

MAX & BECKY
SOME PEOPLE ARE WORTH CHASING

Written by

Meron Dushansky

Copyright (c) 2015
This screenplay may not be used
or reproduced without the express
written permission of the author

Inbmer@netvision.net.il

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM - DAY

MAX and ROSANA, both early 20's, sleep soundly back to back in his bed. The room is a mess. It's a guy's room.

Rosana hogs the bed sheet. She sleeps fully covered. Max, not so lucky, sleeps without it in nothing but a pair of underpants.

On a night-stand on Max's side of the bed, A slick futuristic ALARM CLOCK displays 05:59.

Max, in his sleep, feels around for the sheet. He finds a corner and pulls on it covering what little part of his body he can. The sheet slips off Rosana's back.

She rolls around and back again pulling the sheet back over her, leaving max bare.

The time on the alarm clock flickers into 06:00. Soft soothing music starts to play.

Max rolls away from the alarm clock, closer to Rosana, and puts his arm around her waist. Rosana nudges her elbow into his stomach. He doesn't budge.

The music gradually gets louder.

She nudges him again. He tightens his arm around her.

ROSANA

Max.

He murmurs.

ROSANA (CONT'D)

Max.

MAX

Yeah, I'm up. I'm up.

He rolls back to his side of the bed and sits up. His feet plop to the floor.

His cruddy eyes glued shut, Max feels around the night stand. He finds the alarm clock and gives it a gentle tap. The music stops.

He stands up and makes his way to and out the bedroom door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Eyes still shut, Max navigates flawlessly down the hall. He reaches a door at the end, opens it and walks through.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Max walks in to the messy bathroom. Bright white lights flicker on automatically. His eyes have opened slightly.

SERIES OF SHOTS - MAX'S MORNING ROUTINE

A) He stands naked by the toilet peeing, letting out a giant yawn.

B) At the sink, he brushes his teeth. His eyes are now fully open.

C) He leans back and passionately gurgles mouth wash. He bends forward and spits it out into the sink.

D) STEAM fills the entire bathroom. A shower runs o.s Max hums, coughs, snorts, and spits o.s.

E) Dripping wet and trying not to fall out of the shower, he reaches for a towel hanging on the wall. It's too far for him to grab.

F) A towel wrapped around his waist and shaving cream covering his lower face, he shaves in front of a MIRROR hanging over the sink. Leftover steam lingers around him. He wipes condensation off the mirror.

G) His face in the sink, he rinses off leftover shaving cream.

H) Spots of shaving cream dangle on his cheeks. He opens a cabinet hanging next to the mirror and grabs a small plastic BOX from a shelf. Letting out a sigh of reluctance, he opens the box and carefully pulls out a CONTACT LENS.

I) His face close up and almost touching the mirror, he struggles to hold his LEFT EYE open with one hand as he brings the contact lens close to it with the other. Rosana, o.s, yells at him in Portuguese and bangs on the door. He flinches, his eye quickly closes and he drops the contact lens. He grunts.

K) He desperately holds his left eye open while trying to push in the contact lens. His eyelids flutter as his hand comes nearer.

L) He succeeds in getting the contact lens into his left eye. His left eye starts winking uncontrollably and uncomfortably.

M) He wipes over his RIGHT EYE with a small towel. He blinks a few times and looks in the mirror proud of this great accomplishment. Rosana, o.s, continues her shouting Max shakes his head and rolls his eyes in disbelief.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Rosana bangs on the door and yelling in Portuguese.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Max, wiping his cheek with a towel, is annoyed.

MAX

Jesus, give me a few more minutes,
will ya?

He shakes his head again, then checks himself in the mirror one more time.

MAX'S POV - HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR

He moves his head around checking the quality of his shave. He's satisfied with the results. Rosana, o.s, yells and bangs again on the door.

Max takes a deep breath and then gives a quick sharp SQUINT of his left eye.

The lenses in his eyes swiftly FLASH white. Numbers appear in the center and run rapidly from 0 to 100%.

Text appears and disappears in the corners: 06:28 in one. 82.4 °F SUNNY in another. Four different icons fade in on the top.

A square outline pops up around Max's head and flashes. Beside it, the text SCANNING flashes on and off, eventually replaced by the text MAX P. 23 NY

The square and text fade out.

Rosana bangs again on the door and shouts o.s. Text runs across the bottom:

WHY DO YOU HAVE TO DO THIS TO ME EVERY MORNING? YOU KNOW I HATE BEING LATE. OPEN THE DAMN DOOR.

BACK TO SCENE

Max turns around and opens the bathroom door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Max pokes his head out the door and finds a very angry faced Rosana.

MAX'S POV - ROSANA

She's furious.

A square outline flashes around her head. Beside it, the text SCANNING flashes on and off, eventually replaced by the text ROSANA F. 24 NY

She continues her Portuguese rant. Text runs across the bottom:

EVERY GOD DAMN TIME. I SWEAR, I WON'T STAY OVER ANYMORE. NOW MOVE? I WANT TO BRUSH MY-

BACK TO SCENE

Max gives a double squint of his left eye and grins. His eyes flash white and dissolve into their natural color.

MAX'S POV - ROSANA

She talks. All the texts and icons fade out.

She stops with an annoyed face.

BACK TO SCENE

ROSANA

Ha ha. Hil·rio. Get out!

Max grins mischievously and squints his left eye. His eyes flash white. He exits the bathroom.

Rosana walks in and slams the door behind her.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Max, dressed casual, walks out the bedroom and down the hall to the bathroom. He knocks on the bathroom door.

MAX

I'm going to work.

ROSANA (O.S.)

OK.

EXT. MAX'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Max walks out the entrance. He crosses the street and walks to a bus stop where people stand waiting.

Futuristic cars speed up and down the street. Newer looking models hover without wheels, while older cars still have them.

Some cars have passengers with no driver. Others have people in the driver seat, but are not driving. A few have drivers. Some have no passengers at all.

An expensive looking driverless car hovers by the bus stop. Uniformed school children, in the back seat, push their faces to the window and pull silly faces at Max. He chuckles and sticks his tongue out at them.

A driverless, wheeled BUS pulls over and stops by the waiting crowd. Its doors swish open.

Two passengers get off and those waiting at the bus stop climb aboard one after the other.

Max patiently waits his turn to get on.

INT. BUS - DAY

Three Passengers board the front.

Each passenger places a THUMB over a device hanging on a pole by the entrance. It flashes green and the passenger continues into the bus.

Max gets on and places his thumb. The device flashes red. He's surprised by this.

He carefully places his thumb again and pushes it gently along the device. It flashes red. He becomes annoyed.

He feels around his pants pockets and pulls out a CARD. He slides it over the device. It flashes green. He continues into the bus.

As Max walks up the aisle, passengers suspiciously stare at him. He smiles in return a little embarrassed.

He finds an empty seat by a window and sits down.

EXT. MAX'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The bus pulls out of the bus stop and drives away.

INT. BUS - DAY

Max stares blankly out the window as the bus rides along.

The bus slows down and pulls into another stop. The doors open and more people climb aboard.

Max notices a pretty 20-ish GIRL getting on. She places her thumb on the device by the door. It flashes green and she continues up the aisle.

She looks towards max and smiles. Max is pleasantly surprised.

MAX'S POV - THE GIRL

A square outline surrounds the girl's face. Underneath the square, the text SCANNING flashes on and off, eventually replaced by the text UNKNOWN FEMALE. APPROX 20 YRS.

BACK TO SCENE

Max's hopeful yet unsure eyes follow the girl as she walks up the aisle.

She reaches him and walks straight past. She sits next to a JAPANESE GIRL on the seat behind him.

Max shrugs and turns back to look out the window as the bus starts moving.

MAX

What a shocker.

The girl squints her left eye and greets the Japanese girl in German. The Japanese girl squints her left eye and returns the greeting in Japanese.

MAX'S POV - OUT THE WINDOW

Cars rush past the bus. People walking along the sidewalk move out of the way of a AUTOMATIC STREET CLEANER sweeping the sidewalk.

The two girls chitchat with each other o.s. Each one in her own language. Text runs across the bottom:

I GOT AN A IN THE EXAM.

AND YOU WERE CRYING YOUR EYES OUT ON THE PHONE THAT YOU FAILED.

WELL, IT WAS REALLY HARD.

BACK TO SCENE

Bored, Max double squints his left eye.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - DAY

The downtown offices of Green's Exports.

The bus pulls over at a bus stop by the building's entrance. Max gets off and walks to the building.

He waves to a GUARD standing by the door as he enters. The guard doesn't notice.

INT. MAX'S CUBICLE - DAY

Max leans back in his chair with a smile from ear to ear. He wears a futuristic cordless head-set, with a microphone, phone on his head.

MAX
(into phone)
Of course Mr. Brisbois. We'll ship them out to you within the next few days.

Max does a little victory dance in his chair.

VINCE, 50s, pokes his head into the cubicle.

VINCE
(whispering)
My office, 5 minutes.

Max acknowledges. Vince walks away.

MAX
(into phone)
Yes, yes, Mr. Brisbois we'll inform you and send the invoices as soon as we can. Have a great day, Sir...
No, thank you, Sir.

Max pulls off the headset, throws it joyfully on the desk, leaps out of his chair, and continues his victory dance out the cubicle.

INT. VINCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Max enters still victory dancing and extremely pleased with himself. Vince sits at his desk waiting impatiently for Max to finish.

Vince looks troubled.

MAX
Be proud of me. I just sold twelve crates.

Vince stares at Max, contemplating.

MAX (CONT'D)

What? What is it? What did I do?

Max sits down in the opposite chair.

VINCE

I have to let you go.

MAX

What are you talking about? You didn't hear what I said? I just sold twelve crates. Twelve. I never sold that many.

VINCE

You're supposed to be selling that many every day.

MAX

So, I got off to a slow start. I've only been here a couple of months. Some things take a little time. I could do better, I guess.

VINCE

They want me to make cutbacks. You're the new guy, so I, damn it, I gotta to let you go.

MAX

C'mon Vince. Please. What am I gonna do? I finally found a place I actually like working for. And I mean that.

VINCE

You do what you always do, Max. I don't even know how I'm going to tell your dad.

Max quivers at the very mention of his father.

VINCE (CONT'D)

He's gonna kill me.

MAX

Won't that be a shame.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Max sits alone and upset on a bench. He looks around thinking. His eyes follow people entering the building.

MAX'S POV - BUILDING ENTRANCE

People in suits walk in and out the door. The Guard sitting outside ignores them all.

The text INCOMING CALL: ROSANA flashes.

BACK TO SCENE

MAX

Shit.

He puts his hand in his back pocket and pulls out a small sleek cellphone. He lets out a deep sigh of anguish and presses a button on the phone. It lights up. He brings it up to his ear.

MAX (CONT'D)

Hey ... No I'm not at work, I,
uh... I got fired.

Rosana yells loudly and inaudibly from the phone. Max pulls the phone away from his ear and waits for her to stop shouting.

MAX (CONT'D)

Look it wasn't my fault ...
No it wasn't!

He gets up and starts to pace around the bench.

MAX (CONT'D)

What the hell's that supposed to
mean?

He's furious.

MAX (CONT'D)

So? I had a shitty year and some
bad luck. That turns me into a
sudden loser? For Christ's sake
Rosana, I'll get another job.

Her rant on the other end continues to upset him even more.

MAX (CONT'D)

What? Why do you have to bring that
up now? I don't understand the
rush. We've only been together
eight months. Look, I'll get
another job, see how it goes and
then we can talk about it again in
a few months.

A bus pulls over at a stop on the street.

MAX (CONT'D)
Look my bus is here. We'll talk at
home... Hello? Rosana? Hello?

He checks his phone.

MAX (CONT'D)
God damn it.

He sees the bus and hurries to catch it.

EXT. MAX'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A bus pulls over by the bus-stop. The front door swishes open and Max gets out in a huff.

He walks towards the building entrance, but stops when he notices Rosana crossing the street carrying a large cardboard box.

He watches her.

Rosana is very upset. She's been crying.

She walks to a new fancy car, opens the back door, throws the box into the back seat, and slams the door shut. She goes to the driver's door and opens it. Suddenly, she notices Max staring back at her.

He stares at her in disbelief. He's annoyed and saddened. He stays still.

She stares back for a few moments. Tears start to fill her eyes.

MAX
Rosana.

She composes herself, gets into the car and starts the engine.

The car rises up and hovers. Its wheels dissolve into its slick futuristic body as it floats out into the street.

Max watches her car drift away.

MAX (CONT'D)
Great. Just great.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Max, still somewhat bothered, walks up to the front door and rings the bell.

The door opens. Out walks Vince.

VINCE

Well, well. I didn't think we'd see you here tonight. You look like shit.

MAX

I'm not talking to you.

LIZ (O.S.)

Vince, who is it?

VINCE

It's our favorite nephew, Max, and he ain't talking to me.

LIZ, a nagging, but caring wife, 50s, pokes her head out the door from behind Vince.

LIZ

(to Vince)

Well, you shouldn't have fired him then.

(to Max)

Hello handsome.

MAX

Hey, Aunt Liz.

VINCE

I don't own the company, Liz. When are you gonna believe me that there wasn't anything I could do.

LIZ

You never can do anything, Dear, can you?

Vince becomes annoyed. Liz gives max a big calming and caring smile.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Hungry?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Max and Vince sit at a small dinner table while Liz puts groceries away in a cupboard. Vince's plate has been licked clean. He belches and picks food out his teeth with his finger.

Max has hardly touched his food. Still upset, he just stares at his plate.

LIZ

I never liked that Rosana girl. There was something just not right about her.

VINCE

(to max)

She's right. You two weren't exactly a match made in heaven.

MAX

I liked her.

VINCE

Cut the crap.

MAX

Huh?

Liz crosses to the cabinets on the other side of the kitchen. She pulls Vince's finger out of his mouth and gives him a menacing, yet loving, look. Vince shrugs.

VINCE

She was the easy road to take and you stuck with her as long as you could.

MAX

That's not true. I was thinking of asking her to move in with me.

VINCE

Who are you trying to convince, Kid?

MAX

I was.

Liz moves over to the fridge. She opens the door and climbs in. Her big rear-end sticks out.

VINCE

You know, you've never tried to be someone you really want. Rosana liked you enough to stick with you and that was fine, so you stuck with her too. You've always been like that.

Max knows Vince is right.

VINCE (CONT'D)

It's the same with work. You've got your dad with all of his hundreds of connections. So he finds easy jobs for you work at. But you never put any effort because you know if they fire you, he'll just find you a new job.

MAX

Oh come on. I make the effort.

VINCE

Is that so? Well, let's see. Who was that girl you liked in the 7th grade?

MAX

Oh please.

VINCE

Come on, what was her name?

Liz's head pokes out from above the fridge door.

LIZ

Jenny Chang.

Her head sinks back into the fridge. Max sadly remembers.

VINCE

And you never even once tried to talk to her or ask her out all those years of school.

MAX

I was just a kid, Vince. I --

VINCE

And who was that jock that bullied you in the 10th grade?

Liz's head pops up again from over the fridge door.

LIZ

(almost singing)
Doug Shine.

Her head sinks back down again.

VINCE

Good ol' Doug Shine.

MAX

OK, I get your point.

VINCE

And later, he could have taken any girl he wanted to the prom. And who did he take?

Max is too depressed to say the name.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Who did he take, Max?

MAX

Jenny.

VINCE
Yup. Jenny Chang.

Liz pulls herself out from the fridge. She looks at the sink, overflowing with dishes.

LIZ
(to vince)
I'm going for a shower. When I come back, that's all gone.

VINCE
OK.

LIZ
Those are yesterday's dishes in there.

VINCE
OK. I'll do it. Don't bite my head off.

She gives max a kiss on his head, gives him a kind smile and walks out the kitchen.

MAX
You know I'm not that scared kid anymore.

VINCE
Is that so?

Max nods.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Did you have that talk with your dad that we agreed on?

An uneasy feeling comes over Max.

MAX
I'm getting there.

Vince ponders for a moment and then gets up. He walks to the door, and looks around to make sure Liz has gone. He comes back to the table.

VINCE
You need a vacation, boy. Get away for a few days. Come back refreshed. Start anew.

MAX
With whose money exactly?

VINCE
I'll give you the money. I've got a bit saved on the side.

Max chuckles.

MAX

And you uh, got permission for that?

VINCE

Quit being a smart ass. Some things she doesn't have to know.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

A driverless hovering taxi pulls over by the sidewalk by the terminal entrance. The passenger door opens. Max climbs out.

The trunk pops open. Max walks around to the back and pulls out a suit case and a carry bag. He places them on the sidewalk, closes the trunk and walks to the front of the taxi.

He confidently swipes his thumb over a device hanging on the door. It flashes green.

The taxi hovers away.

Max picks up his bags and walks into the terminal.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Max sits uncomfortably in a small cramped seat by the aisle. He watches other passengers moving about in the crowded cabin. Some look for their seat. Others push their bags into overhead compartments.

A OBESE MAN stops by Max. Max looks up and frowns.

OBESE MAN

May I?

Max Nods.

MAX

Sure.

The airplane's PA system cackles on.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Good evening everyone. This is your captain speaking. We'll be taking off shortly for Tel-Aviv.

Max climbs of his seat, bumping his head on the overhead compartment. It flips open and a heavy bag falls onto him. He catches it, pushes back into the compartment and tries unsuccessfully to close it.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Your stewardesses for today's ride will be Joanne and Amanda. Be sure to listen and pay attention to their instructions. We'll be travelling at around forty thousand feet.

The obese man squeezes into the narrow row of seats. He barely pushes through.

Max tries again to close the compartment, but it's too full and he can't get it shut.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Estimated time of arrival is ten o'clock in the morning, local time. This gives us a flight duration of about two and a half hours. We recommend seat belts stay fastened at all times when seated.

A stewardess, squeezing past in a rush, pushes the compartment door shut without the slightest of effort and carries on down the aisle.

MAX

Thanks.

She's already halfway down the cabin.

The obese man attempts to sit down in the seat next to Max's. His stomach bulges over the arm rests as he forces himself down.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Local weather is sunny with a temperature of 84 degrees Fahrenheit. That's 29 degrees Celsius. We hope you enjoy your flight. On behalf of myself and the crew, we want to thank you for flying Speedwest Airlines.

The PA system cackles off.

Max sits back down and stares in shock and disgust at the obese man. The obese man smiles back at max.

OBESE MAN

Mission accomplished.

Max is speechless.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

The cabin lights are dimmed. A few reading lights are lit here and there.

MAX'S SEAT

The obese man sleeps soundly slumping over Max, almost pushing him out of his seat. Max, trying to ignore him, reads a magazine.

Suddenly, Max feels something irritating his left eye. He rubs it with his fingers but still feels something wrong. He gently pulls himself out of his seat and from under the obese man.

He pulls his bag out from underneath his seat, unzips a pocket and pulls out a small plastic box.

He walks down the aisle to the rear of the cabin.

THE REAR

Max reaches the end of the aisle just as another passenger exits the washroom. Max gets in and shuts the door. A futuristic sign dissolves from VACANT to OCCUPIED.

WASHROOM

Max checks his face in a small mirror. His left eye is irritated and red. He gives a double blink. His eyes flash white and dissolve into his natural eye color.

He sets it on the edge of a small sink.

With one hand, he holds his left eye open. With the other hand, he cautiously removes the contact lens with great difficulty. He picks up the box, opens it and puts the contact lens inside.

He holds his right eye open, removes the second contact lens and puts it too into the plastic box.

Suddenly, the washroom shakes for a brief moment. A RETURN TO YOUR SEAT sign flashes on the mirror. Max ignores it, closes the box, and puts it back on the sink.

The washroom shakes again violently. Max is thrown off balance and, not noticing, knocks the box into the toilet bowl. The washroom stops shaking.

The airplane's PA system cackles on.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

This is your captain speaking.
We're experiencing some mild
turbulence. Please return to your
seats and fasten your seat belts.

Max straightens himself up and grabs for the box. Noticing it's gone, he looks around the sink.

MAX

What the? Where is it?

He bends down and looks around the cabinet under the sink. He turns around and looks around the toilet.

Suddenly, he sees the box lying in a puddle urine in the toilet bowl.

MAX (CONT'D)

Eww.

Disgusted, he slowly reaches for the box. Just as his fingertips touch the warm yellow liquid, the washroom shakes very violently once more.

Max is thrown forward. His head bangs a FLUSH button.

The toilet hisses. Max looks into the toilet bowl.

The bottom of the bowl opens, sucking the piss and plastic box away, then rapidly closes.

MAX (CONT'D)

Shit. Shit. Shit.

Max hopelessly reaches for the box, but it's gone.

The washroom stops shaking. The toilet goes quiet. Max stares helplessly at the toilet bowl.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Max returns to his seat. A stewardess, waking up sleeping passengers, sees him.

STEWARDESS

Sir, we'll be landing shortly.
Please take your seat.

Max looks at his seat. The sleeping obese man has completely taken over the whole row of seats.

MAX

It seems to be taken.

INT. BEN-GURION AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Max, quite upset, walks up to the airline information desk, dragging his suitcase behind him. A receptionist at the desk types on a computer. She doesn't notice him.

MAX

Excuse me.

She looks up, smiles, and greets Max in Hebrew.

MAX (CONT'D)

I don't suppose you speak English.

She shakes her head no.

MAX (CONT'D)

I dropped my contacts down the toilet on my flight.

She looks at him as if he's insane.

MAX (CONT'D)

Is there anything I can do, or maybe someone I can speak to, to try and get them back somehow?

She shakes her head apologetically.

MAX (CONT'D)

Nothing? No one?

She apologizes in Hebrew.

MAX (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Disappointed, he walks off.

EXT. BEN-GURION AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Max walks out the terminal and hails a taxi. A dirty hovering taxi zooms up to him and stops. A driver gets out and starts rambling in Arabic.

MAX

Slow down, I don't understand what you're talking about.

The driver continues to ramble on. He opens the trunk and carelessly throws Max's luggage in.

MAX (CONT'D)

Stop, stop! I don't understand you.

The driver, confused, inquires in Arabic. He points to his eyes.

MAX (CONT'D)
Yeah, they fell down the toilet on
the flight. It's a long story.

The driver looks at max as if he's insane.

MAX (CONT'D)
Can you please just take me to the
King David Hotel?

The driver gives Max a cunning look over and thinks for a moment. He pulls out a cell phone from his pants pocket and taps on it.

He holds the cellphone up to Max. The display reads 60.

MAX (CONT'D)
There is no way I'm paying 60. Even
the guide books say 40 is a rip
off. What about 25?

The driver contemplates, taps on his cellphone and holds it up to Max. It reads 50.

MAX (CONT'D)
Please, I'm having a really shitty
week. 30?

The driver contemplates again and smiles.

DRIVER
OK.

INT. HOTEL - MAX'S ROOM - DAY

The door opens. Max walks in. A bellboy follows behind carrying Max's luggage.

MAX
You know I can carry it. You didn't
have to come up with me.

The bellboy answers in Hebrew.

MAX (CONT'D)
I also made it clear that I have no
idea what you're talking about.

The bellboy ignores Max and continues rambling.

Max walks over to the window and looks out at the view of a beach. It's a nice sunny day. The beach is full of bathers swimming and sunbathing.

The bellboy drops the suitcase and bag onto the bed. He stands patiently waiting. Max stares quietly out the window.

The bellboy gives a little cough. Max turns around and sees him waiting.

MAX (CONT'D)
Oh, right.

The bellboy hands out a small futuristic device. Max grabs it, taps a few numbers on it and hands it back.

MAX (CONT'D)
Thanks.

The bellboy nods thankfully and walks out the door, taking a look at the device. He rolls his eyes in disappointment.

BELLBOY
Kamtzan katan.

The bellboy slams the door behind him.

MAX
I understood that.

EXT. HOTEL - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Max walks out the spinning door. He wears an optimistic smile on his face. He takes a look around him, takes a deep jolly breath, and walks to a crosswalk.

He doesn't care to look left or right and, confidently, takes a step off the sidewalk.

As his foot lands on the asphalt, an old car tire rolls over it.

MAX
Ahhhh!!

Max hops around in pain.

A beat-up old car on wheels jerks over to the side and stops. The driver's door opens, and out leaps BECKY, 20s, attractive. She runs up to a hopping Max.

BECKY
Oh my god, I'm so sorry. Are you OK?

Max falls to the ground and rubs his foot. It is painful. Becky stands above him trying to get a glimpse of how bad it really is.

MAX
You ran over my foot! No, I'm not OK. Mother of--

Max looks up at Becky.

MAX'S POV - BECKY STANDING OVER HIM

The sun shines from behind her. Sun beams shoot out from her head. She looks like an angel.

A SQUARE outline flashes around her head. Beside it, the text SCANNING flashes on and off, eventually replaced by the text UNKNOWN FEMALE. 22 YRS APPROX.

BACK TO SCENE

Max can't take his eyes off her. It's love at first sight. Well, it is for him.

BECKY

You know you should really look before you cross the street.

MAX

Why would I do that? Were you driving?

BECKY

Uh, Yeah.

MAX

They can drive themselves, you know.

BECKY

Yeah, well, I like driving. It;s much more fun.

MAX

I've really never been a fan myself. Ouch.

She tries to get a better view of his foot. He keeps rubbing it.

BECKY

C'mon, it's not that bad, is it?

He wants to be mad at her, but can't.

MAX

You wanna switch places?

BECKY

Stay there, I've got a first aid kit with a scanner.

MAX

I'm not going anywhere.

Max takes off his shoe and sock and continues to rub his foot.

Becky goes back to her car, opens the trunk, and pulls out a small bag. She walks back, rummaging through it.

BECKY

I know it's somewhere here.

She pulls out a PEN looking device.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Found it.

She sits down next to Max and grabs his leg.

MAX

Hey! Easy there.

BECKY

Oh, don't be a cry baby.

She holds up Max's foot in one hand, almost caressing it. Max likes this. He likes her, even in pain. She holds the pen with the other hand over his hurt foot, and presses a button.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Just hold still ... and...

The pen beeps.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Nada. Not even a hairline fracture.
Looks like you'll live another day.

She lets go of his foot, it falls to the ground. Max yelps.

MAX

It still hurts.

She throws the pen back into the bag.

BECKY

Well, you're fine. See ya around
tough guy.

She gives Max a smile, he's entranced.

She goes back to her car, throws the bag into the trunk and slams it shut. She gets back into the driver's seat and starts the engine.

Max just stares like a dumbfounded idiot in love.

She drives away. Max suddenly realizes something. He jumps up and tries to run after her.

MAX

Wait!

His foot is still sore. He tries to run, but can't. He hops around some more.

MAX (CONT'D)

Ooh, ouch.

He watches Becky's car drive further and further away until it finally turns away into a street.

MAX (CONT'D)

Wow.

An old, beat-up SUSPICIOUS VAN, on wheels and tainted windows, follows Becky's car.

EXT. BEACH RESTAURANT- DAY

Max walks along the sandy beach enjoying everything he sees from wind surfers to sun bathers. He walks with a slight limp, but doesn't seem too uncomfortable.

He notices a restaurant sitting right on the sand. He goes to it.

The suspicious van sits parked on the street behind the Restaurant.

INT. BEACH RESTAURANT - DAY

Max enters and sits down at a table near the entrance. He looks around. The place is empty.

He takes off a shoe and pours sand out. He checks and rubs his foot, not noticing someone walking up on him.

BECKY

I see you survived.

Max looks up to find Becky smiling at him. She wears a waitress's apron and holds a menu in her hand. He's very happy to see her.

MAX

Hey.

A brief uncomfortable silence.

BECKY

You been following me?

MAX

You wish. You work here?

BECKY

Run it. Hungry?

MAX

Starving, but, uh, is the food as good as your driving?

BECKY

Sure. Ask anyone in the long line of customers fighting to get in.

She points towards the empty entrance. Max chuckles. They like each other.

MAX

What do you recommend?

He reaches for the menu, but she pulls it away, smiling flirtatiously.

BECKY

I'll give you the special.

She walks to the back. Max's eyes follow her. Just as she walks through a door, she turns and gives Max another nice big smile.

INT. BEACH RESTAURANT - DAY

Max sits at the table finishing his meal. The plate is empty. The restaurant is still empty. Becky walks up to him untying her apron.

BECKY

How was it?

MAX

Delicious. What do I owe you?

BECKY

Let's call it even for your foot.

They both smile at each other.

MAX

Well, now I feel guilty. Can I take you out to dinner tonight?

BECKY

You're still hungry?

He gives her a devilish smile.

MAX

Yeah.

She throws the apron on an empty table.

BECKY

Well, I'm closing up. So we can go now if you want.

MAX

It's the middle of the day.

BECKY

I don't think anyone will notice. I don't get much action here in the middle of the week. Meet me out back. I'll lock up.

INT. SUSPICIOUS VAN - DAY

REG, 40, a handsome, posh, Englishman sits at the driver's seat watching the back exit of Becky's restaurant.

Max stands by the exit waiting for Becky.

Becky comes out the door, closes and locks it. She and Max chat and smile to each other.

They walk down a promenade away from the van. Reg picks up a cellphone.

REG

She just left, but she's with someone.

Max and Becky walk further away.

REG (CONT'D)

I don't know, some kid. He's not coming up on any of the scans. He must cleaner than the king's ass. Look, if we're going to do this, we need to do it now. My contact here says we maybe have two more days before the police catch up to us, and I'm not going to sit in this stench, you call a van, any more than I have to. The bloody door won't open half the time.

He starts the engine.

REG (CONT'D)

Are you sure?

Max and Becky walk out of sight.

REG (CONT'D)

Fine, but you're sitting here tomorrow. It really stinks.

He puts the phone down.

EXT. STREET BEHIND BEACH RESTAURANT - DAY

The suspicious van drives off.

MONTAGE - MAX AND BECKY FALLING IN LOVE

A) EXT. COBBLED STREET - DAY

Max and Becky walk together down a street in old Jaffa. She points out different sites as they go. He seems more interested in her than what she talks about.

B) EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY

A vendor fills an ice cream cone and passes it to Max who gives it to Becky. She flirtatiously licks the top of the ice cream.

The vendor fills a second cone and passes it to Max. Max, staring at Becky, doesn't notice, and the ice cream falls onto his shirt.

Becky cracks up laughing. Max grabs the ice cream from his shirt, tries to throw it at Becky, but it slips and falls back onto his shirt. Becky laughs even harder.

C) INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Max and Becky sit at a small table, drinking coffee. Max's shirt is stained from the ice cream. They stare at each other, smiling.

D) INT. BECKY'S CAR - DAY

Becky drives carelessly. Max feels very uneasy. He flinches at every sharp turn.

The suspicious van follows them.

E) EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

Max and Becky sit on the sand watching the sun set over the horizon. He wraps his arm around her. She rests her head on his shoulder.

Beach joggers run past them, kicking sand in Max's face. Max shakes it off. Becky bursts out laughing.

Max grabs a fist full of sand to throw at Becky, but she gets up and sprints away. He chases after her.

F) EXT. KING DAVID HOTEL - NIGHT

Holding hands, Max and Becky walk into the hotel.

The Suspicious van drives past.

G) INT. HOTEL - MAX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Max, in pajamas, comes out of the bathroom wiping his face with a towel.

He throws the towel on a chair and walks over to the bed to find Becky lying sound asleep under a thin sheet, wearing nothing but a necklace.

He stares at her, he's in love.

END MONTAGE

INT. HOTEL - MAX'S ROOM - DAY

Max and Becky lie on the bed staring and smiling at each other. They can't stop.

MAX

So, what brought you here?

BECKY

Never really got along with my family. Left as soon as I could. I travelled around the east for a while. Then I remembered my grandma said that she lived here for a while. I came to check it out, and kind of fell in love with the city.

She fidgets with a PEAR SHAPED PENDANT on her necklace.

MAX

I know that feeling.

BECKY

City?

MAX

Family. My mom died when I was ten. My dad was always busy at work, and when he wasn't, he tried to raise me the tough guy way. I never got it. I spent most of my time with my aunt and uncle.

She gives him a compassionate smile.

MAX (CONT'D)

Have you ever thought of coming back to the states?

BECKY

Never really had a reason to.

MAX

A failing restaurant not good enough? You don't even have a cook.

BECKY

I'll get it together eventually. My cooking's not that bad. Though I probably should get a good cook.

She chuckles to herself.

BECKY'S POV - MAX FACE

Max gives a huge loving smile. The text 08:30 flashes at the top right corner.

BACK TO SCENE

BECKY (CONT'D)

Shit, I gotta get to work.

Becky sits up.

MAX

I've still got a few days here. Can I see you again before I go home?

Becky stares at Max for a moment. She removes the necklace from her neck.

BECKY

Here.

She hands it to him.

MAX

I can't take this. It looks expensive.

BECKY

It is. Well, it is to me. My grandpa gave it to my grandma. You'll just have to see me one more time to give it back.

Max smiles, then studies the pendant on the necklace.

MAX

What are these numbers on it? It looks like a date.

BECKY

The day they met. He gave it to her after their first year together.

MAX
How many more came after?

BECKY
73.

Max is impressed.

BECKY (CONT'D)
I'll close up early again today.
Come by at five?

MAX
OK.

EXT. BEACH RESTAURANT - DAY

It's a bright sunny day. The beach is packed.

RESTAURANT ENTRANCE

Max walks up to the restaurant. It's closed.

He peeks through a window, but there is no one there. He thinks a moment and then walks out and around to the...

BACK EXIT

There's no one there. He pulls on the door a few times but it's locked.

He's confused.

SERIES OF SHOTS - MAX WAITING FOR BECKY

A) Max walks around but there's no one.

B) He leans on a wall. He suddenly hears something, looks but there's nothing.

C) He makes a call on his phone, but there's no answer. The suspicious van stands parked on the street behind the restaurant.

D) Max sits on the sand, bored, drawing shapes with his fingers.

D) frustrated, he takes another walk around the restaurant.

E) He makes another call. No one answers. He's concerned.

MAX
Where is she?

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. SUSPICIOUS VAN - DAY

A figure sits in the driver's seat watching Max by the Restaurant. He takes a bite of a very crunchy cracker and munches loudly.

EXT. BEACH RESTAURANT - BACK EXIT - DAY

Max is very concerned.

He takes another glimpse around. He notices the suspicious van parked on the other side of the street. He sees the figure in the driver's seat, but can't make out the face from behind the dirty windshield.

He walks closer to the street for a better look. Now he sees the figure looking right at him.

The figure's face is revealed to be MISHKA, late 60's, Russian. A very likeable ageing crook. He stares directly at max.

Max turns his head away, pretending not to see Mishka, but then takes another look.

Mishka stares at Max. Keeping his eyes on Max, he brings a cracker to his mouth and bites. CRUNCH. He slowly and vulgarly munches on the cracker.

Max is uneasy. His eyes deadlocked on Mishka.

Mishka doesn't take his eyes off Max. He swallows and gives Max a very big creepy smile.

Max starts to freak.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, two thugs, an ARAB and a SPANIARD grab Max.

MAX

What the ... Hey!

They drag Max across the street to the van. Max tries to resist, but can't get away.

Mishka gets out the van and slides the side door open, revealing another man, a SWISS, sitting in the back. He points a gun at Max.

The two thugs push Max up to the van. He resists again, but still can't break free.

MAX (CONT'D)

Let go!

They try to push him inside. Max lifts his legs up to the side of the van and pushes them all back. He struggles and frees himself. He sprints off.

Mishka yells at the two thugs to chase after Max. He climbs into the driver's seat and starts the engine. The Swiss in the back slides the door shut. The van speeds off after Max.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Max runs down the sidewalk as fast as he can. He's confused. He's Scared. He makes a quick glance behind him.

The Arab and the Spaniard chase after him. The Spaniard pulls out a gun.

INT./EXT. SUSPICIOUS VAN - DAY

Mishka drives furiously after Max. He catches up to him only to see him turn into a narrow Alley. Mishka curses.

The van speeds past the alley.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY - DAY

Max bangs into a wall as he makes the turn into the alley, but he doesn't slow and runs down.

The two thugs enter after him. Max has made some distance.

Max runs as fast as he can.

The Spaniard aims his gun and takes a shot at Max.

Max sprints down the alley. The bullet ricochets off a wall behind him.

INT./EXT. SUSPICIOUS VAN - DAY

Mishka drives at full speed. The van screeches as he makes a sharp left turn into the first available street.

MISHKA'S POV - STREET

The van's speedometer is up high. Mishka's hands jiggle the wheel as the van overtakes a hovering taxi. A car horn hoots.

He reaches a crosswalk. A crossing pedestrian jumps out of the way a split second before getting run over.

Russian texts race and flashes all over.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. STREET - DAY

A green traffic signal turns yellow and then red. The van zooms past and makes a sharp left turn barely missing other cars.

EXT. STREET MARKET - DAY

It's a busy place. Stalls of fruit, fish, clothes, and electrical gadgets fill both sides of the street. Stall owners shout at the top of their lungs trying to attract anyone they can.

ALLEY EXIT

Max rushes out the alley turning into the Market. He trips over a bag lying next to a fruit stall. The stall owner yells and curses at him in Hebrew.

Max is out of breath. He falls, but gets up quickly and manages to run, disappearing into the bustling crowd.

The two thugs run out of the Alley into the Market. They've lost their sight of Max. The Spaniard quickly puts his gun away.

They look in all directions and around the stalls. The Arab jumps up looking over the crowd.

FISH STALL

Max, sweating profusely, stops to catch his breath. He keeps his head down. He checks behind him. He's scared.

A few deep breaths and he continues through the crowd, keeping his head low.

The two thugs pass by, desperately looking everywhere.

INT. SUSPICIOUS VAN - DAY

The van has slowed down. Mishka looks in all directions. He's angry.

EXT. STREET MARKET - DAY

The two thugs have stopped by a candy stall. The Spaniard looks hopelessly around them. The Arab pulls out a cell phone. He types a message into it and puts it away.

INT. SUSPICIOUS VAN - DAY

Mishka drives casually and cautiously past a police car.

MISHKA'S POV - STREET

Russian text races and flashes all around. It dims suddenly as new highlighted text appears in the center.

BACK TO SCENE

Mishka smiles and floors the accelerator.

EXT. STREET MARKET - DAY

Max walks nervously past more stalls, occasionally looking behind him.

He reaches the end of the Market. It exits into a busy street. He checks all directions. The coast seems clear.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Max exits the market, letting out a semi-sigh of relief. He walks away quickly.

From behind him, in the distance, the van turns into the street and accelerates towards him.

The two thugs exit the Market and look around. The Arab sees Max, calls the Spaniard, and they rush after him.

Max looks behind him and sees them coming. He picks up his pace.

The thugs run after Max as the van gets closer and passes them.

Max sprints down the street, but the van catches up and corners him at a turn. The van screeches to a halt.

The thugs catch up and grab Max.

The van's side door opens, the thugs push a powerless Max into the back of the van. The Swiss inside pulls him in throws him onto the back seat.

MAX

Please.

Mishka throws a cloth bag to the Swiss. He shoves it over Max's head.

The Arab and Spaniard jump into the van and slide the door shut.

The van zooms off.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

It's a filthy decaying room. Paint on the walls peels off almost every inch. There are no windows. The only exit is a broken door frame near a corner. The room is lit by a single light bulb dangling on a wire from the ceiling.

Seven thugs of different shapes, sizes, and nationalities hang around the room.

In a dark corner, a Russian, BORIS, late 30's, lies half asleep on a stack of old tattered mattresses.

On a small table, a CZECH and ETHIOPIAN play chess. The Ethiopian plays a winning move, throwing his arms in the air in celebration. The Czech frowns, reluctantly accepts his defeat. They shake hands.

In a different corner, the Swiss, Spaniard, and an ISRAELI watch TV.

In the middle of the room, the Arab sits guarding Max. He's tied to a chair with the bag still covering his head. He shakes with fear.

Mishka storms into the room and goes straight to Max. Most of the thugs stop what they're doing and gather around in a circle. Only the Russian stays lying on the Mattresses.

Mishka nods to the Arab. The Arab lifts the bag off Max's head.

Max shakes his head and looks around to see the thugs circling him. He looks up and sees Mishka standing over him, smiling his creepy smile.

MISHKA
Priviet, Max.

Max stares silently at Mishka.

Mishka gives a good hard stare and then starts monologuing in Russian.

As he speaks he moves quickly in circles around Max, waving his arms around enthusiastically. The other thugs watch in awe as their leader delivers his lengthy, yet enthralling speech.

Max doesn't understand a word, but even he is as captivated as the others.

Mishka continues. He obviously loves the sounds of his own voice. He mentions something funny and slaps Max on the shoulder. All the thugs burst out laughing.

Max cracks a smile. He doesn't to offend.

Suddenly, Mishka becomes serious. His tone changes from comical to angry, yet passionate. He looks at Max dead on, and asks him, in very calm and serious tone, where Becky is.

The room falls silent. Everyone stares at Max. Max is very scared. He looks at Mishka, shaking his head.

MAX

I, I don't. I don't.

Mishka, aggravated, asks the question again.

MAX (CONT'D)

I don't understand you. I lost my contacts.

Mishka looks at Max like he's crazy. He thinks for a moment, and then reaches into his pants pocket. He pulls out a tiny flashlight.

Mishka lifts the light up to Max's eye and turns it on. Max's pupil contracts. Mishka takes a good close look in Max's eye, and then checks the other eye.

Mishka turns off the flashlight and puts it back in his pants.

He thinks, then turns to the thugs and asks them in Russian, if any of them speak English. They all shake their heads and shrug their shoulder.

Mishka thinks hard. He turns to Max.

MISHKA

(extreme russian accent)
Where girl?

MAX

What?

MISHKA

Where girl?

Max shakes his head.

SPANIARD

Mishka!

Mishka turns to the Spaniard.

MISHKA

Shto?

SPANIARD

Where is girl.

The spaniard is extremely proud of his English skills. Mishka thanks him sarcastically and turns back to Max.

MISHKA

Where is girl?

MAX

I don't know.

MISHKA

Where is girl?

MAX

I really don't know.

Mishka becomes enraged.

MISHKA

Boris!!

From the dark corner, the sleeping Russian sits up and the gets off the stack of mattresses. He walks to and enters the circle of thugs.

He stands near Max, revealing himself to be a humongous muscle-bulging goliath.

Max looks up in disbelief at this mountain of a human being.

MISHKA (CONT'D)

Where is girl?

Max is terrified, but can't take his eyes off Boris.

MAX

I told you. I really don't know where she is.

Mishka, disappointed, takes a step back. Boris takes a step forward.

Max stares up at the giant. Boris stares down from his towering height. Boris smiles.

MAX (CONT'D)

Oh fu--

Boris clobbers max in the stomach.

Max keels over in agony. He and the chair fall over on the floor. Max begins to painfully cough. Droplets of blood spit out from his mouth.

The thugs enjoy the moment. Mishka isn't too impressed.

Boris, with very little effort, lifts the Chair and Max together, sitting them upright. Max coughs in agony.

Boris takes a swing for a second blow. Max grimaces.

REG (O.S.)

Stop!

All heads turn to the doorway. Boris lowers his arm. Mishka rolls his eyes. Max lets out a painful sigh of relief.

Reg stands at the doorway. He's furious.

REG (CONT'D)

(to Mishka)

What the hell is this? We're supposed to question him not beat him to a pulp.

Mishka is indifferent. Reg walks over to Max and gives him a quick look over.

REG (CONT'D)

Look at this bloody mess.

Max passes out. Mishka smiles, shrugs his shoulders and walks out the room.

REG (CONT'D)

Wonderful. Just wonderful.

(shouting to Mishka)

So, I'll just stand here and wait till he wakes up then?

He suddenly notices the necklace dangling off Max's neck. Reg shakes his head in disbelief.

REG (CONT'D)

I'll never understand men wearing women's jewelry.

He looks at the other thugs.

REG (CONT'D)

Clean him up.

INT. MISHKA'S ROOM - NIGHT

It's a small cramped room with a small fold-up bed and a little table next to it. Mishka sits on the bed rubbing lotion on his shoulder. He's in some pain.

Reg storms in and he's pissed off.

REG

We agreed that you would wait until I got back before you start questioning him. So, you found out who he is. Congratulations! He's a nobody. Some poor horny young shmuck with some really bad luck. But we won't get anything from him now, after what you did, will we? He's probably too scared to tell us anything.

Mishka waves and shrugs. Reg gets even more annoyed.

REG (CONT'D)

Don't brush me off, Mich. Thank you very much. Interpol know you're here. They know we're here and they're getting close. They haven't figured out what we're up to, but they're going to find out much sooner than later. Seeing as you insist on keeping me completely in the dark on this job, we need to be careful, OK? No mistakes. No Mess. No kidnapping tourists in broad daylight. Right? Six fucking witnesses! Were you out of your god damn mind?! What could you have possibly been thinking?!

Mishka feels the pain intensifying and rubs his shoulder again. Reg sees this and becomes worried.

REG (CONT'D)

What, what, what's all this? What's going on here?

MISHKA

Nichego.

REG

It's not nothing. Look at you. You're in pain. Did you see that doctor when we were in Kiev? You know, like we agreed that you would.

Mishka shakes his head and shrugs his shoulders.

MISHKA

Niet.

REG

God damn it, Mich. You were the one who wanted to come here and do this job. Remember? Whatever it is.

(MORE)

REG (CONT'D)

I wanted to take on the Dargoul Exhibition in Prague. That would've been a nice challenge. But no. You wanted to come to this bloody city and work from a moldy cellar like a bunch of lepers in the middle ages.

MISHKA

Da.

REG

So what's the point of retiring if you're not going to be healthy enough to enjoy it?

Mishka laughs painfully. Reg calms down.

REG (CONT'D)

Mich, I've been with you for fifteen years. I'll do anything you ask me to do, but there are some lines I just won't cross. You've always been careful and that's why I've always respected you. Don't ruin it for the rest of us just because you want to go crazy on this one last job. OK?

Mishka, smiling apologetically, nods.

MISHKA

OK.

REG

I love you Mich, but on the first sign of trouble, you are on your own.

Mishka lies down on the bed. He's uncomfortable. Reg stares at him worried.

REG (CONT'D)

Let's get some rest. We'll work the kid again in the morning.

INT. MISHKA'S ROOM - DAY

Mishka sits on the bed sipping on a glass of cold water. Reg sits next to him on the little table. Both look clean and refreshed. They talk.

Boris comes into the room carrying max and the chair. He violently drops them on the floor. Max is still passed out.

Mishka and Reg look Max over.

REG
 (to Boris)
 Wake him.

Boris lifts his arm to strike Max. Reg quickly and angrily blocks him.

REG (CONT'D)
 Contrary to popular belief...

Reg give Mishka a dirty look. Mishka rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

REG (CONT'D)
 We are not a gang of violent
 hoodlums who beat people up just
 for the pure fun of it.

Mishka lifts the glass of water for a sip. Reg grabs it from his hand, and throws the water onto Max's face.

Max starts to wake. Reg hands the empty glass back to an aggravated Mishka.

REG (CONT'D)
 I like to do things a little more
 delicately. Now, get out!

Boris leaves the room in a huff.

Mishka gently slaps Max's face three times. Max starts to come to. He shakes the water off his face. He's disorientated.

REG (CONT'D)
 Good morning, Max.

MAX
 What?

REG
 I assume you can understand me.

MAX
 Where, where am I?

REG
 That's not very important right
 now.

Max blinks his eyes to focus. He looks at Mishka. Mishka give Max a big creepy smile.

MISHKA
 Dobroe utro.

Max grunts.

MAX

Can you please let me go.

REG

Not till you tell us where the girl is.

MAX

I told your, uh, friend here--

MISHKA

Mishka

MAX

Mishka. And you are?

REG

Reg.

MAX

Reg. I don't know where she is. I was supposed to meet her at the restaurant. She never showed up.

Mishka becomes furious. He stands up and throws the glass at Max. It hits his face, cracking his nose, and bounces onto the floor. Max screams in agony.

MAX (CONT'D)

Christ! Why??

Reg becomes aggravated.

REG

Was that necessary?

Mishka calms down and sits back down.

REG (CONT'D)

(to Max)

I'm afraid you'll have to do better than that, Max.

Max's nose starts to bleed.

MAX

Look, what do you want me to say? She never showed up. I called her, she didn't answer. I was about to give up and then your friends decided to chase me.

Reg give mishka another dirty look.

REG

Yes, I must apologize for that. We usually handle things differently in our little organization.

MAX

I'll make a note of that for next time I decide to visit. Can I please go? I don't know what you want to know. There's no way you don't believe me.

Reg and Mishka turn to each other, thinking. Reg looks back at Max.

MAX (CONT'D)

Please.

Reg turns back to Mishka. Mishka nods.

REG

OK, here's what's going to happen. We're going to book you on tonight's flight to New York.

Max sighs with relief.

REG (CONT'D)

We will drop you off at your hotel. You will go up to your room. You will clean yourself up, pack your bags, check out of the hotel, catch a taxi to the airport, and get on that flight. Do you understand?

MAX

Yes. Thank y--

REG

If you fail or refuse to do any of these things, we kill you and when we find the girl, we'll kill her too.

Max looks at Mishka. Mishka nods and smiles.

MISHKA

Boris.

EXT. HOTEL - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Mishka drives the van up to the entrance and stops. Reg sits next to him in the front. The bell boy standing by the door looks in disgust at the van.

The side door slides open. The Spaniard pushes Max out from the back. Max falls onto the ground and then gets up. He's depressed. Reg's window slides down.

REG

Now remember Max, no nonsense. You are on that flight tonight. Do you understand?

MAX

Sure.

The van door slides shut and it drives away.

Across the street behind some bushes, Becky is revealed to be hiding and watching. She seems very concerned.

INT. SUSPICIOUS VAN - DAY

Mishka drives casual. He tells Reg, that his plan had better work.

REG

Of course it'll work. They're kids.
They're idiots.

INT. HOTEL - MAX'S ROOM - DAY

The door unlocks from the outside. It whooshes open, bounces off the wall, and hits Max as he rushes into the room. He's scared. He slams the door shut behind him and locks it.

He pulls out his suit case from the cupboard and throws into onto the bed. It flies to the other side of the bed and falls on the floor.

MAX

Damn it!

He goes to the other side of the bed and lifts the suitcase back onto the bed. He unzips it, and flings it open.

He goes back to the cupboard. Pulls out shirts and throws them to the suitcase. Some land in the suitcase, most miss it. Some fall to the floor. He pulls out pants and throws them too.

He slides open a drawer and lifts all his underwear and socks together. He carries them in a hurry to the suitcase, but half fall to the floor.

MAX (CONT'D)

Shit, shit, shit.

There's a knock at the door. Max stops what he's doing and listens suspiciously.

Another three knocks. Max walks slowly and cautiously to the door. He peeks through the peephole.

MAX'S POV - THE PEEPHOLE

Becky stands on the other side of the door. She knocks again three times.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Becky stands at the door. She checks her sides. She's scared and worried.

The door opens. Max steps out. He's not happy to see her. They stare at each other seriously for a long silent moment.

BECKY

Can I come in?

MAX

If you want.

They walk into the room. Becky shuts the door behind them.

INT. HOTEL - MAX'S ROOM - DAY

Becky walks in and sits on the bed. Max picks up clothes from the floor and throws them into the suitcase. She's oblivious to this.

MAX

Where have you been? What the hell is going on?

BECKY

I don't--

MAX

Do you have any idea what I've been through since yesterday?! I--

BECKY

I don't know who they are. I saw them watching me a few times last week. Then I caught them staking out the restaurant yesterday. I ran. I figured if I didn't meet up with you, they'd drive off and leave you alone.

MAX

Well, they drove off after my ass and beat the living crap out of me.

BECKY

I'm sorry. I should have said something, but I don't know who they are.

MAX

Well, they sure as shit know who you are. You gotta have some idea what they want.

BECKY

I can't think of anything.

Becks suddenly notices Max putting the clothes in his suitcase.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Not sticking around? You weren't supposed leave till the day after tomorrow.

MAX

Someone decided that I should change my plans.

Max suddenly stops packing. He thinks. He realizes something.

BECKY

What is it?

His eyes become wide with terror.

MAX

We've got to get out of here. Now.

BECKY

What?

MAX

It's a trap!

Max grabs Becky's arm and pulls her to the door. He opens it in a hurry and runs out, pulling her out with him.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Max runs down the hall as fast as he can. Becky runs after him.

BECKY

Wait up!

Max reaches an elevator. Becky comes up behind him almost running to him. A sign on the wall reads 8.

Max presses the down button. He looks up at the level indicator. It reads L and changes to 1.

MAX
C'mon. C'mon.

Max taps impatiently on the down button. The level indicator changes to 2 then 3 then 4. Max taps some more on button. Becky is scared but calm.

MAX (CONT'D)
God damn it.

BECKY
It can't go any faster, Max.

The indicator, now on 5, changes to 6.

BECKY (CONT'D)
I don't get what's going on. Will you tell, please?

MAX
I really have to spell it out to you, don't I?

The indicator changes to 7.

BECKY
Uh, ya, you kinda do.

Max grunts in disbelief.

MAX
They're watching us.

The indicator changes to 8. DING. The elevator doors slide open. Max looks in with horror.

BECKY
Who?

Reg stands inside the elevator with the Spaniard, the Arab, and a very satisfied smile on his face.

REG
Boo.

MAX
Shit!

Max grabs Becky's arm, pulls her, and they run back down to the other end of the hall.

Reg and the two thugs exit the elevator and take off after them.

Max and Becky reach a door at the far end of the hall. A sign above it reads EXIT in Hebrew.

BECKY
It's an exit.

Max pushes the door open and they run out.

EXT. HOTEL EMERGENCY STAIRCASE

8TH FLOOR

Max and becky rush out the door and charge down the staircase.

6TH FLOOR

Max flies down from the 7th floor. Becky runs down right behind him.

MAX
Please tell me you have your car?

BECKY
Don't worry.

8TH FLOOR

Reg and the thugs burst out the door and run down the stairs. The Arab yells at Reg in arabic.

REG
Oh, save your breath.

4TH FLOOR

Max jumps from half way landing hard on the metal platform. Becky trots down the stairs as fast as she can.

6TH FLOOR

The thugs run down the stairs. Reg stops to look over the staircase.

He sees Becky and Max come out from the staircase on the ground floor.

REG (CONT'D)
Damn.

GROUND FLOOR

Max and Becky run out the staircase and along the Hotel side. Becky overtakes Max.

BECKY

C'mon! It's just two streets down.

MAX

Right behind you.

They run around a corner and reach the...

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY

Max and Becky rush towards the street.

The van, with Mishka driving, zooms by them and screeches to a halt blocking their path. The back door slides open. The Swiss jumps out and makes a grab for Becky.

She kicks him in the groin and he goes down.

Mishka tries to open his door, but it's jammed. He curses in Russian. He climbs over his seat to the back.

Max and Becky get away.

Reg, the Arab, and the Spaniard come from around the corner and reach the van.

Mishka climbs out the back door.

REG

Back inside old man.

Reg leaps into the van and climbs over into the driver's seat. Mishka, frustrated and cursing, gets into the front passenger seat.

The other thugs jump into the back.

The van starts moving. The Arab slides the back door shut. The van speeds away.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Max and becky run along the sidewalk. They're almost out of breath.

BECKY

The car's right over there.

They reach Becky's car.

MAX
Let me drive.

BECKY
(very offended)
No.

She swipes her thumb over the driver's door handle. The car unlocks.

MAX
Whatever.

The van comes down the street towards them. They quickly get into the car. Becky starts the engine.

MAX (CONT'D)
Go! Go! Go!

BECKY
No, I thought I'd stay put until
the engine warms up. Hold tight!

Becky's car pulls out into the street and drives off as fast as it can. The van follows behind.

EXT. STREET A - DAY

Becky's car speeds down to the end and turns left.

The van zooms down right after and turns at the end.

INT./EXT. STREET B - DAY

Becky's car hurries along the street, with the van in pursuit in the distance.

BECKY'S CAR

Becky intensely drives. Max watches the back. The van isn't too far behind.

MAX
Can you lose them?

BECKY
I hope so.

VAN

The van gets closer and closer to Becky's car. It's just about to nudge the car when they reach the end of the street and...

INT./EXT. STREET C - DAY

Becky's car swerves into the street nearly hitting a parked car.

The van turns into the street. Its rear hits a parked car, but this doesn't stop them.

VAN

Mishka, in the front passenger seat is angry. He rambles and curses. Reg, driving, is silent and serious.

BECKY'S CAR

Becky drives nervously, Max watches the back.

BECKY'S POV - STEERING AND STREET

The speedometer is up high. Her hands jiggle the wheel as she drives

Text flashes TOO FAST. SLOW DOWN.

A young boy jumps into the street and runs across.

Text flashes WARNING!!

BACK TO SCENE

Becky floors the brakes. Becky's car screeches to a halt. The boy just makes it across the street.

Max and Becky stare out the car in disbelief. They breathe heavy.

MAX

That was, that was close.

VAN

Coming up close on Becky's car, the van suddenly brakes, skids and screeches towards her car.

Mishka and Reg prepare for impact.

The van smashes into the back of Becky's car, pushing it forward.

BECKY'S CAR

Max and Becky jerk back and forth violently.

MAX (CONT'D)
Aah!! Drive! Drive!

Becky pushes down the accelerator. Her car drives away.

VAN

Reg starts the engine but it stalls. It jerks forward, stops, and starts again.

REG
Damn it!

Reg desperately tries to start the engine. But it won't start.

REG (CONT'D)
Unbelievable. You couldn't get something that works could you. You just had to cheap out.

Reg presses his thumb down on the fingerprint scanner on the ignition button as hard as he can and bangs his leg on the accelerator. Mishka asks if Reg would prefer he drives.

REG (CONT'D)
Oh, Shut up.

Mishka chuckles. The engine starts.

REG (CONT'D)
Finally.

The van jerks forward and then speeds off.

INT./EXT. STREET D - DAY

Becky's car turns into the two lane street and speeds up.

BECKY'S CAR

Becky still drives nervously. She sweats. Max looks rapidly to the back then to the sides.

MAX
I can't see them. Do you think we lost them?

Her car passes a junction.

A sleek HOVER-CAR turns sharply from the junction into the street and hits Becky's car on Max's side.

Becky's keeps control of her in lane.

HOVER-CAR

The hover-car nearly loses control and hits a few parked cars before straightening out, eventually cruising along Becky's car on Max's side.

BECKY'S CAR

Becky is furious.

BECKY

Who the hell is that?

Max looks out the window. The hover-car comes closer. The Ethiopian drives with the Czech sitting next to him.

They hit Max's side again.

MAX

Hey!

Max sees the Czech pull out a gun.

MAX (CONT'D)

I hope you know how to duck and drive, they got a gun.

STREET

The hover-car speeds alongside Becky's car. It swerves into her car, hitting Max's door.

The van zooms up from behind Becky's car.

VAN

Mishka smiles.

HOVER-CAR

The Ethiopian leans back while the Czech sticks his arm over, pointing the gun out the Ethiopian's window.

BECKY'S CAR

Becky struggles to maintain control. Max sees the gun coming out of the hovering car's window

MAX (CONT'D)

Oh shit. Brake! Brake!

Becky looks to Max's window.

BECKY

Oh shit!

Becky floor's the brakes.

STREET

Becky's car screeches and stops. The hover-car brakes, stopping just ahead of Becky's car. The gun goes off, just missing her car.

The van screeches to a halt, but hit's Becky's car in the rear, pushing it forward.

Becky's car accelerates, passing the hover-car.

The gun fires again, this time hitting Max's window.

BECKY'S CAR

Max's window shatters. Max's flinches.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I swear to god, I'm gonna kill those assholes.

VAN

Mishka's smiles. He's enjoying himself. Reg is furious.

REG

What are they doing?

STREET

The hover-car accelerates and drives after Becky's car. The van does too.

VAN

Reg reaches for his phone.

STREET

The hover-car rides alongside Becky's car. Another shot fires. Becky's car swerves out then back in, hitting the hover-car.

VAN

Reg holds his phone to his ear.

REG (CONT'D)
Will you knock it off! Put the gun
away.

Mishka bursts out laughing. Reg throws down his phone.

REG (CONT'D)
We've turned into a bunch of bloody
amateurs.

Mishka continues to laugh and then starts singing a Russian folk song.

Reg sighs and rolls his eyes.

REG (CONT'D)
You've got to be joking.

HOVER-CAR

The Czech pulls the gun back into the car.

STREET

Becky's car suddenly turns left into a narrow street. The hovering can swiftly turns in after it.

The van follows and turns.

INT./EXT. STREET E - DAY

Becky's car and the hover-car drive side by side down the narrow street with barely any room between them and parked cars on each side.

The van comes up close behind them.

The hover-car overtakes Becky's car and drives in front of it.

HOVER-CAR

The Ethiopian slams on the brakes.

BECKY'S CAR

Becky watches hover-car coming to a halt.

BECKY
Damn it.

She brakes.

They bang into the back of the hovering car.

STREET

The van comes to a stop inches from Becky's car.

The Czech gets out of the hover-car and runs to Max's door screaming and pointing his gun. Max puts his hands up.

MAX

Cool down, you got me.

Reg gets out the van. The Van's back door slides open and out jumps the Swiss. Mishka moves over to the driver's seat.

Reg and the Swiss walk to Becky's door.

REG

Get out. Now!

BECKY

OK, just take it easy.

Reg pulls Becky's door open, and grabs Becky. She resists, but can't get out of Reg's grip.

MAX

Let go of her!

Max opens his door and tries to get out. The Czech whacks Max's shoulder with the gun. Max falls in agony into the car.

Reg and the Swiss pull Becky to the van. She tries to break free but she's not strong enough.

They push her into the back. The Swiss jumps in after her. Reg slides the door shut, then gets into the front passenger seat and slams his door shut.

The van smoothly pulls out, passing Becky's car and the hover-car.

The Czech runs back into the hover-car, and they zoom off after the van.

BECKY'S CAR

Max painfully pulls himself up and slowly climbs over to the driver's seat. He's broken, depressed and very sore.

Suddenly he hears sirens wailing o.s slowly getting louder. He looks up to the rearview mirror.

MAX'S POV - REARVIEW MIRROR

Police cars in the distance getting closer.

BACK TO SCENE

In pain, max drives away.

INT. SUSPICIOUS VAN - DAY

Mishka drives calm. Reg is still angry. Becky in the back struggles with the cloth-bag covering her head.

Reg's phone rings. He picks it up to his ear.

REG

Yes?

A look of disappointment and despair grows on his face.

REG (CONT'D)

OK, thanks.

He puts the phone away.

REG (CONT'D)

Damn.

MISHKA

Shto?

REG

The police are looking for the van.
Let's get to the car park quick. I
hope you're happy.

INT. BECKY'S CAR - DAY

Max drives without a clue. He looks around all directions. He's deeply concerned. Sirens whine o.s in the far distance.

INT. INDOOR PARKING LOT - DAY

The van drives around an almost empty lot. It stops by the hover-car, parked next to a third car.

The Ethiopian and Czech sit in the hover-car. Boris, the Spaniard, and the Israeli stand by the other car talking to each other.

Mishka and Reg get out the front of the van. The side door slides open and the Swiss gets out. He pulls Becky out by the arm. Her head is still covered. She nearly falls out the van. The rest of the thugs get out too.

REG

(to the Spaniard)

After we leave, take the van. Find the police and have them chase you out of the city. Take them north. When you're out the city, lose them and get rid of the van. Catch up to us later. Mishka will tell you where we are.

The Spaniard acknowledges and gets into the driver's seat of the van.

REG (CONT'D)

(to Boris)

You drive behind him and help if he needs.

(to everyone)

Meet at eight o'clock. Do not be late.

Boris gets into the third car. Mishka and Reg hop into the front of the hover-car. The Swiss pushes Becky into the back seat and gets in after her.

All doors slam shut. Engines starts and rev up. The hover-car hovers away. Boris' car next, and van after him.

The Arab, Czech, Ethiopian, and Israel watch as all the vehicles drive away.

EXT. INDOOR PARKING LOT EXIT - DAY

The hovering car gently floats out the exit, turns right, and floats away. The Van comes out, turns left, and drives off. Boris' car comes out, turns left and drives after the van.

INT./EXT. BECKY'S CAR - DAY

Max drives around aimlessly. He turns the steering wheel to the left while looking and worrying in all directions.

He comes to a crossing. The light turns red and he stops the car.

Sirens o.s in the distance catch his attention. He looks to his right. The sirens get louder.

Suddenly, the van zooms past, followed by three police cars and their blaring sirens. Max's head turns as fast as they pass Becky's car. Boris follows from behind in his car.

Max becomes determined. He ploughs his foot into the accelerator.

The stop light still shining red, Becky's car crosses into the junction and turns after the van and police. Cars riding into the junction come to screeching halts, nearly crashing into Becky's car and into each other.

INT. SUSPICIOUS VAN - DAY

The Spaniard drives nervously as fast as he can. Sirens wail o.s.

He looks to his side mirror. The police are not far behind.

INT./EXT. BORIS' CAR - DAY

Boris drives fast but calmly behind the police cars.

On his left, Max, in Becky's car, overtakes Boris. Boris suddenly notices and double takes.

Angry, Boris speeds up, reaching Max. He turns the steering wheel to the left, swerving his car and into Max. Max keeps Becky's car on track.

Boris pulls out and swerves back in. Max accelerates and Boris misses. Boris swerves into oncoming traffic nearly hitting other cars. He swerves back into the lane.

EXT. STREET DAY

The Spaniard, watching the police behind him, slams on the breaks.

Police cars behind him screech to a halt skidding, swerving, and nearly slamming into each other.

Max swerves and swiftly drives around them.

Boris passes the police and drives around them.

The van accelerates and continues. Max pursuits the van. Boris pursuits Max. The police accelerate and pursuit all of them.

The Spaniard, absolutely freaking out, notices something up ahead.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Policemen and police cars hurry to form a blockade.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Spaniard curses. He looks into his side mirror.

Max speeds up to the van, Boris is right on Max's tail.

The Spaniard pulls on his steering wheel. The van swerves and hits Becky's car. Max holds the car steady.

The van swerves away from Becky's car and then again slams into it. Boris bumps Becky's car from behind.

The van swerves away.

Max hits the breaks. The van zooms on ahead. Boris hits Becky's car again from behind.

INT./EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

The Van speeds onto the bridge. Max drives on just behind the van. Boris drives behind Max. Police cars hover behind all of them.

The Spaniard looks ahead.

The blockade is up. Policemen signal to the van.

The Spaniard looks in his side mirror. Max is two car lengths away. The Spaniard shakes his head and screams. He floors the accelerator.

The van zooms towards the blockade.

Max drives full speed after the van. He looks ahead and sees the blockade.

The van speeds towards the policemen signaling him to stop. He comes close to them. The van jumps out of the way.

The van ploughs into two standing police cars.

Max slams on the brakes as hard as he can. Becky's car skids and spins towards the van. It stops.

Boris pushes hard on his brakes and comes to a stop a mere few inches from Becky's car.

The Spaniard loses control. The van careens to the side of the bridge. It smashes through the side railing and flips over the side.

Max watches in horror.

MAX

No!

The van smashes face first into the river below.

Max gets out Becky's car and sprints to the broken side rail. Boris gets out his car and runs after Max.

Max reaches the rail, nearly falling off the bridge, He catches the rail and pulls himself back. He looks down in terror.

The van in the river fills up with water and slowly sinks until it is completely submerged.

Max is in tears. Boris stands next to him shaking his head in disbelief. Policemen circle them both pointing their guns and shouting.

A policeman shouts at Boris while pointing to the ground. Boris calmly gets down on his knees and lifts his hands behind his head.

Another policeman grabs Max and pushes him to the floor. Max lies looking at the river, crying and screaming. The policeman pulls Max's hands behind his back and handcuffs them.

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Max sits alone by a table. His red, wet eyes stare down at Becky's pear necklace in his handcuffed hands. He's a wreck.

INT. POLICE STATION HALL - DAY

A policeman stands guard by the door to the interrogation room. Max can be seen through small square window in the middle of the door.

A man in a suit, holding a paper cup of coffee, walks up to the door. His face cannot be seen.

SUIT

(American accent)

Has anyone told him yet?

POLICEMAN

No.

SUIT

Let's keep it that way. He's caused enough trouble. I want him out of here as quick as we can.

POLICEMAN

OK.

SUIT

Open the door.

The policeman lifts a set of jingling keys to the door and unlocks it. He pulls down on the heavy handle and slowly pushes the door open.

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

The suited man enters and walks up to Max. He gently places the paper cup on the table. Max stares at the necklace.

SUIT

Here.

He sits down on a chair opposite Max.

Max looks up to the suited man. He can't believe what he's looking at. He closes his eyes and shakes his head.

MAX

Oh, you've got to be kidding me.

The man's face is revealed. It's Boris.

BORIS

I'm Agent Boris Peezev. I work for Interpol.

Max opens his eyes to peek, then scrunches his face up and shakes his head.

MAX

Oh, No no no no no no.

BORIS

Oh, yes.

Finally, Max opens his eyes. He's enraged.

MAX

I don't believe this. Can you even do what you did to me? I'm mean aren't there like rules and regulations and whatever?

BORIS

No. Since the Apeldoorn incident we can pretty much do what we want when we're undercover.

MAX

Is that so?

Boris nods.

MAX (CONT'D)

Interpol?

BORIS

Yes, Interpol.

MAX

Seriously?

Boris is losing his patience. Max composes himself.

BORIS

We've been watching Mishka and his friends for almost five years. And every time we get close they somehow manage to get away. Now, he's usually very careful. No clues, no leads, nothing. We always know when it's them, but we can never catch them in the act or find enough evidence to prove anything against them.

Max is all ears.

BORIS (CONT'D)

It took me a year to infiltrate them. They're a very tight little group.

MAX

So, why is he being so careless now? The police were everywhere. Mishka was acting like crazy loon. You saw him.

BORIS

Don't interrupt me, kid.

MAX

Sorry.

BORIS

This is supposed to be his last job. He's old. He's slipping.

Boris points to his temple.

BORIS (CONT'D)

He's breaking down up here.

MAX

What does he want?

BORIS

We don't know. We can't figure out what he's after. Not even Reg knows. Mishka's become a grumpy old man. He doesn't trust anyone, so everything is going to hush hush until the very last moment, which is supposed to be tonight. He wants to end it all on his own terms. Well, I am not going to let that happen.

Max is intrigued but suspicious.

BORIS (CONT'D)

Do you have any possible idea of why he, uh, needed the girl?

Max's grows sad again. He shakes his head.

BORIS (CONT'D)

Anything? Did she say anything that might have seemed weird of suspicious in anyway?

MAX

If she did, I wouldn't have noticed.

Boris is miffed. He stares at a very sad Max for a few moments thinking and tapping his fingers on the table.

BORIS

Well, then it's the end of the road for you here. You can't help anymore with the case and I say you've interfered enough, don't you think?

MAX

Am I under arrest?

BORIS

No. There's no need for that. I've convinced the police that you're just collateral damage here. They're not going to press any charges against you. They don't want a mess and that's fine with me.

MAX

So, I can go?

BORIS

Not so easy, I'm afraid. Right now, as we speak, one of our agents is up in your hotel room packing up your gear. She will then meet us at the airport where I will be taking you. We will escort you to the terminal and you will get on the flight to New York. I have contacted your father.

Max shudders in horror and dread.

BORIS (CONT'D)

We had a little conversation. He's an, uh, interesting man. He will be waiting for you when you arrive home.

They stare at each other for a moment.

BORIS (CONT'D)
It's time to grow up, Max. We've
all been there. It's a time where
we just gotta stop being a kid. Do
you understand what I mean?

Defeated, max nods.

MAX
Yes.

INT. HOVER-CAR - NIGHT

Mishka drives. Reg sits next to him in the front talking on his phone. The Swiss sits behind Mishka. Becky sits behind Reg, her hands tied and the cloth-bag still over her head.

REG
Good thanks.

He puts the phone down.

REG (CONT'D)
They're taking the kid to the
airport. One problem down, where
the hell are we going?

BECKY
I can't breathe in this thing. Can
you please take it off me?

Reg gives Mishka an inquiring look. Mishka shakes his head without taking his eyes off the road.

MISHKA
Niet.

BECKY
No? Take this god...

She kicks the back of reg's chair. He jerks forward.

BECKY (CONT'D)
Damn...

She kicks again. Reg gets annoyed.

BECKY (CONT'D)
thing...

One more kick.

BECKY (CONT'D)
off me!

Reg gets angry.

REG
Hey! Knock it off!

BECKY
No.

She screams and kicks the chair again in a tantrum. Mishka gets aggravated. The Swiss, amused, watches silently.

Finally she stops.

REG
(to the swiss)
Take it off.

MISHKA
Niet!

REG
Now.

The Swiss is unsure. Reg gives him a menacing look.

The Swiss pulls the bag off Becky's head. Her hair is messed all over her face. She shakes her head and spits hair out of her mouth.

BECKY
Thank you.

She looks out the window in a search.

BECKY (CONT'D)
Where are you taking me? What do you guys want?

Mishka gives her a short Russian answer. Becky grows serious.

BECKY (CONT'D)
You're wasting your time. There's nothing there.

Mishka chuckles. Reg gives Mishka a cautiously worried look.

REG
And where is there?

Mishka gives Reg a cunning silent look and smile.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

The hover-car turns into the alley and floats gently and quietly down. It stops midway by a door to a tall building. The thugs stand outside waiting.

Mishka and Reg get out the car. Reg opens the door behind his. He reaches into the car and pulls Becky out. The Swiss gets out and moves into the driver's seat.

Mishka tells the Swiss to park down by the end and notify them of anything suspicious. The Swiss nods back to him. The car hovers away.

Reg looks up and down the building.

REG
What is this place?

MISHKA
Bank.

REG
(surprised)
What?

Reg reads a sign on the door. It reads NATIONAL BANK in Hebrew.

REG (CONT'D)
Oh, you've got to be joking. We're going to rob a bank?

MISHKA
Da.

Reg looks to Becky, studying her. She feels uncomfortable. Reg suddenly realizes and stares in shock at Mishka.

REG
A Box? A stupid box? You've got to be joking!

Mishka nods. Reg suddenly breaks into a mockingly jolly jig.

REG (CONT'D)
Oh, look at me. I'm going to brrreak into the bank and pick away at the locks and open the little box and run away with all the lovely lovely treasure.

Mishka is not amused. The thugs are confused. Reg snaps back to serious.

REG (CONT'D)
You're out ya mind, mate.

Mishka stares deadpan at Reg. Reg rolls his eyes.

REG (CONT'D)
Oh, very well. Did everybody remember to bring their toys?

INT. BANK - NIGHT

A door slowly opens into a narrow, dark and quiet hallway, illuminating it with rays of light from the alley behind. Silhouettes of the thugs, carrying bags and equipment, move through the door and down the hall. No one makes a sound.

They reach a door. The Czech holds a device to the lock. It softly beeps. He gently pushes the door open. Mishka asks him if the alarm has been switched of. The Czech nods. They proceed through the door.

OFFICE CUBICLES

The room is dark. Holding flashlights, they all walk quietly through the centre aisle. Reg holds tightly onto Becky's arm. She tries to break free. He doesn't let go.

She tries to scream, but Reg quickly covers her mouth. He whispers into her ear. She becomes wide eyed. Reg slowly removes his hand.

REG

Don't tempt me.

BECKY

Fine.

They continue forward and reach a large VAULT room. Mishka takes Becky's arm and takes her from Reg. Reg moves to the vault door.

He studies the door, looking all over. He signals the Israel who hands him a bag. He reaches in and pulls out a device. He places it on the door.

A screen on the device lights up. Numbers and codes display on the screen. Reg studies them.

A few taps on the screen. Reg smiles. This is all too easy for him. Reg hands the device back to the Israeli.

Reg pushes down a lever on the door. The vault door clicks. The thugs give Reg a silent round of applause. He waves in appreciation.

INT. BANK VAULT - NIGHT

In the pitch black vault, the door creaks open. Fluorescent lights flicker on automatically, lighting up the room in a bright white light, revealing it to be a huge windowless room with rows and columns of safety deposit boxes from corner to corner, ceiling to floor. A table stands in the centre of the room with nothing on it but a small monitor.

The thugs move in, turning off their flashlights and setting down their bags and equipment.

REG

Let's get this over with. Mich, do you have the box number?

MISHKA

Da. Ah-deen, dyev-yat, ah-deen, dva, ah-deen, syem, nol, ah-deen.

The thugs spread out around the room to the columns. Reg stays by the table, holding on to Becky.

Each thug looks up and down and left to right. Even Mishka joins in. They search frantically when

ISRAELI

Mishka, Kan.

The Israeli, standing by the center of the far wall, points to a box with the numbers 19121701. Mishka comes to him for a look and smiles.

MISHKA

Reg.

Reg pulls becky to the box.

The thugs all gather around the box eagerly smiling. It's a celebratory moment.

Mishka pulls hard on becky's arm. It hurts her. No one notices.

He pulls her thumb up to a small finger scanner on the front of the box. He pushes the thumb tightly down on it.

The thugs all smile from ear to ear.

Becky is in pain as Mishka pushes her thumb hard. Reg remains serious but a tiny smile breaks through the corner of his mouth.

The box beeps. The thugs all cheer and high-five.

The box doesn't open. All go quiet and serious.

From behind them, the monitor on the table blinks and beeps on. All heads turn around. Mishka lets go of Becky and quickly moves to the table.

REG

Let me guess you also need a code.

Mishka nods.

REG (CONT'D)
 (to Becky)
 Well?

BECKY
 No.

REG
 No surprises there.

Mishka tells Reg in Russian that the code is on a necklace around Becky's neck. Reg looks at Becky's neck.

REG (CONT'D)
 No, she's not wearing anything.

MISHKA
 Shto?

Mishka gets worried. He comes back to Reg. He says she should have a necklace with a pear on it. He looks at her neck.

REG
 No, she's not wearing a necklace with a pear arou--

Reg looks to Becky. She's all smiles and smug. Reg realizes and becomes aggravated.

REG (CONT'D)
 Oh for Christ's sakes!

Reg storms to the door.

MISHKA
 Reg! kuda ty idesh?

REG
 Where do you think?!

Reg runs out the room. Mishka thinks. He looks at Becky, still looking smug. Mishka suddenly realizes too. His face grows red and furious.

MISHKA
 Max!

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

A policeman drives, Boris sits next to him tapping away on a futuristic device. Max sits depressed in the back staring out the window. The necklace hangs around his neck.

Boris looks up at the rear view mirror, then back to his device. A few more taps and then another look at the mirror. He turns his head to Max.

BORIS

You'll be OK, kid. I know you feel really shitty now, but you'll get home, take a few days to soak everything in. You'll realize just how lucky you are, and then you'll start to straighten out.

Max takes no notice and continues to stare out the window. Boris turns back to the front and shakes his head.

EXT. BEN-GURION AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

A policewoman stands waiting on a sidewalk. On the ground by her leg lies Max's luggage. The police car hovers to a stop by her. She opens the back door. Max gets out.

Boris gets out.

BORIS

Remember, you're going straight in. Get your ticket and get on that flight.

The policewoman places a round palm sized sticker on Max's arm.

MAX

What's this?

BORIS

A tracker. I want to be sure you go. If you try to leave the airport or don't get on that plane for any reason, you will be arrested on sight and I won't be there to get you out. I'll let you rot.

MAX

How do I take it off when I get on the flight?

BORIS

Your father has the code. He'll take it off when you reach New York.

MAX

Did you really have to bring him in to this?

Boris gets angry.

BORIS

Listen Kid, from the moment you stepped off that curb and your little girlfriend ran over your stupid foot, you have been nothing but a huge thorn up my ass. I know it ain't really your fault, but it's time I pulled you out. So, for the sake of my case, for my sanity, for your safety, and for the safety of the girl, you are getting the hell out of here!

Max becomes confused.

MAX

What? What did you just say?

BORIS

You're going home, Boy. Now.

Max goes wide-eyed realizing what's happening. Boris suddenly becomes wide-eyed realizing his mistake.

Max bolts.

BORIS (CONT'D)

Shit.

(to the policeman in the car)

Get after him!

Boris runs after Max.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Max runs as fast as he can. Boris chases after him in the distance. The police car catches up to Max.

Suddenly, Reg in the hover-car swerves in front of the police car and screeches to a halt.

The policeman slams on the brakes. The police car stops barely an inch from the hover-car.

Max sees Reg through the car window and stops.

REG

Do you even know which direction you're running to?

Max rushes to the hover-car, opens the front passenger door, jumps in, and slams the door shut.

Boris reaches the hover-car and looks into the window. Reg sees him.

REG (CONT'D)
Christ, really??

Boris gives reg a smile.

BORIS
Surprise.

Reg gives Boris the finger.

The hovercar zooms off. Boris runs to the police car and climbs in. The police car drives off.

INT. HOVER-CAR - NIGHT

Reg drives fast, but cool and calm. Max, catching his breath, looks out to the back window.

REG
You sure have made a lot of friends on this holiday haven't you? It's a pity you don't have any snaps for a slide show for the folks back home.

MAX
Is she safe?

REG
She's fine.

Max lets out a sigh of relief, but then becomes worried looking out the window.

MAX
Uh, they're right on your tail.

Reg chuckles.

REG
Oh, don't be so cliché, Max. Unlike you, I know how lose someone who's chasing me.

Max looks down at his arm. He hides the tracker with his hand.

INT. BANK VAULT - NIGHT

Mishka and the thugs wait around the room impatiently. The Czech stands guard over becky by the table.

There's a rumble o.s. All heads turn to the door. Reg slowly walks in pulling Max in behind him.

Becky sees Max and glows with joy.

BECKY

Max!

Max sees her and is all smiles.

MAX

Are you alright?

BECKY

Yeah. I thought I'd never see you.

Becky runs to Max's arms. They embrace.

Mishka and thugs are all moved. Even Reg smiles at this touching moment.

MISHKA

Awww.

REG

Heartwarming.

Mishka claps his hand.

MISHKA

Bravo, Max.

Mishka turns to look at the box and breaks into an enthusiastic and electric Russian monologue.

Each word rolls off his tongue with extreme excitement. His eyes are filled with tears of joy. He holds a smile he cannot hold down. He has finally reached his moment of triumph and he's not going to keep quiet.

He turns to share his happiness with all the others in the room, but his face suddenly drops.

The thugs are all gone. Only Reg, Max, and Becky are with him in the room.

Mishka's smile and eyes fall sad from sudden disappointment. He's in shock.

MISHKA (CONT'D)

Reg?

REG

I'm sorry Mich.

MISHKA

Niet.

Reg looks at Max and Becky and indicates the table to them.

REG

Go on.

Max and Becky walk slowly to the table. Reg walks behind them. Mishka walks towards them. They meet by the table.

Mishka and Reg stare at each other. Mishka's face has turned to one of upset but understanding. He gives Reg a sad smile and nods.

MISHKA
(in english)
Thank you, Reg.

Reg's eye have teared up. He returns the smile.

REG
(lump in his throat)
pozhaluysta

A sad sigh and Reg turns around and walks quietly out the room. Mishka watches with great sadness.

Mishka composes himself. Suddenly, he feels a small pain in his shoulder. He rubs on it. Max and Becky see this, then look at each other puzzled.

Mishka shakes it off and looks at Max with an onward smile.

MISHKA
Give me code.

Max is dumbfounded.

MAX
I don't understand?

MISHKA
Give me code.

BECKY
He wants the necklace I gave you.

Mishka sticks his palm out. Max thinks for a moment and then looks at Mishka, lifting his shoulders and head high with courageousness.

MAX
No.

Mishka, one open hand in the air, pulls out a gun with the other and aims at Max. Max stays firm.

MAX (CONT'D)
No.

Mishka keeps his eyes on Max, but points the gun at Becky.

MAX (CONT'D)
Mishka, don't you dare.

Mishka, not taking his eyes of Max, cocks the gun.

BECKY

Just give it to him.

Max's shoulders drop. He looks to Becky, then pulls the necklace out from under his shirt, and off his neck. He reluctantly places it in Mishka's hands.

Mishka grins and studies the numbers on the necklace.

Keeping the gun aimed at Becky, Mishka types two numbers into the monitor. It beeps with each number.

He stops, looks up to Max and Becky. He types the rest of the numbers, each one beeps. On the last beep, the box unlocks with a loud click.

Mishka looks to Max and Becky. He points his gun indicating the box.

MISHKA

Go.

They all slowly move to the Box.

With his free hand, Mishka pulls the box half way out the column. He takes a look inside. A bright glow and huge smile grows on his face. He defiantly laughs out loud. He doesn't notice max or Becky anymore. His hand lowers the gun.

Suddenly, Max leaps onto Mishka. They both fall to the ground. Mishka loses grip of the gun. It falls and slides on the floor.

Mishka lies on his back. Max climbs on top of him and punches him in the stomach. Mishka laughs uncontrollably, then overcomes Max, flipping him over and pinning him down.

Becky goes for the gun and picks it up. She points it Mishka. Police sirens faintly whine o.s, slowly getting louder.

BECKY

Mishka!

Mishka looks up at Becky. Max tries to pull himself for under Mishka, but Mishka is too strong. Mishka laughs. He brings his head down close Max.

MISHKA

You find your balls.

Max overcomes Mishka and flips him back and lies over him. He punches Mishka in the shoulder. Mishka yelps, but then laughs again.

MISHKA (CONT'D)
(panting)
I find your balls.

Max is confused. Mishka knees Max in the groin.

Max falls to the ground grabbing his crotch in pain. Mishka stays on the floor laughing. Becky comes closer.

BECKY
Enough!

Max slowly crawls to Becky.

MAX
Mishka, you bastard.

BECKY
Get your hands up.

Her hands nervously shake the gun. Mishka, sweating and out of breath, slowly raises his hands, grinning his creepy grin.

BECKY (CONT'D)
Stand up.

Mishka carefully stands up straight, breathing heavily, never taking his eyes off Becky. Max gets up too.

Becky and Mishka stare hard at each other. Max's eyes glide from Mishka to Becky and back to Mishka. Suddenly, from the door...

BORIS
Put the gun down! Put it down now!

The three heads swoosh to look at the door. Boris and three policemen barge through in a commotion, guns in the air.

Mishka swiftly grabs the gun from Becky with one hand and grabs her with his other. Max tries to stop him, but Mishka is too quick. He gets behind her and pulls her to the corner, holding the gun to her head.

Boris and the policeman run to the center of the room and stop. Max stands near them. They point their guns at Mishka. He holds still with becky in the corner.

MAX
C'mon Mishka, it's over. Let her go. Please.

MISHKA
Niet!

Mishka looks at Boris in disgust, he spits at him. Boris is calm but determined.

Mishka looks to Max. Max is very worried.

MAX

Please.

Mishka stares at Max, but then suddenly is overcome by intense sharp pain in his shoulder and arm. He screams and keels over, lowering the gun.

Becky breaks free and runs to Max.

The policeman and Boris move closer. Mishka quickly pulls himself up, lifting the gun and aiming it at Boris.

They stand still.

Mishka, in immense pain shakes his head at them. He breathes heavy.

Max and Becky embrace and then turn to look at Mishka.

BORIS

Just put it down.

Mishka falls to his knees, but keeps the gun up. He sweats and shakes from the pain.

Boris and the policemen hold firm.

Mishka looks to Max and Becky. They're in each other's arms.

Mishka painfully smiles at them. A tear rolls down his cheek. His face turns pale. He drops the gun and collapses unconscious.

The policeman and Boris rush to Mishka. Boris kneels down and places his fingers on Mishka's throat and holds. He brings his ear over Mishka's mouth.

Max and Becky hold hands watching Boris.

Boris suddenly rips Mishka's shirt open and starts chest compressions. Mishka still holds the necklace in his hand.

Paramedics rush into the room. Boris gets up and moves away from Mishka as they take over.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

The alley is lit by flashing red and blue lights from a multitude of police cars and ambulances. Policemen and paramedics rush all over.

Max and Becky are interrogated by a policewoman near the bank door.

Paramedics come out the bank door, rolling out a covered body on a gurney. Boris walks out just behind them.

Max sadly watches the paramedics as they load the body onto a hovering ambulance. The paramedics climb in after the body. Boris closes the doors.

Boris gives Max a sad look as the ambulance floats away. He walks over to him.

BORIS
(to the policewoman)
They need you inside.

The policewoman nods and walks away.

Boris takes Becky's hand and places the necklace in her palm. She studies at it for a moment, puts it on around her neck, and hugs Max.

Boris takes Max's arm and rips the tracker off.

BORIS (CONT'D)
Time to say goodbye.

BECKY
Can't he stay just a few more days?

BORIS
He's still got a plane to catch tonight. I want him out of here before the police get their hands on him and throw him in jail. He's the only link they have to any of this mess and they're going to look for someone to be the mop.

BECKY
So, what about me?

BORIS
Go home. Go to bed.

Max and Becky stare at each other. Becky has tears in her eye. Boris loses patience.

BORIS (CONT'D)
C'mon, you've known each other, what, two days? It doesn't exactly make you soul mates. The adventure is over. Time to get back to real life.

BECKY
(to Max)
Call me when you get there.

MAX

I don't want to go home.

Becky caresses Max's cheek, then kisses him on the other. She smiles as a tear rolls down her face.

BECKY

Go.

Max, depressed, stares at her for a moment.

Max turns and walks to Boris. The two walk to a police car. Boris opens the front passenger door and Max gets in. Boris shuts the door and walks around to the driver's seat. He gets in.

The engine starts the car rises. It's wheels dissolve into its body. It slowly hovers away around the other vehicles.

Becky sadly watches as the car floats to the end of the alley and turns away.

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM - DAY

Max sleeps alone in his bed, covered by the sheets. The room is just as messy as it was before.

On the night-stand, the alarm clock displays 05:59. It flickers into 06:00. The same soothing music as before starts to play.

He sits up and his feet plop to the floor.

His eyes slowly open. He looks at the alarm clock and gives it a gentle tap. The music stops.

He stands up and walks out the bedroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

His face an inch from the mirror, Max uncomfortably slides a contact lens into his right eye.

He stares at his despondent face in the mirror.

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM - DAY

Max, dressed in neatly ironed pants and buttoned shirt, fixes a tie around his neck.

He grabs a name pin and pins it to his shirt. It reads MANAGER.

INT. BUS - DAY

Passengers board the front. Each one places a thumb over the device hanging on a pole. It flashes green and the passenger continues into the bus.

Max gets on and swipes his thumb. The device flashes green. He continues into the bus without even looking.

He finds an empty seat by a window and sits down.

The bus drives. Max stares blankly out the window.

INT. FACTORY - LARGE STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Max, wearing a safety helmet, talks with a man standing next to a forklift holding a large crate. He points away. The man nods, climbs onto the forklift and drives it away.

A second worker comes to Max and shows him a report on a clipboard. Max smiles at him and pats him on the back. The worker walks away. Max's face drops back to sadness.

INT. FACTORY LUNCH ROOM - DAY

Max sits alone at a table dolefully eating a sandwich.

EXT. STREET - MAX'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Max walks into the building.

INT. HALL

Max exits an elevator and walks along the hall. He reaches into his bag searching for something, not looking where he's going.

He pulls out a set of keys. He fumbles and drops them on the floor. He bends down and picks them up.

He pulls up, looks ahead, and suddenly freezes. A huge smile grows on his face.

FADE OUT.