

SOUTH OF MARKET

Written by

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FADE IN

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - OCEAN BEACH - DAWN

Faint sunlight struggles to break through the thick mist that blankets the shoreline.

Cold Pacific Ocean waves lap the frothy sand and seaweed.

A few early risers jog or meander along the strand.

A LARGE DOG charges excitedly down the beach. A WOMAN, the dog's owner, runs to keep pace.

The DOG RUNNER stops and lifts a PLASTIC THROWER with a TENNIS BALL on the end over her head.

The pooch watches in anticipation as the woman hoists the ball into the air. The dog takes off in mad pursuit.

As it closes in on the ball, something far more interesting catches the dog's attention.

DOG JOGGER

Whatcha found there girl?

The object of fascination lies half exposed, half buried under a pile of kelp and detritus.

The dog paws and nudges at the kelp pile, further exposing what lies underneath.

A HUMAN LEG.

The Dog Runner recoils in shock.

DOG JOGGER (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

EXT. OCEAN BEACH - DAY

POLICE AND EMERGENCY VEHICLES stand in the parking lot, lights flashing.

SFPD SERGEANT NORMA DEANGELO, 45, and her partner DEAN GONSALVES, 32, make their way over the sand to investigate the scene.

DEANGELO

What are we looking at here?

GONSALVES

Possible 10-54. Jogger called it in.

DEANGELO

Another fun day. Lets have a look.

Another officer with gloves on clears away the rest of the kelp. The BODY, male, lies face down in the sand, wearing only a pair half-shredded, faux-fur pants.

GONSALVES

Homeless?

DEANGELO

Possible. Tweeker, maybe. Partied a little too hard last night.

Deangelo crouches beside the body. Prods it with a stick.

DOG JOGGER

Is he--

BODY / ALAN

Urgh--

The prone young man, ALAN SIEGEL, 26, writhes in the sand.

Norma looks up at the jogger.

DEANGELO

Didn't bother to check if he was breathing first, did ya?

Alan, in obvious pain, pushes himself upright. He shields his eyes from the blinding sunlight.

DEANGELO (CONT'D)

Sir, are you OK? Do you need to go to the hospital?

ALAN

Er-- No I-- have to go.

He tries to get to his feet. Stumbles. Gonsalves catches him.

GONSALVES

Just relax sir. You have any ID on you?

DEANGELO shoots her partner an 'Are you kidding me?' look.

DEANGELO

Sir, my name is Sergeant Deangelo.
Do you know where you are right
now?

Alan looks around, dazed.

ALAN

Ocean Beach? How--

Flashes of recognition, recent events, start to return.

GONSALVES

You know your name?

ALAN

Alan. Siegel. Look, if you could
just give me a lift downtown--

The dog breaks loose of the Jogger's grip, starts to dig
furiously where Alan had lain.

DOG JOGGER

Whoa. Whatcha find there, girl?

The dog pulls at the strap of a wet MESSENGER BAG. Nudges the
bag open. Pulls out a PACKAGE wrapped in BROWN PAPER.

It GROWLS, snatches the bag in its teeth. Tears at the
wrapping.

Small plastic baggies full of CRYSTALLINE ROCKS spill out on
the sand.

The officers look at each other, then glare at Alan.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO HALL OF JUSTICE - INTAKE - DAY

An INTAKE OFFICER stands Alan in front of a CAMERA. Another
officer takes Alan's MUG SHOT.

Alan flinches at the blinding FLASH BULB.

He tenses inadvertently as the BOOKING OFFICER presses his
thumb to the FINGERPRINT CARD.

BOOKING OFFICER

Relax. We've both done this before.

ALAN

I really haven't.

BOOKING OFFICER
Sure, right.

The officers lead Alan to an INTERROGATION ROOM. They unlock his HANDCUFFS and push him inside.

ALAN
Wait, I get one phone call, right?

The cops bust out laughing.

SECOND OFFICER
That's a good one.

BOOKING OFFICER
You've seen too many cop shows,
kid.

ALAN
So, no then?

BOOKING OFFICER
You got a quarter?

He points down the hall.

BOOKING OFFICER (CONT'D)
There's a pay phone.

Alan doesn't.

The officer shuts and locks the door.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Alan waits in the small, windowless room.

Gazes at the black hands of the WALL CLOCK. Seconds and minutes tick hypnotically away.

The door finally swings open and Deangelo enters, holding a MANILA FOLDER.

She paces back and forth, sizing up Alan. Waiting. Building anticipation, feeding his mounting anxiety.

DEANGELO
So, Alan Siegel. Sounds like my ex-husband's divorce lawyer. Let's see, No ID, no phone, no permanent address--

ALAN

I can explain--

DEANGELO

God damn right you'll explain. You can start with the sixteen grams of pure rock crystal we found in your possession.

ALAN

Like I told you at the beach, it isn't--

DEANGELO

It ain't yours. Do you think I'm stupid? How fuckin' stupid do I look to you?

ALAN

Well-

DEANGELO

You think your tweeker ass washing up is the strangest thing I've seen this week? I got a whole cabinet full of punks who tried to get wise with me. Massive waste of my time if you ask me. So just try me, and I'll make it my mission to send your candy-raver ass somewhere you ain't going to like.

ALAN

Candy-raver?

DEANGELO

Or maybe you would, you sick fuck. Let's help each other out, OK. I need names, customers, suppliers. I can make things a lot easier on you.

ALAN

I'll explain everything, but you have to let me out of here.

DEANGELO

I'm listening.

ALAN

You see I met this girl.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - SOUTH OF MARKET DISTRICT - DAY

SUPER: Three weeks earlier.

Alan stands on a busy street corner in the heart of the SOMA neighborhood. The middle of a work day, a hub of activity.

Dressed to impress. Suit and tie pressed. Clean shaven, not a hair out of place. The outfit fits him better than he fits it.

He gazes up at the OFFICE TOWER across the street that is his destination. Takes a breath and crosses at the light.

NEWBERG'S COFFEE - a familiar looking but entirely non trademark-infringing cafe chain establishment - beckons him in.

INT. NEWBERGS COFFEE - DAY

Alan waits for his order. Fidgets with his LEATHER FOLIO.

His eyes drift to the attractive BARISTA behind the counter.

CHLO, 27, should be running an art gallery or fronting an indie rock band. At once too cool for this establishment, yet totally owning her polyester uniform.

CHLO

Got a primo slim macchiato for Alan.

Alan hesitates, lost in the colorful tribal tattoos that peak out from under he shirt, the sleek metal ring in her lip.

ALAN

Oh, sorry. That would be me.

CHLO

Here you go, sweetie.

IRATE CUSTOMER

'Scuse me, Miss?

An IRATE CUSTOMER shoves Alan out of the way before he can grab his drink.

CHLO

One moment, sir!

IRATE CUSTOMER

I believe I ordered the large espresso. You call this a large?

He slams the six ounce cup on the counter.

CHLO

Newberg's coffee does, yes. Would you prefer the Primo or Vasta size instead?

IRATE CUSTOMER

What I prefer is to get my god damn money's worth from this soulless corporate joke of an establishment!

ALAN

You know what, this woman is trying to help you. You got what you ordered and I think you should apologize.

IRATE CUSTOMER

For what?

ALAN

Well for one thing, being incredibly rude.

IRATE CUSTOMER

You know who you are? Another dupe of the capitalist system. Drink your coffee and get in line, sheeple!

CHLO

All right, that's it! Do I have to kick you out of my store again?

IRATE CUSTOMER

I'd like to speak to your manager.

CHLO

Fine, he'll be back a week from Tuesday.

IRATE CUSTOMER

Screw this, I'm going to Starbucks.

He storms out.

CHLO

Have a lovely day sir.

ALAN

The nerve of some people.

CHLO
You really didn't have to do that.

ALAN
The guy was an abusive jerk.

CHLO
And I handle jerks like that every day. It's my job. I don't need every random guy in here thinking he needs to protect me.

ALAN
I thought he was out of line.

CHLO
It was a noble gesture. And also kinda paternalistic.
(Calls out)
Vasta half-caff for Steph.

ALAN
Look, I'm sorry, Can we start again? I'm Alan.

Chlo points to her name badge.

CHLO
Chlo.

ALAN
That short for--

CHLO
Just Chlo.

ALAN
There really is no manly way to order a primo non-fat macchiato.

CHLO
Well I prefer men who are secure their masculinity.

They share a smile.

ALAN
Till next time.

He turns to leave.

CHLO
Good luck with the interview.

ALAN

Wait, how--?

CHLO

Its all tech around here. No one wears a suit to the office except the corporate attorneys, and your suit is far to cheap for a lawyer.

ALAN

I'm that obvious.

CHLO

You've also worn a hole right through your case there.

Alan inspects the folio. There is indeed a nickle-sized hole in the leather.

INT. TECH START-UP - OFFICE - DAY

JASON DYDECK, 32, gazes thoughtfully at Alan across his desk.

The open walls are posted over with MOVIE AND SPORTS MEMORABILIA, BUDDHIST QUOTES, and an AUTOGRAPHED PICTURE of ELON MUSK.

Alan offers Jason his folio. Jason waves his hand.

JASON

Later. Tell me about you.

ALAN

Well, I've been a professional developer for eight years. I--

JASON

Gonna stop you right there. Don't read me your resume. Tell me about you.

ALAN

OK. I just moved out here from New York--

Jason waves a hand in front of Alan's face.

JASON

I don't want your biography. All I want to know is, who is Alan Siegel.

ALAN

Well, I recently had some profound life changes, and I needed a change of scenery.

JASON

Go on.

ALAN

I've always lived up to certain expectations of myself. I see this is my chance to break free.

JASON

I feel you, man.

ALAN

And frankly my last boss was kind of a dick. Shit, I didn't mean--

JASON

Nah, man. Bosses suck. Hierarchies suck. I like to think of this place as a creative collaboration, a jazz ensemble if you will.

ALAN

OK.

JASON

Course I am the boss.

ALAN

Right. So Mister Dydeck--

JASON

Jason. You're one of us now.

ALAN

Really?

JASON

I know you can code. My six year old niece can probably code better than half the fools in this office.

RANDOM PROGRAMMER (O.S.)

We heard that!

JASON

Let me introduce you around.

ALAN
Thank you. Thank you so much.

Alan follows Jason into the

OPEN PLAN OFFICE

An extremely hip, retro-modern workspace, no walls or dividers to be seen.

JASON
Hey team, say hello to the new engineer, Alvin.

ALAN
Alan.

Most of the employees nonchalantly acknowledge Alan without looking up.

JASON
We're one big family here. That's Lydia over there.

LYDIA, 34, is the only one in the office who seems to be doing actual work.

LYDIA
Don't believe a word this idiot says.

JASON
We let her hang out here too.

LYDIA
You'd be dead without me, Jason.

JASON
Ain't that the truth.

LYDIA
New test subject, eh? How do you like our little madhouse so far?

ALAN
Nice fooseball table.

Numerous "employees" gather around an intense match taking place.

Others sit on the LEATHER COUCH, murdering each other's digital avatars on a massive FLAT SCREEN.

JASON

You'll find things quite a bit different than that corporate prison camp you're used to back east. The productive mind must take time to play, to think, to dream.

GAMER

Oh yeah! Suck it!

JASON

Welcome home, brother. You feelin' it right. Get in here.

Before Alan knows what hit him, Jason has him in a bear hug.

JASON (CONT'D)

Lot of love in this room, man.

Alan looks to Lydia for help. She shrugs.

LYDIA

He's a hugger.

EXT. STREET - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Alan heads to the office, dressed slightly more tech-causal this time around.

He spots Newbergs and makes a quick detour.

INT. NEWBERG'S COFFEE - DAY

The cafe teems with the usual A.M. caffeine rush.

Alan scans the counter. Multiple baristas hold down the fort, but Chlo is not among them.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Alan sits with a half dozen ENGINEERS around the table. Jason leads the meeting.

JASON

Team, I have good news and I have freaking amazing news. Which do you guys want first?

He pauses for effect, as the engineers ponder how to answer.

MALE ENGINEER

Um, the good news?

JASON

Just playing you, its all really
freaking sweet amazing news.
Starting today our company will
pivot the majority of our resources
to ChaChing. Yes, question.

MALE ENGINEER

Cryptocurrency? Like Bitcoin?

JASON

No, not Bitcoin. A Multiplatform,,
industry-hacking connected
transaction platform. Were talking
disruptive tech.

FEMALE ENGINEER

Sounds an awful lot like Bitcoin,
with a lot of gratuitous industry
jargon.

JASON

Well I have a couple of influential
VCs who are very interested in
ChaChing going forward. Alan Siegel
is going to be the project lead.

ALAN

Really?

JASON

He's been crushing it for us since
he arrived. You could all take a
cue from this guy.

MALE ENGINEER

(Sotto, to Alan)

Kiss ass.

JASON

OK, good talk homies. Bring it in
dudes.

He forces an awkward hug on two of the male engineers as they
try to pass him. He backs off as the female engineer
approaches.

JASON (CONT'D)

Whoa. That's cool. Good work today.
Hashtag me too.

He pumps his fist in the air. The engineer rolls her eyes.

INT. OFFICE - ALAN'S DESK - NIGHT

Alan codes furiously. He's the only one at his desk.

The text on the screen starts to blur.

He wearily gazes at the CLOCK on the wall.

9:00pm

LYDIA

Welcome to your second home.

She stands in front of his desk, coat and bag in hand.

ALAN

Because you never leave?

LYDIA

Come. Everyone's downstairs.

ALAN

I don't know--

LYDIA

You Mormon?

ALAN

What?

LYDIA

Muslim, Quaker. You a teetotaler?

ALAN

No.

LYDIA

Then lets go, grab a drink. This job ain't worth going insane over.

ALAN

OK. I'll catch up.

LYDIA

That's the spirit.

He watches her leave. Resumes typing.

ALAN

Fuck it.

He clicks SAVE on the compiler. The computer goes unresponsive.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Come on. Spinning wheel of death.

He tries the FORCE QUIT procedure. Starts hitting random button.

Kicks the desktop in frustration.

The office lights flicker, go dark. A HUM of electricity failing. Servers shutting down.

ALAN (CONT'D)
No. No! No No NO!

The slams the screen. It goes dark.

Flips the switch on the surge protector. Nothing.

He runs to the --

SERVER ROOM

Finds the BACK UP GENERATOR. Power cycles the box a couple of times. The lights come back on.

Runs back to his

DESK

Presses the power button on his computer.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Please, oh please.

The monitor lights up. Displays the LOGIN SCREEN

Alan types his password.

His code appears.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Oh thank Christ.

He tries again to backup his work. A message pops up

SERVER OFFLINE

ALAN (CONT'D)
Fuuuck!

He manages to click out of the error message.

He reaches for his MESSENGER BAG - the same one we saw on the beach - pulls out an EXTERNAL HARD DRIVE. Connects it.

Stares anxiously at the progress bar fills in. Breathes a sigh of relief when the save finally completes.

Quickly disconnects the drive and stashes it into his bag.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY

Carl the NIGHT WATCHMAN, 55, greets Alan as he heads out.

NIGHT WATCHMAN
Evening, sir.

ALAN
Oh hey. Carl, isn't it?

NIGHT WATCHMAN
That's right. Big plans for the evening, mister--

ALAN
Alan. Pretty tired actually. Promised the co-workers one drink, then--

NIGHT WATCHMAN
Well have a good time.

ALAN
You too.

Night Watchman tips the rim of his cap as Alan walks through the REVOLVING DOOR.

INT. WENCH AND WHISTLE TAVERN - NIGHT

A homey gathering spot just down the street for the post-work crowd.

JASON
There he is!

Alan spots Jason and Lydia at the bar. Manages to duck Jason as he moves in for the hug.

ALAN
Hey Jason, had a minor server issue-

LYDIA
No office talk. What you having?

ALAN

I don't know, whatever's on tap.

JASON

Kyrie, set 'em up. Two for my all-star here.

KYRIE, 28, sets a row tumblers in front of the group. Graceful and athletic, even her rowdiest male customers would not dare mess with her.

Jason slams the first shot. Hands a glass to Alan and Lydia, raises another.

JASON (CONT'D)

To getting it done.

Jason throws his back, as does Lydia. Alan stares at his glass.

JASON (CONT'D)

You got this, bro.

Alan throws caution to the wind and tosses back his drink. Nearly falls off his bar stool.

JASON (CONT'D)

That'll put hair on your labia.

As Alan regains his faculties, his attention drifts to the bartender. She chats with a woman seated alone at the far end of the bar.

LYDIA

So Alan, you in for ProDev.

ALAN

Pro what?

JASON

Developer's conference.

It is the other woman who captures his attention.

It is Chlo.

LYDIA

So you're down, right?

ALAN

What? Sure. Sounds like a blast.

JASON

I mean, if I can be a little indelicate, the chicks at these conferences are - very receptive.

Lydia nods in agreement.

ALAN

Could you guys excuse me for a moment?

Alan stands up and walks the length of the bar.

Chlo and Kyrie embrace. The latter goes to attend to customers.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Chlo?

CHLO

Hey. Job interview.

ALAN

Alan.

CHLO

I know. Still drinking those macchiatos?

There's a machine in the office.

CHLO

Congrats. How's the tech life treating you.

ALAN

It doesn't let us out much.

CHLO

Yeah, you look a little pale.

JASON AND LYDIA -

Observe their conversation from a distance.

JASON

Damn. Our boy got game!

LYDIA

Good for him. She's cute.

JASON

Hey, can I ask you something?

LYDIA
I can't stop you.

JASON
You mostly date women now.

LYDIA
Pretty much.

JASON
But you still, in the right
circumstances, could be attracted
to a man.

LYDIA
Why? Do you see any?

ALAN AND CHLO

Getting along famously.

CHLO
So living in New York sounds
exciting.

ALAN
I suppose. I was born there, and I
was starting to feel lost. My life
was becoming predictable.

CHLO
How's the relocation working for
you.

ALAN
The jury's still out on that one.

CHLO
Maybe its not the locale that needs
changing.

Kyrie refills Chlo's empty WINE GLASS

KYRIE
Get you something, Hun?

ALAN
Whatever she's having.

KYRIE
Good choice.

She pours him a glass of CABERNET.

CHLO
Kyrie, this is Alan from New York.

KYRIE
How long you in town?

ALAN
As long as it takes.

KYRIE
Right on.

Kyrie winks at Chlo, then leaves them alone.

ALAN
Cheers.

CHLO
So what are you doing tonight?

ALAN
Me? This is about it.

CHLO
And if you weren't here?

ALAN
Probably go home, catch up on some work. See what's on streaming.

CHLO
Sounds pretty routine and predictable to me.

ALAN
What about you? You seem to live this crazy, exciting life.

CHLO
Because I put myself out there. It's not going to just find you.

ALAN
Maybe you could take me sometime. Show me around.

CHLO
You have to find your own thing, Alan. I'm not a tour guide.

ALAN
I'm serious. I don't know a lot of people in town.

CHLO
You know what? Let's go!

ALAN
Right now?

CHLO
You got somewhere better to be?

She grabs her coat and starts walking toward the door.

ALAN
Wait! I'm coming.

He runs to catch up with her. Grabs his messenger bag from his stool as he passes Jason and Lydia.

JASON
Go Alan!

Jason hoists his glass in tribute, spills half his drink on Lydia.

LYDIA
Jesus, dude.

JASON
Whoa, sorry, Guess we better get out of these wet clothes.

LYDIA
I'm meeting someone.

JASON
Bring her along. More the merrier.

LYDIA
Good night, Jason.

She leaves him alone.

JASON
All right then. I am such a loser.

He finishes the remains of his glass.

EXT. STREET - SOMA - NIGHT

Alan follows Chlo through the streets, struggling to keep up with her pace.

Notices he's carrying the bag.

ALAN

Shoot. I need to run back to the office first. Leave my bag.

CHLO

Nonsense. My place is a block away.

ALAN

Y-your place?

INT. CHLO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alan waits in living room, trying not to stare at Chlo changing through her open bedroom door.

ALAN

So this club we're going to?

CHLO

You're going to love it.

She unclasps her bra. Alan can't resist admiring the unimpeded view of the artwork on her back.

With great effort, he averts his gaze.

Admires a FRAMED PHOTO of Kyrie and Chlo, posing in their finest CLUB GEAR.

ALAN

So you and Kyrie share this place.

CHLO

Uh huh. We were supposed to look out for each other tonight, but she had to cover last minute. There's this guy I kind of want to evade so-

-

She walks out of her bedroom in a faux fur coat and fishnets.

CHLO (CONT'D)

He's barely worth mentioning.

ALAN

But you did mention him.

CHLO

I doubt he's even in town.

She takes his hand. Her other hand slips under the strap of Alan's messenger bag.

CHLO (CONT'D)
 You going to carry that thing
 around all night.

She slips the bag off his shoulder, places it on a TABLE.

CHLO (CONT'D)
 Don't worry, it'll be here when we
 get back.

She guides him into the hallway, swings the door shut.

INT. WENCH AND WHISTLE TAVERN - NIGHT

Alone at the bar, Jason nurses one last drink.

Darth Vader's theme rings out from his vibrating phone. He
 grabs it.

JASON
 Go for Jay-Dogg.

VC REP (O.S)
 Hi Mr. Dydeck. Sorry for the late
 call.

JASON
 No worries. Just leaving the
 office.

VC REP
 Great. So we're all really looking
 forward tomorrow's presentation.
 Any way we can push it up a couple
 of hours? Got a lunch in Mountain
 View.

JASON
 I hear ya.

VC REP
 How's nine a.m. ?

JASON
 Works for me.

VC REP
 See you then.

He sets down the phone. The repercussions of the conversation
 set in.

JASON

Fuck.

He dials Alan. Phone rings repeatedly. Goes to voice mail.

ALAN (O.S.)

You've reached Alan Siegel. Please
leave a--

JASON

(into phone)

Dude. Code red. VC meeting is
tomorrow! Call me immediately.

Hangs up. Tries again. Gets the voice mail message again.

Bangs phone repeatedly on the bar.

JASON (CONT'D)

Shit. Shit. SHIT!

EXT. THE SACRED TEMPLE - NIGHT

Chlo and Alan wait in the roped nightclub QUEUE that stretches around the corner.

Alan taps his SMART PHONE. Five messages. No signal.

CHLO

Could you put that away?

ALAN

There's like five calls work.

CHLO

Breaking news. They outlawed
slavery.

She takes the phone out of his hand. Slips it into his back pocket.

The line moves in.

ALAN

You sure I'm dressed OK. Don't want
to look like a narc.

CHLO

You look fine.

THROBBING BASE increases in volume as they approach the entrance.

The BOUNCER at the front door embraces Chlo and waves her right through.

He takes Alan's DRIVERS LICENSE. Scrutinizes it. Looks him up and down.

ALAN

Here we go.

BOUNCER

Have a good evening, sir.

The Bouncer hands the license back, keeps his eyes on Alan as he walks though the door.

INT. SACRED PORTAL CLUB ENTRANCE- NIGHT

ALAN

The hell was that all about?

CHLO

Just relax. Don't be so paranoid.

They stop in front of the COAT CHECK WINDOW

ALAN

You said this place is called Sacred Portal?

CHLO

That's the theme camp hosting the benefit. Friday night is Nineteen Eighty-Five. Wednesdays' Bondage-O-Rama.

ALAN

Bondage what?

Chlo hands her coat to the ATTENDANT. Her outfit underneath, scandalous in most settings, is typical attire here.

SACRED PORTAL - DANCE FLOOR

Young, half-naked bodies oscillate to pounding ELECTRONIC DANCE MUSIC.

Chlo weaves her way through the crowd, thoroughly in her element.

Alan does all he can to keep her in sight, impeded at every turn by the wall of gyrating humanity.

His head spins, taking in the striking sights and sounds around him.

- FIRE PERFORMERS eat and caress their skin with flame.

- WOMEN IN LEATHER CORSETS pole dance on suspended platforms.

- An AERIALIST in a neon-fur bikini dangles from silk ribbons over the dance floor.

- PULSING, GLOWING LIGHTS of every color and size form a psychedelic tapestry of sound and vision.

Chlo sways, eyes closed, entranced. A circle of dancers has formed around her, drawn into her energy.

ALAN

Chlo!

Alan loses his balance. Stumbles into the middle of a three-way make-out session.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Oh wow, excuse me.

The triad, without breaking stride, nudge Alan toward Chlo.

ALAN (CONT'D)

This place is intense.

CHLO

What?

The music drowns out any attempt at conversation. Chlo raises a hand to her ear.

Alan leans in closer.

ALAN

(Shouting over the music)
Do you want to get a drink.

CHLO

No thanks, but we should totally get a drink.

Chlo leads Alan through the crowd to

THE BAR

Comely servers with cat ears and tails refresh the recovering masses.

CLUB KID (O.S.)
Hey beautiful.

Chlo turns and smiles at CLUB KID, a lanky young man with sparkling eyes that dance all over her body.

CHLO
Hey sexy.

She scoops the Club Kid into her arms and makes out furiously with him.

Alan looks on, beside himself.

Following this exchange, the kid prances off as if nothing had happened.

ALAN
Close friend?

CHLO
Hung out with at Burning Man last year, I think. Pretty sure he's gay.

ALAN
Just saying hello then?

CHLO
Yes. Exactly.

ALAN
Is there somewhere we could just talk?

CHLO
We're doing that, aren't we.

Chlo spots someone over Alan's shoulder. A BIG MAN, built like a football defensive lineman, stares back at her.

ALAN
I don't know you that well--

CHLO
You don't know me at all.

ALAN
I'd like to.

CHLO
Don't over think this, man.

With one eye on her stalker, she leads Alan back out on the dance floor.

The big man, E-TONE, follows closely, keeping them in his sights.

Chlo dances into the crowd, trying to blend in.

Alan, taken with her, remains frozen and self-conscious.

CHLO (CONT'D)
Dance with me.

Alan makes his best effort to mirror Chlo's moves. The results ain't pretty.

CHLO (CONT'D)
Get out of your head, man.

ALAN
I don't exactly have your moves.

CHLO
Then show me your moves.

Alan draws close, wraps his right arm around Chlo's waist, her right hand in his left. Pulls her to him.

CHLO (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

ALAN
Follow my lead.

He leads her through an exhilarating, flawless West Coast Swing routine:

- Rocks her back, then forward.
- Spins her back and rotates her inside.
- Lifts her over his head and through his legs.
- Finishes with a deep, swooning dip.

Chlo gazes up at Alan, breathless.

He pulls her to her feet. A crowd of revelers encircle them, ceasing their own gyrations to watch their routine. They applaud vigorously.

CHLO
That was-- something.

ALAN
Thank you. That was months with my
ex-fiance.

CHLO
Wow. I'm sorry.

ALAN
I'm not.

E-TONE

Eyes fixed Chlo and Alan, talks into his MOBILE PHONE.

E-TONE
Z. She's at the club.

Z-THRUST (O.S.)
Great. Bring her back here.

The voice on the other end of the line is Z-THRUST. We will
get to know him very well shortly.

E-TONE
She ain't alone.

Z-THRUST (O.S.)
Who she with?

E-TONE
Some dude. Haven't seen him. He's
all Dancing with the Stars or some
shit.

Z-THRUST (O.S.)
I suggest you have a chat with him.

He hangs up.

E-Tone moves toward Chlo and Alan, pushing oblivious clubbers
aside like paper curtains.

CHLO

Catches E-Tone's menacing glare. Places her hand on Alan's
shoulder and nudges him back into the throng.

E-Tone follow, but runs into a wall of people watching a
trope of FIRE SPINNERS perform their incendiary art.

Hemmed in, E-tone scans the room in vain for his targets.

Chlo and Alan retreat to the

CHILL LOUNGE

An Oasis of relative calm.

ALAN

What was that all about?

CHLO

Look, I need to hit the rest room for a moment. Why don't you grab us drinks. We'll talk when I get back

She disappears in to the crowd

ALAN

Great. I'll be here then.

Alan stands by the BAR. Engages in some casual people watching. Waits.

And waits. And waits.

Chlo does not return.

Alan scans the party. Ventures out onto the floor.

Searches the sea of faces. At last he sees--

Chlo, talking with a CLUB GIRL, early 20's, dressed about ten years younger, with neon hair and rainbow stockings.

They talk rapidly. Chlo looks distraught.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Chlo!

He starts to walk toward them, but his path is impeded by an

AGING HIPPIE COUPLE, late forties - early fifties. The woman's greying hair flows in youthful curls. The man wears a ponytail behind his bare scalp.

HIPPIE WOMAN

Blessings.

ALAN

Thanks? Sorry, need to find someone.

HIPPIE MAN

Is it Jesus?

ALAN

Could be.

The man pushes a CELLOPHANE-WRAPPED PASTRY into Alan's hand.

ALAN (CONT'D)

No, thanks. Not really hungry --

The woman cups her hand around Alan's fingers, closes them around the pastry.

HIPPIE WOMAN

Spread the love.

Alan accepts the treat and steps around the couple.

Chlo and the Club Girl are gone.

CHILL LOUNGE - LATER

Alan sits on a cushion. Head spinning. Lost.

FURRY

Excuse me, would you mind
scotching over a bit?

Alan slides over a couple of inches to let the individual in the FUR SUIT and ANIMAL HEAD squeeze into an intimate cuddle pile with at least five others of his, uh, species.

ALAN

Well that totally ruined Disney for
me.

CLUB GIRL / SASHA

Yeah, I'm mostly over the furry
thing.

The neon-haired club girl, SASHA, 22, crouches next to him, accompanied by her similarly dressed companion KURT, 21.

ALAN

You're Chlo's friend.

Sasha nods.

SASHA

Saw you dance back there. You guys
are really hot together.

ALAN

We're not together. She ditched me.

SASHA

Bummer, dude. You should totally
hang with us.

ALAN

Nothing personal but I think I'm done.

SASHA

There's this epic underground rave happening a few blocks from here. Rumor is DJ Z-Thrust's spinning tonight.

ALAN

Should that mean something?

SASHA

He hasn't spun in the Bay Area in over a year.

ALAN

Tempting as that sounds, I've had plenty of raving for one night.

SASHA

Pretty sure Chlo's there.

ALAN

She tell you that?

SASHA

She and Z-thrust had a thing.

ALAN

Wait, he's her ex? And what were you guys discussing earlier? Is she in some sort of trouble?

SASHA

No, no. I just think if you really like someone, you shouldn't give up on them so easily.

ALAN

Fine, I'll go. Maybe I'll get my bag back.

SASHA

Yay! I'm Sasha, by the way. This is Kurt.

ALAN

Alan.

KURT

Hi Alan.

SASHA

Worst case, you have a good time.

ALAN

Where have I heard that before.

He stands. The blood rushes quickly from his aching head.
Follows Sasha.

EXT. SIXTH STREET - NIGHT

Sketchy characters loiter along this dimly lit strip of liquor stores, porn shops and single-occupancy hotels.

Alan walks briskly, eyes on his phone's MAP APPLICATION.

Sasha and Kurt, several paces ahead, roll their eyes.

ALAN

You'd think I could get more than one bar out here.

SASHA

Will you put that stupid thing away?

Before Alan can defend his technology usage, a shady character appears behind him.

STREET THIEF

Hey man, you got fifty cents.

ALAN

Sorry, no.

He keeps walking, picking up the pace.

The THIEF spins around, grabbing the phone out of Alan's hands.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Hey. Listen pal--

The man points a vaguely gun-shaped OBJECT concealed in his coat pocket at Alan.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Whoa, No need for that.

Alan starts to remove his overcoat.

STREET THIEF

Let's go boss. You have money?

Alan nods. Hand shaking, he pulls his wallet from his pant pocket. He starts to pull out a bill.

ALAN

Twenty OK? How about thirty?

The thief snatches the wallet, takes off into an alley.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Great. Just great.

(To Sasha and Kurt)

Thanks for the help, you guys.

They look at each other and shrug.

DEANGELO (O.S.)

So the guy took all your money and I.D.?

FLASH FORWARD TO

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

DEANGELO

And you wouldn't happen to have a description of this convenient thief?

ALAN

I don't know, about six foot, handsome, blue eyes--

DEANGELO

Don't get smart with me, punk.

ALAN

Maybe you should be out looking for this guy.

DEANGELO

Not likely. So why didn't you report the incident when it happened?

BACK TO:

EXT. SIXTH STREET - ALLEY - NIGHT

The thief rests against a wall in a dark alley.

Investigates the stolen phone.

STREET THIEF
Seven-s? Useless.

He throws the phone away.

A HOMELESS MAN emerges from a nearby TENT. He grabs the phone and quickly returns to his shelter.

INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB - NIGHT

A smaller crowd of hard-core scenesters pack the intimate space for the underground rave.

Downtempo, AMBIENT HOUSE music streams from the P.A. The ambience is both mellow than the previous club, yet stranger.

The trio wander through the crowd.

SASHA
I'm sensing a really angsty energy
from you right now.

ALAN
The guy's probably cleaned out my
account and is creating offshore
aliases in my name as we speak.

SASHA
People have wallets stolen all the
time.

ALAN
And my phone. I bet its some kind
of racket.

SASHA
Isn't this an amazing space?

ALAN
If you like fire traps.

Alan starts to move away from Sasha.

SASHA
Where are you going?

ALAN
To look for Chlo. Or a phone.

He heads into the midst of the party.

Looks around. Doesn't spot her.

Attempts to talk to a few of the RAVERS. Most ignore him, or are too chemically enhanced to offer a coherent reply.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me, do you know Chlo.
Petite, dark hair, lot of tattoos?

Three quarters of the women in the place match that description.

RAVER

Sorry, man.

Unsuccessful, Alan spots Sasha again.

SASHA

No luck?

Alan shakes his head.

ALAN

Feeling really low blood-sugar,
actually.

He reaches in his pocket, finds the 'special' pastry. Unwraps it and breaks off a piece.

Takes a bite. It's not bad. Pops the rest of the piece in his mouth.

ALAN (CONT'D)

So who's this Z-thrust again?

As if on cue, the lights go dark.

Multicolored lasers beam out over the ecstatic crowd.

A deep BASE DRONE segues into the epic swell of Thus Spoke Zarathustra (a/k/a the 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY theme)

E-tone emerges from a cloud of STAGE FOG to hype up the audience.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (O.S)

San Francisco, prepare yourselves
for the legend himself, DJ
Zarathustra!

The frenzied crowd screams as the spotlights reveal DJ ZARATHUSTRA, a/k/a Z-THRUST.

He stands behind his DECK, shrouded in a halo of blinding light like a techno-messiah before his apostles.

He reaches out as if to bless his audience with his HEAVY,
DARK ELECTRONICA.

The entire dance floor moves like a single, undulating
organism enraptured by the deep, droning bass.

Alan finds himself trapped in the writhing mass, his senses
overwhelmed.

For an instant, time seems to slow down. Bodies seem to split
into multiple exposure, flow as if underwater. Ghostly
afterimages hang in the air.

And then the visions cease. To his surprise, his body moves
to the music.

Sasha shimmies beside him. Against him.

SASHA

You almost look like you're
enjoying yourself.

ALAN

I normally don't get this techno
stuff, but I'm actually feeling it.

SASHA

Z-thrust never spins spaces like
this anymore. He's like one of the
top five in the world right now.

ALAN

At playing records?

SASHA

For me, his music is transcendent.

ALAN

He's a DJ, so more plays music than
creates.

Alan absently pops the remaining cookie into his mouth.

SASHA

Whatever. Hey, you have any more of
that?

Alan holds the empty cellophane wrapper.

ALAN

Oh, sorry. That hippy couple just
gave me one.

Sasha's expression melts.

SASHA

You didn't eat the entire thing.

ALAN

I guess. Look, I'm hip. I've had a few tokes of the ganj in my time.

SASHA

That thing was pure Turkish hashish.

ALAN

Is that bad?

SASHA

Enjoy the ride, dude.

STAGE

E-Tone tries to get the attention of Z-Thrust, who is fully engaged with his deck and turntables.

Z-THRUST

What? I'm a little busy here?

E-TONE

It's him.

E-Tone points out Alan in the crowd.

E-TONE (CONT'D)

That's the dude from the club.

Z-THRUST

With Chlo?

E-TONE

Nah. He alone.

Z-THRUST

At the club, idiot.

E-TONE

Yeah. Motherfuckin' Fred Astaire.

Z-thrust throws another RECORD on the turntable.

Z-THRUST

So? Who's this punk to me? I'm in the middle of a set.

E-TONE

Should I go kick his ass?

Z-THRUST

Bring him back here after the set.
Now can I do my god damn job,
please?

E-TONE

'Course, bro.

E-TONE leaves the stage, stakes out a spot on the

FLOOR

From which to keep Alan in sight.

Alan retreats to a SOFA on the periphery of the space as the effects of the HASHISH start to take hold.

He rubs his temples. The ATONAL DRONE and relentless BASS throb painfully in his head.

Just as the sound becomes unbearable, the music levels off. The house lights fade up.

Sasha's companion Kurt walks toward him.

KURT

Hi Alex.

ALAN

It's-- never mind. Whatcha been up to Kurt.

KURT

Hanging with friends.

A group of shirtless LEATHER BOYS literally hang from METAL HOOKS THROUGH THEIR FLESH.

Alan flinches.

KURT (CONT'D)

You find your woman?

ALAN

Chlo! Shit, I forgot.

KURT

Its OK, I can tell you're in a good place.

ALAN

You're right. Sometimes you have to roll with it.

KURT
I'm rolling so hard right now.

ALAN
Wait, what are we talking about?

Kurt strokes Alan's arm.

Sasha joins them.

ALAN (CONT'D)
I think your friend might be into me.

SASHA
Kurt's way out of your league, man. Don't get me wrong, you're pretty cute. Especially when you get the stick out of your ass.

E-Tone interrupts.

E-TONE
Yo, we need to talk.

ALAN
Who are you exactly?

E-TONE
You with Chlo?

ALAN
You a friend of hers?

SASHA
He doesn't know where she is, E-Tone.

ALAN
You know this guy?

E-TONE
Relax, I'm a friend of Z-thrust. He wants to meet you.

ALAN
Well, I'd like to talk to him, so--

E-TONE
Backstage. Five minutes.

SASHA
Good luck, man. I'm kinda crushing on you myself right now.

ALAN
Uh, thanks?

SASHA
Well I'm not gonna jump you right
here in front of Kurt.

He heads off to find Z-thrust.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Watch out for these guys.

Her warning gives him pause.

INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Alan enters Z-Thrust's domain. E-Tone stands guard.

Z-THRUST
Irie brother. Niihau, namastè, ah-
salam, como esta.

ALAN
Huh?

E-Tone laughs.

Z-THRUST
Welcome. Did you enjoy the set.

ALAN
Sure, wasn't bad.

Z-THRUST
When I spin, the club is my church.
More than that. Five hundred
people, becoming one organism, an
amoeba, a slimy, writhing new life
form.

ALAN'S POV

As Z-Thrust pontificates, Alan's reality starts to break. The words devolve into gibberish, even more than they already are.

Alan holds his head, snaps back to coherence.

Z-THRUST (CONT'D)
This is my family. My music is my
gift to them.

ALAN
You play records.

Z-THRUST
Say what now?

ALAN
Artists actually make the records
you play.

E-TONE
Z-Thrust is an artist.

ALAN
Unquestionably. You're great at
picking records out of a box and
playing them.

E-Tone fumes at Alan. Z-Thrust breaks into hysterical
laughter.

Z-THRUST
I love this guy!

Z-Thrust clamps his hand on Alan's shoulder, hard enough to
cut off the circulation.

Alan laughs nervously and slides out of Z-Thrust's grasp.

Z-THRUST (CONT'D)
You know Chlo, she's a fine woman,
but she's not all she seems.

ALAN
Listen, she and I aren't--

Z-THRUST
You don't have to explain it to me.
She's a wild piece--

ALAN
She has something of mine.

Z-THRUST
Yeah?

ALAN
Normally it could wait but the
people I work for--

Z-THRUST
Your associates.

ALAN

They're expecting delivery of the product. In fact heads may roll if I don't.

Z-THRUST

I hear that. We businessmen.

ALAN

So if you know where she is--

Z-THRUST

Yeah, 'course man. Why don't you head up to the flat so we can talk business.

ALAN

Or maybe find a phone.

Z-THRUST

Sure, whatever you need, brother.

E-Tone opens a back door. A STAIRWELL leads upstairs. Alan stumbles up the steps.

E-Tone slams the door.

E-TONE

You think he with the limeys.

Z-THRUST

Find that two-timing skank! Don't let homeboy leave. I need to know who he's working with before we--

E-TONE

Take care of him.

INT. Z-THRUST'S FLAT - NIGHT

The FLAT above the underground club is a haven of recovering club-goers and illicit activity.

Alan's tenuous hold on his perceptive reality breaks as the THC in his system fully takes hold.

Conversations blur into an unintelligible cacophony. Physical space expands and contracts. Time skips forward and slows down at random.

He collapses onto a bench near a ROUND TABLE, gives into his high.

HIPSTER GIRL
You are bathing in bloom.

Alan squints through his impaired, unstable vision.

A HIPSTER COUPLE stands over him.

HIPSTER GIRL (CONT'D)
Do you know where the bathroom is?

Alan rolls his head toward the perceived source of the voice.

The BATHROOM DOOR, a few steps away, might as well be located in Kathmandu.

HIPSTER GUY
That guy's feeling no pain.

HIPSTER GIRL
Are you OK?

HIPSTER GUY
He's in his happy place.

The couple disappear into the bathroom together, followed shortly by HEAVY BREATHING and MOANING.

Alan's head collapses on the table. Saliva pools under his face. The world fades to white.

Nothing but a tinnitus tone.

Voices slowly come into focus. Heavy WORKING CLASS LONDON ACCENTS.

RORI
You breathin', man.

TRENT
Shit, let the coroner deal wit 'im.

TRENT, a dead ringer for Sid Vicious, chain smokes as he shuffles a deck of PLAYING CARDS.

TRENT (CONT'D)
So where's the fooken DJ?

RORI
Maybe he knows.

RORI, an elfin, ninety pound badass in a miniskirt, nudges Alan with the heel of her THIGH HIGH BOOT.

She kicks him until he rouses and sits up, still high as a kite, but slowly regaining his perceptive faculties.

RORI (CONT'D)

'Ey, chad. You seen Z-thrust around.

ALAN

Z--? Oh yeah. Supposed to wait for him.

TRENT

Got business with him? What a coincidence.

ALAN

I don't--

RORI

Oi, you going to deal or what.

TRENT

Can't play with two people.

RORI

(to Alan)
Deal you in?

TRENT

Ante up, assholes.

Rori slides a FIFTY DOLLAR BILL toward the center of the table.

Rori reaches into Alan's empty pockets.

RORI

I don't think he got money.

Trent peels a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL off a fat roll. Flips it into the pot.

TRENT

Call it credit. I'm sure your boy Z's good for it.

He places a stack of bills in front of Alan. Deals two cards each to himself and the other two players.

Rori throws another FIFTY into the pot.

Trent deals the three card FLOP. TWO OF HEARTS, NINE OF SPADES, QUEEN OF CLUBS.

Rori lifts the corner of her cards, taps them on the table.

TRENT (CONT'D)
You check.

Alan still doesn't quite process.

ALAN
Uh-huh.

Trent peels off two more BENJAMINS.

TRENT
Raise, bitches.

Rori tosses in her cards.

RORI
Sod it.

TRENT
You call?

Alan picks up his cards.

TRENT (CONT'D)
Don't show us your cards, mate.

Trent pushes Alan's card hand down to the table, takes two Hundreds from Alan's stack, drops them on the pot.

He deals the Turn. TEN OF DIAMONDS.

Trent lets a grin escape from his poor poker face. He checks his cards again.

JACK OF CLUBS. KING OF DIAMONDS.

He pushes two stacks into the pot.

TRENT (CONT'D)
Two grand.

RORI
You're so full of shit.

TRENT
What you say, space boy.

RORI
Come on, man.

ALAN
All in.

Seemingly lucid, Alan pushes all his money into the pot.

RORI
You sure about this?

Trent flips over his cards, showing straight to the King.

Rori turns Alan's hand.

TWO OF DIAMONDS, TEN OF CLUBS.

DAVE
You better hope your boy Z-bag's
good for it.

He deals the river.

Two of Spades.

RORI
Full house.

Rori sweeps the pile of cash in front of Alan.

With a look of psychotic determination, Trent grabs a stack of cash from a case on the floor. Slams the cash on the table.

RORI (CONT'D)
We need that.

TRENT
Just deal!

INT. FLAT - FRONT ROOM

Z-Thrust and E-Tone storm into the flat.

Z-THRUST
Ain't know way Chlo just happens to
show up with this dude tonight of
all nights. Then comes into my
place trying to play me?

E-TONE
I don't know, man. Guy looks like
some kind of computer geek. Chlo
was all over him tonight though.

Z-THRUST
Nah, man. She would never play me
like that.

E-TONE
You been gone a long time.

Z-THRUST
I said she ain't like that!

E-TONE
All I'm saying is keep an open
mind.

A GLASSY-EYED GIRL and her FRAT GUY boyfriend accost them.

GLASSY-EYES GIRL
Oh my god, your set was
unbelievable.

Frat guy slaps Z-thrust on his back.

FRAT BOY
You rock, zee-brah.

Without a word, Z-Thrust grabs Frat bro, throws him into a SOFA with such force that he tumbles over the back and crashes into a window, nearly shattering it.

The stunned girl attends to her bleeding boyfriend on the floor.

INT. FLAT - BACK ROOM

Fat stacks of cash rise in front of Alan. He's clearly won several hands by now, despite being barely aware of what is going on.

Trent, twitching with barely contained rage, studies the community cards.

4 OF DIAMONDS, JACK OF CLUBS, JACK OF SPADES, ACE OF HEARTS.

He lifts the corner of his own hand.

Ace, Jack. A FULL HOUSE.

UNDER THE TABLE

Trent fingers a SWITCHBLADE. Opening and closing it repeatedly. Pointed right at Alan's - precious bits.

Alan sits in a relaxed posture, perfect poker face. In reality, barely cognisant.

Rori deals the river.

4 OF SPADES.

TRENT pushes his remaining cash into the center.

TRENT

All in. Three grand.

Alan places three neat stacks into the pot.

Both players reveal their hole cards.

Alan reveals:

4-Clubs. 4-Hearts. FOUR OF A KIND.

The others stare in disbelief.

Alan reaches for the pot.

Trent pounds on the table. His hand tightens around the switchblade handle.

CHLO

Alan?

Alan turns toward the unexpected, angelic voice.

ALAN

Chlo?

Chlo helps Alan to his feet.

CHLO

What are you doing here?

ALAN

I came back for you.

CHLO

We have to get out of here. Now.

Trent bolts from his seat.

TRENT

Oi! The fuck you going?

RORI

Trent, stop!

ALAN

Oh right.

Alan sets a wad of bills in front of Trent. Pockets the rest.

ALAN (CONT'D)

We should do this again sometime.

CHLO

Come on.

Trent throws the bills back at Alan. Raises the blade. Lunges.

Z-THRUST

So it's true.

CHLO

Gene, this isn't--

Z-THRUST

What it looks like? I ain't blind, Chlo.

RORI

Gene?

CHLO

This is between us.

TRENT

Actually its between us and this tosser.

Trent steps up to Z-Thrust. E-tone pushes him back.

E-TONE

You a long way from jolly old England, son.

RORI

Who's this then, your mum?

Chlo leads Alan away as the confrontation comes to a head.

TRENT

We had a deal. And you send your boy to hustle us? That's unprofessional.

Z-THRUST

My boy? I thought he was with you.

E-TONE

People, people. Where's Chlo?

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

ALAN

Your ex seems like an OK guy.

CHLO

He's a sociopath. I didn't mean to get you mixed up in all this.

ALAN

What? What are you mixed up in?

Chlo opens the small hanging window.

CHLO

There's no time. We're only up a few feet. It's safe.

ALAN

You are the most beautiful and kind woman I've ever met.

CHLO

Go home, Alan. Get some sleep.

Someone BANGS on the door.

CHLO (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Go NOW! While you still can.

Z-THRUST (O.S.)

That you in there, Chlo. Dropping a deuce?

She gestures toward the window. Alan climbs through the frame. Loses his balance --

EXT. FLAT - NIGHT

-- and falls hard on the pavement below.

INT. BATHROOM

Z-Thrust pounds the door again.

Chlo, starts to climb up to the window.

Another set of knocks. She freezes.

Climbs down. Opens the door.

Z-THRUST
Where is he?

CHLO
Jesus Gene, he's nobody. I have
what you want.

Z-THRUST
Oh yes you do.

He slides his arms around her, forcing her body against his.
Frozen, she feels his hot, dank breath on her neck.

Z-THRUST (CONT'D)
But I can't trust you.

CHLO
That's a good one. Who sent their
goon to stalk who again?

Z-THRUST
You still have it?

CHLO
What do you think?

Z-THRUST
I think you and E are going to go
pick it up for me.

CHLO
Fine. Then we're done. I'm done.

Z-THRUST
Baby, I'm outta here tomorrow. You
think you're special? Like I don't
have fine-ass women in every city,
way hotter than you? Like I care
about your boyfriend. I am
literally drowning in pussy.

CHLO
OK then. Let's go, E.

She brushes past Z-Thrust.

EXT. SOMA STREETS - NIGHT

BLACKNESS

Alan lies face down in the middle of a dark street.

The noise of the street, VEHICLES, SIRENS, FOOTSTEPS, DISTANT VOICES, vacillates between inaudible and unbearable levels.

Alan's eyes flicker open. A bright blur expands rapidly in front of him as car tires SCREECH to a halt.

The bumper stops inches from his face.

Alan pulls himself to his feet. The world spins around him.

Surroundings come into focus. A MURAL on a nearby building. Ornate SKULLS. A word painted in Gothic lettering.

MUERTOS

The driver of the YELLOW CAB blasts his horn.

CAB DRIVER
What the hell you on, moron!

Alan steps around to the passenger door. Reaches for the latch.

The cab speeds off. Alan yells after it.

ALAN
Wonderful.

Another vehicle approaches. Alan waves it down.

The HYBRID CAR pulls up in front of Alan. Various RIDESHARE LOGOS are affixed to the windshield.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Yes!

He looks in the window. A YOUNG WOMAN in the backseat plays with her cell phone.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Thank you so much--

RIDESHARE DRIVER
You booked a ride?

ALAN
No, but if you could just take me a few blocks.

RIDESHARE DRIVER
You have to book a ride through the app.

ALAN

I lost my phone. If you could just take me a few blocks. I'll pay you.

RIDESHARE DRIVER

That's not how [UBER} works.

ALAN

Look, you have no idea the kind of night I'm having. You could just be a reasonable human being--

The driver peels off.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He searches the quiet, desolate street for some sign or landmark.

He spots a solitary figure in the dim streetlight.

Walks towards the man. Recognizes him.

The Street Thief.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Hey!

The Thief glares back at Alan. Takes off running.

Alan gives chase. The Thief runs into a

LIQUOR STORE

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Alan enters cautiously. No one behind the counter.

Alan takes deliberate steps along the aisles.

Famished and dehydrated, he grabs a WATER BOTTLE from refrigerator, drinks from it. Unwraps a PROTEIN BAR.

A MONITOR

Mounted behind the counter, displays a SECURITY CAMERA FEED capturing Alan's petty theft.

Alan cautiously approaches a rear DOOR. Leans in to listen.

STORE - BACK ROOM

The thief, wearing a SKI MASK, forces the SHOPKEEPER, mid-fifties, to open a SAFE at GUNPOINT.

ALAN (O.S.)
Hello? Is everything OK?

He knocks tentatively on the door.

The thief looks up. Stuffs stacks of bills into his coat. Shoves the shopkeeper to the ground.

Pushes the door open.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

The Thief barrels into Alan. They crash through the DISPLAY RACK, destroying it, scattering food items around them.

Alan wrestles with the thief. Cash and other stolen items fall from the thief's overcoat, including Alan's DRIVERS' LICENSE.

The thief wrests free. Tosses the ski mask at Alan, and flees the scene.

Alan picks himself up. Grabs some of the scattered items and cash and tries to return them to the shaken shopkeeper.

Doesn't realize he's also holding the ski mask.

He hears the wail of APPROACHING SIRENS. Catches his own image on the

SECURITY MONITOR.

Realizes the suspiciousness of the situation.

He bolts for the door.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

He emerges to flashing RED AND BLUE LIGHTS. He's surrounded.

The unmistakable sound of SCRAPING METAL startles him.

A HUGE BIKER DUDE, decked out in STUDED LEATHER and CHAINS, brandishes a MACHETE.

His opponent, a three-hundred pound GANGBANGER, JAPANESE KATANA SWORD in hand.

The combatants face one another, in battle stances, eyes of fury fixed upon one another.

SFPD OFFICERS emerge from their black and whites, surround the impending battle royale.

Alan's face registers horror at the ensuing (off-screen) carnage. A CLANG of METAL. Sickening CRUNCH of bone.

THUD of bodies hitting the pavement.

ALAN

I didn't see that. No one should see that!

Alan flees the scene as the police rush in to sort out the bloody aftermath.

INT. E-THRUST'S FLAT - NIGHT

Trent and Rori sit across from Z-Thrust, having temporarily settled their differences.

The flat is otherwise empty.

Trent takes a long drag from a glass pipe.

He collapses in his seat, blissful, satisfied. Offers the pipe to Rori, who refuses.

TRENT

No hard feelings. Glad these little disputes won't taint our lucrative partnership.

Z-THRUST

Business is business.

TRENT

Pleasure is business. If I might say, you seem on-edge tonight. Something eating you, mate?

Z-THRUST

What I don't get, if that dude tonight wasn't with you, then who is he?

TRENT

Whoever he is, he took me for almost ten grand. Gotta be connected.

Z-THRUST

Back east?

TRENT

The fuck should I know? Tell you
what though, that chick he was with-

-

Z-THRUST

What about her?

TRENT

All I'm saying is, little quim like
that, can ease my tension,
knowwhatImean?

Z-thrust glares at him, nostrils flaring.

EXT. STREET - REAR ENTRANCE

Z-THRUST hoists a panicked Trent by his shirt.

TRENT

I didn't know she was your bird.
All I'm said was if I had a chick
like that I wouldn't let her out of
my sight, aight?

A MUNI BUS approaches. Z-Thrust pushes Trent into its path.

Z-THRUST

Stay out of my business.

TRENT

Yes, absolutely. Wait, what are we
talking about again? Fucking hell!

Trent braces for impact. Z pulls him back at the last minute.
Lets the bus pass inches from his face.

He tosses Trent to the ground. Kicks him twice in the
stomach.

Leaves him bleeding in the street, curled into a fetal
position.

EXT. SOMA STREETCORNER - NIGHT

Alan stops running. Gasps for air.

The corner is quiet. Too quiet.

As he catches his breath, he recognizes the structure across the street.

The OFFICE TOWER.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Alan bangs on the glass until the Night Watchman comes to the door.

NIGHT WATCHMAN
Can I help you.

ALAN
Carl, its me. Alan. I work upstairs.

The Night unlocks and cracks open the door.

NIGHT WATCHMAN
You have your key card?

ALAN
You see me every day. We spoke a few hours ago.

NIGHT WATCHMAN
Can't let you in without a key card.

ALAN
Come on, man. It's been a really long night.

NIGHT WATCHMAN
Can you show me some I.D.

ALAN
I don't- the hell with this.

Alan tries to push past the guard, but the latter quickly overpowers him. He shoves Alan back and locks him out.

NIGHT WATCHMAN
Don't make me call the cops.

Alan gathers himself, walks around the side of the building.

Notices a third story OFFICE WINDOW, slightly open.

The window is just above a FIRE ESCAPE

Alan sets himself under the fire escape LADDER.

Leaps as high as he can. Comes up short once, twice--

Grabs the bottom rung of the ladder on the third try. Pulls it to the ground.

Alan climbs the two flights. Climbs up on the rail of the fire escape and reaches for the window. Pushes it open just wide enough to slip through.

He stretches for the window frame. Nearly loses his grip and falls.

Manages to steady himself and pull himself up and through the window.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Alan tumbles into the office. He finds his desk and collapses in his chair.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY

A RED LIGHT blinks on the security desk.

NIGHT WATCHMAN

Son of a bitch.

He watches the CLOSED-CIRCUIT VIDEO MONITOR, scanning the array of live feeds.

One of security feeds is framed in red. The company name blinking below the image:

An OVERHEAD SHOT of Alan, passed out in his office.

NIGHT WATCHMAN (CONT'D)

Got ya.

He hits a button on his console. Opens his desk. Removes a MILITARY ISSUE SEMI-AUTOMATIC PISTOL.

He holds the handgun close to his heart and pumps the slide.

NIGHT WATCHMAN (CONT'D)

You just made my night.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

A DEAFENING ALARM startles Alan awake.

He runs to a the ALARM PANEL. Punches numbers on the keypad.

The shrieking noise disorients him. He fails to silence the alarm. Starts to panic.

Goes to the window. Spots a POLICE CRUISER speeding toward the building.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR

The Night Watchman bursts out of the stairwell, gun drawn, screaming into his RADIO.

NIGHT WATCHMAN
Suspect cornered in third floor
office. Request backup.

POLICE RESPONDER (O.S.)
Cars are en-route. Do not attempt
to engage to suspect. Do you copy?

NIGHT WATCHMAN
Yeah, yeah.

He clicks off the radio.

Gun drawn, he positions himself beside the door like a commando on a raid.

NIGHT WATCHMAN (CONT'D)
OK, I'll give you to the count of
three.

ALAN (O.S.)
Wait, lets talk about this.

NIGHT WATCHMAN
One!

The guard spins and kicks in the door. Charges inside.

Investigates the open window. No sign of anyone.

DEANGELO (O.S.)
Breaking and entering? You had a
busy night.

FLASH FORWARD TO

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

ALAN
Grant you that doesn't look good.

DEANGELO

Doesn't help.

Gonsalves enters the room. Hands Deangelo a REPORT.

DEANGELO (CONT'D)

Quite the crime spree in SOMA last night. But I'm sure you don't know anything about that either.

ALAN

What do you want me to say.

DEANGELO

You can help me out with your pal, Z-Thrust.

ALAN

Yes. He's the one you want.

DEANGELO

He's been on our radar for a while. Nearly had him about a year ago. Then he disappeared, fled the country. If he's back, he's got something major going down.

ALAN

Then you know I've been telling the truth. I don't know what he's planning.

DEANGELO

I believe you. Your girlfriend, on the other hand--

ALAN

He's after her too. She's not involved.

DEANGELO

You seem awful certain. You've known her, what, twelve hours? It never crossed your mind--

ALAN

What?

DEANGELO

That you're being played.

END FLASH
FORWARD

EXT. WENCH AND WHISTLE TAVERN = NIGHT

Kyrie closes down the bar. Exits. Locks the gate behind her.

She sense someone following her. Her well worn defensive instincts kick in.

Alan steps out of the shadows.

ALAN

Hey I--

Kyrie delivers a swift kick to Alan's abdomen, sending him crumpling to the asphalt.

He gasps for breath.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Why--

Kyrie stands over him in fight stance.

KYRIE

Want more of this, fucker.

Alan slowly rises with his hands in the air.

ALAN

We met at the bar this evening.

KYRIE

Tech guy?

ALAN

Yes, Alan. I left with Chlo.

KYRIE

Where is she? What did you do to her?

ALAN

What? Look, I can't explain here. If we can just go back to your apartment.

Kyrie sets to strike him again.

KYRIE

I do Krav Maga, asshole. Just try me.

ALAN

I last saw her at Z-thrust's place.

She punches him in the chest.

KYRIE

Son of a bitch! You were supposed to look out for her!

ALAN

Listen! I have been robbed, drugged, threatened and stranded in this god-forsaken neighborhood. I've seen things I will never unsee. I'm starting feel like the punch-line to some enormous cosmic joke that everyone here is in on.

KYRIE

Look, let me call you an UBER.

ALAN

The hell with that! Its about time someone tells me what the fuck is going on.

KYRIE

Fine. But you even think about messing with me--

ALAN

I think you've been clear on that point.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Kyrie steps over a PASSED-OUT DRUNK in the entrance. Unlocks the front gate.

KYRIE

I feel in some part responsible.

ALAN

How could you know they guy was back in town?

KYRIE

It was a matter of time. You know he's not just a DJ.

ALAN

Yeah, I kinda picked up on that.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

They enter and climb several flights of STAIRS.

KYRIE

There was a guy we started seeing in the scene. He would flirt with Chlo. She was kinda into him. Z-thrust and his boys jumped him one night. Put him in the hospital.

ALAN

Jesus.

KYRIE

Turns out the guy was undercover. Been tailing Z for months. Apparently he'd been into some new, designer party drug. A bunch of club kids O.D'd.

ALAN

Chlo actually dated this manic?

KYRIE

They might have gone out once or twice. He was in love with her. Would threaten anyone he saw talking to her. Or worse.

They reach the apartment door.

ALAN

Why didn't she go to the cops?

KYRIE

Shh. You hear something?

FAINT VOICES come from inside.

Kyrie pushes on the door. It creaks open.

INT. CHLO AND KYRIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The place is a shambles.

Clothes and other personal items are strewn on the floor.

Cabinets and drawers are open.

The TELEVISION is on, volume at full blast.

The bag Alan left on the table is gone as well.

ALAN

You think-

He follows Kyrie's lead as she slowly steps through the apartment. She silences the TV.

Chlo's voice calls out from behind a closed door, accompanied by BANGING AND RATTLING.

A BOOKCASE lies on its side, blocking the door.

Kyrie and Alan lift the bookcase out of the way and open the door.

Chlo is handcuffed to a pipe under the sink.

KYRIE

Don't just stand there, get something to break this.

Alan runs to the kitchen to look for tools.

CHLO

Thank you.

KYRIE

Did they get it.

CHLO

No.

Alan returns with a CORKSCREW.

KYRIE

What the hell is that?

ALAN

Figure we could pick it.

Kyrie goes to the CLOSET. Grabs a hammer. Smashes the cuffs in a single blow.

CHLO

Call Bruce, let him know we're coming. Thank you, Alan. You should go.

ALAN

No. I'm involved in this now. You want to fill me in?

CHLO
Fine.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. CHLO AND KYRIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - EARLIER

The apartment is as it was when they left for the evening.

We hear the KEY IN THE LOCK. The door swings open.

E-tone forces Chlo inside.

E-TONE
Where is it?

He throws open cabinets, drawers, doors.

Chlo calmly goes to the closet. Pulls a large STORAGE BIN aside.

Reveals a medium-sized LOCK BOX. With E-tone hanging over her, she dials in the COMBINATION and opens the box.

Removes 15 - 20 paper wrapped packages (similar to those to be found with Alan on the beach)

E-tone haphazardly stuffs the packages into the nearest available carrier - Alan's messenger bag.

CHLO
You guys have what you need now.

E-TONE
I think you know what Z wants.

CHLO
Really. As I see it, only one of us
is his bitch.

E-Tone flies into a rage. Grabs Chlo. Shoves her violently through the bathroom door.

Slams the door shut. Pushes the bookcase over in front of it.

Turns on the TV. Turns the volume to maximum level to drown out her protests.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CHLO AND KYRIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ALAN

You're holding for him? Are you nuts?

CHLO

What should I have done, Alan. Go to the cops? Turn my self in as an accomplice?

ALAN

Yes. Cut a deal, give them Z-Thrust. That's a perfectly rational thing to do.

CHLO

We can't all be as rational as you, can we? They couldn't have reached him anyway. But he could reach me.

ALAN

Well, he's got the stuff now so none of it matters.

CHLO

He doesn't have it.

She removes a VENT GRADE along the wall. Reaches inside. Lifts a wood FLOORBOARD.

Hands Alan a slightly larger, paper bound PACKAGE.

ALAN

Is that--

He drops it like a hot potato.

Kyrie removes a small rolling SUITCASE from the closet. Sets it on the floor.

She freezes, her eyes glued to the television.

KYRIE

Chlo, could you come here a moment?

Chlo and Alan go to her. She turns up the volume.

A still image of Alan from the Liquor Store security camera, appears on the screen.

NEWS ANCHOR

--Update on the story we've been following.

(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

A possible break in a string of violent overnight robberies in the South of Market neighborhood. Police say the suspect, seen in this security footage from a liquor store on second street, apparently dropped his I.D. at the scene.

Kyrie and Chlo glare at Alan in shock as the latter's driver's license photo appears on the screen.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

The New York State licence belongs to Alan Siegel, a white, male, twenty-six years old. Police caution that Siegel should be considered extremely dangerous and possibly armed.

Kyrie resumes her fight stance, wielding a can of PEPPER SPRAY in the other.

ALAN

There is a perfectly good explanation

He takes a cautious step toward her, hands in the air.

Kyrie bashes him, takes him down in one move. She holds the spray inches from his eyes, finger on the trigger.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Chlo, tell him--

CHLO

He didn't do it.

Kyrie relents, lets Alan up.

CHLO (CONT'D)

Did you?

ALAN

Seriously?

Kyrie eyes Alan with suspicion as she and Chlo fill the suitcase with the bags.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STREET

Chlo, Alan, and Kyrie scan the surrounding streets. They proceed with caution.

CHLO
We'll meet up later.

KYRIE
Be careful.

Kyrie leaves them, taking the suitcase with her.

An SFPD vehicle passes. Alan hides around the corner until the car is out of site.

ALAN
So what now?

CHLO
We find Z-Thrust. Try to make a deal.

ALAN
That's our plan?

CHLO
You have a better one.

ALAN
Yeah. Go to the police.

CHLO
He's going to move the stuff, soon.
We need to find out where.

ALAN
Or, you know, let the police handle it.

They turn a corner, coming face to face with E-Tone.

E-TONE
Hello, Chlo.

CHLO
What do you want?

E-TONE
The real shit. Yeah, that was a cute trick you pulled.

CHLO
Took you this long to figure it out? Can't say I'm surprised.

E-TONE
You sell it to him?

E-Tone grabs Alan. Shoves him back.

Alan stands up to him.

ALAN

You really are as dumb as you look.

E-tone takes a swing at Alan, who manages to duck out of the way.

Alan throws everything he has into his return punch. His fist glances harmlessly off the big man's chest.

Unfazed, E-Tone lunges toward him to deliver a knockout blow, but-

Chlo TRIPS him. E crashes to the pavement.

Alan and Chlo run.

Briefly stunned, E-Tone soon recovers and gives chase.

ALAN

Tries a series of locked doors. At last he finds one open. He and Chlo dash inside.

The NEON LETTERING over the doors reads -

Wasteland.

INT. THE WASTELAND - NIGHT

Alan loses sight of Chlo yet again in the dark club. The crowd this time: a motley collection of POST-APOCALYPTIC PUNK AND GOTH outcasts.

He backs into LORD HUMONGOUS, a muscular giant in naught but leather chaps and a hockey mask..

Startled, Alan jumps back and spins around, coming face to face with E-Tone.

E growls at the terrified Alan like an enraged beast.

Before they came come to blows, they are surrounded and restrained by the crowd.

The punks spread out to make a path for an imposing woman in a LEATHER CORSET.

AUNTIE

These men dare to disturb the peace
and prosperity of the wasteland.

AUNTIE is by far the most intimidating person in the club.

AUNTIE (CONT'D)

Fighting was nearly the death of us
all. Now when two get to fighting,
there is only one place to settle
it.

The 'citizens' of The Wasteland form a clearing, revealing a
massive GEODESIC DOME in the middle of the club.

THE THUNDERDOME

The citizens chant in unison.

CITIZENS

Two shall enter, one shall leave.
Two shall enter, one shall leave!

Chlo emerges from the crowd.

CHLO

Stop this madness. I, Emperor
Furiosa, demand that you release
this man immediately.

AUNTIE

These two have violated the law of
the Wasteland.

CHLO

Oh, give me a break.

The citizens resume their chant. The ones surrounding Alan
and E-Tone lead them away.

INT. THE THUNDERDOME

Humongous leads the two combatants into the center of the
dome.

They've been dressed in full Mad Max garb; leather, steel and
skins.

RHYTHMIC DRUM BEATS accompany the procession. A man on a
platform shoots FLAMES from ELECTRIC GUITAR. They really do
go the full nine with this theme.

E-TONE

Get your freak hands off me.

But even E-Tone is no match for The Humongous.

He and Alan are each strapped into a BUNGEE HARNESS.

A selection of foam covered but still dangerous-looking weapons cover the floor of the dome.

The citizens climb the frame of the dome, cheering for the anticipated battle.

Alan and E-Tone are instructed to grab a weapon. They are hoisted up to opposite walls of the dome, facing one another, held in place by the spectators.

Chlo climbs toward Alan, but is beaten back by the crowd.

Alan considers his chosen weapon, a rather flimsy foam baton.

E-Tone carries a thick, spiked club. He smacks it against his chest, feeling its weight. Psyching himself up.

Auntie steps into the center. The crowd falls silent.

AUNTIE

Ladies and Gentlemen, boys and girls, dying time's here!

The spectators push the Alan and E-tone toward one another.

Alan swings right into the business end of E-Tone's club.

The blow spins him backwards, careening helplessly around the dome.

The momentum carries him right back into E-Tone's path.

KA-POW. He smacks against the metal frame. The spectators push him off, into yet another blow.

Chlo looks up in horror as Alan flops around like a punching bag. She has to do something.

She reaches into the dome, grabs a more substantial weapon. Scrambles up the frame to a free spot halfway up.

CHLO

Alan.

She extends the weapon for Alan. He reaches out to grab it but barely misses it.

He slams the ground, painfully. E-Tone flies down at him, murderous expression on his face.

Alan leaps with all his remaining strength. The bungee shoots him to the top of the dome.

He hits the frame hard, but manages to grasp a crossbar at the last second.

The spectators jeer as he works his way across the inner frame toward Chlo.

ALAN

I think he's getting tired.

CHLO

You're getting killed in there.

ALAN

Thanks for the pep talk, coach.

Growing impatient, Auntie riles the crowd.

AUNTIE

Two shall enter-

CITIZENS

One shall leave.

ALAN

I vote leave.

CHLO

Aim for his center of gravity.

Alan launches himself toward E-Tone. Flies past him.

On the rebound, he grasp E-Tone above the knees, taking his legs out from under him. E Tone spins head over heels in the air.

Alan grasps the frame again.

E-tone grabs the bungee, regains his bearings. Grins.

E-TONE

Let's dance, motherfucker.

Alan gets an idea. He throws his foam weapon to the floor.

CHLO

What are you doing?

ALAN

Dancing.

Both combatants push off from the frame. They crash head on into one another.

Alan grabs E-Tone as in an embrace. Wraps one arm behind his back. Grips his forearm in the other.

E-TONE

What the--

He rocks E-tone forward. Pulls him back.

Swings E-Tone around, They spin opposite one another in the harness. Building momentum.

Alan spins E-Tone outward, lets go, sending E flying into the frame.

E shrugs off the impact. Launches himself off.

Alan catches E's arms, using E's momentum to throw him against the opposite side.

This time, E-Tone braces for the impact, redirects himself downward. Grabs a FOAM HAMMER. Leaps at Alan, swinging the blunt weapon.

Alan dodges the swing. Catches E-tone's lower leg, flipping him vertically.

He dangles, stretches toward Chlo, trying to swing himself to the side. He can't quite get there.

E-tone steadies himself for another attack.

With one final thrust, he moves himself just enough to reach the FOAM SCIMITAR she's extending.

In one motion, Alan takes the weapon, smashes E-tone with it.

E crashes to the floor, his head hitting the surface, knocking him out cold.

The spectators cheer. They help Alan down and release his harness.

AUNTIE

To the victor. You have fought with honor.

She opens the dome gate. Alan rushes to embrace Chlo.

He sees E-tone start to stir.

CHLO
What about your clothes?

ALAN
No time. Lets go.

They run out of the club, reaching the street just as-

E-tone comes to. Sits up, disoriented. He shakes his head.
Gets to his feet.

EXT. SOMA STREET - NIGHT

Alan and Chlo run at full speed.

Chlo leads him around a corner and down a desolate alley.
Through the shadows of abandoned and decrepit buildings.

She stops in front of an inconspicuous PAINTED METAL DOOR
that doesn't appear to have been opened in decades.

She knocks on the door. It swings open.

A burly, bare chested LEATHER DADDY stands guard at the
entrance.

The Daddy fixes an uneasy stare on Alan.

LEATHER DADDY
He with you?

CHLO
He's all right. Let us in, quickly.

He waves them through. Shuts the door.

MOMENTS LATER

E-Tone comes around the corner. Knocks on the door. Leather
Daddy opens it again.

E stares at him.

LEATHER DADDY
Can I help you?

E-TONE
Nah, man. I'm good.

Daddy slams the door shut. E moves on.

INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

They head down a darkened stairway and emerge into an large room designed like a 1930's Hollywood Gothic castle set.

All manner of BDSM acts unfold in full view, from floggings to bondage to men in cages.

BRUCE, a bearded bear in a leather cap looks Alan up and down.

BRUCE
This guy a friend of yours?

CHLO (O.S.)
He's OK, Bruce.

Bruce and Chlo embrace like old friends.

BRUCE
Just looking out. Kyrie filled us in.

CHLO
Thank you sweetie.

She follows Bruce.

Alan can't help but stare at a man in a GIMP MASK getting flogged by a stunning and exceptionally cruel DOMME.

The Gimp turns his head and stares directly at Alan, totally freaking him out.

GIMP
Alan?

DOMME
That! Is! Not! The! Safeword!

She hits him harder with each word.

GIMP
Um red. Google. Stock Options!

The domme relents.

The Gimp removes his mask, to Alan's utter horror.

ALAN
Jason?

JASON
Thought I was kinky, but damn.

Alan takes note of his leather vest and faux-fur pants from The Wasteland.

ALAN

What are you-- never mind.

JASON

Dude, this is ultimate stress reliever. Whenever I feel anxious about anything, she beats it right out of me.

The Domme smiles sweetly at Alan.

JASON (CONT'D)

Seriously, you got to try her.

ALAN

Maybe next time.

DOMME

(Back in character)

You going to chit chat all day?

JASON

Got to clear my head for that presentation tomorrow.

He returns to the Domme, who resumes wailing on him.

ALAN

Wait, tomorrow?

CHLO

Told you I'd open you eyes, latte boy.

ALAN

What's going on here?

CHLO

Spanking, flogging. Occasional watersports.

ALAN

Ew. I need to sit down.

On cue, one of the LEATHER SLAVES gets on his hands and knees, offering himself as a human bench.

ALAN (CONT'D)

That's not necessary. Next time.

The disappointed slave gets to his feet.

CHLO

This is the safe place. Bruce offered to hide the drugs until--

ALAN

Until what. Do you have an actual plan?

CHLO

We have what Z-Thrust wants.

ALAN

I only met this guy a few hours ago, but he's got a few screws loose. He's not going to let us walk away. We need to take him out.

CHLO

You're not seriously suggesting--

ALAN

No. You thought I meant-- No, we set him up, find out what he's up to and take him down.

CHLO

And how do you suppose we do that, Charles Bronson?

Alan thinks for a minute.

ALAN

ChaChing.

CHLO

Oh - Kay.

ALAN

The cryptocurrency network I've been working on. Transactions are instantaneousness and not limited to money.

BRUCE

Sounds a lot like Bitcoin.

ALAN

It's not-- What's important is that crypto is attractive on the dark web because its decentralized and supports offline servers.

CHLO

How does that help us?

ALAN

It isn't live yet but I can set up a private, encrypted account. We deposit the cash from the poker game and also include the location of the drugs, but he doesn't get the access key until he gives us the time and location of his drop and agrees to leave town.

CHLO

Or he could take the drugs have E-Tone perform radical body modification on you.

ALAN

If something happens or he comes after us, we set it to forward the account info to the cops.

CHLO

You've never broken a law in your life, have you?

ALAN

And yet I'm both a wanted felon and a suspected drug kingpin. What do I have to lose?

INT. Z-THRUST'S FLAT - NIGHT

An anxious Z-thrust stares at a BIG SCREEN TV in his empty flat.

TYRUS JOHNSON, the illustrious TV preacher, is flanked by BIKINI MODELS carrying REALLY BIG GUNS.

REVEREND JOHNSON

The Lord has blessed this great nation as he blessed the Children of Israel. And he imparted upon us the biggest, the firmest, the most powerful firearms, with which to spread his holy truth around the world. Hallelujah. And these are some truly exceptional beauties.

The phone rings.

Z-THRUST

Yeah.-- Nothing's changed-- You just be there on time.

He slams the phone on the table.

REVEREND JOHNSON
-- and the girls ain't bad either.

E-Tone enters.

E-TONE
I thought that dude was in jail?

Z-THRUST
What the fuck happened to you?

E-TONE
I don't want to talk about it.

Z-THRUST
Good, cause the only thing I want to know is: where is Chlo and where are my assets?

E-TONE
You been stressed out lately. You should breathe more. Just an observation.

Z-THRUST
There are too many variables. It's unsettling.

A KNOCK at the door.

Z-THRUST (CONT'D)
Better be fucking Santa Claus.

E-Tone opens the door.

CHLO
Hello Eugene.

Z-THRUST
Welcome back darling. Hope you didn't come empty handed.

E-TONE
Who the fuck's Eugene?

CHLO
I have what you want.

Z-THRUST

Really? Cause I don't see a lot of places on that dress to hide it. Unless--

CHLO

Gross.

Z-THRUST

You know I need you baby.

CHLO

I told you, after tonight we are done. Let that penetrate your sad, addled little mind.

Z-THRUST

And yet you always come back, all alone like some lost pussycat.

CHLO

I'm not alone.

She turns over her shoulder. Alan stands behind her

Z-Thrust chortles.

Z-THRUST

Who's this?. Freak show let out early?

ALAN

This is what's going to happen. We're going to do this transaction and then you get out of her life forever.

Z-THRUST

I like you, man. You have balls, defending her honor. I respect that. I think to my myself, who is this guy.

E-Tone retrieves the hard drive from Alan's messenger bag, reads off the business card taped to the case.

E-TONE

Alan Siegel, from New York.

Z-thrust throws a menacing arm around Alan, who sizes up the situation. E-Tone has a hand behind his back, reaching for something tucked into his jeans.

Alan glances at Chlo, then snaps into character.

ALAN

That's right. And the bosses back east, they're looking at this so-called operation of yours and thinking, who is the joker. Acting like some hippie rapper wannabee, playing records all night.

Z-THRUST

I'm an artist, man.

ALAN

My New York associates don't fuck around. I'm here because this deal of yours is far too important to let an amateur like you fuck it up.

Chlo's eyes bulge with disbelief. Alan strides over to her.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Forget the girl.

Alan sweeps Chlo into a Clark Gable epic kiss that would make Vivian Leigh blush.

Z-THRUST

I don't care what you do with her. I got finer trim than that in my club every night. As I fellow businessman you understand I have vested fiscal interests at stake. Ain't that how you do things at, what was it again?

E-Tone retrieves a business card from the inner pocket of Alan's messenger bag.

E-TONE

Dytech. Software Engineer.

ALAN

We still have the stuff.

Z-THRUST

Show me.

Alan pulls back his vest to reveal the PACKAGE,

Z-THRUST (CONT'D)

You think you're in love with her? Think you can trust her? She got her claws into us, bro. She uses guys like us.

CHLO
Used you. Right.

ALAN
Here's how this goes down. The product is safe. The money's in a secure account. You get both when the deal's done and you leave town. Chlo, grab my bag, lets go.

Z-THRUST
Maybe I don't care much for those terms.

Chlo sees E-Tone move in behind Alan, who is too caught up in the moment to notice the threat.

ALAN
You still think you're running the show here, Eugene? You --

THWACK.

Blind with pain and the shock of the blow, Alan crumples to the floor. Muddled voices, and the image of Chlo holding Alan's case, fade to black as he passes out.

E-TONE
What you want to do with him?

CHLO
I'll handle it.

FADE OUT.

BLACKNESS

Indistinct WHITE NOISE gradually fades into clarity - the sounds of--

EXT. OCEAN BEACH - DAY

The dog's wet tongue laps at Alan's face.

His eyes flutter. Flashes of memory return.

- Chlo fixing the messenger bag around his back.

- Helping him onto a MUNI BUS.

- The bus' destination sign: N OWL Ocean Beach

- The driver ejecting him at the end of the line.
- Stumbling along the shore. Passing out.

Then a woman's blood curdling SCREAM.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - PRESENT

DEANGELO stares silently at Alan as the seconds tick away on the WALL CLOCK.

DEANGELO

She bashed you over the head, you blacked out and ended up on Ocean Beach.

ALAN

I don't know who hit me.

DEANGELO

And somehow lost your clothes.

ALAN

Are you charging me with something or not?

DEANGELO

How about associating with known felons by your own admission. Not to mention the crystal in your possession. If that wasn't enough, we have assault, breaking and entering, theft. And indecent exposure.

ALAN

What do you want from me. I told you everything I know about Z-Thrust..

DEANGELO

When's the deal going down.

ALAN

I don't know.

DEANGELO

Where's Chlo?

ALAN

I told you--

DEANGELO

Why are you protecting her? It's not worth it. My gut says she's been working with him the whole time.

ALAN

She wouldn't--

DEANGELO

I thought you didn't know these people.

ALAN

I'm not lying to you!

DEANGELO

Convince me.

ALAN

You still think I'm a criminal?

DEANGELO

No. I think you're another entitled, overpaid tech brat sucking the soul right out of this city. Driving up rents so high decent, hard working people can't afford to live here. Infecting neighborhoods with your hipster dives and oh-so-trendy restaurants and generally making life intolerable for the rest of us. This city used to be a nice place raise a family. Sure we had our share of hippies, freaks, radicals, but they gave us character. You Silicon Valley don't respect anything, you just take over. You're worse than criminals, you're parasites. You have no idea how much pleasure I felt at the prospect of taking one of you punks down. I--

Gonsalves bursts into the room, interrupting her tirade.

GONSALVES

Excuse me Sergeant.

DEANGELO

What!

GONSALVES

They just brought in Alan Siegel.

DEANGELO
This is Alan Siegel.

GONSALVES
Our guy was arrested trying to
check into the Presidential Suite
at the Fairmont with Siegel's
credit card.

DEANGELO
(Aside, to Gonsalves)
His story checks out?

GONSALVES
Looks that way.

DEANGELO
Still have possession, intent.

GONSALVES
You have evidence?

She fixes on Alan a look of pure disdain.

DEANGELO
Looks like you're free to go.

ALAN
Really? I mean, finally.

DEANGELO
Get out of my sight.

Alan wastes now time heading for the door. Before exiting, he
hesitates.

ALAN
I don't suppose one of you has two
quarters?

The coins fly at his head.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO HALL OF JUSTICE - DAY

Alan, dressed in thrift store sweats and an old Police
Athletic League T-shirt, walks out onto the courthouse steps.

Emerges into daylight like a man who's lived his entire life
in a cave.

Lydia's car pulls up to the curb. She can't stop herself from
laughing at the sight of him.

LYDIA
One of us had an interesting night.

ALAN
That would be one way to put it.

LYDIA
Who's talking about you, buddy?

Alan climbs in the back and they peel off.

I/E. LYDIA'S CAR - DAY

She hands Alan a GYM BAG.

LYDIA
My brother's about your size.

Alan clumsily changes clothes in the back seat.

ALAN
Could we swing by my place?

LYDIA
Dude, those reps are waiting for us in the office. Jason's trying his best, but barely knows what going on half the time. You're the project lead.

ALAN
I lost the code.

LYDIA
It's backed up.

ALAN
But the system crash--

LYDIA
Good thing we have off-site servers. We're not completely incompetent.

Alan straightens his hastily donned outfit as best he can.

ALAN
Is it that bad?

LYDIA
 You look fine. I mean I've seen
 worse. OK, we're hosed.

INT. OFFICE TOWER - LOBBY - DAY

Lydia and Alan walk through the Lobby.

The Night Watchman is just finishing his shift.

LYDIA
 Morning Carl.

NIGHT WATCHMAN
 Good morning - Hey!

The guard stares at Alan, who insists that they walk just a little faster.

INT. TECH COMPANY - OFFICE - DAY

Alan and Lydia arrive to find the entire staff standing around joined by a MALE and a FEMALE VENTURE CAPITAL REP.

JASON
 Here he is! Rested and ready to
 dazzle us.

The Male Rep shakes Alan's hand.

MALE REP
 You're the lead engineer. Really
 looking forward to seeing what you
 have in store for us.

JASON
 So am I.

ALAN
 Sure. I'll need a couple of minutes
 to set up.

FEMALE REP
 Don't take too long. Clock is
 ticking.

The RECEPTIONIST approaches Alan.

RECEPTIONIST
 Alan, there's a call for you.

ALAN
Who is it?

RECEPTIONIST
Someone called Tony E.

ALAN
Excuse me everyone.

He follows her back to the reception desk. Picks up the phone.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Hello.

E-TONE (O.S.)
Thirty minutes. China Basin Marina,
behind the ballpark. The product
for the briefcase. No questions, no
cops.

Alan shields his mouth, whispers into the phone.

ALAN
I don't have the dru--.

E-TONE (O.S.)
Whoa, whoa, don't use that word
over the phone, you fuckin' crazy?

ALAN
Well, I don't have it anymore.

There's a brief argument on the other end, as Z-thrust grabs the phone.

Z-THRUST (O.S.)
Then maybe you'd like to say
goodbye.

He puts Chlo on the line.

CHLO (O.S.)
Don't come, Alan. They're full of
shit. Just stay away--

She yells as Z-thrust grabs the phone again.

Z-THRUST (O.S.)
Thirty minutes. I don't see you, I
hurt her. Then I hurt you. Then I
hurt everyone you care about.

CLICK

LYDIA
Was that her?

Alan nods.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
You're not actually going are you.

JASON
Dude, how much longer. They're
getting impatient.

Alan and Lydia follow Jason into the conference room.

FEMALE REP
Is everything alright?

MALE REP
You look a little tired.

ALAN
Guys, thank you for your time. I
want to reassure you that ChaChing
is built and could launch tomorrow.

MALE REP
So let's see it.

ALAN
I don't have it.

FEMALE REP
You don't have the working beta?

ALAN
Nope. Can't show you a line of code
at this time. The explanation is
convoluted and frankly unbelievable
and I have no desire to relate it
again, considering I've been up for
thirty-six hours and just got out
of jail.

MALE REP
Perhaps we should reschedule.

ALAN
You know our company, you know the
product. You read the perspectives
and all that other bullshit and
drove all the way up here, so you
want to invest in us.

FEMALE REP

Not without seeing the product.

JASON

What the hell are you doing?

ALAN

We're going to be entering into a long and fruitful relationship, and every new relationship requires a leap of faith. What is life without a little risk. Now if you'll excuse me--

He turns towards the door.

MALE REP

Where are you going?

ALAN

To save the day.

He walks out, leaving Jason to deal with the Reps.

JASON

So- Inspiring speech.

EXT. CHINA BASIN PROMENADE - DAY

The wind-swept promenade stretches astride the bay behind San Francisco's MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL STADIUM.

The mid-morning sun sparkles on the waters of MCCOVEY COVE.

Alan stands by the SEA LION STATUE. He grasps his messenger bag tightly.

A steady stream of JOGGERS and stragglers pass by, but no sign of his contacts.

A MARINE BELL chimes in the distance. A streetcar SCREECHES to a halt along the Embarcadero.

A large, heavy hand comes down on his shoulder.

E-TONE

This way.

He nudges Alan forward along the -

EXT. CHINA BASIN MARINA - CONTINUOUS

They walk out onto the longest pier. E-Tone, a step behind Alan, periodically shoves him forward.

Z-thrust waits at the end of the pier, arm around Chlo.

Z-THRUST

Ah, we can finally talk business like gentlemen.

ALAN

You guys actually come out in the sunlight? Thought you start glowing or something.

Z-THRUST

Funny. You got something for me?

ALAN

Hang on there Scarface. First you let her go.

CHLO

Just give this idiot what he wants.

Z-THRUST

And why should I do that?

Alan holds up the messenger bag.

ALAN

I'm not an idiot. I've taken steps to ensure this deal goes smoothly.

Z-THRUST

My word not good enough for you?

He tosses the bag to Z-thrust.

He opens it and looks inside. Turns it over. Wads of NEWSPAPER SHREDS tumble out.

Z-THRUST (CONT'D)

The fuck?

ALAN

There's a flash drive in the bag. It contains an encryption key to a ChaChing account in your name. There's ten-thousand dollars in it, plus a file with the location of the other assets.

Z-THRUST

What's ChaChing? That like Bitcoin?

ALAN

Sure. It's exactly like bitcoin,
only not. Just take the key, put my
drive in the bag and give it to
Chlo. Have her walk toward to me.

Z-THRUST

Why should I do that, Alan?

E-Tone leans over the railing, scans the bay.

A SMALL YACHT motors toward the pier.

E-TONE

They here, Z.

ALAN

The drive is useless without a
password. You get it when she's
safe.

Z-thrust shoves Chlo toward Alan.

Z-THRUST

Go. She's all yours.

Chlo stumbles, regains her footing, glowers at Z-Thrust.

CHLO

Fuck you Gene!

She walks to Alan.

CHLO (CONT'D)

(sotto)

The hell are you doing?

ALAN

The drive.

Z-THRUST

Oh, this drive?

Z-Thrust pulls the drive from his pocket. Holds it out over
the water.

Z-THRUST (CONT'D)

Is it something important.

ALAN

No. Not really.

Z-THRUST

Then I guess you wouldn't care if I did this?

Z-Thrust tosses the drive into the air. It lands in the BAY and sinks.

As Alan watches his work sink beneath the waves, he doesn't notice E-Tone creep up behind them.

E grabs Alan and Chlo from behind, pushes them towards the edge of the pier.

Z-THRUST (CONT'D)

Now where's my shit! I don't have time for any more games.

Z draws a HANDGUN on them.

CHLO

Are you a complete psycho?

Alan raises his hands, walks slowly toward Z.

ALAN

What say we put the toys away.

Z-THRUST

I've got a better idea.

Holding the gun on them, Z-thrust peers over the railing.

ON THE BAY

The boat pulls up to the dock. Several SWARTHY CHARACTERS emerge from the cabin.

ON THE PIER

E-tone slams Alan and Chlo against the railing, leaning them over the edge.

Z-THRUST (CONT'D)

Buenos Diaz. I got a couple of pendejos up here. They'll be joining you for the trip back to Mehico. At least part of the way.

CHLO

Stop it. I have your stuff.

Z-THRUST

No tricks. Where is it.

Trent and Rori walk up the pier, rolling Chlo's suitcase behind him.

TRENT

She gave us the location. The drugs. The cash. Looks like we're the ones making the deal.

Z-THRUST

Think again.

He points the gun at Trent.

Alan lunges at Z, knocks the gun out of his hand. The gun slides off the pier into the bay,

Shoving Chlo aside, E-Tone grabs Alan with both fists, crushing him against the railing, lifting him over.

Chlo launches herself with all her weight into E-Tone. He's too strong for her, and knocks her hard to the deck.

The distraction creates a window of opportunity for Alan, who rams his free shoulder into E-Tone's ribs and slips free.

ALAN

Yeah, you want more of this.

Z-thrust rushes at Trent. They scuffle.

Z grabs the suitcase, breaks for the end of the pier.

Rori runs after him. E-Tone catches her leg, knocks her off her feet.

Z-thrust jumps over the railing. Tosses the suitcase onto the boat. Leaps on deck.

He hastily releases the lines and scrambles to the helm. Shoving the pilot out of the way, he pushes the throttle lever all-the-way forward.

The boat peels away, nearly colliding with several other craft. Two of the CREW are fall overboard.

Z-thrust looks back at the receding pier. He smiles and steers the boat into open water, straight into--

A FLEET of SFPD, Coast Guard and DEA craft, sirens blazing.

DOCK

SFPD CARS arrive on scene. Officers rush up the pier, surround the area.

DEANGELO surveys the scene as the other officers chase down the fleeing gangsters.

DEANGELO

Good morning folks. Sorry to break up the orgy but the good news is you are all invited to breakfast courtesy of the city and county of San Francisco.

The officers make quick work of apprehending the suspects, both on the dock and in the water.

YACHT

Coast Guard officers aboard Z-thrust's yacht lead several handcuffed SMUGGLERS up onto the deck.

Z-thrust wrenches free of an officers grasp and dives into the frigid bay.

He doesn't get far; the SFPD boat quickly upon him.

DOCK

An officer has Alan face-down on the ground, arms wrenched behind his back. As the cop tightens a plastic restraining band around his wrists, Deangelo intervenes.

DEANGELO (CONT'D)

This one's OK.

The cop nods and frees Alan.

Two officers march the sopping Z-thrust past Chlo, also restrained, toward a waiting PADDY WAGON.

Z-THRUST

Bitches, right?

The cop shoves him into the van.

ALAN

How did you know?

DEANGELO

Your friend Lydia tipped us off. She's quite persuasive.

Alan sees Chlo being led away.

ALAN

And Chlo.

DEANGELO

She's been cooperating with us.
I'll see to it she gets a fair
deal.

ALAN

Is that really necessary?

DEANGELO

Standard procedure. You've had a
long night. Go home.

Alan and Chlo lock eyes. He smiles apologetically as she
steps into the van.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO SKYLINE - TIME LAPSE

The sun rises, sets, and rises again over the city.

INT. WENCH AND WHISTLE TAVERN - NIGHT

Alan, Jason and Lydia toast a round of shots to their
success. Kyrie, behind the bar, sets up another round.

JASON

To the future.

LYDIA

To Alan. Whatever you said to those
reps made quite an impression.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - DAY

Alan rides a brand new BICYCLE past numerous landmarks from
his nocturnal adventure. They look drastically different by
day.

- The Defenestration Building (near Chlo and Kyrie's apt.)
- The Liquor Store
- the Niteclub, by day just another semi-trendy lunch joint
- the Fetish Club's gated entrance, an indistinct side door
just off a respectable ART GALLERY.
- The Ballpark

His eyes search the streets as he rides by, but the one he
seeks is not around.

INT. WEB COMPANY - OFFICE - DAY

The office looks quite different now, orderly and clean.

Jason wears an actual suit to the office - well a jacket at least. Downright corporate for him.

Two WORKMEN install a shiny, three-dimensional, gold-trimmed LOGO over the reception area. Some of the employees look up from FOOSBALL and HALO long enough to admire it.

Alan grabs his bike and heads for the door.

LYDIA

You out?

ALAN

Yeah. I'll finish at home tonight.
Work-life balance and all that.

LYDIA

Well ride carefully out there. This town's full of weirdos.

ALAN

I'll do my best.

LYDIA

You gonna tie one on at the Wench later, right?

ALAN

Probably not. Early morning tomorrow.

LYDIA

Showing up to a tech conference *not* hung over? That's crazy talk.

ALAN

Good night, Lydia.

LYDIA

Your loss.

Alan lifts the frame, heads for the elevator.

EXT. OFFICE TOWER - DAY

Alan emerges from the building, hops on his bike. Put a foot on the pedal and prepares to take off.

Hesitates. His attention drifts to--

A certain STILL ABSOLUTELY NON-COPYRIGHT INFRINGING CHAIN
COFFEE HOUSE ESTABLISHMENT.

INT. NEWBERG'S COFFEE - DAY

The INDUSTRIAL ESPRESSO MACHINE WHIRS over the clamor of a
impatient caffeine seekers.

The perpetually IRATE CUSTOMER from earlier shoves his way up
to the counter to berate the tattooed barista.

IRATE CUSTOMER

Excuse me, Miss! I'm talking to
you!

Chlo pastes on her best, unflappably patient customer servant
demeanor.

CHLO

Is everything alright with your
half-caf Latte-chino, sir?

IRATE CUSTOMER

No, everything is not alright, in
fact it is entirely unacceptable!

CHLO

Would you like me to make it again
for you, sir?

IRATE CUSTOMER

A Latte-Chino is exactly three
shots of espresso, five ounces of
milk and a full finger of foam.
Does this look like a finger to
you?

CHLO

Depends who's finger.

IRATE CUSTOMER

A finger is a finger. I want a
finger.

CHLO

(sotto)

I have a finger for you.

IRATE CUSTOMER

What did you say? Where's the
manager?

CHLO

Sir, I can remake your coffee but I
have other customers.

(Calls out)

Large slim creme-brulee supremo for-

-

Noting the name on the cup, she looks up. Smiles.

ALAN

That would be mine.

CHLO

Not the most masculine sounding
selection.

ALAN

Well, fortunately I'm secure in my
identity.

CHLO

That's encouraging.

Their hands touch as she hands him the cup.

IRATE CUSTOMER

Miss? Miss!

They ignore him, and the rest of the crowd, for just a
moment.

FADE TO BLACK.

POST CREDITS: SUPER:

D.J. Z-Thrust WILL RETURN

THE END