THE HIT

Written by

Clint Horvath
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.

Franks adjusts phone.

        FRANK (CONT’D)
        Ready?

Emma poses and smiles.

        EMMA
        Thanks Frankie. Where to now?

Frank stares blankly in front of him.

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)
Let’s get 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 ducted 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.