

CLUB RENEGADE

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Based on a True Party

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EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

SUPER: NEW YORK CITY, SPRING, 2020

MAN (V.O.)
Nobody loved him. Nobody hated him.
But everybody liked him.

A three-story brick warehouse painted white in a not-so-great area of Brooklyn. The streets are quieter than usual, the sirens are louder than ever. It's April. It's snowing. Not a single body is seen, but hidden inside:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

SAM BLACK (30's), thick leather jacket, camouflage pants, neatly shaved with black-rimmed glasses. He's counting cash, a stack load of it. His knuckle tattoo reads B-R-O-O-K-L-Y-N.

BEKIM TRENOVA (30's), bleach blond and could be a model, his right-hand man, sits across from him at a table.

SAM
You see the money's already
printed.

BEKIM
Listen, I'm thinking fucking molly,
fucking cocaine. Lap dances.
Lasers. Dope boys coming through.
Fucking all night long.

SAM
As long as they stay shut, we stay
open.

EXT. ATM - WEST VILLAGE - NIGHT

The ATM's flashing LED board light show is the only living thing in the dead night. A BIKE MESSENGER, black, male, 20's, is trying to take money out. The slot is dry. A message reads "ERROR". There's no money left. He's exasperated, but not surprised. It's been like this for weeks.

He gets back on his bike and rides.

EXT. MACDOUGAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

The BIKE MESSENGER rolls down a desolate MacDougal Street. Everything is shut down - no biryani, no gyros. Without the sound of taxis and traffic we hear voices.

He stops at the end of the block where a group of other bike messengers are assembled. All young, black, brown, and fearless.

Their bikes are parked right on the street.

A joint is being passed, the smoke makes the air thick. There's no work, but it's the regular / old hangout spot.

BIKE MESSENGER

Who y'all think is gonna be the first one to catch it?

BIKE MESSENGER 2

Marv the man! Marvin!

MARVIN (black, 5'0", mid 20's) has glasses with duct tape on them and he's at least a foot shorter than everyone. This is why Marvin gets picked on.

MARVIN

If I got it, your girl gave it to me.

The group erupts in laughter.

MARVIN (V.O.)

That was my corner. Before, after, during. That corner was mine.

A WHITE SCION, music blasting, comes down the block towards them. They don't try to conceal the joint or move their bikes. The car slows down in front of an old tenement building. The door is covered in graffiti but the rent costs a Rolex.

A well-dressed woman, SARA, 30, comes out of the door and waves at the bike messengers, they give her a "hi mamacita" as she gets into the car as it comes to a stop.

MADDIE (V.O.)

She was from Canada. No one really knew her. But she was always, always around.

SAM

You're late.

SARA

How the fuck am I late? You just got here.

SAM
You're late anyway.

SARA
Shut up, and lower the music, I
can't hear myself talk.

SAM
Where are we going?

SARA
42nd Street. I need to pick up a
package.

SARA fumbles in the glove compartment. She doesn't ask for
permission.

SARA (CONT'D)
You got a cigarette?

SAM
You okay?

SARA
Why are you asking me that?

SAM
I don't know. You don't look okay.

SARA
Look around you. What's there to
worry about?

SAM
Want me to go back to Brooklyn?
I'll go back.

SARA
No - I want you to take me to 42nd
Street.

SAM passes her a pack of NEWPORTS from a pouch on his chest
- it could be a bulletproof vest. SARA lights a cigarette
while looking at herself in the rearview mirror.

SAM
What's the package?

SARA
None of your business.

SAM
You happy now? You calm?

SARA
Let's just go.

SAM cranks the music volume back up before taking off -
"CLIQUE" by Jay-Z.

The BIKE MESSENGERS start mounting their bikes.

The WHITE SCION leaves first, then one by one, the BIKE MESSENGERS follow suit. One guy got an order in, the others just come for the ride.

EXT. SULLIVAN STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The WHITE SCION cruises slowly down Sullivan Street towards WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK with the windows rolled down. The BIKE MESSENGERS roll beside it in formation.

We pass a BAR with a broken window - shattered glass from the window and empty liquor bottles cover the sidewalk.

Then a PHARMACY - the camera has been ripped from the front door and sits smashed on the ground. The doctor's out, so are all the pills.

We approach the park - there's a fire inside the fountain basin. Half of the NYPD force is out - it's anarchy for the rest of us. It's tense in the air. Homeless people are fighting with each other over the lack of everything.

One by one the BIKE MESSENGERS turn down a different block.

We turn down BROADWAY. The STORE WINDOWS are bare. The merchandise has been removed. Loiterers out of luck. The lettering above each store is now meaningless symbols of a time past.

We drive all the way up Broadway until we reach TIMES SQUARE. The advertisements light up the empty streets. Enjoy a Bud Light, get a Corona on the beach. Get it now, time is running out.

EXT. KOREATOWN - NIGHT

The WHITE SCION comes to a stop. SARA steps out of the car and walks towards the glass doors of a LOBBY brightly lit by fluorescent bulbs. The place is dirty, but it's probably always been. SARA presses a code into a pin pad. Buzz! Unlock. She looks nervously around her before going inside.

She disappears up the stairs towards a cheap chandelier made to make the place look more legit.

SAM waits in the car and plays with his phone. Hundreds of unread text messages. He fucks with the radio.

RADIO STATION 1

--the Governor's office confirming this evening that the aerial dispersal will proceed on the 30th as scheduled. Residents are advised that exposure--

He changes the channel.

RADIO STATION 2

Residents of New York City will be required to pay a mandatory additional 30% tax on all held assets. The Governor has indicated that by executive order the funds will be retrieved directly from the banks. Any resident attempting to take out more than 10% of their bank balance will be required to submit to a screening by the NYPD Civil Enforcement Bureau.

He turns it off.

SARA bounces hurriedly back down the stairs with a small black bag and throws herself back in the car.

SAM

Did you get it?

SARA

Yeah, I got it. Just go.

SARA looks back in the rearview mirror. Holds the bag on her lap with both hands.

SARA (CONT'D)

Come on, go. I don't want to wait here.

They drive off.

INT. WHITE SCION - DELANCEY AND ESSEX - SOON AFTER

The WHITE SCION slows down at the lights. We see the Williamsburg Bridge ahead. The road is clear ahead but a red light is a red light. From the passenger's side we see a MAN in DARK BLACK SUNGLASSES with a HAT on and a BANDANA covering his face start SPRINTING towards the car from across the street.

SARA
Is that guy running towards us?

SAM
What?

SARA
That guy? THAT GUY! He's coming
towards the car!

SAM
What guy?

The MAN is a foot from the SCION but SARA is already
SCREAMING.

SARA
SAAAM!

The MAN BOLTS into the SCION, SMASHING the REARVIEW MIRROR
in. He SLAPS something onto the HOOD. Then he's RUNNING
again.

SARA (CONT'D)
What the fuck was that!

SAM
I don't know.

SARA
(breathless)
I can't do this anymore.

SAM
We won't have to.

The light turns green. SAM doesn't move. He gets out.

EXT. WHITE SCION - DELANCEY AND ESSEX - CONTINUOUS

SAM walks to the front of the car. On the hood, held down by
a single 9mm ROUND: a folded PHOTOCOPY.

He unfolds it. We see it for half a second - a NEW YORK
STATE ID. A young man's face. The name is cut off.

SAM folds it. Puts it in the pouch on his chest. Pockets the
round.

He gets back in the car.

SARA
What was it?

SAM
Nothing. Parking ticket.

He drives.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

SAM double locks the door and turns the lights on. The entire floor is empty except a VICTORIAN SOFA upholstered in LIME GREEN fabric, a METAL DESK with a GLASS YELLOW SWIVEL CHAIR, and potted PALM TREES. An obviously stolen genuine "CANAL STREET STATION" MTA SIGN is hung above the DESK.

BEKIM is already there, on the couch, laptop open. SARA sits on the other end. SAM at the desk.

SARA
Do you think we can realistically hit the 300K? Like actually get there?

SAM
Yeah, bruh.

SARA
Why do you think this is funny? You think I've recovered from my bank account being frozen and having to start from nothing again?

SAM
I'm not being funny, I'm being New York strong.

SARA
Okay, well, I'm being New York real.

SAM
We're gonna get the money.

SARA
What if no one comes?

SAM
They'll come.

SAM starts opening the drawers in the desk, one by one, slamming them shut when he doesn't find what he's looking for.

SAM (CONT'D)
You know how long it's been, Sara?

SARA
Time stopped mattering.

SAM
When was the last time you saw
anyone on the block? Brooklyn used
to be safe. No one fucked with you
on these streets. You can't even go
outside--

SARA
People have actually been getting
sick--

SAM
Big Boys was the last Bodega
standing and they came for that
Arab brother and raided it like the
DEA coming down on a thousand-brick
bust. For what? For fucking eggs
and cheeses on a roll, for fucking
sandwiches. Three months no flights
out of New York. Borders closed.
Three months turns into three
years, Sara--

SARA
Has anyone seen him?

BEKIM
(too fast)
Nobody's seen anybody, Sara.

SAM looks at BEKIM. A half-second too long.

SAM
Sara, you know -

SARA stares intensely into the void.

SARA
Maybe he's in the same--

SAM
Sara - stop... I'm sorry.

SARA
We still don't know if he's dead.

SAM
Sara...

SARA
You don't know. Stop lying!

SAM
He's not coming back. You know
that.

This isn't the first time they've had this conversation, but for Sara, it is, and it will continue to be.

BEKIM closes his laptop. Gets up. Goes to the window. His back to them.

SARA
There's no body.
(a beat)
There's nothing!

SAM
You don't need a body. You need to
believe me. I'll make this right.
The seats are confirmed - 300K out
of Teterboro. You're coming with
me.

SARA
Yeah, well what if I want to stay?
What then?
(a beat, a long one)
I'm staying! I'm not going
anywhere!

SAM
I promised Sean I would take care
of you if something ever happened.
You're not staying.

SARA
Nothing happened.
(a beat)
Someone could know where he is.

SAM
I'm never going to stop you from
looking, but nothing is ever going
to stop me from making sure you're
safe.

SAM finally finds what he was looking for in the drawer.
Canadian passports.

SARA
What is that?

SAM slides a passport over the desk. SARA gets up and grabs it. Savage.

SARA (CONT'D)
(reading)
Rachel Mason? I don't need a fake
passport to go back to that
shithole. I need a lobotomy.

She grabs up the other passport.

SARA (CONT'D)
Gustavo? Really?

SAM
It's all my guy had.

SARA
Whatever, Gustavo.

SAM
I promised him I'd take care of
you.

SARA
I know you did.

SAM
And have I not?

SARA
I don't need--

SAM
Look, there's a war going on out
there. You're either a soldier, or
you sit back like a civilian.
Soldiers fight, they make it out.
Civilians might survive, but then
they're living in rubble.

SARA
Just because you're banned in
Canada doesn't mean I need to start
over too.

SAM
They can't connect you to the
flight, Sara.

SARA
Fine.

SAM
You'll come?

SARA
There's nothing left for me here.

SAM hands SARA the passports. SARA gets up and walks up to a BOX-SHAPED SAFE - something from the 90's - something durable. SARA enters a FIVE-DIGIT PIN - the door POPS open with a BEEP. She places the passports inside.

BEKIM is still at the window.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

It's pitch black except for the illumination leaking from SARA's phone. Her face is expressionless as she watches.

The small black bag from Koreatown sits on the coffee table. Unopened.

ON VIDEO:

SEAN (30's, tattoos, fit, and handsome), Sara's boyfriend, steps out of a black Suburban, smiling, handling an AK-47. It's summer, the car is parked on a nondescript street. He's talking to the person recording.

SEAN
(playfully)
Put that shit away!!

RECORDER (O.S.)
My shit?! What about your shit, my man! Look at that boy!

SEAN
(looking at the AK-47)
You know it wouldn't be wise to do that. We gotta let 'em know...

RECORDER (O.S.)
Let 'em know what, boy?!

SEAN
Sometimes you gotta be selfish when you're trying to build an empire.

SARA watches it again. And again.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Rare occasion where the front gate is pulled up to the warehouse and the light is leaking in through the window.

BEKIM sitting on the couch on his laptop beside a ZIPLOCK of COCAINE. He's chewing gum, hard.

BEKIM
We're creating culture.

SAM
I am making us money.

BEKIM
What's the difference?

SAM
Here's what we're doin', alright?
The guest list - it's the Triads,
the Blacks, the whites, the fuckin'
gamblers, pimps, all of 'em. We
bring 'em in, let 'em do business,
make 'em feel good. But they don't
leave, no one leaves, 'til they pay
ten grand. Ten G's, each. That's
the payout. That's the price to
walk out the fuckin' door once you
step inside.

BEKIM
You can't have all of those people
in the room. The optics of that --

SAM
Money's green. A year ago you never
would've believed it. The
government, lockin' all of us in
our fuckin' rooms. And the little
people? They don't ask questions -
they just do what they're told.
Like clockwork.

BEKIM
The cops patrolling -

SAM
We have entry at shift change.

BEKIM
How short are we?

SAM
Three for the seats.

BEKIM
And Angel?

SAM

Angel's not gonna wait past the 30th. He gets paid out of the door money like everyone else.

BEKIM

That's not how he's gonna see it.

SAM

That's how it is.

Bekim, not convinced. But he nods.

TOMMY ROCK (V.O.)

I was his accountant. I know what he owed and I know what he had. Those two numbers never met.

BEKIM

No one has been able to move anything in weeks. This'll work.

SAM

Call up Big Dave.

CASPER (V.O.)

Big Dave, fuhgeddaboutit. Guy was a legend - Brooklyn born, built like a fuckin' fridge. Started his own security gig at seventeen. Seventeen! But no matter how big he was, he was always holdin' Sam up.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

SAM, a few years younger, railing a huge line of Ketamine.

SAM passing out.

BIG DAVE (40's, enormous, gentle hands) picking him up and gently putting him in the back office.

People walking around asking for Sam for various reasons. Big Dave tells them that Sam stepped out and would be back.

CASPER (V.O.)

Big Dave always gave him respect.

INT. WAREHOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The same night. Later. SAM is still out cold on the office floor, door ajar.

A YOUNG MAN in a long trench coat walks in like he owns the place. This is ANGEL CRUZ, before. He's carrying a DUFFEL BAG. He drops it on the desk. Looks at Sam on the floor.

ANGEL
(to Big Dave)
He's gonna move this by Friday?

BIG DAVE
He's gonna move it.

ANGEL looks at Sam for a long moment. Then leaves.

CASPER (V.O.)
Someone told me Sam got jacked
while he was in a K-hole. Whole
bag. Gone.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

SAM wakes up. The desk is empty. The duffel is gone.

BIG DAVE in the doorway. He doesn't say anything.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Broad daylight. ANGEL on his knees on the sidewalk. Two MEN we don't know stand over him. One brings a PISTOL down across his face. Again.

ANGEL doesn't make a sound.

CASPER (V.O.)
And Angel? Angel took that beating
for him. Not because he wanted to.
Because that's how it goes when
it's your bag.

INT. WAREHOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

SAM handing BIG DAVE a stack of hundreds.

CASPER (V.O.)
After that? Nah, he wasn't ever
takin' that kind of L again. Sam
Black always paid it back.

They hug.

BIG DAVE
Love you, brother. Be safe.

TOMMY ROCK (V.O.)
That's not why he got clean. But
that's the story.

INT. WHITE SCION - WEST VILLAGE - DAY

SAM has the windows rolled down in the SCION. The BIKE MESSENGERS are all standing around him on their bikes. MARVIN in front.

SAM
Alright, here's how it's gonna go.
You each get a list - fifteen
names. You roll up like you're
making a delivery, keep the bag on
the bike, make it look real. You
tell 'em Sam Black sent you. Then
you give them the message - 80
Vernon. Sam Black's inviting you.
Come stocked.

BIKE MESSENGER
Please don't send me uptown.

SAM
It's five boroughs. A trained
monkey could do this.

SAM hands MARVIN his list. Looks at him.

SAM (CONT'D)
Queens. Flushing. The produce
place.

MARVIN
Why me?

SAM
'Cause you're small enough they
won't shoot first.

The BIKE MESSENGERS laugh. MARVIN doesn't.

The BIKE MESSENGERS finish passing a joint and then
disperse.

SAM's cellphone rings. He picks up.

A recorded voice: "This is a call from REMUS, an inmate at
RIKERS ISLAND CORRECTIONAL FACILITY. To accept, press 1."
Sam presses 1 - no hesitation, no pause.

We hear screaming prison noises in the background - men.
There's something going on - there's nothing going right in

the Universe of the Unseen.

SAM (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Remus?

REMUS (O.S.)
Mr. Black.

SAM
I need that number, my man.

REMUS
Where's my money?

SAM
They aren't letting anyone in for visits.

REMUS
I'm sendin' somebody by to pick it up. They'll give you the number. That's my guy - don't ask questions. You're lucky, y'know that? Real lucky. I'm sittin' in here, and you're out there throwing parties.

SAM
This is recorded.

REMUS
They wanna give me fifteen. I tell you that?

SAM
You'll beat it.

REMUS
It'll be years until the case gets calendared.

SAM
Things will be better by then.

REMUS
Go live your life, Sam. Make it rave.

We hear an order called in the background, mandatory lockdown in the prison.

REMUS (CONT'D)
One more thing. Cruz's people were
asking about you in here.

SAM
Asking what.

REMUS
Where. Who. What you look like now.

Screaming in the background, GET THE FUCK OFF THE PHONE.

The line goes dead. Sam lets the dead sound play for a
moment.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A BIKE MESSENGER riding alone down an empty street.

We hear "Mo Bamba" by Sheck Wes as the anthem to the mission
-

EXT. QUEENS - FLUSHING - DAY

MARVIN bangs on a metal door to what looks like a produce
factory.

The door opens, inside we see only a mountain of
WATERMELONS. An ASIAN MAN greets him but says not a word and
points to the back. Not because he can't speak, but because
words aren't allowed.

MARVIN is led to a back room where several other ASIAN MEN
are sitting at a table smoking cigarettes.

They look at him in complete silence until one goes:

MAN AT TABLE
Sam Black?

MARVIN nods.

One of the men at the far end of the table - late 40's, a
quiet face, we'll call him MR. LIU - sets his cigarette
down. Something in his face at the name. Not hostile.
Recognition.

MR. LIU
(in Mandarin, subtitled)
That's the one they were looking
for.

The MAN AT TABLE glances at him. Says nothing.

We cut to the side of the room - PILES OF DRUGS - bricks, white, stacked high to heaven.

The MEN all look at each other in quiet agreement - it's the opportunity of what could be a lost decade.

MARVIN (V.O.)
I didn't know what he said. I found
out later.

EXT. BRONX - DAY

A BIKE MESSENGER walks his bike up GRAND CONCOURSE while checking the location on his PHONE MAP. It says ARRIVED - he looks up - this can't be it - the shittiest building in the Bronx.

He walks up the dilapidated hallway - we hear coughing coming from the various doors.

He stops in front of a door and knocks.

A YOUNG BLACK KID, no older than 17, cracks it open.

The room is full of girls that once posed as strippers - out of work, out of glitter, out of life. A table is littered with empty bottles. The TV is on - After Hours by Scorsese plays in the background. It pacifies.

One of the girls, MADDIE, 21, baby pink set under a hoodie, takes the note from the kid. Reads it. Almost smiles.

MADDIE (V.O.)
Tony called it work. It was work.

INT. BUILDING - MANHATTAN - DAY

A BIKE MESSENGER takes a freight elevator up to a SOHO LOFT.

He's greeted by a barefoot hippie with long hair in a tie-dye shirt, RONNIE, 30.

Weapons of all sorts rest against the loft walls. Boxes with those same weapons - ready to be shipped to their new homes.

On a table - bright ORANGE LINES of crushed Adderall.

The BIKE MESSENGER hands RONNIE a note - the handwriting tells us that he's written it himself.

RONNIE
Sick!

A TV in the corner plays muted financial news. The screen shows the price of BITCOIN plunging, violently, into a red sea of numbers.

No one reacts. The collapse is ambient.

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH - BROOKLYN - RESTAURANT - DAY

A BIKE MESSENGER walks through a shuttered RUSSIAN RESTAURANT. Trays with unfinished borscht, knishes, have been left out on the tables. It's a mess.

He walks all the way through the entire restaurant towards the kitchen and into a BACK ROOM. There are MEN gambling around a table. There's an enforcer nearby. They search for luck in an unlucky world.

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH - BROOKLYN - BEACH - DAY

The BIKE MESSENGER from the previous scene walks his bike along the empty beach. It goes for miles. He picks up seashells, filling the pockets of his reflective vest. Something to take home, something to be remembered by.

INT. WHITE SCION - DAY

SAM waits in his car.

A MAN walks up to him.

MAN

From Remus.

The MAN hands SAM a piece of paper with a phone number on it.

SAM unrolls it, looks at him for truth and loyalty. SAM opens up the pouch on his chest we will almost never see him without and hands him a stack of hundreds. The MAN takes it and just keeps walking - directionless almost, like he's in a hurry but with nowhere to go.

SAM texts the number on the paper. "Two seats. 300K". A text back - "Teterboro. April 30th. 9:30 AM. Cash only."

Sam opens the calendar app on his phone - the date reads "April 24th 2020".

Sam texts back "Confirmed".

He sits with the phone. Then takes the folded PHOTOCOPY out of the pouch. Unfolds it. We see it clearly now: SEAN'S NEW YORK STATE ID. Across the bottom, in marker: 30TH.

He folds it. Puts it back.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

SARA and SAM are sitting on a bench. SARA looks like she's been crying. There's no one in the park - just the potential of a new spring.

SARA
I'll miss the cherry blossoms!

SAM
They have cherry blossoms in
Canada.

SARA
It's not the same.

A long beat. SAM looks at her. Something is on him.

SAM
Sara. About Sean--

SARA
Don't.

SAM
No, I need to--

From the distance, we see a MAN approach them, visibly tweaked out from his walk, who has tied reusable RED TARGET BAGS as shoes.

SARA
That guy is walking towards us.

SAM
I think I know him.

SARA starts to get up in an attempt to leave.

SAM (CONT'D)
It's fine. Just stay.

TARGET MAN stands in front of them - bag shoes and all - a keffiyeh wrapped around his head, a sign of the times.

TARGET MAN
Sam Black, I lost your number, been
tryna hit you up.

TOMMY ROCK (V.O.)
Sam had kept the same number since
(MORE)

TOMMY ROCK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
forever. A lot of guys actually
knew that number by heart.

TARGET MAN
You got some work for me?

SAM looks at the guy - his tattered, weathered, everything.
Then at Sara. The moment is gone.

TOMMY ROCK (V.O.)
That was the thing about Sam. He
could always find a job for you.
Let me be honest? I think sometimes
he just paid guys out of pocket
even when he didn't have the work
for them - he'd find something for
them to do. I was his accountant, I
know that.

SAM
Ride back to Brooklyn with me. I
have some stuff around the
warehouse you can help me with.

SARA looks at him. Waits for him to finish what he started.
He doesn't.

INT. WHITE SCION - DAY

SAM and TARGET MAN in the car, heading back towards
Brooklyn. TARGET MAN is scarfing down pizza and a
diabetes-sized soda. SAM has a glass bottle of Coke because
it tastes better out of the glass bottle.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sara's apartment - immaculate, all white. Untouched by any
packing. SARA on the couch flipping through pictures of Sean
on her phone.

The black bag on the coffee table. She picks it up. Puts it
down. Doesn't open it.

A knock on the door. The sound of scurrying away -
exaggerated.

She gets up, opens the door.

A NEWSPAPER tossed on the welcome mat. THE NEW YORK TIMES.
The headline reads:

GOVERNOR CONFIRMS AERIAL DISPERSAL APRIL 30

ORDER SPRAY TO BE RELEASED AFFECTING EYES AND THROATS -
EXPOSURE CAUSES RISK OF CANCER AND BIRTH DEFECTS - ALL
RESIDENTS TO SHELTER IN PLACE FROM 6 AM - NO EXCEPTIONS

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

SAM pulls up in the SCION. BEKIM has been waiting outside
the warehouse in his own car - a VINTAGE BMW.

BEKIM
They're spraying the air.

SAM
When?

BEKIM
The morning after the party. Six
a.m.

Sam's phone BUZZES. The screen lights up: MESSAGE FROM:
PILOT

Sam opens the text.

ON PHONE SCREEN:

LAST FLIGHT OUT. WE WON'T BE COMING BACK. WHEELS UP 9:30 AM.
NO RETURN.

CREW STAYS IN CANADA.

ONE SEAT LEFT.

SAM
You wanna come to Canada?

BEKIM
I can't leave the family.

SAM
We are the family.

BEKIM
We'll drive to L.A. after it
passes. Lay low a week - max -
(beat)
They'll still need product.

SAM
We gotta make the money now. We
gotta make sure everyone shows up.

BEKIM

They'll show. They know what's up.
No one's moved anything in months.
No one trusts anyone outside. We
enforce the code - we get the cash.

SAM

How much do you need to be good in
L.A.?

BEKIM

You need it more.

They go in for a hug. SAM holds it. Lets go. Goes inside.

BEKIM stands there alone. Looks at the door.

BEKIM (CONT'D)

(to no one)

If they ever found out, brother, I
don't know what I'd do.

He gets in his car.

EXT. STREET - WEST VILLAGE - DAY

SARA turns a corner.

A BODY slumped on the sidewalk - probably an opiate
overdose.

SARA CALLS 911 ON REPEAT. No answer - then:

911 OPERATOR

911, what's your emergency?

SARA

(into phone)

There's a man here. I've tried
calling four times! He's not
breathing. I think he's dead!

911 OPERATOR

Any weapons?

SARA

I said he's not breathing!

911 OPERATOR

Black, white or Hispanic?

SARA

Does that even matter?

The sound of typing.

911 OPERATOR
Answer the question.

SARA
Black... 20's... male.

911 OPERATOR
Dispatching police and EMS. Call us
back if there are any changes.

Ringtone like a flatline.

SARA looks at the lifeless body - knowing that time will
change nothing. Day turns to night. No one shows up.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

SAM goes into the SAFE.

Papers, envelopes, cash, the two passports. He takes the
folded photocopy from his pouch. Holds it between his
fingers, like it might speak.

He puts it in the safe. Under the passports. Where she'd
have to look to find it.

He closes the door. Opens it again. Moves the photocopy to
the bottom, under everything.

Closes it.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SARA on a white couch - SCREAMS into an oversized
heart-shaped pillow.

It shatters nothing in the already broken world.

She sits up. Looks at the black bag.

She opens it.

Inside: a BURNER PHONE. Cheap. Cracked screen. She turns it
on. The lock screen is a photo - SEAN, laughing, in the
Suburban.

She stares at it. Doesn't know the code. Tries one. Wrong.
Tries another. Wrong.

She holds it against her chest.

TEXT OVER BLACK:

APRIL 29TH, 2020

BLACK. Room tone. A chair creaks. A lighter flicks.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
(off-mic, barely there)
Just say your name and how you knew
him.

A long pause. A drag on a cigarette. No answer comes.

TEXT OVER BLACK:

CLUB RENEGADE

We hear the beginning of "Welcome to the Party" by Pop
Smoke, at first faint, then growing louder.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE - NIGHT

We see CADILLAC ESCALADES driving on the Williamsburg Bridge
towards Brooklyn. The roads are empty. The DRIVERS have
MASKS and SUNGLASSES on.

We never see their faces.

MARVIN (V.O.)
I saw 'em come over the bridge.
Nine, ten of 'em. I remember
thinking that's the most cars I've
seen in a month.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. WEST VILLAGE - NIGHT

The BIKE MESSENGERS are in their old hangout spot again. A
MAN walks past them - more than once.

BIKE MESSENGER
The fuck is that guy?

The BIKE MESSENGERS continue rolling joints. Fixing their
bikes. Helping each other.

FOUR UNMARKED CARS pull up. COPS jump out - plain clothes,
chaos.

A few of the BIKE MESSENGERS start running in different
directions - bolting off immediately. A few of them grab
their bikes first - their most important possession - but
get stopped.

MARVIN, small, slips between two parked cars, under a scaffold, and is gone.

MARVIN (V.O.)

Half the list was supposed to come through us. Half the list got their faces on the hood of a car instead.

"Welcome to the Party" continues to blast.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - NIGHT

Loud music. Deafening. Vibrating. It's as if they took all of the unheard sounds of New York and blasted them through a speaker. We see SAM walking through the darkness - thick smoke fills the air - he takes a drag of a cigarette as he moves forward - further into the darkness - into the unknown.

MARVIN (V.O.)

A lot of us were afraid of showing up. But we needed the money. Everybody needed the money. They weren't givin' any handouts to guys like us.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

The warehouse / club consists of five rooms, two floors. It's still early at this point - but we don't know who will show up or who won't.

SAM checks his phone. 11:40 PM.

There are strippers on stage ready to steal the crowd, the cash. They dance. Some wear glitter like war paint, it shimmers through the haze. SAM walks past them like they don't exist - they have a dead look in their eyes. They could be robots - but here, tonight, they are flesh.

In the back, a fat man sits in a chair, surveilling, sipping on something evil, TONY, 40's. Tony could die of a heart attack at any minute - the way he talks, the way he breathes.

TONY actually gets up when SAM approaches.

TONY

How long has it been?

SAM

Ten, twelve years?

SAM takes a drag off his cigarette. Looks at the girls for the first time - like he's only just noticed them now.

SAM (CONT'D)
You're still selling dreams.

TONY
It's tradition.

A MAN approaches one of the strippers. We see the first glimpse of emotion. She runs off. TONY walks towards them faster than we would expect him to.

TONY (CONT'D)
(to Man)
What the fuck you think you doing?

The MAN just looks confused. The STRIPPER looks guilty of a non-crime.

TONY (CONT'D)
You pay first!

The STRIPPER looks at the MAN, hand out --

STRIPPER
(to Man)
Three hundred.

The MAN takes the three hundred out of his pocket, goes to hand it to the STRIPPER. TONY intercepts. Takes it - gives \$50 to the stripper, keeps \$50 - gives the rest to SAM. SAM tucks it into his vest.

SAM keeps walking. The music changes - weaving in and out of different songs - like there could be two DJs or multiple realities that cut through the night.

People walk past him. We don't see their faces - it's almost like a labyrinth - the fun house.

SAM pushes through a door and into the next room -

TOMMY ROCK (V.O.)
A hustle is a hustle is a hustle.
Sam Black knew that better than
anybody else.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - GAMBLING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

SAM enters a somewhat brightly lit room.

BIG DAVE shakes his hand and locks the door shut behind him. Big Dave is bigger than we remembered. He's in a black suit

that doesn't quite close.

BIG DAVE
Light at the door.

SAM
How light?

BIG DAVE
Half the Manhattan list didn't
come. Queens is here. Brighton's
here. Bronx is here.

SAM
Manhattan'll come.

BIG DAVE
Sam.

SAM
They'll come.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - NIGHT

An ESCALADE is sliding out of a parking spot in the West Village. SARA is in the back. She's draped in a FOREST GREEN TRENCH COAT, white-as-snow AIR FORCE ONES poke through the bottom. She's small against the oversized luxury.

In her lap: her purse. Her hand on it the whole time.

CLASSICAL MUSIC drifts from the speakers. We intercut this sound with the sounds of Club Renegade - quick flashes to the party.

The emptiness in the car is oppressive in that moment.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - GAMBLING ROOM - NIGHT

Several men sit around a POKER TABLE. The money is already out on display. An older man, LOUIS CARBONE, tends to the table. He's well dressed - he doesn't belong there. There's a danger to him that can't be explained. Something unsolved.

At the far end of the table, quiet, not playing: MR. LIU. Watching the door.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - NIGHT

SARA watches the city go before her. She rolls the window down and starts recording a video on her phone.

WE WATCH THE VIDEO through the screen of her phone.

Tears fall down her face.

It's goodbye.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - GAMBLING ROOM - NIGHT

LOUIS spots Sam - his face instantly lights up. He pulls a chair for him.

LOUIS

You're all grown up. I remember you
in the basement at Yellow Rat.
Foldin' t-shirts. You and those
kids. Remember that?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. YELLOW RAT BASTARD - STORE BASEMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The basement to a lofted storefront selling teen apparel - the Nightmare Before Christmas - Frankie the Monkey. There are Africans, dark as night, folding t-shirts in silence at a large table. It's unlikely they are getting paid even the minimum wage from the looks of it - from the hours due. There's boxing and unboxing of new shipments coming in. There's an offensive overhead lighting - sweat drips down some of their heads. There's a sweatshop in America - and it's right here on Broadway.

SAM, two decades younger, comes down the stairs with some friends - some pierced kids in baggy pants who have eaten too much ecstasy the night before but their youth gives them the power to stay up and up again.

LOUIS - before time left a mark on his face - is sitting at a table eating stuffed manicotti. The biggest manicotti ever manufactured.

The kids ask Louis about pay. He tosses them a couple of poker chips. They start to head back towards the stairs. Louis asks SAM to stay behind. Once the kids are out of sight, Louis gives Sam actual cash, and a thanks for this and that.

The sound of the train shakes the floor beneath them, the Africans keep folding.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - GAMBLING ROOM - NIGHT

Chips are moved across the table. Some people win, some people lose.

LOUIS

I hope that by the end of this, you
come out on top.

SAM lovingly puts his hand on LOUIS' shoulder.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

And I hope that if I taught you
just one thing - that when the odds
are stacked, when the world bets
against you - you don't just play
to win. You take every damn chip on
the table.

They kiss cheeks. They part ways. The game continues.

SAM passes MR. LIU on the way out. MR. LIU nods. SAM nods back. Doesn't know him.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - NIGHT

SAM is at his desk. SARA has arrived. She takes off her purse, stuffs it into a desk drawer. Carefully. The burner phone visible for a second inside it.

SAM

Where are your bags?

SARA

What do I need bags for?

SAM

Don't you want to take your dresses
with you?

SARA

They don't wear dresses in Canada.
They wear stupid Roots sweatpants.

SAM

We don't know if we'll ever be
back.

SARA

Then I'll never need to look nice
again.

SAM
What's in the purse?

SARA
My purse.

BANGING on the door.

BEKIM (O.S.)
Open! Open!

SAM runs up to the door and unlocks it in one swift movement.

BEKIM, holding a ZIPLOCK BAG filled with COCAINE, is wearing a BULLETPROOF VEST over a WHITE BUTTON-DOWN SHIRT.

BEKIM (CONT'D)
The fucking cops are outside!

SAM glances at the time on his phone. 12:20 AM.

SAM
That's not possible. This is right
in the middle of their shift
change. Are you sure?

BEKIM
They were knocking at the front
door. Dave's standing there. I told
him to do nothing before you got
there.

SARA
(to Sam)
I told you this was a bad idea! You
never fucking listen to me!

BEKIM pacing.

SARA (CONT'D)
And I just fucking got here. I left
my perfect apartment, and you want
me to leave everything! Like I
don't have needs! Like I can just
do whatever!

BEKIM
Sam - I've never been arrested! I
can't go to jail!

SARA
Jail is going to be the least of
(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)
our problems! Do you have any idea
what --

SAM
Stay inside.

SARA
Let me go talk to--

BEKIM
Let Sara go talk to them!

SAM
(to Bekim, to Sara)
Stay inside! Don't move until I
come back.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Three SECURITY GUARDS stand like statues, not moving - not talking. BIG DAVE at the door.

SAM stands just inside the threshold, lit by the pulsing glow of neon. He looks through the metal door's peephole - it's only TWO COPS.

BIG DAVE
We can take care of it.

We see a flash of the pistol at Big Dave's waist. Sam refuses to acknowledge this suggestion and continues to stare at the cops through the metal door's peephole.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - NIGHT

BEKIM and SARA sit on the couch in silence. SARA looks like she's waiting to be let in to Pilates class. Her phone is on the table - screensaver lit - a photo of her and Sean. BEKIM picks up her phone for a close look.

He can't look at it. He turns it face down on the table.

BEKIM
He loved you.

SARA
Loves.

BEKIM scoots in closer to SARA to wrap his arms around her - softly kisses the side of her temple.

BEKIM

I know.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

We see one of the security guards jamming hard against a door - all 300 pounds of him slamming up against it. It opens - he walks down a set of stairs leading to the BASEMENT.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - NIGHT

BEKIM and SARA are still where they were. The MUSIC STOPS abruptly. It feels like oxygen being sucked out of the air into a void.

BEKIM

What the fuck!

SARA runs towards the door -

BEKIM (CONT'D)

Don't!

SARA

What's happening!

BEKIM

I don't know but stay here!

SARA

I need to find Sam!

BEKIM

He's going to find us.

SARA paces.

SARA

This was such a bad idea!

BEKIM

This is the best party the city's ever seen.

SARA

Why is that all you care about?

A KEY BUMP for Bekim -

BEKIM
You make culture, you make history.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

SAM has his phone to his ear as he continues to look through the peephole.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - ELECTRICAL ROOM - NIGHT

A security guard has his hand on a BREAKER BOX - the switches are turned to OFF. He's on the phone with Sam.

SAM (V.O.)
Keep it turned off.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Through the peephole, we watch the cops give up and walk away.

SAM checks his phone. 12:41 AM.

SAM
(to Big Dave)
Twenty minutes dead. That's twenty minutes nobody paid.

BIG DAVE
Better than the alternative.

SAM
No one else comes in.
(a beat)
And no one exits unless I say so.

The lights come back. The music comes back. A cheer from somewhere inside.

We hear several quick gunshots outside. Distant. A block away.

BIG DAVE and SAM look at each other.

BIG DAVE
That's not the cops.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

SAM walks hurriedly now through a passageway back towards the office. He's stopped by a short guy - a type of freak - completely covered in tattoos - face, neck, everything, with stretchers in his ears, his chin, his nose. Thickest Brooklyn accent you've ever heard. That's CASPER.

CASPER

Sam! Sam the man! I've been lookin' for ya all over the place!

SAM looks genuinely happy to see him.

SAM

Casper, it's been a minute, man.

CASPER

Appreciate the invite. Been stuck in my mom's basement for a whole damn year now.

SAM

Find me when you want to leave. You don't have to pay the exit fee.

CASPER

I got somethin' for ya. Ain't much, but it's a little token to say thanks for always lookin' out and includin' me.

CASPER hands SAM a bag of brightly colored PRESSED PILLS.

CASPER (CONT'D)

This right here? The purest Molly you'll find, no doubt.

CASPER (V.O.)

I gave him those. I think about that.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - NIGHT

SAM walks into the office.

SARA

What was that!

BEKIM

I thought we were done for!

SAM

It's fine now. They're gone.

SAM reaches into his pocket and takes out the pressed pills.

SAM (CONT'D)
(to Sara)
Here - take these.

SAM hands SARA the bag of pressed pills. He then goes into the safe and puts in whatever money he's collected so far. It's looking good, but not good enough.

SAM (CONT'D)
(to Bekim)
Let's do a walkthrough.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

The dance floor, the de facto triage area of the night, is smoked out - haze like a dream. There are people walking around looking for a chance at something big.

TOMMY ROCK (V.O.)
He'd created New York City's
microeconomy and no one would get
out without paying their dues.

Montage of SAM and BEKIM collecting cash. They look happy. They look elated. The music now is a little more upbeat. The lights seem to shine just a little bit brighter.

SAM checks his phone. 2:10 AM.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - NIGHT

SARA alone in the office. She opens the drawer. Takes out the purse. Takes out the burner. Tries a code. Wrong.

She puts it back.

She takes out the bag of pills. Looks at it.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

SARA on the floor now. MR. LIU is beside her, not dancing. She hasn't noticed him. Then she has.

The music drops out under them. Just for this.

MR. LIU
You're Sean's girl.

SARA turns.

SARA
You knew him?

MR. LIU

I knew where they kept him.

The music comes back up. We can't hear the rest. She looks sad, more information is exchanged, then something else. Then happy. Something's changed.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

SAM and BEKIM are collecting money then, out of nowhere, a tall black guy with dreadlocks, LAMAR, 20's, approaches them - he's crying.

It's unsettling.

LAMAR tries to get a word out, he can't. The sobs block the next sound.

SAM

What is it?

Crying.

SAM looks into his pupils. Something psychedelic.

SAM (CONT'D)

Lamar - what's wrong? What is it?

It's fear, it's acid, it's everything melting away at once.

BEKIM

(to Lamar)

Just breathe, brother. It's okay.
It'll pass.

(to Sam)

Should we bring him into the office?

LAMAR

My mans I brought through--

BEKIM

Lamar, we need to know!

LAMAR

I shoulda let you know I invited him. I thought he was cool though - been rockin' with us all year.

SAM

What? What is it?

LAMAR keeps sobbing.

LAMAR
He kept asking about you. What you
look like. Which room you're in.
He's got a phone he keeps--

SAM
Lamar, it's okay --

LAMAR
He's not here for the party.

SAM and BEKIM look at each other.

SAM and BEKIM take off on a sprint.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - LONG TAKE

The camera glides through the room in a single, fluid motion. At first, everything appears normal - bodies swaying, lights flashing. Smooth on the surface, dreamlike.

Then we start to hear noises. The music is taken over by the sound of people talking. The music gets lower and lower and the sound of men is getting louder and louder.

We see a man push another man. We see now, more clearly, that there's a visible racial divide.

Asians in one corner. Russians in another. Italians, African Americans across from them.

There's been a dispute. People are in each other's faces.

BEKIM
We have to cut it.

SAM
We can't.

BEKIM
We seriously can't end up with
bodies in here.

SAM
Let's figure out what happened.

We see SARA in the corner. Still talking to MR. LIU, but her demeanor is slowly changing here, she starts to laugh now. She looks more at ease.

A MAN approaches SAM as if he's been waiting for this moment. Clean white t-shirt. A phone in his hand he keeps checking.

MAN
There's been a breach.

SAM
How do I know you?

MAN
You don't.

SAM
This isn't the place for any of
that. You take that outside.

MAN
Someone snitched and now my boys
are out here telling me that they
can't get work done.

SAM
You want to blow this whole thing
up over a rumor?

MAN
We've gotta maintain order.

SAM
I'm saying pick your war. 'Cause
once it starts, there's no clock to
run it out.

They stare at each other.

SAM (CONT'D)
That's the real world out there. No
place for it here.

SAM extends his hand. The MAN looks at it. Looks at Sam's
face. Really looks - the glasses, the knuckles.

He shakes it.

MAN
Sam Black.

SAM
That's right.

The MAN walks away. Thumbing his phone.

BEKIM watches him go. His jaw stops chewing.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

SAM and BEKIM continue on their steady collection. SAM, searching the crowd.

SAM
(to Bekim)
Where's Sara?

BEKIM
I haven't seen her since we were in
the office.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

We see water running from a faucet. Uninterrupted steady flow. It shifts. What was once water is now glitter.

It runs and runs.

We see HANDS place themselves beneath the flow. They scoop the glitter - nail-polished fingers - glitter, too.

We pan up to the MIRROR - revealing SARA standing at the sink. She looks at herself in the mirror. There's something different about her. But we can't quite tell what it is. She removes her hands from underneath the faucet and tries to get something out of her purse, but instead, literally everything falls out.

The burner phone hits the tile. She looks at it. Laughs.

We hear a BANG at the door. Then another bang. The banging gets louder and louder and louder now with the sound of the water / glitter running we could be out by a river in Africa - we could be by the watering holes - the banging a stampede of animals that are coming our way. The sound is off here.

We hear sounds that are words. But the words are only sounds for now, because they are muffled behind the stampede of the running water and the banging.

We realize, then, that the sounds are calling Sara. Sara. Sara. Sara! Then SARA realizes, she turns swiftly to the door because we hear -

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OUTSIDE OF BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

SAM has pulled the door open by breaking the lock.

SAM
Sara!
(a beat)
What have you been doing?

SARA doesn't respond. She just looks back at herself in the mirror.

SAM (CONT'D)

Sara!

SARA turns to SAM, just stares at him, soundless.

SAM takes a small flashlight out from his bag and shoots it into her eyes.

Her pupils are fully dilated.

SAM (CONT'D)

What did you take!

SARA

You told me to.

SAM

What did you take!

SARA

The pills you --

SAM

What!

SARA

You told me to. You said take -

SAM

I said TAKE THESE as in take them
and put them away! Not take them,
eat them!

SAM looks around him for help, knowing very well it's not something that can be helped.

SAM (CONT'D)

Why would I ask you to take drugs?

SARA actually just starts to laugh.

SAM (CONT'D)

Why did you think that?

SARA

So many unanswered questions.

She picks up the burner off the floor. Holds it up to him.

SARA (CONT'D)
You know the code?

SAM
What is that?

SARA
His.

SAM stares at it. At her.

SAM
Where did you get that?

SARA
Koreatown.

She drops it back in the purse.

We've entered the mania of the chaos, and there is just no turning back. We turn the music louder.

We see things get turned inside out. We see people swinging from the air by hooks pierced through the skin. We see all sorts of collapse.

We start to see ourselves.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Wide shot.

SAM carries SARA and places her on the couch. Gently. He puts the purse under her arm. He takes off his jacket and puts it over her.

He stands there a second longer than he should.

We hear the thumping of the party outside but nothing else.

SAM puts more money into the safe. It's starting to look full. It's starting to really look like something - like a way out.

SAM checks his phone. 4:30 AM. A text from PILOT:
"Confirming 9:30. Cash on the tarmac."

SAM walks out.

SARA stares up at the ceiling.

MADDIE (V.O.)
That's the last time anybody saw
(MORE)

MADDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
them in a room together. I didn't
know that then.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - EVERYWHERE - NIGHT

BEKIM collecting, room by room. Faster now. Checking over his shoulder.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - NIGHT

SARA rolls off of the couch and onto the floor. She's thrown up at some point.

She starts crawling towards the door. Purse in hand.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Blinding strobe lights slice through darkness - SARA staggers through the crowd, disoriented, unbalanced.

"You'll Miss Me When I'm Not Around" by Grimes starts to play.

I shot myself yesterday, got to heaven anyway, think I might regret it now...

Every few steps, the room erupts in blinding flashes that swallow everything but SARA. She floats, alone in the void, as everything else vanishes behind the white light.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

A tight circle of security guards, bodies rigid, eyes locked on something at the center we can't yet see.

BIG DAVE at the center. He looks up. Scans the room.

BIG DAVE
(under his breath)
Where the hell is he?

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

A security guard approaches SAM while he's mid-collection. The security guard whispers something into SAM's ear -

SECURITY GUARD
We have a sick girl on the floor.
Dave says she might not make it.

SAM
Sara--

SECURITY GUARD

What?

SAM

What does she look like!

He doesn't wait for a response - he starts to run through the dense crowd, pushing past anyone that stands in his way.

Last call, last call, you'll miss me when I'm not around...

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

SAM pushes through the crowd alongside a security guard.

They rush past a YOUNG BLACK GUY mid-dance with a GIRL. She leans in, concerned.

GIRL

What's going on?

He watches SAM disappear into the crowd.

YOUNG GUY

Some girl unconscious in the corner
or somethin'.

The YOUNG GUY takes a sip of his drink - dark, pure.

SAM continues to push forward, breathless, approaching the cluster of security guards.

They part as he nears, revealing a girl slumped on the floor.

SAM scans her face -

it's not Sara.

Suddenly - SAM throws up.

BIG DAVE steps in --

BIG DAVE

Sam! You good?

SAM wipes his face. It's relief.

SAM

Yeah. Sorry. I'm fine.

SAM picks up his glasses from the floor - they flew off in the violence of his illness. Slides them back on with shaking hands.

BIG DAVE
Who is she?

SAM
I don't know. She shouldn't be
here.

BIG DAVE kneels beside the UNCONSCIOUS GIRL - assessing.

BIG DAVE
We gotta get her to the hospital.

SAM
We can't call an ambulance here.
This'll be done.

BIG DAVE
We ain't lettin' her die on our
watch.

They check her pulse. She's still breathing.

SAM
Can one of you drive?

BIG DAVE
Same risk, bro. They'll ask the
same questions either way.

SAM thinks for a moment then -

SAM
Alright, here's the plan. Leave her
outside, make it look like just
another random incident. Then, call
911 from a blocked number and let
them know where she is.

BIG DAVE
That leaves the door.

SAM
Two minutes.

BIG DAVE looks at him. Then picks the girl up himself. Easy.
Like she weighs nothing.

We see the UNCONSCIOUS GIRL carried by BIG DAVE and two
guards.

We see no one look at her.

We see them stop for a second. BIG DAVE takes off his suit
jacket and puts it over her before they reach the door.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - CLOSET - NIGHT

A security guard is in a quiet room / closet. Dials 911. It rings and rings and rings. They finally pick up.

SECURITY GUARD

(into phone)

There's a young girl passed out on the corner of Vernon and Marcy. I think she needs medical help, like, right now.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

The door. Unmanned. For two minutes.

It opens.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

The UNCONSCIOUS GIRL on a stretcher with paramedics.

CASPER (V.O.)

We don't know how many people made it out alive that night. I don't know. I was - I wasn't in a state to count.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

SARA dancing. Strobe lights.

For a moment - she's just a girl. And this is just a party. This is just music. And all there is to do is dance.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

BIG DAVE back at the door. Two guards with him. They're not saying anything, but you can see it - that nervous energy, like they know something's about to go sideways and there's no clean way out.

BIG DAVE

Someone slipped in while I had her.
Fuck!

SECURITY GUARD 2

How we gonna spot 'em now?

BIG DAVE
We don't. We find Sam.

MARVIN (V.O.)
New blood had entered the building.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

FOUR MEN push through the crowd, moving like they own the place. Though they should, they clearly do not belong. One is wearing a long trench coat - ANGEL CRUZ. Older now. A scar across the brow from a pistol we've already seen. The others are wearing white t-shirts.

The MAN from the dance floor - the one who shook Sam's hand - falls in beside him. Says something in his ear. Points.

CASPER (V.O.)
Nothing scared Sam Black.

The MEN keep walking, with intention, with purpose.

We watch the strippers approach them. They don't even flinch. It's actually like they don't even exist.

MADDIE (V.O.)
To us, these guys were just some
other guys with some unknown
business.

They search each room. The party goes on.

TOMMY ROCK (V.O.)
That night was the last renegade
party the city would ever see.

Money switching hands, over and over again.

ANGEL stops when he reaches LOUIS. He taps him once. LOUIS doesn't respond. Taps him again. To Louis - he just doesn't exist. ANGEL grabs LOUIS by the shoulders--

ANGEL
Where the fuck is Sam Black?

LOUIS looks at him. Takes his time.

LOUIS
Never heard of him.

ANGEL
You're sitting in his house.

LOUIS
I'm sitting in a chair.

ANGEL hits him. Open hand. Then closed. LOUIS goes down to one knee. Gets back up. Sits back down at the table.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
(to the table)
Whose bet?

ANGEL looks at him. Then keeps moving.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - NIGHT

SAM and BEKIM are dividing money between each other. SAM smokes a cigarette. BEKIM does key bumps of cocaine from a ziplock bag.

SAM checks his phone. 5:50 AM.

BEKIM
Soon as this is over, I'm gettin' clean. I keep thinking about it. Being out in Cali with Mitzi. I'll see her again. And the dog. Long walks, take our time. Wake up early, catch the sunrise. All that shit. Just... peace, you know?

SAM looks at him tenderly.

BEKIM (CONT'D)
I start tomorrow.

SAM
You're fine.

BEKIM
That guy. The one you shook hands with.

SAM
What about him.

BEKIM
Nothing.

A CREW OF BIKE MESSENGERS walk into the office. MARVIN in front. Fewer than there should be.

SAM
Where's everybody?

MARVIN
Cops. The corner. They got Dre,
they got Ty, they got everybody
with a bike.

SAM
And you?

MARVIN
I'm small.

SAM gives them each some money. BEKIM hands key bumps to the ones who ask. They light some weed.

SAM (CONT'D)
Let me go find Sara.

The bikers and BEKIM are hanging out like there's nothing outside because the only thing that ever mattered was friendship in a system rigged against most.

MARVIN (V.O.)
That was the last time I saw Bekim.
I didn't know that either.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - EVERYWHERE - NIGHT - MONTAGE

SAM approaching multiple persons asking whether they've seen Sara.

ANGEL approaching multiple persons asking whether they've seen SAM.

ANGEL approaching MADDIE. He asks about SAM. She says she doesn't know - he uses the opportunity to slap her.

MADDIE runs towards TONY. ANGEL and his crew keep moving.

MADDIE finds Tony. Tells him what has happened. TONY searches for SAM. MADDIE runs into SAM who is still looking for Sara.

MADDIE
There's a guy looking for you! He
ain't right.

TONY sees that Maddie has found SAM and joins them.

TONY
Sam - what can I do for you?

SAM
(to Maddie)
What did he look like?

TONY
You know. Typical animal - put his
hands on her.

SAM looks panicked.

This is the first time we hear SAM raise his voice -

SAM
No, but what did he look like? What
does he look like?

MADDIE
Trench coat. Scar. Right here.
(she touches her own brow)
Puerto Rican maybe?

Sam's expression tells us more than we need to know. He's
awake and we all are now. There is truly no time left.

"BerwynGesaffNeighbours" by Fred Again comes on.

Fuck the neighbors, turn the music up. Who could give a fuck
what they think? I love you more than every single sheet of
Rizla I've licked...

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

BIG DAVE and a SECURITY GUARD are talking to each other.

SAM storms in.

SAM says something to them that we can't hear. The security
guards look at each other like there is now actually a
problem.

We see the security guards make sure their guns are locked
and loaded. They walk SAM through the party.

SAM
(to the security guard)
Go find Sara. Bring her to the
office and stand outside. Don't let
anyone else in.

SECURITY GUARD
We can't leave you.

There is a look of desperation on Sam's face we did not know
could live there.

SAM
Sara. Please. Sara.

BIG DAVE
(to the guard)

Go.

The security guard leaves on his mission.

They enter -

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - RONNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ronnie looks super high and super happy. Pistols, magazines, gleaming metal scattered like party favors on a folding table. An AK-47 hangs from a strap around his shoulders. It looks like jewelry on him.

BIG DAVE triple checks the locked door behind.

RONNIE
(to Sam)
You're a genius.

Ronnie goes to grab something out of his pocket - probably drugs. SAM stops him.

SAM
There's no time.

RONNIE looks confused. SAM whispers something into his ear.

RONNIE looks like he might cry.

RONNIE
Take what you need.

BIG DAVE starts taking some of the weapons.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
Take everything.

They load up with several weapons.

BIG DAVE
(to Ronnie)
Lock this door. Ain't nobody coming in. You promise me, boy?

Ronnie shakes his hand.

SAM goes to go out the door. Ronnie rushes after him.

RONNIE
I love you, man.

They hug.

They exit.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - EVERYWHERE - NIGHT

SECURITY GUARD searching for Sara through every room.

We see him walk by LAMAR - he's still crying. The type of tears that hold years of trauma.

We see him walk by the STRIPPERS - one is eating another out on stage.

Someone makes it rain.

Cash like confetti - we watch it fall slowly.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

BEKIM spots Angel and his crew from a distance. ANGEL spots BEKIM from the distance. They make eye contact. BEKIM starts to walk away. Angel walks faster. BEKIM turns around to see the distance he's maintained - the bodies still in between them - when he's stopped by ANGEL'S CREW MEMBER. There's no running. ANGEL catches up. They have BEKIM up against a wall.

ANGEL
(to Bekim)
Where is he?

BEKIM
What?

ANGEL
Where!

BEKIM
Who the fuck are you talking about?

CREW MEMBER
You fucking want to try that?

BEKIM
Try what?

Hands around BEKIM's throat.

BEKIM (CONT'D)
What are you doing!

ANGEL
Remember at that meeting when we
asked you what Sam looked like? You
(MORE)

ANGEL (CONT'D)
remember that? You remember the
name you dropped? The address you
gave us?

BEKIM just keeps chewing gum.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
You knew that wasn't Sam. We got
that kid Sean. And for what?
(a beat)
I should kill you, too.

BEKIM
You wanted to know who was running
that trade. I told you who I
thought it was.

ANGEL
You knew exactly what the fuck you
were doing! And you know how fucked
I got for that?

BEKIM doesn't answer.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
I could show you how fucked I got.
But I ain't gonna. 'Cause now you
gotta sit with the fact you lost
two friends. That's on you.

Two of Angel's guys grab BEKIM.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Throw him in the basement.

They drag BEKIM out.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - NIGHT

SARA stumbles into the office. She's laughing. There's no
one in the office. She sits on the couch. The music in the
background thumping. She's small in this shot - she's small
in the world - and for a moment - she's actually safe.

She's coming down. We can see it. The laugh goes out of her.
She looks at the safe.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The camera PANS DOWN to the BASEMENT in one swift movement.

RED LIGHTS from a marijuana grow operation. It looks like HELL.

BEKIM is on the ground crying with a bloody nose. From blow, from a beating, from life.

BEKIM
(screaming)
SAM!!!!!!

Nothing.

BEKIM (CONT'D)
(to the floor, barely)
Flushing. I sent them to Flushing.

CASPER (V.O.)
That was his best friend.

No more V.O. for a while.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - NIGHT

SARA at the safe. She enters the PIN. We hear the sounds of the keys with each number she presses.

The door POPS open.

Cash. Stacks of it. Rubber-banded. More than she's ever seen in one place.

The two passports on top. Rachel Mason. Gustavo.

She takes the passports out. Holds them.

Then she sees the corner of something under everything. A folded paper.

She digs it out. Unfolds it.

SEAN'S ID. The photocopy. 30TH written across the bottom in marker.

She looks at it for a long time.

She looks at the door Sam walked out of.

She understands something. We don't know what. Maybe that he knew. Maybe only that he hid it.

She puts the ID back in the safe. Face up. On top. Where he'll see it.

She takes the cash.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY - FLASHBACK

MADDIE (V.O.)

She wasn't seriously into drugs or nothin'. But some folks swear they saw her roll up to one of Sam's after-hours, like nine in the morning, askin' around for Molly - this was over ten years back. Supposedly that's how they met. She always said that was bullshit.

Dawn.

SARA with BRIGHT PINK hair in a PIXIE CUT. She's in a PLAYBOY BUNNY costume. She walks up a dark concrete staircase towards DAYLIGHT which is leaking in from the top. She reaches a ROOFTOP - we see a view of Manhattan in the distance. This must be Brooklyn. This must be Club Renegade.

SAM is standing in a circle of ravers and marines. She spots him. Alone, she approaches.

SARA

(to Sam)

Someone at the last party I was at said you had molly.

SAM reaches into his pockets (camo pants), takes out an aluminum foil roll of tablets. Hands SARA a tablet. She takes it, swallows it without water. She holds her hand out - another. Does the same thing.

SARA (CONT'D)

So, where's the next afters?

MADDIE (V.O.)

You know she was a lawyer? Lawyer. Funny, because all her friends - jail, one after another. When she was younger, she'd sit way in the back during arraignments, quiet. She'd cry sometimes.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. QUEENS CRIMINAL COURTHOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

SARA - a decade peeled off - dressed like an off-duty raver, sitting in the last row of a COURTROOM. SAM gets taken out from the back. His hands behind his back. She cries.

INT. QUEENS CRIMINAL COURTHOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

SARA - now only just a few years younger - dressed in a perfectly tailored suit. SAM gets taken out from the back. His hands behind his back. She smiles.

MADDIE (V.O.)

Then she'd do all the arraignments.
That's how she got the apartment in
the West Village by 31. Not bad,
eh? She was the only lawyer you
could tell the truth to - real
truth - and somehow, it felt like
saying it out loud was... allowed.
Like truth didn't have to be
ashamed of itself.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - NIGHT

SARA closes the safe. Empty except the ID.

She puts the cash in her purse. It barely fits. The burner on top. The passports on top of that.

She has her purse on again.

She walks out.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - EVERYWHERE - NIGHT

SAM looks for Sara absolutely everywhere.

Tunnel vision.

His phone buzzes. PILOT: "Wheels up 9:30. Where are you."

He doesn't look at it.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - EVERYWHERE - NIGHT

ANGEL and his crew cruising for Sam.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - EVERYWHERE - NIGHT

SECURITY GUARD flashing his light into corners - hoping to see Sara.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

SARA walks through the crowd. She just stares at everyone as though they are the suspect to a crime she is about to solve.

She finds MR. LIU. Same spot. Waiting.

SARA unclasps her purse, reaches her hand inside.

MR. LIU
What's it worth to you?

SARA
All of it.

She hands him a stack. Then another. He doesn't count.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - STRIPPER ROOM - NIGHT

The intensity of the party is increasing. The room is at max capacity. It's locked in. It's ready to explode.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

MR. LIU hands SARA a piece of paper.

She opens up the paper, reads the contents. An address in FLUSHING. And 10:00 AM.

SARA
He'll be there?

MR. LIU doesn't answer that. He answers something else.

MR. LIU
That's where they kept him.

SARA walks away, ecstatic.

MADDIE stops her to ask her where she's going. Sara just smiles, doesn't respond, walks past her.

MADDIE (V.O.)
She looked happy. That's what I
keep coming back to. She looked
happy.

Something could be wrong, something could be amazing.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

BEKIM curled up into a ball sobbing in the basement.

The red lights flicker once.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - STAIRWELL - DAY

SAM walks up the stairs towards the roof - the door at the top is slightly cracked open - a sliver of daylight reaches in towards him.

A HAND reaches for his shoulders.

It's ANGEL.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Dawn. 6:10 AM on a phone somewhere.

MR. LIU walks out of the warehouse first. Alone. He doesn't look back.

A minute later, SARA walks out of the warehouse. This is a new day.

The way the sun shines, blazingly, blurring the screen and our vision and the audience - it reminds us that it cannot always be night.

Somewhere far above, a HUM. Aircraft. She doesn't look up.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - STAIRWELL - DAY

SAM is pushed up against the stairwell wall.

They pistol-whip him once against his brow. They pistol-whip him a second time. The same spot Angel carries his own scar.

SAM

Just stop! It hurts! Just stop!

They go to pistol-whip or shoot him, we don't know and --

SAM (CONT'D)

Stop! I will get you the money!

ANGEL

Your debt's way deeper than just cash now.

SAM

It's in the safe. All of it. It's in the safe.

ANGEL

Then let's go to the safe.

They start to drag SAM down the stairs.

EXT. FLUSHING MEADOWS CORONA PARK - TENT OF TOMORROW - DAY

SARA walks through the desolate empty park towards the TENT OF TOMORROW, smiling as she approaches her destination. The paper in her hand. She checks the address on her phone map. It's four blocks from here.

She doesn't go to it. She goes to the park. To wait for him to come out to her.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - PASSAGEWAY - DAY

SAM being dragged by Angel and co. towards the office.

We see the plan dissolve.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - DAY

ANGEL'S GUYS shove SAM into the office. SAM stumbles through the door, puts up his finger in the "one second" motion, and quickly bolts the door behind him.

ANGEL (O.S.)
You better hurry the fuck up!

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. FLUSHING MEADOWS CORONA PARK - TENT OF TOMORROW - DAY

SARA laying down beneath the massive structure - a relic of the past.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - DAY

SAM sits behind his desk.

Violent banging at the door.

His phone. 9:15 AM. PILOT: "Leaving."

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. FLUSHING MEADOWS CORONA PARK - TENT OF TOMORROW - DAY

SARA checks her phone for the time - 9:45 AM.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - DAY

SAM keys in the code to the safe.

Louder knocking.

The safe opens.

Empty.

Except SEAN'S ID. Face up. On top.

SAM looks at it.

Louder knocking.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PLANE - TETERBORO AIRPORT - DAY

The PILOT looks out at an empty tarmac. Puts his phone away.
Closes the door.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - DAY

SAM calling Sara on repeat. The white overhead lights are
almost blinding now in their oppressiveness.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. FLUSHING MEADOWS CORONA PARK - TENT OF TOMORROW - DAY

SARA's phone buzzes. SAM. She looks at it. Declines. Sits up
- 9:58 AM.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - DAY

Banging that could knock the world to pieces.

SAM sets the phone down. Takes the ID out of the safe. Puts
it in the pouch on his chest.

He opens the desk drawer. A bag of white powder. He looks at
it a long time.

He flicks it. Once. Twice.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. FLUSHING MEADOWS CORONA PARK - TENT OF TOMORROW - DAY

A plane flies overhead. Small. Private. Heading north.

The sun is blinding. She doesn't look up.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - DAY

SAM at his desk. The powder open now. He's not taking it.
He's just looking at it.

The door gives.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - EVERYWHERE - DAY

We hear a gun go off. Silence.

The lights are switched on abruptly.

Everything is exposed and empty now. We go through each
room, and there's just nothing left.

The basement door. Open. Empty.

Ronnie's room. Locked from the inside. We don't go in.

The office door. Off its hinges. We don't go in.

TOMMY ROCK (V.O.)
He never made it to Teterboro.
Bekim never made it to L.A.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. FLUSHING MEADOWS CORONA PARK - TENT OF TOMORROW - DAY

SARA looks at her phone: 10:00 AM.

10:01 AM.

10:02 AM.

She looks towards the four blocks. Waits.

We see nothing.

CUT TO BLACK.

Room tone. The chair creaks.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
Do you know where she went?

A long pause.

MADDIE (V.O.)
No.

Another pause.

TOMMY ROCK (V.O.)
Those numbers never added up.

"Leave Me Alone" by Fred Again plays over the credits.

Over the credits, one image: an EMPTY CHAIR in a bare room.
A microphone on a stand. Nobody in it.

THE END