

THE STRIP

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN VEGAS - NIGHT

Millions of tiny lights. It's the middle of the night. A limousine pulls up outside of a downtown Casino. SEBASTIAN (40), good looking, stout, and well-heeled, gets out and moves inside.

INT. CASINO LOBBY - NIGHT

Most of the tables are deserted. There is a FAT GUARD standing at the elevator terminal. Sebastian waves him off and waits for the next car to arrive.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Sleek interior, the windows reveal Las Vegas Boulevard glaring in the distance. Sebastian enters, moving quickly to a hidden drawer, not bothering to turn on the lights.

It's ajar. He turns to find --

ALEXA (late-twenties), sitting in the shadows. She's sexy in a very dangerous way.

ALEXA

Giving up your own guys to get out
of a little jail time?

(pauses)

That's not gonna go over real
well.

Sebastian turns on a desk lamp, then grins. He's playing it cool. At that same moment his other hand searches for a gun he's mounted under the desk.

SEBASTIAN

Is this meant to frighten me? You,
of all people, should know I don't
scare easily.

(confident)

All I would have to do is pick up
that phone, and in five minutes
this room is filled with fifty
guns.

ALEXA

Lucky for me, I cut the line.

Sebastian begins to show his nervousness --

SEBASTIAN

My bodyguard --

ALEXA

Tall guy? Dark hair and glasses?

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Alexa and the BODYGUARD rumble inside a disgusting men's room. He flings Alexa into the stalls -- it's all very sloppy -- small areas and confined quarters -- they wrestle until the stall dividers give way and they fall to the floor in a collective HEAP.

Water spews out onto the linoleum -- the bodyguard is a madman -- swinging -- grappling -- Alexa flips him over and grabs the upper-hand -- SLAMMING his head into the nearby toilet seat -- blood splatters -- a second SLAM! -- more blood.

She grabs him by the collar and forces him head-first into the porcelain basin -- shattering the mirror above -- and putting an end to his writhing. His body falls to the floor -- no movement. Alexa breathes heavy. This was not her finest work. She finds her bearings before heading for the door.

BACK TO:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

She smirks --

ALEXA

We met.

Sebastian removes the gun -- pointing it directly at Alexa. She doesn't move a muscle.

SEBASTIAN

It's a shame. I always liked you.

ALEXA

We both know you won't kill me.

SEBASTIAN

You sure about that?

He cocks the pistol --

ALEXA

You don't have it in you. That's what you had me for.

SEBASTIAN

You owed me.

ALEXA

I gave you five years of my life. I gave you my innocence.

SEBASTIAN

That's your husband's fault --

ALEXA

-- you would know. You killed him.

He begins to cower, seeing the resolve in her eyes.

Alexa raises a Beretta, steady, directed at Sebastian.

He pleads with her --

SEBASTIAN

We had a deal. I can take you off the list. I can make sure they don't touch you.

ALEXA

That's not what I want.

SEBASTIAN

You name it. I can make it happen.

ALEXA

Can you turn back time?

SEBASTIAN

(small)

Please. Just tell me what you want.

ALEXA

You can't give me what I want.

SEBASTIAN

Why not?

ALEXA

Because you're already dead...

She squeezes her index finger back, and FIRES off three SHOTS. All direct hits, sending Sebastian's body half-way across the room.

She holsters her weapon and walks over to the bloody mess she's caused.

ALEXA

Consider this my resignation.

She heads for the door.

FADE OUT.