
 Enough for some sorrow drowning at
 Brother Jimmy's and cab fare home.

Emma snares her purse and storms out.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
 Gullible bitch.

INT. ARENA-NIGHT

Marek glances at the scoreboard. The game clock indicates eleven minutes and thirty-eight seconds remain in the third period. Marek grabs his phone and hits redial.

EMMA (O.C.)
 Lose interest? Ass hat.

MAREK
 Whatever she...

A dial tone follows. Marek clicks the text icon, hits EMMA on a contacts list, types: "She's a psycho. Don't believe her shit" and hits send.

ATHENA
 Excuse...Pardon...Know I'm late.
 Sorry.

Athena wiggles down the row and parks her rear in the seat next to Marek. Marek springs up.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
 Not leaving a tie-game. Besides,
 she went home. Said the wine
 floored her. Think I'll have to try
 it next time.

MAREK
 Lies? Threats? Something else?
 What?

Marek stomps out of arena.

EXT. CALL BOX OUTSIDE APARTMENT BUILDING-NIGHT

Marek runs a finger down the list of residents until reaching APT 6D, belonging to E. MacNALLY and presses a button. A buzzing sound follows. Static screeches through the speakers.

EMMA (O.C.)
 Yeah. Who is it?

MAREK

The date you abandoned.

Several seconds of silence ensues.

EMMA (O.C.)

Go away.

MAREK

Please. Everything she said's crap.
I...

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Look Sir. Either you leave right
now, or I'll do things the cops
wouldn't.

MAREK

Relax. Leaving now.

Emma's wailing blares through the speakers.

EMMA (O.C.)

Hate you. Standbys are for airline
tickets, not dates.

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Marek lies atop his bed. The doorbell chimes. Marek glances at a clock. The time is eleven twenty-one. Marek yanks open and stamps away from door. Athena struts inside, kicks her shoes off, prances to the bedroom and hops into bed.

ATHENA

Some game huh? See the ending?

Marek ambles toward the bedroom.

MAREK

No. But you knew that.

Athena disrobes a New York Rangers jersey and jeans, then sits up covered only by bra and panties.

ATHENA

Oscar Lindberg scored with three
seconds left.

Marek lunges toward the bed, clenches Athena's wrist and hauls her frame northward.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Ouch.

MAREK

Leave.

Marek snares and launches a chair into a wall. Splinters and numerous pieces of wood fly through air. Athena drops to the floor and rolls under the bed. Marek chucks Athena's clothes on the ground.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Move.

Athena worms out, staggers upward and stumbles into her clothing. Marek shoves Athena out of the bedroom and toward the front door.

ATHENA

Please. I love you. I love you.

Marek nabs a baseball bat and thrashes it against the floor several times. Athena crouches and positions her hands over her face.

MAREK

Well, I hate you.

Marek launches the bat into a side room and menaces above Athena.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Understand? Hate. Despise. Loathe.
Detest. You pick the motherfucking
adjective. I want you out of my
life...Forever.

Marek retreats several steps. Athena wobbles up and places a hand on the doorknob.

ATHENA

Don't.

MAREK

Forever.

Athena rotates the knob, creeps open the door, wanders into the hall and edges the door shut. Marek skips to the door and fastens the top and bottom locks. Athena batters the door.

ATHENA (O.C.)

Hakmarrja. H-A-K-M-A-R-R-J-A.
Google that word.

Marek accesses his cell, loads the Google app and enters H-A-K-M-A-R-R-J-A translation into the search box and presses a magnifying glass icon. The search returns numerous listings. Marek clicks the top entry, which reads HAKMARRJA: REVENGE.

INT. BATHROOM-NIGHT

Athena grips the sink. Razors lie in a soap dish. The floor is covered by Orthodox Christian icons encircling two candles surrounding a large photo of Marek.

ATHENA
You will love me.

Athena bends down, snares and shreds the picture with a pair of scissors.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Get ready for twenty years on
battery and assault with deadly
weapons charges.

Athena makes The Sign Of The Cross.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
O Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God,
have mercy on him, a sinner.

Athena steps in front of, pushes back and rams the door into her eye.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Lord of the Power, be with us, for
in times of distress, we have no
other help but you.

Athena returns to the sink, grabs a razor, slashes one arm, then punishes other with several slaps.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Merciful Lord, visit us in our time
of need and affliction and deliver
Marek from sickness and pain.

Athena opens the medicine cabinet, removes several gauze pads, bandages her wounds, slides to the ground, collects a cell phone positioned near the door and dials nine-one-one.

FEMALE DISPATCHER (O.C.)
Nine-one-one. Please state your
emergency.

ATHENA

My boyfriend just tried to kill me.
I'm at Three-Four-Three Park
Avenue, Apartment Six F. Please
come quick. He threatened to come
back.

FEMALE 911 DISPATCHER (O.C.)

Help's on its way Ma'am.

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

A FEMALE PARAMEDIC with the surname: QUINTERO emblazoned into her uniform's nameplate cleans Athena's wounds and re-bandages her arm. QUINTERO, 30, swabs a cotton ball with alcohol and dabs under Athena's eye.

QUINTERO

Let's get those wounds checked.

ATHENA

No. I'll be fine.

Several police cars exit the scene. TWO MALE PARAMEDICS enter an ambulance.

QUINTERO

You may have internal injuries.

Athena stomps away from the ambulance.

ATHENA

Want to be at the police station
and face that bastard.

QUINTERO

May I advise against that?

ATHENA

No. Not gonna let him and his
lawyer manipulate the cops.

QUINTERO

All right. Good luck. But please
see your personal doctor.

Quintero hops into the ambulance's rear and shuts the door.
The ambulance speeds off.

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Marek sleeps atop a sofa. A sudden, repetitive pummeling of the door and doorbell awakens Marek. A digital clock flashes one-ten a.m. Marek stumbles to the door.

MAREK

Fuck she want...

Marek flings the door open. TWO MALE N.Y.P.D. OFFICERS, one tall and thin, the other short and stocky; enter Marek's unit.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Now...Oh, good early morning
Officers.

The Shorter Officer, whose nameplate reads: RYAN, 35, blitzes by Marek. Ryan's partner, surnamed UVALDO, 33, closes the door.

RYAN

Know Princess Athena of Albania?

Uvaldo minces through the foyer.

MAREK

What mushroom cloud of bullshit she
explode over your precinct?

Ryan lunges at and plows Marek into the foyer wall.

RYAN

Cocky, big, tough lady slapper.

MAREK

Fuck's going on here?

Uvaldo pulls Ryan away from Marek.

UVALDO

Cool off.

Ryan stamps into the kitchen. Uvaldo directs Marek into the living room. Marek and Uvaldo retire to a sofa. Ryan stampedes into the living room.

RYAN

An innocent, religious, girl who
spent most of her life in a small
village. Fucking pig.

MAREK

Ha. Thought New York City cops could sniff out crap better than bloodhounds. Fuck. Should have her write my next script. She's better at make believe than I am.

Uvaldo rises and places a hand forward.

UVALDO

Said hit the bench. I'll handle questioning.

Ryan tromps back into the kitchen. Uvaldo resettles onto the sofa.

UVALDO (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, Mr. Enteric. It's not a story. We were first on scene and New York Fashion's gonna have to find another cover girl.

MAREK

Well, I'm not the reason.

Uvaldo yanks a note pad and pen from his shirt pocket.

UVALDO

Give me your account.

Marek grabs a can of chewing tobacco off the table, pops the lid and tosses a wad into his mouth.

MAREK

May I hear hers first?

Marek nabs a paper cup and spits.

UVALDO

Can't add anything to what's already been claimed.

Marek flings the tobacco can onto the floor.

MAREK

Am I the only one who sees loony before hotty?

UVALDO

Several of your neighbors heard screaming and pounding.

MAREK

But did any of them see her walk
out of here? And, that she did.
Minus all this other ludicrous
horse dung.

Uvaldo motions Marek to sit down. Marek dumps his behind on
the sofa, snares another tobacco can and flips a clump of
snuff into his mouth.

UVALDO

Please. I don't want a third person
in our squad car tonight.

MAREK

Fine. I'll be honest about one
thing. I did touch her. But only to
escort her out.

Uvaldo scribbles Marek's words down.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Which, admittedly, wasn't
championship thinking. And, we did
have a heated argument that
involved much screaming...On both
our counts. But that's it.

Uvaldo stashes his pad away.

UVALDO

We've already gotten a lot of
public pressure from her attorney.
Though I may regret it. Mr.
Enteric, please put your hands
behind your back...

MAREK

Of course.

UVALDO

You have the right to remain
silent. If you give up that
right...

Marek inches up and offers his hands. Uvaldo brandishes a
pair of handcuffs and locks Marek's wrists.

UVALDO (CONT'D)

Anything you say can and will be
used against you in a court of law.
You have the right to an...

MAREK
 Save your breath officer. Majored
 in government and know Mr.
 Miranda's epitaph.

INT. PRECINCT-NIGHT

Uvaldo, Ryan and THREE MALE OFFICERS escort Marek into the lobby. Athena rockets off a bench and powers herself between Marek and the Cops.

ATHENA
 Kill him.

Athena slaps and scratches Marek's arms numerous times.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
 You started this blood feud, but
 I'll finish it.

Marek's arms bleed. Two Officers restrain and trawl Athena away.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
 I'm not the typical battered bitch.
 You'll rot.

Marek lunges at Athena.

MAREK
 Get psychiatric help. Conniving
 devil.

Several Cops drive Marek to the ground. A FEMALE OFFICER minces toward the scene and assists Athena into a seat. Marek is dragged off.

INT. PRECINCT MEETING ROOM-NIGHT

A PLAIN CLOTHES, FEMALE OFFICER wearing a badge on her shirt nudges Marek inside. A HEAVYSET, BALD MAN rises from behind a two-seated table. The Officer unlocks Marek's handcuffs. Marek drops onto a chair. The Officer exits.

MAREK
 Dave. Thank God.

DAVE, 65, peruses a pile of documents atop the table.

DAVE

Had more than a thousand clients.
But you? Involved in this? Glad I'm
nearing retirement.

MAREK

I'm involved in nothing.

Dave holds a document up.

DAVE

Preliminary police report.

Dave tosses Marek the file. Marek scans.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Let me do your eyes a favor. If
convicted, you'll be submitting
scripts in envelopes postmarked
Folsom State.

Marek chucks the folder onto a seat.

MAREK

Dave. This woman's so cuckoo, she
should be banned from eating cocoa
puffs.

Dave lifts and whacks down the stack of papers.

DAVE

May have to prove you are also just
to negotiate a decade. Any of this
registering?

MAREK

Innocent people don't accept deals.

DAVE

All right. Bail's set at a half
mil. With your previously clean
record, post and you should be out
by noon.

Dave plods to the exit. Marek arises and places a hand over
his heart.

MAREK

Dave. On my late granddad's bronze
star.

DAVE

Turning you into the next G.I. Joe
might be easier than getting a not-
guilty verdict.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM OF TEA HOUSE-DAY

Athena, wearing long sleeves and sunglasses, presents a
folder to A BROWN-HAIRED WOMAN.

ATHENA

My initial statement to local
media. Blackout to all European
press, especially Greek and
Albanian.

A TUXEDO-CLAD, MALE SERVER enters, places a pot and two cups
with saucers atop the table and exits.

WOMAN

And how do you...

ATHENA

You chose public relations.

WOMAN

Fine. My orders complete?

ATHENA

Hardly.

Athena drags her chair alongside the Woman's and pours the
pot's contents into the cups.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Not a syllable to my father.

WOMAN

Now...

Athena grabs and strongarms the Woman's hand into the cup.
The Woman writhes.

ATHENA

Say those skin graft-saving words.

WOMAN

Okay Your Highness. Promise. I'll
keep this from the foreign press
and, most of all, His Majesty.

ATHENA

And, if anything straggles out,
better make it go away before I
hear about it...Say it.

WOMAN

If anything gets out, I'll take
care of it before you have to.

Athena releases her grip on the Woman's hand. The Woman dunks
her hand into a glass of water and wraps a napkin around it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

What's behind the selective
secrecy?

Athena grabs the Woman's unburned hand. The Woman breaks
Athena's grasp and yanks her hand back.

ATHENA

Ask again, I'll use a bigger pot
and much hotter water.

The Woman staggers up and races out.

EXT. BENCH-DAY

Marek, disheveled and unshaven, drinks canned beer concealed
inside a paper bag. Holding a stacked folder and dressed in a
paramedic uniform, Quintero, settles into the space next to
Marek.

QUINTERO

Office staff told me you'd be here.

MAREK

Appreciate their concern.

Marek holds up the bag.

MAREK (CONT'D)

But, it'll take a few more of these
before I'd need you.

Quintero grips Marek's wrist.

QUINTERO

Here to talk about your former
girlfriend.

Marek vaults off the bench, chugs, chucks the bag into a
trash receptacle and breaks toward a building.

QUINTERO (CONT'D)
Not for her benefit. Yours.

Marek slogs back. Quintero presents Marek a folder.

MAREK
Maybe it's the beer. But your words
ain't resonating.

QUINTERO
Her behavior was strange. Not at
all like the average, freshly
thrashed chick. Got a theory.
Specifics are all inside if you or
your attorney ever get bored.

MAREK
No one'll believe it.

Marek reaches into his pocket, extracts another paper bag
containing canned beer, pops the tab and chugs.

QUINTERO
I'll speak with the police.

Marek buries the beer, drops the bag on the ground and
crushes the can with his foot.

MAREK
She's got too many connections and
it'll put you in terrible danger.

QUINTERO
But...

MAREK
Thank you. I'm glad the blindness
epidemic hasn't impacted everyone.
I'll use it, just at a more
advantageous time.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE-DAY

A BUILDING CREW hammers a wooden frame together. Jim emerges
from a van labeled: "CARSON CONSTRUCTION." Jim's cell
vibrates. The caller is identified as "PRIVATE."

JIM
With whom I speaking?

INT. BEDROOM--SAME TIME

Athena is sprawled across a bed adorned in nothing but a pair of panties.

ATHENA
The dame you drooled over long
before Bud did.

Athena squeezes her nipples and moans.

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

JIM
Okay?

Athena caresses her breasts.

ATHENA
Sure you heard about the little
quarrel?

Jim reaches through the front, driver's-side window of the van and retrieves a thermos.

JIM
Little bit.

Athena places two hands over her crotch and masturbates.

ATHENA
Need to speak with you.

Athena utters several low grunts.

JIM
About?

Athena's eyes flutter while she clutches her vaginal region with increased strength.

ATHENA
Your bestie and his troubles.

A pause follows.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
He was so mean to me. Believe that
don't you?

JIM
That's the rumor.

Athena masturbates again and groans.

ATHENA
Pan-American on Lex. Say seven
tonight?

JIM
Fine.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

A doorbell chimes. Athena glances at her watch. The time is five minutes past seven.

ATHENA
Good boy.

Athena removes four beers from a mini-fridge and sets the cans atop a bureau. Athena tiptoes toward and pulls the door back. Jim slogs inside. Athena grips Jim's wrist and rams the door shut. Jim slips into the bathroom.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Where're you going?

JIM
To keep the Urologists at bay.

Jim closes the bathroom door. Athena cracks open a beer and removes a prescription bottle from her purse. The bottle's label reads: ADDERALL. Athena flicks open the bottle, dumps a capsule into and shakes the can. Jim reappears.

ATHENA
All relieved?

JIM
For now.

Athena hands Jim the tainted beer. Jim swills. Athena nabs another beer and pops the tab. Jim chugs and hands Athena the empty can.

JIM (CONT'D)
Got another?

Athena pops another can's tab and hands it to Jim. Jim retires to the bed. Athena leaps atop the bed, positions herself behind Jim and massages his shoulders. Jim eludes Athena's advances.

JIM (CONT'D)

So far, I've wasted time that should've been spent planning tomorrow's to do list. Get to it, or I don't waste another second.

ATHENA

Why'd he do that?

Athena confronts Jim.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Why? Damn it.

Jim downs the beer and tosses the can into a refuse container.

JIM

Don't know. He's anything but aggressive. Never yells. Never fights. Must've just snapped.

Jim grabs his head and surrenders to the bed's edge.

ATHENA

What?

JIM

Headache. Shit. I'm a little dizzy also. Guess I pounded those brews with the speed of a guy who no longer can.

Athena stations herself behind Jim's back, resumes the massage and stops.

JIM (CONT'D)

Continue. Please. Feels good. Muscles are cramping.

Athena slides her panties off.

ATHENA

In the mood for something better than a message?

Jim disrobes. Athena and Jim engage in rough intercourse. Jim vaults off the bed. Athena waves Jim forward. Jim plops down by Athena's feet.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Gonna drop all charges.

Jim vaults up, shuffles to a bureau and peruses its drawers.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Fuck you doing?

JIM

Looking for needles or a pipe. Ya shoot, snort or smoke before I got here?

ATHENA

Not kidding. He's a sick abuser. Needs help. Not jail.

JIM

I'm just a blue-collar, feeble neanderthal that doesn't comprehend your psychology.

Athena edges herself up, shuffles to a mirror and places a beer can over her black eye.

ATHENA

Though I would like to boomerang Mr. White Collar's aggression.

Athena drops the can, makes a fist with one hand and punches the other's palm.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Even if it were only one weak slap.

JIM

I'll do it.

ATHENA

Do what?

Jim inflicts a hole in the wall.

JIM

That.

ATHENA

You're misinterpreting things. I...

JIM

No. He deserves it. Prick gets everything. A good beating might make him a little more appreciative of his blessings.

Jim re-dresses and charges out. Athena snatches and kisses the Adderall bottle.

ATHENA

Dealer wasn't lying. Sure can cause rapid onset aggressiveness.

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Marek stands in the kitchen. A microwave counts down: five...four...three....two...one, then beeps.

MAREK

Yum. Another frozen lasagna.

A doorbell rings. Marek shuffles into the foyer, peeks through the peephole and eases the front door back. Jim makes a fist, cocks his arm and strikes Marek's nose. Marek drops to the carpeting. Jim barrels inside and slams the door.

JIM

That's for the best fuck I've had in years Bud.

A bloody faced Marek wobbles up. Jim lifts and checks Marek into a wall.

JIM (CONT'D)

So was that.

Jim thumps Marek's stomach with several quick blows.

JIM (CONT'D)

And those also.

MAREK

Think I better move. Jesus.

Jim elbows Marek's head. Marek crashes into a bureau. Jim cocks his arm again. Marek rips the bureau open, nabs and smashes a large beer stein over Jim's head. Jim topples down. Marek nails Jim with repeated kicks to his groin.

JIM

My God. Please stop. What have I?
I...I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Marek hauls Jim up, hurls him through the foyer and into the door.

MAREK

Me too. It was a great thirty-four-year run.

Marek casts the door open and throttles Jim into the hall with a swift kick to his rear end.

MAREK (CONT'D)

And I implore you. Become the new
toy...Bud.

Marek rams shut and locks the door. A land line phone blares.
The caller is identified as David Rubenstein.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Wonderful. How painful a hit's
coming now?

Marek presses talk and meanders into the kitchen.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Let me guess. She convinced the New
York Courts to introduce summary
executions and the firing squad's
set for tomorrow night?

DAVE (O.C.)

Not quite that severe, but almost
as crazy.

MAREK

Oh?

Marek hits speaker, places the phone on a counter, extracts
ice from the freezer and places several cubes inside a
wrapped sheet of paper toweling.

DAVE (O.C.)

Just got a call from her attorney.
Still can't either understand...Or
believe it.

Marek sets the makeshift ice pack over his face.

MAREK

Suspense's for writers, not
lawyers.

DAVE (O.C.)

K. How do the words no trial and no
jail sound?

Marek places the ice pack on the table.

MAREK

Like the bitch's planning something
far worse for your client.

Marek gathers several more pieces of paper toweling and soaks
the blood accumulating under his nose.

DAVE (O.C.)
Just be at my office at ten
tomorrow morning.

INT. RESTAURANT-DAY

A MALE HOST leads Marek and Dave through a curtain and into a private room. A GREY-HAIRED MAN dressed in a suit rises from a seat positioned behind a circular table and shakes Dave's hand. Athena remains seated.

DAVE
Mr. Trojan. Think you know this
man.

TROJAN, 69, extends his hand. Marek and Trojan complete their introductions. Marek removes a pair of sunglasses and reveals two red, swollen cheeks and eyes.

TROJAN
Fuck happened to you?

MAREK
Was the victim of an actual...

Marek breezes by and taps the backside of Athena's chair.

MAREK (CONT'D)
Not staged attack.

Dave lurches toward Marek and directs him into a seat across the table from Athena.

DAVE
Would it be too curious of my
client and I to inquire what
prompted this startling reversal?

A FEMALE WAITRESS enters carrying a tray filled with four drinks and serves Athena, Trojan, Dave and Marek.

TROJAN
Whiskey sours okay?

The Waitress stations herself by the curtain.

MAREK
Anything classified as booze's
fine. Now, if we may return to my
attorney's question and, if I may
pose one of my own?

Marek sips his beverage. Trojan buries his drink, holds his glass up and summonses the Waitress. The Waitress skips out.

TROJAN

Think I'll let my client respond.

Athena gulps, thumps her glass down, leans across the table and corrals Marek's hand. Marek breaks Athena's clutches.

ATHENA

I love and forgive you.

The Waitress returns and presents a refill to Trojan. Marek swigs the remainder of his drink and thwacks the glass against the tabletop.

MAREK

May my refill be in a larger glass please?

The Waitress rushes out. Marek rockets up and slaps his hands on the table.

MAREK (CONT'D)

What's the fucking ruse Queenie?

Dave attempts to force Marek back into his seat.

DAVE

Marek please.

MAREK

No. Other day she threatened Hakmarrja, which to the uninformed, is a special, rather brutal brand of revenge practiced in her nation.

Athena weeps, lifts a napkin off the table and dabs her eyes.

MAREK (CONT'D)

So, come on Your Highness, what're the terms and conditions?

ATHENA

Mr. Trojan? Mr. Rubenstein? May I kindly ask you to excuse us?

Trojan guards Athena.

TROJAN

Sure?

Athena nods. Trojan and Dave plod towards and through the curtain.

MAREK

All right. Got the mark alone. Now
hit him with the con.

Athena leans down, snares and places her purse on the table.

ATHENA

Only want one thing.

MAREK

Which is?

ATHENA

A sex toy. And since all the cute
European Princes are taken, you'll
do.

Athena snags a cell phone from her purse and positions it on
the table.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

When I call, you come, using both
your legs and the nice, little
stick with the cute, half-top.

Marek flings his chair back and stomps toward the curtain.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Stop.

Marek separates the curtain.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Or hemorrhoids aren't the only
things that'll be plaguing your ass
for the next two decades.

Marek trudges back to the table. Athena points at the phone.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Chimes the Yankees theme.

MAREK

Ain't I glad the Mets are finally
winning.

ATHENA

Keep it handy because you'll be
beckoned often. And, should you
ever take more than a half-hour to
respond, your home's square footage
drops five figures.

Athena flips Marek the phone. Marek jams the phone into a pocket. Athena removes another cell from her purse and texts Trojan: "All finished. Rejoin party." Dave and Trojan return.

TROJAN
Everything good?

Athena extends and examines her arms.

ATHENA
No new slash wounds.

Silence follows Athena's quip.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Whoops. Learned why I was never popular on comedy night at Vassar. Anyhow, Marek's agreed to help me heal.

MAREK
She couldn't be more correct.

Marek retreats to a corner, logs onto Amazon.com and enters mini-tape recorders into the search line. The first page of potential purchase items appear. Marek orders the top entry, a SONY MINI AUDIO RECORDER and several blank cassettes.

TROJAN
I'll send any necessary paperwork by end of tomorrow, day after latest.

INT. BOOK STORE-NIGHT

At a table, Marek holds a pen. HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE wait in line. A WOMAN minces to the table and places a book titled: "REJECTION: MY LIFE AND CAREER STORY: A FUNNY TALE" BY MAREK H. ENTERIC on the table. Marek autographs the book.

WOMAN
Make I ask for a picture?

MAREK
Why not?

The Woman steps behind Marek. A YOUNG MAN snaps a photo with his phone. The New York Yankees theme tolls. Marek yanks a phone out.

MAREK (CONT'D)
Shit.

Marek examines the screen, which reads: 1 New Voice Mail and 1 New Message. Marek clicks the message icon. A text reads: "Tick tock. Tick tock."

MAREK (CONT'D)

Fuck.

A TALL, BROWN-HAIRED WOMAN approaches Marek.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Have to go. Emergency.

Marek races toward the store's back exit.

WOMAN

But, what do...

MAREK

Have anyone left in line leave their books and addresses. I'll send them all signed copies.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Athena hops off a waterbed, pours the contents of a wine bottle into a glass and glances at her watch. The time is eight twenty-seven. A doorbell sounds. Athena snares her phone and texts: "In bedroom." Marek rushes in.

ATHENA

Yuck. You're sweating.

Athena tosses Marek a towel. Marek wipes his face and arms.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Shower first.

MAREK

Nope. Typically like to wait til I can't get much dirtier.

Athena undresses, flaunts and wiggles her bare ass to Marek.

ATHENA

Came precariously close to becoming Sing Sing's next permanent writing instructor.

MAREK

Stopped home first. Needed to pick up an important package.

Athena hops into bed and retires beneath the covers.

ATHENA

Whatever. Get your fucking threads,
then me off.

Marek disrobes, pushes his clothes under the bed, bends down, reaches inside his pants pocket, brandishes and places a tape recorder under a sock and drudges onto the. Athena leaps into Marek's arms.

MAREK

Ya know. Got a visit from a
paramedic who said you reminded her
of Pinocchio.

Marek places Athena down in the supine position. Athena rolls over.

ATHENA

Bitch was so annoying, but
apparently pretty bright.

Marek sneaks and stretches a hand under the bed and presses the player's record button.

MAREK

Pay some fool? How?

ATHENA

I'm stronger than I thought. Was a
little painful, but definitely
worth the aches and tingles.

Marek reaches under the bed and snares the tape recorder.

MAREK

For me too.

Marek dangles the device under Athena's nose and presses stop.

MAREK (CONT'D)

And the underdog forges ahead.

Marek places the device within Athena's reach. Athena attempts, but fails to grab the player.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Oh the destinations. First place
should probably be that stuck up
Trojan...Then to Dave.

Athena again unsuccessfully endeavors to steal the recording device.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Then to your Mama, Papa, Parliament
and, let's even throw in the
Archbishop. Royal fam, government
and Orthodox Church might wish to
know...

Athena snares a lamp off a night stand and hurls it at Marek.
Marek veers out of harms way.

MAREK (CONT'D)

How cracked their next Queen's
crown is.

Marek edges his face to within inches of Athena's.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Within the next twenty-four hours,
you're to call a press conference
and confess the real reason for
this change of wash.

Marek extracts, thwacks down and stomps on Athena's tryst
phone until breaking the device into tiny pieces.

MAREK (CONT'D)

If you don't, the entire world
watches me hit play. Clear?

ATHENA

As an afternoon sky overlooking
Dhermi Beach...Shit. Didn't think
you could dance.

MAREK

Quite well. But only when the music
gets loud enough. Tick tock. Tick
tock.

Marek redresses and moseys out.

INT. FITNESS CENTER-DAY

Marek exercises on a treadmill. The phone positioned atop a
speed panel flashes. Marek slows his pace and glances at the
screen, which displays the words: "1 New Message." A text
from Athena reads: "Doing it at 10 this morning."

MAREK

Touchdown Giants.

Marek glimpses at a digital wall clock, which displays a time
of nine fifty-six.

Marek powers down and hops off the treadmill. A big screen television is mounted on the wall behind a counter. Athena texts again: "On NY1."

MAREK (CONT'D)
Mind putting NY1 on please?

A MALE EMPLOYEE snares a remote, tunes the television to NY1 and hikes the volume several notches.

MAREK (CONT'D)
Thanks.

A visual reads: "PALACE TOWERS, PARK AVENUE." A podium is set up outside the building's entrance. The time at the screen's upper, right corner is nine fifty-eight. Coverage returns to the studio. A FEMALE ANCHOR is handed several papers.

ANCHORWOMAN
As we've been reporting, Her Royal Highness, Crown Princess Athena, is set to make a major announcement.

Cameras shift to remote coverage. Trojan leads Athena to the podium. Athena lifts a microphone.

ATHENA
Brought all of you here to explain my reasons for dropping criminal charges against Mr. Enteric.

Marek inches closer to the counter.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
It's always been my belief that someone in a position of privilege should work with the less fortunate, particularly those facing serious afflictions.

Athena sips water from a bottle, removes a tissues from her purse, dabs her eyes and flies into a sobbing fit. Trojan clutches Athena.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Mr. Enteric's ill and shouldn't be punished. He needs rehabilitation, understanding and compassion. Perhaps then, he can overcome his anger. Thank you.

Trojan rushes Athena away from the podium. Marek snares a towel off a rack, places it in his mouths and bites down.

MAREK
Cunt. Fucking cunt.

Marek's cell vibrates. A text from Athena says: "Gutsy huh? Kind of like the New Orleans Saints on-siding Super Bowl's second half kickoff? Right? Our second half's started. What plays you got? Hakmarrja's a bitch baby."

MAREK (CONT'D)
Hate her. God I hate her.

Marek whacks his phone to the ground.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-DAY

Jim and Athena lie in bed.

JIM
Was a brave thing you did today.

ATHENA
Still scared though. A writer's second draft's always better than the first.

JIM
He's not that stupid.

Jim rolls out of bed and shuffles into the bathroom.

JIM (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Need to brush my teeth.

Athena opens a water bottle, removes the Adderall bottle from a drawer, dumps several capsules into and shakes the water.

ATHENA
May need to take all necessary precautions.

Jim, now dressed, emerges. Athena tosses Jim the tainted water.

JIM
Meaning?

ATHENA
All necessary precautions.

JIM
Hold on. I...

ATHENA
Just considering the option.

EXT. STREET-DAY

Marek's cell flashes an incoming call graphic. The caller is identified as: "NEW YORK WOMEN'S MAGAZINE." Marek hits talk.

MAREK
Yeah. Who's this?

A pause follows.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Mr. Enteric? Uh...Hi...I'm Eloise Silverman of Modern Woman Weekly. Sure you're busy now, so I've got only one question.

MAREK
Fine. Shoot.

Marek buys the pretzel from a STREET VENDOR, douses it with mustard and chomps.

SILVERMAN (O.C.)
Can you ever thank Her Highness for the compassion she showed you? Especially in light of the heinous crimes you committed?

Marek wolfs the pretzel down pretzel and flings the wrapper into a dumpster.

MAREK
Accused of.

SILVERMAN (O.C.)
Excuse me.

MAREK
Take a little tip from a former journo. Accusations are not facts. When you work for a better publication, you'll need to remember that.

Marek hits end. Marek's phone chimes. Marek peeks at the screen, which denotes the words: message received. A text from Emma reads: "Sorry about all this shit. I believe u. Want 2 try again?" Marek responds: "U bet."

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE-DAY

Marek and Emma share a table.

EMMA

Glad we're doing this.

MAREK

I'm a few dimensions past glad.

Marek's phone chimes. A text from Athena reads: "Might've dropped the charges, but not the obsession. Look up." Marek pokes his head skyward and sees Athena gesturing from a rooftop across the street.

MAREK (CONT'D)

And the fucking nightmare keeps waking me up.

EMMA

Guessing it's not a producer.

Marek snares his wallet, removes a wad of cash and drops it on the table.

MAREK

Sorry. Call you tonight. I promise.

EMMA

I know...And understand.

EXT. ROOFTOP-DAY

Athena jiggles her rear into a chair at a vacant, umbrella-covered table. Marek storms toward Athena, lifts and rams an empty chair against the table's edge.

ATHENA

Careful. Don't want anyone else to see those fits of anger.

MAREK

That little performance bought you some time. But remember, tomorrow's E channel fodder's only as popular as the celebrities at the center of it.

Marek yanks a mini-tape recorder from his pocket.

MAREK (CONT'D)

My American Express card.

Marek slides out and swings a cassette like a pendulum.

MAREK (CONT'D)

And when the story does fade, he
and his hundred or so siblings find
appropriate homes.

INT. ROLLER SKATING RINK-NIGHT

Marek and Emma skate hand in hand. Emma slips. Marek breaks
Emma's fall. Marek and Emma kiss. Wearing sunglasses and a
baseball cap, Athena observes near a food cart. Marek and
Emma pass Athena and halt.

MAREK

Ready to go faster?

EMMA

So long as your grip gets tighter.

Marek and Emma kiss again and skate off. Athena buys two hot
dogs from A MALE VENDOR and chomps. Marek and Emma stop and
share a long smooch. Athena bites down harder. TWO TEENAGED
BOYS stare at Athena.

TEENAGED BOY

Damn.

Athena chomps on the second hot dog. The Boys mince towards
Athena. Athena devours the frank and chucks the wrapper to
the ground.

TEENAGED BOY (CONT'D)

Now that's a prom date.

Athena whirls around and cocks her arm back.

ATHENA

And I'll make sure neither of you
little fucks are any unlucky
girl's.

The Boys scamper off.

EXT. STREET NEAR APARTMENT BUILDING-NIGHT

Emma and Marek emerge from a vehicle. The bright lights of a
car parked across the street shine.

MAREK

Shit they're intense.

Marek and Emma shield their eyes and tread towards the building. The ignition of vehicle the flashing its brights is turned and THE DRIVER revs the engine several times. Marek and Emma freeze. The car inches away from curb and stops.

MAREK (CONT'D)

It's her.

The Driver revs the engine with greater authority.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Get ready to run.

Marek and Emma grip hands, bolt towards the entrance and disappear inside. The Driver parallel parks. Athena sneaks out of the vehicle.

INT. HALLWAY-NIGHT

Athena positions an ear on the apartment's door and shimmies the knob. The door is locked.

MAREK (O.C.)

Hell with her tonight. I'm only into you now. Figuratively, and soon literally I beg.

The sound of bodies thrashing against the walls follows. Athena repositions her ear. A WOMAN emerges from a unit several doors down. Athena frolics back and plods northward. The Woman steps into an elevator.

MAREK (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Fuck you're beautiful.

Athena rushes back to the front door of Marek's apartment. The sound of bodies crashing against the wall continues. Marek and Emma moan. Athena places her fingernails into and scratches the door.

ATHENA

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Athena leaps back, snares her purse, extracts a pistol, aims the weapon at the lock and fingers the trigger.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

No. No. Not now. Fuck...Think.

Athena drops to the ground, rummages through her purse, snares an envelope and pen.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay.

Athena places the envelope against wall and scribbles: "WANT TO APOLOGIZE. LET'S BE FRIENDS. HOW BOUT LUNCH? DAY AFTER TOMORROW. 128 GRAND STREET. NOON. HOPE TO SEE YOU. ATHENA." Athena folds the envelope and writes EMMA.

INT. ATHENA'S CAR-NIGHT

Jim and Athena share an embrace. Athena slithers her tongue into Jim's ear. Jim places his hands on Athena's breasts.

ATHENA

Contemplated my proposal?

Jim lowers his head and sucks Athena's breasts. Athena shoves Jim back.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Well?

JIM

Yes. I'd definitely like to taste the peaks of Mount Korab again.

Jim inches his head toward Athena's chest. Athena thrusts Jim back again and slaps his face.

ATHENA

Tongue stays put til your lips answer my question.

JIM

Considering.

Athena rips her shirt open, exposes and lifts her breasts. Jim buries his face on Athena's chest. Athena grunts.

ATHENA

Yes. Yes. Oh Marek. Yes. Yes.

Jim jerks his head up and throttles Athena back.

JIM

A little confused?

ATHENA

No. Just dreaming.

JIM

Sure. When am I anything but the rebound or stand in?

Athena reaches into her purse, stabs and opens a flask, takes a sip and offers Jim the booze. Jim swigs.

ATHENA

Oh Jimbo. White Castle's great when you're starving, but I'm more of a Peter Luger girl.

Jim gulps again.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Aw. You're naiver than Gjyshe.
(Grandma in Albanian) Ya actually thought...

Jim flings the flask's contents into Athena's eyes, swings his arm and pretends to strike her.

JIM

In case my actions didn't convey it, the answer to your proposition's no. But, I truly hope someone does it to you.

Jim punches open the passenger-side door and barrels out.

ATHENA

Fuck you going?

JIM

From axis to ally.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING-DAY

Emma pussyfoots into a hallway surrounded by dilapidated walls and floors. A sign, written in red liquid, hangs on the wall facing Emma and reads: "IN BASEMENT." Emma proceeds to an ajar door leading to a staircase.

ATHENA (O.C.)

Don't worry. Stairs are sturdy.

The door squeaks. Emma tiptoes down steps into a darkened space, furnished only by a chair and a table equipped with knives, saws, screwdrivers and hammers. Emma races halfway back upstairs. Athena darts into view with a gun drawn.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Reverse your field and surrender into that seat bitch.

Athena directs Emma to the chair, tosses the gun on the table, snares and raises a knife.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Ideal location, eh? I mean, this
street's so infested with rats,
women scream all the time.

Athena drives a screwdriver into her thumb and draws blood.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
And yes...It was blood on that
wall.

Athena's hands are riddled with tiny slash wounds.

EMMA
Dear God.

ATHENA
That's not even the sharpest one.

Athena flings the screwdriver at Emma, nabs a saw, lunges
toward and places the tool atop Emma's knee.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Consider memory altering drugs.
Cause if you ever utter his name
again, you'll be back down here for
an operation, not demonstration.

Athena yanks Emma's neck forward and pecks her lips.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Have to caboose that warning with
understand?

Emma bolts toward and staggers up the stairs.

INT. RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Marek sips bottled beer, lifts and glances at his cell. A
FEMALE SERVER approaches the table.

MAREK
Sorry. I'll check again.

Marek pounds the phone's keypad.

INT. APARTMENT-SAME TIME

Atop a couch, Emma sobs. Tissues are strewn across Emma's
lap. A whiskey bottle sits on a table near the sofa. A phone
vibrates. Emma examines the screen and lets the phone vibrate
several times before answering.

MAREK
Should've been here a half-hour ago.

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

EMMA
I...

Marek bolts into the lobby.

MAREK
Gather she happened again?

Emma swigs from the bottle.

EMMA
Can't see you again. Sorry.

Emma hits end. Marek hears a dial tone.

MAREK
No.

Marek hits redial. The phone rings numerous times. Marek ends the call.

MAREK (CONT'D)
Fuck.

Marek makes another call.

MAREK (CONT'D)
Victor. Need to see you ASAP.
Great. Thanks.

INT. CONCERT HALL-NIGHT

Marek observes a SYMPHONY rehearsal beside A HEAVYSET MAN with fine, brown hair.

MAREK
Appreciate the time Victor.

VICTOR, 60, adjusts a gun positioned inside his jacket, rises and signals Marek to stand. Victor leads Marek toward an exit and stops.

MAREK (CONT'D)
Will you do it?

Victor snares a pack of cigarettes from his shirt pocket, flips a butt into his mouth, ignites, puffs and exhales.

VICTOR

Da. But...

MAREK

Don't want to hear about any buts.
You said that favor wouldn't be
conditional.

VICTOR

You're a friend, not a mobster.
This devushka's (Russian word for
girl) taking you down a road she's
driven before. Don't want you to
get lost.

MAREK

Sure you know what hakmarrja is?

TWO SUITED MEN with assault rifles draped across their
shoulders enter, confer with Victor and exit.

MAREK (CONT'D)

It should only be against me, not
Emma.

VICTOR

All right. Plan's set for tomorrow
night.

MAREK

Great. One other thing if I may?
The investigator you mentioned.
Forgot his name.

Victor reaches into his pocket, snares his wallet, removes
and slaps a business card into Marek's palm.

VICTOR

What do you need him for?

Marek pockets the card.

MAREK

A hunch.

INT. RACQUETBALL COURT-DAY

Marek strikes a ball and volleys with the wall several times.
Jim minces in. Marek swings and misses. The ball rolls toward
the door. Jim snares the ball. Marek turns back, scuttles
toward a chair and reaches inside a duffel bag.

MAREK
Rather play solo.

Jim mopes toward Marek.

JIM
It's okay. Worked out this morning.

Marek downs the contents of a water bottle.

MAREK
And you cool down by frequenting
athletic venues?

Jim flips Marek the ball.

JIM
She asked me to play Grim Reaper.

Marek yanks out his cell, places it in his palm, types nine-one and positions a finger over the one key.

MAREK
So you hiding the scythe? Answer
quick.

JIM
Come on words man. Should realize
wants indicates moved on.

Marek hits end and slides the phone away.

MAREK
Hope you don't think this's the
part where we reenact a cheesy
eighties Lowenbrau commercial?

JIM
Our elementary school IQs weren't
that far apart Bud.

Jim trudges toward the exit.

MAREK
Hold up.

Jim stops.

JIM
Go to the police. I'm a credible
witness.

MAREK

Had enough of the N.Y.P.D.'s
hospitality for a while.

JIM

Then?

Marek tosses the ball against the wall and catches it.

MAREK

I protect myself. Suggest you do
the same.

INT. TRAIN STATION-NIGHT

Marek glances at his watch. The time is seven-thirty. A loud
beep screams through a wall speaker.

FEMALE PUBLIC ADDRESS ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

May I have your attention please.
Now boarding Amtrak's non-stop
service to Washington D.C. on Track
thirty-four.

Victor and Marek slip into a waiting room.

MAREK

Said they'd be here ten minutes
ago.

VICTOR

She'll be on that eight-thirty to
Philly. Promise.

MAREK

Ya sure they weren't followed.
She's a shifty bitch and...

Victor yanks a gun from inside jacket and fires a silent shot
into the wall.

VICTOR

Then, that'd be her fate and the
Vodka'd go down smoother tonight.
Okay?

Victor's cell chimes.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Khorosho (Russian word for good).

Victor pockets his phone.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

They're coming in now. Good luck.

Victor exits. TWO SUITED MEN wearing sunglasses escort Emma in. Marek shuts the door. Emma eludes the Men's grasp and leaps into Marek's arms.

EMMA

Fuck are these guys? I was captured and...

MAREK

I know.

Marek returns Emma to solid ground.

EMMA

What?

Emma punches Marek's shoulder. Marek shakes Emma.

MAREK

Listen. They're getting you out of New York.

EMMA

Fuck's happening? Not going any...

Marek thrusts Emma with greater force.

MAREK

I'm acting as dictator, not President. Understand?

Marek embraces Emma.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Look. Um...Never thought it'd happen so quick, especially during all this shit, but I found the woman I love and need her to be waiting when this's all...

EMMA

Okay. Okay. Get it...And reciprocate. Just tell me where I'm going?

MAREK

Close, but far enough away from any potential fallout.

Victor returns carrying two suitcases.

EMMA
For how long?

MAREK
Think you know that's rhetorical?

EMMA
Promise you'll play a different
game. She's too good at hers.
Promise.

Emma shoves Marek back.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I said promise.

MAREK
Okay. I promise.

Victor approaches Marek and Emma.

VICTOR
Time.

Marek embraces Emma again.

MAREK
I love you.

Victor and Emma exit.

INT. MOVIE PROJECTION EQUIPMENT ROOM-NIGHT

A YOUNG, MALE PROJECTIONIST prepares to load a disc into
projection equipment. Athena snakes toward The Projectionist
with a gun drawn.

ATHENA
There's something I want you to add
to the opening credits of this
little private screening.

Athena yanks a disc from her pocket and flips it to the
Projectionist. The Projectionist loads the disc. Athena
slides five hundred dollar bills out of her jeans and places
the money in the Projectionist's hand.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Now. Even if grilled, will my
appearance come off the barbecue?

The Projectionist shakes his head. Athena lowers her gun.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Good boy.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE-NIGHT

Marek and A SMALL CROWD OF WELL-DRESSED MEN AND WOMEN settle into seats. The lights dim. Projection equipment sounds. The words: "STANDBY FOR THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE" appear on screen.

ATHENA (V.O.)

Marek my lover. My pussy yearns for your balls. Fuck me. Harder. Harder. Harder...Harder...

MAREK

Shut this fucking shit off. Damn her.

Marek leaps up. The lights come on. The projection stops. A MAN inches up and trudges toward Marek.

MAN

How do you counter this?

MAREK

By finally following the advice of two very smart women.

INT. LIBRARY-NIGHT

At a computer terminal, Marek logs onto Google. A FEMALE LIBRARIAN approaches Marek.

LIBRARIAN

All set Mr. Enteric?

MAREK

Yes. Thanks for your help.

Marek reaches into his pants and removes a crumpled sheet of paper containing the names: "EDWARD" and "HENRIK" and enters: "EDWARD AND ATHENA" into search a line. The search yields entries about various people named Edward and Athena.

MAREK (CONT'D)

That went nowhere.

Marek enters "EDWARD" and the title: "ATHENA PRINCESS OF ALBANIA" into a search line. More than one hundred thousand listings follow. Marek clicks the top entry. The search turns to a *NEW YORK MAGAZINE* article titled: "INSANE LOVE."

MAREK (CONT'D)

Worthy title.

The story's first paragraph begins: "What started out as a fairy tale romance between a financier's son and one of Europe's most beautiful royal ladies, ended in violence and nearly murder."

MAREK (CONT'D)

Glad there's more to look forward to.

The story continues: "Edward 'Teddy' Johnstone accuses the Princess of stalking, intimidation and physical abuse, which he claims resulted in head trauma and a brief coma." Marek prints and retrieves the article.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Shit. Shit. Shit.

Marek enters: "HENRIK" and the title: "ATHENA, PRINCESS OF ALBANIA" into a search line. In excess of one million entries follows. The top listing is titled: "ROYAL ENGAGEMENT BROKEN OFF."

MAREK (CONT'D)

And the dung keeps rotting.

Marek clicks the link, which brings the search to an article printed in the publication: "EUROPEAN ROYALTY DIGEST." Marek peruses the story, reaches under the desk, rummages through a briefcase and extracts a notebook and pen.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Wow. Henrik's Crown Prince of Finland.

Marek highlights: "Claims he had been beaten numerous times, was drugged repeatedly and forbidden to speak with any other women. He became a voracious alcoholic and is currently in treatment at an Amsterdam facility" and clicks print.

INT. OFFICE-DAY

Marek passes through an ajar door, which reads: ZACHARY HIMES, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR. HIMES, 45, inches out of a seat and offers his hand. Marek and Himes make acquaintances.

HIMES

Please to meet you dude. Got any info on these platinum capped-toothed boys?

Marek removes a Manila envelope from his jacket and flips it to Himes. Himes opens the file and offers a quick scan.

HIMES (CONT'D (CONT'D))
Ain't gonna be a snap dude. Richies who've been in trouble and want to disappear will often protect their seclusion more than the SS did Hitler.

MAREK
Wish I had that option. And you will find them. I must speak to these men.

HIMES
Have anything to do with that crazy wench that's been troubling you?

Marek retreats to a water cooler and fills a cup.

MAREK
See why you're considered the best Mr. Himes.

Himes yanks a prescription bottle from a drawer, pops the top, snares a soda can and downs several pills.

HIMES
For my ulcer.

MAREK
So, two new contacts will appear in my phone?

HIMES
Pretty soon. But...

Himes shuffles to a mini-fridge and extracts another can.

HIMES (CONT'D)
May I try shining the yellow light dude?

MAREK
On?

HIMES
What you'll find probably won't fix and will likely make whatever your facing worse. Prepared for that reality dude?

MAREK

Fine with worse, if it'll end in better.

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

At a desk housing a computer, a bare-chested Athena accesses a web page for The New York City Youth Soccer League.

ATHENA

Let's remind him my presence's omnipotent.

The time displayed in the screen's lower right-corner reads ten forty-three. The date is 4/10/16. Athena scrolls to a team titled: "ELEVEN AND TWELVE-YEAR-OLDS." Marek is listed as Head Coach. The next game is set for 4/10/16 at eleven.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Pre-teens. Great. Should be enough to cause a little stirring on the field...And the pants.

Beneath the listings of team members' phone numbers and email addresses is the message: "TO SEND A BLAST TEXT, DIAL #42793. YOUR PROVIDER'S TEXT RATES APPLY."

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Good to know.

Athena snares a phone, clicks the text icon and enters #42793 into the "Send To" field, snaps photos of herself and attaches the files.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD-DAY

Marek and SEVERAL MALE YOUTHS wearing shirts labeled: "NEW YORK CITY YOUTH SOCCER LEAGUE" participate in kicking drills. Marek's phone chimes.

MAREK

Pardon me for a sec guys. Switch to your passing drill.

Marek steps off the pitch and clicks the text icon. A message from Athena reads: "Get Ready." Marek responds: "For what?"

INT. APARTMENT-SAME TIME

Athena holds a phone in one hand, types "This" with the other and hits send.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD--SAME TIME

Countless phones chime. Marek examines his cell. The message on the screen reads: "Image Loading, Please Wait."

BOY

Damn. Bazooms on Marek's chick are the size of watermelons.

MAREK

Shit...No.

The image on Marek's phone continues to load.

SOCCER MOM

Perverted, fucked up bitch.

Marek watches an image of Athena holding her assets encompass the screen over a caption: "Wouldn't you boys like to dribble these? Marek used to." Phones continue to chime. A THIN, BLONDE-HAIRED WOMAN charges toward Marek.

MAREK

Lovely Sunday. Isn't it Madame President?

WOMAN

Mr. Enteric. Those who make their private problems this public have no place coaching our kids. Regretfully, I must relieve you of your duties. Please leave.

Marek mopes away. The phone in Marek's pocket vibrates. Marek ignores the call. The vibrating stops, but soon resumes. Marek nabs the phone and hits talk.

INT. APARTMENT--SAME TIME

The screen of Athena's cell displays: CALL IN PROGRESS over the name: MAREK.

MAREK (O.C.)

A coaching job I love, the respect of my peers, my standing in the community. What else you plan to eighty-six from my life?

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

ATHENA

I take the lead as the third quarter ends.

MAREK

Don't think so. Only the desperate
or sick sext eleven-year-olds. Or
both the desperate...And sick.

A dial tone follows Marek's words.

INT. OFFICE-DAY

Himes loads documents into a fax machine, hits send, nabs and
dials a phone.

INT. APARTMENT-SAME TIME

Marek removes lemon and tonic water from the fridge and
places the items on a counter adjacent to a bottle of gin. A
land line phone chimes. The caller is identified as Zachary
Himes.

MAREK

What've we learned?

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

HIMES

A lot. Just sent some stuff over.

MAREK

K. Give me a sec.

Marek shuffles toward a small room and collects three papers
out of a fax machine. The top page is titled: "Enteric
Initial Search Info."

MAREK (CONT'D)

Three pages including title?

HIMES

Yep.

Marek crumples and chucks the title page into a waste paper
basket. The middle page is headlined: "Larry Jamison, 279
34th Street." Marek glances at the third page, which is
labeled: "Henrik, Tulip Grove Treatment Center."

MAREK

Hell's Larry Jamison?

Himes flicks open a prescription bottle, dumps two capsules
into his hands, grabs a water bottle and downs the pills.

HIMES

Your buddy Edward Johnstone. Made that little change about a year ago.

The bottom of the final page contains the information:
"Henrik's last known cell phone number: 050-381-29-47."

MAREK

Went that far? Huh?

HIMES

Oh, he went a lot further.

Marek files the documents away and shoves a folder into a drawer.

MAREK

Nice work. Thanks.

HIMES

Use wisely dude.

Marek ends the call, yanks out his phone and texts Athena:
"Meet me today at Dug Out Bar outside Yankee Stadium. Four o'clock."

INT. BAR-DAY

Perched atop a bar stool, Marek glances at his watch. The time is three forty-seven. A FEMALE BARTENDER approaches Marek.

FEMALE BARTENDER

Gin with juice or suds?

MAREK

Think I'll go with suds.

The Bartender serves Marek bottled beer. Marek gulps. Athena prances in, prowls toward and taps Marek's shoulder.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Made it before the game crowd.
Good, we can chat.

Athena leans her rear against the counter. Marek beckons the Bartender.

MAREK (CONT'D)

White Russian for this lady please.

ATHENA

You're not mad, cursing or wishing me dead, especially after yesterday morning?

The Bartender hands Athena a drink. Athena sips from and places her glass on the counter. Marek slides a hand into his pants, extracts and flicks a business card to Athena.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Already have an accountant.

MAREK

Read it please.

Athena flips the card over. The card contains the information: "DR. ANTHONY INMAN, PSYCHIATRIST, 511 PARK AVENUE."

MAREK (CONT'D)

He's the best.

Athena rips the card in half and hurls the torn pieces of paper skyward.

ATHENA

No more shrinks. No more fucking shrinks.

The entire bar turns silent. Athena storms toward and out a door.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

No more motherfucking shrinks.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD-DAY

Marek tows the pitcher's mound rubber, goes into a wind-up and fires the ball at A HEAVYSET MAN with thinning hair. The Man swings and misses.

MAREK

Still can't catch my seventy-mile-an-hour fastball Dr. Inman

INMAN, 53, taps the plate with his bat several times. Marek lifts another ball off the mound.

MAREK (CONT'D)

She certainly has the means to pay.

INMAN

Don't know. Seems like a potential
reputation squelcher.

Marek minces toward home plate.

MAREK

Doc...

INMAN

Okay. Perhaps there could be one
empty slot in the old Rolodex.

MAREK

Thanks.

INT. COMPUTER LAB-NIGHT

Athena and A YOUNG MAN occupy seats in front of a terminal.
The wall clock reads eleven-thirteen. The room is dark and
all other terminals are unoccupied.

ATHENA

Two dimes better make you geek
enough to pull this off.

The Young Man pounds the keyboard. A website for Xander
Lenkovitch Films appears on screen.

YOUNG MAN

Want to goggle that rack again
first.

Athena shakes her head. The Young Man jerks his hands away
from the keyboard and folds his arms.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

I dropped my price three G's for
that privilege.

Athena unbuttons her shirt and lowers her bra.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Fucking guy. How could he give that
up?

ATHENA

Paying you to hack. Not yak. And
hurry up. Five thou only bought a
half-hour with that prick manager.

The Young Man grabs Athena's head and shoves his tongue in her mouth. Athena throttles the Young Man back, smacks his eye, jerks his head back and pounds it on table.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Repeat that and I smash your fingers, making you even more useless to women. Translation necessary?

YOUNG MAN

Just wanted you to know my knowledge of anatomy extends beyond the mechanical being.

The Young Man strokes several keys. The screen reveals a page of artists and titles of their work. Athena studies the screen.

ATHENA

Fuck is it?

Athena drags an index finger down the screen until reaching Marek H. Enteric near the title: "Silver Diamond's Plot."

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Got it.

YOUNG MAN

How're we corrupting?

ATHENA

Convert the text to Albanian and make sure it can't be changed back.

YOUNG MAN

Easy as preparing the sardines with lemon you people love to eat.

The Young Man clicks the link to Marek's script. The first page of the screenplay is displayed. The Young Man strikes several keys and changes the text to Albanian.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Ding. Ding. One fucked up script ready to serve.

INT. LOBBY-DAY

Marek joins up with A TALL, BROWN-HAIRED MAN.

MAREK

Read it yet?

XANDER

Nah. Been busy last couple of days.
She's bringing it down now.

A WOMAN rushes toward XANDER, 37.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Where's the script?

The Woman hyperventilates, bends forward and places her hands on her knees.

WOMAN

We suffered a breech.

XANDER

Shit. Those bastards told me
Kaspersky's was the best.

Marek brandishes a can of tobacco, pops the top and flips a pinch in mouth.

MAREK

There's no depths that cunt can't
penetrate. I'll resubmit tonight.

XANDER

Don't bother.

Xander speeds off.

MAREK

Fuck. Please X. No.

XANDER

You'll be paid our originally
agreed upon price.

MAREK

Not my writing too. Please.
I...I...

Marek stomps toward and snares Xander's wrist.

XANDER

Sorry. But, now I must make serious
upgrades to security. And as long
as you're here, she'll be too.

MAREK

I...

XANDER

This isn't negotiable. Take care.

INT. HALLWAY-NIGHT

Marek thwacks a door and rings the bell numerous times.

MAREK

Larry? Please answer.

There is no response. Marek punishes the door and bell again.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Please Larry. It's Marek Enteric. I can't beg you enough.

Marek continues to pummel the door. The door is flung open. LARRY, 35, a dark-haired man of average height, yanks a knife from his pocket and lunges at Marek. Marek dives out of the way.

LARRY

Get out. Please. You're spying for her.

Larry again attempts to stab Marek. Marek dislodges the knife from Larry's hands.

MAREK

Wrong. I'm spying on her.

Larry struggles. Marek clutches and shakes Larry's shoulders.

MAREK (CONT'D)

All I want to do is ask...

Larry breaks Marek's clutches, stomps back inside the apartment and slams the door in Marek's face.

MAREK (CONT'D)

She's destroying my life and...

LARRY (O.C.)

I know. And I'm sorry it's you, but am sure glad it's finally not me. Forget I exist.

MAREK

But...

LARRY

Please.

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Marek lies on a sofa. A speaker-activated, land line phone is positioned on an adjacent table.

INT. GARDEN-SAME TIME

A TALL, MUSCULAR MAN with blonde-hair is led inside by A WOMAN wearing a white coat. ANOTHER WOMAN hands a phone to the Man.

WOMAN IN WHITE COAT
Sure Your Highness? Been doing so well.

MAN
Mr. Enteric?

Marek leans forward and snares the phone.

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

MAREK
Prince Henrik?

PRINCE HENRIK, 38, settles into a chair.

PRINCE HENRIK
Heard about you're misery.

MAREK
As I've yours Your Highness, so I'll be brief. I'd like to ask you some questions about Athena.

Prince Henrik drops the phone and enters a sobbing fit. The Woman in the white coat rushes toward Prince Henrik.

MAREK (CONT'D)
Your Highness? Still there?

The Woman in the white coat lifts the phone.

WOMAN IN WHITE COAT
Sorry. He can't continue.

MAREK
Wait. Please.

A dial tone follows.

MAREK (CONT'D)
Shit. No.

Marek launches the phone onto a couch, grabs a jacket and his cell and makes a call.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Get the car ready. Yes, now.
Inman's home in Greenwich. Yes,
Connecticut, not the Village.

INT. STUDY-NIGHT

Marek leans against several stacked bookcases. Inman enters, holding two glasses.

INMAN

Brandy?

MAREK

My apologies to your family.

Marek snatches a glass and downs the booze.

MAREK (CONT'D)

I'm begging you. Please go forward with the forced intervention. Said you could set it up with the hospital in extreme circumstances and...

INMAN

That will take a lot of...

MAREK

Where's the carafe?

Inman retires into the seat behind his desk.

INMAN

Other room. Here. God. Think we should reinstitute our sessions. Forget about her.

Inman slides a drawer open and extracts a whiskey bottle. Marek lunges for the desk, grabs the bottle, refills and buries his glass.

MAREK

Doc, today the casualty was my career. Soon, tomorrow will be a fatality...Her or me.

Inman pops a cigar in his mouth, snares a lighter, ignites and puffs.

INMAN

All right. But why don't we start with a casual meeting? Something more drastic could and probably would be disastrous?

Inman holds up another cigar.

MAREK

No thank you.

INMAN

Try and convince her to see me the day after tomorrow. But understand, she may never be well again.

MAREK

If we don't try, I won't be either.

Marek yanks his phone out.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Wonder where The Royal Psychotic is this morning?

Marek logs onto the Facebook page of "HER ROYAL HIGHNESS ATHENA, CROWN PRINCESS OF ALBANIA." Written in the Status Bar is an announcement: "Heading to St. Agroni's for 10 a.m. Liturgy. Hope to see many of my fellow parishioners there."

MAREK (CONT'D)

Excellent.

INT. ORTHODOX CHURCH-DAY

Marek storms through the doors carrying a briefcase and parades toward the altar. A WHITE-BEARDED PRIEST ceases his prayers. Athena is seated at the end of the first row's left pew. Marek thumps his case to the ground.

MAREK

My apologies for this horrible interruption Father.

The Priest remains behind the altar. Athena ascends, leans forward and places her lips to Marek's ear.

ATHENA

Fuck you doing?

Marek shuffles into the aisle.

MAREK

Informing your fellow churchgoers
what the most famous one does when
not pretending to be pious.

Marek bends down and reaches into the briefcase.

ATHENA

He's got a bomb.

Churchgoers grab their heads and brace. The Priest finds
quick refuge under the pulpit. Marek nabs his phone.

MAREK

People...

The Priest inches up. The majority of the Parishioners lift
their heads. Marek hoists the phone above his head.

MAREK (CONT'D)

It's only a phone. Though, I'll
confess it's definitely intended to
blow up Her Highness's world and
image.

Marek extends a hand into his satchel and grabs a mini-tape
recorder.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Did any of you know the Princess
likes to send pornographic photos
to children?

Marek lifts his phone up again. Gasps ring out. The Priest
darts toward Marek, clutches his wrist and shakes his head.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Easy Father. I'm aware of the
surroundings.

Athena leaps atop the pew.

ATHENA

This man's a heinous abuser of
women and a psychopath.

Marek hoists the tape recorder skyward.

MAREK

Speaking of that accusation. This
device holds proof Her Highness
violated those lying and bearing
false witness against thy neighbor
commandments.

Athena surrenders to the pew and places a veil over her face. Marek drops to his knees and collects Athena's hand.

MAREK (CONT'D)
 You're disturbed. I, and I'm sure
 everyone in here begs you to get
 help.

Marek removes and slaps Inman's business card into Athena's palm, wiggles down beside her and places his mouth to her ear.

MAREK (CONT'D)
 Game's over. He's expecting you at
 ten-thirty tomorrow morning.
 Otherwise...

Marek places fingers on the recorder's pay button and his phone's text icon.

MAREK (CONT'D)
 On Harold Stein...Day after
 tomorrow.

ATHENA
 Fine.

Marek rummages through his case and removes a stuffed folder.

MAREK
 Father.

The Priest trudges toward Marek. Marek tosses the binder to the Priest.

MAREK (CONT'D)
 This was the only place I knew
 she'd listen. Anyway, please find
 twenty-five grand for the New York
 Chapter of the Albanian Orthodox
 Charity Organization.

The Priest examines the folder's contents and discovers several stacks of hundred and fifty dollar bills. Marek backtracks into the aisle and prances out.

INT. ATHENA'S CAR-DAY

Athena is stopped at a red light. A phone on the front, passenger-side seat vibrates. Athena lifts the phone and studies its screen. A text from Marek reads: "Lonsmen are talking. Check out Harold Stein." Athena flips on the radio.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
 Was also there yesterday. Like the
 other parishioner said, it was
 unbelievable.

The light turns green. Athena pulls to a curb, increases the
 radio's volume and shifts into park.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Really made a fool of her. Most of
 us always thought she was a phony
 bitch. This confirmed it.

Athena pumps the gas halfway down.

GARRETT (O.C.)
 Harold. Got two more woman on hold.
 One was a paramedic who treated
 Athena after the alleged beating.
 Other's her former PR gal.

Athena slams the pedal to the floor.

GARRETT (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 The paramedic also sent us a
 gazillion forms documenting
 testimony she gave to her superiors
 and the police.

Athena digs her fingernails into a palm with enough pressure
 to draw blood. Athena's phone chimes again. A text from Marek
 reads: "Evil crashes hard. See?" Athena shifts into drive,
 skids onto the street and speeds off.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR-DAY

Athena lies on her stomach with a phone in her hand. A MALE
 MASSEUSE rubs Athena's shoulders.

ATHENA
 Need that fucking airplane.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
 Your Highness. You know we need
 your father's approval to get
 authorization from the Air
 Ministry.

Athena leaps off the table. The Masseuse frolics back.

ATHENA

Listen shithead. That plane will arrive by tomorrow morning or I'll ensure your newborn starves.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Yes Your Highness.

Athena ends the call, scrolls down a contacts list, taps Marek and texts: "Meeting with Inman. Let's meet for lunch on my yacht afterwards. Seventy-Ninth Street Boat Basin, say around one-ish?" Athena flops back on the table.

ATHENA

Go.

The Masseur rubs Athena's neck. Athena's phone chimes. Marek sends the response: "K. Which one's yours?" Athena snares the phone and types: "You'll find it."

EXT. YACHT-DAY

Marek hops aboard "ATHENA'S WAVE," nabs his phone, scrolls down a contacts list and calls "Dr. Inman."

INMAN (O.C.)

Hi Marek.

Marek glimpses at his watch. The time is seven minutes past one.

MAREK

She show?

INMAN (O.C.)

Know I can't discuss patient...

MAREK

Yes doctor. Just wanted to check attendance.

Marek removes another cell phone from his pocket and tucks it inside the back of his pants.

INMAN (O.C.)

Perfect so far.

MAREK

Good. Least one worry's unfounded.

Marek ends the call, climbs a staircase and reaches the top deck, where a table is covered by two place settings, glasses and a bucket chilling a champagne bottle. Athena emerges.

ATHENA
Glad you accepted.

Athena brandishes and waves a white flag. Marek retreats toward the ship's bow and leans against a railing.

MAREK
I'd believe ISIS before you.

Athena swaggers toward the table, lifts and fills the glasses, raises one glass and sips from hers.

ATHENA
Sit and drink. Let's enjoy lunch
and celebrate.

Marek slogs toward the table, snatches a glass and inches into a seat.

MAREK
Occasion?

Athena places her glass out.

ATHENA
A new, healthy me.

Marek and Athena clink glasses and sip.

MAREK
Then, to a new, healthy you.

Marek and Athena again clink and drink. Athena slips inside.

ATHENA (O.C.)
Made omelettes. That okay.

Marek places his phone on the table.

MAREK
Fine thanks.

The screen flashes: "ONE NEW VOICEMAIL." Marek clicks the voicemail icon.

COMPUTER-GENERATED VOICE
Please enter your password.

Marek types zero-two-two-zero and activates the speaker mechanism.

COMPUTER-GENERATED VOICE (CONT'D)
Received today at twelve-nineteen
p.m. from unknown number.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Mr. Enteric. This's Prince Henrik.

Athena prowls toward Marek clutching a baseball bat. Marek deactivates speaker, grabs his phone and places it to his ear.

PRINCE HENRIK (V.O.)
Went AWOL and am in New York. Hate to tell you, but you're in extreme danger. I'm staying at the Intercontinental on Madison...

ATHENA
Now I don't feel so bad.

Marek drops the phone and whirls around. Athena swings and connects with Marek's head. An unconscious Marek tumbles to the ground.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Get used to sleeping my love.

Athena snares Marek's phone and hits the one key, brandishes a pen and scribbles the words: "INTERCONTINENTAL, MADISON" onto a napkin.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Too bad Henrik. I'd almost forgotten about you.

INT. GARAGE-DAY

Athena leans against a vehicle's side holding a metal case. A HEAVYSET, MUSCULAR, BALD, MALE GOON snatches the case from Athena.

ATHENA
Two hundred thou.

TWO MUSCULAR, MALE GOONS enter through a side door. One Goon positions himself by the driver's-side door of Athena's car. The other by the passenger-side door.

HEAD GOON
Hope you to plan to throw in a bonus? I mean, two quickly became three.

ATHENA

That only developed an hour ago.
But he'll also be able to trace the
disappearance to me, which also
means us.

The Head Goon opens the case, which is loaded to the brim
with hundred dollar bills.

HEAD GOON

Another hundred thou.

ATHENA

Fifty.

The Head Goon barrels toward Athena, snatches and flips her
keys to the Goon guarding the passenger's-side door.

HEAD GOON

Could call the Palace and tell
Daddy Majesty exactly what his
plane's being used for. Not to
mention, the men and women who
practice CPR.

ATHENA

CPR?

HEAD GOON

Courtesy, professionalism and
respect. It's painted on their
cars, which're also equipped with
lights and sirens.

ATHENA

Okay fine. But the raise won't go
into effect til we get to Tirana.

The Goon flings the keys back to the Head Goon. The Head Goon
places the keys in Athena's hand. Athena storms into the car
and fires up the engine. The Head Goon snares a remote,
presses a button and a door partitions.

HEAD GOON

Good time's cheaper there anyway.

Athena backs out and skids off.

INT. MOVING LIMO-NIGHT

In the back section, Athena clutches an unconscious Marek.
Marek regains consciousness.

Athena yanks a syringe from her purse and plunges the needle into Marek's arm. Marek blacks out. The vehicle halts and the front divide lowers.

ATHENA
What do you want?

A MALE CHAUFFEUR, 35, faces Athena.

CHAUFFEUR
You can't kill these men. Your
father's...

Athena rips a pistol from her purse and fires a silent shot into the Chauffeur's arm.

ATHENA
Soon to have one less person on his
payroll.

Athena charges out, casts the front, driver's-side door open, shoves the Chauffeur to the passenger's side, commandeers the driver's seat, motors toward a jumbo jet with Albania's flag adorning its tail, halts and aims a weapon at the Chauffeur.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Your insubordination's won you a
free trip to the Balkans.

Athena turns her attention to Marek.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
It'll be a lot less painful if you
didn't wake up my lover.

Athena jams her gun into the Chauffeur's face.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Help me with him.

Athena fingers the trigger. The Chauffeur pushes the passenger-side door open and struggles upward. Athena rushes out and flings the rear, passenger-side door open. Athena and the Chauffeur haul Marek towards the plane.

INT. ELEVATOR-NIGHT

Doors close behind Inman. Inman presses a button labeled G. The descent from the Thirtieth Floor commences. A stop occurs on the fifteenth floor. Athena's Goon enters, but does not press a floor button.

INMAN

What floor?

The Goon does not respond. The descent terminates at G level. Inman attempts to exit. The Goon trawls Inman back, presses the button numbered thirty, brandishes a gun and places the weapon into Inman's back.

GOON

Stay quiet. Especially when and if we stop.

The trip to the thirtieth floor finishes uninterrupted.

GOON (CONT'D)

To your office.

INT. OFFICE-NIGHT

The Goon shoves Inman to the floor.

GOON

Get on your knees and face the wall.

Inman drops to his knees and places his hands over his head.

INMAN

What do you want? Money. Take all my credit cards. Got...

The Goon fires a silent shot through Inman's head.

GOON

Not nearly as much as her.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL CONSTRUCTION SITE-NIGHT

TWO CONSTRUCTION WORKERS hop into a pickup truck. Jim unrolls a large, plastic covering.

JIM

Night guys. See ya at seven.

The Construction Workers drive away. Jim covers the unfinished structure. Athena's Goon prowls toward Jim holding a lead pipe. Jim turns around. The Goon raises the pipe.

JIM (CONT'D)

Motherfucking...

The Goon swings and connects with Jim's face. Jim tumbles through the plastic and into the pool. The Goon jumps into the pool and attempts to strike Jim again. Jim avoids contact and sweeps The Goon's legs.

JIM (CONT'D)

Fuck are you?

The Goon stumbles, regains his footing, snares a portion of the plastic, wraps it around Jim's neck and yanks out a gun.

GOON

Should've done as she asked.

The Goon tightens the makeshift noose. Jim struggles to breathe. The Goon aims the weapon at Jim's head. Jim pulls an arm back and drives his elbow into the Goon's ribs. The Goon relinquishes his gun. Jim and the Goon lunge for the weapon.

JIM

I didn't see the slime either.

The Goon reaches the gun first, shoots Jim's arm and retreats several steps. Jim snares the pipe, swings and connects with the Goon's ankle. The Goon discharges again and connects with Jim's abdomen. Jim collapses. The Goon limps off.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

A doorbell rings. Prince Henrik minces to the door.

PRINCE HENRIK

Yes?

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Room service.

PRINCE HENRIK

Didn't order any.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Courtesy of management.

Prince Henrik glances through the peep hole and observes Athena's Head Goon dressed in slacks and a white dress shirt, but empty-handed.

PRINCE HENRIK

So? Where're the goodies?

The Head Goon brandishes and sticks a gun's barrel against the peephole.

HEAD GOON

Open the door Your Highness. Your
parents die if you don't.

Prince Henrik unlocks and eases the door open. The Head Goon storms in, slams the door shut and propels Prince Henrik onto a bed. Prince Henrik tumbles over the bed and crashes onto the carpeting.

HEAD GOON (CONT'D)

Show yourself and I'll make it
fast.

Prince Henrik rolls under the bed, grabs and inches out a portion of bedspread. The Head Goon leaps atop the bed and fires several silent shots. Prince Henrik covers himself with the bedspread and snakes his way out.

HEAD GOON (CONT'D)

Fuck are ya?

The Head Goon empties his gun's chamber. Prince Henrik springs up.

PRINCE HENRIK

Right here schmuck. Learned
something during those three
summers at military academy.

Prince Henrik backtracks toward a window. The Head Goon charges Prince Henrik. Prince Henrik ducks. The Head Goon crashes through the window and plummets to the pavement.

INT. JET'S CABIN-NIGHT

In a seat towards the rear, Marek awakens. Behind a bar, Athena pours a glass of champagne and struts down the aisle. A pool of blood collects near the head of the murdered Chauffeur.

ATHENA

Great. You're up. Unfortunately,
your fellow passenger got unruly
and the flight crew had to take
decisive action.

Athena reaches into an overhead compartment, removes and unzips a bag and dumps out rope. Marek forces himself upright but collapses into his seat.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Even your strongest characters
couldn't overcome six hundred
milligrams of Valium that quick.

Athena binds Marek's feet with the rope. Marek tries, but fails to lift his hands.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Let's begin the in-flight
entertainment with a story. Perhaps
you'll use it as inspiration in the
next life.

Athena yanks a pistol from under her shirt and tosses it on a front seat.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Tale's about a writer that didn't
treat his girlfriend very well.

Marek struggles to keep his eyes from fluttering. Athena struts toward Marek, sticks her rear end in his face and drops into the seat across the aisle from his.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

She takes revenge by bringing him
home to scatter his ashes over the
mountains after, that is, he
experiences a very live and painful
cremation.

Athena moseys to the bar and spills another glass of champagne.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Heading to cockpit for a sec.
Perhaps I can give you a more
accurate EDT, you know, estimated
death time.

Athena raises her glass.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Would the author like to add an
epilogue?

MAREK

Si...si...sick bitch.

Athena slips into the flight deck. Marek struggles to lift and extend his hands behind his back, reaches into his pants and nabs a phone. The phone drops to the floor.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Sh...Shit.

Marek bends down, snares the phone and clicks the text icon. At top of list are PRINCE HENRIK AND JIM. Marek clicks "message" and, for both contacts, types: "Kidnpd. Take me to Alb. Plz hlp" and hits send.

ATHENA (O.C.)

Great.

Marek attempts, but fails to tuck the phone into his pants. Athena reappears and lumbers down the aisle. Marek struggles up, dumps the phone on the seat and drops down atop it.

EXT. HOTEL FACADE-NIGHT

Amongst A CROWD OF POLICE OFFICERS AND EMERGENCY SERVICES PERSONNEL, Marek holds a phone to his ear. A Police Officer approaches Prince Henrik. Prince Henrik lowers the phone.

PRINCE HENRIK

Please tell me you were able to reach them.

MALE POLICE OFFICER

Yes. They're being evacuated to Stockholm as we speak.

PRINCE HENRIK

Heaven is blessed.

Prince Henrik re-positions the phone by his ear.

PRINCE HENRIK (CONT'D)

Yes, yes. Need to speak with His Majesty. It's extremely important.

The Head Goon's deceased body is wheeled passed Prince Henrik.

PRINCE HENRIK (CONT'D)

Well, please relay a message. His daughter's on a crime rampage and...

Prince Henrik pretends to throw the phone down and repositions it by his ear.

PRINCE HENRIK (CONT'D)

He needs to get to New York City immediately. Okay? Thank you.

EXT. PATIO-NIGHT

A GREY-HAIRED, SUITED MAN rests in a seat under an umbrella-covered table. A MALE, TUXEDO-CLAD SERVANT exits a palatial residence.

SERVANT
Your Majesty.

HIS MAJESTY, KING SKENDER OF ALBANIA, 69, rises.

KING SKENDER
Departure for tomorrow's trip to
Crete's still set for noon?
Correct?

The Servant bows and shakes his head.

SERVANT
Afraid the plane's in use Your
Majesty.

KING SKENDER
Without my authorization?

SERVANT
Her Highness's coming home later
today. Told us it was an emergency.

KING SKENDER
We ever known it to be under any
other circumstances with her?

A YOUNG MAN races out of the palace and hands a piece of paper to King Skender. King Skender scans.

KING SKENDER (CONT'D)
Get me to the Air Ministry and
cancel all my appointments for the
next several days. Now.

The Servant and the Young Man scurry back into the palace.

INT. POLICE COMMAND POST-NIGHT

Prince Henrik barrels toward A MALE POLICE OFFICER'S desk.

PRINCE HENRIK
What're you doing to find Marek?

The Officer lights a cigarette and files folders into a drawer.

OFFICER

What we can.

PRINCE HENRIK

Really? How 'bout scouring airports?

The Officer slides his chair back and retrieves papers from a fax machine.

OFFICER

Know how many airfields are in the greater New York City area?

Prince Henrik yanks out his phone and dumps it on the Officer's desk.

PRINCE HENRIK

Can't you at least ground all outgoing air traffic in the area?

OFFICER

Your Highness. Afraid you don't realize that we, unlike you, have to deal with a bureaucracy, which in the case of your suggestion's the FAA.

PRINCE HENRIK

Officer, my country deals with bureaucracies also. We're just better at getting them to do their jobs.

Prince Henrik snares his phone and huffs across the room. The phone vibrates. Prince Henrik examines the screen, which identifies the caller as "PRIVATE."

INT. AIRCRAFT HANGAR--SAME TIME

Inside a military aircraft, King Skender connects his phone to a headset. SEVERAL SOLDIERS dressed in fatigues bearing the Albanian flag board and bow before King Skender. Prince Henrik hits talk.

PRINCE HENRIK

Your Majesty I pray?

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

KING SKENDER

Evening Your Highness. Please spare nothing.

King Skender traverses several steps and halts near the flight deck.

PRINCE HENRIK
Well, Your Majesty. She can be rescued, but not saved.

KING SKENDER
My apologies young man...And not only for tonight.

PRINCE HENRIK
Let's just hope we're not sorry again.

Prince Henrik reloads Marek's text.

PRINCE HENRIK (CONT'D)
Locate the plane?

KING SKENDER
Tried, but they're maintaining radio silence.

Prince Henrik fixates on the phone's screen and runs a finger over the words: "Sent at eight-thirteen p.m. near Teterboro, N.J."

PRINCE HENRIK
Wait. Think I might've just found a clue. Forgive me. Must've been too distracted to notice before.

KING SKENDER
Great. Send me the info. I'll contact local ATC and have them ground the plane.

PRINCE HENRIK
Safe travels. Call as soon as you arrive.

Prince Henrik hits end and races back into the precinct.

PRINCE HENRIK (CONT'D)
Know where her plane is. Flew into the same airfield the other day.

Prince Henrik hands the phone to A MALE OFFICER.

PRINCE HENRIK (CONT'D)
Look at approximated location.

The Officer glances at the phone.

OFFICER

Best lead we got. I'll notify the
Jersey State Police.

INT. JET'S CABIN-NIGHT

A Goon places the Chauffeur's body into a body bag. Athena glances at her watch. The time is nine fifty-five.

GOON

He check back yet?

ATHENA

Nope. And he's got five minutes.
Otherwise, our manifest will be one
passenger short. Take care of the
car?

The Goon nods, drags the body bag down the aisle and deposits it inside a lavatory. The Goon returns and occupies a seat in front of Marek. Athena prances to the bar, snatches and fills three glasses with champagne.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

To a pretty successful mission and
completion.

The other Goon emerges from another lavatory. Athena struts down the aisle and hands the Goons glasses. The Goons and Athena hoist, clink and imbibe. Athena places her glass on a seat tray and glimpses at her watch. It is ten o'clock.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Sorry guys. He'll have to fly
coach.

Athena returns to the bar, lifts up a phone positioned on the wall and presses a button labeled: "Cockpit."

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Prepare to depart.

Athena slams the phone down and depresses the speaker button.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

By whom?

PILOT (O.C.)

I'll patch him through.

INT. FLIGHT DECK OF MILITARY JET--SAME TIME

King Skender adjusts his headset and occupies a jump seat.
The CAPTAIN and FIRST OFFICER exit.

KING SKENDER
Athena? It's your father.

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

ATHENA
You. You. How'd you? Fuck.

Athena blitzes down the aisle and slaps Marek's face.

KING SKENDER
Surrender to authorities.

Athena staggers back to the bar. The Goons brandish and turn their guns on Marek.

ATHENA
No. No. You won't fuck this up
Papa. You won't.

KING SKENDER
For once, just obey damn it.

Athena storms toward the cockpit, kicks the door open, rips out and aims a pistol at THE PILOT, 50.

ATHENA
Take off now.

KING SKENDER
Don't listen to her.

PILOT
Only if you can guarantee my wife
and children's financial security
Your Majesty.

Sirens blare and lights streak outside the plane.

ATHENA
Fuck.

Athena renders the Pilot unconscious by clocking him over head with her gun and lumbers back into the cabin.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Get out there and get rid of them.

The Goons cock their guns, rush toward and disembark through the plane's front door. Marek sneaks his phone back inside his pants.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC-NIGHT

New Jersey State Police cruisers skid to a halt near the plane. Troopers storm out of their vehicles and draw their weapons. The Goons hide under the plane, race out and shoot. The Police return fire. The Goons are killed.

INT. JET'S CABIN-NIGHT

Athena opens the plane's front door. Firing ceases. Athena pokes her head out, glimpses through a pair of binoculars and spots The Goons' dead bodies lying near the plane. The Police turn their weapons on Athena.

TROOPER

Come out with your hands up.

Athena raises her hands, presents her middle fingers, lurches back inside and closes the plane's door. The Police fire. Shots ricochet off the door, but miss Athena. Athena inches toward, brandishes and points a gun at Marek.

ATHENA

Sneaky fuck.

Athena blasts a shot which deliberately misses Marek.

TROOPER (O.C.)

Shit. Get the equipment fellas.

ATHENA

May not be fire, but lead's just as lethal when penetrating the skin.

Athena thrashes Marek's head with her gun, throws him to the ground and pummels him with repeated kicks to his abdomen and groin. Marek's phone slides down the aisle. Athena retrieves the phone.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

The old shitty, second phone trick.
Firm, but not solid.

EXT. OUTSIDE PLANE DOOR-NIGHT

Several Troopers attempt to break the door's seal with soldering equipment. Prince Henrik advances across the tarmac.

PRINCE HENRIK
How much longer?

TROOPER
At least a few more minutes.

PRINCE HENRIK
Could be planning his funeral by then. Could you try and break a window or something?

TROOPER
Would take even longer. They're much harder to break than typical glass.

INT. JET'S CABIN-NIGHT

Athena launches Marek's phone into a wall, lowers her weapon, handles the trigger and hovers above Marek.

ATHENA
Could've done you're writing in a palace.

Marek sweeps Athena's legs. Athena shoots. Marek writhes out of the firing line and punches Athena's stomach. Athena stumbles to the ground and relinquishes her weapon. Marek rolls down the aisle, unbinds his feet and staggers up.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
No.

The gun is positioned between Athena and Marek. Athena and Marek dive to the ground and wrestle for the weapon. Marek extends a hand and grasps the gun. Athena kicks Marek. Marek stumbles up and fires at Athena. The gun's chamber is empty.

MAREK
Fuck. It's a lot different when you can write the climax scene.

Athena stampedes Marek. Marek pounds Athena's head with the gun. An unconscious Athena tumbles down. Marek tosses the gun aside, menaces above Athena and surrenders to one knee.

MAREK (CONT'D)
And I prefer the library.

Marek wobbles toward and bangs on the plane's front door. The soldering ceases.

TROOPER (O.C.)
Who's that?

MAREK
The kidnapee.

TROOPER (O.C.)
Open the door.

PRINCE HENRIK (O.C.)
Recognize the voice. It's him.
Thank goodness.

Marek presses the open door button.

MAREK
Stand back.

The door edges open. Marek frolics back. Troopers storm the plane. Athena regains consciousness. The Police handcuff Athena. Marek crumbles to the floor. EMERGENCY SERVICES PERSONNEL load Marek onto a gurney.

MAREK (CONT'D)
Everything hurts.

MALE EMERGENCY MEDICAL TECHNICIAN
Okay. Just relax.

MAREK
Don't forget about the pilot.

MALE EMERGENCY MEDICAL TECHNICIAN
We won't.

Prince Henrik boards the plane and rushes toward Marek.

PRINCE HENRIK
May not be as prestigious as an Oscar, but you're now a member of a pretty exclusive club.

MAREK
What should we call it?

PRINCE HENRIK
How about The Royal Nightmare Survivors?

Marek drifts off. Emergency Services Personnel remove Marek from the plane.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM-DAY

Prince Henrik snares a tissue from a box on a night table and hands it to Marek. Marek wipes his eyes.

PRINCE HENRIK
Sorry about your doctor friend.

MAREK
And Jim?

PRINCE HENRIK
In bad shape, but's expected to pull through.

Prince Henrik plods out an open door and steps into the hallway.

MAREK
Where're you going?

PRINCE HENRIK
They told me you need to rest. Just one thing if I may ask?

MAREK
Give me your best Wolf Blitzer.

Prince Henrik steps back toward Marek.

PRINCE HENRIK
Police found your phone totalled on the yacht. Where'd you conceal the other one?

MAREK
Where many women have told me to shove date proposals.

PRINCE HENRIK
Think I'm gonna enjoy going on the talk show circuit with you.

Marek lifts himself up.

MAREK
And, as long as we're speaking of...

PRINCE HENRIK
 Bellvue. Undergoing psych
 evaluation. Nice waste of New York
 taxpayer dollars. Right?

MAREK
 Thanks...Most of all for being
 here.

PRINCE HENRIK
 Ah hell. New York's also for
 rehabbers.

Marek dozes off. Prince Henrik wanders into the hall.

EXT. A MENTAL HOSPITAL'S GROUNDS-DAY

King Skender propels a wheelchair bound Athena toward a
 flower garden. Marek approaches and bows before King Skender.

KING SKENDER
 You're quite a gentleman.
 Particularly given these
 circumstances. Thank you.

MAREK
 No need Your Majesty. Wanted...
 Moreover, needed to.

Athena stares straight ahead and does not budge.

MAREK (CONT'D)
 They tell you what'll happen now?

King Skender settles onto a bench adjacent to the wheelchair.

KING SKENDER
 I shudder to think what might've
 been if my professional title
 wasn't Your Majesty.

King Skender arises, picks several flowers from the garden
 and positions them in Athena's hand.

KING SKENDER (CONT'D)
 Taking her to a facility outside
 Athens. Part of the deal mandates
 she never sets foot outside of
 Greece or Albania again.

King Skender bawls. Marek assists King Skender onto the
 bench. King Skender wipes his eyes with a handkerchief.

KING SKENDER (CONT'D)
Must really hate her?

Marek occupies a seat next to King Skender.

MAREK
Through most of it I did. Not
anymore. Pity her or anyone else
who could be that sick.

Marek drops to his knees and grips Athena's wrists.

MAREK (CONT'D)
Be well.

Marek rises, bows before King Skender and parades off without offering the slightest glance back at Athena. Emma emerges out of a waiting car's driver's-side door.

EMMA
Ready?

MAREK
Yep.

Marek and Emma enter the car. The vehicle speeds off.

FADE OUT