

THE HIT

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S CAR - DAY

FRANK MÉSZÁROS drives intensely.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Frank's car drives on an open road. The car turns towards the woods.

INTERCUT TO FRANK INSIDE THE CAR

Frank drives into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The car drives deep within the woods. The car parks. Frank exits the car.

INT. TRUNK - DAY

TRUNK OPENS.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF TRUNK - DAY

Frank reaches in and grabs the HIT.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Frank walks behind the Hit with his gun by his side. The Hit wears a cloth tied around his head and his hands tied in front of him. He walks slowly in his pajamas.

They reach an area in the woods where they are surrounded by trees.

Frank pulls the cloth off the Hit's head. The Hit stands there scared. His eyes water.

HIT

Lord give me strength in my  
weakness.

(beat)

Give me faith in my fear.

(beat)

Give me power in my powerlessness.

Frank raises his gun so it's just behind the Hit's head. He then picks up the metal charm on his necklace and kisses it.

HIT (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
I'm trusting you.

FRANK  
Amen.

Frank closes his eyes and SHOOTs.

AGAINST BLACK, TITLE CARD:

"THE HIT"

EXT. METRO MOVER - DAY

Frank, in his late 20's, thin figured, with dark curly hair, and a gruff exterior, he gets off the Metro mover.

EXT. THE STREETS - DAY

Frank smokes as he walks in the city of a busy street. A MAN pushes a WOMAN. Frank doesn't even bother to look back. He comes up to a nearby Post Office.

INT. MAIL ROOM - DAY

Frank scans the lockers with his fingers. He stops them on One Ten. He looks around, puts his hand in his jacket and fidgets for a while, then pulls out keys.

He moves the locker door to the side, squints and reaches in. He pulls out a manila envelope. He closes the locker door and removes the key.

EXT. JAZZ CLUB - ENTRANCE - DAY

JOHNNY RUSSO, 20's, wears a music band T-shirt, sports coat, jeans, and holds a guitar case.

EXT. FRANK'S CAR - DAY

Frank stares at him through binoculars as he eats potato chips. He looks down at Russo's profile paperwork.

INT. JAZZ CLUB - DAY

Frank enters. He looks around. Johnny rehearses on stage.

INT. JAZZ CLUB - BAR - DAY

Frank sits at the bar. He takes out his phone and places it down on the bar.

FRANK  
(to bartender)  
Club soda.

BARTENDER places a napkin in front of him and places a small glass of club soda down. He picks up a red stirrer and places it in the drink.

BARTENDER  
Three fifty.

Frank throws down four dollar bills. The Bartender picks it up and turns away. Frank picks the red stirrer out of his drink and throws it to the side. The Bartender places two quarters down.

Frank picks them up and taps them on the bar. He turns his attention to the stage.

INTERCUT TO THE STAGE

Johnny ends the song. He and some of his MATES laugh. He plays a riff on the guitar before putting it down.

INTERCUT TO THE BAR

Johnny sits next to Frank.

JOHNNY  
Yo. Let me get some bourbon.

BARTENDER  
How much?

Johnny holds up his index finger and thumb.

JOHNNY  
That much.

They laugh.

BARTENDER  
You got it.

FRANK

Good set.

JOHNNY

Thanks, but we were just rehearsing. The real party's tonight. You should come back.

FRANK

I have plans but that could change.

Frank takes a sip of his drink. The Bartender puts down Johnny's bourbon.

JOHNNY

All right.

Johnny takes out some pills, places them on the bar counter and crushes them with his fist. Frank stares at him. Johnny lines up the crushed pills, lowers his head to the counter and snorts it. He immediately drinks down the bourbon.

FRANK

Your not wasting any time.

Johnny tilts his head back.

JOHNNY

It's my premeditation. It calms my nerves before a gig. Don't you have any rituals before you do something big?

FRANK

Yeah, there's a couple things I can think of.

Johnny reaches in his pocket and takes out a stack of money.

JOHNNY

(to bartender)

You still doing that raffle for your kid?

BARTENDER

Yeah.

Johnny hands him a couple of large bills.

JOHNNY

Well here take this for the bourbon and the rest is for your kid.

BARTENDER

Thanks man.

They shake hands.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Good lookin.

JOHNNY

(to Frank)

All right man, hope to see you  
tonight.

FRANK

Sure thing.

Johnny exits.

Frank's PHONE VIBRATES. He opens it and answers.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Yeah?

INTERCUT TO A HOSPITAL

NURSE SOPHIE, a young African-American woman sits behind a desk.

NURSE SOPHIE

I'm looking for Frank Mészáros?

INTERCUT TO FRANK

FRANK

Who's this?

NURSE SOPHIE

I'm calling from Baptist Hospital.  
I need to speak with Mr. Mészáros  
regarding his father...

FRANK

-Yeah this is he, what about?

NURSE SOPHIE

He has slipped into a coma.

Frank, speechless stares off into the distance.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Frank sits and stares off in the distance. His father, MAX MÉSZÁROS lies in bed in front of him.

NURSE ANNIE, an older Caucasian-American woman enters.

NURSE ANNIE  
(startled)  
Oh, pardon me.

She walks over to the bed side to check the machines.

NURSE ANNIE (CONT'D)  
You're the first to come visit.  
(beat)  
Are you related?

FRANK  
I'm his son.

Nurse Annie oddly looks at him.

NURSE ANNIE  
You know he's still conscious. If  
you want to read to him or just  
talk you can.

FRANK  
We weren't much of a talking  
family.

NURSE ANNIE  
That's too bad.  
(beat)  
Well if you don't want to talk to  
him you can always visit the chapel  
just to clear your head.  
(beat)  
This can be a bit much to take in  
at first.

FRANK  
We weren't much of that either.

NURSE ANNIE  
Much of what?

FRANK  
Religious.

NURSE ANNIE

Darling, you don't have to be religious to talk to God. He listens to all.

INT. HOSPITAL CHAPEL - DAY

Frank enters and stands at the back of the pews. He stares at Jesus and the crucifixion.

Rolls of candles line up against the wall to his left. He walks over to them. He picks up a stick from the ashes and sticks it into a fire of a candle and lights it. He uses the flame to light an unlit candle.

Frank sits in a pew. He stares off in the distant. A few PEOPLE enter.

Frank comes to himself. He reaches inside his coat pocket. He pulls out an old picture of the Hit and himself.

His eyes glaze over.

INT. FATHER'S STUDIO APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Ice cubes DROP into an empty glass. Whiskey pours over it. Frank takes a sip.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Startled, Frank stands for a moment. He grabs his gun and holds it behind his back.

INT. FATHER'S STUDIO APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

He walks towards the door.

INT. FATHER'S STUDIO APARTMENT - ENTRANCE - DAY

Frank looks through the peep hole.

FRANK

Yeah?

VINCENT (O.C.)

It's Vincent. Max's brother.

Frank OPENS the door. VINCENT, early 50's, tall with salt and pepper hair, and a full beard, gets startled. He wears raggedy clothes. He's covered in sweat.

Next to him stands EMMA, 6, she wears a princess costume and has long curly brown hair. She holds a rag doll.

FRANK

Yes?

VINCENT

I heard about Max. Is anyone else here?

FRANK

No, just me. At the hospital too.

VINCENT

You are?

FRANK

Frank.

Vincent gives him a bewildered look.

VINCENT

Little Frankie? It's me. Uncle Vinny.

Frank nods.

FRANK

Hello Vincent.

(beat)

It's Frank now.

VINCENT

Can we?

Vincent points inside the house. Frank bows his head and opens the door. Vincent and Emma walk in.

INT. FATHER'S STUDIO APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emma sits on the sofa. Vincent heads to the kitchen.

INT. FATHER'S STUDIO APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

VINCENT

Man, it's been a long time since I saw you. You must of been--

Vincent turns around. Frank and Emma stare at each other.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

--Emma's age.

Vincent walks over to them.

INTERCUT TO THE LIVING ROOM

VINCENT (CONT'D)

This is Emma.

(to Emma)

Emma this is Frank. He's your  
cousin. Say hello.

EMMA

Hello.

Frank nods and walks over to the kitchen.

FRANK

Yeah.

INTERCUT TO THE KITCHEN

He picks up his drink and stands at the sink. Vincent sits at  
the kitchen table.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I didn't know you kept in touch  
with my old man.

VINCENT

It's been a while. We were just  
starting to...

Vincent looks down.

FRANK

How come?

Vincent looks up.

VINCENT

Let's just say in my line of work I  
wasn't able to keep in touch.

Frank looks at Vincent's right hand that has a nasty scar  
over its ring finger. Vincent covers it. Frank looks at his  
tattoo on his right ring finger.

FRANK

And now?

VINCENT

I'm retired.

Frank grins.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
You live around here?

FRANK  
Yeah, here, there. I work a lot so.  
I'm just clearing some stuff for my  
Dad.

VINCENT  
You still playing guitar?

FRANK  
No. I'm in insurance now.

VINCENT  
What happened? Your dad was always  
so proud of you when you were  
playing.

FRANK  
I just stopped. I never got as good  
as I wanted to get.

Frank drinks his whiskey.

VINCENT  
Well your dad always said you'd be  
a big hit one day. You must make a  
killing in insurance.

FRANK  
Yeah, something like that.

Frank pulls up a chair and sits. He pours himself some more  
whiskey. Frank sips it. Vincent eyes the bottle of whiskey.  
Frank picks up the bottle.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
You want?

VINCENT  
I better not.

Vincent nods to Emma, who plays with her rag doll. Frank sips  
some more and nods back.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
You gonna be around for a while?

Frank shakes his head.

FRANK  
Probably not.

Vincent leans in towards Frank.

VINCENT

(softly)

Frank, I need a favor. I'm having a hard time staying afloat right now. I'm running a little behind on the rent. You think you can spot me a few?

FRANK

I, ah--

Frank checks his pockets and pulls out two one hundred dollar bills.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Is this good?

Vincent grabs it.

VINCENT

I don't get my check till next Tuesday--

Frank stands up and gestures to the door.

FRANK

--Don't worry about it.

INTERCUT TO THE ENTRANCE

VINCENT

Can I ask you for another favor?

Frank raises his eyebrows.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You think you can keep an eye on Emma for a minute? My landlords a real--

Frank shakes his head.

FRANK

Can't--

VINCENT

You'd be really helping me out.

Frank looks at Emma. Emma sits quietly.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Frank--

FRANK

That's enough. I haven't seen you  
in a long fucking time.

VINCENT

All right, all right calm down.  
(to Emma)  
Emma, let's go.

Frank opens the door. Vincent exits. Emma walks pass Frank.

EMMA

Bye.

Frank doesn't answer. He closes the door. He continues to  
move boxes.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Frank SWINGS the door open.

FRANK

(yells)  
What is it now?

Emma stands alone. Her arms wrapped tight around her rag  
doll.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Where's your Dad?

EMMA

He said for me to stay here.

Frank closes the door. He turns around with his back against  
the door.

FRANK

(to himself)  
That mother--

He turns back around and opens the door. He puts his head on  
the edge of the door. He looks at Emma. She smiles.

INT. FATHER'S STUDIO APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Frank and Emma sit across from one another. Frank smokes a  
cigarette and stares at Emma as she plays with her rag doll.

EMMA

(sings)  
Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet.

Frank stares at her bewildered.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
(sings)  
Eating her curds and whey.

Emma put her rag doll on the table. Frank stares at the doll, disgusted.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
(sings)  
Along came a spider, who sat down  
beside her.

Emma's hands and face point to the ceiling.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
(shouts)  
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Emma laughs and claps hysterically. Frank ashes out his cigarette. Emma shows Frank her rag doll.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
This is Dolly.

Emma takes the rag doll's hands and waves them at Frank.

Frank stares blankly at her.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Where are you from?

FRANK  
Detroit.

EMMA  
Where's that?

Frank takes out a couple of cigarettes and places them on the table.

FRANK  
We are here right now and I am from  
all the way up here.

EMMA  
Where's your wife?

FRANK  
I don't have one.

EMMA  
Why?

FRANK  
It's complicated.

EMMA  
What about kids?

FRANK  
No.

EMMA  
Why?

FRANK  
Can't have one without a wife.

EMMA  
Not true.

FRANK  
(laughs)  
Very true.

Emma smiles at Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Does your Dad always leave you  
alone?

EMMA  
Ah huh.

FRANK  
Where does he go?

EMMA  
I don't know.

FRANK  
What do you do if you need  
something?

Emma pulls out a pink flip phone.

EMMA  
My Dad got me this. He calls me  
mostly.

Emma and Frank stare blankly at one another.

FRANK  
So, what do we do now?

Emma shrugs her shoulders.

EXT. RACE TRACK - PADDOCK - DAY

Horses enter one by one for the SPECTATORS. Emma sits in amazement as she holds her rag doll. The horses walk in the circle.

Frank enters. As he sits next to her he puts two ticket stubs in his pants pocket. He holds a rolled up paper.

EMMA

Horses are so pretty.

(beat)

I love how beautiful their hair is.

Ooh look at that one.

Emma points to a horse she likes. A BUZZER goes off and the horses exit the paddock.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Where are the horses going?

FRANK

Come on. The race is about to start.

Frank gets up and walks towards the race track. Emma stands up and watches the last horse exit.

EMMA

Hey wait for me.

EXT. RACE TRACK - STANDS - DAY

Emma walks alone down the ramp to the seats. She looks left. She looks right. She panics.

GUN SHOT.

Emma's eyes widen. The doors to the horses open. They run. Emma let's out a loud cry.

EXT. RACE TRACK - SEATS - DAY

Frank grips the rolled up paper as he intensely watches the race. He smacks it back and fourth in his hands. He hears Emma's cry through the crowd. He looks back to the ramp and see's Emma.

INTERCUT TO EMMA

Emma stands and holds her rag doll.

INTERCUT TO FRANK

He bows his head and takes a deep breath.

INTERCUT TO EMMA

Frank approaches Emma. He bends his knees and gets to her level.

FRANK

Emma.

Emma opens her eyes and puts her arms around his neck. Frank, confused for a moment, holds her back. He picks her up and walks towards the exit.

INTERCUT TO THE ENTRANCE

ANNOUNCER

And that's it folks. The winner is lucky number six, Doc Holiday, ladies and gentlemen. Come to the ticket booth to collect your earnings.

Frank pulls out the ticket stubs from his pants pocket, looks at them, then tosses them in the nearby trash can.

EXT. YOGURT UR WAY - DAY

Frank and Emma sit on a bench. Emma eats from a large yogurt container full to the top. Her rag doll sits in the middle of them. Frank smokes as he holds a small container of yogurt ice cream. Emma giggles as she eats.

FRANK

What's so funny?

EMMA

Frankie.

FRANK

Huh?

EMMA

(giggles)  
Frankie, my Dad called you Frankie.  
I'm going to call you Frankie.

FRANK

You picking on me?

Emma dangles her legs as she continues to eat her ice cream.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Do you have a nickname?

EMMA  
Yep.

FRANK  
And? What is it?

EMMA  
Emma.

Frank cracks a smile and hushes out his cigarette in his ice cream.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Frankie, can you take a picture of me and Dolly.

Frank looks at Emma bewildered. Emma pulls out her phone.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Please.

Frank takes her phone.

FRANK  
Okay.

Frank adjusts phone.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Ready?

Emma poses and smiles.

EMMA  
Thanks Frankie. Where to now?

Frank stares blankly in front of her.

EXT. RAIL ROAD TRACKS - DAY

Frank and Emma walk side by side.

EMMA  
Do you have any brothers or sisters?

FRANK  
No.

EMMA

Me either.

Frank oddly looks at her.

FRANK

Where's your Mom, Emma?

EMMA

She's gone.

FRANK

Where did she go?

EMMA

Heaven.

Frank takes a deep breath. Emma looks at him with sad eyes.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Where's your mom?

FRANK

Well, when I was your age she died too.

EMMA

Do you miss her? Cause I miss my mom?

FRANK

Yeah, Emma I do. We use to take walks like this all the time.

EMMA

My Dad says everyone dies sometimes.

FRANK

Sometimes they just have to go.

EMMA

I don't want to die. I like playing with Dolly and eating ice cream.

Frank smiles.

FRANK

Nobody wants to die.

EMMA

What about the bad people?

FRANK  
Bad people?

Frank thinks for a beat.

EMMA  
My Dad says, bad people go  
somewhere else.

FRANK  
I,  
(beat)  
I guess there's a special place for  
them in Heaven.

Frank, concerned, looks away and thinks for a beat. Emma  
points to Frank's metal around his neck.

EMMA  
What's that?

Frank grabs his necklace.

FRANK  
This is my good luck charm.

EMMA  
It's pretty.

Emma grabs Frank's hand. Frank looks down surprised. They  
continue to walk down the track.

EXT. PARK - SWING SET- DAY

Emma runs towards the swing set. Frank walks behind her.

EMMA  
C'mon Frankie, Push me?

FRANK  
Emma, I'm going to take a break.

Frank takes a seat at the bench. Emma rushes to Frank on the  
bench and pulls on his arm.

EMMA  
Come on, please.

Emma pouts. Frank looks away and sighs.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Please.

Emma gets onto the swing set.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Frankie, can we take a picture  
first?

Emma pulls out her phone. Frank grabs it.

FRANK  
All right.  
(beat)  
Say cheese.

EMMA  
No, not just of me. Let's do it  
together.

Frank holds it over head and takes a picture.

FRANK  
Okay, 1-2-3.

They smile.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Lets gets this going.

Frank stands behind the swing set and pushes Emma.

EMMA  
Higher! Higher!

FRANK  
You want to go higher?

EMMA  
Yep.

FRANK  
All right, I'll give you higher!

Emma laughs, as Frank continues to push her.

In the distance, a black Cadillac SRX parks and out steps  
WOLF WILKINS. He stands at 6 foot 5 and weights 330 pounds,  
wears all black with a white suite jacket.

Frank stops his hand and focuses his attention to Wolf.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Emma, give me a moment. Just keep  
swinging. I'll be right over here.

Emma swings high.

EMMA

Okay.

EXT. PARK - BENCH - DAY

Wolf stands near the benches. Frank approaches.

FRANK

Wolf.

WOLF

Have a seat.

They both sit.

WOLF (CONT'D)

I don't remember ordering a hit on  
a child.

They look at Emma.

FRANK

She's nobody.

WOLF

(laughs)  
Baby sitting?

FRANK

Something like that.

WOLF

Your not backing out on me? What's  
the hold up?

Frank looks at him. Wolf stares intensely back at him.

WOLF (CONT'D)

When I pay for something I expect  
it to get done.

FRANK

When have I not gotten any job  
done. I just took out my friend.  
And that poor old man. I don't want  
to come across that again. I'm done  
cleaning up your mess.

WOLF

--You think we all don't go through  
this. Man up, Frank. Your "friend"  
wasn't the guy you think you knew.

(MORE)

WOLF (CONT'D)

And that old man gave up a long time ago. Do you think you turned out perfect?

(beat)

Frank, you're one of the best in this business.

FRANK

What if I don't want to be in this business anymore?

Wolf laughs.

WOLF

After this, there's nothing else you can do. Once you live it, it becomes you.

FRANK

If it's about the money, I'll get that back to you. Your gonna have to do this one yourself.

Frank stands up. Wolf grabs his shoulder and pushes him back down and whispers in his ear.

WOLF

Must I remind you, you are in Louis C's pocket. Fuck the money, I could care less. If you don't do this...

Wolf draws Frank's attention to Emma on the swings.

WOLF (CONT'D)

...Things can get real messy. You of all people know life ends a lot sooner then we think. You wouldn't want anything bad to happen to your Father now, right?

Frank balls his hand into a fist and snarls. Wolf lights up a cigar and sits back. Wolf stands up and adjust his jacket and fixes the red rose on his lapel. His right ring finger reveals his tattoo of the Chinese symbol meaning, "Devil."

WOLF (CONT'D)

Russo can't go to the club tonight.

(beat)

So whenever your done playing games.

Wolf looks at Emma on the Swing set.

WOLF (CONT'D)

I'll be in touch.

(beat)

And sorry about your old man.

FRANK

What am I suppose to do with her.

WOLF

I'm not your advisor, Frank. Take her with you.

Wolf exits.

EMMA (O.C.)

Frankie come play with me.

Frank's fist loosens.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

Frank stops at the curb of an intersection. Emma lowers the music.

EMMA

Frankie.

FRANK

Yes?

EMMA

What do you think of my Dad?

FRANK

Your Dad?

(beat)

Well I barely know him.

(beat)

Why? What do you think of him?

EMMA

I don't like him.

FRANK

Why do you say that?

EMMA

Well, he doesn't like go to the park or eat ice cream or take pictures.

FRANK

And that's important to you.

EMMA

Yes.

FRANK

So you want him to be a part of your life.

EMMA

Yes. I would like him to be there all the time. Not just some of the time, all the time.

FRANK

I see. And this is important because you love him.

EMMA (O.C.)

Wouldn't you love it if your Dad wanted to be around you all the time?

FRANK

He does.

EMMA (O.C.)

And doesn't that make you feel good?

FRANK

I wouldn't know. I barely see him.

EMMA (O.C.)

Why?

FRANK

Because I'm a terrible son.

(beat)

I don't remember the last time we hung out.

EMMA (O.C.)

You should go see your dad.

FRANK

Yeah I should.

EMMA (O.C.)

I bet he would like that.

FRANK

I know he would.

EMMA (O.C.)  
(loud)  
Then why don't you?

FRANK  
I don't know!

Frank thinks for a beat. He then looks at Emma.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(apologetic)  
Your right Emma.

EMMA  
I know.

They laugh.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
You're not so bad after all  
Frankie.

FRANK  
You too kid.

Frank drives off.

MOMENTS LATER.

Frank turns onto a suburban street and parks.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Emma, I need you to stay here for a  
minute.

EMMA  
Why?

FRANK  
I'll just be a minute I have some  
work to take care of.  
(beat)  
I'll leave the radio on.

EMMA  
Okay.  
(beat)  
Take Dolly.

Emma hands Frank her rag doll. Frank takes it, looks at it,  
then throws it in the backseat and smiles.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Hey.

They laugh. Frank walks to the back of the car.

EXT. FRANK'S CAR - TRUNK - NIGHT

Frank opens the trunk. He opens a compartment and takes out his gun. He attaches the silencer and looks around.

INTERCUT TO EMMA

Emma unbuckles her seat belt, jumps in the back, picks up her rag doll and looks at it.

EMMA

You go with Frankie. Keep him safe.

She puts it in his duffle bag, and zips it up.

INTERCUT TO FRANK

Frank closes the trunk.

INTERCUT TO EMMA

Emma sings as she sits in the front seat looking out the window.

Frank rapidly opens the door and hands Emma a blanket.

FRANK

In case you get cold.

He reaches in the back and grabs his duffle bag.

EXT. JOHNNY RUSSO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Johnny exits his apartment, lights up a cigarette and turns to lock his door. Frank clobbers him over the head.

INT. JOHNNY RUSSO'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Johnny sits tied to the chair with his mouth ducked taped. Frank stands in front of him. Johnny can barely see as Frank pours gasoline on his head. He SCREAMS.

Frank walks over to his duffle bag, that sits on the dining table.

Emma's rag doll sticks out. Frank stares at it.

EMMA (V.O.)

Where do all the bad people go?

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

Frank parks the car. He unbuckles Emma's seat belt. He carefully picks her up as she lie asleep.

EXT. VINCENT & EMMA'S HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

He carries her to the front door.

EXT. VINCENT & EMMA'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

He walks up the stairs and turns the knob.

INT. VINCENT & EMMA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vincent lays on the arm chair with his sleeves rolled up. A syringe and rubber bands lay next to his arm. Frank looks disgusted at him.

EXT. VINCENT & EMMA'S HOUSE - EMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Frank tucks Emma in her bed. He takes off his necklace and leaves it on her night stand.

VINCENT (O.C.)  
I didn't hear you come in.

Vincent stands in the doorway frame and drinks a beer. Frank, startled, turns around.

FRANK  
(startled)  
Vincent!

Vincent chuckles.

VINCENT  
I scare ya?

FRANK  
Let's talk.

Frank points to the living room. Vincent nods.

INT. VINCENT & EMMA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

FRANK  
I thought you went to pay the rent?

VINCENT

I did.

FRANK

Looking at your arms I don't think  
the rent was so important.

VINCENT

It's not what you think, Frank.

(beat)

I just needed a little pick me up.

FRANK

A pick me up? While you left your  
daughter with someone you barely  
know.

Vincent keeps quiet.

FRANK (CONT'D)

That little girl deserves a lot  
more. She is worth being proud of.  
I can't say the same for you.

VINCENT

Who do you think you are? You been  
with her for one day and your a  
father all of a sudden.

Vincent aggressively grabs Frank and SLAMS him against the  
wall.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

(whispers)

You don't know anything, Frank. I  
know what you are. I know how you  
treated your father--

FRANK

--You watch it. You just came back  
in his life. Some brother you are.

Frank's eyes look towards Emma's room where she stands in the  
doorway frame.

Vincent looks to Emma. He loosens his grip on Frank.

VINCENT

You be careful who you talk to  
Frank. Your a little piece of shit  
and have some respect, I'm still  
your Uncle.

Frank walks towards the entrance door.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Just because your living the high  
life right now doesn't mean it  
won't come to an end.

EMMA (O.C.)  
Frankie don't go.

Frank turns around and lowers himself. He and Emma embrace in a long hug. Frank's eyes teared up.

Frank pulls back.

FRANK  
Emma I have to go.

Emma nods in agreement. Frank gets up and opens the door.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(to Vincent)  
Roll down your sleeves Vincent.

Vincent stares at Frank as he exits.

EXT. OCEAN - DAWN

Frank swims. He rises into the sunlight, closes his eyes and moves his hair back.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Nurse Annie walks towards Max's room.

FRANK (O.C)  
I asked you out. You said yes. I  
felt blessed. We dated for a while.  
Then got married in style. A couple  
of years went by and we tried and  
tried and finally it was too hard  
to hide. Your stomach was growing  
with child.

Nurse Annie peers inside of Max's room. Frank stands at the foot of his bed. He reads from a paper.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Every day I am excited. Not only  
for our new son. But that you're  
the one he will call mom.  
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

I cannot wait to take him to a ball game. To call him by his name. To give him everything he will wish to have. For I am the one he will call dad.

INTERCUT TO FRANK IN MAX'S ROOM

Frank folds up the paper.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Mom gave me this before she passed. She would always tell me about how you couldn't wait for me to get here.

(beat)

I always felt you didn't like me. Like I was a burden on you. For a long time I thought I had did something which made you hate me.

(beat)

This is what made me not want to be close to you.

(beat)

I -- I regret not getting to know you. I know now you were just looking out for me. You were teaching me right from wrong. And you did it the only way you knew how.

(beat)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry for not being a good son. I'm sorry for not visiting. I'm going to go away for a little while. Take a vacation. I want you to know when you wake up I'll be here.

Frank walks over to Max. He leans over and kisses him on the forehead.

FRANK (CONT'D)

When I get back maybe we go to that ball game.

INTERCUT TO NURSE ANNIE IN THE DOOR FRAME

She tears up.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - DAY

Frank parks his car into the drive way. He wears a white shirt, blue jeans and now clean shaved.

He unzips his bag, removes Emma's rag doll, and throws the bag on the passenger's seat.

He exits the car. Frank's phone sits in the cup holder. It VIBRATES. Displayed on his screen is the name "Wolf Wilkins".

EXT. VINCENT & EMMA'S HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

Vincent stares at Frank intensely as he waters the grass. Frank holds the rag doll up to Vincent.

FRANK

She left this in my car. Is she inside?

VINCENT

She's outback.

Vincent signals Frank to go inside.

INT. VINCENT & EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank walks through the house.

EXT. VINCENT & EMMA'S HOUSE - YARD - DAY

Emma wears Frank's necklace as she runs in circles with her dolls.

EXT. VINCENT & EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank walks through the house. He puts the rag doll on the kitchen table. He then stands in the door frame and smiles as he watches Emma.

EXT. VINCENT & EMMA'S HOUSE - STREET - DAY

Vincent shuts off the hose and makes his way towards the mail box. He notices the open duffle bag in Frank's car. He looks inside and pulls out a stack of money. He looks at the house, then back at the bag.

EXT. VINCENT & EMMA'S HOUSE - YARD - DAY

Emma continues to play.

EMMA  
(sings)  
Ring around the rosey.

INTERCUT TO FRANK

EMMA (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
A pocket full of posies.

FRANK  
(sings)  
Ashes, ashes.

Vincent holds Frank's silencer behind his head.

FRANK (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
(sings)  
We all fall down.

FADE TO BLACK.

GUN SHOT.

FADE OUT.