

HITMAN'S RACE

Written by

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INT. RICHARDSON DELIVERY SERVICE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

CHARLES RICHARDSON, 37, in all-black with gloves, inches to an open door, gun poised. Through the door, he sees ARLO, 32, in a hoodie, standing at a computer in a dark office, typing.

A phone RINGS in Charles' pocket. His gun falls to the floor.

Arlo's eyes jerk to Charles. Arlo tugs a flash drive from the computer and opens a window. An ALARM BLARES. Arlo leaps out.

CHARLES

Crap.

Charles snatches his gun from the floor. He chases Arlo. The phone continues to RING.

EXT. RICHARDSON DELIVERY SERVICE - NIGHT

Charles lands in a bush, grabs the phone, and sees the screen which reads: "Cass."

CHARLES

Shit.

Arlo gets into a black BMW. Charles OPENS FIRE and answers the phone.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

What's up, buddy? Kinda busy.

INT. CHARLES AND CASS'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CASS, 9, mischievous and whip-smart, eats chips on the couch.

CASS

Hey, Dad, can I order a pizza?

EXT. RICHARDSON DELIVERY SERVICE - NIGHT

Tires SCREECH as the BMW speeds away.

CHARLES

Why aren't you in bed?

CASS (V.O.)

I can't sleep, I'm too hungry.

A BULLET pierces the BMW's rear window but misses Arlo.

CASS (V.O.)
What's that noise?

CHARLES
Car backfired. My credit card's on
the counter. Get veggies on it.

He hangs up and stares after the BMW speeding out of range.

EXT. CHARLES AND CASS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Charles drags himself from a white van, which reads:
"Richardson Delivery Service." He slumps to the door, stops,
and stares down at a large pizza box on the porch.

He twists the doorknob. It opens. Fingers grip his gun.

INT. CHARLES AND CASS'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charles hedges in, gun poised.

BENJAMIN RICHARDSON, 68, in a double-breasted waistcoat, sits
in a lounge chair smoking a joint. Charles holsters his gun.

CHARLES
Why're you here? Where's Cass?

BENJAMIN
He's at the family house till you
clean up the mess you made.

Charles freezes, fists clenched.

INT. RICHARDSON FAMILY HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cass plays on a Nintendo Switch. Empty chip and candy bags
lay strewn around him -- crumbs squished into the couch.

CASS
(to the Nintendo Switch)
Wow! Go, go, go!

TANYA RICHARDSON, 33, volatile and competitive, sits in a
chair, twirling a butterfly knife, lips pursed.

CASS (CONT'D)
Fireball!

Tanya tears the Nintendo Switch away from Cass and lobbs it
against a wall. It SMASHES into a million pieces.

Cass stands, shell shocked.

CASS (CONT'D)
What the? I was winning!

Tanya ignores him and sits in the chair, flicking her knife.

CASS (CONT'D)
When's Dad coming?

Tanya doesn't answer.

CASS (CONT'D)
I wanna go home.

TANYA
Shut. Up.

Cass blinks. He watches Tanya flick her butterfly knife.

INT. ARLO'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM & KITCHEN - NIGHT

In the dark, a doorknob jimmies, then clicks open. Charles tiptoes into a sparse, small, one-bedroom apartment.

The only furniture is a peeling couch and a small wooden table holding a laptop and dirty dishes.

Charles plugs a hacking device into the laptop and types with efficiency. The laptop DINGS. Charles clicks open the email, then notes, and calendar apps -- all blank.

He sets down the laptop, visibly frustrated, and strolls to the kitchen. He tugs open cupboards -- all empty.

A KNOCK sounds at the door. Charles freezes.

OLD WOMAN (V.O.)
(through the door)
Arlo? Did you remember to bring my
tomatoes from the market?

Charles opens a window and slips down the fire escape.

OLD WOMAN (V.O.)
Marjorie says the churro stand on
Sixth Street is real good tonight.

INT. RICHARDSON FAMILY HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cass fidgets on the couch. Tanya twirls her knife.

CASS
I gotta go to the bathroom.

TANYA
Hold it.

CASS
I'm 'bout to pee on the sofa.

Tanya gives a deep sigh.

TANYA
Be quick.

Cass dashes to an attached bathroom.

INT. RICHARDSON FAMILY HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cass locks the door behind him, turns on the water, and glances around. He clocks an air duct above the toilet.

He quietly grabs a cleaning bucket, places it upside down on the toilet, steps onto it, and reaches for the vent.

He unscrews the vent cover. It CRASHES to the floor.

INT. RICHARDSON FAMILY HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tanya strolls to the door.

TANYA
What was that?

CASS (V.O.)
I just dropped a really big poop!

Tanya gags.

TANYA
Hurry it up.

JAMES RICHARDSON, 23, a punk, strolls in, flops on the couch.

JAMES
What're yah doing back here, Sis?

Tanya wrinkles her nose.

TANYA
I'm watching Charles' bastard brat.

JAMES

Ew.

TANYA

Why're you here, Little J?

James' mouth pinches.

JAMES

Don't call me that.

INT. RICHARDSON FAMILY HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cass hauls himself into the vent. Feet vanish into darkness.

EXT. NIGHT MARKET - GYRO BOOTH - NIGHT

Crowds bustle between food stands.

Charles holds his phone up to TWO BOOTH WORKERS. The screen displays a photo of Arlo.

CHARLES

I'm looking for my friend, have you seen him?

FEMALE BOOTH WORKER

Nope.

Charles turns to walk away.

MALE BOOTH WORKER

Oh, he was over on Ventura and Eighth about ten minutes ago.

CHARLES

Thanks.

EXT. RICHARDSON FAMILY HOUSE - NIGHT

Something hits a vent from the inside, then again. A third hit breaks it. The vent cover CLATTERS to the ground.

Cass drops into a pile of trash. He dusts himself off and dashes toward the fence line.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Stop!

Cass speeds up. He reaches the fence, tugs himself up, and slings one leg over. A hand grabs him.

A GUARD rips him from the fence. Cass yells as he's dragged back to the house.

EXT. MIAMI STREET - NIGHT

Charles lurks in a shadow. He watches the opposing street.

After a moment, Arlo appears through a crowd and ducks into an alleyway. Charles draws out of the shadows and follows.

INT. RICHARDSON FAMILY HOUSE - BENJAMIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Benjamin leans back in a chair behind a mahogany desk. He lights a joint tucked between his lips, drinks in the smoke, and assesses Cass.

Cass stands, lips pursed, a Guard's hand on his shoulder.

BENJAMIN

Your dad teach you to shoot?

CASS

I've killed crows with my slingshot before.

Benjamin nods.

BENJAMIN

You'll be good with a gun, then.

Cass stares at Benjamin.

CASS

When is Dad coming?

BENJAMIN

(to Guard)

Take him back to his room. Keep an eye on him, even in the bathroom.

Cass freezes with visible fear. The guard pulls him away.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Charles follows Arlo. Arlo clocks him and runs. Charles gives chase. Arlo dashes around a corner.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - AROUND THE CORNER - NIGHT

Arlo stops. A high wall towers above him with a dumpster and trash heaped at its base. Charles approaches, gun poised.

Arlo faces him, hands raised.

ARLO
Wait, wait, wait!

Charles grabs and shoves him against a wall -- hard. He pats Arlo's pockets.

CHARLES
Where's the drive?

ARLO
I -- I don't have it.

Charles clicks the safety off the gun.

ARLO (CONT'D)
Stop. I'm not the mole.

Charles presses the gun between Arlo's eyes.

ARLO (CONT'D)
L -- look, I'm just the messenger.

CHARLES
I always shoot the messenger.

A DISTANT GUNSHOT sounds.

Blood splatters across Charles' face.

His eyes whip to a rooftop over the alleyway. A SHADOWY FIGURE vanishes. Charles pulls out his phone and dials.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
It's done, but we have a new
problem. Arlo wasn't the mole. I'll
be by to pick up Cass in fifteen.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)
Until the job is done, Cass will
stay at the family house.

The line goes dead. Charles wipes blood from his face.